

was realized when the four of us, who were selected for the work, were furnished with a government aeroplane. A fortnight later we took off from Langley Field; and each taking his turn at the controls, two days later we arrived at Chaldee. We were scarcely prepared for the wonders which awaited us in the forras of gold and silver ornaments, set with emeralds, rubies, diamonds and sapphires, which had been the treasures of the royalty of ancient Ur.

After eighteen wonderful months spent in the treacherous land of the shifting sands, I received instructions to proceed to the interior of China, where even greater discoveries than those at Ur were being made. Here one year was spent in the study and interpretation of the ancient scores and classification of various types of instruments found in this ancient temple of Buddha.

One night I was working later than usual deep in the archives of the temple. It is a quite uncanny place, if one only lets one's mind dwell upon the fact. Slowly, into my subconscious mind, a soft melody steals; louder and louder it swells until the temple reverberates with its force. What can it be! Gradually I realize the full import of the music. I become thoroughly frightened, for I was supposed to have been out of the temple hours ago. What can I do? Oh! for a knowledge of the secret passages. There was to be a very sacred religious sacrifice that night that none but the priests could witness. It was certain death to anyone else found in the temple. How had I ever forgotten it! I could just see myself on that sacrificial alter. It was too late now for vain regrets and, of course, there was a chance that I could leave the place unseen. I hastily extinguished my light and slipped into the corridor; there was no one in sight. It seemed that I ran for miles through a maze in an effort to avoid the bright

lights in which I might be seen. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through my mind. I found one of the priest's cells, "borrowed" a robe, and walked boldly out the front gate without even a challenge. I have often wondered as to the thoughts of that priest when he missed his robe. I have always kept it as a souvenir.

When this work was completed, I was granted one month of leave of absence to visit my brother at the American Embassy at Peiping.

On my return to America, I spent three years giving lectures and concerts, describing my discoveries and experiences and playing the music of the Orient.

After many more happy and useful years in my chosen work, I am now back in my old home in Kingman, Indiana, on the bank of the brook, among the maple trees. The fire burns low. I arise and go to my grandmother's rosewood square piano, where I take up my old violin. I remember how this, my constant companion, has soothed and sustained me in the varied moods of my many travels. As my fingers lovingly caress the strings, my memories are lost in a flood of melody.

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## reminiscences

by

francis funk

Approximately one hundred years ago, the first of my German ancestors left Hanover, Germany, for America. They sailed the rough Atlantic in a small sail-boat—a voyage which lasted for ninety days. Fifty years later, the last of my ancestors left the small village of Mechlenberg, Germany, in



the month of October and landed in New York harbor on the day Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States. At this time my mother was only eight years of age. She had some of her education in the German schools and completed her education in a German religious school here in America. My ancestors were very conservative and industrious people—none of them possessing lazy bones. After reaching America in safety, these Germans retained their use of German in the home, in the church and in society. They educated practically all of their children to speak German.

On the eleventh of June, 1915, I was born, through an error of destiny, in Indianapolis. Having two brothers and one sister older than I, I was left to be the "baby" of the family. My older brother, Fred, was given the honor of naming me, but the devil's curse be upon him for naming me after an uncle and my grandfather whom I have never seen.

Fred has always been my adviser; he gives me money and furnishes me with an automobile to drive. For all these fine things I give him my utmost attention and consideration. He possesses a violent temper, and I possess one very similar to his—perhaps this is due to some law of heredity.

Very early in life I began to dream of making my own living as most young children do. I thought that the adult person had no responsibility, no want of money nor longing for things which he could not obtain, and chiefly that they had no person to whom they were obligated. At this time I worried my parents by wandering away from home into a congested business section of the neighborhood. In order to keep me in my own back yard, I was given a small brown and white puppy which I most dearly loved.

After passing six happy years in play, I entered the grades as a very bashful lad. What a bore that life

was to me! Nothing in the school room interested me. Books were uninteresting, subtraction was beyond my mental grasp; and, too, my use of my left hand brought many complex problems into the home. The fifth grade was my stumbling block; I refused to study and apply myself; consequently, I failed to pass a course in composition. However, later in my school career, my sister and my brother married, leaving my mother and me alone in the evenings while my father and Fred worked for our living. This left long winter evenings in the household without much to do; consequently, I began to form a reading and studying habit. This was the making of me—it gave me knowledge of things; it strengthened the parts of my brain which heretofore had not been exercised and made me more dependable in my classes.

Upon graduation from the grades I looked forward to a successful career in Technical High School. I entered with the ambition of becoming an artist. In preparing for this work I whiled away much time slaving without achieving much success. Seeing that I could not be successful in an art career, I discarded this ambition and developed a reverence for foreign language and history. In order to further these studies I joined Le Cercle Francais, Der Deutcher Verein, and the International Relations Club. Here I developed the love of travel and speaking foreign languages. In this career I recognized my responsibility and grew to be a more dependable type of character.