Discovering the Gardens of Pompeii:

The Memoirs of a Garden Archaeologist

1955 – 2004

Wilhelmina Feemster Jashemski



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At the end of the summer of 1970, the large vineyard discovered by WFJ in what was thought to have been the cattle market lies below Vesuvius exposed but carefully mapped. Wilhelmina and Stanley Jashemski are in the middle distance.



The Parthenon in Athens

1955 Our First Trip to Europe. Pompeii Briefly Visited

I remember well when I first "discovered" Pompeii. It was the summer of my fifteenth birthday. My mother, with my sister, younger brother and my grandparents had gone to visit relatives in Wisconsin. I and my older brother stayed at home with my father. It was a wonderful time for reading. One day I came upon The Last Days of Pompeii in our family library and I began to read. I couldn't put it down. It was so exciting – an entire city covered by the eruption of Vesuvius. I read far into the night. Then a tap came on my bedroom door, and my father said it was time to turn off the light and get some sleep. I agreed. But when I felt certain that he was safely asleep, I continued to read. Eventually there was a second tap on my door I acquiesced for what I thought was a safe time. But I had to finish that book! Little did I dream that some day I, a girl from a small college town in Nebraska, would actually visit that faraway city and spend many years of my life excavating there.

But the road to Pompeii was a circuitous one**.** In 1950 I published my first book, *The Origins and History of the Proconsular and Propraetorian Imperium to 27 B.C.*, a continuation of my University of Chicago 1942 doctoral dissertation. I began to ponder what I would work on next. One evening Stanley (my husband) and I were sitting in our garden, having concluded our evening meal, and I was thinking aloud about what my next book would be. Stanley, looking around our garden, said "You love gardens; gardens were important to the ancient Romans. Why don't you write your next book about Roman gardens?" This suggestion sounded like too much fun to be a subject for serious research, but the idea was intriguing. Investigation showed that little had been written on the gardens of the Roman Empire, with the exception of a book by a French scholar who was concerned primarily with the imperial gardens in the city of Rome. [1]

I discovered that the subject of Roman gardens was an important and a complex one, because of the intimate relation of the garden to almost every aspect of Roman life – to architecture, painting, aesthetic expression, horticulture, social and economic life, city planning and religion. These were aspects of Roman life that interested me greatly, many of which were treated in my courses at the University of Maryland. But I dreaded telling my beloved dissertation advisor, Professor Jakob A. O. Larsen[2] that I was interested in

1 Pierre Grimal, *Les jardins romains*.

2 J. A. O. Larsen (1888 - 1974) was a professor of history at the University of Chicago, 1930 - 1953.

what I feared he might consider a frivolous subject. When I stopped to see him in his office at the University of Chicago, en route to Nebraska to visit my parents, he spoke warmly of the good reviews my recent book was getting. Then he said, "and now what comes next?" I told him that I was thinking about working on Roman gardens. He said nothing for what seemed to me the longest time. I thought, "this is where I have greatly disappointed him." But when, after considerable thought, he finally spoke, he said, "That is a really capital subject, a very important one, and I don't believe that anyone has worked on it." He then began pulling books off the shelves. I had searched those very books, but I was afraid he might spot something I had missed. But he didn't, and his enthusiasm was great for my new project.

I began to survey carefully Roman literature to see what the Romans themselves had said about their gardens. Pliny the Younger in his *Letters* has left loving and detailed descriptions of the gardens at his Laurentine and Tuscan villas. Cicero, in his *Letters,* commissions Atticus to search for Greek statues for his gardens. Although it was obvious that the Romans were very fond of their gardens, most authors give few details about the actual appearance of the gardens.

I turned to archaeology hoping to find this material. I began to devour excavation reports of every Roman site, both in Italy and throughout the provinces, wherever houses or public buildings that might have had gardens had been excavated. But I found that excavators regarded gardens as just so much waste space and completely ignored areas that it was obvious to me, from the architectural context, would have been planted.

My husband and I began to plan a long anticipated trip to Europe. We would visit many sites in the Roman Empire, always being on the lookout for evidence of gardens. At that time I intended to make the gardens destroyed by Vesuvius only a chapter in my book. I knew about the famous Pompeian peristyle garden in the House of the Vettii, the two replanted peristyle gardens in the House of the Faun, and others. But I mistakenly believed that all the important evidence about these gardens had already been published, and that one trip to the Vesuvian sites would suffice.

When my classes at the University of Maryland were over and grades had been handed in, in June 1955, with great anticipation we boarded the New Amsterdam, my first experience with an ocean-going vessel. As we sailed out of the New York harbor, bidding the Statue of Liberty goodbye, we found that there were many academicians on board, also taking advantage of their summer vacation for research and travel – a very congenial group. We were soon making plans with a newly made friend, M.E. (Mary Elizabeth Fowler), a young English professor from Hartford Connecticut, to explore Paris and nearby sites together.

Our introduction to Paris was pure magic. We had been invited to stay with our friends, Professor and Mrs. W. R. Quynn, who were Directors of the University of Maryland program at the University of Paris. They were living in the spacious apartment of a young doctor who had inherited the family apartment and was on vacation. They had taken him into their home in Maryland, and paid his expenses, making it possible for him to get his medical education in the United States, when at the end of World War II it was impossible for his parents to send funds outside the country. I'll never forget the feeling of awe that came over me when the Quynns unlocked the front door, and we were in the entrance hall, as large as our living room, lined with massive, intricately carved antique bookcases filled, as I was to learn later, with handsome illuminated manuscripts. It



Roman baths in Paris

was like living in a museum. And no French person could be more French than the Quynns. When breakfast was almost ready the next morning, Dr. Quynn dashed out the door, and was back *tout de suite*, as he had promised, with croissants, hot from the oven of the little *boulangerie* a few doors down the street. No croissant in America had ever tasted like these.

Paris, of course, goes back to the old Roman town, *Lutetia Parisiorum*, originally the chief city of the Gallic *civitas Parisiorum*. It did not become *Parisius* until the fifth century A.D. The Gallic town was on the Île de la Cité, but when the Romans rebuilt the town they had taken during the Gallic Wars, their city spread beyond the island to the south bank of the river. I was most anxious to see the old, first-century amphitheater on the Left Bank and the well preserved baths (which go back to the end of the second or the beginning of the third century), that today house the Cluny Museum. This was most exciting for me – my first Roman ruins. We examined them carefully and they were duly photographed by my husband for use in my classroom lectures.

But reminders of medieval Paris are much more prevalent. We roamed the tiny crooked streets that still had the appearance of a medieval town. We were surprised to see some streets so narrow that two American cars were unable to pass each other. Sidewalks were too narrow for two people to pass. But nearby were modern boulevards.

Our list of things to see was long and time was short, but the cathedral of Notre Dame was high on our list. When I stood before it, wrapped in awe and wonder, I was startled by a voice calling my name. I looked around and saw a young man whom I recognized as a former student in my Humanities class at the University of Maryland. "How perfect," he said, "on my first day in Paris to meet you in front of Notre Dame, which I first discovered in your class."

For the evening we had been able to get tickets for the *Magic Flute* at the famous Paris Opera. Pastries after the opera at a charming sidewalk cafe completed the magic of our first day in Paris. The Quynns had given us a key, for the concierge would not be on duty when we returned late. They had carefully pointed out each light switch. The distance between the switches seemed to be only seconds. We had to walk fast to reach the next switch before the light went off. Electricity was apparently so expensive that the lights were carefully timed. Such frugality seemed incongruous in such elegant surroundings.

Evidence of war austerity could still be seen everywhere, as we continued to discover throughout our travels. Paper was very scarce. We didn't see a paper towel all summer. And toilet tissue was non-existent. The Quynns had given us little packets of Kleenex when we left the house in the morning. And it was very expensive. Such shortages were quite a contrast to the luxury goods in the stores. But every country was anxious for tourists' dollars.



Notre Dame de Paris, seen from near St. Julien le Pauvre

The second day was equally full. Mrs. Quynn took us on a sightseeing trip around the city, and what a treat to see it through her eyes. We visited the old Romanesque church of St-Germain-des-Prés in the Latin Quarter. We strolled through the Flower Market and the Bird Market. We took photos for our young nieces and nephew, back in Pasco, Washington, who were tracing our travels on the large globe we had given them and eagerly awaiting our postcards and letters. We told them about the loaves of bread three feet long and not much bigger around than a hot dog roll. French bread wasn't known in their little town in those days. When we saw two small boys carrying loaves of bread

almost longer than the boys were tall, Stanley took their picture. We knew our children would be surprised that stores didn't wrap the bread, and that it was a common sight to see people returning home, with bread tucked under their arm. After a busy day, a trip to see Versailles illuminated at night brought a second perfect day to a close.



Wilhemlmina at bookstalls along the left bank

There was much left to see on our third day in Paris, and the Quynns wanted to make sure that we saw as much as possible. There was the church of the Madeiline, the Eiffel tower. We browsed the book stalls on the Left Bank, and I bought two medieval manuscripts, large pages of Gregorian chant, with a four line staff. Dinner at Les Halles and a walk along the river illuminated by moonlight ended the day. The next day, with M.E., we made the short trip to Saint Denis to the west of the city to visit the famous abbey and the St. Denis Museum.

With M.E. we decided to take two days to visit the cathedral of Chartres and Mont-Saint-Michel. I had read Henry Adams's marvelous book *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and had long dreamed of visiting these places. More recently I had been rereading the book as my students were absorbed in it. When we finally reached these famous places, I almost felt as if I had been there before; I knew them so well. At Chartres we examined and photographed the famous sculptures at the main entrance, or royal portal, on the south porch, and on the cold north porch that was the woman's porch, warmed only by the presence of the Virgin. When we went inside, the sun was shining and the stained glass windows were a blaze of glory. We could scarcely pull ourselves away. From the train, as we left Chartres, we watched the Cathedral slowly recede in the distance. But from a great distance we could still see it dominating the entire plain, just as we are told, the medieval pilgrims had seen it from afar.

The little train from Chartres stopped at Dreux and we were glad to have two hours to explore this charming town, which got its name from the ancient Druids, familiar to me from teaching Caesar's *Gallic Wars*. The Druids had their center at the site of the present town. From Dreux we took the train to Rennes, where we spent the night. Then on to Dol, where we had breakfast at a sidewalk cafe before we left for Pontorson, to get the bus to Mont-Saint-Michel.

From the bus we anxiously watched for the first glimpse of the Mount. We finally saw it rising high above the plain. When the tide comes in, the island is surrounded by water. When the tide goes out, sheep graze around the Mount.



Wilhelmina and M.E. Fowler at breakfast in Dol.

When we finally arrived we were anxious to begin the long climb to the top of the Mount, eagerly exploring what is essentially two monastic buildings on each of three levels. It was a breathtaking sight, looking out to sea from the platform in front of the great abbey church poised at the top of the Mount. We strolled around the Mount taking pictures and had lunch at Mère Poulard's, enjoying her famous omelets. Tired but happy we returned to Paris on the evening train.

We were greatly impressed with the beauty of the French countryside and the many flowers. Every little farmhouse seemed to have roses. Even the barns had window boxes. The piles of fagots by each country

house made quite an impression on us. The peasants carefully gather every tiny twig, tie them into bundles and put them in piles. But the piles were pitifully small. We didn't see a single wood pile. Wood seemed to be very scarce. We thought how shocked they would be at the way we waste it. Later in Greece, this thought came back to us again and again as we saw the Greek peasants gather tiny twigs from a large area and carry them home on their little donkeys - their only fuel supply, we were told.

The fields in the French countryside looked doll-sized to me, a girl born on the Nebraska prairies. I wondered how they could possibly support a family. We remarked that many a village on our way to Mont-St.-Michel looked exactly like a medieval manor. In every village, the church dominated the town, and most churches appeared to date from the Middle Ages.

On our last day in France, back in Paris we visited the church of St. Julian the Poor, where Mrs. Quynn told us the Franco-German students had worshipped in the Middle Ages. It is also said that Dante studied here. We then visited the church of St. Séverin nearby. We walked to the Sorbonne, built on the site of the ancient Roman Forum. We had now been a week in France, but we had seen so much it all seemed like a dream. We bought our boat tickets to Greece, but before going to Greece, first a train trip to Switzerland through Germany, and a return through the Roman ruins of southern France on our way to Italy and the Vesuvian sites.



Mont St. Michel from the bus. Surprisingly for such adventurers, neither Wilhelmina nor Stanley drove but always used public or hired transportation.

In Zurich we visited Trudi Boeppli, who had become our good friend when she was earlier secretary of the history department at the University of Maryland. Then on to Geneva. We got up early and took a taxi to explore Calvin's haunts in the old city. Throughout our travels we not only studied and photographed ancient gardens, but we made the most of every opportunity to explore and photograph the places covered in my ancient history courses, and in my Humanities course. At that time I also taught a course in medieval history and one in Renaissance and Reformation. It was a heavy load, but the University of Chicago, with its requirement of five fields for a doctorate, prepared its students well. Stanley's magnificent photos were to become legendary among my thousands of students through the years.

We took an early morning train from Geneva and were soon back in France, at Avignon, where we spent the day. The short distances between places we wanted to see were a constant surprise to us. In 1307, due to the disruptions in Italy that made life there dangerous, the headquarters of the Papacy were moved from Rome to the banks of the Rhone at Avignon. The popes resided here until 1377, a period known as the "Babylonian Captivity" of the Papacy. We spent the day exploring and photographing the impressive feudal palace of the popes that was built in two stages, both around a large central court. It was easy to picture the popes living in this fortress-palace in extravagant luxury, well protected as they conducted their many wars. In the fourteenth century the Avignon popes were the most powerful potentates in western Europe, and Avignon the most cosmopolitan and international city on the continent. The palace stands still today an impressive monument on the Rhone.

The next day we worked our way south, on a tour that stopped first at the Roman town of Glanum. Ongoing excavations had uncovered a street of the original Greek settlement Glanon, and two periods of the Roman town, which was overrun during the barbarian invasions. In the late Middle Ages, alluvial soil coming down from the hillside buried every trace of the ancient town except the Mausoleum of the Julii and a triumphal arch, both from the reign of Augustus.

Our next stop was Les Baux, a celebrated medieval town in the Alpilles, known for its courts of love. The town gave its name to the mineral bauxite found in its



Le Pont du Gard

environs in 1822, which made possible the development of an immense modern aluminum industry. We wandered through the winding narrow streets of the old town, and then hiked to the hills where impressive pits showed where bauxite had been mined.

Our last stop for the day was at Arles, Roman Arelate, the "Little Rome of Gaul," as the late Roman poet Ausonius called it. It is perhaps the most famous of all the towns in Roman Gaul, both because of its history and its monuments. Caesar settled his sixth Legion veterans here in 46 B.C. The fine Roman theater is still used today, and in the amphitheater we found a bull fight in progress.

The next day we took a little bus to the Pont du Gard. It did not go all the way, but the driver assured us that if we walked a short distance and then turned the corner we would immediately see the Pont du Gard. It was so very near! I will never forget my first sight of it. I was later to see many a Roman aqueduct, but none thrilled me quite as much as this majestic structure. One of the first things the Romans did when they conquered new territory was to build aqueducts to provide a safe water supply. Aqueducts took advantage of the natural slope of the ground, and the water was normally moved underground, but valleys were crossed by building great bridges to carry the water channel. The Pont du Gard has rightly been called the most beautiful of all the monuments of Roman Gaul. Its triple arches bridge the valley of the Gard River. We photographed it from every angle, and even walked through the water channel (higher than my husband, a tall man) which carried water from the springs near Uzes to supply Nîmes, Roman Nemausus. It was a delight to see the well-known little temple, the Maison Carrée, probably the best preserved religious edifice in the Roman world. It was built on the site of the ancient forum and was probably the ancient *capitolium*. A religious festival was in progress, and the streets were filled with people from the city and surrounding area, all dressed in their colorful local costumes. Our wonderful visit to the ancient Roman province of Narbonese Gaul ended when we took the train from Nice on to Rome.

Rome, the eternal city! At last we were here. We were overcome with its majesty. Where to begin? We spent much time in the Roman Forum, savoring the centuries of history that had taken place there. The Forum of Trajan and his famous column, the Colosseum, the arch of Constantine couldn't be missed. We attended a never- to-be-forgotten opera in the Baths of Caracalla. The stage was so large that even the elephants on the stage could go unnoticed! Still no Roman gardens, although subsequent excavations and research would reveal gardens in some of the sites we had visited. But we were getting well acquainted with the Romans who so loved their gardens.


The Roman Forum, Temple of Saturn in the foreground.

I knew, however, that we would find gardens in the Vesuvian area. Going by train from Rome, at Naples we took the little Circumvesuviana narrow-gage train to Resina, the modern town built on top of ancient Herculaneum (the name later changed to Ercolano). We stood most of the short distance, mesmerized as we watched Vesuvius loom larger and larger. We walked down the hill from the station to the ruins. From a long

bridge leading down to the ancient city, we could view the entire excavated area, only about four-and-a-half city blocks.



A Herculaneum garden

Excavation is very difficult here because of the nature of the volcanic fill that completely buried the ancient city. A torrential rain changed the volcanic material into a substance almost as hard as lava. Excavation, using a drill similar to an over-size dental drill, is exceedingly slow. Amedeo Maiuri's official publication of the excavations had been delayed due to the War, but armed with his excellent guidebook, in the series put out by the Ministry of Public Instruction, I was ready with a list of gardens that I wanted to see. We were overwhelmed by the appearance of a living city. Walking up and down the streets, we entered house after house which appeared to have been only recently hurriedly left by its inhabitants. This was such a contrast to the other Roman cities we had just seen. At Herculaneum, the nature of the fill even preserved wooden doors and furniture, including a baby's cradle.

The excavated area was so small and the *custodi* so helpful that we were able to visit every house and public building. We saw gardens of all sizes and shapes, large and small, private and public. Gardens were at times made to appear larger by painting the picture of a garden on one or more garden walls. Behind a low garden fence, trees, bushes, fountains and statues, even birds and animals too large for the actual garden could be pictured.

In the Casa del Tramezzo di Legno (III.11), named for the handsome wooden folding doors that led to the garden, we were amused by the large sleepy duck on each side of the fountain in the garden painting. On the right was pictured a small, slender heron teasing a snake.

We were delighted to find on the rear wall of a small courtyard, and dramatically visible from the entrance, a spectacular mosaic of Neptune and Amphitrite, after which the house (V,6-7) is named. On each side of the mosaic was a garden painting, the one on the right better preserved. On the north wall was the architectural facade of an elaborate nymphaeum decorated with shells and more mosaics - hunting scenes of hounds and fleeing deer, garlands of fruit and foliage on which colorful peacocks perched. We were intrigued by the low triclinium with three couches barely raised above the beaten ground. We wondered how anyone could possibly be comfortable reclining to eat at such a triclinium

The next day we planned to spend in Pompeii. We took the State Railroad that stopped at the station near the modern town square. From the map we assumed that that we were only a few blocks from the edge of ancient Pompeii. But we were soon bombarded by *carrozza* (carriage) drivers looking for business, who assured us that the ruins were a long walk, several miles away. We allowed ourselves to be persuaded, so our first view of ancient Pompeii was from a *carrozza.* We rode for some distance on the Via Roma, along what were obviously the walls of the ancient city, until we reached the Porta Marina entrance. We later discovered that we could have entered the ancient city through the amphitheater entrance, after only a short walk from the station. We climbed the steep road up to the city, as



Mosaic of Neptune and Amphitrite (Photo: Wikipedia Commons).

most tourists still do today, and suddenly the forum came into view!

Few other Roman towns could boast a forum with such a grandiose setting. Towering behind the great temple on the north end of the forum dedicated to the Capitoline triad, Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, was Vesuvius, even more impressive in antiquity before its great size was diminished by the eruption. We visited next the Triangular Forum, replanted in a sacred grove of handsome evergreen oaks (*Quercus ilex*), then the nearby theater at its rear, a vast square enclosed by a portico on four sides, where the theater audience might gather before and after the performance. Adjacent was the little theater or music hall. We found the amphitheater and palaestra at the opposite end of the city. Visiting the House of the Vettii with its beautiful peristyle garden and its twelve fountains, and the nearby House of the Faun, with its copy of the well-known statuette of a dancing faun, was like visiting old friends.



WFJ in the seat of the Priest of Dionysos Eleutherios in the Theater of Dionysos in Athens.

Unfortunately, by this time black storm clouds were gathering, and it was too dark to get good pictures. But there was one important house that I just had to see, the recently excavated House of the Fruit orchard. I had read that exceptionally beautiful and well-preserved paintings of gardens and orchards had been found in this modest house - the finest such paintings yet found. But when we inquired from the usually helpful *custodi* where we could find this house, they claimed to know nothing about it. A dangerous storm, with torrential rain was beginning. It was nearly closing time. Their one thought was to get us out of the excavations so they could seek shelter. Obviously, a second trip to Pompeii would be necessary!

The next day we took the train across Italy to Brindisi (ancient Brundisium), for we were determined to leave for Greece from the ancient Roman port of embarkation. Our ship was a modest Greek vessel. We were seated at the captain's table, with Kriton Inglessi, the only other passenger who spoke English. He was a graduate student at the University of Syracuse, where he had also done his undergraduate work. He was returning home after an absence of many years to visit his family. As we sailed across Homer's "wine-dark sea" we were already under the spell of the Greek islands - great mountains with their roots submerged in water. Corfu, famed isle of Alcinous and Nausicaa (where we were fortunate to have a brief stop) charmed us, then Ithaca from whence Odysseus sailed to Troy with his twelve ships painted red. Places that had once been only names to us become never-to-be- forgotten sights.

On the morning of our last day at sea, a knock sounded on our stateroom door. It was Kriton. It was scarcely light, but we were out of bed in a moment, dressed and up on deck. In a few minutes we would be entering the Corinth Canal. At our side our new-found Greek friend was pointing out familiar landmarks. Somehow it seemed auspicious that we were approaching Athens with Kriton, son of Socrates, as our guide. As the Gulf of Corinth narrowed, a few cottages near the shore came into view. Friendly Greeks waved to us. Soon we were edging our way through the narrow canal. The rocky land of Greece loomed high above us on either side - so near to our boat we could almost touch it! Our excitement could scarcely be contained by the time we neared Piraeus, ancient port of Athens. We recognized purple-colored Mt. Hymettus on our right and, to the left, Mt. Pentelicus, on which we saw strange whitish splotches. These, we later discovered, were the recently re-opened quarries that in antiquity had furnished marble to build the temples and statues of Athens. We strained our eyes, eager to get the first glimpse of the Acropolis and the Parthenon which the ancient sailors longed to sight from the distance....We see a tiny speck....It grows clearer....It is the Parthenon!

We are in Greece! The dream of a lifetime had come true. I had written to the Grand Bretagne Hotel that I was an ancient history professor, and we would appreciate it if we could have a room with a view of the Parthenon. Upon arrival we were warmly welcomed, and when the porter showed us to our room, he flung

open the doors to our balcony, and there was the Parthenon, not far away, in all its splendor. We couldn't wait to see it. In those days the Acropolis was still open to tourists, who could explore it at any hour, day or night. We were soon on our way, climbing the steep ascent. As we sat on an overturned column, enjoying the spectacular view of the Parthenon by moonlight, we thought we were alone. Then from the shadows came the haunting tones of a flute played by a Greek lad – one enchanted moment.



Kriton and WFJ en route to Mycenae.

For more than a week we explored Athens. The Agora, with its evidence of ancient plantings was a public garden and of special interest to me. Here Socrates engaged his fellow Athenians in long and animated conversations. When St. Paul visited Athens he "discoursed daily in the market place with those who chanced to be there." Today, over a tiny cup of very black coffee and a tall glass of water, the modern Athenian engages in lively discussion with his friends in Syntagma Square (the Modern Agora). Above the Agora is the ancient Temple of Hephaestus, around which Dorothy Thompson had found ancient planting pots of the Roman period. On the basis of this evidence, the sacred garden of the god had been replanted. I had found a Roman garden in Greece!



The emigrants and their family

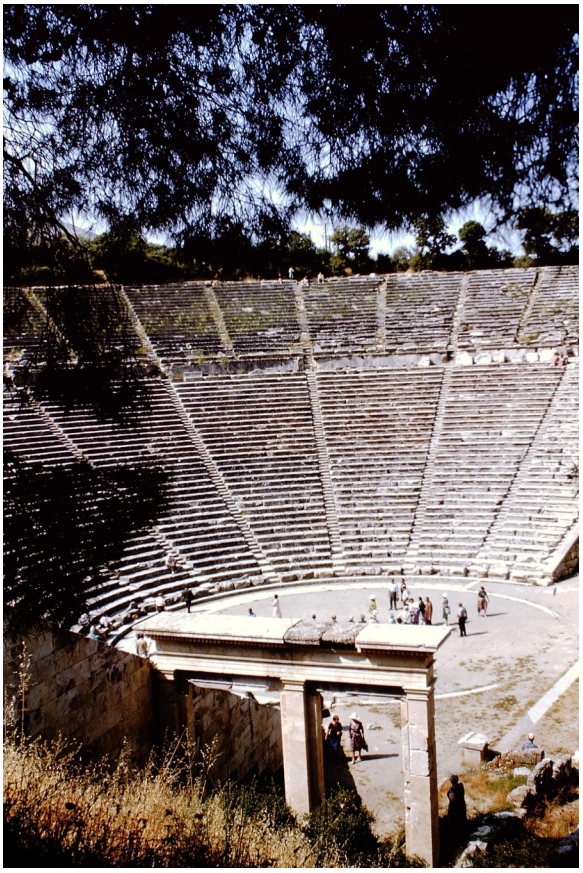
A trip to Sunium with Kriton and camping by the sea, where we could hear the waves breaking all night, was an unforgettable experience. We next planned a trip to the Peloponnesus. Kriton said he would love to see these sites through the eyes of an ancient history professor. And how fortunate for us to have an interpreter, when we traveled areas where no English was spoken. First Corinth, then on to Mycenae by train. At the station we met a young couple and their small children, surrounded by a large extended family, who were bidding them a sad farewell. They were taking the train to Athens, then the ship to Australia, where they were emigrating, with scant hopes of ever seeing again the relatives they were leaving behind. Kriton realized how much a photograph would mean to them, Stanley took many, which we sent to all of them.

Kriton then inquired about transportation to the citadel of Mycenae. There was none, so he negotiated with a passing peasant to take us up in his cart.

We broke the trip by stopping at the historic Belle Helene for a cool drink. We were asked to sign the guest book, and it was a thrill to see the signature of Heinrich Schliemann, who first excavated Troy, and then had stayed in this little inn when he excavated Mycenae, the palace of Agamemnon, who led the Greek forces against Troy.

We next visited Epidaurus, the famed healing shrine of Asclepius. From here the god was brought to Rome in the form of a snake. He escaped from the ship to an island in the Tiber, a sign that his Roman shrine should be built at that spot. It has remained a place of healing ever since; a hospital now occupies the site. We visited many other places in the Peloponnesus - Tiryns, Argos and then the tiny mountain village of Kalavrita. The conductor on the cog railroad blew a hunting horn to announce the departure of the train.

At Olympia, site of famed Olympian games, we spent two glorious days. Here, in antiquity, multitudes had gathered from the four corners of the Greek world. For three months a sacred truce was proclaimed so that visitors would have time to arrive from the farthest colonies. Delegates from hostile states might travel unmolested and even engage in friendly contest during these three months. But earthquake, landslide, flood and invaders had obliterated almost all evidence of Olympia, by the time most of the site was cleared by German archaeologists in the late nineteenth century. One of the column drums of the imposing temple of Zeus was standing on end, just as it had been overturned. I was surprised to find that its diameter was so great I was unable to reach the top of it. Nearby we saw the workshop of Phidias, who made the famous ivory and gold statue of Olympian Zeus, which once stood in the temple. The summer we were at Olympia, German archaeologists found the molds used in making Phidias' huge statue. When we explored the ancient stadium, we discovered that the audience sat on the earthen slope; only the judges had seats. During the festival in addition to the athletic games the audience also enjoyed musical contests, orations and dialogues. It was here that Herodotus read selections from his *Histories*, to the great delight of the audience.



Theater at Epidaurus

We then crossed to Naupactus by ferry, where we arrived late at night. The hotel was full. We were greatly relieved when the hotel owner finally told us that there would be a room for Stanley and me in a few minutes. And there was. Early the next morning as we left our comfortable room to catch the bus to Delphi, we noticed a pallet on the floor at the end of the hall. Only then did the truth dawn on us. The hotel owner and his wife had given their bed to the strangers from across the ocean. They slept on the floor. As in ancient times, when one word (ξενος - xenos) signified both stranger and guest, today strangers were treated as guests. Kriton was taken in by a friendly family, and the next day returned to Athens.

Our ride through the mountains to Delphi was beautiful, but the scariest by far that I have ever experienced. For too much of the way there was scarcely room for a narrow road, too narrow for two cars to pass at the base of the mountain before it dropped precipitously into the sea. And there were no guard rails. We met few cars, and we marveled that we did not run into one head on, for it was a very winding road, with little view ahead. Then we noted that cars raised a cloud of dust, and this could be seen across the bends from a great distance, and the driver could pick a place to pull up toward the mountain and wait for the coming car to pass. The view was spectacular, but I was too frightened to enjoy it.

At times, however, we drove through dry river beds or over fields full of rocks, where shepherds with crotched staffs were watching their flocks. But we failed to see what the sheep were finding to eat, so barren were the fields. We arrived at Delphi behind schedule, about noon, in a pouring rain, so we spent most of the afternoon in the little Museum. It was a thrill to see the famed statue of the charioteer, also the powerful colossal archaic statues of the two Argive athletes, who pulled their mother, a priestess of Hera, in an ox-cart from Argos to the Argive Temple of Hera. When the rain stopped in the early evening, we walked up to the oracle in the Temple of Apollo, and then to the theater above.

The next morning, weighted down with the Linhof, tripod and other cameras, we climbed the

Sacred Way to the Temple of Apollo. We were anxious to see the chamber where the Pythia (priestess of Apollo), chewed a few laurel leaves (the laurel was sacred to Apollo), and overcome by fumes coming from deep within the earth, went into a wild trance and uttered the oracles (Apollo's answers to the questions posed by visitors). Her incoherent mutterings were then interpreted by priests to questioners coming from all over the known world. Only men could consult the oracle; women were denied the privilege.



Kriton (closest to camera) and family. WFJ in middle seat.

We then climbed up to the theater again and eventually on up to the amphitheater. The view over the valley below was breathtaking. The ride continuing to Athens was much shorter and not as wild. We had a stop at Thebes and at the lovely little Byzantine monastery of Daphne. Kriton met our bus in Athens and took us home for a most enjoyable lunch with his mother, father and grandmother. In the late afternoon we were invited to the American School of Classical Studies for tea.

The next morning we boarded the Agamemnon for Alexandria. where we arrived on the evening of our second day at sea. And what a welcome! Many Egyptians came out in sailboats to greet our ship. There was lots of hilarity. Porters, dressed in what looked to us like nightgowns or pajamas, lined up to bargain for our business before we got off the ship. We engaged number thirty-seven. He was wearing a *tarbush*, the tall red cap that Muslim men wear. Going through customs was an experience. We phoned Dr. Sedby from the customs director's office and found that he had not received our letter. We had been given his name by the American Friends of the Middle East, who arranged for American scholars visiting in the Middle East to be met and entertained by local scholars. He and Mrs. Sedby arrived soon and took us to the hotel where they had been able to get us a room. The hotel was set in a beautiful garden, planted with tropical trees and flowers that intrigued us. The Mediterranean, directly below our bedroom window, was most enjoyable. But we were directly above the cabaret, so there was little sleep that night.

Mrs. Sedby and her two young daughters came early the next morning to show us the city. We drove past King Farouk's palace, through his famous gardens, past Roman ruins, where we stopped briefly and, finally, to a distant spot from where we enjoyed a good view of the entire city. When one of the girls learned that we had never tasted mangoes, they insisted on stopping at their house to have some of this delicious ice-cold fruit. We were surprised to see many sheep being led through the streets, and learned that people were bringing them in from the country to sacrifice that evening. We had arrived in Egypt at the time of the important Muslim festival, Bairam. For lunch we were taken to a special "roast meat" restaurant, for a typical Egyptian meal. Here Mrs. Sedby ordered lamb by the pound. The salads were pastes of various kinds, the bread, round loaves shaped like envelopes. We learned how to tear off a piece of bread and dip it in the salad, or to put the food in the envelope, making a sort of a sandwich. After lunch they took us to the station to get the train to Cairo.

We took a taxi to our Cairo hotel, then got ready to go to American Express and a book store. But the hotel insisted that we engage a dragoman (interpreter) to take us. We passed the place where many sheep marked with a red streak were being sold for sacrifice that evening. The streets were filled with veiled women and barefoot men, a throng of over half a million we were told. Country people were pouring into Cairo for the festival. Many slept in crowded doorways that night. We spent the rest of the afternoon in the famous Khan Khalil (Mousky Bazaar), which was granted by Saladin during the Middle Ages to craftsmen and traders. It was fascinating to watch the skilled craftsmen - leather,

wood and metal workers, and many others - making their beautiful wares. We bought a camel saddle for our young nephew Jimmy, which he still prizes.

Early the next morning we went by taxi to the public square in front of Farouk's former palace, where government officials and Muslim Embassy diplomats were gathered for prayer. The area was roped off and carpeted with rugs, and no women were allowed inside. But a policeman beckoned me to come very near. When we returned to our waiting taxi, we had the driver take us to the Mosque of Ibn Tulun, the oldest mosque in Cairo. It was built in 879 A.D. on the site where Muslims believe that Abraham, obeying God's command, was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, when God sent a substitute ram. Much to our surprise we were invited to come into the mosque, for women are not allowed in the mosque proper. They pray in a separate court. We listened to the "sermon," and were then invited to climb the minaret.

In the evening we had our first glimpse of the pyramids – by moonlight. The hotel had again insisted that we engage a dragoman, but we resisted. We took the bus to Gizeh, walked alone around the big pyramid, an awe-inspiring monument, then around the mastaba tombs, all the time having difficulty keeping dragomen from attaching themselves to us. We found our way to the Sphinx, and in the semi-darkness were trying to make out various details. I said to Stanley, "What is this?" We thought we were alone, but out of the darkness came a musical laugh, and someone said, "That is the Sphinx!" Two young Egyptians introduced themselves to us, Naguib Nashed and his friend, Mohamed Chattel. We visited for some time. Naguib was a young scientist, and he and Stanley had much in common. They invited us to have lemonade with them at Farouk's summer palace, now a restaurant near the pyramids. Much later we took the bus back to Cairo together, and they walked with us to our hotel.

The next day was Sunday, and we were up early and on our way to attend services at the Coptic Cathedral, where we were given a warm reception. The Coptic church is the chief representative of the Christian church in Egypt, and according to tradition dates back to the period of the apostles. When it was time to take up the offering we were quite surprised to see many people look intently at what was in the offering plate, put in an offering, but take out some coins. It seemed to be quite normal to make change in this fashion! Many years later, we were pleasantly surprised one Sunday morning when Naguib rang our door bell in Silver Spring, Maryland. We were on our way to church and we invited him to go with us. When the offering plate was passed, he put in a bill, and then proceeded to look for the necessary coins to make change! We understood, and not a one of our fellow Presbyterians batted an eyelid. After the service at the Coptic Cathedral, they showed us around their church, of which they were very proud and Father Hanna Marcos invited us to the patriarch's house, where we were served iced mango juice. There we met Mrs. Louise Gabua, Head Inspectress of English in the Cairo schools. We inquired about the old Coptic churches in Cairo, and they arranged for one of their deacons, Yousef Manseur, a young man who taught science in the Fayum High School, to be our guide in old Cairo. We went first to the Moollaka (Hanging Church), built on top of old Roman ruins. The priest there then took us through the Coptic Museum, where we could see the foundations of the church built over one of the towers of the Roman fortress dating from the time of Augustus, rebuilt by Trajan. We were then taken through a narrow winding street, until we reached Abore Sergah, the old Coptic church built over the spot where the Holy Family is said to have stopped in Egypt.



A Cairo woman carrying bread on her head.

Naguib had invited us the night before to go Sunday evening on the Nile trip in his rowing club's houseboat. He said his sister Laura would be there. She was a delightful young woman, who was teaching French at the University of Cairo, while finishing her PhD. The lights of Cairo looked like a fairyland as we sailed along the Nile.

Early the next morning we were again on our way to see the pyramids. Here we hired two camels, which very

obligingly knelt so we could mount them. We rode around the great pyramidof Khufu (Cheops), then down to the valley temple of the pyramid complex of Khafre (Chephren). Seated high on our camels, it was a thrill to see in the near distance the fertile green strip of Egypt on each side of the Nile, exactly like the familiar printed map of Egypt – a ribbon of green, with a vast expanse of yellow desert on either side.

The Nile has changed its course through the centuries and today is some distance from its original location in front of the valley temple at the bottom of the causeway. Up this causeway the stones which had been carried on the Nile, were transported to build the pyramid. Later, the pharaoh's body, embalmed in the valley temple, was carried up the covered causeway to its final resting place in the pyramid. We dismounted our camels and walked up the causeway, so we could examine the pyramids at close view. The size of the huge stones was unbelievable. The great pyramid of Cheops contained 2,300 limestone blocks, some weighing as much as fifteen tons. The carefully cut stones that once faced the pyramids have through the centuries been looted, first by the Christians, who used the ready-cut stones to build their Coptic churches, then by the Muslims, who used them for their mosques. Our camel drivers brought our camels to the pyramid of Khafre, and we then rode over to the third large pyramid, that of Menkaure (Mycerinus). Our guide wanted to stop for the day, but Stanley and I were determined to ride out into the desert far enough to get a view of all nine pyramids, together with the mastaba tombs surrounding them, in which the nobles had been buried. Our guide started back to the entrance, as we rode further into the desert, our camel drivers kindly obliging the whims of these strange Americans. The other tourists had all gone by now, but Stanley got some wonderful pictures! On the way back we stopped to climb down into the burial chamber of one of the mastaba tombs, and even to crawl up into the interior of the Cheops pyramid.



WFJ, her camel and driver in front of the Sphinx.

The next day we spent in the Cairo Museum, crowded with treasures, one on top of the other, and all covered with the dust of the ages. What a thrill to see King Tut's throne, his sarcophagus, and the many elegant furnishings for his use in the hereafter.

After closing time we took an overnight train to Luxor. We had decided to take an American Express tour, but we discovered that we were the entire tour. In those days tourists avoided Egypt during the summer heat. We decided to splurge on an air-conditioned wagon-lit. It was suffocatingly hot. When we complained that we had paid for air-conditioning, we were told that we had it, and they proudly pointed to the little six-inch electric fan high on the wall!

We were met at the station by the son of Saleb (the guide provided for us by American Express) and taken to our hotel, where we had breakfast. Then Saleb came and took us by carriage on a beautiful ride along the Nile to Karnak. We felt dwarfed by the size of this great temple. It was covered with pictures in low relief that originally had been brightly painted. After a long visit, we returned through the avenue of the Sphinxes from Karnak to Luxor. Following lunch and a siesta, we visited the temple of Luxor, which was in front of our hotel, then lingered to enjoy the beautiful sunset on the Nile. Then an unforgettable evening - a moonlight ride with Saleb along the Nile back to Karnak, and then the Temple of Karnak by full moon! And we had it all to ourselves. We felt even more dwarfed by its massive columns than

we had in daylight. The capitals of the columns are so large that it is said that each one could hold one hundred men without crowding.

The next morning we were up at 5:00 A.M. ready to cross the Nile in a felucca (a fast narrow sailboat), to visit the mortuary temples (the temples of the dead) and the valley tombs of the pharaohs. First, the mortuary temple of Medinet Habu which was of special interest to me. It had been excavated by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, and I had studied it in my courses at the Oriental Institute. A much loved, huge painting of this temple, from my graduate school days, hung above my office desk at the University of Maryland.

After Medinet Habu, we crossed the Libyan mountains visiting first the tombs of Seti I and Ammenemhet II. The tomb paintings were unbelievably fresh in those days, and quite a contrast to the painted sculpture on the temples for the living, that we had visited the day before on the east bank of the Nile, where little color still remained.

I was especially interested in the Egyptian portrayal of gardens, flowers, fruit, trees and birds. I believed that to really understand Roman gardens I needed to study all the gardens that were a part of their heritage, and discover the extent to which, or if at all, the Roman garden had been influenced by those that came before. The Egyptians, too, loved their gardens, all the more precious because in a country with no rainfall every drop of water had to be painstakingly brought from the Nile. To make sure that they would have a garden to enjoy in the hereafter, they painted pictures of gardens (always with a pool), also of vineyards on the walls of their tombs. Or they might put a model of a garden among their tomb furnishings, such as the little model, now in the Metropolitan Museum, found in the XII century tomb of Meket-Re.

We hadn't expected to be able to take photos in the tombs, and this was the first time Stanley had used his new flash equipment. But miraculously his photos were perfect.[3] The tomb of Tutankhamen was our last one, and so tiny compared to the others, which contained room after room. But King Tut was a minor pharaoh who died young. He is famous because his was the only tomb that had not been looted in antiquity. We marveled that all the dazzling possessions that we had seen in the Cairo Museum could have been contained in such a small tomb.

Our last stop was at the mortuary temple of Hatshepsut, which I had long looked forward to seeing. I was most interested in the remarkable gardens that she had built in the desert. The approach to her temple, arriving on the Nile, would have been unusually impressive. The visitor would have passed through an avenue of sphinxes, with acacia trees on either side, until he reached the pylon gate which gave entrance to the three terraces built one above the other. The actual tomb was on the highest terrace, in a cavity blasted out of the mountain. On each side of the pylon gate excavations have revealed square walled pits, filled with rich Nile earth, and the pipes that brought in water for the trees planted in the pits. It was exciting to see a short portion of the trunk of one tree (a sycamore-fig?), carefully protected in one of the pits. The three terraces were also planted in trees, and remains of tree-trunks were found in two pits. In the corridors that were at the back of the third and highest garden, Hatshepsut tells how the god Amon had ordered her to make his house a garden so large that he could walk in it. Under his orders she sent an expedition to Punt to get incense trees, the source of frankincense. Thirty-two were brought back, planted in pots, four to six men carrying each tree to the ship. The trees flourished, thanks to the care with which they were planted and the elaborate water system that Hatshepsut installed. Another picture shows them full grown, and under their branches, piles of offerings to the god and cattle grazing. These paintings interested me greatly, for they are the first recorded example of plant introduction. We were delighted to find that these paintings telling the story of Hatshepsut's deeds were still beautifully bright, for they were protected by a roofed portico.

From Hatshepsut's (XVIIIth dynasty) upper terrace we could look down on the remains of the mortuary temple and garden of the much earlier XIth dynasty pharaoh, Neb-hepet-Re, which had inspired her temple and gardens. In this garden, archaeologists had discovered a ceremonial passageway and on either side, four large planting pits filled with Nile mud, in which sycamore-fig trees had been planted and behind these were groves of little tamarisk trees planted in three rows of smaller pits, seven pits in each row.

3 There are very few photographs from Egypt in the collection at the University of Maryland.

By this time we were exceedingly hot and thirsty and when a fellaheen offered cool cokes we were tempted, but not for long. For we knew that they were cooled with Nile water. We had seen from the train people bathing, washing their clothes, even dishes, in this filthy water in which we saw dead animals. We felt sorry, however, for the peasant, for we were the only tourists at the temple. After lunch at our hotel and a siesta, we were back at the temple of Luxor, examining the many sculptures on its walls. A Muslim wedding had just taken place in the mosque adjacent to the temple, and there was much merriment. We were able to enjoy another beautiful sunset after dinner, before we took the night train back to Cairo.

And what an experience that was. Instead of the "air-conditioned" wagon-lit that we had paid for, we sat up all night in a crowded compartment and felt lucky to be there. When we arrived at the station, we learned that our train had had an accident just before Luxor and was unable to continue. There was another little train, but it was crowded; even the aisles were packed with people standing. There might be room for me in the harem car, but that my husband could never enter. After considerable negotiation, however, and getting the written permission of the husband of the only Egyptian woman in the compartment, Stanley was permitted to ride in the harem car! Besides the Muslim mother and her baby, there was a young German woman, the wife of a German engineer, her sister and lots of baggage in our compartment. What a night! The Muslim mother made a bed for her baby on one seat, then moved all the luggage from the luggage rack to the floor. She then curled up on the luggage rack and slept through the night. Her baby fell on the floor and cried and cried, but she paid no heed. We rescued it and took turns cradling it on a seat, so it would be safe. We were too squeezed in to be comfortable, but in retrospect it was a most interesting night.

The German engineer's wife had lived in Egypt for some time and could explain many things that puzzled us. The Muslim woman was beautifully dressed, in the richest of clothes, and wore quantities of gold jewelry, many fine necklaces, rings, and bracelets, all of which, we were told, had been bought by weight. We learned that whenever a Muslim woman left her house, she wore all her jewelry, for her husband could divorce her by simply saying so three times, and it was important that she always have all her wealth with her.

It was good to have the next day in Cairo. We had so much unfinished business. This was the day we were to visit Saqqara. On our way we stopped at Memphis, but all that was left of this powerful capital of Lower Egypt was the overturned colossal granite statue of the XXth dynasty pharaoh, Ramses II, still majestic by virtue of its enormous size. At Saqqara we spent much time in the well-preserved mastaba tomb of Ptahhotep, studying and photographing the many colorful, low relief paintings of daily life – at play, work, and bringing offerings to the divine pharaoh. Once we had seen the famous step pyramid of the pharaoh Djoser at Saqqara it was easy to understand how the great pyramids at Gizeh had gradually developed. It is said that Djoser piled mastaba upon mastaba to build his pyramid with its six steps. One of Stanley's beautiful photos of this pyramid at sunset dramatically shows its construction. Eventually the steps of such a pyramid were filled with sand from the desert, and the steps disappeared. Pyramids built with smooth sides became desirable.

The next day we took the train to Alexandria and went immediately to the pier. We were delighted to find that the Hesperia, on which we were sailing to Italy, was such a beautiful ship. After lunch, we went ashore to bargain for a tarbush which we took to Jimmy. There was still frantic bargaining from the deck until the Hesperia was actually on its way. We soon made friends with a delightful British couple and we got our deck chairs beside each other. He was the head of a British oil company in Lebanon, and they invited us to visit them on our next trip to Europe. They had a big house, staffed with servants, and a car, all furnished by the company. They said we could visit the entire Near East with their home as headquarters.

The next day was Sunday. We attended services on the Hesperia conducted by an Italian priest. A fine orchestra played throughout the mass. Quite a contrast to the Coptic service we had attended a week earlier. After lunch our ship stopped at Rhodes, and there was time to see the old city of the crusaders, and then take a taxi to the ancient Greek acropolis and the temple of Apollo.

We arrived at Piraeus at 8:00 A.M. the next morning and had only a few hours in Athens. Catherine Valsamaki, an exchange student whom we had entertained in our home in America, went with us to the

famous ancient Athenian cemetery, the Ceramicus, and then her mother joined us to go shopping and help pick out Greek dresses in the proper sizes for our little nieces. They then took us to the Piraeus and at 1:00 P.M. we were on our way to Italy. At the end of the next day we arrived at Bari and were very lucky to get a wagon-lit to Rome. It was still light enough to take a walk through Bari, so full of beautiful parks and gardens.

The next morning we were back in the eternal city, where we spent two-and-a-half more glorious days. When we arrived in Rome early in the morning all the hotels were full, but later in the day were fortunate to get a room at the beautiful Hotel Eden overlooking the Forum. We ate lunch near the Trevi Fountain and, of course, we threw coins in the fountain to make sure that we would return to Rome.

In the evening we went up to the Pincio from where we had the view at sunset over the entire city. The skyline was dominated by domes. Some, such as Hadrian's famous Pantheon, were on the temples of ancient Roman gods, many on the Christian churches built through the centuries, St Peter's the most famous of them all. The Romans love domes! We couldn't help but compare Rome with Cairo, for on our last night there we had gone up to the Citadel, a high hill overlooking the city. It was an impressive sight, at sunset, to see the minarets of its many mosques silhouetted against the sky, and in the desert beyond the faint outline of the pyramids. Every city seems to have its own unique skyline. In Paris it is the spires of its many cathedrals.

We hired a carriage to drive us through the Villa Borghese, one of the finest parks in Italy, then across the Tiber to Hadrian's tomb, then to the beautiful Ara Pacis (Altar of Peace) built by Augustus and the Mausoleum of Augustus, and on to the Pantheon, where we stopped and further explored the city on foot.

The next morning we were up early and on our way to St. Peters, where we saw Michelangelo's famous Pietà, a moving work of his youth, and Bernini's famous baroque altar. We were fortunate to be able to go down to the grotto where excavations were taking place. The Vatican Museum was quite an experience. I told Stanley that the old joke about people getting lost in the Pentagon and not having been heard from since would be even more appropriate for the Vatican. As we looked at the famous sculptures we admired many old friends that we had long looked forward to seeing. But we were somewhat amused by how poorly things were labeled. Often there was no identification, but in the sculpture hall the name of the pope who had acquired each piece was cut into it. Perhaps the biggest thrill was the Sistine Chapel. And we had it practically to ourselves. We returned to get photos of Hadrian's tomb by daylight, then to the Mausoleum of Augustus and the Ara Pacis, to see its beautiful sculptured reliefs and photograph them. The Colosseum couldn't be missed, and we explored it thoroughly.

We had decided to take the 3:00 P.M. American Express tour to the catacombs, for they were difficult to reach by public transportation. We approached the catacombs riding down the famous Appian Way. I was quite surprised to meet one of my former Humanities students. She said she never dreamed that the next time we met it would be in the catacombs in Rome. I had only recently met another former Humanities student in Athens. They tell me that the Humanities course is the most expensive course in the University! Not that they consider the required texts excessive, but the course creates a burning desire to buy more books, records and especially to travel and see the things they have studied. On the way to the catacombs we stopped at two of the old basilica churches, also at the Sacred Stairs, said to be the marble steps from Pilate's house that Christ climbed in Jerusalem. The stairs have been encased in wood, but through the cracks can be seen the blood stains said to be Christ's. Many devout pilgrims were crawling up the stairs on their knees.

On our last morning in Rome we went back to the Pantheon to take some interior photos, then to St. Peter's in Chains, built in the fifth century to house the chains that bound St. Peter. Here Michelangelo's magnificent Moses, that was to be a part of his never-completed monumental tomb of Pope Julius II, is located.

At noon we took the train to Florence and arrived in a pouring rain, but we immediately found a very nice hotel. When we asked how far away the cathedral was and they answered "one minute" we scarcely believed them, but it was less than a half block away. We were surprised to find the Cathedral, where we saw the Deposition, the Pietà made when Michelangelo was an old man, and the Baptistry still open. And we admired

Giotto's campanile. The rain hadn't abated, but Florence has considerable atmosphere on a rainy night. The cathedral, its entire face covered with white, pink and pale green marble, was a sight to behold. The little winding streets were so narrow that in some a car could not go through. They appeared to be alleys, but they were actually important streets. We had one bad scare. Stanley and I were walking Indian file down a little sidewalk, too narrow to walk abreast. A huge tour bus came hurling itself around a sharp corner and came up on the sidewalk, for there wasn't room for it in the street. Fortunately Stanley had a few seconds warning and he yelled at me to run, or I would have been pinned to the wall. We were glad to see on later trips that buses and cars were no longer allowed in such streets.

The next day was beautiful and sunny and we kept going until late at night. We went back to the cathedral and baptistery for photos, then walked across the famous old bridge, the Ponte Vecchio, with its many famous shops, to the other side of the Arno River. There we went through the Pitti Palace and its beautiful gardens, then walked back to the Piazza della Signoria, the center of political life, which today has a copy of Michelangelo's famous David, where the original once stood. In the Piazza, in the Loggia della Signoria, which is actually a sculpture gallery, we saw Cellini's Perseus, followed by a visit to the Uffizi Palace to enjoy its wonderful paintings. The old city is so compact that it is possible to see much in a short time, if you know what you want to see. San Lorenzo was next on our list. It was the parish church of the de' Medici and where Savonarola preached. In the nearby de' Medici palace we saw the little chapel with the magnificent Gozzoli frescoes of the journey of the Wise Men. The guard was most cooperative and helped hold lights so that Stanley could set up his tripod and take time exposures. From there we went to the monastery of San Marco, just a few blocks away, with Savonarola's cell, and what was most thrilling, the Fra Angelico frescoes. By the time we finished there everything was closed, but we walked on a few blocks to see the facade of the Foundling's Hospital, with the blue and white Della Robbias, between the arches of the long portico. While Stanley was taking pictures I wandered into the courtyard and, through the open windows, I saw many little white beds. A sign confirmed that the building was still a children's home. Nearby we found Cellini's home, now the home of a doctor. It was here that he cast his Perseus, an event he vividly describes in his autobiography. We wanted to see the homes of Dante, Beatrice, and Michelangelo, but that would have to wait for another time. Florence is a delightful place, but it was swarming with Americans. Most of the summer we had been off the tourist beat. We planned to go back to Florence in the spring, for it is, as its name signifies, the city of flowers.

The next day we took the train to Milan. We had little time, but we managed to see the things we wanted most to see. I had never been too excited about the cathedral; from pictures it looked entirely too covered with gingerbread. But it was beautiful, and the interior was perfectly lovely. Stanley almost had a perfect interior shot, when he was stopped. He said he wouldn't have minded so much if he hadn't spent so much time setting up his tripod and making sure he would get a good photo. You never know what is meant when you are told that photos are forbidden. We had found that often it was simply an invitation to tip. Every site in Egypt was plastered with "no photography" signs, but the guides made it very clear that meant "no photography without baksheesh." Stanley said that, had he seen the guard coming, he could have snapped the picture and had a good one. But he was trying to get a perfect one. Europe is full of good pictures we almost got!

We also went to the Church of St. Ambrose, where St. Augustine is said to have been baptized. A service was in progress, and the choir was beautiful, its famous mosaics a treat. From there we went to see the Last Supper. The tourist office had told us that it was closed, because of the big church holiday, the Assumption of the Virgin. When we told the cab to take us there, he kept saying what sounded like fermi, presumably French fermé (closed). But we persisted. We would at least get to see the outside of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, one of the gems of Milan. Were we ever happy to find it open! One lesson we had learned in our travels was never to take "no" for an answer and never to believe anything that we didn't check for ourselves. We spent considerable time standing in awe in front of this magnificent painting.

Everything in Italy and France was closed for four days for the Assumption of the Virgin holiday. We were going next to Interlaken and had checked all out warm clothing to there. It suddenly occurred to us that

Interlaken might be in a Catholic canton and, if so, it could well be four days before we could get our clothes. It was a great relief to learn for certain that Interlaken was not in a Catholic canton.

Stanley couldn't wait to get back to his beloved mountains. I have told him many times that one would think that he was the one who had a Swiss grandmother, not me. Among our purchases was an exquisite little handmade embroidered dress for our newly arrived baby niece, Kathy Anne, and a hand-carved musical cake plate decorated with edelweiss. On our first stop in Interlaken Stanley had bought some edelweiss for me from the florist, which I carefully pressed, and on later trips we saw this delightful little flower blooming in the mountains. All too soon it was time to take the wagon-lit to Paris, where we climbed the Eiffel Tower and visited the Quynns, before taking the boat train to Le Havre.

We had hoped until the last minute that our reservations would be changed for a better, faster ship, but we were doomed to spend ten miserable days on the Sebijak, after being on the Holland American waiting list for two years. This slow ship meant that Stanley had to take off a week without pay. The Sebijak was a real gravy run for the Holland American line. They leased this old immigrant boat from the government, filled it much beyond capacity, and hired cheap Indonesian help, whose standards of cleanliness were far from ours. When we went to tea, the barefooted waiter scratched his dirty feet before he handed me a cookie. We weren't allowed to serve ourselves. Cabins were dormitory style. Married couples weren't allowed to have their own cabins. The food was extremely unappetizing which, together with a very rough sea, added to the general unhappiness. We had several bad storms, and this boat had no stabilizers. I failed to maintain my good record and was really seasick. The boat crawled: 294 miles in 224.5 hours! I didn't last long at the table, but Stanley said that the boat tilted so much that waiters spilled soup on the floor, and the few passengers left in the dining room slipped both on the soup and from the tilting of the boat.

The only redeeming feature of the return voyage was that the passengers were all so very nice – almost entirely faculty and students. I was surprised when exchanging gripes with one woman to discover that we had close mutual friends. Her husband was chairman of the art department at the University of Missouri; and Homer Thomas, one of our friends from University of Chicago days, taught in his department. Homers's wife, Winifred, was one of my closest friends. There were many mathematicians from various universities, returning from an international conference in Switzerland. We decided that there were enough faculty and students on the boat to set up a degree-granting university. When the sea was calm, visiting was most enjoyable, if only we could find a place to sit. We looked forward to arriving at Halifax, hoping that enough people would get off so that that those left could find seats. It was decided that we should all write the president of the Holland American line and say that we would never cross the ocean again on their line. And Stanley and I, on our many subsequent trips to Europe, never did. What a relief when we finally sailed into the New York harbor and saw the Statue of liberty once again!

On arriving home it was almost time for classes to begin. And what a joy to get our many kodachromes developed and relive our wonderful trip. We marveled that we had seen and done so much. I was exceedingly busy labeling kodachromes and arranging them for use in my various classes, and how excited my students were when I could tell that about the places we were studying that I had visited. In those days students did not have the money to travel, and TV had yet to produce its wonderful travelogues so common today.

Soon we began to make plans for our next trip to Europe, a longer one this time, for I was to have a sabbatical semester in 1957.

It was during the interim before our next trip that I came across a short notice in Archaeology that was to have a profound influence on my life. Professor Bradford Welles, of the Classics department at Yale, was announcing the Yale publication on microfilm of the notebooks of the Russian archaeologist, Dr. Tatiana Warscher. She was spending much time at Pompeii, taking many pictures with her little Brownie camera and describing many parts of the city for which there was little or no publication. For areas that had been published, she quoted extensively from excavation reports not easily available in the U.S. The Codex Topographicus Pompeianus had various Appendices, "Flora Pompeiana." "Uccelli," (birds) among others. She had also written a brief description of "Die Gärten

von Pompeji," which of course caught my immediate attention. Unfortunately the microfilm was very expensive, and rightly so, because Yale was hoping to make it possible for Dr. Warscher to get some much needed financial help to further her research at Pompeii. But it was far beyond the library budget of the history department at Maryland in those early days. I wrote to Professor Welles making further inquiry. I received a most gracious reply that was the beginning of a long friendship that ended only with his death. He was enthusiastic about my Roman gardens project and said that Mrs. Warscher would be too, and that it was very important that I meet her, for she knew more about Pompeii than any living scholar. He sent me her address in Rome and urged me to write to her. Before we left for Europe in 1957, we had made plans to work with her when she came to Pompeii. My life was to take a new direction.





Delos with corn poppies

1957 Back to Europe. Pompeii Revisited

The year and a half before our return to Europe went all too quickly. The highlight of 1956 was the visit of Professor and Mrs. J. A. O. Larsen to the University of Maryland campus, where he was the banquet speaker at the Phi Alpha Theta (national history honorary) Saturday conference, meeting on our campus. The famous Washington cherry blossoms cooperated and were at their best. From the beginning, Professor Larsen held the large banquet audience in the hollow of his hand. They were intrigued with his subject, "The Greeks had a Name for it: Federalism." All of his examples were drawn from his research, which was later published in his monumental work on Greek Federalism. Toward the end of his speech, he said he wanted to tell about another piece of historical research of great importance. I didn't catch on to what he was talking about until I saw my students grinning at me. He went on to say that it had been reviewed favorably around the world, and was now in book catalogues world wide and the young woman who did this important piece of research taught ancient history at the University of Maryland. My students were elated.

Sunday afternoon, Stanley and I had a big party for the Larsens, with about 100 guests. We had hoped for a beautiful day, but in the morning it poured rain. By afternoon, however, the sun came out and it was warm enough for some guests to sit on the terrace or wander in the garden. Everyone fell in love with the Larsens.

Professor Larsen's lecture at the university the next morning was a huge success. We had a crowd of over 400 people, from many different departments. There was standing room only. He was to talk an hour, but they kept him the second hour, answering questions. His last lecture was for advanced students conducted seminar style. The formal meeting lasted until about 10:30 P.M. Then my students talked with him until about midnight. His visit was deeply appreciated

throughout the campus. My graduate students kept saying that to see a person so brilliant, yet so humble, so gentle and so kind made a tremendous impression on them.

The first three days of their visit, the Larsens were the guests of the University, and they stayed at the faculty club, Rossborough Inn. It is a Federal Period structure that was originally an inn on the old stage road from Alexandria to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Once the formal lectures were over, we all relaxed. The Larsens spent the rest of the week with Stanley and me. We had a wonderful time just visiting, looking at books, and talking about our research. They were anxious to see Stanley's pictures, which they insisted were the best they had ever seen. Professor Larsen was up early every morning, outdoors looking at the flowers and listening to his special chorus of mocking birds. I hadn't realized that he was such an avid bird-watcher until one morning when he and I were deep in a discussion of Roman constitutional history, he suddenly stopped in mid-sentence, rushed to the picture window and said. "I thought so!" He had spotted a rare bird that he hadn't expected to see.



Our house at 415 Pershing Drive in Silver Spring, Maryland.

They both greatly admired my thousands of daffodils, which were at their prime. I asked Mrs. Larsen if they'd like to take some to her sister, whom they were to visit in New Rochelle, New York. She said they'd love to, that you didn't find flowers like mine in city shops. Early their last morning, he reminded me that we were going to pick flowers, which we did while Mrs. Larsen packed. He picked armfuls of daffodils – over twenty-five varieties. We kept count! He got so excited each time we found a new variety. One very haughty one he called "Lorenzo." The previous evening we had been talking about Verrocchio's bust of Lorenzo de' Medici, which they had seen in the National Gallery in Washington during their visit. He also wanted to pick some of the "blueberry flowers" (grape hyacinths). We put the flowers in water to harden and then visited until it was time to leave for the train. He wanted to hear more about my project on Roman gardens. I could understand now for the first time why he was so interested in a book on gardens. He too loved flowers. He said when in France he had talked to his friends at the Sorbonne about my project, and they too thought it was a very good one.

I will never forget their visit. Mrs. Larsen told me that, on the last night they were here, he had talked on into the night about Stanley and me and what an ideal couple we were. I thought back to my M.A. thesis advisor, to whom I will always be grateful, for he is responsible for my being an ancient historian. When I graduated from York College in York, Nebraska, I wanted to go on to graduate school. I had dreamed of going to the University of Chicago where some of my professors at York had gone, but such an expensive university was impossible for someone from drought-stricken Nebraska in 1931. I went down to the University of Nebraska and talked to the chairman of the history department about the possibility of an assistantship in American history. Professor Oldfather was a charming, scholarly man whom I liked immediately. He told me that I should go into ancient history. But I had had none in college. He said all my Latin and Greek was the best possible preparation. It would be easy to make up the prerequisites in ancient history. He then asked me how I would like to be his assistant. I asked him what he taught, and he said ancient history!

I have my father, Howard Feemster, to thank for my good preparation in Latin and Greek. From childhood I knew that he considered the classics an essential part of the training of a well educated person,

a dictum with which my mother completely agreed. My father was a mathematics professor, but he was reading the New Testament in Greek until he had a stroke a few years before his death. He quoted his beloved Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson at length; and he was equally at home in philosophy, economics and history. I have never had a better teacher. I was on the intercollegiate debate team in college and a faculty chaperon was required when we traveled out of town. We always asked for my father. On the trip home after the debate he would go over our performance with us, point out what we did well, and also the points that we missed. But we never told him one of the real reasons we wanted him in the audience. We had learned that if he looked happy, we were doing fine in our rebuttals, if not there was something we had missed and we must think fast. We knew he would be chagrined if he thought his presence was giving us an unfair advantage. During my mid-college career, influenced by debate topics that had constitutional and legal aspects, I suddenly decided I would not be a teacher, but would study law. My father gently, but firmly pointed out that law was not a career choice for me. And he was so right. He said while still a toddler I had lined up my dolls on the steps and played school.

A second person played a very important role in preparing me to go into ancient history at Nebraska. I had looked forward to being a high school freshman so that I could begin Latin. I still remember how angry I was when told that freshmen girls had to take domestic science, cooking first semester, sewing the second. The first day in cooking class our work for the semester was outlined. I could already do much more than we were to learn in an entire semester. I could cook complete meals for a large family, bake and even can. I was already making many of my own clothes, and those of my baby brother. I told my parents that I didn't want to go to that school, but to the York College Academy. Colleges had large academies in those days that gave high school work. There I had Professor Clifford Morgan, who was trained at the University of Chicago, as my Classics professor, both in the academy and in college. He became a dear friend who watched over my progress at the University of Nebraska and my career from then on, until his death.

My time at the University of Nebraska was pure joy. After completing my M.A., I stayed the third year and taught Latin. Dr. Oldfather was a stimulating teacher and a good friend. I'll never forget how he sat with me in the hospital after a serious automobile accident. I couldn't believe it, when I stopped in to visit on one of my trips home after I was at the University of Chicago and told him about my engagement to Stanley. He flew into a rage, saying that I was throwing away all the valuable training I had been given. He said never to let Professor Larsen find out. I didn't mention Stanley to Professor Larsen until shortly before my marriage. Much to my relief he was greatly pleased, and not at all surprised. I strongly suspect that he had known about Stanley for some time.

Mrs. Larsen said that she had never seen her husband as happy as he had been with me and my students during their visit. On later visits he referred to them as his academic grandchildren. Mrs. Larsen said that since he had retired he had said so many times that his greatest satisfaction was seeing his work go on in his students, not his research. Nothing could have surprised me more. When he told me goodbye, he said I'd never know what this visit had meant to him. I couldn't understand that, after the way he and Mrs. Larsen had been lionized throughout the U. S and all over Europe. But as my students told them, our University was a better place because they had spent a week with us.

It seemed no time at all until it was March 27, and we were on the Queen Mary on our way back to Europe. Shortly before we left, I got the good news that the University had given me a research grant of $2000. This was the first year such grants had been given. I was later to receive many, and much larger grants, but none was as welcome, or seemed as large as this one. My chairman, who had suggested that I apply, said that the number of applications had been so overwhelming that departmental chairmen had been asked to rank their applicants. Dr. Gewehr told me that he had put me first, both because of the importance of my project and the cost of doing the research. The grant would provide all of our film, flash bulbs and developing, a box of supplies larger than a big suitcase. We were quite concerned about not seeing the results of our work until the end of such a long trip and we were greatly relieved when the University arranged for us to send our film directly to Eastman; they would return it to the University photographer, who randomly checked it and reported to us. He numbered the envelopes so that we could ask him about any specific roll or exposure. In addition the University gave me one month's salary,

another first for the university, and a pleasant surprise for me.

We had quite a crisis the day before we sailed. Stanley had bought a new wide angle lens in New York a few days earlier and shot a roll of test film on it and found the lens was defective. He exchanged it for another lens, and the test film showed that it too was defective. He then wondered if the camera had suddenly gone bad and had it quickly checked locally and cleaned. There was a little corrosion, and we hoped that would take care of the problem. Since we were leaving the next day, it would be necessary to take another test film on the ship.

We were totally exhausted when we finally arrived on the Queen Mary. We had gone to bed at 3:00 A.M. and were up three hours later to take the train to New York. Professor and Mrs. Larsen came in from Rutgers where he was then teaching to take us to lunch and see us off. It was a quick lunch for Stanley, but fortunately the camera store, where he returned the lens was near the Statler. When we got to the ship we were delighted to find so much mail. It was a great surprise to find a bon voyage card from the University of Maryland library staff, signed by everyone from the head librarian down. We had scarcely finished reading our mail when a large box of the most beautiful long-stemmed red roses was delivered from my graduate students.

Dinner that evening was the first leisurely meal Stanley and I had enjoyed together for some time. This trip seemed very short, only five days, after the ordeal of the Sibijak. There were so many interesting people on board, few Americans for it was too early for the tourist season. We were surprised when someone came up and greeted us as long lost friends. It was a young man from USIA that we had got acquainted with on the Sibijak. We met a number of professors, including a theology professor from the University of Edinburgh, who had been on a lecture tour in the U.S. and Canada, including the University of Chicago, Princeton and Harvard. He had many PhDs in the U.S. whom he visited when he lectured in these schools. We became well acquainted, and he insisted that we visit him and his wife when we came to England. I remember writing my father that he reminded me of the Little Minister in Barrie's book by that name. It was another book that I had found in our family library and loved. As I remember, it the same summer that I read *The Last Days of Pompeii.* I think it was a way of identifying with my Scottish heritage on my father's side. His mother was a Ferguson.

The train ride from Cherbourg was beautiful. Spring was early, the trees were becoming green, tulips and lilacs were in bloom. The fields were covered with wild flowers. Pale yellow primroses carpeted the hills, and there were many wild daffodils. Our friend Genevieve Boyer met us at the station and took us to the hotel they had reserved for us. She was back early the next morning. Since it was impossible to get quick film developing, as we do in the U.S., she had phoned friends who owned a commercial photography business that did work only for companies. When she told them of our difficulty they agreed to develop our film immediately. Stanley examined it before it was dry. It was quite a blow to discover that the camera was bad! We scarcely knew what to do, go to Germany for a new camera, or pay more for one in Geneva.

On a quick trip to the left bank we saw a Polish book dealer, and Stanley suggested we go in. Now there was a rare, out-of-print book that booksellers had been searching for me for two years. They had the book! Genevieve and her mother took us to dinner at their favorite restaurant, a place the French people love but Americans never see. Before train time, they drove us around Paris to see the buildings all cleaned and illuminated for Queen Elizabeth's visit.

The next morning, the train stopped in Geneva. There were several camera stores near the station, and Stanley was able to compare prices and get a good deal on a new camera, trading in his old one, and we could still catch the next train. We had decided it would be cheaper to pay more in Geneva than to go to Germany. By this time we were figuring our finances very closely. Fortunately we had gotten a bank loan before leaving home, in case we had to buy a new camera.*

On our train ride through Switzerland, the Alps were covered with snow at the peaks, and lower down, the pink and white blossoms of flowering fruit trees

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* Only about 200 pictures from the first 53 rolls of film from 1957 reached the University of Maryland. The complete sequence begins with the the departure from Athens for Italy. One often knows that there was a picture, but it cannot be found. Some of the pictures of Greece in this in this chapter are borrowed from from WFJ's *Wildflowers Amid the Ruins.*

against the green slopes sprinkled with wild flowers made an unforgettable picture. As we reached Italy, Swiss chalets on the mountains were replaced by little stone houses. Our Swiss train stopped at Milan, where we got a direct train to Venice. When we discovered that it stopped at Verona, on the spur of the moment we decided to stop there overnight.

We fell in love with Verona. Everyone was so friendly. Evidence of the old Roman town was everywhere. The amphitheater is the best preserved and one of the largest in Italy. We walked down the main street to the market located on the site of the old Roman forum. We then made our way to the old Roman theater built on the slope of a hill overlooking the Adige river. The seats were overgrown with wild flowers, especially yellow primroses and forget-me-nots. High above most of the seats, we found among the box seats the one belonging to the family of the Roman poet Catullus, who had lived here. I never dreamed when I was reading his poems that someday I would sit in his theater box! As I looked down at the stage below us, beyond in the near distance were the snow-capped Alps. On the way to our hotel we stopped at Juliet's house and saw her famous balcony. That morning we had asked a woman, who was walking her little dog, where Romeo's house was. She said she lived there and insisted in turning around and taking us to her home. We hated to leave Verona, and were glad to have time for a visit at the Roman Museum near the station before we took the train to Venice.



Temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens

On the train, a young naval attaché from London recommended the hotel at which he was staying. A gondola took us to the hotel. It was cheap, and five flights up and no elevator, but spotless and just a few steps from St. Mark's Basilica. We walked around Venice that evening, and bought more dolls to decorate our Christmas tree. We had been collecting dolls in every country, both for ourselves and for our nieces and nephew. The next day was beautifully warm and we spent most of the morning sitting out on the water front where we had breakfast. The cafe was in a building that had been a library during the Renaissance. From where we sat we had a perfect view of the island with that jewel of Renaissance architecture, Santa Maria della Salute. In the afternoon we went to the doge's palace, one of the most sumptuous buildings in Italy. The palace made the history of Renaissance Venice very real. We also visited the magnificent St. Mark's Basilica, and of course St. Mark's square with all the pigeons. We had great fun during our two days stay, wandering up and down the narrow sidewalks, off the regular tourist beat. In the evening we went up to the top of the campanile to watch the sunset and enjoy the spectacular view of all the islands that make up the city.

When we left Venice, a gondola took us to the San Marco, our ship bound for Athens. All the islands were brilliantly lighted. It was with a sense of unreality that we stood on the upper deck and watched all the lights twinkling and gradually disappear in the distance. It didn't seem possible that we had arrived in Europe only six days earlier. In many ways this trip felt like a continuation of our last one, as if we hadn't been home at all. The San Marco was the most beautiful ship we had been on. A

fine string quartet played at tea time. The next day dinner was early so that we could have more time ashore at Bari, where we stopped to pick up more passengers before crossing over to Greece. The enormous castle of Frederick II, surrounded by a moat, was illuminated as we came into Bari. Our fellow passengers were most interesting. Only seven other passengers (five British and two Canadians) spoke English. I was appointed to read in the ship's library and lead the English tour of the old town and castle at Bari.

We were glad to be back in Athens (April 7), but the weather was a real surprise. I don't think that I have ever been so cold in my life. We shuddered to think that we had considered leaving our winter coats in Switzerland. On our previous trip we used to smile when reading the Greek guidebook, which constantly said "beware of the chill when the sun goes down." Fortunately Stanley and I liked to walk and that kept us warm. We covered all the ruins within walking distance. One day we followed the Ilissus River its entire length past the Temple of Zeus, to where it goes underground at the Stadium. We also followed the Sacred Way; we hunted up old Roman villa remains all over Athens searching for evidence of gardens.



Looking up from the north slope of the Acropolis.

We spent a wonderful afternoon in the American excavations on the north slope of the Acropolis. The Director showed us around and explained the excavation techniques in detail. I remember writing to my family that Stanley was really getting good at identifying constructions. He asked many questions, more than I did. He said he'd really like to spend a season digging. Little did he dream that we would spend many seasons digging at Pompeii, and that he would devise many innovative techniques for excavating gardens. The American excavators were uncovering some Roman houses of unusual design, in which I was most interested. I hoped they might find gardens in the peristyles. But they were all paved. Gardens can exist only if there is an adequate water supply.

We hadn't been in Athens long when it began to pour rain, but we couldn't feel sorry for ourselves, for we knew how badly Greece needed rain. They hadn't had their winter and spring rains, and there was a serious drought. The Director at the American excavations had told us that conditions were very critical in Corinth and the surrounding area. People were meeting in churches to pray for rain. A friend who had been in Thebes over the weekend said the people were in actual mourning. It was too dry to plant cotton, and the wheat had come up and turned yellow. She said they wouldn't even get seed back this year. That was a real tragedy, for they didn't get seed the previous year, and had borrowed at the bank, which meant they couldn't borrow again. She said if rain would only come that week, it would still be in time, but the following week would be too late. The next day it began pouring rain! We thought it would never stop. We spent much time in museums, but not too long at one time, for they were not heated.

We made a list of pictures that we wanted to take and the time of day to take them, so that we could work fast when the sun finally came out. Stanley and I laughed about how we used to sit and wait on our previous trip to get one tiny cloud in a picture. We saw pictures of Athens with lavish "whipped cream" clouds in the bookstores, and we were sure the clouds had been

dubbed in. Now we were lucky if there was enough sun for two pictures a day.

A few days after we arrived in Athens, we were delighted to get a letter from the American Philosophical Association saying that they had given me a research grant of $500. This was most welcome indeed, after our extra camera expenses, and we felt very pleased that they considered our research important. It is the policy of the Association to give small grants to encourage new research that they consider promising. Their "small grant" is of course much more today.

One morning when the sun came out briefly, we went to the agora to take photos of the concert hall built by Agrippa. Nothing is left but the marble stage; where the seats formerly were, there was a carpet of wild flowers that had appeared as if by magic after the rain – poppies, red and white daisies, and a lovely wine-colored flower that looked like a sweet pea. But soon it clouded over, and the rain began. We took refuge in the porch of the nearby Stoa of Attalus. It had been given to the people of Athens by Attalus, the King of Pergamum. As a young man he had studied in ancient Athens. The Stoa had been rebuilt by the Americans under the direction of Professor Homer Thompson, Director of the American School in Athens, and dedicated the previous summer. We understood why the ancient Greeks liked their stoas. They are wonderful protection from both rain and sun. The modern Greeks build them too.



The newly rebuilt Stoa of Attalus

The second Wednesday we were in Athens (April 17) Archbishop Makarios arrived from Cyprus. At this time Cyprus was still under British rule; Makarios's presidency of Cyprus and his pro-Greek, anti-Turkish policy were still in the future. But his feelings were no secret, and it looked as if all of Greece had come to Athens to welcome him! He arrived at the airport in the morning, where he was met by the official dignitaries, then drove to the gate of Hadrian, still considered the official entrance to the city, even though it is now in the heart of the modern city. Here he was given the official welcome to Athens by the mayor. From there he went on to the palace, where he stopped at the tomb of the unknown soldier, then to the Grand Bretagne. We were surprised that he was given a room adjacent to ours. He spoke from our balcony! Before we got up, the Press was on our balcony setting up their equipment. There were newsmen from all over the world, and of course Hollywood cameramen were there. There were guards outside our door and every few feet along the hall. At first they were very stiff and proper, but they soon became very friendly. We were surprised that the hotel let us keep our room, but we were very grateful. You couldn't get a hotel room anywhere in Athens for love or money. The hotel probably figured that we were very safe! One night we heard a terrible thud that awakened us. We wondered if someone had made an attempt on the Archbishop's life, but we heard no activity next door. Stanley looked at his watch, and we discovered the next morning that at that moment that there had been an earthquake.

We went to the Arch of Hadrian early to see the crowds. The trees were full of people, every fence, roof, even the tops of cars were packed. Stanley got some wonderful pictures, with the Acropolis and the Parthenon in the background, the Temple of Zeus and the Arch of Hadrian in the foreground, and people, thousands of them, everywhere. We heard the Archbishop speak at the Arch of Hadrian. Later he would give a speech from our balcony. Constitution Square was already packed with people, waiting for the speech, when we left the hotel. It was the first time the sun had been out for a long time, and we wanted to take advantage of it. We went to the Roman Forum to do some work. There we could hear the applause from the crowds in Constitution Square.

Streams of people came to see the Archbishop. When we left for church Easter morning, we met the Archbishop outside our door. When he left the hotel to visit the king, prime minister, or for other meeting, the crowds lined up outside the hotel. We were on our balcony one morning, looking at the Parthenon (we had to look every morning to make sure that it was still there!), when we heard applause. We looked down and the Archbishop was just coming out of the hotel, and getting into a car.

It was an unforgettable experience to be in Athens at Eastertime. Thursday was a big church holiday, and Good Friday an even bigger one. There were services in every church on Thursday evening, and all day on Good Friday. On Thursday the body of Christ remained on the cross in every church. We went to the Cathedral Thursday night, but we were unable get in. There were about 2000 people standing outside. Athens is full of churches, sometimes two or three to a block, but it was impossible to get into a church all week, unless you went early and stayed for the entire service. I didn't feel up to that, for the services are from four to six hours long. There are no seats, and you stand with people packed solid around you. At the Cathedral, police kept the center aisle cleared so that it was possible to see to the front of the church. We stayed for a time, listened to the beautiful music and watched the procession of the choir boys and girls as they marched out of the church with their lighted tapers.



The rebuilt Odeon of Herodes Atticus on the south slope of the Acropolis.

Friday is a very important day. The body of Christ is literally taken from the cross and placed in a tomb. After the all day service, everyone visits the tombs of the other churches to see the decorations, for the tombs are covered with the flowers or wreaths brought by the worshipers. We went with our friends, the Valsamakis, to their church.

The sun came out before lunch, so we decided to go to Eleusis, about forty minutes on the bus from Athens. If the sun didn't last, we could at least get acquainted with the site. It was here that the Mysteries took place, celebrating the return of Persephone in the spring, after spending the winter in Hades. It is an impressive site, overlooking the sea. We had been there only a short time when it began to rain. But in the Museum I got the book written by the archaeologist who excavated the site. We ran for the bus and got thoroughly soaked. It felt good to come home to a warm room and bath. The bus fare was only fifteen cents round trip.

After the church services, there was a funeral procession from each church. Fortunately the rain stopped just before these processions began. We couldn't get over the medieval literalness with which Easter was celebrated. Everyone spoke of Christ being in the tomb. The entire city was in mourning. All electric signs were turned off and street lights were draped with black crepe. The procession from the cathedral went past the palace, which is across the street from our hotel. The Valsamakis came over, and we watched the parade from our balcony. A military and a naval band led the procession, playing the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. Next came the various church dignitaries, then the flower-covered sepulcher of Christ, followed by government representatives, and finally the members of the church. The parade stopped every so often and the choir sang. Everyone in the procession carried a long, lighted olive-colored taper, as did all the people watching the parade.

The Valsamakis had brought tapers for us. It was an impressive sight to look out on the darkened city, hear Beethoven's Funeral March and see all the lighted tapers. After the cathedral procession was over, we went to Stadium Street and arrived just in time to see the funeral procession from the Valsamakis' church.

Saturday was a busy day. It reminded us of Egypt the day before the Bairam, for everyone was taking home a lamb for Easter dinner. Many had live lambs, some were butchered, but always it was a whole lamb with the head still on. We went to the large covered market in the center of Athens, where, for blocks on both sides of the passageways, lambs were hanging. It rained on and off, but Stanley was always ready to take a picture if the sun came out. We were in the market just as the Inspector of Markets arrived in military splendor, with a military escort. There was an official scale in the center of the market, where anyone who felt that they had been short changed could check the weight of their purchase. It reminded me of the old Greek and Roman markets. The market was so tightly packed with people that you had to move with the crowd. But when the butchers saw Stanley coming with all his camera equipment, each butcher would clear a way and want Stanley to photograph him and his stall.

At the flower market, we were intrigued with the Greek Easter flowers, so very different from the flowers that we associate with Easter. There were also little donkeys laden with flowers for sale. The streets were lined with booths and packed solid with people and peddlers selling tapers, balloons, and a variety of brightly colored plastic ornaments. No one seemed to mind the cold and rain. But we wore all the coats, sweaters, and raincoats that we owned, and lamented missing many a wonderful picture because of the rain.

Saturday, just after midnight, which is Easter morning, is the big event of Easter week. There was such a current of excitement in the air, everyone was waiting for the resurrection. We planned to go to the service at the cathedral, for that is the one that the king and all the diplomats attended.

Saturday evening just before we left for the service, we were quite surprised when there was knock at our door, and our maid brought in the most beautiful Easter basket, filled with flowers and Easter eggs. There were bright purple-red flowers that looked like stock, lilacs (the name for lilac in Greek is the same as their word for Easter), and tiny lavender baby breath. The eggs were dark red, the color of all their Easter eggs. When we asked our maid, who knew little English, who could have sent the basket, she answered "Hotel." We were quite touched. Then a little later there was another knock, and the florist delivered a huge box addressed to me, with a tremendous spray of pale pink carnations and lavender baby breath. I opened the enclosed card; on it the director of the hotel had signed his name and added the words, "Happy Easter."

Three times during the week Mrs. Valsamaki brought us Easter cakes. The first was a big round one filled with apricots and nuts. The next time, little round tarts and a big package of little round cakes with holes in them like doughnuts. Best of all was a braided honey cake flavored with anise. She said it was her daughter Kathy's favorite, and since she was in America she would bake it for us. It is a Greek custom to send cakes and Easter eggs to your friends. Of course no orthodox Greek would eat sweets until after the resurrection. All week as we went to the excavations we saw children going through the streets with tremendous trays of these cakes. Most people don't have ovens, so when the mothers finish a batch of cakes or cookies, the children take them to the public ovens, and then wait until they are baked. Ever so often we noticed that a child was unable to get home without sampling the baked sweets!

When we got to the cathedral it was full, and there was already a tremendous crowd outside. Mr. Valsamaki, however, had arranged for us to get places where we could see everything. Ropes marked off a large empty square in front of the cathedral. We stood by the large platform in the square. Stanley was able to set up his tripod there. About an hour before midnight the service moved outside. The diplomats were seated on the platform. The procession came out of the church, with clergy, choir and worshippers all carrying lighted tapers. Then the cavalry pranced in on their horses, and finally the king arrived on his horse and stopped suddenly just in front of us! The church bells throughout the city had been tolling mournfully ever since the death of Christ. The service continued until midnight. I have never seen such pageantry. Excitement mounted as the moment of the resurrection approached. I felt as if I were living in the Middle Ages. At exactly midnight, at the proper place in the service, everyone lighted their tall white tapers, the church bells all over Greece began to ring joyfully, all the street lights were



Theater of Dionysos, south slope of the Acropolis.

turned on, fireworks filled the air, and canons were shot from the top of Mt. Lycabettus. The church service continued for some time, then everyone walked home carrying their lighted candles.

It was now time for a big meal after the fasting was ended. Everyone tapped Easter eggs with all present, and said "*Christós anésti*," "Christ is risen," which is the Greek equivalent of "Happy Easter." The Valsamakis insisted that we come home with them for the traditional Easter lamb dinner, and we did, even though it was very late.

Easter Day is spent celebrating and feasting. There is no church service, as most Greeks have spent most of the preceding week in church. We went to the English Protestant service. The Valsamakis wanted to go with us and they really enjoyed it. After church, they took us to the palace grounds where the *Evzones* (palace guards) were roasting lambs for their Easter dinner. Their families had come from all over Greece to have dinner with them. At one o'clock they had finished eating, and the palace grounds were opened to the public. Fortunately the sun came out, but we were still terribly cold. It had been in the 30's every night since we arrived in Greece But the Greeks through necessity seem to have become inured to extremes of heat and cold. The Valsamakis have no heat in their house except the oven. We always left our overcoats on when we visited them. In fact, our hotel, the Grand Bretagne, was the only place with heat that we had found in Athens. After dinner, the *Evzones* danced their folk dances, which were most enjoyable. The costumes of the many Evzones from Crete were especially picturesque. They were very friendly, and happy to pose, so Stanley got some wonderful pictures. We then went to the Valsamakis for another big Easter Day dinner. After dinner they took us to Daphne, about ten miles outside of Athens, to see the wonderful old, world-famous, Byzantine monastery there.

Monday was still a holiday. The sun came out in the afternoon, so we went for a short time to the agora. We had been wanting to get a picture of the ruins of the building where the famous Athenian law courts met. We knew the lighting would be good in the late afternoon, if the sun ever came out. It is a very important place, but the ruins are not very photogenic. That day, however, the seats were outlined with red poppies, and would make a fine photo. We got there about a half hour before the sun was in the right

position, but just in the nick of time. A small boy was systematically picking every poppy. He had picked a dozen or so before I got to him. He understood no English, but I pointed to the flowers, then to the camera, and to the flowers in his hand and shook my head. He got the point! Soon his father, mother and baby sister came. Stanley had the camera on the tripod, and the father wanted to look through it. Then the wife looked and the little boy. The little girl then pulled at her father to hold her up, so she too could look. We carried on quite a conversation, with few words. They were from Cnossus, Crete, and in Athens for the Easter holiday.

The guards stop everyone they see picking wild flowers, but Stanley and I got quite upset at the way both adults and children picked them. If a site had morning sun, we had no problem, but if we wanted to photograph in the afternoon, Stanley said it looked as if we would have to go early in the morning to protect the flowers. The Acropolis was strewn with faded flowers that people had picked.



Knossos Palace

We had been two weeks in Athens, and our plan had been to now go to Crete and then to the Peloponnesus. but it was terribly cold in both places, and we had both been sick. Stanley had spent several days in bed. I was worried because of his history of rheumatic fever, and asked the hotel to get the best doctor available. They sent the royal family's doctor, who said I was so right to get a doctor. He took charge, and kept Stanley in bed for a few more days with antibiotics, and he soon recovered. We decided to wait before leaving Athens, for we didn't want to risk not being able to get pictures at such important places if the rains continued. Everyone told us that it would soon be much warmer and sunny. They said this was the first time that it had been as cold at Easter as it was at Christmas.

We took advantage of the first beautiful day to make a day trip to Salamis, a poor, rocky little island just off the shore of Attica. We crossed the narrow straits which separated it from Attica in a small boat, realizing that here the famous Battle of Salamis took place in 480 B.C. Climbing to a height, we viewed the straits below. In front of us was an olive grove, above, soft, feathery pines. The straits were the deepest blue, the sky above, a bright blue with fleecy clouds. To complete this perfect picture, a shepherd with crooked staff watched over his sheep, and ever so often a donkey would bray. From the shore below came the happy voices of sailors singing Greek folk songs. It was such a beautiful, peaceful, pastoral scene it was difficult to realize that we were overlooking the site of one of the greatest naval battles of ancient history. According to the local people, the Persian King Xerxes had placed his throne on the high hill on the opposite Attic coast to watch the battle (which much to his surprise was to end in his defeat by the Greeks). A lower hill, a slight distance away, is the one historians nominate as the site of his throne.

We spread out our lunch on what our Greek friends called "a grassy slope," but first we picked up the rocks that were more plentiful than grass. After we had finished our lunch, two local women came by and took us to a high lookout where we had a magnificent panorama of the surrounding islands. On the way we met a little boy and his sister, herding goats with their donkey, who begged to have their pictures taken. Farther on, two little boys pointed out the trees being tapped for turpentine, which flavors the famous retsina wine. They would stick their fingers in the sap, indicate that it was very good, and encourage us to sample it. They proudly brought us their pet kid to admire. A great field of golden yellow flowers grew around a nearby farmhouse. When the owner saw us



Herakleion Harbor.

admiring it, she insisted on picking a big bouquet for me. The ground was so full of rocks, we wondered how anything could grow in it, but the flowers that she sold in Athens gave her a meager income.

We had been looking forward to visiting various Greek islands, but we found that there was no transportation from island to island. It was necessary to always return to Athens. So we felt quite fortunate when we were able to get a last minute cancellation on a Semiramis tour.

Crete was our first stop. Early in the morning the island came into view, Mt. Ida still covered with snow. After docking at Herakleion, we went immediately to the famous palace of Knossos. It was easy to understand how the legend of the labyrinth got started. We examined the palace carefully, including the plumbing. It was superior to anything we had found in modern Greece. In the museum, I studied the beautiful frescoes with plants, to see if I could detect any similarity with Pompeian gardens paintings.

We had arrived so early in the morning that we were able to cross the mountains to the south side of the island in the afternoon and visit Phaestus, another royal palace. The high road through the mountains was very winding, the valleys far below, snow-covered Mt. Ida always in the distance. Carpets of wild flowers covered the fields. For the first time I saw glads growing wild. They were small and orchid color, generally growing together with the wild anchusa (12 - 18 inches tall) with the bluest of flowers. There were so many wild flower on Crete that we hadn't seen before. We were impressed with the fertility of Crete compared to Greece.

We sailed from Crete during the night and the next morning we were in Rhodes. Since we had seen the medieval city on our first trip, we joined an ancient history teacher, Miss Evans, from California and hired a cab for the day,. We visited all three of the ancient cities, located at the opposite corners of Rhodes. Lindus has a high acropolis with a beautiful little Greek temple that stands high above the surrounding countryside, silhouetted against the blue water. The site was covered with wild flowers. The wild margarites were larger than our Shasta daisies. The stock, deep purple, growing in the crevices of the



Flower painting in the Knossos museum.

temple walls was as large as our florist's stock. In the fields of Rhodes we saw what looked to be the ancestors of many of our domesticated flowers. We saw love-in-a-mist, bachelor's buttons, and many others that I had never seen before.



Wildflowers at Knossos

We felt fortunate to be in Rhodes on May day. All businesses were closed on this important holiday in the Dodecanese Islands. Everyone goes to the country to pick wild flowers, which they fashion into a big wreath, together with some garlic, to put above their front door. The wreaths are left until the festival of St. John on June 29, when they are burned in neighborhood bonfires, thus insuring good health for their families for another year. Every little donkey, cart, and even our taxi wore a wreath. A few days later, we saw boats in the harbor at Delos with wreaths. We stopped often so Stanley could take pictures of individual flowers. Our driver was a young man who knew the island well, and loved it. He was always spotting new flowers and he picked big bouquets for me. He suggested that we cross over the mountains to Camirus on the opposite side of the island, and save considerable time. We were suspicious of a mountain road, but it was good.

By this time we were getting hungry, but no stores were open. Fortunately we had bought many oranges earlier in the day when we passed an orange orchard. When we got to a tiny village and stopped to see if the store might be open, the villagers quickly located the owner who opened up the store for us. But Greek chocolates were all that he had, no bread or crackers of any kind. In the next village we found cheese. We ate wedges of cheese with our oranges, and finished with chocolate, as we rode. We enjoyed our lunch more than we would have the one in the luxury hotel that the cruise had arranged for us. We saw a mother and her daughter carrying what looked like tremendous brown trays covered with Easter eggs. I couldn't understand Easter eggs on May day, and why they weren't red. As they came nearer I saw that it was a big flat cake, with colored eggs stuck close together in the dough. The woman said it was the custom in her village to make such cakes on May Day. She handed the cake for me to hold so Stanley could take a picture.

In one village, a priest sitting in front of a taverna called to Stanley and asked him if he could speak French. Stanley answered that he spoke a little. The priest, who was a school teacher in a neighboring village, was very pleased and talked with Stanley for quite some time. Miss Evans and I wandered through the village, and some of the villagers hastened to get a local shopkeeper who knew English. He had lived in the U.S., was very proud of his children who lived in New York, and was anxious to show us their wedding pictures, and the college photos of all his grandchildren. When we got back, Stanley and the priest were still talking. We noticed that a bus had been standing in the street for sometime. All at once the priest caught sight of it, told us a hurried goodbye, picked up his robes and



Stamatia under the plane tree.

really ran. He had been waiting for the bus, but he was so absorbed in talking to Stanley that he didn't notice it. The bus driver saw the priest talking to an American and didn't hurry him but just waited. Time means nothing in Greece.

Camirus was a real find for me. I had been able to get a French guide book and knew that there was a Hellenistic town. We walked up and down the streets and found many houses in good part preserved. It reminded me of a small Pompeii. I found one house with a garden that had been replanted. I tried to find an excavation report at the American School when we returned to Athens and was told that it was excavated by Maiuri when the Italians occupied the island. That explained everything. He was the same man who was later superintendent at Pompeii and dug madly, leaving unpublished large areas, which I later re-excavated.

After Camirus we visited Mt. Philerimus, once the acropolis of Ialysus, the third Homeric city in Rhodes.

The next day we arrived at Cos, a red letter day for us because we met Stamatia, a little Greek girl whom we had been supporting through the Save the Children Federation. She and her family were down at the harbor to greet us when our ship arrived. It couldn't go into the harbor, but we were first in line to go in the first little boat that took passengers ashore. Stamatia shyly handed me a big bouquet of red roses, her mother a beautiful bouquet of calla lilies, delphinium, snapdragons, roses and a tiny white flower, something like baby's breath, that was so common on the island.



Ascent of Mt. Patmos

We went first to the healing shrine of Asclepius outside the town, and then to the extensive Roman ruins less than a block from her home. She knew them well. She took us to one statue and said "Hippocrates." At the harbor she posed for us under the aged plane tree under which Hippocrates is said to have written his prescriptions.

In the afternoon we arrived at Patmos. We rode donkeys to the old monastery at the top of the mountain. I liked the little donkeys very much and enjoyed riding them, but Stanley said he always felt he should carry the donkey. The children on the island had gathered flowers which they handed to us as we rode up the mountain. By the time I got to the top I had quite a bouquet. Most of the people were hanging on for dear life and couldn't relax enough to reach for the flowers. I have never seen flowers grow as luxuriously as those we saw in the islands. Every little whitewashed house had patches of flowers that would do any florist proud. The next morning we arrived at Delos. The ship's passengers were to get a motor boat over to the island at 8:30, but the purser got us a motor boat before seven so we could get a head start. There were more wild flowers on Delos than we had seen anywhere, and that is saying a lot. Delicate little pink ones grew everywhere, but by the time the people from our ship arrived, the flowers had tightly closed for the day. We climbed Mt. Cynthus and from there could see all the Cyclades islands. Our ship left for nearby Mykonos at noon, but we wanted more time in the ruins on Delos. Some Dutch scholars were staying longer, and invited us to go with them later on a local boat. I was anxious to see if I could find any evidence of gardens in Delos, but the peristyles all seemed to be paved with mosaics. Mykonos, like all the islands, was striking with its whitewashed buildings and famous windmills. It is barren, but the people do beautiful weaving. We bought a number of things, but felt badly when we discovered how little they charged.

We arrived back in Athens Saturday morning after a glorious week in the islands. The sun was shining, it was warm, and the American School had scheduled a walking tour that afternoon, led by Professor

Vanderpool, which we enjoyed tremendously. We had tried to plan our travels to take in as many of his tours as possible. He knew Greece like the back of his hand.

Sunday afternoon we visited the site of the battle of Marathon and saw the mound where those who fell in the battle were buried. Nearby was a whitewashed house covered with flowers. A teenage girl came out when she saw us and immediately picked me a big bouquet of the longest-stemmed sweet peas, roses and carnations. Her father picked a carnation and handed it to Stanley for his button hole. I told Stanley that I was afraid that my memories of the battle sites of Greece would be mostly flowers – first, the big bouquet at Salamis and now flowers again at Marathon. Some years later I discovered that the plain of Marathon was so named because it was overgrown by fennel, μάραθρον = *marathron* in Attic Greek.

From the battle field we went to Marathon village nearby, for the tourist office at Athens had told us that we would be able to get a taxi there to go to the ruins at Rhamnus, less than nine miles away. But when we got to Marathon, there were no taxis, not even a car in the entire village. The villagers mobilized, however, got a motorcycle to which they attached a small trailer, and borrowed chairs for us from the local taverna. Two young men from the village climbed in with us, and we were on our way. They knew no English, and we knew only a little Greek, but we had a wonderful time. They made it clear that we were their guests. The deme of Marathon is one of the few fertile ones in Attica. Irrigation is used and crops are good. Rhamnus, the adjacent deme, is mostly rock and thin soil covered with wild flowers. I marveled at how flowers could grow so lush in such thin soil.

The road to Rhamnus went through wild country. In fact it could scarcely be called a road. At times we felt we were crossing untouched fields. At one point it looked as if we might never get to Rhamnus. All at once the motorcycle sputtered and then abruptly stopped. When the driver could do nothing to get it started the men decided repairs were in order. They took out some parts, rearranged them, and tied them together with string! And it worked!

Rhamnus is a beautiful site located on the water. Across the gulf is the island of Euboea. How such elaborate temples, theater and public buildings could have been built there in antiquity is hard to understand when you see the forlorn poverty of the country today.

The wild beauty of the site was unlike that of any place we had been. The buckthorn *(Rhamnus*), which gave its name to the site, was in full bloom. We asked our friends where the theater was, and they knew. Only a few seats were preserved, but when they removed the shrubs, we could read the ancient names cut in them. Our friends knew the ruins well. By pantomime they showed us where the Germans had been stationed, where the Greeks were, and how they went boom! They showed us the old Roman cisterns and tombs in which the Mycenaeans had buried their dead. They would make a cross with their fingers and close their eyes. They had obviously fought there themselves.

On the way back the young men stopped and ordered supper for us, eggs, fish, brown bread and "Socrates" wine. Stanley tried to pay, but neither the young men or the waiter would permit it. We almost created an international incident. They kept saying "in America," meaning we pay in America, they in Greece. On the way back to Marathon village we met a Greek and his German wife walking along the road, and they were glad to ride back with us in our makeshift vehicle. We passed some shepherd's huts and she wanted to know if we would like to stop and visit them. She knew





Rhamnus

the shepherds well, as she was studying them. We had seen the huts earlier on our way to Rhamnous, and had been impressed with the shepherds, magnificent old men with wonderful faces. We would have enjoyed stopping, but I knew that there was no such thing as a short visit in Greece. And I knew it would be very cold when the sun went down, and I was without a coat. The shepherds belonged to a group that move north with the season and build new huts of grass at each stop. The German woman said that the shepherds were moving on that week, but that she and her husband were going to visit them in their new location in two weeks. They invited us to go along, but we told them we would be in Turkey then. They said in that case they would postpone their visit until we got back. Unfortunately there would be no time to work in such a trip before we were on our way to Pompeii.

We got back to Marathon just in time to catch the bus to Athens. The young men had thought we would have time to have coffee with them before we left, and were very disappointed.

On the way back to Athens we got better acquainted with the Greek-German couple. She was writing a book on the survival of ancient Greek customs into modern times. When we arrived in Athens they invited us to come home with them to see their small but fine collection of Greek antiquities, but we were pressed for time.

We spent most of the next day taking care of business. We dearly loved the Greeks, but at times they exasperated us. Mr. Valsamaki insisted on going with us to the post office to mail a package, and we were fortunate that he did. We stood in line to get the package weighed, then went half a block away and stood in line to get the stamps, then returned to the first place and stood in line to get them pasted on, and then stood in another line to get the receipt for the registration. I told Mr. Valsamaki that the Greeks had too much red tape. He asked what that meant, and I said "<u>too many papers</u>." He laughed and laughed and got out his little notebook and wrote down "red tape." He thought it a wonderful expression worth remembering. We also changed money, which was quite a production. I finally got my permit to photograph in the

museums in Greece, but I told Stanley that it had taken so long to get the permission that I was afraid we would have little time left to take the pictures.

At last we were ready to go to the Peloponnesus, but when we arrived in Corinth, the change in weather was an unpleasant surprise. It had been so warm in the islands, and the last few days in Athens had been almost uncomfortably hot. We had left our winter coats in Athens, for everyone believed that summer had finally arrived. At Corinth it was terribly cold, and so windy we could scarcely stand up. We stayed in old Corinth at the tourist pavilion, which had three bedrooms, but a very large dining room, as most of their business was serving lunch to tours that make one day trips to the excavations. Few people stayed overnight, but that night a young engineer and his wife from Turin were also there. Our rooms were very cold, but the manager made a big fire in the fireplace in the lounge, and brought all of us our dinner in front of the fire. The next day was beautifully warm, and we had a good day in the excavations. Toward evening we took the little narrow gage toy train through the mountains to Tripolis. We found a nice hotel, but no heat, no hot water. Tripolis is in Arcadia, in the heart of the Peloponnesus. We were surprised when we went down to dinner, and the manager invited us into the kitchen, which seemed to be the local custom. We were asked to look over the meat, select a piece which they cooked for us, then look over the other things on the stove and tell them what we wanted. We took plenty of time making our selection, it was so nice and warm in the kitchen.

It was a surprise to hear people speaking English at the next table. They came over and introduced themselves. One man owned a laundry near the University of Chicago, the other a liquor store. His daughter, who was a student at the University of Chicago, was with him, also his American wife. Their son had just finished law school at the University of Chicago. The wife and daughter had never been in Greece before, but the father had been born in one of the villages near Tripolis, and they were visiting many relatives. The girl told us that her father's village had never had water, but had to haul it in by a donkey from a place two hours distant. Her father had brought engineers and was making arrangements to have water piped into the village. The relatives had asked the mother to cook a typical American meal for them, which she did, but not without some trepidation. Their oven was outdoors, made of clay. She said you put the meal in the oven, sealed the oven with damp clay, built a big fire, and didn't open the oven until you took out the finished meal!

The railroad came to an end at Tripolis, but it was a good center from which to visit many important ancient sites The next morning the hotel had a car for us and two drivers. They spoke no English, but we got along famously. We went first to Tegea, the religious center of the Arkadian League. We saw the ruins of the temple, which was once one of the most imposing in Greece. There was also a small, but very good museum, with things we wanted to photograph. The young men who were our drivers were most interested in the picture taking, and quite impressed with our permit. They watched Stanley carefully and were soon helping him get out the tripod, set it up, and position the flash. They slung the camera bag and tripod over their shoulders as we moved through the ruins. I supposed they would soon loose interest, but they didn't let us out of their sight. When Stanley was ready to take a picture, they would want to look at it first.

We started for Sparta, after Tegea. The road was one curve after another through the picturesque mountains. We drove slowly so that we could take in everything. Tourists never went to this part of the Peloponnesus, and I had the feeling that we were seeing life that had remained much unchanged since ancient times. Whenever we stopped and asked to take a picture, the peasants were always very pleased. The young men who were so well acquainted with the area were a great help. We met a lovely shepherd girl, leading her sheep up the mountain, spinning thread as she walked. She was pleased that I was interested in seeing someone spin and showed me just how it was done. I helped our drivers herd the sheep and goats, trying to get them just where we wanted them in the picture. The shepherd girl was most cooperative, but her animals weren't always so willing.

We next got some fine pictures of a farmer plowing a very rocky field, which would graphically illustrate for my students the problem of trying to raise food in Greece. I was always concerned that we were keeping people away from their work, but the farmer lost all interest in plowing, as soon as Stanley stopped taking pictures. He had a mule, of which he was extremely proud. We couldn't quite make out if the



mule had come from Chicago, or whether the money to buy it came from his sister in Chicago.

We passed one family, a father, two boys and a little girl a perfect little Heidi, watching their sheep. She was extremely shy and didn't want to be photographed; her father and brothers were more than willing. But they insisted on posing, so Stanley had to get them when they were natural. Our drivers caught on quickly to what we wanted and were very helpful. We had candy which we carried for the children, but the little girl wouldn't come and get hers. Her brothers, however, said they would give it to her.

The flowers in the mountains were unlike any that we had seen. From the car, we admired the bright red flowers of great clumps of succulents. They were so plentiful, we stopped to pick one to examine more closely. But the children herding their sheep and goats on the mountainside, with one voice, raised a cry to stop us. They were telling us, our Greek friends explained, that the flower would harm us greatly if we picked it. We thought that strange, but later learned that the flower was euphorbia which, when picked, oozes a milky white latex that causes a skin reaction akin to that produced by poison ivy.

On our way to Sparta, we met many shepherds with their sheep and goats. Often we would hear the tinkling of their bells before we saw them. Frequently there were so many that we would have to stop the car and wait until they would give us enough room to pass.

It had snowed in the mountains, so it was quite a thrill when snow-capped Mt. Taygetus came into view. I was totally unprepared for the emotional reaction I had upon arriving in Sparta. I knew that this once powerful state was in the fertile Eurotus valley, closed in by mountains, with Mt. Taygetus towering above it, but I had no idea that it would be so breathtakingly beautiful and such a romantic spot. Orange and olive trees flourished in the valley, and the orange blossoms were exceedingly fragrant. Somehow, this was not what I thought of when I thought of the Spartans. I told Stanley that I didn't see how people could live in the midst of such beauty, and be so little influenced by it. But it was in their desperation to keep their privileged way of life, that they developed their military state to keep the helots in check.

There are few classical remains in Sparta. The few ruins on the acropolis were covered with the same euphorbia we had seen in the mountains, but this time yellow in color; on the slope, a theater was just barely

visible, and a shepherd herded his sheep. It reminded me of the remarks of the Greek historian Thucydides, who said that if Athens were to be destroyed, later generations would think her more powerful even than she was, because of her imposing buildings, but if Sparta were to be known only by her buildings, subsequent generations would think her of little importance.

Unfortunately it began to pour rain by lunch time. We had planned to go to Mistra, a beautiful little Byzantine town on top of one of the lower mountains near Sparta. We did go to a restaurant part way up the mountain for our lunch, but that was as far as a car could go. From there it was necessary to walk. We hoped that the rain would stop, but it only got worse. We went back to Sparta to the museum and also examined some Roman mosaics that were under shelter, before we returned to Tripolis in the cold, pouring rain. We lingered in the kitchen, after picking out our dinner, because it was nice and warm. The manager took my shoes to the kitchen to dry them out for the next day.



Sparta

If the weather cooperated, we planned to take the car and the same drivers the next day to Megalopolis, Mantinea, Messana and Mt. Ithome. Our friends were at the hotel at six A.M. in spite of a pouring rain. We waited for awhile and then had them take us to the train for Athens instead. We thought that we could at least find a warm hotel there. They were very disappointed, and we were too, but we told them we hoped to be back. Travel and living was so very cheap in the Peloponnesus, and Tripolis wasn't very far in miles, but it was in time. It is only 125 miles from Tripolis to Athens, but the little train took five and a half hours.

Athens was very crowded when we got back. We had returned two days earlier than we expected, and the Grand Bretagne was full. We found a room in a small hotel nearby, at the same price, but what a difference. They didn't even have hot water. We discovered that all the hotels in Athens had turned off their heat, for they go by the calendar, instead of the thermometer. But it was warmer than in the Peloponnesus, and we had our winter coats. Fortunately our hotel had a room for us the next day.

We canceled our trip to Turkey because of the rainy weather. Since we planned to be there such a short time, it would be most unfortunate to have bad weather, and we were told that Turkey was colder than Greece. That meant writing our Turkish friends about our change of plans. Dr. Bobbat, who had spent Christmas with us when he was in the U. S., had written us in Athens that he was looking forward to welcoming us to Istanbul. He was the Assistant Director of the Bacteriological Institute in Istanbul.

Sunday we went to the American Protestant service in a little church on the slopes on Mt. Lycabettus. It was good to hear a service in English. After the service we met the Purtons, with whom we had gotten acquainted on the Semiramis cruise. Their friend was the ancient historian who had explored the classical sites in the islands with us. They insisted that we go home with them for lunch. They said it was the maid's day off, and they had a simple meal. Mrs. Purton said she imagined that we had been away from home long enough for some American food, including a big jello salad, and toasted tomato, bacon and cheese sandwiches, to taste good. She told us that we could eat everything and not be afraid. In those days Americans were warned to avoid certain foods in Greece. Her husband was an electrical engineer, and the U.S. technical advisor for the hydroelectric program being financed by the Marshall Plan. They got their

butter from Denmark, the first butter we had seen since we had left Switzerland. And she said she had made the chocolate ice cream herself from carnation milk so it was safe. In the afternoon their driver came with their car, and they took us to a flower show, then an art show, and for a drive in the country. We drove up the lower slope of Mt. Hymettus to an abandoned monastery, Kaisarini, built on the ruins of a Temple to Aphrodite. We were surprised to meet the Greek man and his German wife whom we had met the previous Sunday on the road to Marathon.

That evening the Acropolis was open from nine until midnight, as it always was, if the weather was good, on the two days before and after a full moon, That was something we had wanted to see ever since we had been in Athens. When Stanley was sick the first time, we figured we would have more opportunities, but each time it rained. It was something we will never forget. The Parthenon is so white, bathed in the moonlight, and the lights in the city below made you feel as if you were in a fairyland. It was a great surprise to find our Marathon friends sitting on a bench on the Acropolis. We kept meeting people that we had seen before. At the station in Corinth, we met the Dutch archaeologist and his wife with whom we had shared the little boat to Mykonus. We had visited until they got off the train in Mycenae. They insisted that we visit them in Holland.

The next day we went to Eleusis again. This time it was very warm, which was welcome, but it was four o'clock before there was any sun. I talked to a U S. naval officer, who was with a small group of U.S. sailors at Eleusis. He told me that it had been very cold on the Atlantic coming over, but that it was 90 degrees when they left Washington D.C. and they left their winter uniforms, so they were very cold.

We spent the next few days in Athens, most of the time in the Museum, because there was little sun. Stanley had found he was fortunate if he could average one or two pictures a day, even though we had four days without rain. We hoped the cycle had been broken, then it started raining again. And it became very cold. We canceled our reservations for Turkey a second time. We even considered leaving for Italy, but we heard that the weather was bad there too this year. I spent some time in the American School library. The people at the school had been most helpful in all our work. Some of them were in Turkey at that time and they sent us important information.

Mrs. Purton took us to see a woman who made exquisite, tiny figures just a few inches high, which she clothed in authentic costumes which she wove. They represent the many parts of Greece and everyday activities, and are real art objects. We had admired Mrs. Purton's collection, and I treasure those we bought.

When the rain finally stopped, we decided to go back to the Peloponnesus. Our luck happily changed. We had a most wonderful trip. We were glad to get back to old Corinth. We stayed in the tourist pavilion again, as we did on our previous trip. From the dining room, which had glass walls on two sides, we could look across the Gulf of Corinth and see Mt. Citharon, still covered with snow. From the other window we could see the towering heights of the acropolis of Corinth. At dusk we could hear the sheep bells as the shepherds brought their flocks home from the slopes of Acro-corinth. Then came the haunting sound of villagers singing folksongs accompanied by stringed instruments. As it got dark, the lights from the fishermen's boats on the Gulf sparkled in the night.

We hired a car for the next day to go to Isthmia, where one of the four great Pan-Hellenic games took place. We had some difficulty finding the new excavations. They hadn't been published, but at the Archaeological meetings after Christmas we had gotten information from the University of Chicago people who were digging there. Stanley and I started across a field in what we thought should be the proper direction, but all we found were the remains of the Isthmian wall. We followed it up hill and down, through the fields of several peasants. One lovely old lady was just returning from taking out her goats. She wanted us to come in and have some coffee. She called her daughter and granddaughter and they too insisted that we come in. I told them we had someone waiting in a car for us, but they kept coaxing. I was sorry that we couldn’t stop. The Greeks are so generous and hospitable.

I got so excited as we wandered over the hills. They were covered with wild flowers, but the thing that intrigued me most were the huge lily-like bulbs, about the size of three of my fists. There were thousands of them, literally growing out of the rock. I tried my best to dig out some bulbs to bring home. I told Stanley I was willing to go through whatever red tape was



Temple of Apollo at Corinth

necessary to bring them into the U.S. Stanley said he didn't know for a while whether the gardener or the ancient historian was going to take over at Isthmia! The ancient historian won by default. For try as I did, I couldn't break the rock to loosen a single bulb. Dorothy Kent Hill, the Curator of ancient Greek and Roman art at the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore, Maryland, had worked at Isthmia the previous summer. She had told me that she had never seen such wild flowers as those of Isthmia.

We finally found the excavations. I knew we were on the right trail when we found a little hand lettered sign that said *odos* Oscar Broneer" (Oscar Broneer street). Oscar Broneer was the distinguished University of Chicago archaeologist in charge of the excavations. The summer season had not yet begun, so we had the excavations all to ourselves.

Before going on to Nemea, the location of another of the four panhellenic games, we went back to old Corinth, for by this time the Museum was open. We wanted to get a picture of the famous mosaic which shows the winner of the Isthmian games being crowned by the goddess Victory. Dr. Casky, the Director of the American School in Athens, had told us that he would have them wash the mosaic, for the colors are so much brighter when they are wet.

Nemea is the place where Hercules is supposed to have killed the Nemean lion, one of his labors. The ruins are in the midst of a vineyard. The temple is still partially standing and could be seen from afar. There is a tiny village nearby. It created much excitement to have an automobile come to town. Soon a crowd of children gathered, greatly interested in Stanley's camera. At first they shyly watched. Then they started to pick wild flowers for us. One tiny little boy, who came toddling alone after the others, quite won my heart. He couldn't have been over three years old. He'd pick one little bunch of flowers after another for me, but each little bunch had only one kind of flower. There were large patches of love-in-a-mist, Canterbury bells and pink, rose and blue bachelor's buttons growing in the ruins. Our American domesticated ones aren't as large as these. Nemea completed our visits to the sites of the four panhellenic games. We had been to Olympia and Delphi on our previous trip, and we planned to return to Delphi on this trip.

From Nemea we went to Mycenae. We arrived when the sun was just right over the famous Lion Gate, also on the palace. We had time to check out the new excavations, new since our last trip. We next went to nearby Argos. Fortunately many important sites are not far apart. There we saw the big theater and a lovely little theater. The French were excavating this site, which

dates from Homeric times down to the Roman period.

At Argos we took the little narrow gage train again to Tripolis. The young men who had driven us on our first trip were at the station, surprised and overjoyed that we had returned. They took us to the hotel and we were given a royal welcome.

The next day was beautiful, with perfect picture taking weather. Megalopolis was our first stop. No one ever goes there. It was of special interest to me, because it was the headquarters of the Arkadian League. I was giving a graduate seminar on Greek Leagues, a subject that I had studied with Dr. Larsen at Chicago. The largest theater in Greece was located here. It was completely covered with wild flowers and a rank growth of brambles and vines, which were destroying the marble seats. I told Stanley that I'd like to be in charge of Greek Antiquities for just one summer. I'd really get the ruins cleared of destructive weeds. Stanley said I'd soon lose my workmen, for they would rebel at the hours I worked, but he presumed that I'd soon have my students on the job and we'd soon have things in order. I told Stanley that if I could just have Jenkins at Megalopolis for one day, we'd get it cleaned out. He is the very efficient workman who helped me in my garden, and did such a heroic job of clearing our woods of poison ivy and brambles, when we built our house.



View from Mycenae

I walked through the deep grass and weeds and was able to make out the outline of the foundations, also the column bases of the Thersilion, the building in which the League Assembly met. It was full of beautiful pyracanthra, the first we had seen. Part of the agora was under water, and the ruins were overrun with wild blackberries. Places near Athens where many tourists go are kept clean of weeds.

While I was prowling through the weeds trying to locate the foundations of buildings, Stanley was trying to figure out good camera shots. All at once someone called to us "Welcome to Megalopolis!" We had thought that one our drivers had stayed in the car (one had walked to the site with us), but he had driven back to the village to see if anyone there could speak English. This man had come in from a neighboring village for market day. He had lived in the U.S. in Georgia for awhile and was very friendly. The local people knew little about the ruins or the significance of the site. They knew only of the existence of the theater. When we asked this man about the ruins, he answered, "You know all about them, I don't."

When we left Megalopolis, the road was still crowded with peasant families coming to market on their donkeys. Some were so loaded, you could scarcely see the little donkey. Baby kids and lambs had been put in bags with just their heads sticking out, and the bags

thrown over the donkey saddle. Some people were leading herds of goats and flocks of sheep to market. We had to stop quite a few times because sheep blocked the road.

Our next objective was Messene, on the lower slopes of Mt. Ithome. Very early in its history, Sparta had coveted the fertile valley of Messene, destroyed the city, and made the inhabitants helots (serfs). It wasn't until the Theban commander Epaminondas conquered Sparta many centuries later that the descendents of the old Messanians were invited to come back and rebuild their city. They built a strong wall all around the mountain, and lived within it.

Centuries of history came alive as we explored this area. As we drove through the mountains and suddenly came upon a view of the broad and fertile plain stretching out to a great distance below, it was easy to see why the Spartans wanted it. Fertile, level land is almost non-existent in Greece. We continued to climb the mountain. Once we had to stop and remove logs that were lying across the road. Another time, a little donkey, almost obscured by the load of hay it was carrying, blocked the road. When the donkey didn't move when our driver honked the horn, he got out, noticed no one was leading the donkey, and finally coaxed it to move over and let us pass.

It was quite exciting to wind around the mountain. On top we could see a monastery built on the site of an ancient Temple of Zeus. Around the tiny village of Mavromati are the ruins of ancient Messene. When we arrived, the local doctor and a young man from the village came out to meet us. They went with us in the car to the ruins of the wall and the city gate. The doctor knew French, so we could communicate adequately. Then the young man led us down a footpath through vineyards, to the ruins of a large theater and agora in the midst of a vineyard. We crossed a roaring mountain stream on stepping stones, and again we were thankful for our boots. The stream was flowing across a corner of the temple. I located the ruins of the building where the representatives of the Messenian League had met, also a little theater, still well preserved. Goats were grazing in the ancient market place. As we climbed back up the side of the mountain to Mavromati, I couldn't help but think of the contrast between the ruins of the imposing ancient city and the humble little village of today. We saw an old woman getting dinner, putting dried thistles in her outdoor clay oven, her only stove. Another woman was carding wool.

You see such need in the villages, but they are determined that you are their guests. We tried to tip the young man who spent several hours with us, but he refused to take anything. We asked for his address, which he was glad to give to us. They love to get mail. We hoped that the laws would be relaxed soon so that we could send gifts to the people who had been so kind to us, but so far the custom charges are prohibitive. We hoped that we could send our drivers a gift. They charged so little, and wouldn't let us pay a thing for taking us to the train the day we left. They put in such a long day with us, starting at five o'clock in the morning.

On the way back to our hotel we saw an old man plowing his rocky field with a team of oxen. We were surprised when we drove down the road about a half mile to discover that the name of this community was "Paradiso" (Paradise)! It was beautiful, but such rocks. The patches of usable ground between the rocks were very small.

After we got back to Tripolis we went out to the battlefield of Mantinea, which is near Tripolis but in the opposite direction. It was here that Epaminondas was killed. We saw Skopi, the place on the mountain where tradition says he was carried to supervise the fighting after he was mortally wounded.

The ruins of the old city of Mantinea are very scanty, just a short stretch of the city wall and a few theater seats. I told Stanley that all we needed was a shepherd and his flock to give the picture some interest. As if by magic, the most wonderful old shepherd came over the horizon with his flock to the very spot we were photographing. He was delighted to be photographed and was so anxious to get his sheep just where we wanted them. The picture of the ruins of the ancient city inhabited only by a shepherd and the battlefield of Mantinea stretching out beyond at the foot of the mountains brought vividly to my mind the words with which the discouraged ancient historian Xenophon ended his history. "Almost all of Greece had mobilized on one side or the other"... but "there was more unsettlement and disorder in Greece after the battle than before it." For Xenophon the history of Greece was over. The city-states of Greece had failed to solve their problems and live peaceably together. Greece was now ripe to be conquered by an outside power.

Stanley and I often smiled as we read in our prized old Baedeker about travel conditions in early Greece. But now when I read some of my letters home, describing our early travels, Greece seems to have changed more since our early travels than it had in the previous fifty years. We were fortunate to see a Greece that no longer exists. For all the changes have not been for the good. The great influx of tourists and the exhaust of countless motor vehicles has changed not only the Greek environment but also the Greek character. With the corruption of the tourist dollar "stranger" no longer means "guest."

From Tripolis we took the train back to Athens. We had already been traveling in the car for ten hours, and we had five and a half more on the train. But we felt we should travel at night and not waste precious daylight working time. On the train, we met an attractive young army surgeon from Sparta. It seemed strange to my ears to hear a Spartan singing the praises of Athens. The two cities were such mortal enemies in antiquity.

It was late when we arrived back in Athens and we didn't know if our hotel would be full. We knew, however, that we could go to our friends the Purtons or the Valsamakis. But the hotel had a room for us. We hadn't had anything but crackers, cheese and oranges since breakfast and we didn't know if we could get anything in the hotel that late. We looked in the dining room and they were closing, but they said of course we could eat. We told them just anything would be fine. They brought us a wonderful plate of assorted meats, rolls, mustard and a delicious beet salad. We hurried to finish eating before the last people left, so we wouldn't keep the staff waiting. They treat us like family at the hotel. They are so formal in the dining room, with the waiters attired in tails, but the head waiter always comes over to greet us when we get back from a trip, and the other waiters come over to our table to visit whenever they have a breathing spell. They work such long hours and for the most part see only wealthy tourists. Life must seem to them very unjust. The head waiter told us that he had worked at the hotel for forty-five years with just one day off a week, with no vacation and no holidays, not even Easter or Christmas. He said he loved the mountains and the beauty of Greece, but he didn't ever get to see it, that on his day off he was so tired, and there were so many things at home to do.

We found that it had rained in Athens while we had been gone, but we had beautiful weather in the Peloponnesus. We were glad to get back for the trip with Dr. Vanderpool and the American School to Amphiaraion, the best preserved healing shrine yet found. It is in a wooded area beside a ravine in the territory of Oropus in the coastal region between Attica and Boetia. It was probably the curative powers of the spring that drew the sick to this spot. Growing near the spring were the most spectacular wild flowers that I have ever seen, the dragon arum (*Dracunculus vulgaris*), with unusual large purple flowers. The root of this plant has long been used for drugs. Cicero was on the commission in the Roman Senate to decide if Amphiaraius was a mortal, a hero, or a god. If he was a god, his sanctuary and its income were tax free. After considerable discussion the Roman Senate decided he was a god, and didn't pay taxes. The Greeks were working there, and the site hadn't been published. But Dr. Vanderpool had a plan of the site, made by the architect at the American School, which he let us photograph. He said at the School they had been asking where we were, that we certainly were going places where people seldom went. He offered us any plans that he had, or to help us in any way he could. We appreciated the excavation reports for sites in Asia Minor that he gave us.

It was a joy to be on the beautiful San Giorgio on May 27, finally on our way to Istanbul. I told Stanley, as we spent many hours getting our exit papers to leave Greece, that St. Paul really had it soft in at least one respect. He could travel throughout the entire Roman Empire without any of the nonsensical red tape that we had to endure. Nor did he have to change money.

We arrived in Istanbul before lunch was over, but Stanley left a magnificent steak on his plate and grabbed his camera when Hagia Sophia came into view. We thought Istanbul had the most beautiful harbor we had seen. When they showed us to our room at the Istanbul Hilton, it looked like something out of a movie set, so large and spacious, with huge windows overlooking the Bosporus. The exchange was so good in Turkey that it was no more than a cheap American hotel. The side of the hotel toward the Bosporus is entirely glass. The view from the dining room at night was spectacular – with the many lights of the city below, as well as those on the opposite side of the Bosporus, the skyline outlined by the minarets of hundreds of mosques. We admired the

coffee girl with her brilliant baggy trousers and gold spangled head dress. Later, on our way to Troy, we were to see many girls dressed in just this way, as they herded their sheep in the mountains,

Shortly after we arrived, the representative of the American Friends of the Middle East in Turkey came over to greet us. He was a charming man, with a law degree from the University of Istanbul and his PhD from the University of Heidelberg. When I phoned him after we arrived, he said "We have been waiting for you for so long." I had written him twice that we had to cancel our trip, and when we finally got passage, we had only a few hours to get on the ship. He was quite disturbed because he was leaving Istanbul and couldn't show us the city, but he introduced us to Miss Milar, a delightful young Moslem woman, a translator of American books, who took us in charge.

Dr. Nebiogher did get back shortly before we left for Izmir, but the prime minister phoned him for a conference. He gave us the names and addresses of his two brothers in Izmir and told us they would give us a big welcome there. The Turks are certainly hospitable. In many ways we found them to be much like the Greeks, a statement that would shock our Greek friends, for to them there is no such a thing as a good Turk.

Miss Milar was determined that we would see all of Istanbul during our few days there. Hagia Sophia was high on our list. When the Turks conquered Constantinople, they whitewashed its beautiful Byzantine mosaics, added four minarets and made it into a mosque. But when we were there the mosaics were being restored, and the building was a public museum.

The Blue Mosque nearby gets its name from the beautiful blue mosaics that cover the inside of the dome. A service was going on, so we sat reverently and admired the building. All at once, Miss Milar leaned over and asked Stanley in a whisper if he didn't like the mosque. Stanley said he thought it was most beautiful. "Then why aren't you taking pictures?" she said. He felt that was most inappropriate, but she insisted, so as inconspicuously as possible, he took several, hoping they would be good. They were! At Hagia Sophia, which was not a place of worship, Stanley had been rudely stopped when he started to raise his camera. But Miss Milar explained that was because they wanted to sell their postcards.

Nearby was the Roman Hippodrome, where the famous horse races took place, now landscaped as a public garden. The remains of the Roman aqueduct were a conspicuous reminder that this was once a Roman city and the capital of the Roman Empire.

In the afternoon we went to the Museum. The Director was Turkey's most famous modern painter, according to Miss Milar, and a good friend of hers. He gave us a warm welcome and sent for all sorts of big keys to open up collections that aren't normally open to the public. We saw the fabulous porcelain collection and many others, but all the time I was anxious to get to their famous Greek and Roman collection. They were disappointed that we didn't have time to see the gem collection and the 366 golden beds on which the wives of the harem used to sleep. Miss Milar also introduced us to another painter and his wife, to two of Turkey's best known modern poets, and to a great humanitarian, the head of a children's orphanage, all of them friends of hers who happened to be enjoying the Museum. It was very hot and we had put in a strenuous day. We felt very sorry for Miss Milar when we found that she was going back to her office when we parted at six o'clock, to finish something that had to go to press early the next morning.

We decided to visit the Bazaar, which we had read was the most fabulous one in the world. It is covered and goes on for miles and miles, with thousands of little shops, some that appeared to be very poor, having jewels that were worth a king's ransom. We were so overwhelmed that we spent most of our time just looking, but we did get a few things before closing time. It was very different from the Cairo bazaar in that there was no bartering; the government sets the price of each item.

We had promised to phone Miss Milar before we left for the harbor the next morning to board the San Giorgio for Izmir, but when we phoned her office they said she had worried about us and had gone to the harbor. When we arrived at the harbor she was there. Turks weren't allowed to go to the pier of a foreign boat, but because of her connections she had gotten permission from the authorities. They objected strongly, but she insisted that she wanted to say goodbye to very dear friends whom she might never see again. They assigned a custom's official to escort her and hold the

box of Turkish candy that she had brought for us. We were sorry that she had gone to the trouble to come to the boat but were glade to see her, for we had promised to give her a roll of Kodachrome color film. We wanted to do something for her that she would really like. She came from a prominent wealthy family in Istanbul. Her brother was an architect, and the first day she had showed us the beautiful outdoor theater on the Bosporus that he had designed and built. He had just won another big national competition for a government building in Ankara. But for all their connections they are unable to get film, and color film was unthinkable. We discovered by chance that the day she had spent with us was her birthday. We asked her if she would like a roll of film and she was overjoyed, so we told her we would bring one for her the next morning. Unfortunately, we didn't have one with us. She had a niece, her sister's daughter, just the age of our niece Sally, of whom she was very fond, and she said they felt badly that they were unable to take pictures, because children grew and changed so fast. But with the custom's official keeping an eagle eye on us, we had no chance to give her the film. He spoke no English. She told us that she didn't think that he would let her accept it, but she would try to get a special permit. We told her to tell him that it was a birthday present, so the custom's official took it to the head authorities, but shortly after we got on the boat, he returned it to us. They wouldn't let her keep it.

We had our lunch and settled down for a pleasant journey with our old waiter, purser and steward. When we got on the San Giorgio the first time, in Piraeus, I had had a fresh carnation on my blouse that a little girl at the flower stand in Kiphisia had given me. But this time, I had an artificial carnation at the throat of my blouse. I was so surprised when our waiter said, "Your flowers are not fresh, I must get you some fresh ones." One of the wonderful things about traveling in this part of the world is the way everyone gives you flowers. Stanley says they certainly know the way to my heart.

Just as the ship was lifting anchor we had to get off. We were very surprised, for we had been sold a round trip in Athens and had been assured that we could stop in both Istanbul and Izmir. We were quite furious when we discovered that there was a Turkish law that required anyone traveling from one Turkish port to another to go on a Turkish boat. The Italians were willing to try it, but when the Turks found out, they said they would detain the ship and fine the captain, if we were permitted to get off at Izmir. We were so mad at the Turks we were ready to stay on the San Giorgio and go back to Athens. But the ancient cities were our chief reason for going to Turkey and we had yet to see them.

We made a dramatic exit from the ship, with the ship's officers helping us with our luggage and waving goodbye. We told them we hoped to see them on their next trip, when we left Piraeus to go to Naples. Our waiter said to be sure to remember "same table, same waiter." The passengers were all on deck to wave goodbye to us. The Turks won a lot of ill will that day because of their stubbornness. It seems that the law is for the sole purpose of getting a few more American dollars, which the Turks so desperately want. Apparently our problem seldom happened. Many tourists went to Istanbul, but few went on to Izmir. There were many Americans at Izmir, because it was a NATO base, but they went directly to Izmir. If they made a trip to Istanbul, they took a Turkish plane.

There were only two Turkish boats a week going to Izmir, but fortunately one left the next day. While buying our tickets, we talked to a Turkish business man, a former assistant minister of Economic Affairs, who was also going to Izmir. He had a string of degrees, including a PhD in economics from the University of California. He was very sympathetic when we told him of our plight, but said it was typical of the Turkish government. Turkey was trying to advance economically, but many of the laws and restrictions worked against the general good and enabled a very few to make enormous gains. Although Turkey had problems and made lots of mistakes, he said many other countries had ideals that didn't match their practice. He was such a curious blend of naiveté and sophistication. Almost immediately he had told us that he was a millionaire. He owned three big dry cleaning plants in Turkey, among the largest in the world. He proudly told how many suits they cleaned per hour and that they gave one hour service just like in America. His wife was a French girl that he met at International House in Berkeley. Stanley and I had met at International House at the University of Chicago. They owned three villas in Izmir and the surrounding area, and he gave us the addresses and phone numbers, telling us to be sure to phone and come for a visit. It would have been fun, but we spent little time in Izmir. We made side trips from there and stayed overnight in villages.

After buying our tickets, we returned to the Istanbul Hilton and fortunately were able to get a room. We then phoned Miss Milar, who was very surprised to hear from us. We joked that we had gotten off the boat to bring her film to her. She came over to the hotel and we went to visit an art school where they made beautiful ceramics and other handwork. We had wanted to find a place that sold genuine antiques, but didn't know how to find a reputable dealer. We saw lovely things in the reception room of the school and asked where they had bought them. The school phoned the dealer who was just closing his shop, but he said he would wait for us. When we stepped into his shop, which was more like a museum, he greeted us like old friends and invited us to sign his guest book. I recognized the handwriting of several of my friends, so I knew that he was reputable. He had sold things to Dumbarton Oaks and to the Metropolitan Museum. He was quite pleased to discover that we had a number of mutual friends. He had many lovely things and his prices were very reasonable. For my birthday, Stanley bought a very beautiful, tiny Roman glass pitcher that the dealer said a farmer had ploughed up in his field. That evening was a real vacation. After dinner at our hotel, we danced far into the night, with the lights around the Bosporus twinkling in the distance.



An arch at Ephesus.

The Turkish ship to Izmir had been so miserable, we were very glad to get off. Izmir was beautiful. Our hotel was on the waterfront, and we were fortunate to get a room facing the water. We loved watching the colorful fishing boats, and one night there was a large white British ship, illuminated with floodlights, anchored in the harbor.

Izmir is old Smyrna. The first day we visited Bayrakli, the old Homeric acropolis on the outskirts of the city. After Alexander's conquests, the population moved to the foot of Mt. Pagus, the site of the present city. We next explored the Hellenistic agora, but most of the Hellenistic and Roman city is under the modern city. We also visited the museum. Izmir was a perfect center from which to visit the surrounding classical sites.

The next morning we set out for Ephesus, 47 kilometers (29 miles) to the south. We didn't expect it to be such a monumental city, but it had been the capital of the Roman province of Asia. Even in ruins Ephesus takes you by surprise, with its long marble streets, temples, theaters, libraries, baths and other public buildings. The ruins cover acres. We searched out the site of the famous Temple of Artemis, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, but nothing remains today. I saw wild snapdragons for the first time, growing throughout the ruins at Ephesus. Huge deep pink flowers, as large as any florist's best, grew in profusion in the crevices of the marble street that led to the large theater. Here, the riot of the silversmiths, who made models of the shrine of Artemis, was incited by one Demetrius against the apostle Paul, whom he accused of

ruining their business, by teaching that gods made by men were not gods at all.

We saw our first storks at Ephesus. There seemed to be storks on every column in the ruins, on every roof in the village. We wished that our little nieces and nephew could see the three nests of baby storks, being fed by their parents, which Stanley photographed on the roof of one small house.

At Ephesus, we went high up on the mountain, to the ruins of an early Christian church, where tradition says Mary lived her later days with John. We took a car as far as we could, but it was necessary to climb the rest of the way. Stanley was very doubtful about Mary having lived there; it would have been a difficult climb up that mountain. From high on the mountain we had a beautiful view of the sea and the islands.

Nearby Miletus was quite a thrill, for it was here that western thought began with the Milesian philosophers. This once large and important city is today desolate ruins. Camels and cattle roamed through the agora. We were intent on matching the existing ruins with the plan we had brought with us when we heard soft footsteps behind us. A Turkish woman in baggy pants was bringing the guest book of the ruins for us to sign. There had been few visitors! The magnificent theater, which dates from the Roman period, is still most impressive. Part of the ruins are today under water. When its harbors were filled with silt brought down by the Meander river, Miletus declined and finally disappeared.

As we approached Priene, great masses of spectacular pink oleanders came into view along the coast. They found a perfect home in the wadis that had resulted when the Meander river changed its course through the centuries. Priene was on the side of a mountain and we had a steep climb up to the ancient city. Oleanders bloomed throughout the site. Priene was one of the first planned cities laid out on a checkerboard plan, with the streets at right angles. It was of great interest to me for it is one of the few ancient sites in which many homes have been found. I was anxious to see if there was evidence of gardens. But few houses had peristyles, and the peristyles may have been paved. Priene, which was once on the sea, also declined when its harbors were filled by the Meander.

From Miletus we took the barely passable road to Didyma to visit the ancient oracle of Apollo, whose territory had been annexed by Miletus. The crowds of pilgrims who came to consult this oracle, which was scarcely less famous than Apollo's oracle at Delphi, contributed greatly to the prosperity of Miletus.

Our next trip was to sites to the north of Izmir, to Pergamun, then on to Troy as our final destination. Early in the morning, we often passed women going to the fields with their children – usually a babe in arms, several other toddlers on the donkey beside them. When they got to their field they hung the baby on a tree limb. I told Stanley that now I knew what "rock-a-bye baby in the tree top" meant. The Turkish women were very shy compared to the Greek peasant women, but they were very friendly with me once we got acquainted, especially if they thought that I was admiring their baby. They didn't like to be photographed. The men, however, loved it. Toward the end of our stay we got the idea that I should take the picture. The women were more friendly if Stanley was out of sight. They had discarded the veil so recently, it took time to become completely comfortable with western ways.

We had an experience at Pergamum that impressed that fact upon us. At Pergamum, the Director of the Archaeological Museum met us and gave generously of his time. Pergamum is an extensive site and the ruins very impressive. It was founded by the successors of Alexander, who made it one of the most imposing and beautiful of Hellenistic cities, a center of learning, "the Athens of Asia." We visited the actual site of the library where parchment was first made. Only foundation stones mark the location of the monumental Altar of Zeus, whose magnificent sculptures were taken to Berlin by the Germans, when they excavated Pergamum. The fate of these beloved sculptures was very much on the minds of the people we met, and we were asked again and again if we had heard any word as to the whereabouts of their sculptures, as we passed through Europe. Fortunately, they survived the war. They have again been set up in the Museum in Berlin.

We also found gardens at Pergamum, as well as a garden painting in the House of Attalus, built during the Roman period. The Director was very interested in my work on gardens. Since we had so much work to do, I suggested that while Stanley was taking the first pictures that we walk ahead and have the next one picked out

when he was ready to take it. But the Director said, "No Madam, we wait for your husband." I thought he felt that we shouldn't run off and leave Stanley, so I told him that we usually worked that way and that Stanley preferred to work alone. But the Director answered, "No madam, that is not our custom." It finally dawned on me that he felt uncomfortable walking around with a woman without a chaperon. I had noticed that he was very surprised when he learned that I was the professor. But Stanley explained that he was a scientist and had acquired ancient history along with me. I said no more about walking ahead, but as we got to discussing my research, and he got to telling me more and more about what he was working on, he forgot that I was a woman and was only aware that he was talking to another scholar. He forgot all about waiting for Stanley, he had so many things that he was anxious to show me and he was afraid that we couldn't get everything done. I was amused once when we were going down the theater steps from the top. It is the steepest Roman theater in the world, and quite slippery. He put out his hand to keep me from falling, and then acted very embarrassed and said, "Is it all right if I help you madam? Your husband will not mind?" All of which amused Stanley tremendously, when I later told him. By the end of the day the Director looked upon both of us as very good friends.



Walls of Troy

He was very interested in our pictures, so I asked him if he took many. I was quite shocked, even after our experience in Istanbul, to learn that not even a Turkish museum could get film. It seems that the government had such a gigantic building program in progress that they refused to let any Turkish money go out of the country to buy anything that they felt was not absolutely necessary. We told him we would be glad to take pictures for him and asked if he had a projector to show them. He said that he could borrow one from the French Cultural Attaché at Izmir. We kept asking him what pictures he'd like, but he was very careful not to ask for many. Stanley, however, took a generous number. We found that he had been invited to give an important lecture in October, on unique architectural features he was studying in the Aesclepium, and it meant a lot to him to be able to illustrate his lecture. We told him he'd have plenty of pictures in time for his lecture, and he did. We sent them by diplomatic pouch.

He took us to the Byzantine Museum, and introduced us to the Director, who gave us a personal tour. The museum also had much Turkish folk art and many peasant wedding dresses. We were very interested in the intricate gold and silver belts and earrings, for we had seen such work in Greece. In fact I had bought beautiful gold earrings in Sparta, of all places. The Greeks had learned this art from the Turks when they occupied Greece, and it has continued until today. We especially admired the colorfully embroidered camel saddle bags in the museum, and inquired where we could buy some. The Director said to stop in and see him on our way back from Troy. We did. They were having a board meeting in the Director's office when we arrived, but he insisted on stopping and entertaining us. We were greatly surprised when the Director said he was giving us two saddle bags from the museum. The entire group of men had quite a discussion as to which ones were the best art. They wanted us to take their best back to America.

The Director of the Archaeological Museum greeted us like old friends on our return from Troy. When we said goodbye he told me that he thought that we would be having some correspondence, then added, "for you are a scholar." He had a PhD in French literature before he went back to school and specialized in classical archaeology. But even though a scholar, he had never been out of Turkey and he wasn't used to

women scholars. I told Stanley that I thought that we had been a liberal education for the Turks.



View from the Trojan Watchtower.

As we drove through the mountains near Troy, we admired the picturesque attire of the peasant girls, who were often spinning as they watched their sheep. They wore such colorful baggy trousers and fancy headdresses with gold beads hanging around their faces.

Troy was in many ways our biggest thrill. The storks had taken over there too. I knew that Troy was now much farther from the sea than in antiquity, but I was glad that we could see the Hellespont in the distance. We found the lookout tower on the city wall, from which Helen and the old men watched the fighting on the plain below. As I pictured the Greek forces gathering on that very plain, all at once a great herd of cattle came into view. I called to mind Homer's description of the Greek chieftain, Agamemnon, who stood out among the other warriors, like the great bull in the herd. We sat there for some time and read Homer and it was all very real. I picked up quite a few potsherds. My students were always fascinated that so many cities had been built, one on top of the other. I found some shards from Troy II, long before Homeric Troy, and some from Troy IV A, said to be Homeric Troy. Stanley said the customs officials in New York would really have a headache when they saw my collection of old rocks and potsherds. My students really enjoyed them.

On our return from our trip to the northern sites, for the last night our driver picked out a little inn on the edge of the river Koca Çayi (formerly called the Xanthus), in the tiny village of Aliage. There were only a few houses in the village. We were taken to our room, which had two cots furnished with spotless linen. In the morning there was a large terracotta jug outside our door with water so that we could wash. We came downstairs for breakfast, which the owner said would be ready soon. In a few minutes he had caught some fish which he grilled on the river bank, and we were served on tables under a tree at the water's edge. Nothing has ever tasted so good. When Stanley went to settle our bill, it was twenty-five cents, for lodging including breakfast.

On our last day in Turkey we got up at five o'clock and went to Sardis, about 94 kilometers (58 miles) to the east of Izmir. It was a beautiful drive in the early morning. As in all our travels in Asia Minor, we were impressed by the wealth of the countryside, the fertile fields and the large flocks and herds. It wasn't hard to believe that we were in ancient Lydia, the kingdom of the wealthy King Croesus. It was such a contrast after the narrow, steep valleys in Greece, and their tiny rocky fields and flocks. It seemed so strange to see large animals again, after seeing only sheep and goats for so long in Greece. There are many sheep and goats in Turkey, but also tremendous herds of cattle that often blocked our road until we drove them off. We became quite accustomed to seeing a team of oxen tilling a field, and there were camels everywhere. After seeing the rich natural wealth of the country, it was easy to understand why the ancient Greeks left home, and colonized the coast of Asia Minor, building many great cities, whose ruins we had visited.

The tall columns of the great Temple of Artemis at Sardis stood out from a distance. We also examined the scanty visible evidence of the Roman city. In the distance were the mounds believed to be the tombs of the Lydian kings, and there was much speculation as to which might contain the fabled wealth of Croesus. More recent excavations have uncovered much of ancient Sardis and several Lydian tombs have been opened. But unfortunately they had been plundered in antiquity.

Our driver knew few English words, but one was "PX." On our last day he kept pointing to six o'clock on

his watch and saying "PX, coffee." At promptly six o'clock he deposited us in front of the PX (Post Exchange). Stanley went in and asked them to tell our driver that he was a civilian scientist, and didn't have PX privileges, even though he worked for the navy. Much to our surprise, they invited us in and told us to help ourselves. Our driver got his coffee, and we went wild buying things that had been nonexistent in Greece, or if available, extremely expensive. With our colds, we had long exhausted our supply of Kleenex. We got two huge boxes for twenty-five cents, a supply that would have required a bank loan in Greece. It was so soon after the war, that stores in Greece were poorly stocked, and it was difficult to find food for our lunches. We joyfully laid in supplies sufficient for our final week in Greece.

When we boarded the San Marco for Athens, we were given quite a reception. The crew remembered us, saying "Welcome back." This was the same boat we had taken from Venice to Athens.

On our return to Athens, we hoped to finally get to those sites that we hadn't yet seen. Sunday was a big holiday, as all Greece was celebrating Holy Trinity Day. We went to Mt. Parnassus with the Valsamakis, first to the little church in the mountains, where people by the thousands were making a pilgrimage. They slept here all night, and the next day was a regular carnival. Mrs. Valsamaki brought a picnic lunch, and in the afternoon we climbed to the ancient marble quarries. We could see the cuts where the marble had been taken to build the Parthenon, and many of the buildings of ancient Athens. The monastery owns the mines now, and they had recently leased some of them, which were being reworked to see if any unmined marble could still be found. I picked up several beautiful pieces, one for a paperweight for my desk, and one for Professor Morgan. He had been following our travels with great interest, and my mother had been sharing my letters with him and Mrs. Morgan.

Monday was also a holiday, and Mr. Valsamaki was free to go with us and his wife to Mt. Hymettus. A new road led to the top of the mountain. From there, the view over the city, the islands and the sea was unforgettable. At first the mountain appeared to be solid rock, but as we looked more closely, we found a surprisingly large number of tiny wild flowers, varieties that we hadn't seen before. Stanley took quite a few close-up photos of them. Many years later, after one of my public lectures, a woman came up to me and told me that the most unforgettable moment in her undergraduate days at the University was her great joy when the tiny wild flowers of Mt. Hymettus appeared on the screen in the midst of one of my lectures on Greek history.

The next day we took a car to Plataea, in Boetia, and were able to get a good picture of the ruins of the ancient city, also the battle field. An old woman came by on her donkey and was pleased when I asked if we could take her picture. In the background were the Cithaeron Mountains, where the baby Oedipus was exposed, and then rescued by shepherds. We had wanted a picture of the mountains, but it meant so much more to have the old woman and her donkey in it. She had a baby donkey, too, that insisted on getting its dinner whenever we tried to photograph it. She got off her donkey to make it pose properly. We asked her how old it was and she said ten days. She then showed us another one nearby that was only five days old.

From Plataea we went on to the battlefield of Leuctra. Both are near Thebes, and in a very fertile part of Greece, but the fields are so tiny. An old woman and her husband were cutting grain on the battlefield. Each had a sickle. I asked if we could take their picture and they were quite willing. I tried to figure just how they cut the grain, and the woman handed me her sickle. I tried it with no luck. Then her husband showed me how, and it worked fine. I cut a patch of grain and wrapped my bundle with twine, as I had seen them do. They were greatly pleased and wanted a picture of me cutting grain. We had a good time together, took their address and told them we would send them pictures, which we did.

Stanley and I commented many times on the wonderful character of the peasants in Greece. They have a dignity and quality that impresses you immediately. They welcome you warmly and offer to share their food. You can easily see that they are the heirs of a long tradition of democracy. We later ate our lunch under a tree along the road. A bit of shade was so welcome. A man who was working in a nearby field came over to visit with us, and we gave him some cherries and some of our American PX cookies, which he thought were great.

Delphi was still on our list. It was as impressive as

ever. We stayed at the same hotel, where the manager remembered us. They now had shiny bathrooms. On our previous visit the manager had gone out to the spring to get water, which he heated so that we could wash ourselves and some clothes.

When we returned to Athens, there was much to do getting ready for our departure. Stanley said he was glad we were so busy. We didn't have time to feel sad that we were leaving Athens. We packed all of our winter clothes, also our books on Greece, to mail home. You couldn't ship any box out of Greece weighing over ten pounds, and we found to our dismay that each of our boxes weighed a few ounces more. So we decided to take them to Naples. We packed all of our film in boxes of six. Stanley had been sending them that way to the University, as a safety measure in case any were lost in transit, or if anything was wrong with the chemicals during developing, as sometimes had happened in the past. We couldn't mail film from Turkey, and we were in Athens such a short time after our return from Turkey that we had quite an accumulation. Only Americans could mail film out of Greece, but the Purtons said to leave our packages with them and they would mail them at intervals. We were glad to get another letter from the University photographer, who reported that our films were arriving safely, that he was checking them and they were excellent.

We were so busy the last few days in Athens, that we had little time for socializing. Numerous friends invited us for dinner, but we had no time. We did spend the next to the last night in Athens with Kriton's family. The last few weeks had been especially hard for them. The grandmother had fallen and become paralyzed. She died while we were in Turkey. Kriton's mother was so anxious for us to spend some time with her, for she knew we would be seeing Kriton when we returned home. She said he wasn't a very good letter writer.

When we finally left the hotel, it was almost like leaving home. It had been home to us for many weeks. Everyone came to tell us goodbye, even the director of the hotel. He said we were very superior people. We thanked him and told him the Grand Bretagne had been very good to us. We were surprised, and touched, for all the dignitaries, diplomats, and royalty stayed there. It was by far the best hotel in Athens. We didn't even expect them to notice that we were there. They all told us that they'd expect us back soon. Even our doctor came to say goodbye and promised that he would visit us in America. We left Greece feeling that we had many friends there. Our ship went through the Corinth Canal just at sunset, a beautiful farewell.

We were thankful to be back on an Italian ship. We were given a royal welcome by the crew we had seen for such a short time in Istanbul. Our old steward looked at our cabin assignment and said it was a very hot one, that he'd get it changed. The lounge was air-conditioned, but not the cabins. Our new cabin was one of the better ones, but it was still very hot.

We attended the Catholic church service Sunday morning conducted by Franciscan friars, who looked as if they had stepped out of a Fra Angelico painting. The ship's classical string quartet played familiar music throughout the service. The music on the ship was a real treat. At tea time there was a beautiful concert played by the same quartet. The crew was quite excited because the film that evening was to be a Verdi opera. The Italians love their music.

On the ship we met the young Dutch woman, Justine de Jong, that we had met previously in Athens and Istanbul. She was a painter, and had been in Italy all winter, in Greece in the spring, so she had experienced some of the same frustrations we had, due to cold and rain. She invited us to visit her in The Hague on our return. She said she had a guest room, and that there were Roman ruins in Holland. We did have a wonderful visit with her sister some years later, at tulip time in Holland, but we saw Justine in Italy, where she was painting at Positano, not far from Pompeii.

We were sorry that the ship didn't stop at Messina, for we planned to go to Sicily, and that would have been very convenient. When we passed through the straits we were very close to Sicily. Our cabin boy was excited for we were very near his home in Messina. His brother who lived in New York was back for a vacation, and his family had told him that they would wave to him when we went through the straits. His brothers had rowed out to our ship and he threw a letter in a sealed can in the water and they swam out and picked it up. He told us that his brother Joe from America spoke good English and that he would show us all of Sicily when we got there. Another brother is the pastry cook on our ship, and a very good one.

We had originally planned to go to Sicily before

we began our work at Pompeii. But it suddenly turned very hot. We thought it too bad that Switzerland wasn't located between Greece and Pompeii. Perhaps we should get started at Pompeii. We were concerned because Mrs. Warscher had said she would meet us at Pompeii on Tuesday. I had written her that we would be going to Sicily for five to seven days, but she didn't always understand English too well.



Vergil's tomb

We had made a hotel reservation in Naples before leaving Greece, and we hoped that customs wouldn't take too long. We were tremendously impressed when we sailed into the harbor at Naples. We had read that it was one of the three most beautiful ones in the world. It took about two minutes to get through customs, such a contrast with Greece, where we had spent hours and hours. We inquired about tours to Sicily and found that they went every day and that it would be no hotter there in two weeks, so we decided to get started at Pompeii. Naples seemed almost like America when we arrived.

Our hotel in Naples was a beautiful one, on the waterfront, across from the old castle on a tiny island in the bay. The next morning we went to the Archaeological Museum as soon as it opened, and the Superintendent of Antiquities, Amedeo Maiuri, immediately gave us a card that gave us free entry into Pompeii, also permission to study the new excavations. We were most impressed with the lack of red tape, after our experiences in Greece. We were overwhelmed by the many treasures the Museum contained, little guessing how intimately we would come to know them in the years to come.

The next day we made a trip to sites north of Naples, I kept thinking about Professor Morgan, and we mentioned him many times, for we were in Vergil territory and it was from him that I had first learned about the places we visited that day. First we visited the place outside of Naples, that tradition says is Vergil's tomb. From there we went to Pozzuoli, ancient Puteoli, a Greek city that later became a Roman port.

The Flavian amphitheater at Pozzuoli is an architectural marvel. It held 40,000 spectators, and has





The Macellum at Pozzuoli. The three columns on the left bear holes drilled by a mollusk that lives in the top two meters of sea water. These holes demonstrate that in historical times this area has sunk beneath sea level and then risen again with a movement so gradual that the columns remained standing. In 1957, the area was very slowly sinking, but between 1969 and 1973 the Macellum rose by 5.6 feet. There followed a period of slow subsidence but between 1982 and 1994 there was a rise of 6.6 feet.

the best preserved subterranean structures of any Roman amphitheater. We walked all through it and saw where they kept the wild animals and the Christians, the trap doors, light wells, and the complicated machines required for putting on the spectacles.

The old Roman market, the *macellum*, in Pozzuoli has been the subject of much interest by geologists because of the evidence that the ground on which it sits has fluctuated up and down by several meters since it was built in Roman times. When we saw it, it was partially submerged, but it was still an impressive site.

I had looked forward to seeing Lake Avernus, for here Aeneas was believed to have found the descent to the underworld. We saw the grotto that gave rise to the story. To me this was the most interesting part of the trip to Cumae. Here the Cumaean Sibyl lived and gave her prophecies. This was where Aeneas consulted the Sibyl before he made his



Lake Avernus with Cape Misenum in the distance.

descent to Hades.

I was especially anxious to see Cumae, because I was giving a seminar on Roman religion, and I had a M.A. student who was writing his thesis on the Sibylline Books. The grotto is vividly described in Vergil's *Aeneid.* We also visited the acropolis of Cumae, and two temples on it that were later converted into Christian churches.



So-called Grotto of the Sybil at Cumae.

At the cape of Misenum, named according to Vergil for a shipwrecked comrade of Aeneas, the ancient Roman fleet was stationed. It was from here the seventeen year old Pliny, nephew of the famous Pliny the Elder, commander of the Roman fleet, watched the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. Years later, in answer to queries from the historian Tacitus, he described the eruption in two detailed letters, so precise that today modern geologists call such an eruption a Plinian eruption. We thought it quite a coincidence that today this was the headquarters of the Italian fleet. There are ruins of Roman villas there, and they gave us permission to look things over. I planned to return to hunt for evidence of Roman gardens.

On the way back to Naples, we stopped at the semi-extinct volcano, Solfatara, our first experience with a volcano It was still steaming, and when the guide held a burning paper near the ground, a cloud of smoke and steam leaped up.

They had told us in Naples that it would be impossible to find acceptable housing in Pompeii. Most tourists, even today, make a one day trip to Pompeii and stay in Naples. We felt it very important to live at Pompeii, if at all possible. After looking over possibilities at Pompeii, we soon established ourselves at the Grande Albergo Rosario, a very large hotel, well built, with walls almost three feet wide, hence very cool. It is owned by the church, and is adjacent to the large Basilica, which, we were to learn, was a very important Catholic shrine, that drew pilgrims from all over the world. In the Basilica, or Sanctuary, is a painting of the Madonna which is said to perform miracles.

Pompeii was beautiful when we arrived. It was early July and the oleanders were in bloom in the gardens in the *scavi*, just as they were in the garden paintings. We loved to begin our work early in the morning. Mrs. Warscher had been given a key to all the houses, and we were given permission to come as early as we liked and stay as long as we wanted to. It was wonderful to walk through the *scavi* in the cool of the morning, the birds singing, and not a tourist in sight. Stanley and I loved to go in the early morning up to Region VIII, where elegant houses several stories high had been built on the volcanic ledge overlooking the Bay. From there we enjoyed the beautiful view out over the Bay of Naples with Capri in the distance, and the mountains in other directions. Sunset in the *scavi* was also very special. The Bay was much closer to Pompeii in antiquity. How the ancient owners must have enjoyed their gardens with the view to the water below.

I very early located the House of the Fruit Orchard, that I had been so disappointed not to see on our previous visit. The two rooms covered with paintings of gardens were unlike anything that had been found before. Garden paintings were usually found on a garden wall to make a small garden look larger. These paintings, which pictured many fruit trees bearing luscious fruit, were breathtakingly beautiful. There were

even lemon trees, proving, contrary to what was universally believed, that the Romans did have lemon trees. Stanley was anxious to photograph these paintings. The authorities at Pompeii were most cooperative and assigned their expert, who cleaned paintings, to clean then for us. The cleaning was interrupted by the feast day of St. Pietro and St. Paolo when all work stopped for two days. We were to discover that there were many feast days at Pompeii. Mrs. Warscher said that these two rooms alone would make our book. I, of course, still thought I was writing a book on the gardens of the Roman Empire.

I remember very vividly the day, shortly after our arrival, when I told Mrs. Warscher that the gardens of Pompeii would be a chapter in this book, for I believed that all the gardens of Pompeii had been published. Her tart reply was, "Only the picture postcard stuff!" She looked me straight in the eye and said, "My dear girl, your first book will be on the gardens of Pompeii!"



The first of many pictures Stanley took of the paintings in the House of the Fruit Orchard.

As we worked together, day after day, studying house after house and garden after garden, large and small, with so many different features, I began to realize the truth of what Mrs. Warscher was constantly telling us, that Pompeii had scarcely been scratched by scholars. In fact, in the years to come many of my graduate students wrote master's theses and doctoral dissertations on various aspects of the economic, political and religious life of Pompeii.

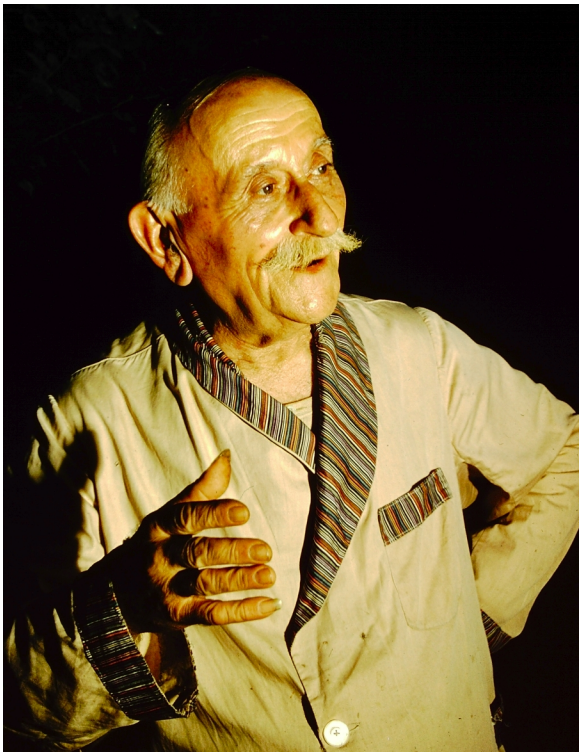
Stanley and I became very interested in the effect that the introduction of the aqueduct, during the time of the emperor Augustus, had on the house and garden. When the impluvium was no longer needed to collect rain water during the rainy season, for the family to use the rest of the year, the atrium was no longer needed, and at times it became essentially a garden. A fountain might be put in the middle of the atrium. When I began excavating gardens at Pompeii a few years later, I was to find that the availability of water greatly changed the type of plantings that were raised in the peristyle gardens.

Stanley and I studied the whole problem of the influence of water in some detail. He was of great help in figuring out such things, for his scientific eye was very sharp. He quite won Mrs. Warscher's heart because of the way he tackled the problem of plumbing in ancient Pompeii. Such a study is basic if you would understand the changes that took place in the house after the aqueduct was introduced. I told Stanley that this book was as much his as mine. I realized full well that I could never do it without him. Mrs. Warscher claimed that we noticed things that no one had previously seen and said that she would mention our conclusions in the next volume of her Corpus.

I also became fascinated by the new excavations in the southeast part of Pompeii. I would often look at them in the evening, after the workers had left, for it was so very dusty when they were excavating. They were working very hurriedly, and carelessly, for Dr. Maiuri was selling the lapilli for use in road construction. Years later we found the remains of a small railroad built in the *scavi,* so that lapilli could be removed faster. I was sure that many of the large open areas which were so hurriedly excavated without being examined were planted, for I discovered outdoor

triclinia in them. Little did I dream that later I would re-excavate these very areas, and that my suspicions were quite correct. They had been planted.

It was invaluable to examine with Mrs. Warscher the areas in the *scavi* bombed during the war. Many of them had never been published. She knew them well, and the black and white pictures that she took through the years on her little Brownie camera are the only preserved evidence of how these areas looked when they were excavated. She generously shared these pictures with me and I have used some of them in my publications. It grieved me to learn that the United States had bombed Pompeii during World War II. We were told that it was because there was a German command post in the *scavi* that was the target. It was difficult to tell the difference between the damage inflicted by the earthquake of A.D. 62, the eruption of A.D.79 and bomb damage. A bomb map showed the many places that had been damaged. I remember well the day a young man suddenly got up and left the classroom during one of my lectures. He was as white as a sheet, and I feared he was ill. He apologized the next day and said when I talked about the bomb damage at Pompeii he instantly thought that he was responsible. After the war there were many students at the university, taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights. He had been a pilot during the war. He said that when U.S. planes returned from a bombing mission, they dropped unused bombs in the Bay, before returning to Naples, and he was afraid that he might have missed the Bay. He left the class and went immediately to the Pentagon to check his flight record. Much to his relief, he found that Pompeii hadn't been bombed on the days he flew.



Matteo della Corte

Mrs. Warscher took us to visit her dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Matteo Della Corte a few days after we arrived. Dr. Della Corte had been Director of Excavations at Pompeii for many years before his retirement (1920 - 1948), but he was still actively engaged in working on every new inscription and graffito that was found in the new excavations and preparing them for publication in the volume on Pompeii in the monumental *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, or Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. He worked on his inscriptions in the morning, in his garden in the afternoon. I had been anxious to meet him, for my students and I had used his book on the houses and inhabitants of Pompeii*, Case ed abitanti di Pompei.*

The Della Cortes lived in a house at the edge of the excavations, behind the theater palaestra. We walked up the long path through the vineyard in front of their house and found this agile eighty-two year old scholar on a ladder, tying up a stray vine. It was an unforgettable visit. Ancient Pompeii came alive for us as he talked. He understood the ancient Pompeians so well. He seemed to be one of them, "the most Pompeian of them all" as I later learned one of his colleagues aptly called him.

Mrs. Warscher had told him about my book, and he was most interested in it. He, too, insisted that my first volume should be on the gardens of Pompeii, that it was such an important subject, and that nothing had been written on it. As we were drinking Mrs. Della Corte's famous coffee, I told him that I had been perplexed when I read excavation reports on certain sites, in some they were called vineyards, in some orchards, in others gardens. He laughed and said, "They are all the same thing," and pointed to his garden in which we were sitting. Above were tall trees, underneath were vines. and I couldn't believe it when I looked closely and saw sweet corn growing under the vines and tomatoes, onions and beans under the corn! This was one of the many examples that I had observed of the continuity of life in the shadow of Vesuvius. I later learned that the fertile volcanic soil produced three



Carlo Giordano

successive crops a year, just as the ancient writers tell us that it did in antiquity.

Soon after our arrival we met Dr. Carlo Giordano, who through the years was to become a very close friend. He was an inspector[4] of the excavations at that time and did much to facilitate our work. He was working on a study of the dogs in ancient Pompeii, based on the dogs found in the wall paintings and mosaics, and the cast of a watchdog that had died chained to its post.

Our room at the Rosario was on the back of the hotel and our windows looked out on Vesuvius. Pompeii is cool at night, for in late afternoon a cool breeze comes in over the Bay. It was wonderful to sleep, except for the huge mosquitoes. And we couldn't find a single screen in modern Pompeii. The next year we brought a roll of plastic screen. Nor could we find a large light bulb to replace the ten watt bulb in our only lamp. We also brought large light bulbs the next year! There was much work to do at night, so we worked as best we could, with the windows closed to keep out the mosquitoes until we turned off the light. We then got up at the break of day for more desk work before we went to breakfast, our best meal of the day.

I was very interested in the plants grown in the ancient Pompeian gardens, and we soon began compiling a list of all such material pictured in the ancient paintings. The fruit depicted was so ripe and appealing. But we saw no fruit like that in modern Pompeii, except the few times we were at the railroad station, and saw the luscious fruit that was being shipped out of the country. Pompeii was so poor after the war, that everything that could be sold was shipped abroad. The hotel knew we liked fruit, so they bought the wormy apples that were available at the market and made us a good applesauce for breakfast. The bread in Pompeii was inedible. That seemed ironic to us, for Pompeii had been famous for its bread in antiquity. The ancient city was full of bakeries, and the wall paintings show crusty brown loaves fresh from the oven. In fact, some were found still in the oven when one bakery was excavated. One of my PhD students, Betty Jo Mayeske, wrote her PhD dissertation on the bakeries at Pompeii. When we were back at Pompeii together many years later, we thoroughly enjoyed the marvelous bread by then available. Happily we discovered that the individual panettone, the delicious Italian fruit bread, made by Motta in Milan, was brought to Pompeii weekly, and this became the basis of our breakfast. Italian coffee at that time was undrinkable, but fortunately we had our PX coffee and the hotel generously provided hot water. So breakfast was well taken care of. Other meals were a problem.

The staff at the hotel spoke only Italian, except the concierge, Giuseppe Fardini, who spoke several languages, a great help in taking care of the pilgrims who came from many countries. One of the sisters from the local convent was the manager of the hotel, but we seldom saw her, or any evidence that she was on the job. The hotel, with its beautiful marble halls, impressive lobby and winding staircases was always very dirty. Theoretically there was a maid, but we cleaned our own room and bath, to keep them livable. The next year we brought a supply of cleanser from America.

We loved ancient Pompeii, but we found modern Pompeii hard to take. It was very poor and unbelievably dirty. There appeared to be no garbage collection in the entire city. Flies were everywhere. After working in ancient Pompeii all day, we often wondered how a city which had such elegant homes and impressive public buildings could be replaced by such a squalid one today. I turned my head every morning when we passed the butcher shop on our way to the *scavi*, for hanging on the street very close to us was a carcass, the only meat the shop had for sale. It was always black with flies. There

4 Carlo Giordano (1915 - 1991). *Ispettore archeologo* (Inspector) is a rank in the Italian archaeological service and does not necessarily imply that one “inspects” anything. Giordano was the local expert on epigraphy. With Isidoro Kahn he wrote *The Jews in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae and in the Cities of Campania Felix.* (First edition, 1966; second, 1979; and third, 2001 with English translation by Wilhelmina F. Jashemski.) In 1976, Giordano was promoted to “Dirigente archeologo” and became director at Stabia with jurisdiction over the entire Sorrento peninsular.

was no refrigeration, but the heat dried and preserved the meat, at least somewhat. Customers could afford to buy only a very small piece. Stanley kept track of what was missing each day. The same carcass hung there throughout our visit. We had no appetite for meat in the dining room.

During our stay Stanley suddenly became very ill. We called the local doctor, and hoped he was a good one. He said that Stanley's illness had been caused by the extreme heat, but the heat had been over for several days. I was terribly worried. It was so nice to have Mrs. Warscher with me that night for Stanley was very sick. She said, "You're not alone, my dear, I and the Della Cortes will take care of both Stanley and you." Dr. Della Corte assured me that the doctor was a good one. Fardini was so concerned that Stanley have some proper food that he went out and bought a live chicken from a farmer, killed it himself and made Stanley some chicken broth with rice. Stanley said it was the best meal he had had for a long time. It was Friday when Fardini cooked the chicken, and the Rosario did not allow a bite of meat in the kitchen on Fridays. Fardini was our guardian angel from the beginning. I don't know how we would have survived without him.

Meals were a problem in many ways at Pompeii. It seemed at times that we spent as much time waiting for our food as we did in the *scavi.* We tried ordering our meals ahead of time, even a half day ahead, but they wouldn't budge until we were at the table, and then it took at least an hour and a half for the food to appear.

Stanley was soon able to be back at work, but I acquired a speck in my eye one noon several days later. I was thoroughly miserable for I couldn't get it out. Stanley insisted I go to a doctor, but there was no eye doctor in town. Then we realized that it was a holiday and no doctor would be in his office. The hotel told us to go to the hospital, that there would be someone on duty. We started down the street and were surprised when a voice called "*buona sera.*" It was the doctor and his wife just getting into their car in front of their home. He sensed my difficulty at once, pulled out a spotless linen handkerchief, rolled my eyelid back and got the speck out immediately. Stanley offered to pay him but he refused.



The Albergo Rosario is the building on the right of the courtyard. This view from the tower of the Sanctuario shows the amphitheater in the scavi in the middle distance. The Albergo belonged to the Church; it went out of business in 1992. In 2010, efforts were underway to reopen it.

We soon decided not to go to Sicily and to shorten our stay in Rome so that we could stay longer in Pompeii. The material was so rich and rewarding, and there was so much more than I had ever dreamed existed. We felt that working with Mrs. Warscher was something that we should take advantage of. She knew so much more than was available in any published material. Her mind was alert, but her legs bothered her and she began to have difficulty climbing around the ruins. She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to come to Pompeii with us by the time we came again. We worried a lot that she was exerting herself too much for us, and we were always urging her to rest or to quit for the day, especially when it was so hot. But she had so much she wanted to show us and was determined that we get everything done. When I look back at all the kodachromes that Stanley took on this trip, and at my notebook with Mrs. Warscher's remarks, I am astounded that we were able to do so much in three weeks. She told me several times that my book was very important to her and that it was a very significant piece of research. We just hoped that it would be as good as the scholars at Pompeii thought it would be. How I wish she could have lived to see the two large volumes that finally appeared. She said Stanley's pictures from this trip would be a priceless set of archaeological source material, such as no one had ever before collected. How pleased she would have been, if she could have foreseen the collection of thousands of pictures that he made during our many trips that followed. She was so right about the importance of his photographs of the garden paintings in the House of the Fruit Orchard. His photographs preserved the beauty that so soon faded. Garden paintings are very fragile. Many of the paintings and constructions that he photographed through the years have been destroyed and today exist only in his pictures. Mrs. Warscher's birthday was the day before Stanley's, so we planned a joint celebration.



Tatiana Warscher and WFJ explore a garden.

We had been told that the Sanctuary had one of the best organs in Italy, so one Sunday we decided to attend the service and hear some good music. We also wanted to have an excuse to make Mrs. Warscher take time off to rest. It was so hot in the organ loft that they decided not to use the organ and there was no music. I did enjoy the flowers on the altar, fourteen vases of white carnations and over twenty large vases of beautiful white roses. There was no service. The priest appeared to be saying the mass to himself, and communion was given wholesale, all day long. People milled in and out by the thousands, and priests were busy giving communion at little tables set up every few feet in the church. People were poorly dressed, men had neither ties or coats. But there were many proud parents with children beautifully dressed, little girls in expensive long white dresses trimmed with lace, little boys in white suits, all wearing white gloves. They had come, many from great distances, to celebrate their first communion at this famous shrine. The tall white taper on which a lily was tied, that each child carried, was bent double because of the heat.

Pompeii is also a very popular place for weddings. We were told that there was at least one wedding dinner or reception every day at the Rosario. I had tried to buy postcards with pictures of ancient Pompeii at various little stands along the street and in the public square, but all they carried were gaudy religious picture souvenirs. We wondered how so many stands could make a living, but on Sunday they were doing a thriving business. The square in front of the Sanctuary was lined with buses from a distance, and the square had the appearance of a carnival. We later learned that over 10,000 people come to Pompeii on Sundays and on special religious holidays. The Sanctuary of the *Madonna del Rosario* was begun in 1876, a year after a humble, miraculous painting representing the Virgin and Child with Saint Dominic

and Saint Catharine was found in a rubbish cart. Ever since this painting has been attracting thousands and thousands of pilgrims every year from all parts of the world, and has made the Sanctuary a world famous shrine and the goal of many pilgrimages. Around the Sanctuary, which was consecrated in l891, various charitable institutions are clustered, including orphanages. We were to get well acquainted with some of these orphans, for when the nuns took them out for their daily *passeggiata* (stroll), they would sometimes stop at the Rosario, and the little ones would love to talk with us.

On Sunday we were awakened before dawn by the loud noise of fireworks. Fardini told us that they always had fireworks on feast days. Mrs. Warscher said that the Italians spent more a year on fireworks than they did for schools.

The greatest festa is in the month of May; the streets are thronged as thousands parade in honor of the Madonna of the Rosary. Today it is the Madonna of Pompeii not Venus Pompeiana, the much venerated patron deity of ancient Pompeii, that is honored.

As we continued our work in the excavations, each day was more exciting than the one before. I was especially touched by the gardens in the little houses. Even the poorest people took some of their precious space to build a garden. Often the small garden was made to appear larger by planting a painting of a garden on the garden wall. Here they could have trees, fountains, and statues too large for the actual garden. The authorities cleaned the brambles from a number of the gardens so that we could study them better.

A few days before we left, we went to Herculaneum for the day, to look more closely at some of the gardens and garden paintings there. We worked fast, but the site is small, and Stanley was able to take many photographs that preserved invaluable information that is today badly faded or crumbled. We were sad to see that at times plaster loosened by the rain had even fallen from the wall, destroying precious garden paintings. In the following years the excavations have slowly continued, and these I have followed closely.

We found two atria at Herculaneum that greatly interested us, for they showed how the atrium had been transformed into a garden after the aqueduct was introduced. In the House of the Corinthian atrium (V.30) there was a shallow cruciform shaped impluvium with a fountain jet at the crossing, and planted areas on each side (roll 68-frame 34-1957). In the House of the Relief of Telephus (Insula Orientalis I.1) the low planter enclosing the atrium was alive with blooming flowers, and the oscilla and little shields hanging between the columns gave the atrium a garden character.

We were very sad when the time came to leave Pompeii. Everyone had been so good to us and seemed so excited about our book. Before we left, Mrs. Warscher told me several times that I knew more about certain aspects of Pompeii than she did. Imagine! She wanted me to give a paper at the annual meeting of the American Archaeological Association, but I told her that I didn't feel ready yet. She insisted that I had enough material to give an excellent paper. But I wanted to give myself time to think through my material, and be completely sure of my conclusions. It was several years before I gave the first of what was to be many papers on Roman gardens at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Archaeology.

She told me that she was so impressed that I knew so many things. The Director of the Museum at Pergamum had told me the same thing. If my knowledge is broad, I give the credit to the University



WFJ and Giuseppe Fardini at the Pompei Scavi station of the Circumvesuviana railway.



Painting in Livia's villa at Prima Porta

of Chicago, for they required that their PhDs in ancient history have an unusually broad background. I had noticed that the scholars that I had met had had a much narrower training and tended to specialize on one site. But I felt that it was impossible to understand one site without context. Perhaps I have been able to solve some problems because I had been thoroughly trained in the social and economic history of the entire Roman Empire. I now knew that my first book would be on the gardens of the Vesuvian sites but I was determined to continue my studies of gardens in earlier cultures in order to better understand their possible influence on Roman gardens. I was glad for the time and effort I had already spent in studying gardens throughout the Roman Empire and planned to continue to visit and study ancient gardens in as many other sites as possible, in order to better understand the extent to which the Vesuvian gardens were similar to or different from Roman gardens elsewhere in Italy and in the Empire.

When it was finally time to leave Pompeii, everyone from the *custodi* to the scholars gave us a fond farewell. They were all so interested in our book, and they were happy that we would be back. Fardini took us to the depot, helped us with our baggage, and stayed until the train left.

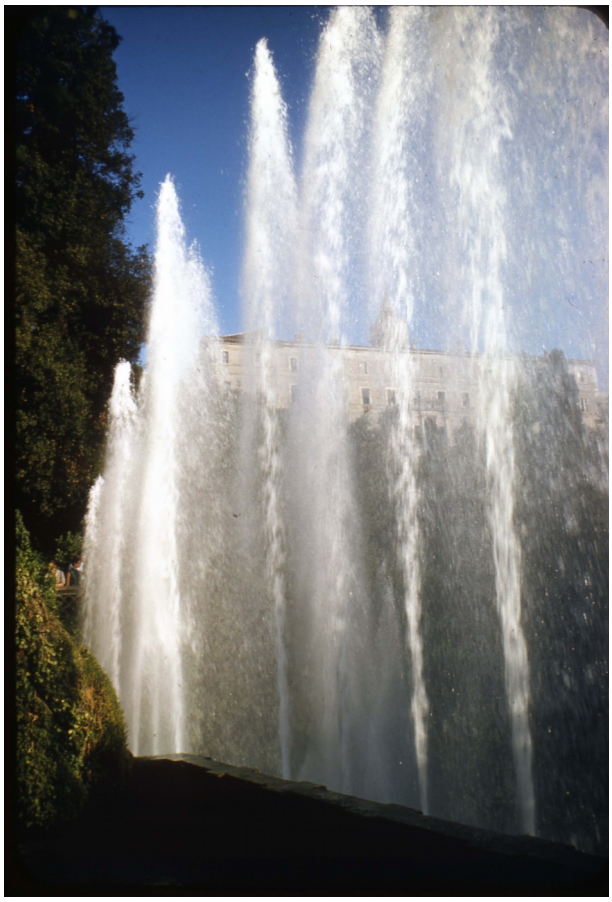
But we didn't leave the Vesuvian area. It was now very important to get pictures in the Naples Museum of paintings, sculpture, fountains, mosaics and objects that had come from the houses and gardens that we had studied in the *scavi*, so that I would have all the material from a single house at hand when I wrote up the gardens in that house. We spent two days, working full time in the Museum. Usually you are required to make a list of the things you want to photograph, but they gave us permission to photograph everything in the Museum. The guards were quite impressed when they saw our permit that had *tutto* (everything) written on it. This was the first of many days to be spent in the museum on subsequent trips, so great are its riches.

We went to Rome and were ready to start work early the next morning. At the Terme Museum, located in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, we got our permit and were ready to photograph the fabulous garden paintings from Livia's garden room at Prima Porta, when we had a near catastrophe. The flash equipment broke. We went to several large camera stores to buy a substitute part, but even the largest store in Rome said that they had nothing to fit our camera and would have to send to Milan for repairs. We were desperate. Then Stanley noticed that they sold a camera that had a fitting that would work on our camera, although they claimed it wouldn't. Stanley got the part

for two dollars, borrowed scissors, cut off the attachment, borrowed some Scotch tape and spliced the part to our cable. It worked perfectly! They were amazed, and we were delighted.

We went back to the Terme Museum and still had time to photograph Livia's garden room. The paintings cover four walls, and make you feel that you are in an actual garden. They came from an underground room that would have been cool – the Roman substitute for air conditioning.

These photographs have proved to be a precious possession. Over twenty years later when my publisher was selecting pictures to include in my first big volume on Pompeian gardens, he took most of the Prima Porta pictures. I knew we would be able to include only a few of them in the section of the book that discussed all the garden paintings in the Empire. But he said you never knew just which picture would work best in the layout. When the published book arrived, he had included all of the Prima Porta paintings, and in full color. When I asked him about this, he reminded me of an incident that I had told him about many years ago. Once when I was in Rome, Frank Brown, the Director of the American Academy, had asked me what I was going to do the next day. I said we wanted to see the Prima Porta paintings that had recently been cleaned. He said not to bother, that they had been retouched in the cleaning and spoiled. It was better to remember them as they were when Stanley photographed them. My publisher said he had remembered that remark, and suspected that we might have the only color photographs of the paintings before they were retouched, and they should all be preserved for posterity in a book. Since then we have had many requests from scholars to use these photos.



Fountains in the Tivoli gardens.

In the Terme Museum, we also photographed a mosaic (dated at ca. A.D.100) that pictured both a lemon and a citron, another important piece of evidence showing that the ancient Romans knew the lemon. The two fruits look generally alike but the citron tends to be larger while the lemon has the characteristic pointed apex.

We visited the home of the Vestal Virgins in the Roman Forum, and photographed their beautiful garden. Then we climbed the Palatine hill, to examine evidence of gardens in the palaces of the emperors.

While in Rome we went to visit Hadrian's villa a few miles from Rome. It is a fabulous site, with many gardens. Little did I dream that years later I would excavate those very gardens. Nearby we enjoyed the beautiful Renaissance gardens at Tivoli, that also make spectacular use of water.

The next day we went to Ostia, the old harbor town of Rome. It too had gardens, but of a later date. Of special interest were ruins of what had once been a huge and very modern-looking apartment house, with many gardens.

From Rome we went to Geneva and visited the ruins of the Roman town of Noviodunum (modern Nyon) on the shores of Lake Geneva. Some years later they wrote to me to say that they had excavated a Roman garden at this site and to ask for suggestions on how to restore it authentically.

From Geneva it was only a short trip to Lugdunum (modern Lyon). One of my students was doing a Master's thesis on this ancient city and I was anxious to see it. In the Roman theater a Greek play was being rehearsed. From there we went to the nearby Roman town of Vienna (modern Vienne) where there are

impressive Roman ruins. In Zurich we visited our Swiss friend Trudi Boeppli and with her made a trip to the ancient Roman Vindonissa (modern Windisch). The little museum has a large and unique collection of Roman terra-cotta lamps. I was especially interested in those that pictured the various vegetables that the Romans knew.



The Theater at Lugdunum (Lyon) with rehearsal of a Greek play under way.

Then on to Paris, where we photographed Roman material in the Louvre, including some from Pompeii. We also photographed valuable garden material in the French National Museum, St. Germain-en-Laye, outside of Paris. On our last evening we had dinner with Madame Madeline Boyer and her daughter, Genevieve, in their beautiful home. It was like visiting another museum. They had some furniture dating from the thirteenth century. The next day we boarded the Queen Elizabeth and were on our way home. Another wonderful trip was history.

The joint meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Phi logical Association met in Washington after Christmas. At this time classicists, ancient historians and archaeologists gathered from all over the world for three days of meetings and learned discussions. Professor Larsen's PhD's were looking forward to it with great anticipation, for we were planning a surprise celebration for his seventieth birthday. We had taken Mrs. Larsen into our confidence and also their close friend, Professor Gertrude Smith, with whom we had all studied Greek at the University of Chicago.

We planned carefully, but there were a number of near crises. The big birthday dinner was to be on the evening of the first day of the meeting. After the meetings, our gang planned to stay over a day and come out to our home in Silver Spring for dinner and an evening of visiting. The first major catastrophe was when our trusty helper, Jenkins, unexpectedly had to work on his regular job the Saturday before the meetings and couldn't clean our house, as he had planned. He knew we needed him badly, and it was a most welcome surprise when he managed to come a few days later. I was horrified when the hotel phoned asking how the dinner should be posted. I replied, "**not at all."** I had repeatedly told them it was a surprise party. I checked the hotel early the next morning to make sure here was no slip up. There was no mention of our party on the bulletin board at the hotel entrance which listed all the events of the day, nor on the one outside the Pan American room where our party was to be held. So I thought that problem was taken care of.

My fellow conspirators, Dr. Larsen's other PhD's, had arrived and were waiting for me, as we had planned. I was his only woman PhD. We bought a gorgeous white orchid corsage for Mrs. Larsen, a white boutonnière for him, and finally found the perfect birthday card. We then went to lunch, but we were too excited to eat. The men decided to try to sit through a meeting, but they insisted that I go up with Margaret, Alex McGeachy's wife, and rest in their room. She had stayed with their young son Jack, while the other wives were sightseeing in Washington.

Starting toward the elevator, I heard the hotel captain tell a waiter to take some little pink and yellow eight-inch candles to the Pan American room. I inquired what party they were for; he said, "Mrs. Jashemski's." I told him I was Mrs. Jashemski and that I had ordered 24 inch red candles. They weren't going to spoil our magnificent centerpiece of bright red poinsettias, red and white carnations and white chrysanthemums with pink and yellow candles! He said they had no other red candles. When I was in the hotel captain's office, trying to solve the candle problem, Professor Lattimore, the head of the local committee, came with more bad news. He had discovered our dinner posted on the bulletin board on the mezzanine

floor, the convention headquarters. He immediately removed the words, but we both feared the damage had been done. Professor Larsen told us later, however, that he hadn't seen it.

I persisted until the captain finally located some lovely tall green candles, that were exactly the same shade as the curtains that hung along the entire length of the long wall at the back of the room. I supervised while they set up the room, and when it was finished it was simply gorgeous. The sixteen foot long oval table, at which we could all be seated, was a picture with the green candles in tall silver candelabra.

We were all assembled when Professor Smith and her husband arrived with the Larsens. We shouted "surprise," and Stanley got their picture as they walked in the door. I thought it would be great for Stanley to take pictures, but he said I should first get the men's ok. When I had asked them if they would like pictures, Jock Kent said yes, we should hire a photographer immediately. Alex told him that wasn't necessary, that Stanley could take charge, and they were all greatly pleased. I hadn't seen Dr. Larsen yet. When he saw me, he came across the room, gathered me up in his arms and kissed me.

I asked him if we had surprised him. He said he hadn't suspected anything until late afternoon - then every time he turned a corner, he caught sight of one of the wives, and they normally don't attend the annual meetings. One thing had perplexed him a little. When they returned home after spending Christmas with relatives, they found a letter from Professor Sterling Dow inviting them to dinner. He wanted to answer immediately, but Mrs. Larsen persuaded him that they would see Dow at the meetings about as soon as a letter would reach him. He kept trying all day to locate Dow at the meetings, but in the meantime someone had tipped Dow off. When Dr. Larsen finally saw him, Dow brushed him off, saying something about not being able to come. Mrs. Larsen had told us earlier that this worried her husband, and he couldn't understand why he had been given such a brush-off. She was sure he became more and more perplexed and began to suspect something was up, but he didn't know what.

The dinner was simply perfect. The captain brought in the birthday cake with considerable flourish. We told Dr. Larsen to make a wish. He blew out the candles with one breath and said there was only one wish, that we might all be together again. Stanley took a picture when he cut the first piece of cake, then many more. We all got up and stood behind the Larsens for a "family portrait".

After the desert, they brought in his gift, a pair of binoculars perfect for bird-watching, for he was an avid bird-watcher and his wife had assured us that nothing would please him more. The special ones that Stanley had ordered hadn't arrived, but the store gave us another pair, not quite as deluxe. Stanley had them elegantly gift wrapped. Professor Larsen was tremendously pleased with the gift. He got up to try to thank us for everything, but after a few words his voice broke. We knew we had been wise to have his wife sitting by him. After he got his voice, he said very simply, paraphrasing the words of Cicero, "my *annis mirabilis* was the year you all came to me." Most of us had tears in our eyes.

It broke the tension when the hotel captain brought in a gift, a bottle of wine, wrapped in a brown grocery bag and placed it in front of Dr. Larsen and announced quite dramatically, "from Sterling Dow!" We all shouted with laughter and forgave Dow for almost giving away the secret of our party.

But the best was yet to come, and it was the grand climax of the evening. Gertrude Smith leaned over and said something to Jock Kent, who, as the oldest and the first of the PhD's, had presented the gift. He then told us the news. The Award of Merit of the American Philological Association, which goes to the most distinguished scholar of the year was to be awarded that evening to Dr. Larsen for his book *Representative Government in Greek and Roman History*! We were all so happy we couldn't contain ourselves. We hurried to the next meeting. We thought it sweet of Miss Smith to tell us first. She was the new president of the American Philological Association. She told me later that she thought it the most natural thing in the world to announce it to us first. She told Stanley to get a seat on the front row so he could take a flash picture at the moment Dr. Larsen came forward to receive the award. Dr. Larsen said afterwards that he didn't even know that the flash bulb went off.

I was able to attend meetings the following days, but came home after lunch the last day to get ready for our big party that evening. Everyone was able to stay over except Carl Roebuck, who had to return

immediately to Northwestern. Our party was really a continuation of the birthday dinner, the only difference in the guests being the addition of Winifred and Homer Thomas, our good friends from University of Chicago days, who were also good friends of the Larsens, and Margaret and Alex's little son Jack, who charmed everyone.

We had hired Avignon Frères to serve at our party. Stanley had insisted that this was one party I was going to enjoy and not spend time in the kitchen. I had much of the meal ready ahead of time, including a large silver bowl of my spiced peaches that my students love. Avignon Frères was bringing the lobster Neuburg, also the French pastry for desert.

But Stanley had some worried moments the two previous days. The catering service had phoned as he was leaving home to pick up the binoculars the night of the birthday party, saying that they weren't able to send anyone, as they had agreed. Stanley told them it was very important, to make every effort to find someone. He didn't tell me, until the morning of our party. But five minutes later the phone rang. They were sending someone! Mario was simply marvelous. Avignon Frères did embassy catering. I wanted someone that was well trained and could take the initiative. He reminded me very much of our head waiter at the Grande Bretagne in Athens.

Jock Kent was extremely miserable with a speck in his eye by the time he arrived for our party. Stanley took him to Dr. Klein, the husband of one of my graduate students, who lived nearby, and he removed it immediately. I remarked to Mario that I knew what it meant to get a speck in your eye, that I would never forget the one I had in my eye last summer in Pompeii. When I mentioned Pompeii, he was really excited. He said he was born a few kilometers from Pompeii and last summer he had taken his wife and baby back to see Pompeii. When he discovered how much I liked Pompeii, there wasn't anything he wouldn't do for us.

Our party went off beautifully, and the dinner was a great success. Our Christmas tree was decorated with dolls of different nationalities. Our guests were more excited about the tree than any other guests we have ever had. They had all traveled widely and had great fun trying to identify each costume. They said they had never seen such dolls in their travels and marveled that we had been able to get them all the same size. The young people in the Forum, who trim the tree every year, had done an exceptionally good job. I thought it the prettiest tree we had ever had. Jack, our youngest guest quite charmed everyone.

The adults had begun asking to see Stanley's slides shortly after they arrived at the hotel, but I thought we would rather visit. They kept insisting. I told them I had none ready. They found a pile, stacked on my desk from class lectures, that I hadn't had time to file, and insisted that Stanley get out our big screen and project them. They got to playing the game of "guess where" and had great fun trying to trip some who were identifying most of the slides. They loved to catch Jock, who had worked at the American School in Athens and knew the Greek sites well. He and Stanley had quite a time. When Jock got stuck, Stanley would point out a clue, always a mountain!

Mario commented to me several times that I had such nice guests. He said he had catered many embassy parties, but this party was the nicest he had served. I told him the guests were all archaeologists or ancient historians. When Stewart Oost, one of our group, started talking Italian with Mario, he was delighted. Mario stayed until ten o'clock, much longer than we had contracted for with Avignon Frères, and when he left the kitchen was in apple pie order. Our guests stayed much longer.

The Larsens had earlier talked of staying several days with us, but we all decided we were too excited, too emotionally and physically exhausted to do any of the serious work we had planned. They thought it a great idea to come back in dogwood and azalea time, I would then have given my talk to the Botany faculty at the University of Maryland, one at the University of Ohio, and two others, each on different aspects of my work.

Winifred and Homer Thomas stayed over night with us after the party and until afternoon the next day. Homer and I talked over the Pompeii garden book in some detail. He thought it was an important piece of work. His field is art and archaeology, so he could give me valuable advice.

The binoculars arrived just before the Larsens left Washington. I took them to the station, a few minutes before their train departed. I hated to see them go. It had been a perfect week. But we all looked forward to

the spring visit.

We waited with great anticipation for the kodachromes Stanley had taken of our two parties. When he went to get them the day they were to be finished, they were not there, but we were assured that the delay was due to the great amount of holiday work. But they didn't arrive the next day, or the next, or the next. In those days Industrial Photo sent all their kodachromes to Chicago to be developed. After considerable tracing, they confessed that our films had been lost. Our disappointment was great. We had only a few pictures from the party at our home, at the beginning of a new roll, to record this unforgettable week. In all the years since, this is the only film of the thousands Stanley has taken that was lost.



Garden of the House of M. Lucretius, IX.5.5/24

The following Saturday I invited my graduate students and their wives or husbands for a buffet dinner. They loved the tree, played carols, and of course wanted to see pictures. I also invited Rolf Hubbe, the Greek professor at the University of Maryland. We looked at pictures of Miletus and it's adjacent oracle at Didyma. Rolf had done his PhD thesis on the inscriptions at Didyma, so had much of interest to tell us. My students all had pictures they wanted to show their wives or husbands of things they had been working on. Each one had their favorites, but they all wanted to see Sunium and Delphi again! They are a wonderful group, and so appreciative. I was glad that I had invited them. Several had special problems, and it meant a lot to them. One student had four small children, and a husband indefinitely in the hospital. She said she couldn't remember when she had been invited out to dinner. Our three- and-a-half-month-old guest, her youngest, was fascinated by the lights on the tree.

Christmas mail continued to arrive from friends we had made in our travels. It made the world much seem smaller, people closer together. I'm sure all the people of the world could live peaceably together, if they had a chance. The Dutch archaeologists that we met on Delos sent us a beautiful calendar for which they had been taking pictures, put out by the Dutch archaeological society. My students spent considerable time looking at it. A letter invited us to visit them on our trip to Europe next year A long letter from Mrs. Warscher offered again to do any checking that I needed. She was keeping me on the job! She was anxious for me to get my book on Pompeian gardens finished so she could see it. We were saddened to hear that she wasn't as well as she had been last summer.

Walter Moeller was waiting to see me the minute I arrived at my office after the holidays. He had been wanting to work on a PhD with me, and I had told him I would give him a final answer after the holidays. I was reluctant, for I felt I could never give a PhD student what I had received at Chicago. And I questioned whether the University of Maryland at that time had the supporting courses that I would require. I wanted to talk it over at the meetings with several professors whose opinions I valued; they all encouraged me to go ahead. The PhD program in ancient history at the University of Maryland was launched. Walter was jubilant! In the years to come, I brought in various distinguished scholars to offer seminars when I was on leave. My requirements were greater than those for the other PhD program in the History Department: not two languages but four, Latin, Greek, French and German, and for those who were working on Pompeian subjects, as many did, Italian. But my students never complained. Soon the art department had rich offerings in Greek and Roman art. Our newly established Classics department as most cooperative.



Venus Marina in her garden

1959 Back to Pompeii: First Visit behind the Iron Curtain

Once I knew that my next book would be on the gardens of Pompeii, I began to work on my Italian. Having audited an Italian class at the University of Chicago, I was able to read excavation reports, but now I wanted to speak Italian. I registered for a Saturday morning course in spoken Italian at the Georgetown University Foreign Language School. On April 11 it was pouring rain. The friend with whom I was going to class arrived early. I grabbed my raincoat and hurriedly put it on. My heel caught in the thread that attached the lining to the coat, and I was thrown to the floor. My ankle was painful, but I didn't want to miss that class. Before the class was over, I had a badly swollen and very painful ankle. My doctor assured me that it would soon be in fine shape to go to Pompeii. The ankle healed, but my back pains became almost unbearable. Between grading final exams and term papers, I was sent from one specialist to another.

Finally on June 22 the eminent neurologist, Dr. Harvey Ammerman examined me and diagnosed my problem. He said as much as he hated to do it, he needed to prescribe a brace for me – a terrifying thought with our sailing date less then two and a half weeks away. I had worn a brace earlier in my life to correct two crushed vertebra, the result of an automobile accident at the University of Nebraska. The brace was akin to a medieval torture instrument, with heavy steel bands that curved tightly around my neck and ribs, holding me rigid. When the new brace arrived, I was greatly relieved to see that the metal bands were of a much lighter material, but it was still bulky and very hot.

To make matters worse, my clothes no longer fit. I shopped frantically with little success. Then one day one of my former students, Anita Ward, who in her undergraduate days had been a Home Economics major and was an accomplished seamstress, arrived at my door, tape measure in hand. She had come to measure me and make some clothes that fit and didn't look too bad. She soon returned with fabrics for skirt and blouse, my working costume in the *scavi*. Mrs. Warscher had told me on my previous trip that the Italians definitely did not want me to wear slacks, which they were shocked to see tourists wearing. Southern Italy was very conservative, and Mrs. Warscher said the Italians considered me one of them and wanted me to dress

accordingly. I didn't tell them that in America I even wore shorts.

With the help of many friends, we were ready to board the Queen Elizabeth on July 9. We opened the bon voyage card from my sister's children and when we pulled the tab their little boat jumped out behind our big one. We wished that they were "tagging along" but we promised that since they weren't, we would do the next best thing and write them all about our life at Pompeii. Sally had just finished the sixth grade and had done a research project on Pompeii. All the children were following our travels on the big globe we had given Jimmy for his birthday.

Exhausted and in severe pain, I slept a good part of the time on this ocean voyage, which meant that I didn't wear my brace often. I was encouraged to learn from one of our table companions that her sister was wearing a similar "harness" and was soon to take it off after six months. I hoped for similar luck, but I dreaded wearing it in the heat of Pompeii.

We were anxious to get to Pompeii, but there was still time to enjoy a bit of Paris, before taking the midnight train on our way to Italy. It was July 14, Bastille Day, and we found the city in an especially festive mood. The French were very enthusiastic about their president, Charles de Gaulle, and this was the first Bastille Day since the establishment of the Fifth Republic. For five days Parisians had been celebrating with street dancing and fireworks in many parts of the city. We had arranged to meet some friends from the boat, a young artist and his wife, who were coming to spend a year in Paris. We met at the Cathedral of Notre Dame and had dinner together at a delightful outdoor restaurant near the Sorbonne. All too soon it was time to get a taxi for the station. The streets were crowded, people were dancing; it was very difficult to find a taxi. All the taxi drivers were celebrating too!

We arrived at Lausanne, Switzerland the next morning and decided to make a short stop, for I wanted to see the old Roman town that had been built here on the shore of Lake Geneva. I knew that it was an important harbor and market town on the water route from the Rhone to the Rhine. We found the little Roman Museum with a few ruins nearby, but we knew that there were more.

When we returned to our hotel, the owner, Madame Bisinger, asked us what we had been doing. We told her that we had been hunting the Roman ruins, but couldn't find them. She wanted to know why we were so "mad about stones." Stanley explained that I taught ancient history. She agreed that some people were mad about stones, but she couldn't see why. But if we were mad about stones, she said we should see them, and insisted on taking us in her car. We drove to where the Roman ruins were supposed to be, but there were none in sight. Our friend was determined to find them. By now the honor of Switzerland was at stake. She drove her car into the field. We got out and walked. Still no ruins. Then finally we began to find the remains of the ancient Roman town Lousanna, its forum, basilica, temples, shops, porticoes and homes completely overgrown with weeds. I was hoping there might be some evidence of gardens, but the ruins required a thorough cleaning before they could be studied. Over some of the ruins a stable had been built, a camping ground over another part. By now our companion was quite incensed. "Ground is very precious in Switzerland, but Roman ruins should be cared for!"

Our train stopped at Milan, from where we had hoped to take the *rapido* to Rome. But our train was late and we had only three minutes to make connections. I called two porters, who grabbed our bags, and got us on the train just as it started. Stanley said my Italian lessons really paid off. Our baggage was taken to a spacious check room like that of a hotel. It was returned to us after we got off the train at Rome. An attendant also took our coats and returned them to us at our seats upon arrival at Rome. It was real luxury, to sink unencumbered into the deep upholstered chairs of *Il Settebello*, as comfortable as if we were in our own



Ruins of Lousanna

living room. The train was air conditioned, too. Italy was justly very proud of this train, the only one of its kind. We enjoyed visiting with a man who was the head of the American Oil Company in Europe and north Africa. He was extremely well educated, and knew a lot about various excavations. Stanley observed later that the oil company chose wisely to send such a cultured man to represent them in Europe. When he got off at Bologna, we went up to the observation seats at the front of the train and enjoyed the Italian countryside until it got dark. There was only one other person in our car from Florence to Rome. He was one of the Gucci brothers who owned the famous leather goods factories in Italy. We discussed politics, economics, communism in Italy, and also the problem of poverty in south Italy. His views and attitudes were very much like ours. He was very interested in our work, and he knew a great deal about archaeology.



Tatiana Warscher

We arrived in Rome before midnight. Early the next morning we phoned Mrs. Warscher. She was practically speechless. She hadn't expected us quite so soon, for she didn't think we would take the *rapido*. She was anxious for us to come immediately. We found her in her study, surrounded by her books and pictures of Pompeii. In many ways she seemed to us to be in as good health as she had been two years ago. Her mind was just as keen. When she got excited, it took a little time before she could talk calmly. She said she was so happy she lost her head. She was overcome with joy when she saw the two boxes of old clothes that we had brought for her to distribute. We had checked them through from Paris along with the Apeco photostating machine.

Customs are much rougher when you check baggage than they are on hand carried baggage. The Apeco caused great consternation. After much deliberation we had decided to make a considerable investment and buy a duplicating machine. There was so much important material that wasn't available in America that I needed to copy, and this was before the day of Xerox. It was a large, formidable looking piece of apparatus, and customs was sure it had some sinister purpose. The custom inspectors knew no English. I talked fast and furiously, and my modest Italian saved the day. We ended up paying only fifty lire for duty. That was less than ten cents!

We spent several very profitable days in Rome working with Mrs. Warscher, going to her apartment early in the morning and staying all day. I was particularly anxious to go over all of her pictures and negatives of the bombed areas at Pompeii. Her apartment was beautiful, with marble floors, and so cool, but she had no hot water faucet, only cold. The stove was two tiny gas burners, no oven. And of course no refrigerator. I did the cooking, and Stanley bought food for each meal, which pleased her, for she found that difficult. It was quite an experience for him to go to one shop for bread, another for pastry, another for vegetables, still another for meat. A little boy from one of the shops was so excited when Stanley came in the first time. He was an orphan who delivered groceries for the shop. When he had delivered hers to Mrs. Warscher the day after we arrived, she gave him a bright stripped T shirt that was in the box of clothes we brought. She said he was tearful with joy, and said he would wear it only for church. He came the next day when we were there to shake hands with us and to say *grazie.* A French girl in her building also got some of the clothes. She was the daughter of a French general who was killed in the war and left his family practically nothing. This girl had married an Italian soldier who was disabled in the war and drew only a small pension. She was very beautiful and in some of the clothes we brought she looked quite patrician. Many of the clothes Mrs.

Warscher brought to Pompeii, for the need there was great.

One day Mrs. Warscher took us to see the so-called Auditorium of Maecenas, built during the time of the emperor Augustus. This building, with its floor today over twenty-one feet underground, was in fact a nymphaeum in the famous Gardens of Maecenas. Water once cascaded down the seven steep curved steps in the apse at the west end of the hall. In the wall above the apse are five niches, and there are six larger ones in each of the side walls. All of the niches once contained beautiful garden paintings. These were of great interest to me. They were already badly damaged when we saw them, but I am grateful to Mrs. Warscher for making sure that we would get pictures of the best preserved ones, while it was still possible.[1]

We also spent several days at the American Academy, located on the Janiculum hill, across the Tiber from the main part of Rome. It is a beautiful place, and very cool, built around a courtyard garden, just like many Pompeian houses. Their library had so much that I could not find in America. They were officially closed during July and August, but the librarian was on duty and most gracious, making everything available for us. The first day we were there, Margaret Scherer, a good friend from the Metropolitan Museum in New York, walked in with Marian Blake, whom I had been wanting to meet. She knew more about Roman construction and building techniques than anyone alive. She loaned me some of her personal books and also an advance copy of her new book, which wasn't yet officially published.

That evening Margaret Scherer took us for dinner to a well-known outdoor restaurant in the Piazza Navona, one of the most beautiful squares in the world. It is built on the site of the emperor Domitian's stadium. In the middle of the piazza is a very large fountain, and at each end there is a smaller one. The modern Romans as well as the ancient ones have many fountains. Perhaps this explains why there is more water used per person today in Rome than in any other city in the world. When our friend looked over at the large Fountain of the Four Rivers, she said she felt so sorry for that lion. When we walked over to the fountain after dinner we saw what she meant. The lion is reaching for a drink, but never quite reaches the water. We wondered how the sculptor could do that to him. He must be a very thirsty lion. We noted that one of the fountain figures facing the church is holding up his hands as if to protect his eyes from the sight of the adjacent church, while another has his face covered with a veil. The Romans love to say that the sculptor, Bernini, a great rival of Borormini, the architect who built the church, is slyly suggesting that the design of the church is so bad that the figures on the fountain can't stand to look at it. In fact, however, Bernini designed the fountain before Borromini even received the contract for the church, and the veil over the head of the figure representing the Nile refers to its then unknown origin.

I have learned much from my friend Margaret Scherer's book, *Marvels of Ancient Rome.* When the manuscript was finished and a publisher was coming to talk with her, her colleagues at the Metropolitan Museum insisted that she remove all the pictures of her favorite cat from her desk. They told her no publisher would consider her book if he saw those pictures. She refused to remove them. When the publisher came they were the first thing he saw. He was delighted. He, too, was a cat lover. Incidentally, he published her book.

On Sunday we visited the sister of one of our neighbors in Silver Spring. She and her family were living in Rome, where her husband was head of the Research Bureau in Political Sciences and Administration, and was also visiting professor at the University of Bologna. Their twelve year old daughter was eager to tell us about the remains of an old Roman villa that had just been found in the course of excavating for her new school. The school children were raising money to pay for lifting the mosaic floor of one of the rooms in the villa and placing it on the wall of their new school.

Several nights we ate in little sidewalk restaurants, sometimes in garden restaurants. The food was excellent. The waiters knew no English, but they were delighted to talk with us in our limited Italian. In the evening wandering musicians came by and played.

Before leaving Rome we made an effort to hunt up and photograph the tomb of the baker Eurysaces, located just outside the Porta Maggiore. The tomb is a sizable monument, shaped like a gigantic oven. A frieze shows in great detail the various operations of the bakery trade. First the grain is sieved and washed, next,

1. Unfortunately, the pictures are too dark to print well.



Tomb of Eurysaces

ground and the flour collected, leavening added, then the dough is kneaded, rolled and shaped into loaves and baked. Finally the bread is delivered to the magistrates, for Eurysaces was a big-time contractor. Later my student Betty Jo Mayeske found those photos very useful in her study of ancient bakeries.

We also visited Bretschneider, the largest bookseller of classical books in Rome. I was happy to get a few out-of-print books on Pompeii. We were there for some time and when we left the owner asked if I would like to be on his mailing list. I wrote my name, Mrs. Stanley Jashemski, with my home address. He looked at the name and said that was an unusual name, but he knew it well, it was the name of a well-known writer on Roman history. He wanted to know if I knew the author of the book *The Proconsular and Propraetorian Imperium.* I told him that was my book. He said I must be very rich for he had sold many copies in Italy. I have never seen a cent of those profits!

It was good to be on our way to Pompeii. We stood the last twenty minutes as the train approached our favorite city. We looked at the Bay of Naples which comes up to the track on one side of the train, and then we rushed over to see Vesuvius on the other side. We have since returned to Pompeii many times, and always we are overjoyed to be back within view Vesuvius.

It was wonderful to see all our old friends again, and the oleanders in the ancient city were at the peak of their bloom. There was great excitement our first day in the *scavi.* They were expecting Dr. Maiuri, the Superintendent of Antiquities from Naples, who was coming to look at the new excavations on the volcanic ledge on the southwest edge of the city. The large elegant house found there is today known as the House of Fabius Rufus.

Dr. Pietro Soprano, the Director of Excavations at Pompeii and Dr. Giordano, the inspector of the new excavations, invited us to come and meet him and see the new excavations. After some wait, Dr. Maiuri and his entourage drove up in a large car, with much fanfare. He was dressed in a white suit and wore white shoes which were spotless. We were introduced, and we all walked in toward the new excavations. The ground was covered with volcanic dust, and he noticed with considerable chagrin that his white shoes were getting dusty. Dr. Giordano whipped out a white linen handkerchief, knelt down and wiped off the offending volcanic dust. It was a short visit.

Earlier in the day we had met the man who directs all the workmen in the *scavi*. They jokingly introduced him to us as "President Truman." We didn't quite get the point at first. They call him "President Truman" they said for he is the president of the "working men." The Italians have a wonderful sense of humor. Stanley took a picture of our friends. Then I suggested that he take one of "President Truman" with all of us. That delighted him immensely. He invited all of us to have cold drinks with him. Our friends knew little English but we had a wonderful time.

We were so busy at the *scavi* our first day that we had no time to unpack. That night the mosquitoes seemed as big as elephants, and the beds even worse than we had remembered. The next day as soon as we got back from the excavations Stanley got out the plastic screen that we had brought and put it up with masking tape. Stanley said later that he suspected that the maid was charging admission to see our screens while we were at the *scavi*. They are the only screens in Pompeii and I doubt there are many in all Italy! We thought the plumbing must be worse than that in ancient Pompeii; we were glad to unpack the Saniflush. But we had a beautiful view of Vesuvius from our windows. We were awakened at two A.M. by firecrackers. Another religious holiday!

We anxiously awaited the arrival of Mrs. Warscher who came about a week later. Getting on and off trains and the change of trains in Naples was very difficult for her, so she waited until a good friend returned from Greece and could drive her to Pompeii.

Two days after we arrived, early in the morning, there was a knock at our door, and one of the little boys who served as a porter was grinning from ear to ear. Dr. Giordano had stopped by the hotel and left a beautiful

long stemmed rose for me, a little package of candy for Stanley, and there was a letter from Dr. Larsen.

We called on Dr. and Mrs. Della Corte shortly after Mrs. Warscher arrived. We found him dressed in shorts, again standing on a ladder, pruning his grapevines. He had something he was most anxious to show us. He went into the house and brought out two little boxes, which he carefully opened. Inside each box we saw a small inscription on wood. They had just brought them to him that morning. Workmen had dug them up while putting in a new highway that cut through an ancient building. Several days later when we called on Dr. Della Corte they had brought him twenty more inscriptions on wood. They had discovered an archive in the building! The tablets were perfectly preserved by sulfuric acid from the natural sulfur springs in the area. These were exciting days at Pompeii. The Italian government was anxious to finish the highway, and gave the archaeologists only a few days to excavate more of the building and study it. The layout of the part of the building excavated, its location near the harbor and the contents of the tablets led to the identification of the building as the headquarters of a commercial house or of a maritime transport company, such as were known to have existed in Puteoli and other important Mediterranean ports. As we sat in the Della Corte garden, drinking coffee, he remarked, "Just think, only a few hundred feet from my front door they find such treasures, buried all these years."



The Sarno lararium with the interior photoenhanced to make it visible.

A very exciting picture had just been found in the new excavations, that he was eager for us to see. The large lararium (household shrine) in a small garden (in house I.xiv.6/7) had a picture on it showing the river god Sarnus pouring water into the Sarnus River, on which ancient Pompeii was located. Agricultural produce is being weighed and loaded on a small ship on the river. This is valuable evidence of Pompeii's maritime trade. Dr. Della Corte gleefully said, "Old Strabo (the ancient geographer), was right, after all!" Strabo said that Pompeii served as a seaport for the towns farther inland. Today the Sarno River is much smaller for its water has been diverted in various directions for irrigation.

Everyone complained about the heat at Pompeii, but surprisingly I didn't mind it at all. It hadn't been over 88 degrees and we hoped it wouldn't go any higher. I was very careful about bending, stooping, reaching or climbing steps, and I always wore my "harness." It was always cool in the early morning when we started work, and the nights were also cool. In the middle of the day we arranged to work in houses that had roofs and it was very comfortable. The ancient Pompeians knew how to build for their climate. We had come well supplied with crackers, cheese, cookies and chocolate from Switzerland, and Stanley was able to get oranges at the market, so we had wonderful lunches our first days in the *scavi* and didn't have go back to the hotel in the heat of the day. The Pompeians couldn't understand how we could work through the siesta hour!

There was much to do at Pompeii. I was busy making a list of every garden in Pompeii (identified primarily by its architectural context) and of every garden painting, a project that was to take more years to fully document than I ever expected. In America, I had been putting the evidence for each site on 5 x 8 cards, along with prints of our pictures. In time Stanley planned to photograph every garden and garden painting still extant in Pompeii. Any pertinent references from excavation reports or other publications were recorded along with my observations. These were arranged in a large file, according to address. When Giuseppe Fiorelli became director of the excavations in 1860 he divided the city

into nine regions. Each region was divided into *insula*, or city blocks, which were numbered and each entrance in each block was assigned a number. Thus each door has an address of three numbers. To make my catalogue it was necessary to go into every house and every room in every house. Stanley teased me about making a telephone directory of ancient Pompeii. It was wonderful that Mrs. Warscher had been given a key by the Pompeii authorities, for this made it possible to go down the street and enter any house we wished.

As I worked on my catalogue of gardens, I was impressed with the many little houses I had found with precious space devoted to gardens. This was a great surprise to me, for only the big houses are mentioned in the literature. These little houses were on no tourist itinerary, and neglected by scholars. Many had been uncovered in the early days, when excavators were primarily treasure-seekers, hunting for museum objects. Statues and fine articles were carted off to the Naples Museum, often without the location of their origin being noted. Houses that yielded nothing of obvious value were given only cursory attention. Unfortunately there are no excavation reports for such houses; "nothing of interest" is all that the record books say, if they exist at all. But today we are as much interested in the life of the majority of the population as in the luxuries of the few. As my list grew, I felt these little houses presented an entirely new light on the character of the ancient Romans and they became the subject of one of my first articles.



"Professor's desk" garden

One of the most interesting of these houses is located on Stabian Street, in the shadow of the well-known House of the Citharist. On my first visits to Pompeii this house (I.iv.9) was so overgrown with brambles that I could scarcely enter the atrium. When I finally had the brambles cleared, and walked through the atrium into the tablinum beyond, I found to my delight a tiny courtyard at the rear, in which there was "a little garden no larger than a professor's desk," as Mrs. Warscher so aptly described it. Here the ancient owner had planted a few flowers and herbs, to lend beauty and fragrance to his dwelling. On the garden wall there was a niche lararium, which once held the statuettes of the household gods. We do not know the name of the owner of this house, but of one thing we can be sure – he loved beauty. The little garden that brightened his house was clearly visible from the entrance and in full view through the open door as he worked in his tablinum (the large room behind the atrium, used as a reception room and office by the master of the house). A small house (V.iii.10) in the northern part of the city, had a small courtyard at the rear of the tablinum, with a miniscule garden that was little more than a raised planting bed, eighteen inches wide and fifteen feet long, but sufficient for a few flowers and herbs to brighten the home.

My list of such houses grew. But it is in the new excavations on the Via dell'Abbondanza, where new techniques made it possible to preserve the ancient houses with roofs and second stories that we get our best picture of a modest home and the charm added by a tiny garden. In the House of M. Fabius Amandio (I.vii.2-3) directly behind the atrium was a light well in which was a small raised garden with a tiny semicircular pool fed by roof water. There was a large window in the back wall of the atrium through which the plantings in the garden might be seen. Flowering shrubs and birds painted on the wall of the light well give an added dimension to the little garden. In other small houses a garden painting on the walls of a very small light well gave the illusion of a garden.

Even the people who lived in rooms behind their

shops, as many of the petty tradesmen did, sometimes had gardens. One of the most charming little gardens (IX.ii.7) in Pompeii is located in such a shop house. Both the shop and the garden were decorated with taste. The front half of the garden was occupied by a pool surrounded by a masonry channel to hold plants. At the back of the pool the excavators found a marble statue of an amorino on a small marble pedestal in the shape of a tree trunk. The wall at the rear of the pool was recessed in the form of an arched niche painted blue. A nymph painted in white stood amid plants with red and yellow flowers. She held in her hands a crater shaped fountain from which water fell. The was continued by a jet of actual water which passed through an opening and splashed into the pool. Birds enlivened the garden painting.

Shop-houses with very few rooms often gave up precious space to a garden. A bit of green, perhaps a small tree or an oleander bush, a few vegetables and flowers, and at times even a fountain would add immeasurably to the comfort of these small, dark and stuffy houses. I found a number of these houses on the Via Stabia. To the north of the Stabian Baths there is a typical two-room shop (VII.i.27) with living quarters at the rear, which boasted a small garden with a roofed passageway on the side. We can be sure that the owner placed great value on his tiny garden, for he gave it more than half the ground area of his dwelling, leaving space for only one room, probably a triclinium. A large window in the east wall of this room made it possible for him to keep an eye on activities in the shop from his living quarters. The passageway that led to the living quarters contained the stairs to the rooms above, with a latrine under the stairs. The neighbor who lived across the street also had living quarters and a garden at the rear of his two-room shop (IX.ii.5).

The desire for a little green and a few flowers appears to have been a basic part of the Roman character. It was the same instinct that prompted shopkeepers who lived in rooms above their shops to grow a few vines on their balcony, to provide an arbor of shade. Vine-covered pergolas were not a monopoly of the wealthy. I was quite touched to discover that sometimes a wealthy Pompeian cut a window in his garden wall to allow his poor neighbor without a garden to enjoy the view of his beautiful garden.

The more I studied these small houses the more it seemed to me that to assess correctly the Roman character, which is commonly characterized by love of violence and spectacles, it would be well to remember the inhabitants of these small houses, who loved beauty and insisted upon it even if, in their crowded homes, they could have only "a little garden no larger than a professor's desk."

When it became obvious that I couldn't finish making my list of gardens and garden paintings on this trip, I concentrated on the houses that hadn't been published or poorly published, that Mrs. Warscher knew so well, also on those in the new excavations, for they had not been published. Little did I know that I would later spend many summers re-excavating many gardens in the new excavations that were now being so hurriedly uncovered. There were also many pictures for Stanley to take, for use in my class lectures, for my Pompeii seminar, and for my graduate students to use in their research.

Mrs. Warscher was anxious to show us the paintings in the Casa delle Quadrighe (VII.ii.25), which she knew well. The walls of the garden of this unusual little house had been decorated with garden paintings, and a large animal painting. But the house had been excavated over one hundred years earlier, and the paintings were badly faded. In the garden paintings the artist used the same foliage for most of the plants, varying only the fruit or flowers which, for the most part, were not very accurately portrayed. The large animal painting in the middle panel on the south wall was the second one found at Pompeii, and created considerable excitement when it was excavated. It was scarcely visible when we saw it. I had found large animal paintings, together with smaller panels of garden paintings in various gardens. This raised the question of why an owner would want these large animal paintings in his garden.

During this trip I was also able to add several important garden paintings uncovered in the recent excavations to my catalogue of garden paintings. The recently excavated peristyle garden in the house of Venus Marina (II.iii.3) on the Via dell'Abbondanza had the best preserved garden paintings to be found in a garden at Pompeii. (See the heading picture for this chapter.) The owner of this grand house must have been especially fond of his garden, for after the devastating earthquake of A.D. 62 the decoration of the garden was

given priority over that of the interior of the house, which had not yet been completed by the time of the eruption.

The long rear wall dominated the garden. At the base of this wall was painted a golden lattice fence, through which vegetation could be seen. On the left and right panels were paintings which pictured gardens filled with fragrant flowers, ripening fruit, and many birds. The heron, golden oriole, song thrush, swallows, and a gray shrike could all be identified. The plants in the foreground, the oleander, the myrtle, and the rose are distinctly painted, but those beyond draw the eye far into the distance as if to compensate for the abbreviated size of the garden which, before the earthquake, had been much larger. Standing on a high square pedestal in front of the fence in the left panel is a stiff statue that may be Mars; in the right panel, on a similar pedestal an ornate footed bowl-shaped fountain, with jetting water. But it is the central panel that even today immediately draws all visitors. It is as if the wall had disappeared and the view was opened to the sea beyond, where Venus, reclining on a giant shell and accompanied by two amorini, was being wafted toward the city. It is not a fine painting, but it is an effective one, of which the owner was surely proud. Certainly we should expect to find Venus, the deity who protects the garden, in the gardens of Pompeii. More statuettes and paintings of Venus have been found in Pompeii than of any other deity. Venus was also the patron deity of the city.

But we found still other garden paintings in this garden. The walls of the sitting room (*diaeta*) and adjacent small room that projected into the garden on the east were decorated with garden paintings, as was the little room in the southeast corner of the garden. Stanley photographed these paintings in great detail, and the photos were later studied carefully by botanists and an ornithologist, who were able to identify more of the plants and birds pictured than we had recognized.

Interesting but more poorly preserved garden paintings were found in a modest house (I.xvii.4) that had no atrium. From the street we entered directly into the delightful arched portico of the peristyle garden on the right. A low masonry wall with elaborate lattice decoration was painted along the base of the low garden wall and the painted wall was made more realistic by being projected slightly from the masonry wall. The four garden paintings above the low wall each had a different type fountain standing in a thicket of dense shrubs, but the paintings were so damaged we couldn't identify any of the plants (18-13-59).

We next examined the badly preserved garden painting in the Casa della Venere in Bikini (I.xi.6). This house takes its name from a fine alabaster statuette of Venus found in the atrium. She is shown emerging from the bath, clad only in a gold-mesh bikini, But what interested me was the statue of Venus depicted in the center of the garden painting on the rear wall of the garden. It could be seen through a large open window from the atrium and was directly in line with the Venus statuette standing on a table in the atrium. By putting water on the garden paintings on both the south and west walls, we were able to momentarily brighten the paintings in order to photograph them, and thus identify both plants and birds that were otherwise almost impossible to see. I was reluctant to throw water on these priceless paintings, but the people at the *scavi* office sent men to do it. They said a single rain did much more damage than the water they were putting on the paintings, and the paintings would soon be totally ruined. But they would be preserved in our book.

One of my students, Esther Burnside, arrived shortly after we did. I will never forget the first time I met her. She had been teaching Latin in an inner city high school in Washington D.C. for years and needed to take a graduate course to renew her certificate. At registration time she came to my office and asked to be admitted to my seminar. I explained that it wasn't open to anyone except graduate students in ancient history. She was a pert, roly-poly little woman and very persistent. She said she was tired of taking education courses and wanted to take something interesting. She assured me that she could do the work. Her college major had been Latin and Greek, and she knew ancient history. In addition she was fluent in German. I relented. She was a brilliant student and the other students loved her. They also appreciated her generous tutoring when they were preparing to take their PhD exams in German.

I admired anyone who could make inner city children of non-European ethnicity love Latin as she did. She was quite a character. When the high school had put on *H. M. S. Pinafore* some years earlier she had been drafted to take the role of Buttercup. One evening she came to seminar and reported that as she was

leaving her school, a huge truck coming toward her stopped suddenly, the burly truck driver got out, rushed to her car door, opened it and grabbed her in his arms, saying "O Buttercup, it is so good to see you after so many years!" She continued to take my seminars, although she no longer needed the credit. But Pompeii was her special love and she returned every summer.

She invited us for a splendid dinner at the pensione in Sorrento where she was staying. The cook was an eighty year old woman, the mother of one of her friends in the U.S. Sorrento is a very beautiful place. It is no wonder a Roman emperor had a large villa there. A few days later another graduate student, Alexander Casanges, arrived and the two had a great time seeing the things in Italy that they had been studying in my seminars.

Stanley spent long hours many evenings duplicating material for me on the Apeco. The hotel gave us a special office to work in. Dr. Soprano and Dr. Giordano came over early in our stay to see how the Apeco worked. It was the first duplicating machine that anyone had seen at Pompeii, and they considered it a true marvel. It was actually a very complicated and tedious process. An exposure was made on special paper. Then this image had to be developed in a wet chemical bath and printed on another type of paper.

When Stanley got to the wet chemical stage that required water, he worked in our room. Part of the process required total darkness. At those times I took my work down to the lobby. It was very quiet, for there were seldom any other overnight guests. One evening a man came in and went to the desk to get his key. Fardini, the concierge, exchanged a few pleasantries with him and asked how his day had gone. When the man mentioned examining certain flower beds, I inquired what the flowers were. He looked at me rather coolly and gave me an evasive answer. Fardini laughed and told him that the *professoressa* was studying the ancient flowers in the *scavi.* The man suddenly became very friendly. He was the representative of one of the foreign seed companies that were growing flower seed in Pompeii. At first, he had thought that I was one of his competitors.

The rich volcanic soil of the area yields at least three crops a year, as it did in antiquity, although water is necessary and water is expensive. Cauliflowers are ready for the market by the end of January or February; the same plot may then be planted in potatoes, which mature in two and a half months. Finally flowers are planted and these mature in three or four months. Frequently land is sublet in smaller areas for the portion of the year when flowers are raised. Although many flower plots are five to ten acres in size, some are as small as a quarter of an acre. Flowers are also planted in orchards under trees, just as they were in antiquity. All at once I understood something that had perplexed us a few days earlier. We had passed a small orchard, and under the trees was a mass of red salvia in full bloom. We wondered why anyone would grow that much salvia, for they are not used as a cut flower. The owner had leased the ground under his trees to a flower seed company to grow salvia seed. The man said he was here to check every plot his company had leased before the flowers seeded, for they wanted to make sure that the plots had been carefully weeded. The flower seed they sold must be pure, without any weed seed. He told me that large seed companies with headquarters in France, England, Holland, Germany, and Denmark have a total of one thousand acres of flowers near Pompeii under contract.

Pompeii lies in the fertile volcanic plain of Campania, the center of flower cultivation in ancient Italy. Ancient writers speak extravagantly about the beauty of the Campanian plain, the popularity and fragrance of its flowers. Pliny the Elder rhapsodizes over the "blissful and heavenly loveliness" of Campania and speaks of its famed roses (*HN* 33.40). The Roman poet Martial tells us that Campanian roses were popular at Rome, as was the "Campanian garland," the name given to melilot. Florus praises the flowers of Campania and calls it "the fairest of all regions, not only in Italy, but of the whole world" (I.16.3)

Flowers played an important part in ancient Roman life. They were much in demand for festivals, banquets, birthdays, weddings, games and funerals. A garland was the proper gift to honor not only the gods, but also the living and the dead. Guests at dinner parties were presented with garlands; at sacrifices priests, assistants, victims and altars were all decked with garlands. As a result the cultivation and sale of flowers was an important business. There was a thriving business in garlands and wreaths at Pompeii. Many paintings show garlands used as decorations in homes, shops, and temples.

The mural paintings at Pompeii tell us much about the economic life of the city. Various paintings depict the flower business. It has been suggested that the various business scenes in the famous House of the Vettii picture the business activities of these two men. In addition to pictures of psyches gathering flowers, there is a delightful picture of cupids and psyches as flower dealers. A gardener brings flowers to market on the back of a goat. A small boy trudges behind, his basket filled with flowers. Cupids make garlands which are displayed on a wooden sales rack. An elegant lady examines the garlands with an eye to making a purchase, and one cupid holds up two fingers indicating the garland costs two asses (the smallest coin in circulation). A similar painting was found in the House of the Calpurnii near the Temple of Apollo.

Pliny says the Romans favored three kinds of flowers for garlands – the rose, the lily and the violet, in that order. Second to the rose was the white, or madonna lily (*Lilium candidum*). Next came the violet, of which Pliny says there were several kinds. The Roman term *viola* included not only our violet, but also the stock and gillyflower. Pliny lists among other flowers used to add variety to garlands the yellow blossoms of the *genista* or greenweed, a relative of the broom which today covers the walls of Pompeii with masses of gold in the springtime. Oleanders were also used, as was the *cyanus* or bachelor's button and the cyclamen. There was also the *caltha*, which was perhaps the pot marigold (C*alendula officinalis*) rather than the marsh marigold which today bears the name *Caltha palustris*. There were various other meadow flowers difficult to identify. Ivy garlands were also very popular.

We learn from the agricultural writers that flowers had always been a valuable side crop for farmers. Cato, in his manual on agriculture advises that if the farm is near a town, it is well to have a garden planted with all manner of vegetables, and all manner of flowers for garlands (8.2). Varro advises that near a city it is wise to have gardens on a large scale, for instance violets and roses (1.16.3). Columella speaks of the farmer piling his basket high with roses and *calthae* and returning from market "soaked with wine, with staggering gait, and pockets full of cash" (10,309-310). Some of the flowers sold in ancient Pompeii were probably raised by owners in the many nearby rustic villas, while others were grown in plots not connected with a villa. Some were raised in the city. I later excavated a commercial flower garden within the city.

Another aspect of the flower industry in ancient Pompeii was the making of perfume and unguents. The reputation of Campanian perfume, especially that of the rose was widespread. A painting from the House of the Vettii with cupids and psyches as *unguentarii* illustrates the various steps in the perfume business. Oil is being made on a press at the right. It is next stirred as it is heated; other ingredients are added and the finished product is ready to be weighed and sold. A fine lady sits on a red pillow as she tests a sample. A slave stands behind her with a fan. In a similar painting from the House of the Calpurnii a clerk rubs perfume on the back of the customer's hand, while a maid holding a money bag stands waiting for her mistress to make a selection.

Election notices show that the *unguentarii* at Pompeii, as a group, supported candidates in the municipal elections. Since these notices were painted on the outside wall of the *macellum* (market) beside a stairway leading to second-story shops, Della Corte suggested that the headquarters of the guild of the perfume manufacturers and sellers were in the two northern upstairs shops of the building, facing the forum. In one of the electoral notices the *unguentarii*, who were backing Modestus for aedile, were joined by the *pauperes,* the beggars, who sat on the bench beside the stairs, today a favorite resting place of tourists.

Oil was an important ingredient used in making unguents. In 1929 the careful examination of the subsoil in a shop excavated a century earlier yielded portions of an oil press sufficient for reconstruction. One cannot help wondering whether this press found just a few doors from the headquarters of the perfumers, might not have been set up to furnish oil for them. The idea becomes more plausible when we realize that this is the only oil press thus far found in the city, and that oil presses are usually found in the country near where olives are produced. It was cheaper to transport the oil than the olives.

Closely associated with the ancient flower culture was the production of honey. Fortunately many of the flowers that were raised for garlands produced excellent honey, which was the only sweetening the Romans knew. As Pliny points out, it was "a source of very great profit at slight expense" (*HN* 21.41). Flowers were also extensively used as medicine. Pliny tells us that the rose

was an important ingredient in many medicines, including a highly esteemed salve for the eyes. The editor of the magazine *Archaeology,* which later published my article on the flower industry at Pompeii, told me that her doctor had prescribed just such a salve for her eyes.

Having studied the ancient flower industry at Pompeii, it was very exciting for me to discover that an important flower industry existed in modern Pompeii. I asked my new friend, the flower seed company's representative, what flowers were being grown for seed. He said varieties grown with great success were the pansy, marigold, salvia, aster, portulaca, and zinnia. Grown in lesser amounts were the bachelor's button and the amaranth. Many of these flowers would have been known in less developed varieties to the ancient Pompeians. The modern Pompeians had found that the advice of the ancient writers was very sound – flowers could be a very profitable crop. My friend was much interested in the flower industry in ancient Pompeii. He went to his room and brought down some of his company's seed catalogues for me, and marked the seeds that were grown at Pompeii. He regretted that he was leaving the next morning and could not take me to visit some of his flowers, but he said he hoped I would be at Pompeii when he came again. In 1964 he took us on a very enjoyable drive to visit his flower seed cultures. He continued to send me information. I asked if I could mention this exciting information in my publications. He said yes, but I must not identify his company or name the flowers and how many acres of each his company had under cultivation. He said that was carefully guarded information that his competitors would very much like to have!

During the summer I began reading excavation reports on gardens in the *scavi* library for my catalogue. It went slowly, but after several years I was able to read all that they had. For some gardens there were no reports, especially in the new excavations, but the reports of the number of workers hired etc. were helpful, for they gave me the dates of excavation. They generously let us work evenings and duplicate with the Apeco the published reports that they had, but I still needed others. I later found earlier reports in the Naples Museum library. Dr. Della Corte had practically everything else that had ever been written on Pompeii in his library. Everyone who wrote on Pompeii had sent him offprints, and he generously loaned me everything I needed. So much was in Italian periodicals that were not available outside of Italy. The material Stanley duplicated kept me busy until our next trip to Pompeii. Back at home in Maryland, I often worked at Dumbarton Oaks, which had by far the best library in the Washington area for my work.

We especially enjoyed our visit with Mrs. Warscher to the big house and garden of Paquius Proculus on the Via dell'Abbondanza. He and his family often ate in a vine-covered arbor in their garden and enjoyed the splashing of their fountains. People live outdoors much of the year in Pompeii. Then, as now, they enjoyed eating in their gardens. A trattoria where we frequently ate lunch with Mrs. Warscher had a large indoor dining room, but everyone preferred eating in the vine-covered garden. It was pleasant to sit there with our friends and listen to the three wandering musicians who came every noon to play. Mrs. Warscher had known them since they were little boys.

A few cars were beginning to make their appearance at Pompeii, but a miniature three-wheeled car called an *Ape* (bee) was very popular. One morning before we started for the excavations, we noted a number of new cars standing by the church. They were there, we soon saw, for the priest to bless them. He was even blessing new motor scooters!

One night when we returned from the *scavi* we were surprised to find Rita, the little four year old girl that we were supporting through the Save the Children Federation, and her mother at the hotel. They had come from Torre Annunziata, where they lived, without phoning us, as we had asked them to do. Rita's father had been in the *scavi* all day looking for us. He said that whenever he inquired, the guards and guides knew us. They called us the "the long ones." We are taller than many Italians. But no one had seen us, because we had been working in a part of the excavations where few people go. Rita knew that we were coming on a ship from the United States to see her. She had gotten up at five o'clock, ready to come visit us. She loved the baby doll that we brought her, and she squealed with delight when she found the bottle and nipple and discovered that she could put it in her dolly's mouth. We couldn't help but think of the little girls whose playthings had been found in the ruins of Pompeii. I was later to find doll dishes and a tiny toy lamp in a garden that I excavated.

I was surprised by how well I felt at Pompeii. I didn't even take the pain medicine the doctor had insisted that I use, and very little aspirin. I got so excited about what I was doing that I forgot all about pain and heat until I got home.

This was the year that we made our first trip to Poland. We had hoped that we could go the previous year, but when we had discussed the latest information with the official at the American Embassy in Athens who advised Americans traveling abroad, he told us in no uncertain terms not to go to Poland. He said that according to Polish law the children of Polish born parents were considered Polish citizens. Since Stanley was a scientist and since Poland's relations with Russia were becoming strained, they needed scientists worse than ever, and he feared they might not give Stanley an exit visa. He said that with changed conditions it was perfectly safe, however, for other American citizens to travel in Poland. I felt very sorry for Stanley, for he had so wanted to go. We had had several letters from his relatives written to us in Greece, and they were counting very much on seeing him.



WFJ with Rita and Family

It was with great joy that we received the word from the State Department this year that conditions had now improved and it would be safe for Stanley to go to Poland. We took the train to Poland from Vienna. We had been assured in Vienna that it was a good train, and that it had a restaurant. When we began to get hungry we asked for the location of the restaurant. Much to our consternation we would told that there was no restaurant and, moreover, there was no food of any kind on the train. We faced many hours without food. As we passed through Czechoslovakia, at one stop I noticed a stand that was selling fragrant hot sausages and rolls to Czechs who got off the train. But we had no Czech money. I thought of the new nylon hose that we were taking to relatives in Poland, grabbed a pair, and told Stanley I was going to try the ancient method of barter. He was fearful, and told me I was not to leave the lower step of the train. I stood and waved the hose and I had no problem getting a taker, but the woman cooking the sausages indicated that she couldn't leave them, and beckoned me to come to her. I did, hoping the train wouldn't leave without me. She was overjoyed and very generous. I thought the exchange rate exceedingly good!

We were very tired and went to bed early, I in the lower berth of our wagon-lit, Stanley in the upper. We had been told that a customs official would knock at our door when we crossed into Poland. During the night, I suddenly woke up with the feeling that there was a third person in our compartment. There was. In the dim light I could see, very close to my head, a man holding up my lace trimmed nylon lingerie and examining it with a great interest. I called Stanley, and the man seemed startled to be spoken to in Polish. He was the Polish customs official. He immediately stopped pawing through my bag, quickly stamped the declaration Stanley handed him and couldn't leave fast enough.

Our first visit in Poland was with Stanley's boyhood friend Karl. Stanley's father*, who was an architectural engineer, had returned to work in Poland for four years, and Stanley had gone to the gymnasium in Warsaw, where he formed a very close friendship with a classmate, Karl Wolfke. Stanley and Karl had remained close friends through their university days. Stanley was greatly grieved when he lost all contact with Karl during the war, and feared that he had not survived the war. Stanley's parents had moved to another state, and Stanley and I had married and moved to the Washington D.C. area. I will never forget the day that Stanley came home bursting with happy news. He had been in the office of a scientist at the U.S. Bureau of Standards and had seen a large framed picture of Karl's father hanging on the office wall. He asked the scientist if by any chance he knew Dr. Wolfke. The scientist said that he did indeed know him well, had followed his work when he

* Stanley's father was born Stanislaw Jastrzebski in 1885 in what was then Russia and is now Poland. He changed the spelling to Stanley Jashemski when he became a naturalized US citizen. WFJ pronounced the Ja as in *jam*; in Polish it would be Ya as in Yahoo. Stanley's mother was Leokadja.

collaborated with Einstein in Switzerland. Unfortunately, Dr. Wolfke was no longer living, but his wife was, and she was living with her son, who was a professor of International Law at the University of Wroclaw (German Breslau). Stanley lost no time contacting Karl, and they both began hoping that now the war was over they could meet again.

Karl insisted on meeting us in Warsaw when we got off the train from Vienna. Stanley told him that he was not under any circumstances to do that, for it meant a long, four-hour train ride for Karl. Stanley spoke fluent Polish and was sure we would have no problem traveling in Poland. We were greatly surprised, therefore, when we got off the train from Vienna to see Karl standing there! Karl told Stanley that in spite of all his experience in international travel, he had no concept of the difficulties involved in traveling behind the iron curtain. He was right.

It was midnight when he met us. We had planned to go to a hotel and go on to Wroclaw the next morning, but Karl wanted us to go home with him, as there was a train in about an hour. He said hotels were very bad, but he would try to get a room if we insisted. We did, but the only place available was up four flights of stairs, with no elevator and very primitive. Since my fall I had been unable to climb stairs, so we decided to take the train as Karl wanted us to do. We soon saw what Karl meant about traveling conditions in Poland. The train was very dirty, filled with soot, and crowded to overflowing. Karl managed to get seats, at the same time insisting that I stay between him and Stanley, for he feared my back would be injured by all the pushing and jabbing. We arrived about five A.M. He heated



Gabriella and Karl Wolfke



Beata Wolfke

water for us so we could wash, we had a very welcome breakfast, went to bed and slept until about noon.

The standard of living in Poland after the war was something that you had to see to believe. Karl had written us that they wanted us to stay with them, but that we must be prepared for very primitive conditions. He said he hoped the warmth of the welcome would make up for the lack of conveniences in their home. When he took us to our room it was very cheerful and inviting. His wife Gabriella is a talented artist and she had made their home very attractive. They had five rooms, including a tiny kitchen and a bath. In the kitchen they had a cold water spigot and one tiny burner. It took all day to prepare a meal, but what wonderful meals we had. Gabriella cooked all the special Polish dishes Stanley had liked as a little boy in Poland. They talked about what Karl's mother had cooked for them Stanley's last day in Poland, and Gabriella said she would cook the same meal for him. They apologized profusely for no meat our first day, but it was against the law to have meat on Monday. On Tuesday we heard Gabriella leave the house at 5:00 A.M, to stand in line for meat. Later Karl went to relieve her. Some people had been in line since 2:00 A.M.

It was wonderful to get a bath. They had a bath tub and a water heater fired by coal. Karl had water hot by the time we got up. We also washed the soot out of our clothes. They had no wash basin in the bathroom. We only saw one in all Poland. They had a very attractive

large study, which was also the living room and dining room. Beata, their four year old daughter, had a small room; and Karl's mother, another. She was in Germany and Switzerland visiting friends, so Karl and Gabriella slept in her bed and gave us theirs.

Beata was a darling, Stanley said it was a thrill to hear a little girl talk Polish. She chattered Polish at great length with him and kept wanting us to stay longer. She told Stanley that if we left and went to Paris, they would speak French to him there, so it would be better for us to stay in Poland where he could talk Polish! She was quite a little actress. She had an uncle on her mother's side who was an actor in New York, and Karl said she must have gotten it from him. A Krakow peasant costume that her grandmother had made for her was her prized possession. Stanley promised to take her picture in it, and when we got back from sightseeing, she was dressed in it and waiting.



Family Reunion in Łodz. (Stanley far left, WFJ third from left, others not identified with certainty.

It was very interesting, but very sad to walk through the streets of Breslau. Even fourteen years after the war, there was still so much evidence of bombing. Some buildings were bombed shells, but here and there a roof over one or two rooms was a family home. The old city was especially interesting. The Gothic cathedral, the bishop's palace and the monastery located on an island in the Oder river, were beautiful medieval buildings, badly damaged during the war, but already restored. Beyond the old city is the University where Karl taught. We visited some of the buildings, including the university church, which is one of the finest baroque churches in Europe. He was sorry that we couldn't stay longer, but we had only a week in Poland. He wanted us to meet the rector of the university, also the Greek and Roman archaeologist, whose name was Wilhelmina. He was making arrangements to have the Faculty Club opened. Everything was closed and most of the faculty were out of town. If we had been able to extend our sailing date, we would have returned to Breslau before leaving Poland.

The train from Breslau to Łodz went for some distance through a beautiful woods of pine trees and tall white birches, with a path just wide enough for the track cut through the woods. Buckets tied to the base of the pine trees suggested that turpentine was being collected. We next passed through a picturesque area of thatch-roofed houses, and in front of almost everyone a little boy or girl was herding a flock of geese.

The visit with Stanley's relatives in Łodz[2] could fill a book. They were at the station in Łodz and met us

2 Łodz is pronounced in a way that might be written Woodge in English with the *Woo* as in “Wood” and the the *dge* in “lodge.”

with wide open arms. They had flowers for me, a big bouquet of red carnations, with a touching welcome note, written in French so I could read it. Stanley's Aunt Jadga was a real surprise. She was a bundle of fun, with a great sense of humor. We could see that she had learned how to manage the communists, whom she hated with a passion. Her husband, uncle Max, was simply wonderful. Their spirit wasn't at all crushed by all that they had gone through. We stayed with them in Łodz. They had a big dinner ready for us when we arrived at about 10:00 P.M. and we talked until very late.

All the buildings in Łodz were so dingy. The general philosophy seemed to be that since the apartment houses belonged to the state, why take care of them. We were very pleasantly surprised at how cheerful their home was. The steps were spotless. We learned later that Aunt Jadga had scrubbed them on her hands and knees. They had three big rooms opening off a large hall, a kitchen, a dining room and a large bedroom, in which there was ample room for a sofa, large chair and tea table. I think they had been getting ready for our visit for three years. They had just finished painting the walls. Pretty curtains were at all of the windows. Aunt Jadga said they were twenty-five years old and that she would take them down again as soon as we left. On the bed was a lace bedspread over a satin spread. It was worn thin but beautiful, and it too had come out just for our visit. Łodz wasn't bombed so they still had their fine furniture, but it was full of bullet holes.

Aunt Jadga was fortunate to be able to keep her three rooms. Normally the state would have sent another person to share their space. But they were giving food and a home to an old German woman who had been their maid, and had taken care of Stanley's grandmother before she died. The German woman was far too old to get a factory job as most maids had done. She was as cute as could be. They called her in Polish the equivalent of "little Agatha." She was loved and treated like a member of the family. She slept in the kitchen. For a time the state had sent a man to sleep in their hall, but somehow Aunt Jadga managed to get him out. Agatha was so happy to get our plastic screens. She and Aunt Jadga didn't share the typical Polish lack of concern about flies, and kept their windows closed to keep the flies away from the food. But Agatha was more excited about the partly used can of toilet cleanser we left than about anything else. Their bathroom was a tiny cubicle with just a toilet, but it was clean and it worked.

The next morning, Uncle Stepfen, who lived in Kalesh about two hours away, came to see us before we were up. He was a lawyer and was trying a case in Łodz. He reminded me so much of Dr. Larsen. Later a second uncle arrived. Both were brothers of Stanley's father. I liked them tremendously. I felt so sorry for the second uncle, who had lost both of his sons during the war. He couldn't keep the tears out of his eyes when he hugged and kissed Stanley. When I saw his sons' pictures I could see that Stanley reminded him of them. His wife, Aunt Jasha, looked amazingly young and pretty for having suffered so much, and she was full of jokes at the expense of the commies. We had difficulty getting used to the bullet holes in the furniture and the way the uncles all spoke of being in prison camps. Karl had said that he spent two years in prison, where twenty officers were kept in a room less than twenty feet square. Uncle Max had one eye that had been permanently closed when a bomb exploded near him and injured the nerves in his eye.

The relatives all gathered that evening for a gala dinner that went on for hours and hours. The table was beautifully set with a white linen cloth, fine china, handsome crystal and silver, all treasures from earlier and happier days. Poland is very proud of their crystal. Aunt Jasha gave us a lovely, large crystal vase, her nicest one. I didn't want to take it but Stanley told me that we should, that she really wanted us to have it. It is still one of my prized possessions. The other uncles and Stanley's cousin Stenia each brought us a handsome book, that cost each of them a good part of a week's salary. The uncle who had lost his two sons had sent us a wonderful book on the Veit Stoss Altarpiece several years earlier, after we had sent him some heart medicine through the Polish agency, APEKO. I told him that it was by far the handsomest book in our library, and that both I and my students had enjoyed it very much. But how can you thank a person for something when you know it cost them a month's salary?

The family dinner was a banquet. But we knew the relatives had been saving their ration points for some time for this occasion. We chided Aunt Jadga when special food that we had been sending the relatives through APEKO, appeared on the table. We

told her the food had been sent for them to use. She laughed and said she had been saving it for "the dark hour." We certainly hoped that their dark hours were in the past.

Our suitcases were much lighter when we left Poland. When we saw conditions there, we left most of our clothes, as well as numerous little things. They had never seen a nylon clothesline, emery boards and other things that we take for granted. Since I hadn't used any of two different pain medicines, and fortunately had the prescriptions in case I needed refills, Aunt Jadga was overjoyed to get them. There was a second cousin who was a doctor. Aunt Jadga said the prescriptions would tell him what was in the medicine, and he could sell it for a good price and give her the money or save the medicine for the family.

We recognized our old clothes when we met the relatives. I was embarrassed at what we sent, for we always wore things out. Stanley's suit was threadbare at the elbows and knees, but Uncle Max had ripped it all apart and cut a new garment from the good pieces – the result: a real smart sports jacket. As I remember, Uncle Max had learned tailoring in the army. We understood why they were so happy to get our old clothes when we learned that a meter of cloth for a suit cost more than a lawyer made in a month. Buying a suit of clothes was an investment equal to buying a car in America. Uncle Max had put together the good pieces of two of Stanley's summer shirts to make one. He said the girls at his office all envied him that cloth, for they had never seen anything made of summer sheer material. Stanley left his two nylon shirts, one for an uncle and one for his cousin Stenia's husband. He is an engineer, Stenia a dentist, but their combined salaries barely covered their food and shelter. They had two little boys, and Stenia had made them the cutest outfits, cut from some old blue striped broadcloth under-shorts that Stanley had before we were married. Aunt Jadga and Aunt Jasha were almost exactly my size, so I gave them my blouses, also the lingerie that had so intrigued the customs official. Dacron and nylon drip dries were something they had only heard about. We had been so sorry that we could send only old clothes, but a heavy duty was levied even on used items, if at all good. It was extremely difficult to give them anything. They kept saying we would need it on the way home. They said the best present in the world was our coming to see them, that that made them happier than anything else. Aunt Jadga put my skirt and blouse back in my suitcase, but I slipped them out before we left.

Uncle Stefen wanted us very much to visit him in Kalesh. He told me the Romans had been there. Poland was outside the Roman Empire, but the amber trail went through his town, and many Roman merchants traveled over this trail on their way to the Baltic to bring back amber. There was a big Museum of Roman artifacts in Warsaw, that we later visited. Indeed much that was Roman has been found in Poland.

In Warsaw we stayed with Uncle Ed and Aunt Bernice, who reminded me so much of Stanley's mother, her sister. Stanley felt very close to them, because he and his parents had stayed with them for a time when they were in Poland. Uncle Ed was a gentleman of the old school, cultivated, urbane, witty and as kind as could be. He had held an important cabinet position in the government before the communist takeover and had been responsible for establishing the state program of public health and universal medical care. The communists still consulted him because of his expertise in public welfare. Their apartment was in a part of Poland that hadn't been bombed, and the communists because of their respect for Uncle Ed had let them keep it. It had once been quite elegant, but they lived very simply, by our standards. They did have a bathroom with a tub, but the toilet seldom worked. We were impressed with the total unconcern about upkeep in communist housing. Stanley said the next time he came to Poland he was going to bring a tool kit.

Uncle Ed was eighty years old and as sharp as ever, but he had slowed down considerably. He spoke some English, which pleased me. Their son John, a physicist and his wife and three little ones were there every spare minute. Stanley remembered the beautiful little marble bust of his four year old cousin John, still in their drawing room that had been made by an eminent Polish sculptor. The sculptor had been a member of the group of intellectuals that met weekly to discuss their work and politics in his uncle's home. Stanley said he remembered that on one occasion a famous poet had read his poems. The little marble bust of John reminded me of those made by Verrocchio and now in the National Gallery in Washington DC.

There was much to see in Warsaw. It was a city of contrasts. There were large bombed areas that were still

rubble. Stanley was delighted to discover that his old gymnasium was still standing, but it bore many bullet holes. In great contrast to the war-scarred areas was the beautiful "old town" and the adjacent seventeenth and eighteenth century shops and homes, including the one in which Madame Curie had lived. These had been totally destroyed during the war, but they had lovingly and accurately, and at great cost been rebuilt from the ground up, from plans and drawings that had miraculously survived the war. The Poles are very proud of their past, and it was important to them to preserve it, even before they gave attention to their own miserable living conditions.

Czesha, an older cousin who was an economist, spent two days showing us most of Warsaw. He spoke fluent English, a joy to me. There were many beautiful parks in Poland. In one we admired the great marble statue of Chopin and listened to a Chopin concert played on a grand piano set on a stage under the tall trees. Czesha also took us to the summer palace of the former kings, set in beautifully landscaped grounds. I was startled when I saw what appeared to be Roman ruins of a stage, in which performances were being given. But they were ruins that had been built during the period of Classical Revival, inspired by the early excavations at Pompeii. In stark contrast was the Cultural Palace, a tall skyscraper built in the heart of Warsaw as a gift to the Polish people by the Communists. Every good Pole turned his head the other way to avoid looking at it, when passing by. We did go in and took an elevator to the top, from where there was a wonderful view of the entire city, the Vistula River, and the countryside beyond. Czesha was leaving for Zakopane a week later and he wished very much that we could go with him. All Poles love those mountains. He gave us a beautiful book with pictures of the Polish mountains as a good-bye gift. We also enjoyed meeting his daughter, Halina, who was an architect.

We took the shortest route to Paris, for we had little time to get to the ship. Unfortunately we were unable to get a wagon-lit. They had been sold out months earlier. The first night we had the compartment to ourselves and were able to get some sleep. But so many people got on the train the next day in Czechoslovakia that people from second class poured into first class and filled the aisles. A group of twelve high school girls and their leader got on at Prague and came into our compartment. They had been in Poland for a week to attend a gathering of the daughters of men who fought in the resistance during the war. They came from Holland, Yugoslavia, and France. They were cute girls and we enjoyed them a lot. Some even spoke English.

We slept in our clothes two nights on the train. I don't think I have ever been so dirty in my life. Even though we were on an international train, we had dirty, coal-fired steam engines. It was very hot, and we had to have the windows open. Every so often we scooped out the soot that covered the window sills. The aisles were so crowded we couldn't get to the bathroom. There was no food nor anything to drink. Stanley and I had earlier talked of stopping in Stuttgart, where our car was to be switched to a train to Paris. We were to get there at 11 p.m., and we thought it would be wonderful to get a bath, something to eat – we were starved – and a good night's sleep, before taking the morning train to Paris. But trains behind the iron curtain were very uncertain, and we were far behind schedule. They told us the Paris train wouldn't wait for us in Stuttgart. A little later the conductor told us that we would all stay in Stuttgart that night as we were so late we would surely miss the Paris train. The next thing we knew, they were waking us at the French border for our passports. We had made connections, were hooked on to the Paris train and were on our way to Paris!

It was quite an experience to travel from behind the iron curtain. They stopped the train at the border for over an hour and carefully searched every car, looking under every seat to see if anyone was hidden there. Then they crawled under the train and looked under every car. We could see the fences and the lookout towers. There is a twenty mile wide area at the border that Karl told us was crisscrossed with barbwire. He said all the fences were electric fences with high enough voltage to kill a person. Mines were planted at intervals and listening posts could pick up and locate the sound of any person trying to escape. Until recently they had searched the cars with hunting dogs. Stanley had read that they had cleared up the border preparatory to the big communist rally recently held in Vienna, but it still looked very frightening.

It was late when we got to Paris. Stanley wasn't feeling at all well. We were both suffering from lack of food and water. Stanley said he felt like a refugee. I told him that I had had the same thought. But we had things

good, compared to people who risked their lives fleeing over that same route. We kept talking about conditions in Poland. It is very different when you see them rather than just read about them.

I asked the concierge in Paris for a good restaurant near our hotel that had an *à-la-carte* menu, hoping we'd find something tempting. The food was excellent, but Stanley would only look at it. I coaxed him until he ate part of a tiny steak and some string beans, but it took several hours.

The restaurant was most interesting. At an adjacent table were two Cypriot Greeks who lived in England and were in Paris for vacation. The waiter thought they were Italians and spoke Italian to them, so they answered in Italian. He spoke English to us. A Polish family near our table puzzled him. He spoke French to them even though he knew that wasn't their language. While we were sitting there talking, a very distinguished looking old man with a flowing white beard came in with a middle aged woman who was his daughter. We noticed that several American college students asked him for his autograph. The man beckoned to Stanley and offered him some tickets to a play. Stanley thanked him but explained that we were so tired we were going to bed, as we had to take the boat train the next morning on our way back to America. I asked the head waiter who the man was, as I saw them visiting like old friends. He said he was a famous actor, now ninety-four years old, but that he had the mind of a young man, and was still on the stage. I thought that perhaps he was an artist or musician, for I had noticed his long, slender fingers.

The next morning when Stanley woke up he was hungry, so I knew all was well. We were soon on the ship on our way back to America!



House of the Orchard



Paestum

1961 Our First Excavations at Pompeii

The year 1961 had an auspicious beginning. The Larsens spent several days with us and were here for our New Year's Eve party. My students however, were disappointed that Professor Larsen couldn't stay longer and talk to my Greek history class as he had the previous year.

I was extremely busy finishing up the first semester, and doing all the research I wanted to complete before returning to Pompeii. Fortunately I had a sabbatical the second semester. Letters flew back and forth to Europe. When I heard the mailman fumbling at the mailbox I knew that meant foreign stamps. He took lots of time putting them in the box, to make sure that I would get there before he left. The young man who delivered our mail was an avid stamp collector, and he considered my foreign mail a fertile source of stamps. My neurosurgeon was exuberant at my checkup in January, and said I was much better than he expected, and that there was practically no muscle spasm. Things were going well.

The month of February, however, brought sadness. My beloved father, Howard Calvin Feemster, died on February 4, at the age of ninety-five. He had failed rapidly and suffered terribly toward the end, which we knew would come soon. His former students came from far and near for his funeral, for he was much loved. After the funeral, the women of the church served a dinner for the large crowd that had gathered, and it was more an occasion of joy than sadness, the celebration of a wonderful life.

Before leaving for Nebraska, we had immediately contacted our travel agent and asked him to do everything that he could to get my mother passage to go to Europe with us, and in due time he achieved the miracle. My mother* had long dreamed of going to Europe, but we knew better than to tell her our plans immediately. She was totally exhausted and extremely weak after caring for my father during his last illness,

* WFJ's mother was Emma Laura Groelz (1885 - 1975). Emma's father was Wilhelm Groelz (1855 - 1928); and her mother, Rosa Ummel (1857 - 1926).



St. Julian le Pauvre

except for his last few days in the hospital. When we did finally tell her, she of course protested, but we told her that we planned to go to Pompeii by way of Holland during tulip time. She was a great flower lover. We also promised to take her to Germany and hunt the place where her father was born, and in Switzerland visit the site of her mother's origins, things that meant a lot to her. And of course she was most anxious to see us at work in Pompeii.

We sailed from New York on April 25 on the Queen Elizabeth – five wonderful days at sea. We stopped overnight in Paris, long enough for mother to visit the cathedral of Notre Dame and nearby St. Julian the Poor, the oldest church in Paris, and for three centuries the seat of the University of Paris. We also explored the students' quarters in the area of the Sorbonne. That evening we were invited for dinner at the lovely home of our good friend, Madame Madeline Boyer. Mother enjoyed something that rarely happens to Americans, being entertained in a French home.

The next day we were on our way to Belgium. Bruges, with its many canals and bridges, was our first stop. On a boat trip on the canals we saw many ancient buildings, which seemed to rise directly out of the water. We passed beautiful old churches, and from the boat spotted the spire of the Church of our Lady. Here we later stood rapt before Michelangelo's Virgin and Child. Nearby, we visited St. John's Hospital, now a museum, where lepers had been treated during the Middle Ages. Market Square with its handsome Medieval and Renaissance buildings was an architectural gem.

As we left Bruges driving to Ghent we saw flax harvested and staked along the road. Later we smelled an acrid odor, which our driver explained was flax fermenting in the canals, preparatory to making the thread used in producing the fine linens for which Belgium is famous.

When we reached Ghent, we admired the sturdy twelfth century castle of the counts of Flanders, the handsome old Guild houses in the Harbor Quay. But our chief objective was the Church of St. Bavon, where, in a side chapel, the priceless altarpiece of the Holy Lamb had been reassembled, when it was returned by the allied armies in 1945, after its theft by the Germans in World War II. I knew well every panel of this impressive masterpiece and had discussed it often in my classes. But to actually stand in front of it and see the figures come to life through the magic brush strokes of the Van Eyck brothers, was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The altarpiece was closed when we arrived, then after some time, but all too soon, the attendants slowly opened it, to reveal the glory of the seven interior panels.

We made our headquarters in Holland at The Hague, where Alice de Jong had made reservations for us at the Hotel Kurhaus. Justine was already in Italy, painting, but her sister treated us royally. She spent the day with us, took us on a long drive, where we saw field after field of tulips of every hue in full bloom. She insisted on stopping at one field where we were permitted to pick armfuls of tulips. She then took us to the famous Keukenhof gardens, a huge estate where the many Dutch growers had displays in which they grew their choicest specimens and latest introductions. Beds were often bordered with smaller flowers, such as pansies and forget-me-nots. I think mother took in every single flower. She was beside herself with joy. We were treated to dinner at a special Dutch restaurant.

The next morning we went on a tour to Amsterdam. As we drove through the countryside, we saw strip after strip of meadows filled with grazing cattle, always surrounded by canals. As we came into the quaint town of Aalsmeer, it seemed to be all canals! Each attractive little house was surrounded by canals, their tiny yards overflowing with flowers – tulips, pansies, and forget-me-nots. Mother was concerned

about toddlers falling into the canals, but we suspected that they learned to swim as soon as they were born.

There are over 900 nurseries in and around Aalsmeer, most of them on islands. At Aalsmeer we had a chance to watch the famous flower auction. The auctioneer would hold up a sample of flowers and the bidding began. As soon as that consignment was sold, the flowers were sent to the airport and flown to cities throughout Europe and to the United States. The flowers were available in flower shops of Europe that afternoon! At a small shop we bought some choice tulip bulbs for our garden.

Amsterdam was our next stop. A boat trip over many of the canals gave us a good view of the city, many of its 500 bridges, and the houseboats in which people lived, because of the housing shortage. When we entered the North Sea we saw trans-Atlantic ships in the harbor.

Visits to two former fishing villages located on islands completed the tour; Volendam first, then Marken, where we were invited into a typical Dutch home. At Marken we bought the wooden shoes that my sister's children were anxiously awaiting. On the Queen Elizabeth, when we opened the bon voyage card from Sally, Jimmy, Ruth and Kathy, out came four pieces of paper with the outline that each child had drawn of their foot. Mother cut them out, and when we went to buy the shoes we put each pattern into shoes until we found one it would fit.

The next day we went by train to the German city of Trier, ancient Augusta Treverorum, the most important German city in the north. It gets its name from the Celtic-Germanic tribe, the Treveri, who had lived there many years before they were conquered by the Romans. When the Roman emperor Constantine lived there for a time in the fourth century it was known as the Rome of the North. The city is located in the fertile Moselle valley, surrounded by vine-clad hills. Like Pompeii, although much larger, it was a market town for the prosperous vintners of the region.

Our hotel was directly across from the famous Porta Nigra (Black Gate), the great fortified gate that once had been a part of the city wall, built toward the end of the second century A.D. This gigantic building is the best preserved city gate in the entire Roman empire. From our balcony we could see the people walking around on the third story of the Porta Nigra. They looked about the size of dolls. When we walked through the gate that evening we felt very small indeed, for it towered almost a hundred feet above us. We saw how the huge blocks of stone in the gate had been put in place without any mortar. There were great holes made later by metal-hungry people, who gouged out the iron clamps fixed in lead, that held the stones together. The weather and soot of centuries so darkened the stone that the gate became known during the Middle Ages as the Porta Nigra.



Trier, the Porta Nigra from our hotel.

This large site is rich in Roman ruins. The oldest surviving building is the amphitheater, built about A.D. 100, and later incorporated into the city wall as a gate. The impressive so-called "Basilica," built as the throne room of Constantine's palace, is the largest surviving building of the Roman empire after the Pantheon in Rome. Its radiant heated floors are paved in black and white marble. Wall ducts also carried heat. Now restored as a Lutheran church, it easily holds a congregation of over 4000 worshippers. Among the ruins are those of two large baths, one, among the largest in the empire. A short walk from the Porta Nigra is the Moselle River and here are the remains of a large double warehouse, each half as large as the "Basilica." They now form part of a hospital building, a constant reminder of the immense river traffic that came to Trier in the past, for Roman Trier was an important commercial center. Again I was reminded of Pompeii, also a commercial center, with its port on the Sarno river.



Constantine's Basilica

I was anxious to get good pictures of Trier for use in my classes, and for some of my graduate students, but the weather was most uncooperative. It was cold, and there was little sun. We could identify with the little bird in a cartoon in the German newspaper that my mother was reading. He said, "Ja Mai, aber doch nicht Mai" (Yes, May, but indeed not yet May). Stanley made the most of every moment the sun appeared.

We spent much time in the fine archaeological museum, but even there we needed sun. It was rich in mosaics, but it was the tombstones that most intrigued me. They had been rescued from where they had been reused in a city wall in nearby Neumagen. These reliefs picture the ancient inhabitants going about their daily work. Every so often we met people on the street who reminded us of the portraits we had seen in the museum. I am sure that we saw a descendent of the happy pilot of a vessel loaded with barrels of wine, pictured on a tombstone. There were many vignettes of everyday life: tenants paying their rent, the mistress of the house having her hair set, the children of the family in their schoolroom. Another pictured customers crowding around a table set up between the columns of a portico (in the forum?), on which were many birds and small animals – obviously a pet shop. On either side was a worker, seated in front of a basket overflowing with flowers which the worker was weaving into a garland attached to a column. Garlands were very important in Roman life. I immediately thought of the flower industry in ancient Pompeii. This tombstone reminded me of scenes in paintings from the house of Julia Felix. They pictured life in the Pompeii forum and showed garlands hung between the columns of the forum portico. These scenes are now best known from drawings made at the time of the discovery. The



Inside the Basilica

originals, now in poor condition, are in the Naples museum.

In the early afternoon we left Trier by train for Darmstadt, in search of my grandfather's birthplace. From Koblenz, via Mainz, almost to Darmstadt, the railroad followed along the Rhine, a memorable trip for us. The Rhine is enshrined in the literature of Germany, and mother could hardly believe that she was actually seeing places she knew so well by name. As we passed each castle, it was like meeting old friends, and she kept us spellbound as she quoted the German poets, and recounted the history and legends connected with many of the castles. She got as excited about German castles as I do about Roman ruins. When we passed Bingen, she pointed out the Mäuseturm (Mouse Tower) built on a rock in the river, where according to legend the archbishop of Mainz, because of his evil deeds, was gnawed to death by mice. Klopp castle high above the city was built on Roman ruins. The Roman museum at Bingen had Roman surgical instruments on display, but we had no time to stop.

Mother had tutored me and a good friend in German, preparatory for our graduate work. For two summers we studied German all morning, and in the afternoon, we recited to mother. Unfortunately, German had not been taught in our local college, since it was eliminated during the hysteria that was rampant during World War I. I still remember how shocked I was as a child when I and my little brother were playing on the

college campus, just two blocks from our home, and saw quantities of books being thrown out of the library window into a trash pile below. For children who had been taught to have a great respect for books, this was frightening. We piled our wagon high, determined to rescue them. Mother was dumbfounded when we brought our treasures home. They were added to our family library, and later when I studied German with mother, we read the German classics in the texts I had rescued as a child. My only regret was that when I was ready for Goethe, mother decided that we should instead read Karl Schurtz, for as a historian I needed practice reading German prose. A few years later the college asked mother to teach German, for students planning to go to graduate school were clamoring for it.

We knew that Darmstadt was a city, but when we arrived, we were surprised that it was so large. Mother had assumed that it was her father's birthplace, for it was the town she had heard him mention most often, and it was at Darmstadt that she had written his brother to tell of her father's death. She remembered her father talking about the little goose-girl, the little boy who herded the goats, and how the farmers lived with their houses close together, and went out to till their individual patches of land. She expected to see changes, but when we arrived at Darmstadt, it was obvious that this was not the place we were looking for.

We had a problem to solve. I took it on as another problem in ancient history that needed attention. Mother knew that Gries Gissen was the area in which her father was born, and Gissen was a town near by. Her father had also mentioned a place called Daubringen. We could find no one who had ever heard of Daubringen. Lollar, however, was a town in the general area. Mother felt we should give up, that this was delaying my work at Pompeii. But we finally got the Lollar telephone directory, and discovered that Daubringen was on the Lollar exchange! The next morning early, we were on our way to Daubingen about seventy-five miles away.

As we drove up the long tree-lined lane that led into this tiny village, we met a group of young people and asked if anyone by the name of Groelz still lived there. They pointed to a young man standing a few feet away. Mother spoke to him, and asked him if he was a Groelz. He took a good look at my mother, his face beamed, and said "*Meine cousine!*" (my cousin). The family resemblance was very strong. He ran home to tell his mother. Their home was about the first one as we entered the village. What a welcome we were given. His mother immediately invited us into their home, and they began to assemble relatives and plan the day. They lived in a big house, with the barn and barnyard attached, as was true of others in the village.

It was a double holiday in Germany, both "Himmelfahrt" (Ascension Day) and also Father's Day. Most of the villagers, young and old, even toddlers who could scarcely keep up, *gehen spazieren* – were out walking. But soon everyone was back. Mother was delighted to meet several of her first cousins and their families, including their children and grandchildren. One young woman certainly resembled one of my American cousins. When we looked at the photographs after we got home, if I hadn't known better, I would have sworn that it was a photo of this American cousin.



The Groelz family. WFJ far right, her mother in the center, back row.

It was thrilling to see the house where my grandfather was born. The village had changed little since that time. We also saw the little church he attended. It was once a Catholic church that had been converted into a Lutheran church during the Reformation. It could accommodate only a few worshipers, but it was filled with the most wonderful life-size painted carvings of figures, that must have enthralled the imagination of a little boy. We saw the pew where my grandfather once sat, and as I remember, a tall carved mounted knight nearby!

Daubringen is located in a most beautiful valley, surrounded by wooded lanes and green meadows, with mountains in the distance. Mother said she would have thought that her father would have been very homesick

for it, but he said numerous times that he never wanted to go back. Although he fled Germany to evade enforced re-conscription into the Army. He had served two years out of a three-year term in the army and was released because of good service. He was, however, a member of the socialist party and expressed his political views on the street. One day and was overheard by an army man who reported him. He knew he would be taken back into the Army and cruelly treated; some who had been recalled had committed suicide rather then endure the torture they would be subjected to. So when he got the summons, he fled almost overnight across the border into France and from took passage to America. The ship sprang a leak at one time and the water came in faster than they could pump it out. The lifeboats had been lowered, the women and children were in them and the men were lined up ready to jump when the order was given. But the leak was successfully stopped before the order was given. It was the last trip that boat ever made. Mother said he was on the water twenty-one days, quite a different crossing from the one she had just made almost eighty years later. And how different history would have been if the socialist party hadn't been defeated at the polls. Grandfather was later allowed to return to Germany, but he had no desire to do so.



St. Marien Lutheran Church, Marburg

Mother said she could keenly sense how much the family had felt her father's absence. They spoke his name most lovingly when they mentioned him. They still had the picture of his family that her father had sent them. Mother said it was the only picture that she had of herself as a child. These relatives were all the children of my grandfather's youngest brother.

We drove to the famous castle on the top of the mountain at Marburg, from here we enjoyed the spectacular view of the old university town below and the countryside beyond. It was here that the famous Colloquy of Marburg took place in 1529. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, who supported the Reformation, brought together in his castle Martin Luther and Ulrich Zwingli along with some of their followers, hoping that they could work out their differences regarding the nature of the Lord's Supper and, united, more effectively oppose Roman Catholicism. But their differences only became greater.

We then stopped at nearby Lollar, where another of mother's cousins lived with her daughter, who had married a doctor. They welcomed us royally in their lovely home, with a beautiful garden in full bloom. They, like all the relatives, insisted that we stay for a meal. They made mother promise that she would come back later and visit them.

Mother said she could understand why her father loved the pansies and "das kleine Vergissmeinnicht" (the little forget-me-not) so much. We saw bed after bed of pansies, and usually nearby, forget-me-nots. Mother said she remembered her father writing his brother to send flower seeds, and she was sure those flowers were two of the ones received. But the Nebraska prairies were too hot and dry for them. Not a seed came up. As elsewhere in our travels, mother was captivated with the pretty little daisies, with blossoms about the size of a dime, that grew in the lawns, I learned some years later that these "weeds" were the lovely little English daisies, that I had been trying in vain to grow in my garden. But our Maryland summers were entirely too hot.

Returning to Daubringen, we visited still more relatives and saw more of the village. We returned to Darmstadt late at night, after a long, but unforgettable day.

The next day we were on our way south. The most direct route took us through Freiburg im Breisgau, the beautiful center of the grandest part of the Black Forest. Here we stopped overnight and the following day. The heart of the city is the perfectly preserved Medieval old town, dominated by its magnificent Gothic cathedral. Unlike most European cathedrals it is

surrounded by a large open space on three sides and can be appreciated in all its glory. The free space is occupied by the colorful city market, and we were fortunate to be there for the Saturday market, the liveliest of them all. In the afternoon we took a tour through the Black Forest and were fascinated by the contrasting valleys and wooded mountains, the peasant architecture, and the colorful folk costumes of the people we met.

Our next objective was Switzerland, to find my grandmother's origins. We stopped in Zurich and had Sunday dinner with our good friend Trudi Boeppli, at a beautiful place overlooking the lake. It was Mother's Day and mother was quite touched to be spending the day in Switzerland, her mother's home country. In her Mother's Day card I had pressed some forget-me-nots that I had bought from a vendor in Freiburg, for she had told me that they were her mother's favorite flower. She said she had heard both her mother and father speak so often of "the little forget-me-not," and the loving way in which they spoke the name of the flower told how much it meant to them.

Trudi was able to tell mother important things about her mother's passport that had puzzled her. It had been issued at Wachseldorn, in the municipality of Thun in Canton Berne, but gave Les Eplatures as her birthplace. Her mother had always talked about La Chaux-de-Fonds. Trudi explained that passports were always issued where a family originated. No matter where you went, if you returned to Switzerland, this place would always claim you and take care of you in old age.

We left Zurich in the early afternoon for Interlaken, from where we would go to Wachseldorn. Mother couldn't contain her joy during the spectacular and breathtaking ride through the mountains to Interlaken. Stanley gloried in showing her the Swiss Alps, which he loved so much.

Wachseldorn was a tiny hamlet above Interlaken. Of course there was no train or bus, but we found a taxi and driver who knew the area. By asking help from a farmer along the way we soon found it. We were quite surprised when the driver stopped before a little building and said "This is it!" The "town hall" had a tiny store in front. The man in charge, who lived in the back with his family, came out to welcome us. Mother showed him the passport and asked if he had a record of all the citizens. He did. He went in and brought us a large book. In Volume I, on page 57 mother found her mother's birth recorded: Rosa Ummel, born (and baptized) on October 19, 1855, at Les Eplatures. Mother's joy was complete. There were four-and-a-half pages of Ummels recorded.

Wachseldorn was a most picturesque place, with only a few large, steep-roofed, multi-storied farm houses in which several generations lived. We asked if any Ummels still lived there. He said that a fire had destroyed their big house many years ago, and the family had moved to the city. We saw the site where the house had once stood, a beautiful rolling Alpine meadow, with a view of the higher snow-capped Alps in the distance.

It was an interesting drive from Wachseldorn, in the German part of Switzerland, to Les Eplatures, grandmother's birthplace, according to her passport, which was in French Switzerland. There was nothing to mark the boundary between the two, but all at once the architecture changed; everything was different.

We knew we would find no close relatives as we did in Germany, for grandmother and her siblings (two brothers) had all come to America. But mother hoped we could find the place where her mother was born and where she grew up. Mother had made contact with an American woman, married to a Swiss man, who had relatives who were Ummels. They were living at Le Locke, adjacent to Les Eplatures. We stopped for her, as she had offered to help us. She took us to see an old man, an Ummel, and he and mother figured that their grandfathers were probably brothers. Mother said he reminded her so much of her Uncle Valentine, her mother's brother. He showed us two big houses in Les Eplatures where Ummels had once lived. One, on the edge of town, seemed to be grandmother's birthplace. It was only about a mile and a half from La Chaux-de-Fonds, which may explain why grandmother talked so much about that town, or the family may have moved there later. Mother said after seeing the beautiful countryside, she could appreciate why her mother was so happy in Wisconsin the summer they went to visit my Aunt Mary and her family. Everything was so lush and green and there were the same hills – but no mountains beyond. It would have reminded grandmother very much of Switzerland.

Our driver took us to the late afternoon train at

Berne, and we were on our way to Pompeii. Rather than spend the night on the train, we had decided to stay overnight at Stresa, in Italy on Lake Maggiore, so mother could see that beautiful place. Stanley had carefully planned our travel so we would pass through the spectacular scenery from Berne to Stresa in daylight Then on to Rome, where we took the train to Pompeii. We had only been in Europe for two weeks, but what a wonderful two weeks they had been.

It was also good to be back at Pompeii! But we missed Mrs. Warscher, who had died the previous year. Mother said she couldn't believe that she was actually at Pompeii, something that she had never expected to happen. We were anxious to see the areas that had been excavated since we left and to see what evidence there was of new gardens. But we were shocked at the extent of the excavations and the hurried way they had been carried out. Many houses were incompletely excavated, and had rooms still partially or entirely filled with lapilli. In many areas large piles of lapilli had been left. This proved to be very fortunate for us, when later we were invited to reexcavate many of these gardens. But it saddened us when we realized how much precious garden evidence had been hurriedly carried out and lost forever.



"Casa Jashemski"

As we searched for new gardens, I was especially charmed by a little house (I.xii.16), just off the busy Via dell'Abbondanza that our friends in the excavations were eager to show us. From the entrance it was exciting to see a garden painting on the rear wall. When we entered I found the little house very clean and attractive, as if waiting for someone to move in. I suspected that there was an actual garden in front of the painted one. It was only a tiny, slightly raised L-shaped strip of soil (ca. 1.5 feet wide and ca. 16 feet long), bounded by a heavy cement curb. In front of this little garden was a tiny courtyard with the opening to the cistern and in one corner the bench on which the cooking was done. The cook could easily have snipped herbs from her tiny garden.

This minuscule garden was given a pretense of elegance by the garden painting on the rear wall, which made the tiny garden appear larger. A shallow, bowl-shaped, footed fountain stood in a curved recess in a lattice fence. Two birds perched on the rim of the fountain, the one on the right drinking from the water that jetted up and fell in two streams into the middle of the fountain. The thicket behind was badly preserved, but long slender leaves and red flowers suggested oleanders, the small leaves suggested myrtles, the larger ones perhaps laurel. In the distance was blue sky. This house pleased me so much that the workmen christened it the "casa Jashemski" and thereafter referred to it in that way.

In the corner of the garden were the bones of a little donkey, perhaps one of those that turned the flour mills in a nearby bakery. Frightened when the lapilli began to fall, the animal may have fled blindly through the streets until it ran into this house and was trapped.

I documented this garden painting carefully and added it to my catalogue of garden paintings. It was similar to one no longer in existence, that had been found in the House of Sallust (VI.ii.4), excavated in 1806 - 1809, before the days of photography. Fortunately the French scholar Mazois, writing shortly after the house was excavated, preserved two engravings of the painting. Although the two engravings differ slightly as to details, they both show three panels with a footed fountain set in a recessed lattice fence with a

thicket behind. Birds fly through the air and at times light on the fountain. A third engraving, made from the drawing of the English artist Gell, shows a sturdier fountain. In all the engravings the fence is about the same height as the fountains. It seems probable that the painting in each house was made following a design in a pattern book.



We had never been at Pompeii this early (mid May) and the excavations presented an entirely different appearance. Gorgeous yellow flowers, which we later learned were Spanish broom (*Spartium junceum*) were everywhere. It was so quiet and peaceful before any tourists arrive. Only the birds were singing. At times it sounded as if all the birds on the ancient garden paintings had burst into song. There was often a gentle breeze, and I was glad that I had my sweater.

One morning when we stopped at the *scavi* office they told us to come with them to the new excavations near the south wall. We knew what that meant, for several days earlier we had been shown some mounds of hardened volcanic dust that had been left untouched during the excavation of a large garden. When we examined the mounds, we saw two skulls partly exposed in one of them. The archaeologists knew there would be cavities in the mounds, just the shape of the human bodies that had perished there. They had poured cement into the cavities, it had now hardened, and they were ready to pull away the volcanic dust that had smothered these people. It was a dramatic moment.

They began to scrape away the volcanic dust very carefully, for they didn't know just where the plaster casts would be. First the head and back of an adult came out, next a hand, then a foot, finally the second foot. It was obvious that this unfortunate person had fallen on his stomach turning his face sidewise as he fell. They continued to remove the rest of the volcanic dust, first at one place and than at another.

They then located a second cast and gently pulled away the covering of earth-like volcanic dust. We watched for nearly three hours. It gave us a queer feeling when we saw a small foot come into view. A "*bambino*," we said. They continued to uncover the little body. "How old?" I asked. One of the experts estimated seven years.

All at once it become clear. A parent fleeing with a child had not been able to make it to safety, as many did. Nearby were other mounds which were eventually uncovered. Apparently these people did not try to escape until the ashes began to cover the second story of their home. When they fled out of the upstairs windows, they did not get far before they were overcome by the volcanic fumes, and their bodies were covered with the volcanic dust that fell toward the end of the eruption, after the lapilli had ceased. When the casts were all uncovered, there were thirteen people, including six children. The two littlest ones were perhaps four or five years old.

Our friends at the *scavi* were eager to show us another recently excavated house, which they said had been converted into a garum (fish sauce) shop (I.xii.8) There was a garden painting to both the left and right of a doorway in the rear peristyle wall. Another wonderful entry for my catalogue of garden paintings! Fortunately, Stanley photographed these paintings in detail, and we studied them carefully, for each year when we returned they had deteriorated more and more. The painting on the left was poorly preserved, but I could make out four songbirds in a thicket, flowering oleanders and many little white dots, often in clusters, that I suspected were flowers, but what flowers could they be? The bottom part of the painting was destroyed. In the painting on the right I could also make out four



Garden painting on a wall of the garum shop.

songbirds, blooming oleanders, and more small white dots. Two partly preserved peacocks strutted in the lower left and right of this panel. We could also make out a large bird perched at the bottom near the center of this panel. This garden was one that I was later to reexcavate in 1975, with extremely interesting results.

It wasn't until some years later that I solved the mystery of the white dots. As I continued to study and slowly identify the individual plants pictured in the garden paintings and on the household shrines (lararia), I repeatedly found what seemed to be tiny white flowers, often made up of a cluster of white dots. They were difficult to identify and the leaves furnished little help, for the Pompeian painters often used much the same foliage for many different plants. Later I discovered several painted wreaths with the same white blossoms, but the leaves were more carefully painted and appeared to be those of myrtle, which we know was commonly used for wreaths.

One year as I walked through the excavations to the site where we were working, I regularly passed a row of myrtle bushes in the Great Palaestra. One morning I observed that they had suddenly become covered with myriads of small white dots. The effect was exactly that achieved by the ancient artist on the wall paintings. A few days later the buds had opened, and the little blossoms with their scalloped edges produced a quite different effect. It was those buds that the ancient painters were effectively representing by a cluster of tiny dots. The white blossoms on indistinct branches often covered the entire painting, almost as an overpainting, as if to suggest that the myrtle pervaded the entire garden. This may well have been the intention. What could be more appropriate than to find the myrtle, Venus' own plant, pervading the garden, for Venus was the goddess of the garden. Although the identification seemed secure, it could not be regarded as definite.

Still later, when I was examining the just excavated garden painting in the tiny raised garden in the villa of Poppaea at Oplontis (Torre Annunziata), I again found the tiny white blossoms that seemed to be so surely myrtles. Then I noticed that the artist had also carefully painted the characteristic fruit of the myrtle. There could no longer be any doubt that the plant sacred to Venus was omnipresent in the garden and symbolized her presence there.

I became greatly interested in the connection between religion and the garden. Religion had an important place in the home, so it was not surprising to discover evidence for the practice of religion in the garden, since the garden was such an integral part of the house. The most frequently found evidence for worship in the home is the lararium, or house shrine. The two essential elements in all Pompeian lararia are the representations of the deities worshiped in them and the provision for sacrifice before these images. At times little images of the deities worshiped by the family were placed in the shrine, or they could be painted on the adjacent wall. The shrine took various forms. It could be a simple niche, an *aedicula* (a small temple-like structure), or a wall painting. Occasionally a small building (*sacellum*) was devoted to worship. I found all these forms in various gardens. The care with which the shrines destroyed by the earthquake of A.D. 62 were quickly rebuilt speaks eloquently of the vitality of family religion at Pompeii.

I was surprised when I began to examine the garden in one house to find that it had three lararia. One of the workmen remarked that this family was *molto religiosa.* He then added that he had only one lararium in his home. I thought it most interesting that he used the ancient name for his Catholic house shrine. I was later to discover that the modern Pompeian house shrine, even street shrines, had much the same appearance as the ancient shrines. I am constantly impressed with the continuity of life in the area around Vesuvius.

Visitors are always curious about the snakes they see prominently pictured on the lararia. There are usually two, one on each side of the altar, and they are shown coming toward the altar to get the food placed there. Of one thing we can be sure. The snake was regarded as a protector. When the workmen found a large snakeskin in the *scavi*, they immediately said "*Buona fortuna* (good luck)." The snake was not the symbol of evil, as in the Adam and Eve story. When there are two snakes, the one with a big crest was intended to represent the male snake. Probably the snakes were regarded as the *Genius* (attendant spirit, a sort of guardian spirit) of the master and mistress of the house.

The Romans worshiped many gods. Each god had special powers. For example, Venus was not only the

goddess of the garden. She was the patron deity of Pompeii. Bacchus was another important god, for he was the god of the grape, and grapes were one of their most important crops. Not surprisingly, many worshiped Mercury and Hercules, the gods who looked after merchants. Vesta was worshiped by the bakers, for she was the goddess of fire and the hearth.

The lararia get their name from the Lares who were worshiped there. These friendly spirits who protected the household are often pictured on the shrines. They are jolly youths, usually two, dressed in short tunics and pointed shoes. The Roman comedy writer Plautus names one of his plays after the Lar who is one of the characters in the play. The Lar tells how he looked after a Roman family for many generations. When the owner buried a treasure under the hearth, he kept the secret, not revealing it to the man's miserly son or his miserly grandson. But the Lar finally revealed the secret so that the grandson's daughter might have a marriage dowry!

The ancient writers also refer to household gods called the Penates. Their name means "dwellers in the storeroom." These little gods looked after the food supply of the family.



Guardian snakes

The offerings given to the household gods were customarily modest: a few cereals and salt (*mola salsa*), wine, some fruit, little cakes (*strues*), or the oblation cake (*fertum*) and incense.

As I studied the plant material pictured in wall paintings, I paid special attention to the paintings preserved on lararia. They contain plants difficult to identify, and offerings that are easily identifiable: figs, dates, almonds, pine cones, and eggs. Remains of offerings – burned dates, figs, pine kernels, cones, and nuts – were found in the refuse from sacrifice at the Temple of Isis.

The Egyptian goddess Isis was very popular at Pompeii. No doubt many Egyptian sailors and traders coming to southern Italy brought their religion with them. The famous harbor town of Puteoli across the Bay of Naples from Pompeii had a market long thought to have been a temple of the Egyptian deity Serapis because of a statue of him had been found in it. It had been built as early as 105 B.C., and the temple of Isis at Pompeii was probably built at about the same time.

Not all the worshipers of Isis at Pompeii were Egyptians. Many others were attracted to her worship. Statuettes and paintings of Isis, and of the other Egyptians deities associated with her worship, have been found in many Pompeian lararia. Some of her worshipers lived in very elegant homes, others in humble ones. The Isis worshipers even took part in elections, recommending political candidates. One election notice, found across from the temple of Isis, says that all the worshipers of Isis request the election of Sabinus as aedile.

Isis was a very popular deity. Even the Greeks had built temples to her in their land. She appealed to people as a universal mother who created all things. She comforted her worshipers and gave them hope of everlasting life. She was also the patron goddess of seamen. Even Roman emperors were numbered among her worshipers and walked in her processions.

Converts to her religion were initiated at night in elaborate secret rites. It is believed that these secret initiations were held in a room adjoining the colonnade of her temple, for many little lamps for use in the initiation were still in the adjacent storeroom.

People loved the pomp and ceremony connected with the daily worship in the temple of Isis. The Greek and Roman gods were worshiped chiefly on their special festival days, but there was elaborate worship twice

every day in the temple of Isis.

In addition to the two daily ceremonies at the temple, there were two great festivals held in honor of Isis. One was in the spring, when the sea was opened again for traffic. This would have been an important festival at Pompeii because many of the inhabitants made their living from the sea. At this festival a great procession marched to the coast. Then, a ship consecrated to Isis, the protectress of sailors, was launched. The Roman writer Apuleius gives us a vivid pictures of one of these processions, describing in great detail the many costumes of the many worshipers, the principal priests, and the leaders of the sacred rites. Some carried lamps, others garlands, others played musical instruments. The jackal-headed god, Anubis, messenger of the Egyptian gods would have been in this procession. This impressive and colorful procession moving through the streets in Pompeii, leaving the city, and heading toward the sea, would have greatly impressed the ancient inhabitants.

But perhaps the most impressive festival was the one called "the finding of Osiris." The myth of Isis and Osiris was acted out in this festival. This drama had been celebrated in Egypt for thousands of years - a fact which added to its mystery. It dramatized the death and resurrection of Osiris, the divine husband of Isis.

According to the ancient Egyptian myth, Osiris had been murdered by his wicked brother Seth, who scattered his body throughout Egypt. The grieving Isis hunted up and down the land until she found the parts of his body. According to Egyptian belief this was the first mummy. Great was the rejoicing when Osiris was restored to life and triumphed over death. Worshipers believed that, just as Osiris had died and returned to life, they too, might have eternal life.

The people of modern Pompeii still have religious dramas and processions. The second week we were there we were thrilled to see a medieval mystery play performed in the ancient amphitheater. The performance opened with a great parade that went down the Via Roma in modern Pompeii, past our hotel, and then turned and entered the amphitheater. Leading the parade was a man robed in white carrying on a tall pole a large white banner with a cross on it. The others walked three abreast: first the trumpeters, then three drummers beating time, followed by the Roman soldiers. There were six standard bearers, then formidable lancers, followed by the shield-bearers carrying huge shields. As in medieval times the Mayor with representatives of the guilds (fifteen of them), each with a banner bearing an emblem of their craft, showed their devotion by parading. The wool workers, a powerful guild, had a lamb on their banner; the wood workers, an axe beside a tree stump. When they reached the amphitheater, they lined up, half of them on each side of the stage, where they stood reverently during the entire performance. Fortunately we were seated near the stage where many chairs had been set up in the arena. Here we could see well. Others sat higher up in the amphitheater seats. The actors were from Rome, extremely good, and gorgeously dressed in their medieval costumes. The mystery play re-enacted the birth, death and resurrection of Christ. The text was the poem "*Laude Mariana*" (Praise to Mary), written by the poet Jacopone da Todi. There were always characters standing in each of the three panels of the two triptychs set up on the stage. Six of the Roman soldiers acted as curtains. They would march along the stage and stand in front of the triptych so the actors could slip in unseen through the middle panel. We were so preoccupied with the actors who were talking that we didn't notice when the other characters would change. The play was long and very realistic.

When four trumpeters announced the end, the parade went out in the order it came in, and continued down the Via Roma. The streets were crowded with people who came to watch. The amphitheater held about 2000, and the performance was continued for four nights. People came from many surrounding towns, as they often do to visit the shrine of the rosary in Pompeii. When we heard the trumpeters one night, we joined the throng outside our hotel. It was thrilling to



see the colorful medieval costumes of the various guildsmen who were marching in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Yes, Pompeii still has its religious dramas and processions.

A few days later, two of my graduate students, Sharon Ruddell and Alexander Casanges, arrived, and we decided to drive to Paestum for the day. (See heading picture for this chapter.) Mother, too, was eager to see it. It is possible to see better preserved Greek temples in this Greek colony (called Poseidonia) than in Greece. It is also possible to actually see the development of the Doric column. In Greece, where land was precious, the old temple was destroyed and the new one erected on the same site. But in the "new world," where land was plentiful. the colonists left the old temple standing and built the new one beside it. The new temple of Hera has been called "the most beautiful, perfect and best preserved Doric temple in existence." To the north is another sacred area with a temple to Athena, Between the two sacred areas is the Roman forum, built on the site of the Greek agora after the city became Paestum, a Roman colony. There was much to see, and we spent the entire day exploring the site, enjoying our picnic lunch on the steps of the Temple of Hera. I was interested in the remains of Roman houses, but they were not well enough preserved to find evidence of gardens.

Some days later we all decided to go to nearby Castellammare di Stabia, for this area too had been a victim of Vesuvius. The ancient city, Stabiae had been destroyed by the Roman general Sulla when he conquered Pompeii and made it a Roman colony in 80 B.C. But many luxurious villas had been built in the area. As we drove through the countryside in the early morning, we felt that it must look much like it had in ancient times. The country is very fertile. Land is very expensive, so plots are very small. As we drove along we met carts loaded with vegetables and fruit. Some carts were piled high with flowers ready for market.

We soon came to the Sarno River, today dammed to make a quiet country stream above the dam.

When we reached Castellammare di Stabia and drove through its narrow winding streets, one of my students said, "Just like the *scavi.*" The plaster and paint were crumbling from the walls and underneath we could see the stones out of which the houses were built. "Post-earthquake construction," a student said. The houses did



look like those built in Pompeii after the earthquake, when people rebuilt their homes reusing the various materials from the crumbled walls. It almost seemed that the ancient city was standing. We saw the same kind of little shops that we had been studying in the *scavi*. The family lived in rooms behind the shop. Often a stairway led to second-story rooms which were rented to another family. The rooms in these shop-houses were dark and hot; people were sitting outdoors on the sidewalk, the womenfolk often fixing beans for the family dinner. The shops looked much alike. Some sold bread, some meat. We saw a flower shop, a shoemaker, and a seller of pots and pans. Often the shop was so small that the shopkeeper spilled his wares out into the street. At times wares were sold at a sidewalk stand, just as they were in ancient Pompeii.

Women were buying fruit and vegetables for the day from peddlers who went through the streets, their carts piled high and pulled by little donkeys. We were fascinated by the way women living upstairs in apartment buildings would let down a basket on a rope, and tell the peddler what they wanted. He took the coins they had put in the basket, filled it with their purchases, and the women then pulled up the basket.

As we drove through the city, suddenly one of my students shouted, "An election notice!" Painted on the wall in large letters was "*VOTA M.S.I.* (vote for M.S.I.)" Many times in ancient Pompeii we had seen an election notice that gave only the candidate's initials. We continued to see these signs. We thought M.S.I. must have been a popular candidate! Later we discovered that the letters stood for *Movimento Sociale Italiano.* The sign was telling people to vote for the candidates of the Italian Social Movement. How little have customs changed.



Our first stop was at the Museum. It was a small one, but what a treat it was. Some of the most beautiful ancient paintings that I have ever seen came from Stabiae. One of my favorites, now in the Naples Museum, is Flora, goddess of flowers.

We were anxious to see the places from which such lovely paintings came. The area in the vicinity of ancient Stabiae was famous for its villas, many of them quite luxurious. Between 1749 and 1782, during the Bourbon period, engineers explored many villas by tunneling. Beautiful paintings were cut from the walls, and the holes filled in and forgotten. No further excavations took place in the area of Stabiae until 1950, when a local schoolteacher, Libero d'Orsi, began excavations that led to his dramatic rediscovery of three villas at this site.

We decided to visit the largest villa, San Marco, which they were then excavating. One of the men from the museum got out his bicycle and offered to show us the way. We thought that unnecessary, but we soon were glad that we had a guide as we followed his bicycle through the winding city streets and then through narrow country lanes. He turned into an orchard and we eventually came to a farmhouse in a clearing. Beyond the clearing was a sudden drop. When we walked over and looked down to the broad ledge below, we were astonished to see a large swimming pool in a large park-like peristyle garden that was only partially excavated. Then we noticed that casts had been made of two rows of large roots, four in each row, on the south side of the pool. They reminded us of the two rows of root cavities that Maiuri had found on each side of the large swimming pool in the Great Palaestra at Pompeii.



From the spacious room at the end of the large peristyle garden we enjoyed the magnificent view of the Bay of Naples below; in the opposite direction we could look across the garden to the mountains beyond. The villa had a second large peristyle garden, also only partially excavated, and two smaller gardens. We were impressed by the great size of the kitchen. In Pompeian houses they are very small. The unusual size of this villa has made scholars suspect that it might have been an ancient health resort.

We had a late lunch in an open-air restaurant on top of a high hotel by the Bay. From there we could see the bell tower and church of modern Pompeii. As we looked down at the shore below, we wondered if this could be the very spot where Pliny the Elder had died. When he went to rescue friends who were endangered by the eruption of Vesuvius, ashes and hot pumice fell on the ships, and the shore was obstructed by landslides from the mountain. He told the helmsman to go toward Stabiae, where they spent the night. By morning falling ashes and pumice forced them from the house, and they fled to the shore, hoping to escape by sea. Pliny, apparently overcome by fumes, fell and died on the shore at Stabiae. "Imagine," one of my students said, "we are at the very spot where Pliny died."

Back in Pompeii, one of the recently excavated sites that the authorities were most anxious to show us was the house of Euxinus (I.xi.12). This small house had a garden at the rear. On the south garden wall near the house was an *aedicula* lararium in which a statuette of Venus was found. Two cavities had been made in the wall on

either side of the lararium. In three of them the heads of small herms were found embedded. Two were female heads, one crowned with grape leaves, the other with ivy leaves and berries, and the third was the head of a satyr. The garden was examined and it was discovered that the rear half was a vineyard. The cavities were emptied of lapilli and filled with cement to make casts of the roots.



The garden of Euxinus was similar to many open spaces in the new excavations that we were sure were gardens. The Pompeii authorities felt that these areas should be excavated and the evidence preserved, but Maiuri did not want to be slowed down with such work. The local authorities were anxious for me to excavate the areas that were so surely gardens, but they felt certain Maiuri would never grant me permission. He refused to let archaeologists in the *scavi* publish their own work, but published it under his own name. He was much feared and greatly distrusted. After some discussion they thought that it might still be possible to find evidence in sites excavated many years ago, if the roots of modern trees had not destroyed the ancient evidence.

There was good reason to suspect that the long narrow garden at IX.ix.6/10 on the Via Nola had been planted in vines. A large terra-cotta *dolium* (ca. 425 liters in capacity), such as was used in making wine to ferment the grape juice, was still in the garden. The site apparently belonged to a wine dealer. A unusually large number of amphorae, 114 in all, many with inscriptions, had been found there. The house was a simple one, with several service rooms and a shop that faced the street. Only six blocks from the Porta Nola, it was conveniently located for deliveries of wine from the country. The site had been excavated over seventy-five years earlier (1887-89). Perhaps Maiuri would be so sure that I couldn't find anything that he would let me try. And that was what happened. It was necessary to go to Naples to see him, because he rarely came to Pompeii. He kept me waiting over two and a half hours, as I was told was his practice. He couldn't see why I felt I would find anything in such an old site, but he gave me permission to try. We got back to Pompeii very late, in a bad storm. But I was elated.

We made careful preparations before we began our excavations. First we cleaned the dense overgrowth, but with the exception of a beautiful cypress tree at the



WFJ in her trench in the the garden of the House of the Wine Merchant.



Root cavities (left of the dolium) in WFJ's first trench.

rear southwest corner of the property, we were happy to find only weeds and a few bracken ferns which appeared to have small roots. We opened our first trench in an area in front of the little building at the rear of the property and slowly removed the soil. At first it was discouraging, for the soil was a tangle of roots that had destroyed any evidence of ancient roots. It was only after we had removed about a foot of soil, that all at once we saw a circle of lapilli, about five inches in diameter, which proved to be a root cavity that had been filled with the lapilli that covered the site at the time of the eruption. When the root decayed, the lapilli had trickled down into the cavity, thus preserving it. We were elated. It **was** possible to find root cavities in a site that had been excavated over seventy-five years ago! We continued to work slowly and carefully. We widened our trench, excavating an area about five feet wide across the rear of the garden. Slowly, but surely, in the days that followed more root cavities began to appear. They were not regularly spaced. We had observed that the vineyards in the Pompeii area today were also informally planted. The vines were old, for the root cavities were large. It appeared that our wine dealer had produced some wine at this site, in addition to that he brought in from the country.

For several weeks we had been expecting the artist Miroslav Sasek. Ginn and Company had approached me some time ago to write a sixth grade ancient history book for their social science series. I repeatedly told them that I was too busy with my own book and that I had had no experience writing for children. They persisted. I told them the only thing I had ever written for children were the letters that I wrote to my sister's children. They had saved the letters and took them to school when they were studying places where we had traveled. Ginn asked to see the children's letters written from Pompeii, which I asked the children to send. Ginn said I already had a book, *Letters from Pompeii.* Since I would be writing the children this year too, these letters were to be included in the book. We planned to illustrate the book with Stanley's photographs, showing the ancient city as it is today, together with an artist's reconstruction showing how these places looked in antiquity. Because we had been very unhappy with the quality of illustrations in children's books, we asked to pick the artist, and Ginn readily agreed. But that proved to be a much more difficult task than we had expected. We began to haunt the children's department in bookstores, as did my graduate students and various colleagues. But we found nothing. Then after a long

search one day at Brentano's in Washington D.C. we spotted the book *This is London* by Miroslav Sasek. We had found our artist! We were impressed by the accurate way in which he depicted buildings, the artistic quality of his paintings, and the charm of his almost cartoon-like figures. The next problem was to contact him. Ginn said that would not be difficult, but it was. He was in no directory of artists in America. Ginn finally located his agent in England, but could not get his address. The agent contacted Mr. Sasek, and he asked to see the letters. He liked them and agreed to illustrate our book. At that time he was living in Paris. Ginn brought him to New York so that we could talk over the project together. We discovered that Mr. Sasek had done books on various cities. His next book was to be *This is San Francisco*. He said that after he finished his work in San Francisco, he would still be able to get to Pompeii before we left. He told us later that the one city he had been greatly pleased to refuse to do a book for was Moscow. He was Czech and had fled his country, which was now controlled by the communists.

We were overjoyed when Mr. Sasek finally arrived, later than he had planned. He had had an accident in the California mountains the day after finishing his book. He was a delightful person and we looked forward to working with him. His visa permitted him only a limited time in Italy, so he was anxious to get started. We immediately went over to the *scavi,* scarcely two blocks from our hotel. We followed the Via Roma for a short distance along the wall before entering ancient Pompeii and pointed out to him the Porta Nocera. Here people coming to Pompeii entered the city. We showed him the tombs just outside the gate. The ancient Romans buried their dead outside the city along roads leading to the city. It was interesting to look down on these tombs from the modern street which is about twenty-five feet above the street of the tombs. The people passing along this street seemed to have used the tombs as public bulletin boards, just as they did the fronts of their houses and shops. It is a bit of a shock to find on the tombs signs in bright red letters and supporting political candidates at Pompeii and in Nuceria. There are also announcements of games to be held in the amphitheater at Pompeii, as well as in the neighboring towns of Nuceria, Nola, Herculaneum and Puteoli. People even posted lost and found notices on the tombs. Entering the *scavi*, we walked the entire length of the Via Dell'Abbondanza and left through the Porta Marina at the opposite end of Pompeii.

Walking back along the Via Roma we paused to admire a flower garden and a modern lararium on the other side of the fence. The owners had put a bouquet of flowers in front of their lararium instead of decorating it with a garland as the ancient Pompeians did. The ancient Romans didn't use flowers in bouquets, but they were very fond of garlands. Inside this lararium was a little statue of the Virgin of Pompeii instead of Venus Pompeiana. I have thought many times that the transition from the Venus of Pompeii to the Virgin of Pompeii was an easy one. An old man and his wife were sitting in the garden. He called to us to wait and went over to his little bed of carnations and picked some for me, then some sweet peas growing on the fence, that reminded me of those my mother had grown in Nebraska. Next he picked a few nasturtiums, and a lovely deep purple flower with a beautiful fragrance.

I was greatly surprised the next evening when Mr. Sasek came to me and said he was very sorry, but he couldn't do our book. I asked why, and he said that Pompeii was a dead city, and he was used to painting living cities. I told him if he would get up very early the next morning, before we started work at our excavations, I would introduce him to the living city. In the *scavi* we went into many houses, and I told him of the people who had lived there. We visited the house where a little boy by the name of Successus lived. This house was more destroyed than most, but one room almost miraculously survived. On one of the walls is the portrait of a little boy with a dove and a duck. We think it is a picture of the little boy who lived there, for on the picture are written the words *PUER SUCCESSUS* – the boy Successus. Adjacent to their front door was a shop where his father had a lunch counter. It is next to the sidewalk on the busy Via dell'Abbondanza. Here customers stood as thy ate. A door led from the house into the shop. We wondered if Successus would run into the shop and help his father the way little boys do at Pompeii today. We had passed two cold drink stands on our way to the *scavi* and each one was managed by a little boy.

Perhaps the little girl who lived two blocks up the street was a playmate of Successus. A single big tree shaded the small garden in this house. In the portico opening onto the garden, just high enough for a child to reach, I showed Mr. Sasek the drawing of a cupid. We

wondered if it could have been drawn by the little girl whose skeleton was found, with those of eight others of her family, in this house.

There was an interesting fullery (a shop for finishing new cloth as well as for cleaning clothes) across the street from the house of Successus. Only the façade, with its gay checkerboard pattern has been excavated. The fuller here had an interesting name, Fabius Ululitremulus, or Fabius Owlquaker. Perhaps he took this name because of his veneration for the owl, the bird sacred to Minerva. She was the patron goddess of fullers. The workers in the fullery seem to have been a jolly group. Someone had scribbled on the front of the shop the details of one of their hilarious feasts. I was interested in the painting on this checkerboard façade of a young man leading a little boy, and carrying an old man on his back, an obvious portrait of Aeneas fleeing burning Troy, leading his small son Ascanius, and carrying his aged father, Anchises, on his back. These wool workers knew their Vergil.



I showed Mr. Sasek the fullery of Stephanus and the big vats where the cloth was cleaned. In the last years of Pompeii many people who lived in fine houses, as in modern cities, fled to the suburbs, and their houses were converted to commercial use. Stephanus probably used the small peristyle garden at the rear of the house as a drying area for both cloth and clothes.

From Stephanus' fullery we could see the shop across the street. The owner had painted on the front of his shop a large picture of Venus Pompeiana in a chariot drawn by four elephants. Underneath this regal religious painting was the shopkeeper's sign - a series of pictures showing various steps in the making of the woolen cloth. Walter Moeller, one of my PhD students, was in Italy for the year on a Fulbright Scholarship, working on his dissertation on the woolen industry at Pompeii, one of the city's important industries. It was fun to have him at Pompeii several times while we were there.

I pointed out other shops to Mr. Sasek, also a nearby stable, with a sloping entrance, where the skeleton of a horse that had been found there had been reassembled. We also visited the elegant house (II.ii.2) of a worshiper of Isis, with its large and beautiful garden, which even had a miniature Nile running down the length of it. All too soon it was time for me to leave, for my workers at our excavation would be waiting for me.

That evening Mr. Sasek brought me a great painting. It was of a stable he had passed on the Via Roma as he was going back to the hotel. "It is just like those in the *scavi*," he said. I was very happy when he added, "Now I can do your book." Every evening he had more exciting pictures to show me. One day he showed me a picture of several buildings on the Via dell'Abbondanza, and I noticed one detail that was different from the reconstruction I had seen in Spinazzola's official publication of these buildings. Mr. Sasek assured us that he was right, that he had examined the building carefully. We completely agreed when he showed us the building next day. I asked how an artist happened to have such a keen architectural eye. He said that he had started to draw as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil. He knew he wanted to be an artist. His father believed that an artist would never be able to make a living and insisted that he go to architectural school. But Mr. Sasek said as soon as he graduated he became a full time artist. How fortunate we were!

My students thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Sasek. He was great fun and had a wonderful sense of humor. Part of the time there were four students at Pompeii. We ate all our meals together. Food at Pompeii had improved a little, but not much. And to make matters worse we had to wait about an hour and a half after we entered the dining room. The cook refused to start our dinner until we were sitting at the table, in spite of the fact that he had taken our order the day before. This was a real hardship when we were all so pressed for time. Sometimes mother and several of my students would go to our table and get things started, so we could work in the room a little longer.

One night the meal was even worse than usual. Mr. Sasek stomped out of the dining room and said he would never come back to this place again, that he knew there was better food in Pompeii. He found out that wasn't true. The next day he came to me and said he owed me an apology. When he asked me about living conditions when we met in New York, I had told him that Italy was beautiful, the Italian people were wonderful, but that the food was miserable. He said he thought to himself, “That American woman doesn’t know what bad food is; she hasn’t been through a war.” But he knew now that I was right.



Miroslav Sasek at work.

After dinner, we often went to the public square in front of the Basilica ("Times Square," as Mr. Sasek dubbed it) and had some wonderful Italian ice cream at a sidewalk cafe. We had been assured that the ice cream made by Motta in Rome was safe, but not that made with the local unpasturized milk. My mother worried about children drinking the milk we saw delivered to homes every morning and ladled out of an open bucket from a little donkey cart.

I often picked a few flowers to put in a glass as I walked home at night. Mr. Sasek loved flowers and I soon found him doing the same thing. The oleanders began to bloom before he left, a flower he had not seen before. I was greatly surprised and touched when I discovered that he was painting these flowers for our book. In fact he added many pictures to those that Ginn had contracted for. There were those of the priest blessing a motor scooter or one of the miniature three-wheeled cars, a sight he saw often from his window in the hotel. Other pictures showed a little girl dressed like a bride, ready for her first communion, the *gelati* man whose ice cream stand was a donkey cart, the *carrozza* driver, napping between customers, three peasant women carrying on their backs bundles of grass that they had collected for their donkeys in the Triangular Forum, and many others. There was even a picture of "Times Square."

His eye was keen and he couldn't let a good picture go unrecorded. One morning as we were walking down the Via dell'Abbondanza, we met a little boy, the son of one of the workmen, carrying his satchel of books on his way to school. The V on his school uniform indicated that he was in the fifth grade. Out came Mr. Sasek's sketching paper and pencil, which he always carried just inside his shirt.

Mr. Sasek worked hard, but his time was limited and he couldn't complete all of his paintings before he had to leave. He suggested that we stop in Munich where he was now living to check on the pictures when they were finished. We were going to Poland for a short visit and that would give him time to finish the paintings. He joked that he had spent his honeymoon in Pompeii, for he had just been married before he arrived. His wife had fled from Czechoslovakia, swimming to freedom with four of her friends. Three

were shot and didn't make their escape. They were living in Munich because his wife was working with Radio Free Europe. He wanted to take her a very special wedding present. The morning he left he bought a basket of the huge Pompeian lemons, just picked, their glossy leaves still attached. He said she wouldn't believe that they were real. He had been so impressed with them he painted a picture of the man who sold them on the street, his cart piled high with the choice fruit.

All too soon our long and successful summer was coming to an end. One by one my graduate students finished their work and were on they way. Mother left several weeks before we did, going by air to Frankfort and then on to Lollar to spend more time with her newly discovered relatives (and where she met still other relatives), before returning to Rome to join a tour to Egypt, Lebanon, Israel, Syria and perhaps Greece, conducted by a friend and former colleague of mine. She had enjoyed very much being a part of our life at Pompeii. She never tired of seeing new things in the excavations. But she was always concerned that she would take us away from our work. She became greatly attached to my students and was always sorry when one left. They liked to take her with them when they went to Naples to work in the museum, or to Herculaneum. One day when they found the Archaeological Museum closed, they greatly enjoyed the magnificent palace of Charles of Bourbon, with all its treasures, high above the city on Capodimonte.



Sharon Ruddell ready to serve at a thermopolium.

Mother also very much enjoyed the evening drives around the countryside with my students. She was an avid gardener; she had grown up on a farm, so she was intensely interested in how thing were done in Italy. She couldn't believe it when I told her after a previous trip, about how three crops were raised every year and, often, three or more crops at the same time: vines under fruit trees, and under the vines, corn and tomatoes She had to check it out for herself! She was greatly impressed with the smallness of the plots, and the intense cultivation. She marveled at the produce drawn home in the evening, in heavy carts pulled by such tiny donkeys.

The staff at the Rosario enjoyed our group tremendously and were always telling us we should stay longer. I sometimes wondered why, as we really gave them a bad time, with all our complaints about bad food and slow service. But they found our table a lively group, quite different from their usual clientele, religious pilgrims. Mother doubted if the Rosario would ever be the same again!

On one of our last days at Pompeii, Dr. Maiuri, who had learned that we had actually discovered roots, sent word that our work must be stopped. It mattered little, for we had just finished our excavations for this year. We were hurrying to take care of still unfinished work in the *scavi*, including photographs for *Letters from Pompeii,* for we didn't expect to be back for three years.

We had reserved a full day to work in the *deposito*, where things that have been found in the *scavi* are stored. We wanted to study and photograph statues and other objects that had been found in the gardens I had been studying. I also wanted to look at some things in connection with *Letters from Pompeii.* The archaeologists at Pompeii were very interested in this book. Dr. Giordano said there were things in the *deposito* that he knew the children would be interested in. He handed me something that looked like a tiny round clay bee hive. I wondered what it was, but when I noticed the slot near the top, I said it must be a bank.

And it was. Dr. Giordano said that his children had the same kind of bank today. When the bank is full, they simply break the bank!

He also showed me doll dishes, which he said were much like the ones that his little girl had today. Again I was impressed with examples of the continuity of life around Vesuvius. The man in charge of the magazine brought out a tray filled with beautiful gold rings. He handed me a tiny one set with two stones, a green and a blue one. I asked where the ring was found, thinking that it might have belonged to one of the little girls that I had told my nieces and nephew about. But it was found in the street, probably lost by a little girl fleeing during the eruption. It must have been on the second or third day after the eruption began, for the street was already piled high with lapilli.

We were also interested in the lockets in the *deposito*. Every Roman boy and girl wore a locket which was called a *bulla*. The father hung the *bulla* on the baby's neck as a protection against evil. We especially liked one pretty *bulla* and asked where it was found. Not surprisingly, it was found near a lararium. Perhaps it had been put there by a young girl on the evening before her wedding. At that time a girl would dedicate her *bulla* to the family Lares. If she were quite young, and Roman girls married very young, she would dedicate her toys too. Then for good luck she would try on her wedding dress.

Or perhaps the *bulla* had been dedicated by boy. A boy wore his *bulla* until the day he became a citizen, a very important day in the life of any boy. He was generally about sixteen years old, but he could be as young as fourteen. Early in the morning on this important day, he dedicated his boyhood clothes and his *bulla* to the Lares. Then the boy put on a man's toga and he was escorted to the forum with a great procession. All of his father's friends, as well as his freedmen, clients and slaves went along. After the boy's name was formally added to the list of citizens, congratulations were in order. In the evening the boy's father gave a dinner party in honor of the new Roman citizen This reminded us of the ceremony, the Bar Mizvah, to which Jewish boys look forward. It takes place when a boy is fourteen, for this is regarded as an age of responsibility. The family invites all their friends and relatives to this important ceremony, and to the big dinner afterwards.

Before leaving Pompeii, one of the workmen who lived in the big house on the still unexcavated part of the *scavi*, just above the Via dell'Abbondanza, invited us up to his house. He said the panorama from his house was very beautiful. It was! From the vine-covered pergola on top of his house we could see the *scavi* below, the mountains beyond, the Isle of Capri, the Bay of Naples, and many towns around the Bay. We were very surprised when we met his son Ludovico, who was ten. He was the school-boy whom Mr. Sasek had painted some days earlier. Ludovico is today a doctor. We also met Carmela, Ludovico's three-year-old sister, and their mother, as well as their dog.



Child's coin bank of clay.



Bulla; the hinge is on the lower left.



Ludovico and family. The scavi are visible below the bluff created by the excavation.

Two days later we left for Poland, breaking the long trip by staying overnight in Innsbruck, Austria. Stanley wanted to be sure that on this trip I would see two places that meant a great deal to him - the old town of Cracow and the mountains at Zakopani. We had invited his friend Karl to go with us, and he met us there.

Cracow was a real treat, from the moment we stepped off the train and were greeted with the most lavish display of pools, fountains, and brilliant flowers that I have ever seen at any railway station. The handsome buildings in this old city, unlike so many of Poland's treasures, were undamaged by the war. Our first stop was the stately old medieval wool hall, a huge flower market set up in front (50-10-61). I wished that Walter Moeller, my student working on the Pompeian woolen industry, could see it, but we took pictures for him. He had pointed out that there were reasons for believing that the Eumachia, the handsomest building on the Pompeii forum, was also a wool hall.

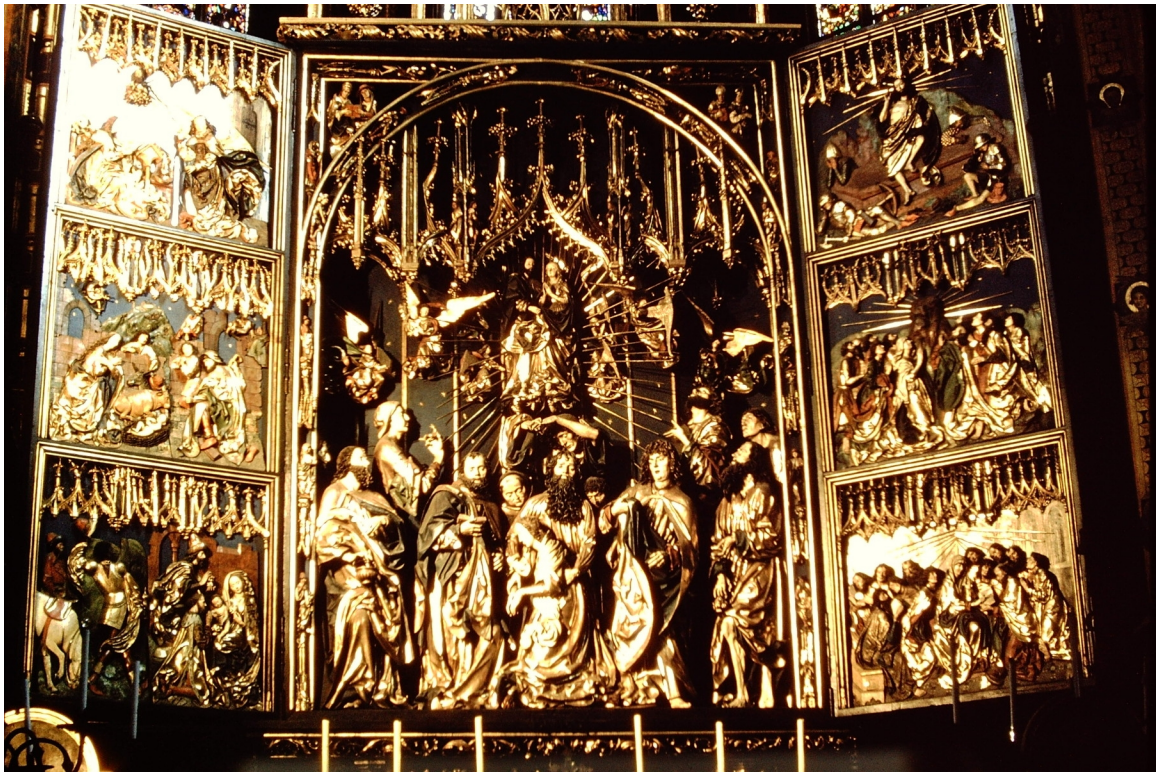
Across from the wool hall was the Church of St. Mary, the twin-towered Gothic church (51-12-61), where I was at last to see the famous Veit Stoss Altarpiece, the pride of Poland. I knew it well, as did my students. For the much-loved book, the handsomest one in our library, that Stanley's uncle had sent us in 1953, after we had sent him heart medicine, described it in detail and contained full page pictures of the altarpiece, its separate panels, and wonderful details, many in color. The altarpiece, which had been seized, taken apart, and stored in salt mines by the Germans during the war, had now been returned, restored and was again in its rightful place. When we entered the cathedral, we immediately saw the majestic high altarpiece at the end of the nave, framed by the much higher stained glass windows at the rear of the church, through which sunlight was streaming. The altarpiece was carved in lime wood and then painted by the great German sculptor, Veit Stoss, from 1477 to 1489.

When closed, the altarpiece had twelve large panels, depicting events important to Mary and connected with the life of her Son. The dramatic realism of the scenes was overpowering. When open, the large center panel depicted the ascension of Mary, with three smaller panels on each side. We examined each panel carefully. Then we began to notice the wonderful detail, the birds, the animals and especially the plants. They graciously let Stanley take many photos.

There was so much to see in Cracow. Cracow University, where we saw the study of Copernicus, was another highlight, Wawel Castle another famous landmark. Extensive excavations were going on in front of it, and when the archaeologists saw our interest they



Cracow Wool Hall



invited us down into their trench and explained their finds in detail. Earlier foundations that had been carefully studied, had been outlined in stone, and the space inside planted with flowers in full bloom. Cracow is a living history of architecture, also having fine examples of the baroque, rococo, and later periods.



Our next stop was Zakopane, beloved of every Pole. Stanley had told me about these mountains the first time I met him. When he had lived for four years in Poland as a boy, he and his mother, together with his Aunt Bernice, his mother's sister, and his younger cousin, John, spent summers there, the fathers coming for the weekend. He was delighted to discover that it hadn't changed. He feared it might have become a bustling tourist resort.

Stanley was excited when he found the pensione where they had stayed still standing, completely unchanged. He knocked at the door, hoping the present occupants might, perhaps, know something about the family who ran it when he was a boy. It was the same family! It was now the home of the daughter, whom he had known as a little girl, her husband, and their two children. Her parents still lived with her. It was quite a reunion. They immediately invited us in for refreshments and insisted we come back for Sunday

dinner. And what a dinner. The daughter's husband who was also a *girol* (mountaineer), was an accomplished skier and had represented Poland in the last Olympics. After dinner she beckoned me into the bedroom and showed me her colorful *girol* wedding dress. Then she suggested I put it on, and said we'd surprise Stanley with a Polish bride. Later they had Stanley put on a *girol* cape and hat for photos. Then the bride and groom dressed in their original wedding costumes for photos, then their son and daughter wanted to dress up and be photographed too. Photography was prohibitively expensive in Poland. No one had a camera. They were overjoyed when we told them we would send them color photos.

We had gone to church in the morning, or rather had tried to, but we found that the little mountain church was filled to overflowing, with a long line outside of people listening reverently through the open door. We remarked that it didn't look as if the communists had made much headway in Zakopane! It was a colorful group of worshipers, for they wore their *girol* attire. I was especially impressed with the men's' dress: white leather trousers and cape embroidered with a bright flower motif, and the characteristic little black rimmed hat.

One day we hired a carriage with a *girol* driver



and took a long drive through the valley, dense with tall pines, the bare mountains towering above. We passed many shepherds huts and mountain streams. At times we got out and explored off the road. There were many wild flowers. I spotted a pretty one that I didn't recognize and asked Stanley to photograph it for me. He pointed his camera, and Karl immediately in a frightened voice said, "Stop!" I couldn't imagine what was wrong with photographing an innocent little wild flower. Karl, still quite shaken, told us that Stanley was pointing his camera across the Czech border, and that act could have grave consequences.

We were sorry to leave Zakopane. I could see why Stanley was so fond of these mountains. And it was wonderful to be with Karl again.

We were anxious to see the relatives in Łodz, also those in Warsaw. Mother said she would have a letter waiting for us at Aunt Jadga's. She hadn't been sure when she left if she would be too tired, after what appeared to be a very strenuous tour, to continue on to Istanbul and Greece, or if she would return to Switzerland to rest before meeting us in Paris to take the boat train to the Queen Mary. Our friend Trudi Boeppli had told her she would meet her if she decided to come to Switzerland. But there was no letter. We were very worried, for there had been more than enough time for a letter to come. We knew the tour would be in Athens when we arrived in Łodz, and I remembered that they were to stay at the Grand Bretagne where we had stayed. I suggested that we phone at the dinner hour and see if they could locate Jim Weber, the tour leader, in the dining room. I could see that Aunt Jadga was nervous, but I thought she was worried about us spending the money. We phoned, Jim was there, but mother wasn't with them; he said she had gone back to Switzerland. Then we must phone Trudi. But Trudi had heard nothing from her. I wondered if by any chance mother might have gone back to Interlaken. By that time Aunt Jadga was getting very nervous, but she said nothing. We learned afterwards that calls outside the country were looked upon with great suspicion and people who phoned long distance were closely monitored. The concierge at Interlaken, much to our relief, said yes, mother was there, but she wasn't in the hotel just then. Then he said, "Wait a minute, she is just coming in the door." Mother was glad to hear our voice, but she was surprised that we had called, for she said she had written us two weeks ago, that she was

going back to Interlaken, find the same taxi driver, and visit again Wachseldorn (the original home of her mother's family)! So much for the Polish mail service.

On our return from Warsaw to Paris we stopped in Munich and were given a warm welcome by the Saseks. Mr. Sasek had our paintings finished and we liked them very much. He was anxious for us to check them to make sure everything was correct. There was only one small detail that needed to be changed. Among the vegetables pictured on his marvelous painting of the sidewalk food shop of the father of Successus was sweet corn, which the Pompeians wouldn't know. It was a New World plant. But a long Pompeian squash, the bottle gourd (*Lagenaria siceraria)*, could easily be substituted.

Our train from Munich to Paris was very late, and mother was up pacing the floor. She was afraid we would miss the boat train. But in a few hours we were on our way back to the United States. The three years before we returned to Pompeii went by quickly, there was so much to do. I was working on several articles, The one on the "Flower Industry at Pompeii" was finished, and was published in 1963. That year also saw the publication of *Letters from Pompeii.* The book was beautiful. My sister's children, to whom the letters were written, were most excited. They insisted we come to visit them. They planned a big party to celebrate. The summer of 1963 saw us crossing the United States to Pasco Washington, instead of crossing the ocean to Pompeii.





House of Ceius Secundus

1964 Greece Revisited; Two Vineyards in Pompeii

In 1964 the VI[th] Congress of the European Cultural Foundation met in Athens. We were anxious to get back to Pompeii, but when the invitation to attend the Congress arrived we decided to leave early so we could take in the Congress from May 11-16, for the program was exceedingly rich.

We sailed from New York on the beautiful new transatlantic liner, the *France*. Arriving in Paris, we left immediately for Pompeii to organize our summer's work. It was a new Pompeii. There was such a feeling of happiness and optimism in the air. Everyone from the lowliest worker to the head administrators were singing the praises of the new Superintendent, Dr. Alfonso de Franciscis[1], who had replaced Dr. Amedeo Maiuri, a brilliant scholar, but relieved of his post because of questionable practices.

After a short time, we left for Athens via train to Brindisi and then by ship on to Greece. Since it seemed obvious that we were finding a vineyard in our excavations on the Via Nola, we were anxious to learn as much as possible about viticulture in Italy today. We took advantage of the train trip – and the possibility of opening the window – to observe and photograph land use, especially the various ways vines were trained and staked in the different regions.

It was good to be back in Greece. At the Congress we were given a lapel pin that expressed the theme of the Congress: a replica of a fourth century B.C. silver coin from Gortyn, Crete, showing Europa sitting on a willow tree, with Zeus, disguised as an eagle to her left.

On our way to the opening plenary session, in a crowd speaking many different languages, all at once we heard a lilting voice say, "Well, if it isn't Uncle Stanley!" We looked down and saw two black-robed nuns with twinkling eyes. We learned later that Sister Mary Joseph Aloysius and Sister Mary Donald were both Greek and Latin professors, enthusiastic about *Letters from Pompeii*, which had been published the previous year. They felt well acquainted with Uncle Stanley and Aunt Mina, after reading our letters to the children. We were surprised to discover later that the book was much enjoyed by adults as well as children, as Professor Larsen had predicted when he read the manuscript of the book.

1 Alfonso de Franciscis was superintendent of archeology for the provinces of Naples and Caserta from 1961 to 1976.

Plenary sessions were held in the mornings, but in the afternoon there was a choice of three sessions treating the topics, Philosophy, the Arts, and the City. It was the lectures on the ancient city that had made me feel that this was a Congress that I couldn't miss. My work at Pompeii had made me very interested in the ancient city. It was a great thrill to listen to and get acquainted with scholars whom I knew only through reading their books. I talked with Victor Ehrenberg, formerly professor of ancient history at the German University of Prague, later at the University of London, and Jacqueline de Romilly, professor of Greek at the Sorbonne, both good friends of Professor Larsen.

Professor Constantinos Doxiadis, an internationally known architect and city planner, as well as a student of the ancient Greek city state spoke on the "Ancient Greek City and Modern Urbanism." There was an evening reception at the Doxiadis Associates' handsome modern all glass building, about fourteen stories high, built on the slopes of Mt. Lycabettus. A mountain stream running through one floor of the building could be crossed by a little bridge. During a long conversation with Dr. Doxiadis, he told me about the book that he was writing on Ancient Greek Cities, a copy of which he later sent me. He was very interested in my work at Pompeii, for he said he knew little about ancient Italian cities. I pointed out that Pompeii was the only completely preserved ancient city. Only at Pompeii is it possible to make a detailed study of ancient city planning and land use, subjects that I had been treating at length in my Pompeii seminar.



Windmill on Mykonos

But the Congress wasn't all work and high-powered lectures. We were constantly impressed with the lavishness and elegance of the many parties to which we were invited. On the first evening Congress members were royally entertained at a party by the King of Greece at his private yacht club, a party beginning at 10 P.M. and lasting until morning. The next evening was a magnificent folk festival. It seemed strange to be going to the theater at 10 P.M. We saw "Andromache", a tragedy by the ancient playwright Euripides, in the theater of Herodes Atticus on the slopes of the Acropolis one night; and there were more parties.

The three days between the close of the Conference and the beginning of the cruise were equally full. On Sunday we were taken by bus to the Byzantine monastery at Daphni, which we had visited on our previous trips to Greece. It was a joy to see again the famous eleventh century Byzantine mosaics. A violent rain shower began but it stopped shortly after we had gone on to Eleusis, one of my favorite sites, that I had looked forward to revisiting. A stop had been planned at the beach in Kineita, but it was too cold for all but a few hardy souls to take a swim. The next day, among other things, was a trip to see the sunset at Sunion, followed by a party at a new hotel nearby. We used the morning to visit the Library built by the Roman emperor Hadrian in Athens. I suspected that the huge courtyard had been planted in a garden. Hadrian was very fond of gardens. The last day before the cruise we worked in the morning at the National Archaeological Museum, taking pictures that I needed for my classes. We enjoyed very much the afternoon tour of four of the best preserved Byzantine churches. They were small, but very choice. My favorite is the Little Metropolis (cathedral), now completely dwarfed by the Metropolis built much later beside it. We got a wonderful picture at the Little Metropolis of Sister Mary Joseph Aloysius and Sister Mary Donald, who had become good friends. We looked forward to seeing more of the many friends that we had made at the



Interior of Hadrian's library

Congress as we traveled together on the cruise.

The cruise visited sites that we knew well, but there were always new things to see, and at some the archaeologist who had excavated the site explained it.



Little Metropolis with sisters at left.



Courtyard of the Daphni monastery

Our first stop was Delos, where we climbed up to the temple of Isis, which we hadn't yet seen. As on our previous trip we gained several additional hours in the excavations, by not going back to our ship for lunch and sailing to nearby Mykonos. We took a little boat to Mykonos, and got there before our cruise ship did. After wandering through all the back streets of the little town, we hired a taxi and drove high into the mountains to visit a famous old monastery, stopping whenever we saw a good picture. It was most interesting to see the rest of the island. There were over 360 little white churches on the island, actually chapels, for each family has their own. And there were many windmills.

The next day we were at Ephesus. We were amused at the trepidation with which our Greek tour director and the captain of our Greek ship, approached the Turkish port. When we arrived we were given a warm welcome. Turkish folk dancers in beautiful costumes met us and put on a performance at the port. Even the school children had been given a holiday, so they too could come and add their dances.



Before visiting the ancient city, the bus took us high on the mountain so the group could climb up to Mary's house. Since I had seen it before, I preferred to enjoy the view from the mountain, from where I could see ancient Ephesus in the distance below and get a perfect picture of the ancient harbor, which had become silted up except for two salt lakes. It was very beautiful in the early morning. I told Stanley it was a pity his camera couldn't record the fragrance of the gorse which made the mountain a dazzling yellow color. It was so silent, the only sound that of the cuckoo.

When we returned to the ship after a wonderful day, the captain told us how surprised he was to find the Turks so very nice. The officials of Kusadasi, the modern port of Ephesus, had invited him and his crew to a luncheon, which they hesitated to accept. But they enjoyed it immensely! In the evening we stopped at the island of Samos.

The next morning at the break of day we were at Patmos, in the afternoon at Cos. We were very anxious to see Stamatia, whom we had helped for many years through Save the Children Federation, also Michael, whom the Forum, the college group at our church, for which Stanley and I were advisors, sponsored. It had been seven years since we had visited them. Both Stamatia and Michael and their families were at the harbor to meet us, with tremendous bouquets of flowers, greeting us like long lost members of the family. A car and an interpreter from the Federation were waiting for us. We went first to visit Michael's bicycle shop. He was in partnership with an older man who owned a grocery store. Michael was in complete charge of the shop and was the mechanic. They jointly owned seven bicycles. There were still very few cars on the island, so tourists rented bicycles. Michael said they charged two drachmas (six cents) an hour. Some rent for just an hour, some for all day. Once he rented one



for an entire week! He paid $17.00 a month rent for the shop. His little brother kept the shop open while we were there, so Michael could spend the time with us. Michael's shop was very near the famous plane tree of Hippocrates, which we were glad to see again.

Everyone on Cos is so proud of Hippocrates. I don't think we ever got a letter from the children that didn't mention the famous physician Hippocrates, who established his hospital on Cos in ancient times. There was much excitement about the new International Medical Center that was being built on the island and they wanted to take us there immediately. We were anxious to discover just what it was, as they had written us about it.

Several international medical meetings had been held on Cos and the International Hippocrates Institute of Cos was formally organized in 1960. The plans were very elaborate, not only to build hospitals, but also Institutes and laboratories for medical research. An international medical meeting was to be held every five years. Work had been started on the main Hellenic building with audience rooms, dining room and lecture halls. Eventually each nation was to have its own building. They planned to publish all the works of Hippocrates, and make awards at International Medical Olympiads for work in medicine. Cos was to be a place where doctors and scientists came to study and do

research "far from noise, in the sacred place where Hippocrates lived," according to the brochure. South Africa had already deposited eight million dollars in the bank for their share.

They hoped to build the Medical Center adjacent to the Asclepeion, but since this area still had unexcavated ruins, the new center was moved less than a mile away. The main building, a very splendid one, was well under way on this beautiful site outside the city. To the gray-haired Dodecanese specialist in urology who was the leading spirit of the enterprise, this was the realization of the dream of a lifetime. He arrived at the site while we were there. Medicine would be practiced in the "ideal way, as it was practiced by Hippocrates, not only not to hurt, but to benefit." They planned to have all the latest medical equipment and facilities.

After visiting the site of the new center, we wanted to go the ancient Asclepeion, which we had enjoyed so much before. It is built on four terraces and from the top terrace there is a spectacular view, looking over the Aegean to Asia Minor, just a few miles away. The children told us that when the new medical center was completed, people could come by ship, plane, or ferry from Turkey. All patients would be cared for free, just as they were in antiquity. They said the poor could come by ferry from Asia very cheaply. The people of Cos have so little, but they do not consider themselves poor and they are very concerned about people who are. We hoped that the center would be completed as they envisioned it.



Michael and Stamatia on terrace above the asklepion.

We visited each of the families, and they each had presents for us. Both families had refreshments for us, things that I am sure they never buy for themselves. It really hurt us to eat in front of them when they had none themselves, but you can't embarrass them by refusing. They offer hospitality with such graciousness and warmth. We were greatly impressed with both young people. Seven years earlier, Michael was a little boy bubbling with personality, but Stamatia was a very timid little girl. Michael was now nineteen years old and a handsome young man; Stamatia, a lovely young woman with lots of quiet grace and charm and no longer shy.

Stamatia was very proud of the sewing machine that we had sent her when she had finished her apprenticeship to a dressmaker. She had made a cover to protect the entire machine, so nothing could scratch it. On the machine were two large pattern books that we had sent her before Christmas, and *Letters from Pompeii.* She would never ask us for anything, even though we repeatedly asked. But in one letter she did ask for something. We couldn't understand what the Greek word meant. When I asked one of my Greek graduate students, he laughed and said what she wanted was a fashion plate, the leaflet they used to give away at stores that sold dress patterns. Instead we sent two big fashion books. When I inquired from the owner of the Singer Sewing machine store in Silver Spring if he had any old ones, he asked why I wanted them. He said if we were willing to pay all that postage he would give us two new books. One was a *Vogue* book, with all the latest Paris fashions. Stamatia just looks at the pictures and cuts the patterns. Stanley asked her if we could see a sample of some of her work, but she had none. Soon a friend who had been there returned, bringing a suit that Stamatia had made recently. It was a handsome red wool suit, with both jacket and skirt beautifully lined. I looked at her buttonholes, and they were perfectly made. The suit had lots of style. Stamatia had copied a Vogue pattern! We asked how much she got for making it, and she said 45 drachmas ($1.50). She gets 20 drachmas for making a dress. I told Stanley that we would have to tell the Singer Sewing Machine man that his pattern books

were proudly resting on a Singer Sewing Machine. We hadn't realized that it was a Singer, for when we had told the Federation to order it they had talked of getting an Italian machine. I told Stamatia that I would have to come back and stay awhile and have her make me some clothes. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she said she would be so happy to have us on her island for a long stay, and that she would be very proud if she could make some clothes for me. It was getting dark and we asked Stamatia's father if it was alright for Stamatia and her cousin to come with us and walk home alone at night. He laughed and said it was perfectly safe. What was there to be afraid of? The last crime on the island was fifteen years ago. A policeman had stolen some grapes; but the islanders had punished him severely and there had been no crime since.

We walked down to the village square, where Michael was waiting for us. It was a beautiful evening. We walked all over town with the three young people. We went through many tiny, winding streets. The homes were so poor. Stamatia's family had only one room and a small kitchen, and their home is typical. But the homes were spotlessly clean, the small yards full of flowers. Stamatia's brother was apprenticed to an electrician, and he had put in their house a single electric light, of which they were very proud. Her father was a porter and worked hard carrying cargo that came in by ship; his salary was only $45 a month.

They took us down the broad avenue, Hippocrates Street, and pointed out the Hippocrates hospital and the Hippocrates grade school. We walked past the old castle, the Venetian fortifications, now a museum, through the Turkish section and by the mosque. Turks and Greeks lived peaceably together on Cos. They also wanted us to see the new hotel, which was on the beach. With cargo boats, also fishing boats, they were familiar, but they were quite excited about our cruise shop. Their eyes were as big as saucers when we asked them if they would like to go aboard and see it. We had to wait a half an hour for the small boat that took us out to the ship, so we had lemonade at a taverna in the harbor. We wished that we had thought of it sooner, for it would have been nice to have had refreshments on the ship. The men on the small boat were extremely nice. Since this was the last trip to take cruise passengers back to the ship, they waited so the three young people could see our ship. We thought our ship was quite old and not too comfortable, but they thought it was simply elegant. We took them to the lounge where people were dancing to a small orchestra and they thought it wonderful. All too soon it was time to say goodbye.

We never got back to Cos, nor to Greece. Pompeii absorbed all our time. But we kept in touch by letters, which my Greek student translated. Years later when Stamatia was happily married and had two small children, she said they kept asking her to whom she was writing, and she answered, "to my other parents," which was difficult for the little ones to understand.

The next stop on our cruise was Rhodes. I looked forward to examining again the two houses with peristyles, to see if they were gardens. In one, the courtyard was enclosed by columns (below left); in the other by columns and piers. This one had been replanted in 1957, and oleanders were still growing in it (below right).

One of the joys of the cruise were the evenings we were on the water. The sky was so clear, the stars so bright. Stanley loved astronomy, and spent much time at home looking through his telescope. Among the good friends we made on the cruise were John and Marjorie Davison. John was professor of Greek at Leeds University, and he too was an avid star-gazer. John and





Stanley stayed until the wee small hours on the top deck plotting the various constellations, and Stanley enjoyed immensely John's limitless fund of knowledge about the Greek gods who gave their names to the constellations.

On Crete we visited the sites we had seen before, plus Gortyn, an important Greco-Roman town that I had been anxious to visit

As we neared the mainland of Greece it was a thrill to approach familiar sites by sea, as the ancient islanders had done. First Epidaurus, and then by land to nearby Mycenae. It was a real treat to see this famous site through the eyes of Professor Mylonas, who had excavated there for many years.

Our ship then sailed through the Corinth Canal to the port of Itea, where pilgrims, from overseas seeking wisdom from Apollo's oracle at Delphi or coming to the games, had disembarked. By bus we made our way through the famous "sea of olives," that we had marveled at before, looking down from Delphi. We were told that when a baby girl was born the parents would plant an olive tree, and by the time she married it would be mature and furnish income for her dowry. Each tree bore a tag, identifying the owner.

Delphi has always been one of my favorite places. A new road took us up to the level of the stadium. Here I met a Dutch woman and we got well acquainted as we walked along the little trail above the theater, from where we could look down over the theater, the temple of Apollo, and the sanctuary to the magnificent scenery below. She was a professor of International Law at the University of Amsterdam and had been the Dutch representative to the United Nations. She was over seventy, but the previous year her government had sent her on a lecture tour throughout southern Asia and Africa. At each stop the Dutch ambassador met her and entertained her. She had graduate students all over the world – a remarkable woman and I enjoyed her very much. She suggested that we have lunch together, so that I could meet her friend, a history professor. By then Stanley had returned from a climb through the ruins getting some special pictures. We had lunch at a hotel built on the edge of a sharp drop in the terrain. An elevator took us to the terrace on the sixth floor, from where we had a breathtaking view over the famous olive grove to the harbor below and across the Gulf of Corinth to the Peloponnesus. Later we enjoyed tea together at the same place.



Delphi, looking down on the theater.

Stanley and I had asked the hotel to get us a good driver to take us in the late afternoon to the nearby village of Arachova, famous for its weaving. The village is built on the side of a mountain, and most of the streets were steps. There were many old women sitting outside spinning. Our driver knew all the people in the village. One old woman invited us into her home, where her granddaughter was working at her loom. Then she took us out on her back porch where there was a spectacular view of the mountains. They were quite excited when they found that Stanley was taking color pictures. He assured them that they would get copies. We had invited our Dutch friends to go with us. We seldom take anyone when wance beyond Arachova and met quite a few peasants, men, women and children, coming home from the fields with their little donkeys. Life continued as it always had. Our driver knew all these people; so we stopped and visited and got some wonderful pictures. I



Woman using a drop spindle. (No pictures of weaving were found.)

wanted my students to see a picture of Greece that mirrored the life of the ancient Greeks they were studying, for ancient history is made of many common people, not just a few famous names recorded in the history books. One very likable old man had a real handle-bar mustache. When Stanley took his picture, he asked him to walk down the road a bit, so snow-clad Parnassus would be in the background. That pleased him, and he began to sing and dance one of their peasant dances. The taxi driver joined him, in what was a very involved and beautiful dance. We asked the old man where he was going; he was on his way to Arachova where he lived, about seven miles away. We asked him if he would like a ride, so we doubled up and took him home. When our taxi driver told us goodbye, he gave us his address and said the next time we would dance on Mt. Parnassus.



Our ship docked the next day at Katakolon. We enjoyed approaching Olympia by sea. In our minds eye we could see the great throngs who had come this way from all over the ancient world to the famous Olympian games. We were leaving the tour at Olympia, as many were, instead of continuing on to Venice, so it was a time for saying farewell to the many good friends we had made at the Conference. Our Dutch friends insisted that we visit them in Holland after we finished our work at Pompeii, but that wasn't possible. We also had a last visit with Dr. and Mrs. Ehrenberg. He was such an erudite, but jolly scholar.

We took the ferry to Italy, anxious to get back to Pompeii. We stayed over a day in Naples, because Stanley had to have some emergency dental work done. What an experience. The elevator looked like it had been installed in the days of the Bourbons. It was a little wire cage in the lobby. When we got in and pushed the button, nothing happened. The doorkeeper motioned to a man in the lobby to show us the coin box. You had to put in a ten lira piece (about a cent and a half) before the elevator moved. The dentist had been recommended by our hotel as "English speaking", but it was fortunate that we could speak some Italian.

Back at Pompeii (May 31), we were soon settled in our old room "*duecentocinque*" (205) at the Rosario. We couldn't believe the changes that had taken place. Fardini was resplendent in a smart new uniform, haircut and shave. Our room and bathroom were scrubbed until the marble floors shone. And fresh towels every day! Tablecloths were clean, meals on time, the food good. The new cook was a great improvement. Sabino, our good friend and trusty waiter, was in his glory. He had fresh flowers on our table in a silver vase. Breakfast was served in two minutes. He had tried so hard on our last trip but the cook would not cooperate. Sabino was delighted that we could now speak Italian with him. He took our order for the next meal, and it was always ready when we arrived. Of course there was the night that I found a big, rusty nail in my beans. But Sabino had warned us not to order them, because they came out of a can. Soon fresh beans were plentiful, and so delicious. Sabino kept lamenting that "mama" didn't come this time, and he kept asking how she was. He wanted to make sure that she wasn't sick. He wasn't able to contain himself when we gave him his copy of *Letters from Pompeii*, and he saw that he was in the book. Even the taxi driver from the station didn't overcharge us this time. He said he remembered us; we were friends of Sabino. It was a great surprise to find that even the streets of Pompeii were now swept!

When we arrived at the *scavi*, Dr. Giordano was anxious to show us a palatial house in the oldest section of Pompeii (in Region VII, *insula occidentalis* 12-15) that they had excavated since our last trip. It was the

home of Pompeii's leading dealer in fish sauce, Umbricius Scaurus. At each corner of the impluvium of one of the atriums (at entrance 15) he had installed in the mosaic floor an *urceus*, the terracotta vessel in which fish sauces were kept. On each container Scaurus had instructed the mosaicist to put a different inscription, lauding the quality of that particular sauce. These mosaics had been covered with sand to protect them, but Dr. Giordano and his workers eagerly removed the sand and put water on the mosaics, urging Stanley to photograph each one. The mosaic vessels were larger than life size to accommodate the inscriptions. As my student, Robert Curtis, who later made a detailed study of the fish sauce industry, has pointed out, "this is a unique example of ancient advertisement at its best."



We were anxious to get a good picture of the acanthus, which was in full bloom when we arrived, but would soon be gone. The workmen thought we had lost our minds, spending so much time on a flower picture. I explained that it was a flower found in ancient Pompeii. It was just as well that they didn't see us working on a picture of the yellow broom the day before. The *scavi* was a cloud of yellow, but these flowers, too, would soon be gone. Stanley was anxious to get some good flower pictures for the picture book that he was preparing for the German publisher, Andermann. When I went to look at one house that was on my list to study, I was much surprised to see a huge clump of broom completely blocking the entrance to the narrow passageway that led to the garden. The clump was about eight feet wide, and much taller than I am, and covered with gorgeous sweet-pea like blossoms. I didn't have the heart to tell the workmen to remove it, at least while it was still in flower. The oleander was just coming into bloom, and Stanley was looking for a good picture of oleanders with Vesuvius in the background.

A few days later we heard someone calling "Uncle Stanley" outside the house where we were working. It was Dr. Giordano, who was a real cut-up. He had been quite taken with *Letters from Pompeii*. He was with a friend, who had brought his car so they could take us to see a new villa at Torre Annunziata, that they had just begun to excavate. A road map of the late Roman Empire, the *Tabula Peutingeriana*, had identified the site of modern Torre Annunziata as ancient Oplontis. Had they discovered another city destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius, or was it only another villa? When they began excavating they found Bourbon tunnels dating from 1839 and 1840. The name Rufolo Antonio with the date April 9, l839 found written with charcoal on a white wall may record the name of one of the excavators, or perhaps a visitor to the site. At various places the Bourbons had cut paintings from the wall. When we saw the excavation, it was just a large hole in the ground with a few walls exposed, but they had already found a garden painting! Little did I guess that in future years I would spend many a happy summer excavating the thirteen gardens found at this magnificent villa, which belonged to Poppea, wife of the emperor Nero.

A few days after we arrived in Pompeii, there was much excitement at the Rosario, for they were making elaborate preparations for the golden and silver wedding anniversaries of about 500 people from all over Italy. I was much interested in the decorations, beautiful garlands made of leaves and flowers just like those we had been photographing in the *scavi*.

We were leaving for the excavations, when Signor Ladola, the new manager of the Rosario, insisted that we be on hand when the procession formed at the hotel and started for the church. Each woman was given a bouquet of white carnations and ferns. The man who was handing them out came over to where I was standing and insisted I have one too. At the head of the procession was a fine looking couple from the island of Sardinia. She was dressed in her native costume and looked like one of the dolls on our Christmas tree. They were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The procession was led by two marshals in elegant white uniforms. Traffic

was stopped as they marched on a bright red carpet to the church, about two blocks away. The manager told Stanley to go to the public square, where he could get some good pictures. The church bells began to ring, and they were beautiful; they had been tuned since our last trip. The manager beckoned me to come with him, and suggested I go into the basilica. Then he noticed I had on a blouse with sleeves a little above my elbow. He said "no matter", but rushed through the parade and motioned to Stanley to give him his jacket, which he brought for me to put on. We went into the church and he told Stanley to come as soon as the procession was inside. He tried to take us up front. We hesitated, but he insisted and before we knew what was happening, he had opened up a path to the front of the church, to seats on the platform, where we could see everything. He kept saying that it would be a beautiful service and we should see it. I had on my straw *scavi* hat and Stanley was now in his shirt sleeves. We felt very conspicuous, so we eventually slipped out and stood down below, at the side of the stage where we could see fairly well. Before long someone touched my elbow. It was the manager. He had gone back to the hotel for his wife's blue chiffon stole; he told me if that made me feel better to put it on, but that I was quite alright. I put it over my shoulders, and gave Stanley his coat, and the manager firmly led us back to our reserved seats on the platform.



We were just a few feet from the cardinal, and we could see everything perfectly. Everyone was so gracious and all the Pompeians so determined that we have a good seat, that we finally decided to accept in the spirit that they offered. But it was hard for us to sit when so many old people were standing. The center of the church was reserved seating for those celebrating their anniversaries. The side aisles were packed solid with people standing. The old couple from Sardinia were seated on the stage on little benches with a sort of table in front of them where they could kneel at proper places in the service.

It was a beautiful service, such as I never expected to see in Pompeii. We could scarcely believe our ears when we entered the church. The organ was playing, and what music it was. Stanley said he could easily believe that it was the second best organ in Italy. Fardini had once told us that the Vatican had the best one, the second best was in Pompeii. But we had never been able to hear it. The organ loft is so high up in the back that it is too hot for the organist and the choir during the summer. Fortunately June was much cooler than usual this year. The choir, too, was magnificent and the acoustics in the basilica perfect for music.

We never expected to see such a reverent service at Pompeii. After the informality of former years, with people talking and eating lunch during the service, this was a real change, perhaps because a sound system had been installed and everyone could now hear. The cardinal's sermon was a good one. He spoke of the sanctity of marriage, the importance of the home, and its role in making a better world.

We were less than a foot away from the two little boys who helped in the service. One was so tiny, about five years old. the other about eight. When they knelt before the altar, they had their backs to the audience. The younger boy was very serious, but obviously perplexed about what to do and when to kneel. The older boy kept an eye on him and tried to unobtrusively instruct him. When the time came to ring the bell, the little one really put his all into it! During the service the couples all went through their marriage vows again. They brought in a special throne for the cardinal and the tiniest boy brought in his pointed hat. The pageantry of the service was impressive, when so reverently done. I watched the faces of the old Sardinian couple and I was quite moved. I told Stanley that the face of the old woman was so radiant, she looked like a girl again.

At the close of the service, the cardinal walked down the center aisle and shook hands with every couple there. They all had their pictures taken in front of the basilica. Mr. Ladola insisted that Stanley have a ringside seat with all the photographers. No single hotel could accommodate so many for dinner. The Sardinian

couple were to have dinner at the Rosario. In a few minutes they arrived. Mr. Ladola had sent for them so that Stanley could get their picture in the garden before the others arrived. They were delighted when we told them we would send them their photo in color.

One of our projects for the summer was studying and photographing all the large animal paintings on garden walls. We had asked to have the house of Ceius Secundus, which has the most perfectly preserved animal painting in Pompeii, cleaned. (See heading picture for this chapter.) It was quite sad to see how weeds had taken over, even taking root in cracks in the paintings. I got up early and went over to supervise when the men arrived, to make sure that the painting didn't get damaged. The old man who had charge of cleaning the paintings in the past had retired and was in the hospital in Naples, where we sent him flowers. Everyone loved him, and he was so good to us. Whenever I mentioned his name in the *scavi*, they would always say, "a good, good man." The younger men didn't have quite the same feel for the *scavi*, but when I talked to them while they weeded, they got into the spirit of carefully protecting everything. The house was very cool, and quite comfortable, once all the weeds and many brambles had been removed, and it had been swept. They used brooms made from the broom plant.



Acanthus in flower

I was sitting in the garden of Ceius Secundus, on a column drum, which made a very comfortable seat, when the father of Ludovico and Carmela came to call. He invited us to visit them that evening. He said that Ludovico was studying English at school, and that he was the best student in his class. There was great excitement when we gave them their copy of *Letters from Pompeii*, and they found Mr. Sasek's painting of Ludovico and their house above the *scavi,* and discovered that their house was located on the map in the book. Carmela was so sweet and so tiny. I wished that I had a picture of her and Stanley when she took him by the hand and led him out into the garden to see her kittens. Whenever we met their father, he would insist on going home and getting us each a cup of his wife's wonderful coffee while we were working.

We got quite well acquainted with the children at Pompeii this year. Another little boy that we got to know quite well was the son of the manager of the bookstore. We had sent him stamps, for he very much wanted American stamps. On our first day in Pompeii he came to see us, bringing a photo his father had taken of us on our last trip. We had brought him a copy of *Letters from Pompeii,* for we knew he was studying English at school. It was fun to see him go through the book and recognize all the places pictured. He was one excited little boy when he found that he could read the book. I also got well acquainted with the three little daughters of the operator of the beauty shop who would come and talk to me while I was having my hair done.

Stanley and I were very impressed with the politeness of the Italian children and it was great fun to be able to talk with them. One of the nicest visits was when we went home one night after work with one of the *custodi*. We were leaving the *scavi* as he was going home, and he invited us to go home with him for coffee. I was tired and dirty and felt we should go to the hotel He was such a sweet old man, so quiet and gentle, we didn't want to hurt his feelings by refusing. He said he lived only five minutes beyond the Rosario, but it was an Italian five minutes. He lived in an apartment up several flights but he had hoped I could climb up slowly. A neighbor on the first floor came out and brought me a chair so I could sit in the lobby. Her children were with her. One of the smallest immediately came up to me and started talking. I asked her how old she was and she answered *tre* (three). The custodian's wife brought me coffee and stayed and visited a while. I told her that I was having a grand time talking to the children. The three year old seemed to feel responsible

for me and would go out in the courtyard and one by one bring in her various little friends and introduce them. She would tell me their names and how old they were. Each one would put out a hand and shake hands with me. The cutest was a tiny little boy. She told me he was only two, but he was her best friend. He was all dressed up and very properly shook hands. Stanley was sorry that I couldn't go up to the apartment, it was beautiful with handsome furniture. They showed him pictures of their family, one son was a professor at the University of Milan, and several other children had similar positions.

Dr. Giordano kept insisting that we spend Sunday at his home. They were celebrating his son Antony's name day, and as he observed, that was Stanley's middle name, so it was also his name day. The front of their home took us completely by surprise. Dr. Giordano laughed when we asked if we could take a picture. “Yes,” he said, "it’s just like in the *scavi*." And it was. The painted wall of the house, directly on the sidewalk, was completely covered with announcements of coming attractions, concerts, games and other activities in Boscoreale, where he lived. Another example of the continuity of life near Vesuvius. The interior of his home was elegant, the dinner table set with beautiful linens, china, silver and much cut glass. It was a real celebration.

We spent two days working in the Naples Museum



Son of the bookseller reading Letters from Pompeii.

We met Dr. Giuseppe Maggi, the Director of the Museum, who was also in charge of excavations at Herculaneum. He greeted us warmly and told us how much he had enjoyed *Letters from Pompeii*. He suggested that we have Ginn and Co., our publisher, contact the NATO school at Naples. The school was a large one and he said the book would



WFJ, Ludovico and his family reading Letters from Pompeii.

be a natural for them. He assigned a man to help us as we photographed in the museum. Dr. Maggi also took us into the *deposito* (storeroom) to look at the many things not on exhibit, including garden paintings cut from the walls at Pompeii many years ago. They were covered with years' accumulation of dust, but as we went through we found some priceless paintings that were presumed lost and known only from drawings made at the time of excavation, before the invention of the camera. They cleaned them for us and carried them out into the sun so Stanley could properly photograph them. I had hoped to go through the storerooms which housed the statues, both bronze and marble, but that had to wait until later trips.

I was thrilled to see the marvelous museum library, which Dr. Maggi told me I was to use freely. There I was to find many things not available elsewhere. We went to Herculaneum a few days later. They phoned from the museum at Naples that we were coming, so they gave us a royal welcome. The man in charge invited us for cakes and coffee, and sent a man to go with us to unlock doors and prepare things for us to photograph. Stanley concentrated on a few photos for his book, also some garden and garden paintings.

We were anxious to meet the new superintendent, Prof. de Franciscis. He greeted us warmly when I asked his permission to continue excavating in the garden of the *vinarius* on the Via Nola. He wrote a letter to the *scavi* giving his permission and told them to give me "maximum cooperation." The people at the *scavi* were elated. They assigned Nicola Sicignano, their expert on making casts, to help us. He was the workman who had made the casts of the bodies of the people who had lost

their lives when fleeing Pompeii after the eruption. Sicignano didn't think that we would find anything, because the modern roots would have consumed all evidence of the ancient roots in a garden that had been excavated so many years ago. But we knew better.

I should add that, despite his initial doubts, Sicignano was always fully cooperative, and no one was happier than he when we succeeded. He became a fast friend and proved to be a most intelligent man who, had he had the opportunity to get an education, would have been a great scholar. When asked from whom I learned excavation technique, I think first of him.



"Cupid punished," from Pompeii now in the Naples Museum. SAJ's full photo shows that it was framed and hanging on the wall of the museum. The photos of the paintings from the deposito were not found in University of Maryland collection.

When I first saw the garden on this trip, I hated to clean it, for it was completely covered with beautiful bracken ferns, over four feet tall. We put in our first trench toward the front of the garden. After removing much more soil filled with modern roots than we had the previous year, there was still no sign of an ancient root cavity. Sicignano felt he had been vindicated. But before the morning was over we had found an ancient root cavity filled with lapilli. We continued and slowly more root cavities appeared. The modern roots in this part of the garden had been much more destructive through the years. We eventually put in six trenches, each about the width of the area we had excavated the previous trip. But we did not continue them the entire width of the garden. After laboriously removing much soil and finding roots in areas we had marked at regular intervals throughout the entire property, we felt it unnecessary to excavate the entire garden. It was now obvious that we had found a vineyard within the city. We emptied the cavities and filled them with cement. After three days, the soil around the casts was removed, and the casts of the ancient vine roots revealed.



Nicola Sicignano and WFJ, learning from each other.

It is quite possible that the inscription C. CAESIO RESTITUTO (to C. Caesius Restitutus) on a wine amphora in the house gives us the name of the *vinarius.* The name of the addressee was usually given in the dative case. Wine, much of which would have been brought from outlying villas, was sold in the shop at the front of the house. An interesting sculpture, now in the Lateran Museum, shows wine being transported from the country in a large animal skin mounted on a cart. Two paintings found at Pompeii on the walls of a tavern (VI.x.1) near the forum illustrate how the wine was drawn off in the amphorae when it arrived

in town. The neck of the animal skin was tied up and one of the legs served as a spigot. Apparently the boys in the picture were filling a large order, for they had unharnessed the horses. The empty amphorae stored in the house on the Via Nola may have been filled in this fashion. Some wine was probably delivered directly to houses, especially if villa owners had property or relatives at Pompeii.

A picture of Cupids portrayed as wine-dealers, in the triclinium of the House of the Vettii, gives a good picture of a wine dealers shop. In this picture an elegant city-dweller is sampling wine offered by a rustic dealer. At the left the wine amphorae are stored. At the right two slaves are pouring another sample. A tufa relief on the exterior of a shop near the forum shows how the wine was delivered after the purchase had been made. Two men are shown carrying an amphora, suspended between them from a long pool resting on their shoulders.



Holcus lenatus *(the tall plant in the back) and C*entaurium erythraea, *foreground. The identifications were written on the slide by WFJ.*

The absence of a street counter in the shop of the house connected with our vineyard on the Via Nola would indicate that wine was not served in the shop to passers-by, but customers may have been served in the house. Three terra-cotta lamps found in the atrium, one in the shape of a ship with sixteen lights, suggests that large numbers of people had gathered there. In addition to the many amphorae found here, there were also seven pitchers (*urcei)* which contained the fish sauces so popular among the Romans. Inscriptions showed that three contained the best quality of garum. It is difficult to say whether the fish sauce was for sale. The amount was no more than might be used by a family.

One of the most interesting things about this garden was the little *sacellum* attached to the rear garden wall. It is a small one room building. The lararium niche, in a prominent place on the east wall, was immediately visible to a person entering by the door on the west. Offerings were made to the Lares and the Penates on the masonry altar in front of the niche. Above the lararium were two painted garlands; although the household shrines were decorated with fresh garlands three times each month, many had painted garlands as well. We found several nails on each side of the niche, apparently so placed to hold the fresh garland. What deities were worshiped in the sacellum? Bacchus would seem to be the logical one. The wine producer A. Rustius Verus, who lived in the nearby House of the Centenary, adorned his lararium with a painting of Bacchus clothed with bunches of grapes, standing near Vesuvius planted with vines. The sole evidence regarding the deities worshiped in this sacellum was a little terracotta statuette in the lararium, of a female figure, perhaps a goddess, garbed in a chiton and mantle, reclining on a couch; her left arm, rested on a cushion, and in her right hand she held a *patera umblicata*. It was of course not unusual for excavators to find a lararium empty, for the little statues of the household gods were very small, and it would have been quite natural for Pompeians fleeing the wrath of Vesuvius, to take their Penates with them for protection.

June was cooler than usual that year. A cooler June was pleasant for working, but it also meant more rain, and that was bad for taking pictures. But there were days when there were marvelous clouds over Vesuvius, and Stanley took advantage of those days and had a field day taking pictures. He was particularly anxious to get such a picture for the cover of his book. On one such day he was up on the roof of a house (IX.v.6) near our vineyard, and I was working on my notes, sitting in the tablinum window, from which there was a beautiful view into the large garden. Stanley called down, saying he had a great view of Vesuvius from up there and he planned to stay for some time. One of the things that we especially enjoyed on this trip was the succession of wild flowers, especially in the new excavations. Stanley got quite carried away photographing the clouds over Vesuvius and the latest wild flower.

The *scavi* authorities were anxious for us to work in some of the newly excavated areas. They had been concerned when this part of the ancient city was so hurriedly excavated. They knew evidence of plantings should be salvaged before modern roots were allowed to

destroy the ancient root cavities. The *caupona* (inn or tavern) of Euxinus was a good candidate. When I asked Prof. de Franciscis for permission to excavate there he said, "Go back to Pompeii and start immediately!" He added that he was very interested in my work and wanted me to continue. The men at Pompeii were in seventh heaven and they began campaigning for us to stay until school began. We would have liked to, but unfortunately it was impossible. Our workers came early and stayed late so that we could accomplish as much as possible.



The *caupona* of Euxinus (I.xi,10-11), located on the Vicolo di Castricio a short walk from the amphitheater, is a most interesting site. An L-shaped counter at the entrance made it possible to serve passers-by on the street as well as those who stepped inside. A stove at the end of the counter had a roof-tile for a fire bed – a device used to insure an especially hot fire. Ashes from the last fire were still visible at the time of excavation. Two huge jars embedded in the counter kept the food or drink hot for the customers.The *copo,* Euxinus, (whose name appropriately means "friendly to strangers"), on his handsome shop sign, picturing a phoenix and two peacocks, wrote this invitation: PHOENIX FELIX ET TV. Literally translated, it says“Phoenix happy and you.” But the implication was clear to Euxinus's customers – The phoenix is happy; eat and drink here and you will be too! The picture is now in the Naples museum.

Among the many amphorae found during the excavation were three with painted inscriptions giving the name, address and occupation of the owner: "to the *copo* Euxinus, at Pompeii, near the amphitheater." On two, his name was spelled *Eusinus*, which suggests the pronunciation of the proprietor's name.

Behind the room with the counter were three other rooms, also a storeroom, and a latrine. To the east of the counter room two doors led into a large open area, apparently a garden. In this area, which could also be entered directly from the street (entrance 10), there was a second latrine and steps leading to the second story. When the excavation of this house was completed in 1960, the use of the open area was still not certain. I



Front of the caupona of Euxinus.



The caupona's hot food serving area.

suspected that it had been planted.

When we began our excavation this area was already covered with a dense growth. Volcanic ash is so fertile that excavated areas are soon covered with vegetation. Before clearing the entire area we decided to make a trial excavation in one place, scraping down to the original ground level, We were rewarded almost immediately by finding three circular areas about three inches in diameter filled with lapilli. When the holes were completely emptied they appeared to be cavities left where three deep roots had decayed.

The next cavity that we cleaned was baffling. Soon we found a tooth, then bits of bone and then two more teeth. It suddenly dawned on us that we had found the spot where a dog had buried his bone! The teeth were later identified at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. as those of a pig.

The next cavity, almost six inches in diameter, with branching laterals was shaped very much like a grapevine root. A much larger cavity (over a foot in diameter), in which we found bits of carbonized root mixed with the lapilli, had the appearance of a tree root cavity.

We got up about 4 A.M. and were at the *scavi* about five (as we often were) on the day we began work in the *caupona* of Euxinus and we worked until 7:30 that night. It was a long day, and we were tired. Sabino was waiting for us in front of the Rosario and grabbed Stanley's tripod, camera and supplies also my basket and escorted us to our room. He seemed to think we would never make it on our own.

The next day was Sunday, the beginning of a big two day holiday dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. We decided to sleep late, until 7 A.M. We looked out our bedroom window and saw that the priest was already busy blessing cars and all sorts of vehicles. We were quite surprised to see a big boat being blessed. About 10,000 pilgrims came every Sunday to Pompeii. The streets were so full of cars and people that traffic scarcely moved, an indication of the new prosperity On the previous trip we had seen motor scooters but few cars.

As the days passed, we found many more cavities in the garden of Euxinus that appeared to be left by grapevine roots. But most exciting was the cavity left by a large tree root almost two feet in its largest dimension at ground level. After we had excavated the entire area, the next step was to fill the cavities with cement and make casts of them so that we might study their shapes and identify them. It then became clear that Euxinus had a vineyard with thirty-two grapevine roots and two trees. The vines were planted in five irregular rows, but there was no evidence as to how they were staked.

The grapes from Euxinus' vineyard no doubt supplied part of the wine served in his restaurant, but no remains of a press were found. The grapes may have been transported to a nearby press or perhaps the juice was extracted by treading the grapes in a small portable wooden tub. This process is depicted in the vintage scene on the beautiful cameo blue glass vase found at

Pompeii, and it is still a favorite method today in the Pompeii area. Sicignano, who crushed his grapes thatway, assured us that grapes crushed by bare feet



North garden of Euxinus as work began. Sicignano starts work near center of picture; WFJ takes notes at left.



Centranthus ruber*; in Italian,* valeriana rossa -- *red valerian.To clear away such natural beauty was distressing.*

produced much better wine than that from a press, which bruises the seeds and gives the wine a bitter taste.

After the juice was extracted, it was stored in large terracotta jars until it fermented. The two *dolia* found in this garden were apparently used for this purpose. When ready for use, the wine was stored in amphorae. Pliny tells us that the finest wines in Campania underwent fermentation in *dolia* exposed to the open air, while weak vintages were kept in *dolia* sunk in the ground. It would appear that Euxinus's wine was not weak, for the *dolia* were not buried in the ground.

Once we had located the planted area, we could speculate with more accuracy regarding the use of the remaining space. Against the south wall of the garden are the colorful remains of a little room with painted walls. Along the west garden wall is a small enclosure with a low wall. No painting is preserved on the outside, but the inside is painted to represent a fence with plants growing behind it. Perhaps the low wall was painted to look like the low reed fence in a garden painting in the Naples Museum. The enclosure was, perhaps, an arbor. Quite possibly the garden was used as an extension of the dining area. There was no evidence of a masonry triclinium such as I had found in some gardens, but no doubt crowds from the amphitheater were willing to be served less elegantly at tables set up in these two garden rooms and under the spreading branches of the two trees. The Roman poet Martial disparages this type of restaurant and taunts the boor who does not recline to eat. Table service was not unknown at Pompeii, as a painting in another restaurant shows.



Euxinus's garden after excavation and the colorful room against the south wall.

A *caupona* usually had a few rooms to let for overnight guests, and this seems to be the case here. The arrangement of rooms behind the counter room is not that of a private house. The adjacent house is part of the same establishment. A door leads from the back room of the caupona into the atrium of the second house. The room off the garden in this house had a large window that opened into the garden of the *caupona*, another indication that the two properties had a common owner. Euxinus and his family apparently lived in the house connected with his *caupona*. The rooms upstairs in the *caupona* were probably for the use of overnight guests.

Graffiti on the west wall of the garden reflect the banter between the serving girls and patrons. Beside the door leading into the counter room, beneath a figure of the god Priapus, were the words of a well known song: "The blonde taught me to hate brunettes. I will hate them if I can. If not, unwilling I shall love them."

The little ithyphallic Priapus is frequently found in gardens, for his statue served as a combination garden deity and scarecrow. It is possible that his presence here suggests that this *caupona* may also have been a *lupanar* (brothel). Another graffito seems to refer to a singing contest in which the judge between two rivals was one of the girls of the *caupona*: "Here two rivals sang. A girl held the *fasces*." Near the door to the counter room, below a figure of Bacchus were the words of a hackneyed song found elsewhere at Pompeii: "Eagerly we come here, we are more eager to leave."

The representations of Priapus and Bacchus are not the only references to the gods and cults in this restaurant. At the rear of the garden are two well-preserved altars. The southern one stands before a lararium niche. Near this we found a votive offering, a little terracotta head of Jupiter, also the set from a ring. The rustic altar in the northeast corner has a shelf at the back for holding the utensils used in sacrifice.



Ashes left from the last offering were found on the altar at the time of excavation.



Preparing the theater for Aristophanes

While we were excavating the vineyard of Euxinus, Joyce Bergmann, one of my PhD students, and her husband, Otto, a physics professor at American University in Washington D.C. visited us. Otto drove down from Vienna, where he had been visiting his parents. Joyce came in the next day by ship from Australia: she had been gone four months, with their infant son Tony, showing the baby to her family. Sabino was quite excited at the prospect of having a *bambino* at the Rosario. When we told him that the baby had one tooth, he said that in Italy when a baby got its first tooth the father gave the mother a present.

Tony was eight months old and a good traveler. One night we all went to Sorrento and had dinner in the garden of a delightful little restaurant hanging on the sheer side of a cliff, overlooking the Bay of Naples. The little fishing boats far below made quite a picture when their lights came on at night. The Bergmanns stopped at our excavations one day and stayed for quite a while, absorbed as we found roots. The *custodi* got well acquainted with Tony! When the Bergmanns took their car to Naples to have it serviced, they discovered that they had to leave it. The afternoon Otto went to get the car, Joyce planned to stay at the Rosario with Tony. But Stanley offered to take care of him, so Joyce could go to the *scavi* with me. The *custodi* and workmen wanted to know where Stanley was, but when I told them he was taking care of the *bambino* all was well. *

We got quite well acquainted with the workmen and the custodians on this trip. Stanley used to say that if we were in a hurry to get to work we shouldn't go down the Via dell'Abbondanza, for by the time we shook hands and said good morning to each of the custodians, visited a minute, and then shook hands and said goodbye, we had used up a good hour's time! The *custodi* were so nice. They knew the coolest places, and that was where they put their chairs. When they saw me coming during the day, they always invited me to stop and rest awhile. At times I did, and the cool was very welcome. If I didn't stop, they would coax "*solo cinque minuti*" (only five minutes).

We also got acquainted with the night *custodi* this year, for we went to work before they were off duty and we were often still working when they came back on duty at night. At night, they put out watch dogs trained to attack anyone except the night *custodi*, whom they knew. Several times, the *custodi* shortened the hours when the dogs were out so that we might safely continue our work.

We were quite impressed with how well the grapevine worked at Pompeii. Everyone always knew everything that we were doing, when we arrived at work, when we left, and what we had discovered that day.

A magnificent performance of Aristophanes *Birds* in the big theater at Pompeii was a perfect birthday present . It was a thrill to see the theater festooned with garlands made exactly like the ancient ones. We felt as if we had been transported back to ancient Pompeii.

The last days at Pompeii were very full. I was up at 4 A.M. every morning, and we didn't get to bed much before 11:00. It was terribly hard to leave, there was still so much to be done. The men said they would take good care of my gardens until I came back. They certainly looked much better than when I arrived. I finally persuaded the gardener to prune the roses that were overrunning the formal gardens in the houses open for tourists, and to weed the beds. Some of the formal gardens were completely overrun with wild blackberries and nailed shut.

On our last day we went into a recently excavated site that I suspected was a vineyard, for there was a covered shed in one corner that was a *torculare*, where grapes were pressed. One of the workmen fell into a large *dolium* that was buried in the ground. The mouth was completely hidden by weeds. Fortunately he caught himself and wasn't hurt. I always went into such places with great caution, but they do not. I spent considerable

* Only one, rather poor, picture of the Bergmanns was found.

time the last few days talking to the *assistenti* who had excavated some of the large garden areas that have not been published. They remember details about visible soil contours and evidence of root cavities. We now have a pretty good idea of where we want to work next time. Some of the sites were only partially excavated and still covered with considerable lapilli, so it will be necessary to get trucks to carry it out. The last day we worked in the *scavi* until almost train time.

The work this summer was successful beyond our wildest expectations, but the book was much less done than I had thought it would be. So much new material was being made available to me. We made an effort to locate all the things that had been taken from the gardens that we excavated. The last few days the entire *scavi* mobilized to help us get everything done, but they were always careful to mention what we would do "next time," which they hoped would be next year. Sicignano kept wanting us to stay, but I told him we just had to have a week to visit relatives in Poland; they were getting old. One of Stanley's favorite aunts died while we were in Pompeii. Sicignano said, "All right, then come back in August." But I had already found enough new material on this trip to keep me busy for a long, long time.

We stopped a day in Rome to visit the Alinari and Anderson Photo Companies. Both had large collections of photos taken many years ago of the art and architectural monuments of Italy. I went through the Pompeii photos and was overjoyed to find a number of valuable photos of gardens now destroyed. It seemed strange to put on city clothes again and to hear English spoken. We had heard nothing but Italian all summer. Only two people in the scavi knew a little English, and it was much easier to understand them if they spoke Italian. Andermann, the German publisher of Stanley's book, had asked us to visit his friend the Marquis del Turco, the publisher who was bringing out the Italian edition of the book. He invited us to his home, and to see the beautiful view of Rome from his roof garden.

On our way to Poland we stopped overnight in Vienna. The Bergmanns met us, and early the next morning they took us to the excavations at Carnuntum, about an hour and a half from Vienna. We visited the museum and then enjoyed a picnic lunch on the banks of the Danube. In the afternoon the professor in charge in the excavations at Carnuntum took us through this old Roman town, which had been the headquarters of the Roman governor of the province of upper Pannonia. There were several streets with corridor houses and gardens, which I knew only through brief written reports. I appreciated the opportunity to discuss them with an expert, and to compare these houses and gardens with those at Pompeii. Several years later, he was a fellow at the Hellenic Institute in Washington D.C., and we had an opportunity to continue our discussion. He also showed us the ancient palace and the two large amphitheaters, one in the camp of the Roman legions stationed at Carnuntum.

In the evening the Bergmanns took us to a beautiful restaurant in the Vienna woods. It was high on the mountainside, and we could see the lights of Vienna below. After dinner Otto and Joyce took us to the train to Poland.

Our first stop in Poland was a short visit with Karl and his family. Karl's mother was home this time, and she was so happy to see Stanley, for she remembered him as a little boy. At Łodz Uncle Max and Aunt Jadga, with a large bouquet of roses for me, met us at the train. When we got home, Agatha, the family retainer was standing at the door with a bouquet of red carnations. She is quite a character, tiny and bent, like a little gnome, with a tremendous sense of humor. She was so glad to see us again. She is German, so I could communicate a little with her, but I was learning a few Polish words. We arrived on a holiday, so it was a good time for a gathering of the relatives, as the men had the day off. This time we met many more relatives, that were not in town when we were there before. Everyone brought flowers, so the place looked like a florist's shop. Uncle Max had already filled every vase in the house with flowers before we arrived. He loved flowers, and he knew that I did too. There was a bouquet of gorgeous long-stemmed snapdragons, another of the loveliest bright pink strawflowers in a blue-green crystal vase that made quite a picture. I liked them so much I told him I was going to try and take the flowers home with me. When we went to bed, I noticed that he had brought them into our bedroom. He already had placed carnations and roses on the two night tables and a bouquet of snapdragons on the desk!

We met one older cousin for the first time, who told Stanley much about the family on his mother's side. She said Uncle Ed and Aunt Bernice (Stanley's mother's



Carnuntum with the Bergmanns.

sister) were married just before World War I. Uncle Ed had gone to Cracow on business when the war broke out, and they were separated during the entire war; for the front was between them. The cousin said the last letter she had from America had the news that Stanley was born. She had had a hard life. She was in a concentration camp, and saw her husband, a University professor, die. She said that she was a graduate of the University of Life. When Stanley's family returned to America his mother had given the cousin a beautiful silver basket, which she prized greatly. After World War II was over, she went back to her old home, which had been looted, to see if she could find any of her possessions. She found her silver basket in a tailor's shop. He would not give it up, so she took him to court. She had many witnesses who knew it was hers, and the court returned the basket to her.

The war seemed very real in Poland. Karl's mother had shown us photos she had found when she went back after the war to look through the rubble where their house had stood. She was so happy to find a photo of her husband in his laboratory. Other photos were so charred that you couldn't recognize the people.

One aunt that we hadn't met before brought me an amber brooch. The ancient amber route had passed through Poland from the Baltic on the way to Rome, and amber has always been popular in Poland. She thought I would like it because of its connections with the Romans. Her husband, Uncle Stefan, the judge, (the brother of Stanley's father) brought me a fine old book on Pompeii. He had earlier mailed me a book on Pompeii, but the Post Office refused to send this one, because it was so old. They said it should go to the Warsaw library. Stenia, Uncle Stefan's daughter, a dentist, took her vacation time while we were there, and she and Stanley had a most wonderful time together. She was the only cousin still living on his father's side. Our last stop in Poland was a visit with Uncle Ed in Warsaw. He was most anxious for Stanley to come. We were pleased to see him doing so well after the recent death of his wife. *

We arrived home in time to attend the International Conference of Classical Studies in Philadelphia, August 24 - 29. It was great to see the Larsens, who were anxious to hear about our summer's work. They introduced us to their good friends from England, Frank and Mary Walbank, and this was the beginning of our long friendship.

In the two years before we returned to Pompeii, Stanley's book, for which I wrote a short text and notes for the pictures, was published in English, Italian, German and French. I also published three more articles, and worked on articles reporting our excavations in the Via Nola vineyard and the *caupona* of Euxinus.

* No photographs from this visit to Poland were found.

I was greatly honored to be invited by Mrs. Bliss to give the lecture celebrating the opening of the new wing at Dumbarton Oaks, the incomparable garden library. I had understood that I was to lecture on "The Gardens of Pompeii." Fortunately, I was in the library several weeks before my lecture and discovered that the invitations that she had sent far wide announced my lecture as "The Gardens of Greece and Pompeii!" It was my good luck that I had for a number of years collected evidence for Greek gardens. I felt it important to know the antecedents of Roman gardens that might have influenced them. Most of the evidence is literary or epigraphical, but I had made an effort to collect the little available archaeological evidence during our various trips to Greece.

There was an overflow audience, and many distinguished guests came up to talk with me after the lecture. Only one introduced himself by name, Dr. Frederick Meyer, who was in charge of the Herbarium at the U. S. National Arboretum. He said he was very interested in my project, and if he could help in any way, he would be more than glad to do so, and gave me his telephone number. At that time a botanist at the University of Maryland had been graciously helping me, but he told me the flora of Maryland was his specialty, and he was afraid he could not be too helpful about Pompeian flora. The meeting at Dumbarton Oaks was the beginning of a long and fruitful collaboration and friendship with Fred and his wife Jean, who was also very interested in my project. A few years later they both came to Pompeii with us, and Fred returned on several subsequent trips. I had been pressing living specimens of plants that I had identified in the garden paintings. Fred suggested that we collect specimens for the National Arboretum Herbarium, and he supplied us with a plant press, many large blotters, record notebooks and lots of instructions, regarding the proper way to collect and prepare specimens on our next trip.



House of Romulus and Remus





After the cavity is found from lapilli or ash just below the ancient ground level, it is excavated (left) using a rod with a spoon-like tip or long tongs with plate tips, as seen in the lower left corner of the picture on the left. Sometimes, the human hand is also a good tool (above).

When the excavation is complete, reinforcing wire is inserted into the cavities, which are then filled, cupful-by-cupful with cement until nearly full (below). More cement can then be poured in without damage to the cavity (right). When the cement has hardened, the dirt around the cast can be removed to reveal the form of the roots. The nature of the plant can usually be deduced from the empty cavity, but the cement preserves that form and its location, which would otherwise soon be lost.







“Non il Foro Boario; una vigna!”

1966 Excavations in the "*Foro Boario*"

As soon as examinations were over and grades handed in we were on our way, by ship, back to Pompeii. We had decided to break the long train trip from Paris to Pompeii by a short visit to Florence. On our first visit to Florence in the fall of 1955, we had promised ourselves that we would return to see "the city of flowers" in all its glory in the springtime.

Our hotel had a Renaissance decor that made us feel we were living in the days of Michelangelo. As we, a little later, walked toward the Cathedral and the Campanile, the illusion that we were living in Renaissance Florence became very real, for the streets were thronged with people in Renaissance costumes. It soon became apparent that a film of that period was under production. We watched with interest as they shot scenes with the Cathedral and Campanile as a backdrop.

Florence has a long history. The Etruscans, a people of still uncertain origin, had dominated this area since the sixth century. The Etruscan town was conquered by the Romans, who in the middle of the first century B.C. established a colony of veterans in the area devastated during the Catilinarian conspiracy. Archaeologists have discovered many remains of the Roman town,

Florentia had a marble-paved forum and s capitolium, a temple of Isis, two bath complexes, a theater and amphitheater; but of all this nothing can be seen today. Only the street plan in the center of the city testifies openly to its Roman past. The other evidence has all been carefully documented, and many statues and other objects, including much from the Etruscan period, can be seen in the Museo Archaeologico.

We were on our way to this Museum when I heard a familiar voice call "Wilhelmina." I turned around and saw my good friend and University of Maryland colleague, George Yeney, and his wife approaching. I had thought that they were in Russia, where George was working on his current book, during his sabbatical. But they were enjoying a brief escape in springtime Florence. They continued with us to the Museum where Stanley took many valuable pictures for use in my classes. Later, George drove us to the nearby hill town of Fiesole, Roman Faesulae, which I had especially wanted to see. It too had been an Etruscan town, later conquered by Sulla, who settled a colony of veterans



Fiesole theater.

there. It was a beautiful drive up the mountains between rows of tall cypress trees, with striking views below. Upon arriving we immediately found ourselves in the midst of the old Roman town. There was a well preserved theater, a bath and an Etruscan temple of a healing god, rebuilt by the Romans after a fire. The rest of the Roman town is under modern Fiesole. Just below the brow of the mountain, there is an unforgettable view of Florence.

From Florence we went directly to Pompeii. It was good to be back and see all our old friends again. With our able foreman, Nicola Sicignano, we began to investigate possible sites to excavate this year. One site had evidence of soil contours, but they had been badly damaged by poor excavation and modern overgrowth; furthermore, exploratory excavations yielded no root cavities. A second site had root cavities only along the wall. The third site at first was more promising. We found root cavities at the back of the garden, but the rest of the site was badly damaged by large modern roots. I had a feeling that the large insula to the north of the amphitheater (II.v) might have been planted, but our foreman was sure we would find nothing there. The first limited excavations in this insula took place in 1755. The excavators, perhaps because they found the bones of large animals, identified the site as the Foro Boario (Cattle Market), a name that still appeared on the plan of the city distributed to tourists.

In 1814 the south wall of the insula was excavated. In the center of this wall, directly across from the amphitheater, was an entrance formed by two columns upon which rested a pediment, followed by a little vestibule with three arches; one of these gave access to a triclinium.

The excavators believed that this was the burial place of gladiators killed in the amphitheater. Others believed that the gladiators were given a public banquet at the triclinium, before going to possible death in the amphitheater. Some scholars believed that this insula also contained the cages of the animals used in the amphitheater, since this structure, which is the oldest amphitheater known, had no underground chambers for animals, such as are found in later ones.

There were no further excavations in the area for 141 years. Then from December 1954 to May 1955 most of the insula was cleared with the exception of a large modern house in the northeast corner and a portion of the northwest corner, where there appeared to be an ancient building. The two rooms of this complex that were excavated were equipped for making wine. This suggested that the insula might have been planted, but the belief persisted that this was the Cattle Market.

Only subsoil excavation of the entire area could definitely reveal its use. Reluctantly Sicignano consented to making a trial excavation along the east wall where there was a substantial covering of the original volcanic debris.

Digging down through more than four feet of lapilli we came to the ground level of A.D. 79. Almost immediately we uncovered the cavity left by the decay of a large root. After we had removed all of the lapilli, we found that the cavity was a perfect mould of an

ancient tree root a foot in diameter at ground level. But Sicignano pointed out that there could well be a few trees in the Cattle Market to furnish shade for the animals.

We continued the trench along the east wall, but were disappointed to find that the undisturbed covering of lapilli soon ended. The excavators in 1955 had removed the volcanic material down to the original ground level and later covered the area with backfill. We worked the rest of the day and found no more cavities.

In the following days we eventually found several small cavities ranging from one and a half to three inches in diameter, but the backfill was deep and compacted, and the results discouraging. Sicignano was sure these were the cavities left by weeds. We decided to explore the western half of the insula. Here the original level was scarcely below the surface and had been badly damaged by the passage of trucks. Even so, we eventually found another tree root cavity about a foot in diameter, near the west wall. Our first complete row of small root cavities was along the east wall of the unexcavated complex. We next removed the heavy growth along the south wall of this complex, most of which came from a huge Spanish broom, with brambles intertwined. Here we found another row of small cavities.



The testa *or planting pot.*

If this insula had been planted elsewhere than along the walls, we felt that we would find the evidence by digging trenches into the center of the area, in line with the root cavities that we had just discovered so easily. Again we were disappointed, for when we dug two trenches toward the center we found the soil very compacted and nothing preserved underneath. We tried another trench and found three small roots but could find no more. By this time there was a general feeling that the expenditure of time and money was too great for the few root cavities found. Roots along the wall proved nothing about the use of the area. The three roots in the center were encouraging but did not disprove the identification of the site as the Cattle Market.

We decided to work in another garden. The large garden at the rear of the House of the Hebrew (I.xi.14), so named because of the Hebrew inscription on the north wall of the fauces (entrance way), yielded important initial results.

We immediately found a few root cavities along the wall. I shall never forget finding my first ancient planting pot in this garden. It was embedded in the soil about three and a half feet from the south and west walls. "*Una testa!*" my workmen exclaimed, as they removed it from the soil. It was a strange looking object, somewhat like a flower pot, the preserved height about five inches, with a large hole in the bottom. But it had four smaller holes in the sides, and the sides were curved in at the top, not straight as those of the modern flower pots that I knew. When I excitedly reported my find to the Italian archaeologists at the *ufficio*, they did not know what I was talking about. The word *testa* was unfamiliar to them in this context.. But when I described the object they said that I had found a *vaso*, the first one to their knowledge to be found in the excavations. We searched, but none could be found either in the museum or in a *deposito*. I discovered later that the word *testa* – which means *head* in Italian – was the picturesque Neapolitan word for this humble terracotta pot. Italian had only one word, *vaso*, used for both elegant vases and utilitarian terracotta flower pots.

As we continued our excavations, we discovered that most of the garden was overgrown with huge Spanish broom bushes, which had completely destroyed the ancient root cavities. We considered exploring several other areas, but I strongly felt that none were as important or as significant as the one we had abandoned.

We returned and continued digging toward the center of the insula from the west wall. After going through a sterile area our luck changed, and as we went towards the center of the insula we found many small root cavities. We also found another tree root cavity, the largest we had yet found.

We emptied the cavity, reinforced it with heavy wire and filled it with cement. It required seven large bucketfuls. The root was deep. After the cement had stood for three days, the soil was pulled away from the cast, and the shape of the root that was growing when Vesuvius erupted was revealed. Sicignano remarked that it had the shape of a poplar tree that he had recently dug up on his farm. We also emptied and made casts of the smaller root cavities, which appeared to be vine roots. It began to look as if there had been considerable planting in the Cattle Market.



One morning one of the guides stopped with a tour near a break in the west wall and pointed out to the group that this was the Foro Boario. Sicignano immediately shouted back, "*Non il Foro Boario; una vigna!"* (Not the Cattle Marke; a vineyard!)" At last he was convinced![*]

The wife of the workman whose family lived in the house on top of the unexcavated area was greatly interested in what we were doing in her front yard. She passed our excavations every morning and evening when she went to modern Pompeii to get the family's water supply for the day. She was particularly curious about my role. She talked freely to Sicignano, not realizing that I could understand their conversations.

He told her that I was a professor and that I was studying the gardens of ancient Pompeii. She would have none of that and insisted that Stanley was the *professore*. One day when she was particularly insistent Sicignano told her that I was a professor in a large university and had many students. I even had classes with 240 students in them. When Archie Christopherson, one of my PhD's who was teaching at the University of Cincinnati, stopped off on his way from Greece to visit our excavations, the workman's wife wanted to know who that professor was. With great satisfaction Sicignano told her that he was one of my students. That was too much for her to absorb!

One day I was greatly surprised when I saw one of my former undergraduates coming toward us. I couldn't believe my eyes for I knew he was in the army in Germany. I asked him how he could possibly get leave, and he said he had told his commanding officer that his parents were in Pompeii and he had to have time off to visit them. When I reprimanded him he said, "but you have been just like parents to me." He had studied Pompeii with me in class, and he was a member of the Forum, the college-age study group at our church, of which Stanley and I were advisors. He reveled in seeing the things he knew so well from book study. He is extremely tall and he had to learn to duck when going through doors in the scavi, for they were built for much shorter people. He was beside himself with joy when he discovered that Plautus' *Menaechmi* was being given in the ancient theater that evening.

We had many visitors during the summer. Madame Boyer, our good friend in Paris, was greatly interested in our work and had always wanted to visit us at Pompeii. She was vacationing in Sorrento and came

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* Readers wishing a more systematic account of the results of WFJ's exploration of this vineyard may consult *The Gardens of Pompeii*, vol. I, chap. 10, or her report "The Discovery of a Large Vineyard at Pompeii" in *The American Journal of Archaeology*, Jan. 1973, available on line.



Mme. Boyer

to Pompeii the afternoon of July 1. As long as she lived, she repeatedly told me that that day was one of the most wonderful she had ever spent. The following Sunday two more visitors arrived, Charlie Mayes, one of my first graduate students, who was teaching at the University of Ohio, and David Orr, his student whom he had sent to the University of Maryland to do graduate work with me.

Dave was interested in household religion and, as part of his research, was studying the snakes so prominently painted on the household shrines at Pompeii. He was particularly knowledgeable about snakes, which he had studied as an undergraduate. On his first day at Pompeii he found a snake skin, a good omen indeed! “Buona fortuna,” chorused the Pompeians. The snake is a good omen at Pompeii. Charles left the next morning, but Dave stayed for two weeks to continue his own research. He was most happy when we were able to get permission for him to work a few hours a day in our excavations.

As we continued our trench all the way across the insula, row after row of ancient root cavities dramatically appeared until we finally reached the east wall. We then proceeded to widen our trench. As we approached the gate, we understood why we had been unable to find one row of roots. This row had been left unplanted and formed a path leading directly to the entrance. The ancient Roman writer, Columella, in his manual on agriculture, recommends that the vineyard be divided by footpaths, for use of the laborers in carrying stakes, repairs for frames, or fruit. He suggests that the vineyard might be broken up into divisions of one half a *jugerum*, which is approximately the size of our vineyard.

We were delighted when Prof. de Franciscis, who had encouraged my desire to work in the Foro Boario from the beginning, came out to see our excavations. He was very enthusiastic about what we were finding and said that we should excavate the site completely and remove the fill in trucks. He said that he hoped to raise the money to replant the vineyard as it was in antiquity.

A count of the cavities found during the summer showed five large tree roots, and over 200 vine roots, almost twice that number of vine roots if the second cavity found in most locations was a root and not a stake. The mathematical precision with which the roots



David Orr with snake skin.

were located suggests that the ancient owner had planted with the manual of Columella in hand. He recommended a quick method for laying out a vineyard, by using a line stitched with purple or another bright color, at the same intervals that the roots were to be planted. But our ancient owner did not space his vines according to the recommendations of Columella, who suggested that rows be at least five feet apart if cultivated by hand, at least seven feet apart if cultivated by oxen or plow. This vineyard was obviously cultivated by hand, but the plants are closer than five feet. Pliny the Elder, who was acquainted with this area, may well have been reflecting local practice when he said that in a rich soil vines should be planted four feet apart. The distance between our vines is almost exactly four Roman feet.



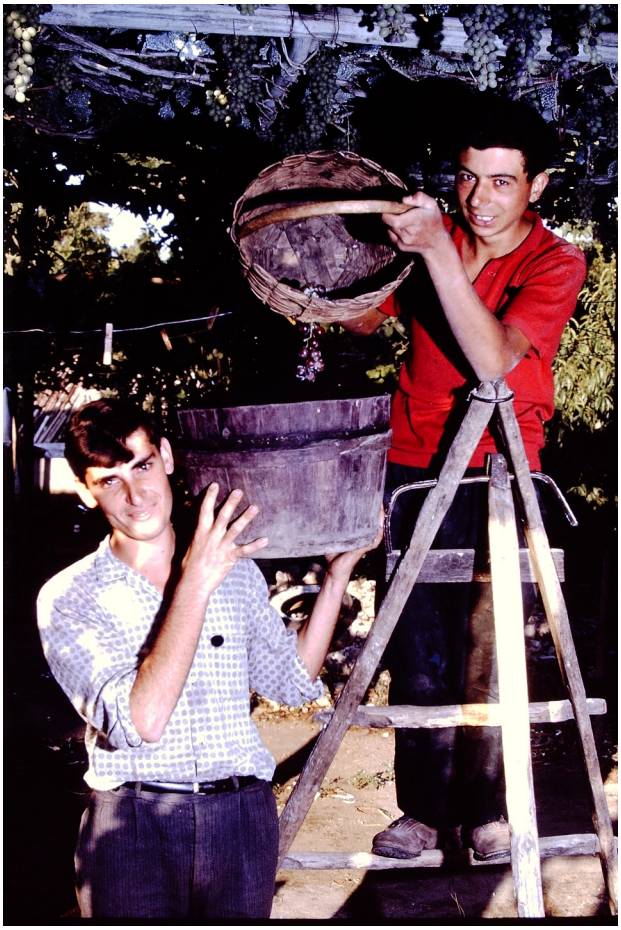
The small building at the edge of the unexcavated area in the northwest corner of the vineyard undoubtedly belonged to the owner of this vineyard. It was terribly overgrown with weeds and brambles, but when we cleaned it we found that the room to the west had fittings for a winepress similar to the restored one that we had seen a few days earlier in the Villa of the Mysteries.

After the juice was extracted, it was stored for fermentation in the ten dolia imbedded in the dirt floor of the adjacent shed. The unexcavated area in the northwest corner of the insula probably contains the winegrowers home.

The vineyards on the Via Nola and in the caupona of Euxinus, that we had excavated on our previous trip, were too small to have a large permanent pressing room. Sicignano had told us that the owners probably made their wine as he did, in a small portable press. He had wanted to show us his press, but we had been unable to work it into our busy schedule. This year, toward the end of our stay, he informed us that he had brought his press out of storage and set it up and that we could see it after work. He told us that there was a shortcut to his farm, if we left from the home of the workman who lived in the house on the unexcavated area in the northeast corner of our vineyard. When the workman and his wife saw us coming, they immediately called to Stanley to take their picture in their grape arbor.

We found ourselves in the countryside almost immediately. It was an unforgettable *passeggiata* through the *campagna* (countryside). We were soon following the Sarno, but the important navigable river that had once carried produce to the ancient port of Pompeii was now reduced in size to little more than an irrigation canal. The tall reed (*Arundo donax*) that we had identified in the wall paintings grew along the canal. We passed several small "farms" along the way, some plots with crops ready to harvest, others with the soil carefully prepared for planting. The contoured soil, in beds one above the other, divided by irrigation channels were unlike anything I had ever seen. Sicignano explained how the precious water was led between the rows in each bed, and then in turn into the slightly lower beds. Irrigation channels which separated the beds later served as paths to traverse when gathering the crops. (See picture, page 145.) Later I was to find in gardens that I excavated soil contoured in exactly the same way. Some years later at an international archaeological congress in England, I was taken by archaeologists doing a salvage excavation and asked if I could explain the strange soil contours they had found. I laughed and said that this was a garden obviously laid out by an ancient Roman, planting exactly as he had done at home.





As we approached Sicignano's home, we walked along a narrow country road, crops growing to its edges. Several times we had to step off the road so a boy driving a little two wheeled cart piled high with fodder, or a man in a donkey cart, could pass. So narrow was the road.

When we arrived at Sicignano's home we found the press set up ready for us. Sicignano was anxious for us to understand the entire wine-making process. His nephew, Clemente, one of our workmen, climbed up a ladder and pretended to pick grapes from the vines heavy with fruit. Since the grapes were not yet ripe, only a symbolic bunch was actually picked.

When his large basket was “filled”, he poured it into a large wooden pail, held by his cousin, Andrea, Sicignano's elder son. Andrea emptied the (mostly imaginary) grapes into a huge wooden tub, into which his little four-year-old brother, Raffaele, after first taking off his sandals, immediately climbed and proceeded to tread the grapes. The juice that was extracted was drawn off and ready to ferment. This





juice produced the best quality wine. The mashed grapes were then put into the big press and Sicignano proceeded to extract more juice, using both hands on a heavy lever, to turn the screw. But this wine was of a lesser quality. The ancient Pompeians with few grapes extracted the juice by treading. They knew the screw press, and extracted olive oil in this way, but no evidence has been found to indicate that they used a screw press for grapes, as Sicignano did.

As Sicignano had Stanley document each step with photos, the neighbors and their families began to gather. When they learned that Stanley was taking color photos, they all wanted their photos taken. One photo shows eighteen members of Sicignano's family, including his mother, her four sons, their wives, and children.

One brother lived just across the little courtyard in front of Sicignano's house, so near that they sat on their doorsteps to visit. The other brothers lived nearby. The men worked in modern Pompeii or in the scavi during the day, but tilled their land after work and on Saturdays. Stanley also took separate pictures of each brother and his family, which they appreciated greatly, for color photos were very rare. One brother had recently acquired a car, of which they were all very proud, and they shyly asked for a photo of the family with their car. Then the children brought their pets. They especially wanted pictures of some baby chicks, then of some baby ducks, that weren't too cooperative. A young neighbor, who was very fond of hunting, came all dressed up in his hunting gear for a photo; the front of his vest was covered with little pockets filled with ammunition. He had his guns, hunting dog, and was holding a pullet by the neck, to represent a bird that he had just brought down. All were duly photographed and photos made when we got home, which we sent to Sicignano to distribute.

It was a surprise when Sicignano invited us to stay for dinner. We demurred, feeling it would be a great imposition on his wife to have unexpected guests. He answered that she had been cooking all day and was prepared for us. It was an unforgettable dinner, eating in





Soil contours seen walking to Sicignano's house.

his garden under his vine-covered pergola. Never had food tasted better, such an abundance of vegetables and fruit, fresh from his garden, and meat grilled on a little tripod exactly like the one found in the garden of Euxinus.

When Sicignano took us back to the Rosario, we thanked him for the wonderful evening and the delicious dinner. He answered, "I knew you would eat with us." It seems his wife was sure we would not, even though he had assured her that we would. Scholars did not eat with workmen. It had troubled us that his wife did not sit at the table with us, but spent all her time waiting on us. We learned later that she was embarrassed because she couldn't speak Italian, only Neapolitan. But she became a good friend and at future dinners at their home, of which there were to be many, she was always at the table with us and her husband interpreted for her. We later discovered that many women spoke only Neapolitan. The men speak both Neapolitan and Italian, because they need Italian in their work. But at home the family speaks Neapolitan, which has a very different vocabulary.

When all the root cavities in our vineyard had been cleaned and casts made of the cavities, Prof. de Franciscis came again to our vineyard. We were happy that he was so greatly pleased with what we had found.

It was in this vineyard that I first became aware of the great importance of medicinal herbs at Pompeii. When the workmen began to clear the site of overgrowth, they spotted a path of bright green leaves, and rushed to dig them up and put them with their belongings, to take home at the end of the day. I thought it very strange and inquired why they did this. "For *fegato*," they told me, "it is very good." I was to learn as I worked at Pompeii that liver (fegato) ailments were a common complaint, hence the importance of the medicine made from the herb that my workmen were gathering, the common Mediterranean weed known as wavyleaf mullein (*Verbascum sinuatum*).

As my workmen continued to collect plants, I



Verbascum sinuatum

began to wonder if the plants they were collecting for medicine were the same ones the ancient Romans had used for cures. In my work I had so often been impressed with the continuity of life at the foot of Vesuvius. During the summer, and on subsequent trips, I talked about herbs with other workmen in the scavi, as well as people living in modern Pompeii, laymen as well as professionals. Again and again the same plants were mentioned – a limited but consistent list in which they placed great confidence. We discovered that the man who cleaned the wall paintings before Stanley photographed them was a local authority on medicinal plants, and from him we learned much. During the summer we collected specimens of the many plants that we had identified in the ancient wall paintings. We also collected specimens of all the plants that the Pompeians told me they were using for medicine. These were carefully pressed in the plant press that Fred Meyer had sent with us and properly recorded for the U.S. National Arboretum Herbarium, in Washington. We found the roof of the Rosario, which could be reached by elevator, a wonderful place for drying our specimens. This was one of the many projects that filled our evenings and early morning hours, before going to work in the scavi.

On our last Sunday in Pompeii, Dr. Giordano invited us to his home again for dinner. In the afternoon we looked at the inscriptions he had transcribed from walls in the House of the Hebrew, where we had found our first flower pot.

Each summer we planned to visit other Roman sites, for I felt it very important to see to what extent Pompeii was typical of, or different from, other towns in the Roman Empire. This year we looked forward to our first visit to Spain and a brief stop in England before sailing home from Southampton. But our plans almost went awry. Shortly before reaching the Spanish border Stanley discovered that his wallet, which contained our passport and all our money, had been stolen from his inside coat pocket. The train along the Riviera to Spain was terribly crowded when we got on, and we were continually jostled as we hunted our reserved seats.

Pick pockets apparently took advantage of that situation. The Spanish were exceedingly cordial and willing to admit us into Spain without our passport, but first the French had to sign a paper admitting that it had been stolen in France. This they refused to do. Our train for Barcelona left without us. Then another one. The Spanish officials told us not to worry, that they would eventually wear down the French officials.

When we went through Spanish customs, the officials were quite taken with one of our possessions. During the summer the Pompeians had made a replica of the most beautiful bronze fountain statue found at Pompeii, the boy with a dolphin, for our "Pompeii garden" in Silver Spring. They felt it would be much better if we carried it with us on the ship. They said they would make a box for it, so that it would be easy to carry. Often, as we walked through the scavi they reported that the work on the box was progressing.

We wondered how any box could possibly take that long to make. But we understood when they delivered our statue at the Rosario just before we left Pompeii. The box was a little suitcase, with a lid that opened on hinges, and was locked with a small padlock. When we looked inside, we saw that the workers had lovingly installed supports so that the little boy could rest his head and wings, and not be shaken during travel. The Spanish customs officials were continually opening the box and showing off our treasure as new travelers passed through.

But the French customs officials refused to relent. Finally, in the middle of the night when a new official came on duty, the Spanish were able to persuade him to sign the necessary paper.

When we arrived in Barcelona the city was in almost total darkness, with scarcely a street light. Store fronts were boarded up. There was not a person or car in sight. It reminded us of Poland after the war. We explained our plight when we reached the hotel, and they told us not to worry, that we were in Spain now, and they would take care of us. The next day was Sunday, the following day a holiday, so American Express would be closed, and we would be unable to report our stolen traveler's checks and get new ones. We had planned to go to Tarraco, and then to the ancient city, Emporiae. The hotel assured us that we could travel safely without a passport, and insisted on giving us Spanish money so we could go!

The next morning Barcelona was a city of light and color, bustling with people. We had a wonderful day exploring the city, especially the site of the ancient Roman town, and the remains of a Roman temple.



Pont de les Ferreres, 4 km north of Tarragona

Then we were on our way to Tarraco, ancient Tarragona, beautifully located on the coast. En route, we stopped to see the aqueduct Pont de les Ferreres, a feat of Roman engineering. The massive ancient walls of Tarragona were still standing; rooms within the wall were inhabited, as evidenced by the laundry hung outside the windows to dry. We visited the amphitheater, theater, the site of the ancient forum and capitolium (where the cathedral now stands). The Museum had many treasures. I was gathering much material for my classes and for my seminar on the Roman provinces.

Emporiae was to be our last stop in Spain. It was an important Roman colony, settled by Caesar's veterans, on the site of the Greek colony Emporion. There was no modern town, so the excavations weren't accessible by train or bus. We were told that we could take the train to a small town some distance away, and there get a taxi to take us to the site.

We arrived early in the morning and were overwhelmed with the beauty of the site; the beautiful deep blue water of the Gulf of Rosas washed the white sandy beach of the Costa Brava, tall pines completing the picture. The excavations were extensive. We had asked our driver to wait while we examined them and took pictures, assuring him that we would pay him well for his time. We were leaving Spain that evening and we didn't want to risk missing our train. He insisted that he would return. He seemed to feel that it would be an unnecessary expense for us if he waited. He spoke no English, but he seemed to understand our Italian. We told him the hour we had to leave, and he assured us that he would be back in time.

The Greeks had originally occupied an island now joined to the mainland, but they soon spread to the adjacent shore. We spent considerable time in the Greek town, which had been completely excavated. The homes were small, and I found no evidence of gardens, but that was to be expected. We examined the small agora, and then spent considerable time in the temple area, which had temples to Asclepius and Serapis.

There were various buildings from the Roman period in the Greek town. The site of the colony of Caesar's veterans had not been published, hence not on our map, and according to our guidebook not yet excavated. I knew from the ancient writers that it was on higher land just above the Greek town, on land occupied by an Iberian town, Indika, destroyed by the



Romans.

A short time before we were to leave, we decided to climb up the hill and see if there was any evidence of the Roman town. Much to our surprise we found ruins of two huge, luxurious houses, with magnificent mosaics (by far the best found in Spain up to that time), and large gardens which had been replanted. This was too good to be true. I hastily took notes, made rough drawings and indicated to Stanley pictures that we must get. All at once we heard a loud voice calling from below. It was our driver, pointing to his watch, and beckoning us to come. I told Stanley that I would walk slowly down the hill, and for him to follow, but to get those pictures! The pictures, which turned out beautifully, have been priceless. And we made our train to Paris!

In England we visited our good friends, John and Marjorie Davison at the University of Leeds, whom we had met two years earlier at the conference in Greece, and enjoyed so much on the post-conference cruise. We never ceased to marvel at the fresh beauty of English gardens, with their velvety green lawns, and brilliant flowers everywhere. Here we enjoyed drives in the countryside and visits to abandoned abbeys.



On our way to Southampton, to take the ship home, we stopped for a half day at the extensive excavations of the Roman town of Verulamium, and the nearby Norman abbey at St. Albans.

The following year, 1967, went quickly. It seemed there were more lectures and other extras than usual. In March, I gave a lecture for the Greater Washington D.C. chapter of the Herb Society of America, discussing the use of medicinal plants at Pompeii, a subject in which I was becoming greatly interested. I discovered that all the plants that I had found used at Pompeii today, had also been used by the ancient Romans to cure the same ailment. But in antiquity the plant was often recommended for more ailments. I looked forward to interviewing more Pompeians in 1968 and increasing my list of medicinal plants. I was quite surprised when Dave Shannon, the chairman of my department, suggested that I apply for a Biomedical Sciences Support Grant to support my further research on medicinal plants at Pompeii. I got the grant!

The Larsens paid us another visit in the spring (May 5 - 9), and again charmed my students and the university community, with his lecture, "The Greeks had a Name for it: Federalism."

We had a preview of his magnum opus, *Greek Federal States: their Institutions and History*, which was in press. Our many dogwoods and azaleas were bursting with bloom and made our garden look like a fairyland for our garden party for them on Sunday afternoon.

In the fall, we had a good weekend at Monmouth College in New Jersey, where Charles Mayes and Kenneth Stunkel, two of my first graduate students, were on the faculty and had invited me to give the Phi Alpha Theta banquet talk. Charles also visited us at Pompeii. In early December, I gave a lecture at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Audiences were always fascinated by Pompeii.





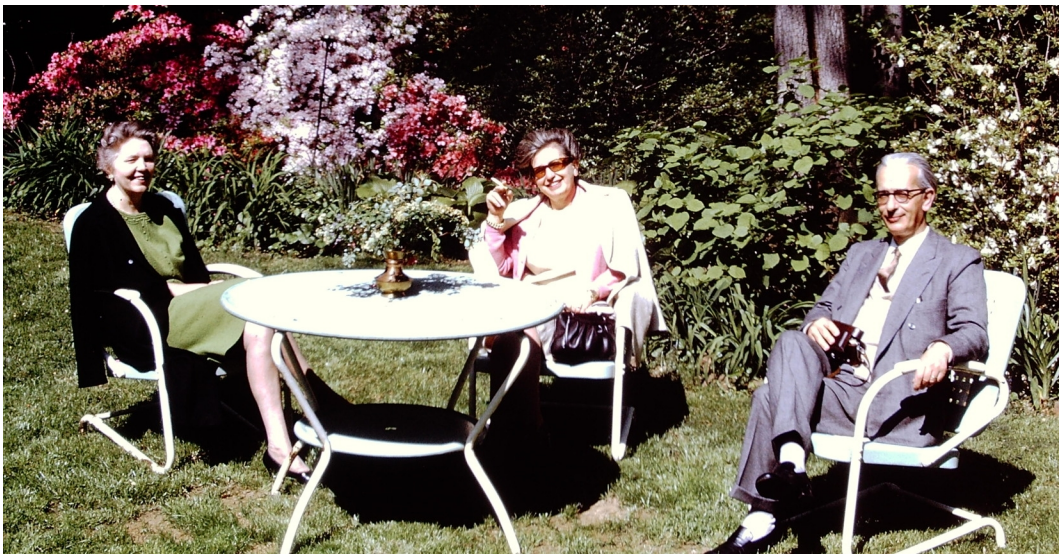
1968 Further Excavations in Our Vineyard

Good things happened in 1968. I could hardly believe it when I received word that I had been given the prestigious National Endowment for the Humanities Senior Fellowship for the academic year 1968 - 69. This was the second year after the establishment of the Fellowship and it was eagerly sought by many applicants. This meant that I could dedicate the entire academic year solely to my research, and it also provided funds for hiring workmen in Pompeii. Other good things followed. I was awarded honorary membership in Phi Beta Kappa, and I was given the Tatiana Warscher Award in Archaeology by the American Academy in Rome.

In early May, Alfonso and Serenella de Franciscis paid us a glorious nine day visit. It was their first visit to America. They loved every minute of it and everyone loved them. We were quite amazed when he gave his lectures without notes. When Serenella looked out the windows of our upstairs guest room which stretches across the back of the house and saw the many dogwoods and azaleas in a burst of bloom, she said she was going to stay and never go back to Naples! They were quite impressed with the dogwoods which they had never seen before. Ever after when Alfonso de Franciscis wrote to me he always inquired about the "wood dogs" (instinctively putting the adjective after the noun in Italian fashion). Nor had they seen azaleas six feet or more high, growing in a garden. Except in the Lake District in north Italy, azaleas are only known in pots in florist shops in Italy, where the alkaline soil is inhospitable to azaleas.

The weather cooperated beautifully for our garden party early in the visit. It was a strenuous week; we were invited to dinner parties almost every night, and there were many special events. All the Washington Museums and Art Galleries gave them the VIP treatment. We were guests at the opening of the National Portrait Gallery and given special seats very near President Johnson and Lady Bird. The Smithsonian Institution gave an elegant luncheon in their honor.

I don't know if I would have had the courage to invite Prof. and Mrs. de Franciscis, if I had known that they lived in the Royal Palace in Naples. But they appreciated very much being able to stay in an American home. They got quite Americanized in nine days. How they did enjoy eating outdoors on the terrace, listening to the song of the many birds and the music of the fountains! Serenella de Franciscis was very interested in everything in the kitchen and was always anxious to help. It was at her insistence that we ate



WFJ, Serenella and Alfonso De Franciscis in the Jashemski garden.

some of our meals on cool days in the breakfast nook, instead of in the dining room.

We got well acquainted during their stay, and the better we knew them the more we loved them. She is lots of fun, and teased her husband often about how she liked American husbands - the way they helped their wives. We kept telling him we'd love to hear his Voice of America broadcast which he was giving in New York, on his way home. They were going to interview him regarding his impressions of America and broadcast it back to Italy. She kept saying that she'd like to give the broadcast; she'd tell Italian wives about how American husbands helped. However with servants, she really doesn't need her husband's help.

The last day when I asked him what he was going to say in his broadcast, his eyes twinkled and he said he was going to tell them how he helped me in the kitchen! They admitted that they expected us to have servants. It was quite a revelation to them to see how American scholars live, but they loved it. I could see that at first it worried him to see a "*professoressa* in the kitchen." But he was soon out in the kitchen with me, visiting, talking shop and feeling quite at home. It is a good thing that I have a large kitchen for that is where guests tend to gravitate.

My chairman, Dave Shannon, and his wife, Jane, invited us to dinner one evening early in their visit, and Jane and Serenella became good friends. Serenella was anxious to shop in American stores. She wanted to find gifts for her friends in Italy, and Jane offered to take her shopping while I was busy at the University. The things that intrigued Serenella most were the lazy Susans that I used in my kitchen cupboards. They were new to her, and she knew her friends would be as impressed as she was. We had a lovely letter from each of them on their return and they said they were eagerly awaiting our return.

In a little over five weeks we were on the Queen Elizabeth on our way to Italy. We carefully watched the news to see how the French were behaving. If riots, which had abated just before we left, broke out again while we were on the ship, we planned to go to Holland and from there take the train along the Rhine toward Italy as we had done in 1961. We had hoped to take the train to Pompeii from Paris, but we needed to be sure that porters and taxis were no longer on strike, for we had to change stations. Before we landed the news reported that the rioting was confined to the students on the Left Bank and that they had given up their stranglehold on the Odeon. The only people still on strike in France were the automobile workers. We were pleased to get a cable on the ship from our friend, Madame Boyer saying that she would meet us at Saint Lazaire, the boat train station and that all was well in Paris

We were surprised when the steward told us that the French students, about 600 strong, were at Cherbourg several weeks earlier and refused to let the tugs take the Queen Elizabeth out of the harbor. They tried to cut the ropes that moored the Queen, and it was

all the crew could do to loosen the ropes before they were cut. It was most fortunate that there was no wind, for it is very hard to get out of the harbor without tugs, and a wind could have grounded the Queen, causing a very serious accident. The steward was quite put out with the 400 students from the U.S, on board our ship, who had torn all the life preservers, except two, off the deck, and thrown them in the ocean. We assured him that all students weren't of that type, but he was dubious. He said he just hoped they didn't need the life-preservers before our trip was over.

We were late arriving in Cherbourg because of heavy fog and consequently late in reaching Paris. Madame Boyer was at the station and took us to a wonderful place for dinner. We decided to stay all night in Paris and leave early the next morning. Paris was an empty and frightened place. The sidewalk cafes and streets were deserted. We felt very sorry for Madame Boyer. She told us conditions had been worse than reported in the press. There was burning, and barricades were put up less than a block from her home. Her daughter Genevieve, who lives in a country house in Normandy, was so worried that she drove to Caen, from where she could dial her mother direct, because all the operators were on strike. The taxis were working for the first time the day we arrived. Genevieve, who had visited us in America before she was married, had wanted very much to see us. She said she would drive to Paris with her little daughter, already two-and-a-half years old, to see us on our return trip. She had hoped we would visit her in her manor house but it is too far away; her husband is the local squire.

We took the fast train to Basel, where Stanley did some quick shopping and I stocked up on cheese for our lunches in the *scavi.* At the station we found some wonderful Swiss sausages for our lunch on the train. I had acquired a terrible cold, and we decided to stay all night in Milan. Before taking the train, we had time for a quick visit to the Last Supper and the palace of the Sforzas, the powerful family who brought Leonardo da Vinci to Milan.

Our train to Rome lost time all along the way, and when we arrived we had missed our connection to Pompeii. There was only one train that evening that went through Pompeii, but it didn't stop. We decided to go to Naples, and either get a local to Pompeii, or stay in Naples all night. But when the new conductor got on the train, he told us that he would stop the train in Pompeii! That was wonderful news. He lived at Salerno, a few stops beyond Pompeii. When we got to Pompeii, he made sure the station master took care of us. When we asked the station master to call a taxi, he said the drivers were all in bed! So we asked him to phone the Rosario. Fardini, the concierge, had a cab in no time. He and Sabino, our waiter, were out at the Rosario gate to meet us. Even the director of the hotel was up to greet us. They didn't expect us for several days, but our room was ready, and had been for five days. I had written them the day we sailed, but told them we would be delayed if we couldn’t land at Cherbourg.

The next day we visited all our friends at the *scavi,* and got our shovels and other equipment ready to begin digging the following day. Sicignano had workmen ready to begin. We saw Rosanna (Ludovico's sister) shortly after arriving at the *scavi*. She wanted to take us home with her, but my ankle had been hurting and I didn't feel like climbing up to their home on the unexcavated part of the *scavi*, but Stanley went up with her. When her mother heard I was down below, she came running down to greet me, and gathered me in her arms and kissed me. She wanted to bring us coffee, but we promised that we would come up for a visit soon. Rosanna and Carmela (her younger sister) stayed with us the rest of the morning.

Prof. de Franciscis had been phoning to see if we had arrived. He and Serenella came from Naples in the evening. They had a car and chauffeur and took us, together with Carlo Giordano and his sister, for dinner to Vico Equense, a beautiful place on the way to Sorrento. We much enjoyed having our dinner at tables set up under orange trees on a high cliff overlooking the Bay of Naples. Our first course was Neapolitan pizza, of which they are justly proud. They ordered it by the meter! We had a meter and a half for six people. It was sufficient for an entire meal. But it was followed by a sumptuous meal of meat, vegetables, salad, dessert and Italian coffee!. The dessert was a very special one, brought by Carlo Giordano and his sister (his wife was sick). It was an elegant fruitcake pie that they have for Easter and other very special occasions. They said our arrival called for a special *festa,* so they put the dessert in front of me to cut and serve, accompanied by their good wishes for our summer's work. After dinner Prof. de Franciscis had prepared a surprise. He had just excavated some tombs near Vico, dating from the

seventh to the first century B.C., that contained some fantastic pottery – Greek and early Italian – as well as a most unusual wooden bowl, perfectly preserved. The curator came and took us to the museum, which was associated with the big restaurant.

Before we went to sleep that night we could hear the sheep bells in the distance, where the sheep were grazing on the unexcavated part of the scavi – a wonderful sound. It was nice too to wake up the next morning and hear the church bells.

The next day we began work. Our first job was to clean off all the rank overgrowth that had grown over our root casts during the last two years. So fertile is the Vesuvian soil! Before leaving in 1966, we had put a big stone over each cast to protect it and then covered the entire area about one foot deep. We were able to clean most of the largest group of casts that we made on our last trip in one day. We accomplished much the first week, but we worked long hours. The workmen worked from 7:30 until 5:00. When I was busy with the workmen, Stanley checked out the trucks, when he was photographing, I checked out the trucks carrying away the soil and lapilli we had removed. When a truck left, we gave the driver a ticket with the date and the words "good for one trip." At the end of the week we would collect the tickets and pay the driver for the number of trips made. When the workmen left, we worked with Sicignano on bones that we had found near the triclinium. Then Stanley and I took flash pictures of individual flowers in some of the garden paintings that Fred Meyer and I had been working on. After dinner we visited the photographer to see about getting some pictures finished and enlargements made that the University wanted to send to newspapers.



The coast near Vico Equense

We did some shopping and met some more of our friends in the little shops. They are always so happy to see us back. It is always a little sad too, to learn who had died since our last trip. Everyone was terribly upset about the world situation. France disturbed them, and they thought America must be a nightmare. The first thing everybody asked was, "Why did they shoot Bobby Kennedy?" They seemed to take it as a personal loss. They kept telling us that it was good that we were in Italy, for it was safe in Italy.

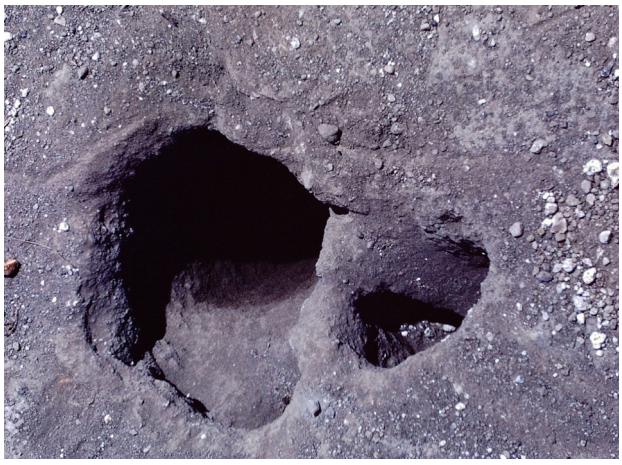
We were amused at the titles of some of the magazines sold at the little newsstands. One was called *Sexyboy*, another *Supersex* – and right within the shadow of the church. We decided the local priests couldn't read English. In Latin *sex* just means “six.”

Dr. Forbes, my Greek professor at the University of Nebraska, spent one day with us. Our workmen love company, and they looked forward to the visit of "*il professore Americano*." He arrived at ten in the morning and stayed until seven that evening. He spent most of the day at our dig, absorbed in the process of finding root cavities, cleaning them of lapilli, and making casts. We even put him to work signing out trucks. I took off about two hours, and Sicignano and I took him into the new *scavi* not open to visitors. After work we went down to "Times Square" – as Mr. Sasek had dubbed the city square – for some ice cream before his train left. The dining room was open shortly after we returned from the station, and we had an early (for Pompeii) dinner. In the evening we plotted the newly found root cavities on our large master map.

Sunday as we visited with one of the new *custodi*, who lived just outside the amphitheater. He told us that he and his twin sister were born *in* the amphitheater, in

one of the passageways where his mother went for shelter during the bombing in World War II. Both his father and grandfather were *custodi*, and he really loved Pompeii.

There was a new little boy at the hotel this year, Fardini's helper. He wore a concierge's suit. The first two weeks he wouldn't even look at us. We couldn't imagine anyone being that shy. He came from a small village in the Lattari mountains just south of Pompeii. Some days later he said a whole sentence to us. At first he wouldn't even answer when we said *buon giorno* (good morning). He was only fourteen and very tiny for his age. One night Stanley said he saw him curled up in a big armchair in the lobby sound asleep; he looked so forlorn. One evening when I was waiting downstairs for Stanley, he came up to me and thrust a beautiful fluted white gladiolus with apricot edges in my hand. He was all smiles when I thanked him and told him how beautiful it was. The next morning I told him how much I enjoyed it. A little later when we left the hotel we didn't see him, but we heard him call out *buon giorno*. I think he felt that he had found two friends. He loved his village in the mountains, and one day he shyly invited us to come home with him some weekend. But the visit never materialized. A few days later we missed him at the hotel, and when we inquired about him we discovered that he had been so homesick that he had gone home to stay.



Typical double cavity.

In our vineyard we were consistently finding two cavities at each locality, but it was difficult to be sure if it was a root and a stake or two roots. The site had been previously excavated to the A.D. 79 level, at times even below, and the cavities had been badly damaged both by the passage of trucks at the time of excavation and by modern roots ever since. Only by excavating some of the vineyard still under the hill on which the workman's house stood, would it be possible to find still perfectly preserved cavities and answer this important question. We were delighted when Prof. de Franciscis came out to our dig and told us that he had the authorization to dig into the hill at the northeast corner of vineyard at state expense. He renamed the *Foro Boario* "Wilhelmina's vineyard."

This was an auspicious beginning for my birthday on July 10. The workmen worked hard all day to get as many roots as possible for me on my special day. The count at the end of the day was 75 small roots (my workers were sure the second cavity was that of a stake), three tree roots and a via leading to the *vinaria*. A wonderful birthday present! A magnificent performance of Aristophanes's *Clouds* in the large theater in the evening marked the end of a perfect day.

Everything at Pompeii is accompanied by music. One of our truck drivers brought a transistor radio so we could dig to music. Usually we dug to opera. Stanley and I loved to hear our workmen as they sang the opera arias along with the radio. Sometimes it was a Neapolitan song. Both worked equally well.

Usually our workmen left at 4:30. We could take some pictures then, but some needed to be taken earlier in the day. Stanley had appointments with the sun all over Pompeii. He knew just when the sun was at its best for a specific picture, and he hoped to be able to leave the dig and take the photo at the proper time.

We were working one Sunday afternoon in the garden of the Golden Amorini. I was doing a little pruning with my clippers, and cutting off dead flowers, while Stanley did some weeding before he took the photo. I could hear the guides pointing us out to tourists as scholars who knew all about Pompeii. We were photographed as much as other sites.

The truck drivers were paid by the truckload of lapilli carried away, and everytime one left with a load, we had to give him a ticket which would entitle him to be paid for the load. One day I saw a tourist making a movie of Stanley as he made out these tickets for the trucks!

We were invited by Alfonso and Serenella de Franciscis for dinner at the royal palace on Sunday

evening. The ground floor in the old palaces was always used as a stable; the living rooms were above. Today the ground floor is usually a garage. An impressive, huge winding marble stairway led to the floors above. It was a wonderful evening. After dinner, Serenella asked me if I would like to see her kitchen. As we walked to the back of the palace, she told me that no guest had ever seen her kitchen, but that after I had seen hers I would understand why she loved my kitchen. It was a tiny little room. She pointed to her doll-sized refrigerator; she couldn't believe my large one with the left half a freezer. She said her cook shopped for food every day; there was no place to store it. But I thought that no hardship. One of the great joys of living in Italy was savoring the fresh fruit and vegetables picked that very morning, always at their prime. After dinner we visited in their fabulous library. From the large windows the twinkling lights of the ships in the harbor below made an unforgettable picture.



Border of a mosaic in the Naples Museum.

On Wednesday we worked in the Archaeological Museum in Naples. Prof. de Franciscis had suggested we come on the day the museum was closed, so we could photograph without anyone bothering us. I think it is the most wonderful museum in the world, and to have it all to ourselves was too good to be true. Prof. de Franciscis assigned a man to help us, who was to unlock any cases and take out anything that we wanted to photograph. Part of the time when Stanley was busy taking photos, I wandered from room to room, taking it all in an†d deciding what Stanley should photograph next. I told Stanley that on our very first trip to Naples, when we were so disappointed that we were there the day the museum was closed, we never dreamed that some day the Director of the museum would open those big doors and let us have the museum all to ourselves! We were about ready to go out for lunch, when we discovered that Prof. de Franciscis had ordered our lunch to be brought in to us! We worked late, but there was still much that we needed to do, so we planned our work at the *scavi* so that we could have another Wednesday in the museum. Bookstores in Naples are open until very late at night; on the way to the train, we stopped at a good store and bought four valuable books on Italian medicinal plants.

The next day Dr. Giordano took us on a beautiful drive along the Bay of Naples and up into the mountains to a monastery perched high on a ledge overlooking the Bay below, with Vesuvius in the distance across the Bay. The monks had a large building where people go for retreats. It was so beautiful, Stanley was ready to stay. We were looking for the *corbezzolo* or strawberry tree (*Arbutus unedo*) that we had found in the Pompeii wall paintings. Dr. Giordano knew we would find it there.

The monks were most gracious and very interested in our book. Two of them led us some distance down a mountain path, and one of them climbed out over the ledge and broke off a big branch of the *corbezzolo* tree, loaded with red fruit. It has evergreen foliage. The monks were very pleased that I was so happy to get the specimen. They invited us to come back, and Stanley said he certainly hoped we could. I told him later that he really got interested in collecting botanical specimens when they were in the mountains! We

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†*SAJ's technique for photographing pictures was strikingly improved in 1968, probably because of a better light source. Previously he had relied on flash with unpredictable glare. WFJ once mentioned to me his having a "light pack" of some sort. Perhaps its use begins in 1968.*



Near the NW corner of the vineyard was the building shown here. Inside were two rows of buried dolia, five in each row, as partially shown on the right. The workmen called it a vinario*, winery..*



Six of the ten buried dolia in the vinario.

stopped several times along the way, whenever Stanley saw a good chance for a photo. It was a bright, clear day and we could see great distances. There was enough wind so the waves were breaking along the shore. We loved the sound and stopped several times just to enjoy the scenery and the sound of the waves. [*Photos from this trip have not been located.*]

The next day we went to Portici, near Herculaneum, to visit Prof. D. Casella, a fruit specialist at the Faculty of Agriculture of the University of Naples. This Faculty of the University has a fabulous setting in Portici in the old Bourbon palace of Charles III. The hallways were old ballrooms and drawing rooms, the walls still decorated with marvelous baroque paintings. In Prof. Casella's library one room had an entire wall painted with copies of still life paintings from Pompeian walls; underneath was a painting of the modern Pompeian fruit. I had brought specimens of medicinal herbs I had collected that Fred Meyer felt a local botanist should to identify. Prof. Casella sent them to the proper botanists for identification while we were there. They gave them the same names that Fred had. Some had flowers so tiny, it was hard to press them, so it had been difficult for Fred to identify them with certainty.

The day we excavated the triclinium adjacent to the *vinario* we made an interesting discovery. At the edge of the building, we found a strange hole, then eventually five. I examined them closely, and they appeared to be the mouths of amphorae, but the



As excavation south of the vinario *began, there was no reason to expect anything but a continuation of the vineyard.*



Instead, there was a triclinium, and along the north side, where Sicignano is crouching and WFJ standing, there was a further surprise.



An amphora set into the concrete of the triclinium.

workman thought that impossible. But they were! When we cleaned out the amphorae we found that they had been broken off at the bottom and imbedded in the cement of the triclinium when it was built, so that vines could be planted in them to form an arbor to furnish shade for people eating below them. Nothing like this had ever been found at Pompeii before.

When we arrived at work early in the morning we often heard the tinkling of the sheep bells as the sheep came by our vineyard on their way to pasture in the mountains. Some days they pastured just above our vineyard.

One night when I came back to the hotel I found that Prof. de Franciscis had left a gift, a book on Italian flora that I had tried in vain to find. I spent much time reading it and found it most useful.

We always looked forward to getting our mail from home, which was very erratic. We were especially concerned because the check from the University to pay our workman hadn't arrived. It finally did, in the nick of time almost three weeks after it had been mailed. One day no mail arrived in all Pompeii. It had all been placed on the train to another city. But the Pompeians took it nonchalantly.

In the course of clearing the western part of the *insula,* we eventually discovered a path running east-west, at right angles to the north-south path that we had discovered in 1966. This path, however, did not divide



Three of the five amphora mouths along the north edge of the triclinium.

the western part of the insula into two equal parts, but led directly to our outdoor triclinium. The cavities on each side of the path were perfectly preserved and, when emptied, left no doubt as to their identity. The large cavities that line the path were those of posts, the smaller cavities to the side of the posts were those left by vine roots. The posts had been cleanly cut, the larger ones to form quarter rounds, the smaller ones to form half rounds. It seemed probable that the carefully cut posts were chestnut. Pliny says that the chestnut was preferred, because of "the ease with it is worked, and its obstinate durability." The ancient writers recommended planting both the willow and the poplar to furnish withes for tying vines.

The following Sunday, we were invited to the home of Sicignano for Sunday dinner. He lived just a short distance from Pompeii, but it was a different world. The little *via* that led to his home was scarcely wide enough for one automobile. He had just recently acquired one and he was so proud of it. But he still rode his bicycle to work. We had had some wonderful meals in Italy, but none rivaled the ones his wife cooked. We ate outdoors. at a big table covered with a red checked tablecloth under his grape arbor. When we first arrived this year, he had invited us to spend every Sunday at his home. Stanley said he would really like to; we would have wonderful food once a week. We always had such a good time when we visited them. His older son Andrea was working for us, also his nephew Clemente, who lived nearby. Sicignano's brother who lived next door had two little girls. The three year old ate dinner with us. Sicignano said she ate most of her meals at his house.



Sicignano grinned when he saw my excitement when I noticed the big stone oven in his courtyard, exactly like those that we had been photographing in the bakeries in the *scavi.* I was anxious to see how it worked, and his mother got a loaf of bread that she had baked in it, and showed us how she took it out of the oven on a long handled wooden paddle – a useful photo for my student Betty Jo Mayeske, who was writing her doctoral dissertation on the bakeries in ancient Pompeii. But the ancient Pompeians bought bakery bread; they had no room for ovens in their tiny kitchens.

The neighbor who lived down the lane, the father-in-law of our truck driver, had a large vineyard that Sicignano had been anxious for us to see. When we went over after dinner, we discovered that it had an arbored path down the middle, exactly the same width as the one in our vineyard in the *scavi*. The vines were in rows exactly the same distance apart as ours. Trees were planted here and there among the vines just as in our vineyard. The posts along the path were of chestnut. The owner told me that he preferred chestnut stakes even if they were more expensive, because they lasted ten years. He said that poplar could be used for stakes, but that these lasted for only a year or two.

We were excited to discover that his vines had been tied with poplar and willow withes, just as the ancient writers had recommended. Growing in the vineyard were the tall poplar and willow trees that furnished withes for the vines. In addition there were walnut trees (English walnut), filbert, pear, plum, apple, sorb, and cherry trees. I was so delighted I could scarcely believe my eyes. We measured the trunks of the trees and vines and they were comparable to ours. Soon the other boys who worked for us arrived. They said, "just like our vineyard in the *scavi*!" Stanley took a picture of our workers walking down the via, showing how our vineyard looked 2000 years ago. Then they wanted us in the picture too. By then our truck driver, his wife and children had arrived. Everyone seemed to know that we were coming, just as they had two years





ago. When we went home in the evening, several of the families of the boys who worked for us were waiting along the road to tell us goodbye.

One day Sicignano took us to Scafati, about a mile and a half from Pompeii. In putting in a new building several years earlier they had found an ancient tomb along the road, with a little tomb garden, which Sicignano had excavated. He knew that I was studying tomb gardens, and he was anxious for me to see it. It was completely overgrown with weeds, so we had taken Andrea and Clemente to clean it several days earlier. It is located by the narrow-gauge Circumvesuviana railroad; the man who guarded the crossing and put down the gate when a train approached was the custodian of the tomb. He loved showing us the tomb and invited us to his home for coffee. His wife came out to greet us and seconded the invitation.

I was surprised to find a very large modern flower garden directly in front of the ancient tomb. One of the things on my list of things to do this year was to contact the local agent in Naples of the seed company whose home representative we had gotten acquainted with several years ago. He had told me that 2000 acres of land near Pompeii were under cultivation to raise seed for large seed companies with headquarters in many countries. He said the Naples agent would be glad to take me to visit the flowers. Since Pompeii was famous as a flower center in antiquity, this was very interesting to me. And we had just bumped into one of these large fields of flowers by accident. They were all around. When the tomb custodian saw how interested we were, he took us to meet his various neighbors who were raising flowers. We saw acres of flowers – amaranth, both blue and red salvia, delphinium, nasturtiums, coxcomb, marigolds, verbena, ageratum, clover, and straw flowers. This was the first time I had seen the gorgeous blue salvia. When Sicignano saw my great interest in these flowers, he took another road back to Pompeii passing by many more acres of flowers. At times they were even raising flowers in a cornfield. I didn't see how they got any sun, but they were thriving.

After an usually hot week at Pompeii, it turned quite cool, almost too cool. We went with Dr. Giordano to a chamber music concert by the instrumental group, "A. Scarlatti," in the Odeon, or Little Theater in ancient Pompeii; and I was glad to wear my overcoat (in July!). Boccherini, Mozart and Beethoven under the stars at





Pompeii! The concert was a real joy, but we wished it had begun earlier. It didn't get started until 9:30; it was midnight before we got back to the hotel. The stage was decorated with garlands made of ivy, exactly like those painted on the walls of a house in the *scavi* that Stanley had photographed a day earlier.

It was a big day in our vineyard when we had found 1000 vines! Our workers were so delighted when we reached that magic number. We gave them each 1000 liras (about $1.50).

I was quite taken aback when Alfonso de Franciscis was visiting us and he came down to breakfast one morning and said to me quite seriously. "You know Wilhelmina, I have the authority to forbid you to do any more excavating in Pompeii." After a pause he added, "and I am going to, until you have seen Capri." Another pause. Then he added, "And to make sure you get to Capri I am going to come to Pompeii and take you to Capri!" They had both found it unbelievable when they had discovered the previous evening that we had never been to this island. But we had always been so busy. It was a wonderful experience to go with them and see Capri through their eyes.

Sailing out of the Bay at Naples, we had a beautiful view of the Royal Palace and other picturesque buildings along the shore. The sun was brilliant, the sea very blue. Boats arrive at the famous *Marina Grande* on the north coast of Capri. From here we took the winding road up to the town of Anacapri, and then on to the imperial villa at Damecuta, passing through venerable olive groves and fragrant lemon and orange trees. The villa was built by the Emperor Tiberius on a jutting highland on the northwest coast of the island. The ancient Romans were not as enthusiastic about sea bathing as people today. This location far above the sea, at a greater height and with exposure to cool westerly and northerly winds was a perfect place for a summer resort.

We approached the belvedere on the promontory and walked along the long loggia, sitting as we took in the same spectacular and varied views that Tiberius had enjoyed. Under a medieval tower, archaeologists found a tiny apartment, the secret hideaway of the emperor, where he could take refuge. In the vestibule was a very fine statue of a male nude, perhaps Narcissus; Tiberius was fond of art and adorned his hideaways with quality



Stanley, WFJ, Serenella, and Alfonso on Capri.

statues and paintings. The site was so beautiful and peaceful we hated to leave. But we drove down to Capri for lunch, a charming town, with many very narrow winding streets bordered by tempting shops, so unlike the cheap curio shops at Pompeii.

Later we had afternoon tea in the main square, no bigger than a handkerchief, but bustling with life and filled with tables and chairs. On the square is the seventeenth century church of Saint Stefano and the twelfth century Palazzo Cerio. All of Capri seemed to pass through the square. Several relatives of Alfonso and Serenella stopped to greet them warmly, and we found that they lived in Capri. No wonder Capri meant so much to our friends. They seemed to know everyone.

They wanted us to see the much loved and photographed Faraglioni before we left, huge pyramidal shaped rocks, that tower out of the sea. Capri is an island of brilliant flowers and little white houses that looked like cubes scattered over the hills. Before leaving, Serenella and Stanley took a steep climb down the rocks to visit the studio of Serenella's artist aunt and returned bearing gifts, smooth little round rocks that had been sculpted by the sea and decorated by the aunt with whimsical faces.

A few days later we made a short trip to Oplontis and were amazed at what had been accomplished during the previous two years. Deep underground the walls of an enclosed garden were coming into view, and I was delighted to see that two walls were covered by garden paintings, although not well preserved. This was one of the thirteen gardens that I later excavated in this luxurious villa. In a nearby room we were shown a painting in which broken pieces of plaster that had had fallen from the wall had been cemented together. It was one of the most beautiful still life paintings ever found in the Vesuvian sites. A handsome glass bowl, similar to



some we had seen in the Naples museum, was pilled high with many quinces and purple plums, the colors as bright as if it had been freshly painted.

One evening after work Dr. Giordano took us to see the mouth of the Sarno, where it emptied into the sea, a site first settled by the Phoenicians. On the island at the mouth of the river was a temple of Hercules. Dinner in a nearby fourteenth century castle was pure enchantment.

The following Sunday, Dr. Giordano and his sister took us to Castellammare di Stabia. On the shore we saw the fishermen bringing in their catch and offering them for sale. Stanley was happy to see the launching of a Polish ship that had been built in the harbor. Then we went to the famous *Terme* (Baths). Stabia has been famous since antiquity for its many mineral springs. The *Terme* was a large and handsome place. Within the large glass roofed building were many palm trees and avenues of colorful potted red roses.

The place was thronged. From counters with numerous spigots, people were ordering a glass of their



Inside the Terme spa at Castellammare di Stabia.



favorite mineral water. Some sat at the tables set among the trees and flowers. But most took a leisurely *passeggiata* with a friend, visiting as they walked. We were especially interested in this place, for the suggestion has been made by some scholars that the great villa of San Marco was such a place. Pompeii has only one mineral spring, the foul smelling sulfur spring that gushes up in the heart of downtown Pompeii. Many come to drink its healing waters.

We had discovered that it wasn't such a good idea to leave the *scavi* on a Sunday. Tourists, seeing the casts of the roots that we had made, thought they were petrified roots and were taking them as souvenirs! So the following Sunday we decided to take our papers and work on the grassy slope at the entrance to our vineyard. But when we arrived, early before tourists were admitted, we found that everything was under control! Our workman had been there and placed a little statuette of the Madonna of Pompeii in a niche in a wall of the vineyard, where she could protect our roots! In antiquity it was Venus who protected gardens and growing things at Pompeii. As we have said so many times, it was an easy transition from the Venus of Pompeii to the Madonna of Pompeii.

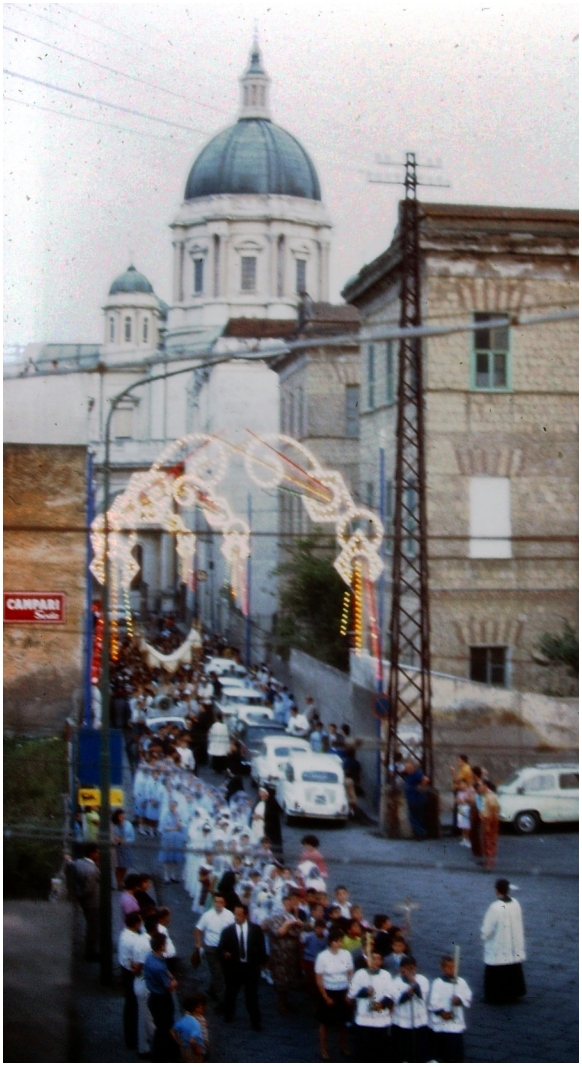


As we excavated, we discovered two perfect examples of layering. In antiquity, as today, new vines were often propagated by bending down a shoot from a vine and burying it until it rooted. The ancient writers Pliny, Columella and Cato all discuss this technique. Plants for a new vineyard or, as here, plants to replace those that had died were started by layering. In our vineyard the cavity of the vine that had been bent down and shallowly covered with soil, as well as the new roots, were perfectly preserved. One had rooted in two places and produced two new plants, the second was longer (over a yard) and had put down three substantial roots.

There was great excitement when we reached the north wall and found two groups of coins, eleven in one place, four in the other. Even the townspeople were talking about our find. There were fourteen *asses* (the *as* was the smallest Roman coin) and two *dupondii*. All had been coined between A.D. 22 and 74, and had been in circulation during the last days of the city. A bronze *as* found near a posthole on the north-south path in 1970 was too corroded for identification.

One Sunday evening Carlo Giordano stopped at the Rosario and told us to come quickly, that the parish church behind our hotel was having a *festa,* for San Salvatore and that he and his friend had come to take us to the parade. The friend was a young priest who taught Latin in the school. The parade had already started, so they guided us hurriedly

through the crowd. Carlo told me to stay with him in front of the church. The young priest took Stanley, dashing to the upstairs balcony of people who lived across the street from the church. He told Stanley that from there he could get good pictures of the procession as it went by the church. He did! The street was illumined by elaborate brackets holding many lights in intricate floral design, rented for such occasions. Afterwards we walked down to "Times Square." The priest seemed to know everyone, and they all stopped to speak with him. He kept up a running commentary, a very witty one, on comparative philology. The fireworks didn't begin until precisely midnight. They told us we could see them from our room at the Rosario. We woke up when they began, and we were amazed at how complicated and beautiful they were – quite an investment for a small parish church.



Prof. de Franciscis came to tell us goodbye before he left on his vacation. He said that before our next trip the retaining wall in our vineyard would be moved back but the original lapilli left so it would be ready for us to excavate undisturbed roots when we returned. He brought twenty-four beautiful black and white enlargements of Stanley's photos that he had asked the museum photographer to make. We had been very discouraged after the local photographer had spoiled our first ones. It was a relief to know I had the photos that the University had requested to use in publicity and that I needed for my excavation report of this year's work.

The next day Prof. Casella and a colleague from the Istituto Botanico at Portici came out to see our final results. They were amazed and delighted at all we had done. Prof. Casella was most interested in all the trees that we had found in the vineyard, almost fifty so far. We had found one root that appeared to be almost intact, but it turned to powder when it was exposed to the air. It had been quite thrilling to find bits of carbonized grape vine stems and to see the softer inner part of the vine, as well as the harder outer part. Prof. Casella was sure that both of the cavities found at each location were small vines and that they had been pruned low. When he left, my workmen told me not to believe him, that one cavity was a vine, the other a stake. I asked them how they could be so sure. Their answer: "We have always done it that way!"

There was so much to do we got up early and worked late. Often I would meet Sicignano at the scavi before the workmen arrived and we would measure roots. Then at night I would plot them on our master plan. We were both very tired. One night I even went to sleep in the restaurant before they brought our bill. On the last Sunday in July we decided to spend the day leisurely and go to Sorrento for a belated wedding anniversary celebration. We attended the church service in a wonderful old Franciscan monastery. The music was unforgettable. After church we wandered through the fourteenth century cloister and then had dinner at a nearby hotel at the water's edge, from where we could see Pompeii and Naples across the Bay. The hotel had long been a favorite and numbered Byron and Queen Wilhelmina among its guests. The much loved song *Torna a Surriento* (Come back to Sorrento) was written on one of its balconies.

We decided to postpone our return home two weeks. Stanley pointed out that because of my NEH Senior Fellowship I wouldn't have to hurry home for the



Viewing slides.

beginning of classes, and he thought that I should gather all the material possible, so I would have it to use next year. And he did want to have a few days vacation in Switzerland. It had been an unusually cool summer and the specimens we had collected for the Herbarium at the National Arboretum in Washington D.C. were slow in drying. We had hoped to have several boxes ready to mail to the Arboretum before this time.

We decided to have about a fourth of our kodachromes (Stanley had taken 70 rolls of 36 exposures) developed in Italy, including those Stanley had taken of Sicignano's family and friends as they were all anxious to see them. Sicignano invited us for dinner. The figs were at their best. Clemente climbed up a tree and picked a huge bucketful and put them in cold well water to cool. Were they ever delicious! They put twelve on each of our plates, but I couldn't begin to eat that many. Sicignano had invited his relatives, as well as the boys who worked for us and their families, our truck driver, his family, and all the neighbors to come after dinner. There were many children. Chairs were arranged theater fashion in the courtyard between Sicignano's house and his brother's. There was much squealing and shouting when the children saw themselves in the pictures. Our workers were thrilled to see the pictures Stanley had been taking of them during the summer as they worked. They were especially interested in what we were finding in "our vineyard".

Later that week, Sicignano asked if we could quit work early in the afternoon as he was much involved in the *festa* at his country church. He was very anxious for us to come. When we arrived, Sicignano took us first to his church and solemnly introduced us to his Madonna, whose larger than life statue graced the church. Then a photographer appeared. Sicignano said Stanley was



always taking pictures of him. Now, Sicignano said, it was his turn. He later proudly presented us with an enlargement of us, his friend and himself, posed in front of the altar of his church. The Madonna was then carefully removed from the church and placed on a highly decorated red truck, ready for the procession.

We were taken to a good place from which he said we could view the parade. As we peered down the country road, we could see the parade coming toward us in the distance, Sicignano proudly leading the procession. Next came three boys dressed in white tunics and long black skirts, the taller boy in the center carrying a long pole on which a large cross was mounted. They were followed by other boys carrying colorful banners. Next came little girls in long white first communion dresses, looking like little brides, accompanied by a nun, and little boys in long white robes, accompanied by a priest. Then came the Madonna in all her glory, standing tall on the bright red truck. When she passed us, large firecrackers were tossed toward her, too close to me for comfort. Sicignano later told me he knew that I didn't like the "bang, bang," but the Madonna loved it! Scattered houses along the parade route were decorated with the best quilt or crocheted tablecloth the family owned, all displayed in honor of the Virgin. Several times the parade passed a country house in which an invalid lived. The Madonna was ceremoniously lifted from the truck and taken into the house to call on the sick person. When the parade disbanded the Madonna was returned to the church.

As our season neared its end there was still much to do – another day at the Naples Museum to photograph mosaics and one at Herculaneum, where we spent much time photographing the beautiful House of

the Cervi, and the fine statues that once decorated its garden. I also wanted a picture of the large basket of fruit at the foot of the ithyphallic Priapus that protected the House of the Vettii at Pompeii. In those days the painting was enclosed in a locked case, which guards could be persuaded to open, if presented with a suitable tip by tourists. We arranged to photograph the painting in the evening after all tourists had left the *scavi*. The guards were puzzled when they saw Stanley concentrating on photographs of the fruit. It was so accurately portrayed, I was anxious to get a photo for my book.

The planting pattern of our vineyard was a topic of lively conversation at Pompeii in the evening, when the men gathered to talk over a cup of coffee. The local growers didn't agree with Professor Casella that both cavities were those of vines, pruned short. They were sure one was the cavity of a vine, the other that of a stake. I was inclined to agree with them, but I knew we would know for sure when we excavated the undisturbed area that Prof. de Franciscis was preparing.

A friend of Dr. Giordano's, a fruit wholesaler who lived in Pompeii, was especially anxious for us to visit the vineyard owned by his wife's parents on the lower slopes of the Lattari* mountains. On our last Sunday before leaving Pompeii, the wholesaler invited us to his beautiful apartment for coffee. Later both he and his wife took us to visit her parents. Their home was just below the old castle in the Lattari mountains that we could see from high points in the *scavi* on a clear day. Her parents were very pleased to see us. We spent over two hours in the vineyard, which was typical of those in the Pompeii area. Trees were planted between the rows of grapes, which were staked. There were poplar and willows to furnish withes for the grapes. The owner said he preferred chestnut for stakes, since it lasted much longer and was plentiful in the nearby mountains. The largest trees were the huge English walnuts. There were also filberts and many kinds of fruit, including fig, pear, plum, peach, apple, sorb, medlar, cherry, pomegranate, quince and persimmon trees. The fig trees were the largest. The orange and lemon trees were planted together, as we had found elsewhere, at the edge of the vineyard. And under the trees and vines were vegetables. We enjoyed walking through the vineyard, looking closely to see how far apart the vines were planted and whether each one had a stake. They were sure that our vineyard was planted in the same way. The fruit was ripe and luscious and as we walked through the vineyard they picked quantities for us. The daughter really enjoyed the family orchard. She soon spotted a ladder, climbed to the top, in her Sunday dress, and brought down a big handful of ripe figs, which we immensely enjoyed eating. When we passed a peach tree she climbed the ladder to reach some especially beautiful ones at the top. The grapes were beginning to ripen and we found ourselves laden with quantities of fruit. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to make our own still life, which would rival those found in the ancient paintings and all were enthusiastic about the idea.

When we got back to her parent's house they were waiting for us with coffee in the large kitchen. The mountain farmhouse kitchen is a separate building on the opposite side of the courtyard from the main house. We hunted for a suitable container to arrange our fruit for the photo. My eyes bulged as I saw rows of beautiful old copper pots in all shapes and sizes. I selected one, thinking it would be perfect. But the mother took it from me, saying, "Not that old thing" and went to get something suitable. She returned with a bright plastic basket, of which she was very proud. I thanked her and mumbled something about there being no plastic baskets in ancient Pompeii. After she left we went out in the sun with her husband to take the photo. I found a big round tray which I covered with overlapping grape leaves, on which we placed the fruit, also some chestnuts. We added some walnuts from the previous year's crop, as the new crop was not mature. These were all fruit and nuts grown in ancient Pompeii. The result was a much admired still life I have used in many lectures and publications. (See heading picture for this chapter.) We later worried that the mother, not realizing the value of her collection, might be easily persuaded to exchange all her copper pots for a few cheap plastic baskets. The daughter and her husband kept insisting that we go home with them for Sunday dinner, but we had another appointment in less than an hour, so we promised to come for dinner on our next trip to Pompeii.

We barely had time for a pizza before one of Fardini's friends arrived at 3:00 P.M. to take us to his home in the country for a walk to collect medicinal

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* The Lattari are the mountains to the south of Pompeii. The Sorrento peninsular is their westward extension..

herbs. He was an old man, who lived with his elderly daughter. They, too, had coffee for us. We liked the Italian coffee very much, but it is about half sugar! Fardini had told us that this old man was an expert on medicinal herbs and had invited him to the Rosario one evening to talk with us. But the man said that it would be much better if we went with him to collect living specimens, and that was exactly what we wanted. His daughter let me copy several of her complicated recipes from her notebook. It was a very fruitful session.

Early in the morning we had talked at length with the elderly mother of the new Director of the Rosario, Signor Vilni. She, too, was enthusiastic about medicinal plants and told us about those that helped her. A priest at Pompeii told me that the nuns had prescribed wormwood (*Artemisia arborescens)* for his diabetes, and he had found it very helpful. It was also used to flavor vermouth. Absinthe has long been used as the base of many liquors, but the plant is poisonous and its continued use can cause irreversible degeneration of the brain. For this reason many countries now forbid its use. Wormwood was one of the three medicinal herbs used by the Pompeians to treat diabetes. I also found Saint John's wort (*Hypericum perforatum)* to be a very popular medicinal plant, but not to treat depression, the purpose for which it is so popular today. This attractive wild flower, with deep yellow flowers and very small black dots on the margins of the petals, owes its name to the medieval belief that it protected against witchcraft, enchantment and lightening, if gathered on St. John's (San Giovanni's) Day June 24.

I discovered to my dismay that the "August Holidays" were to begin the next day. Even the *scavi* was to be closed for one day. But the *parrucchiere* (beauty shop) would be closed for six days, so I hurriedly made an appointment for that evening. Going to the beauty shop in Pompeii was quite an experience. The owner and his wife were especially friendly, and the operators were as cute as could be. I had had two of them for several years and the two new ones this year also helped each time. They all worked together, shampooing, setting, and combing out my hair. They loved to ask questions about America. They had me quite spoiled for an American beauty shop. Their work was so superior to any I got at home. But Italians are naturally artistic. And they charged practically nothing.

I didn't discover until the end of the summer that they loved American stamps. I was reading a letter and I saw them admiring the stamp; I asked them if they would like it. Their eyes really lit up including those of the little girl who gave me my manicures. I promised to bring them more next time. When I came the next time, Graziella came over to me and shyly whispered, "*francobolli* (stamps)? " I said yes I had brought them. That day I was reading an airmail letter and they were terribly excited about the Kennedy stamp, so I gave it to them and brought several more my next appointment. It hadn't occurred to me that they would want a stamp printed on airmail letters. The Italians really loved the Kennedys. They had so hoped a Kennedy would be the next president. A ballad about Bobby Kennedy came out during the summer; it was very popular and we would hear it played on the loud speaker outside the record store as we walked along the Via Roma on our way home from the *scavi.*

I had been sure that we would be gone before the beauty shop was open again after the holidays, so I had told everyone goodbye. They all gave me their addresses and wanted mine. They wanted to know if I would answer if they wrote me, and I assured them that I would. They were very surprised to see me one evening after their holiday, passing by as I went home from work. One of the girls ran out of the shop and asked if we had returned. I told her that we were still here, that we had decided to stay two weeks longer. She hurriedly called the others; they left their customers and came rushing out to greet me.

One day I asked the old man who washed the wall paintings before Stanley photographed them, if he had told me about every medicinal plant that he used. "Everything that grows at Pompeii," he said. "But there is the potato at Stabiae." It seems that it had saved his life. He recounted the dramatic story of how he had been dying of a terrible infection in the head. Medicine was of no avail. But he told the doctors that the potato from Stabiae would cure him. He said that it grew in the hills above Stabiae and that the workman there knew where to find it. When it was prepared according to his directions, grated and packed into his nostrils, suddenly all the poison gushed out, and he was healed. I asked him the name of this miraculous cure. He knew it only as *la patata* (the potato). I asked if it had a flower, and he said it was of no consequence, somewhat like a violet. He told me the workmen at Stabiae could get it for me. I thought that Fred Meyer could identify the

tuber. The workman thought the problem simple. He said to plant the "potato" in my garden, and I could see what kind of a flower it had. I suggested that our good friend Dr. Soprano, now the Director of Excavations at Stabiae, might know the name of the plant. The workmen at Pompeii thought that a huge joke. They said Dr. Soprano's brother-in-law was a *medico* (physician) and that Dr. Soprano put no faith in herbs for medicine.

Earlier in the summer, Dr. Soprano had invited us to go with him to Stabiae for the day, but we were unable to leave until we had finished the work in our vineyard. The morning he took us to Stabiae, one of the workmen gave me four "potatoes" that Dr. Soprano had asked him to dig for me. Dr. Soprano knew that the potato was a *ciclamino* (cyclamen). I was very happy to get them, and I must have been too profuse in my thanks, for when we left that evening, the same workman presented me with a huge sackful of potatoes. Stanley was aghast, but I said we had to keep them. We shipped them to Fred Meyer at the Arboretum. But after we arrived home, we waited over a month and still the "potatoes" hadn't arrived. Then one day Fred had a long-distance call from Customs in New York, asking if it were true that he was expecting some tubers from Italy for scientific study. He assured them that he was. They commented that from the quantity it looked like he was importing them to sell. They said the tubers were badly infested with nematodes, and it would be necessary to put them through boiling water before they could be released. Fred told them to do what they had to, get them on a plane immediately, and he would meet the plane and have them planted at the Arboretum as soon as they arrived. Fortunately quite a few survived the hot water treatment, and when they bloomed the next year they were the lovely Neapolitan cyclamen (*Cyclamen hederifolium)*. It was interesting to discover, when I checked the ancient authors, that in antiquity the Romans had used this plant in the same way it had been used to dramatically cure the Pompeian workman. Pliny mentions the same use in his *Natural History* (a gold mine of information about medicinal plants), as does the herbalist-physician, Dioscorides, and the two famous ancient physicians Scribonius and Galen.

By now I had become very interested in medicinal plants at Pompeii and had decided to write a *Pompeian Herbal.* The book would include a page of discussion, the facing page a drawing of the Pompeian plant. My friend Jean, the wife of Fred Meyer, was a gifted botanical artist and she had been drawing plant portraits to illustrate her husband's scientific papers. She offered to make plant portraits of the medicinal plants we had found at Pompeii, and began immediately to make drawings of our specimens.

We were sorry to learn that the day we went to Stabiae was the day the museum was closed. But Dr. Soprano had phoned ahead and Dr. D'Orsi was there and opened it for us. We were able to get some very important photographs of things found in the new excavations. I had read Dr. D'Orsi's guide books, but had never met him. He gave us an autographed copy of his latest one on Stabia.

Then Dr. Soprano took us to see the new excavations of two villas. In the Villa of Ariadne, overlooking the sea, a series of rooms, some with fine wall paintings, had been excavated. The second villa, the Villa del Pastore, gets its name from the statue of a shepherd, clothed in a rough skin, carrying a young goat on his shoulders, a hare in his right hand and, slipped over his left arm, a basket filled with fruit and grain. The statue, still showing traces of the original colors with which it was painted, was uncovered in a garden, near a large rectangular pool in the villa. A beautiful two-handled marble fountain basin had been found the previous year. Much less had been excavated at this villa. Nearby we saw huge truck loads of lapilli, being removed down to the original soil. When I mentioned it to Dr. Soprano, he said that land wasn't a part of his excavations, that the owner was selling the lapilli to be used in construction. I didn't sleep much that night. I got to thinking that land so near the villa was undoubtedly planted, and that the land owner was actually doing what we were spending several thousands of dollars doing, carefully removing the fill down to the original A.D. 79 level. We weren't fortunate to have the original lapilli. I kept thinking that if I could take one or two of our workmen to the site with Sicignano, in a few hours we could make some trial excavations and determine if the land had been planted. When I told Sicignano the next morning, he was as excited as I was, but he said the matter wasn't as simple as I thought. He had worked at Stabiae several years earlier and knew the landowners in the area. Some were *buoni* (good), others were *cattivi* (bad), and it all depended on who owned this land. He said to talk to Dr. Soprano as soon as possible, so we went to see him as soon as he got

home. He lived at Pompeii in one of the houses the *scavi* owns at the edge of the excavations. Dr. Soprano said he had already had the same thought, but that this owner was a very bad one and wouldn't let us in for a minute; he owned the land the villa was on too, and had planned to build a big hotel on the site, but when the villa was found, Prof. de Franciscis set it aside as an archaeological site. The owner was suing, but Dr. Soprano said it would do him no good, for the Italian laws were very explicit. He said it would take several years before he had control of the site, and I could then do all the digging I wanted to. He felt sure that I would find gardens and vineyards.

This was the last time I saw this villa. The next year the owner was shooting anyone who came near it. Some years later, much to my surprise, the huge hotel had been built on the land where the villa stood. It seems the owner had found a way to circumvent Italian law.

While I was talking to Dr. Soprano, Stanley had noticed a young woman gathering herbs. He asked if they were for medicine. She laughed, and said they were for her rabbits, but her mother knew all about medicinal plants. Dr. Soprano said we must go see her at once. She lived nearby and was sitting in the courtyard talking to two neighbors. When they learned of my interest in medicinal plants, all three of them began hunting specimens of herbs for us and telling us how they used them. I was glad that Dr. Soprano was there, for the women didn't speak much Italian, only Neapolitan. Dr. Soprano spoke little English, but he could translate from Neapolitan to Italian for us. And my workmen had told us Dr. Soprano would have nothing to do with medicinal plants! But he was a scholar and interested in every aspect of research. For two plants he didn't know the Italian name, but he told me to simply put "Neapolitan" after the name in my notes.

One of the herbs recommended by the women was a plant that hangs in clumps from the walls of the amphitheater, as well as elsewhere on walls throughout the excavations. They called it *erba di muro* (wall herb) and they told me it was an excellent cure when crushed and applied directly to bruises and sprains. To illustrate, one of the women lifted her skirt and showed me an ugly bruise on her thigh. She knew from experience that the bruise would soon be healed. Fred Meyer identified the specimen that she gave me as wall pellitory (*Parietaria judaica*).

This plant was also highly regarded by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The ancient Romans knew the plant by the name *herba muralis* (wall herb). They also called it *herba parietaria* (the herb belonging to the walls). The Roman emperor Trajan was given the nickname *herba parietaria* because of the many inscriptions he had placed on buildings he erected. It was with mounting excitement that I later read in Pliny that this plant was prescribed by the Greek goddess Athena to heal severe bruises. She appeared to Pericles in a dream, telling him to use this plant to cure his favorite slave who had fallen from the roof while working on the Parthenon. The slave was cured, and the plant was thereafter called *parthenium*, after Athena Parthenos, and was consecrated to the goddess. After I finished my notes and had the fresh plants ready to take back to the hotel to press, the women then insisted that we stay for coffee.

It had been wonderful to be so unafraid all summer. We dreaded going back to locked windows and doors. We walked around any part of Pompeii, but also in Rome, very late at night with no fear, something we wouldn't do in Washington D.C. America didn't look good from Europe. They couldn't understand why we didn't get a gun control law on the books immediately.

It had been an unusually cool summer. The nights were often cold, and we slept under two blankets; but they were so heavy our shoulders ached in the morning. Stanley threatened to take an electric blanket on our next trip to Pompeii. It was also very humid and the last plant specimens we collected weren't dry enough to mail. We changed the drying blotters every day in Rome and in Switzerland, and mailed the plants to Fred the last day we were in Switzerland. However we were glad that that we could mail two large boxes of our earlier specimens to Fred before we left Pompeii.

The weather did anything but cooperate during our last days at Pompeii. For twenty-four hours we had almost continuous lightening, thunder and pouring rain – something we had never seen at Pompeii. We were loaded with gifts before we left. Our fruit man had presented us with a big bag of huge oranges, just picked, the glossy green leaves still attached to the stems, as well as a big bag of the most delicious grapes. We had much enjoyed the fruit at Pompeii during our

long stay. For the first time we found really top quality fruit at the fruit stands, a sign of the increasing prosperity at Pompeii. They were no longer exporting all of their good fruit. We had visited many homes during the summer and enjoyed the fruit fresh from the trees.

We were finally packed and ready to leave on the early train. The taxi had been called to take us to the station. Fardini was going with us to the train, as he always did. All at once the sun came out. The Director of the Rosario rushed out, looked at the sky, then excitedly ordered Fardini to cancel the taxi and told us to get back to the *scavi, subito* (suddenly). It was finally going to be a sunny day. Stanley would be able to get pictures of our finished work. We worked hard all day, got those pictures, and took the late train to Rome, where we spent two profitable days.



Porch of the Tabularium overlooking the Roman forum.

From the Roman Forum we had often looked up to the Capitoline Hill, where we could see the remains of the Tabularium (the ancient archives office) and the site of the Capitoline Temple. Long steep stairs led up to the top of the hill, but when we were buying post cards in a little shop near our hotel, I asked the owner if it was possible to go up by car. He said you certainly could and offered to take us. We objected, but he insisted. A long winding road behind the theater of Marcellus and the Tarpeian Rock led up to the Capitoline Hill in a very round-about way. Then all at once we were in a great piazza (between the citadel and the Tarpeian Rock) that was laid out by Michelangelo. Stanley wanted to pay the man, because it was a great favor to us and he had closed his store to take us. But he refused. He said, "I could see that you loved Rome, and I wanted to show you the Capitoline Hill." The Capitoline Museum had many things that I had long wanted to see.

We also went into the ancient Tabularium, that was incorporated by Michelangelo into a great palace. From the arches of the Tabularium, built in 78 B.C. we could look down into the Forum far below. When I had seen those arches from the Forum, I never dreamed that I would be able to get up there. A very old church stands on the site of the ancient Roman citadel, and in the garden in front is a live wolf, a reminder of the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. Like a good Roman wolf, it was taking a siesta, but it woke up before we left, so Stanley could take a picture.

In the evening we went to the "Son et Lumière" in the Forum, a dramatization of Roman history, with commentary, music and spectacular illumination of various parts of the Forum. The audience sat on the lower slope of the Palatine Hill. When the narrator told of Castor and Pollux coming to the Forum, the Sacred Way was illuminated and you could hear the galloping of their horses along the Sacred Way, first faint, then louder and louder until they passed by us and then became fainter as they went into the distance.

This seemed to be our summer for *festas*. We arrived at Interlaken, Switzerland, in time for the two most important days of a big national festival. People had arrived from every canton, in their native dress. Unfortunately it had been raining for days. Saturday night there was to have been a big folk dance with 1500 participants on the meadow. Because of the rain, they had it in the Kursaal. How they did dance, even the grandfa-



Roman Forum seen from the Tabularium

thers and grandmothers. Sunday dawned beautiful and bright. No one had dared hope that the sun would come out for the big day. Since it was September, there were no tourists. Stanley and I were about the only people not wearing a costume at breakfast or later at church. We understood little of the sermon, but the music was wonderful. After church, the two hour parade of 2500 people began. All were in native costume, some with their goats, cows, St. Bernard dogs, horses, and other animals, and alphorns. All the industries and other aspects of Swiss life were represented on floats. And everywhere a profusion of flowers!

In the afternoon there was a long program in a natural amphitheater between the mountains, with musical numbers of various kinds, folk songs, folk dances and the narration of the history of Switzerland. It was quite a sight to see the hillside covered with people (about 80,000 according to their count) in bright-colored costumes. I told Stanley that it looked as if all the dolls on our Christmas tree had come to life. Everyone was so happy to be outdoors after days of rain. Stanley got many pictures, including one of an old man with his Alp horn. We wished we could understand what he was trying to tell us. We were spoiled after being in Italy where we could talk to everyone.



A few days earlier we had taken the little narrow guage train up the mountain to Wengen and had dinner at a lovely mountain chalet, with a view from our table of the Jungfrau. It was quite cold and it felt good to have heat. On our return trip to Interlaken, the lights were on, all over the mountain, a beautiful sight. It had been raining at Interlaken, but we were above the rain at Wengen.

We took the overnight train from Switzerland via Paris to London. There were many things that we wanted to see in England, and we had little time, We had always been fundamentally opposed to tours, but we had heard that English tours were exceptionally good. We decided to be tourists for a

day. It was a great day. We stopped first at Oxford where we saw the famous Christ's Church. As I remembered, Christ's College was Professor Larsen's college. He was a Rhodes Scholar and we were told most Rhodes Scholars attended this college.

We then went to Stratford-on-Avon, where we had lunch at a fourteenth century inn. After lunch we visited Anne Hathaway's cottage, engulfed in flowers, then the house where William Shakespeare was born. We next visited the Shakespeare theater, where a festival is held every year. I kept thinking of my father, as we traveled through Shakespeare country and how much he would have enjoyed it. Although he was a mathematician, he could quote Shakespeare by the yard. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington was on his list to see every time he visited us.

Our next stop was Warwick Castle on the river Avon. We were told that the rooms here were even more beautiful than those in the royal palace. which wasn't hard to believe. From the state rooms, we enjoyed the view of the Avon many stories below. The castle houses one of the largest private collections of paintings in England. I was delighted to see the originals of several paintings that we studied in my Humanities class.

On the way back to London we stopped at Banbury for tea, my first experience at an English tea. What a meal! I learned later that it was English high tea. Among the many treats on the loaded tables were the famous Banbury tarts. Little did I suspect when I was very small and my father bounced me on his knee reciting "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, to see what a penny will buy," that Banbury was a real place and that there was an actual Banbury Cross, that I would one day see.

There were many pictures I wanted Stanley to take in London for my Humanities class: St. Paul's church, another Christopher Wren church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields on Trafalgar Square, and others.

The next day we got up early and took the train to a little village in the country near the ruins of the old Roman villa of Lullingston on the river Darent. The station agent told us to go down the road until we saw the big gate leading into the pasture, to close the gate carefully after entering, then follow the lane past the barn down to the next gate which led to a pasture filled with "moo-cows." He asked if we were afraid of "moo-cows." Then we were to cross the bridge and we would be there. His directions worked perfectly. We spent a long morning at the ruins, then took a bus down a country lane to Oxford. We had lunch at a country inn, sharing a table with a most interesting engineer. He insisted on taking us home with him to see his garden and lovely home, then his church, and to the station in time to get our train back to London.

We spent our last day photographing in the British Museum. We had earlier spent a day locating things we wanted to photograph also working in the Museum library. We had stopped by the office on our first day to get permission to photograph, and they offered to let us come early before the museum was opened to the public, but that didn't seem necessary to us. We spent considerable time in the Egyptian collection, for there was much Egyptian influence at Pompeii. And of course we looked at the Greek and Roman material carefully, searching for anything pertaining to gardens. We were intrigued with an actual garland that had been found in a Roman tomb in Africa, the flowers still perfectly preserved. We hoped that Fred would be able to identify the flowers.

While we were in the museum a young man rushed up to us, calling me by name. He said he wanted to say thank you, and tell me how having me for a teacher had changed and enriched his life. He had been in my classes at Maryland over fifteen years before. He was now a doctor, a specialist attached to a big London hospital, but he said he spent every minute possible in the British Museum, because he got interested in such things in my classes. Stanley said that no matter what country we were in we always ran into my students.

That evening we had dinner at the home of our good friends Donald and Norma Gordon, who were in England where Donald was working on his book during his sabbatical. We visited until late in the night. We slept late the next morning and left for Southampton, where we were taking the *France* home.

I was anxious to mail a letter home before we got on the ship and had been assured that there would be a stamp machine at the station, but the stamps were for local mail, all small. I asked a woman at a refreshment stand what coins to put in; she didn't know, but asked a customer who had just bought a cup of tea. He didn't know but he said he'd go over to the machine and take a

look. I had a handful of change. but not the proper combination. He decided buying a book of stamps from another machine would be better, and got proper change from his pocket. A second book was needed for an air mail letter, so he went back to the woman to get the proper change, all of which took considerable time. When he got back the woman told him his tea was cold, but she was pouring him a hot cup. We were greatly impressed with kindness of the British people. The man who helped me was well dressed and wore a top hat. I told Stanley he might have been a member of Parliament. We had heard so much about the reserve of the British, we expected them to be quite different. We were also impressed by the polite way in which they talked to each other. The cab driver who took us to the station saw our Silver Spring labels and told us his friend's son was a hairdresser in Silver Spring. At the station they were putting all baggage in the baggage car and didn't give receipts. I told the porter I wanted my baggage with me in the compartment, so he told Stanley to stick with him, so he could identify which of the baggage on his truck was ours. When he finally put it in our compartment he came over to me and said, "Mam, would you mind telling me why you are so particular about that baggage?" I told him what was in those bags represented fifteen years of hard work, all the research for a book. He seemed satisfied.



Garland from a Roman tomb in Africa.

This had been a wonderful summer, but an exhausting one. We had worked long days seldom getting enough sleep The first day on the ship I went to our cabin at 3:30 in the afternoon and slept through until breakfast. I was so terribly tired. Stanley thought I shouldn't miss a meal; he rang for our cabin steward who brought me a chicken sandwich and some cantaloupe. But I couldn't wake up enough to eat. The next morning I felt fine. The trip seemed much shorter leaving from Southampton; there were just four days on the ship.

We had collected much material during our long trip, and I was anxious to get home and start working on it. Every day until our last one in Europe we were getting important material for the book, with the exception of a few days in Switzerland, but even there we were drying plants. I looked forward to having the following year to think and write, thanks to my National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship. Jean and Fred had written that they would be at the station when we arrived. We had so much to tell them!



The Ancient Surface Revealed

1970 Excavation of Our Vineyard Completed

We looked forward to returning to Pompeii in 1970 and completing the excavation of our vineyard. On Easter day we had returned from church, and Fred and Jean Meyer were having dinner with us. Suddenly when we looked at Stanley, we knew all was not well. He had had a heart attack at the table. It seemed ages before the ambulance arrived. For some strange reason they were very busy and the nearest one was across the river in Virginia. The following days were anxious ones. Pompeii was furthest from my thoughts. One day the doctor asked me when we had planned to go to Pompeii. I assured him that Pompeii wasn't in my plans now, the important thing now was Stanley's recovery. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "You must go to Pompeii. Your husband's life may depend upon it." He went on to tell me that the first thing Stanley had said to him was that he must get him in shape to go to Pompeii in the summer.

Stanley recovered slowly, but he talked continually of going to Pompeii, come summer. His doctor encouraged him, but I was fearful. Our good friend Esther Burnside assured us that she was going with us. She had loved Pompeii ever since she had taken my seminars and had made an annual pilgrimage to Pompeii. She was disappointed not to be able to get passage on the Queen Elizabeth with us, but she flew to Europe and was at the pier when the ship docked. Charlie Mayes, who was teaching in New Jersey, knew of my uneasiness about the trip and met us in New York and saw us off to Europe.

When the doctors gave Stanley permission to travel they said we should stay in Switzerland first, not in Stanley's beloved Alps, but in Lugano, which was lower and where there were good doctors. It was a different Switzerland, but we enjoyed it. We were most interested in the steep terraced vineyards that we saw from the train. The flora at Lugano was very different from the Switzerland we knew, tall Chinese palms and magnolias with large white waxen flowers. the bright red bottle brush (*Callistemon)* and tall spikes of Eremurus, a lily relative.

After Lugano we stopped a few days at Brunnen, where we could step out of our hotel located on the water and take a short leisurely trip on a steamer or by bus



Bottle Brush

to various little villages nearby. At Schwyz, the oldest town in Switzerland, and just three miles away by bus, we stopped in the magnificent old church of St. Martin to admire its baroque interior and to rest a bit. The organist was practicing, and what a concert we had! Stanley said he couldn't have asked for a better birthday present. At Bürglen we admired both the old town and very modern sculptures displayed along the lake front.

The Swiss doctors were shocked when they learned we were going to Italy. They had no faith in Italian doctors. When we had stayed the prescribed time in Switzerland, I phoned Prof. de Franciscis to tell him when we would arrive, as he had asked me to do. He said, "We love Stanley, we'll take good care of him." It was also good to hear that his brother was a famous heart specialist and that I need have no fear.

Soon after entering Italy, our train to Pompeii passed through Como, where I would have liked to stop, for it was the birthplace of both Pliny the Elder and his nephew, Pliny the Younger. The memory of these illustrious citizens has been venerated by their fellow townsmen ever since antiquity. Centuries after their death their statues were carved on either side of the entrance of the 14th century cathedral at Como, an unusual honor for non-Christians.



Lake Lugano ship.



Eremurus

We arrived at Pompeii the evening of July 9 and we were given a most warm welcome. Stanley had agreed to rest during the heat of the day and only come out to the *scavi* when we had something ready for him to photograph. I went to the *scavi* the next morning. It was impressive to see the new areas that Prof. de Franciscis had prepared for us. With the generous help of the Ministry at Rome a portion of the hill of the original volcanic debris and accumulated soil (over 19 feet) on which the workman's house stood had been removed down to a meter of lapilli. and a new retaining wall built on both the south and east sides of the hill. We decided to begin work in the area east of the north-south path where the west side of the hill had been removed. This area looked like a flower garden, entirely covered with masses of yellow mullein, the medicinal plant I had first seen the workmen digging in the *Foro Boario*. Dr. Giordano had alerted Sicignano to have the workmen ready to begin work the next day.

They gave permission for a car to enter the *scavi,* so Stanley could always come directly to the vineyard. In the cool of the late afternoon he took a number of pictures of the new area still covered with flowers and the impressive retaining



Organ practice.



Mullein growing over our 1968 excavation.

walls. By that time the workmen had cleared part of the site of the considerable growth of weeds that had grown in the last two years.

The next morning we began removing the lapilli in the new area east of the north-south path. We had previously uncovered the path as far as the hill. We now continued our excavations working toward the north wall. When the lapilli were removed, we found the same precise planting pattern continued, the distance between the vines being almost exactly four Roman feet. But it was now possible for the first time to study the contour of the surface of the vineyard as it had been at the time of the eruption. Around the vine cavities we found the three or four depressions for water that we had found previously, but in this undisturbed area the depressions were much deeper and more pronounced. It was now possible to see how much of the original contour had been sliced off during the previous excavations, or destroyed by the weight of passing trucks. As our trench was widened to include the path, it was found to have a definite depression down the center. We slowly continued excavation in the undamaged area toward the north, arriving at the place where the east-west path



Work begins in the area never before explored. Part of the new retaining wall is visible in the top right corner.

crossed the north-south one. We then continued for some distance toward the north wall.

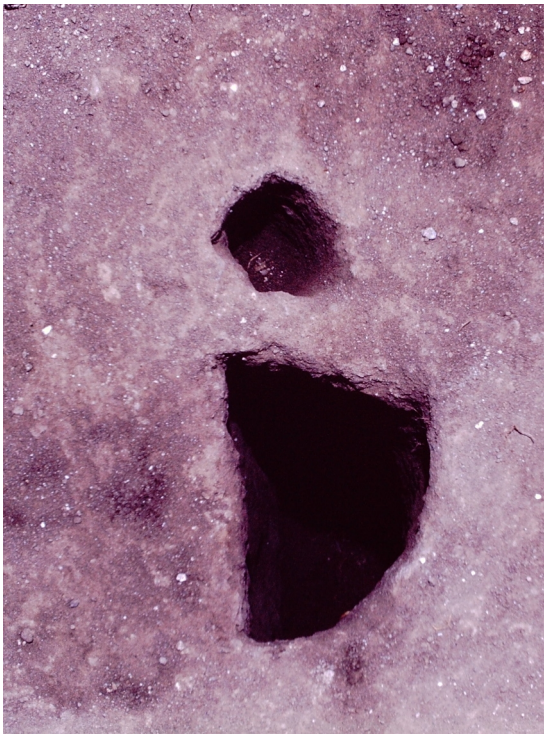
For the first time we could here examine cavities in an undamaged area. The areas excavated earlier had been too disturbed to be sure if the second cavity was that of a stake or of another root. The local growers and our workers were sure that one was a vine and one a stake. The fruit experts at the University of Naples, on the other hand, believed that the second cavity was that of another root, and that the vines had been pruned low, and left unstaked, as is done in Sicily today.

With great excitement we began to empty the cavities. We found them perfectly preserved, and it was obvious that one was clearly that of a vine root, easily identified by its shape and small lateral roots. The second cavity was always that of a stake. After the cavities were cleaned, measured and studied, they were filled with cement and casts made. After three days when the surrounding soil was pulled away, the cast of a stake and a root was clearly revealed. The word spread quickly. My workers and the local vine growers were not surprised. They knew that was what we would find!

On the following page is a selection of pictures of the ancient surface with root cavities and depressions for watering. In some places, there are three cavities with at least one a stake. Note the nail in the top picture. See also the front picture for this chapter.











One day I had a long conversation with an old man who had worked in the *scavi* for forty-two years. He was collecting medicinal herbs and had six small mullein plants in his hand. He gave me directions for preparing them to cure liver problems. I had found that this was a very popular medicine at Pompeii. The old man also highly recommended verbena, which he was gathering in the *scavi.* He claimed these two medicinal plants would cure all maladies. Before noon a family with children who had read *Letters from Pompeii* came by and greeted us.

The shepherds drove their sheep just above our vineyard every morning. One day a shepherd stopped to visit. He said he and his brother together had about 800 sheep, that there were about 1000 sheep at nearby Nola, about 100,000 in Calabria and 500,000 in Apulia. He said he began helping with the sheep when he was only four or five years old. Two shepherds were needed for every 100 sheep in pasture, four when they crossed the Via Roma.

We were glad to see Clemente, Sicignano's nephew and one of workmen in previous years, when he came home on leave from the army on July 17. He had arranged his leave so he could help us, which we appreciated very much. He was one of our most experienced workers, and we were very fond of him.

We went to Capri for our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary the next day. Esther Burnside insisted that she would supervise work in the *scavi.* She had been with us many years and knew the work well. Friday evening after we arrived at Capri we had dinner, then browsed through several fine gift stores, looking for something very special for our wedding anniversary. But we found nothing. Then we happened into a little perfume shop, where we spotted two beautiful hand carved, artistically painted angels hanging on the wall, which we both liked immensely. We inquired about them from the owner, who said they were decoration and not for sale. As we visited we learned that they had been in his family for generations. They were made in the same Neapolitan mountain village that carved the beautiful angels and nativity scene that grace the famous Christmas tree of the Metropolitan Museum in New York that we had long admired.



Capri Vista

At Capri we stayed at the beautiful Hotel Scalinatella. They brought breakfast to our room and served us on our spacious terrace, from where we had a spectacular view looking down to the Bay of Naples. On Sunday evening we were still looking for something spe-

cial as we walked by the little perfume shop. We stopped to chat with the owner, whom we had visited with several times as we passed by. Again we admired the angels. We could hardly believe our ears when the owner said "You really love those angels. I would like for you to have them." They have been a prized possession ever since.

We had decided to return on the Monte Tiberio, a cattle boat, which also had space for passengers. It came directly to Castellammare di Stabia, where the Rosario met us, thus making a much easier, but also a most interesting trip. I went to the *scavi* immediately and Stanley came about closing time and paid the workmen for the first week's work.

That evening we had dinner at Zi' Caterina with David and Linda Orr. David had taken his PhD with me the previous year and had won the Rome prize and he and Linda were at the American Academy in Rome for two years. It was good to have them at Pompeii, and they were especially helpful this year. Linda presented us with a delightful rooster pitcher, patterned after one found in a taberna in the *scavi* that she had filled with *fiori degli scavi* (wild flowers of the *scavi)*. I still cherish that pitcher and keep it filled with flowers.

A few days later it turned extremely hot. Esther Burnside sent me home at 12:30 insisting that she would check out the trucks; David, who had excavated in the vineyard on a previous trip, took responsibility for the workers. Stanley and I came out very early the next morning to plot the roots found the day before. Near the north wall the workers found two pieces of iron that appeared to be pieces of a pruning hook.

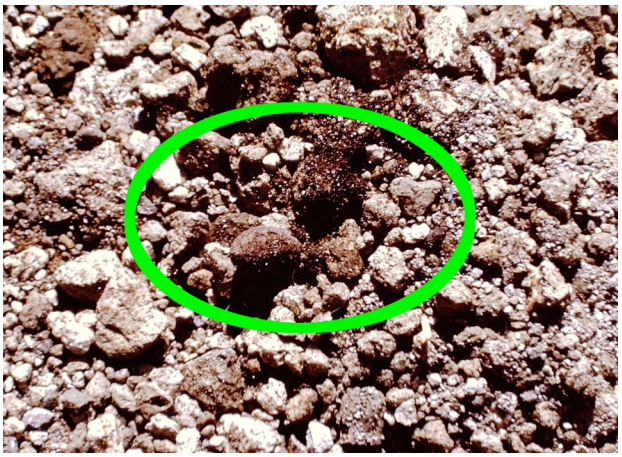
The following Sunday we went to Sorrento with David and Linda and had dinner at the Hotel Vittoria, overlooking the Bay. It was a restful day. The next day Clemente came to tell us goodbye, as he was returning to the army.

The four-year-old son of the truck driver came with his father for the day and was intrigued when he saw me giving out slips to the truck driver for each load. He wanted to help, so I handed the slip to him each time and he felt very grown up giving it to the truck driver. When Stanley arrived near closing time to photograph the day's work, the little boy wanted a photo of himself in action.



We next excavated the undamaged area under the portion of the south part of the hill of original organic debris that had been removed for us. We began at the east wall and worked toward the west. Here we found the original contour as it was at the time of the eruption, with the same deep depressions for water, and perfectly preserved cavities, which were eventually emptied, measured, studied, and casts poured.

Near the east wall in the undisturbed area where the upper part of the hill had been removed, we found evidence of carbonized material as we approached the level of the original vineyard. The lapilli were then carefully removed by hand, and two oval objects were found at almost ground level. After being photographed *in situ* they were gently removed for further study. One disintegrated almost immediately upon being exposed to the air. The other we brought to Dr. Meyer at the U.S. National Arboretum to identify. Under the microscope it was obvious that it was an olive, the flesh of the fruit in part still visible on the seed, the striations quite marked,



Carbonized organic matter in lapilli.

and the characteristic peduncle and collar still on the fruit. When the lapilli which surrounded the olives had been removed, we were not surprised to find a tree root cavity in the center of the area between the four vine roots where the fruit was found. We had predicted that the widely spaced row of trees between the second and third rows of vine roots from the east wall would continue, and we had hoped by some good fortune to find carbonized fruit or nuts. It was in this row that the olives were found as we continued our excavation to the north in the area where the hill of original volcanic fill had been removed. The chance of finding such plant material is very small.

The identification of the fruit was somewhat unexpected, for the olive is not one of the trees that we had seen growing in modern vineyards in the Pompeii area. But it is frequently found today vineyards elsewhere in Italy; and we know that this combination was practiceed in antiquity, for Pliny says that the olive is one of the trees to which the vine might be wedded.

It is possible that in our vineyard vegetables were raised between the vines. The carbonized bean that we later found in the lapilli at ground level may indicate such land use. I have found no reference in the ancient authors to vegetables being planted between the vines, but Varro says that in young orchards, garden or other crops are sometimes planted. Intercultivation is common in the Pompeii area today.

Since we shall have more to do with beans, it is worth mentioning that this bean is of the broad bean, *Vicia faba,* species. Both the pod and the rather flat seed are quite large. The common beans in Europe today – both green beans and dried beans – are many different varieties of *Phaseolus vulgaris* that was introduced by the Spanish and Portugese from America.



Anne Laidlaw's flower pot.

We kept finding large bones in the backfill, which we carefully documented and saved. One day David found a loom weight, the first of many that we were to find through the years. At the end of July Professor Frank Brown, from the American Academy in Rome, came to visit our vineyard. He had followed our work with great interest. Professor Brown had excavated with the Swedes at an Etruscan site west of Viterbo where they found evidence of a Roman vineyard planted after the Etruscan period. Trenches had been cut into the rock for the vines, also holes in which trees were planted, where they found remains of humus, just as Columella describes. He said vines were staked as far north as Rome. They had found quite a few bones. He wondered if the bones found in our vineyard could have been used for fertilizer. I suspected they were "garbage disposal."

He also described a garden that he had excavated at the Roman colony of Cosa, to the north of Rome, where he had found evidence of two trees, also cuttings for trees in the forum. He said similar cuttings had been found in the Roman Forum, as well as in Athens. He invited us to Cosa, offering to drive us there if we could stop in Rome. He said he would like suggestions for replanting the garden at Cosa and would send me the plan of the garden. We were not able to go until the following year. He was also very interested in the two triclinia in our vineyard. He had spent considerable time in the Middle East where apricots were the chief fruit crop and all the orchard owners had places to serve meals in their orchards. People loved to come to the orchard to enjoy a meal, especially when the apricot trees were in bloom. He felt it could have been a similar love of nature that attracted people to the triclinia in our vineyard, which also had many

trees. He added that proximity to the amphitheaters would be a good explanation too.

We enjoyed having so many of my graduate students at Pompeii during the summer. In addition to David, Linda and Esther, Walter Moeller was there again for a few days, also Shirley Schwartz. They had had great time together. Stanley was thriving at Pompeii and one late afternoon we took the *carrozza* (carriage) to the entrance of the *scavi* near the Villa of Mysteries with David and Linda. From here it was only a short walk up the Street of the Tombs to the House of Sallust, where Anne Laidlaw was working. She had visited us several times and wanted us to see the broken flower pot she had found in Bourbon fill in the House of Sallust. We stopped at the nearby Villa of the Mosaic Columns where Stanley took some measurements and made some photos that I needed. Esther Burnside left the next morning and Walter Moeller in the afternoon.



Our time at Pompeii was growing short and there was still much to do, for we had planned to finish our work in the vineyard this year. I had asked Sicignano if he could find any more workers. One day I was concerned when an older, gray-haired man, Antonio Vitiello, turned up for work, saying that Sicignano had sent him. I feared the heat would be too much for him. But he flexed his muscles to show me that he was very strong and told me that he was used to working in the heat. I also wondered about an older man working with our workmen, all young boys. But I need not have worried. The Italians have a great respect for age, and the boys were all very fond of Antonio. When they were getting ready to go home, Antonio climbed on the back of the motor scooter of one of our workers, sixteen-year-old Santolo. I asked Santolo if they lived near one another. He replied, "È mio padre. (He's my father)." I learned later that when Antonio heard that I needed more workers, he asked for leave from his job in Naples to help me out. He continued to do this every year, and he and Santolo, and later their families, became great friends.



Toward the end of our visit, Dr. Giuseppina Cerulli,[1] the Director of Excavations at the Villa of Poppaea at Oplontis, drove us to the summer villa of Prof. and Mrs. de Franciscis at Caserta, where they had invited us for dinner. Prof. de Franciscis had introduced us to Giuseppina shortly after we arrived this year and told us to call on her at any time for any need. It was the beginning of a long and wonderful friendship. The villa was the old family home that had belonged to the de Franciscis family for years. We entered through an impressive entrance arch, and found ourselves in a large courtyard, upon which the many rooms of the villa faced, large enough for the family of each of the siblings to have its own summer home. We had a delightful evening, and after dinner we visited on the terrace which had a beautiful view of the mountains. Then Prof. de Franciscis suggested that we walk along the terrace which connected the summer homes of other members of the family, so that we could meet his family. His father was still living, a tall, kindly patrician gentleman. Before we went home we discussed at length our plans for our next season of work. A garden had been discovered at the villa of Oplontis that Prof. Cerulli had hoped we could excavate on this trip. But she said she would cover it with sand to preserve it until our return. Prof. de Fran-

1 Giuseppina Cerulli Irelli was later superintendent of Pompeii from 1981 to 1984 and afterwards served many years as president of Gli Amici di Pompei.

ciscis said they might find a garden in the House of Polybius, and, if so, we could excavate it. He said we would also explore the possibilities of finding roots in the new villas at Stabiae, but that was not to be.

Before Stanley could take the final photos of our vineyard, there were still many places where we had dug on previous trips that had not been cleaned. Each year before we left, we had covered each root cast with a large stone and covered it with back fill. I hesitated to spare our workers for this, for they were still busy finding the last cavities, cleaning them and making casts. Pelli, the assistant in charge of workers, came to our rescue and sent three of his workmen to help us out until all of our old excavations were ready to photograph.

It was now obvious that the entire area had been planted as a vineyard. Time was running short, and we had not yet removed the backfill in two areas east of the path in the southeast quadrant. The backfill was up to six feet in height, and we had neither time nor money to remove so much soil. But to make certain that the entire area was planted we continued our excavation for the width of three rows east of the path, and also uncovered the first row of root cavities north of the triclinium, and discovered that the entire area was enclosed with rows of root cavities



En route to Villa of the Mysteries with David Orr as coachman.

At the end of our third season at this site we had found a total of 2001 vine-root cavities and 57 tree-root cavities. The tree cavities varied greatly in size, which is not surprising for different varieties have roots of very different sizes. The usual location of a tree was in the center of the space between four vines. We had previously found that the ancient proprietor tended to plant rows of trees around the edges of the vineyard, usually between the second and third rows from the wall, with a few trees placed at random throughout the interior. The 1970 excavations showed that he had also planted rows of widely spaced trees between the first and second rows of vines on each side of the north-south path.

The number and distribution of trees in our vineyard is more generous than that recommended by Columella, who says that the fig, pear, or apple tree may be planted only at the end of vine rows on the north "so that they may not shade it." But he was not writing for vintners in the Pompeii area. In the Pompeii area both in antiquity, as our excavations have shown, and also today, trees are planted generously throughout a vineyard. In one modern vineyard that was much like ours, even to the arbored pathway, there were thirteen different species of trees. In addition to the willow and the poplar used for tying the vines, there were the Persian walnut and the hazelnut; the fruit trees included the pear, fig, and apple recommended by Columella, also the plum, peach, sour cherry, apricot, sorb and Japanese loquat. All these trees, except the loquat, were known to the first-century Romans and could have been raised by the ancient Pompeians.

In addition to the north-south and the east-west paths, we found evidence of a path along the north wall. Such a path would have been convenient for the vintner or his laborers working in the vineyard or gathering fruit. The discovery of a path along the north wall makes more easily understandable the two groups of coins that we had found there in 1968. They were probably lost by someone walking along the path. The only other coins found in the vineyard was a single coin found in 1968 at the edge of one of the post holes on the east-west path leading to the triclinium outside the vinaria, and one found in 1970 on the north-south path near a post hole. Both had probably rolled to the edge of the path when dropped. The loom weight found may likewise have been dropped.

Once we were sure that our vines were staked, the question of how they were trained remained to be answered. Vines can be divided into two general categories: those with no support, and those that are supported. The most complete list is given in Pliny, who gives five methods of training vines. Three methods used stakes. Vines could be propped with stakes: (1) without a crossbar; (2) propped with stakes with a crossbar; and (3) trellised with a rectangular frame (*vitis compluviata*). This type of training takes its name

from the similarity of the rectangular frame to the opening in the ceiling of the atrium in a Roman house.

The agricultural writers pay little attention to the single staked vine (I have found only two references) and the yoked vine arranged in rows is said to be better suited for cold and rainy climates, which does not describe conditions at Pompeii. This leaves the rectangular frame, the method used in our vineyard. The ancient writers stress that this method is most commonly used in Italy, and that it produces the best wine. They also stress that it is suitable for areas with hot, dry climate, which is descriptive of Pompeii. Today this method is still in use in the Pompeii area, but in the vineyards that I have visited the vines were not as carefully restrained as Columella recommended; they do however form a covering which shades the soil. The nails that we found in the vineyard might have been used to nail the frames to the stakes.

The ancient Romans were well aware of the importance of soil, slope, aspect and draining in vine growing. They believed that vines did better on hill slopes, but they knew that a profitable vineyard was possible on level ground if the soil and drainage were favorable. A well drained soil is a most important consideration for any vineyard. The soil in our vineyard is good. The volcanic plain of Campania was known in antiquity for the extreme fertility of its soil and also for its good texture. Pliny describes it as being "dusty on the surface, and also porous like pumice" so "the earth allows the frequent rainfall to percolate and pass through it." Vineyards planted on volcanic soil are notably very productive.

Our vineyard was by no means level, although when we began work in 1966 the area had a level appearance, because, as we were to discover, the previous excavators had leveled the excavated surface with backfill. In our first trench (near the east wall adjacent to the hill of original volcanic debris) we dug down through about four feet of lapilli before we came to the ground level of A.D. 79, but in the west half of the *insula* the original level of the ground was scarcely below the surface.

On one of his visits to our vineyard we had asked Prof. de Franciscis if it were possible for him to send a *scavi* surveyor to our vineyard. He thought it a good idea and when our work was finally finished the surveyor came from Naples and made a topographical study. The survey showed a gradient downward from the triclinium and from the complex of buildings in the northwest corner of the *insula*. The gradient was slight and permitted light rains to be easily absorbed by the soil, but drainage away from the buildings protected them during periods of heavy rain. A definite depression down the center of the north-south path was found in the part where the original fill was removed during our last season. The part of the path near the entrance had shown a similar but somewhat destroyed depression. This marked depression down the center of the slightly sloping path suggests that it served as a drainage channel during periods of heavy rain.

But since the soil in the vineyard is porous, drainage was not a major problem. More important was the conservation of water. Rainfall in the Pompeii area is barely adequate for vines and orchard trees; irrigation



is necessary for gardens. The constant digging and hoeing recommended by the ancient agricultural writers tended to conserve the water by dry farming techniques. This also made it possible to channel the rainwater. The three or four depressions around each root were immediately recognized by our workmen as similar to those they put around their roots to hold water.

A vineyard required more intensive care than any other Mediterranean crop, but if properly cultivated the returns were large. The precision with which our vineyard was planted, and the care with which it had been cultivated suggests that the ancient vintner was a careful husbandman who enjoyed good returns from his vineyard, which, judging from its prominent location, was a much enjoyed showplace. It is quite possible that the vintner did most of the work in the vineyard himself, perhaps aided by members of his family or by day-laborers who were available for hire when the grapes were ripe. The close spacing of the vines had suggested to us during our first season that his vineyard had been hand cultivated, not ploughed. A study of the detailed contour of the surface of the soil in the undamaged area that we excavated definitely showed that the soil had been dug by hand.

The fifty-two bones that we found in our vineyard were identified by Dr. Henry Setzer, Head of the African section at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C. He found six, perhaps seven species represented: domestic cow, horse, wild boar, domestic dog, sheep, domestic cat and perhaps goat. It was probably the presence of bones in the limited area uncovered, that led the first excavators to name the *insula* the *Foro Boario*. Since our excavations showed that this identification is not valid, the presence of the bones must be otherwise explained. This was made more difficult by the fact that the bones were not found in their original location, but were mixed in the backfill which the earlier excavators had pushed over a good part of the *insula*.

When Dr. Setzer examined the bones carefully he discovered that eleven showed definite cleaver marks; four others had marks that were probably tool marks. Marrow was considered a choice food in antiquity, as it still is in some parts of the world today. It began to look as if these bones might be the remains of meals served in one or both of the triclinia in the vineyard. The dog and cat bones were probably those of the vintner's pets. Cleaver marks on cow, sheep and wild boar (an ancient delicacy) are to be expected. Horse meat for human consumption is not mentioned in the ancient sources, but it is used in Italy today, where it is commonly believed to be especially nutritious for children and for the aged. One might have expected lighter refreshments to have been served. The discovery that meat was on the menu may indicate that it was a more important part of the Roman diet than is sometimes thought. It may well be that meals served in our vineyard were an important source of income for the vintner, and the means of retailing much of the wine that he produced. The discovery of bones and their identification as debris from vineyard meals (and also bones of pets and perhaps of animals that fled into the vineyard during the eruption) explains why this *insula* was mistaken by the first excavators for the *Foro Boario*.

The discovery of this large vineyard was a very important one. It provided the first detailed picture of the production and sale of one of the most important staples of Roman life. Most important was the way it was planted with mathematical precision and followed the instructions laid down in the ancient agricultural manuals, practices still followed by vintners today in the Pompeii area – another example like many I found of the continuity of life around Vesuvius. The news of this vineyard was of great interest to newspapers and journals around the world. Two universities wrote asking permission to plant a model vineyard exactly like the one we had found.



Payday at the end of the last day of work was always an important event. As mentioned above, the NEH grant had made it possible for us to hire workmen. In addition to their weekly pay, at the end of the season each worker was given a bonus. This was based on the

total number of hours worked and the worker's degree of expertise. The "experts" who had learned the delicate skill of locating, cleaning and reinforcing with wire root cavities were given a larger bonus than the shovel and wheelbarrow workers. In deciding the bonuses, we relied heavily on the advice of Sicignano, who came to the Rosario to discuss it with us. After the amounts were decided, the cash due each worker was carefully counted out and put in envelopes. None of the workers had bank accounts, nor were they used to checks. On pay day each worker was called in individually and given his envelope. He then counted his liras and signed for the amount received. Payday was always a joyous occasion. They were extremely grateful. We paid more than was usual in the area, although it seemed pitifully low to us. And bonuses were unheard of.

During our last days at Pompeii, Stanley made many photographs of our completed excavations in the vineyard, at various times of day and in different lights. Ernesto and Maria, the two children who lived in the house above the vineyard, eagerly posed walking up and down the path, anxious to be included in the photos. A few days before we left, Dr. Giordano took Stanley, me and David Orr to the museum at Stabia to photograph the cast of the leaf of a plane tree made by Sicignano of the imprint of a leaf that he found in the ashes, when he excavated the peristyle at San Marco. I also discovered a fragment of a painting in the museum, clearly that of a hazelnut, and the only one I had ever seen. I also spent some time with Sicignano examining possible sites to excavate on our next trip.

Then it was time to go home. We had finished a shorter than usual season of work, but a most productive one, thanks to the marvelous cooperation of everyone. And Stanley was much healthier and stronger than when we left home some six weeks earlier. We made a short stop in Rome at the American Academy to do some necessary library work and discuss our final results with Frank Brown, then soon we were on the ship to America.



The center of present-day Pompeii. The arrow points to the Albergo Rosario, where the Jashemskis stayed.



Ruth, Wilhelmina, and Kathy on the France.

1971 Another Vineyard and a Shop-house Garden

On June 17, 1971 we boarded the *France* on our way back to Pompeii. It was to be a most enjoyable trip. We were taking my sister Elizabeth with us for a much needed vacation, along with her two youngest daughters, Ruth, now 17, who had just finished her junior year in high school, and Kathy 15, her freshman year. Elizabeth's husband, Jim, had recently died after a long illness following an accident. The two older children, Sally and Jimmy were at the University of Washington in Seattle. The girls loved the exciting life on the France. Ruth watched spell-bound when the waiter flamed the crêpes Suzettes that Stanley had ordered as a special treat for her birthday. She was already a budding gourmet cook.

We had planned to stop in Paris, as we usually did, but we discovered along with the other passengers on the France that the hotel reservations we had written for had not been filled. Paris was entertaining a large international trade convention, which had booked every available hotel room in the city. The boat train to Paris had been rerouted and we were taken to Rouen instead. We decided to take advantage of this turn of events and stop in Rouen, a delightful French city for the girl's first taste of Europe. We were fortunate in finding rooms for the five of us in a little hotel owned by a friendly young couple, eager to make sure that we wouldn't miss any of the famous spots in the city they loved. Their young three year old son spent much time sitting on the front steps, contemplating the passing scene. William, as we learned from his father, had, of course, been named for William the Conqueror. The year 1066 (when William the Conqueror won the English crown at the point of his sword) doesn't seem that long ago to the people of Normandy.

Ruth and Kathy were delighted to find themselves in the city so closely associated with Joan of Arc and eagerly looked for the sites connected with her. Their sister Sally had played the lead role in the play Joan of Arc, and the entire family had been absorbed in the Joan of Arc story. We found the Joan of Arc Tower, all that remains of the ancient castle built by Philip Augustus where Joan was imprisoned, threatened with torture by eleven judges and led to her execution in the Vieux Marché (Old Marketplace). A statue of Joan of Arc marks the spot of her martyrdom, a place of pilgrimage for many coming from great distances.



Rouen, Le Gros Horloge

There was much to see in Rouen. The wonderful Gothic cathedral, fortunately suffering only minor damage in World War II although struck by six bombs, dominated the old city. We knew this cathedral from Monet's painting in the National Gallery in Washington D.C., a favorite of my Humanities students. It is one of many that he painted, showing the cathedral at different times of day, from dawn to sunset, in bright and cloudy weather, in sun and mist. Twenty of Monet's paintings of this cathedral were exhibited together in 1895. When we later visited Paris on our way home from Pompeii, Ruth and Kathy were delighted to find several of Monet's paintings of Rouen cathedral in the Museum of impressionist paintings.

The *Gros Horloge*, a much loved landmark, has been telling time for the inhabitants of Rouen since the early sixteenth century. We walked throughout the older part of the city, admiring the picturesque timbered houses, so built because of the shortage of stone, making magnificent use of the plentiful supply of oak forests nearby.

As we explored the city, Kathy wandered on ahead. All at once we heard her shriek, "Uncle Stanley, come quick!" We hurried to catch up with her, wondering what the crisis was. When we reached Kathy, she was beaming and pointing to the equestrian statue of Napoleon that she had just discovered. You would have thought that she feared Napoleon would gallop out of sight if her uncle didn't hasten to get the photo. We were to learn on this trip that Kathy was a great admirer of Napoleon. In every city that we visited, where there were "Napoleon-was-here" places, we dutifully searched them out.

Our next stop was Interlaken in Switzerland. We all enjoyed the picturesque French countryside as it passed by outside our train windows. When we reached Switzerland, and the Alps came into view, Stanley whipped out his long, folded panoramic map that showed every mountain peak with its name and elevation. He was overjoyed to discover that his nieces loved mountains as much as he did. The three stood the entire time, the map spread out before them, eagerly pointing out each peak.

Shortly after we entered Switzerland, Kathy's long golden locks were neatly braided into two pigtails. She could easily have passed for a Swiss girl. After the continental breakfasts in France, the bountiful spread of a Swiss breakfast went over big with two active teenagers, who were always hungry. At Interlaken two things were a must, a trip on the little cog railroad to the mountain village of Wengen, where we stayed overnight, and a trip to Wacheldorn, the tiny mountain hamlet from which my grandmother's family came. Elizabeth and the girls had seen the pictures Stanley had taken of mother pointing to her mother's name in the big book that recorded her birth. They had looked forward to seeing the book, and we were disappointed to hear that it had been taken to the canton capital for safekeeping. When Kathy found the spot where the family home had once stood, she dropped down in the lush meadow grass and rolled down the entire hill. She was thoroughly at home in the land of her forbears.



Pigtails



An overnight stop in Renaissance Florence was a must for the girls. They delighted in walking across the Ponte Vecchio and exploring the famous buildings and sights in the old city. We wanted to show them as much as possible on their first trip to Europe, but Rome would have to wait until our return from Pompeii.

We were all eager to get to Pompeii, where we arrived on June 29. Our able foreman, Nicola Sicignano, had our workmen ready to begin work immediately. We had previously decided that the large open area with the two unusual mosaic fountains and large masonry *triclinium* (II.i.6), directly to the north of the Great Palaestra; so familiar to tourists, had probably been planted and should be investigated. It had been partially excavated from 1954 to 1956. We put in a trial trench near the north wall and immediately found a row of nine root cavities; then, we uncovered in the soil near the wall, a badly broken flower pot with one hole in the bottom and three on the sides, similar to the one we had discovered in the House of the Hebrew. We eventually found sufficient root cavities in the interior of the garden to indicate that the *triclinium* had been located in a garden setting, probably a vineyard with the usual trees, but the soil was so badly compacted by the passage of trucks continuously going over it to other excavation sites, that it was impossible to recover the planting pattern. When we cleared the dense overgrowth surrounding the *triclinium*, we found a masonry pool on the northwest corner of the garden and a masonry altar near the west wall opposite the *triclinium*.

It appeared that this was another place, a very elegant one, where food was served to guests coming from the nearby amphitheater. Dr. Stefano De Caro's excavations in 1984 confirmed that the area was indeed a vineyard. He found that the small house at the south end of the property, of which only a few walls had been previously excavated, had been given over to wine production at the time of the eruption. Built against the east side of the front of the house was a small raised treading floor, where the grapes were pressed by foot. The juice flowed into a *dolium* embedded in the soil at the east edge of the treading floor, and then into another in the peristyle garden inside the house. We found a garden painting, still faintly visible, on the west wall of the peristyle garden. We were excited to find a statuette of Venus, the guardian of gardens, painted in front of the fence in this garden painting. The north half of the statuette had been covered when a lararium had been built against the north part of the garden wall.

The elaborate *triclinium* in this vineyard was shaded by a pergola, supported by four massive masonry columns. These were enclosed on three sides by a low masonry wall, the top of which had a place for plants. In front of the *triclinium* were the two beautiful mosaic fountains which face each other. The east and west sides of each fountain had interesting but poorly preserved garden paintings. At the base of each painting was the usual lattice fence, and behind the fence a fountain surrounded by flowering plants, trees and birds. After we cleaned the paintings and put water on them to momentarily bring out the faded colors, we could see

two bunches of ripe dates on the palm tree behind the fountain in each painting. We had found the date palm in many garden paintings, but it was usually the young tree. Dates do not mature in Italy, but Pliny tells us that the date palm was common in Italy as a garden plant, even though it did not bear fruit. The carbonized dates found at Pompeii would have been imported. Dates mature at only one place in Europe, in southeast Spain, which I later visited.



The paintings on the east side of the fountains would have been visible to visitors entering from the Palaestra. Those on the west side of the fountains were in full view of guests reclining on the *triclinium*. We found traces of flowering plants and a peacock still visible on the serving table, and well preserved garlands hanging between the niches on the inside of the *triclinium* couches. The small amount of plaster remaining on the inside of the low wall that enclosed the *triclinium* on the north is beautifully decorated with branches of grapes bearing large clusters of purple fruit (*image above*). In this beautiful setting guests probably enjoyed the wine produced in the vineyard, as well as food.

One day shortly after we arrived at Pompeii, Kathy excitedly said to me, "Aunt Mina, we're famous at Pompeii." The girls were surprised to discover how many people had read *Letters from Pompeii* and knew all about Sally, Jimmy, Ruth and Kathy, to whom the letters were written. Three days after we arrived one of my Ph.D. students, Betty Jo Mayeske, her husband George and their two young sons, David and John, came to Pompeii. Betty Jo was examining carefully and photographing all the bakeries for her dissertation, "Bakeries, Bakers, and Bread at Pompeii: A Study in Social and Economic History."



WFJ and ragazzi. *Elizabeth Gladden, WFJ's sister, is third from left.*

Soon another of my graduate students, Frances Stahl, arrived with her two younger sisters, Beth and Judy. It was a summer of *ragazzi* (boys and girls). We had a great time together.

Another obvious candidate for a garden was the large open area at the rear of a shop with living quarters above, located on the Via Nocera (I.xx.5). The entire property was enclosed by walls as is customary at Pompeii. Sicignano agreed that the area was probably a garden. As a boy he had accompanied Dr. Della Corte in the *scavi*, carrying his chair, water, and supplies as he copied inscriptions. When this site was originally excavated, Dr. Della Corte had told him that he believed that the broken amphorae had been built into the top of the long north garden wall to prevent boys from climbing into the garden and stealing fruit. Today Italian gardeners frequently have sharp pieces of glass or pottery built into the top of a garden wall for the same purpose. Prominently displayed on the west end of the street side of the wall with the broken amphorae was a huge phallus, almost fifteen inches high that had been carved in bas relief into Sarno limestone against an arch-shaped background and painted red. It is not unusual to find phallic symbols throughout the city, but this one, removed shortly after excavation but now restored, is unique.

The ancient Roman was ever fearful of the evil eye and the injury it might work on his person or property. Protection against such evils, as well as against the various unknown perils of sickness, accident, or other harm was sought through magical use of amulets. Amulets in the shape of parts of the body (hand, phallus, vulva) were believed to have apotropaic efficacy. The use of the phallus as an amulet to protect against witchcraft was so common that the

name *fascinum*, which means "a bewitching, or witchcraft" came to be applied to it. It suddenly dawned on me that our words *fascinate* and *fascination*, which means to be "spellbound by" come from the Latin word *fascinum*. The phallus even became deified as the god Fascinus. Babies were put under the protection of Fascinus (i.e., they wore an amulet in the shape of a phallus); generals also were protected by this deity, for the image of a phallus was hung under the chariot of a general at his triumph to protect him from jealousy. The walls of towns, all kinds of public places and private property were protected in this way.

The use of amulets as protection against the evil eye is still common in southern Italy today, and their use is not confined to the less educated classes. The gift of a small winged golden phallus to a twelve year old boy by his grandmother, or of a necklace with a phallus to a small child would have been completely understandable to an ancient Pompeian, as would the farewell gift of a small gold phallus for a key ring, which my graduate student Dave Orr received from his Neapolitan friends upon the completion of his research in Italy.

Fortunately the overgrowth at the rear of the shophouse had few large roots, so I was hopeful that the ancient planting pattern might be recovered, if indeed it had been planted. When we removed the weeds, however, we found that the original excavators had removed most of the lapilli, leaving little protective covering over the level of the ground in A.D.79. Trial excavations along the west wall almost immediately revealed the cavity of a large tree. We continued digging, and more and more cavities appeared.

Kathy and Ruth felt very much at home in Pompeii, and were completely absorbed in the whole process of finding root cavities, cleaning them, reinforcing them with heavy wire and making casts. I began to worry about the way Ruth was using up all her precious film, photographing root after root cavity, each new one more exciting to her than the one before. I cautioned her that there was much to photograph in Pompeii besides root cavities and that she would be seeing many things after Pompeii that she would want to photograph. Even Elizabeth, prodded by Sicignano, tried her hand at digging, and found a root cavity almost at once, which Sicignano christened "Elisabetta's root." She later emptied it of lapilli and poured the cast; we all admired the cast when it was excavated.



After our workmen went home, we worked at other sites with gardens and garden paintings for my book. The girls loved prowling through the *scavi*, spotting the places they knew so well from *Letters from Pompeii*, and were excited to see others we were studying. One day we went to Herculaneum, another to the Museum at Naples, where Prof. de Franciscis gave my family a warm welcome.

Prof. Cerulli, now Director of Excavations at Pompeii, was most interested in our work, and came out to visit our dig frequently. She told us that she would have all the weeds removed from the *scavi* before we returned the next year.

One afternoon after work, before Frances and her sisters left, Sicignano invited all of us out to his farm. The *passeggiata* through the countryside afforded a welcome opportunity to study the planting patterns of gardens and to observe the vineyards along the way. Mrs. Sicignano had little cups of Italian coffee ready for us when we arrived. Frances and her sisters wanted to see the neighbor's vineyard with the via that we had visited several years ago, that was so much like ours in the big vineyard across from the amphitheater, and the owners were most happy to show it to us again.

Our time at Pompeii was coming to an end. We still had to show Elizabeth and our nieces Capri, which they loved. Then on to Rome. On our last day in Rome, while they explored the eternal city, Frank Brown, Director of the American Academy in Rome, drove Stan-



Roman house in Cosa.

ley and me to Cosa. It was an unforgettable day, visiting with Frank the site that he had spent so many years excavating and having him explain in detail a place he loved so much. We spent some time discussing the lovely little garden he had found in a house. The original house plots in this colony, founded in 273 B.C., were narrow strips divided about equally between the house and the garden. By the first century B.C., a prosperous colonist had acquired the land occupied by five of these little gardens and had built a stately house. The garden, complete with a pool, at the rear of the house was on a higher level than the house. From either end of the portico at the rear of the house, two paths converged at a tree at the rear of the garden. Careful excavation revealed the planting pit of this tree and of another nearby.

Frank was one of the earliest archaeologists to be concerned with the gardens at his site. From the beginning, he was a strong supporter of my work and wrote many a recommendation supporting my applications for grants. Every year at the end of our excavation season, as Stanley and I visited other sites, studying Roman gardens, both in Italy and throughout the Empire and comparing them to our Vesuvian gardens, I found many gardens that were obvious because of their architectural context. But, unfortunately, they were of little concern to the excavators, who regarded them as just so much waste space. Frank's garden at Cosa was one of the first in which the soil had actually been examined. Another exception was the planting pits with pots found by Dorothy Thompson around the Temple of Hephaestus above the Athenian Agora. This sacred garden, which had been replanted, had greatly interested us on previous trips. A garden had also been excavated at Fishbourne, in England, which I looked forward to visiting on this trip.

At Cosa, Frank had discovered other evidence of plantings. When the earliest colonists laid out the forum, provision was made for planting eight shade trees at the southeast end, where the assemblies of the whole citizen body met, mustered in its military and territorial subdivisions. Planting pits (3 x 6 Roman feet and 3-3 1/2 ft. deep) were cut into the rocky surface. In one pit, loam and carbonized rootlets of a fair-sized tree were still intact.

Then at last to Paris. We visited many of the famous places – St. Germain-des-Prés, the Champs-Elysées, the Eiffel Tower, the Place de la Concorde, the

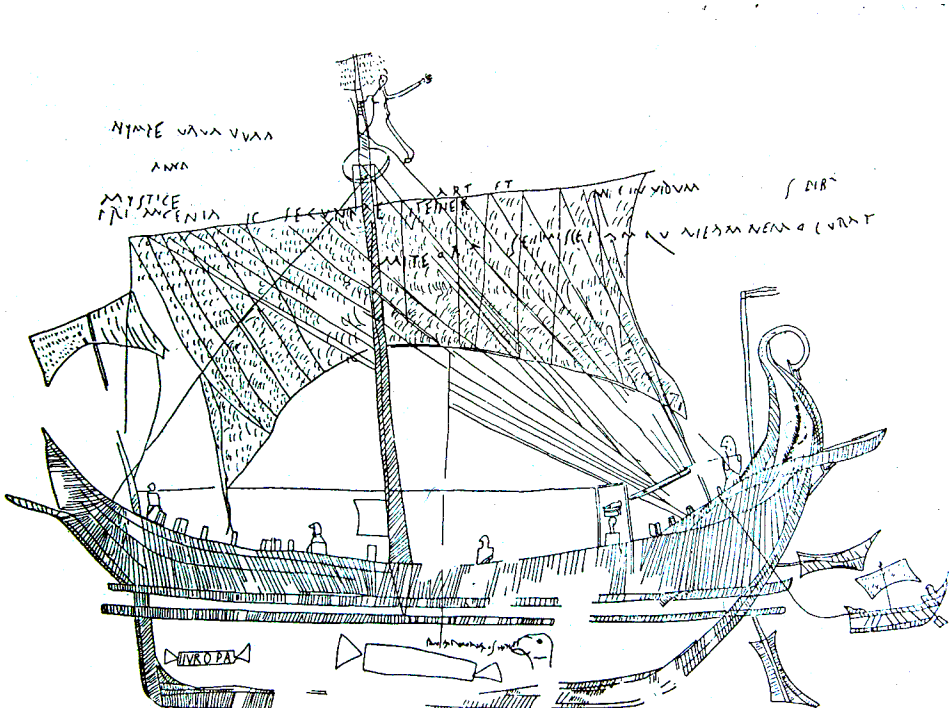
Tuileries Gardens, where we lingered taking in their beauty, the Church of the Madeleine and of course the Louvre, where the girls were elated to see the famous Venus de Milo. The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousal was important to Kathy for it had been commissioned by Napoleon to honor French armies, even though finished under Louis Philippe. It is twice as high as the arch of the ancient Roman emperor Constantine in Rome, which inspired it. The column of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme, erected to celebrate Austerlitz, was also inspired by a Roman monument, the column of the emperor Trajan, but it was almost half again as high. Both columns are encircled with a sculptured frieze recounting the military conquests of the respective rulers. On the top of Napoleon's column is a statue of Napoleon, posing as a Roman Caesar. These were all familiar sites to us. But on this trip I also saw a Paris I had never seen before. It seemed that Napoleon was everywhere. Stanley and I were both much impressed with how well Kathy and Ruth knew their French and English history. I was glad to finally see the famous Church of St. Louis des Invalides (the Soldier's Church) and towering behind it the Church of the Dome, its dome plated with gold leaf, two important churches I had wanted Stanley to photograph for my Humanities class. The Church of St Louis was a first on Kathy's list, for beneath its cupola Napoleon lies buried. A red porphyry sarcophagus covers the six coffins enclosing his body, when it was returned from Saint Helena. His uniforms, personal arms and death bed are in the Army Museum in front of the Invalides.

We took the Hovercraft across the British Channel to England. Here we saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and many other things in London, including the Tower of London, which the girls couldn't miss. Then on to Oxford. We found rooms in a quaint little inn that appeared to have been standing since the Middle Ages. The narrow and steep stairway that led to our rooms was surely built for people that weren't as tall as we were. We visited the University, and I was thrilled to browse in Blackwell's, the bookstore with which I had done so much business through the years.



The replanted hedge at Fishbourne.

Before boarding the new Queen Elizabeth II at Southampton for home, we had a day at nearby Fishbourne, a site that I had long wanted to see. This palace, believed to have belonged to a powerful local chieftain friendly to Rome, had been skillfully excavated by Barry Cunliffe, who had meticulously restored the north wing, which was then protected under glass, and replanted the large garden in that wing on the basis of sound archaeological evidence. Part of the palace is still under modern homes. Some years later when I was invited by Dumbarton Oaks to put on an international conference on ancient Roman Gardens, Barry Cunliffe and I were the only people present who had ever excavated a Roman garden. Ruth and Kathy were tremendously impressed when they saw how every bit of evidence was carefully preserved and protected. They wanted to know why they didn't do that at Pompeii. I told them there were times when I wished that Pompeii was in Britain, but it is one thing to protect a single building and something vastly different to put an entire city under glass.



The Ship Europa.

1972 Gardens of a Shop-house, House of the Ship Europa, and Hercules

June 8, 1972 saw us on the *France* again on our way to Pompeii. This time we broke the trip to Pompeii with a short stop at Zermatt, for Stanley had been most anxious to see the snowcapped Matterhorn. Then on to Rome, to visit briefly with my former students Dave and Linda Orr at the American Academy and to be introduced to their new son, Bruce.

Sicignano was delighted that we had arrived at Pompeii in time for the *festa* of his son Andrea, a big party given to celebrate Andrea's engagement to Anna. It was a joyous occasion, with Andrea's and Anna's parents, aunts, uncles and cousins all gathered at big tables set up under Sicignano's vine-covered pergola for a fabulous dinner. The meal went on for hours, with much visiting, laughing and joking. We felt quite honored to be included in such an intimate family gathering. We were very proud of Andrea. He had been one of our workmen, one of the specialists who could locate and clean root cavities and make casts.



Engagement party. From right: Nicola Sicignano, Andrea, and Anna, the bride.

This year at Pompeii was a continuation of the previous year's work. Giuseppina Cerulli and Nicola Sicignano had everything arranged so we could begin work immediately in the shop-house garden, where we had made preliminary excavations the previous year. This large open area had at least, in part, been occupied by construction which was probably destroyed by the earthquake of A.D. 62. We often found areas from which earthquake debris had

been cleared made into a garden. When our excavations were completed, it was clear that the planting pattern was by no means regular; however the roots tended to be laid out in rows running both east-west and north-south. There were at least sixteen trees in this garden. The smaller cavities appeared to be those of vines. The presence of nine do1ia, in which the juice of grapes was fermented to make wine, also suggested that this was a vineyard.



The Matterhorn

Near the shop-house, we found a cistern that had not been excavated. This large cistern, which collected water falling from the roof, suggested that there were young trees and vegetables that needed to be watered. Aerial photos made during our 1974 season strikingly revealed soil contours and irrigation channels that could be made out only with difficulty from the ground. The careful provisions for irrigation made it almost certain that vegetables had been raised under the vines, as is so common in the area today. A path led from the door of the shop, between two irrigation channels, to an open area at the rear of the garden, near a crudely built triangular niche in the west wall. Most of our small finds came from either the path or this open area. On the path we found a beautiful bronze hair ornament delicately etched with the head of a bird at the end, also four coins, a tiny lamp, such as were used both as toys and as votive offerings to the gods, and a very useab1e whetstone.

The crudely built niche had perhaps held a lamp. It was easy to picture the family gathering here in the cool of the late afternoon and evening, to escape the heat of their stuffy second floor dwelling. I found it quite delightful to work in this area in the shade of the west wall from four o'clock on. The walls of this garden are higher than most, perhaps deliberately built to provide shade. The three trees nearby would have made the area pleasant much earlier in the day in antiquity.

We found many objects in this area, perfume bottles, a loom weight, a coin, a broken lamp decorated with the head of a cupid with hair dressed in a top-knot, fragments of various dishes, also a part of a very small dish with a handle, either a child's toy or a votive offering. The original excavators likewise found significant objects in this area. The tripod and the presence of various dishes suggest that meals were cooked and eaten here. The sixteen bones and three teeth (pig and lamb) which we found were probably the remains of meals eaten in the garden. Most of the pig bones were from a young animal, quite possibly from the same animal. One of the bones had two tool marks showing that the young pig had been used



Excavating the cistern.



Loom weights.



Dolia in the shop-house garden.

for food. Perhaps roasted piglet was one of the last meals served in the garden. The presence of lamps tell us that the family lingered in the cool of the evening after dark. The tweezers would have been useful for pulling new wick out of the oil as the wick burned. The children of the family perhaps entertained themselves with their doll dishes and toy lamps, one of which had been dropped on a trip to the back garden. The modern Pompeian likewise spends his free time in the evening out-of-doors. If he has no garden, he puts his chair on the narrow sidewalk, or more often in the street, facing his house or shop, his back to traffic.

The open space, in the vicinity of the *dolia* and the cistern, under the east wall was obviously left as a work area. It is cool here in the morning, shaded by the east wall of the building. The tree near the cistern furnished shade later in the day. Significant finds were also reported by the original excavators from this area: a large long-handled bronze pan, a large bronze *situla* (a bucket for drawing water), a bronze funnel, a small bronze amphora, eight small bronze fish hooks and a terra-cotta fish sauce container.

This shop-house garden, the first ever excavated and studied, gives us a good picture of the garden of one of the humble citizens of Pompeii. Informally, but intensively planted in trees, vines and vegetables, it enabled the family to produce its own wine and fruit, with perhaps a surplus to sell. The large number of fruit and nut trees may explain the broken amphorae along the top of the north wall. The large phallus (*fascinum*) on the outside wall at the street corner would have furnished special protection, perhaps not only for this property, but the entire neighborhood. Nearby were



Broken amphora imbedded in top of wall.

three other gardens that we excavated during the summer, all no doubt in need of protection.

Just a few meters from the excavations, on the Via Roma on the way to our hotel we passed many small shops, little different from those in the ancient city. Above the shops are dwellings, and at the rear of one I discovered a garden, greatly cherished by the owner who lived in the rooms above his shop. It was much like the garden of our unknown shopkeeper; there were many fruit trees of different varieties and sizes, also a few vines. Some of the trees were only two years old, but the fig tree had been there for many years. Under the trees and vines, vegetables were growing. Such a shop-house garden in the modern city is still another reminder of the continuity of life near Vesuvius.

Alfonso and Serenella de Franciscis came out to see our dig and took us to lunch not long after we arrived. They were very enthusiastic about what we were finding.

When the posters with the summer theatrical program went up, we were happy to see that Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* was to be the ancient play given in the big theater in the *scavi*. It is an hilarious anti-war play and a great favorite of my Humanities and Greek history classes. Lysistrata mobilized the women to avoid intimacy with their husbands until the men gave up war.

During the summer we also excavated the large open area at the rear of the House of the Ship Europa and the adjacent house, which together filled the entire *insula*. The house of the ship Europa takes its name from a large graffito of a merchant ship named Europa found on the north wall of the peristyle during the excavation of this once beautiful and noble house. (See heading picture for this chapter.) The French naval architect, Jacques Thurneyssen, whom I met in the *scavi* during the summer as he was studying ships pictured in the Pompeian graffiti, told me that this graffito was so carefully drawn that it could have been made only by an experienced sailor, or by a person who was intimately acquainted with the large merchant ships in use at the time. He had found a number of ship graffiti in Pompeii, all drawn between A.D. 62 and 79, showing ships of that period, and all were exceedingly accurate. He said there must have been many sailors in the ancient city, for the port of Pompeii was a very busy one. Recent research by Professor Elizabeth Lyding Will has shown Pompeii to be one of the two most important ports in the Roman empire in A.D. 79. In contrast to highly accurate the ship graffiti, the *paintings* of ships, of which there are many in Pompeii, M. Thurneyssen found to be very different, the result of the artist's imagination.

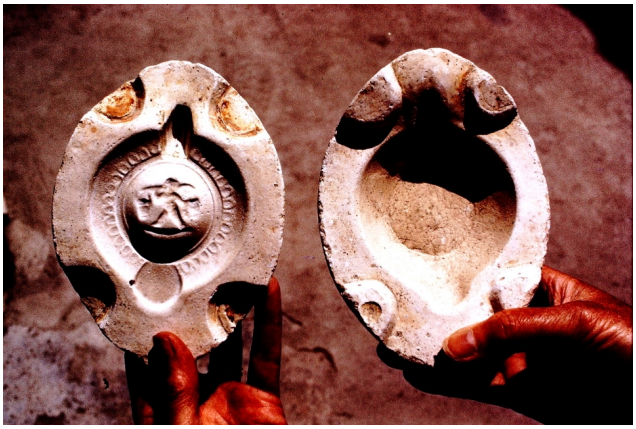
It was commonly believed that the graffito of the Ship Europa reflected the commercial activity of the occupant of the house, which had been converted to such use by the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, but the exact nature of the commercial activity is not known. Some suggested that he was a fuller, but there were no vats for washing the clothes; others believed that he manufactured amphorae because so many were found in the house and garden, but there was no kiln.

I suspected that the large area to the rear of the house might have been planted. There was considerable resistance on the part of Sicignano to working at this site. He insisted that I would find no roots, so prevalent was the belief that this was a commercial property. The area has an unusual split-level topography due to the marked difference in level between the street in front and the one at the rear of the property. A ramp along each of the long walls leading to the lower level followed the natural slope of the streets outside.

A prominent feature of this property was a huge hole in the northwest corner of the lower area. Sicignano, who had assisted in the original excavation of this site, assured me that the hole was an ancient one; the lapilli which had filled it had been removed by the original excavators. When we cleaned the heavy growth from the hole, it had a noticeable yellow color. A preliminary test conducted for us at the University of Naples indicated that the soil might be potter's clay, but of a quality that would have required much work to refine. If so, this might be the source of the clay used in the lamp and *fritillus* (dice box) factory nearby. A few days earlier, Prof. Cerulli had taken us to see this little factory, which she was studying. It was exciting to see the moulds in which the lamps were made, the finished lamps, and the kiln in which they had been fired. The lamps had all manner of decoration, such as deities, birds, and plants. I especially liked the one showing a little cupid trudging along, carrying two huge baskets of produce, perhaps grapes, which hung from a pole resting on his shoulders.

We began to work in the lower garden near the east wall, and we immediately found root cavities. But when we extended our excavations toward the center of the garden we could find no more. Sicignano felt vindi-





cated. But the soil had been badly damaged by the passage of trucks. We next tried the narrow ramp along the east wall, where there had been no trucks, and we found beautifully preserved root cavities. We continued, and our persistence paid off. We found two vegetable gardens in the lower garden. The one on the north had nine distinct plots separated by furrows, for the use of the gardener and for irrigation; the one in the southwest part had five distinct plots, also separated by furrows (see plan). The garden plots, which contained small trees, were easily recognizable, for they were exactly like those in modern Pompeii. The vegetables growing under the trees could well have included the onions and cabbage (an ancient luxury), for which ancient Pompeii was famous. We were told that today over 700 railroad cars of cucumbers, lettuce, onions, cabbage and cauliflower were sent every summer to Germany and Switzerland.



Balloon picture of House of the Ship Europa after excavation. The soil contours reveal clearly the planting pattern.

A vineyard occupied a good part of the lower garden. The vines, exactly four and a half Roman feet apart, were small, not over two years old, and as my workmen told me, not yet old enough to be staked. Early in my work at Pompeii, I was asked to hire local Pompeians as workers, for there were no jobs after the second World War. This turned out to be most fortuitous, for they all lived on small plots of land, with their own fruit and nut trees, vines, and vegetables. From them Stanley and I learned much. No ordinary workmen these, but devoted and wise friends – from gray-haired Antonio Vitiello and middle aged men on down to school boys and the littlest, the water-boy. We all shared a common passion, the excavation of *il nostro giardino* (our garden) and the solving of its mysteries. No new soil contour was discovered that was for long puzzling. One of our workers would always recall a similar contour in his garden, or in the garden of a relative or neighbor, and off we would go to examine it. As the years passed, employment in southern Italy became somewhat better. Young men whose only work had been with us during the summers would now arrange vacations or army furloughs to coincide with our work season, so great was their interest in our common project. They anxiously awaited "*il libro*" (the book), as they called the offprints I brought them of the excavation reports I had written for various archaeological journals, eagerly looking at the pictures, greatly elated when they spotted themselves in one.



Triclinium with round table.

Throughout the rest of this garden, except in two places, we found tree-root cavities, of varying sizes, probably both fruit and nut trees. We found few tree roots in the southeast part of the lower garden, where the soil had been badly damaged by the passage of trucks, and at one place in the upper garden. At first we couldn't understand a large area here that was filled with lapilli. When we removed the lapilli, much to our surprise, we reached the arched masonry vault of the underground channel built in the sixteenth century by Domenico Fontana, when he tunneled under Pompeii to bring water from the Sarno River to Torre Annunziata.



Buried pot.

Among the exciting finds in this garden were the twenty-eight terra-cotta pots found embedded in the soil at varying depths, at intervals along the four walls. With the exception of six half pots, they were similar to the two I had previously found. What had been planted in these pots? This was a question I studied at length, as I continued to find more pots in further excavations.



Some of the amphora found in this house.

We found other important evidence that helped to identify what was grown in this garden. We were especially fortunate to find considerable carbonized plant material. Carbonized fruit and vegetables had previously been found in shops and in homes, at both Pompeii and Herculaneum, but it is unusual to find carbonized fruits, nuts, and vegetables preserved in a garden. In 1970 we had found two carbonized olives in our large vineyard. In this garden we found pieces of hazelnut shells, a piece of carbonized fig, carbonized almond, many carbonized grapes, carbonized grape seeds and carbonized broad beans or horse beans, all identified by Fred Meyer. From a hole in one of the ancient beans, entomologists at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C., with tiny tweezers extracted the large part of a bruchid, or strawberry weevil. The discovery of a date seed was surprising, for, as we have seen, dates do not mature at Pompeii. It probably came from the gardener's lunch. Carbonized dates had been found in shops, so we know that imported dates were sold at Pompeii. Perhaps our proprietor, in addition to the nuts and fruits raised in his garden, also sold imported dates. The carbonized material in this garden was so abundant, we could only lament the riches that were carried out in the lapilli when the garden had originally been so hurriedly excavated.



Vault of Fontana's aqueduct.



Gabi shows how to eat properly at a triclinium; WFJ and Raul prove less Roman.

We were also careful to retrieve every fragment of carbonized wood, for I hoped they could be identified. This material was, in fact, later identified by Joan Sheldon, of the Institute of Archaeology at the University of London. Sometimes charcoal fragments can be sectioned and identified under low-power magnification. She said it was also possible to embed the charcoal in resin and prepare thin sections suitable for examination at greater magnification. She identified filbert, plane tree and oak in this garden. The oak charcoal may have come from a stake or a tool. But the identification gives important information about the ancient flora of the area.

We wondered if the many amphorae found in this house and garden could have been used to package the produce raised and sold there. Liquids were not the only items put in amphorae. Labels on amphorae found at Pompeii list such contents as cherries, bone meal, olives, nuts and chickpeas in lard. The French naval architect told me that he was pretty sure that he could make out amphorae in the ship Europa. Was our proprietor exporting and perhaps importing food in this merchant ship? Recent archaeological discoveries at other sites have identified various fruits and nuts shipped from Pompeii. The excavation of this garden gives us a picture of an ancient market-garden orchard, the first such ever found.

During the summer we also excavated a small garden attached to a modest house in the adjacent *insula* (I.xiv.2), and continued our excavations in the large area



Pulling out the buried amphora.

(II.viii.6) across from our shop-house garden. We found it efficient to work in several gardens simultaneously. While our experts, Santolo and Clemente, were emptying lapilli from root cavities and making casts, our shovel and wheelbarrow workers in another garden removed fill and lapilli the previous excavators had left behind. We greatly appreciated the generosity of the chief assistant, Pelli, who generously sent his workmen to first clean the overgrowth.

We were fortunate to find that a substantial amount of original lapilli had been left along the south wall in the garden at I.xiv.2. This garden, which covered considerably more area than the house, was obviously much used by the occupants. Gardens were very important to the ancient Pompeians, the equivalent of another room, for here the Pompeians worked and played, ate and worshiped.

In the southeast corner of the garden near the house we found a *triclinium*, smaller than most, and two tables, still covered with original lapilli. The table between the couches was round, the rectangular one against the south wall would have been used for serving, and probably held the tripod for cooking. Bones and shells in the lapilli were the remains of meals served in the garden. At the corners of the *triclinium* were cleanly cut post holes, lined with stones, to anchor more solidly the posts of the vine-covered pergola that shaded the garden. Two of my graduate students, Gabi Christov and Raul Savastano, arrived just as we had finished excavating the *triclinium*, and they enthusiastically posed reclining on the *triclinium*, ready to be served.

The large limestone block erected at the rear of the garden probably served as a rustic altar. There was great excitement when we found a few coins nearby, then a buried amphora its mouth carefully closed with a stone. The workmen were hoping that it was full of coins, and that we had found a buried coin hoard. We removed the stone, and Santolo put his hand inside. Alas, it was empty.

The large tree-root cavity near the south wall had the appearance of the root of an olive over a hundred years old. It was exciting to discover later that the soil samples that we took here contained considerable olive pollen. The large tree-root cavity found near the north wall had the appearance of a fig tree root. Fragments of carbonized figs were found nearby. Fragments of planting pots (badly broken by the original excavators) were found along the north wall. The soil in the interior of the garden was badly damaged during the original excavation; even so, we found four rows of trees running the length of the garden, with a path between the two middle rows (see balloon photo). The many carbonized broad beans found suggest intercultivation. A terra-cotta watering pan for birds or small animals attests the presence of pets in the garden. A roof tile found in the garden had the signature of a dog that had pressed a paw in the wet tile before it was fired.

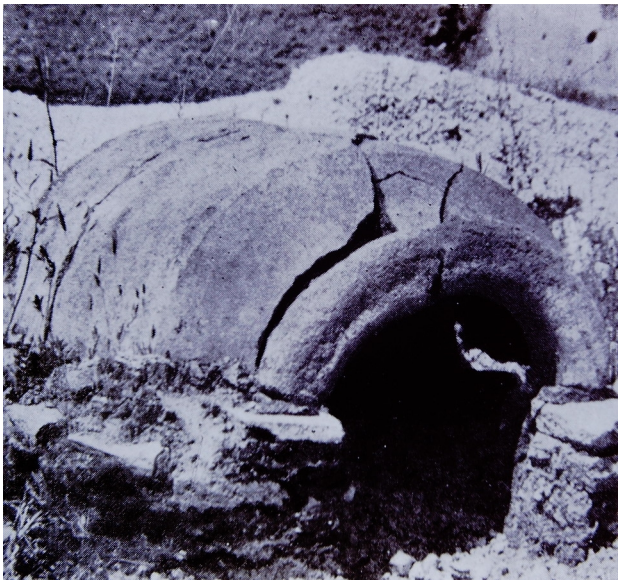


We were also working in the large open area (II.viii.6) across the street from our shop-house garden, for we felt that it had been planted. When I tried to examine it briefly the previous year, I found it impossible to enter the house. Both the house and the open area were completely filled with saplings and brambles that had grown up during the last seventeen years. Pelli told us the site hadn't been cleaned since it was originally excavated. He sent three of his workers to clean a path through the atrium and a small area in the garden where there was some original lapilli, so we could make a trial exploration to see if the area looked promising. We feared that if it have been planted all evidence of ancient roots would had been destroyed, but we were pleased to discover that it was possible to recover root cavities.



When we cleaned the dense overgrowth near the east wall, we found the large *aedicula* lararium (in which saplings were now growing) built against the east wall and nearby also the large masonry *triclinium* which the original excavators had excavated. A masonry serving table, with an arched niche below for fuel, stood in front of the *triclinium*. It was near the *triclinium* that the original excavators had found a human skeleton, two gold finger rings and five gold coins. There were also seven medical instruments, two probes and a bronze strigil. Near the lararium was a marble statuette of Hercules that had once stood in the lararium, so we called this site the garden of Hercules.

Carlo Giordano told us that some distance to the south of the *triclinium* an unusual doghouse had been found by the original excavators. An old and much-mended amphora had been cut in half lengthwise and placed on a low masonry wall; the mouth of the am-



Dolium doghouse

phora was the door through which the dog entered. Dr. Giordano later brought us his article describing the dog-house, which was no longer in existence.



Because the soil was badly damaged, work progressed slowly. We found a few trees, some near the lararium near which we found some small carbonized fruit that we were anxious for Dr. Meyer to identify and, in the garden, one tree that was by far the largest that we had yet found. The large number of post cavities was hard to explain. The soil appeared to have strange contours, unlike anything we had found thus far. We hoped that the contours would be better preserved under the several large piles of original lapilli that we didn't have time to remove this year.

There was great excitement when a metal tool slowly came into view, where Antonio was removing lapilli. A "*zappa*," they all shouted. Antonio said it was exactly like the hoe he used in his garden. But the Pompeian hoe is very different from the one I knew. The next morning, Antonio was at work early with the handle of his hoe, which fit perfectly in the ancient hoe, ready to pose for a photo with his find. Then all the workers wanted their picture taken with the zappa. Not far from the hoe we found another ancient tool, a duplicate of the *martellina* that our workmen were using to clean the weeds from this garden. Throughout the garden we found many nails, as well as bones and teeth. Most unusual was the discovery of many fragments of small glass perfume bottles, a few almost complete bottles and a few broken terra-cotta unguent containers. These were to have considerable meaning for us next year.

We did not want to leave any possible approach untried that would give us more information about what was grown in these ancient gardens. For some time Stanley and I had discussed the possibility of finding ancient pollen at Pompeii. Early in the summer, I approached the eminent palynologist, Professor Geoffrey W. Dimbleby, of the School of Archaeology at the University of London. He thought it very doubtful that pollen could be preserved in volcanic soils. However, he phoned, saying that if we would send him two small samples of clean soil about the size of a match box, he would examine them immediately and phone us the results. My workmen were most interested in the entire process of taking soil samples and carefully followed his instructions. Sicignano, on the other hand, was extremely skeptical and thought all the washing rather silly. First we washed our shovel and trowel carefully in clean water before removing the lapilli. Then I washed my hands and removed the last of the lapilli with a washed teaspoon and put several spoonfuls of soil in a plastic sandwich bag. We sent three bags by air mail to London and anxiously awaited results. Some days later we got word from Professor Dimbleby that he had found pollen in all the samples! He identified considerable olive pollen as well as lesser amounts of other pollens and fern spores. He invited us to stop and see him in London on our way home, to discuss further what this meant. My workmen were elated.

Our good friends Professor and Mrs. Frank Walbank visited us for several days and were most interested in all of our excavations. We had a picnic lunch on Saturday in the beautiful Triangular Forum overlooking the Bay of Naples. then went back to our workmen. On Sunday Frank and Mary made sure that we wouldn't work all day. They invited us for tea Sunday afternoon. We hadn't yet learned how important afternoon tea is to the English! Sunday gave us an opportunity to show our friends more of the *scavi*. Sunday evening Stanley and I invited Prof. Cerulli to have dinner with us and the Walbanks, and we had a great time together. The next day Prof. Cerulli took all of us to see the new excavations in the House of Polybius, which the Superintendency was excavating on the Via dell'Abbondanza. She hoped to have a peristyle garden in this house ready for me to excavate the following year. We then met Dr. Giordano at the *scavi* office, and he took

us to see the new excavations in the elegant House of Fabius Rufus, overlooking the Bay. Then we all had lunch together at the *scavi* restaurant.



July 27 was a big festa for all our workers. It was the day of Andrea's and Anna's wedding. The lovely little parish church behind the Sanctuary was a bower of flowers. We were escorted to our seats, very near the front of the church, with the Sicignano family. It was a beautiful, reverent nuptial mass. Stanley was quite perturbed when the time came for Andrea and Anna to take their vows, and Sicignano motioned to him to stand in front of them and take their picture. Stanley didn't move, but Sicignano insisted, and the priest nodded approval and Sicignano got his color photos! We suspected that it had all been planned, but we hadn't been informed.

Stanley had his camera ready to take their pictures when they left the church and were showered with rice as they got into the waiting car and drove off. It was some time before they arrived at the wedding dinner, but we learned that it was a lovely Pompeian custom for the newly married bride and groom to drive through the countryside and receive the congratulations of the many people who were waiting for them, and to whom they gave wedding favors. In the meantime, the wedding guests had all found their places in the restaurant down by the water. Guests were seated by families. Some tables were very large. We wondered where we would fit in such an arrangement, but everything had been taken care of. Santolo Vitiello was quite proud that there was a special table for us and his fiancée, Maria. Stanley and I had already discovered from the many weddings at the Rosario that it was the custom for the bride and groom to sit alone at a raised table in the front of the room, where everyone could see them.

Anna was a beautiful bride. Stanley got wonderful pictures of the happy couple as they cut their many-tiered wedding cake together and drank toasts. The dinner went on for hours. It was a joyous occasion, with the many relatives of the bride and groom and the good friends from the *scavi*. At one point Anna and Andrea slipped out unnoticed, and changed into their smart going away outfits. Then they came to each table to greet their guests, and Anna gave each one a special wedding favor, beautiful long stemmed paper flowers which Andrea carried in a large basket. Then a photographer came and took black and white photos of them with the guests at each table. Stanley also took many pictures, including one of the Sicignano family with the new member. Then the guests from the *scavi*, the *assistenti*, the *scavi* workers, as well as our workmen, including Sicignano and his young son Raffaele, who was now working with us, all gathered around our table for one final photo! When the dinner was finally over, we went outside to take photos of Stanley and me with our workers, at the water's edge. While we were waiting for the relative who was to take us home, we noticed that the head of each family of relatives had gathered around a big table and the men were all putting money in the middle of the table. Such elegant occasions were made possible by all the relatives sharing the cost.

The next day was work as usual. Stanley and I worked late, as we often did, with Sicignano. He was of tremendous help, as we studied and measured the roots after they were cleaned. He was not only an expert gardener; he knew ancient Pompeii extremely well.

During the summer, whenever I could be spared, I spent considerable time reading the *deposito* inventory of finds, making a record of what had been found by previous excavators in our garden. It was a slow process for the inventory used the old house numbers, and there was no list equating them with the new numbers. I later made and published such a list.

Before I finished my last excavation report on our large vineyard for the *American Journal of Archaeol-*



Excavating the front of the vintner's shop.

ogy, I wanted to examine the *thermopolium* on the Via dell'Abbondanza that appeared to be attached to the still unexcavated vintner's house. It was shown on the official *scavi* plan, but when we had previously tried to locate it, we found the area completely covered with an impenetrable tangle of brambles. In 1972, we were able to see for the first time the facade of the building in the unexcavated area. The dense overgrowth of brambles and saplings which covered it and filled a good part of the Via dell'Abbondanza had been cleared away and the street taken down to its original level in connection with the current excavation of the Porta di Sarno at the end of the street. When we examined the facade of the building, we were surprised to find that there were only three entrances, not four as shown on the official plan. Prof. Cerulli gave us permission to excavate the front of the shop, where we found a single masonry counter, with the usual step-shelves for glasses and cups. We found only the hole where one pot had been embedded in the counter. The groove on the street in which the shutters were drawn were perfectly preserved, and a part of the metal which fastened the shutters from the inside was still intact. Four columns, only the lower parts preserved, at the edge of the walk in front of the shop, supported a roofed protection for the passers-by who stopped to buy wine. The location of this shop on the busy Via dell'Abbondanza was a good one, where the ancient vintner would have sold much of the wine produced in his vineyard.

On our last Sunday we went with one of the *assistenti*, Vincenzo Sicignano, to see the Iozzino excavations, where the foundations of a Samnite temple and a huge headless terra-cotta statue had been found on private property outside the walls of the ancient city. We also visited the little temple of the Dionysian deities, which the *scavi* had excavated on the San Abbondio hill outside the city. On a later trip we hunted for evidence of planting at this temple.

August 15 was the Ferragosto holiday, and there was no work in the *scavi*. This was our opportunity to visit Giovanni Campo's orchard adjacent to the *scavi*. By now we had excavated so many tree-root cavities, we were anxious to learn all that we could about orchard trees in Campania. Campo pointed out that peach trees were good for only eight to ten years, plums and pears, ten to twelve years, lemons and oranges twenty-five to thirty years. His trees were usually about six and one-half feet apart. But he pointed out a pear tree five years old with a trunk at the base ten inches in diameter and very near he had planted a lemon tree, now one year old, with a trunk four inches in diameter. He said he would cut the pear tree in about five years, when it stopped bearing. By that time the lemon would be well started and bearing. This practice could explain why we had sometimes found trees very close together. We had become very interested in grafting, for grafted trees were often started in pots, in antiquity and also to-



Shutter groove in front of vintner's shop.

day. Campo pointed out various examples of trees that he had grafted in various ways in his orchard. Fruit trees were often grafted on wild stock.

Our last few days at Pompeii were especially busy. Prof. Cerulli came to the Rosario the day before we left to see what she could do to help us; then, to save time, she drove us back to the *scavi* so we could show her things that still needed to be done. It had been so wonderful to have her at Pompeii all summer. She came often to our dig to see what new things we had discovered and frequently brought visiting dignitaries to see our work. She gave us two extra workmen the last few days, and also sent a surveyor to the garden in the House of the Ship Europa and two restorers to mend the broken pots we had found. She had told us to carry all of our fill out to the street in wheelbarrows, and then, when we had finished, she hired three huge four-wheeled trucks and an earth moving machine to remove our piles of fill in the streets, as high as walls. This alone saved us several thousand dollars.

She was so pleased with all of our work. She asked Stanley to send her poster-size enlargements of his photos by September 15, so she could send them to Paris for the International Pompeii Exhibition that was opening there. She had already shipped the things from Pompeii, but she said she could still get the photos in the exhibition and she wanted it to include the Jashemski excavations! After Paris, the exhibition moved to Germany and then to Belgium.



Ancient soil contours in the Garden of Hercules.

We still needed more time at Pompeii, but Stanley was terribly tired after working so hard toward the end, and I figured nothing was as important as his health. We decided to leave from Naples on a train made up there. The trains stopping at Pompeii had been so full that boarding there was often impossible. David and Linda hadn't been able get on, when they had visited us recently, and they had to come back to the hotel and try the next day. The Rosario took us to Naples. Carlo Giordano came bearing gifts, to see us off. It began to rain, and he made a flowery speech about how the heavens were crying because we were leaving Pompeii. It was good we got to Naples early. Within twenty minutes there wasn't even standing room on the train.

David met us in Rome and it was so nice to see him. The train was mobbed, and he was a big help with all our luggage. He took us out to their new apartment on the Janiculum Hill near the American Academy. They were thrilled to have, for the first time, a ground floor apartment with a beautiful terrace garden, where I could visit them and they could entertain us for dinner. When Dave was at Pompeii a week earlier, we had planned to take a walking trip of Rome with him, and follow the route Dave had taken with his students during the summer session at the Academy. But Stanley was terribly tired after the last few days of finishing up at Pompeii. I was too, and Dave suggested that we have a quiet time of relaxation, and it was most enjoyable. Their young son Bruce was a delight. He was charmed by the resident turtle in their garden. I hadn't realized that turtles were popular pets. That helped us understand the turtles that we later found in some of the gardens we excavated. We got to their place about three in the afternoon, and our wagon-lit for Switzerland didn't leave until 11:00 P.M. But we did get in that walking trip the following summer when Dave was still in Rome, and what a trip! Dave knows Rome like the back of his hand.

The stop in Switzerland was short but restful. Then on to London by way of Paris. In London I had wanted to talk to Professor K. D. White, who had written the important book *Roman Farming*. I differed with him on one important point relating to the way vines were trained, and I wanted to discuss it with him before my

article on our vineyard came out in January. I phoned him, and he invited us to come over immediately to his home. At first he thought he was right; his interpretation was valid according to the literary reports. But after going over what we had found in our excavations, he said the archaeological evidence made him agree with me. He was a delightful person, and it was great to be able to discuss what we were doing with someone who was so knowledgeable. We talked until long after midnight and had a wonderful visit.

The next day we went to the Institute of Archaeology to see Professor Dimbleby. He had sent me his home phone number, so I had phoned him in the evening as soon as we got to London. He had been ill, but said he would come to the Institute the next day, for he wanted to show us our pollen under the microscope. He lived in St. Albans, near London. He is an exciting, dynamic person and a world pioneer in the field of pollen analysis. He reminded me so much of my old professor, Dr. Larsen, when he was the same age. It was exciting to examine our pollen under the microscope and to see the variation that exists in the pollens of different plants. The various pollens are so different. He said that our samples were very clean, there was no question of contamination with modern pollen, such as he frequently found in other samples. I knew my workmen would be glad to hear that all of their shovel washing had paid off

In the midst of our animated discussion, I saw Professor Dimbleby eyeing his watch, and I feared we were staying too long. But he had said there was still much to show us. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and a maid came in with hot tea. He took a tin of biscuits from a cabinet, and we all had tea. We were beginning to learn how important tea is to the English.

Professor Dimbleby had previously worked on Neolithic sites, chiefly peat bogs, so this was a pioneer step for him to work on soils from a historic site. He said that he wanted to continue working with us and would test all of our soil samples. We were elated. We discovered that in addition to his pollen work he had done pioneer work identifying plants from carbonized remains of roots or branches. I had saved every scrap of carbonized material that we had found, hoping that we would sometime find an expert who could identify it. I left our specimens with him, and they were later identified by Joan Sheldon, a member of his department. He had shown us pictures of modern pollen before he showed us our ancient pollen. I asked him where we could find such pictures. His assistant brought his book *Plants and Archaeology*, I asked where I could find a copy, and he said that he had seen just one left at the University bookstore. We took a taxi there and they were locking the door, but they saw me jumping out of the cab and held it open, and I got the book! I wished that I had had the book at Pompeii, but I was amazed at how correctly we did everything, just using common sense. I also got a book on Egyptian tomb paintings, of great interest to me because of the many plants they contain.

We looked forward to our visit with the Walbanks. Frank met us at the handsome new train station in Liverpool. He could drive into the station alongside the proper track, so we could walk directly from the train into his car. He then drove under the river, through the longest tunnel in existence under a river, to their home in Oxton, which is a part of Birkenbend, practically a suburb of Liverpool. They lived in an old English house, that was like something out of an English novel. It certainly had a story-book setting. There was a high wall around their place, and their huge, beautifully landscaped garden was unbelievable. It reminded me of Mt. Vernon, but in America we don't have lawns like theirs. Following down a path in the rear we came to the vegetable garden, with potatoes, marrows, climbing beans, lettuce, and beets, also a herb garden. The climbing beans were covered with long spikes of brilliant orange-red flowers, shaped like a sweet pea, but smaller, unlike anything that I had ever seen. Later, from the train window, we saw them all over England. The big surprise was the tomatoes. They had lots of them, and they were very proud of their tomatoes, which they raised in their greenhouse. It is too cold for them to mature in a garden.

Some years later, when the Walbanks sold their house and moved to Cambridge, Mary wrote to Stanley and asked if he would have enlargements made of the pictures he took of their house, for them to give to their children. She said they loved the house in which they had grown up, but no one had ever taken a photo of it as good as Stanley's.

The next day they took us to Chester, about a half hour from their home. It is a charming town, mostly medieval, with the Roman town underneath. But you

can still walk around the Roman wall, and a good part of the Roman amphitheater has been excavated. But no ancient garden had thus far been found. We also spent time in the very fine museum. Frank was Director of the Excavations at Chester. In the evening they had a dinner party for us and invited the archaeologist who was excavating an exciting new building at Chester, one of the largest Roman buildings ever found in England. It was elliptical in shape, but its purpose not yet known. His wife had written a book on medieval furniture, also one on Egyptian painting. We had a wonderful evening together. They invited us to their home the following evening, but we told them we would be on the France by then. So they invited us for morning coffee. They had bought a very old English house a year earlier, "Heather Lodge," and were having a wonderful time stripping off paint down to the fine old woodwork, and putting in a fabulous garden.



On the way to the train we drove by two famous cathedrals in Liverpool. The Protestant one is the largest in England; the Catholic one, a very successful example of contemporary architecture, the tower a huge crown of thorns. I was glad to get photos for my Humanities class. We also had time to see the University of Liverpool where Frank was chairman of the Classics department, and greatly enjoyed its beautiful campus. We got back to London in the late afternoon, just in time to get the boat train to Southampton. It seemed we did little on the ship except eat and sleep. We appreciated having time to rest before going back to work. The ship was full of interesting school people, mostly foreign professors or students, who were going to America for the school year.

We arrived home the day classes began at the University of Maryland. It had been a long summer, and we had accomplished much, but I missed having time to work up the summer's results before classes began. Our first priority was getting the material ready for my paper on the garden in the house of the Ship Europa, for the annual meeting of the American Institute of Archaeology in Philadelphia in December. Stanley made a beautiful plan showing all the roots according to size, the two vegetable gardens and the vineyard, also various drawings that graphically illustrated the grade and the very elaborate watering system.

When I gave my paper, the twenty-eight pots that we had found embedded in the ground along the four walls of the garden created considerable interest. I said I would appreciate hearing from any archaeologist who might have found pots in their excavations. After my paper, John Hayes told me of similar pots he had found in 1963 at a kiln-site at Prima Porta, which was hurriedly excavated by the British School at Rome when the site was briefly exposed during road-work. When my article was published, John Netzer wrote me about pots that had been found in the Hasmonean and Herodian winter palaces at Jericho.

One evening during the meeting at Philadelphia, after I had given my paper, all of my current or former graduate students who were there gathered in a private dining room for a most enjoyable dinner together. There were nineteen of us, most of whom had been at Pompeii with me. There was even one Humanities student, Rondai Ludwick, who came as the guest of her discussion group teacher, one of my student assistants. Rondai told me years later that it was one of the most exciting evenings of her life.



Hercules, his gardeners and their tools

1973 Hercules Completed; House of Polybius and Temple of Dionysus.

In mid-April Professor Homer Thompson, of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton and Director of the Athenian Agora Excavations, lectured at the University of Maryland to an enthusiastic audience coming from many departments of the university and from many other institutions. It was a joy to have Homer and his wife Dorothy who had excavated the garden of the Temple of Hephaestus above the Athenian Agora, as our house guests. Most enjoyable were our long and fruitful discussions about ancient gardens. We are greatly indebted to them for the suggestion that balloon photos, which Julian H. Whittlesey had been taking of Greek sites, might be useful in our work. The camera, stationed directly above a site, could get map-accurate photos of floor mosaics. It should also be valuable for photographing a garden full of root casts! We wrote Mr. Whittlesey and made arrangements for him to come to Pompeii in 1974.

Shortly before we left for Pompeii in early June, my article on our large vineyard was published in *Science*. Letters began coming from around the world. We were greatly surprised at the response, and at how quickly it came.

A few days before our departure, the unbearably hot weather abated; on the spur of the moment I invited my graduate students still in town for dinner in our garden. One of them came in the afternoon and brought the lawn furniture from the basement and placed about twenty-five candles around the garden. The weather was perfect, the garden a picture by candlelight, the meal leisurely. How the men did eat. They were doing their own cooking, and they said they hadn't tasted roast beef for a year, nor did they buy lettuce because it was too expensive. I told Stanley it was good that I remembered how we used to eat when Professor and Mrs. Larsen invited his graduate students for dinner. Otherwise I would never have had enough food.

Fred Meyer came one day bringing blood root, wild ginger and trillium plants. Fortunately the young man who helped me in my garden was able to plant them. Fred had told us the trillium (thirty of them) would be most effective massed together. They were

perfect under a hemlock, near the statue of Pan guarding the path to the woods, which my sister, and our nieces Kathy and Ruth had given us after their trip to Pompeii.

In 1973 we sailed on the Italian ship the *Raffaello* and enjoyed being in Italy as soon as we boarded. We had looked forward to the stop at Madeira. I have never seen as many flowers as on that island. Madeira reminded me of Pompeii because of its volcanic origin; the vegetation was lush, but it was tropical. In the upland areas we saw huge banana plantations, fields of sugar cane, and many vineyards. The vines were staked exactly as those in our large vineyard at Pompeii. We speculated that the planting pattern may have been introduced by the Portuguese, who continued to plant their vines as they had in Roman times. Under the vines were either potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage or beans - intercultivation, as at Pompeii.

Madeira is famous for its wine (also its embroidery). A visit to the big Madeira winery was a must. Hanging on the walls were the goatskins in which the juice was brought from the press. We were immediately reminded of the skins in which the wine was delivered in ancient Pompeii. The model of a winepress was much like the press in our large vineyard. One wall of the winery was covered with large paintings, showing the cultivation of the vines, the picking and pressing of the grapes, and carrying the wine in goatskins to fill large barrels, which were floated out to boats for export. The paintings could have been of ancient Pompeii, were amphorae substituted for barrels.

We found a delightful little Portuguese restaurant for lunch, where we enjoyed the specialty of the island, the best fish I have ever tasted.

In the afternoon, we visited the garden of an English woman, a friend of Fred Meyer. An invitation to visit her garden was delivered to us on the ship. She regretted that she could not meet us in her garden, for she had just had a serious operation, but we visited on the phone, and were graciously received by her staff. She told us she had been working on her garden, high in the mountains, for over thirty years. The drive up to her garden was spectacular. The roadsides were covered



The English lady's garden on Madeira.



The Raffaelo in Malta

with huge showy flowers that I had never seen before. After we entered her estate, which covered acres, the winding road was edged with many wild flowers, including the vining nasturtium, which we had seen throughout the island in the morning, often growing on abandoned rock piles. Cyclamen also grow wild in Madeira. Her garden was built on various levels, with pebbled walks and arbors, sunken gardens, waterfalls, little statues, surprises everywhere, and always benches where one could stop and enjoy the many flowers. In addition to familiar flowers, which grew much larger and more luxuriant than those we are accustomed to, such as the sweet peas climbing over ten feet high, there were the exotic tropical flowers, including many orchids. Rainfall is plentiful, and it never gets terribly hot, but it never goes much below 68 degrees. We learned that this woman owned over half the vineyards on the island, which made us regret more than ever that we couldn't talk with her.

We were impressed with how unspoiled Madeira was. There were a few good hotels, but expansion was rigorously limited, the control made easier by the rugged terrain of the island. Two-thirds of Madeira has been set aside and legally protected as a natural park. Stanley read an article which said a neighboring island had as many hotels as Madeira had hotel pillows.

When we went to dinner on the ship, there was a beautiful orchid corsage for me from the other couple at our table. Stanley had bought me an exotic bouquet from a woman in native costume at the gangplank. The next morning I awoke to the sweet song of a bird, and drowsily thought I was still in the garden we had visited yesterday. When we went outside our cabin, we found that our cabin boy had bought a canary at Madeira; the Canary Islands are so near that canaries were very cheap, and sold in wicker cages at the gangplank.

Our ship also stopped at Malta, another reason for taking the Italian line. The island had been annexed by Rome in 218 B.C. and made a part of the province of Sicily. At the site of the ancient Roman town of Melita (present-day Mdina and Rabat), the only evidence of the ancient city was a short section of the town wall and a large town house known as the "Roman villa" Museum, where most of the Punic and Roman finds on Malta are displayed. I had hoped it might have a garden, but the atrium-peristyle was paved with mosaic.

Reminders of St. Paul were everywhere in the island. We were told that St. Paul was as real to the people today as their village priest. The villa near the west cliffs of Malta near St. Paul's Bay is believed to be the site of the villa of the Roman governor, Publius, who welcomed St. Paul when he was shipwrecked on Malta in A.D. 60. This villa was destroyed by fire in the first century A.D. but restored and enlarged. The excavators accept the truth of the Pauline tradition, because of the special treatment given one room during the later Roman period and the sixteenth century chapel of San Pawl Milqi built over the spot.

The next day we were at Pompeii. We docked at Naples, where the Rosario had sent a car to meet us and our considerable baggage, which included surveying and drawing equipment that Stanley was bringing this time. We arrived in Pompeii Sunday afternoon, and of course went over to the *scavi*.

We had decided to go to Rome on Monday morning, The German Institute closes for the summer on July 15, which is long before we are through at

Pompeii. For some time we had wanted to go through their very large file of ancient photographs, and the drawings and etchings made before the invention of the camera. The Germans did extremely careful work when they were at Pompeii. I had written the Institute and they had quite a few photos made for us, but we found many more.

Linda Orr had reserved a lovely, cool room with two balconies for us at a pensione near the American Academy. It was run by a Contessa Fersen, a former Russian countess. When I heard the name, I recognized it as the name of a very dear Russian friend of Mrs. Warscher. The Contessa was very happy that we had known Mrs. Warscher.



The Cloister of San Paolo fuori le Mura.

One morning we set out with Dave on the walking tour that we didn't get to take the previous year. He guided us to many of the lesser known ancient sites and early churches in Rome, especially to San Paolo fuori le Mura (Saint Paul outside the Walls) where the saint is said to have been beheaded. The Romanesque cloister with its garden was especially beautiful.

Another of my PhD students, Robert Curtis was with us. We spent most of three days in Rome, but Bob returned to Pompeii before we did; it was a nice surprise to find him at our coach door when we got off the train. Dave, Linda and the baby came to Pompeii the end of the week, and Dave stayed to work a little longer, until they returned to America.

It was our luck to return to Pompeii just before the *festa* of Corpus Christi. Then the next day was another small festa, that of San Paolino, especially revered in the little church of St. Paul adjacent to the *scavi*. Giuseppina Cerulli came to the Rosario to greet us bringing an armful, about two and a half dozen, of long stemmed pink roses, so fragrant they perfumed the entire room. Our room was always full of flowers. One of our maids regularly brought bouquets that she picked from her garden – flowers that would rival any florist's best. One day it was long stemmed red roses and huge white daisies, then pink carnations; another time, pinkish-white carnations tipped with red; once, a huge bouquet of yellow roses. Each time, a new surprise.

We enjoyed having Bob Curtis at Pompeii for part of the summer. The garum (fish sauce) industry at Pompeii was the subject of his research. He thoughtfully stopped at our room every morning and helped Stanley carry all his heavy photography and other equipment to the *scavi* and then stopped for us at the end of the day.

We were invited to lunch at the Ristorante Inter-

nazionale in the *scavi* with Alfonso de Franciscis and Giuseppina Cerulli to discuss our summer's work. Alfonso told us he had secured money from Rome to help us this year. Both he and Giuseppina did so much to facilitate our work. We had a large work crew this year – twelve on our payroll and as many as ten, some days, who were *scavi* workmen. They, too, were old friends by now. Our first objective was to finish our excavations in the garden of Hercules.

This was also the year that we excavated the garden in the House of Polybius (IX.xiii.1-3). The Superintendency had been meticulously excavating this elegant old Samnite house (dating from the 2nd century BC) on the Via dell'Abbondanza for some years. Alfonso had wanted us to excavate the peristyle garden, and it was now ready. We had told him to leave about five feet of lapilli to protect the garden until we arrived. The *scavi* workmen under my direction removed the lapilli down to one foot, before I brought in my most experienced workmen.



Front of the two-story House of Polybius.

This was the first time we had excavated an undisturbed garden, and it was the first peristyle garden to be scientifically excavated. We all speculated as to what we would find. We knew the root cavities and the soil contours would be well preserved. Perhaps we would find traces of ornamental plantings and, with luck, perhaps some little statues. We had men working in both the garden of Hercules and the garden of Polybius. Stanley and I divided responsibility. When they got to the original level, it was necessary for me to be there. Anxious to learn everything that we could about the House of Polybius, we went with the architect Dr. Oliva, up to the *deposito* (storeroom) in which all the things found in this house were stored. We saw, among other things, a big basket full of eggs. There were also valuable possessions, such as beautiful large glass bowls and silver, which had been stored in chests in the peristyle portico. It looked as if the house had not been lived in at the time of the eruption.

The *deposito* was located in the big house on top of the *scavi* where Carmela and Ludovico lived. Two *scavi* families lived in this enormous house, which must have been a grand villa in earlier days. It was also a *deposito* and the studio of Dr. Oliva, who was drawing plans of the House of Polybius.

We decided to knock on the door of our friends. They didn't know that we had arrived in Pompeii. Ludovico's mother hugged me and there was great rejoicing. Ludovico was home from medical school – a fine young man; and Carmela was quite a young lady of fifteen years. Their mother served tall glasses of apricot juice with huge slices of a delicious cake that had just come from the oven.

As we were visiting we were startled to hear a familiar sound. When working in the *scavi*, especially in the quiet of the early morning or evening, we often heard someone whistling a lilting tune. But the music always broke off at the same place and the tune was never finished. We wondered why. Now we would find out. We asked who was whistling. They smiled and led us toward their garden. There in a cage was their pet blackbird whistling the tune we had heard so often. Stanley was quite intrigued and asked if they had taught the bird to sing. They said no, perhaps it had once heard someone whistle that tune. The bird was smaller and looked slightly different from our blackbird. We were surprised that we could have heard it several blocks away in the *scavi*. Stanley hoped that when my Italian student came, he would have his tape recorder,



What is in this dolium?

so we could make a recording of this unusual tune.

Professor and Mrs. Gordon Skilling, whom we had met on the *Raffaello*, visited us at Pompeii for one day. He was the Director of the Institute of Slavic Studies at the University of Toronto and had been at Harvard for a semester. They were very interested in what we were doing and felt that seeing us at work was very special. One late afternoon before Dave Orr returned to Rome, we went to various sites where he and I have common interests, namely, religion in the garden.



Surprise!

When I left the Rosario one morning, a young woman passing by on the street came up to me and threw her arms around me, kissed me and wanted to know if I remembered her. She was a little girl the last time I saw her in 1966. The first year we worked in our vineyard, her family lived in the small house above. She and her two younger brothers spent much time with us and brought us chairs every morning, so we could sit and write.

As we continued work in the garden of Hercules, we removed the rest of the large pile of original lapilli under which we had found the *zappa* and the *martellina* the previous year. The unique soil contours here were in pristine condition. We found a perfectly preserved bed in which, after a rain, we discovered round formations; in the center of each there had once been a very small plant, too small for lapilli to have preserved the root cavity. Around each plant was a depression for water. As we continued to clear the garden we found evidence of other beds. Aerial photos taken the next year show clearly the pattern of the root cavities and the many stakes that we found, and, in a remarkable way, reveal the soil contours, even badly damaged ones that could not be seen from the ground. The garden had been laid out in wide beds that were separated by water channels.

Careful provision had been made for watering the plants grown in this garden. Rain water from the roof was collected into a dolium on each side of the door and also into a nearby pool. Additional water, which had to be carried to the garden, was poured from the street side through an amphora tip (with the end broken off) inserted in the east end of the north wall, to fill the *dolium* embedded in the northeast corner of the garden. When the dolium overflowed, the water continued to flow in the channel along the east wall and, in this manner, continued eventually along the south wall. There were also water channels along the north and south walls. Water from the channels along the walls, as well as water taken from the pool and cistern, was directed into the water channels that divided the garden into wide beds. From these channels the water was then led as needed into the beds, which were not all on the same level. Those on the north were slightly higher than those on the south, thus conforming to the natural slope of the land. To ensure the flow of water from the higher to the lower levels, the water channels on the north were placed higher than the beds; those on the south lower. We had seen many similar examples as we walked



WFJ supplies with a gutter tile the missing portion of the amphora embedded in the wall.

through the countryside. The modern Pompeian shapes his planting beds in the same way, although the difference in the heights of the beds is sometimes much greater. We continued to be impressed with the continuity of so many aspects of life in the shadow of Vesuvius.

Some years later, Professor Harry E. Schwartz, Department of Environmental Affairs, Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, in speaking to my seminar on ancient Roman gardens at Dumbarton Oaks, told us that the ingenious methods devised by the ancient Pompeians to provide the necessary water for their produce gardens were much the same as those he was introducing today in underdeveloped countries in his work with the Agency for International Development.

What was grown in the garden of Hercules? The postholes around the triclinium were those of an arbored pergola, the root cavities those of the grape vines that furnished shade. We found relatively few tree-root cavities; and most were in the water channels. There were three larger tree-root cavities along the walls, seven in the garden, plus a number of smaller ones. The largest, near the cistern, was immediately identified by Dr. Carlo Fideghelli, of the Istituto di Frutticoltura of the Ministry of Agriculture in Rome, a specialist in the shape of modern fruit tree roots, as having the size and shape of a very old olive root. He made many trips to our excavations and was very helpful in identifying our root cavities. The small carbonized fruit found near the altar that Fred Meyer later identified as cherries, probably identifies another of the trees. In the tree-root cavities along the walls, we found terra-cotta pots (eight almost complete and fragments of two others) similar to those found in the garden of the House of the Ship Europa. We left one pot in the soil because we did not want to destroy a root cavity in taking it out. When Dr. Fideghelli examined the cast of the root growing out of the pot, he said it had the appearance of a lemon root; lemon trees are started in pots today. Deciduous trees are usually planted dry root. Today, lemon trees are often planted along a wall for protection. The lemon trees found in Pompeian garden paintings suggest that this is another example of the Pompeians picturing on their walls the plants they grew in their gardens.

Most of the cavities in the garden were those of stakes, which supported the frames which provided



Triclinium in the Garden of Hercules.



Perfume vials.x

shelter for the young plants in the beds. The careful provision for watering these beds makes it certain one of two things were grown: flowers or vegetables, perhaps some of both at different seasons. We suspected that flowers were grown at least part of the year. Pompeii was famous for its flower culture in antiquity as it still is today. One of the largest flower growers in the area, who visited this garden, told us that the soil contours definitely indicated flower culture. Perhaps the flowers were grown for perfume or ointments. Many glass bottles were found in the house and many fragments of glass perfume bottles and terra-cotta unguent containers in the garden. Olive oil was an important base used in making perfumes and unguents; this the large olive tree could have supplied.



I tried in vain to locate the mosaic that Della Corte reported finding on the threshold where it would be encountered by customers entering the house. Spelled out in small white tesserae were the words CRAS CREDO, which can be translated as the cryptic warning "I will give credit tomorrow." Many lines scratched on the columns and wall of the atrium were apparently the accounts of the proprietor, such as are frequently found at Pompeii.

There is much about this garden to be explained. It seems highly improbable that the impressive lararium, and the altar at which Hercules was worshiped, and the large *triclinium* near by were used only by the occupants of this humble house and the workers in the garden. Certainly Hercules is associated with fecundity and his presence would be quite appropriate in a garden. We wondered if it were possible that this garden was a meeting place for those engaged in the perfume or ointment business. These business men conducted a profitable business at Pompeii and were sufficiently united to support a specific candidate in the municipal elections, Members of a common trade met together especially on festival days. The gold coins and gold rings found near the *triclinium*, as well as the quality of two votive offerings found near the altar, suggest that the garden was frequented by people of some means. The cult of Hercules was a popular one with merchants and traders. Roman merchants gave Hercules a tithe of their profits in gratitude for his help. L. Munius in the first century B.C. set up an inscription to Hercules Victor in which he asks the god to help him with his arithmetic to make certain he figures the tithe correctly.

Giuseppina Cerulli agreed that we should return Hercules to his garden for the final photos. He was triumphantly carried down the Via dell'Abbondanza, accompanied by admirers and placed again in his shrine. The workers all wanted their picture taken with him. (See heading picture for this chapter.)

We had anxiously awaited the arrival of Jean and Fred Meyer, who were to spend three weeks with us. They arrived in time to enjoy escorting Hercules to his shrine. Fred, as botanist in my study of Pompeian gardens, was eager to see the gardens and garden paintings we had been studying together. He spent much time botanizing the Vesuvian area, collecting many herbarium specimens, which were deposited in the U.S. National Arboretum herbarium in Washington D.C. These were extremely helpful in identifying the plants in the ancient paintings. He also studied the large amount of carbonized material in the *deposito* at Herculaneum.

We often had dinner at Zi' Caterina, which served south Italian food at its best. For lunch we at times had one of their superb pizzas, hot from the oven. They offered a fine selection; my favorite, the Margherita, had

a tasty thick crust piled high with mozzarella cheese and tomato sauce.

Fred and Jean were glad to be here for the fine concert given by the Polish National Symphony on July 17 in the large theater in the *scavi*. Stanley enjoyed visiting in Polish with the musicians. Later we were surprised when Carlo Giordano presented us with a large colored photo of us shaking hands with the cardinal of Pompeii, to whom he had introduced us at the concert.

One evening Antonio invited us to visit his garden after work. He lived in Pompeii on the Via Nolana, not far from the *scavi*. His garden (ca 19 x 165 feet) was planted with a wide variety of plants, which Fred listed in my day-book, as we walked through the garden. There were forty-six different plants. Four grape vines were trained on a trellis fifteen feet high, and six trained as an arbor over the patio. The trees included peach, hazelnut, mandarin orange, fig, apple, lemon, nectarine, orange, walnut, sorb and Japanese persimmon. The vegetables were Italian type tomatoes, artichoke, corn, broccoli, climbing string beans, sweet pepper, American type tomatoes, tree tomato, celery, Turk's cap gourd, bottle gourd and eggplant. The soil where lettuce and peas had grown was prepared for planting fall vegetables. There were many herbs: basil, spearmint, rue, rose geranium, and lemon verbena, and, of course, flowers and other ornamentals: geranium, sweet violet, perilla, calla lily, stock, araujia, marguerite, fuchsia, cleome, ligularia, hollyhock, Boston fern, *Chlorophytum comosum* (spider ivy) and Jerusalem cherry. There were strawberries and another lemon on a trellis. A canal at the edge of the garden brought water from a cistern in a neighbor's garden on a higher level. The water was then channeled into individual beds, as needed, just as we had discovered in the *scavi*.



It was with great excitement that we began excavating in the garden in the House of Polybius. We first uncovered the ancient ground level next to the west wall of the garden. What we found had the appearance of a large "sombrero" of the sort so popular with tourists at Pompeii. The soil had been carefully shaped into a high mound, surrounded by a channel for water; and in the mound we found a root cavity filled with lapilli. We eventually found five "sombreros." It was obvious that something special had been planted here and that the plants had been still young, for the root cavities were small and provision had been made for them to get considerable water. The plants had been planted in four-holed terra-cotta pots, such as we had found in the garden of the House of the Ship Europa and in the garden of Hercules.

As we continued to remove lapilli from the garden, we soon discovered a large tree-root cavity in the northwest corner. It was surprising to find a large tree, so accustomed had we become to the low formal plantings in the restored gardens. We eventually found five large tree-root cavities and several smaller tree-root cavities. There were also the cavities of stakes that had propped the branches of limbs heavy with fruit or nuts; and, along the east and south edges of the garden, a row of small root cavities.

The garden of Polybius was full of surprises. The discovery of a small piece of coral, less than an inch long, with a tiny hand carved at one end and a phallus at the other, delighted our workers. They told me it was similar to those still sold in shops today. The next morning one of the workmen brought me a tiny coral hand and a horn. He told me that the small coral phallus was still available at Pompeii, but not at his wife's souvenir shop, for its sale was prohibited by both the State and the Church.

The discovery of two strange marks in the center of the garden, lying between the trees, baffled us. When the marks were completely exposed, we studied them carefully. That evening, Stanley told me that all at once he realized that what we had found was the outline of a ladder with faintly visible rungs. The next morning our workers completely agreed. It was an exceptionally long and narrow ladder, exactly the same size, my workers told me, as the light wooden ladders used to pick

cherries and pears today.

Polybius also had a turtle in his garden. We found the turtle's shell. My workers told me turtles were popular garden pets, and also valuable because they ate insects.

What was grown in this garden? The shape of the roots suggested to Dr. Fideghelli that there was a fig tree, an olive and several fruit trees – pear, cherry or apple. A cherry or pear would explain the presence of the tall ladder. Near the root he identified as a fig, we found many small misshapen pieces of charcoal, later identified by Fred Meyer as figs. The considerable amount of olive pollen found in our soil samples would tend to confirm the presence of an olive tree.



Fred Mayer at Oplontis.

The root in each "sombrero" formation appeared to be that of a small tree. Was it possible that they were the exotic citron, which Pliny says were transported "in pots with breathing holes for the root," or were they perhaps the lemon? The location of the large number of nail holes in the west wall above the roots suggested that the trees were espaliered. When Professor Brown came again this year from the American Academy to visit our excavations, he was immediately reminded of the espaliering of lemon trees on garden walls, which he had found so common in the Near East today. The small roots along two edges of the garden reminded me of the ornamental plants so frequently pictured at the base of Pompeian walls.

The unexpected discoveries in this garden raised certain questions concerning the planting of peristyle gardens and the extent to which trees may have been used. Scholars were greatly surprised when I reported my findings. In future years I excavated seven peristyle gardens and in only one did I find a formal low planting.

Stanley made numerous drawings for several of my articles during the summer. When finished, we displayed them on the top of the sofa in our hotel room, which slowly began to look like an art gallery. Badly preserved features in the *scavi* would be difficult for readers to understand. But Stanley's line drawings, made from a bird's eye view, makes it possible to picture the important features of the site at once. Professor Richard Stillwell, Editor-in-chief of *The American Journal of Archaeology*, where I published my excavation reports, wrote me commenting on how fortunate I was to have a husband who made such valuable drawings.

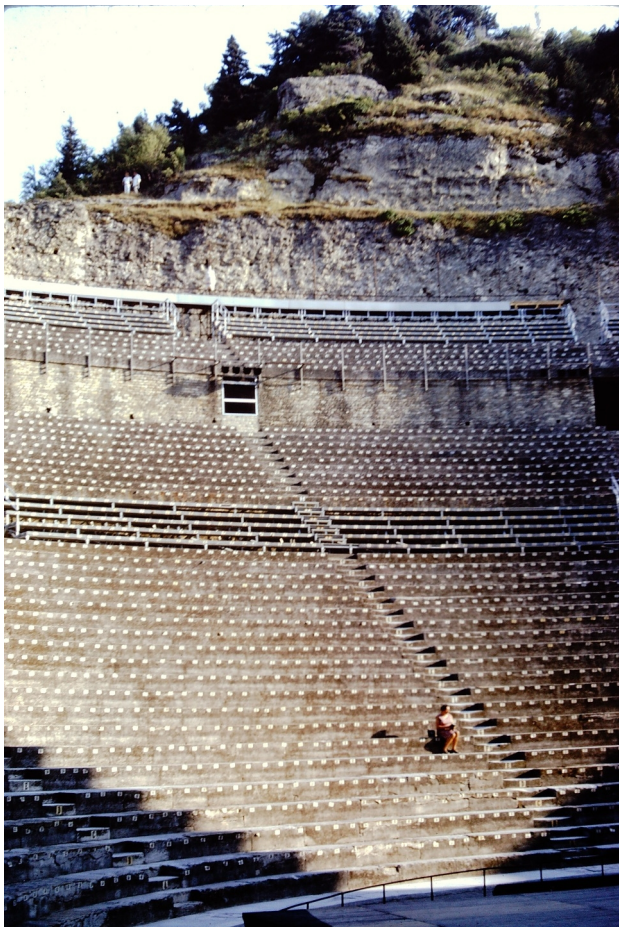
While we were working in the House of Polybius, we learned there would be a three day *sciopero* (strike) of the *custodi* July 21-23; the *scavi* would be locked. Strikes seemed so senseless to us; they deprived the Pompeii *scavi* of gate receipts and disappointed so many people. Faculty friends from the University of Maryland, with their children, had looked forward to seeing Pompeii, on this their only trip to Europe, but found the *scavi* locked. There were now many younger *custodi*, no longer local Pompeians, and they did not have the feeling for Pompeii that the older *custodi* did, many of whom had worked in the excavations since they were very young.

Fortunately Giuseppina Cerulli had given orders for the little temple of Dionysus, located on Santo Abbondio hill, outside the ancient city walls near the modern railway station, to be cleaned for us, so we began work there. The temple, accidentally discovered on private property as a result of bombing in 1943 during World War II, was excavated in 1947- 48. In front of the temple are two very large masonry *triclinia*, each with a large circular table, the scene of the sacral banquets of the Dionysiac mysteries. At the southwest corner was a large *schola* (elaborate stone bench). We

were able to find a total of sixteen cavities adjacent to the two *triclinia* and the *schola*. Some were the cavities of posts that supported the pergola, others were of the roots of vines that shaded the pergola built over each *triclinium*. The original condition of the soil at the sides and the rear of the temple was completely ruined, for the site had been used as a dump. But Sicignano, who had helped in the original excavation of the temple, distinctly recalled that pronounced furrows were visible when the lapilli were removed, and that lapilli-filled cavities could be seen. These, because of their appearance and the distances between them, he took to be grapevines. The temple of Dionysius, god of wine, quite appropriately was located in a vineyard.

We found time for a visit to Oplontis with Fred and Jean Mayer, but our work there had to wait until the next year.

This year after finishing our work at Pompeii, we went directly to Orange (ancient Arausio), in France. We had expected it to be larger, but it was a delightful small town. Not being a tourist center there were few hotels. When we inquired about hotels from an old man sitting on a park bench, he recommended one, which he said was a big one and very good. It was a delightful little place, the largest hotel in town, operated by a friendly young man and his wife. No one in Orange spoke English, but I was constantly surprised at how well Stanley spoke French. We had felt at times that France was a little unfriendly, but we certainly changed our mind on this trip. The little streets in Orange reminded us of those in ancient Pompeii, some sidewalks so narrow you had to walk single file. The ancient theater in Orange is the largest and best preserved in the entire Roman Empire. It made the one at Pompeii look doll size. A large triple arch is the other well-preserved monument, but there are remains of various other buildings. In the museum Stanley took photos of the fragments of the Marble Plan that gives the names, sizes and locations of land allotments, the only one found in the Roman empire. Information about it was unavailable in the U. S., but the museum had prepared typed pages written by the French scholar who had been working on the fragments. Three different surveys are indicated. This was important for the new seminar I was giving in the fall on Roman municipalities. I gathered much valuable material on this trip for the seminar.



Theater at Orange

Early the next morning we took the little bus to Vaison-la-Romaine (Vasio Vicontiorum), about twelve miles distant, where we stayed all day. I knew that the site had Roman houses and gardens, which was very important to me, but I was in no way prepared for what we found. It was a real French Pompeii. Only foundations had been preserved, but everything was beautifully cared for, and the gardens replanted. One elegant large house had five gardens; several houses had large pools. There was even a little garden in a bath, the first I had seen in a private home. I was pleased to find an impressive public garden, the so-called Portico of Pompey, part of which was still under the modern city. Much sculpture was found and replicas were displayed in homes as well as the Portico of Pompey. The ancient theater had been restored. The little shops facing the street reminded us of those in Pompeii. Stanley took over one hundred photos, useful as I compared these houses and gardens with those at Pompeii.

From here we went to Chamonix, in the French Alps, Stanley's mountains for this year. We stopped on the way at Aix-les-Bains (ancient Aquae), today a



Vaison-la-Romaine, the French Pompeii.

world-famous mineral bath, as it was in antiquity. The first thing we saw, as we went to the tourist bureau to get a hotel room, was an ancient Roman funerary arch erected by a local resident in honor of all of his relatives – a most unusual type of tomb. The tourist bureau was in a so-called ancient temple, which also served as the town museum. In the museum I found inscriptions documenting several ancient Roman gardens. The ruins of the ancient baths, famous for their curative powers, were incorporated in the modern baths. People came from afar, seeking a cure for their arthritis and rheumatism. We had never seen so many people with canes, crutches and wheel chairs. The gardens attached to this fashionable bath contained spectacular flower beds that continued for blocks. They occupy the site of the ancient garden attached to the ancient bath building.

At Chamonix, which we reached by taking a narrow gage train higher into the Alps, we found no Romans, but gorgeous scenery. We had a short but restful stay, and then were on our way to England.

Professor Dimbleby had written us at Pompeii, inviting us to be their house guests for several days. They lived in St. Albans, which he said was ancient Verulamium, and should have a professional interest for me. We had spent a half day there some years ago, and we had always looked forward to returning. We were treated royally by the Dimblebys, as members of the family, but we felt our visit was an imposition. Professor Dimbleby had neglected to mention that the family was much involved with his daughter's imminent wedding. The bride modeled her wedding dress for us and wished we could stay for her wedding. We worked with Professor Dimbleby late into the night, going over all the soil samples and charcoal from our excavations, materials that we left with him to identify. We had a most enjoyable and profitable time discussing in detail the work that we were doing together. From Southampton we sailed home on the France. A new school year was soon underway.

Shortly after arriving home, we received a very welcome package of kodachromes taken at Persepolis. At the beginning of the summer we had met two young Americans who were on their way to this site. I commented that we had always planned to go to Persepolis. It was of special interest to me because it

had been excavated by the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago, and I had studied it in detail in my courses at the Institute. But I had given up hope of ever getting slides to show my students when we studied Persepolis, for we were now so busy at Pompeii. The young people generously offered to take slides for me, and I was most grateful. It was obvious that they were traveling on a shoestring, so Stanley gave them film, which they reluctantly accepted.

During the fall I worked on my paper on our excavations in the House of Polybius for the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America in St. Louis, in December. This garden was of special importance for it was the first garden to be scientifically excavated; it was also the first completely undisturbed garden to be studied in this way. Here we had no damage caused by previous excavation, trucks, backfill and modern vegetation. It was a great surprise to my assembled colleagues to see a peristyle garden planted with five large trees, many smaller ones, and other plants. This strange planting pattern was unlike anything known thus far at Pompeii, and certainly raised questions regarding commonly held ideas concerning the plantings in peristyle gardens.

After the meetings we looked forward to visiting my beloved professor and his wife, Jake and Clarice Larsen, in Columbia, Missouri. We packed our bags, checked out of the hotel and hoped to be soon on our way. We were to discover, however, that as a result of the heavy snow storm, no traffic was moving. We were all told to go back to our rooms, unpack our bags, and prepare to stay overnight in St. Louis. But it was a glorious evening. Meetings are always so hectic; now with all our papers given, no more sessions to attend, or business meetings requiring our presence, we were free to relax and enjoy our friends.

The next morning we were on our way to Columbia, where we were the guests of our good friends from our University of Chicago days, Winifred and Horner Thomas, who lived near the Larsens. We immediately went over to the Larsens, who were overjoyed to see us. We spent the afternoon with them, returning for a long evening visit. And what a wonderful visit it was. Jake had written that they were two shut-in invalids, but he was in fine form, and even insisted on serving us afternoon tea, in spite of his crippling arthritis. Clarice was in great pain, made more acute by a recent fall, but as Jake had written, she brightened when friends came. And their many friends from far and near, at home and abroad, made a beaten path to their door. Jake's mind was as keen as ever, and he was still writing articles and book reviews. It was a great day of shop talk. He was intensely interested in our work, which he followed in great detail. He was so proud of what we were finding, and greatly appreciated Stanley's many contributions, often commenting on "what a team you two turned out to be." It was a great shock to receive word early in the new year that Jake had died; only days later, Clarice, who had been in a coma for some time, died. How we cherished that last visit. I still miss his warm letters, which I have enjoyed rereading as I write these words.

1974 The Balloon, the Fugitives, Fabius Rufus, an Orchard and Oplontis

In the spring of 1974, I gave a lecture on my excavations at Pompeii at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. We had a most enjoyable visit with our good friends Dave and Jane Shannon. Dave was my former department chairman at Maryland and was now provost at the University of Virginia. The University provided a home for them in one of the beautiful buildings designed by Jefferson on this handsome campus.



Before we left for Pompeii, we flew to Iowa to see my mother and a favorite aunt, who were now living in a retirement home in Cedar Falls. It was a wonderful visit. Mother was suffering terribly from arthritis, but she insisted on going on her morning walks. She was keenly interested in our plans for the summer and anticipating what we would find in our excavations. Little did we realize that this would be the last time we would see her.

As soon as classes were over, we were on the beautiful new Queen Elizabeth II on our way back to Europe. We stayed overnight in Paris, and took advantage of the opportunity to take some pictures in the Louvre that I needed for my Humanities class. Then on to Rome for two days.

A most enjoyable day in the Vatican Museums passed all too quickly. We had been intrigued by our discovery that the ancient Pompeians discarded leftovers from their meals, by simply tossing them into the garden near the *triclinium* on which they were reclining to eat. This habit was obviously not limited to meals in the garden, as the famous mosaic of "the unswept floor" shows. We wanted a good photo of this mosaic, which pictures all manner of leftovers tossed on the floor: bones, shells, fruit, nuts and vegetables, and a little mouse making the most of this bounty. It was a thrill to visit the Roman sculpture galleries and see the originals of the famous Prima Porta statue of Augustus, the anguished Laocoön and his two sons being strangled by a great snake, and many other statues that I knew so well. The Raphael rooms couldn't be missed.

That evening we had dinner at the home of our good friends Henry and Carol Ferry, whom we had known since they were college students in the Forum,



Mosaic of the Unswept Floor

with their four children, Kathleen, Christopher, Jonathan and Elizabeth. They were living in Rome, where Henry was a visiting professor at the University of Rome. As a professor of Church History, Henry was very interested in antiquity.

Stanley rented a van large enough to hold us and the Ferry family, and we set out early the next morning to explore three archaeological sites. I had been anxious to visit the third century B.C. temple at Gabii, twelve miles to the east of Rome, where there was evidence of a temple garden. The Spanish excavators had found rows of carefully worked almost square holes in the rock outcropping on which the temple had been built, but the meaning of these holes was not understood. A German scholar later recognized that they had undoubtedly been made to hold plantings for a temple garden, just as similar holes had been cut in the rocky terrain above the Athenian agora, so that plantings could be made around the Temple of Hephaestus. The two older children, Kathleen and Christopher, thoroughly enjoyed climbing down into the holes, weeding them, and holding the tape to help us measure the holes. The smaller holes were about four feet square and between two and two and a half feet deep. Between the rows of smaller holes was a row of larger holes, about five feet square and four feet in depth. The holes cut at Gabii were larger than those in Athens, which had been replanted with pomegranates and myrtles. The larger ones at Gabii would have been for trees; the smaller ones may have been for shrubs. This garden is very important, for archaeological evidence for temple



Temple at Gabii



Planting pits at Gabii

gardens is extremely rare.

Next on our itinerary was Lavinium, where, according to the legend preserved by Vergil, Aeneas founded a city and established a shrine for the Penates (city or domestic gods) of Troy, whose statues he had brought with him. Sacrifice at this shrine to these Penates remained an important part of the ritual of the Roman Republic. Parts of the sixth century city wall and other archaeological evidence had long been known. Recent reports told of the amazing discovery of a large sanctuary outside the city, with a series of thirteen large altars, dating from the sixth to the second century B.C. Many votive terracotta, along with imported ceramics and statuettes, all indicated a direct connection with the Greek world. Nearby was a tomb, believed since antiquity to be the tomb of Aeneas. This was of great importance for my seminar on Roman religion, but Lavinium was by no means easy to find. We knew that it was about seventeen and a half miles to the south of Rome, but it appeared on no road map. When we reached what we thought was the approximate area, we found only overgrown fields. The few local people from whom we inquired were very evasive and of no help. The excavations were apparently on private property. We finally found a nursemaid, who agreed to take us to the site. It was well worth all of our efforts to find it, although the 13 altars were under wraps and could not be photographed.



The Decumanus Maximus of Ostia Antica

Last on our agenda was a visit to the large site of Ostia Antica, a latter-day Pompeii, which I never tired of visiting. It replaced Pozzuoli, on the Bay of Naples, as the port of Rome. Here, too, we could walk up and down the streets and visit the various homes and public buildings. There were few houses of the Pompeian type, with peristyle gardens. Apartment houses had become the norm, but an elegant apartment house had its formal gardens and fountains. And I also found public gardens.

A wonderful day came to an end, with a fabulous dinner with the Ferrys in a Roman *trattoria*. The next morning we were up early and on our way to Pompeii.

Giuseppina Cerulli gave us a warm welcome when we returned to Pompeii, and we enjoyed a leisurely dinner together at the Rosario. The next day was the festa of Corpus Christi, but Giuseppina and our foreman, Sicignano, came to the Rosario, and we planned in detail the season's work. Later Santolo Vitiello and Maria came with greetings.

The next morning we began work in the Garden of the Fugitives (I.xxi. 1,2). The large garden at the rear of the house takes its name from the thirteen Pompeians, including six children, who died there while trying to escape toward the end of the eruption. On an early trip we had been invited to come when the casts made of the bodies were uncovered. When the site was excavated in 1961-62, the casts were removed from where they were found near the top of the volcanic fill and moved to the rear of the garden in a screened shed, where they had become a number-one tourist attraction. We got quite disgusted with the many tourists who began clamoring as soon as they entered the *scavi*. "Where are the bodies?" as if they were the only important things to see. Too many thought that the casts were actual petrified bodies.

When we removed the rank overgrowth that covered the site, we found that all the lapilli had been removed except in a few places, notably along the east wall. The most conspicuous feature of the garden was a large triclinium that had had a vine-covered pergola.



The fugitives triclinium.

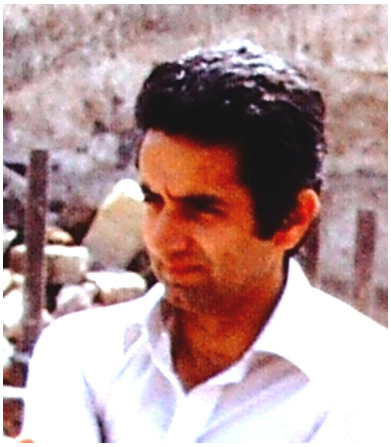
When we examined the cavities of the three large vine-roots that had shaded the pergola, it was obvious from their size that they were very old, dating from before the earthquake in A.D. 62. We found various bones and shells near the triclinium, the discards of meals enjoyed in the garden; there were others elsewhere in the garden. There is no way of knowing how many may have been removed at the time of original excavation. The dog, whose bones we found, would probably have been a watchdog or pet. It is interesting that in every large garden that we have excavated there was always evidence of a dog. The horns of a goat suggests that a goat may have been trapped in the garden during the eruption.

Even though the surface of the soil was badly damaged, when we made subsoil excavations we found that the garden had been planted in rows running in an east-west direction, approximately five feet apart. The rows were separated by distinct water channels. A wider and deeper channel running in a north-south direction divided the garden into two parts and served both as a water channel and as a path for the gardeners. There were also clearly marked passageways about six feet wide along the east, south and west edges of the garden. Balloon photos, which were made later in the summer, clearly revealed the soil contours in the parts of the garden where the soil was so compacted by the passage of trucks that we could find no root cavities. We found 413 cavities, twelve of which were those of large trees; these tended to be planted at the edges of the garden. There were also fifteen smaller tree-root cavities in the garden. Twenty-nine of the cavities may have been those of stakes. The smaller cavities were so badly damaged that they were difficult to identify. It is possible that they were the cavities of an informally staked vineyard.



Repaired terracotta ungent jars.

When Dr. Fideghelli came from Rome to study our root cavities and casts, he suggested the cavities were the proper size and distance apart to be those of rosebushes. Campania was famous throughout the ancient world for its perfumes and unguents made of roses. Roses were also an important flower used in making garlands. Both Cato and Varro said that it was profitable for a farmer near a city to raise roses, which were much in demand. After finding vineyards and other large planted areas within ancient Pompeii, it would not be surprising to find a large commercial rose garden. A strange discovery at the north of the garden, may be significant. In this area, which was not planted and appeared to be a work area, we found about a half-bushel of shallowly buried fragments of terra-cotta unguent containers.



Carlo Fideghelli

The Ferrys came from Rome to spend a few days at Pompeii before we had finished working in the Garden of the Fugitives, and they were most interested in watching us find root cavities and make casts. Three year old Jonathon was more interested in trying to catch up with the small kitty that seemed to have adopted us. But he soon got tired and went to sleep on his mother's shoulder as she carried him. The Ferrys also enjoyed exploring the rest of the excavations. Kathleen was quite upset when she asked one of the *custodi* to direct her to the house of Successus, and he had never heard of it. She had read *Letters from Pompeii* and couldn't understand how he could possibly not know about such an important house. She knew what she wanted to see in Pompeii. One noon we had a wonderful picnic lunch in the cool shade of the Triangular Forum.



Looking north in the "Tree Nursery."

Cece and Phil Noss, also former Forum members, and their four children arrived on June 29, the Festa of Saints Peter and Paul. Since our workers had a holiday, we had a good time showing them our excavations as well as the rest of the *scavi*. On Sunday we took a picnic lunch to the Triangular Forum, so we could spend the entire day in the excavations. My most vivid memory of their visit was what happened at the end of the day as we were returning from the forum to our hotel. The children were having a good time racing a little ahead of us. All at once we discovered that the youngest, four year old Hal, was no where in sight. We immediately retraced our steps, but there was no sign of Hal. We looked up and down all the side streets on the Via dell'Abbondanza, but no Hal. We inquired of the *custodi* along the street, but none of them had seen a little boy with yellow curls. We didn't think it possible, but we began to wonder if he could have been kidnapped. We were getting desperate. Phil decided to go back to the Forum, in the unlikely chance that Hal had gotten lost and tried to find his way back to the place from where we had started home. When he arrived, he found a sobbing little boy and the *custodi* who had found him trying to comfort him with a big ice cream cone. Hal was overjoyed to see his father, whom he thought he would never see again. He broke his mother's heart when he confided to her that the Italians were so kind to him that he had decided he would do his best to be a good little boy and not cause trouble for whoever adopted him.



Hal found.

We decided to excavate the small area (I.xxi.3) wedged in between the two houses at the north end of the *insula* in which the Garden of the Fugitives was located. (See picture to left and on page 222.) At one time a roofed building had occupied this site, but the presence of a masonry *triclinium* built against the west wall suggested that the area had been made into a garden, probably after the earthquake. We found a table base still buried in lapilli between the couches of the *triclinium*, but most of the lapilli had been removed in the west half of the site; most of the east half, except on the south, still had a substantial covering of lapilli, in places over seven feet high. Only by excavating the area could we tell if it had been planted. When all the lapilli had been carefully removed, we were confronted with the strangest and most difficult to explain garden that I had yet excavated.

This garden (shown in the picture in the center of this page) was on a lower level than the street and was reached by three crudely constructed steps. They were almost blocked by an unusual oval-shaped pile of soil almost two feet high. On the east side of the garden a U-shaped formation of soil about eight inches high extended toward the south for almost two-thirds the length of the garden. In each bank of the U-shaped formation, we found five large circular depressions containing small root cavities. Between the circular depressions we found perfectly preserved post cavities; those on opposite sides of the U tended to be opposite each other (see aerial photo). They were similar in shape to those found in the large vineyard, but smaller. There were,

however, additional posts on the west side of the U-formation and, together with these, they appeared to form a pergola over each circular formation. perhaps on the east side of the path the frame of the pergola had been fastened to the wall. The soil in the large oval-shaped pile, when tested by the agronomist Dr. John Foss proved to be good topsoil and appeared to be temporary and intended for other use. But there were many roots in the U-shaped formation, and the size of the roots indicated that they were several years old.

The garden had two sources of water. Water from the street emptied into the garden through a tile-lined opening built into the wall to the east of the top step. The water dropped to the level of the garden, divided, and flowed down the depression that formed a little channel in the west bank where there were many root cavities; part flowed in the space between the east bank of soil and the wall. During a heavy downpour, such as we have witnessed at Pompeii frequently during the rainy season, water would overflow from the channel in the west bank and spread into the west part of the garden. It could also be directed to flow down the channel or passageway enclosed by the U-shaped bank of soil and spread into the south part of the garden.

The second source of water, at the south end of the garden, came from the adjacent house. Water entered the garden through a small opening at the base of the wall and flowed through a crudely lined channel made of roof-tile. The water then dropped into an embedded *dolium*, the overflow being channeled into the south part of the garden The south part of the garden had been excavated thirteen years earlier, but faint contours still preserved the outlines of rectangular beds, separated by water channels. Water from both sources appeared to have flowed in these channels and then emptied through the hole at the base of the rear wall into the Garden of the Fugitives below, where it flowed down the water channel that extended the length of the garden. We never ceased to marvel at the ingenious ways in which the ancient Pompeians managed to water their gardens in the southeast part of the city, which was beyond the reach of aqueduct water.

Evidence found in this garden – high values of olive pollen (85 - 94.6%), the two fragments of carbonized olive stone, the small size of the root cavities, and the planting pattern – all suggests that olive trees were grown and that this was a plant nursery. The trees were at least seven feet high, for we found the cavities left by their trunks perfectly preserved in a pile of original lapilli at that height. I was told that olive trees this small bear blossoms. Small olive trees, four to thirteen feet high with trunks three-fourths to two inches in diameter, are today sold during March and April in roadside markets in Italy. Olives do not need water, such as was provided here, nor do they need the shade provided by the pergola formation. When Dr. Fideghelli examined this garden, he believed that other trees, perhaps lemons, or possibly citrons, were also grown here. Citrons were used in antiquity and still today in making perfume.

There was great excitement at Pompeii when the posters went up announcing that the San Carlo Opera would be performing Verdi's *Nabucco* in the Large Theater, for this is an opera much loved by the Italians. Stanley and I were very fond of Verdi, but this opera was unfamiliar to us. The opera tells the story of the Babylonian Captivity of the Jews under Nebuchadnezzar (Nabucco), with which the Italians identified their own domination by Austria. We were given good seats, surrounded by friends who made sure that we didn't miss any detail in the performance. It was easy to become absorbed in what was happening on stage and miss important activity elsewhere in the *scavi*, such as the trumpets sounding from the wall tower at the end of Mercury street, or when the entire Triangular Forum appeared to be going up in smoke and flames, signaling the burning of Jerusalem.

At one point the audience seemed to be tense with anticipation. Dr. Della Corte's niece, now quite old, who was sitting behind us, nudged me and said in an excited whisper, "It's coming, it's coming!" Soon the chorus of captive Jews sang their moving prayer for deliverance from captivity, *Va' pensiero*, a prayer into which the Italians had read their own hopes and which had sparked their aspirations for freedom. When the chorus had finished, the audience with a single voice shouted, "*Bis, bis,*" (again) and the chorus obligingly repeated the moving prayer twice, but they refused the urgent request for a third repeat. Dr. Della Corte's niece whispered not to worry, we would hear it again at the end of the opera. And we did. Again there were cries of "*Bis, bis*." The chorus obliged again and again, and in the final rendition the entire audience joined in the singing! An unforgettable evening. When we walked back to the Rosario along the Via Roma, the loud

speaker from the record store was playing *Va' pensiero*, as it continued to do for some days.



We were busy getting ready for the arrival of the Whittleseys, who would take balloon photos of our excavations. Giuseppina Cerulli had ordered the hydrogen for the balloon, and our workers could hardly wait for this exciting event. We still had time to excavate the large *insula* (I.xxii) adjacent to the Garden of the Fugitives on the west. This was the last remaining area in the southeast part of the city that Maiuri had hurriedly uncovered, in which we had not excavated root cavities, except for sites where the soil was too damaged to preserve cavities. A small house, of which only one room had been uncovered, occupied the north part of the *insula*. The original excavators (1959-60) had removed most of the lapilli from the rest of the *insula*. The original soil contours had been almost totally destroyed by the passage of trucks. We were able, however, to find about 150 tree root cavities in the area that could be excavated. Since this was the last *insula* excavated it was not possible to excavate all the way to the west wall without endangering it, due to the pressure of soil on the other side. It was also necessary to leave a long access ramp. In addition there were three large piles of soil that had been in the *insula* at the time of the eruption, that we did not have time to remove. There would have been about 500 trees, if they had been planted, as we can reasonably deduce, at the same intervals in the entire area. Approximately 90% were small fruit or nut trees We had found a large orchard!



The orchard, looking south.

This was the first large orchard to be found within the city. The masonry *triclinium* in the orchard was shaded, not by a pergola, but by the spreading branches of three large trees, either fig or olive. The tree-root cavity on the southeast corner of the *triclinium* definitely had the appearance of that of an olive that was at least fifty years old. This tree may have been the source of the olive pollen found in the garden.

An ornate plaque, made of two varieties of variegated marble, decorated the table between the couches. Between the small trees in front of the *triclinium* we found a masonry altar. Bones and shells found near the *triclinium* were the remains of meals and sacrifice. Among the bones found elsewhere in the orchard were those of two dogs, one large, the other of a small breed.

There was still much to do before the balloon arrived. Giuseppina Cerulli arranged for the *scavi* to pay for three large trucks to empty the streets piled high with the lapilli and backfill that we had carried out in wheelbarrows. We next had to solve the problem of how to mark the many root casts that we had found, so that the planting patterns would be apparent in the balloon photos. We first thought of painting the casts white, which was excellent for showing the shapes and relative sizes of the large tree roots; but small roots would be barely visible.

Stanley got the idea of covering the small roots with wooden disks painted white. But the problem was locating any wood, for it is very rare and extremely expensive at Pompeii. Stanley, because of his connections with the townspeople, (who were greatly interested in our project, and liked him), plus a stroke

of good luck, became the recipient of a valuable gift, the trunk of an extremely tall tree that had for some reason been recently cut. The wood-working shop in the *scavi* cut it into hundreds of disks about a half inch thick. We brought them to a shed in one of our gardens, and several of the younger boys began the long job of painting each disk white and sorting them according to size. When the first batch was dry, other workmen took empty wheelbarrows in which they put the broken roof tiles that we had used to protect each cast; other workmen followed with a wheelbarrow full of painted disks, which they placed on each small root cast. Still other workmen cleaned the gardens we had excavated in previous years. We began work early and worked until very late, getting our gardens ready to be photographed. We ran out of disks, but the balloon photography took six days, so it was possible to move the disks from the first gardens photographed to gardens still to be photographed.



The workmen were overjoyed when the Whittleseys arrived. There was considerable discussion as to where to park the balloon, but they finally decided the peristyle garden of the House of the Ship Europa would be an ideal place. It was off the tourist path and it could be easily protected. Once the balloon was filled with hydrogen, trusty *custodi* kept watch over it, day and night when it wasn't in use.

Early morning, when it was very still, was the best time for pictures. The workmen watched with interest as the balloon was filled with hydrogen and slowly rose in the sky. A few were a bit disappointed when they discovered the balloon carried only the Hasselblad camera, for they had hoped to go up in the balloon. We were on our way down the Via dell'Abbondanza to the first garden to be photographed, when word came that I was needed at the gate, There I found our tearful little water-boy, who had so looked forward to the balloon, but when he arrived there was a new guard at the entrance who didn't know him, and he didn't have his pass. I vouched for him and assured him that he hadn't missed anything.

We began the balloon photos on July 27 and continued through August 1. Most gardens were photographed in both black and white and in color. The Whittleseys had never photographed gardens before and they experimented taking pictures at different hours, hoping to get the best lighting to show up the soil contours. They were most successful. Julian Whittlesey





usually held the rope that guided the balloon; Eunice, his wife, operated the electric remote control that clicked the photos. Santolo was extremely proud to help J. Wilson Myers, who came with the Whittleseys, hold the ropes that positioned the balloon directly above the site, so that a map-accurate picture could be made. Giuseppina came often from her office to watch the picture-taking process. She came to tell the Whittleseys goodbye on their last day, and stayed until the balloon was deflated, wrapped in a tight bundle, and tied on the top of their car.





WFJ, Giuseppina Cerulli, and Frank Brown.

Frank Brown, director of the American Academy in Rome, had planned to make his annual visit to see our gardens on the Whittleseys' last day, but he didn't arrive until noon, due to one of the miserable strikes that occurred too often in Italy. He said if he had realized that the place where the strike took place was near Nocera, he would have gotten off the train and walked to Pompeii. He was much impressed with our gardens, which were all in apple-pie order for the balloon photos. He was eager to see all of them, and as usual his learned comments and observations were of great value.

The next day we went on a long anticipated visit with Giuseppina to several places in the Super-intendency that we had not yet seen. We spent the morning at Baia, the favorite vacation resort and spa of the ancient Roman aristocrats, located about two and a half miles to the north of Misenum, from where the younger Pliny had watched the eruption of Vesuvius. Because of its delightfully moderate climate and spectacular view over the water, many Roman emperors and members of the aristocracy had built villas at Baia. The luxuriousness and licentiousness of life at Baia was a frequent object of reproach by Roman writers.

The chief ruins today are the grandiose thermal baths, built to take advantage of the many hot, healing mineral springs at this site. The fine beach of antiquity was much wider than the present one. Because of bradyseismic activity, today part of the imperial villas built on the beach lies submerged about thirteen feet beneath the sea. Dredging has brought up various sculptures and architectural parts of buildings. The site of Nero's sumptuous villa near the shore, with its large artificial pools for fish breeding and oyster raising, was destroyed when modern shipyards were built.



The balloon's camera with radio control.



This high-altitude balloon photograph shows the three gardens most recently excavated: on the left, the orchard; on the right, the Garden of the Fugitives; and at the top right, with the entrance marked by the green dot, the small garden thought to be a tree nursery. At the bottom is the city wall. Note the soil contours in the garden on the right and their absence in the orchard on left.

The site of Julius Caesar's magnificent villa, built on the highest point dominating the entire gulf, was destroyed when a castle was later built on this imposing site. I was disappointed that so little had survived of the elegant villas and their beautiful gardens, but we did find evidence of gardens in the baths. Giuseppina was an excellent guide amid these complicated and imposing ruins.



Ruins at Baia

After a delightful lunch under the trees at an outdoor trattoria, we made our way to Capua, where Giuseppina had a fine surprise for us. Little boys playing in the area had come upon an opening that led into a practically intact underground Mithraeum, a small temple of the 2d-3d century A.D., where the rites connected with the worship of Mithras were celebrated. The small temples of this god were artificial caves, reminders of the cave in which Mithras caught and slew the mystic bull. They had a "nave" and on each side of a central aisle were benches on which the worshippers reclined at sacred banquets; at Capua, after the benches, there were basins on each side of the aisle, used in the initiation ceremonies. Opposite the entrance, in the front of every Mithraeum, was a depiction of the tauroctony, more often carved, but at Capua, painted. The painting at Capua showed two standing assistants, one with his torch up, the other with his torch down, on either side of Mithras, who knelt on the back of the bull, as he, with averted gaze, plunged a knife into the bull's shoulder. A dog and a snake lap up the life-giving blood. The head on the lower left represented a personification of the Sea, the one on the right, the Earth, Above was Diana, personifying the moon and Helios, the sun. On the sides of the Mithraeum, partially destroyed painted panels depicted the rites of initiation into this mystery cult, whose devotees were men, especially soldiers. We spent some time studying the paintings, which Stanley photographed in detail. This was extremely valuable material for my seminar on Roman religion. On an earlier trip we had been much interested in the sculptured tauroctony from the Mithraeum at Carnuntum, where Mithraism was a popular religion among the Roman legions stationed on the Danube.



At Capua we also visited the impressive ruins of the large second century B.C. amphitheater, which in antiquity rivaled the Colosseum in Rome in grandeur and importance. After the fall of Rome, when it became too difficult to protect Capua from pirates, the town was abandoned; and the citizens moved into the

amphitheater. The new town that grew up around ancient Capua in the nineteenth century took the name of Santa Maria Capua Vetere. On the way back to Pompeii we drove along a stretch of the ancient Appian Way and marveled at the ancient tomb monuments still standing.



Lunch at Baia

The next day we took all eleven of our workers in a van, wheelbarrows and tools tied on top, to the luxurious villa at nearby Oplontis, where we had already begun work in the narrow part of the rear garden in front of the east portico that had been excavated by the Superintendency. The soil at the rear of the villa had suffered greatly when the portico and roof were reconstructed, but even so we found various small roots and what appeared to be an enormous root of strange shape, in front of the northeast end of the east portico. In fact, there seemed to be many cavities. After several days the cavities were finally ready to be reinforced with wire and filled with cement. It took 230 large buckets of cement to fill them.

Further to the east, at the edge of the excavated area, the cavity of the trunk of a large tree could be seen in the fill. In the soil underneath we found the cavity of a huge tree root, which in subsequent seasons proved to be one of a row of five large trees, probably plane trees. At the same time, we were examining a small area directly to the east (58 on plan) of the portico, where a small garden had been created by filling with soil the foundations of a room, perhaps destroyed by the earthquake. There were eight root cavities planted in three rows in this garden.

We also examined the soil in the rustic peristyle (32) in the original part of the garden. A sturdy masonry fountain in the middle of the west side of the garden jetted water into a basin below. Against the east side of the fountain we found the cavity left by a large tree. The tree was an old one, probably almost as old as the villa and would have shaded the entire space and made it a comfortable work area. The two carbonized chestnuts found in the lapilli in the southeast corner of the garden, at the height of the ceiling beams, probably fell from a branch of this tree and make possible its identification. A pointed hoe, a six-pronged rake, and a pruning hook were found in this garden.

There was still much work to do at Pompeii. Our workmen finished excavating the root casts, for the shape of the roots would show in pictures taken on the ground. Stanley took both black and white and color photos of each garden, as well as individual pictures of various large roots, for study, publication, and lectures.

The large House of Fabius Rufus (VII. ins. occid. 16-17), built over the west wall had two large gardens at ground level on the west side of the house. The smaller one to the south had an animal and pigmy painting on its north wall, and below were the remnants of a gladiatorial scene. The soil was badly damaged and piled high with building debris, but when this was removed, we were able to find root cavities in the south part, arranged informally in rows. This suggested that at least in the last years of the city the area had been planted as a vineyard. There were also two trees, which we had now come to expect in vineyards.

After bidding our many friends and workers goodbye, we left Pompeii with Giuseppina, who had invited us to spend several days with her at her beautiful family home in Rome. It was conveniently located, across from the American Embassy and very near the German School, where I was able to quickly check some references. Other difficult to find references I found in her father's large library. Her aunt, who lived in the top floor apartment with the spectacular roof garden, invited us for lunch on the day fresh mozzarella was delivered from the family-owned herds in the south. When I admired the handsome painting on the ceiling in one room, she said she was very fond of it too. It was a wedding-anniversary gift from her husband many years ago, an original Tiepolo, which he had bought and arranged to have removed and installed in their home. It was the sort of painting we were accustomed to seeing in Venetian churches, palaces, and museums.

We had a very profitable working session with Dr. Fideghelli, at his office in the Ministry of Agriculture,

located just outside the city. We enjoyed a tour of the unusual gardens at the Ministry and then sipping cool drinks on a shaded garden terrace, while we discussed at length our roots. He had collected considerable material for us which was most helpful.

Giuseppina and I took advantage of our uninterrupted time together to go over my long article on Pompeian gardens, which was to appear in the next issue of *Cronache Pompeiane*, of which she was editor. We worked up until the last minute, when it was time to leave for the train to France. There had been little time the last few days, to listen to the news. We asked the taxi driver what was happening in the world and jokingly inquired if Nixon had resigned yet. What a surprise when he answered, "Yes, about an hour ago!"

After a brief stop in Switzerland, we made our way to Cherbourg, where we boarded the *France* for our trip home. We stopped briefly at Southampton where Professor Dimbleby's daughter, her husband and two small children, who lived nearby, met us when we docked. They had generously offered to pick up our packages of soil samples for pollen analysis and the charcoal found in our excavations, which they delivered to Professor Dimbleby for identification. The children were excited to come aboard an ocean liner.





1975 Seven Peristyle Gardens and Oplontis Continued.

It was our good luck that the eminent archaeologist, John Ward-Perkins, Director of the British School at Rome, was able to give a lecture on the University of Maryland campus early in the year, when he was at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton. He came with his wife, and we were delighted to have these charming people as our house guests during their visit at the University.

On March 8 we received the sad news that my mother had died peacefully, after a brief illness. We left immediately for York, Nebraska, to gather with family members and many friends for a service in her memory, in the college church she loved and in which she had worked during most of her life.

Before we left for Pompeii, the Landscape Restoration Conference was held in Washington D.C. I had been asked by the organizing committee to plan one session on the excavation of gardens. They were very specific as to the program. I was to speak on my Pompeian gardens, invite one of the scientists who had worked with me as the second speaker; the third speaker was to be Dr. Noel-Hume, who would speak on the garden excavations at Williamsburg. I invited as the second speaker Prof. Geoffrey Dimbleby, from the Institute of Archaeology at the University of London, who was doing my pollen identification and charcoal analysis, and he was delighted to come. I received a gracious reply to my invitation from Dr. Noel-Hume, but he said the letter had been addressed to the wrong Dr. Noel-Hume; it should have gone to his wife, Aubrey, who was excavating the gardens at Williamsburg. At the time I wondered what Pompeian gardens and those at Williamsburg could possibly have in common, but I was soon to learn that we shared many mutual problems and techniques.

The Noel-Humes became good friends, with whom we enjoyed visiting and discussing our excavations on our various trips to Williamsburg. The Conference was a great success and it was a thrilling experience to meet scholars from around the world who had mutual interests and who became lifelong friends. After daytime sessions, we were entertained at elegant

evening banquets at the Woodrow Wilson house in Washington D.C., where after being served drinks in this beautiful house we had dinner in a huge tent set up in the garden. On another day we visited Mount Vernon, home of George Washington, on another we toured the Frank Lloyd Wright house in Virginia and were served in a large tent on the grounds. This was my first experience in helping to plan an international congress; but I was to plan many in future years.

My article on "Vintage Pompeii," in *Natural History*, came out just as we were leaving for Europe. My sister wrote that our niece, Ruth, was much excited when she saw the copy of a friend, who was a subscriber, and discovered her Uncle Stanley's picture of a Maenad, a worshiper of the wine god, Dionysus, used on the cover. She was distressed when they wouldn't let her check out the library copy and was anxiously waiting the copy we were sending.

On June 8 we were again on the Queen Elizabeth II on our way to Europe. We were anxious to get back to Pompeii and to see how much more of the Villa at Oplontis was ready for us. After we arrived Giuseppina came to the Rosario for dinner with us to discuss our plans for 1975. We had two major projects this summer. At the Villa at Oplontis we would continue our excavations in the north garden (through which the tourist now enters), and we were told that the southeast peristyle garden (which turned out to contain the swimming pool) would also be ready for us. My second project concerned the plantings in peristyle gardens. After our surprising discovery of five large trees and various smaller ones in the garden in the House of Polybius, I made a thorough search through all the excavation reports and found that tree-root cavities had been reported in only a few gardens, and some of them were not peristyle gardens. But trees had been found in a few peristyle gardens. It became important to us to see if further information could be salvaged from previously excavated sites.

I examined all of the peristyle gardens that had been uncovered in the southeast part of Pompeii (regions I and II) during the last period of extensive excavation (1951-61), for these had been exposed for a shorter time to the ravages of weeds and weather. In seven gardens we were able to find root cavities. In the previous year, we had excavated the first of these peristyle gardens (I.xvi.2). It was enclosed on two sides by a portico supported by six unusually thick tufa columns. We found seventeen root cavities, arranged in three rows running the length of the garden, with two roots in a fourth row. The size and shape of the roots indicated that they were fruit or nut trees.

Soon after arriving in Pompeii we had lunch with Giuseppina in the *scavi*, and in the afternoon she took us to Oplontis. We were greatly surprised to see that a large wing of the villa had been discovered to the east, hence the north garden did not extend as far east as we had expected. The east wing had been added later to the original atrium- peristyle villa of the first century B.C., probably during the Julio-Claudian period. This, with an added portico on the north, gave the villa the character of the colonnaded villa so popular along the coast.

More fill had been removed from the north garden, but there were still many piles of rocks and building debris to be removed before we could look for root cavities. We were disappointed to find only a shallow covering of lapilli had been left and that it was badly packed by the passage of trucks. The fill at Oplontis is quite different from that at Pompeii, not all lapilli by any means, but volcanic dust hardened by water. We watched workers with backhoes and large steam shovels removing this material. We decided to wait until more area had been prepared for us.

In the meantime we would examine the six remaining peristyle gardens at Pompeii. We began work in the peristyle garden of the *garum* shop (I.xii.8), which had a portico on the south and a portion of the east side. The discovery of this shop was important. The popularity of fish sauces at Pompeii was well known, but this was the first site connected with this important



Excavation still underway in the north garden at the beginning of the summer.



The newly discovered east wing at Oplontis seen at the beginning of the summer looking southeast from the north garden into the area of the swimming pool, just beyond the truck. Originally there had been a row of columns on the near side of the wall that runs from left to right in this picture. At the time of the eruption, they had been removed and stored elsewhere while the wing underwent repairs. They have now been put back in place. The yellow tractor is in a sitting room opening onto the pool area and whaving a large window looking into the north garden.

industry to be found. The *garum* shop was studied carefully by my student Robert Curtis who wrote his doctoral dissertation and subsequent important publications on the fish sauces of Pompeii. On each side of the door leading to a back garden was a large garden painting, which we had spent much time studying and photographing on an early trip, when it was much better preserved. It seemed strange to us that the painting was made after the house was turned into a smelly *garum* shop and a latrine was built in the northeast corner of the garden. Five of the six large *dolia* and several of the amphorae found along the edges of the garden at the time of excavation still contained many tiny fish bones, the remains of fish sauce. When Bob had them analyzed, they were the bones of anchovies.

The odor of fish was still strong at the time of excavation and it remained so for some time. Even though the soil was badly damaged, we were able to find the cavities of two large trees which, because of their characteristic shape, Dr. Fideghelli believed to be fig trees. The large one near the latrine would have been thirty to forty years old, the smaller one about ten years old. The location of the large tree near the latrine suggests the practice still followed in rural areas of South Italy; not only does the dense shade of the fig furnish privacy, the large leaf of this tree has long served the country people (and not only them) as a substitute for toilet tissue.

We next examined the peristyle garden in the House of the Ship Europa, our "balloon garage" last summer. In three corners we found a tree-root cavity. Near two of these cavities there was the cavity left by a stake that had been placed in a slanting position some distance from the trunk, as if to prop up branches heavy with fruit. Nine smaller cavities appeared to be those of vines. Only two of these were staked, suggesting that the vines had been trained on the trees, a common practice in home gardens in the area today.



In the peristyle garden of the House of the Arches (I.xvii.4), we also found informal plantings, a large tree, a smaller one and cavities that appeared to be those of small trees or shrubs and a few very small cavities that were probably those of flowers or herbs. The southwest part of the garden had been destroyed at the time of the eruption, probably by the collapse of a cistern underneath, so no cavities were preserved there.

The House of the Birii (II.i.12) was a most unusual building. A wide vestibule led into the large peristyle garden in which the worship of the Thracian-Phrygian vegetation god, Sabazius, took place. A square masonry altar, with the iron rings that had once held garlands still preserved, stood in the garden in front of the sacellum, or shrine room. Among the cult objects were two almost life-size bronze right hands, mantic hands decorated with symbols meaningful to this cult, such as a seated figure of Sabazius, a turtle, palm branch, beetle, pair of cymbals, Phrygian pipes, and a serpent. Near the altar were two unusual, squat terra-cotta vases similarly decorated, which had a little bowl attached to the rim above each handle. The mysteries of Sabazius conducted in this humble garden were in a part of the city inhabited by petty tradesmen and foreigners, who were a significant part of the mixed population of this port town. Not surprisingly, we found a row of four trees which would have shaded the worshipers from the hot sun, when they attended the sacrifices here.

In the next peristyle garden, in the house where the statuette of Venus in a Bikini was discovered (I.xi 6), we found no trees, only a few small cavities, probably those of shrubs and flowers.

The planting in the peristyle garden in the small house I.xii.ll, however, was very different from anything that we had yet found. This little garden, with a huge



Reed imprints on the back of the fallen ceiling.

animal painting on the rear wall, had obviously been planted with small shrubs laid out in a formal design. In the center was a small statue base framed by the plantings, which would have been evergreen, most probably clipped box.

A survey of our finds in these seven peristyle gardens allowed us to make several observations: trees were found in five of the gardens; peristyle gardens were often planted to produce food; and, finally, informal plantings were not unusual even in ornamental gardens. Perhaps it is significant that only one of the gardens had a formal planting pattern, which was considered typical of Pompeian gardens before our discoveries in the garden in the House of Polybius.

When we returned to Oplontis we began work in the southeast peristyle garden to the east of the front entrance of the villa. We stole time, while our workers cleaned the weeds from the area that had been prepared for us, to look in on what the restorers were anxious to show us. We watched spellbound as they fitted together, with uncanny skill, the small fragments of painted ceiling plaster that had been retrieved from the lapilli in a recently excavated room. The plaster had fallen when the panels of tied reeds, to which the plaster had been applied, had been consumed after the eruption. The only clue the restorers had in solving this gigantic jigsaw puzzle were the imprints of the reeds in the plaster. It seemed an impossible undertaking to us, but they later showed us a portion of the ceiling that had been put back in its original position, and the painted design on the ceiling was intact.

Stefano De Caro told us that ceilings were normal-

ly made in this way by the ancient Romans, and that this technique has continued in use until today. Fragments of the reeds were still intact in the plaster at Oplontis. These were identified as *Phragmites australis*, a reed still common in the Vesuvian area, and indeed throughout the world's temperate zone. We could now add another plant to our list of those known to the ancient inhabitants. We found our list growing in most unexpected ways.

We were delighted to have a visit from Prof. Alfonso de Franciscis, who had great hopes for what we would find at Oplontis. The next day they were ready for us to continue our work in the north garden. We resumed work near the huge root cavity we had found the previous year. There was tremendous excitement when early in the morning a beautiful head of a woman sculptured from Greek marble slowly came into view, then a marble shaft.

We set up the shaft, in which the head fit perfectly. After it was photographed, our workers grouped themselves around it for a photo with their important find. (See heading picture of this chapter.)

Then the head was lovingly carried by Sabino up to the restorers for cleaning. Sabino, unlike our other workers, was a city boy, but he had a great love for everything connected with the *scavi*, something that his physician father failed to understand. The first day Sabino worked for us, he proudly explained to me that one of his ancestors ran for office in ancient Pompeii. The proof: they had the same name, and it was painted on the walls, along the streets of the excavated city, on many an election notice in which the ancient candidate was asking people to vote for him.

In the early afternoon, when the wind had gone



Taking soil samples on a grid.



down, we took pollen samples on a grid, every two meters, in all the north garden where the building debris had been cleared away, also in the portico garden. Little lapilli had been left, and the soil had been badly damaged, but we were hopeful. We also took two types of soil samples to send to Professor Dimbleby to be tested by chemical flotation.

We soon found a second large tree-root cavity in line and to the north of the huge tree-root cavity we had found the previous year. Santolo began cleaning it. It had both a deep tap root and many extremely long roots, barely covered with soil, that were exceedingly difficult to empty of lapilli. Raffaele had always worried because he was so small for his age, but for once his slight build worked to his advantage. He gloried in the fact that he was the only one of our workers who could lie on top of the root cavity and carefully pull out the lapilli without breaking through the soil on which he was lying, which would destroy the mould of the root. He worked carefully, and patiently, and succeeded in cleaning the entire cavity without breaking the soil in a



single place.

We next found another tree-root cavity to the north of this one, now making a row of three. By gently removing the lapilli under the still unexcavated fill, we found what appeared to be a fourth large tree-root cavity; looking up we could see in the unexcavated fill the cavity left by a huge tree trunk, to which small bits of bark appeared to be hanging. Stanley pointed his camera up into cavity and got some remarkable flash pictures.

The *scavi* workmen then began to remove the fill, so that we could empty the root cavity. They worked all day with the back-hoe and other heavy equipment, but were unable to finish until the next morning. It was a rare experience to work at Oplontis and see this palatial villa slowly being dug from the volcanic fill. We watched as room after room in the east wing slowly appeared, some with garden paintings almost miraculously intact. And every so often we would heed the invitation of the restorers and watch them work their magic. They loved to have Stanley photograph them as they worked and hoped he would send them the photos, which he did.

We were overjoyed when we saw Esther Burnside, the high-school Latin teacher from Washington, coming down the steps to our excavations with Ferdinando Balzano, who was in charge of the *deposito*. She was making her annual pilgrimage to the Vesuvian area. Our workmen, too, were extremely fond of her. They appreciated both her keen wit and warmth; they had gotten well acquainted with her when she came to Pompeii with us the summer after Stanley's heart attack.

Meanwhile we found another cavity directly to the east of the first cavity we had found the previous year. It had the same shape but was quite unlike the huge tree-root cavities we were finding. We suspected that these cavities had been left by clumps of small trees or large bushes, perhaps oleanders. Our large cavities were of considerable interest to the local townspeople of Torre Annunziata. We were surprised when the Torre newspaper came out to interview us and printed a big front page story with pictures about our excavation. The Cassa del Mezzogiorno, that had contributed funds for the excavation of the villa, visited us twice and took photos of our gardens, with which they were much impressed. They had bought the old factory property on the other side of the Sarno canal and said the excavations could now be extended there. But this has not yet happened.

As we were working, a huge flock of sheep, including a few black goats, came down the city street just above our excavations. They looked strangely out of place on the city streets, but the countryside isn't far away.



At the edge of the portico of the eastern wing Raffaele and Santolo found a row of tiny, very deep cavities. They were entirely empty, too small for lapilli to fill them.

On July 10, Dr. and Mrs. Fideghelli and three colleagues arrived from Rome to examine our root cavities. We had waited to fill the ones emptied this year, for Dr. Fideghelli said in many ways the cavities were more helpful than the casts in identifying the roots. He always studied both the cavities and then later the excavated casts. These specialists all agreed that the

two largest cavities were those of a cluster of shrubs, probably oleanders. Oleanders grow naturally in clumps, and get as large as our cavities when they are old. Since the villa had not been occupied since the earthquake in A.D. 62, the garden had been neglected. Dr. Fideghelli believed the row of four large trees were probably plane trees, possibly pines.

Sicignano estimated that it would take at least a ton of cement to make the casts. We carefully measured all the cavities. Stanley then photographed the large cavities from directly overhead, from a very tall ladder, before they were reinforced with heavy wire, prior to filling them with cement. There were loud cheers from our workmen, when they learned that the *scavi* was furnishing us with a cement mixer this year, and they would be spared the onerous task of mixing all that cement by hand. It took much cement to fill those large, yawning cavities.

When we removed the packed soil immediately to the rear (north) of the villa, we found two ridges that outlined the two sides of a passageway which ran along the rear of the villa. We found small root cavities in the ridges at the edge of the path, obviously those of a hedge, probably box, also a few larger cavities that had been left by small trees. We emptied these cavities of 1apilli and made casts.

As we continued excavation at the rear of the villa, we discovered that the formal architectural layout of the garden reflected the plan of the villa itself. From the entrance, which was near the sea, the beautiful perspective through the atrium continued through the enclosed garden and the grand salon, with its



Multiple-root cavity that may have been oleander.



WFJ, Carlo Fideghelli, his wife (in white) and associates.

monumental entrance at the rear, to a landscaped passageway on the central axis of the villa. On either side of the pathway were contoured beds that extended to the east-west passageway at the rear of the villa.

We also excavated the enclosed garden at the rear of the atrium (#20). It was the first garden to be seen upon entering the villa, visible beyond the portico-like room at the rear of the atrium. A large open window in the north wall of the garden made possible the remarkable vista from the entrance of the villa to the garden we were excavating at the rear. We discovered a root cavity in each corner of the enclosed garden, with exception of the southeast one; a planting in that corner would have blocked the entrance to the garden. The root cavities appeared to be those of fruit or nut trees. The small, steeply slanting cavity – presumably that of a stake propping up the branches of the tree in the southwest corner – suggested that the tree was heavy with fruit or nuts. It is quite possible that the garden paintings on the two side walls reflect the actual plantings in the garden. We made casts of these





Oplontis East with cavities filled and tops painted.



Root cast exposed.

cavities. Some years later, some of my workers were quite incensed when they found that the plantings we discovered had been ignored; a single huge palm tree had been planted in the center of the garden.

We also filled all the cavities that we had found in the portico garden (#59) to the east of the main entrance. The garden is enclosed on three sides by a portico supported by white columns. We found two rows of roots near the columns outlining the three sides of the portico. The roots were directly in front of each column. When we cleaned the lapilli from the root cavities, we found that many of them contained pots with four holes. When we removed the soil from the root casts in 1978, we found pots in every location but two. We had not found the pots this year because many of the roots did not come in contact with the pot.

We returned to Pompeii early Saturday afternoon and Giuseppina and I finished checking the proof for my *Cronache Pompeiana* article. In the evening Alfonso



The east garden at Oplontis near the end of the summer of 1975 but before filling all of the cavities.

and Serenella de Francicis had invited us to have dinner with them at Torre del Greco. We spent a good part of the next day preparing the charcoal and soil, which Dr. Fideghelli had offered to take to Professor Dimbleby when he went to England.

In the evening we went with Giuseppina to the festa celebrating the engagement of Pelli's daughter. The Pelli family lived in one of the top floor apartments owned by the Superintendency, just inside the *scavi*, at the rear of the theater palaestra. The party was held on their beautiful roof garden. We felt honored to be included in such a family celebration. All the relatives were there, including siblings, aunts and uncles with their families, and grandparents, a multigenerational party, with many adorable *bambini*, who seemed to thrive on parties – quite unlike American wee ones, who get fussy or fall asleep if they are kept up at an adult party. The good Italian food and drink was set up under a pergola covered by vines heavy with grapes not yet ripe. The vines shaded a good part of the roof garden; but where it was open to the sky, the stars above were so bright it seemed we could almost touch them.

Our workmen painted all the casts at Oplontis white before Stanley took the final pictures of our summer's work. Then the soil was removed around the casts for a second set of pictures. At this point Dr. and Mrs. Fideghelli came again to study the casts, and we discussed the identification of the various roots at length, both at Oplontis and in the peristyle gardens that we had excavated at Pompeii.

A few days later Frank Brown came from the American Academy in Rome for the day, and we examined together each garden that we had excavated,

benefiting greatly from his observations. He was impressed with the architectural layout of the rear garden at Oplontis. He thought it quite likely that the enclosed garden at the rear of the atrium always had water in the deep channel which surrounded it, and was not just a drain. For the channel had a hole which could be plugged.

We reserved one day to work in the Naples Museum. After our summer's work at Oplontis, the many small paintings of seaside porticoed villas in park-like settings, that are found so often in Pompeian wall decoration, had special meaning for us. We photographed many of them in the Museum. We also spent considerable time photographing the many bronze and marble sculptures that had been salvaged through underground tunnels in the eighteenth century from the Villa of the Papyri at Herculaneum. These were now displayed in a handsome new room in the Museum. At Pompeii, I read the reports in the *Giornale degli Scavi* and also checked the *deposito* inventory, for the peristyle gardens that we had excavated, and Stanley photographed the objects found in the garden that were now in the *deposito*. Such objects vividly recreate life in the garden, which was a place for work, play, worship, cooking and eating.

One day was set aside for Stabiae, for I was now writing that chapter in my book. We found that the family that lived above the *scavi* was busy threshing fava beans with a strange looking tool called a *bacacco*. It had a very long handle to which was loosely attached a long flopping tool with which they beat the beans until they were separated from the pods. It was something new to us, and Stanley took photos, which were to prove very useful, for the next summer we found a huge bean patch at Pompeii, as well as the place where the beans were threshed.



Vincenzo Vitiello, one of the *custodi*, and the father of Renato, one of our workmen, explained how the *bacacco* worked and then took his turn threshing beans, to the great delight of the local family.

On one of our last days at Pompeii, we set out early in the morning, along with Giuseppina and one of the *assistenti*, Vincenzo Sicignano, known as “Sicignano piccolo” (to distinguish him from our foreman, Nicola Sicignano, of no relation). We were on our way to explore some ancient Roman sites north of Naples. Our first stop was Minturnae, located on the banks of the Liris river which separates Campania from Latium. We found a site completely overgrown with weeds and having little resemblance to the thriving city that Cicero passed through often as he traveled down the Appian Way from Rome to his villa at Pompeii. In fact, we could scarcely find the Appian Way, obliterated by weeds.

We first stopped at the little Antiquarium and photographed the skimpy plan of the site. The theater was easy to find. From the top there was a fine view of the Apennines in the near distance. There were also substantial ruins of public baths. In one, I was charmed by a partly destroyed floor mosaic of the *vindemia*, depicting chubby *putti* treading grapes in a trough, from which the juice emptied into *dolia*.

Impressive remains of the aqueduct, which furnished generous water for the baths, reminded us again of the remarkable skill of Roman engineers. We also spotted the remains of a Republican temple, and a small portion of the pre-Roman wall.

No homes were in evidence, or any gardens. The two lovely fountains that we photographed in the Antiquarium could well have graced some garden.

Our next stop was Sperlonga, located on a promontory by the sea, where a villa and nearby grotto have long been associated with the emperor Tiberius. It is believed that it was in this grotto that Tiberius was almost killed by falling rocks during a banquet. The grotto is famous because of the large number of fine statues found there in 1957, including the famous statue depicting the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus and his companions. At the front of the grotto was a huge fish pool with many amphorae embedded in its sides, shady retreats for the fish. We were reminded of similar amphorae in the long narrow pool in the palaestra at Herculaneum and in several garden pools in Pompeian homes. Giuseppina commented that the very large number of amphorae at Sperlonga would indicate that the fish were raised for food.



Vindemia *at Minturinae.*

From Sperlonga, we followed the coast for some eleven miles until we reached ancient Tarracina (modern Terracina), located on a high cliff, halfway between Naples and Rome, in a region famous for its muscatel grapes. The poet, Horace, mentions the impressive location of the town, which he passed through as he traveled the Appian Way going south. A most welcome lunch at a trattoria, perched on the edge of the cliff high above the sea, fortified us for further tramping through ruins.

The Temple of Jupiter Anxur, on the edge of the high cliff overlooking the sea, dominates the site. Twelve massive arches which support the artificial terrace built to support the temple can be seen from a great distance. This daring engineering dates from the early first century B.C., long before the great buildings of the



Minturnae Acqueduct.



Temple of Jupiter at Terracina.



Church at Terracina

imperial period. The emperor Trajan later cut through the cliff and brought the Appian Way down to the sea.

As we wandered through the medieval town, we saw many an ancient Roman column, fragment of a wall, or arch that had been incorporated into various buildings. The Roman forum (modern Piazza Municipale) still has its ancient pavement, paid for by a certain Aulus Aemelius, as an inscription in the stones testifies. The Medieval Romanesque cathedral, stands on the site of a Roman temple and its majestic portico, with a mosaic frieze, incorporates the columns of the ancient temple. Inside, the nave is separated from the two side aisles by ancient columns. Substantial remains of another temple are probably those of the Capitolium, the temple dedicated to the triad, Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, for the temple has three naves, each with its own entrance. We also visited the small museum on the site.

Leaving Terracina, on top of Mt. Orlando near Gaeta, we saw the impressive tomb of the Roman consul Munatius Plancus, a familiar friend, when I was writing my first book. He was a friend of Julius Caesar and had served as proconsul (governor) of the province of Asia, and later of Syria. Oh the riches of Italy! Would one lifetime suffice to visit all the sites I still wanted to see?

On leaving Pompeii, we stopped in Rome long enough for a trip to Cosa with Frank Brown. He was especially anxious to show us the new Museum and the garden we had seen, that had now been replanted with special attention given to using plants that the ancient Cosans would have known. A beautiful statue found on the site was a focal point. We could appreciate the pleasure of the ancient owners, when they viewed their beautiful garden through the wide window that overlooked the garden. Stanley photographed the four pits on each side of the forum that had once held large shade trees. A day spent with Frank is always a special treat.

We returned to Paris, stopping briefly at Sion, an ancient Gallo-Roman town in southwestern Switzerland, on our way to nearby Chamonix in France. We looked forward to returning to Chamonix, for on our first visit we had not been able to take the little train high up into the mountains, from where you could see close at hand

the famous glacier. The little railroad had been laid out to follow the glacier for many miles. It was a stunning sight: above, the glacier made its way between majestic snow-capped mountains; below, masses of white and lavender wildflowers punctuated the picture.



Shortly after we arrived home in Maryland we had a very special guest. We were overjoyed when we received a letter from Karl Wolfke, Stanley's boyhood friend, whom we had visited in Poland, saying that he had been awarded a fellowship and would be at the Woodrow Wilson Institute in Washington D.C. for the academic year.

It was a wonderful year for all of us, and it meant a great deal to Karl professionally, as a professor of International Law at the University of Łodz, to at last have access to the many publications in his field that the communist government had not allowed to enter Poland.



Cosa Replanted



Villa Lassalles at Montmaurin

1976 Roman Gardens in Gaul. A Vineyard and a Bean Patch at Pompeii

In 1976 before returning to Pompeii we made a long anticipated visit to the southwestern part of France. Our destination, the part of the Roman province of Narbonese Gaul later known as the province of Aquitania. Our good friend Henry Ferry, who was in Europe for the summer, met us in Paris, and together we took the fast train to Toulouse, ancient Tolosa. It was known in antiquity for its fine school of rhetoric, and for this reason called by the Roman poet Martial "*Palladia Tolosa"* (Toulouse of Pallas Athena). Toulouse is still a center of learning with a famed university dating from the Middle Ages. Little of ancient Tolosa is today visible, for it lies buried under modern Toulouse. But the checkerboard plan of the Roman city can still be recognized in the modern streets. Ruins of the amphitheater and two public baths have been excavated outside the city.

But Toulouse is rich in medieval churches that we were anxious to see. We were impressed with the beauty of the Basilica of Saint-Sernin, built of the rose-red brick that characterizes the architecture of the city. The Basilica, the largest Romanesque church in the west, was consecrated by Pope Urban II in 1096, before it was completed. Its beautiful bell tower (1-12-76, 1-70 76) dates from the thirteenth century. In this church we hunted for the tomb of St. Thomas Aquinas, the brilliant thirteenth century Dominican. We also visited the Gothic cathedral of St. Etienne, with its soaring arches and the church of the Jacobeans, the mother church of the Dominican order. Its famous chancel is known as the "palm tree of the Jacobins" because the arches springing from the columns give the appearance of a palm tree.

But it was the two ancient sites of Montmaurin and Lugdunum Convenarum that had drawn us to this area. I knew that I would find gardens at the luxurious villa of Montmaurin. Villa gardens were of special interest to me, now that we were excavating gardens in the villa of Poppaea at Oplontis.



Belltower of St. Sernin.



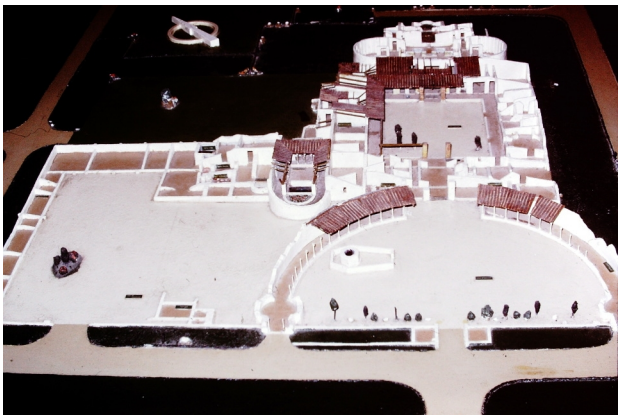
Palm of the Jacobins

We took the early morning train to the village of Montmaurin, about thirty-five miles to the southeast of Toulouse, and then made our way to the little museum. We found it locked. The village was practically deserted, except for a number of very small children who were playing an impromptu game of "pass the ball" in the courtyard in front of the museum. The children regarded us as visitors from another planet, but they were surprised and delighted when Stanley spoke to them in French. At his suggestion, two of them went to get their fathers, who told us the museum was closed because there were so few visitors.



Cloister garden at Church of the Jacobins.

Stanley explained that we had come all the way from America to see their museum and the nearby villa. But alas, there were no taxis. The villagers mobilized, however, and eventually brought an old man, who fit a rusty key into the museum lock and invited us in. We were particularly charmed by the tiny Magdalenian Venus found in one of the nearby prehistoric caves, and pleased to find some sculptures from the villa, especially a statue of Venus. There was also a fine model of the villa. A kindly villager offered to take us to the villa, and after Stanley had taken many photos in the museum we were on our way. We found the villa beautifully situated on the gently sloping ground of the left bank of the Save River. It was surrounded by green pastures, their boundaries outlined by rows of trees, and



Model of the Lassalles Villa at Montmaurin.



Bath area of the Lassalles Villa at Montmaurin.

nearby were wooded hills – a peaceful and idyllic setting. The site, excavated between 1946 and 1962, was carefully maintained, grass neatly clipped, and not a weed in sight. Although open to the public, there was no custodian, and no other visitors appeared during our entire visit.

Montmaurin was the largest and richest villa in southern Gaul.[1] Here the Italian influence was strong. I was immediately impressed with the importance of gardens in the villa. There was a striking axial view up the path, through the large semicircular porticoed garden at the entrance, the large peristyle garden, the smaller peristyle with gardens on each side, to the hanging garden at the rear. This immediately reminded me of the well-planned axial view from the entrance of the villa of Poppaea, through the courtyard garden to the great exterior landscaped garden beyond. The exterior gardens at Montmaurin were indicated on the plan, but they have not been excavated. The original plantings of the gardens are not known, but the gardens were now enlivened by trees, bright red roses and other blooming flowers planted to emphasize the importance of the gardens. Quite appropriately the marble statue of Venus, the goddess who looks after the garden, that we had seen in the museum, was found in one of the gardens of the villa. Professor Jean-Marie Pailler, of the University of Toulouse, whom I later invited to speak at a colloquium on Ancient Roman Villa Gardens at Dumbarton Oaks in 1984, aptly suggested that "we can speak not only of Montmaurin villa gardens, but of Montmaurin as a 'garden villa.'"

1 In antiquity, the nearby villa at Chiragan was larger and richer, but today little remains of it. A magnificent collection of sculpture from it is in the Museum St. Raymond in Toulouse. – Ed.

On our return from the villa, it was a thrill when our driver stopped at one of the prehistoric caves in the rocky cliffs that rose abruptly from the side of the road that ran along the river. The next morning we were up early and on the train to Saint Bertrand, ancient Lugdunum Convenarum, on the Garonne River, a few miles to the south of Montmaurin.

On a high hill, dominating the tiny village of Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges, was the Gothic cathedral, framed by the towering Pyrenees in the distance. The cathedral was built on the site of an early Celtic fortified settlement, later fortified and covered by public buildings by the Romans. We decided to climb the heights to the cathedral while we were still fresh. It was an arduous climb through the narrow winding road, bordered at times by contiguous dwellings that looked as if they had been there for centuries. The view, when we finally reached the top, was most rewarding – the



St. Bertrand, ruins, station and cathedral.



Pyrenees at the rear, and clearly visible on the plain below the lower town of ancient Lugdunum Convenarum, laid out on a checkerboard plan. We first visited the little museum in a building near the cathedral. Here Stanley photographed one statue with a stern Celtic head and another of a female figure with long tresses, said to be Hispania.

We finally tore ourselves away from the absorbing cathedral sculptures and hastened down to examine the ruins of ancient Lugdunum Convenarum.

Lugdunum Convenarum was founded by the Roman general Pompey, who magnanimously settled here some of the veterans of Sertorius, whom he had defeated. The ancient town had a vast forum, the remains of a large basilica, a large bath, which must have had gardens, various squares and porticoes. The little temple to Roma and Augustus, with an altar in front, was located in a porticoed courtyard. I wondered if it had been planted and was a temple garden. The size of the ancient town was quite a contrast to the tiny modern village of St. Bertrand, which according to our guide book, had only 320 inhabitants, one fourth of whom lived on the hill above.



While at Toulouse, we took advantage of the opportunity to visit the famous medieval city of Carcassonne just five miles southeast of Toulouse. From the train we could already see the impressive outer and inner walls of the city, the finest remains of medieval fortifications in Europe. Carcassonne was built on the summit of a steep hill on the right bank of the Aude River, on the site of the ancient Roman town Carcas. The inner walls of the medieval city are thought to rest on Roman foundations, which are visible at some places. The inner wall has only one entrance, the Narbonne Gateway, which could be easily defended against invaders. We visited the Romanesque-Gothic cathedral and wandered through the narrow, winding streets of the medieval city, which is still the home of about a thousand inhabitants. Most of the citizens of modern Carcassonne live in the lower city in the plain below.







St. Romain-en-Gaul, House of the Ocean Gods, showing the U-shaped pool.



Same scene in 2004 with water in the channel pool. Photograph by the editor.

We were to find many beautiful Roman gardens at our next stop, Vienne (ancient Vienna) in eastern Gallia Narbonensis. We had found no ancient gardens when we had visited Vienne in 1957. But since 1967 twelve luxurious houses with peristyles had been partially excavated in St. Romain-en-Gaul, a residential area on the right bank of the Rhone. We studied and photographed each peristyle. They contained soil and I was sure that they had been planted. Their narrow, U-shaped pools wrapping around the edges of a gardenwere most interesting, unlike any that I had ever seen.

An *odeum* or small theater (music hall) had also been excavated since our last visit to Vienne. That meant that there were now two cities in France, Vienne and Lyon, that had both a theater and an odeum.

It was a great surprise when we got off the train in Rome to run into Henry and Carol Ferry. He had gone from Toulouse to Paris to meet her when she arrived from America. There was time for a short visit before our train left for Pompeii.

It was late when we arrived at Pompeii, but the Rosario was ready for us. Giuseppina was in Japan in connection with the Pompeii exhibition that was opening there. But she returned in a few days. Since our work was primarily at Pompeii this summer, we enjoyed seeing her often, for she came frequently to our excavations, many times bringing visiting guests.



The Odeum at Vienne. Excavation was in progress in 1976. Note the edge of the theater at the bottom of the picture and the Rhone in the distance at the top.

Santolo Vitiello and Maria, his fiancée, came to the Rosario to see us shortly after we arrived. Santolo was working in the Superintendency at Milan and had come home to help Maria make plans for their upcoming wedding. They were greatly disappointed that we had to leave Pompeii before their wedding later in the summer. Later that evening, Henry and Carol



Starting work on the new site, 1976. The view is to the northwest from the via dell'Abbondanza.

arrived for a four-day visit before they left for Ravenna.

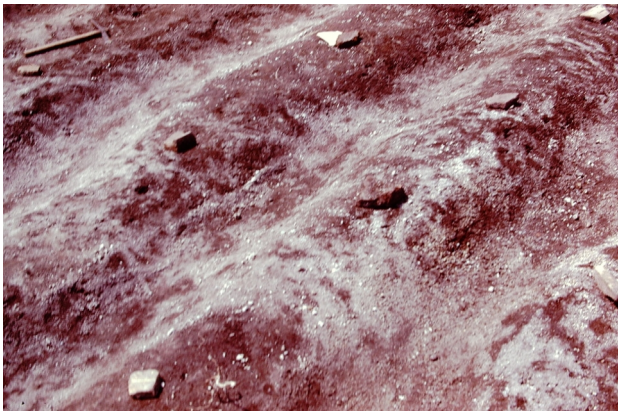
Our big project for the summer was in Region III *insula* vii, where we were to find another vineyard. It is located across the street to the north of our large vineyard, the ex-*Foro Boario*. There were no documents describing the excavation of the *insula*, but officials in the *scavi* remembered that it was one of the areas hurriedly cleared of lapilli in 1954-55, when lapilli was supplied to a contractor in Salerno every two weeks. With the exception of a few destructive clumps of brambles, the overgrowth was not a serious problem. Pelli had his workmen clear the overgrowth and we were able to begin work the next day.

After the brambles and other weeds were cleared away, low walls revealed the limits of the northwest part of the *insula* on the east, south and west. The north limit of the area could not be mapped, for it was still covered with all the original lapilli. Nor could we find the entrance to the area, but we found indications that it was from a still unexcavated house in the southwest corner.

This was to prove a most exciting site, but it was in some ways the most difficult of any we had worked in. Although much of the *insula* had been excavated, it had been completely walled in modern times, leaving no entrances. Early in the morning, our workmen climbed in to begin work by putting a ladder against the wall and lifting up their wheelbarrows. Pelli immediately had his men build a ramp for easier access into the area. But once in, the site was the hottest place I have ever worked in. There was no shade, not even from a friendly wall, for the walls were all too low to cast shade. Henry immediately rigged up a sort of canvas shelter on poles, but we were so busy working we had little time to sit in the shade.

Fortunately there was still a covering of original lapilli up to five feet deep in the southeast part of the area along the wall. By late afternoon we had uncovered three well preserved ridges, with evidence of small roots – a very auspicious beginning. But a bad storm was approaching. We stopped work about fifteen minutes early and barely got to the hotel before the storm broke. In the following days we continued to remove the lapilli in this area, and we eventually found high mounded ridges running from east to west, which contained the cavities of small vine roots, on the average almost four Roman feet apart. The rows, which

were separated by deep furrows, were approximately the same distance apart. But this vineyard was not as precisely planted as our large one.



Soil contours begin to emerge.

There were few stakes, for the vines were young. This suggested that the vines had been temporarily trained on a rope of reed or hemp supported at intervals by stakes. The same planting pattern appeared to continue in the north part of the vineyard, although this area was badly damaged, when the original lapilli was removed down to the level of the soil. The vineyard, at least in the part we were able to excavate, had been planted in vines that were just getting nicely established at the time of the eruption. We found tree-root cavities along the edge of the vineyard near the east and south walls, as well as smaller trees at intervals in the rows, and occasionally between the rows. But by now we were no longer surprised to find trees in a Pompeian vineyard.

Against the east wall of the vineyard, about twenty feet from the south wall, we found a large lava stone firmly planted in the ground, a smaller one beside it to the left. They were boundary stones. The difference in construction of the two walls was noticeable. Two properties had apparently been combined and planted in one vineyard.

After a few days I was beginning to feel quite uncomfortable, because of a pain in my ankle. Just before leaving Vienne I had turned my ankle, by stepping on a small stone. I felt a slight twinge and thought nothing of it, but by now my ankle was becoming quite painful. By Sunday, I was happy to spend the day working in our room at the Rosario, also Tuesday, which was a holiday, the festa of Saints Peter and Paul.

When one of my students, Marian Rapp and her sister Ronnie Loiderman arrived a few days later, they decided I should go to the clinic the next day. I felt it a waste of time, for I knew what the doctor would say. But we went during lunch hour. The clinic was in a large room, the doctor and nurse at a table at the front of the room, the patients sitting in chairs further back. The waiting patients were all greatly concerned and interested in my problem. When the doctor motioned to me to come to the table, they all got up and came with me, anxious to hear what the diagnosis would be. They stood around me, watching as the doctor examined my ankle. He told me to continue wearing the bandage and to keep off of my sprained ankle for ten days. The Pompeians all nodded their heads in hearty agreement. Great advice at the beginning of a season of hard work!

Marian and Ronnie had flown into Rome where they had rented a car, and Marian was given permission to drive me into the *scavi* as far as the car could go. Marian skillfully guided the car over the tiny bridge, which was only inches wider than the large car and drove me past the amphitheater. From there I had to walk only a block to our dig. I greatly appreciated this luxury the two weeks they were at Pompeii.

Betty Jo Mayeske arrived that afternoon after we had returned from the clinic. We always enjoyed having her at Pompeii. She was particularly interested in the exciting new bakery that had been excavated on the via dell'Abbondanza.



To the west of the vineyard there was a masonry *triclinium* that had been only partially excavated. Much of it was still protected by considerable original lapilli. Between the couches we found a round table, to the side a rectangular serving table. The *triclinium* and tables had originally been covered with red stucco.

The botanist Fred Meyer arrived at Pompeii while we were excavating in this area. Together we identified small myrtle wreaths with white flowers and large but poorly painted fruit, perhaps peaches, on the round table. The damaged condition of the triclinium clearly indicated that it had not been in use at the time of the eruption. Adjacent to the triclinium we found the cavities of the posts of the pergola and the root cavities of the vines that had shaded the triclinium. A small Lar (2.75 inches high) found by the original excavators near the triclinium no doubt dated from the worship at the triclinium at mealtime.

To the west of the triclinium was a nursery plot, with low masonry walls on the east and south, filled with unusually black soil. Here we found a broken planting plot with one hole in the bottom and three on the sides. Perhaps some trees had been started in pots here. Giuseppina had the pot restored so that we could photograph it before we left Pompeii.



The triclinium emerges.



The top of the table had been destroyed, revealing its structure.

We suspected that the adjacent cistern was fed by rainwater from the roof of the still unexcavated house. We considered going down into the cistern to investigate, but decided it too dangerous, for we did not know how deep it was or in what condition. We were discussing this with Giuseppina, who had brought the Pompeian archaeologists, Stefano De Caro and Antonio d'Ambrosio to visit our excavations. All at once I missed Stefano and asked where he was. While my back was turned, he had dropped himself down into the cistern to get the answer. When he came up, he confirmed that that the cistern had a west opening which turned abruptly toward the south, apparently toward the house. I was to learn later as I worked with Stefano that this was one of his endearing traits. When

a question needed to be answered, he tackled it head on.

That evening our gang gathered for dinner at Zi' Caterina to celebrate my birthday. The Maryland contingent was growing. Mike Reamy, another one of my students had arrived to do research on his thesis. With Fred, Marian and Ronnie that made five of us, a jolly group. with Marian and Mike there was never a dull moment. One day Giuseppina brought Amanda Claridge, from the British School at Rome, who, with John Ward-Perkins, the Director of the British School, was organizing the Pompeii Exhibition to be held in London. With her were the photographer and the architect of the exhibition. They came to inquire about what plantings would be appropriate in the garden in the model of the House of Menander.



The cocciopesto *mystery piece (upper left), the watering basin (lower right), and the amphora stove (upper right).*

In the level work area near the south wall, probably near the back door of the house, we uncovered a strange circular construction difficult to explain. It was made of *cocciopesto* (cement with crushed terra-cotta) and had a slight peak in the center. various scholars have studied it and offered suggestions, but none felt sure of its use. It had somewhat the shape of the masonry base that supported the mill in a bakery. Nearby, we uncovered a heap of terracotta fragments of amphorae, pots and pans of various kinds. The small size of the fragments suggested that they might have been broken preparatory to making *cocciopesto*.

Near this round structure, the top portion of a large amphora had been turned upside down, so that its flaring sides might serve as a brazier. It was filled with a deep layer of ashes, which indicated it had been used often. A blackened pot was still in place on the ashes. When Raffaele and Renato freed it from the lapilli that covered it, they were quite excited and knelt down before it, pretending to be cooking. Stanley snapped their picture. So often I was struck by the way our boys identified with the life of the ancient Pompeians that they were uncovering. Meals humbly cooked and eaten in this area would have been very different from the leisurely meals served in former days under the shady pergola at the *triclinium*.

The bones that we found were at least in part the remains of meals. Two of the eight cow bones had definite tool marks, where they had been cut to extract the marrow. Nine of the bones were either those of sheep or goats. The cat would have been a pet, and possibly the rabbit. There were eleven pig's teeth and



"Cooking" on the amphora stove.



The amphora stove close up.



one tooth of a horse. Many bones could have been carried out in the lapilli by the original excavators.

Further to the west we found a tree-root cavity and nearby, as if placed under the shade of this tree, a stone watering basin for birds or animals. Our boys were quite excited when they uncovered a large stone weight with two holes in the side that still contained bits of the lead handle.

At the base of the wall we found a huge bright red phallus about nine inches long, broken in three pieces. We speculated as to whether it had been attached to the wall above to protect the garden or had perhaps been discarded here. Nearby was the tip of a small red phallus. There were also a few fragments of fine Arretine ware.



Farther to the west, we uncovered a perfectly preserved cistern puteal of an exceptional quality of *cocciopesto*. The only visible sources of water for the garden were the two cisterns, the one near the *triclinium* that Stefano had investigated, and this one. We were unable to excavate this one completely because of the pressure of the lapilli on the adjacent wall. This cistern was probably also fed by water from the roof of the house.

To the east of this vineyard, in the same insula, was a large triangular area that had also been hurriedly cleared of lapilli in 1954-55. However, there was a small area near the west wall where there was still a shallow covering of original lapilli. When we removed the lapilli we found three perfectly preserved mounded rows about nineteen inches wide, running in a north-south direction, separated by irrigation channels. But we could find no root cavities.



Sicignano studies the cistern puteal.

Near the middle of the garden was a low, walled enclosure, the preserved height approximately 1.5 feet. The enclosure was about 17 by 21 feet. The floor was paved with *cocciopesto*. Our workmen recognized it immediately to be a threshing floor, such as is commonly used in the Pompeii area today for threshing beans. They were sure that beans had been raised in this garden. The three rounded rows that we had found definitely suggested bean culture. Our workmen said soil contours, as they were in May or June, would still have been preserved at the time of the eruption in late August. For they said it was unlikely that a crop would have been raised in this garden during the hot summer. The local farmers told me that it was not uncommon today to see the soil contours in a bean garden remain as they were at harvest time until the soil was prepared for planting in October.*

* No picture of these soil contours nor of the threshing floor could be identified.



The highlighted walled area in the middle distance appears to be the threshing floor.

The beans raised here would have been the broad bean (*Vicia faba*), of which we have found carbonized specimens in four gardens. It was an important food staple in antiquity and the only bean mentioned by the ancient authors.

Some days later, when Giuseppina took us to see some new excavations outside the Nola Gate, on a road off the via Nolana we saw a low walled masonry enclosure with a paved floor, exactly like ours in the



Pottery fragments that were perhaps on their way to becoming cocciopesto, *like the mystery piece they surround.*



This unidentified picture may well be a fragment of the threshing floor.

scavi. It was used for threshing beans. Bean hulls were piled on the floor. We remembered that the previous summer we had seen the family that lived above the villa of San Marco at Stabiae threshing beans with a *bacacco* on a pavement in front of their house. The next summer, when we went home with Renato's father, the custodian Vincenzo Vitiello, to visit his garden, we found that he had such a masonry enclosure in front of his house for threshing beans. No wonder he was such an expert when he took a hand at threshing beans at Stabiae!

There was little for us to do this year in the villa of Poppaea at Oplontis. We had gone over for one day, when Pelli's workmen were clearing weeds for us. First we looked for evidence of plantings in the little south courtyard garden (68 on plan) in the east wing. This was one of the four little gardens eventually found in



The pine (upper left) marks this site as being in the eastern garden. The wide, closest row and the most distant two rows appear to be the presumed bean rows.

this wing, all having walls covered with garden paintings. The soil had been damaged during the reconstruction of the villa but we were able to find four root cavities, logically placed.

In the southeast portico garden, we were glad to see that eight more columns had been excavated on the east portico, toward the south. This was the only place in this garden still protected by a substantial layer of original lapilli when we began work. We found a pot embedded in the soil in front of each column. We took soil samples for pollen analysis and for flotation.

When we returned to the villa weeks later, they had found the beginning of a pool along the east side of the east wing. When completely excavated it was discovered that Poppaea had an Olympic size swimming pool. Stanley mapped and measured the four root cavities that we had found earlier in the little courtyard garden. He took many pictures of the garden paintings on the walls of this garden, also of the view from this garden through the adjacent room to the unique little raised garden with garden paintings beyond. Marian and Ronnie were especially intrigued with the slave flashes, which he used for such difficult to photograph views. Mike posed for his portrait sitting on the edge of the little raised garden.



Fred was busy identifying the plants in the garden paintings at Oplontis. We found a hart's tongue (S*colopendrium*) fern pictured in one dado (low wall) of the villa. We had frequently found them pictured at Pompeii and we were sure that the ancient painters were depicting a plant that they knew well. But Fred had not yet found one growing in the Pompeii area. He spent most of his two weeks at Pompeii botanizing the area and collecting specimens for the U.S. National Arboretum Herbarium in Washington D.C. He was determined to find a specimen of the S*colopendrium*. One late afternoon, toward the end of his stay, when Fred returned from his collecting, he triumphantly pulled a huge *scolopendrium* plant from his plastic bag and presented it to me! He had inquired from a botanist at the Botanical Garden in Naples where he could find the S*colopendrium*. He was told to go to Amalfi, walk through the piazza past the cathedral, until he came to a stream and to continue along the stream until he came to a dam. On the opposite shore, S*colopendrium* were still growing. Fred waded across the stream, and there they were.

Late one afternoon Dr. D'Amore took us to Stabiae, so Fred could see the Villa San Marco and the Villa Arianna before he left. Adjacent to the villa of San Marco was a vineyard, typical of the area. The fruit trees planted throughout the vineyard were heavy with ripening fruit. And underneath, beans were growing. The vines were tied to chestnut stakes with poplar and willow withes, just as the ancient agricultural writers had recommended. It was Fred's first experience with such a vineyard and he made many photos.

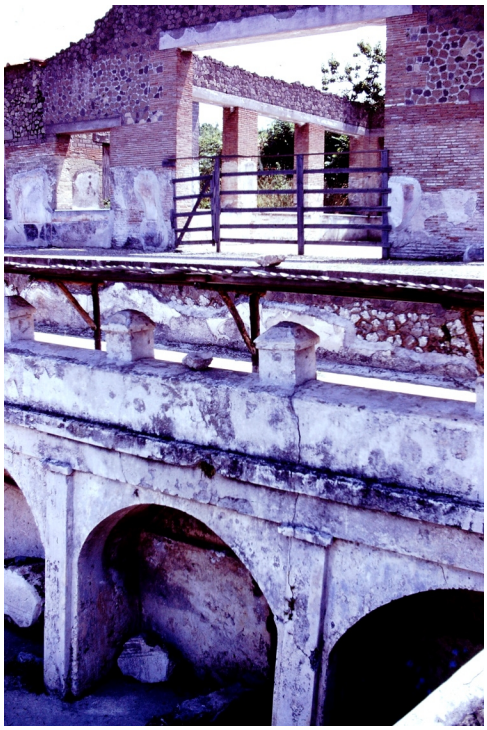
Early in her visit, Ronnie had bought a guitar, which the music store had reluctantly sold her. They didn't think that she would be able to play it. But how she did play! Before she left, she decided not to pack the guitar to take on the plane. But what to do with it? She remembered that the children in the orphanage behind the Rosario were greatly attracted whenever she played. She decided to give it to the orphanage. But she had great difficulty making the nuns understand that it was a gift, for the nuns knew no English. When they finally understood that she was giving them the guitar, they gratefully accepted and promised to pray for her.

Life at the Rosario was now very different from earlier days. The weddings continued, but many now came from great distances. This summer an especially elegant wedding took place, the participants arriving in limousines from Germany. The music at the large wedding dinner was so exceptional that the Rosario piped it throughout the hotel for the enjoyment of the other guests. My students were quite impressed.

One day Marian and Ronnie drove to nearby Paestum to see the Greek temples there. According to Ronnie, at one point she thought that Marian had wrecked the car. She jammed the brakes, stopped the car abruptly and jumped out. But Marian excitedly explained that she had spotted a dung beetle, which she certainly wasn't going to miss. She knew it only from reading about the scarab dung beetle in ancient Egyptian history. The dung beetle is large, three to four inches in height. She could see if forming and rolling a ball of dung across the road to its burrow, where it would consume the morsel during the following days. The ancient Egyptians believed the beetle laid its egg in the ball of dung and they saw in the life cycle of the dung beetle a symbol of immortality or resurrection. I was reminded of the scarab that we bought in Egypt from a fellahin (peasant) in the valley of the tombs. He claimed that he was selling "genuine antiques," but after failing to make a sale, in disgust he told us to take it for only a few pennies! It was a good copy of the scarabs found in the ancient tombs.



Fred Meyer and Hart's Tongue.



Perched on a bench on the mountainside, the Villa Ariana has large rooms with large windows for enjoying the view.

There was still much to do in our vineyard. Stanley was busy mapping the site and measuring the location of each root. Our "experts" cleaned the lapilli from each cavity, and we measured each one. Then casts were poured. We painted the tree-root casts white and the boys brought the white disks that we had used in the balloon photos and placed one on each vine root. At last the vineyard was ready, and Stanley took the final photographs.

We packed all our soil samples for pollen analysis and flotation that our friends at the British School in Rome were taking to Professor Dimbleby in London for us. Prof. and Mrs. de Franciscis invited us for a farewell dinner four days before we left. Giuseppina came to the hotel for a long visit on Sunday. Monday we covered the tree-root casts with large tiles and much lapilli to protect them. That evening we hurriedly packed and were ready to take the 6:20 A.M. train to Rome the next morning. We spent the day at the American Academy in Rome, caught the night wagon-lit to Paris, and were soon on the Queen Elizabeth II on our way to New York.

We were greatly surprised to learn the next morning that the Queen Elizabeth II was not on its way to the United States, but was returning to Southampton. A fire had broken out during the night and had been contained by closing the fire doors, but the ship was in no condition to cross the Atlantic. All passengers were taken by train to Heathrow, where we were put on planes for New York.



Balloon picture of Oplontis. North is at the top, and the villa faced south. The north-south center line of the villa is indicated by the the two green dots and the thin green line connecting them. Probably the villa extended some distance to the west under the road and the building now on that area, and the garden reached farther north.

1977 Roman Gardens in Switzerland. The Balloon at Oplontis

We had two objectives in 1977 – to visit the Roman sites of Augusta Raurica and Aventicum in Switzerland and to prepare our excavations at Oplontis for the balloon photos to be taken later in the summer. It was a wonderful summer. My sister Elizabeth and a good friend, Elizabeth Pavlosky, had decided to go with us. We were also taking our niece Holly Feemster, my younger brother's daughter. She was bravely trying to be philosophical after her fiancé had broken their engagement just a couple of months before the wedding.

We booked passage to Europe on the Queen Elizabeth II, which was again in fine shape, with a return by British Air. Life on the luxurious Queen (including its seven course meals) was an experience thoroughly enjoyed by Holly and Elizabeth P., their first experience on an ocean liner. Since it was their first trip to Europe they were of course anxious to see as much as possible. They were both teachers, (as was my sister) and they became great friends. Holly had recently graduated from Eastern Illinois University and had been teaching junior high school mathematics. Elizabeth P. had recently taken her M.A. at the University of North Carolina and was teaching English in a junior college.



Elizabeth G., WFJ, Holly, and Elizabeth P. waiting for a train in Paris.

London was, of course, a must. We were to arrive at Southampton very late at night. Holly and Elizabeth P., who weren't going to miss a thing, reported the next morning that our arrival was spectacular. It seemed that every ship owned by the British, from the largest to the smallest, was in the harbor to take part in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's ascension to the throne. We spent two days in London. Holly and Elizabeth P. knew exactly what they wanted to see, and their list was long.

We took the Hovercraft to France. Next stop, Paris. We had taken advantage of an irresistible travel package, which offered fifty percent off on the Queen, with return by British Air, and extremely good rates (fifty percent off on both room and meals) at the historic Hotel Intercontinental in Paris. I feared that Holly and Elizabeth P. would use all their film for the trip photographing the beautiful antique furniture in the spacious hotel halls and public room. The girls said they felt like they were living in a museum. The spectacular buffet luncheons were a big hit. We invited our good friend Madame Boyer to join us one day for lunch. Notre Dame and the Louvre were high on the list of places to visit, and we spent much time in both places. This year I was especially interested in the sculpture galleries. Elizabeth's favorite in the Louvre was the winged victory, which she had long wanted to see. Stanley took many photos needed for my publications and for class use. We all enjoyed our one-day trip to Versailles and its beautiful gardens.

Holly became absorbed in what we were seeing by day, but in the evenings she became pensive. One evening she wanted to talk, and I walked with her for hours through the streets of Paris. After pouring out her heart, she admitted it was probably for the best that the rejection happened before the wedding. She added that she would wait now until she could find a man as nice as her Uncle Stanley, whom she adored. She did, a few years later.

Our next stop was Basle, Switzerland. Here I was to meet Professor Rudolf Feldmann, editor of *Antike Welt*, who had asked me to write an article for his journal. When at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, Professor Feldmann had become acquainted with Professor Homer Thompson, who was much interested in my work on Roman gardens and had suggested that Professor Feldman contact me. Basle is the site of the Roman village and fortress Basilia, but the ancient site lies buried under the modern city.

After a most enjoyable lunch with Professor and Mrs. Feldmann at their home, he took Stanley and me to visit one of the most interesting Roman sites in Germania Superior, Augusta Raurica, modern Augst. It is in Switzerland located just seven miles from Basle. I was told that I would find a Roman garden there. The emperor Augustus established a colony at this important site, which commanded communications between Italy and Germany, as well as Gaul and the Danube. Professor Feldmann knew the site well and made it come alive for us.

The most impressive ruin is the theater. Only the high foundations of the temple on the hill above remained. But we could visualize how the temple would have been viewed by the spectators in the theater below, through a break in the stage wall. The entire site was so well kept that we were shocked to see that many trees were left growing in the theater seats. We shuddered to think of the damage the roots and trunks would do as they grew larger, raising and cracking the ancient



Seating has now been installed rising up to the top of the semicircular wall, and ...



the trees that in 1977 still shaded the spectators have been been removed from the upper tier.

stones.

Of the 52 *insulae* (city blocks) that had been identified, about twenty had the remains of houses that had been in part excavated, three completely. The remains were mostly low foundations, quite different from what we had become accustomed to at Pompeii. *Insula* 23, a short distance to the south of the theater, contained a Roman house and various shops. It had many hearths and a few remains of wall paintings. This *insula* had been completely restored, on the basis of evidence from other Roman sites where necessary. The window frames, for example, were patterned after those found at Vindonissa in Switzerland; a window grill was based on one in a nearby villa. This careful restoration served as a valuable addition to the adjacent Roman museum, and gave the visitor a good picture of life in the province. We were impressed with the portico, about ten feet wide, that bordered the *insula*, giving the pedestrians protection from inclement weather. We were told that they were typical of the city. It was here that I found my garden. The house had a small peristyle garden, enclosed by a portico on three sides, supported by five columns. various rooms opened onto the garden. But in this house in the cold north, two rooms still contained the remains of hypocausts, which furnished central heating. As at Pompeii, there were various shops in the *insula* attached to the house. This was obviously a quarter occupied by artisans. One shop was equipped for making sausages and smoking meat (5.35.77). Varro (*RR* 2.4.10) says that Gaul was famous for its hams and flitches. The Roman gourmet Apicius (2.4; 2.5.4) gives recipes for smoked sausage.



Temple site seen from the theater.

A wall painting found in a tavern in another *insula* was of great interest to me. It showed two men carrying a large amphora suspended from a pole that rested on their shoulders. The painting immediately reminded me of a similar one found in the early excavations at Pompeii. Apparently this was the common and logical way to carry an amphora. In the cellar of this same tavern, forty amphorae were found stored. They contained wine from Italy and Spain, oysters from the North Sea, fish sauce from Spain.

The next day we left for Italy. There was only time in Rome, before the train left for Pompeii, to give Holly and Elizabeth P. a quick view of some of the high points of the eternal city. They visited the city more leisurely later.

We arrived at Pompeii late in the evening on July 3, our train almost an hour late. When Holly and Elizabeth P. saw fireworks from the train they thought

Pompeii was getting an early start on a Fourth of July celebration for us, little realizing how many times they would see fireworks during their stay.

We discussed our work for the summer with Giuseppina the next day, and in the evening she came to the Rosario for dinner with us. We started work at the villa at Oplontis the next morning. During the summer we completed our excavations in the large park-like garden at the rear (the north side) of the villa, that we had begun in 1974. Last summer, the considerable area at the rear of this garden had still been covered with large stones and other debris left when the villa had been reconstructed and the retaining wall above had been built. The area had now been cleaned for us. A deep covering of original lapilli had been left, just as we had asked. There was much work for us to do in this garden before the balloon arrived.

We first started removing the top part of the deep layer of lapilli. The boys in jest suggested that Holly give them a hand. I think they were a bit surprised when she grabbed a shovel and easily kept up with them. She took her turn on the wheelbarrow too.

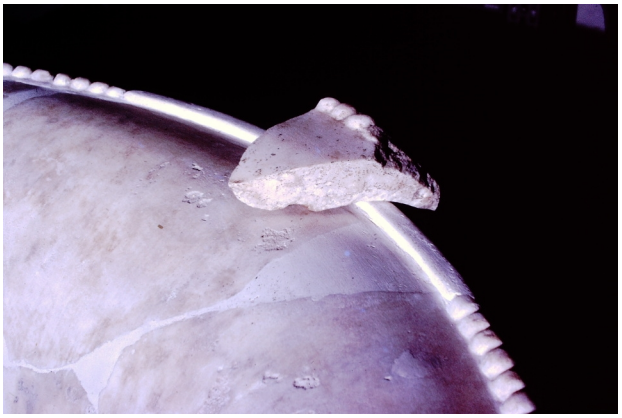
Dr. Fausto Zevi, the new regional Superintendent in Naples, and his wife came to Oplontis to see us a few days after we arrived, and we enjoyed showing them around our excavations. Alfonso de Franciscis had reached his sixty-fifth birthday and, according to Italian law, was forced to retire – a unwise law, we thought, that robbed Italy of the services of its most brilliant scholars at the peak of their careers.

When we had completed our excavations, the architectural layout of the garden became much clearer. (See the balloon picture at the beginning of this chapter.) A central walkway in the rear garden extended the centerline of the villa. At the east edge of the garden were two parallel passageways separated by a row of five huge trees, which were arranged in a mounded bed. We found the fifth huge tree-root cavity this summer. To the west of these passageways was a diagonal one, probably balanced by one on the opposite side of the central walk and still buried under the military building in the modern city. The two diagonal paths probably met the central walk at some point under the still unexcavated lapilli to the north. At this focal point, some object of significance was undoubtedly placed.

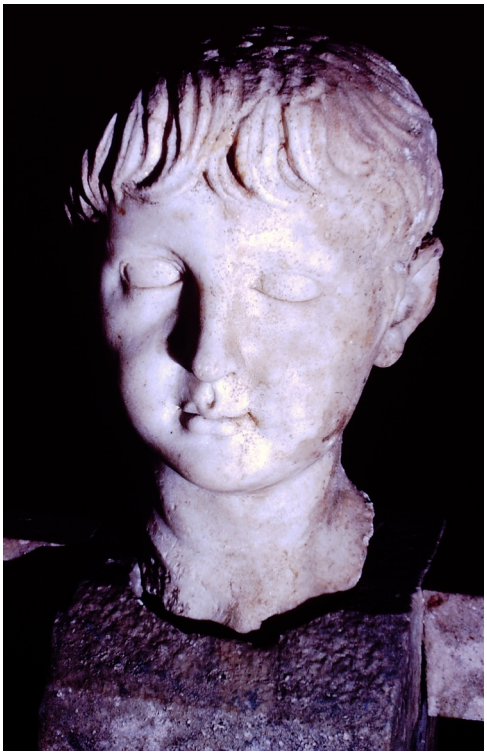
There was great excitement when we found a fragment of the lip of a beautiful marble crater fountain. The main body of the crater had been found earlier stored in a passageway in the villa. The lip had been patched by the restorers, but when we put our chip on the lip next to the repair, it was clear that we had found the missing piece. We wondered if the crater had been displayed at this focal point and our fragment dropped when the damaged crater was carried to storage after the earthquake. Subsequent discoveries by the Italian excavators, however, indicated another location.

In addition to the large group of cavities at the east corner of the east portico, and the one farther east near where we had found the portrait head, this summer we found to the north a third group of much better preserved root cavities. Upon close examination, they appeared to be the cavities of a dense thicket of twenty to twenty-five oleanders, seventy to one hundred years old. We discovered, flanking the central passageway, the bases and three tiny fragments of three of the four





The repaired crater and our chip from the rim.



marble centaur fountains that had been found stored in the rear east portico, facing the garden. Two of the centaurs were male. One with a club held a small boar on his shoulder, the other held a club and a crater. Two of the centaurs were female. One held a club and a lyre, the other a club and a fawn on her shoulder. Two centaur fountains had been on each side of the passageway. There was no evidence of pipes, however, so the centaurs were not used as fountains in their final location.

At the edge of the diagonal passageway on the east, four masonry statue bases were found. On them, the marble shafts that supported the sculptured white marble heads had been mounted. In 1975, it will be remembered, we found the portrait head of a woman of the Julio-Claudian period. In addition, the Italian excavators had found the head of the goddess Aphrodite, of the child Dionysus and a fine head of a Julio-Claudian boy, which some claimed was most certainly the child Nero.

These herms, set in the midst of clumps of plants, some larger than others, but all appearing to be oleanders, remind us of the garden paintings that show sculpture set amid masses of flowering oleanders. Only the shaft of another herm was found, but a small cavity where the missing phallus had been inserted and a few details of the hair still on the shaft were sufficient for Stefano De Caro to identify the missing head as that of a bearded archaic-type Dionysus. This was a popular garden decoration, and one appropriately displayed with the child Dionysus.

Most spectacular was the large branch (about six feet long) of a tree found in the volcanic fill, at a height of about eight feet, at the north edge of our excavations. It had the appearance of fresh wood, and it was believed that the tree could be easily identified. Scientists worked



on specimens for several years, both in England and the United States. But they found that the cellular structure had been almost all destroyed. Dr. Francis Hueber, paleobotanist at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C., worked weekends and far into the night, when he knew that my first volume was in the press; he was determined to identify the tree. In order to isolate individual cells, he treated the wood samples with chromic acid and nitric acid in combination. One night he phoned me late. Fortunately, he had found a few cells still preserved. Microscopic examination finally revealed that the large tree was an olive. I phoned my publisher, Aristides Caratzas, to report the good news. His immediate response: “All right, I'll do that page over. But sometimes I feel that I am publishing a newspaper, instead of a scholarly book"

The cavities left by the spreading branches of the huge tree, which grew in the still unexcavated part of the garden (as well as the branches of other large trees, which may be a part of a row of olives), could be seen in the cut in the volcanic fill. In this connection it was interesting to discover that, separated from the early villa but connected with the property, was a rustic building with a *torcularium* olive press which would indicate that olives were grown at the villa. We found a small carbonized crabapple, with seeds perfectly preserved in the southeast part of this garden. The two

small cavities nearby may be those of apple trees. The fruit was similar to present-day crabapples, and very similar to the small apples pictured so often in the wall paintings.

The tiny root cavities in a row at the east edge of the garden were identified by specialists as perhaps those of the daisy chrysanthemum, which is pictured in the wall paintings.

The small root cavities along the passageway are probably those of small woody shrubs, perhaps box, which was very popular in antiquity. The shrubs may even have been the topiary atrocities that were as much favored by the ancients as by their modern descendants. Pliny the Younger speaks with great enthusiasm of little "beds edged with box" at his Tuscan villa, of little "rows of box in the form of animals facing each other." He had box cut into numerous shapes, even letters that spell out the name of the owner as well as that of the artist.

The shell of a turtle and the skulls of a dog and a young goat were found near the large tree-root cavities.

The date for the arrival of the ballon was marked in red on our calendar. It was now in the care of Wilson and Ellie Myers, who had taken over the work after the Whittleseys had retired. We were quite shocked when they arrived one evening several days before the appointed date.

We still had much to do to get ready for the ballon photographs. Sicignano phoned our workmen and they were at Oplontis the next morning at 6.30. We put in a very long day, but eventually we had things almost ready. We still had the little south courtyard garden (70 on the plan) in the east wing to finish. Holly was of great help here. There were no root cavities but in the center of the garden we found a number of bones. Dr. Henry Setzer, of the Smithsonian Institution later identified them as the bones of two dormice, the edible dormouse (*Glis glis*) and the even smaller *Eliomys quercinum*. The bones of the small dormouse were probably those of a wild inhabitant of the garden. The bones of the edible dormouse may be the remains of a meal. We later found the bone of this species of dormouse in remains left from a meal in a garden in Pompeii. Roast dormouse was a food luxury much enjoyed by upper class Romans. The gourmet Apicius (8.9) gives a recipe for stuffed dormice. Trimalchio served dormice rolled in honey and poppy seed at his famous feast (Petronius, *Satyricon* 31.10).

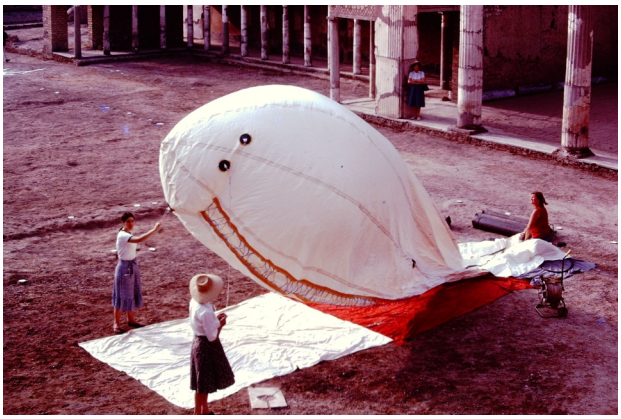


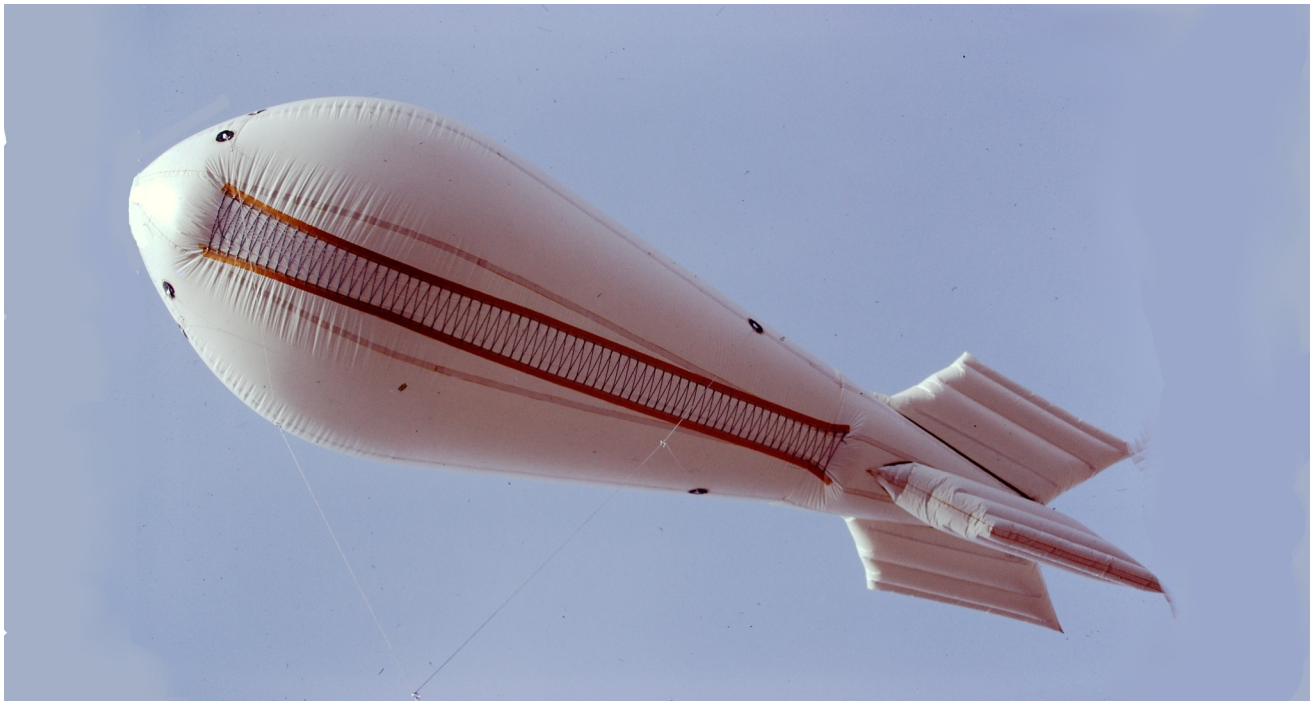
Removing lapilli by the shovelful. Note the large tree-limb cavity in the face of the cliff.

Wilson and Ellie Myers helped out nobly, sweeping and painting the large root casts white. White disks had to be placed on the many small roots

The time finally came to inflate the balloon. It was taken from the big red bag in which it traveled and stretched out on the ground. Hydrogen was slowly pumped into it. Holly and I were pressed into service to hold the guide ropes. My colleague from the University of Maryland, Jim Ferguson, and his wife Louise arrived at this exciting moment. Louise and Elizabeth P. took their turn holding the ropes; at one point Jim took over one rope, then my sister Elizabeth. As the balloon slowly inflated, it became obvious that this was no ordinary balloon. It had fins! The Myers said they had christened it the "pregnant guppy. "

Slowly it began to ascend. It was spectacular. A crowd of children and townspeople began to gather at the railing at the edge of the modern road above that





marked the edge of the excavated area. The balloon and the Hasselblad camera suspended from it were positioned by guide ropes. When the camera was finally in place, Wilson Myers clicked the camera. The camera, positioned directly above the villa, can get map-accurate photos, clearly showing planting patterns and often soil contours not visible from the ground. I described exactly what I wanted – a good picture of the villa with the excavated gardens.

All at once I noticed that the balloon was being sent higher and higher. This worried me, because I knew it was too high for the photos to be useful. But the photographer was apparently carried away and wanted to get photos of the modern town and perhaps even the bay, or perhaps just use up the rest of the film. Before I could reach him, the irate Stabian police appeared, wanting to confiscate our film. They said the balloon had gone too high and was photographing a military installation. (It was the old building adjacent to the villa that everyone knew about, and that could easily be photographed by anyone passing by.) I explained that all I wanted were the photos of our excavations. I suggested that they go back to Pompeii with us, where the Myers planned to develop the film at the Rosario, that they could see the developed film, and I would give them all the negatives of pictures taken at a greater height that included more than the villa.

They were difficult to persuade. Fortunately our *ditta*, the head of the firm that furnished workers and heavy equipment to the *scavi*, was in the new excavations in the east wing. He was much interested in our work and had become a good friend. He was much respected in the community and when he put in a good word for us, the police agreed to my suggestion. In the meantime, Wilson Myers had given me the film. I handed it to Holly and told her to take it to Pompeii. I didn't want to run any chance of it getting into the hands of the police. I had invested too much of my precious research grant in the balloon photo of the gardens at Oplontis, and I very much needed it for my upcoming book. Holly and Elizabeth P. and my sister arrived at Pompeii on the little Circumvesuviana before we did. We invited the police to watch as the film was developed. They had become quite friendly by then. When we showed them the developed film, they had lost all interest in it. They shook hands with us and said *arrivederci*.

Our remaining days at Pompeii were limited, for we were returning home earlier than usual. I was working hard on my *Gardens* book, and I looked forward to having uninterrupted time to write before fall classes began. There were still many photos to take at Oplontis, both of the gardens and of details of wall paintings, that I needed for my book. And of course we

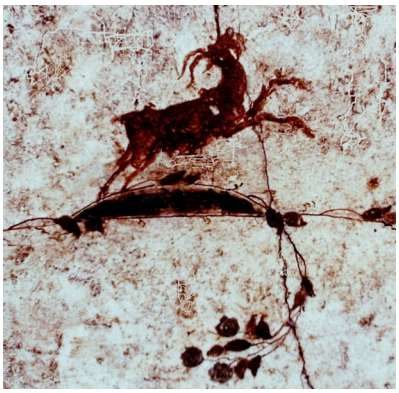


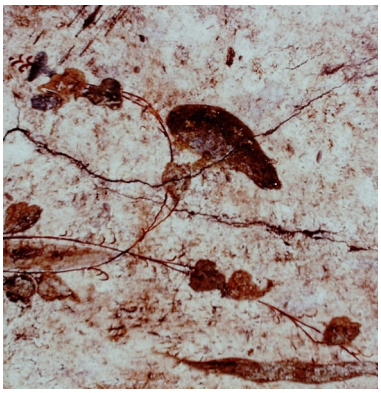
Detail of the balloon photograph for the rear garden area.

watched with interest the new excavations in the east wing. The garden paintings in the fourth little courtyard garden in this wing were slowly coming into view. Little more of the pool had been excavated, but of special interest were the unusually fine details in the paintings on the white wall of the portico facing the pool. Stanley took many detailed views. One was a goat; others were a European robin, a grasshopper, and a cricket perched on, or alighting on, delicately painted ivy garlands. These paintings were studied carefully by the various scientists who were working with me. Later, they were very useful in the book *The Natural History of Pompeii*.

Holly and Elizabeth P. were anxious to see Sorrento and Capri. Stanley had made reservations for them and my sister for two days at the beautiful La Scalinatella in Capri, which we had enjoyed so much. They came back bubbling with enthusiasm, and staggering under mountains of purchases. There had been little opportunity to shop elsewhere. Elizabeth P. searched the island for a special gift for Stanley and me, and finally settled on a beautiful Grazia Deruta platter, which we prized greatly.

I had been working on the section in my book on fish pools in the garden, and I wanted Stanley to take photos of several at Pompeii. Some pools (as in VII.ii.16) had terra-cotta amphorae built into the side of the pool to serve as a shady retreat for the fish or as a place for them to lay eggs. In the elegant garden of Julia









The colonnade, garden, and pool of Julia Felix.

Felix (II.iv), down the center of the garden was a long channel made of four connecting fish ponds crossed by little marble bridges. Small covered alcoves at the bottom of the pool provided shady recesses, excellent hiding places for eels, and other sea animals.

I had also been writing the section on mosaic fountains, and needed more pictures. The custodian Vincenzo Vitiello, father of one of our workmen, was extremely interested in our book and exceedingly helpful. He worked with us several days, unlocking doors all over the *scavi*, carrying a ladder to wash paintings, helping us clean a weedy place – whatever needed to be done to get a good picture for the book. But there was one mosaic fountain that I had looked for in vain for several years. I asked the archaeologists at the *scavi*, but no one knew anything about it. I knew it existed for I had read the long and detailed description of it in the old excavation report, which called it the most beautiful mosaic *aedicula* fountain yet found at Pompeii. But there was no photograph of it in the *scavi* archives. I even knew the address (IX.vii.25), but when we searched through that house there was no fountain.



Inside the vault of the hidden fountain.

I told Vitiello my problem. He knew exactly where it was. He had worked at Pompeii for many years and knew it well. We went immediately to photograph the fountain. But when he took us to the house, it was an entirely different one. He smiled and went to the garden wall, pushed aside the thick brambles, and exposed a round hole. He said if we would crawl through that hole, we would find the fountain on the other side of the wall. Holly made a dive to go through the hole, but Vitiello pulled her back. He told her there would be wicked brambles on the other side of the wall and they could tear her eyes out. He crawled in cautiously with his sickle and after some time he motioned to us to come in. When we got in, we saw why we had been unable to find the fountain at the address given. It was in the garden at the back of the house, past where the

excavations had stopped. The other side of the garden was open to the modern countryside and gave easy access to the *scavi*. For this reason the entrance to the back part of the house had been walled in.

Vitiello had cleared a path to the fountain, but the precious fountain was still covered with all manner of weeds and brambles. We very slowly and carefully removed them, but they had done their damage, loosening many a piece of mosaic, which had fallen to the ground. Stanley took photos, but the fountain was a sorry sight.

Some years later, I had an extraordinary piece of good luck. I was working in the library of CASVA (Center for the Advanced Study of the Visual Arts) in the National Gallery in Washington D.C., selecting old photos in the Alinari collection to be used in the second volume of my *Gardens of Pompeii*. A librarian brought me a collection of old photographs that she said were supposed to be from Pompeii, thinking I might be interested in them. They had been taken by a newspaper reporter many years ago and later given to the library. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw a photo of our mosaic fountain in perfect condition, the little white marble fountain statuette of Silenus still in place in the pool. There were also other valuable photos of the early excavations that I was glad to find. The librarian was happy to have the photos identified and pleased to have them used in my forthcoming book. It appears as a full-page illustration on page 243 of *Gardens of Pompeii*, v. II.

The next day my sister Elizabeth and Stanley went to Naples to get our train tickets for our return journey. In the evening after work Holly, Elizabeth P. and I went home with Vitiello to see his garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruit trees, also a considerable space planted in huge tuberoses that were just beginning to flower. He said they were a profitable cash crop, and much in demand for anniversaries, birthdays and to take to the cemetery. It was at this time that we discovered that Vitiello had in front of his house a masonry enclosure for threshing beans, which I described in the previous chapter.

Two days later we left for Rome on the 6:00 A. M. train. We made a short visit to the Terme Museum, in the Baths of Diocletian across from the railroad station. Stanley took several photos that I needed for my book. Then Stanley and I spent most of the day at the American Academy. We left our soil samples with Frank Brown to be left at the British Academy for delivery to Professor Dimbleby in London. Holly and the two Elizabeths much enjoyed eating in the beautiful garden peristyle at the Academy.

Our next destination was Berne, Switzerland. Before our appointment with the archaeologist working at the Roman site Aventicum, about 28 miles to the southeast of Berne, we had some time to explore Berne. We enjoyed the old town inside the bend of the Aare River, with its old towers, arcaded streets, many fountains, clock tower and magnificent cathedral. For my Humanities class, Stanley photographed some of the



The hole leading to the fountain.



Interior of the fountain.



Elizabeth and ivy-covered fountain.



Roman foundations at Aventicum.

stained glass windows and the famous tympanum of the main portal, which vividly depicts the last judgment.

We found ancient Aventicum to be much larger than the modern village of Avenches, which was built on a hill that was the site of the Roman capitolium. Over forty *insulae* have been identified. It was interesting to discover that they were frequently bordered by porticoes, as at Augusta Raurica.

We were warmly received by the local archaeologists, who explained in detail the current excavations in several *insulae*. But there was insufficient evidence to locate any gardens. The only monuments visible were the amphitheater, the theater, the temple known as La Cigognier (the stork's nest), which we were told had the only standing Roman column in Switzerland, stretches of the city wall, with a tower known as La Tornalliaz, and the east and west gates. The "Stork's Nest" temple, built on a high podium, and the theater were on the same axis and appeared to form an architectural and functional unit as at Augusta Raurica.



Aventicum Gate.

The little museum is housed in a medieval tower built above the main entrance to the amphitheater. Here we saw some of the precious objects found in Aventicum. We were surprised to see a fine sculpture of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, similar to the well-known one in Rome. We saw the famous gold bust of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, a bronze votive hand used in the worship of Zeus Sabazius, similar to the two found at Pompeii, among other things of interest. All too soon it was time to return to Berne. From Berne we left for Wengen, Stanley's favorite Swiss village, high in the Alps above Interlaken. We spent two glorious days there, and Stanley was in his element showing off a place he loved so much. Our last stop was Zurich, where our Swiss friend Trudi Boeppli, met us and took us to lunch. From Zurich we left by air for America. Another wonderful trip was history.





Oplontis statuary briefly on display in original places for Italian TV. Left to right: Faun and hermaphrodite, crater, Nike, Ephebe, and Hercules herm. The view is looking east across the southwest end of the swimming pool.

1978 Last Trip before the Book is Published. My First International Congress

Our publisher, Aristide Caratzas, was determined that our book, *The Gardens of Pompeii, Herculaneum and the Villas Destroyed by Vesuvius*, would be published in 1979. This would mark the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the eruption of Vesuvius in AD 79 and would be a big year in ancient classical studies. Our trip in 1978 was an important one, for it would be our last opportunity to check many details on the site and get still needed photographs. It was also important to excavate as much at Oplontis as they had been able to prepare for us, so this could be included in the book. We arrived at Pompeii late at night on June 20.

When we arrived at the *scavi* early the next morning, Stefano De Caro and Pelli were anxious to show us their latest finds, a beautiful crater and a bronze statue of Apollo that had been excavated in the House of Polybius, in the west room off the north peristyle. A hole had been made on one hand to adapt the statue for a lamp stand. In the evening Giuseppina came to the Rosario to have dinner with us. She invited us to go to the special service early the next morning in the little chapel of San Paolino in the *scavi*, for it was her Saint's Day. After the service we were invited for coffee and sweets to the home of one of the workmen who lived nearby. Here we were given a royal welcome by our friends in the *scavi*. We spent the rest of the morning in the Antiquarium locating and photographing three garden statues for our book.

In the afternoon, our good friend Giuseppe Vitiello, the *custode* and father of Renato (one of our workmen), helped us photograph three mosaic fountains, those in the House of the Great Fountain, the House of the Little Fountain and the House of the Bear. He carefully cleaned the many years of accumulated dust from the fountains and removed all the weeds so Stanley could get photos suitable for publication.

The next morning we were at Oplontis early. There was great excitement for the Italian state television company was coming. The statues of a Nike (Victory) and an *ephebe* (Greek youth) that had been found a few months earlier along the huge swimming pool at the south end were still being carried down from the store-room when we arrived. This was a slow and laborious undertaking, for it took many workers to transport a single statue. I held my breath when, with Sicignano carefully supervising, they suspended the heavy, larger-



Fountain in House of the Large Fountain.

than-life marble statue of the *ephebe* from two long poles that they carried on their shoulders and slowly moved down toward the pool.

Finally the two statues and a herm of Hercules on its pedestal were standing on their original bases. We were delighted to see that they had discovered the base of the beautiful marble crater fountain in a small pool in the garden area to the south of the swimming pool where the crater had been originally located. We had admired the fountain on a previous trip, for it had been found earlier, in the rear portico of the villa where it had been stored, probably after the earthquake. At the south edge of the pool was a fine, recently discovered sculptured group of a hermaphrodite and a faun. Both the crater fountain and the hermaphrodite statue had already been brought to their original location, ready for the television crew. Stanley was permitted to get spectacular photos for our book. These were vastly superior to the flash photos that he had taken of other statues in the dark and dusty storeroom.

The next nine days we spent at Pompeii checking things off my "list." For they were not yet ready for us to continue excavating at Oplontis. During the summer I walked through the entire *scavi* with my manuscript, taking a few *insulae* at a time, going into every house, checking my written description of each garden on the site. I also spent days in the office going through the many photographs that had been taken of the excavations through the years. I found some that were very important for my book, for they showed the condition of gardens that were excavated many years ago often with the statuettes found in them in their original positions. Giuseppina told me to give her a list of those I wanted to use and she had copies made for me before we left Pompeii. Stanley, meanwhile, was busy taking photographs in the Antiquarium.

One morning we were invited to a retirement party for two of the workers. Their friends stopped work and gathered in the courtyard of Giuseppina's office. There was great merriment, speeches, and refreshments. The two retirees were delighted when Stanley took their picture holding the bouquets of long-stemmed red roses



Fountain in House of the Small Fountain



House of the Bear fountain.

they were given.

Giuseppina invited us to go on a field trip on Sunday with the local branch of the the international association *Amici di Pompei* (Friends of Pompeii). The trip was going to the province of Salerno, an area that we had not yet seen. Stanley was thrilled that our itinerary took us high up in the mountains. I was particularly interested in our stop at the excavations of the Roman villa at Minori, for there was evidence of a garden.

One day we went to visit the botanist Professor Massimo Ricciardi at the University of Naples, "Federico II" at Portici, adjacent to Herculaneum. He told me he "was a baby on Vesuvius." He grew up on the lower slopes where his father had a large estate, It was exciting to see some of the carbonized plant material that he showed us. It had been found in the *villa rustica* of L. Crassius Tertius at Oplontis, where it had fallen from an upper story. He had studied the carbonized material carefully, photographing it, often



making SEM (Scanning Electron Microscope) photos, so he could more easily identify it. He was convinced that the material was hay that had been gathered in a vineyard and that the vineyard was on the nearby slopes of Vesuvius and not at Oplontis. One hundred and fifty meters up on the slopes of Vesuvius in a area 200 meters square he found 34 species of plants, 27 of which were in the Oplontis sample. He didn't find in the hay any of the plants that today grow at Oplontis, which is near the sea.

The discovery of this hay was a fortuitous find. From surviving ancient literary sources, modern scholars have compiled a list of 408 plants mentioned by Roman writers. In this hay, Professor Ricciardi



Crater in Garden of Oplontis



WFJ, Massimo Ricciardi, Grazia Aprile and Vincenzo Tione in the courtyard of the Orto Botanico.

found 130 different kinds of plants. Among these, 106 were identified by species, another 16 were identifiable only by genus, and 8 more were identifiable only by family. Among these 130 plants, 81 species and 37 genera were not on the list of 408. Thus, this hay considerably increases our knowledge of the plants that grew in ancient Roman times. We were thrilled when he showed us carbonized specimens in the microscope. Their unbelievably good preservation greatly facilitated identification. When he saw how happy I was to learn that he had found the violet (*viola*), he said he would send me one embedded in plastic.



Hermophrodite attacked by faun, on the southwestern edge of the Oplontis swimming pool.



The Oplontis Nike, the responsibility of victory.

Professor Ricciardi knew the Vesuvian flora so well that I asked him about the plentiful polypodium spores that Professor Dimbleby had found in our soil samples. I told him I hadn't seen it growing in modern Pompeian gardens. He laughed and pointed to the polypodium growing on the evergreen oak under which we were standing in the Orto Botanico. He said it also grew on walls at Pompeii.

He showed us with considerable pride the large cactus garden at the Orto Botanico. It had more different exotic varieties of cactus than I ever dreamed existed. It reminded us of the cactus garden that was an important stop on our "Friends of Pompeii" trip a few days earlier. Here many different exotic varieties were sold in pots to members of our group who excitedly picked out choice specimens for souvenirs.

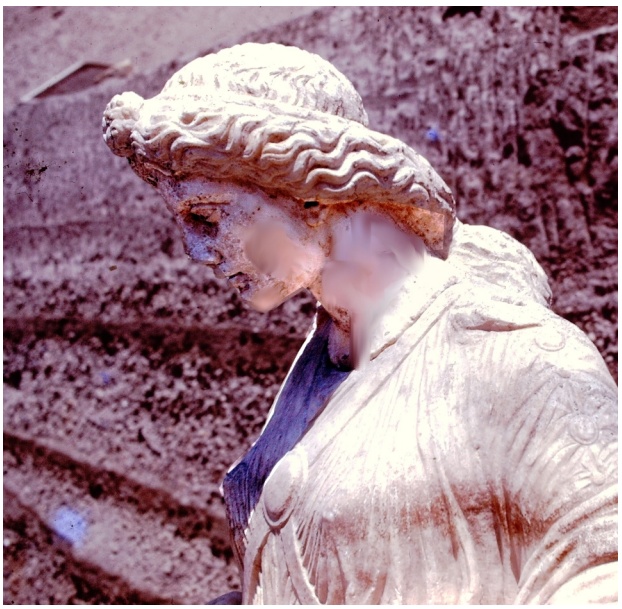
During the summer we did our first excavating in the south part of the area on the east side of the large swimming pool. It was here that they had recently found the two large statues of the *ephebe* and a Nike, the sculptured head of Hercules on a marble shaft, the bases on which they were displayed and five other statue bases, but without statues.



Preparing the ephebe for transport.

The *scavi* workmen had removed much of the lapilli, but we carefully removed that remaining and were delighted to find root cavities behind each statue base. Those behind statue bases one, two, four and five, counting from the S were of large trees. We found considerable carbonized material, which we carefully packed to send to Dr. Hueber at the Smithsonian Institution to analyze. We were delighted when he found that the small tree or shrub behind statue base VI was an oleander; oleanders are pictured so often in the garden paintings.

We also spent considerable time working in the southeast portico garden. We had previously found two rows of roots near the columns of the portico that enclosed three sides of the garden When we cleaned the lapilli from the root cavities, we found that in many locations the plants had been started in pots with four holes such as we had found at Pompeii in several gardens. In 1978, when we carefully removed the soil around each pot, we learned why we had not found many of the pots previously: the cavity did not come in contact with the pot. The pots appeared to have been broken before the plant was put in the ground, and part or all of some pots had apparently dropped off before planting, for not all the fragments were found in each location.





Two planting pots, one broken, the other at an angle.

Most surprising this year was the discovery of a second pot in almost every location in the inner row next to the columns The pots were not placed with their bases standing firmly in the ground, as were the first pots, but they were placed somewhat aslant, each one pointing toward a column. Our first explanation was that these pots had contained plants that were no longer growing at the time of the eruption, for we found no root cavities filled with lapilli. But when we removed the intact pots still full of soil, we discovered in each of them, at opposite edges of the rim, two tiny root cavities that reached to the bottom of the pot.

Raffaele and Renato, our experts this year, were country boys much interested in growing things and greatly intrigued by our unusual find and what might have grown in the pots they were uncovering. Sicignano, our foreman, was always full of sage advice. The size of the root cavities in these pots indicated that they were the roots of very large shrubs or small fruit trees of the size usually found in the area today. When Professor Fideghelli arrived with colleagues from Rome, he believed the fact that the plants had been started in pots indicated that they were evergreen. Most fruit trees –

cherry, plum, peach, apricot, pear and apple – would have been started from seed and then grafted. Today they are transplanted dry-root during their dormant period from November to March. Dr. Fideghelli pointed out that citrus trees, which are evergreen, are transplanted in pots today. He believed that our root cavities were quite possibly those of lemons, or perhaps citrons, which as we have seen, Pliny says were "transported in pots with breathing holes for their roots." Some of the pots were as deep as 60 centimeters – too deep, it seemed to me, for planting such trees. However that was vehemently denied by our workmen, even the youngest, who insisted that was the depth they planted these trees today. Dr. Fideghelli confirmed that this was indeed the current practice in Campania. Local farmers insist that deep planting is good because of the long dry season, in spite of the warning that it cuts off oxygen from the roots. The Department of Agriculture is trying in vain to change a practice many centuries old which apparently works.



The size of the root cavities clearly indicates that the plantings had been made after the earthquake of AD 62. This is significant for it is another example of the importance of the garden to the ancient Campanian. The villa had suffered severe earthquake damage, and was still in the process of being rebuilt, but the ancient owners had given highest priority to the replanting of the garden.

The problem of identifying the plants grown in the second pot found in front of almost every column in the row next to the portico, is no less difficult to solve. The small size of the cavities and the fact that these pots pointed toward the columns suggest that a climbing plant had been trained on these columns. The ancient Romans had very few climbing ornamentals. Ivy was widely used. We remember the way in which Cicero said his brother's landscape gardener had trained the ivy between the columns of his promenade.

Perhaps in this villa ivy was trained between the columns of the peristyle forming living garlands in the same way that it is sometimes used in European formal gardens today. It seems strange, however, to use pots for starting ivy, which is so easily grown, unless it was perhaps a matter of convenience to buy the ivy potted when many plants were needed.

We eagerly awaited the arrival of Professor John Foss, soil specialist at the University of Maryland. Stanley and I felt no study of the gardens of the Vesuvian area would be complete without a scientific analysis of the soil. The ancient Romans were well aware of the importance of good soil and knowledgeable about the various ways to maintain it. Their understanding of the complexity of the soil and its varied characteristics anticipates the approach used by modern soil scientists.

John arrived while we were working in the portico garden at Oplontis and he thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Fideghelli's visit. During his stay he studied the soils in the ancient gardens that we had excavated at both Pompeii and Oplontis and compared them with the modern soils at these sites. The soils in Campania are extremely fertile as the ancient writers well knew. We have noted in an earlier chapter that Strabo said Campania was so fertile that it bore as many as four crops a year. Strabo suspected what scientific analyses now show, namely that Campania owed its fertility to Vesuvius. Laboratory analyses show the Campanian soil to be generally coarse in texture, with loamy sands and sandy loams predominating.

John discovered that the soil had another characteristic that was very significant. It contained quantities of minute pieces of pumice, which because of its porous nature, was able to retain large amounts of moisture and thus make moisture available to plants. A scanning electron microscope photograph of a particle of pumice magnified 240 times shows vividly the many little pockets in which water was stored. This capacity of the soil made possible the maximum utilization of the available water, which was very important in the large gardens that I had excavated in the southeast part of the Pompeii, where the aqueduct had not yet

reached.

During the summer we made one trip to Herculaneum to check my descriptions of those gardens and to take a few photos. We also spent two days in the Naples Museum and were delighted one day to have a visit from Prof. de Franciscis, who was greatly interested in the progress of our book and had suggestions for possible publication grants.



Our time at Pompeii was almost over, but my list was dwindling. Stanley took considerable time photographing the newly discovered and unique garden paintings in the House of Polybius in the *cubiculum* off the north side of peristyle. The long narrow panel at the end of the bed on the west wall had a round, footed fountain supported by a tall column base with water bubbling up in the center and falling into the basin with many sprays. Facing the fountain on each side was the statue of a slender, bright-eyed female sphinx with the body of an animal, the foreleg reaching out toward the fountain. The garden was densely planted with flowering shrubs and trees on which many birds perched, all difficult to identify. The panel at the end of the bed on the east wall was in a much poorer state of preservation, the sphinx on the right almost completely destroyed.



At the very end of our stay we struck pure gold, or more precisely, it was handed to us. We were told to come to the House of Fabius Rufus, built over the west wall, where they had a surprise for us. We couldn't believe what we saw. They had just finished piecing together fragments of the most beautiful garden painting we had ever seen. They had put together about 30 pieces (30-70 cm in length). The fragments had come from the House of the Golden Bracelet, the first house to the north of Fabius Rufus, where they had been found in the fill, where they had fallen from the north wall of a room opening off the garden.

Stanley delighted in photographing a swallow perched on the most perfectly painted viburnum bush in flower that we had yet seen, a song thrush perched on a perfectly painted strawberry tree with its red ribbed fruit, a male golden oriole and many more. The colors were as fresh as if they had just been painted. What an addition to our book! Many years latter, the whole painting has now been completely restored and moved to the Naples museum.

We had less than three weeks when we arrived home before the university fall semester opened on August 21. There was much to do, getting our photos developed and catalogued, organizing the results of our summer's work, and preparing for our departure for London on September 2.

I had been quite thrilled and felt greatly honored to be invited by Professor Ward-Perkins, Director of the British School at Rome, who was much interested in my work, to give a paper on my excavations in the gardens of Pompeii and Oplontis at the International Congress of Classical Archaeology meeting in London September 3-9. This was to be the first of many

International Congresses in which I would take part, and the first to have a paper on Roman gardens. Previous International Congresses had concentrated on the periphery of the Classical world, but Ward-Perkins was anxious that this one concern itself with the archaeology of Classical Greece and Italy. Needless to say, my paper was the only mention of gardens at the Congress.

The Congress was beautifully organized, with many opportunities to see places of interest to Classicists. Monday evening there was a reception at the British Museum. Wednesday offered a rich choice of excursions. We chose Colchester, which we had not yet seen, although I didn't expect to find any evidence of gardens there. Most of the Roman colony, Camulodunum, which the emperor Claudius founded in AD 50 is buried under modern Colchester.



Venus of Oplontis

On the bus, Professor Roger Ling told me there was a site where they were doing some salvage excavation where they had found something they couldn't understand, and they would like to have me look at it. When I saw it I laughed and told him it was very familiar, that obviously someone from Italy was tilling this land. The contours were perfectly shaped, similar to those I had been finding in my Pompeii gardens.

I was glad to see the "vaults," all that remains of the temple of Claudius, under the Castle Museum and the model of the Temple in the Museum. There was a special opening of the Museum of London for members of the Congress on Friday evening, followed by a reception at the Guildhall. I was particularly interested in the reconstruction of various rooms in a Roman house in the Museum and bought slides to use in my classes.

The next day we went to Cambridge to visit our good friends Frank and Mary Walbank. There were several items from Pompeii and the nearby area in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge that I was anxious to examine and if possible include in my book. Frank had made the necessary arrangements, and when we arrived they gave us a warm welcome and graciously permitted Stanley to make photographs to include in the book. There was an interesting painting of cupids making oil on a press, that I wanted to include in my discussion of the perfume industry at Pompeii and the beautiful mosaic fountain niche with a garden scene from Baia. We next went to the Cambridge University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. Here Frank had made arrangements for Stanley to photograph the two little terra-cotta pigs from Pompeii, one in the form of a rattle. They suggest the interest a child would have in such animals, which were very common in ancient Pompeii.



1979 The Year of Pompeii. The Book is Published!

We did not go to Pompeii this year. This was the year of seeing the *Gardens* through the press. It was also the year of many lectures and colloquia, celebrating the 1900th anniversary of the eruption of Vesuvius. In early March, Ari invited us to New Rochelle for several days to talk to his staff, as they worked on the book and prepared to market it. We stayed in his mother's lovely home, where we were given a warm welcome. At bedtime his Austrian grandmother knocked on our door and came in for a visit. She thanked us profusely for letting Ari publish our book. We told her we were the lucky ones. We were surprised that she knew so much about our book. She said she had read the entire manucript and liked it very much. She said Ari always discussed his work with her. Ari was extremely fond of her and said that she had practically raised him.

In April I was invited to give a lecture on my Pompeian gardens at Columbia University. Later in the month, I was invited to talk on my gardens at the annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. It was a wonderful weekend seeing many old friends, including Beryl Hoyt, from my Indianapolis days, and Cece and Phil Noss, who were then at the University of Wisconsin. I was much involved getting ready for the Dumbarton Oaks Colloquium I had invited Professor Jorge Alarcão from the University of Cordova to come early and give a public lecture at the University of Maryland, which was enthusiastically attended, for we knew little about the exciting archaeological work in Portugal. Quite appropriately the first History of Landscape Architecture Colloquium at Dumbarton Oaks on ancient Roman gardens was held this year, for it was this tragedy that by overwhelming Pompeii, Herculaneum and the many villas in the surrounding preserved our most plentiful evidence on ancient Roman gardens. Here the gardens were preserved, just as they were on that fateful day in August AD 79. Elsewhere in the Roman Empire the evidence is preserved by chance and is fragmentary. When I was invited to plan this Colloquium, I feared that it would be difficult to find enough speakers who had excavated a Roman garden to make up a two-day program. I was greatly gratified with the enthusiastic response that I received when I began to invite participants, even though several said that they knew little about the gardens in the sites that they had excavated. But I assured them they could talk about the architectural context of the gardens. When we finally assembled it was with a sense of excitement that we were embarking on something new. It was the first time, as far as we could discover, that a group of people had ever gathered together to discuss the gardens of the ancient Romans and their role in ancient Roman life, in both Italy and the provinces. There have been countless symposia and conferences on almost every aspect of

antiquity -- on Roman law, government religion, architecture, wall painting, mosaics, pottery, the provinces, the limes, shipping, numismatics, to name some of them -- but on gardens, no. It seems strange to anyone who has worked on Roman gardens, that the subject should have been so long neglected. For the garden was intimately related to almost every aspect of Roman life: art, religion, architecture, economics, public and private life.

We began the symposium by looking back to the Greek heritage of Roman gardens. "Greek antecedents sculpture", discussed by Professor Brunilde Sismondo Ridgway, was the logical place to start. I then discussed the detailed evidence for the Campanian peristyle garden. Quite appropriately the first garden symposium was held in 1979, the year of the 1900th anniversary of the eruption of Vesuvius, for it was this tragedy that – by overwhelming Pompeii, Herculaneum and the many villas in the surrounding area – preserved our most complete evidence about early Roman gardens. After discussing the gardens in Campania, we next went to the provinces, Britain, Spain and Gaul. It was of interest to see the character of the Roman garden as it developed on non-Italian soil.

Professor Barry Cunliffe summarized what was known to date about Roman gardens in Britain, noting that careful excavation at the small rural villa at Frocester Court, Gloucestershire had revealed five areas of garden soil that appeared to be prepared beds for plants. He then described in detail his excavations in the gardens of the luxurious villa at Fishbourne, near Chichester in Sussex.

Professor's Jorge de Alarcão and Robert Etienne described the gardens with spectacular water displays in four houses that had been excavated at Conimbriga, Portugal from 1930 to 1944. Alarcão and Etienne had also identified a garden in the palaestra of the baths of Trajan at Conimbriga that they had excavated. Professor Marcel Le Glay described the grand peristyle gardens with their unique pools at Vienne and SaintRomain-en-Gal. But, as at Conimbriga, these gardens could be described only in their architectural context. The discussion of some sculpture from Roman domestic gardens by Dr. Dorothy Hill completed our program. Animated and fruitful exchanges took place in the discussion periods after each paper, during the coffee hours and at mealtime. During the closing remarks at the end of the final session, the various speakers enthusiastically summarized the new insights and new directions for excavation and research that had resulted from the symposium. **A new field of specialization in Roman studies was coming into being**. There was a realization that the complex Roman civilization could not be fully understood until we inquired more deeply into the character and significance of the garden in Roman life.

After the symposium, the discussions continued in correspondence and in visits. For the first time some archaeologists were becoming aware of the importance of salvaging every possible bit of information relating to gardens. Until recently most archaeologists had either ignored or destroyed the precious evidence for gardens at their sites, not realizing that such evidence was there. The architectural setting of the garden was all that was noticed. The find spots of garden furnishings were not even noted. Any evidence of plant material, wood, seeds, fruit, pollen, bones, the role of water, soil contours, planting beds, etc., which could be salvaged only at the time of excavation, was forever lost.

In June we went to Iowa for a college reunion at Westmar University, with which my undergraduate college, York, had been merged by the religious organization which controlled both. Again I was asked to give a lecture on my gardens. It was especially enjoyable because my sister was also there, as well as many friends from college days.

Other symposia followed, devoted exclusively to the Vesuvian sites. The Southern Historical Association asked me to plan a panel for its annual meeting in Atlanta. This was a departure for an organization that had never had a program on antiquity. It was a busy year, reading proof, consulting with our publisher who came often to Silver Spring, planning and taking part in the various programs, in addition to teaching a full schedule at the university.

The *Gardens* came out in December! It was a beautiful book and exceeded all our expectations. It was on display at the annual meeting of the American Archaeological Association that met in Boston in December. Quite appropriately, the last program that I planned for this year was a panel on Pompeii for this meeting.



House of the Jets, Conimbriga, Portugal

1980-81 The Book *Festa*, Boscoreale, Dumbarton Oaks

We now awaited the reviews of our book, but not without some trepidation. Reviewers always find something to criticize. The first review came to me from a lawyer friend in New York; his wife had found it in the London *Times* Literary Supplement. It was a glowing review with a colored photo of a warbler sitting on a stake near a beautiful red rose, a detail from a garden painting in the House of the Golden Bracelet. It was written by Andrew Wallace-Hadrill, who later became the Head of the British School in Rome and a good friend.

The *New York Times* had two enthusiastic reviews, one in their review section, and the other in their science section. Stanley came home one day elated because *The Wall Street Journal*, which he took at the Lab, had an enthusiastic review. We certainly did not expect it to be reviewed there. Several of Stanley's former friends with whom he had lost contact wrote him, which pleased him greatly. We were getting spoiled – the reviews were all so good. In addition, I was greatly pleased because they gave Stanley so much credit for his important part in our work.

I got several phone calls from a *Washington Post* columnist Henry Mitchell who wanted to come out and interview me. I always said 'no' to reporters because the stories about Pompeii that appeared in the newspapers were always full of errors. They always insisted Pompeii was destroyed by lava when Vesuvius erupted. Had that been true, we could not have excavated the gardens.

During the spring semester, I was honored by being invited to give the Chancellor's Lecture. After the lecture the Chancellor came up congratulating me, and he had with him a man whom he introduced as Henry Mitchell, the *Washington Post* reporter who had been phoning me, and he asked me what time tomorrow could he come out to interview me.

I had no choice! He turned out to be a delightful person. He knew a great deal about Pompeii and he had read my entire book carefully. He wrote a wonderful



Water Jet fountain in Lincoln Nebraska, home of the University and the State Capitol.

review, the first of several stories he wrote about me. When my chairman's wife heard that I had refused to talk to him, she was dumbfounded. She said she would be overcome with joy if he had asked to interview her.

I was greatly surprised and greatly humbled when I was told that I had been named the most outstanding woman on the University of Maryland campus by the Chancellor's Commission on Women's Affairs. I was invited to give a public lecture and, much to my surprise, I discovered that they had invited many of my former students, some of whom I had not seen for many years. They came up to the podium immediately after the lecture to talk with me, and we talked so long we did not even get to the refreshment table!

The last semester was a busy one, finishing classes, grading exams and getting ready to go to Pompeii for the big celebration of the book, and preparing for my Dumbarton Oaks seminars.

On the last day of class in the spring semester of 1981, I was surprised when a reporter from the *Washington Star* asked if he could sit in on my Pompeii class. He was writing a series of feature articles on exceptional professors in the Washington area Universities. It so happened that on the last day my students were having a mock meeting of the *Decuriones*, the governing body of Pompeii. They had studied their roles carefully, and brought up problems the city was facing, and tried to find solutions, voting on certain issues. The reporter was quite impressed with their information and the accuracy with which they played their respective roles. Later, he interviewed me; and I observed that he had talked to many of my students too.

At commencement time, we went to the University of Nebraska, my Alma Mater for my M. A. degree. They were honoring me by awarding me an Honorary Doctor of Humanities. The Commencement ceremony was most impressive. Stanley got good pictures. My brother William met us on the train in Chicago and went with us for the ceremony. My college friend Ardith Kull Melloh, and her husband the recently retired Dean of the College of Engineering at Iowa State University, also came, as did several friends from York.

I was quite surprised and honored when the president of the University of Maryland, John Toll, and his wife Debbie said they were going to have a book signing party for me. They were most happy about the good reviews. They asked me to give a talk about my work before the book signing, which was to be followed by a luncheon. They told me to invite any special friends that I would like. I invited my doctor, Dr. Morris. I thought she would be pleased to be invited for she had told me she kept a special folder with all the newspaper articles about my work. But I did not expect her to come, for she was a very busy doctor. I was very

surprised when she appeared early in the room to have her book, which she had just purchased, autographed. The Tolls had of course invited Ari and his brother Georgio, who was at that time his business manager. I also invited Senator Mathias, the Republican Senator from Maryland. He had phoned me to congratulate me on my book when he saw the good reviews. He invited me to have lunch with him in the Senators' dinning room at the Capitol; he also invited Liz Moynihan, the wife of a powerful Democratic Senator. We had a wonderful time talking about Pompeii gardens. Roman gardens know no political boundaries. Liz was very interested in gardens, and we became good friends.

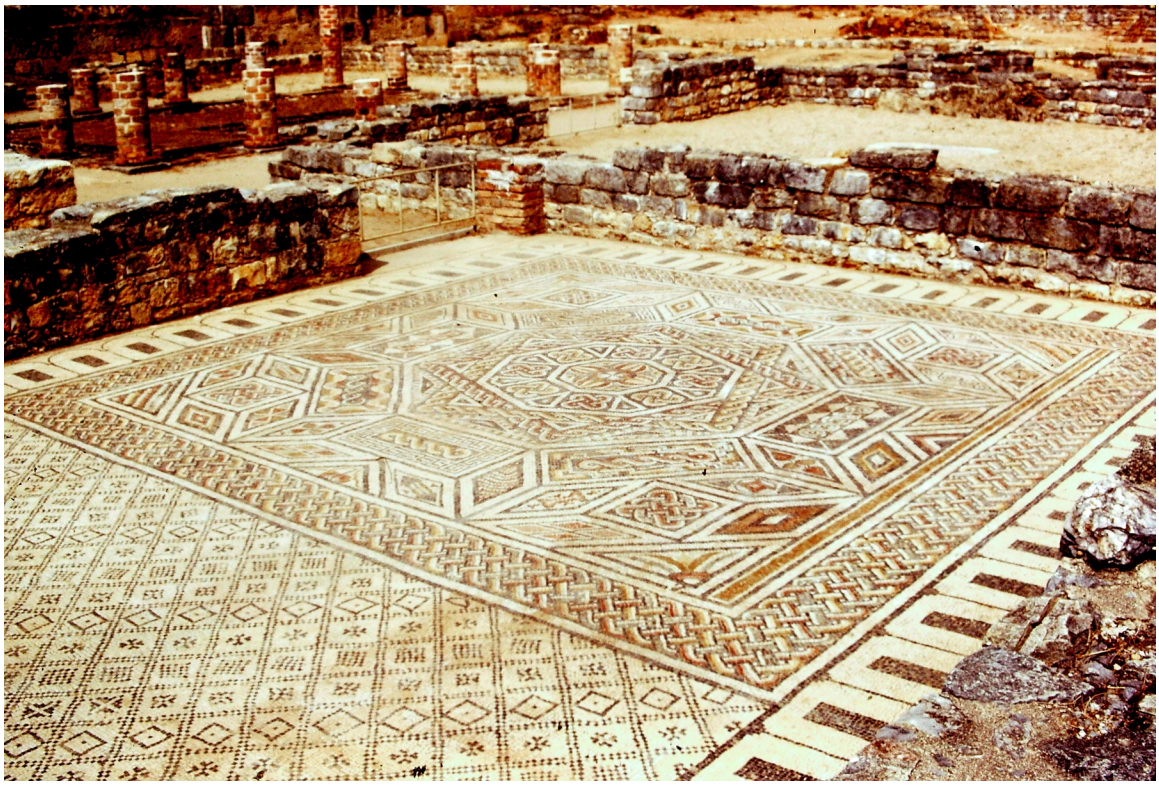
After the luncheon, the Senator said he wanted to show me the Capitol. I said I had seen it many times when showing it to out-of-town guests. He said, "You haven't seen what I am going to show you." When he opened a door and took us into a room, I could not believe my eyes. It looked as if we had just stepped into a beautiful Pompeian house. He said few people had seen this room, that it was the room in which he held his committee hearings.

He said he was terribly sorry he would be out of town for the Toll luncheon, but asked if he might send his sister and her daughter, a beloved niece, in his place.

The lunch was fabulous. Debbie was terribly pleased that she could get lobster that was just in season for the lunch. The lunch was in a spacious tent that they had put up in the beautiful garden of the presidential mansion. It was filled to capacity with 100 guests. After the luncheon, the president talked briefly, and then introduced one of my students of many years ago, now a prominent member of the Maryland Legislature. He spoke warmly of my Humanities class and how it had introduced him to so many fields – art, music literature, architecture – that he didn't dream existed. He also met his wife in my class.

It was soon time to get ready to go to Pompeii. We were so impressed with the beauty and uniqueness of Prof. Alarcao's spectacular gardens in Conimbriga, that we decided to accept his warm invitation to visit him on our trip to Pompeii in July. We arrived in Lisbon on July 1. The next morning, Dr Alarcão met our bus at Coimbra and took us to Conimbriga, He and his wife, who was also an archaeologist, had both received their doctorates at the London School of Archaeology.

The House of the Jets was spectacular and unlike anything we had ever seen. The closest thing to it is the



One of numerous Conimbriga mosaics.

Flavian Palace garden on the Palatine in Rome, and scholars have speculated as to whether the Spanish could have been influenced by the Roman example. Such gardens required much water; here it was brought by an aqueduct from the great spring three kilometers northwest now called Alcabideque. The arches of the aqueduct are still standing.

Only four houses and part of a fifth had been excavated. Prof. Alarcão and Prof. Etienne, of the University of Paris, were excavating the Roman palestra and adjacent baths. However, there was much to see.

The gardens were so clean, not a weed in sight – so unlike Pompeii. We understood why when we saw Dr. Alarcão's chagrin when he discovered that the workmen had not quite finished removing all the geraniums that he had told them to take out before we arrived. At the colloquium, I had stressed that the Romans did not know the geranium. But every year when we returned to Pompeii, the geraniums were back in the gardens from which we had had them removed the previous year. The tourists loved these showy flowers.

Since this was our first trip to Portugal, we lingered in Lisbon and places nearby to enjoy the picturesque sites, including the fishing village of Sesimbra. We went to the famous wine cellar in the village of Azeitão and across the Arrábida mountain to the monastery of Jesus of Setúbal. There was so much impressive and famous art in the area.

In Lisbon, we visited the cathedral and the monastery with its beautiful garden, the Tower of Bethlehem and the Monument to Henry the Navigator. We crossed over to eastern Portugal to Evora to see the so-called Temple of Diana.

We stopped at Geneva on our way to Milan to visit Giuseppina and make plans for the festa. We had time to visit Calvin's cathedral, his home, Knox's church, and the Reformation Monument, all of which Stanley photographed for my humanities class.



House of the Jets with jets on.



Close-up of the jets.

Giuseppina had been made superintendent in Milan. We arrived there in time for her to take us to a Japanese restaurant for dinner. She had made plans to take us to the famous Villa of Catullus at Sirmione, some 70 miles to the east but but in her superintendency. But unfortunately a sudden call saying that an important visitor from Rome was coming to see her required us to stay in the city. We did have time to make plans for the book festa, and we took the opportunity to visit the Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, which we had long wanted to see. Unfortunately the monastery had been very badly destroyed by bombing but the famous painting of Leonardo only badly cracked. It was covered with scaffolding, but by slipping the camera between the opening in the scaffolding, Stanley got a few good pictures of details.

We stopped briefly in Rome on our way to Pompeii. Bob Curtis met us at the train. We went briefly to the American Academy, then on to Pompeii, where we arrived at 9:18 p. m..



Serving table for the Book Festa.

Our stay in Pompeii was to be brief this year: from July 10 to 27. There was still much to be done on my catalog volume of Roman Gardens. This year I especially wanted to begin reading the handwritten Pompeii Inventory Books that Dr. D'Ambrosio had carefully put in order, and made usable; everything found in the excavations that they covered was described with measurements, condition, inventory numbers, and where stored. In my Pompeii catalog. I wanted to include all the available information, with photos, for each garden.

We planned to check certain entries for the catalog volume of Pompeii Gardens, talk over a list of archaeological problems with Stefano De Caro, now director at Pompeii, and photograph some statuettes and other garden furniture in the Pompeii Antiquarian Museum and in Naples.

On July 14, Stefano dropped a bombshell. He told us a *villa rustica* had been discovered at Boscoreale, just a kilometer north of Pompeii, on the lower slopes of Vesuvius. In the past, various ancient villas had been temporarily excavated in the area occupied by modern Boscoreale and Boscotrecase on the lower slopes of Vesuvius.

The farm building of this villa rustica had been discovered when putting in the foundations for high-rise apartments to be built there. Fortunately the villa and the land immediately surrounding it were declared a permanent archaeological zone. Stefano took us to see it and asked us to excavate the limited area he had prepared. He offered to pay for the workmen. The next day, we began work.

This site is unusually important, for it was the first time in the entire Vesuvian area that there had been an opportunity to excavate farmland attached to a villa.

Almost immediately, we found a path, but it puzzled us that it had a different orientation from the villa. There were ruts in the path, left by a cart. The ruts were the same distance apart as the distance between the wheels of a cart that had been found in the villa. The ruts became better preserved as the path turned toward the farmhouse.

Santolo and Raffaele found many cavities of varying sizes. The land was planted in a vineyard, with occasional trees. They found carbonized seeds and other plant material, and took soil samples to test for carbon.

Very late that night, my sister, Elizabeth Gladden and her daughter Sally, arrived from Washington state for the celebration. Sally's sister Ruth, who had been with us before and was now on a Fulbright Fellowship at Cambridge, also came. Santolo went to Pompeii to bring them to Boscoreale the next noon. The girls were delighted that there would be more excavation, while they were there, but my sister was disgusted.



WFJ, Stefano De Caro, Giuseppina Cerulli, Alfonso and Serenella De Franciscis, and Stanley Jashemski.

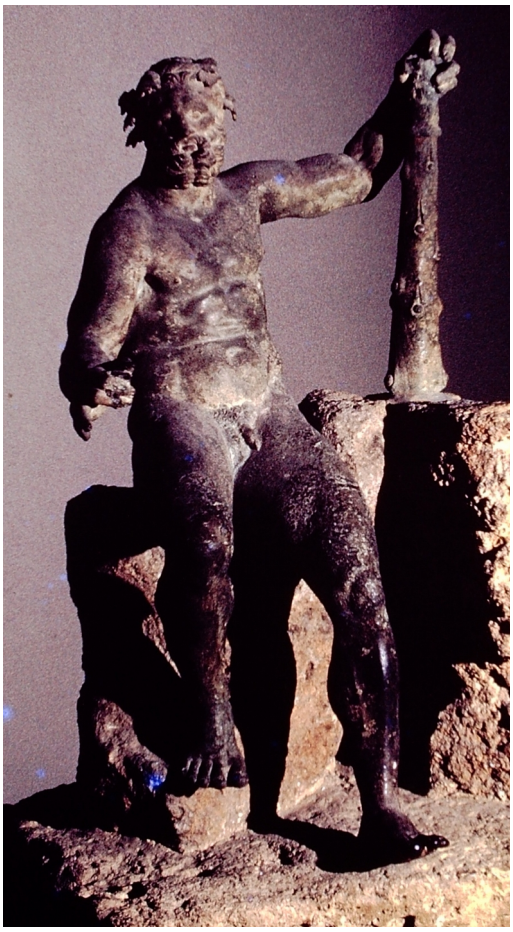
Saturday, July 19, 1981 was to be a big celebration for "The Book". My workmen could hardly wait to see it. Little did they know that I had written in my contract with Ari that he would furnish a copy for each workman. The Scavi offered to put on a sumptuous luncheon in any garden I chose. The garden of the Forum Baths was the obvious choice. Tables were set up in the peristyle from which we had a good view of the garden. I invited my workmen and their wives and those in the administration who had played such an important role in our work. I think it was the first time that workmen and members of the administration had sat down to dinner together.

Alfonso de Franciscis, who had retired, was there with his wife, Serenella. Giuseppina came from Milan. They and Stefano De Caro, now Director of the Excavation at Pompeii sat with us at the head table. After the lunch, I thanked everyone there for their part in making the book. I then presented Alfonso with the first book. As luck would have it, the book opened to page 321 with the big color photo of the Matrone Hercules, which was his prized acquisition for the Naples Museum. He held up the photo, so every one could see it, and there was great applause. I had been surprised when he suggested that Stanley photograph it, for it had not been published, but Dr. de Franciscis said he wanted it in the book. I next presented Giuseppina and Santolo with their books.

The plan was for Sally and Ruth to take the autographed books from the table and give them to the appropriate workmen. But when they saw the table full of autographed books brought in, they could not wait for the girls to bring their books to them, but came to get them. They could not wait to look at the book. Of course, they could not read the English; but they knew the pictures well and they knew what the text would say. And of course, each one looked at every picture to see how many pictures he was in. Raffaele was dismayed







Matrone Hercules



Boscoreale after 1981 excavation.

that another had as many pictures as he did. But the next day he gleefully pointed out that he had found an air view that included a picture of his house, so he had the most pictures!

The land cleared for us to excavate was a small area, and Santolo and Raffaele had the cavities cleaned and measured, and casts made in a few days. Stanley carefully plotted each cavity. The boys painted the casts of the tree roots white, and Ruth painted disks with which to mark the locations of the vines for the photos Stanley took. Stefano De Caro said they would have more of the farmland ready for us to excavate next summer. And they did.



Wilten Basilica in Innsbruck.

We were now ready for our vacation in Austria and Switzerland. We took the *wagon lit* to Innsbruck, where we had three glorious days, enjoyed visiting the churches such as the rococo basilica in the Wilten area of the city, took a trip to the mountains that towered above the city and a side trip to the nearby picturesque village of Garmisch. It was good to get back to Freiburg again, to Interlaken and Stanley's beloved mountain village of Wengen, followed by a trip down the Rhine.

Later that summer Stanley and I went back to Boscoreale and found that in the space prepared for us, in the back of the villa. the vineyard continued. The vines were

informally planted as in some vineyards at Pompeii. Some were staked; others were attached to the small trees found throughout the vineyard. We also found more carbonized grapes and seeds.

Professor Sigurdson, a volcanologist, visited our excavations and he pointed out that, in the new cut that had been made to prepare the part we were to excavate, the stratification of the fill that covered Boscoreale was clearly visible and quite different than at Pompeii. First there was a substantial airflow of pumice up to a thickness of 1.45 meters. Next came a brief ground surge made up of coarse pumice.

It was soon time for me to get home for my Dumbarton Oaks Seminar. I was surprised at the interest. It was good to see some of my old students, including Frances Bernstein, who was finishing her PhD on the interesting and timely subject of "Women at Pompeii." There were also students from other area universities that gave them graduate credit for the course.

The seminar was a new venture for Dumbarton Oaks and the universities appreciated the opportunity. There were also members of Dumbarton Oaks, including Evy Constable, a talented plant artist and wife of the Director of Dumbarton Oaks, A photographer told me that before coming to Dumbarton Oaks, her work was as a plant specialist. Senator Mathias had asked me if his niece, who had just graduated in Art History at Bryn Mawr was eligible for the course, and she certainly was.

During the fall semester we studied ancient gardens. One of the Byzantine fellows gave a most interesting and provocative paper on the possible influence of the surviving Roman gardens in Spain on Muslim gardens. In the spring semester (1982) we studied Roman gardens, especially Pompeii. Two nurses did wonderful research on the medicinal uses of plants. Also during this semester I was also invited back to Maryland as a Distinguished Scholar-Teacher to give a seminar on Pompeii gardens.



The Rhine, vineyards and castle.



Koblenz cathedral.



1982 Getty Museum, My Darkest Hour, Boscoreale



In the spring, Stanley and I were invited to the Getty Museum at Malibu, California, where we were treated royally. I gave a lecture, and they said that Stanley's pictures were by far the best that had ever been shown there. After the lecture, they had a sumptuous Italian banquet. After the dinner, the owner of the restaurant that put on the dinner asked me if everything was all right. He said Getty had told him that I had worked many years in Italy and I would know. I assured him it was a real Italian meal, and he was happy. The next day they gave us a good tour of the Museum and even the storerooms. Then they took us into the gift shop and told me to take anything I would like for a souvenir. I took some cards and a small book and they said "No, much more." And they gave me several beautiful choice items, including a replica of a lovely little head of Venus, with a pearl earring in one ear, just as she had been found.

Our trip was made even more enjoyable, by seeing many old friends. Norma Goudy Thorson, who had stayed at our house during her freshman year at York and had been a close friend ever since, and her husband Bob, who had just retired as city engineer of San Diego, were there the entire time. Our godchildren, Elizabeth and Katie also came, and former students, who now



Norma Goudy Thorson with Stanley and Wilhelmina.

lived in Malibu, invited us for dinner at their home one night.

When we returned, I spent much of my time at Dumbarton Oaks since it was such a pleasant place to work. Since I wasn't teaching, we decided to go to Pompeii later than usual and enjoy the fall weather there.

On July 17, 1982, Stanley and I celebrated our 37th anniversary. That night after we had gone to bed and were talking, I asked Stanley if he thought that we would ever celebrate our 50th anniversary and he said, "Of course we will."

The next morning he went to work. But he first took the metro into Washington to within two blocks of George Washington hospital where he was taking a therapy class for patients who had recently had a heart attack or heart operation. After some time I had a call from the hospital telling me to come immediately, that Stanley had had a massive heart attack. It seems that, after the class, he had stopped at a nearby bookstore to pick up some items he had ordered to take to Pompeii, and he was returning to the metro when he had the heart attach in front of G. W. When I arrived with my friend Molly Kaulfuss, who lived across the street, they wouldn't let me see Stanley, but in a few minutes they came back and said he had died.

All at once my whole world stopped. What happened next was all a daze. I do know I called Henry Ferry, but Carol said he wasn't home, but she would locate him. In a few minutes he was at my door with things to stay all night. He stayed with me until my family could get here a few days later, and was a great comfort.

Ari was here as soon as he got the word. I was surprised when I went to the door and saw him in work clothes instead of his smart business attire. He said he knew there was work to do and he was ready to get started. The plan was to have the memorial service at our church, the Takoma Presbyterian Church, and then invite everyone to a lunch in our garden. Sally had great fun working with him but was surprised at the skill with which he cleaned the garden furniture. He told her that he was an old pro. His father owned a big steamship line; and when Ari wanted to major in Greek and Latin in college, and not take over the family business, his father disinherited him and refused to pay his college expenses. Ari paid his way through college by cleaning steamship decks.

The memorial service was beautiful. Henry was the logical person to give the eulogy, and it was moving. For special music, I wanted Stanley's favorite violin concerto by the Polish composer Henryk Wieniawski. It had been played at our wedding by the violin professor of the college conservatory. I asked my friend, Mary Traver, a piano teacher and a part-time professional pianist, who might be able to play it. She said it was a very difficult composition and couldn't be worked up in such a short time. But she asked a violinist and good friend who, as luck would have it, had been working on it. She was glad to play it for us; it was a favorite of hers also. The church was crowded. Stanley had so many

friends, from the lab, the church, Dumbarton Oaks and the town; and they enjoyed meeting each other at the garden luncheon. Many came from great distances.

I had given up all thought of Pompeii. I gave no thought to going without Stanley. But friends told me that Stanley would want me to go and finish the work we had started. Then Giuseppina phoned from Italy and said that of course I must come, that Stanley would want me to finish our work there. She said that she had everything planned. She would come from Italy and go back with me, and I could stay with in her apartment in Pompeii while I was there. She knew that I could never go back to the Rosario with all its memories, without Stanley. But I said, "Giuseppina, your apartment is up a flight of stairs. She said that was all taken care of, that she had arranged to trade apartments while I was there with one of her assistants, who had an apartment on the ground floor in one of the huge houses on the unexcavated part of the scavi. When our work was finished, she would come back on the plane with me, and stay a few days in Silver Spring.

When I told Henry, who had been encouraging me to go back and finish our work, he said that he had been thinking that since he was going to be teaching at the World Council of Churches Graduate School in Geneva that he would go early enough before his school began so he could help me with my work at Pompeii.

There was much to do before we left, especially putting in a security system. Henry and Stanley's friend at the lab Toni Parrent checked out the best companies and got comparative bids. Then they discovered that John White, who had charge of the security of all the Smithsonian buildings, was taking a few private customers because he was going to retire soon and he wanted to build up his own private business. We were surprised at how low his bid was, much lower than any of the others. And the system he offered was a much more expensive one, because he had controls on the windows, rather than lights to trip the robbers after they got inside. When I asked Mr. White about his bid, he said he wanted to keep the robbers out, not scare them after they got inside. We of course gave him the contract. I thought that anyone who could protect the Hope Diamond could protect my humble belongings. He told me he lived nearby, and he would be available at a moments notice. We later became good friends.

When Henry and I left for Italy, his entire family took us to Dulles Airport where we took the plane to Rome. Giuseppina met us in Rome and went with us to Pompeii the next day. We were given a warm welcome. Sicignano, foreman of my workers, came over; and we planned our season's work. They had prepared a considerable area for us at Boscoreale.

We found that the portion of the vineyard that we had excavated the previous year had been replanted. This year we excavated the area to the rear and to the east of the villa. In the stratification of the east cut a dark area was clearly visible, which showed clearly where early excavations had taken place in the fourth or fifth century and the lapilli had been replaced by soil. This excavation, which can be dated by lamps found in the replaced soil, fortunately did not reach the A.D. 79 level and disturb our soil cavities.

One night Henry had a very sudden and sharp abdominal pain. He wanted me to go to the *farmacia* and get him some medicine. In Italy, the pharmacist is almost a doctor. You tell him the symptoms and he gives you the proper medicine. The *farmacia* was only two blocks away. But when I went outdoors the streets were jammed. There was a parade in which they were displaying on a truck a miracle-working picture normally displayed in a cathedral. People had come from great distances to see it. I was mashed against the wall as I tried to make my way through the crowd. When I finally got there, there was a paper tacked on the door saying "*chiuso*" (closed) and giving instructions to go to the *farmacia* in the block across the piazza. I didn't think I could possibly make it through the great crowd, but I had to and it took ages. And I was badly bruised. Then I had the trip back. When I finally got back, Henry was badly worried; but he took the medicine and by morning he was fine.

Giuseppina had been out of town for an overnight conference. When she got back, we told her what had happened, and she was not surprised. She said Henry's problem came from fish he had eaten. She had taken us for lunch at the *scavi* restaurant, and she said she was shocked when Henry ordered fish. He said, "But she ordered it and it looked so good." She said Italians could eat it, for they had been accustomed to it for generations, but the fish was taken from the Bay of Naples, which had raw sewage pumped into it, and foreigners couldn't eat it.

Our second project of the summer was the

continuation of the photographing of the garden statuettes in the Naples Museum, especially in the *deposito*. Henry had been assigned one of the most knowledgeable workmen to hunt the statues we wanted, clean them, and carry them out into the sun to be photographed. Many were still in the boxes where they had been packed and carried away into hiding during World War II. I worked with Henry in the museum and he worked with me at Boscoreale until we got the work underway at both places.

The workmen loved Stanley and did all they could to comfort me. They even brought their children to cheer me up. Santolo's wife, Maria, brought their twins, darling one-year-olds, just learning to walk. Sicigano's eldest son, Andrea, who had been one of my first workmen, and my first specialist brought his little girl and elder son. Sicignano was rightfully very proud of his grandchildren.

One morning when Henry was going to Naples, he got ready to leave much earlier than usual. I asked him why, and he gave me a rather noncommittal answer. That evening he came back much later than usual, and I was beginning to worry, when he walked in. It seems that in his workman's clothes, his camera in a workman's paper lunch bag, he went to the back entrance, where he had observed the workmen entered early, several hours before the front entrance was open to the public. He walked in with the workmen unnoticed. He found his friend and they got in several extra hours of work. They followed the same strategy from then on.

At Pompeii the workmen had something they were very anxious for me to see. It was to the north of the house of Fabius Rufus at the edge of the lower level. When we got there, we found it could only be reached by a plank over a low excavation. Two of my workmen picked me up to carry me over, but Henry was shocked and said, "No way, you could drop her."

But they said they had never dropped me, and paid no attention and carried me over the plank. There I saw a water triclinium and a beautiful mosaic fountain, with unusually fine garden paintings on the wall on each side, just coming into view.

Just before we left Pompeii, Mr. Petraccone, who lived with his family in an apartment in the large old house on top of the unexcavated portion of the scavi, told us we going to be lucky, that the grapes were going to be ripe and we would get to see the *vendemmia* (wine-harvest) before we left. Mr. Petraccone had a large vineyard around the house.

We had excavated many family vineyards, where the grapes were too few to use a big wine press. Henry photographed every step of the *vendemmia*. First, the grapes were carefully cut from the vines with special sickles. Then they were put in a tub, and Mr. Petraccone, pressed all the juice out with his bare feet. The grape juice was then poured into large *dolia* to ferment. He then showed us the amphoras into which it was poured and stored when it was finally fermented to the right stage. There was also much merriment as fresh grape juice was drunk.





Fragment of terra sigillata *from the Boscoreale trash heap. Photo: Sarah Gladden.*

1983 Boscoreale and Oplontis with Francis Hueber and Sally Gladden

Sally Gladden was delighted to go with me this summer. She loved the *scavi*. She was a good photographer, used to taking close ups of flowers and small objects, and felt honored, but somewhat intimidated by stepping into her Uncle Stanley's shoes.

Dr. Francis Hueber. who worked with us this summer, was the head of the Paleontology Division of the Natural History Museum of the Smithsonian Institution and had identified the fragments of carbonized hay found in the villa rustica at Oplontis.

Henry Ferry took us to Dulles airport on June 7 at 4 p.m. Ari met us in New York, and Nina meet us the next morning at Rome and took us to her home. From June 9 - 12 we worked at the American Academy and met many old friends. Professor Peter Heinrich von Blankenhagen had read my manuscript of the introduction to *Gardens of the Roman Empire*, Volume 1 and part of Volume 2. On June 13, Nina drove us to Pompeii. Giuseppina met us at the Rosario, and we had dinner together at Zi' Caterina.

Stefano di Caro came over to plan our season's work. More of the pool at Oplontis had been excavated, and they were preparing the area behind the pool for us to examine; here the row of statues appeared to continue.

At Boscoreale during the 1983 season we continued to work toward the front of the villa. We found that, although the country lane running through vineyard led to the entrance of the villa, ruts led to a sizable area to the left, below the tree growing to the left of the entrance. This area was unplanted and was perhaps a place to park wagons when they were not in use. There was also a roadway that led down from the entrance of the villa, leaving a raised area around this tree, which was used as trash heap. Perhaps items broken by the earthquake of A.D. 62 were hurriedly cleared out and thrown from the front door. There were beautiful fragments of lamps and a bowl of *terra sigillata* of which Sally got fine photos. (See above.) There was much hard carbon that we carefully removed.

It was obvious that this was a place where much trash had been thrown.

One day in late June, a severe thunderstorm began before lunch and continued several hours. Lightning struck uncomfortably near the villa building in which we were taking shelter. It was evident why the roadway from the entrance sloped noticeably downward. Otherwise the water would have poured in the front door where we were taking shelter.



Vegetable garden before the thunderstorm.Note the cistern puteal at the upper end of the area.

We were considerably concerned about the rainstorm, for we had just found the most interesting soil contours to the right of the main entrance of the villa and they could be destroyed by the rain. We had found a small vegetable garden, with a cistern in the middle to provide the necessary water. Here no doubt were raised the choice onions and cabbages for which Pompeii was famous in antiquity. The garden was laid out in small beds which were separated by irrigation channels that also served as paths. The soil contours are very similar to those in modern vegetable gardens in the area.

One of our most exciting discoveries was the country road that ran in front of the property. We even found two boundary stones. The road is unusually deep. Although the same width (132 cm) as the lane that ran through the vineyard on the villa property, the road was otherwise quite unlike the lane.

The neighboring property on the opposite side of



Soon after the rain began.



Close-up of the puteal of the vegetable garden after the rain. The soil contours are flooded.



Road with boundary stones.

the public road was also planted in a vineyard. In the limited area available for excavation, we found seven vine root cavities, perhaps four stake cavities, and the root cavities of two small trees. At the back of the property, near the decaying wall that marked the boundary, there was an amazing collection of trash.

I had always hoped that we would find some bird bones in our excavations, for birds were such an important aspect of the ancient garden and are always prominently pictured in garden paintings. But chickens were the only birds we found. It is of course obvious that birds would have flown away when Vesuvius erupted. We found our first bird bones at Boscoreale. These were identified by Dr. Storrs L. Olson, Curator of the Department of Vertebrate Zoology of the Smithsonian Institution.

The breastbone of a coot (*Fulica atra*) was found outside the villa entrance which included debris from meals. The leg bone and a portion of a breastbone of a rail. (*Rallus aquaticus*) another water bird, were found in the debris on the south side of the country road where debris from meals and other trash were thrown. Only the bill of a chaffinch was found in the same place. Small songbirds, considered a table delicacy, were found in the same debris.



Francis Hueber washing and studying a sample.

More difficult to explain are the bones of a little ermine or weasel (*Mustela erminea*) and the bones of a martin (*Martes martes*). There was also the partial skeleton of a pine vole (*Pitymys savi* de Selys Longchamps), a rodent about the size of a large mouse, and the almost complete skeleton of a snake, not yet identified.

A row of huge trees bordered the public road on the side adjacent to the villa continuing across the roadway leading from the villa to the public road. The root cavities of these trees were very large

and quite different from the root cavities found in the vineyard. From the root cavities (29 and 30) on each side of the roadway approaching the villa we were able to salvage a considerable amount of root material which Fran Hueber was able to identify. A knot of perfectly preserved wood full of natural resin was found in the root cavity of tree 29 (0.050 x 0.055m at ground level and 0.090m deep). The scanning electron microscope photographs of a cross section of this wood, showing general cell structure plus the resin canals and of a radial longitudinal section, showing typical bordered pits in the cell walls, definitely identify this tree as the beautiful umbrella pine (*Pinus pinea*). The wood in the root of tree cavity of tree 30 (0.56 x0.080m at ground level and 0.78m deep) was less well preserved, having been almost completely destroyed by fungi. The scanning electron microscope photographs of an oblique longitudinal section show little button-like casts, which are the resin casts of pit cavities of bordered pits typical of pines. This makes it possible to identify this tree too as the umbrella pine. The two other large trees along the public road (cavity 27: 0.55 x 0.65 m at ground level and 0.46 m deep; cavity 28: 0.52 x 0.58 m at ground level and 0.80 m deep) were definitely deciduous trees, but the root material analyzed so far has been too damaged to make it possible to identify their species. But both the shape and size of the root cavities suggest that these trees were probably plane trees (*Platanus orientalis*), which still today are planted along country roads.

A survey of this site at the end of our 1983 season showed that most of the land immediately surrounding the villa had been planted in a vineyard. At the end of three seasons, we had found a total of approximately 250 vine root cavities and 120 stake cavities. At 38 locations it was difficult to tell if the cavities were those of vine roots or stakes. Sixteen cavities appeared to be those of herbs, three were probably those of weeds. There were 34 trees. Most of the trees were in the vineyard. The longest dimension at ground level of the root cavities of these trees ranged from 0.010 to 0.98 meters, the medial longest dimension of ground level being 0.20 meters. Only four had a longest dimension over 0.42 meters.

We very much enjoyed the several days when Bob and Norma Goudy Thorson, whom we had seen in Malibu the previous summer, stopped off in Naples at the end of a round-the-world cruise. They observed our work carefully, as we excavated and made casts. The Professor of viticulture from the University of Torino also visited our vineyard at Boscoreale in which he was much interested.

One day, it must have been July 10, Maria, Santolo's wife, invited us to their home for dinner that evening. I demurred because she was so very busy; but she insisted. She said she wanted me to come, the twins very much wanted me to come, as did Santolo. So I gave in. The meal was more elegant than usual, and Maria is an exceptional cook. Toward the end of the



meal, I could tell that the twins were getting very excited in expectation of something special. Then Maria walked in with a beautifully decorated birthday cake, which she placed before me. On it was written, “Happy Birth Day 1983, Wilhelmina.” Sally took many photos of it. Pompeian kitchens are very small, with no room for ovens, so all bakery goods must be bought at the pastry shop. Buying a cake was a special project. The entire family picked out the cake and then consulted on the decorations.

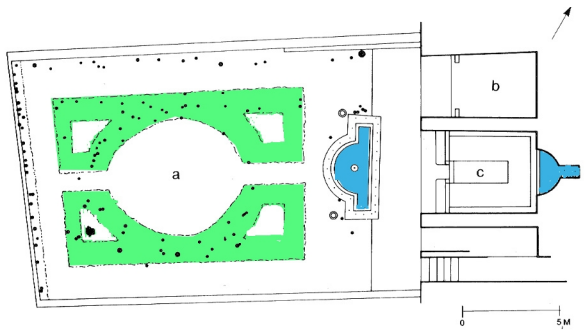


That night when Santolo walked Sally and me home, I told him he could never know what the evening meant to me, to spend my first birthday without Stanley with them. I didn't even know that anyone knew it was my birthday. Santolo answered, "Mr. Stanley is gone, now we are your family."

Stefano De Caro had finished excavating the House of the Golden Bracelet, an impressive house at Pompeii (VI.Ins. Occid. 39 - 41), which we might call a city villa. It was three stories high, one of the houses built over the city wall when the wall was no longer needed for protection after Pompeii became a Roman city.

The house had a perfect little jewel of a formal garden, which I excavated this summer. At the east end of the garden was an apsed pool painted blue inside, with a fountain rising in the middle and twenty-eight jets along the edges, like the ones we had seen in action in Conimbriga.

Beyond the garden and pool at the east end of the courtyard were three rooms. In the middle one was a water triclinium, which was dominated by an apsed



Plan of the garden in the House of the Golden Bracelet. (Gardens, v. II, p.166)

mosaic fountain on the east end with water steps down which water fell, passing between the marble couches on either side and eventually falling into the apsed pool at the east end of the garden. Columns at each of the front corners of the pool apparently formed a pergola framing the pool.

At the west end of the garden was a narrow, slightly raised bed, at the rear of which we found a row of twenty-eight small root cavities. The rest of the garden was laid out with four passageways along the south, west, north and east walls leaving a rectangular area with slightly raised borders. Within this rectangle, soil contours outlined an oval bed with mounded borders, which left triangular shaped beds at each corner of the garden, The largest cavity in the garden, apparently that of a tree or perhaps an oleander, was in the southwest rectangular bed. The other three triangular beds each had a mounded area in the center, surrounded by a depression for water, which would suggest that something special had been planted there. The ruined cavities along the north wall had the appearance of vines. The cavities along the south wall were even more badly damaged, but symmetry suggests that vines covered each wall. Along the north garden wall near the house were probably the debris left from meals in the nearby triclinium.

To the north of the water triclinium was a beautiful, high-vaulted garden room, a place for taking a siesta while looking out on the lovely formal garden and listening to the music of the jets. This room was cool, even on the hottest summer day, for the sun never reached the rear of the room where the bed was placed.

The walls of this garden room were decorated with a beautiful garden painting, the most beautiful one yet

found, as if to suggest the room was a continuation of the actual garden. In the center of the garden pictured on each side of the long walls is a bubbling fountain with a charming herm painted in each side – a red-haired mustached faun, the first found, the other herm, a round-faced girl, with a braid down her center part. The lush garden is full of beautifully and accurately painted birds, trees and flowers, many found here for the first time in Pompeii. Behind each fountain is a hawthorn tree (*Cratagus monogyna*), also found here for the first time in a garden painting.



On the east wall and prominently visible from the garden is the most beautiful and accurately painted Madonna lily (*Lilium candidum*) yet found in Pompeii. Next is an opium poppy (*Papaver somniferum*), the first to be found in a Campanian garden painting. The small, white daisy-like flowers with yellow centers could be either the wild chamomile or the very similar corn chamomile, both of which are found in the area today. Then comes a carefully painted young date palm and a spectacular group of four large white morning glories, the first found in a garden painting. One of the most beautiful details in the room is found on the south wall. A pert warbler perches on a hollow reed, which stakes a thorny rosebush, with three lovely red flowers, Venus's own flower. At the base of the rosebush are more white chamomiles, also some larger yellow corn chamomiles.

In 1980, fragments of this painting were found in the lapilli where they had fallen from the wall and the fragments were put together like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle. In 1983 the lower part of the room was excavated and here the painting was found still on the wall. It has now been removed in large sections and is in the process of being restored in a workroom. The paintings will be backed with a new, costly aluminum honeycomb, which will protect and preserve them forever when they are displayed in the Antiquarium that is to be rebuilt with temperature and humidity controls. Giuseppina had the photographer Foglia make photos for us of garden paintings in the House of Bracelet.

There was great excitement at Oplontis when a headless statue of Victory was found in front of base 10. As we excavated the soil behind the statue bases on the north where there had been a considerable covering of lapilli, we found the soil contours of plantings with root cavities which we emptied. In them we found considerable charcoal which, when later analyzed by Francis Hueber, proved to be oleander.

We left Pompeii on July 27. It had been a glorious summer. Three of my students – Janice Koren, who had been my student assistant, and knew Pompeii well, Lou Dickey, who was also my gardener, and Peggy Stackhouse – enthusiastically watched our work and worked too when there were jobs that they could do such as emptying wheelbarrows full of lapilli, of which there were many.

When we left Pompeii, we went to Lucerne and there took a taxi to Burgenstock, where Elizabeth met us. We stayed there until August 1. Our flight home was from Zurich, but before leaving we had lunch there with my good friend Trudi Boepli in a beautiful dinning room looking out on the Alps. She couldn't understand why the only things we wanted to order were huge green salads. But all during our time at Pompeii we had had to avoid all fresh vegetables that couldn't be peeled.

Just as it was possible to make cement casts of human bodies at Pompeii, it would also have been possible to make casts of tree trunks had there been any interest in them. At Boscoreale, there was great interest in plants of all sorts, and several tree casts were made. WFJ does not mention them in her text, but Sarah Gladden made several pictures of them, some of which are shown below.









Terracotta frieze emerges at Oplontis.

1984 Dumbarton Oaks Symposium; Honorary Degree, British Museum

When I was invited to organize a second garden symposium at Dumbarton Oaks, it occurred to me that it would be interesting this time to give our attention to the country villas, noting not only the character of their gardens, but also the extent to which they differed from gardens in the city. The symposium was rich in dialogue between those who dig and those who spend their time with the literary texts.

Nina (Eugenia Salza Prina Ricotti), from Rome, who was giving a paper on Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, came early and stayed with me and checked the text of synthesis chapters for *Gardens of the Roman Empire* which was then beginning to take format. Stefano De Caro also came early and stayed with me and we had a good opportunity to discuss various archaeological problems connected with these chapters.

The symposium took place on Friday and Saturday, May 11 - 12. It opened with a paper by Professor A. R. Littlewood, who discussed the evidence about gardens in the ancient literary sources. I then discussed my excavations at the villas at Boscoreale and Oplontis. Stefano De Caro, a sculpture expert, discussed the remarkable sculptures found in the Villa of Poppaea at Oplontis. Eugenia Salza Prina Ricotti discussed the importance of water in Roman garden *triclinia*. Nicholas Purcell gave a fascinating paper on "Town in Country and Country in Town." Jean-Marie Pailler described the beautiful gardens at the villa Montmaurin in southwestern France. Walter Widrig concluded the symposium with a discussion of land use at the villas along the Via Gabana (later known as the Via Praenestina) leading to the east from Rome.

On Sunday afternoon the symposium participants and friends were invited to my home for one of Nina's famous Roman teas. All was going well until I noticed a smoky odor at the table, which I discovered was coming from some ancient Roman lamps that I had displayed in the guest room where Stefano was staying. He had gleefully filled them with olive oil and was burning them on the tea table. When I objected, he said it wouldn't hurt the lamps, that they had been burned many times in antiquity. But I told him to remove them immediately; that they were certainly hurting the beautiful hand woven white lace table cloth with hand made lace inserts that I had bought at Pompeii.

I continued work on the plans to be included in *The Gardens of Pompeii*, vol. II, and Ari came several times to select the photos. On May 20, I went to the commencement at Westmar University in Le Mars, Iowa, where they honored me with the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. I also gave a talk on my work at Pompeii. My brother William came from Chicago and my sister Elizabeth from Pasco, Washington. From Westmar we went to nearby Cedar Falls to visit our Aunt Tillie, my mother's youngest sister and our only living aunt.

On October 9, we left for Italy. Sally would have loved to go, but her work kept her at home. However,

Francis Hueber, who had been with me the previous year, included the identification of the carbonized material in the Vesuvian area as part of his job at the Smithsonian, and he was eager to go back with me. He was also a good photographer. We stayed in Italy until November 6, spending several days in Rome taking pictures and two days at Boscoreale. A new area to the west of the area we had excavated had been set aside by the commune of Boscoreale for a museum and the intervening land could now be excavated. We also cleaned out the weeds that had grown up during the last year and took final pictures for the book.

Most of the time was spent at Oplontis excavating the area in the sculpture garden beyond the swimming pool. A row of thirteen statue bases was discovered. The symmetry of the garden indicates that there would have been one more statue base, but this would be under the modern street and beyond the limits of the area available for excavation. Directly behind each statue base we found a root cavity which we emptied of lapilli, measured, studied, and made a cast of. Counting from the south, root cavities 1,2,4,5,10, and 11 were all those of large trees with longest diameter at ground level ranging from 0.75 meters to 1.42 meters. The size and shape of the root cavities led the specialists to identify these trees as probably plane trees. Only root cavity 13 seems to depart from the symmetry of the plantings. Instead of a plane tree in this location, which symmetry would suggest, this tree left a single root cavity which has the same diameter (0.24 x 0.27 m) down to a depth of 0.78 meters, at which point it divided into five large roots, the longest 0.57 m. The root cavity has the appearance of a cypress and suggests that at the north end of the pool the garden may have made a transition to another planting pattern.

The four statue bases 6 - 9 were directly opposite the large open exedra, and the plantings behind these statue bases were carefully planned to provide a splendid picture when viewed across the water from this room. Remnants of a branch of a small tree (which had a root cavity 0.22 x 0.26 m at ground level) behind base 6 made it possible to identify this tree as an oleander (*Nerium oleander*). The root cavity behind base 9 was similar in size (0.25 x 0.32 m) and also appears to be an oleander. Examination of the woody material from the tree behind statue base 8 indicated that this could only be a laurel (*Laurus nobilis*) or a lemon tree (*Citrus limon*). But when we excavated the root cast (0.20 x 0.20 m) we found that this tree had been air-layered in a pot. Laurels root easily and are never started in this way, whereas lemon trees are usually air-layered. Thus, we knew we had a lemon. When we excavated the "pot", we found that a broken amphora had been used; the root was growing out of the mouth of the amphora. Lemon trees are still air-layered today, but cast-off plastic containers or tin cans take the place of broken amphoras. At Boscoreale, above our excavations, we has found lemon trees being air-layered in this way. The cavity behind statue base 7 was similar and appeared to be a lemon tree root. The four statues in the center of the garden would have made a beautiful picture from the large exedra, with the two oleanders behind the statues on the edges framing the picture and with lemon trees behind the two statues in the middle.

At a distance of approximately 4.50 meters behind the statue bases 6 and 9 we found a low base; and behind each of the bases we found plentiful remains of the branches of a woody shrub, which have not yet been analyzed. Water channels with raised borders perpendicular to the rear of each tree suggest the arrangement of this space in planting beds. The complexity and beauty of this impressive garden will only become clearer with further excavation.

So far six of the white marble statues that were displayed on the statue bases in this sculpture garden have been recovered. Beginning at the south, there was a head of Hercules on the marble pillar on statue base 3, next an ephebe, and then a large statue of Nike. Balancing these in corresponding positions along the north end of the pool was another Nike, from statue base 10, a statue of Artemis (?) still standing on the statue base in front of root cavity 11, and next a head of Hercules on the marble pillar on the base in front of root cavity 12.

In December, I returned to Europe and to give a lecture at the British Museum. I knew that the main entrance had many steps, so I asked if there was a street level entrance and they assured me that there was. I am sure that I saw many places in the British Museum that no other visitor has seen. When we entered the ground floor entrance we went through a tortuous path of boilers, furnaces and other utilities before we reached the auditorium. The audience was large and very enthusiastic.

1985 and 1986, Britain, Canada, and Monmouth University

I was invited to give the prestigious Taylor Memorial Lecture sponsored by the British Classical Association on January 8. Friends in Britain and France urged me to spend the time with them between the British Museum Lecture and the Taylor Memorial Lecture, but I was anxious to return home for the annual tree trimming party and the Christmas festivities. I met many old friends at the lecture. After the lecture, the British Classical Society gave a small dinner hosted by the president of the Association.

After the dinner, my good friend Frank Walbank took me home with him to Cambridge, where I had a wonderful visit with him and his wife, Mary. Their garden was a virtual aviary. I saw my first English robin there, and more on later days. I had never seen so many birds. The weather was a real surprise. The roses were still in bloom. My niece who had spent two years at Cambridge had warned me about winter there being cold and damp and that homes and public buildings were not heated as ours are. Two of my nieces had given me a long sleeved soft woolen vest, such as the English wear, but I didn't need it.

One day we went to a service at nearby Chester Cathedral. It is the largest cathedral in England and an awe-inspiring experience. But we felt as if we were back in the Middle Ages. There was no heat in the building and the worshipers stood huddled in all their clothes. On this trip I also visited Oxford, St. Albans and London before taking the plane back home on January 13.

On March 25, Bob and Susan Curtis came for dinner. Bob had a fellowship in the Garden Library at Dumbarton Oaks, but Susan could not leave her job as head Librarian at the University of Georgia. On April 10 I was invited for dinner, after the lecture, to the home of the Director of Dumbarton Oaks, Professor Thomson.

On December 29, I gave a paper at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Archaeology in Washington, D.C. The next day, I was invited to a luncheon by the head of the Oxford University Press. He took me quite by surprise when he told me that he liked my Pompeii Gardens very much and that Oxford would like to publish any of my future books.

On November 15, I mailed my article for the Oxford Classical Dictionary.

On February 8, 1986, there was a symposium at Dumbarton Oaks. The next day I sent my chapter on the gardens and cultivated land at Boscoreale to Stefano De Caro translate. It was to be included in his book on Boscorreale, a site which he had excavated.

On February 10, I received the galleys for *The Gardens of Pompeii*, vol. II, which had been so long in the editing.

On March 1 it was a great surprise to have the special delivery service of the central D. C. post office bring me the proof of an article I had written for a French journal. When I looked at the date, I saw that it had left Paris less than an hour earlier. Later, when I got a computer and used email, it occurred to me that, years earlier, the central D.C. post office must have had the only computer in town foreign businesses could use to communicate with their clients so quickly.

On April 27 and 28, I went to Monmouth University where I gave a lecture and was entertained royally by my former student Kenneth Stunkel, who was Dean and Chairman of the History Department.



1987 Hadrian's Villa, Tivoli

The year began with a visit from Nina (Eugenia Salza Prina Ricotti). On January 14, she gave a talk at Dumbarton Oaks. On January 18, she gave a party at my house. From January 31 to February 3, she went to California. On March 11, she gave a lecture at University of Maryland on the location of Pliny the Younger's villa, and on March 19, a talk in Philadelphia.

On April 10, Frances Bernstein had the oral examination on her Ph.D. thesis at my house. The committee thought she did a beautiful job. Her timely topic was "Women at Pompeii."

On July 21, Mr. Sensman, our architect, brought plans for the garden room, which was to become perhaps my favorite part of my house.

John Foss was at Pompeii from September 6 to 17. On September 21, I returned all the galleys of *Gardens of Pompeii* vol. II to Ari by FedEx.

On October 6, Henry Ferry and I left New York for Rome at 6:30 p.m. Nina met us at the airport and took us to her home, where we stayed. Nina is an architect and has studied Hadrian's villa and knew it well. When we got acquainted at Pompeii, she was anxious for me to go with her to the villa and excavate the gardens, which she knew had to be there.

We decided to work on the garden on the east side



Nina and associates.

of the Canopus, opposite where the Danish scholars had dug on the other side, looking in vain for the grave or cenotaph of Antinous, the beloved of Hadrian. They did however find a planting pot and a few fragments, which indicated that the area had been a garden.

We dug on the east side in vain until, near closing time on October 19, we finally found a pot. We continued to find, empty, measure, and photograph numerous pots, and take soil samples for pollen. Some of the pots were amphoras that had been cut in half and used as planting pots. After a short but intense visit, we returned home on October 24.

I was persuaded to give my Humanities class at the Takoma Park Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoons this year. We had a large and enthusiastic group, including some of my former assistants, various church members, and many professionals, including three lawyers and some staff members from the National Endowment for the Humanities.







1988 Tunisia

On May 22, our church's Humanities class had a Pompeii party in our garden. Tables were set up, and the garden was a fairyland of dogwoods, azaleas, daffodils and tulips in full bloom and shimmering in the candlelight. One of the girls who was a ballet dancer entertained us with a beautiful Greek dance, and the entire group joined in singing old songs until far into the night.

I had long wanted to go to Tunisia. Frank Brown, years ago, had encouraged us to go for he felt that we would find Roman gardens there. But we were always so busy at Pompeii, we couldn't take the time. Now Margaret A. Alexander, who had spent as many years in Tunisia as I had at Pompeii, urged me to come for she felt I would find some gardens. Henry Ferry had also long wanted to go to Tunisia and offered to go with me this summer. We left for Rome on June 1 and then took the short flight to Tunis.

Margaret had invited us to stay with her. She had her young grandson with her and had rented a cottage down on the ocean shore, where he could play in the sand and swim. She didn't realize that I couldn't walk the two long flights of stairs down to the shore, but we soon found a pleasant place for me nearby.

The Bardo Museum, which has the largest and most beautiful collection of Roman mosaics in the world, is in Tunis. She felt we should see them before we saw the houses from which they were striped. We spent our first day there.

The next day she took us to the House of Bacchus and Ariadne at Thuburbo Majus where she and Aïcha Malek had been working on the mosaics. The house had had two courtyards with soil and they felt we might find gardens there. But before beginning work there, she felt that we should first see other sites in Tunisia.

We went to Bulla Regia, which was some distance away. But Margaret said we should see this unusual site. We took one of Margaret's famous "short cuts" to Bulla Regia and soon found ourselves sitting on the fence. This is the only garden representation that has been found in Bulla Regia and no garden paintings have been found.

Carthage is only a few kilometers from Tunis, and it was exciting to see the harbor there, so familiar from my study of the Punic Wars.

We were impressed with the beauty of Utica with its pools, fountains, gardens and mosaics. But it was excavated before the soil was examined for evidence of plantings. It was interesting to see the Roman houses that had plainly been built over the old Punic cemetery.

We visited Zaghouan, near the source of the water carried by the great Zaghouan aqueduct to Carthage. It was built by Hadrian, and when we got our first glimpse of it, we said immediately that it was obvious that Hadrian had been there, the structure was so characteristic of his aqueducts. Then we visited the spectacular waterfalls and nymphaeum "Temple des Eaux" which fed the aqueduct.

We decided to make an overnight trip of it to see some more distant places, so we headed for Sousse, a resort town on the coast. We stopped there only briefly. They had a fine museum, but they did not permit photos.

We then stopped at the seaside site of Salakta, ancient Selectum, an important ancient harbor and an important site of garum production. We wanted to get photos of the large garum vats for Bob Curtis.

When we returned to Thuburbo Majus, Aïcha took us to see the peristyle in the house she had excavated at Pupput, modern Hammamet. She was sure it had a garden, but we had to put off excavation until the next trip.

1989 Festschrift

In January 1989, the Archaeological Institute of America had its annual meeting in Baltimore, and I gave a paper jointly written with Nina on our excavations at Hadrian's villa. Nina came from Rome and took part in the discussion.

At this meeting that I was presented with a two volume Festschrift published by Ari in my honor, and lovingly edited by Bob Curtis. The first volume, *Studia Pompeiana*, contained essays by prominent Pompeian scholars, including many of my students. In the preface Bob said that one of my dear friends, Bill Avery, Chairman of the Classics Department, was no longer living, but he thought it appropriate to include in the Festscrift remarks he made at my retirement party.

The second volume, *Studia Classica*, contained essays by eminent classicists who wrote essays relating to my first field of research on the propraetorian and proconsular imperium. Many of the authors and other friends came from afar to enjoy the occasion.

Elizabeth, William and Cis, his wife, visited in the fall. They left their homes on October 6 and headed for Niagara Falls to take in the fall colors on their way to Silver Spring. On October 25, just before they left the next day Fred Meyer took us to the Cosmos Club for one of their fantastic brunches.

On December 2, Dumbarton Oaks invited us for a *Natural History* Symposium.



Garden in the House of the Vettiil



Margaret Alexander, Edith Dietz, John Foss, and WFJ at Dougga. The xystus is just to the right of the group. (Photo courtesy John Foss)

1990 Tunisia and Algeria

Late on May 17, John Foss, my soil specialist, and I left Dulles and the next afternoon Margaret Alexander met us at Tunis. This year Margaret had rented a big house from an Arab organization that disbanded for the summer, and she invited John Foss, her friend Edith Dietz from the Smithsonian Institution, and me to stay with her. We had two objectives this year: (1) to excavate the two gardens at the House of Bacchus and Ariadne and those at the East Temple in Thuburbo Maius, and (2) to make a trip to Algeria.

We began working in the area facing the handsome triclinium of the house. The first problem was to find the level of the last period of occupation. John Foss with auger tests was able to determine that, through the centuries after the site was abandoned by the Romans, some 25 - 39 cm. of soil had been deposited on it, probably by wind transport. Detailed soil descriptions and analysis were made in the peristyle garden in this house and also at the East Temple. John then gave directions for the soil to be carefully removed down to the Roman level so we could start looking for root cavities on Monday.

On Sunday we decided to go to El Jem, where there were beautiful large peristyle gardens. Unfortunately they had been excavated many years ago, before there was any interest in finding the original plantings. But the House of the Dolphin with its sunken garden, elaborate water works and fountains was truly beautiful. We also visited the Museum with its spectacular mosaics. The director of the excavations and the Museum graciously gave us permission to photograph and publish anything that we could use.

On Monday we were ready to begin our exciting investigation in the House of Bacchus and Ariadne to see if we could find root cavities and prove that the area was a garden. I felt our chances were pretty good, since there had been no overgrowth of planted shrubs. The local archaeologists were anxious to watch us work. Unfortunately, they got word late the night before that a large mosaic had been found in a field outside the city, and it would be stolen if it were not removed immediately. But our workmen were all Algerian. So it was decided that Aïcha would stay with us at the dig, so she could translate for me when I gave the workers directions.

The archaeologists waited a few minutes for me to begin before they left. We were immediately successful beyond our greatest expectations. In our first trench in

the courtyard garden we found at ground level the perfectly preserved outline of the root of a small tree 23 cm in diameter. The soil formed when the root decayed was of a entirely different color and texture from that of the surrounding soil, making the shape of the root at ground level as distinct as the lapilli filled root cavities in the Vesuvian sites. I shouted my enthusiasm in Italian. The Tunisian foreman was delighted and started talking Italian to me. I told Aïcha she could go with Margaret and the others to rescue the mosaic. I was sure that the foreman and I would get along fine, and we did. It seems he had been taken a prisoner by the Italians during the war and learned to speak Italian.

By the end of the day we had found five roots. Now I happened to know that it was Margaret's birthday, so when we saw her and Aïcha returning, we shouted from a distance, "Happy Birthday! Five roots!!!!" Stanley's birthday, my birthday and wedding anniversary were all in July, so I knew from experience that our enthusiasm would often keep the workmen digging a little overtime to get as many roots as possible as a sort of birthday present. That evening we took Margaret out for dinner to celebrate her birthday and *her* garden, which was now certain.

In the following days, we found six large tree root cavities. The workers always tried to find as many roots as possible as a special present for us. They would begin in the morning counting the roots together. "Uno, due, tre…" By the end of the work, there were three with a maximum dimension at ground level of 40 - 50 cm, three smaller cavities 28 to 30 cm in diameter, and 37 smaller cavities. Most of these were 5 - 10 cm in diameter.

We were greatly baffled by three large rectangular cavities of approximately the same size – 36 x 72 cm, 40 x 60 cm, and 46 x 62 cm. When we uncovered them, they had the same appearance as the decayed root cavities, differing in color and texture from the surrounding soil, but they were only a few centimeters deep. They obviously represented decayed wood, probably decayed wooden bases that had been put in the garden to support some object. As we looked at their locations, it seemed obvious that the two in the rear supported either a garden bench or table; the one back of the mosaic basin in full view of the triclinium perhaps supported a small table.

Near the first tree we found an area (ca. 31 x 45 cm) in which there were numerous olive pits and bones that showed evidence of burning. Some were on the surface, and others were shallowly buried. Nearby was a place where there had been frequent fires, and shallowly buried underneath were more burned bones. The bones were identified by Henry Setzer of the Smithsonian Institution. Of the 34 bones found, five were those of pig (*Sus scrofa*), eight were sheep (*Ovis aries*) or domestic goat (*Capra hirca*), and one from a carnivore (cf. *Felis catus*), probably a pet cat. The other bones were too badly broken to be identifiable. The bones reminded me of those that I had often found in the gardens of Pompeii, where they represented the debris of meals eaten in the garden. But there was one difference. In the garden of Bacchus and Ariadne there were no cow bones, which were so common at Pompeii. I also found many olive pits at various Vesuvian sites, but they were found in vineyards, or a nursery, where they had dropped from the trees. One find at Thurbubo was especially fortunate, that of an apricot pit found near the large tree root in the south corner of the garden. This was the first apricot pit that I had ever found, even though the apricot was also a popular food in ancient Pompeii, as it still is today.

The location of the cooking area behind the bench or table is logical. This house had no kitchen nor did others in the town. The cooking was done in the garden, or possibly in the street, as is often is the practice today. Servants would have cooked the food at the rear of the garden using the table or bench (which was screened by plantings) for both supplies and cooked food, preparatory to serving guests in the formal triclinium. On other occasions during the hot summer, we can imagine the family and perhaps special friend enjoying meals in the garden. When the accumulated bones became a problem, they were raked into the fire, and those not burned were shallowly buried. It was apparently not unusual for the Romans to leave debris from meals even on the floor indoors. Pliny (*HN* 36.184) describes a mosaic made by Sosus at Pergamum, which represented an unswept floor (*asarotos oikos*). A mosaic floor found on the Aventine in Rome (now in the Vatican) is considered by some to be the perhaps a copy of the mosaic of Sosus.

The rooms on the northeast side of the residence area in the house of Bacchus and Ariadne were also arranged around a garden, this one enclosed by a peristyle. The mosaic of Bacchus and Ariadne in the

large room opening off the north-west portico gave the house its name. The bottom of the motif, often used in such basins, the interior wall semicircular basin projecting into the garden opposite this room was decorated with wavy water decorated with plants and imitation marble. This part of the house would have been used by the family, the rooms on the southwest for more formal purposes, although as we have seen, the garden in the formal part of the house was probably on occasion used by the family.

The plantings in the small garden opposite the large triclinium looked overplanted and they would have been difficult for me to understand, if I had not previously excavated the peristyle garden of the aristocratic House of Polybius at Pompeii. Although only slightly larger, this garden had four much larger trees, one smaller tree and eight espaliered against the west wall making a total of 13 trees, plus smaller cavities. This created a great surprise to archaeologists, who had believed that peristyle gardens were always formally planted. But my further investigations proved that this was far from true.

The gardens in Tunisia were not preserved at an exact moment in history, as were those in the Vesuvian area. The trees and shrubs in Tunisian gardens would had continued to grow for some time after the site was abandoned. What we uncovered in our excavations is not a garden at its prime. I suspect that some of the smaller roots perhaps represented seedlings that grew from some unpicked fruit that fell from the trees. I found the root cavities of many such seedling trees that had been allowed to grow in the orchards and vineyards that I excavated in the Vesuvian sites. They were easily recognized because they looked exactly like the many seedlings that had been allowed to grow in the modern orchards and vineyards in the area.

I think that we can now perhaps picture the garden as it was when it was enjoyed by the owner, his family, and friends. We can be safe in saying that the trees were probably food-bearing trees. Ancient Tunisia had few other trees. They knew the palm, pine, and cypress, but these trees would have been overpowering in such a small garden. The two street trees that are commonly used today are recent importations, the eucalyptus from Australia, and the beautiful purple-flowered jacaranda from South America. The two large tree root cavities are the proper size and shape for olive trees. The middle tree on the left was perhaps a fig tree. Both trees were also popular in Vesuvian gardens. It is tempting to suggest that the tree in the south corner was an apricot. The apricot pit was found near it, where it could have dropped from the tree.

We can only speculate about the identity of the smaller trees. There were many fruit and nut trees in ancient Tunisia. Tunisian mosaics give us a wealth of information about the fruits, vegetables, and fauna of the area, similar to that found in the Vesuvian wall paintings for the flora and fauna of that area.

The quince, pomegranate, plum, citron, fig, peach, apple, pear, and grape are all pictured in the mosaics. There may have been a few grapes raised for table use in this garden, such as I have found in the Vesuvian gardens. Tunisian garden paintings are of little value for studying the flora. Only two have been found in Tunisia, where there are few walls preserved. Nor do the wall paintings appear to have pictured plant material in detail. We likewise obtain little information from the written sources about Tunisian plants comparable to that available for Italy. Tantalizing bits of information from the lost work of Mago of Carthage are preserved by the Roman writers.

We must next consider the identity of the 37 smaller roots. Since this garden was viewed from the large triclinium used for formal entertaining, an effort would have been made to make it beautiful year round. Fruit trees would have been beautiful when in flower or fruit, but they are deciduous. Only the olive tree is evergreen. Ornamental plant material in ancient Roman gardens were extremely limited, but the major plants were evergreen and produced beautiful gardens in every season, welcome in winter, and refreshingly cool in summer. The plant material was limited for the most part to the laurel, myrtle, rosemary, laurustinus, oleander, acanthus, ivy, and box. All of these except the box, so popular in Roman gardens, were native to Tunisia and could have been used in ancient Tunisian gardens. The myrtle (*Myrtus communis*) was widespread and probably the most common shrub. It was desirable in the home garden, because of both its sweet-scented white flowers and its attractive black berries. It is also drought-resistant. Cato (Rust. orig. 82) listed the myrtle as one of the plants that should be grown for crowns and garlands. The berry was used to make wine and oil (Pliny *HN* 15.118; Columella *RR* 12.38). Pliny also says

that the myrtle berry took the place of pepper, long before it was known in Italy. He goes on to say that it was still used in making myrtle sausage, and that the flavor of wild boar was improved by using the myrtle berries (HN 15.118). Myrtle berries were used frequently by Apicius, especially in sauces for meat, fowl and fish dishes and also to preserve turnips. The myrtle was also valued for its medicinal properties.

Rosemary (*Rosmarinus officinalis*) is an attractive aromatic garden shrub with small lilac flowers. It too was used for making crowns (Dioscorides 3.89) and it also had many medicinal uses (Pliny *HN* 24.99 - 100; Dioscorides 3.89).

The laurel (*Laurus nobilis*) was desirable in home gardens, even thought it required a little more water than other plants. Mago of Carthage gave directions for growing it. It was a source of bay leaves for cooking, and its black berries were used as well as those of the myrtle. Its leaves were used in making crowns and frequently figured in the mosaics. It also had medicinal qualities (Dioscorides 1.106). The laurel can be grown as a shrub, or as a tree up to 30 feet high, and may have been one of the shrubs or small trees planted in this garden.

The laurustinus (*Viburnum tinus*) is another beautiful garden shrub, with desirable clusters of white flowers and, later, bright blue berries (Pliny *HN* 15.128 -29). It too would have required watering. Acanthus (*Acanthus mollis*) might have been used in this garden. Pliny (*HN* 22.76) speaks of it as an ornamental plant for city gardens. The Tunisian acanthus is especially handsome, with its striking tall spikes of very large white, purple-veined flowers. It is often seen in Tunisian gardens today. It, too, had medicinal uses (Pliny *HN* 22.76). Ivy, so popular in Roman gardens, although indigenous to Tunisia, may not have been used because of its need for watering. There does not seem to be a place for it in this garden.

Roman gardens had few flowers, especially with color. Roses are pictured in the mosaics, and they might have been planted in this garden. The oleander (*Nerium oleander*), with its striking pink flowers, is the only colorful garden shrub. It is widespread in all Tunisia. We can imagine that oleanders, so prominent in modern Tunisian gardens, as well as in the wild, added color to this garden. They are tolerant of variable growing conditions. They thrive along the wadis, but also adapt easily to drier conditions.

At the East Temple, we also found evidence for a garden. A strip of soil bordered most of the long sides of the temple and the mosaic paving in front of it. Our preliminary excavations in a strip 1 meter wide at the front of the garden on the left yielded a row of root cavities approximately 15 cm in diameter and 50 - 70 cm apart, suggesting a formal planting. The size of the root cavities indicates that trees, or large shrubs, perhaps laurel, were planted there. Temple gardens and groves are well known in the ancient world but primarily from literary evidence; there is practically no archeological evidence. For this reason, the complete excavation of both plots of soil in the East Temple is extremely important. It could reveal exciting and very significant information; perhaps rows of plantings such as are indicated in several gardens in Rome on the *Forma Urbis*.

We kept thinking about our trip to Algeria but it was beginning to look as if we might not be able to go. The uprising in Algiers had just taken place, and the American Embassy had advised us not to go. I certainly did not want my friends, who were going to Algeria because I wanted to hunt for gardens there, to suffer any harm, so I said we should cancel the trip. Margaret said no, that we should wait until Monday. She said the French knew much better than did the Americans the situation in Algeria. She said she had some friends in the French Embassy who were in Algeria now and they would return Monday. She wanted to talk to them and get their advice. They told us that southern Algeria was perfectly safe, but that instead of crossing into Algeria on the north as we had planned, because we wanted to see the historic city of Hippo, associated with St. Augustine, we should cross in the south.

We started early in the morning so we could stop first at Dougga, where there are important ruins. Eight miles from Dougga we stopped at briefly at Teboursouk, where it happened to be market day, and then proceeded to Dougga. The city was beautifully located on the top of a mountain with a spectacular view of the valley below, with its fields of waving grain and many fruit and nut trees, the source of the wealth of the area. The guide in charge of the site was happy to show it to people who were very interested in it. He was a tall, aristocratic man who told us he was a descendant of Jugurtha, the king of Numidia in Roman times. We

could easily believe it, he was so regal looking. He obviously loved Dougga, and when he found we were interested in gardens, he did his best to find some.



The colonnaded courtyard at the lower level. (Photo by John Foss)

He took us to the theater built on the side of the mountain. Back of the stage, on the downhill side, there was a colonnaded portico, and a few feet below it, a grassy area in the shape of a segment of a circle. I had been very anxious to see it, for this was what an inscription found nearby said was a xystus.[1] I felt sure there had been a garden here.

From this high point, we looked down on a lower level and saw a colonnaded courtyard that was probably a garden. It had a receding basin at each end, as is typical in North Africa. When John examined the soil, he said it was typical garden soil.

We then proceeded on towards the border but stopped briefly to photograph what looked like hundreds of storks nesting in the trees at Tabecae. (Tebessa in Algeria? – Ed.)

We reached El Kef[2] in the late afternoon, checked in at the hotel, and then went to examine the adjacent excavations. The next morning we headed toward Algeria. We didn't have time to detour to Sbeitla to visit the perfectly preserved little temple of Minerva, a replica of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. (Sbeitla = Subaytilah – Ed.)

It took us about three and a half hours at the border at Bou Chebka. We each had to change $150 into 1200 Algerian dinars.

The young Algerian official welcomed us warmly and asked us where we would be going. We expected the Algerians to be very strict, so we had prepared all our papers carefully. But much to our surprise it was fine that we were going to be two days in Timgad. He asked us where we were going to stay at night. He said we should go to Batna, a nearby town, and stay at the hotel there. He assured us that it was the best hotel in Algeria. Then it came out that Batna was his hometown and the hotel was operated by his relatives.

We didn't arrive at Timgad (= Thamugadi) until late in the afternoon. It was a beautifully kept site with an impressive avenue of cypresses, lined by Egyptian statues, leading to the forum. We stopped at the museum first, which was mostly impressive mosaics. There was some carbonized material, olives and grain, but the labels were only in Arabic.

We then went to see the famous House of the Jardinières, which still had some of the original jardinières. Others had been replaced. We then went to see the temple on the forum, which was surrounded by a garden. There was also a garden behind the theater.

At closing time we indeed went to Batna, a few kilometers away, and stayed at the Hotel Chelia, the one recommended by the customs official. It turned out to be a luxurious hotel. The only problem was that the restaurant was down a long flight of steps. But they said "no problem," and two of the waiters put their hands together, making a chair "Pompeii style," and carried me downstairs.

The next day when we went back to Timgad, we noticed that a young Algerian boy was trying too attach himself to us. He spoke some English and he was

1 The inscription (CIL VIII 26608) was found near the capitol and reads *[ob li]beralitatem [quod theatrum cum basi]licis et xystis [–- a sol]o extructum [–- ludos sc]aenicos et [epulum –- p]romiscue dederit.* Roughly translated: "[He] generously gives this theater with portico and xystus for plays and festivals for all." The area is today grassy, but it was probably landscaped and partially paved. (See Edgar M. Luschin. *Römische Gartenanlagen,* doctoral dissertation, University of Vienna, 2008, p. 277.) – Ed.

2 El Kef = Kef is my guess of what is meant. The original typescript from the author's computer reads Stted. There is no place on the map by that name. Kef, however, is en route from Dougga to Bou Chebka, the border crossing into Algeria. It is a provincial capital with a good hotel and some excavations of an early 5th century Roman basilica. – Ed.

anxious to talk in English. He said few English-speaking people came to Timgad. We asked him how he learned English, and he said they used to teach it in the schools, beginning in the first grade. He said that he spoke English as well as we did. “Not quite,” said John in an aside, but the boy proved to be a useful guide. The Algerians were a friendly people and were frustrated when they couldn’t speak English with us. We were surprised when an Algerian woman saw John’s camera and pointed to it and her two children. She had noticed that the Algerian boy spoke English, and she asked him to talk to John for her. She wanted a picture of her children. The boy stayed with us until closing time and when we got near the gate he told us goodbye. He said he came in over the fence and he must leave the same way, lest the officials at the gate see him, for they would know that he did not buy a ticket.

Before we left Algeria we counted our money carefully to make sure we had spent all our Algerian money, for it was illegal to take any Algerian money out of the country. I had a few cents left and bought a paper place mat that had a page of the Koran on it. We had our purchases all together and the record of the money spent. But our friendly official was only interested in whether we had visited his hometown and stayed at the hotel that he recommended. We assured him that we had and were treated royally, and he was greatly pleased.

He finally gave a cursory glance at our purchases, and picked up the Koran place mat, and asked us if we could read it. He said he would read it for us and he began to read fluently: “Now there was this man here, who wanted to buy a car, but the car was old and rickety. (I think it was stolen.) The seller was asking an outrageous price. They argued and argued and their voices grew shriller and shriller. Finally...” He put the paper down. “That is where it stops,” he said. He waved us across the border, but not before telling us that we must stay much longer next time, there is so much more to see in Algeria.

We heaved a sigh of relief and a chuckle when we were finally across the border. It was so much different than we expected. In fact the Algerian officials were much more friendly than the Tunisian.

We had made plans to stop at the famous ancient site of Mactaris (= Maktar) on our way back to Tunis.[3] We first stopped at the little museum, which had mostly beautiful mosaics, including the famous Mosaic of the Birds, found in the House of Venus. Margaret told us that when the mosaic was first published, the backside of the mosaic was put on top (?), and ever since in subsequent publications the mosaic had been copied from the first publication. She told us when we published it to point out that fact. We also saw the Venus mosaic, which gave the house in which it was found its name.

We then went to see the excavations. There was little left except foundations. We crossed the large forum and went to the House of Venus. I was immediately struck by a peristyle pool that had been enclosed by a stone lattice fence. Lattice fences are very familiar from the Vesuvian evidence: garden representations, garden paintings and little holes in the peristyle columns where the reeds had been inserted. In this stone lattice fence, narrow strips of stone replaced the reeds. Homer Thompson of the American School at Athens, who excavated and rebuilt the Stoa of Attalos in the Athenian Agora, found remnants of such a fence, and he asked me if I had found any in ancient Roman gardens. We were sure here must have been some, but this was the first evidence. He was delighted when I sent him pictures of this fence. Two sides were original, two sides had been reconstructed.

We ate lunch in a cedar grove beyond Maktar. We counted 36 different beautiful little wild flowers in a small area, and Edith photographed a small clump of very beautiful, complicated little blue flowers.

When we returned to Tunis, we had two days of hard rain and were unable to continue our excavations in the peristyle garden in the House of Bacchus and Ariadne. But there was plenty to do in the Bardo Museum and using Margaret’s extraordinary library.

In late May, I took our group out for dinner to celebrate John’s birthday. The night before we left, John took us for a farewell dinner at the elegant Dae El Jeld, the finest restaurant in town.

The next day John and I left for the U.S., with a layover at Zurich, which enabled us to have lunch with a good friend Trudi Boepli. She had been the personal

3 John Foss also remembers a stop at Sbeitla, not far out of the way en route to Maktar. – Ed.

secretary of Dr. Gewhere, when he had been head of the University of Maryland's University College, the program for military stationed overseas. When he came back as chairman of the History Department at the University of Maryland, he brought Trudi with him to be his secretary. She later became the Director of the International House at the University of California.

On July 13 - 14, I went to Westmar. Iowa to a college reunion, where I was asked to give an illustrated lecture on my work at Pompeii It was great to have my family there. It was especially fortunate to have my brother William there, for all at once their projector stopped working. He went to get their backup, and was shocked that the school owned only one projector. It was a good thing that my engineer brother always travels with his tool kit. I continued talking and in a short time the projector was working again.

On October 12, I flew to Canada to give a lecture at a symposium in honor of my friend, Alexander (Sandy) Mckay of MacMaster University. I had always wanted to see Niagara Falls and it was a thrill to fly over them, but I would have preferred to see them from the ground. Friends from MacMaster met our plane at Toronto and took us to the University. At the close of the Symposium, Sandy and his wife invited us to a reception at their beautiful home. They had a handsome grand piano, and one of his friends said Sandy was a very accomplished pianist. They persuaded him to play, and what a concert we had! The next morning, October 14, they took and me and another guest to Toronto as our planes left at about the same time. It also gave us some time to see Toronto. I mentioned that I had hoped that I could find a mink beret to match my mink stole. I had been unable to find one in the United State. We soon found a perfect one. And I didn't have to pay customs!

On October 29, I went to New York to give a lecture at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the fine arts branch of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington. Before the lecture they had an elegant catered Italian dinner.

On November 14, I gave a lecture for the Herb Society of the greater Washington area.



House of Pansa (VI.vi.1) peristyle garden with pool.



Top of the Eumachia.

1991 - 92 Ravello, New Orleans, and the Garden Room

I am writing this in 2005, after my fall and operations. Since I have been unable to work on my computer for several weeks, my good friend Marge Koepke agreed to type this material while I dictate.

On September 20, Fred Meyer had his retirement party at the National Arboretum in Washington. Fortunately, it was a beautiful autumn day and the elegant meal could be served on the terrace, decorated with beautiful flowers and fountains. After the meal, various people, including me, spoke about his great contribution to botany.

From October 30 to November 3, I was honored to give a paper at an international conference in Ravello, Italy. Ravello is on the same peninsula with Sorrento but on the south side of the top, above Amalfi. I knew that there would be many steps to climb, so before accepting the invitation, I explained my difficulty with steps, either to the hotel or to the place where the papers were given.

Fred Meyer went with me, and when we arrived at Ravello we found it indeed a city of fairy-like beauty, but very hilly. The building in which my paper was to be given was a beautiful old Renaissance church. However, when we went to the hotel, where all the speakers were lodged, it was a different story; the steps were located on the mountainside on a steep row of steps. Their reaction was a typical Italian reaction, “no problem.” After a few phone calls, they found me a room in the most beautiful and expensive hotel in Ravello, and it could be easily reached on the ground level.

The speakers were served their meals in the hotel in which they were lodged. I was told I would eat in this hotel. They suggested I invite any guest whom I would like as company at mealtime and they would pick up the bill.

The speakers were a most interesting group of people, not all classicists as I had found at other international conferences. I met a professor of Renaissance art at the University of Florence. He seemed to know a great deal about my Pompeii gardens and that Roman gardens were the background of Renaissance gardens. He said he was very fortunate to have found a copy of my book, *The Gardens of Pompeii*, in a bookstore in Mexico; they had only one copy left. He was unaware of the very high price it was

bringing on the international market now that it was out of print.

When we looked at the location of the other lectures we found they were all to be given in a new building high on the side of the mountain. A professor said, “No problem, I am a great admirer of you, and I would be honored to carry you up to the building.” I said that would be rather difficult, but that in Pompeii, two of my workmen would put their forearms together and carry me. This he and a friend did for all the lectures.

Among the people I met at the conference there was an Egyptian who became very interested in Roman gardens in Egypt. She also put me in touch with a Polish professor of archaeobotany who had successfully analyzed carbonized material from Roman sites in Poland, for Poland was on the direct route between Rome and the Baltic Sea.

After Ravello, we went to Pompeii where we were greeted with great enthusiasm by the Rosario Hotel staff. They had a new lunchroom that had been set up in the lobby and immediately bought out their best items. We went to the forum where we wanted to get pictures of the sculptured marble that outlined the entrance to the Eumachia building. A marble garland based on acanthus included many other plants and some animals. Fred had a ladder from which he could get detail photos of the lower half of the entrance, but if he took pictures of the upper half they would be distorted, but fortunately just then two men came by carrying a huge ladder which they allowed us to use to photograph the upper half of the entrance.

I was happy to meet a professor of art history at the University of Virginia. He had for some time been making a study of the Eumachia. I wanted to ask him about the evidence as to whether the interior might have been a garden. I noticed that he was taking quite a few pictures of me. I asked him why. He said he wanted to use them when he was teaching his class about my material.

The next day we went to Stabiae, just a few kilometers from Pompeii. There is a fine museum nearby in the city of Castellammare di Stabia. Fred and I had looked at most of the rooms and were going into the last one. I was anxious to show him a picture of a plant that Stanley had taken. It was a picture of Filberts. There were many rooms. Unfortunately, I did not notice that there was about an inch difference in levels in the rooms, and I fell headlong on the floor. I cannot remember whether I fell on my back or my front. Dr. Miniero, the director of Stabiae, would not let me move until they made provisions for taking me to the emergency room of the hospital. I have had many experiences with emergency rooms, and I was amazed at the speed with which the doctors examined me and took x-rays. They found no damage was done, but I would have to use a wheelchair for some time. Possibly, I got such swift treatment because Dr. Miniero’s husband was the head of the hospital.

We had planned to spend several days in Rome with Nina, and she was shocked to see that I could scarcely walk. She felt that I had gotten poor treatment at Stabiae. It was a holiday in Rome, but Nina invited her doctor, who was also a close friend, to dinner. In the course of the meal, she told him about my misfortune and asked if he would examine me. He went over me carefully and said the diagnosis of the Neapolitan doctor was exactly right. Nina thought nothing good could come out of Naples!

When we reached Silver Spring, it was just a few days before I had promised to give a paper at an international conference in New Orleans. I immediately phoned New Orleans to cancel my lecture. I told them I was in a wheelchair and in considerable pain. However, they would not listen to my cancellation. They said they had wheelchairs in New Orleans. They said everyone was looking forward to hearing my paper, especially the lady in whose house I was to stay. I had told them earlier that I could not stay in a house that had steps and they said that could be arranged. I told them Fred would have to stay at the same place where I would be staying. They said they only had one room available. I then said that I could not stay there. They then found an extra room for Fred. When we drove up to the house, it was one of those old Southern houses in the historic part of New Orleans. To my surprise, there was a long flight of stairs into the house but the head of the conference and the butler carried me into the house. It was a beautiful, spacious room furnished with furniture of that period. They said it was the room that Aaron Burr slept in. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy had also stayed there. The butler then took Fred’s bags up to his room on the second floor. It seems that the woman’s husband had owned a huge shipping company between

the Orient and New Orleans. He became very ill some years before he died. He needed night and day nursing, so they connected the two large rooms upstairs so he could stay there. When he died, his wife had never changed the rooms, but she was so anxious for me to stay there that she decided to open the room and make it the guest room as it had been before. It was still daylight, and she took us out to see her garden, which is the most famous of the New Orleans gardens. When she discovered that Fred was a world renowned botanist, she was so happy to have him there and asked many questions.

When we came into the house, Fred said it was too bad that I could not go up stairs to see her marvelous collection of dolls her husband had picked up as he docked at various ports. They were all displayed in numerous cabinets that lined the wall upstairs. The woman said I could see them. She took us to an elevator in a room off the kitchen; it had not been used for a long time. She took us to the second floor and I was able to see the dolls. It was a magnificent collection; I was so glad to get to see them.

Her butler served dinner that evening in their handsome dining room. The next morning there was another problem. The butler had the day off because it was Saturday. She was not accustomed to eating breakfast, but she asked what we would like to eat. We said we could eat a little cereal and have tea. She said she did not know how to make tea. Fred had seen the stove and told her he could make the tea. Fred made the best tea she had ever tasted.

I discovered why she was interested in my staying with her. She owned a copy of *The Gardens of Pompeii*, which she had thoroughly devoured.

In June of 1992, Fred Meyer and I went to Athens, Georgia where I had been invited to give the banquet address of the Archaeological Society. My former PhD student Bob Curtis was professor of Classics at the University and lived in the suburbs. We were surprised at the lecture to meet another of my former students, Bob Evans, who had been in quite a few of my classes at Maryland when he was taking work toward his Ph.D. in Entomology. He loved ancient history and archeology and took the extra courses just for fun. He had been State Entomologist in Georgia and just recently had retired and become professor of Entomology at the University. I had not been aware of this, so it was wonderful to see him. They persuaded me to stay with them in their beautiful, white, colonial home and Fred who had gone with me stayed with Bob and Susan. We spent our days there together, the six of us, and they drove us all over the country showing us things of interest.

1992 was the year of building the garden room. Stanley and I had planned to build a room off my study as soon as we could save the necessary money. My students persuaded me that the time had now come. Fred had given me a rare and beautiful Chinese Bamboo plant that was almost going through the ceiling, and I had raised a Norfolk Pine from about the time it was a foot high until it too was about ready to go through the ceiling. The garden room would have a high cathedral ceiling. The building of the room was very exciting beginning with digging the basement. I had always suspected that Sligo Creek at the bottom of our street had in historic times or in early days, risen up to the far boundary of my lot. My soil was sandy and friable while the soil of my neighbor on the uphill side was, by contrast, clay and extremely hard. Thus I suspect that the river had at one time come up to the uphill edge of my property. This view is reinforced by the fact that there are many large rocks on my property and they have been there as long as anyone can remember.

The new room extends out to the northeast side of the house, parallel to the road and towards the creek. It has windows on three sides so you can look out and see the beautiful gardens; it is full of light all day. Consequently, there is very little wall space for pictures or bookcases. The entrance is through a door which was cut by enlarging a window in my study. On the left as you enter, there is a large guest bathroom and on the right, two closets. Buying and collecting furnishings for the room was very exciting. We started by finding a beautiful oriental rug with a smaller rug with the same colors for the entry. On the wall, on the left side of the entry, I put two framed pages of Bible incunabula, that is, pages from Bibles printed with metal type before 1501. One was the title page of the Book of Joshua, with a portrait of Joshua looking like a medieval soldier. The second was the title page of the Gospel of Luke showing Luke with his ox and looking very much like Luther. On the opposite wall, between the two closet doors, was an antique Coptic cross from an old church in Ethiopia given me many years ago.

Beside the door, leading into the room, was a small wooden cross on which were nailed tiny silver images of parts of the human body. They reminded me of the Healing Shrine in the ancient world. People who were ill took carved pieces representing body parts such as the heart and they would pray to the Gods to heal those parts. When I was in Mexico, I could not find any appropriate souvenir and my friend, Bruce Hoak, who had driven me there said that this little shop across the border would be sure to have something I would like. When I saw these crosses, I said to the clerk, “These must have a story connected to them. Do they?”

She answered, “They certainly do! We had an art dealer who bought many very fine things. However, he got so badly in debt that we saw no more of him. Then one day he drove up with a load of these little crosses and said, 'This pays my bill to you, I now am paid in full.' Isn't that a good story!”

I said yes, but that is not what I wanted to hear. Then I told her about the ancient votive offerings and I told her that perhaps this was the same idea. The Spaniards probably learned from the Italian colonists that came to Spain about these votive offerings and began making them in the Christian church.

We only had one wall in the garden room in which we could hang pictures. It was on the side of the bathroom. We put two small bookcases there in which we had choice books about gardening, largely by foreign authors. Above the bookcases, and on each side we had framed, illuminated manuscripts. The left side was Christian. We had a French Palimpsest and a page that I knew was Armenian but I could not read it. One day, the head of Dumbarton Oaks and his wife were here for dinner. He was a retired professor of Aramaic, and he picked it up and read it right off. It was from the Armenian Church. Hanging below to the side of the bookcase was a beautiful illuminated Book of Hours. Above the bookcase on the right were two beautiful illuminated pages from the Koran. The curator of Muslim Art at the Freer Art Gallery helped me pick them out and said they were as fine as any the Freer had. He helped me pick them out and read them aloud for me. They were passages from the Koran. Hanging below was a beautiful illuminated Persian love song.

We looked long and in vain for a settee and chairs to complete the room. One day, the wife of our former chairman of the History Department who was now provost at the University of Virginia was visiting us. Jane was an interior decorator, and she said that gave her the privilege to take clients to the merchandise market to pick out exceptionally fine pieces. She said she would be glad to take me. We saw a love seat, exceptionally beautiful, upholstered in off white and blue strips. We then had a chair upholstered the same way. I call it my Jefferson Chair because it is exactly like the one at Jefferson’s home at Monticello. I then found four other chairs with their seats beautifully upholstered in off white. It made for a beautiful, airy room.

There was still one blank space of wall where I wanted to put a picture; it was above the windows opposite the door going into the room and it was a triangular space made by the Cathedral Ceiling. Then one day Fred wanted to stop at my house for just a minute. He had taken two visiting Japanese botany professors to Virginia on a collecting trip. They had been gone several days and and the professors were still with him. He was surprised when the two men got out of the car and followed him into the house; each of them had a gift for me. That is a Japanese custom. One gave me a white scarf with a Geisha girl over most of it. I had it framed and hung in the triangular space so that you can see it when you come into the room.

On the chest underneath the windows on the right hand side of the room, I put three beautiful pillows made from Turkish Camel bags. We saw them in the museum when we were at Pergamum. I asked if they were for sale and the director of the excavation said no, but if we would stop on our way back from Troy he would try to find the women that make them and get some for us. When we returned and stopped at the museum, the director was in conference. We said we would wait until the meeting was over, but they insisted he be called out of the meeting. When he came out, he beckoned the others to come out. They then agreed that we could have the ones in the Museum. They began to examine them to determine which was the finest to send to America. A third pillow, the same size, was made of a hand woven Tunisian rug with a camel and a palm.

I counted one day that we had thirty-five different countries represented in the Garden Room. In addition, there were even more than that when we brought in the two little Christmas trees at Christmas time decorated with foreign dolls.



Amphitheater by the sea in Tarragona.

1993 Lectures in Amherst and a Congress in Tarragona

In February, I invited Joachim Wolschke-Buhlman and his wife for dinner. It was her first visit to the United States since she became a member of the German parliament and unable to leave the country, but she was here now on business. Joachim was a very able and much liked Director of Landscape Studies at Dumbarton Oaks. He enjoyed his work here but he wanted very much to get a position in Germany so he could be with his wife, and he eventually did.

On April 13 - 18, I went to Amherst for a series of lectures. Professor Elizabeth (Betty} Tydings Will, a professor of classics at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, had phoned me the spring before and asked me to give a series of lectures the next spring in the Amherst area. This was the beginning of a long and wonderful friendship. My camellias were just coming into bloom, and I picked a huge box full, which I took with me. Betty was very excited about them; she had only seen a few in florist shops. She filled up all the vases in her beautiful home and had many left to give to delighted friends.

The day before I left, Betty phoned and said a Ph.D. student at Harvard, Victoria I, was coming to my lecture and she wanted to know if she could come over and greet me when I arrived. I said I would be very happy to meet her, but I suggested that since I was getting in just a short time before my lecture at Amherst that we meet at the lecture and decide on a time for a longer visit. However, a few minutes after I arrived at Betty's the phone rang, it was Cornelia Donnelly, one of my undergraduates now working in Boston. She said that Victoria I had driven down with her and she wanted to know if they could come over for just a couple of minutes to greet me, so I said yes.

Cornelia was a student who visited me at home

quite often, so I guess she thought that she had special privileges because Victoria would never have called. They came in for a very few minutes, just long enough to say hello. Victoria presented me with a beautiful, big box wrapped in hand painted decorations and inside was a mask of a Maenad head. Victoria said she made it from one of the pictures in my Pompeii Gardens book. It was so beautiful I could not decide where to put it, so I put it above the door of my Garden Room where it is very conspicuous. Victoria also told me she had made a scale model of the Villa of Poppaea at Oplontis. She said she would like to have my criticism of it. I told her to bring it to the lecture that evening. It was unbelievably accurate and beautiful. Even the tiny garden paintings and the East wing of the Villa, were perfectly done.

In the course of my lecture, I described my excavations in the garden of the house of Bacchus and Ariadne at Tuburbo. Since it was not preserved by Vesuvius, I said I never would believe that so many trees and bushes could have grown in such a small garden if I had not excavated the peristyle gardens at Polybius at Pompeii. After the lecture, Victoria asked me if I would mind if she made a model of the garden at Tuburbo and I told her I would be delighted. She said all she would need would be an accurate map of the garden. I told her that just that week I had made myself make a map. I knew it was accurate as far as the measurement of the garden and the size of the roots, but it was not pretty like the ones that Stanley made. She said all she needed was the measurements and she would make the model.



The Alhambra, seen on the post-conference tour.

While staying with Betty, I also made a trip to the Philadelphia area and gave a lecture at the University of Pennsylvania and at Bryn Mawr College. Betty gave a big dinner party for me one night while I was with her. The dinner was catered by the best Italian restaurant in town, and it was certainly good. While I visited her, she drove me to many historic sites in Massachusetts and nearby, which I had never seen before. It was a wonderful visit.

From April 13 to May 14, my sister Elizabeth visited me. On August 14, I had a dinner party for my graduate students.

I felt greatly honored to be invited to give a keynote paper at the International Archeological Congress at Tarragona. Fred went with me. It was September 2, and we were almost ready to leave for the airport when FedEx arrived with a long awaited copy of *The Gardens of Pompeii*, Volume II. I said to Fred that there was no time to unpack a suitcase and squeeze it in, that we must just leave it. Fred said absolutely not, that he would take it and carry it himself. When we got to Dulles Airport, we were shocked that they had not given us seats together as they had promised. I needed help with my baggage and someone to steady me when I walked in the aisles. However, they had given me a seat in the back row and Fred a seat in the front row. When we complained that they had not given us the seats that they had promised, they said not to worry that they would get us seats together. In a few minutes, they told us that they had upgraded us to Business Class. Fred put our two bags and Volume 2 in the luggage rack above us.

The plane was late arriving in London and we knew we had little time to transfer to the other plane, so Fred got down our luggage before we landed. It was dripping wet! We told the stewardess, and she said that the problem had been there for some time but had not

been fixed. We made the connection, and the trip to Barcelona was very short. When we arrived, we shook off our baggage and hurried to open Volume 2, lest it be ruined. Fortunately, the front cover was on the underside and the little water on it we could wipe off readily, but the back was soaked and so were the leaves. Fred got paper towels and wiped the leaves, others helped wipe them also. We were able to salvage the book.

We had been told by the organizer of the Congress that since there was no public transportation between the Barcelona airport and Tarragona they would send a bus to pick up us and two Turkish scholars. There was no bus and no Turks. We waited and waited, but no bus arrived. Fred asked about air flights from Turkey, but there were none. We were waiting for the bus that was to take us to Tarragona when a man came up and asked Fred if he was traveling with Mrs. Jashemski. Fred said yes. The man said that they were the Turkish scholars who were to join us in the bus. Somehow, we had expected them to arrive in turbans, but of course they arrived in Western clothing. The gentleman said he had read all my books and admired them greatly. We waited longer and finally a rickety bus arrived. It was only about 70 miles to Tarragona, so how bad could it be? But before we reached Tarragona, the bus broke down. They told us it could be fixed in just a few minutes, but we waited and waited. The bus was so hot; we finally got off the bus and lay on the grass to cool off a little. The bus finally got fixed, but it was the middle of the night before we got to Tarragona. They took Fred and me to our hotel and I was shocked to see that although you could walk into the hotel from the street without steps, there were steps up to the room. We explained that I could not climb steps. They said they had fewer steps than any hotel in the area. Two men came forward and carried me on their forearms up the steps.



Garden area in a Roman house in Italica.

I was assigned a beautiful room, and in it was a huge bouquet of lilies and various exotic flowers. They were so beautiful. With it was a note from the hotel, which had sent the flowers, welcoming us and telling us they were sorry that we had had such a trying trip to get there. I had a beautiful balcony that looked out over the excavation, the old amphitheater, and the entrance to the modern city. Fred had a beautiful room next door to mine and he had a similar balcony, which adjoined mine. We learned the next day from our friends that we had been sent to the most expensive hotel in the city and that the other hotels had many more steps.

The program was well planned. My paper was on September 10. After my lecture, a German professor who was in the crowd that came up to congratulate me and he asked me when Volume 2 was coming out. He said he had a Ph.D. student who could not complete his dissertation until he could read the book. Fred gleefully said, “Here it is, it just came out.” The professor’s student grabbed it and wanted to take it, but we only let him have it for a few minutes.

Papers were interspersed with short excursions to the nearby excavations, such as the old city, the forum of Tarraco, the theater and the amphitheater (which we could see from our balcony), and the Archaeological Museum, where they had a little wooden doll, the only ancient Roman doll that has been preserved. They also had trips to the aqueduct and various other places. At times, there was so much to do that they had parallel programs.

After the formal conference was over, there was a tour to the other archaeological sites in Spain, notably tthe Alhambra, Italica, Baelo Claudia, Merida, and Seville. It was a remarkable tour in that we visited so



Baelo Claudia, on the southern Atlantic coast of Spain.

many places that were inaccessible by public transportation. Again, they told me that they would send a bus that I could step into, but it was not so; therefore two men carried me into the bus.

Fred continued to carry Volume II of *The Gardens of Pompeii*. The archaeologist who was meeting us spotted the book in Fred's hand and was elated. I did not think that in such a remote place they would even know of its existence, but they did. The bus drivers had great fun when they let us off at a site by saying, "We have Volume 2 of the Pompeii Gardens!" It was really funny.

We had gotten acquainted with a German professor, head of the German School in Portugal, who, with his wife, was was excavating a Roman town. The site was high up in the mountains and there was no usable road. The professor told me that he had a temple garden that he had excavated and he wanted me to see it. He suggested that we ride up with them in their car because the bus would be a very rough ride. When we got well up in the mountain to where we were going and the car came to a stop, several bulls came and pressed their noses to the windows. I hardly trusted my senses and asked Fred if he too saw the bulls! We learned that these bull were being raised for the bullrings. Generally, the professor said, the bulls were afraid of people; but, because they had worked there so long, the bulls had become quite friendly with them.

Fred and I left the tour at Madrid because there was little to see between there and Tarragona. We spent several days in Madrid at their beautiful Prado museum and other places of interest nearby before leaving for the States.



Pits for making garum, Baelo Claudia.



Roman theater in Merida.



Garden "backstage" of the Roman theater in Merida.



Water decompression tower. Aqueduct water entered Pompeii at its highest point and flowed downward through the city in lead pipes. Without decompression towers such as the one shown above and on the next page, the pressure in the lower parts of the city would have been too great for the lead pipes. The water main carried the water up the tower to an open basin on the top. Small pipes then carried it down and distributed it to individual householders who could afford the service. Everyone else was served by the public fountains such as the one in the left foreground.

1994 International Water Symposium at Pompeii

On February 3, my computer – a MacIntosh – and printer arrived; they have really changed my life.

Professor Janet Delaine from England was in the United States as a guest lecturer for the AIA and she stayed with me for several days. She was the 1994 lecturer for the AIA. Her specialty is Roman baths and we had several enjoyable days discussing Roman gardens and their possibility in baths.

On June 9, Hazel Emma Morgan, the daughter of my beloved undergraduate Greek and Latin professor visited me. She is very interested in Roman gardens and has all my books, along with many articles I have written and articles about me, all located in a special section of her library. She very much enjoyed the Humanities garden party in my garden. The party was at the end of the second year I had taught Humanities at the church. On June 18, Sharon Ruddell and her family from Chicago spent a very enjoyable day with me. Sharon was one of my graduate students and had worked with me in Pompeii. On August 24, Kathy Gleason spent several days with me working on the *Gardens of the Roman Empire*.

On September 28, Fred and I left for Europe. From October 1 - 8, we took part in the International Symposium on Water in Pompeii. We stayed at the Villa dei Misteri Hotel across from the excavation. The first evening there was a delightful dinner served at the swimming pool of the hotel. The hotel was just across the street from the excavations and on a road leading to





the Museum of Boscoreale. The sessions were to be held in the beautiful auditorium of the museum, but through some misunderstanding, that auditorium was not available. At the last minute, they had to look for another place. In the end, I spoke in the auditorium of a huge old orphanage where the acoustics were, shall we say, not the best.

Fred and I spent one day in the *scavi* with Antonio d'Ambrosio, the director. On Saturday, Massimo Ricciardi, a professor of botany, spent the day with me working on the book on medicinal plants. On Saturday, the conference made a field trip to Paestum. On Sunday, Stefano De Caro took us to see the new museum, Villa Fondi, at Piano de Sorrento. We were overcome with the beauty of several mosaic panels that had been rescued from an elegant villa near Massa Lubrense, a spot on the mainland coat opposite the island of Capri. A nymphaeum or possibly a swimming pool had been built near the edge of the cliff above the sea. The outer half of the pool had long ago fallen into the sea, but the inner half and the wall of mosaics behind it had clung to the cliff. The removal of the mosaics had been a delicate and expensive operation. The scenes in the mosaic panels corresponded to the plantings found alongside the pool at the Villa of Oplontis.

We worked in the Naples Museum getting pictures for the book *The Natural History of Pompeii*. In addition, in October, we spent several days in Rome with Nina [Eugenia Salza Prina Ricotti]. On October 10, Nina gave us a big dinner party. We returned to Pompeii on October 12. My brother William and his wife, Cis, arrived October 25; my sister, Elizabeth, came the next day and stayed until November 11.

In 1994, the following four publications appeared. "L'area coltivata intorno alla villa rustica," in Stefano De Caro, *La villa rustica de villa Regina-Boscoreale* (Bretschneider, Rome) pp. 95-111; "The classical Garden," in *The Dictionary of Art*, edited by Hugh Brigstocke (London: Macmillan); "Archaeological Evidence for Plants in Ancient Vesuvian Gardens," in *Garden History, Garden Plants, Species, Forms and*

Varieties from Pompeii to 1806, Symposium held at the European University Centre for the Cultural Heritage, Ravello, June 1991; and "Roman Gardens in Tunisia and the Vesuvian Area," in *La Cuidad en el Mundo Romano*, Actes Congres Internacional de Arqueologia Classica, Volume 1 Tarragona 1993.

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The Massa Lubrense nympheum in its new location at Villa Fondi in Piano di Sorrento. Portions of five of the original six such niches survive, but these two are the best preserved. Photo by the editor, 2004.

1995* A Dumbarton Oaks Symposium, Pasco, Jeffrey, and the Philadelphia Conference

On February 10 in the afternoon, I took part in a symposium at Dumbarton Oaks. After the Symposium, Joachim, the director of the garden library, took all the speakers to a dinner in Georgetown.

Often when I came home tired after a strenuous day at the University, I loved to work in my garden. Just handling the soil relaxed me, but my arthritis was making it more difficult for me to work in my garden. My doctor told me about an arthritis water therapy class at the Fairland Aquatic Center, which I joined in April. Doing the scientifically planned exercises in the pool reduced my arthritis considerably and I continued the classes. I also made many good friends there, including Marge who is helping me now on the computer.

On May 7, Fred's beautiful gardens in Takoma Park were on the garden tour sponsored by the Takoma Garden Club. Fred had collected plants from all over the world, so viewing his gardens was a special treat. He set up a table in the garden on which he had a huge punch bowl, and Elizabeth Pavlovski dressed as a Southern Bell with a big hat served May wine to the guests.

The last of June, I left for Pasco, Washington to visit my sister Elizabeth. She had long wanted me to come, but she had a big flight of stairs up to the back door and also to the front door. This did however make possible a floor of beautiful rooms above ground. One day her good friend and neighbor Henry Bidstrup, a retired shop teacher, told her he had had an idea that would make my visit possible. He built a long and slightly sloping ramp from the street to the front door, so it was easy for me to get in the house. Her son Jim, whom I had not seen for many years, and his wife Valerie and their two children, Rula and Marcus, whom I had never seen, came over for several days. Elizabeth's daughter Sally was there for more of my visit. They had a big birthday celebration for me, much to my surprise. I returned from Pasco on July 15.

On September 2, I was invited to the Bar Mitzvah for my godchild, Jeffrey Ravilious, and on Sunday for a big Bar Mitzvah luncheon. I have known Jeffrey all his life. His parents, John and Rondai, who had been my students stayed with me the week Stanley was in the hospital after his heart attack. Rondai told me later that she had told Stanley that Jeffrey was on his way and he was so happy for them. When he was young, they lived in an apartment and he loved to visit my big garden and woods. He was especially interested in insects, and I spent hours with him hunting for them and trying to explain what they were. The days his father was here, he would spend the whole time with Jeffrey in the garden. We were sure he would grow up to be an entomologist. He is a scientist and in his first year in graduate school, but not in entomology.

One day when he was little he brought in the mail and he came running all excited to his mother and exclaimed, "My Grandma, Dr. J., is famous." He had in his hand a copy of the Smithsonian Magazine that had my name on the cover. Rondai said, "It had never occurred to Jeffrey that Grandma Dr. J. had any other career other than making ice cream and hunting bugs." He always bought a Christmas gift for me that he put under the tree at the trimming party. I had a feeling that Rondai picked out some of the early ones, but she said no. He would go into a store and pick out one that he wanted. When he came to the Christmas party, he would look to make sure his gift was on the tree. When he went away to college, I assumed the gift giving was over, but Rondai said he would call from college and tell her he had found just the right gift in the college store. He loved the tea parties we had in the garden room, and he knew that I served various kinds of cheese and had little knives, one for each of the guests. Sometimes I had many more guests than I had knives. Jeffrey had found a box of many knives at the college store with special decorations on the handles and brought them to me.

I have been working on the gardens of the Roman empire for over fifty-five years. I had at first assumed that the Vesuvian gardens would be one chapter in this book, but on my second trip to Pompeii Mrs. Warscher persuaded me that they would fill my first book. However, every year Stanley and I went to Pompeii we

* The slide collection which reached the University of Maryland library ends with the 1993 trip to Spain. Stanley had an eye for a nice picture even if it had nothing to do with WFJ's work. Some of them will fill in otherwise blank space.

visited other possible Roman Gardens either before or after our Pompeii work. As the years went by, interest in Roman gardens continued to grow. Scholars wrote to me asking how to excavate the gardens in their site, which they had previously ignored. The great need for a "How to excavate a garden" manual is at last being met by the hoped-for publication of such a manual by Dumbarton Oaks in 2007. I have also had numerous letters from graduate students who wanted to study Roman gardens.

As the interest in Roman gardens grew, and more scholars began to carefully excavate the gardens at their sites, the character of my book on the gardens of the Roman empire began to take an entirely different form. I invited those scholars who had excavated or made a special study of a garden to write the entries about the gardens they knew well. I eventually invited scholars who lived or had done substantial work in a given province to be area editors. They were to describe the gardens they had excavated. Knowing the research being done in their country or the country in which they worked, they could invite any other scholars to discuss gardens that they might have excavated. Our book was beginning to take shape.

Many of the area editors expressed the desire and need to meet and discuss together our project. Professor Kathryn Gleason, the area editor for the provinces of Asia and Palestine, and I explored various possibilities. In 1995 the University of Pennsylvania Museum, the Department of Landscape Architecture, the History of Art Department, and generous help from the Samuel H. Kress Foundation made it possible for us to bring together the area editors, as well as various scientists who had worked on Roman gardens, for a two-day symposium on the gardens of the Roman empire.

My area editor for Algeria was a French scholar who had excavated gardens there. But she wrote me that the new government would only permit nationals to write about the newly excavated gardens, so she had asked one of her students, a brilliant young scholar named Aïcha Malek, who was finishing her Ph.D. with her to write the description of the new gardens where she had excavated. By some stroke of good luck it occurred to me to ask if by any chance Aïcha Malek spoke English. The Kress Foundation had been very generous in their grant to pay transportation of scholars overseas. She wrote back that her student spoke better English than she did. I suggested that the Professor bring Aïcha to the symposium to speak on the gardens she had excavated. She was the only young person on the program. The others where all professional scholars who had long been in the field, but Aïcha's talk was brilliant and made quite an impression on everyone.

Philadelphia is a garden center and there are many beautiful gardens in the area so that the public lectures in the museum drew a large audience interested in the latest information on the Roman gardens. They especially appreciated Fred Meyer's lecture because he gave everyone an off-print of a recent article he had written identifying all of the flora from wall paintings, chard remains, and pollen in the Vesuvian area.

Many of the area editors had their manuscripts completed and the others promised to do soon. *The Gardens of the Roman Empire* is to consists of two volumes, the first an interpretative volume, the second a catalog of all the known gardens in the Roman Empire. We had hopes of having the catalog volume finished within a year. Death and the excessive commitments of several authors considerably delayed our book and eventually made it necessary to find several new area editors.





1996 Gold Medal Award

Much of the year I spent working on three books that have been long in the making: *The Natural History of Pompeii*, *A Pompeian Herbal*, and *Gardens of the Roman Empire*. Dr. George Watson spent many an hour in my home checking the scientific chapters in *The Natural History of Pompeii*. Vicky I came down from Boston often with the sketches of the medicinal plants for *A Pompeian Herbal* for Fred to check.

On October 21, at the National Geographic Society, I gave a lecture on my excavations. I was surprised and pleased to see many of my former students of many years ago in the audience. Some had driven long distances to come.

I published two articles in 1996. The first one is "The Use of Water in Pompeian Gardens," *Curia Aquarium in Campania, Proceedings of the Ninth International Congress on the History of Water Management and Hydraulic Engineering in the Mediterranean Region*, Pompeii, 1 - 8 October 1994, Edited by N. De Haan and Gemma C. M. Jansen. The second was "Ancient Roman Gardens in Campania and Tunisia: A Comparison of the Evidence," *Journal of Garden History* p. 231-243, 1996. I also completed a chapter entitled "Gardens" for *Pompeii and the Ancient Settlement Under Vesuvius* edited by Pedar Foss ad John J. Dobbins, Rutledge, forthcoming. [This book did not appear until 2007, 11 years later, and then under the title *The World of Pompeii.* WFJ's copy arrived in the last weeks of her life. – Ed.]

The big event of the year for me was when I received the gold medal for distinguished archaeological achievement, the highest honor of the Archaeological Institute of America. The ceremony was in New York. The day before, they held a symposium on ancient gardens in my honor. Eminent scholars spoke on many gardens including ancient Syrian gardens. They all spoke of the influence that my work had had on them. It was a great joy to see so many of my students in the audience. Frances Bernstein, my last Ph.D., was broken-hearted when the day before the ceremony she came down with what she thought was the flu. She had called and told me that she could not come, so I could not believe my eyes when she walked into my room before the ceremony. She said: "This was one thing I just could not miss." She had dosed herself with every possible cure and spent the day in bed. The next morning, she felt better and caught the last plane to New York that would get her there in time.

The official photographer was most kind. He said he had never seen so many students, many with their children, come to such a ceremony. He told them to gather around me with the medal and he would take our picture. The picture is a very prized possession.

1997 East Caribbean Cruise and Homer Thompson Honor

On January 6, I invited members of my arthritic water exercise class for tea. They were interested in the dolls that decorated the Christmas tree.

In the last week of February, I went on my first Caribbean Cruise. I had visited most of the sites in Europe, Turkey, and North Africa, but I had never seen the Tropical Caribbean. My good archaeological friend and neighbor, Nancy, who took me to the pool, went with me on the cruise. We cruised the Eastern Caribbean in a beautiful ship named the Westerdam. We stopped at St. Maarten's, half of which was settled by the Dutch and the other half by the French. It was a great joy to shed our overcoats that we had been wearing in snowy Maryland and live in summer clothes.

When we got off the ship at Dutch St. Maarten's, there was a woman selling handmade dolls. She held one side up and said this was the Deutch doll, then she turned it upside down and then there was a different costume and head, and she said it was the French doll.

The Westerdam had arranged with a local tour company, which for a fee took the passengers of the ship with a guide to show them the island. But we discovered that if we went to the local tourist office at the harbor and asked them for the name of their best guide which they could locate for us, that we could see much more and what we wanted to see. Our tour guide was very knowledgeable, knew the island well, and was very anxious for us to see what we wanted to see. We learned later that he was the Mayor of the French St. Maarten's. He took us to the Butterfly Farm, an amazing place that was full of unusual trees and plants that attracted certain birds and butterflies. We got some good pictures of the plants, but the birds and butterflies were for the most part flying too fast to photograph. When our guide discovered that we were especially interested in gardens and plants, he made a special effort to stop and let us photograph the plants and wild flowers. He told us that he had good friends that had one of the most beautiful gardens on the island and he knew they would not object if he took us to see it. At one point, we found a sign that said Passport Office. This was where the residents of the two parts of the island had had to show their passport in order to go to the other half. The sign was left to show where Dutch St. Maarten's stopped and French St. Maarten's began. When we got back to the Westerdam, friends told us that we had seen so many things that they had not seen on their tour. The tour bus had taken a lot of time filling the huge bus and emptying it at each stop.

Our next stop was at the famous island, St. Thomas. It had many fancy resorts and was well known to Americans. The tour bus concentrated on this aspect of the island. Almost a third of the island and much of its coral reef is preserved as a national park. Again, the tour office got us a wonderful guide. When he learned that we were interested in gardens, wild flowers, and tropical trees, he suggested that we drive up to the top of the mountain from where we had a wonderful view of the entire island surrounded with water. We found many wild flowers, none of which I had seen before. Nancy had bought a book on the wild flowers of the Caribbean, and we would identify the flowers as we photographed them. There was an especially beautiful pink flower that seemed to be everywhere, *Antigonon leptopus*, its common name was Mexican creeper, Mexican love chain, or Coral vine. According to our flower book "This bright, rosy, weedy vine is out to cover the earth. Unchecked it will try to drape itself over the entire landscape, though you see it most often covering roadside hedges with a blanket of pretty pink flowers." Among the unusual trees, was the African Tulip tree with bright red flowers called the Flame of the Forest. Our guide also stopped for us to photograph a papaya tree laden with fruit. We also photographed a Cuban royal palm laden with fruit and a royal Poinciana flame tree. In all, we photographed a tremendous variety of unusual flowers and trees.

Our driver told us about a small artist village high in the mountains that he said tourists seldom saw. There was a cluster of small cottages where artists live the year round pursuing their art. Some were musicians, painters, and various craftsman. There was a tiny restaurant where we stopped for tea. Near it was a mango tree, which we photographed. On the road was a huge iguana, 27 inches long.

We also visited Fort Christian in Charlotte Amalie.

This is the oldest building still in daily use on St. Thomas. It was built by the Danes in the 17th century.

Back in Silver Spring, on March 16, and taking advantage of Fred's membership at the Cosmos Club, I invited all my graduate students who were on the east coast to one of their famous brunches. Going to such a famous place was quite a thrill to my students. None if them had been there before except one young man who said on his previous visit he had been in blue jeans making a delivery to the kitchen door.

On October 8, I gave the lecture in honor of Homer Thompson at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton University. Fred went with me and we were the house guests of Anna Benjamin and her colleague, Jean Burton. Anna was a good friend of Jake and Clarice Larson when they both taught at the University of Missouri. When she got a job at Rutgers teaching classics, she and Jean, a professor of English at Rutgers, bought a large and beautiful home with two libraries and many guest rooms.

Just as we were leaving for the dinner in honor of Homer, I distinctly remember putting my engagement and wedding rings on my finger. It was just a few steps to the front door and I suddenly noticed that my wedding ring was not on my finger. Then it occurred to me that I might have put my hand on the iron railing on the front steps and that the ring might have fallen off. We got flashlights and looked carefully at the area when the ring might have fallen, but there was no ring. Time was short and we had to hurry to get to the dinner on time. I was in no mood for a dinner party or a speech, but once I got to talking about Pompeii, I forgot all about my troubles.

When we returned home, we made another search for the ring to no avail. The next morning we had a leisurely breakfast on a screened-in terrace with a beautiful view for the house was adjacent to a large, well kept forest preserve. Anna said the deer arrived promptly at 9 am and they did. Then a woodchuck came out of the woods-also a groundhog- to get the breakfast that had been set out for them. It was the first time that I had seen a groundhog,

We had planned to return to Washington on the first train, so we had told Jean goodbye before she took her little dog for a grooming appointment. We were having such a good time Anna prevailed upon us to take the later train. Before we knew it, Jean was back and she told me to close my eyes and put out my hand. I knew what was coming. My ring was in my hand. I asked her how she had found it and she said that before she came in the house she was going to make one more examination of the space below the railing. She sifted everything and found the ring. The jeweler said the wedding ring was worn thin and easily torn. He rebuilt the ring and said I would have no more trouble. He said he often had women come in with this problem.

My sister Elizabeth arrived October 22 and returned to Pasco on November 7. William and Cis arrived October 30 and left on November 5.

Proofs for the *Natural History of Pompeii* arrived. Hiram Larew, entomologist and poet, spent a great deal of time reviewing them.



1998 Western Caribbean Cruise

In February, when it was very cold in Maryland, we began to think of the warm Caribbean. My good friend Bonnie Bierker – who lived on my street, Pershing Drive, and helped me with my garden – and Fred and I embarked on a Western Caribbean Cruise on the Noordam (February 21-28). In addition, one of my former undergraduates, Joan and her husband George Harrison went on the cruise. Food, lots of it, was the characteristic of every cruise. We ate our breakfast in the dining room at the table and refused all the extras the waiters tried to press on us. Lunch was a buffet, and we soon learned not to fill our plates with all the good things at the beginning of the counter because it was extremely long. We especially enjoyed the local fruits and vegetables that they took on at each stop. Dinner was always very special. One night was a Dutch dinner and they furnished us all with Dutchman hats, and photographers came around taking our pictures.

We had looked forward to visiting the Mayans in Guatemala. The Mayans are such warm and kindly people. However, before our cruise, two Americans had been murdered by Guatemalan terrorists, and the State Department was advising United States citizens not to go into Guatemala. The Guatemalan women were exquisite weavers and craftsman and we had looked forward to their market. They made things during the winter and sold them to the cruise ships passing through in the summer. We were glad to learn that the market was down on the shore on land owned by the tour boats and they told us it was safe to go there. It was just a few steps from the ship. Fred's feet were hurting him and he decided to wait for me at the entrance of the market. At the first booth where I stopped, I saw a beautiful, hand woven tapestry. I asked the woman how much it cost, and she said $5.00. Then she said to me, "Is that too much?" I said "Oh no, but I'd like to walk through the market to see what is available before I make up my mind." When I came back, she waived to me, pulled out a drawer, and took out the tapestry that I had liked. She said "I knew you liked it, and I knew you would come back because there is nothing else like it in the market." It was truly beautiful. My wall tapestry is very colorful and intricately woven. It has a religious motif, some are rose, not over an inch high, and some are larger. I asked her how long it took her to make it and she said 72 days. I felt guilty when I gave her the $5.00, but she claimed that was generous. Apparently, U.S dollars went a long way then.

Fred came over to pick me up, and he thought my tapestry was very beautiful. He told the woman that he would take one too; but she replied that there was the only the one because she never made two things alike. I told her that my friend was a botanist and that he would like something with flowers. She went to the drawer and brought out a wall tapestry the size of mine with local flowers woven into the design. Fred loved it and bought it immediately.

The children who were there with their mothers were intrigued with Fred's taking pictures, and they wanted their pictures taken too. So Fred took a picture of them holding place mats their mother had made. He took their names and sent them copies.

I had always wanted to see one of the pyramid temples. Instead of going to the Guatemalan women's market, Bonnie, Joan and George ventured a little further inland to the Mayan ruins at Quiriguá. They brought me back a picture of Joan and Bonnie sitting on the steps of a temple pyramid.

On the last day, we went to Tulum further south on the Yucatan Peninsula, the only Mayan city built on the sea. There we saw the temple with the painted frescos.

On June 27, with nice weather, we held our annual church forum picnic to which we invited the graduating high school seniors, who would be invited to join the forum next year.

In June, I went with Fred several times to the National Medical Library at the National Institutes of Health. one of the best medical libraries in the world. I was checking many old herbals in the course of preparing my *Pompeian Herbal*, which was due to go to press soon.

1999 *A Pompeian Herbal*

Again a cold February made us think of the warm Caribbean. This time my sister Elizabeth was interested in a cruise on the beautiful new Holland America cruise ship. George and Joan were anxious to go back and they persuaded their good friend, Anne Yule, also one of my undergraduates and a close friend of Joan in college to go. Hazel Emma Morgan joined our group. Our first stop was at Nassau in the Bahamas where the world's most famous straw market was located. I didn't go there because someone had already given me a straw doll from the straw market and later I was given a second doll from there. We also stopped at San Juan, Porto Rico where we took the tour of the famous harbor and the city. We stopped at St. John and St.Thomas.

On a previous visit to St. Thomas, we had concentrated on wild flowers and the beautiful mountain landscape. This time we visited some of the famous monuments in the city near the coast. St. Thomas is US possession and duty-free, so many tourists went there primarily for shopping.

There was a long stop at Half Moon Bay, bought by Holland America as a resort island. The chief attraction was the beautiful beach where tourists spent the day swimming, snorkeling and scuba diving. I didn't get off here, but the rest of our group did and brought me back photographs. It was so very pleasant to get in the pool on the deck or to sit in a deck chair and watch the beautiful blue water.

We had heard much about the famous midnight buffet, but we were never hungry and we also wanted to get to bed early in order to get an early start in the morning. We had heard that the buffet table decorations were spectacular. We had seen a demonstration one afternoon in which the workers deftly carved flowers out of vegetables and fruit. They looked like real roses, poppies, tulips, daisies and sunflowers. They made a vase out of a pineapple. At the midnight spread, they had other decorations even more striking, including a donkey's head made out of watermelon.

This year was the year my book *A Pompeian Herbal* came out. The introduction tells a story that is an integral part of my work in Pompeii but which was was not told in my archaeological writings. It begins:

I remember well the moment when I first became aware of the importance of medicinal herbs at Pompeii. It was an early summer morning in 1966 when we went into the insula (city block) across from the amphitheater to clear it of overgrowth before beginning our excavations. When my workmen spotted a patch of bright green weeds, they immediately rushed to dig them up and put them with their belongings, to take home at the end of the day. I thought it very strange, and inquired why they did this. "For *fegato*," they told me, "it is very good." I was to learn as I worked at Pompeii that liver (fegato) ailments were a common complaint, hence the importance of the medicine made from the herb that my workman were gathering, the common weed know as mullein (*Verbascum sinuatum*)

As the days passed and my workman continued to collect plants, I began to wonder if the plants they were collecting for medicine were the same ones the ancient Romans had used for cures. In my work, I so often have been impressed with the continuity of life in the Vesuvian area.

Frequently, when my workmen identified a new soil contour or other agricultural detail discovered in our excavations, I would ask them how they could be so certain. "Because we have always done it that way." When we discovered a perfectly preserved hoe in our excavations, the happy worker who found it told me that he had a *zappa* at home that was an exact replica of the ancient one. The next morning, he was at work early with the handle from his *zappa*. It fit the ancient hoe perfectly, and he was ready to pose for his photo. Not far from the hoe, we found another ancient tool, an exact duplicate of the *martellina* that our workmen were using to clear weeds from the garden.

As I continued through the years to gather information about the medicinal plants used in modern Pompeii, I talked to many people, some living in the country, some city dwellers, laypeople, and professionals. Again and again the same plants were mentioned – a limited but

consistent list in which they placed great confidence. Among these were such common weeds as plantain and purslane; there was also the lovely maiden hair fern, the fragrant alyssum, the ever-present bramble, or wild blackberry, bright blue larkspur, Apollo's laurel, even the English walnut, lettuce from the kitchen garden and many others.

It was exciting to discover the little white chamomile with its yellow centers, chicory with it's jewel-like blossoms of clearest blue, the beautiful red valerian, also "verbascum with the golden flowers," and the lacy St. John's wort.

The preface of the book, which was published by the University of Texas Press, told more of the help from many sources I had received in writing the book:

It is always a pleasure to express gratitude to those who have contributed to my work. Many people through the years have had an important part in the development of this book. It was first my workmen at Pompeii who introduced me to the herbs that they gathered to use as medicine. Then other workmen in the excavations, their friends and families, and also townspeople showed me the medicinal plants that they gathered, and explained their use. Dr. Pietro Soprano, director of the excavations at Pompeii, and later at Stabiae gave me valuable information about medicinal plants in use at Pompeii and introduced me to neighbors living within the excavations who collected medicinal plants. It was he who directed a workman to get for me the specimens of the miraculous "potato" (*Cyclamen hederifolium*) at Stabiae. The specimens that we collected of the plants being used for medicine are deposited in the U.S. National Arboretum herbarium in Washington, D.C.

In a book concerned with medicinal plants, the aid of botanists who know the area is indispensable. I have been fortunate in having the help and advice of four eminent botanists. For many years Dr. Frederick G. Meyer, Research botanist in charge of the herbarium at the U.S. National Arboretum in Washington, D.C., now retired, has cooperated in my work on the gardens of Pompeii and the surrounding area. He has accompanied me on four trips to the Vesuvian sites and "botanized" the area, collecting specimens for the Arboretum herbarium. He has documented many of the medicinal plants. His wife, Lillian Nicholson Meyer, a botanical artist, generously offered t make drawings of the medicinal plants that I had collected.

Early in my research, I was privileged to meet the botanist Dr. Paolo M. Guarrera, now professor at the University "La Sapienza," in Rome, who was making a detailed study of medicinal plants used in Latium, the larger territory in which Rome is situated. From him I learned much. Professor Massimo Ricciardi of the department of Arboriculture, Botany and Plant Pathology, University of Naples "Federico II" at Portici, who has closely collaborated with me in my work on Vesuvian gardens, has contributed greatly to this book. His interest in and knowledge of the medicinal plants used in the Pompeii area is considerable, and he generously gave me detailed information about the plants he has used in treating his own family, in addition to other plants in the area used for medicine. He introduced me to Professor Matteo Giannattasio, a botanist at the University of Naples "Federico II," in Naples, who is also interested in medicinal plants. All four botanists have read my manuscript and their corrections and suggestions have greatly improved it. Dr. Francis M. Heuber, chief paleobotanist at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., has also aided my work, accompanying me on two trips to the Vesuvian sites. Four of his beautiful scanning electron microscope photographs appear in this book.

The untimely death of Lillian Nicholson Meyer, before she had been able to complete her handsome plant portraits for this book, made its publication very doubtful. I am much indebted to the gifted artist, Victoria I, who generously offered to make the many additional drawings needed, thus making this book possible.

The Smithsonian Institution invited me to have a book signing party to be followed by a lecture about my work on the book. Vicki came and sat with me at the table, also signing books. We were greatly surprised at the many people who had bought books and were in line waiting for them to be signed. There were many of

my students of over 50 years ago that I had not seen since and they wanted stop and visit and I did too, but the Smithsonian staff member kept telling us to sign the books as fast as we could and not delay the line by visiting.

I was especially touched when Mrs. Ponnamperuma came with her daughter with their books to be signed. Her husband, Cyril, was on the University of Maryland chemistry faculty and an internationally known scientist. One of my friends later told me that one of the rooms in the Smithsonian Natural History building had a frieze of cards with statements he had made. I was surprised at the large number of people in Washington who were interested in medicinal plants. There were botanists, doctors, and members of several herb societies and others who simply had an interest in the subject.

In my lecture, I told how I first became interested in the medicinal herbs of Pompeii. Then I discussed briefly the use of the medicinal herbs before the Romans. That subject was covered in the first half of my book. The second half was a catalog in which I had plant portraits of the 36 medicinal herbs that were still being used in modern Pompeii and for which I found evidence of their medicinal use in ancient Pompeii. I had given my good friends and next-door neighbors John Lundsford and his wife a copy of my book but their young son, James, wanted his own copy. During the lecture, I saw him following my words with the plant portraits and discussions in the book. He seemed a little disgusted that I hadn't said everything in my lecture that he found in the book!



After the lecture, some of my graduate students and colleagues took me to Mrs. Kay's Restaurant to celebrate and discuss the book, which they were eagerly reading. Several said it contained some things about the Romans that they had never heard before.

Cyril Ponnamperuma, mentioned above, was originally from Sri Lanka, and he never forgot his native land. When he learned that there were gardens there to be excavated, he insisted that I go over and do the work. They, of course, would take care of all our expenses. That was back in the 1970s when Stanley was still living, but the Pompeii books had not been finished. I told him that I was so busy at Pompeii that I couldn't leave, but he insisted. I finally went down to Group Heath to ask about the necessary inoculations, and they told me that malaria was the only one. I asked them if there were any side affects except to the eyes. They said a few people had lost their eyesight. I then told Cyril that we couldn't go because Stanley had sight in only one eye and we certainly didn't want to risk any damage to it. The Sri Lankans still kept urging us to come; and when Stanley died they had already bought our tickets. A few weeks later, there was a big affair at the embassy of Sri Lanka, and they invited me and again tried to persuade me to come alone, but with no success. Some years later, after the Sri Lankan gardens had been excavated, they had some architectural problems. Lindley Vann of the University of Maryland School of Architecture and some of his students went to help. Cyril was very anxious that the University of Maryland be represented.

2000 90th Birthday Celebration

I had just come from the hairdresser getting ready for my birthday celebration on Saturday, July 10. As I got nearer to my house, I saw a strange car parked that I had never seen on Pershing Drive before. When I got closer, I saw that there were two people in the car and a tall good-looking man jumped out, hugged me, kissed me, and said, "Oh, Aunt Mina!" He was my nephew Gary Feemster and his wife Tommie, who had come from California for my birthday celebration, but I didn't know they were coming. I hadn't seen Gary since he was a little boy as our travels always took us east to Pompeii and not to the west coast. They were very glad when they saw me, for they said they had been sitting in the car for a long time and were just getting ready to drive away. It was lunchtime, and I invited them to come in for lunch. At first they resisted, but I said that the refrigerator was full and it would be no trouble at all.

They hadn't been in the house long when the telephone rang. It was Lois Salter who with her daughter Joanne who had come to surprise me at the birthday celebration. They wanted to know the name of the nice lady who had offered to get them rooms. (That was Lolly Vann, who had done so much to prepare the celebration.) When Gary learned that they were at the airport, he said he would go get them. They were all back in a short time. They immediately became good friends and they have kept up that friendship ever since by frequent email. Lois said, "We are all Feemsters."

Who was Lois Salter? One day during WWII, a soldier came to the door of my parents house in York, Nebraska. He said to Mother, "My name is Woodrow Salter. Would you have room in this big house for my wife and baby daughter for two weeks before I am shipped over seas?" Mother said, "Of course." and she made Lois and baby Joanne feel a part of the family. They even cooked together. Woodrow came in on the weekend. He was stationed at a base a few miles south of York, but when it came time for him to be shipped overseas, he was rejected because of poor vision. He remained at the base in Nebraska, so Joanne grew up at our house. She called my mother and father Grandma and Grandpa. She knew none of her own.

When I was married, Lois was a bridesmaid and Woodrow was an usher. Lois has said so many times that the Feemsters were a wonderful family and she would never forget their kindness to her during the war. They came to see Mother and Father several times and Mother visited them.

The weatherman was really good to me on my birthday. July that year was cool and pleasant with low humidity. We set up the table on the terrace and enjoyed so much eating outdoors. There was a gentle breeze, and the chimes were twinkling.

My nieces Holly and Heidi, daughters of my brother William, arrived from Illinois just before dinner. I had invited them to stay with me. William and Cis would have liked very much to come, but Holly and Steve had two rambunctious boys and a little girl. They insisted Holly leave her children with them and that she and Heidi come to the celebration.

I had expected quite a few friends, but when they took me in the big banquet hall at the University of Maryland Adult Education Center, I was overwhelmed. It was completely filled. Former students, relatives, colleagues and other friends had come from all over the US and even Europe. When I sat down at my place at the table I couldn't believe my eyes. It was my sister Elizabeth and her daughter Sally Gladden. Elizabeth had written that she would love to come but that she just couldn't take Maryland heat in July and would come in October. Then Carol Ferry phoned and told her she ought to come. When Sally said she would love to come too, Elizabeth agreed. Carol told Elizabeth that she would meet them at the airport and take them to their hotel to keep it a surprise from me. The banquet room was beautiful with white table clothes and centerpieces of very special flowers. The table was set with beautiful china, silver and crystal. It was a very elegant meal.

Betty Jo Mayeske was a very clever and vivacious MC. Henry Ferry spoke briefly and then projected kodachromes that showed important events in my life. It seemed like almost everyone in the room wanted to tell what I had meant to them as teacher, publishing scholar and sympathetic friend. People were quite captivated

with Nina's remarks and with Lois's Southern accent. One young man, one of my Ph.D. students who was considered the cut-up of the group – he never had a serious word to say – surprised me greatly when there were no wise cracks and he immediately began to tell what I had meant to him and how I had changed his life. But the tears came before he finished talking. Some days later he brought me a typed copy of his remarks done up in a special folder and he said, "I want you to read this and keep it. I meant every word of it."

Betty Jo had to tactfully stop the remarks because she saw them waiting outside to bring in the birthday cake! It was a huge cake brought in with fanfare with 90 candles burning brightly. It was a very special cake. Sally said it was the best cake she had ever tasted. After the dinner, Elizabeth and my nieces Sally, Holly and Heidi came home with me.

Some of the guests were able to get planes home the next morning, but quite a few had to wait until late afternoon or early evening. Fred made it possible for us all to go to the Cosmos Club for their Sunday brunch. I very much appreciated having the opportunity of visiting one-on-one with quite a number of the guests that I could only greet briefly at the party the day before. My nephew Gary made quite a few trips to various airports.



Girl fast asleep on her father's vegetable cart. A 1957 picture, the first one in Pompeii that year.

2001 Illness,Working on Books; the Near Loss of these Memoirs

One day early in this year, I started vomiting violently. I was frightened and called my friend Bev next door who is a nurse. She took one look at the situation, called 911, and told them to get there as soon as possible. She called Holy Cross, a nearby hospital. They took me into an emergency room and started pumping blood. My esophagus was bleeding. They pumped out blood until 2 a.m. in the morning. It was very painful and Lolly sat by bed and held my hand the entire time. Then they moved me to a private room where I had a most caring Mayan male nurse.

After being in the hospital some time, they told me I was ready for a rehabilitation center and that there was a very good one quite near the hospital They said they would ask a rep at the home to come over and tell me about it. She painted a glowing picture of it. When they carried me in on a stretcher from the ambulance, we entered a beautiful big room all furnished in the Williamsburg style. I saw a beautiful china cup and saucer with tea pot to match on a little table by a wing chair. I thought, What a beautiful place to recuperate! However, the double room was atrocious. I saw an employee washing out a urinal in the sink where we brushed our teeth.

The hospital had sent a list of the foods that I would be able to eat. But the chef apparently couldn't read. I would not have survived if my friends and students hadn't brought me food. I called for the doctor, for they told me there was a doctor on duty all the time. They told me I couldn't see the doctor for four days – that she saw the patients once a week. Henry Ferry came over to see me soon and sized up the situation. He said he would talk to them. He was all dressed up in a three-piece suit. I commented on his dress on such a hot day. He laughed and said he didn't know whether to wear his clerical collar (B.D. theology, Princeton) or his professorial dress (Ph.D. in history, Yale). He apparently made the right choice, for he had no sooner left than one of the head administrators came in and asked me if that man was my lawyer. I said, no, but that he had power of attorney for my health care. My care became quite different, but only for a short time. One of the aids was giving me a bath in the middle of the night when she suddenly pulled out her cell phone and talked for an hour to her boyfriend. Again, I complained and things improved for a day or so.

I almost immediately started going to physical and occupational therapy. They had wonderful physical therapists. When I was in bed, I spent my time reading the proof on the *Natural History of Pompeii*. I also wrote the two speeches that I was to give at a symposium at Dumbarton Oaks on May 11 and 12, attended by the authors of the book *How to Excavate a Garden*. When the day of the symposium approached, I asked my doctor if I could go to the symposium and give my paper and he said yes. The rehab center was shocked, but David Orr, one of my Ph.D.'s, had come from Philadelphia. He came to pick me up, and they took me out to his car in a wheel chair.

At Dumbarton Oaks, they had done everything in their power to make my visit possible. Because there were several series of steps, they opened the gate, which had a grand driveway leading up to the mansion. It hadn't been used since the Blisses turned their place over to Harvard. When I arrived, there was a group of men waiting for me, including Ned Keenan, the director of Dumbaton Oaks, and Michel Conan, the director of the department of landscape design. They carried me in a wheel chair up the few steps to the room where the symposium was held. I gave my paper sitting down and it was quite successful and I felt fine. I waited until it was time for my second paper just before lunch. I told them I couldn't stay for lunch because the rehab center had said I must return immediately after my paper. They said I had to stay for lunch because the cook had made a special lunch for me. It was a wonderful soup with only those things in it that I was allowed to eat without injuring my esophagus. By then the rehab center was phoning and saying that I should be back. I don't know what Michel told them. He didn't tell me until much later that they had called several times and were getting quite insistent. I was persuaded to stay for the afternoon session, in which I was most interested. In fact, I had met none of the speakers on the program before except David. Then the Dumbarton Oaks people insisted that I stay for dinner. They said the cook had gone to a lot of effort to prepare a special meal for me. By then I was feeling fine, and we had a good time

taking photos. When David brought his car to the door to take me home, the men carried me down again. They told me to tell the rehab center that I looked a lot better when I left than when I came!

The Dumbarton Oaks fellows were invited to attend the symposium, and a very motherly, gray-haired lady who was a garden fellow seemed to pay a lot of special attention to me. She said she was a friend of Aïcha. I learned later from Aïcha that she was a very important scholar and had been secretary of education in Turkey. Later Aïcha took me to a lecture at the Turkish Embassy given by her on a book she had just published. When she saw me come in, she stopped and told the audience that a very distinguished scholar had just come. After the lecture, she made me stand up. Many of the audience came and told me that had read my books.

I recovered satisfactorily and was eventually allowed to go home. The rest of the year was spent in intensive work on the *Natural History of Pompeii* and the syntheses volume of the *Gardens of the Roman Empire*.

When the *Natural History of Pompeii* was finally ready for the press and I had edited all the chapters and entries for the *Gardens of the Roman Empire*, Michel Conan immediately pressed me to get back to work on my memoirs. Whenever I finished a chapter, my students and colleagues were eager to read it.

Then one day Fred Meyer said, “Of course we like it very much because we are all in it, but what you need is to have it read by someone who does not know you or me or anything about Pompeii.” I said I did not know such a person, but he said that he did. She was the science editor of the Rutgers University Press. Stanford University Press had hired her to edit Fred’s monumental two-volume work on the great herbal of Leonhardt Fuchs and to present his book at the International Botanical Association meeting. I said she would be too busy to read my manuscript, but Fred said no; he had already asked her and she would enjoy doing it. She and her husband came to my 90th birthday celebration. I asked Fred who they were and was quite surprised. I asked how they knew about it, and he said he told them. After the celebration, she came up to me and said this would be a good time for her to pick up my manuscript. She could not get to it right away, but she could as soon as she got her own book to the press.

I had printed a single copy of it before my computer crashed. That copy was the only version of it I had. I hated to give her my only copy, but she said she was an editor and an author herself and knew how important it was to take care of it. I thought nothing more about it until Michel Conan said I should get back to work on it. So I called her to asked her to overnight it FedEx. I was quite disturbed when I called the number the number she had given me and learned that it had been disconnected. They had moved too long ago to have a forwarding number. Then we went on the Internet and were delighted to find her telephone number; but when I called it, the person who answered said that a family by that name had lived there but that they had moved to Boston where the husband had gotten a job at a university.

Fortunately, she had called me after they got home with my manuscript and told me that her husband, a Harvard Ph.D., picked it up and sat up all night reading it from beginning to end. He said he couldn't put it down. She said, “Now tell that to a press.” He is a mathematics professor and does not know anything about Pompeii. Harvard would not give out any information about any of its graduates. Michel said that was no problem; Ned, the director of Dumbarton Oaks, was a retired professor from Harvard. Michel said they would tell him. The problem was that he was on vacation and would not return until September 1. When he returned, Michel told him our problem. In a few minutes I had an email from Ned that gave me a telephone number. That was the only information I had. I did not even know his name.

I called and his wife answered. She was quite embarrassed. She said she had completely forgotten that she had the *only* copy. She said their life had been hectic the last three years; they had moved many times and they were only now unpacking. She said the manuscript was safe, she had found it in a box she was opening. I told her to take it to Kinko and get it copied, but not to let it out of her hands. She called back to say she had four copies xeroxed, one for herself and three for me which she was overnighting to me. Michel said the minute I got the manuscript to let him know and he would make a copy for himself. Sometime later Aïcha saw Michel’s secretary xeroxing copies and asked why she was making copies. She said Michel told her to make three copies. She said it was to ensure that the manuscript would not get lost again.

When I opened the box with the manuscript, there was a handwritten letter from her. She said she had read the manuscript, every word of it. and she loved it. She said do not let any publisher tamper with it or change anything.

During the month of May, Vicky I came down from Boston for three days to select pictures for the *Gardens of the Roman Empire*. George Watson, former chairman of the zoology department at the Smithsonian and a well-known ornithologist, had written the chapter on birds in the *Natural History*. He was well acquainted with the scientific material in the other chapters and read the proof carefully. He knew ancient Greek and, having spent two years at the American School in Athens, spoke fluent Modern Greek. Prof. Massimo Ricciardi, a renowned botanist of the University of Naples "Federico II" at Portici, came from Italy from October 4-22. He proofread the entire *Natural History*. He too knew Greek thoroughly and worked closely with George Watson. They were determined that there would not be a single accent that was wrong and there was a lot of Greek in the book.[4]

One day the phone rang and a man said, "I am Clopper Almon, a colleague of yours at the University of Maryland in the Economics Department. You probably do not remember me, but I remember you well. I heard you lecture at Maryland and talked to you after the lecture, and also to Stanley. Your books are on my reading list. I would like to come over and get better acquainted." I told him by all means to come. We had a wonderful visit. This was the beginning of a close, professional cooperation and also a warm personal friendship. I asked him what my books were doing on his reading list, and he said he was giving a winter-term study-abroad course on European economic history and development, especially in Italy. The course was open to qualified students from all over the United States, but he limited the number to about twenty and it was generally over subscribed, so he could select very good students. They studied the geography, the climate, and the development that took place. They started in Ascea, near Velia, some two hours by train south of Naples. It was a Greek colony that later had a Roman addition. Clopper came to see me when he returned from the trip and brought me Italian books that he thought would interest me. One of these was a newly published guide to Velia. I was quite excited when I read it and discovered that there was a structure in the Roman part of the town that had probably been dedicated to the imperial cult and that it had a courtyard that had probably been a garden. I asked him if there was anyone that would be able to write a brief description of the garden as an entry in Volume II of the Roman Gardens. He said "Yes, Francesca Mermati." Francesca was a graduate student at the University of Naples, had a good command of English, and was overseeing the excavation of a Roman house at Velia. Clopper was sure she would do an excellent job and volunteered to call her. In a short time, I had an email from her saying she would be honored to contribute to our book. She asked for guidelines for format and in a few days I got a most beautiful write-up. Would that all of my authors had been that prompt!

On October 29, I went to Dumbarton Oaks to meet for the first time and hear the lecture by Professor Roger Bagnall, the noted papyrologist who had contributed much to the Egyptian gardens in the *Gardens of the Roman Empire*. Most of the Roman gardens in Egypt are know only from the papyri.

On November 25 my computer crashed. I was devastated because I had the manuscripts of the *Natural History* and the two volumes of *The Gardens of Roman Empire* on the computer. Lolly Vann took it to the Apple specialists at the University of Maryland. They worked and worked and were finally able to retrieve quite a bit of the lost material. Later, my computer-savvy friend Ellsworth Johnson, a neighbor down the street, told me not to worry because he had backed up both documents on his computer!

In late December, just before his trip with students to Italy, Clopper called me and asked to come over; he had a few books he wanted me to autograph. He came with a shopping bag full of *Pompeiian Herbals*. He was giving them as gifts to archaeologists in Southern Italy whom he said were familiar with my books and read English.

4 The "renowned botanist" recalls that one morning during the visit a box of plant bulbs arrived in the mail. He was somewhat surprised to find himself, the same afternoon, down on his hands and knees in the garden, digging holes and planting those bulbs under the close supervision of Wilhelmina. "I could see by the look in her eye," he recalls, "that she already saw clearly her garden as it would be in the spring when all those bulbs bloomed." – Ed.

2002 *The Natural History of Pompeii* is Published

We had recently recruited Sarah Meyer, Professor Classics University of Virginia, to write a chapter in the *Gardens of the Roman Empire* on gardens as seen by ancient Roman authors. She and Aïcha worked together on the chapter.

Vicky I came back again for several days to pick pictures for the Roman Gardens book. She had had professional experience in illustrating books and offered to work on our books if Cambridge were willing. I called our Cambridge editor, Beatrice Rehl, and told her what had Vicky said and asked her if that was all right. She said unfortunately they were already over budget and couldn't afford to take on anyone else. When I told her Vicki offered to do it free, Beatrice immediately said that she was hired! Beatrice said that Vicky had worked with them before and she was really good. She could be the art editor.

The big day was October 2 when the *Natural History of Pompeii* arrived. It is a large and beautiful book with many full-color pictures. On November 17, we had a big party at the Cosmos Club to celebrate the publishing of the book. Most of the authors were able to come, several from overseas. After we finished eating, most of them spoke, reminiscing about the making of this book, which had taken many years. I invited my friend Marge Koepke who had done the final typing of much of the book. I also invited Ellsworth and his wife who had done so much to help when I had computer problems. Ellsworth brought his mother, to whom he is very devoted, who had been very interested in the book. Much to my surprise, she rose to speak and she made very gracious remarks about how much I had done to bring this book to completion. I found out later that her deceased husband had been a minister. She was probably used to making speeches. All the authors had received their free copies the same day mine came and we had a big time autographing each other's books.

Before leaving for Italy for his winter-term course, Clopper came over with several copies of the *Natural History* for me to autograph. I told him that it was a very expensive gift to be handing out so freely. He said "No, it is cheap for what I get in return. The book is virtually unavailable in Italy and not affordable by people very interested in it. Some of them, like Francesca, devote a whole day to guiding my students." The books would be a much appreciated gift.



2003 The Dumbarton Oaks Symposium on *Gardens of the Roman Empire,* the Snowstorm

Dumbarton Oaks had generously invited all the authors of interpretive chapters for a symposium on February 14-15. The first day went well. The second day dawned beautiful and clear, but the weather forecast was for a bad snowstorm that evening. Vicky I was staying with me and had rented a car. She insisted that we drive to Dumbarton Oaks together, but my good friend Kevin Conrad of the National Arboretum (who was very interested in my work) offered to take us down and to bring us home. Vicky still insisted that we go in her car, but Kevin said, "You'll get there all right, but nobody knows what the weather will be when the symposium is over." Kevin had a big SUV with four-wheel drive, and he knew he could make it through most any storm. I had planned the symposium so that the papers would be finished by 5 pm and threatened to cut off anyone who spoke overtime, but many did and what they had to say was so new and interesting that Michel motioned to me to let them finish. To complicate matters further, Aïcha's plane from Paris was much delayed, and she arrived just as we were dismissing the symposium. Everybody said that Aïcha had come so far and that they had to hear her paper. It was after 7 p.m. when the symposium finally ended and we hurriedly left. We were grateful that Kevin was there to take us home. The snow was already over a foot deep when we got to my front yard and he had a hard time getting us to the door. The others were staying at a hotel near the conference. They joined hands and trudged through the snow until they finally reached it. They said the first day they were snowed in was really fun. There were so many things in the papers that they wanted to talk over. By the second day, they were pretty disturbed because most had made reservations on airlines that hadn't been running for two days. We talked to them frequently on the phone and they all had the same story. The planes weren't flying, and they couldn't get home to teach their Monday classes. Aïcha had planned to come out to my house the next day and work with Vicky and me, but there weren't any taxi's running. Nevertheless, Aïcha was determined and finally found a taxi that would take her to the district line. She got out of the cab there and trudged through the snow for a good mile and a half to my house. Vicky's car of course couldn't even be seen it was in such a mound of snow. When she finally decided she had to get home for another engagement, she took the first plane that was available and left the car at my house. She told the rental agency in Boston that she couldn't drive it back to Boston. They said not to worry; they would have someone from their Washington office come out and get it. It was several days before they were able to drive it away.

On November 5, I was invited to a special luncheon by the new chairman of the History Department of the University of Maryland. He had invited all the former staff members who were still around. I had invited Lolly Vann as my guest. He wanted them to feel connected to the department. I had to have my hearing aid cleaned before going. We left in time for us to easily get the cleaning done and still get to the luncheon at the appointed hour. After it was cleaned, we congratulated ourselves that we were so well on schedule. But, when Lolly got to the car, she couldn't find her keys. They weren't in her pocket book, and she hadn't dropped them by the car. She retraced her steps to the clinic, and the people there looked and came out and looked again. We didn't know what we were going to do. We waited for a while and finally a big truck drove into the parking lot and Lolly told them our plight and they offered to take us to the luncheon. First, she needed to get something out of the trunk of her car. From the inside, she opened it and there were her keys! Of course we were more than a little late for the luncheon but when we told them the reason, it brought down the house. After the luncheon was over, the chairman asked all the retired faculty members what they had been doing since they had retired. I introduced my friend Lolly and said she was the wife of an architecture professor with whom I had team taught courses on Pompeii and the ancient city. I said that she had had a very interesting career of her own. She was a deep-sea diver and a scuba diver and her special interest was in locating very old merchant ships in places where history had not recorded their location. The group was very interested and began asking her all sorts of questions.

2004 The Smithsonian Stabiae Exhibit and the WFJ Exhibit in York, Nebraska

My sister, Elizabeth, and her daughter Ruth came in April for a very enjoyable visit. Ruth was an experienced photographer and took many pictures of my garden that was in full bloom and at its best. She selected two of them and made beautiful Christmas cards for two years. A third picture she used to make note cards for me.

We went to see the Stabiae Exhibit at the Smithsonian. Before they formally opened the exhibit, they had many speeches. The big auditorium was full and we took seats in the back. I was particularly interested in hearing the first speaker, Wallace-Hadrill, the head of the British Academy in Rome, but I couldn't hear a word. Lolly said I probably needed a new hearing aid battery and that she would run down to the Smithsonian store and get one. They didn't carry batteries, but they told her the nearest place where she could find them. She ran down to that store and bought a box and hurried back and put one in my hearing aid, but I still couldn't hear. We found out later that the hearing aid needed cleaning – again.

I wanted to talk to Wallace-Hadrill whom I had met several times before and who was very interested in Roman gardens. Lolly offered to run down the steps of the big amphitheater-shaped auditorium to the front row where the speakers were sitting and tell him where I was sitting. She was surprised when he immediately rushed back to where I was sitting jumping over seats to get there quicker. He said, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you; I didn't see you in this big audience." He suggested we go in together to the Stabiae Exhibit. I had an expert guide because he knew the ancient city so well. I had seen many of the things in the exhibit before, but some had been excavated since I had been there. I was very interested in being able to see the back of the charming little garden statue of the shepherd, which I had seen at Stabia only in a show case. When we looked at his knapsack on his back, we saw a loaf of Italian bread made exactly the way they do today. Betty Jo Mayeske was overcome with joy because she had written her doctoral dissertation on the bread industry in Pompeii, and she was working on a book that would include our discussion of bread.

Ancient Stabiae is in the present city of Castellammare di Stabia. Leonardo Varone, the young architect and native of Castellammare who had assembled the exhibition, came up and thanked me profusely for coming to his show and presented me with an autographed copy of the beautiful book that pictured all of the objects, mostly in color, that were in the exhibition.

One morning at home, the telephone rang; and a man introduced himself as Kent Bedient. He said he had been a designer in New York for forty-one years and was now "retired" in York, Nebraska. He said that the city of York, where I had spent the first 21 years of my life, wanted to put on an exhibition illustrating my life, my work on Roman gardens in Pompeii, Tivoli, and Tunisia, and my publications. I was very busy at that time working on *The Gardens of the Roman Empire* and my on memoirs. We wanted to get as much as done as we could before Aïcha left on August 15. He said the celebration could be at my convenience but they wanted my approval before they started making plans that would take considerable time.

The York County Historical Society and the Friends of the Library of the Kilgore Memorial began work immediately. I recognized the name of the woman in charge of the Friends of the Memorial Library. Ann Kirkpatrick was her name, the daughter-in-law of Mable Kirkpatrick, a favorite student I had heard my father talk about many years ago.

The new library was built just one block from the old library where I had spent many hours during the years from my childhood until I finished college. The library had a wonderful Shakespeare collection and I read every bit of it for Miss Callender's Shakespeare class, which I loved. The head librarian wrote me that perhaps Kent hadn't told me (he had not) that as a designer in New York, he had planned the window displays for Tiffany's and other such stores. So this exhibit was truly professional.

The new library has a forty-foot gallery with a lighting track meant to be an exhibit hall where they planed to feature my publication along with the color

jackets of my very large books. Many passages were quoted from my various publications. They had bought my new books and were making an effort to get the out of print books. I sent them a copy of *Letters From Pompeii*, now a collectors item, *A Pompeiian Herbal*, and a small handbook that contained many of Stanley's pictures. I had written the text. The publication was printed in four foreign languages (English, French, German, and Italian). I also sent them offprints of chapters that I had written in other books, and many articles written in both scientific and popular journals and magazines. These too were exhibited (or rather photo-copies). They were very protective of the original books and articles and said they were keeping them in a secure place and that my publication could only be used in the library. Near the entrance were two large bulletin boards. One, which Kent had arranged as a five foot scroll, was to feature my biography illustrated by many photos. They arranged photos of various Feemster homes in York. They were trying to find by using text records the homes where the Feemsters lived in York. They found that in 1911 they had lived in a house at 1003 Mayhew, but they said that address no longer existed. The Feemsters then lived at 936 Florida Avenue, but they said that address no longer existed either. I was sure that both houses were still in existence because my brother had visited York a few years ago and had seen them. In the case of the Mayhew Avenue house, Mayhew Avenue ran along the south side of the house, but the street that passed by the front of the house had not yet been opened, hence the change of address. They sent me a photo of the Mayhew house located as I described; It was the house in which I was born. I remember seeing a picture of the house and my Grandpa Grills. In front of the house was the carriage of Grandpa Grills pulled by the ponies from his farm located about 20 miles away. Sitting in his carriage was my Aunt Rosa holding me, just a few months old, in a long white dress. Fortunately, my sister Elizabeth had this picture. The Florida Avenue house had had a few changes since we lived there, but we had many pictures of it. They also found records of the Feemsters moving to 812 7th Street in 1939. That was where I spent summers at home until my marriage in 1945.

The plans for the celebration were progressing and they decided to open the exhibition with a big reception on August 1st because August was the month in which Vesuvius erupted and covered Pompeii. They wanted very much for me to be present. I was very touched when someone offered to come to Silver Spring and travel back to York with me and then return with me to Silver Spring. But my traveling days were over.

They went all out in advertising the celebration. They sent out publicity notices to all the schools and universities in the area and attractive invitations were sent out far and wide. The local York news had many stories and the day of the excavations was devoted entirely to it containing many pictures. Since I could not attend the celebration, the librarian had hooked up a telephone system so that I could hear the program and then I could answer questions from many people in the audience. They had made every effort to locate any people in York whom might have known me. One good friend, Ruth Goudy, lived on a farm near Grasham and she stayed at our house so that she could go to York High School. We became very good friends. I remember the time I visited them on the farm and came down with a terrible case of mumps. Ruth has since retired and moved to York and we have kept in touch. She has visited me in Silver Spring. She was thrilled to get to talk to me and we had a good visit. There was one other person who knew me, Howard May, the son of the local florist, who was a very close friend of my brother Calvin. He was often at our house for supper, and after the dishes where cleaned from the dining room table my father tutored Calvin and Howard in math. Then mother tutored them in Latin.

After the telephone conversations were finished the many guests were invited to a reception. The exhibit was to last through September and they told me that many many people came to see it.

On October 8, 2004, I was standing at the kitchen counter getting my breakfast before going to the pool when all at once I heard a crack and felt my right leg collapsing under me as I fell. My right femur had broken. Then my real troubles began.

Epilogue

As indicated in the last paragraph above, WFJ's fall happened because her own modest weight broke the femur. It thus indicated severe osteoporosis. The first surgical attempt to fix it failed in a few weeks. The second faired no better. For the third operation, she had a choice between a short operation that should make her comfortable but eliminate any possibility of ever walking or a long operation, risky for someone of her age and heart condition, that would yield a structure that could be walked on. She opted for the second. This operation replaced about the upper third of the femur with steel and set it securely into the hip. She survived the operation fine, but she had lost so much strength that she was never able to walk again without a walker and assistance. Various other problems, especially with her heart, developed and she was in and out of the hospital a number of times and was often in much pain. During these years, she was looked after faithfully by Kathy Naphiri, a professional live-in care giver from Malawi. Wilhelmina's family and friends, too numerous to list, visited her regularly.

Wilhelmina continued to work on these memoirs. Those for 1991 and later years were written – or rather, dictated – after the fall in 2004. In 2005, I scanned one of the paper copies which had survived the near loss in 2001 and edited the material for the years up through 1979. A few copies for comments by Wilhelmina and friends were printed in June of 2005. I got helpful feedback from several people, but especially from Massimo Ricciardi in Naples, who spotted innumerable tiny errors in the scanning – such as periods that should have been commas and vice-versa – and some other more important problems. Later, he graciously read and corrected the remaining chapters.

Perhaps I should explain how I came to edit these memoirs. In about 2003, when I retired, Wilhelmina recruited me to translate, introduce and organize the French part of the catalog for *Gardens of the Roman Empire*, which she was editing with numerous co-authors. This work required that I visit her frequently, about twice a month and sometimes more frequently, as I learned from her what she wanted. It also involved three trips of one week each to France to be sure that what we said fit with what could be seen on site. When the provinces in Gaul were finished, I looked at what had been done for Spain and Portugal and saw that much of it had to be done almost from scratch. After organizing all I could find in Washington, I spent ten intense days in those countries gathering source material and seeing most of the sites. I returned home to write with her close supervision.

Since the catalog was to be published only electronically, Wilhelmina was quick to realize that the traditional alphabetical ordering of the sites was pointless. A simple geographical ordering within each province made it easy to write the introductions to small areas and helped the reader relate each site to its neighbors. It also fit generally with the developing use of Geographic Information Systems in archaeology. The chapters became a helpful guide to all who would explore our gardens, whether on the ground or in the mind. We had fun together working together on those introductions and developing the potential of our decision to use geographical ordering.

One day as we were working together, I asked her, “Who is going to pull together the various files on your computer and send them to the publisher?”

“I am,” she answered with perfect assurance. It was obvious that she was not able to do so at that time and that her health was failing, not getting better, so I asked, “Would you mind if I helped you get started?”

“No, that would be fine,” she answered. I set to work and got all the accepted chapters of *Gardens of the Roman Empire* organized and sent to Michel Conan at Dumbarton Oaks for his review. Only two chapters were missing. He read all the others carefully and replied, “Don't let anyone change a word.”

With frequent consultations with Wilhelmina, I prepared the files for *Wildflowers Amid the Ruins* (published in 2012 by Gli Amici di Pompei) and for these *Memoirs*. I also organized and edited the catalog for *Gardens of the Roman Empire* for all of the areas outside Italy.

As Wilhelmina's health problems worsened, I tried to keep her many friends informed by email of what was happening. While waiting for satisfactory versions

of the two missing chapters of *Gardens of the Roman Empire*, she continued working on details of her own chapters. In October of 2007, she put the finishing touches on them in a section on greenhouses. The last part of the Iberian catalog was Lusitania. I gave it to her in early December of 2007 and then saw her about December 12. She had read it carefully and was highly pleased. I did not see her again before her peaceful death on December 24, 2007.

Wilhelmina had continued these memoirs for another two years or so after her fall, but quite uncharacteristically they were concerned chiefly with her health problems and were based as much on my emails as on her own memories. They add little to our picture of her either professionally or personally, and are omitted here.

She was determined to regain her strength and finish her books, especially *Gardens of the Roman Empire,* which she wanted to appear while the contents still represented current scholarship. She realized that it would take a miracle for her to get back the necessary strength, but several times I heard her say emphatically, "I believe in miracles." Indeed, she should. Her whole life had a quality that sometimes seemed little short of miraculous. She found vineyards and gardens where it was not supposed to be possible to find anything. She aroused the interest of professional colleagues in a subject no one had previously cared about. She brought joy into the lives of countless students and friends.

She repeatedly stressed to me that she wanted *The Gardens of the Roman Empire* to be readable by American college undergraduates with no special training, essentially by anyone interested in gardens or the Roman world. After her death, the publisher took a different attitude and stressed that the book was for *scholars*. And for scholars the catalog had to be put in alphabetical order even if it was on a CD with every-word indexing and completely searchable. Since I knew and stated that this was not what Wilhelmina had wanted, I was requested by the publisher to convey all my materials to the editor appointed by the publisher. I did so, was graciously thanked and had no further involvement with the project.

I still had the computer files for these memoirs, but they cried out for illustration with Stanley's photographs, to which I did not have access. Moreover, finding a suitable publisher did not appear easy. Wilhelmina's estate gave some rights to the slides to an organization which, it turned out, did not want the responsibility of properly caring for all of them and making them widely available. In August 2013, Henry Ferry, the trustee of her estate, got clearance to give the slides to the Special Collections unit of the University of Maryland library. The slides arrived near the end of that month, and staff set to work (with a little help from me) putting them into chronological order and "sleeving" them – that is, slipping the slides into little clear plastic pockets on plastic sheets that fit into ring binders built into archival boxes. In March 2014, the sleeving was far enough along that I could begin scanning them. I bought an inexpensive device, a Wolverine F2D Super, which takes a 4064 dots-per-inch picture of the image on the slide. By the end of the month, I had photographed the nearly 18,000 images. I organized them with a relational data base to facilitate viewing and searching them. After a six-month hiatus for other work, I was able to return to this project in late September and finished in mid December, 2014.

Time also brought a solution to the problem of finding a publisher. I had had good experience with other books with CreateSpace.com, a print-on-demand publishing affiliate of Amazon.com, and decided to use it for this project. With the gracious permission of Henry J. Ferry, who controls the rights to the Jashemski estate, this book is now easily and inexpensively available on paper and may also be found online at the Digital Repository of the University of Maryland (DRUM).

The selection, processing, and placement of the pictures and their captions and all footnotes are my responsibility. If you notice errors, please tell me.

May you enjoy reading this book as much as I have enjoyed working on it!

– Clopper Almon
2014 December 24