

RICHARD HALLIBURTON'S BOOK OF

MARVELS

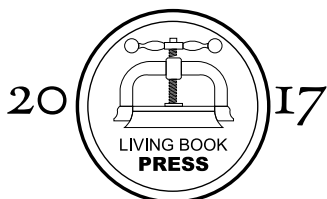
THE ORIENT



Richard Halliburton's

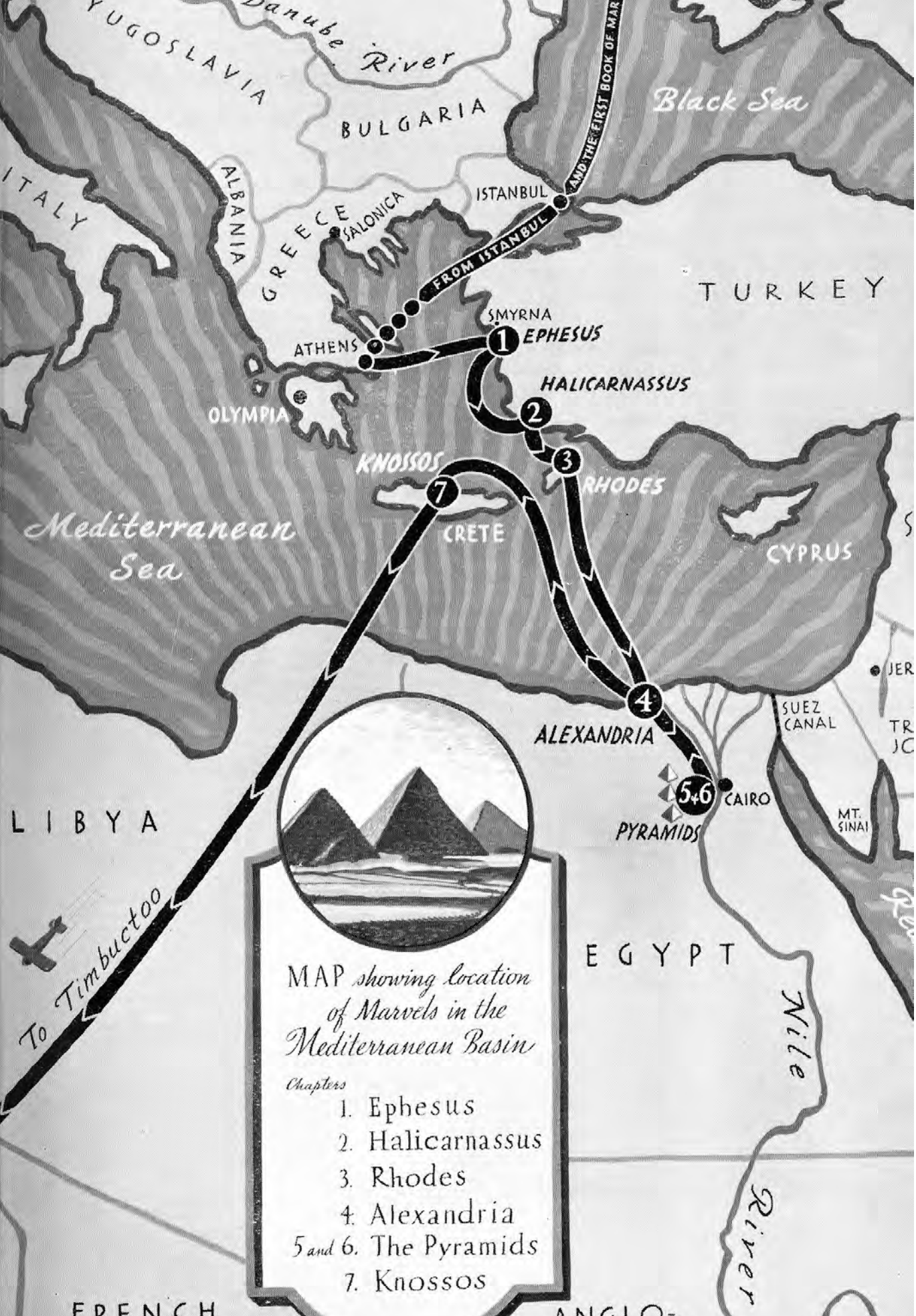
BOOK OF MARVELS

The Orient



Contents

I. THE TRAVELS OF DEMETRIUS - - - - -	I
II. HALICARNASSUS - - - - -	II
III. THE COLOSSUS - - - - -	16
IV. THE PHAROS - - - - -	24
V. THE FIRST WONDER OF THE WORLD - - - - -	31
VI. THE PYRAMIDS TO-DAY - - - - -	40
VII. THE LABYRINTH - - - - -	51
VIII. THE SLAVE CITY - - - - -	62
IX. THE SMOKE THAT SOUNDS - - - - -	72
X. ALLAH'S CHILDREN - - - - -	82
XI. THE ENCHANTED TEMPLE - - - - -	95
XII. THE DEAD SEA - - - - -	103
XIII. THE ROCK OF ABRAHAM - - - - -	113
XIV. TREASURE HUNTERS - - - - -	122
XV. BAALBEK - - - - -	131
XVI. ZENOBIA - - - - -	141
XVII. THE PRINCE AND THE FLYING CARPET - - - - -	154
XVIII. BABYLON - - - - -	163
XIX. HOME OF THE NIGHTINGALES - - - - -	172
XX. WONDERLAND - - - - -	181
XXI. MY HINDU PRINCESS - - - - -	187
XXII. A LOVE STORY - - - - -	196
XXIII. THE GLORY OF ASIA - - - - -	205
XXIV. THE TOP OF THE WORLD - - - - -	211
XXV. LAND OF MYSTERY - - - - -	222
XXVI. PALACE OF THE LIVING GODS - - - - -	229
XXVII. THIRTY MILLION IDOLS - - - - -	235
XXVIII. A TALE FROM THE JUNGLE - - - - -	244
XXIX. THE GREAT STONE SERPENT - - - - -	254
XXX. THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN - - - - -	266



MAP showing location of Marvels in the Mediterranean Basin

- Chapters
1. Ephesus
 2. Halicarnassus
 3. Rhodes
 4. Alexandria
 - 5 and 6. The Pyramids
 7. Knossos

To Timbuctoo



EGYPT

Black Sea

Mediterranean Sea

Nile River

BULGARIA

TURKEY

GREECE

LIBYA

CYPRUS

KNOSSOS

CRETE

RHODES

ALEXANDRIA

PYRAMIDS

CAIRO

SUEZ CANAL

MT. SINAI

ISTANBUL

SMYRNA

ATHENS

OLYMPIA

SALONICA

ALBANIA

ITALY

Danube River

FRENCH

ANGLO-

THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

THE TRAVELS OF DEMETRIUS

One fine spring morning, 250 years before the birth of Christ, a twelve-year-old Greek boy named Demetrius [de-MEET-ri-us], living in ancient Athens, stood before an open window in his father's house and looked eastward toward the Aegean [e-JEE-an] Sea. All about him climbed the white houses of the beautiful city. Close at hand rose the rocky Acropolis, crowned by a gleaming temple—the Parthenon [PAR-the-non]. And beyond, five miles away, his eyes rested on a cluster of buildings which marked the Piraeus [pie-REE-us], seaport of Athens. From the Piraeus he knew that the ships, with their tiers of oars and their great white wings, were sailing that very morning to the far corners of the world—off to Sicily, to the Hellespont [HELL-es-pont], to the islands of Crete and Rhodes [rodz], to Tyre and Sidon [SIGH-done] and Carthage, even to Egypt and the Nile.

And the thought of these winged ships and these foreign lands brought to little Demetrius a joy that made him want to shout aloud, for within another hour he, Demetrius, was to leave Athens with his father, Diomedes [DIE-oh-meed], and travel to the Piraeus and board a ship, and set out to see these very lands and all the wonders they contained. This “grand tour,” as it was called, was his reward for the good record he had made during the past term in his school.

The year before, Demetrius had travelled with Diomedes to the city of Olympia, in western Greece. There he had seen the Olympic Games and met a number of the athletes. There, too, he had beheld the world-famous gold-and-ivory statue of Zeus [zoos] in the great temple. His teachers had all told him that this statue, many times bigger than life-size, was one of the foremost wonders of the world. When Demetrius

looked upon it, in the mysterious gloom of the temple's halls, he scarcely dared breathe, for he felt he was looking upon the father of the gods himself.

That had been the summer before. Now Demetrius was setting out for a ten times finer vacation. Diomedes had promised him that on this journey they would visit Ephesus [EFF-e-sus] and the Temple of Diana, about which such glowing stories were told. And they would go to Halicarnassus [hal-i-kahr-NASS-us] and the tomb of King Mausolus [maw-SO-lus], the most wonderful burial monument in the Greek world.

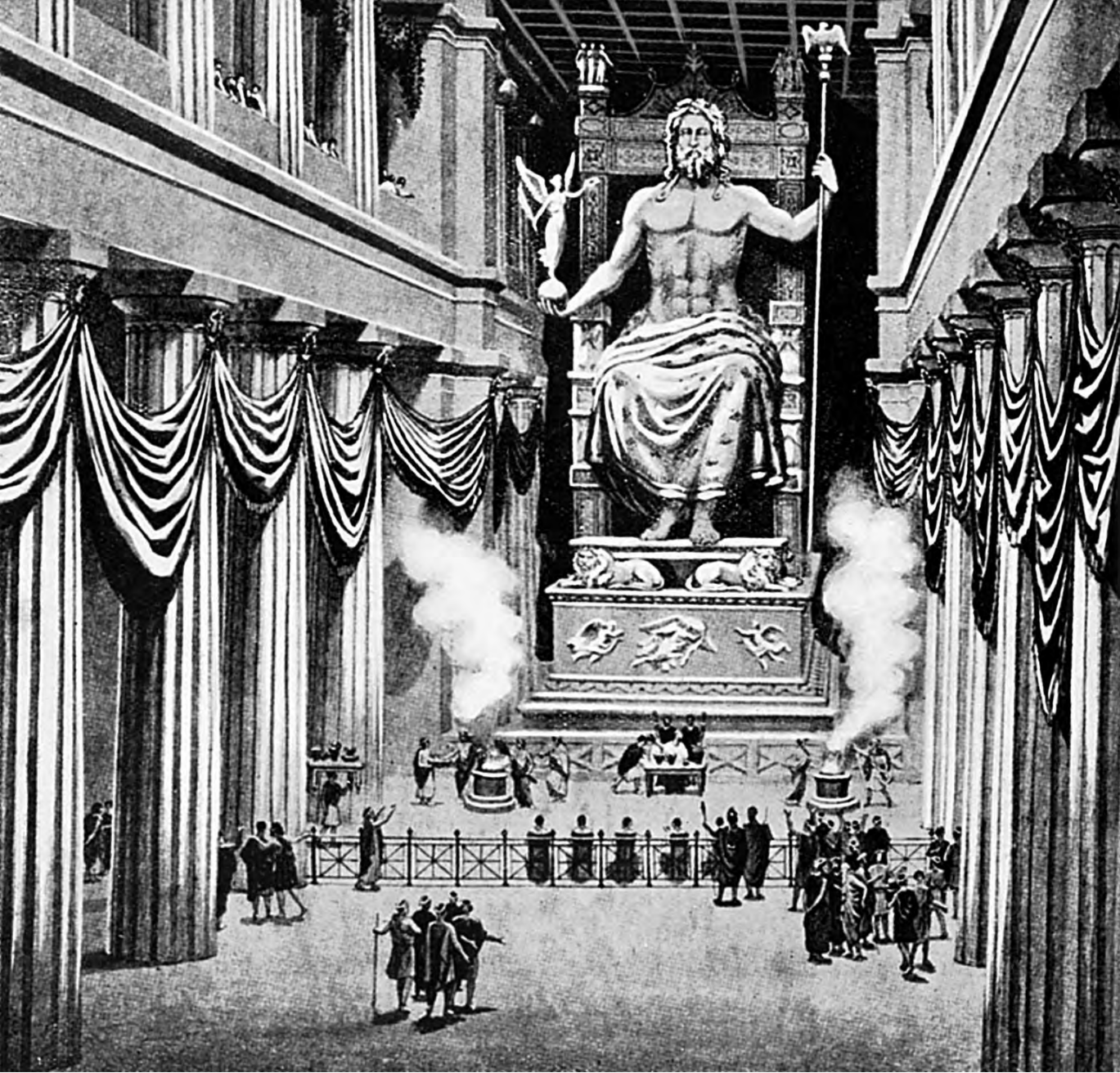
And Rhodes, with its Colossus!—that amazing statue which everyone said must have been built with the help of the gods.

They were going to Alexandria, too, the great Egyptian seaport, just to visit its world-renowned lighthouse.

Then, after Alexandria, the Pyramids! All his life Demetrius had seen drawings and read descriptions of the Pyramids. *Nearly three thousand years old!* It was difficult for the boy to understand how anything could be that old and still endure. His geography teacher had explained to him that all the houses in Athens, with Corinth and Sparta thrown in, would not supply enough stone to build one of these enormous tombs. The very thought of seeing them, and the famous Sphinx resting in their shadow, made his heart leap up.

Diomedes at last was ready. Demetrius embraced his mother, said goodbye to the household, and jumped in beside his father in the family chariot. Diomedes cracked his whip. The horses bounded forward, and away they sped down the road that led to the harbour.

Having left the chariot with servants at the Piraeus, they boarded their ship, a ship with fifty oarsmen and a huge purple sail. A strong breeze from the land made starting easy. Swiftly and gracefully the craft glided out of the bay. Demetrius looked back at the receding shores of Greece and saw, five miles inland, the Acropolis [ak-KROP-o-lis] lifting up its holy temple; and in his young heart he bade farewell to the goddess Athene, the protector of Athens and the goddess he loved most of all.



The gold-and-ivory statue of Zeus at Olympia.



Then he looked toward the east, straight across the Aegean... there was where adventure lay and all the marvels he was going to behold.

I think I know just how that Greek boy felt. I can understand his excitement, because when I was twelve I dreamed, as he dreamed, of visiting the lands beyond my little neighbourhood.

Sometimes I drew maps of the United States, of Europe and Asia, on the blank pages of my school books, and traced a line of travel from one famous city to another. This led me to wondering where people travelled before there was a Paris or a London, when the Alps and Venice were unknown, when America lay somewhere far off in space beyond the edge of the earth.

I wondered, for example, where I would have gone 250 years before the birth of Christ. I chose this date because it was a time in history when people, especially the ancient Greeks, were more civilized, in some ways, than we are to-day. To what countries and cities did *they* go when they wanted to visit the marvellous works of man and nature? What were the great sights of *their* world?

As I grew older I was able to find out more about those ancient days, to learn where the great cities were and what made them great. I even went to those very cities myself, and saw, with my own eyes, what was left, after all these centuries, of the wonders that astonished people then.

In this book—in the first six chapters—I'm going back again to those scenes of ancient glory, and I want to take with me every boy and girl who likes to travel. Demetrius and his father will be our guides and lead the way. We will learn, first, where they went and what they saw. Then we'll follow in their tracks—tracks made 2,200 years ago.

We left Demetrius and Diomedes in their boat sailing eastward across the Aegean Sea. Toward what harbour did the pilot turn?

Diomedes had promised his son that the very first place they would visit would be the celebrated city of Ephesus. Ephesus lay on the eastern

shore of the Aegean, on the Asiatic side, two hundred miles¹ straight across the sea from Athens. To this city the oars and the sail were driving this ship.

In 250B.C. Ephesus was a large and proud city, built mostly of marble. It had 200,000 people, and walls eight miles² around. Its harbour was filled with Greek and Phoenician [fuh-NISH-an] merchant ships bringing crowds of travellers from all the foreign lands. They came to trade, but more especially to worship at Ephesus' wonder-temple, a temple known everywhere for its great size and splendour, the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

This marvellous structure had been built about one hundred years before. It was half finished when Alexander the Great (the young Greek general who conquered all the known world) marched by, during his conquest of this part of Asia. He was so amazed at its vastness and beauty that he offered to complete it at his own expense if only the people of Ephesus would carve his name upon it as the builder. They refused, saying: "It is not fitting that one god should build a temple for another god." Alexander felt flattered and departed peacefully.

The Ephesians, a people famous for their ambition, were determined that their temple should be the most magnificent ever built. They wanted it to outshine the Parthenon in Athens as the sun outshines the moon. The Parthenon was 230 feet long and 100 feet wide³ and surrounded by 58 marble columns, each 34 feet high⁴. So the Ephesians designed their temple to be 400 feet long and 200 feet wide⁵, and gave it 127 columns, each 60 feet high⁶. Nothing went into it but the purest and whitest marble. Raised upon a broad platform, it would be reached from all sides by sweeping marble steps. To the Greeks of that age, this was the Great Temple. Indeed, it has been claimed that Diana's shrine attracted more travellers than any other building in ancient history. (Even so, artists and architects all claim that the Parthenon, though

1. *About 320km.*

2. *13km.*

3. *70m long and 30m wide.*

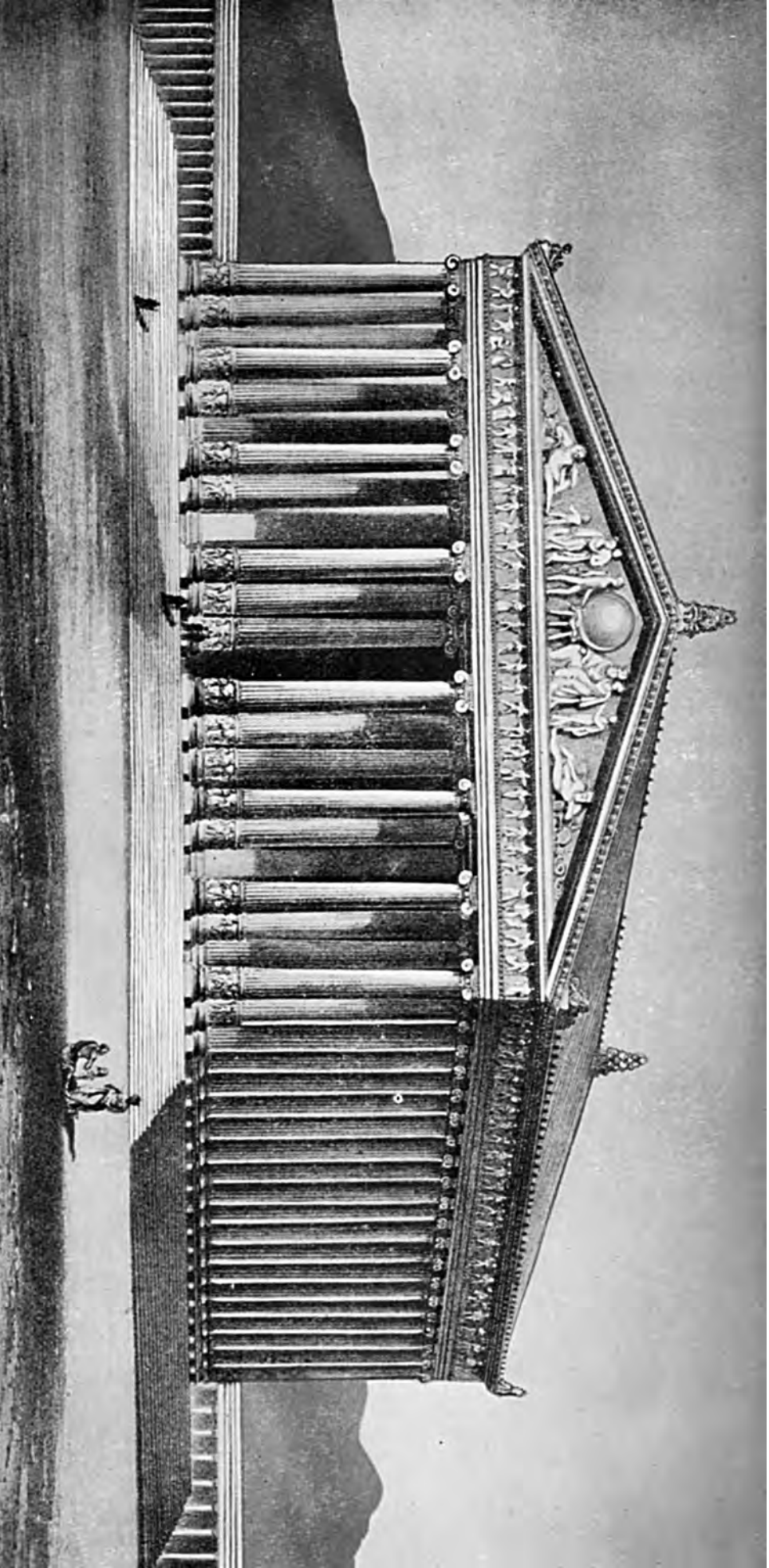
4. *10m high.*

5. *120m long and 60m wide.*

6. *18m high.*



Diana's Temple at Ephesus, though made of the purest white marble, glittered with colour, for the marble was painted bright hues, and great quantities of gold shone from the roof and walls.



Diana's Wonder-Temple stood for 500 years. Then, in A.D. 260, barbarians from Europe destroyed it and carried away the priceless treasures. The very site of the temple was lost for centuries.

smaller and simpler, was the finer and more beautiful of the two. Today, the Parthenon is far more famous.)

Demetrius and his father reached Ephesus two generations after the temple was completed. Hurrying down the city's crowded central avenue, they came upon it. Demetrius' eyes grew big before such mighty grandeur. Together Diomedes and the boy climbed the steps, stared up at the giant columns, and entered the vast and sombre interior. At the far end they beheld the huge statue of Diana glowing faintly in the deep shadows. There in this half-light the two pilgrims from Athens, father and son, bowed their heads with reverence and wonder before the sacred image, and asked the goddess to grant them her blessings.

Diana's temple stood in all its glory for 500 years after the date of Demetrius' visit—until the year A.D. 260. At that time it was robbed and burned by the Goths, barbarians from Europe who had invaded Asia. These invaders left no stone of the temple standing. The ruin was so complete that, before many years had passed, sand and grass had covered over the fragments until even the site was lost. The Crusaders, on their way to Jerusalem, came along in 1100 A.D. and asked to see the wonderful temple about which they had heard so much. The Ephesians themselves asked, "*What* temple?" They no longer remembered that there had been one.

In 1869 an Englishman set out to find and excavate the ruins. There *must* have been a temple—so many ancient historians had written about it. But he spent twelve months digging here and digging there before he discovered the location—in the middle of what had become a swamp. The foundations were not injured, but were buried under thirty feet of mud and water. Fortunately there were enough building stones and broken columns recovered to help artists to give us a perfect picture of this marble-masterpiece.

And now we, too, are on our way to Ephesus. Our ship, steaming across the deep blue Aegean Sea, winds its way through the isles of

Greece. We land a few miles north of Ephesus, at modern Smyrna⁷ [SMUR-na] on the Turkish coast.

Then we come to the once glorious city.

Is it possible, you ask, that we have the wrong place? Where is the great harbour? Where are the marble walls and towers?

Alas, none of these things exist to-day. The harbour where Demetrius landed was filled with silt centuries ago. Forests of trees grow over it. Turkish farmhouses rise where fleets of ships, in from Tyre and Carthage, once rested at the docks. Present-day Ephesus is only a miserable little town completely cut off from the sea. Of the great paved highways that led to it, of the marble forums and palaces and theatres, only scattered bits remain.

A Turkish youth takes us to the marsh. Splashing through mud, we come to a big excavated hole in the ground, half-filled with water. There, in the middle of this excavation, we can see a few pieces of shining stone, almost covered over by the muddy pool.

“This,” the youth tells us, “is the temple of Diana.”

Only by closing our eyes, by shutting out the mud, the swamp, the wreckage, can we see what once stood there, can we see what Demetrius saw... the throngs of awe-struck worshippers from a hundred lands—the marble columns, carved and gleaming—the marble steps—the gold and ivory statues—Diana’s marvellous temple, the glory of Ephesus, one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Lucky, lucky Demetrius!

7. To find Smyrna on a modern map search for Izmir in Turkey.

CHAPTER II

HALICARNASSUS

Aboard another cargo boat, Diomedes and his son left Ephesus and sailed on down the coast of Asia Minor. (See map facing page 1.) They were headed toward more world-wonders.

“Are Halicarnassus and the Colossus of Rhodes going to be as interesting as Diana’s temple?” Demetrius asked his father.

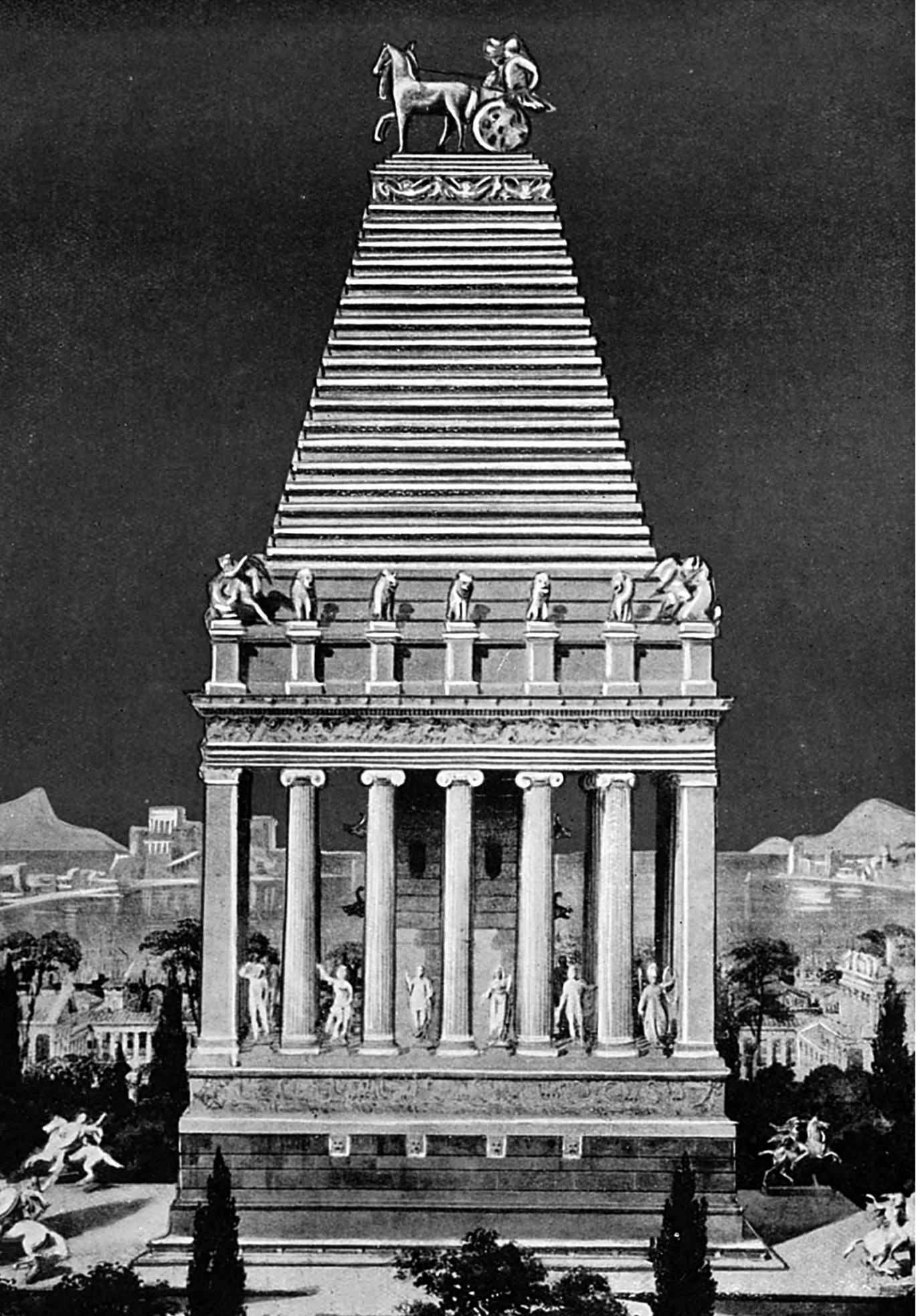
“As for Halicarnassus,” said Diomedes, “the great sight there is only a tomb, but it is considered the most beautiful tomb ever built. We mustn’t miss it, especially as we pass right by it on our way to Rhodes. We’re going to find that Halicarnassus is a much smaller city than Ephesus, though impressive in its own way.

“A hundred years ago the city was more famous than it is now. Then it had an unusually good and wise king named Mausolus. He governed so well that when he died he left his people free from war and misery—and very rich.

“His queen was named Artemisia [ahr-te-MIZZ-i-a]. She continued to rule the country after his death. She knew her husband had been a great man and a great king, and she wanted his name and glory to endure through the ages. So she decided to build for him a tomb that would be the most magnificent monument Greek genius could fashion.

“She sent to Athens for gifted artists, sculptors, and architects. A great square was cleared in the middle of the city, and there the tomb of Mausolus began to rise. And just as Artemisia wished, it outshone all other monuments of its kind in beauty of design and in richness of materials. We *still* call any splendid and imposing tomb a mausoleum.

“The monument’s over a hundred years old now, but even to-day it’s so fresh and radiant you might think it was built just yesterday. I’ve seen



it several times. There's a square marble base. Above this, on each side of the square is a row of columns. Above that is a tall, steep pyramid. And on top of the pyramid is the most *wonderful* marble chariot, drawn by four enormous marble horses. In the chariot stand the marble figures of the King and Queen, one and a half times life-size. I should say that the chariot is about 140 feet¹ above the ground.

"I know you've been told in school that artists have a reverence for this tomb that is almost worshipful. They include it in the Seven Wonders of the World."

Late in the afternoon Demetrius' ship, having sailed eighty miles² southward from Ephesus, entered Halicarnassus³ Bay. And there on the shore, a half-mile⁴ away, rising above the marble city and glittering in the sunset, stood the world-famous Mausoleum.

Demetrius and Diomedes landed at the dock and walked up the winding streets to the plateau where the monument stood. Never had Demetrius dreamed that sculptured stone could be so beautiful. And he was happy, too, that all this beauty had been created by artists from his own Athens. Entering the tomb beside his father, he stood silently before the carved gold casket that held Mausolus' body.

Together they climbed to the open gallery supported by the columns, and then on up the steps through the centre of the pyramid. Breathless, they reached the top, and crawled out right beside the marble chariot. Demetrius looked above him and saw Mausolus and Artemisia driving their huge prancing steeds. The Greek boy caught hold of the horses' marble tails. He stroked their strong legs. He even climbed into the chariot and stood, beaming with delight, between the eight-foot statues of the royal pair.

And standing in this mighty chariot and helping the marble king hold back his marble horses, little Demetrius, with his eyes shining,

1. 45m

4. 800m

2. 130km

3. The city of Bodrum in Turkey now sits over the site of Halicarnassus.

The marble tomb of King Mausolus at Halicarnassus was 140 feet high and topped with a huge marble chariot driven by King Mausolus and his Queen.

looked down upon the stately city below, down upon the crowded streets, out over the blue bay surrounded by mountains—a bay sprinkled with white sails of brave Greek ships bringing more travellers like himself to behold Mausolus' tomb. And he felt certain that in all the long history of the world, the world had never been as wonderful as now.

Unlike the temple of Ephesus, this famous Mausoleum lasted for a long, long time, for the citizens of Halicarnassus were proud of their monument and protected it with jealous care for a thousand years.

But against earthquakes they had no power, and, little by little, earthquakes shook it down, until by 1404 it was in ruins. At that time the city was attacked by Turks. The Christian defenders seized the tumbled blocks of the Mausoleum to make a fort, and broke up the overturned statues to make lime.

Finally, nothing at all remained above the ground to show the location of the famous monument. But in 1859, after digging deep into the rubbish covering the plateau, archaeologists were able to find pieces of the tomb's columns and statues. And only these fragments (now carefully guarded in the British Museum) give us any real idea of what Demetrius and Diomedes saw in 250 B.C.

In our sailboat we leave Ephesus behind and again follow the sea tracks of the two Athenian travellers, southward along the coast of Asia Minor. What gorgeous scenery! The mountains, capped in clouds, come right down to the water.

Then we turn the corner of a headland, and enter Halicarnassus Bay, and catch sight of the modern town rising sharply from the shore.

I'm glad we saw the ruins of Ephesus first. It prepares us for the even greater fall from glory in Halicarnassus. To-day the marble city of Mausolus is only a dirty little fishing village.

On shore nobody can tell us where the Mausoleum stood. The fishermen don't even know what we are talking about. Unguided, and followed by curious stares, we wander up the single narrow street to a

little plateau. We know the wonder-monument was built on a plateau. Perhaps this is it. But we cannot be sure. There are grass-grown excavations everywhere.

We stand upon this grave of a once-proud city, and again feel a little envious of Demetrius, envious of the poetic world he lived in. How sad, how cruel, that this world should have been so completely destroyed; for it was not, perhaps, a better world than ours? We have radios and airplanes and motor-cars, but Demetrius and Diomedes, like most Greeks of that Golden Age in history, had the time and the desire to love beauty, and to understand beauty, and to live for beauty. If Demetrius should return to earth to-day, would he be happy to remain here, or would he want to go back to the ghosts of ancient Greece as fast as he could?

What do *you* think?

CHAPTER III

THE COLOSSUS

Once more Demetrius and his father put out to sea. For sixty miles¹ they sailed eastward along the coast of Asia Minor. After a full day's voyage, they saw a large and mountainous island looming on the starboard side some ten miles² from the mainland. This was the island of Rhodes. With boundless interest Demetrius watched it approach, for he knew that on the island's northern tip was the city of Rhodes, and that over the entrance of the harbour there towered a bronze statue which was the biggest and most wonderful metal image ever created by man—the far-famed Colossus.

While the ship was still some four miles³ away, the statue came into sight.

“Look! There it is!” exclaimed Demetrius, standing on the deck beside Diomedes. “Tell me—why was it built? How old is it? How tall is it? Can we climb to the top?”

“As for its age,” answered Diomedes, “I think it was finished about thirty years ago. I know it took twelve years to build. It's an image of Helios [HE-li-us], the sun-god. There's a wonderful story about that statue.”

“What is the story, Father?” asked the boy.

“Well, about forty years before you were born—ten years before I was born—an army of 40,000 Macedonian [mas-e-DOH-ni-an] soldiers from northern Greece attacked Rhodes. To batter down the walls these invaders brought along huge bronze siege machines. Rhodes was in a terrible plight, for the number of attackers was greater than the

1. 100km

2. 15km

3. 6.5km

total number of men, women and children inside the city. But the defenders were brave. They beat off every assault and held out for more than a year.

“Fortunately for the Rhodians, the King of Egypt was their friend. And he finally sent a great fleet to rescue the city. When the Macedonians saw the size of the approaching fleet, they hurriedly retreated from the walls and fled to the mainland.

“You can imagine that when the people of Rhodes saw their enemies departing, and their friends arriving, they nearly went wild with joy. They poured out through the gates and collected all the heavy bronze war machines that the Macedonians had left behind. One of the Rhodian councilmen suggested that these tons and tons of machines be melted up and the metal recast into a gigantic image of Helios, their sun-god. This would be a fine monument to their heroic defence. And it would help them—and the world—to remember for ever that they had won a great victory with the help of this god.

“Then another councilman suggested that they might make the statue serve a useful purpose, too... why not put a beacon light in its head to guide sailors into the port at night?

“The Rhodians all agreed to this statue idea. A famous sculptor named Chares [SHAH-reez] undertook the smelting of the metal machines and the casting of the image. He chose as a proper site for the monument the tip of a small peninsula that forms a breakwater between the harbour and the open sea.

“Now look carefully. There’s the big stone pedestal the statue is standing on. This pedestal itself is fifty feet⁴ high. On this foundation Chares planted the enormous bronze feet, and from them built up the legs, then the body, then the arms, and last of all the head. The hollow feet and legs were filled with blocks of stone to steady them. The body was braced by a framework of iron rods... I’ll show you all this when we get there.

“Twelve years Chares worked on his statue. It stood 110 feet⁵ high when it was finished. The 110 feet plus the 50-foot pedestal made 160⁶ in

4. 15m

5. 34m

6. 34m plus 15m pedestal made 49m

all. Chares was very proud of the Colossus. In fact he was so proud that when someone showed him something wrong with the construction he killed himself. That happened less than thirty years ago. I remember hearing about it when I was a child.”

The four miles⁷ to the harbour had been cut down to one⁸.

“Demetrius,” called his father, “come to the prow of the ship now, and you can see the crown of sun-rays around Helios’ head—and his out-stretched arm. He is welcoming us to his city. If it were dark, we could see the beacon fires shining from his eyes. You asked about climbing to the top. Yes, you can. There’s a spiral stairway inside the body from feet to eyes. I’ve climbed it myself.”

Closer and closer Demetrius and Diomedes sailed toward the towering bronze god, until they passed right below his pedestal and could look straight up at his head, 160 feet⁹ above. (Centuries later a foolish story grew up that the Colossus straddled the entrance to the port and that ships sailed beneath his widespread legs. But this is fiction. No Greek sculptor would have designed any statue of a god in such an undignified pose. Helios’ feet, we can be sure, stood firmly together on the stone pedestal.)

Demetrius could hardly wait to land. The moment the ship docked, Diomedes took his son straightway to call on Helios. At close range the statue seemed to the boy more astonishing than ever. His only thought was to get to the top.

Just as Diomedes had said, there were spiral steps inside that led up through one leg, through the hips, the torso, the shoulder, the neck, the head, and finally to a small platform, right behind the open eyes, where the fires were kindled at night. Demetrius, close behind his father, climbed and climbed all these steps with increasing eagerness.

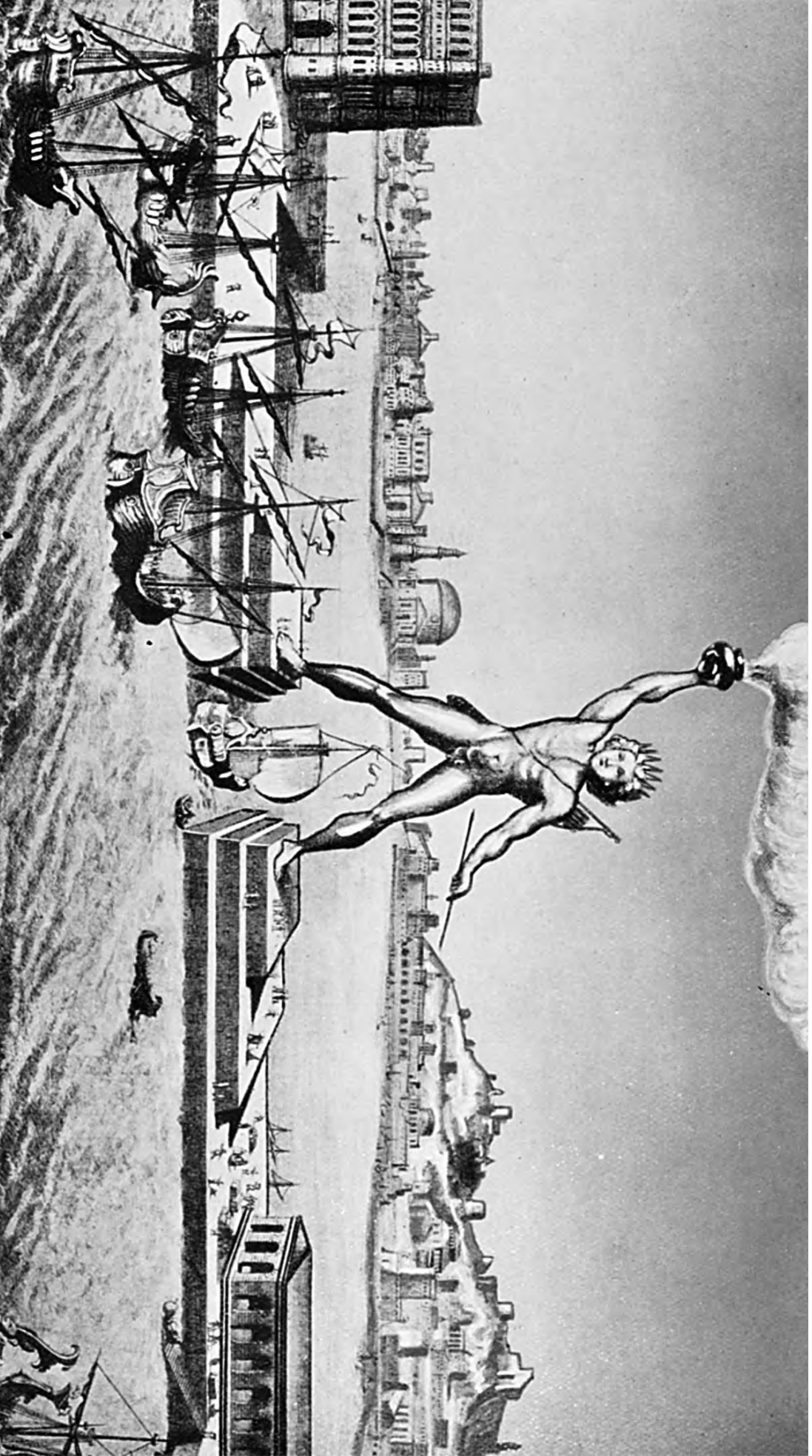
Reaching the statue’s eyes, the climbers looked out—and what a glorious picture they beheld! There was the harbour below, and the snow-capped mountain range on the mainland, and the ten miles of

7. 6.5km

9. 49m

8. 1.6km





A remarkable drawing showing the Colossus straddling the narrow harbour at Rhodes. Centuries after the statue fell, a foolish legend grew up that the Colossus stood in this manner, and that ships sailed beneath his wide-spread legs. We know this is fiction. No ancient Greek sculptor would have dared make any statue of a god in such an undignified pose. When the statue was overthrown in 227 B. C., the broken pieces, fortunately, fell along the breakwater, and not into the harbour. There they lay for 800 years.

blue water between the island and Asia Minor. Looking through a small window in the back of Helios' head, they could see, on the inland side, the white city twisting up the green hills behind the harbour, a city surrounded by the stout stone walls that had defied the famous siege fifty-three years before. In the harbour Demetrius counted some three hundred boats loading and unloading cargoes; and every few minutes, with oars creaking and sails spread, another ship, moving into the port, or departing, swept across the shadow of the sun-god.

That night Demetrius wrote a letter home to his mother.

“DEAR MOTHER,

“I am having a wonderful time. I wish you were here. To-day Father and I climbed up to the head of the Colossus. We were 160 feet¹⁰ above the harbour. After we had seen everything, Father said he wanted to go back to the inn and take a nap. But I asked to stay and he let me. As soon as he left I crawled out on Helios' outstretched arm, right to the hand. But the guards yelled at me to come back. I wasn't a bit scared. I like the Colossus best of the things we've seen so far. I'm sending you a picture I drew of it. X marks the spot on the outstretched hand where I was sitting when the guards yelled at me. I am well. I hope you are the same.

“Love,

“DEMETRIUS.”

This marvellous and awe-inspiring statue, upon which so much labour and treasure had been spent, stood for hardly more than half a century. In 227 B.C., just twenty-three years after Demetrius and Diomedes had visited the island, a terrible earthquake threw down the city walls, and caused the Colossus to break off at the knees and fall.

Fortunately, it fell along the peninsula and not into the water. There the enormous fragments lay for over 800 years. One of the Egyptian rulers offered the Rhodians a sum equal to £600,000¹¹ to pay all expenses if they would build it up again. But the people of Rhodes had decided that the god was displeased by the whole idea, so they refused Egypt's offer.

10. 49m

11. Over US\$44 million today

Descriptions of the Colossus have come down to us from travellers who saw it after the fall. These reports tell us that the statue, even when it lay flat on the ground and in pieces, still excited the greatest wonder. One Roman historian, after examining the fallen giant, wrote that few men could clasp their arms around its thumb; that its fingers were taller than most statues; and that wide caverns gaped within its broken limbs.

In the year 672 the Arabs occupied Rhodes, and the Colossus came to a sad end. The tumbled pieces—some 300 tons of them—were sold to a junk dealer, shipped to the mainland, and “carried away on 900 camels”—to what new destiny no one knows.

With Halicarnassus behind us and Rhodes ahead, you and I are again following Demetrius. We have a good wind for our sailboat, and the waves race beneath us. We left the Mausoleum city at dawn. Toward sunset, Rhodes draws near—a splendid, clean little town, now an Italian colony.

We reach the two breakwaters extending like encircling arms across the harbour. There is a 200-foot¹² gap between the points. The tip of the left-hand jetty (so the people of Rhodes insist) was the site of the Colossus. We look intently at the spot as we slide by, and try to picture the shining Helios who once stood guard there, extending his right arm to welcome the world to Rhodes.

This mental picture of the Colossus makes us think of our own Statue of Liberty in New York. They might have been twins. Like the Statue of Liberty, the Colossus stood overlooking a harbour. They were both made of metal—one copper, one bronze. Again like the Statue of Liberty, Helios had a crown of sun-rays encircling his head. Liberty holds a beacon light in her hand; Helios' beacon shone from his eyes. Of the two images themselves (without their pedestals), Liberty, because of her uplifted arm, has a greater height by forty feet¹³.

This mental picture of the Colossus makes us think of our own never fallen into decay. It is still a thriving port. The enormous walls, rebuilt several hundred years ago with fanciful gates and towers, give the city a fairy-tale air that charms everyone who visits it.

We climb the towers facing the harbour. Close at hand is the busy little port bright with coloured sails of the Greek fishing boats. There, on the mainland, ten miles away, the great snow-blanketed mountain range shoots up. I'm sure the Colossus never grew tired of looking at this romantic scene.

How sad, with so much loveliness and life about him, and with so many worshippers to honour him, that this magnificent giant, at the height of his world-wide renown, had to perish when only fifty-six years old!