

I do not recall the specific deity this temple worshipped. What is left of the thirty by thirty floor and broken pillars sits smack in the middle of Rome with old apartment buildings and businesses around it. Buses and cars run right by it, fenced in a sunken four or five feet beneath the street level. The temple was overgrown and neglected. I imagined that the archeologists already have exhausted its secrets as it truly was not hard to get to.

Early in the afternoon we made our way to St. Pauls basilica which is more cathedral-like and on the other side of town. We spent a half hour there listening to the legends and taking more pictures. The pictures of the popes from the beginning are housed here. There are hundreds of portraits all remarkably similar in style at first glance considering the centuries they represent. The legend has it that when the last popes picture is installed on the right hand side of the hall the world will come to an end. There were thirteen slots left. I guess we should be glad we have a young pope this time around. Other than that legend I remember nothing remarkable about this stop.

About the last stop this day was the catacombs. This could well be traded for something else if I was the tour guide. Supposedly these christian burial spots were secret from the Romans, but as I saw the vastness of them and the number of people who must have been buried there I wondered how that could be. We entered into the large hall to be received by the guide who seemed to be a German by his features and accent. He had a very serious air about him and we could understand his spiel about the catacombs through the thick strong accented voice although the rythmn of speech was foreign and caused an odd sort of attention from me the listener. I do not know if the rest of the sailors followed him better they mostly a quiet bunch and did not complain about every little thing. Our guide moved us through the tombs and explained the secrets of the little cubby holes. I got the impression I was at the cave of the mounds as there was nothing much to see. Not even one set of bones to ponder, and just a few scroungy artifacts. The walls were crumbly and any painting or carving must have long been lost. As I left I thought even with utmost security at this distance from town this had to be a well know site while it was used. Yet the guide swore it was secret to the authorities. That still seems impossible.

That evening a couple of the guys set off to see the night life of Rome. We took a taxi, jammed it full and split the fare for a buck a peice or so, there are plenty of cabs in Rome and you get a decent rate for the amount of miles you travel. Cheaper than the states. The cabby got us downtown., and I ran with a couple of my shipmates. We were near the opers, but they didn't want to see that. We wound up looking for women, but these guys would not engage the chicks on the street who looked excellent. They walk by them without even trying to pick them up. What a drag. We drew attention and it seemed positive but these two would prove to be a bummer. I went with them to a disco across from the Banco Ambrosio. We turned out to be the only customers. Three girls were assigned to use and would not turn us loose. They wore what looked like prom formals, and wanted us to buy drinks and play with them. I tried to kick back and scam the pace out. I ordered nothing. I surveyed the aluminum foil walls and chunky red plastic cube lighting fixtures, and the living room like coves of the place. There was a empty ten person dance platform. The many waiters and the girls hassled us about those drinks, and I smelled something wicked brewing. When the drinks came back my buds were nailed for twenty bucks for five