WITH THE ITALIANS IN ERITREA

Torrid Colony Between the Red Sea and Ethiopia, 2,600 Miles by Sea from Rome, Is Mobilization Place of Fascist Troops and Planes

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With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

FEW spots on earth are so barren, so inhospitable as Assab, in Eritrea, on the west coast of the Red Sea. With only a few palm trees, some low houses, and a well set between the glaring Red Sea and a waterless waste beyond, it seems a hopeless place for white men to choose as home.

Yet here the Italian colony of Eritrea began its blistering existence. Neither treasures nor shear adventure, however, had anything to do with its beginning. What is now Eritrea began in 1870, when the Italian Rubattino Steamship Company needed a coaling station in the Red Sea and bought the Bay of Assab and its miserable oasis from a petty local ruler, the Sultan of Raheita.

Until then Assab was only a small harbor for the sambuks, or Arab sailing craft, trading on the Red Sea. Even today it is little more.

INLAND RISE ETHIOPIA HIGHLANDS

Assab proved itself of slight use as a coaling depot; yet by its purchase the Rubattino Company was launched into the business of buying land. By 1879 a small Italian military force had landed in Assab and hoisted the Italian flag in this corner of the world. Today, that red, white, and green banner flies over a strip of Red Sea coast which is 670 miles long. Inland from Assab across the desert, rise the cool highlands of Ethiopia (Abyssinia).*

Torrid, barren, and fever-stricken is the coast that stretches northwest from Assab, but as you approach the port of Massaua the topography begins to change. Behind Massaua the green highlands rise in steep embankments, forming a sort of gateway to the interior of Africa.

It was when Italy occupied Massaua in 1885 that Eritrea took definite shape; now the area ruled by Italy stretches inland in some places 220 miles or more to the frontiers of Ethiopia and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

In brief, within 20 years after the Rubattino Company bought Assab as a coaling station which was never developed, her colony here had come to cover nearly 46,000 square miles of Africa. On January 1, 1890, this new colony was christened Eritrea by the Italian Government, in remembrance of the "Mare Erythraeum," as the old Romans called the waters of this part of the world.

Tracing the story of Eritrea's origin and growth I had just journeyed from Assab

* See The Society's new map of Africa, a supplement to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1935.
OF UNEXPECTED EUROPEAN ASPECT IS MAIN STREET IN ASMARA

To the right sit guests at a sidewalk café. Substantial houses face a smooth, paved street in this capital city of Eritrea. Natives in white robes, like those of Bible times, walk in the middle of the thoroughfare, ignoring sidewalks, true to oriental custom.

to Massaua. Until that moment I had never really known what heat was. Even a day-long crocodile hunt in India, with the thermometer at 117 degrees, Fahrenheit, was cooler than a walk through Massaua, where in summer the thermometer often hits 120 in the shade. The short stroll from the small post-steamer landing, over the shadeless pier of the new harbor grounds to the Hotel Savoia, proved a feat of physical endurance.

"Yes, we have veritable hell here in summer," said the tired hotel manager. "Even in winter Massaua is no pleasure resort; but then you can at least endure it."

ONE OF THE WORLD’S HOTTEST CITIES

Yet Massaua, one of the hottest cities in the world, with its environs, is the home of 15,000 natives and a few hundred Europeans. The white men, mostly Italians, work during the day in their offices under big fans, with glasses of cool water on their desks. In a damp and steamy air they toil with a mean temperature for July of 94 degrees Fahrenheit, 20 degrees hotter than the average for the hottest month in New York.

Service in the government and administration; routine work for shipping companies and banks; trade in products of the land; the importation of goods—all these go their routine way, uninterrupted by the murderous climate.

Only by constant work can the white man stand the climate and forget the heat. No idle man could endure it here. Except for a few nurses in the hospital, no white women live in Massaua in summer. Then, the families of white employees go to the high plain of Hamasien, the real center of Eritrea (see map, pages 270-271).

I, too, soon found I could not remain idle in a sticky, hot hotel room. I felt better as soon as I began to talk with people about Eritrea, and to explore Massaua and the country about it.

I found Italian settlers without enthusiasm as to sight-seeing around Massaua.
WITH THE ITALIANS IN ERITREA

THIS ITALIAN CAPTAIN COMMANDS A NATIVE INFANTRY COMPANY IN ERITREA

WITH FEVERISH HASTE ERITREANS MIX CEMENT AS ITALIANS RUSH WAR PLANS

In the background rises the skeleton steel frame of some new structure, astonishing in this empty part of Africa. Hangars and airports are being built rapidly, for the use of military airplanes arriving from Italy.
IN HONOR OF IL DUCE, MUSSOLINI STREET IS BEING PAVED AND WIDENED

After centuries of existence as a poor, obscure village, Asmara is now being rebuilt, enlarged, and made into an up-to-date city. Travelers arriving in this town over the new railroad from Massaua find its cool climate a pleasant respite from the steaming hot atmosphere at sea level. A modern hotel, shops, and glittering official life make it the busy center of Italian rule in Eritrea. A tall bell tower rises above the capital's largest church in the background.
There is indeed little scenic beauty. The town stands partly on the mainland and partly on small islands formed from coral reefs. Commercially, it is active and well ruled by efficient police and administrators. The natives live in small stone houses of uniform style, and there are a few dozen one-storied houses for the Italian firms and government officials. Between scattered houses lie a few gardens of scanty growth. A bridge binds the island part of the town to the mainland.

WHERE ITALIAN TROOPS DISEMBARK

The harbor of Massaua is the only place in Eritrea where large ships can tie up at docks to discharge their passengers and cargo. For this reason it is here that the landing of Italian troops and war materials has been taking place.

The native population is a colorful mixture. Here you see some pure Ethiopian Hamites; also, always near the coast, many Semitic Arabs who invaded the land partly as conquerors, partly as traders, or as members of that uncertain class between the two. Where there are Arabs in the East there is usually the Negro, too—from many parts of Africa. Arabs have been slave traders for centuries, especially along these coasts. In this district the sea route seems to have been the simplest; one finds here more Somali Negroes than Sudanese.

Recently a new element has come—the Indian traders, common now in nearly all places on the east coast of Africa. It is they who, in the main, bring cheap Japanese wares into the retail trade of the country.

Arabs, on the other hand, carry most of the Red Sea local traffic in their sambuks,
Addis Ababa, the capital city, standing 5,600 feet above the coast level, is connected with the French port of Djibouti on the Gulf of Aden by rail; because the country has no outlet to the sea, Italians for months have been landing troops at Massawa, in Eritrea, and at Massafik, in Italian Somaliland. A railroad rapidly being extended connects Massawa with Elsa.
WAR TALK BETWEEN ROME AND ADDIS ABABA STARTS THOUSANDS OF ITALIAN SOLDIERS FOR MOBILIZATION CAMPS IN AFRICA

Embariking at Naples, a regiment of infantry sails for Eritrea. For many months Mussolini has been sending men and munitions to Italy's colonies in northeast Africa. From the homeland many stevedores, artisans, and other workers have also been sent, to build roads, airports, and structures for military use.
THE LAW BRINGS EQUALITY FOR ALL, SAYS THE SIGN ABOVE THE JUDGE'S HEAD.

Over the motto, in this stifling Eritrean courtroom, is a picture of Italy's King, and to the left a native policeman stands at attention. While Italian codes are officially recognized in meting justice, white rulers wisely listen to the suggestions of elderly tribesmen.

AN ITALIAN OFFICER AND A NATIVE POLICEMAN MAKE THEIR ROUNDS SIDE BY SIDE.

 Outsiders, visiting Eritrea for the first time, at once notice the friendly relations between officials and the natives, notwithstanding differences in color and rank. In the native infantry Christians as well as Moslems wear the fez, because it is part of the military uniform.
BALILLA BOYS, RECRUITED AMONG ITALIAN RESIDENTS OF ERITREA, MARCH THROUGH A NATIVE VILLAGE OF THATCHED ROOFS

“While no native boys happen to appear in this particular picture,” says the author, “at no time during my Eritrean travels did I see any color line drawn. Sons of Europeans mingle and play freely with native boys.” In steaming hot Massaua, on the Red Sea, there is not so much activity, but cooler highlands about Asmara afford ideal parade grounds. Circular native huts of stone, with conical thatched roofs and queer center chimneys, are common.
LIKE THE ATHLETIC CLUBS OF EUROPE, THRONGS OF ERITREAN BOYS PERFORM CALISTHENICS TO BAND MUSIC

These youths of Asmaran primary schools drill daily under the guidance of their Italian teacher, who stands in a pulpit decorated with the Italian colors at the left. Between the spectators in the foreground and the instructor is a group of convent girls, accompanied by nuns. There are schools for both Italians and natives, but the men and women teachers are mostly from the mother country.
or baby clippers, whose form has changed but little with passing centuries.

The Dahalach Islands, facing Massaua, are the center of Arab pearl fisheries and mother-of-pearl dealers.

An Arab specialty is fishing, particularly for sharks. The sun-dried meat is transported to Zanzibar and Dar es Salaam, where it is regarded with especial favor.

WHITE "DUNES" ARE HUGE SALT PILES

Behind the smooth surface of Massaua's harbor entrance stretches a broad lagoon, from which glaring sun draws a trembling vapor. Back of the lagoon rise the jagged outlines of what I at first took to be white sand dunes, quivering in the heat like a mirage, ghostly in their detached existence. Everywhere the heat rests like a curse on all living creatures.

Yet, since man cannot escape this heat, he has put it to work. Here are the largest salt works I have seen on my travels around the Red Sea (see pages 278, 279, 280, 281, 283). What I thought were white sand dunes were really huge piles of white salt!

As I neared these heaps I could discern hundreds of people moving about among them. These men scurried like big black ants on white snow, fairly running as they carried heavy loads of salt—unmindful of the steaming heat which makes even mere breathing a task for whites.

In wide, flat basins connected by canals with the Red Sea, salt water evaporates perhaps more quickly than anywhere else in the world. In the salt pans of Massaua, I was told, the African sun evaporates in a single day almost 2,000,000 gallons of water. To this terrific heat Massaua owes an important part of its income—from the export of salt.

From the evaporating pans native workers scrape the salt into cone-shaped piles. Thereby the last vestige of moisture is drained and the space is made immediately ready for the next water supply. The sun is an investment here and must not be allowed to shine unused. With pails and shovels, a troupe of half-naked natives throw themselves into the work. In a few seconds the pail is filled with coarse salt.
NATIVES AND ITALIANS FREQUENT THE "HOUSE OF THE FASCES" AT ASMARA

Under the words "Casa del Fascio" is the name, Arnaldo Mussolini, the late brother of Il Duce. Every Eritrean city has such a house, headquarters of the political groups which are widespread and powerful here as in Italy. These houses serve as clubs and social centers for residents and visitors as well as for official functions. In Roman days, the symbol of authority was the fasces, a bundle of reeds with an ax-blade protruding. When Mussolini founded the Fascists in 1919, he adopted the fasces, representing unity, as the name for his party and as its emblem. Fastened to the central arch, above, is one of these badges, outlined with electric light bulbs.
crystals; the carrier swings the burden to his shoulder and runs hurriedly away to the high dam which surrounds the salt lagoons. In an endless chain, like the buckets on a big dredge, they go, one carrier behind another, making a machine out of human bodies.

You see the piles of salt grow higher minute by minute, quickly becoming a pyramid about 15 feet high—a new addition in the row of many hundred similar salt pyramids. Here they stand, the property and investment of the Italian “Società per le Saline Erithre,” and await the buyer. He comes, unexpectedly enough, from Japan!

Much of Japan’s raw-salt needs are met by Eritrea. To get this African salt, Japan sends specially-built freight steamers to the Red Sea.

The arrival in the harbor of a Japanese salt steamer sets the black human chain of salt carriers to running in reverse. Again, with no help other than pails and shovels, the salt mountains are torn down and loaded into small wagons which stand ready to transport this white freight to the dock.

I don’t know how it is possible that living beings, day after day, can work with bare feet in salt lye, how it is possible in the intense heat that, with swollen, torn and blistering legs, they are still able to keep up the racing tempo of their work. But I do know that the production of salt represents one of the most important items in Eritrea’s export budget.

In summer, Massaua Italians speak of Asmara as paradise. Noticing the happy look in the eyes of those who had been there...
Because of the intense heat along the Eritrean coast, brine led into pans from the sea quickly dries up and leaves a deposit of crystallized salt. Beneath this there is always a thin layer of water which disappears as soon as the salt is piled in heaps to await export to Japan (see illustrations, pages 280, 281, 283). The thirsty man at the left drinks from a tin cup fresh water hauled out to the works in barrels.

for week-ends, I decided that I, too, should see the colony's capital city.

The air route from Massaua to Asmara is barely 40 miles. The railroad and the highway are almost twice as long; they wind up to where Asmara stands nearly 8,000 feet higher than Massaua.

One morning at seven, I climbed into the four-coach train which makes the one and only daily run to Asmara.

At first our road lay over fairly even country, dotted with a few palms and low sycamores. Panic-stricken by the noise of our locomotive, a lonely, long-legged ostrich fled across the fields.

After a while we stopped at a primitive station, surrounded by a few houses and gardens. Arabs and Ethiopians of mixed blood were gathered about—from curiosity, or to sell fruit. A white monument in the background showed that we were in Dogali, where, in 1887, the Italian troops suffered a disastrous defeat in battle with the Ethiopians.

Slowly now the track began to climb; and the temperature sank. Mountain slopes became greener, and one could see fruit-bearing cactus, and a little later also the first euphobia, typical plant of the Ethiopian highland.

THEIR BELLS ARE MADE OF STONE.

Over this easy route men now travel at high speed. Four hundred years ago, a certain group moved over it slowly, painfully, in one of the strangest undertakings in the history of colonization. Here in the summer of 1541 Dom Christovão da Gama, "a
BLISTERING SUNSHINE SPEEDS UP SEAWATER EVAPORATION IN THE STEAMING MASSAUA SALT WORKS

Salt water, seen entering by canal at the picture's lower edge, flows into evaporating "pans," or basins, formed by dikes. When the ponds are full, flood gates are closed and evaporation proceeds. Heaps of new-made salt rise in the background. Only a small section of Massaua's vast salt works is comprised in this picture.
Here the human chain works in reverse: it tears down the big piles of salt built up back of the drying pans, and loads them into little dump cars on a railway laid right to the Maussa dock.

The Somali has just reached the ladder's top rung, and is about to tip his heavy basket. Beyond him an Italian worker goes down, his basket emptied. A cloth pad protects the man's naked shoulders.
SMALL “DRY WASHES” THAT BECOME SWOLLEN STREAMS AFTER HEAVY RAINS CUT THE OPEN, ROLLING HIGHLANDS OF ERIITA

Weaver birds have built nests in the stunted acacia tree, whose branches were lopped off by natives for firewood. So securely do the birds lash their nests to the branches that even severe storms seldom dislodge them. Weavers of a related species gather in flocks of a hundred or more pairs and build huge community homes. To make such an “apartment house,” resembling the thatched roof of a native hut, the birds interlace or “weave” almost a half ton of grass among the limbs of a tree.
DUMP CARS DELIVER THE SALT AT THE MASSAU A DOCKS

Men with shovels drag it into a trench on the dock floor. A conveyor belt carries it to the Japanese ship seen in the background. This is Eritrea's last act in making and shipping salt, a valuable export.

ON AN ENDLESS BELT SALT RIDES UP A SHIP'S SIDE

Beside the conveyor is a canted gangway, for men who supervise the loading. It takes two or three days to fill a vessel, which may carry eight to ten thousand tons of salt. In Japan the cargo will be refined and consumed.
strong hero, whose heart seemed to be made of iron and steel,” together with 400 of his Portuguese warriors, marched under incredible hardships from Massaua to the high plateau. Neither adventure nor chance to loot drew them; their urge was to save Christianity in the world’s oldest Christian kingdom.

At that time a powerful Moslem general, Mohammed Grañ, “the Left-handed,” had decided to make Abyssinia a Moslem land. He had wiped out the Christian Ethiopian Emperor’s army, slaughtered the Christian population, and burned the churches. It was to check Mohammed Grañ and to aid the Christian Emperor that young Cristovão da Gama, the fourth son of Vasco da Gama and brother of the governor of India at that time, came to Asmara. Though da Gama was captured and put to death and most of his faithful followers fell in battle, through their sacrifice a rare old culture was saved to the world.

A mong Portuguese survivors was Miguel de Castanhoso, who wrote the story of this campaign. It shows these warriors from Portugal considered the Ethiopians as equal fellow believers. A few things appeared strange to Castanhoso. He writes, for instance, “but their bells are made of stone!”

Bells in the first Coptic Church I saw near Asmara were made of stone. Freely suspended, when struck at divine service, they gave a most bell-like tone (page 287).

ITALY IN AFRICA

“I am in Africa, in Asmara, only about 15 degrees north of the Equator,” I must keep telling myself—not in some small city in southern Italy. Yet here are Italian streets, Italian buildings, Italian people. That sun-burnt Italian standing, self-satisfied, before the door of his green grocery in shirtsleeves, gray velvet trousers, and black felt hat is the same man I have seen a hundred times standing in front of similar green grocersies in southern Italy. That small coffee shop there on the corner is exactly like one I know in Naples. Only the dark figures of the natives, in their white draperies, dignified and equally privileged, are reminders that I am in the “Black Continent.”

This is not a mere copy of Italy; I don’t mean that. It is Italy itself, in Africa. With this impression comes a purely physical feeling of happiness. The air is clear
VILLAGERS STOP BY A BELL TOWER TO PRAY AND MEDITATE

Ethiopian churches are usually circular, surrounded by a wall (sometimes double), with two gates, one opposite the other. Many of them date from ancient times and practically all stand in groves of trees where dwell the priests apart from the church. Inside this compound at Adi Quali, in Eritrea, but not joined to the church proper, is a bell tower. Peasants often kneel about it to pray, the church being used only by priests, officials, and upper-class natives. Sometimes caravans are hampered by the observance of fasts because the porters become weak from lack of food.
Eritrea, in the main, is composed of three different parts. First of all, there is the long coast line of the Red Sea, with its over-tropical climate and its scanty vegetation. The people here are largely Arabs, who, when not occupied with the Red Sea and its produce, engage in small-scale cattle breeding.

The bulk of Eritrea is that high plateau which stretches southward into Ethiopian country. This plateau, with its average elevation of nearly 7,000 feet, has a cool climate with ample rain in summer. The people here are Hamitic, partly with a slight Semitic or Negroid touch. Their speech is Tigrai, or Tigre, and their religion Coptic Christian. The same is true of those who live beyond the southern frontier in adjoining Ethiopia.

While this high basaltic plateau falls off steeply to the Red Sea, the other side—the west—slopes more gradually to the border of the Sudan plain. These rolling inclines make up the third section of Eritrea.

Climate and crops change, too, as one descends from the plateau toward the Sudan. Vegetables and fruits grow in the cool highlands; in the lower and warmer regions, coffee, sisal, and tobacco; cotton is an increasing crop. Hides and skins are exported. Near Asmara, on a small scale, gold is recovered by crushing quartz and running it over mercury tables.

Toward the west, people grow darker; at the Sudan border, they are almost entirely Moslem Negroes. In the Cunama district of southwest Eritrea, a most inaccessible region, pagan Negro tribes may still be
found. As in many other parts of Africa, the Moslem faith spreads as rapidly as does Christianity.

A NEW COLONIAL SYSTEM

From the very first, Italy's problem was to build up this many-sided territory into a unified colony. The Italians originated, therefore, a system of their own.

On the first day of my stay in Asmara, I walked into a small shop to buy some cigarettes. Behind the counter stood the owner—an Italian—wrapping up a package of goods for a black customer (p. 295).

"Many thanks and come back again soon," he said.

The black man lifted his hat and took leave with a polite "Arrivederci, signore."

I was astonished. In no other black colony, in my experience, have I seen white shopkeepers, unembarrassed, selling wares for a few cents to native customers. Such a thing would be unthinkable in India, for instance. There you would hardly expect to see Englishmen wrapping up packages for a Hindu.

In the street I watched an Italian farmer riding in a two-wheeled buggy. It seemed so out of place in Africa! To learn about Italian farmers and their experience here, I went to the Agriculture Department. The chief received me with true Italian courtesy, and agreed to conduct me through the farming regions next day.

After we had ridden around for several hours by motor car, I still had not seen anything very different from that in numerous other colonies, except some large model plantations of which rich owners—and the gentlemen from the Agriculture Department—were equally proud. I tried to explain that I would much rather see small and less showy farms.

"But all the small farmers work just as they do in Italy!" said my host.

"In that case," I replied, "that's just what I want to see."

A CALABRIAN FARMER CARRIES ON IN ERITREA

Soon we stopped in front of a small stone house of three rooms and kitchen. To greet us came a venerable Calabrian farmer, a little confused by official callers.

In the shade of a pergola, the old man,
STONE HOUSES WITH CORRUGATED TIN ROOFS HAVE REPLACED NATIVE “TUKULS,” OR HUTS, IN ASMARA

Lights, water, paved streets, fruit markets, all are found here in the bustling town. This type of structure, permitting Europeans and natives to dwell in the same area, aids Eritreans to learn Italian speech and customs, and promotes colonial development.
THIS BOY MIXES PAINTS FOR HIS ARTIST FATHER, WHOSE PUPIL HE IS

In his right hand the youngster holds an egg, which he will break against the mixing paddle in his left. Eritrean painters use eggs instead of oil as a binding material and as "pure egg color" for yellow backgrounds.

DOLL-LIKE FACES REPRESENT THE APOSTLES IN THIS ETHIOPIAN "LAST SUPPER"

"Hundreds of such examples of Byzantine painting," says the author, "decorate inner rooms of round-shaped Coptic churches in Eritrea." Some are centuries old; others were painted within the last few years.
OUTLINED IS A HORSE, SKETCHED BY AN ETHIOPIAN IN ERIrea

But there will be a saint somewhere in the picture, before he is finished, for holy figures and historical themes are his specialties. On the canvas tacked to the mud wall of his living room, he first sketches with charcoal, then paints with homemade tempera colors.

ONE ERITREAN ARTIST EMPLOYS HIS RELATIVES AS BIBLICAL MODELS

With staff raised the father is about to pose as one of the prophets in a scene being painted by his son. The artist's sister-in-law, nephew, and wife all pose for him. The old man long painted for a living, but now has retired in his son's favor.
THIS PAINTING PROCLAIMS AN ETHIOPIAN LEGEND THAT THE RULING FAMILY IS DESCENDED FROM SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Love of color and a fondness for graphic grouping of many figures in one picture are characteristic of Ethiopian painters. Here, with a background of gold, is portrayed a coronation, observed by buglers, a drum corps, warriors, and priests. From the left, under an umbrella, approaches the Queen, along with a pack train bearing gifts. The structure in the background represents the Palace of Solomon.
while peeling cactus fruits, gave us the story of his life in Africa. He had sold his farm in Italy; then, with his family, a little money, and much will to work, he had come to Africa. The government had first lent him a piece of raw land; when he had demonstrated his ability to work it, it was deeded to him.

Proudly he guided us over his property. He showed the reservoirs which he and his son, single-handed, had excavated. A home-made water wheel, driven by a mule, drew out water to irrigate his fields. All the fruit trees he had planted himself. Now he has two native helpers—but his wife still keeps house and cooks. Every morn-

ing he drives his buggy to Asmara and sells his fruit.

"It doesn't amount to much," he said, "but here we don't need much."

On the way home I asked my companion if the government intended to continue to support the immigration of Italian farmers.

"We should like to, but we have hardly any more free land to give. You must not forget that the land is also cultivated by natives, from whom we naturally cannot take it away."

On Main Street, which divides the business and residential districts, is a magnificent building bearing the inscription "Casa del Fascio" (page 277). Houses with similar inscriptions are found in all large Eritrean localities. These houses are the headquarters of leaders, and meeting places for local Fascist groups.

The Fascist movement plays no less a part here than it does in Italy. First of all, it is a bond holding the white population together; it establishes among civilians a militaristic group, a sort of national guard in this colony.

Until the outbreak of Italian-Ethiopian hostilities there were no white soldiers in Eritrea. All troops doing regular duty here were made up of native soldiers called askari, under the command of Italian officers. The Eritrean regiments give the appearance of being excellent fighters.

In early youth, from six to eight years, the sons of the white citizens of Eritrea are taken into the Balilla, the Fascist youth movement, there to be prepared for later military service in Italy (pp. 274, 276).
Here in Africa, on Saturdays and Sundays, one can see "Black-Shirts," varying in years, marching in formation into the country to hold military exercises. A strange sight!

Nor do black boys remain undrilled. Many native youngsters have already been taken into the Balilla. Besides this, in all large schools where, after the first year, instruction in all grades is in Italian, the fundamentals of military discipline are taught. This is naturally only meant for such large settlements as Asmara, Cheren, Agordat, Adi Ugri, Massaua, and their immediate surroundings.

In all things the Administration tries to give the natives utmost freedom. There is, for instance, hardly any police supervision in out-of-the-way places. And it is true that native tribes, for ages accustomed to settling their private affairs among themselves, are still permitted to do so without government help. The Italian District Governor, the so-called "Commissario," does not concern himself with any offenses under the jurisdiction of a native tribe, except such as are brought especially to his attention.

Even the Italian official, although independent in decision, in most cases will seek the advice of the oldest member of the tribe before giving his verdict. This system seems to work well.

All civilian occurrences, disputes, divorces, etc., are adjusted by native judges in their own law courts, according to unwritten laws handed down through ages. These native law courts, theatrical and amazing as they are, give an excellent cross-section of Eritrea's social life.

Close contact explains the rapid diffusion of the Italian language among the natives. The Italian craftsman, a bricklayer, for instance, who works on a structure, brings to his native helpers not only a foreign language but also the art and science of his craft.

BYZANTIUM IN AFRICA

That part of old Ethiopia known now as Eritrea came only recently into close unity with Europe. Long ago it was almost akin to
The treeless, barren aspect of much of Eritrea is shown on this empty stretch where a lonely, bareheaded peasant wearily punches the rump of his plodding pack donkey. The sign says, "Military Road. Trespassing Forbidden."

the Occident. That was more than 1,500 years ago when Christianity, with its Greek-Byzantine culture, flowed over desert roads into the land. Then these roads were closed by Mohammedan might as Islam's shadow fell over Arabia and many lands south of the Mediterranean Sea. Eritrea, cut off from the world through the foes of its religion, remained isolated from other cultures for more than 1,000 years. So it forgot Europe, as Europeans had forgotten it.

I was not thinking about these facts when, for the first time, I stepped into one of the churches in Eritrea. Already, the isolated bell tower, which stands within the walled enclosure, reminded me somehow or other of the structure of the basilicas.

"Only a coincidence," I thought at first, and stepped into the interior of the church. There I stood and stared somewhat confusedly upon a much more surprising thing.

The four wooden walls, which surround the real sanctuary, were completely plastered with sacred pictures, not cheap oil prints, but real paintings. They looked exactly like the characteristic icons which 1,600 years ago were painted in Byzantium or, during the Middle Ages, in Russia—very primitive, but occasionally strong and peculiar in style and color.

I have since visited many more churches in different parts of Eritrea and everywhere have found similar pictures.

As many of these pictures looked quite new, I could not suppress my natural curiosity about the painters. Such a one I soon found at work in his studio—a four cornered room-and-kitchen house with a tin roof. Structures of this type, as a result of the Italian influx, have recently appeared in the larger settlements and their environs. Thus, gradually they will displace the traditional tukuls—the round, straw-covered huts of the country (page 288).

The artist, who had sought to escape his surroundings by donning half-priestly clothes, proudly showed me his latest works. There were madonnas, St. George and the dragon—pardon—here it is a snake (the painter had seen giant snakes but never a dragon) and many Coptic saints, most of whom I did not even know by name.
WITH THE ITALIANS IN ERITREA

WHITE PROPRIETORS IN AN ITALIAN STORE SELL CIGARETTES TO NATIVE CUSTOMERS

In most other tropical colonies administered by white races, caste distinctions would forbid this. But to Eritrea have come many Italians, intending to remain, and willing to follow small trades. These two salesmen of Asmara, brothers, handle cigarettes, postcards, and stationery.

"How did you learn to paint?"
"My father taught me."
"And your father?"
"His father taught him—and besides, it really isn't at all difficult since one can see paintings of saints in all our churches."

Here in Eritrea, without abrupt transition, remnants of one of the world's oldest continuous cultures unite with that brought in by the Italian conquerors.

THE ROAD TO ETHIOPIA

In many ways Eritrea seems still linked with Ethiopia. No natural boundaries cut the young colony off from the old Menelik Empire. High up on the plateau, on both sides of the border, the same language is spoken by people who share the same religion, the same customs, and the same tradition.

The markets of Adi Ugri, Adi Caiech, and Asmara are full of goods which have come over from the adjoining Ethiopian province. From there the nearest road to the sea leads over thousands-of-years-old caravan trails through the territory of Eritrea. In both countries the exportation of the same wares—hides and skins—stands first in importance. The Ethiopian silver standard Maria Theresa dollar circulates now as well as the Italian lira.

On the way to the border I met many Ethiopian caravans which, in peaceful commercial intercourse, bring their wares to Eritrea. How much longer? Today war clouds hang heavily over this quiet, peaceful country. On the edge of the road which I follow, men work in feverish haste. Italian engineers and native helpers are building a large airport to shelter and service the deadly air army of Mussolini. Here a newly built road branches off the path. A tablet says that this is a military road, trespassing on which is strongly prohibited.

From the frontier I can look now into Ethiopia. Behind that mountain lies blood-drenched Aduwa's (Adua) battlefield. There in 1896 wild warriors of the "King of Kings" cut to pieces a smaller Italian army of 14,000. To their death they marched over this very highway. Once before it was a grim path of destiny; it may be again!
Grouped about are members of the assembly in the modern capitol building at Addis Ababa, where they gathered to hear the King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, announce plans for defending his realm against possible conflict with Italy. Benches below are filled with white-clad chieftains and army officers. In the balcony to the Emperor's right appears a high dignitary of the church.
TRAVELING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA

By Leo B. Roberts

ETHIOPIA, Abyssinia to many, is a non-Negro empire in northeastern Africa whose population has been variously estimated at from five and a half to twelve millions. I believe about seven million is more nearly correct, although no census has been taken. Officially, Ethiopia is a Christian country; but within the confines of the empire there are also Moslems and pagans.

In ancient times the term "Ethiopia" designated, more or less loosely, northeastern Africa and the country south of Egypt. It was probably the Biblical land of Cush, mentioned many times in the Old Testament.*

Concerning that able woman who once ruled this land—known to us as the Queen of Sheba—priests in widely separated parts of the country told me stories amazingly consistent.

"Solomon," they said, "was a doctor, a healer, a learned man who had the power to cure, a hakim.

"And the Queen suffered from a short, distorted right foot. Her journey to Jerusalem was made to see whether Hakim Solomon could help her, and naturally she carried presents to him. The child that was born to them was Menelik I. Solomon educated the lad in Jerusalem until he was 19 years old, when the boy returned to Ethiopia with a large group of Jews, taking with him the true Ark of the Covenant."

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

Many people believe that this Ark is now in some church along the northern boundary of the present-day Empire of Ethiopia, near Aduwa (Adwa) or Aksum. But if it is here, so well guarded by the priests is this Ark that no student from the western world has been able to confirm or deny the legend!

The present ruler, Haile Selassie the First, King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, claims direct descent from the dynasty of Menelik the First.

Amharic, of Semitic origin, is the state language of the country. Other tongues are spoken in various sections, including Arabic, Galla, Gurage, and Gumuz. A foreigner traveling here needs a versatile interpreter.

Parables, still freely in use, give a fine flavor to conversation. A priest, sorry he could not converse directly with me, said to my interpreter, "Tell him the eye and ear are a part of the head and necessary each to the other; yet the eye cannot see the ear, but simply knows it is in its right place, doing its duty. So it is with the two of us."

RINGED BY ITALIANS, FRENCH, BRITISH

This empire has no seaport. Italian Eritrea, French and British Somaliland occupy the western coast of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. To the east and south are Italian Somaliland and Kenya, while to the west and north are the vast lowlands of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In size Ethiopia comprises about 424,000 square miles, or is nearly nine times as large as New York State (see map, pages 270, 271).

West of Eritrea and French Somaliland there is an Ethiopian desert belt 100 miles wide; its lava formations resemble Arizona malpais country at its worst. Dry season sun strikes here with terrific force; water holes are far apart. Until very recently this desert, the Danakil country, was entirely unexplored. In 1928, however, an Englishman, Mr. L. M. Nesbitt, with two Italian companions, Pastori and Rosina, successfully traversed the area from south to north, a journey demanding great courage and steadfastness of purpose. In 1930 I paralleled the route taken by Mr. Nesbitt for some 70 miles and know of the many difficulties which he so successfully surmounted.

In 1933-34 the southern part of this desert was explored by another Englishman, Mr. Wilfred Thesiger. He solved the mystery of the course of the River Awash, which disappears in the desert lowlands.

In north and central Ethiopia are five Christian provinces: Tigre, Amhara, Gojam, Wallo, and Shoa; to the southwest is Kafa, the home of coffee which took its name therefrom; farther south and east are smaller provinces conquered by Emperor

GALLA TRIBESWOMEN ESCORT A CARAVAN LOAD OF WATER JARS INTO ADDIS ABABA

An indispensable article of household furniture in every Ethiopian home is the gumba, or baked clay water jar. Daily, the women fill the vessels at the nearest spring or water hole and cover the tops with green leaves; then carry them home on their backs, held by a strap around the forehead, in the Bible-time manner.

Menelik II. Demarcation between these southern provinces varies; present-day maps are none too reliable.

West of the desert occurs one of the world's most striking topographical features—an escarpment rising a mile or more above the arid lowlands. This massive barrier has isolated Ethiopian mountain dwellers from the outside world for centuries.

Approaching this escarpment from the east, it seems that on top of it there must be a vast tableland (see pages 313, 319). But a traverse of the escarpment, as well as 2,500 miles of travel on the interior uplands, makes it difficult to believe that the word "plateau" properly describes this area.

The escarpment's summit is narrow, rough, and broken, with many isolated peaks; sources of the many water courses which flow to the west and into the Blue Nile (Abbai) are often within only a few yards of it.

I take the following from my notes, written at the end of a day of hard climbing on the eastern escarpment near Magdala, scene of the victory of the English expedition sent out under Sir Robert Napier, 1867-68, to free European prisoners:

"This is rough country. Tonight I have an unobstructed view in every direction of a succession of deeply eroded stream courses, wooded valleys, tablelands, and the smaller, flat-topped mesas known to the Ethiopians as ambas. There are many of these gray outliers of rim rock; sheer cliffs join steep-sided valleys deeply indented with minor drainage. Side ravines are close together; terrain more difficult to traverse than canyon country of the United States, differences of elevation being greater. General tone is brown and gray; no timber. Cold winds make this barren land seem all the more dreary and desolate."

These highlands extend west from the eastern escarpment some 200 miles, to an equally steep slope on the west. Much of the area between the western escarpment and the Sudan border is unmapped, but it is known that this lowland is densely forested and the soil is the black, greasy, gumbo type. In the east and west lowlands, heat is terrific; on the highlands, which vary.
Any public official is called a Great. He commonly keeps in close touch with his dependents by giving away food. When a man has rendered any service to a Great, he may take his stand before the latter’s house, hold a rock on his shoulder, and cry, “Abet.” Then the Great may notice him, and see that he is “gratified.”

from 8,000 to nearly 13,000 feet above the Red Sea, it is generally cold.

Two distinct seasons exist—a heavy rainy season lasting from June until the end of September and a dry season for the remaining eight months. In certain years, gentle rains occur in the month of May and these are called the Little Rains.

Hailstorms are a menace; often the stones are so large that they cripple mules in a caravan. They usually occur in December and January. Early months of the dry season are called “false spring” by natives. I saw the ground covered a foot deep with hailstones that did not melt for two days.

In January and February, every prospect pleases; bright-colored birds are seen on hillsides. It is warm enough during the day to be comfortable while walking on the trail, but at night the temperature drops sharply; ice forms in water buckets. Temperatures change quickly. I recorded three instances where the thermometer dropped 26 degrees in less than half an hour.

The remainder of the dry season is temperate; an interesting sight is what natives term “wind devils”; these wind whirls raise the red dust and sand to great heights.

TRAVEL POSSIBLE ONLY IN DRY SEASON

It is literally true that it is possible to travel in Ethiopia only in the dry season. In arranging for a trip it is well to strive for the happy medium between too much luxury and too much poverty of equipment. Yet, with proper equipment and a sense of humor, one can go about in Ethiopia by mule caravan with considerable comfort.

Not many horses are found in the uplands; mules are used. When the terrain is dry mules can surmount almost any obstacle. In rain, however, mud blocks the traveler. When it is wet going the mules tire, or get mired, and there is nothing to do except, as the guides say, “Leave it to God.”

To explore inner Ethiopia, there are two methods: Negadis, or professional caravan leaders, at Addis Ababa will agree to transport a man and his goods from place to place for a stated sum, or you can buy equipment and mules direct and hire loadmen to make the trip.
need. These men thoroughly enjoy a trip in the highlands; but do not like to journey in the lowlands. They are essentially mountaineers and avoid the low, fever-ridden country. All are great talkers. Each man, when hired, appears with two guarantors who sign, with their thumb prints, a certificate attesting the honesty and dependability of their friend.

All the men I hired claimed to have been on caravan trips; but many, I’m sure, had never been far from the lanes of Addis Ababa. Some few were hard workers and became good loadmen; before the end of the trip they at least understood the difference between the front and back end of a McClellan saddle.

As I had many pack animals, I was prevailed upon to take one man called a hakim, or doctor, who had a high reputation with the loadmen because of his ability to cure sick mules. All went well for a couple of months. There was no sickness among the mules and the only ones I lost were those killed by hyenas. At night, as many as ten of these wild beasts would rush the picket lines. They would come silently, and be upon the mules before the guards, who were usually asleep, could give an alarm, and often succeeded in savagely wounding the tethered animals so that we had to shoot them.

Later, when several mules fell sick, the hakim said: “It is sure that a certain hawk flew between the sun and the back of this animal, so that the shadow fell upon it. Since that has occurred, there is nothing to do but to leave it to God.” I told him...
the word doctor meant "a learned man"; he was pleased, even though the mules died.

Government passes are necessary to travel; it also helps to carry letters from government officials, called "Greats" (page 299).

Time means nothing here. The "iṣhi naḥga" ("yes, soon") of Ethiopia is even more common than the "mañana" of Mexico. You can also expect delay at many so-called "customs barriers," where even a permit, properly sealed, is not recognized by local guardians. There is no central taxation system, and on one trip of 18 miles I was halted five times by customs men whose commands that I stop and wait until their chief had given me his permission to pass on were loud and violent. Often the demands that I halt were made merely because the natives wanted a chance to visit with us, to hear the latest rumors, or exchange presents.

To pay one's way through inner Ethiopia is not easy. It is the universal custom that food must be given to a traveler who comes well recommended; likewise, the traveler is expected to return a present of equal or greater value. Presents of cattle, sheep, bread, and beer are usually sent daily to camp by the local chiefs, and it is also expected that these are to be turned over for the use of the Ethiopians of the caravan.

SAFETY PINS ARE FLEA EXTERMINATORS

It is difficult to carry on a long trip a variety of presents that are entirely adequate, but thalers, hunting knives, scissors, field glasses, nests of silver cups, rock candy, soap, and safety pins are usually appreciated. The safety pins, especially, are much sought after; they are used as instruments to pick out the sacs of eggs of a small flea known as the jigger from under the toenails. On a long trip the men usually team up in pairs and each one helps the other remove his jiggers. The operation apparently is not very painful to the Ethiopians, for they do not wear shoes and their feet are hard and calloused.

In giving and receiving presents many chiefs are practical in the extreme. At one village the local Great asked me for a
ATO ASHAGRI WAS THE VETERAN ETIOPIAN LEADER OF
THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN

In his left hand are his helmet and a fly-swatter. He blew a bugle to
give orders to porters, muleteers, and loadmen. Ashagri is about 35, speaks
Galla, Amharic, and a little English. He enjoyed life on the march, and
was useful as a judge in disputes, or in any tight place calling for leadership.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS ON ETIOPIA'S ONLY RAILROAD
REACH OUT FOR THEIR LUNCH

From Djibouti, capital of French Somaliland, a narrow-gauge line runs
southwest some 500 miles to Addis Ababa. The train leaves the coast at
dawn, passengers spending two nights at stopovers, and reaches the capital
on the third day. As there are no diners, food is purchased along the way.
Addis Ababa was saved as the capital when Emperor Menelik II imported eucalyptus trees from Australia years ago.

When the original juniper and acacia forest, source of fuel, surrounding the city had been depleted, it was suggested that the capital be moved to a new wooded site. The Emperor forestalled this removal by taking the suggestion of his foreign advisers and introducing the fast-growing eucalyptus, or blue gum. Soon the new trees flourished and his subjects were furnished with a plentiful supply of firewood and shade for their mud-walled, tin-roofed homes. Now when trees are felled they must be replaced with seedlings.
THE CARAVAN CROSSES A SHALLOW FORD IN THE LITTLE ABBAI RIVER NEAR DANGILA

Bedding, tents, and food—mostly canned goods—are in the packs. Coffee, chickens, beef, mutton, honey, and breadstuffs were obtained locally. Pork is not eaten by highland natives. Food cans, when emptied, were used for barter, natives prizing them as drinking cups.
Military contrasts parade in Addis Ababa—white chammas and khaki uniforms.

Trained by foreign officers, these troops of the Emperor march through the streets of the capital to the cadence of a modern drum corps, while tribal warriors with ancient rifles and rhinoceros-hide shields look on. But all have one thing in common—bare feet!
SPEAR MEN POSED AS CUSTOMS OFFICIALS HOLD UP A CARAVAN’S PROGRESS.

On main travel routes in north Ethiopia customs inspectors examine travel permits. If the Emperor’s seal is recognized, well and good; but often local agents know only the seal of their own chiefs—which means delay. This occurs so often that a proverb exists: “A dog knows his master, but not his master’s master.”

ON LAKE TANA NATIVES USE AN ODD BOAT CALLED A “TANKWA”

This clumsy-looking craft is made from bundles of papyrus bound together with vines and streamlined into boat shape. The natives do not use oars but make swift progress by paddling and poling with a stick. These boats become waterlogged and worthless after a week’s use.
further present, expressing a desire for a bottle of perfume. "I am sorry," I told him, "but I have none with me. However, if you would like me to do so I will send some to you at a later date." My suggestion brought the characteristic response, "A later time, of course, is better than never; further, there is no time like the present; moreover, I do not care to get my reward in Paradise, but want it now."

Daily attempts by loadmen to delay progress of the caravan are part of the game. These men show rare genius in making excuses as to why delay and rest are better than progress and work. To argue about it is fatal, for no one can equal an experienced Ethiopian caravan man in an argument regarding travel and water and grass. The thing to do is to go ahead and not be too surprised to find that the boys really meant nothing by their refusal to proceed; they had tried it and it didn’t work.

There are no roads in this country. Smaller streams must be forded. Often this is good fun. Some of the porters usually fall in the water, and this makes hilarious talk for the whole outfit for many days. Since there is little for Ethiopians to talk about, the smallest incident becomes a matter of seemingly great importance and furnishes an opportunity for loud discussions.

At large streams, where mules must swim, travel is difficult. To cross the Blue Nile, it is usually wise to go when the moon is full so that you can have its light when you break camp and start the descent at 2 o’clock in the morning.

The early start is necessary because there are no camping places or water from one rim to the other, therefore the distance must be made in one day.

CARAVANS MUST EMPLOY PROFESSIONAL SWIMMERS

When the local chief is convinced that the party wishes to cross the river, he blows his horn and assembles professional swimmers, because few of the caravan men can swim. First you take off the mules’ packs. These, with the men who cannot swim, are then ferried to the other bank in hide boats, called jendies, pushed by the swimmers, who return to their job of getting the stubborn mules to the other side.

By getting one mule to lead, the hope is that others will follow; too often this expectation is blasted. One stubborn mule can upset the whole well-laid plan. It is dangerous business for the swimmers, caught in a welter of thrashing, panic-stricken animals.

Many swimmers are killed at the fords every year, but those I was able to get to help me were good men, did their job well, and not one was severely hurt. Once across the swift water, the climb up the steep, narrow trails on the other side must be made with tired men and animals. In some places the trail is little more than a series of steps, where progress is slow and difficult. On such struggles I had no time to enjoy the beauty of the rugged scenery!

Safely back on the upland trails, life is simple. Association with a people who never worry is a novel experience; no telephone calls, no newspapers here. Once in a while a mail runner brings news.

RUNNERS CARRY MAIL IN CLEFT STICKS

Delivery of letters by runners is a well-established custom. The “runners” are usually hardy men, who do not “run”; they know the short cuts and foot trails, and how to pass through the territory of local chiefs; much of their time is spent in villages and churches along the way where they are welcome for the stories they tell of happenings in the capital. Because of this, they bring the mail safely.

I was told that no runner has been robbed of his mail in the history of the country! He may fall upon evil days in some village, but the letters, which he carries in a cleft stick, are not touched.

Highland Ethiopians are essentially an agricultural people. Their existence is based on the experience of their ancestors. Cultivating a piece of ground which will yield enough for the family and the tax collector, they then let it lie fallow for four or five years. The ground is hardly scratched by the plowing. Plows are straight sticks of wood, drawn by two bulls.

Children often plow and seem to enjoy it. They shout, threaten, and crack their whips. It is amusing to see how little attention the bulls pay to their efforts. However, with much laughter and little exertion a field is eventually plowed, ready for seed grain, which is broadcast over it.

Tef, one of the dwarf varieties of millet, is the principal crop. Some maize is cultivated, as well as barley and chick peas. Pepper is grown extensively and used daily on meat and bread. Cattle are large, and thousands of sheep graze on the hills.
You can lead a mule to water, but you can’t always make him swim.

Here is the Blue Nile as it flows out of Lake Tana, high on the Ethiopian plateau. This balky animal, as did the others, chose to turn around and scramble back up the bank rather than tackle the swift current.

Good beer, known as talla, is brewed from barley and the leaves of the geshu plant, which resemble hops. Hydromel, the ancient Anglo-Saxon mead, is a more potent drink, made from honey.

Village life is placid. The people are content with few possessions. Men spend much of the day in the fields and yet have plenty of time for gossip. Women are modest; they work steadily, yet not too hard. Flour they make from teff, baking thin loaves of bread called indgeria; they weave cloth of good quality into the distinctive native robe called a chamma. The most typical sight at any village is the procession of women and girls, carrying water in large earthen jars on their backs. Children are welcome and usually happy; they learn by listening to their elders, and their intelligence is often underrated by strangers.

No newspapers are known, but all news is broadcast at the markets, each village having its weekly market day. Certain markets are known for special goods; to Ankober many people come to buy the black woolen cape, or burnoose, and to Dembea they go for pepper. On market day at Dessye as many as 5,000 people engage in trading and gossiping.

Bargains are usually long drawn out affairs and the people pride themselves on being good traders. As a general rule, I found that a reasonable purchase could be made; but I hope, merely as a matter of personal pride, to return to the market at Debra Markos some day and meet the man who sold me one of the best looking yet most worthless mules I ever bought!

Money is on a Salt Standard

In the vicinity of Addis Ababa, coins and the paper money issued by the Bank of Ethiopia are used as mediums of exchange. In the interior, however, salt bars, which have a trade value of about half a Maria Theresa thaler, are a more desirable currency than silver coins. The salt is made into bars at Red Sea points, then transported by caravan to the interior where it is traded for pepper, which brings a good price in Eritrea and French Somaliland.

Deviating from the general rules of drainage, there are many crater lakes in the extinct volcanoes of the highlands. In like
manner, it is strange to find a large lake at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet above the Red Sea on the high land close to the edge of the western escarpment. Known as Lake Tana (Tsana), it is roughly circular, some 45 miles long by 40 miles wide. The Little Abbai is the principal tributary.

A spring, which is its source, was discovered by Father Pedro Paez in 1618. From this spring the Little Abbai flows north some 60 miles into Lake Tana, only to run out of it again to the south, as the Abbai, or Blue Nile. For many miles it flows in a deep canyon, over cataracts and waterfalls, and takes an immense curve, first to the south, then to the west, forming a natural barrier in the very heart of the empire. After a river distance of some 1,100 miles, it enters the White Nile at Khartoum.

Lake Tana is situated in the midst of volcanic formations of recent geologic age. After considerable speculation about its origin by the first European explorers, it is now generally believed to occupy the lava-obstructed valley of an ancient Blue Nile River. The old river valley was probably a deep one; a flow of lava entered it, causing a natural dam at what is now the southern end of the lake. The fractures in this lava, its scoriated appearance, and vast surface extent, mark a terrific natural upheaval of long ago.

There is a combination of low shore area near the lake, with long, gray ranges of volcanic mountains encircling it; these rise abruptly from the plains. Some of the intrusions and volcanic plugs, especially on the eastern watershed, are extraordinary, rising several thousand feet sheer from their bases, unscalable, grim, and bare.

More green than blue, the water of this lake is beautifully clear. At sunrise the crimson glow is reflected by the water; when the moon is full, ripples on the lake catch the light and make a pleasing picture. It acts as a mirror when flocks of low-flying, snowy-white egrets cross it to their nesting places in the papyrus swamps.
LOCUSTS THREATEN A MILLET CROP AS THE DESPAIRING FARMER, SHOUTING AND WAVING A STICK, SEEMS TO FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY.

In the northern highlands, the greatest aid in combating these swarms of pests is the men and women who toil and sweat to save their crops. Here the government spends much money fighting locust plagues.
CAMP IS PITCHED AMID LUSH MEADOWS BELOW A SUGAR-LOAF PEAK IN THE CHOKE MOUNTAINS

Such volcanic intrusions as Injabara Cone, in the background, towering 1,200 feet above the plateau, occur in many parts of Gojjam. Two barefoot servants of the local governor climbed this dome, says one report; others believe it has never been conquered.

THESE MULES, LIKE TIGHT-ROPE WALKERS WITH BALANCING POLES, CARRY LONG, TEETERING PIECES OF LUMBER TO ADDIS ABABA

Since horses and camels are not adapted to hard work in the Ethiopian highlands, all kinds of tasks fall to the patient mule.
ALONG THE ROCKY SHORES OF LAKE TANA FLOCKS OF EGRETS AND IBIS GATHER

Taken in the morning, this picture shows the usual early calm of the waters, sure to be disturbed by rough waves when the afternoon breeze comes up. Along the lake's edge in lava-flow depressions, where papyrus grows luxuriantly, many birds find bountiful feeding grounds.

ESCORTED BY SERVANTS, AN ETHIOPIAN LADY RIDES INTO ADDIS ABABA

Her mule is the second in line, and she wears a man's hat. Women of the class who support servants never appear in public unattended.
During the dry season, its behavior can be predicted with certainty. In the early morning it is calm and serene; near noon a breeze blows from the lake to the shore, gently at first, gradually increasing until in the early afternoon whitecaps appear, and by evening the waves have assumed a real importance, dashing against the rocky shores. As night comes on all grows quiet again, ready to begin the cycle once more.

Fish abound in both the Abbai and the lake; there is one fine type called netchass, a sort of whitefish that grows in length to three feet and weighs up to some 15 pounds. Another, which closely resembles the channel cat at home, is excellent food and attains a length of more than two feet. Natives take it with casting nets in the shallows or with an ingenious fish trap made from roots and vines.

Birds find good hunting grounds at the lava reefs along the shores and at the cataracts near the outlet of the lake. As the natives make no effort to hunt the birds, they are not easily frightened, and any bird lover would find this area of surpassing interest. In the papyrus swamps and the marshes there are birds that nest all year round, while migrants also find the lake a pleasant stopping place.

Hornbills and plover, several types of mourning doves, cranes and herons, egrets and ibis—these prosper and are abundant. On the reefs, pelicans, cormorants, rock pigeons, storks, and snakebirds are plentiful and seem well fed. Brilliant kingfishers, some with very blue crests, may be seen; they are alert, vigorous.

One of the most interesting birds on the lake is the African darter, or snakebird. When seen in the water it is entirely submerged except for its long, snake-like head
and neck. When it comes out on the reefs, its one concern in life seems to be to dry itself; it pays great attention to drying its wings carefully, and as soon as this is accomplished it plunges into the water again.

Hundreds of beautiful golden-crowned cranes nest near the outlet of the Gumara River, which enters Lake Tana from the east. At this point I observed, also, many thousands of ducks and geese.

I particularly noticed one bird, the spur-winged goose. It roosts in trees, and has on the bend of the wings stout spurs which it uses as weapons.

The brown hawk of the highlands is a bold and fearless bird. While eating lunch one day I was about to take some bread when one of these hawks swooped down, knocked off my hat, and took the food out of my hand. He then hovered overhead and ate my lunch while he was flying, easily bringing the food clutched in his talons within reach of his beak.

**THE LAND OF LIONS**

Southern Ethiopia is reported to have lions. Many types of antelopes are to be found in the high Arusi country and ibex in the mountains of northern Tigre, but in Shoa and Gojjam one can travel for hundreds of miles and see no game whatever. There are a few small

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**TWO TYPES OF CROSSES WORN BY ETHIOPIANS TODAY**

Still used by inhabitants of Shoa and known as the *lumot*, the five in the column to the left represent those in use before the Christian era. Priests in Shoa believe the *lumot* was brought to Ethiopia by Menelik I, son of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. The other ten are similar to personal crosses worn by Ethiopians from the fourth to the fifteenth centuries. The Ark of the Covenant is represented by the bud, or knob, at the end of the cross arms (see text, page 297).
gazelles; and hyenas laugh in the night, but hide themselves well during the day. Baboons and little monkeys are plentiful and respond quickly to decent treatment. In the lagoonlike reaches of the Blue Nile, as well as in the lake proper, there are herds of hippopotami. I saw as many as fifteen at one time enjoying the water.

Forests along the Sudan frontier shelter elephants, lions, and leopards. While in this region, I was once being entertained by a local governor who said to me, "Would you like to shoot an elephant?"

I had in mind to continue my journey so that I could ford the Blue Nile before the start of the Little Rains and replied, "I do not care to kill one."

"Oh! I thoroughly understand how you feel," he said. "You are afraid of the elephant; but I have hunters here who are not afraid. I will have them kill one and I will give you the tusks and the hide. When you get back to your country you can tell your friends that you shot it."

In spite of his ingenious suggestion I continued my trip—without the tusks.

Tree life abounds on the greater part of the mountain areas. To the stranger the fig trees, cedars, palms, and euphorbias rank in interest with papyrus. In the brush nearly every tree, vine, bush, and plant has thorns; some have grown their thorns with extraordinary ingenuity. By facing the points upward and downward, backward and forward, each plant seems to have developed a cussedness as effective as exasperating.

Papyrus makes us think of Egypt and olden times, of Pharaoh's daughter and Moses. Here the growths of papyrus are heavy, the plants often attaining a height of 25 feet and covering many acres.

**COURT IS HELD UNDER FIG TREES**

Flat-topped acacia, familiar in African scenery, does not grow so well on highlands as in lower altitudes. Small palms are beautiful, at a distance; and the many-branched euphorbia, which often grows to a height of 30 feet, assumes realistic candelaabra forms. Fig trees, with a spread well over 200 feet, are common.

Native courts are often held under such large fig trees. Gondar, after all, is not far from Jerusalem, and many present-day laws are based on ancient Jewish customs. There is no lawyer class, and every man considers himself quite able and willing to

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*Photograph by George Van Anda*

**A CENTURY AND A HALF OF CROSSES**

The first example (upper left) is the ancient design known as the cross pattée. A study of this group shows a complete evolution from the pattée design to a purely Latin type (lower right). These examples were probably produced when the Portuguese were in Ethiopia—between 1490 and 1630 (see text, page 325).
MANY BATTLES WERE FOUGHT AND SIEGES LAID ABOUT THIS OLD CASTLE

Portuguese architects and workmen built the stronghold about the year 1600, when Gondar was Ethiopia's capital. The workers fashioned their own tools. Priests now point out to visiting explorers the coronation room, the banquet halls, dungeons, the caverns where lions were kept, and the guard turrets.

BUILT ABOUT 1660 AND NEVER REPAIRED, THIS BRIDGE NEAR GONDAR IS STILL USED

When the author's caravan crossed it, his men halted to say a prayer for the Emperor Fasilidas, who built this and six other similar structures (see text, page 327). During the floods this bridge is wholly submerged. Its construction was supervised by Portuguese engineers.
plead his own case, with the result that odd trials are held.

At first I was concerned at trials over the loud shouting and passionate oratory, the waving of arms and snapping of fingers under the very nose of the judge. It seemed that blood must be shed at any moment. However, when I found that all they were disputing about was whether Gabbre Michael had seen a cooking pan belonging to Gabbre Miriam, I realized that it was a sort of popular sport.

The law, of course, has a more serious side when the offense is grave. At one time I left the main caravan and went alone on a side trip. On my return after a couple of weeks I found that 12 mules had been stolen. The guardians had gone to sleep, and offered many other excuses. I went to see the local ruler and we discussed the matter; my chief loadman suggested an afarsata.

This was the first time I had heard of this type of judicial procedure, and as I thought it might be helpful to follow his lead I told the chief that I hoped he would favor me by conducting one. He appeared rather upset about the matter and no afarsata was held; however, the suggestion was enough, for the mules were returned that evening!

A few weeks later I had a chance to see just how the afarsata works. In this kind of trial, everybody in town where the trouble occurred is shut up within a fence of thorny bushes. No one may go out, even to milk a cow. Once inside this thorny bomba, the villagers, all of whom are suspect, wail and moan. They then select eight to ten agents called "birds" who take an oath, the substance of which is, "What I saw and heard, I will not hide."

There is then a weary waiting period, sometimes lasting a month, during which the agents quietly circulate in the crowds and see and listen; and there is little to eat or drink. Finally a "bird" tells the judge the name of the thief. If he is within the enclosure he is taken off to jail. If he has already made his escape, the whole village is fined. Such is the Ethiopian legal process called afarsata.

Conciliation is a lawful method of settling disputes. I have had to take part in many conciliations among Ethiopians. The only case where I saw men refuse to become reconciled at the suggestion of the judge was one in which one of my porters had
BEFORE THEIR MUD-WALLED HOUSE THIS ETHIOPIAN GROUP NEAR THE SUDAN BORDER ENJOYS AN EVENING SMOKE.

Their hookah, or family pipe, is passed from mouth to mouth. Highland Ethiopians do not smoke, because their Emperor Menelik II prohibited it. No tobacco is grown on the plateau, and that sold in Addis Ababa is bought only by foreigners.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN ETHIOPIA ARE ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY A GROVE OF TREES.

The grass roof extends far enough from the mud walls to protect them from the torrential rains. The church is the most important factor in the life of the people.
suffered a fractured skull in a fight with a loadman. He was not willing to accept the suggestion that he "be of good will with this sorrowful man who did strike you." On his refusal, the judge said he was well within his rights to refuse, and proceeded to make a second suggestion, much more serious in character, "that all the matter be left to God." This proposal satisfied the plaintiff, and the wrongdoer was plainly much disturbed!

In small affairs, two men, disputing one with the other, may stop any casual passerby and have him judge the case. Usually they select an older person, for "with age comes wisdom."

These people recognize and willingly accept a feudal system. An obligation for service is acknowledged by dependents. On the part of the Greats the responsibility for protection and food is likewise accepted. The chief man (Shum) in a village reports to a higher official who may be a Fituari (agent), or a soldier called Kenzumashech (leader of the right wing), Grazmatch (leader of the left wing), or Dedzamashech, leader of the center, who in turn reports to the Ras (King) commanding the province by order of the Emperor. The leaders in Ethiopia lead in a very personal sense, whether as soldiers, chiefs, or priests.

A governor, who was a real leader of his people, suggested that I stay with him and help him lay out a city.

"I cannot do this," I told him, "for I must go on. Further, you are the governor; and, moreover, what you tell your people to do they will do." He called one of his servants and told him to bring a box of matches. With this in his hand he said, "Do you know what this is?"

"Yes," I replied. "It is a box of matches."

"Taking a match from the box, he then asked, "Have you ever seen a match burst into flames of itself?"

"No," I answered. "It must be struck upon the box."

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KATAB RIVER TUMBLES 400 FEET DOWN ETHIOPIA'S "BACK FENCE"

The historic Empire of Haile Selassie owes its independence primarily to its isolation on a high plateau surrounded by steep cliffs. The author explored this little-known western escarpment not far from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan frontier. He found it as precipitous and of about the same height as the massive eastern barrier (see text, page 298).
AN ETHIOPIAN WITH OXEN AND WOODEN PLOW TILLS A MILLET FIELD 10,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

To broadcast the seed of the dwarf variety of millet, called teff, which is the chief crop of the Ethiopian plateau, soil is plowed in this ancient way. Other cattle loiter about, while in the background is seen a group of thatched farm huts and haystacks.
TENTS WERE PITCHED IN A SQUARE TO PROTECT THE MULES FROM HYENAS, IN THIS LONELY HIGHLAND VALLEY.

At night the animals were tied to a picket line within the enclosure, safe from prowling beasts. Pasture on such level fields is good.

THE BIBLICAL ADMONITION "THOU SHALT NOT MUZZLE THE ON THAT TREADETH OUT THE CORN" IS OBSERVED IN ETHIOPIA.

Chaff is freed from the millet by tossing it in the air, the wind blowing the light waste away.
A CONGREGATION GATHERS ABOUT ONE OF THE CIRCULAR CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF ETHIOPIA

Besides satisfying spiritual needs, church meetings afford the newspaperless people a chance to exchange news, rumors, and gossip. Priests, deacons, and members have each a definite place that they occupy during the church services, which often last for many hours.
JUST A LITTLE MONKEY BUSINESS!

Ethiopians usually do not take kindly to making pets of monkeys or baboons, plentiful in a wild state, but seldom seen in the villages. Along the summit of the high escarpment's hundreds of baboons move in mass migrations.

GIANT EUPHORBIA S DOT THE ETHIOPIAN LANDSCAPE

When cut or bruised these plants exude a milky juice which the people believe causes blindness if it touches the eyes. They are often planted close together in circles, as corrals. In the highlands some of them grow to a height of 30 feet.
“That is exactly what I am showing you,” said the governor. “Between us, if you will stay, we can accomplish much; singly, we can accomplish nothing.”

A CHURCH ON EVERY HILL

By far the most important factor in the life of the people of Ethiopia’s highland country is their church.

There is a church on almost every hill, and on every sightly piece of land. It has been estimated that at the present time there are between fifteen and eighteen thousand recognized churches in the Empire.

Churches are built in groves of trees and are circular, with successive round enclosures where all ranks (the people, the deacons, and the priests) have definite stations. Location of doors is prescribed by custom; there being no windows, the interiors are gloomy. Entrance for the priests is on the east, for the men on the north; doors for women open to the south.

I noticed that at the south door of most of the churches there was a drawing or painting of the “Emperor of the Devils,” known to us as Satan. “Why is this?” I asked; and they said, “A man looking at the picture of the Devil at the south door will think of women and he will be gloomy, as he wonders about the work of the Devil.”

At many of the monasteries, nothing female is allowed within the confines of the church property, not even a hen.

All old churches contain pictures on the inner walls showing saints and early Christian martyrs; there are also a few pictures for the altar, painted on wood; these are often crudely done, but record the sincerity of the artists. St. George fights a dragon; St. Stephen is stoned; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walk through a fiery furnace; nothing is left to the imagination in the graphic story of the unhappy experiences of the martyrs, or what is going to happen to sinners when they get to hell.

There is dignity and sincerity among the priests. I made friends with many. They were gratified, yet astonished, when they found that a stranger also might know something of early Christian history.

It is pleasant, when camp is near a church, to hear, very early in the morning, the sound of chanting and the notes of the stone bells, sweet and clear. These bells are slabs of rock, from three to five feet long, rectangular in shape, the ends about six inches square. When struck by a smaller stone the sound may be heard for a long distance.

Priests may marry once, engage in business, administer church-owned land, lend money, and act as judges in disputes. They daily hold services of prayer and chanting, and their fasts are long and severe.

Time means nothing to the layman in Ethiopia, and even less to the priests. What they seem most anxious about is that no changes may occur in their mode of life. One evening, after we had coffee together, an old priest said, “By the Grace of God, I am well. How are you for your health? Do you think changes will come to us? I tell you that a country loses much that has been gained when changes are made swiftly. What can anyone offer us that we do not have? To make changes in the customs of our people may cause many ills and we are not impatient of going slowly towards a good end.”

EVOLUTION IN THE DESIGN OF CROSSES

Intimately related to the life of the Christian Ethiopians, such personal crosses as the one this priest gave me are without doubt the most important and distinctive objects I found in the country. They are of native manufacture and original design.

I was at first only casually interested in the crosses worn by my caravan men, who seemed quite willing to let me have them in exchange for Maria Theresa thalers. Later, however, after eight months by caravan in the northern provinces, I found I had a collection of value.

As different sections of the country were visited, and the number of crosses grew, it became evident to me that most of them, because of similarity of design and decoration, could be placed in rather definite groups. From these groups it is possible to tell something of the history of the church and the Portuguese influence on that history.

Two years before Christopher Columbus landed at San Salvador the first of a series of Portuguese missions arrived in Ethiopia. Pedro de Covilha commanded. He found there, to his surprise, a distinct civilization and a militant Christian church. He was received by a Christian king who had “a silver cross in his hand,” and at the court ceremonies it is recorded that in the retinue of priests “a page carried a flat silver cross in his hand, with figures pierced in it with a graving tool.”
Various Portuguese expeditions arrived between 1490 and 1630, and exerted a tremendous influence on church affairs. Covilham’s mission was mainly for exploration and trade, but the expeditions that followed had a religious object as well; they were in response to appeals from Kings of Ethiopia for aid against Moslems. Jesuit priests came with the soldiers on these expeditions. Men of vigor and zeal, they sought to establish the Roman Catholic faith as the State religion.

In 1626 the Emperor of Ethiopia, Susenios, officially recognized the Roman Church and issued orders that the people must accept its doctrines. But the people refused. Strife ensued; thousands were killed in pitched battles, Susenios was forced to abdicate, and his successor, Emperor Fasildas, in 1632, revoked the orders of his father and restored to the people the faith of their ancestors.

These events took place in the high mountainous country of northern Ethiopia. I visited the area where de Lima fought bravely; where Dom Christovão da Gama,
a son of the great navigator, upheld the honor of his house and met a miserable death at the hands of Mohammed Grañ, the “Left-handed,” the commander of the Moslem forces (see text, page 284); where Castanhosou finally defeated the Moslems and their Turkish allies. Because of that defeat the Christian religion was established quite definitely in this part of Africa.

The Ethiopian people had been converted to Christianity about the middle of the fourth century. Before that time most of the inhabitants believed in the doctrines of the Hebrew religion, and many of the ceremonies of that religion were combined with those of the early Christian church.

All Christians in Ethiopia, both men and women, wear a small cross of silver, iron or brass, suspended from a cord around the neck; this cord, called a matab, which is to hold the cross, is worn from infancy, being placed around the baby’s neck as part of the ceremony of baptism.

In grouping Ethiopian crosses, I found, in the first category, five examples of the primitive type known as the lumot (p. 314). Legend says that the lumot was brought to Ethiopia by Menelik I, son of Makeda, Queen of Sheba, and Solomon. If that legend is true, it must have been a symbol in the temple of Solomon, for the young man received his education there.

A LAKE OF ISLAND CHURCHES

I was also told that when Frumentius journeyed through Ethiopia in the fourth
century to convert the people to new Christian doctrines, he visited an island in Lake Tana, where he left his iron cross. When I came to the island of Tana Kirkos, in Lake Tana, I was shown what was said to be this cross. It is clearly held in high veneration by the people, and has been placed by the priests of this island above a small stone altar which rests on three pillars. On the top of this altar are three circular depressions, or bowls, which they said were used as altars for Hebrew sacrifice long before the time of Frumentius.

There are many small islands in Lake Tana, and churches have been built on all those large enough to hold one. Some island churches show the stamp of Portuguese builders. Many are now in ruins.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES

The Cross of Frumentius probably inspired the silversmiths of Ethiopia to develop new designs. It was at this time that the rites and symbols of the new beliefs were being combined with those of the old Hebraic religion. The crosses used during this period form a second group (see illustrations, pages 314 and 315).

The influence of the Crusades was still strong in the Mediterranean areas where de Lima recruited his force for the venture in Ethiopia. Crosses worn by the Portuguese soldiers must have been a delight to their Christian allies in Ethiopia and the ornamentation increased with the development of the ability of the workers in silver.

The third group is a series showing a definite order of progression from the cross pattée to the Latin type. These were evidently produced about the time the Portuguese influenced religious matters.

An example of the use in present-day personal crosses of a well-known heraldic design is shown at the beginning of the group shown on page 315. It was obtained near the high, wind-swept area near Gondar, where the mountaineers hold fast to ancient traditions. An old woman gave it to me and said she had worn it for a long time. It is a perfect example of the cross pattée, which was the sign adopted by the Knights Hospitallers in the Crusades.

When my caravan was crossing the Rib River, near Debra Tabor, I saw proof that these people still remember their Emperor Fasilidas, who restored their old religion.

We crossed the Rib River on an arched masonry bridge which Emperor Fasilidas erected about 1660 (see page 316). I noticed that as each one of the men in my caravan reached the bridge, he stopped for a moment and made a speech. This was rather unusual and I learned from the interpreter that all were saying a prayer, "May God have mercy on the soul of Emperor Fasilidas."

The tabot is the name given to the representation of the Ark of the Covenant which was a part of the furniture of the altar of the early Christian churches, and still remains on the altar of present-day churches of Ethiopia (see page 297).

Not all of the Portuguese were expelled from Ethiopia in 1632. The anger of the people seemed to be directed against the priests alone. Portuguese builders remained to aid in the erection of churches and palaces at Gorgora peninsula, and Gondar, which are now magnificent ruins (see page 316). These men no doubt had knowledge of heraldic cross designs which interested the Ethiopian workers in silver.

In Ethiopian baptismal rites and the blessing of the waters at the great festival of the Epiphany, the Cross plays an important part. At the greatest feast of the year, which is called the Mascal, or the Feast of the Finding of the Cross, it is the custom for the priests to bless with their crosses the pile of twigs and wands which are to be lighted at nightfall, while the rulers, governors, the chiefs and the people circle about it, singing and chanting.

AN ETHIOPIAN CROSS IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

Still another cross, much larger and more highly ornamented, is used only in the ceremonial processions of the Church. Crosses of this kind have been sent to the United States and to England. The one in England was installed near the High Altar in Westminster Abbey at the time of the coronation of King Edward VII, while that in the United States is in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul at Washington, D. C.

The staff of an Ethiopian priest is really of use to him in his travels along the trails, it being fully six feet long. As priests must stand during church ceremonies that last for hours, the staff is used to advantage by them as a support.

To obtain a modern cross (see page 317), I went to the market place of the village of
Korata, where the workman in silver enjoys a good reputation for skill. From a silver thaler he carved it, and as I watched him I could not but be impressed with the way such silversmiths work without instruments of precision or good tools of any sort.

Much that the priests told me about crosses was legendary. Yet the close agreement of the stories I heard in widely separated parts of the country leads me to a belief that there is considerable truth in their tales.

At feasts of memory these priests excel. Near ancient Gorgora, where the name of Fasilidas is still reverenced, I was asked to meet a priest who was too old to leave his bed. When I entered his house, I asked after his health and received the usual reply, "By the Grace of God I am well. How are you for your health?"

After a conversation, consisting largely of a difficult explanation on my part of some of the customs of the people of the United States, my interpreter suggested that the priest give me the names of the Kings of Ethiopia who succeeded Emperor Fasilidas. I wrote down these names, together with the time which each reigned. Months later I found that this list of some 36 items, resembling the "begatting" chapters of Genesis and the Book of Kings, agreed exactly with official records in Addis Ababa.

While we consider the value of events of history in the light of the changes they effect in our civilization, most of these Ethiopians are interested in past events largely that they may hold fast to the habits and ways of thinking of their ancestors. Probably most important to them of all their heritage is their religious faith. As the symbol of this faith, the crosses they wore came more and more to typify to me the tenacity with which the Christian people of Ethiopia cling to tradition.

Year after year men search for evidences that complete the dim picture of the past. To most of those who have the privilege of travel along the rough trails of unmapped areas, the rapid rate of change from ancient to modern ways is painfully apparent.

In Ethiopia, however, the old customs still endure, and evidences continue to be available of the determination of this remarkable people to hold fast to the habits and beliefs of their ancestors.
HUNTING CASTLES IN ITALY

By Melville Chater


CASTLES in Spain!" The old, romantic phrase had occurred in my chat with a Roman archeologist. He smiled and commented, "Why is it always 'in Spain'? Why not 'in Italy'?"

And he went on to speak of the many little-known castles that dot Italy's northern provinces.

As a result, we started out from Rome one day to realize our castles in upper Italy. Yet castle-realizing is somewhat of an art. You must recapture the glow of dead centuries before those ghostly remnants of a past glory can fire the imagination. And this one fact makes the tapestry of vision of their heyday unrolls before you.

Upper Italy bristles with castles and castle ruins. It is as if some medieval Cadmus had sowed its soil with dragons' teeth that produced, instead of armed warriors, a crop of military strongholds. Certainly the dragons' teeth of dissension were sown when, at Rome on Christmas Day A.D. 800, Leo III crowned Charlemagne as the successor of the Caesars and sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire.

And in the resultant conflict between the popes and the German emperors, the Ghibellines (imperialists) created a defense against the Guelphs (papalists) by consolidating the Crown's innumerable countships into powerful duchies, and this predicated the construction of those formidable castles which soon fortified upper Italy from the Western Alps to the Adriatic.

Our approach was through Emilia. Its 8,537 square miles contain many a picturesque castle, but none whose history better memorializes the 13th-14th century despots, their splendors and their egomaniacal excesses, than those of Ferrara and Rimini.

Viewed externally, Ferrara's fortress—indestructible throughout five centuries—arouses one's speculations upon how man, as defensive strategist, achieved the medieval stronghold's gloomy grandeur. First, there was primitive man's protection, the thorn hedge; then came the earthen bank, reinforced with tree trunks. This in turn was superseded by walls of sun-dried brick. Next, someone conceived of a circular, moated mound, topped by a timber palisade, and from this the stone tower and its ramifications were evolved.

Well versed in castle-building by the 12th century, Europe achieved a revolution in that science when the Crusaders returned from studying the mighty fortresses of the Byzantine Empire. And finally, in Gargantuan contrast to primitive man and his thorn hedge, Italy's castles reached their zenith under the directing genius of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, and Machiavelli.

GLAMOROUS DUNGEON NOW A TYPISTS' STRONGHOLD!

We entered Ferrara's gloomy stronghold, quite prepared for an atmosphere of ghosts and gore. But, alas, modern adaptation had transformed the once hoary chambers into municipal offices where letterheads had replaced beheadings and the clack of typewriters had usurped the clank of chains. We asked to be shown the dungeon where the faithless Parisina had been confined before the duke, her husband, beheaded her; and the officials murmured explanations to the effect that unfortunately it was cluttered with correspondence files!

We wondered what the shades of the mighty D'Estes would think of such a metamorphosis. For three centuries, following upon the bloody expulsions and counter-expulsions between them and their civic rivals, the D'Estes' triumphant banner floated over Ferrara, which gained a European preeminence in commerce and the fostering of the arts.

BOLOGNA'S SKYSCRAPER FORTRESSES

Hard by Ferrara's brilliant court lay Bologna, with its 180 skyscraping fortresses which caused medieval travelers to liken it to a city in a forest. These so-called "towers of the nobles" were indicative of how the Guelph-Ghibelline feud divided many an Italian town into opposing camps (p. 354).

Yet Bologna's forest of fortresses contrasted singularly with the peaceful culture of its great university where Roman law was being resuscitated and human anatomy was being taught for the first time along modern lines. Among the University's several women professors was the beautiful Novella
d’Andrea, who modestly bid herself behind hangings while giving the male students a course of what were literally curtain lectures.

From Bologna our mountain-skirting route was the Via Emilia, the military road built by ancient Rome to protect her Appenine provinces. Where that range’s spurs strike downward toward the Adriatic rise the towers of Rimini, once the stronghold of the Malatesta. Here their hunchback overlord, Giovanni, murdered the hapless lovers, Paolo and Francesca. But this domestic drama was mere child’s play compared with the wholesale villainies of Rimini’s later overlord, Sigismondo—that tigerish, scholarly despot of Jekyll-and-Hyde make-up—to whom Rimini owed its renown during the Renaissance (p. 365).

Sigismondo “Jekyll,” the lifelong adorer and poet-eulogist of the beautiful Isotta, ended by wedding her, but not before Sigismondo “Hyde” had married and murdered two successive wives. “Hyde” was excommunicated for five kinds of crime against church and man. And it was “Jekyll” who knelt remorsefully in Rimini’s cathedral—his own splendid creation—as a penitent before the Pope’s legate.

Finally, “Hyde” closed a life of bestial excesses by making a Jekyll-like ending. For Sigismondo’s last act was to endow
A FAMILY OF THE VAL D’AOSTA JOGS HAPPILY HOME FROM MARKET

A rope muzzle protects the donkey’s nose from flies. Under the cart the wishbone support and a small wheel prevent tipping down when the team is unharnessed.

his home town with the bones of a famous Greek philosopher, being moved therein, says the pious inscription, “by the great love with which he burns for all learned men.”

MEMORIES OF DANTE’S EXILE

From Rimini the castle trail led us to unforgettable Verona. At its grim, foursquare stronghold, its castellated, river-spanning bridge, one could dream away hours while catching ghostly echoes of those turbulent days when Dante paced there in sorrowful exile, when fleet passion and death overtook Romeo and Juliet, and “civil strife made civil hands unclean.”

Here the Scaligers realized royally their significant crest of a ladder (scala) in their climb to magnificence and power (see text, page 345). But victorious Venice (Venezia) ended their despotism and planted the Lion of St. Mark where it still towers over Verona’s most picturesque of medieval market places (see Color Plates II and VIII).

To the overlord his castle, to the people their market place! To magnificences at one end of the social scale add a picture of market-place environs; cobbled alleys twelve feet wide, crammed with squat hovels upon whose rush-strewn floors glimmered what light could pierce windowpanes of oiled sheepskin. Externally, filth spewed from tanneries and slaughterhouses choked the gutterless streets.
The Vatican in Rome is guarded by this troop who wear their iron armor and plumed helmets only on special occasions. Recruits must be natives of Switzerland, Catholic, unmarried, less than 25 years old, at least five feet eight inches tall, and free from all bodily disfigurements. Numbering exactly 100 men, including six officers, they guard the Pope, entrances to the Apostolic palaces, and the doors of the papal apartments. Their stringent training includes drills, gymnastics, and football.
WAR GRIPPED THE "HANDLE" OF GARDA IN 1915

Upon the declaration of war on May 23 of that year, the Austro-Italian frontier, indicated by the dotted line, was the scene of intense fighting in the mountains when Italians on Altissimo bombarded the enemy on Brione (see pages 348 and 352). The knob, or southern end, of the giant's club that is the Lake of Garda spreads into two wide gulls divided by Sirmione.

Obviously the medieval slight of "taking the wall" sprang from the pedestrians' natural objection to being shouldered into the sewerage. Small wonder that when nobility came to town, holding its noses, flowers were scattered along the main approach.

ETIQUETTE MANUAL IN RHYME

If the masses' life was rough, the classes' manners were likewise. Picture some sumptuous castle banquet and its bejeweled guests who were wont to depend upon a rhyming set of table manners. This popular publication contained social "don'ts" of every kind, from dunking your bread in your neighbor's wineglass to noisily licking your spoon or mentioning flies in the food.

The big, blue-skied market place constituted for the slum-dwelling citizenry their true meeting place and home. There in kaleidoscopic variety strolled merchants, ballad-mongers, preaching friars and mountebanks, each in his peculiar dress. There, in furred robe and conical cap, stalked the town's official astrologer, psychic forecaster of conditions 'settled fair' for peace, or of war's hovering storms. There heralds, resembling jacks on playing cards, announced the despot's latest proclamation, and the traveling mystery show erected its threestoried scaffold.

Who knows if such a market-place exhibition, with Paradise displayed on the top tier, with Hell's horrors revealed on the bottom tier, and with some Biblical drama sandwiched in between, may not have suggested to Dante the germ of his Divine Comedy?

We passed into Lombardy's smiling countryside. Its agricultural wealth, consisting of fruit and silk culture in the lowlands, and cereal crops in the plains, formerly rendered this fertile region an apple of discord out of which neighboring states took successive bites. Accordingly, one finds, scattered throughout its 9,190 square miles, some of the most powerful castles in upper Italy.

That of Milan (Milano), colossal in proportions, must have been a super-fortress in its day. It owes much of its present
form to Gian Galeazzo, arch-despot of the Visconti dynasty, and a builder of the Milan Cathedral. The cathedral holds 40,000 people and, estimating moderately, the castle might have housed some 10,000 troops. Such was this magnificent despot's passion for the gigantesque that he even contemplated draining the Venetian lagoons.

A "RACKETEER'S" PLOT, AND FUNERAL

Milan, when under its later despots, the Sforzas, produced one of the most picturesque pirates that ever stole a castle and appropriated a lake. Young Gian Giacomo Medici, "Il Medeghino," being exiled to Como for a murder, conceived a fancy for the lake and its castle, and determined to possess them. Accordingly, he undertook to assassinate Duke Sforza's bitterest enemy, with the governorship of Castle Musso as a reward.

But the piecrust quality of ducal promises was revealed when, upon returning to Como, Gian opened the duke's letter and found that it contained, instead of a warrant for the governorship, an order for his execution.

Gian substituted for this death sentence a forged commission whereby he gained possession of Castle Musso. He fortified it impregnable, built two fleets, and constituted himself the big boss of the Lake of Como. For sixteen years this "pirate, king, brigand, liar, rebel, assassin, hero"—as one historian characterizes him—remained a thorn in the side of emperors, popes, and princes.

Finally he liquidated his holdings for a marquisate and 10,000 gold scudi and retired from public life. In the end he was accorded what an American localism terms "a bang-up funeral," being interred with all pomp in Milan Cathedral (see illustration, page 350).

Yet, as between piratical and ducal ethics, the times offered little to choose. For citizens groaning under their overlord's taxes, import duties and profiteering wars, the only come-back was assassination. Your well-guarded despot was at least vulnerable during religious services. On one such propitious occasion an entire ruling house was massacred at high mass, upon the chanted signal, "and is incarnate."
Oddly enough, many a despotism was the by-product of medieval man’s gropings for civic liberty. Various Italian towns had evolved to the point of a representative government selected from the nobles, the knights, and the people. But family factions and political rivalries were such that many a town, thus torn, sought relief by appointing a chief magistrate from some other part of the country. Yet it is easier to lift a man into the saddle than it is to unhorse him, and the unhappy town too often found its dream of peace end in the nightmare of an unscrupulous despotism.

A MASSACRE AT A WEDDING

The latter fate was Perugia’s (see page 330). While nominally enjoying a papal constitution, this Umbrian town was actually the usurped fief and fortress of the terrible Baglioni brood. The Cathedral was their barracks; the cathedral square was the battlefield where they extinguished rival Perugian families. Then, having attained the dictatorship, the bloody Baglioni turned upon themselves in fratricidal vendettas that ultimately spelled their doom.

Certain malcontent Baglioni, by directing the marital jealousy of Grifonetto against Gianpaolo—two other scions of the reigning house—instigated the former to massacre the entire line and assume the dictatorship. On the appointed night, during a period of wedding festivities, fifteen braves broke into each victim’s house, and the Baglioni were murdered in their beds. But Gianpaolo had fled, and subsequently he reentered Perugia with his guards, who hacked Grifonetto to pieces and hung a hundred traitors’ heads around the square.

The slaughterhouse of a city was draped with mourning, the Cathedral was washed with wine. But thereafter a Sophoclean blood curse seemed to settle on the Baglioni until the ferocious brood was extinct.

On our way to the lakes we paused for a glimpse of Brescia. Atop its steep hill, rising over moated battlements, stands one of those grim watchtowers which were the “eyes” of the medieval castle. It commands the vast sweep of Lombardy’s plain, across which Brescia’s vigilant sentry could esp the dust clouds which betokened the onward galloping band of iminimal or succoring condottieri. These free-lance companies, which sided with Guelph or Ghibelline town alike, according to the jingle of the almighty ducat, came into being through the despots’ lack of effective cavalry. The condottieri and their dashing exploits rival the glowing pages of a Dumas romance.

They come jingling into sight—two bands of them, let us say—with pikes aloft and pennants flying. They halt at a safe distance apart. Their respective captains hold truce while their men eat and drink. As one band gallops off, the captain of the other says to his lieutenant, “Their Commander swears they are Guelph supporters, like ourselves. How say you?”

“A blind, my captain!” laughs the other. “They were Guelph supporters last year, belike, and are still masquerading as such. But some of his men have neglected to change their feathers from the Ghibelline side of their casques to the Guelph side. Others have forgotten to replace the Ghibelline white rose with the Guelph red rose.

Why, half a dozen of them cut their fruit crosswise, Ghibelline fashion, instead of up and down, in our Guelph style. My head on it, they’re for attacking Siena!”

Next moment the Guelph troop is galloping over the shortest cut to the threatened town. There the captain interviews the local overlord, names the price of his services, meets and defeats the Ghibelline troop, then claims his reward.

The hazardous reward might be anything from a dictatorship to death. It is told of one Italian town that, when a certain capitano and his troop had delivered it from neighboring aggressors and had camped therein awhile, the citizens found themselves in the difficult position of rewarding him sufficiently to rid the town of his presence. The timid urged that a dictatorship was his due, but one wise city father arose in council and said: “I consider that far short of his deserts. No! Let us kill him and thereafter worship him as our patron saint.” And, accordingly, the thing was done.

A SEMITROPICAL GARDEN OF THE ALPS

Desenzano, at the foot of the Lake of Garda, was our gateway to two of the most picturesque castles that ever faced snow-clad peaks from across deep-blue waters, whose shores gleam with oranges and lemons against a background of olive orchards, cedar groves, and scented bay trees. In this semitropical garden of the Alps, with its curiously mild air, one feels like those happy Hyperboreans who lived forever sheltered behind the north wind.
ASTRONOMERS SCAN THE SKIES FROM MADONNA DI SAN LUCA'S GREEN DOME

This 200-year-old pilgrimage church, crowning a foothill of the Apennines, is approached by a colonnade more than two miles long. From its invoved site it overlooks learned Bologna, whose university scholars played important roles in the Italian Renaissance. Both Dante and Petrarch were schooled in the city. The church was named for a painting brought from Constantinople (Istanbul) in the 12th century.
THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

A TREASURY OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE RISES AT ST. MARK'S DOOR

An entrance to the green-domed Basilica faces the Doges' Palace, whose many arches approach the high-posted Lion of St. Mark (right). Across the square rises the column to St. Theodore, first patron of Venice. The Old Library, with its statue-topped façade, leads to the red-brick Campanile.

AN EMERALD-SET IN TURQUOISE IS ISOLA BELLA IN LAKE MAGGIORE

Here near Stresa, Britain and France recently joined Italy at round-table discussions of European peace. Napoleon and Josephine enjoyed the seclusion of the island's gardens, laid out in 1650 by Count Vitaliano Borromeo. Isola Superiore seems to float on blue water in the left distance (see Plate III).
THESE PILLARS AND FRESCOES ARE SOMETIMES REFLECTED IN BRACKISH PUDDLES

Water occasionally seeps into the cathedral of Sant' Apollinare in Classe, which stands in a desolate marshland near Ravenna on the site of an ancient temple to Apollo. Time-mellowed portraits of archbishops look down from its walls. The altar in the center dates from the year 549.

ISOLA DEI PESCATORI MERITS ITS NAME "ISLAND OF FISHERMEN"

The three veterans mending their nets fulfill the destiny of nearly all children born on this Lake Maggiore island, better known as Isola Superiore. Modern motor launches are rapidly displacing these colorful craft, whose square orange sails harmonize pleasantly with blue skies and water.
ON THE WAY TO CHRISTENING, BABY RIDES ON AHEAD

Brightly arrayed mothers of Vercelli, in Piedmont Department, carry their infants to the church in a cradle. Two famous Italian painters, Sodoma and Ferrari, lived and worked in the old town.

NATURE SEEMS TO HAVE PROVIDED THEIR BLUING

Desenzano housewives, with back-breaking toil, launder their clothes on the edge of Lake of Garda. Professor Auguste Piccard landed his stratosphere balloon near here in 1932, after establishing an altitude record.
AN ALPINE COUPLE INTERPRET A NATIVE DANCE

Italian and Austrian shells destroyed much of the village of Gorizia during the World War. Italy captured, lost, recaptured, and added it to the Kingdom after intense fighting.

VIVACIOUS VILLAGE CHOOSE VIVID COLORS

Their town of Merano, high in the upper Adige River region of the Alps, is a health resort, having a fine sunlit climate. Though it is now part of Italy, many natives are of Germanic descent.
ROMAN ENGINEERS FIRST BUILT THIS STONE BRIDGE

Their skill is still represented in the two arches nearest the distant bank of the Adige, where it flows, often torrentially, past Verona. Barracks now top San Pietro Hill, beyond, where Theodoric, an invading Goth, built a sumptuous castle early in the sixth century.

ST. ANTHONY'S IN PADUA COMBINES GOTHIC AND BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE

Completed in the 14th century, the massive church is the pride of the ancient university town despite the discordant architectural note of domes united with arches. In front stands Donatello's equestrian statue of Gattamelata, noted general of the old Republic of Venice.
MERANO IS LIKE A SMALL BOY’S DREAM OF FAIRYLAND

Framed in flowering fruit trees and the snow-capped Dolomites, Castle Brunnenburg was once part of the outworks of Castle Tyrol, whose masters gave their name to the surrounding country. Terraced gardens climb the hillsides beyond the blossoms. Here in the northern outposts of the Kingdom of Italy, Latin and Germanic influences are intermingled (see Plate V).
MERCHANTS OF VENICE SPARED NO DUCATS ON THEIR MANY SPIRED BASILICA OF ST. MARK

Napoleon so admired its Corinthian-brass horses that he carried them off to Paris, where they remained until after Waterloo. Just beyond the church is the Ducal Palace, its pillars made stubby when the level of the square was raised with the hope of lifting it above flood waters. The winged Lion of St. Mark is much in evidence on buildings and flagpoles around the Piazzetta, populated by hungry pigeons (see Plate II).
Cactus, camphor trees, palms, hibiscus, oleander—the sight of these, cradled within the Alps’ encircling foothills, startles one like some paradox of Nature.

Shelter and warmth—the mountains’ screen, the lake’s unusually high temperature—explain the anomaly. Once only, two centuries ago, has the Lake of Garda been known to freeze. Divers’ descents reveal that its warmth increases at its lower depths. Hot springs are scattered throughout its area of 143 square miles, and at Sirmione you may enjoy a warm sulphur bath in water piped from one of these springs, the Bolola, that bubbles up from the lake.

As the little steamer steers eastward from Desenzano, you sight a low peninsula which stretches far into the lake; you set foot ashore and find yourself in a tiny fishing village. It has only a few cobbled streets and a simple inn whose lake-skirting terraces are adorned by an overhanging profusion of flowers.

Dominating every approach, and with its fortified bridge bestriding the lake’s inlet, towers the castellated specter of a Scaliger stronghold. Lake-washed on two sides, and with lake-connecting moats to complete its isolation, the castle of Sirmione is unforgettable in its lone austerity.

Few visitors pass. The netmakers ply their tasks along the sunny banks of the moat, which has become the local fishing fleet’s haven. Sirmione’s school children play at bowls with the smallest size of the Scaligers’ stone cannon balls. The once-terrifying Titan of feudalism has become as those prehistoric monsters whose skeletons are biological milestones, even as castles are milestones in man’s social evolution.

SPIRITS OF DESPOTS AND POETS

The Scaligers, with a watchful eye on Venice, erected this stronghold to secure the approach to Verona. Its walls, says tradition, once sheltered Dante. Not far distant stood the villa of Catullus, whose verse celebrates “Sirmio” as a cross between an island and a peninsula. Napoleon once made the castle his headquarters and entrenched his troops under its walls.

Yes, Sirmione’s despots, poets, and conquerors have come and gone, and they and this remote, lake-washed pile are all ghosts together.

There is needed but one of the regional wind-storms that sometimes churn the lake into whitecaps to realize in romantic Sirmione the vision of—

“Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in laery lands forlorn.”

Farther up the lake’s eastern shore is the ancient village of Garda. Its age may be inferred from a local legend which assures you that the adjacent waters cover the remains of a Roman city. Indeed, old fishermen aver that you can glimpse its submerged temples if your eyesight—or perhaps it is your imagination—is sufficiently strong.

On a more substantial basis rest Garda’s lonely, rock-girt donjon tower and its associated story. It is an episode of 10th-century times, long before “Convey the captive maiden to my castle!” had become a mere literary expression, or “Non ti scordan di me!” was sung by Verdi’s tower-immured lover.

It seems that Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, very properly declined to wed the son of Berengarius, prince of Ivrea, who had procured her husband’s murder. Berengarius therefore sequestered the lady in Garda’s lakeside tower, from which she was freed by a friar, who carried the news to Otto the Great of Germany. Otto moved on Berengarius, defeated him, and liberated the lady. Poetic justice was felicitously fulfilled when Otto fell in love with Adelaide and caused her to be crowned with him as joint sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire.

Still farther up the lake we skirted the lovely Gardone Riviera, with its crowded bathing beaches and its curving promenades where rows of big umbrellas sheltered holiday-makers from the warm October sun. Then the western shore shot up into flat-faced cliffs—the background of terraced lemon groves—while from the opposite bank, rising over a vast expanse of olive trees, jutted a rocky headland whose profile culminated in the lofty outline of Castle Malcesine.

FRESH VEGETABLES—BUT NO GHOST!

The Scaligers’ heraldic “ladder” (see text, page 331) must have resembled the modern extension ladder of fire companies, to have carried the Veronese despots up Malcesine’s sheer rock frontage, which they captured and castellated. Indeed, this eagle’s nest of a stronghold is eloquent of how the Italian word, “roccia” (rock), assumed the secondary meaning of castle.
RIVA, AT THE HEAD OF GARDA, IS NOW A POPULAR SUMMER RESORT

At the beginning of the World War this town of tree-shaded parks and tinted homes, then in Austrian territory, was bombarded by Italian guns from Monte Altissimo (see illustration, page 352). Today summer visitors bask in the sun on Olivi Beach and yachts race in the deep, blue water. Tunnellike pipes descend the hillside in the background, carrying water which is the "white coal" for the region's power plant. A spectacular mountain highway, the Ponale Road (see page 353), here begins its long climb up a sloping niche carved from the cliff (left background).

Rocca Malcesine is one of the most remote and fascinating of upper Italy's castles. Its caretaker, who lives in one of a clamp of huts that are buttressed into the lower walls, conducted us by hairpin curves to the stronghold's bastions and showed us how splendidly his cabbages thrived behind their shelter. He even offered to sublet us a room in the donjon tower. When we stipulated that the rental price must include a ghost, he shook his head, crossed himself, then said hopefully, "But I could supply you with fresh vegetables."

We dreamed that sunny morning away, castle-perched over a region so remote that Bluebeard's wife's sister Ann might have watched it long before seeing "anybody coming." Far below us, seen across the castle's swallowtailed battlements, lay blue Garda. Less lovable than austere, it is a mountain-crowned king among lakes, with its fishing smacks' golden sails bejeweling its breast. Looking inland across Malcesine's rooftops, we glimpsed the tiny town's embankment, along which its wood-carrying fleet was aligned.

"A festa today, signore," commented the castle warden, pointing toward the thronged church square. Inquiries revealed that it was the feast day of Malcesine's pair of patron saints, who preside over the welfare of vessels on the treacherous Lake of Garda.

Presently, skirting the castle's base and issuing on the little quay, came a procession of priests, fishermen, sailors with their wives and children. Bearing church banners and lighted candles, they passed under the anchored smacks' bowsprits. And now there appeared the festal emblem itself—a standard bearing a miniature fish boat, flanked by the patron saints' effigies. Between them
FISHER FAMILIES MARCH IN A PROCESSION AT "THE BLESSING OF THE BOWSPRITS"

Each year boats that find refuge in Malcesine harbor near its ancient castle are blessed by the village priests. Salmon trout of Garda, once reserved for the banquet tables of emperors and doges, now delight guests of near-by hotels. The lake supports most of the people who dwell on its shores. Perch, eels, and trout are shipped long distances to market, some being sent far beyond Italy's borders.

and the moored crafts' figureheads passed—so we were told—mystic salutations.

Now Christian saint has blessed pagan mermaid and trident-bearing Neptune. All is well as the pageant winds churchward once more. And as dusk falls, the surrounding mountain sides glow forth into a fairyland of little lights. It is the Lake of Garda's lantern feast in honor of this blessing of the bowsprits.

WHEN OXEN TOWED A FLEET ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

One wonders if this same pair of saints presided over the safety of the Venetian fleet when it rested high among the Lake of Garda's surrounding mountain peaks in 1438. The spectacle of galleys issuing over the Alpine foothills was beheld by the discomfited lake fleet of the Viscontis (see illustration, page 352). Those Milanese despots, being then at war with Venice, had seized the commanding positions on the Lake of Garda.

Then, one day, there appeared before the distracted Venetian senate a simple Greek sailor, Niccolo Sorbolo, with a plan for transporting war galleys from the Adige across the Alpine passes and down to the Lake of Garda. Instead of incarcerating him as a madman, the desperate senators acquiesced. By utilizing 2,000 oxen and a host of laborers, a unit of the Venetian fleet was actually hoisted up across 15 miles of Alpine wilderness through a pass, almost 1,000 feet high, between Mori and Torbole. The galleys were then lowered by capstans into Torbole's little harbor (see map, page 334).

This amazing feat had been performed without mishap in fifteen days. A grateful Venice voted Messer Niccolo an annual pension of 500 ducats "for his faithful services in conducting galleys across the mountains, to such glory of our State."
furrow which, serpentine through the valley and up the mountains, was lost to view at 6,500 feet altitude. All along that serpentine way you discerned gray splatters, signifying the presence of Italian troops.

From lake side to mountain peak all was one vast military fortification, reminding you of some lacustrine Gibraltar. Ramifications of trench and of gun position—guns hoisted up 6,000 feet, trenches cut from the living rock—carried on from meadow to mountain torrent, from gentle hilltop to snow-clad peak. And, in fact, many an Austrian position was stormed and seized beyond the snow line.

Our last stop on the Lake of Garda gave us glimpses of the lemon gardens along its Riviera and of Salò's related industry, the production of lemon liqueur. Terraced on the flanks of otherwise bare cliffs, these luxuriantly bearing gardens are an amazement. One can but fall back on the local explanation—the radiated warmth from sun-bathed cliffs and from the lake's hot springs. As late as October, the crop was still being peddled on lake steamers, whose passengers devoured the fragrant Riviera lemon as unceremoniously as if it were a half tart orange.

Salò was once the scene of tragic events that inspired John Webster's play, "The White Devil," a high light in Elizabethan drama for its delineation of Vittoria Accoramboni as a veritable female Fury. Having conspired in the double murder of her husband and of the Duke of Bracciano's wife, in order to become his duchess, Vittoria was triumphantly installed in the ducal palace at Salò. But there Bracciano...
died, and from thence the "white devil" fled, only to meet her death at the hands of the murdered woman's brother.

CASTLES OF THE PIEDMONT

Reluctantly we left the Lake of Garda for the castles farther afield in the Piedmont. That region, what with its cereal-yielding lowlands, with its upper stretches devoted to vineyards and silk culture, and its still higher region of forest and pasture, is the largest of North Italy's departments.

At big and bustling Turin (Torino), which is as rich in manufacture as it is poor in medieval buildings, we were surprised to learn of the existence of a 15th-century "Castello Medioevale." Indeed, our informant described it as unique among European castles. So off we started.

As we neared the broad Po, modern Turin was forgotten in those towering, crenelated walls that dominated the river bank. Then came our first taste of the "unique." A massive drawbridge was lowered to admit us into the quaintness of a veritable borgo, or dependent feudal village. It consisted of curious arched ways and of low-doored dwellings, through whose leaded panes we glimpsed men at smithing, leatherwork, or bookbinding—products such as a self-contained castle and its medieval lord might demand.

We ascended the steep ramp, a portcullis was lowered by unseen hands, and we entered the castle itself. From its central courtyard, with a staircase leading to successive interior balconies, radiated the various apartments of the ducal family and its retainers. We would have "craved an audience" in proper style, but nobody was in sight, so we continued to roam at will.

On the ground floor we entered a long, torch-lit dormitory, with outstretched rows of straw pallets. Alongside these lay the men-at-arms' pikes and muskets, as if in readiness for the sentry's cry of "Ho, capitano, man the walls!"

Next came the big, paved kitchen, with its enormous stewpots, turnspits, and ladles, its rotund wine casks, its gigantic fireplace,
Resolute visitors who climb to its roof to admire the statues and delicate architecture always marvel at the large slabs of marble of which its roof is made (see illustration, page 357). The building was begun five and a half centuries ago by a Duke of Milan who had traveled widely and admired the northern Gothic style, foreign to Italy. Napoleon, after his Italian conquests, caused the façade to be completed, and here crowned himself with the imperial Iron Crown of Lombardy. As the little Corsican set the diadem upon his own brow, he said, "God gave it me, woe to him who touches it."
suggestive of whole sheep and prime porkers at roast. All that was needed was a master cook and his scullions astir, with bawled exclamations of “Bustle, you rogues, or I'll spit the laziest with a skewer!”

**WHEN THE DUCAL SALTELLAR DREW THE SOCIAL LINE**

A service window for the passing of viands revealed the dining hall. Its long tables, laid as for a feast, extended in parallel lines to a crosswise-placed head table which bore a magnificent golden galleon. Doubtless in olden days this dominating object—which was in fact the ducal saltecellar—had evoked many such remarks as “You scurvy knave who sits below the salt,” or, “Matteo, didst note the duke seat me above the salt tonight?”

Save for the lack of humans, it was as if we had stumbled into the Sleeping Palace. As we passed upstairs and through the ducal apartments, we half expected to feel some challenging sentry’s pike against our ribs. There was the tapestried sleeping chamber, with enormous, canonical bed and curious chests for ladies’ gear. There was the abutting cubicle, austere with its pallet, prayer niche and crucifix, which revealed that this was the family priest’s cell. And last, and most striking, came the long audience hall, with its twin thrones and richly frescoed walls.

We reissued from the castle, so thoroughly imbued with the spell of bygone centuries that, when we discovered a modern inn adjoining, we could hardly refrain from addressing its proprietor as “Ho, knave!” and bidding him, “by'r Lady,” produce a brace of larded capon and a beaker of Asti.

There we learned that we owed our morning’s experience to the planners of the national exposition which was held in Turin in 1884. In fact, the “Castello Medievale” is of that date. Its entire contents are 15th-century originals, save for the frescoes, and these are copies of 15th-century work. Justly have castle and its surrounding “village” been preserved as a masterpiece in period reproduction.

**AN ALPINE SUNRISE**

From Turin we ascended the Val d’Aosta by rail. But never should such romantic, snow-capped gorges be skimmed through in a train. And so, at Aosta, we hired a pony cart for the return trip down the pass.

Late October in that little Alp-surrounded town means that the early riser will shiver, and stamp, and consume much hot coffee before the sunrise pours its crimson flood down the snows, and his conveyance stands at the inn door. Even then, as you descend into the pass, chilly grayness re-envelops you. You behold successive daybreaks over the upper snows, and you decide that an Alpine sunrise has things in common with a repeating alarm clock.

But at last the mighty pass is flooded—and with such light! Sharpily it picks out the pygmylike figures of woodcutters on the gorge’s blue flanks, or the distant, pinnacle profile of a donjon tower, or the mere mountainside dot that is a dry-land sledge. A vibrant air, clean as Alpine snows, wafts down the valley, bringing from afar the pastoral symphony of multitudinous cattle bells.

We soon lost count of the many castles and castle ruins that line the pass between Aosta and Ivrea. For the first 20 miles, indeed, one donjon tower had no sooner sunk behind some crag than another had loomed up ahead. Even as the Romans jealously guarded this important Alpine approach in their day, so the 15th-century Counts of Challant guarded it in theirs.

Our final castle peered into sight around a curve in the valley, bringing us the surprise and charm as of a personal discovery. Fénis is no grim, inaccessibly perchéd fortress, but a friendly little castle, nestling in the valley under a snowy peak and atop a green knoll which rises amid the idyllic peace of apple orchards and grazing cattle.

Warfare has spared its perfect profiles, and, indeed, bloodshed seems a stranger to this diminutive, hillock-set pleasance whose sunny terrace invokes visions of lords at their hawkling and ladies at their tambour frames.

UnTenanted, smilingly hospitable, and intimate in its beauty, Fénis seemed our goal—the realization of our “castles in Italy.”

For how many generations Fénis, like some forgotten miniature, has lain neglected in its valley nook, nobody knows or cares. At least, the peasants who linger there from I know not what remote, feudal instinct, could tell us little of its history, yet their ancestors’ rustic hearts and darts were carved on the selfsame courtyard wall that displayed a frescoed representation of the countship’s family tree. And—regrettably—the planking of the noble chambers had been stripped to the beams to furnish firewood for the descendants of the castle’s ancient retainers.
ITALIAN ALPINI WON A DESPERATE CLIMBING RACE WHEN THEIR GUNS, HAULED TO THE TOP OF MONTE BALDO, BEGAN BARKING

Within an hour after the declaration of war in 1915 their artillery on the summit of Altissimo, one of the highest peaks of the range, swept the Austrians' fortifications on Monte Brione (see illustration, page 363, and map, page 334). In the 15th century these mountains figured in naval annals when vessels of a Venetian fleet were hauled overland by oxen from Mori, on the Adige River, and launched at Torbole (see text, page 347). After this exploit, the Venetians were forced to avoid battle because their enemies, the Milanese, were waiting for them with a superior fleet.
TWO FAMOUS ROADS: SCAR THE ROCCHETTA'S SOLID FACE AS THEY DIZZILY CLIMB AND TWIST ABOVE THE LAKE OF GARDA

The Ponale Road, etched against the cliff, ascends the lake's steep western front before it turns inland in a series of breath-taking loops to the Lake of Ledro and Storo. It passes through the rocky gorge which rang with the din and tumult of battle during the early days of the World War, and lay close to the old Austro-Italian frontier. The lower highway, broad and smooth, disappearing into the tunnel, leads to Limone and Salò.
BEFORE EARTHQUAKE AND MAN DESTROYED THEM, 180 SUCH TOWERS SOARED
ABOVE BOLOGNA

Noble families erected these fortresses, the size depending upon the resources and ambitions of the members. The towers were built in a confined area, so they were crowded close together. Because owners hurled stones and weapons at passers-by, stiff laws were passed providing for the destruction of the towers when they were used for warlike purposes in time of peace. The squat Garisenda, 163 feet high, leans 10 feet from the perpendicular. It was begun by two crusaders but never completed because it began to tilt alarmingly, due to an earthquake or subsoil sinking. Even the taller Asinelli, reaching 320 feet above the city’s arcaded streets, is four feet out of plumb.
Photograph by Bonniste de Cour from Galloway

A DESPOT OF VERONA HID AWAY IN THIS CASTLE AFTER KILLING HIS OWN BROTHER

After the deed Can Grande II, meaning "Great Dog," shut himself away from the perils of rebellion in Castel Vecchio only to be slain by the hand of another brother, Cansignorio (see illustration, page 358). Visitors cross the Adige River by this broad Gothic span, with forked crenellations, to reach the fortress with a "shell tower" (see illustration, page 349).

We wondered if Fénis, with its air of being a pleasure retreat, wasn't a chronological link between the medieval period and the Renaissance—between the former's stern fortresses and the latter's lovely villa gardens. For Italy's 16th-century villas are the sequel to her 13-14th-century castles, in that the despots' descendants forsake the gloom of their ancestral strongholds to hold court in the sunlit stateliness of formal gardens.

A "GEOGRAPHY OF THE MEDIEVAL CONSCIENCE"

Or was that evolution merely a throwback to the antique? Classic Italy was rich in villas and gardens. Modern estimates put ancient Rome's proportion of park space to its total area at one-eighth, whereas London's proportion is about one thirty-ninth. Many a wealthy Roman owned anywhere from three to six villas, and Lucullus was so well provided in this respect that he boasted of changing his abode seasonally, with the birds.

This rediscovery of the antique, and the consequent infusing of the arts and letters with the spirit of classic times, expressed one side of the Renaissance, just as Italy's awakening spirit of exploration, her urban drift, and the upspringing of her foreign commerce, expressed another. Moreover, man's strict preoccupation with his own conscience was slowly evolving toward a social consciousness.

Dante's awesome epic of Heaven and Hell is nothing less than a geography of the medieval conscience. And in Boccaccio's gay party, fleeing from plague-stricken Florence (Firenze) for a story-telling tourney in an arbored, flower-spangled garden, we sense the dawning Renaissance.

In an age which was so dead to learning that monks ripped pages out of priceless manuscripts and sold them to the superstitious as amulets, Boccaccio and Petrarch
emerged as cultural pioneers. But they did more than revive dead tongues: their pages glow with the rediscovery of earth's beauties. This rediscovery spread like sunrise; a war-weary people turned to Nature for solace, and even the closes of grim castles began to display herb beds and flowers.

Impetus was added by such great houses as the D'Estes and the Medici, who enlisted the genius of Michelangelo and Raphael to develop the art of garden designing. By mid-16th century all northern Italy was reflecting this back-to-nature movement in its multiplying villa gardens. Castle walls were yielding to cypress walks, and fortifications were giving way to flowers.

It was on Genoa's (Genova) busy waterfront that we found one of the oldest of North Italy's villas—that which Andrea, of the renowned Doria family, built in 1529. Four centuries of Genoa's turbulent glories had preceded him, and for half that time she had been the world's chief maritime power. Andrea was Genoa's greatest sea captain at a time when medievalism's twilight was paling into the dawn of the Renaissance.

As to his name and fame, the villa garden's centrally placed statue leaves no doubt. Andrea Doria—orphan boy, then papal guard, condottiere, then high admiral—spent most of his long life at sea, and he blithely celebrated this fact by laying out his garden around a nude statue of himself as Neptune. Certainly this "admiral of the navies of the Pope, the emperor and the king of France"—so runs the inscription on his house wall—wasn't bothered by an inferiority complex.

**A FIGHTING ADMIRAL AT 87 YEARS**

Andrea had 20,000 sailors and slaves to man his gorgeous galleys or to look after his little home comforts. He was addicted to
giving banquets and pitching successive services of gold-and-silver plate into the sea after each course. During a briny lifetime he never side-stepped any sea fight on the horizon. At 84 years of age he thought nothing of leading a brush against Barbary pirates, and at 87 he got on his sea legs for the last time and fought the French in Corsica.

Today, as one studies the statue of "Neptune" Doria, with his back turned on a scene of modern shipping and his trident uplifted commandingly over Genoa, it seems quite in character that, of the many great villas which once dotted the harbor, old "hard-boiled" Admiral Doria's should have outlasted them all.

About the time that Andrea was planning his villa, the back-to-nature movement struck Padua (Padova), and its citizens thereupon created, about 1545, one of the earliest-known of public botanical gardens. From that movement even the accepted ideas of the Garden of Eden suffered revision, and in old prints we behold Adam installed among clipped hedges, square parterres, fantastically lopped trees, and marble fountains—a typical Renaissance villa garden.

Transforming castle closes into plaisances, and, next, creating a special type of mansion that harmonized with its formally designed surroundings, led to the subservience of the villa and to augmenting its garden. Terraces, fountains, grottoes, and statuary were carefully arranged to contrast with the exterior vista of mountains or of waterscape.

But why Maggiore—i.e., "the greater"—one naturally asks, when the Lake of Garda is almost double in area? The opinion has been hazarded that the early Italian writers, in describing Lake Maggiore as a possible water link with the Mediterranean, meant "maggiore" as "greater" in the sense of commercial importance.
THE SCALIGERS, MEDIEVAL TYRANTS OF VERONA, REST IN THESE ORNATE TOMBS

Mastino II, who murdered his kinsman, Bishop Bartolommeo, lies in the marble sarcophagus in the second story of the nearer monument. The assassin’s equestrian figure on top has the visor drawn, Veronese say, because he never wished his face to be seen again after the deed. The hexagonal tomb in the background is to his son, Cansignorio, who murdered his elder brother with his own dagger to obtain the throne, and years later killed a younger one to insure succession for his illegitimate sons (see illustration, page 355). A trellis of delicate wrought iron, fastened flexibly like chain mail, surrounds this churchyard of Santa Maria Antica. The ladder (scala) crest of the family occurs frequently in the design of the monuments and railing. La Scala, the opera house in Milan, was named for a daughter of Mastino II.
A DRAWBRIDGE SPANS THE WIDE MOAT THAT MAKES SIRMIONE AN ISLAND

Lake of Garda fishing boats find a safe harbor here beneath the castle’s grim battlements. Legend says that Dante was a guest of the Scaliger family, who built the stronghold. In Roman times Sirmione was a halting place for imperial couriers. The poet Catullus had a villa here where he entertained Julius Caesar. The “Bolola,” or hot sulphur springs, near the town are piped to a thermal spa.

THE PALACE OF GENOA’S GREAT SEA FIGHTER OVERLOOKS A BUSY HARBOUR

The statue in the garden of Palazzo Doria memorializes Andrea Doria, who led Genoese fleets against Turks and Barbary pirates. Upon his return from a voyage, he found the French had captured his home city, and therefore joined the Navy of King Francis I. Later, changing his allegiance, he expelled the invaders from Genoa (see text, page 356).
It was at the command of that eminent ecclesiastical reformer, Count Borromeo, that a barren rock in Lake Maggiore became transformed into an enchanted islet. Its ten terraces, planted with such southland trees as the lemon, magnolia, and cork, and set with marble statues agleam among its dark cypresses, rise in succession above a vista of deep-blue waters which stretch away to the bases of snow-crowned peaks. Consisting of a rather commonplace villa set in an exotic paradise, Isola Bella illustrates the Renaissance villa planner's tendency to glorify Nature at the expense of architecture (see Color Plate II).

To travel no more than 86 miles due east, in mid-October, from snow-clad Aosta to the balmy Lake of Como, is a climatic experience quite equaling the trip from New York to Florida at Christmas time.

Somewhere that tropical touch which haunts mid-Italy must confront Alpine splendors, and in Como's lake you sense an indescribable mingling of the two. Glimpsed from the town's high-lying environs, its mountain-hemmed sheet of blue comes upon one as an amazement, a timeless charm, a subtle reminiscence. “Enclosed in Alpine hills...” I sought for but could not place the quotation.

Where clustered peasant women scrubbed and pounded their linen to a festal whiteness, and sharp-beaked craft nosed up the slanting shore, we took the little lake boat that steams you by transverse ways from Como town to Bellagio.

Next we sat two Americans, an elderly, rural-looking pair. She, when not drinking in the superb scene, was reading from what I supposed to be a guidebook. He of the gray beard and wrinkled brow would gaze dreamily across the waters for a moment, then shut his eyes in what I took to be some sentimental retrospect. And for me that azure lake, barred with distant hills like two meeting breasts, evoked some tang of recollection that I strove to define. “Enframed by Alpine hills...” But no, that wasn't the quotation at all.

A CRADLE OF “ROMEO AND JULIET”

We stopped at Cernobbio to visit Villa d'Este, whose shaven terrace and background of prim hedgerows were once the setting for Cinthio's and Tasso's plays—and perhaps for the first dramatic version of “Romeo and Juliet”—four centuries before we moderns rediscovered the “outdoor theater.”

Indeed, garden theaters were one of the most charming features of the Renaissance. No high nuptials were complete without garden dramatics. When juvenile Lucrezia Borgia (with already three marriages, two annulments, and one murdered spouse to her score) was made Duchess of Ferrara, the attendant performance included a ballet wherein a maiden—as tough a morsel as the Borgia flapper herself—was regurgitated from a dragon's jaws.

Villa d'Este was once the palace of Tolomeo Gallo, local fisher boy who grew up to become a cardinal.

Cato affirms that the lake's Roman name of Larius was derived from the Etruscan “lar,” signifying “highest in rank.” Since Como has but 55 square miles, thus standing third in area after Garda and Maggiore, “rank” must have referred to pictorial excellence. Certainly its enchanting scene of sloping headlands and symmetrical skylines offered a perfect background for Renaissance landscape gardens.

Of our elderly American couple, we espied the lady strolling about the Villa d'Este's gardens, still perusing her guidebook. But we did not encounter her partner until, returning to the boat, we found him still seated in the same spot as before, still with that dreamy look in his eyes, which now and then closed on the bewitching scene.

AN ALBUM OF GARDENS

The boat put off. Again we yielded to the spell of those charming lake shores, now dotted with white villages, now sentinelled by somber cypress groves. Como is strikingly theatrical, in that each turn reveals delightful contrasts—here some stately villa, there some cluster of peasants' gaily painted huts, yonder some eclipsing panorama which doubtless afforded many a scene painter with the subject for a backdrop. Such is the perfect balance of some of Como's vistas that it almost seems as if Nature had defeated herself in making a supremely beautiful accident suggest a calculated work of art.

That morning we visited half a dozen of Como's villa gardens, to find therein as many distinctive, carefully devised effects. Villa Carlotta is a grandiose botanical garden, with flora from wide-spread lands. Villa Giulia's formal alleys and hedges, with
THE WAY OF THE TITANS BORES THROUGH SOLID ROCK ALONG GARDA'S EDGE

Motorists, emerging from dark tunnels that require headlights, catch blinding glimpses of blue lake and tall mountains through these apertures. This recently completed boulevard connects Riva with Porto di Tremosine, on the western shore.

IN COLD SPELLS LEMON TREES LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES ON THE STEEP SHORES OF GARDA

White pillars support glazed or lattice-work roofs and screens to protect the terraced groves from frost at Porto di Tignale. Women and children stand along the magnificent highway bordering the lake and sell to motorists bunches of fragrant lemons when in season.
RACING DINGHIES NOW DRIFT ON COMO'S VIVID WATERS WHERE PIRATE GALLEYS ONCE HELD SWAY

From the stronghold, Castle Muro, on the far bank to the right, "II Mediciotis" tempestuous and courteous, murdered, harried, the little lake with his fleets (see text, page 353). His vessels may have lurked in the tiny, secluded harbors formed by natural cliffs of this point. Pitted on the cedar-cliff hillside, Villa Serbelloni dominates the entrance to this Iseo arm of the lake. Far above the water a dizzy path circles the promontory, on the far side of which lies Bellagio.
SARCA RIVER WENDS ITS WAY THROUGH A FERTILE VALLEY TO THE HEAD OF THE LAKE OF GARDA

Here flourish mulberry trees, leaves of which are food for the little white worms that gave rise to the silk industry of Lombardy. The town of Arco, in the foreground, clusters beneath a ruined castle perched upon a precipitous rock. Thrusting itself from the valley floor beyond is Monte Brione, honeycombed with caverns and strongly fortified (page 352). The northern end of the lake, dimly seen in the distance, is hemmed in with mountains, Monte Baldo Range on the left and the Rocchetta opposite.
ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS THE WATERS OF COMO ARE CHURNED BY MANY WHITE STEAMERS

Fascist groups, accompanied by their brass bands, often charter the boats, sending songs and cheers echoing across the lake for miles. Guests of the hotels that line Bellagio’s water front eat their meals under the rose arbors by the lakeside, and those who have seats near the railing throw bits of bread to ravenous fish. Japanese lanterns and strings of colored lights brighten the scene at night.

their lake-revealing gaps, have the symmetry of a stage setting.

Perhaps the most memorable villa, because its beauties seem less calculated, is the Pliniana. From across Molina’s bay we came to the foot of well-worn water steps, up which we climbed into a scene of romantic seclusion. Cupped at the foot of cypress-clad cliffs, and looking out across deep-blue waters toward a perfect symmetry of profiled mountain slopes, Villa Pliniana and its mellow garden are replete with an antique loveliness which pervades the lingerer like a drug. We strolled past the formal row of great wall jars, dripping with vines, and gained the villa’s lake-commanding balcony. Its columns frame Como in an unforgettable lake view which Shelley declared to be “the most lovely that eye ever beheld.”

The villa is named for Pliny the Younger, who quaintly christened his two Larian villas “Tragedy” and “Comedy,” because the former was elevated like classic tragedy’s high-heeled shoe, while the latter was low-set, like classic comedy’s slipper.

PLINY’S SPRING STILL EBBS AND FLOWS

The Pliniana’s garden still contains the intermittent spring, of which Pliny wrote, “Three times daily it increases and decreases with regular rise and fall. Place a ring on a dry spot. The water reaches and at length covers it... then it slowly retires, leaving the object dry.”

For centuries after Pliny, its uprisings and withdrawals continued—centuries which saw Italy’s castles, saw Italy’s villas rise, then fall into abandonment, while the ebb of feudalism gave place to the flood
A ROMAN COLONY ERECTED THIS LASTING TRIBUTE TO ITS EMPEROR

Rimini dedicated its triumphal arch to Emperor Augustus in 27 B. C., in gratitude for the restoration of the ancient road, Via Flaminia, which terminated at this frontier city of Rome. Recently it was rebuilt by the government. Men of the Dark Ages turned the arch into a stronghold crowned with brick battlements. Such Roman gateways and theaters and aqueducts, which outlived the civilization that erected them, were often adopted by barbarian invaders for military purposes. This city is associated with the notorious family of Malatesta or Wickedheads. The most versatile member of the house, Sigismondo, began his astounding career at the age of 13, when he led the defenders of his castle against an assault (page 330). Here was the scene of the tragic love of Paolo and Francesca, ending in their murder, sung in the first part of the "Divine Comedy" by the Italian poet Dante. Rimini is a seaport surrounded on three sides by water—two rivers and the Adriatic Sea—and rises from a fertile plain at the foot of the Apennines. It is now a fashionable bathing resort, the stormy days of its past all but forgotten.
of civic liberty. And indeed the Pliniana's spring is no mean symbol of the tidelike exhaustions and renewals of man's social evolution.

Our eyes were steeped with beauty, our thoughts—at least mine—were heavy with haunting retrospect. Something-or-other "by Alpine hills shut out . . . !" "What was that quotation?"

Just then I noticed the elderly American woman. She was leaning alone over the lake-facing balcony, almost at my elbow, and she was still reading—but it wasn't a guidebook at all. From over her shoulder I read my forgotten quotation:

"A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world
Near a clear lake . . . glassing the softest skies
As cloudless save for rare and rosetae shadows
As I would have thy life!"

And then, over that famous "Lake of Como speech" which thrilled our playgoing grandparents in their youth, that little old lady began drying her eyes.

Later, aboard the lake steamer, I overheard a snatch of talk between her and the husband who, even for Como's beauties, had stirred not once from his deck chair. He was saying gently, but very firmly: "Yes, Ma, I know we always looked to spend our golden anniversary on the Lake of Como, and I did speak that Lake of Como piece to you the night we got engaged. But we've been a whole mortal year, now, on this around-the-world trip, and I'm wore out. No, I ain't going to stir to see one more furren sight. Now, cheer up! We can see the Lake of Como together, when we get back home, in the movies."
DIAMOND DELAWARE, COLONIAL STILL

Tradition Rules the "Three Lower Counties" Over Which William Penn and Lord Baltimore Went to Law

BY LEO A. BORAH

Author of "Washington, the Evergreen State," "A Patriotic Pilgrimage to Eastern National Parks," etc., in the National Geographic Magazine

DISTILLED from colonial tradition and ripened for three centuries, the charm of Delaware is like the golden nectar that has preserved for posterity the fragrance of many a Delaware peach. It grows mellower and more potent with age.

Its effect is gradual, stealing almost imperceptibly upon the senses, yet altogether enthralling once it asserts its power. Unfortunately indeed is the traveler who, as too many do, dashes the length of the State in four hours on the main highway without pausing to savor its gracefulness. Such a traveler may not even see a native Delawarean; for 82 per cent of the trucks, 66 per cent of all the motor vehicles on the highways are from outside the State.

ONE MUST TARRY TO KNOW DELAWARE

Perhaps the Delawareans are a little to blame for not making themselves and their treasures better known to outsiders. They are a delightful people, genuinely hospitable, but not effusive.

Houses exquisite with the patina of age are to be seen everywhere, but few of them are "restored," set apart as shrines, and labeled. They are homes that have passed from father to son for generations, growing old gracefully, receiving necessary, not disfiguring, repairs, and keeping silence concerning the famous persons they have sheltered, the stirring events of their past. True, the Delaware Historic Markers Commission has placed tablets here and there, but these are unobtrusive. To appreciate the real glamour of the State, one must hide a while and—forgive the pun—absorb "Delawareness" from the people.

Delaware is not obvious in its bid for attention. Measured by population and area combined, it is the smallest of States, having more square miles but fewer citizens than Rhode Island, and more people but far less territory than Nevada. It is only 110 miles long, and its width varies from nine to 35 miles, but its citizens are forward-looking and its industries far-reaching.

A wit in Congress once referred to it as a "sandspit on Delaware Bay, with three counties at low tide and two at high." William Penn bought it from the Duke of York for 10 shillings, and Lord Baltimore disputed the ownership, claiming it under a prior grant from the King of England. Because of an ill-fated Dutch settlement in 1631 near the present site of Lewes, Baltimore lost the case; for his grant of hacerta inculta specifically excluded land previously occupied by white men.

From its very beginning Delaware has been a subject of controversy. The families of Penn and Baltimore went to law over possession of "the three lower counties on the Delaware," and their claims occupied the attention of the courts for years. Penn landed at New Castle on October 27, 1682, and received from the citizens of that thriving village a bowl of water, a piece of turf, and a twig as earnest of his undisputed possession of the land, water, and forests within an arc described on a radius of 12 miles from the New Castle Court House. Thus was established the northern boundary of Delaware. Later Penn was awarded the southern part of what is now the State.

THE 200-YEAR BOUNDARY DISPUTE

Unfortunately, the surveyors who described the arc did not designate the exact length of the segment. The result of their oversight was more than two centuries of litigation over boundaries.

After the United States came into being, New Jersey and Delaware began to squabble over certain water and fishing rights on Delaware River and Bay. Delaware claimed possession of the river and bay to low water on the Jersey side, and New Jersey insisted the boundary should be fixed at midstream.

Courts were in a quandary, shifting the boundary first to one side and then to the other. Both States sent commissioners to
THE NEW LEGISLATIVE BUILDING RETAINS COLONIAL FEATURES

When the old State House at Dover was no longer large enough for all purposes, this and other buildings of a capitol group were erected in a style in keeping with the first structure.

England to obtain evidence. It was not until February 5, 1934, that a final decision was handed down. The Supreme Court of the United States then determined that Delaware is entitled to all land and water within the 12-mile circle, and that below the circle the boundary shall be considered the middle of the ship channel. The two States were ordered to share equally in the costs of the litigation.

FIRST TO RATIFY THE CONSTITUTION

On its face that decision appears a mere compromise to settle a technical point; actually it has given rise to a remarkable situation. New Jersey capital for years has been building long wharves out into deep water within the 12-mile circle. Now comes the Supreme Court with a decision that these wharves are in Delaware! New Jersey cannot tax property in Delaware; New Jersey cannot arrest persons in Delaware without extradition papers. Yet these wharves now in Delaware belong to citizens of New Jersey. The problem has become so difficult that the two States have appointed commissioners to study it and formulate a solution.

Despite its diminutive area and scant population, Delaware has its grand moments. With only one member of the United States House of Representatives to accompany its two Senators to Washington, it takes precedence over its larger sisters in the parade of States; for it was the first (December 7, 1787) to ratify the Constitution. Its depreciators are reminded, too, that Thomas Jefferson held it precious enough to dub it "the diamond" — a name that has clung to it to this day. Wilmington has historical authority for its slogan, "The First City of the First State."

Let it not be supposed, however, that the little Commonwealth is content to rest on accomplishments of long ago. Though it treasures colonial customs, even to the retention of the whipping post for wife beaters, highwaymen, and other mean offenders, and though for more than a century it was somnolent and backward, it now constantly seeks improvement. Its very smallness renders it admirable for political, economic, and sociological experiment. If a theory seems worthy of consideration, Delaware can give it quick trial and immediate adoption or rejection.
Two summers ago several serious traffic accidents occurred within a week because overweary drivers of freight vehicles fell asleep on duty. The Secretary of State forthwith published an order requiring every driver of such vehicle to rest for at least two hours after each eight of driving and to limit his time on the road to 16 hours in any 24: The day after publication of the order motorists everywhere in the State were wondering at long lines of laden trucks drawn up alongside the highways.

Unique in the Nation, the State has never levied a property tax. Its principal revenue for the general fund is from fees for corporation charters, most of which are granted to organizations doing their major business outside its boundaries. To supplement this income, there is only a system of business, inheritance, and estate taxes and licenses, which in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1932, netted less than $765,000.

Recent reduction of bonded indebtedness has been noteworthy, largely because of the efforts of Governor C. Douglass Buck. In 1929 the State owed, exclusive of sinking funds, nearly $10,000,000, or $41.32 per capita. By 1933 the per capita debt had been cut to $8.18 and the net total to less than $2,000,000.

DELAWARE PAYS AS IT GOES

Little Delaware, with a population of 238,380, ranks fourteenth among the States in payment of taxes to the Federal Government. There is not a house within its boundaries more than four miles from a paved highway, and it has a statewide system of fine modern schools; yet for public improvements that have cost $50,000,000 it has paid practically out of what is counted upon as current income in State financing.

There is something strong and sturdy about Delaware that finds expression in its attitude toward its problems. When former President Hoover sent a message to Governor Buck asking for an expression on the question of relief, the Delaware Governor replied:

"I am in accord with your plans as made known to aid unemployment, and you may expect Delaware to cooperate in every way. Furthermore, the citizens of Delaware can be counted upon to provide financial help..."
FARMERS' VEGETABLE AND FRUIT TRUCKS MAKE KING STREET ONE LONG OUTDOOR STORE

Every Wednesday and Saturday Wilmington has a market day, when growers bring their produce to town for sale. The twice-a-week market began more than a century ago, when the Friends at one end of town and the "downtowners" at the other, each demanded exclusive right to vend their wares. The result of the argument was the establishment of two separate days for the disputants.
DELWARE, WITH ITS THREE COUNTIES SHAPED LIKE A WOODEN SHOE, BORDERS THE "CLYDE OF AMERICA"
DELAWARE GUARDS AGAINST MOTOR ACCIDENTS

This bulletin, which is seen here in Dover, is moved from time to time to different parts of the State to present graphic warning against carelessness. The Commonwealth has done much to help make its highways safe (see text, page 369).

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE GAVE THIS TEA SET TO HIS FIANCEE

A romantic story is that of Mary Vining, lovely Delaware belle, who was engaged to be married to the doughty Revolutionary hero. He went west to fight the Indians and died in the field. The betrothed girl remained single, living here at Dover in the old Ridgely house.
THE HOTEL DU PONT DOMINATES THE HEART OF WILMINGTON

Driving up from the railway station, one sees an industrial town; but when the Civic Center is reached, the largest city in Delaware takes on metropolitan airs. In the background is the Christiana River, with the Marine Terminal, which now makes Wilmington a seaport.
as is required to care for those in need in this State during the coming winter."

Governor Buck spoke simply for his fellow Delawareans. It is their pride that they take care of their own.

When I arrived in Wilmington one hot August night and took a taxi from the railway station to the Hotel Du Pont, I was, it must be confessed, a bit dubious about finding "story material." The narrow streets and the hotel lobby were deserted. The night clerk who assigned me a room said he came from Maryland. I went to bed without seeing a Delawarean.

THE PYLE STUDIO, DELAWARE ART FOUNT

Next morning I called on the affable and energetic secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. He could tell me much about Delaware, for he knew virtually everybody in the State; but he proved to be a Louisianan by birth. When we had luncheon with a number of Wilmington business men gathered around a big table at the hotel, I discovered that none of them was a native of the State. I began to think Delaware a State of exiles.

I had been in Wilmington for nearly 24 hours before I got an inkling of what is really Delaware. My friend Gerry opened doors for me everywhere, and showed me the important industries of the city, but he sensed that I was looking for something more intimate than factories and statistics. That night he took me to call on the artist, Stanley M. Arthurs, in the Howard Pyle studio, and from the moment we entered that shrine of the illustrator’s art, I felt acquainted with Delaware (page 390).

The studio is just as it was when Howard Pyle, a real Wilmingtonian, wrote and illustrated his "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," his "Book of Pirates," and many other romantic books that have become
American young people's classics. Mr. Arthurs, painter of the magnificent historical pictures that adorn the walls of the old State House at Dover, was a favorite pupil of Mr. Pyle. Perhaps more than any others of Mr. Pyle's pupils he and his friend, N. C. Wyeth, who painted the murals in the library of the National Geographic Society Building in Washington, carry on the Pyle tradition.

Several kindred spirits dropped in for a chat with Mr. Arthurs. There were a young architect who in 1929 won the national award for a church of colonial design, a gray-haired editor who had fought for civic righteousness when Delaware was in the hands of vote buyers, a brilliant lawyer and wit who had served his apprenticeship under that grand old authority in international law, Judge George Gray. These men were real, not adopted, sons of Delaware.

In their pleasant drawl reminiscent of the South "before the War," they told of boyhood adventures on the dunes and the little rivers of the State. They pictured for me the Wilmington of the "gay nineties." In all this I savored the graciousness of Delaware, feeling that I had known these men for years.

Wilmington is small enough to have a friendly and democratic society, large enough to escape the worst phases of provincialism. Men meeting on the street hail one another by their first names. If the Philadelphia visitor who said, "I now know that scrapple is an edible pork product, but I should like to learn what is a Biddle," had gone to Wilmington instead, she would never have been puzzled for a moment as to the meaning of Du Pont.

A FAMILY "DYNASTY"

The Du Ponts have the main offices of their far-flung businesses in Wilmington, but their factories are elsewhere. In Delaware there are only four Du Pont plants: three pigment and solvent companies, and the Medical Research Laboratory which
seeks to solve the problem of eliminating the dangers of toxins in industry. All these are in or near Wilmington.

Much has been written about the "Du Pont dictatorship" in Delaware. If it is a dictatorship, it seems to me a beneficent one. To T. Coleman Du Pont the State owes the beginning of its superb highway system. To his cousin, Pierre Samuel, it owes its splendid school-building program. The fine State University at Newark is largely indebted to the generosity of the same family. There is hardly a hospital or other public or semipublic institution in the State that has not benefited by the gifts of the Du Ponts.

In 1912 Delaware was the most backward State on the eastern seaboard in road building. Senator Du Pont said he would build a monument a hundred miles high and lay it on the ground. That was the famous Du Pont Highway, a strip of smooth concrete on a 200-foot right of way from Wilmington to Selbyville. The builder asked no aid; he was willing to pay the entire cost, some $4,000,000, and turn the road over to the State (see illustration, page 374).

It might reasonably be supposed that the citizens of Delaware would welcome such a gift, for Kent and Sussex Counties were virtually shut off from the world save for the erratic service of a spur railroad to Delmar. But instead of hailing the Senator as a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, those sturdy yeomen of Kent and Sussex balked. They fought him for every inch of the right of way.

"What," said they, "is Du Pont trying to do? Our dirt roads are all right for our ox teams and horses and wagons. If they want a right of way for a concrete roadway, let them build it in some other State."

Landowners refused to sell ground for the road; Sussex farmers got out injunctions; never had a road builder faced such opposition.

Despite all hindrances, Senator Du Pont built his highway. He organized a highway department on sound business principles, and his force carried on energetically for six years. In 1918 the legislature organized a State highway department, and Senator Du Pont turned over to it his entire organization, with the request that it finish the work and send him the bill. He took the wind completely out of the sails of those who had opposed him because of fear of high taxes.

That was the beginning of a road-building race in Delaware. The 103-mile monument is the spine of one of the finest systems of paved roads in America. Today this splendid highway is a dual road from Wilmington to Dover, the great commercial artery that carries truck traffic comparable in volume to the tremendous cargoes of shipping on the steamers that ply on Delaware Bay, the Clyde of America. Lateral roads have been paved in every part of the State.

RUGGEDNESS MARKS SUSSEX FARMERS

The amazing thing about it all is that one may drive along paved roads and see farmers' wives drawing water by means of well sweeps, see men hauling wood with ox teams. If the traveler is fortunate enough to be invited to breakfast at an old farm house, he will eat such homely fare as spoon bread or beaten biscuits. The yeomanry of Delaware, once aroused, adopts the new with enthusiasm, but it leaves traditional custom with reluctance.

A story doubtless apocryphal, yet told often in Delaware, dramatizes the stubborn individualism of the Sussex farmer. It is reported that in the middle '80's ordinances passed by the State legislature contained the significant clause, "These regulations shall be effective in New Castle and Kent Counties and in Sussex County so far as the citizens of said county are willing to abide by them."

Not to be outdone by his distinguished cousin, Pierre Samuel Du Pont set out a few years later to do something big for Delaware. He organized an elaborate school program. Because the State depended upon some 1,700 "little red schoolhouses" for the education of its children and the percentage of illiteracy was high, he felt that modern schools were a crying need.

His proposal met with no greater warmth than had his cousin's road offer. Those 1,700 country schools all had boards of directors with powers and prerogatives. The directors refused to yield their offices to any man.

In despair, Pierre Du Pont turned to the Negro problem. He built a number of Negro schools much finer than the white schools. There was no intention on his part to shame the whites into doing his bidding; he simply wished to build schools and, since the white folk would have none of his aid, he gave to the Negroes.
ON THE ROOF OF BELMONT HALL ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SENTRIES WAS SHOT

Mortally wounded by a British sharpshooter, he crawled to a bedroom to give the alarm. The east and west wings of the gracious mansion near Smyrna were built in 1685 and the front was added by Thomas Collins, President of 'The Delaware State' when the U. S. Constitution was ratified.

DELAWAREANS HAVE WORSHIPED AT OLD SWEDES SINCE 1698

Holy Trinity, in Wilmington, is one of the oldest churches in constant use in America. It was built by a congregation of Swedish Lutherans from Fort Christina, near by. An old record tells of the indignation of its first pastor toward a ship captain who "borrowed" the bell for his craft.
PEACHES NEAR BRIDGEVILLE RECALL ORCHARD GLORY

Delaware's chief agricultural pride was this luscious fruit until blights known as the "yellows" and San José scale ruined thousands of trees and necessitated abandonment of the crop in many localities. Science is now gradually restoring the peach-growing industry.

MILLIONS OF YARDS OF BRIGHT FABRICS ARE FOLDED MONTHLY AT WILMINGTON.

On the Brandywine, Joseph Bancroft and Sons Company operates one of the oldest and largest textile-finishing plants in the world. Near the outside end of each bolt to be exported to Europe is a gay lithograph. A peasant woman will make her dress with the picture as a breast ornament.
LITTLE CREEK MAKES A PLEASANT HARBOR FOR AN OYSTER FLEET

Commercial fishermen reap wealth from the tidewaters, and many streams afford sport for the angler. Diamondback terrapin were once so plentiful and cheap that an ordinance was passed prohibiting lessees from feeding them to hired slaves more than three times each week.

TINY DELAWARE RANKS SECOND IN THE UNION IN TOMATO PACKING

Pickers on a large farm near Bridgeville fill their baskets quickly. Situated near the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington markets, the State offers every inducement to the truck gardener. Sandy loam produces vegetables and fruit of especially fine flavor.
FOX HUNTING NEAR NEWARK PROVES DELAWARE'S KINSHIP WITH THE OLD-SOUTH

Many a farmer in New Castle County has found it more profitable to turn his level acres over to ardent sportsmen than to cultivate the land. Members of the Vic Mead Hunt Club may be seen flashing vivid color across the lush green meadows almost any crisp autumn morning. Such a natural color photograph of moving animals is a rare achievement.
NEW CASTLE COLONIAL DAMES CARE FOR OLD AMSTEL HOUSE

A young member of the Society wears a silk gown five generations in her family. George Washington was a guest in this 1730 home, now a museum. Many buildings of pre-Revolutionary days and the cobbled Strand on which William Penn landed in 1682 are preserved.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE LOOKS DOWN ON DOVER GREEN

Though the Governor and Legislature have moved to the new capitol, this building, constructed in 1787, partly of bricks from a 1722 courthouse, contains the original documents giving William Penn title to Delaware. The “Blue Hen’s Chickens,” Revolutionary troops, drilled here.
OX TEAMS DRAWING LOADS MAY STILL BE SEEN IN DELAWARE

This pair is kept at Henlopen Acres near the seaside resort, Rehoboth. Though no farmhouse in the State is more than four miles from a paved road, it is not unusual to see women drawing water by means of well sweeps and men hauling wood with yoked cattle.

TWO MODERN MISSSES STEP BACK INTO THE PAST

The girl seated at the old spinet, forerunner of the piano, in Amstel House, New Castle, wears her great-great-grandfather's wedding suit and the tut at her side is attired in a child's elaborate party dress of the same period (see Color Plate V).
ENORMOUS FLAT-BED PRESSES PRINT COLORS ON FLOOR COVERINGS

Delaware Floor Products Company at Wilmington makes every month enough felt-base carpeting to pave a road from six to nine feet wide extending from Philadelphia to Washington, 142 miles. Each pattern on the continuous strip is a separate rug. They are cut apart and placed on racks for drying.

A 100-TON BASIC STEEL FURNACE GLARES AS LIME IS ADDED

Though most of this industry is now centered in Pennsylvania, the Worth Steel Company and several others still carry on. In Wilmington Pusey and Jones built the first iron-hulled sailing ship ever constructed in America.
EDGE MOOR SUPPLY DEPOT HELPS KEEP SHIPPING SAFE ON THE "AMERICAN CLYDE"

At this lighthouse station on Delaware River above Wilmington, buoys and other devices are repaired, and trouble vessels stand ready to meet emergencies.

RATHERS SUN THEMSELVES ALONG SHORES WHERE PIRATES BURIED TREASURE

Sometimes, after storms, Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight are found in the sands along the coast. The State has many miles of ocean beach within three hours' drive of its remotest borders. Resorts in Rehoboth, Lewes, Bethany Beach, and elsewhere attract throngs.
Soon after the new schools for the Negroes were opened, the white taxpayers began to flock to the Du Pont standard. They subscribed their quotas, the donor gave his promised share, and today strategically located brick buildings with modern appointments replace the 1,700 little red schoolhouses.

PHILANTHROPY THAT BUILDS CHARACTER

Probably the munificence of the Du Ponts in Delaware has no parallel in State history. The family gives to every worthy public enterprise, but it insists that the people help themselves. Today Delaware feels such pride in its roads and its schools that there is no farther need of private subsidy.

As has been said, most of the Du Pont factories are elsewhere than in Delaware; but Wilmington has many industries not owned or controlled by the Du Ponts. There are the fine textile finishing company of Joseph Bancroft and Sons, a huge business that has grown up with the city; the Pusey and Jones Company, that built the first iron sailing vessels in America and today makes printing presses; a number of concerns finishing morocco leather for bookbinding—the industries, big and small, are legion. Between 1924 and 1934, 110 new industries have come to Wilmington, and of these 61 are still operating. The reason for the influx of manufacturers lies in the favorable tax situation; Delaware levies no tax on the earnings of industry.

We visited many plants in Wilmington and when we went through a large morocco leather factory, I was fortunate to have a severe cold that disabled my sense of smell. I went complacently into the storeroom where were piled the huge heaps of raw goat hides from India. Afterward I traced some of these hides through the many processes till they came out as glazed kid to make shoes, gloves, smooth bindings for books, etc. (see illustration, page 397).

BUSINESSES OLDER THAN THE UNITED STATES

There is romance in Wilmington industry. To list some of the older businesses is to recapitulate much of the stirring early history of America. J. E. Rhoads and Sons, founded by John Rhoads in 1702, is the oldest concern in America continuously carrying the family name. The oldest transportation company in continuous existence in America is George W. Bush and Sons Company, established by Samuel Bush in 1774.

Others that began when this country was in swaddling clothes are: the Charles Warner Company, 1794; E. I. Du Pont de Nemours and Company, 1802; Joseph Bancroft and Sons Company, 1831; Lobdell Car Wheel Company, 1836; Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., 1836; Pyle Leather Company, 1846; Pusey and Jones Company, 1848; Consolidated Machine Tool Company of America, 1854; American Car and Foundry Company, 1859; Speakman Company, 1869.

The manufacture of vulcanized fiber began in Wilmington in 1875. Invented in 1872 and patented in 1873, the process attracted slight attention at first. Today, the industry is one of the most important in the world. There are several factories in Wilmington; and Newark, the seat of the State University, has the large modern plant of Norris Wright.

Mr. Wright, like many of his fellow Delawaraeans, avoided “shop talk” about the business that has been in his family for decades. Instead he pointed out to me points of interest in Newark. These Delawareans have a natural graciousness that makes the newcomer forget that he is a stranger.

SHIPS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS COME TO WILMINGTON

For 279 years Wilmington rested on the shore of Delaware River and watched the ships of the seven seas pass by to Chester and Philadelphia. There was something of a whaling industry at the mouth of the Christina in the early days, and wooden ships sailed into the port to carry away the freight brought in by the Conestoga wagons of the early 1800's; but Wilmington lost its seagoing ships when wooden vessels gave way to steel steamers.

In 1917 action was begun to build a modern harbor for the city. Construction was started in 1921, and the terminal was opened for business in 1923. During the first year, only 17,000 tons of freight went through the terminal. Now, the cargoes handled each month exceed that figure.

Raw material from distant lands is delivered at the Wilmington Marine Terminal in full cargo lots for industries located in or near the city. Quebracho logs and extracts from the Argentine are imported in large quantities. Cork from the Mediter-
LOCOMOTIVES AND PASSENGER CARS, BOUND FOR CHINA, ARE STACKED ON DECK LIKE LUMBER

One of the important industries of Wilmington is car building, and ships from the seven seas put in at the Marine Terminal to take on cargoes of equipment for railways in far lands.

ranean; barytes ore from Germany; lumber from the Pacific Northwest; wood pulp from the Baltic—all of these are handled in large quantities.

Interesting as are its industries, Wilmington offers its greatest appeal through the things of the spirit. I have visited the city many times, and each time I go to see Old Swedes Church, one of the most exquisite edifices of its sort in America. Built by Swedish Lutherans in 1698, it has been in virtually constant use as a place of worship for 237 years. Since 1802 it has been Holy Trinity, an Episcopal church. To one who likes to delve into the past, the weather-beaten stones in its churchyard tell a poignant tale of the beginning of American history (see Color Plate I and page 390).

Not far from Old Swedes are the rocks where the Swedes under Peter Minuit landed in 1638. Stanley M. Arthurs (see illustration, page 390) has painted a faithful picture of this historic event.

One might pass a delightful vacation wandering about the older part of Wilmington. It is a joy to be invited to one of the colonial homes for an evening and to revel in contemplation of priceless furniture that would tempt any collector. Delawareans cherish these old treasures; they tell amusing or touching stories about many of them.

From Wilmington I rode over one afternoon to Newark with an elderly gentleman. We drove through lovely Brandywine Park, rife with memories of a bitter campaign of the Revolution. On the way we passed a spot toward which my companion pointed with a shudder.

"They say," he told me, "that snow never lies on that spot. It was the scene of a horrible crime and a burning at the stake."

I, too, shuddered when I heard the tale.
VISITORS TO HENLOOPEN ACRES CAST PENNIES INTO THE WISHING WELL.

At this old house, near Rehoboth, time has turned back to colonial days. There is an ox team to haul wood (see Color Plate VI), and one gets a drink by using the sweep.

CORK FROM THE NORTH COAST OF AFRICA COMES TO WILMINGTON

On the day of arrival of this Spanish ship, another vessel anchored with quebracho, the "axbreaker" wood from South America. Thus, one of the lightest cargoes and one of the heaviest were handled side by side. The former is used in insulation and floor-covering manufacture, and the other chiefly as a source of tannic acid for tanning leather.
A record is kept of the character and amount of each item shipped over the highways. This scene at Dover is typical, for Delaware courts care to prevent damage to its roads from overloading, where freight traffic reaches huge proportions.

Photograph by Lloyd W. Hasely

EACH LOADED TRUCK MUST HAVE A WEIGHT TICKET BEFORE LEAVING THE STATE.
DELAWARE BRINGS TWO FAMOUS SONS TO STATUARY HALL, THE NATION'S VALHALLA

On June 26, 1934, statues of Caesar Rodney, the State's Paul Revere (see text, page 294), and John M. Clayton, former U. S. Senator and Secretary of State, negotiator of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with Great Britain, were unveiled in the United States Capitol at Washington. Professor George H. Ryden, State archivist, is speaking before the Rodney statue, and Governor C. Douglas Buck is seated at his side.
THE SWEDES AT WILMINGTON BUILT FOR THE AGES

Laid of field stones by members of the original congregation, Old Swedes (see Color Plate I, and text, page 386), has been in constant use as a place of worship since 1698. There are gravestones in the yard bearing the names of some of the earliest white settlers in America.

STANLEY M. ARTHURS CARRIES ON THE HOWARD PYLE TRADITION

In the Pyle Studio at Wilmington, Delaware's noted historical artist completes a picture of Washington at Valley Forge (see illustration, page 388). The studio is exactly as the author of "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" and other young people's classics left it. Around its walls are many of the ship models that the master illustrator used for his "Book of Pirates."
There is mystery and tragedy as well as graciousness here in Delaware.

**NEWARK HAS THE STATE UNIVERSITY**

At Newark, an ideal college town, the magnificent State University occupies a beautiful campus. It serves the State in many ways, particularly in efforts to improve agriculture. In establishment of a foreign study plan, it has been outstanding among the universities of this country.

The Delaware Foreign Study Plan was inaugurated in 1923-24, when a group of eight college juniors was permitted to pass a year in study at the University of Nancy and the University of Paris, under the supervision of a member of the University of Delaware faculty. The generous support extended by the Service Citizens of Delaware, and subsequently by Pierre S. Du Pont, enabled the University of Delaware to extend the advantages of the plan to other colleges and universities without any cost to the State of Delaware or to the university budget.

**A DINNER FOR THE GODS**

Further developments of this plan came with the provision for a junior college year in Germany, made possible by subsidies of H. Fletcher Brown and H. F. Du Pont, of Wilmington, and J. Pilling Wright, of Newark. The first group consisted of 21 students from 14 colleges and universities.

In the last ten years more than 500 students from nearly 100 different colleges have studied under the direction of the university's departments in Paris and Munich.

We went out from Newark to Coochs Bridge, scene of the battle of the Revolution fought in Delaware. This was a skirmish preliminary to the Battle of the Brandywine. A tablet erected by a Delaware patriotic society declares that here the American flag was first unfurled in battle—a counterclaim to that of New York State. The question is a moot point which I leave to research students.

Before going to southern Delaware, I passed some time in New Castle, to me one of the most charming old towns in the United States.

One sits in a dining room in the Old
OLD DRAWYERS CRADLED PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE UNITED STATES

This lovely church, near Odessa, was not erected until 1773, but services were conducted on the site much earlier. In the churchyard are buried many of the founders of Delaware. The original name of the church was Appoquiniminy.

THIS WHEEL GROUND POWDER FOR THE WAR OF 1812

On the Brandywine Creek, near Wilmington, are the ruins of the Du Pont mills that produced the first large quantities of gunpowder made in America. The buildings, some of which still stand, are roofless, for they were covered originally with flimsy boards, which lessened the danger from explosions.
Court House, built in 1731 and furnished simply in colonial style. The two adjoining wings of the building were standing when William Penn landed on the New Castle Strand in 1682. Paintings by star pupils of the Wilmington art school adorn the walls. The setting is perfect.

The chicken comes in with fresh Delaware vegetables and a pan or two of hot rolls that make one reckless of calories. A salad and ice cream and home-made angel food cake finish the meal. It is perhaps vulgar to descend to the gustatory, but I wish all my readers could go to New Castle for at least one chicken dinner.

The center of the famous 12-mile circle is at the end of the Court House (page 398); the cobbled Strand, with grass peeping through its interstices, is near by. Stewart, the Geographical's staff photographer, took some color pictures in the old Amstel House, now a museum (see Color Plates V and VI), and in the exquisite colonial Laird home. Near the Court House is a monument built of sleeper stones from the New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad, first railroad in Delaware (1831) and one of the first in America.

New Castle has so many fine old mansions that one could devote weeks to examining them. The town is entirely unspoiled and “unrestored.” It has all the glamour of the days of Washington.

WHEN PENN RECEIVED TITLE TO THE LAND, WATER, AND FOREST

On October 27 each year New Castle citizens reenact the ceremony by which Penn received title to the land, water, and forest. The day is called “Old Home Visitation Day.” There are authentic costumes for the heralds, for the person representing Penn, and for the citizens.

Not far from New Castle the Bellanca Aircraft Corporation has its factories and aviation field. We were particularly interested in the planes used by the Shippee-Johnson expedition to Peru undergoing repairs in the shops at the time.

One leaves northern Delaware reluctantly, but finds consolation downstate. If ever I should have time to retire to an idyllic spot, I should acquire a house in New Castle, or Dover, or Lewes. These are the very ideal of the small town, which to me is the soul of American civilization. I should not be partial; peace and contentment dwell in almost every village and hamlet in Delaware.

There is St. Georges, its streets today as they were laid out in 1730. The Commodore Macdonough School, commemorating Delaware’s hero of the War of 1812, is a fine example of the schools that resulted from Pierre Du Pont’s program (see text, page 376).

Delaware City, with its old canal and its Newbold’s Landing, planned in 1826, deserves attention. It is the seasonal center of shad and sturgeon fishing and reed and railbird hunting.

Odessa, so named because of its importance as a grain-shipping center, has important canneries and an agricultural experiment station; but its chief charm to me lies in Old Drawyers Church, established in 1708 and built in 1773, a cradle of Presbyterianism in America (see illustration, page 392).

Middletown has a tavern that has been standing since 1761. The town is an important shipping point for canned goods and asparagus. Another pleasant town is Townsend, with a history dating from 1708. In Clayton, St. Joseph’s Industrial School cares for Negro boys.

Every town and village has its charm, but the hurried visitor is likely to spin along too fast to appreciate details. At Smyrna we paused to visit Belmont Hall (see Color Plate I), an absolutely unaltered colonial mansion that has been in the possession of one family since 1685.

The owner of the mansion, Mr. Cummins Speakman, had driven out from Wilmington to welcome me to his ancestral home.

He told me stories of the old house handed down through generations and showed me the pane of glass in the living room on which his great-great-grandmother had written her name with a diamond ring. Before the fireplace in the old kitchen a young matron of the family molded bullets for the American soldiers of 1812 while her husband was dying of fever on an English prison ship.

In 1777 a sentry of Washington’s army was mortally wounded by a British sharpshooter as he stood watch on the roof balcony. Stains of the blood he shed as he crept downstairs to give the alarm were pointed out on the steps until 1915, when fire damaged that part of the building.

Belmont Hall has never been altered, never restored. Its door hinges bear the hallmark of English manufacturers of the
BARRATT'S CHAPEL IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST SEATS OF AMERICAN METHODISM

Near Frederica is this plain old church, with its severely straight bench pews. It has been in use for services for more than a century and a half.

17th century. It was the home of Thomas Collins, President of “The Delaware State” when the United States Constitution was ratified. Legend has it that the lawmakers of the Commonwealth met in its rooms when the presence of British troops drove them out of Dover.

From Smyrna the highway leads through gracious pastoral scenes to Dover, the State capital. Howard Pyle wrote in 1879 about the peach canneries of Dover; canneries are still there. The chief interest, however, is in the old homes.

DOVER DAY MEANS OPEN HOUSE IN OLD MANSIONS

It was my privilege to be entertained at the old Ridgely House (1728), which faces Dover Green. My courteous hostess showed me the tea set given to the Dover belle, Mary Vining, by Mad Anthony Wayne. She told me much of the history of the house and its furnishings, its lovely old garden, the famous persons it has sheltered. It is her pride that this home has been kept unspoiled since the day her ancestors built it (see illustration, page 372).

Ridgely House is only one of a score of exquisite colonial homes in Dover. On May 11, “Dover Day,” the town holds open house to visitors, and treasures of the early days are on display.

The “Blue Hen’s Chickens,” as Delaware Revolutionary troops were called, rallied on Dover Green before marching off to join Washington (see illustration, page 388).

I went into the old State House and passed a delightful hour looking at the four documents by which William Penn acquired clear title to Delaware (see text, page 367), at numerous letters written by Penn, and at other interesting relics.

In a Dover cemetery is buried Cæsar Rodney, Delaware hero—almost a patron saint. It was he who rode from Lewes to Philadelphia to cast the deciding vote that brought Delaware into the group signing the Declaration of Independence and made the Declaration the unanimous will of the Thirteen Colonies. To Delawareans his ride seems more important than that of Paul Revere (page 389).

The story goes that a Tory woman Rodney was courting withheld important dispatches from her guest and that it was only at the last moment through the loyalty of
MUSKRAT TRAPPING IS A REAL INDUSTRY NEAR WOODLAND

Fur for milady's coat comes from the salt marshes in the southern part of the State. In the mosquito-control campaign (see text, page 398), engineers have had to use ingenuity to avoid draining the swamps where these valuable animals abound.

Photograph by Royden L. Hammond

a maid servant that the messages came into the hero's hands. Rodney was ill at the time, but he rose to the occasion and rode to Philadelphia in time to cast Delaware's vote for independence.

Traditions of the old Delaware families, the Rodneys, the Bayards, the Saulsburys, the Ridgelys, the Claytons, the McKeans, and many others are still rife in Dover. The town is steeped in colonial atmosphere.

A noteworthy modern institution in Dover is the Elizabeth Murphey School for Orphans. The city also is the home of the Wesley Collegiate Institute and the Colored College.

Camden, Wyoming, Felton, Harrington, Greenwood, Bridgeville, and Seaford are charming agricultural towns set in lush fields. The home of Patty Cannon, notorious slave dealer, whose story is told in the novel, "The Entailed Hat," is at Reliance, near Seaford.

Laurel claims more than passing interest because of the Marvel Package Company, which supplies containers for much of the produce of the Delmarva peninsula. Partly in Maryland and partly in Delaware, Delmar has two mayors and two councils.

It is possible to glimpse virtually all of Delaware in a day. The oystering at Bowers beach is interesting. Frederica, once a thriving shipping center that still maintains boat service to Philadelphia, is proud of Barratt's Chapel (1780), early seat of Methodism in the United States (see page 394).

WHERE THE BYRD EXPEDITION HAD DENTAL CARE

Milford offers much of historic interest, but its chief claim to fame is through the L. D. Caulk Company, manufacturers of dental materials and pharmaceutical preparations. To Caulk dentists Admiral Byrd and his entire expedition personnel went for dental examinations and treatments before embarking on their perilous Antarctic explorations.

In Milton there is a section separate from the rest of the town called "Sockum Town," the home of a group of people known as the "Moors." These people interested me, and I made some investigation into their his-
The Negro population of Wilmington is numerous and happy; and what wonder, with melons galore and ice cream from the rich dairy farms. This giant cone stands in front of a restaurant.

The genealogy of these people Judge George P. Fisher said:

"About 150 years ago a cargo of slaves from the Congo River was landed at Lewes, and sold to purchasers at that place. Among them was a tall, fine-looking young man about five and twenty years. This man was called Requa, and was remarkable for his manly proportions and regular features, being more Caucasian than African. Requa was purchased by a young widow, having red hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. She afterward married him. At that time the Nan-ticoke Indians were still quite numerous at and near Indian River. The offspring of Requa and his wife were not accepted in the white society. They would not associate with the Negroes, but they did intermarry with the Indians.

"These people are noted as peaceable, law-abiding citizens, and good farmers. They are known as Moors, but without any foundation."

At Lewes, Sussex County hospitality is in its flower.

The town, like its leading citizens, is leisurely and delightful. Cypress-shingled houses built before the Revolution remain in excellent repair. The shingles were hand-hewn from fallen logs "mined" from the Sussex County swamps.

In 1631, De Vries, a noted Dutch leader, planted here on the banks of the "Hoornenkill," near the present site of Lewes, a colony which was called Zwaanendael because of the number of swans in that vicinity. This was the first attempt to found a settlement within the present limits of the State of Delaware; but soon after its founders had built a fort, Indians destroyed the entire colony.

The English claimed this land, and took control of the territory in 1664.

In 1813 the town was bombarded by the English fleet. Not having any cannon balls to fit the guns on the town's fort, the colonists were obliged to pick up shot fired by the English and shoot them back. One doughty gunner, when other missiles were exhausted, took off his boots, chucked them..."
AS FAR AS THE CAMERA'S EYE CAN SEE ARE FANCY SHRUBS

The Diamond State Nursery at Milford is one of the largest in the industry, growing not only ornamental trees, but rose bushes of many varieties. The storm of August, 1933, flooded some of these fields (see text, page 398).

WILMINGTON GIRLS GLAZE GOATSKINS FROM INDIA

Since early days the kid-leather industry has been an important activity in the city. Hides are subjected to numerous processes before they come to these "ironing boards," where heavy glass rollers press them and give them the smooth finish admired in book bindings, kid shoes, gloves, and other products.
NEW CASTLE COURT HOUSE HAS WATCHED AMERICA GROW

The wing at the right was built in 1682. It was the center of the 12-mile circle that was drawn to bound William Penn's possessions in northern Delaware. Here the great leader of the Friends received the turf, twig, and bowl of water that acknowledged his right to land, forest, and water (see text, page 367).

into a cannon, and fired them at the foe—a really vicious kick.

Pilot's Town at Lewes has been for years the home of the famous Delaware River pilots. Old Henlopen Lighthouse, first built in 1725 and rebuilt in 1764, stood for more than 160 years near Lewes.

Lewes is particularly famous for its large menhaden fisheries and fertilizer plants, and much fame has come to it on account of its excellent Coast Guard Service.

Rehoboth Beach is the summer capital of Delaware (see Color Plate VIII). I was at Rehoboth during a gale that hurled waves from the open sea far above the boardwalk. After the storm, bathers picked up on the beach some old Spanish coins believed to be from chests of treasure buried by Captain Kidd, Edward Teach, and other piratical gentry who once lurked among the Delaware dunes.

A determined mosquito-control campaign has been under way for more than a year. With the help of two C. C. C. companies, the State Mosquito Control Commission has drained 28,000 acres of salt tidal marsh and is making progress toward eliminating mosquito breeding on the more than 107,000 acres of such land in the State. The campaign was needed; I still shudder at memories of a plump woman in a bathing suit plucking a chicken in the midst of a fog of mosquitoes near a bathing beach.

Georgetown, Stockley, Oak Orchard, and Selbyville are all in a rich agricultural district. Georgetown is the county seat of Sussex; Stockley has won renown for its seed distributors; Oak Orchard, with shallow beaches and shady groves, is a popular picnic resort; and Selbyville is an important shipping point for strawberries.

The State is primarily agricultural. Its rich sandy loam is ideal for virtually all crops suited to a temperate climate. There are many States with more striking scenery, but nowhere have I seen a more peaceful landscape. The people have the easy-going hospitality of the old South. They love their little land, and with ample cause.
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IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world’s largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resulting given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored — the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, a vast area of steaming, spouting fumaroles. As a result of The Society’s discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

To an expense of over $50,000, The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Incas race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

The society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, and contributed $5,000 to Admiral Byrd’s Antarctic Expedition.

NOT long ago The Society granted $25,000, and in addition $75,000 was given by individual members to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the fruits of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people.

The Society’s notable expeditions to New Mexico have pushed back the historic horizons of the Southwestern United States to a period nearly eight centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. By dating the ruins of the vast communal dwellings in that region The Society’s researches have solved secrets that have puzzled historians for three hundred years. The Society is sponsoring an ethnological survey of Venezuela.

To further the study of solar radiation in relation to long range weather forecasting, The Society has appropriated $65,000 to enable the Smithsonian Institution to establish a station for six years on Mt. Brunkaros, in South West Africa.

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G-2

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Havoline Is Tarfree
## CRUISES IN AMERICAN WATERS, SEPTEMBER 11 TO OCTOBER 10

This Sailing List is published by the Advertising Department of The National Geographic Magazine as an aid to readers contemplating a sea voyage. Routes as well as sailing dates are subject to change and cannot be guaranteed. No published schedule should be considered a travel authentic information. Consult the agent also for bookings and tickets. The National Geographic cannot supply these.

### Leaves New York

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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>Route</th>
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### 1956 SPECIAL WORLD CRUISES

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<td>Jan. 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 2</td>
<td>Canadian Pacific</td>
<td>Empress of Australia</td>
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### ROUTES

**American Lines**

1. Bermuda.
2. Havana, Panama.
3. Panama, Callao, Lima, Valparaiso.
5. Panama, Callao, Valparaiso.
6. San Juan, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello.
9. Caracas, La Guaira, Panama, Nassau.
10. Caracas, La Guaira, Panama, Nassau.
11. Caracas, La Guaira, Panama, Nassau.
12. San Juan and Santa Domingo.

**Continental American Lines**

14. St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Martin, St. Kitts, Antigua, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, Demerara.
15. Port au Prince, Caracas, Puerto Cabello, La Guaira, Guanta, Puerto Savage, Panamá, Cartagena, Trinidad, Demerara, Parnamuri.
17. Buenos Aires, Trinidad.
19. Cartagena, Puerto Colombia, Panama, Cana, La Liberty, San Jose, Mata.
20. Los Angeles, San Francisco.
22. New Orleans.
23. Port au Prince, Puerto Columbus.

**Regular Sailing from American Ports**

- From New York unless otherwise indicated.
- American Mail Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- American Scenic Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- American South African Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Anchor Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Batavia Mail Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Arnold Bernstein Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Canadian Pacific: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Clyde-Mallory Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Consul White Star Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Dollar Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- French Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Fred Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Grace Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Hamburg-American Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- North German Lloyd: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Norwegian Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Nippon Yusen Kaisha: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Panama Pacific Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- Red Star Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- States Steamship Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
- United States Line: 15 to 20-day cruises from Seattle to Japan, China and the Philippines.
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