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MARCH, 1940

Map Supplement of Classical Lands of the Mediterranean

Modern Odyssey in Classic Lands

With 27 Illustrations

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Today's Evidence of Grecian Glory

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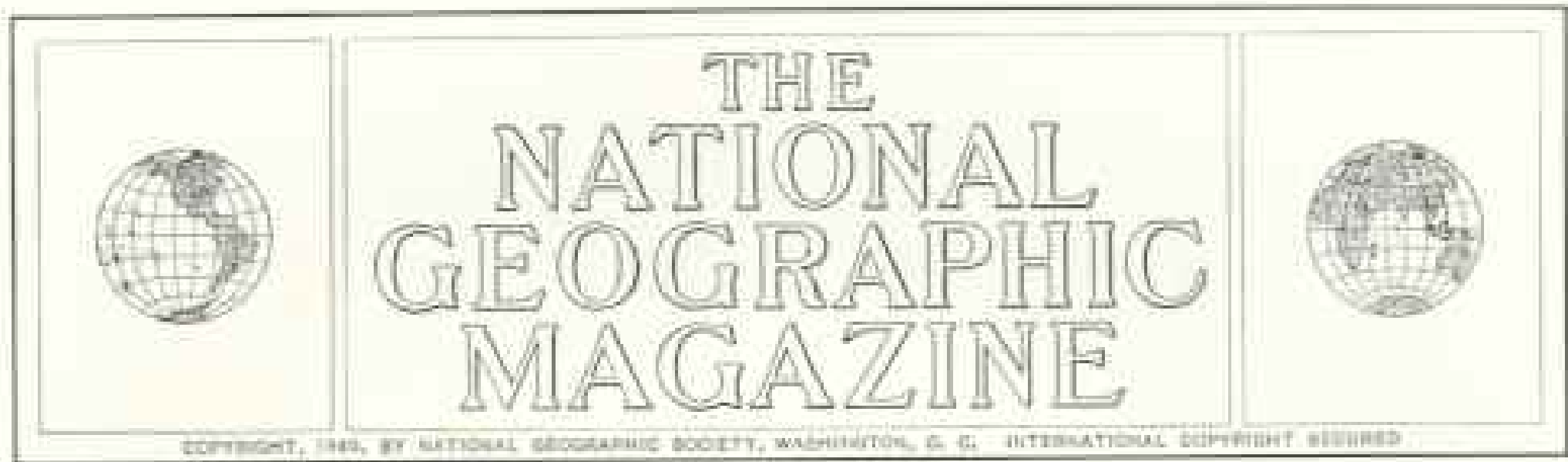
DOROTHY HOSMER

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MODERN ODYSSEY IN CLASSIC LANDS

Troy's Treasures, Athens' Parthenon, and Rome's First
"Broad Way" Influence Today's Banks, Costumes,
Jewelry, and Railroad Timetables

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and B. Anthony Stewart

WHEN I was eight years old, the drawers of my professor-father's desk bulged with proof sheets of *The Mycenaean Age*, a decidedly grown-up book.

Somewhere, far away, men had unearthed treasures of long ago. Among them were golden brooches, much like those my mother wore, but older than history itself.

Father, quoting Herodotus, told me the tragic story. From a disastrous battle only one Athenian returned. The widows of his fellows, jealous of his life when their men were dead, stabbed him to death with their brooches.

As punishment, women were forced to change from Doric wool robes, supported by shoulder brooches, to Ionic linen dresses with sleeves.

Ancient brooches, playing such a stirring role in war and women's styles, started my mind, and later my feet, wandering to distant places.

When the National Geographic Society's cartographers started work on an up-to-1940 chart of this back-to-the-beginning area, newly mapping regions which were first to be mapped, B. Anthony Stewart, our photographer, was in Egypt, I in

Montevideo, which was soon to echo the thunder of a naval Ajax and Achilles. He from an old world, I from a much newer one, converged on Athens.*

What secular pilgrimage could be more exciting? To see red poppies bloom among Athena's gray-green olive trees; to retrace the devious route of crafty Odysseus; to walk the walls of prehistoric Troy; to day-dream in the Parthenon, monumental model for all ages since; to visit the Olympic stadium where lithe-limbed athletes won wild-olive crowns; to follow the Victory of Samothrace and the Aphrodite of Mélos back from the Louvre to the islands where they rose from burial; to sense the breath of Africa on the sculptured stones of Leptis and Cyrene, where Imperial Italy retreads the seven-league strides of the Caesars; or wander through that mighty monument which is eternal Rome—that's adventure!

AMERICANS BUILD A MARBLE DAM

Even if one had never heard of it, Athens would be attractive. Air travelers on this short cut from Batavia or Saigon, Australia or Chungking, find it a pleasing night perch.

After Mount Hyméttos has doffed its violet crown at dusk, Athenians dine under the stars. In summer even the picture palaces and cabarets are open to the sky.

Ten years ago refugee industries threat-

* See "Classical Lands of the Mediterranean" Map, issued as a supplement to this issue of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, and page 338.



NYMPH AND SATYR DANCE IN THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS, CENTER OF CLASSIC DRAMA

In the train of Dionysus, god of wine and vegetation, were nymphs who carried the wand and satyrs such as Pan. Vassos Kanellos, Greek-American dancer, is here seen with his daughter Xenia, a former student in Lincoln High School, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Her mother, Charlotte Markham Kanellos, created the dance in the spirit of an Archaic vase painting.

ened to smudge the limpid Attic sky, but the smoke nuisance was averted by use of electric power generated many miles away. Americans built a marble dam near Marathon and, like a blood transfusion, pure water, flowing through 550 miles of pipes, brought new life to the growing city, laying the dust and cleaning the atmosphere.

Soon Athens will quaff cool water from faraway Parnassus (Parnassos), where gray-bearded mountaineers, their flocks in winter quarters, shepherd pretty Athenian girls to skiing fields once famed for Muses and bacchanalian revels.

GREEK CLASSICS "ESCAPE LITERATURE"
FOR MODERN GREEKS

In modern Greece the climate is delightful, the scenery varied, the people kindly

and vivacious. Seated out of doors around small tables, they drink tiny cups of sweet black coffee and wave expressive hands in spirited conversation.

With war stalking Europe, Greece suffers a shortage of coffee, sugar, and movie reels. But Athens' favorite actress, Kotopouli, is playing ancient tragedy in the Royal National Theater before capacity crowds. Harried by the modern world, Hellas turns again to the glorious past when Greece was supreme.

Before the American Historical Association in Washington last December, President W. S. Ferguson summarized the greatness of Greece in its Golden Age: "The age of Pericles was an age of idealization, of the State by Thucydides, of its citizens by Pericles, of humanity in the heroic charac-

ters of Sophocles, and of the human frame and features in the sculptures of Phidias."

Athens is attractive today.* But Pausanias, father of guidebooks, knew it when buildings constructed below the Acropolis by Hadrian and Herodes Atticus were new. He described Greece so exactly that archeologists, following his directions nearly 2,000 years later, stick in a thumb and pull out a plum.

Modern travelers, on seeing the Parthenon, may be reminded of the home town bank, a church in Paris, or the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C. But they are thrilled.

On nights when the moon is full, visitors wander about the Acropolis alone, instinctively paying tribute to Athena. Young women tiptoe about, silent. Men of the world lie back against the golden marble and forget to smoke.

Each seems to feel that here he is in a place of beauty and balance, in the presence of some mystery with which even zealous St. Paul, preaching to the Athenians from that outcropping of bare rock below, was sympathetic (Plate X).

Many matchless marbles are missing from the Acropolis Museum. But where can one see a lovelier thing than Nike adjusting her sandal? (Page 324.)

THE SHRINE OF DRAMA

At the base of the Acropolis, the ancient dramatic season, short and crowded, flooded thirsty minds with tragedy, comedy, or farce. The public of Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, illiterate but keen, was as uproarious as a Broadway crowd at *Life with Father*.

Classic drama, originally a toast to Dionysus, god of wine, rose to stardom from the chorus. Only slowly did dialogue insinuate itself, and the song-and-dance man become an actor, declaiming through a comic or tragic mask whose big mouth served as a loud-speaker (Plate XIII, and opposite page).

Dionysus was no kill-joy. Prisoners were paroled from jail for the drama festival. When they primed themselves with wine, Bronx cheers sometimes echoed from the Acropolis cliff, and stale vegetables sailed through the Athenian sky. By holders of two-obol leaden tickets the

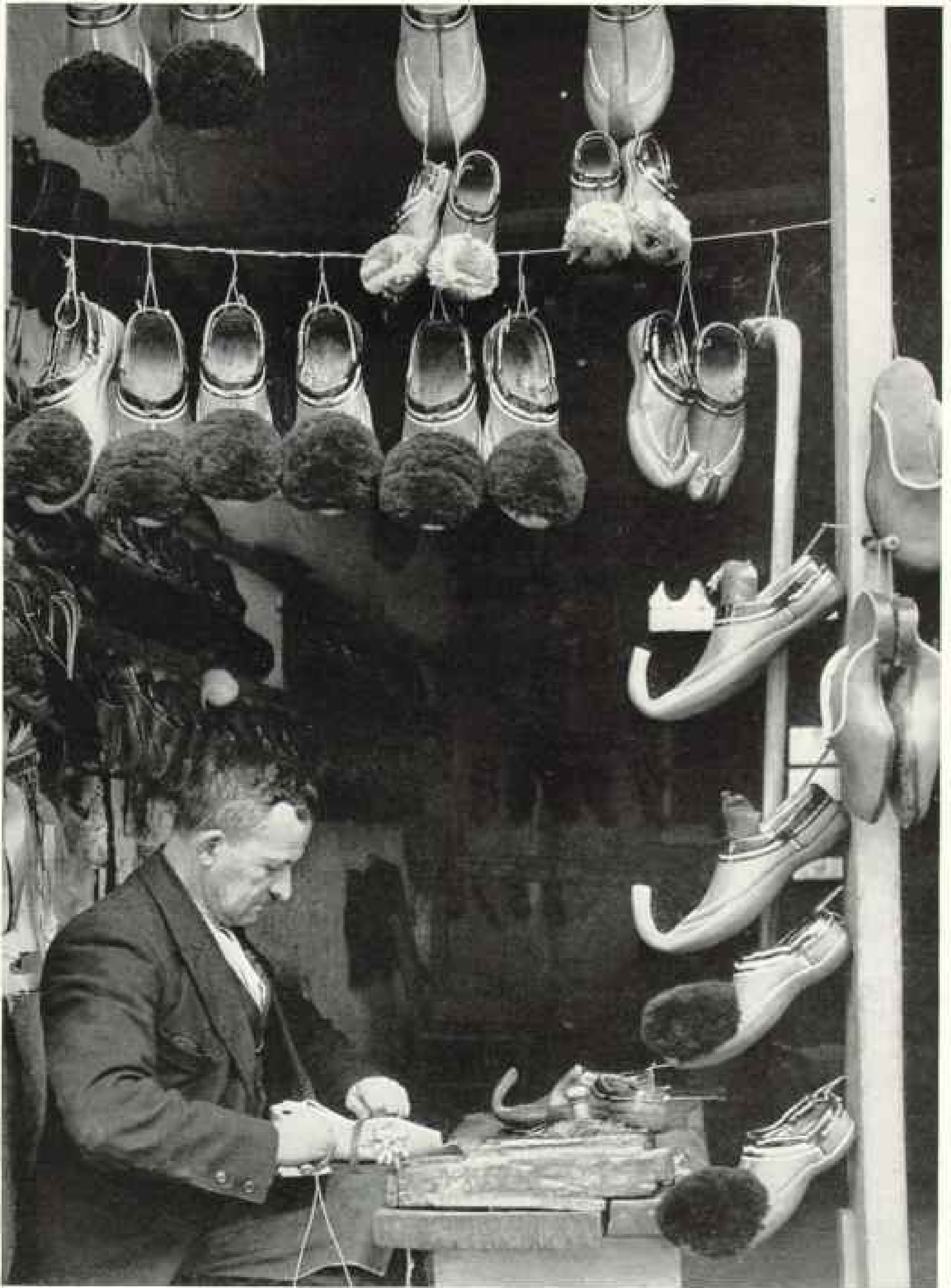
* See "New Greece, the Centenarian, Forges Ahead," by Maynard Owen Williams, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, December, 1930.



Photograph by Ainari.

APHRODITE NO. 1, FROM CYRENE

Now in the Museo delle Terme at Rome, this toast of art lovers was found in December, 1913, by soldiers just after Italy won Libya from Turkey. A chilling cloudburst flooded their tent. One rookie was put to work draining it, and his shovel revealed the callipygian marble to the admiration of his tent mates (page 326).



THIS IOANNINA SHOEMAKER WEARS ORDINARY CLOTHES, MAKES EXTRAORDINARY SLIPPERS.

Sturdy *tsaruchia*, tufted with red or blue pompons, are worn by shepherds and royal guardsmen. Tiny ones, bought in Athens, are sold as lapel ornaments for sports dresses. Such distinctive footwear now competes with sandals made of castoff automobile tires, which give more mileage on the rocky hills of Hellas.



SOFT-GOLD RELIC OF A REMOTE AGE, DATELESS AND NAMELESS, IS THE PRICELESS VAPHIO CUP

Probably at least 3,400 years old, this goldsmith's masterpiece shows a wild bull hunt, with the finely muscled animal here seen escaping the net in which another is caught. It was found in a beehive tomb at Vaphio, near Sparta (text below).

Theater of Dionysus might have been called the "Gayety."

Much of the treasure found at Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenae is in the National Archeological Museum at Athens, along with immortal sculpture and vases.

A MINE OF GOLDEN BEAUTY

It was a literal gold-letter day when Heinrich Schliemann, following his lifelong dream, scooped priceless golden relics into his wife's red shawl—8,700 from Troy alone.

Homer spoke of Mycenae as "abounding in gold." Schliemann, taking Homer's word for it, dug and found the richest treasures ever unearthed until Tutankhamen's (Tutankhamon) tomb yielded its enameled gold and alabaster.

In the mid-town museum one revels in the sheer beauty of the head of Hygeia, and then marvels at the people who began the world's long struggle for hygiene, sanitation, and health.

Physicians still take the Oath of Hippocrates, who set the high ethics of the medical profession.

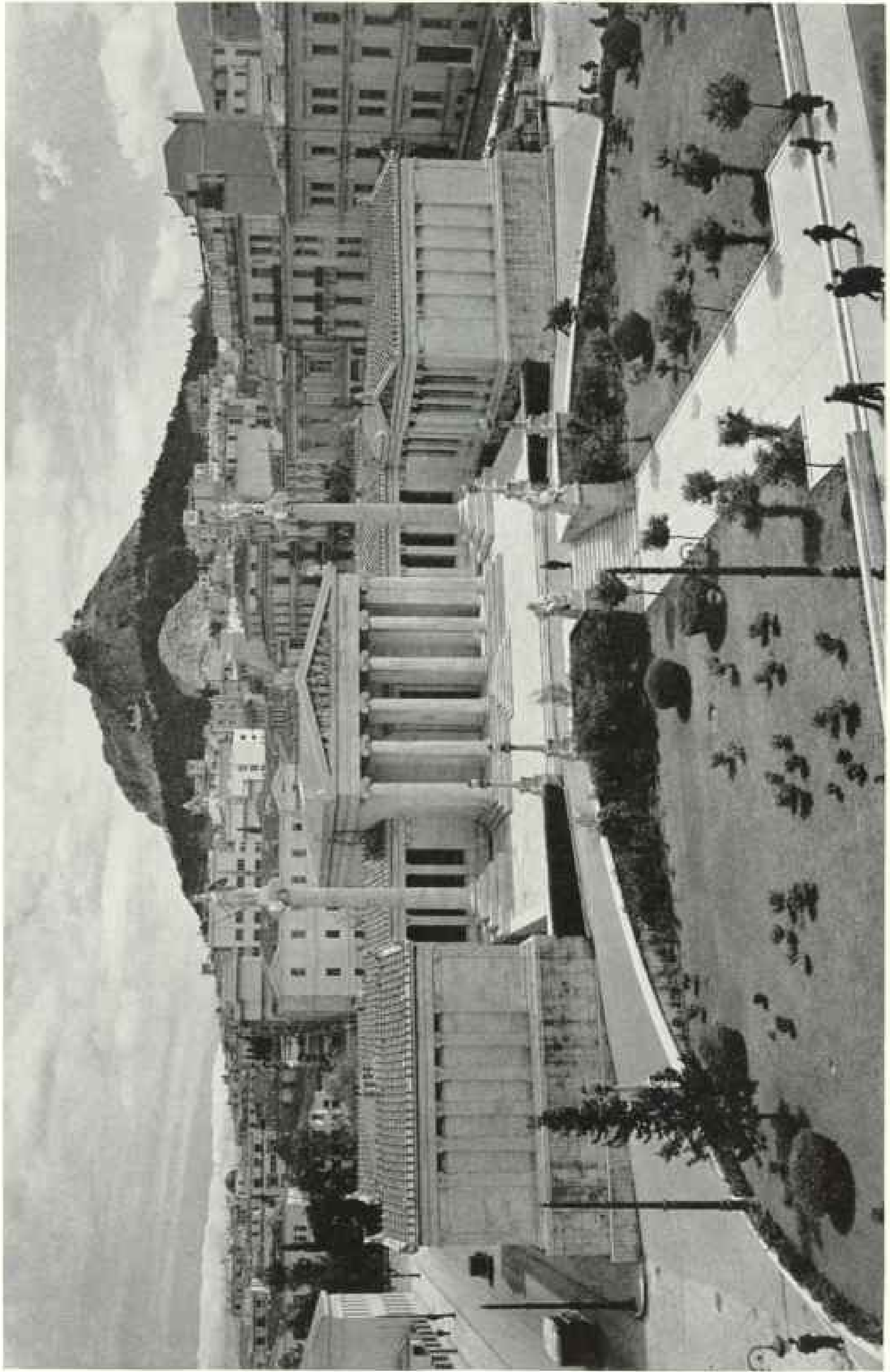
There is a fine Archaic figure of youth. Before the museum acquired this early Greek symbol of the athletic ideal, the statue was sawed into three parts, smuggled out of Greece, and finally brought back to its homeland after other institutions had bid high for the bootlegged beauty.

People smile at seeing a marble Aphrodite defend herself with her sandal. There are inlaid prehistoric daggers such as only a Kyoto maker of steel-gold damascene could copy. But most interesting to me were the Vaphio cups, discovered by Dr. Chrestos Tsountas, author of *The Mycenaean Age*, who continued Schliemann's excavations inside Mycenae's Lion Gate (page 327).

Antedating exact history and almost as fragile as a tinfoil cigarette wrapper, these nine-ounce masterpieces of the goldsmith's art have come down through the ages unscathed.

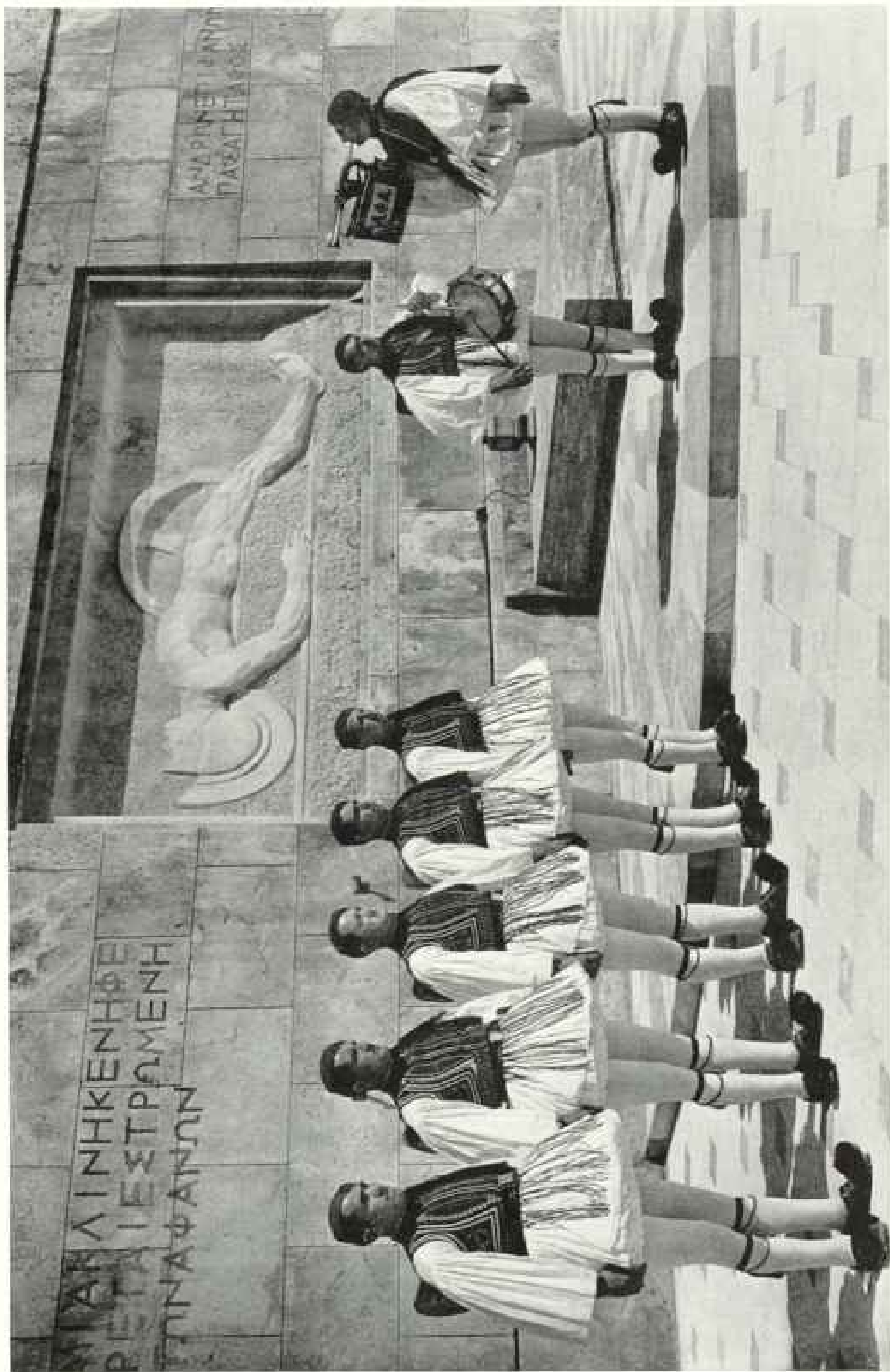
CLUTCHING 3,000 YEARS OF HISTORY

Just before our arrival, Dr. Carl W. Blegen had brought back from Pylos, wrapped in cotton, 600 inscribed tablets—only ones yet found on the Greek main-



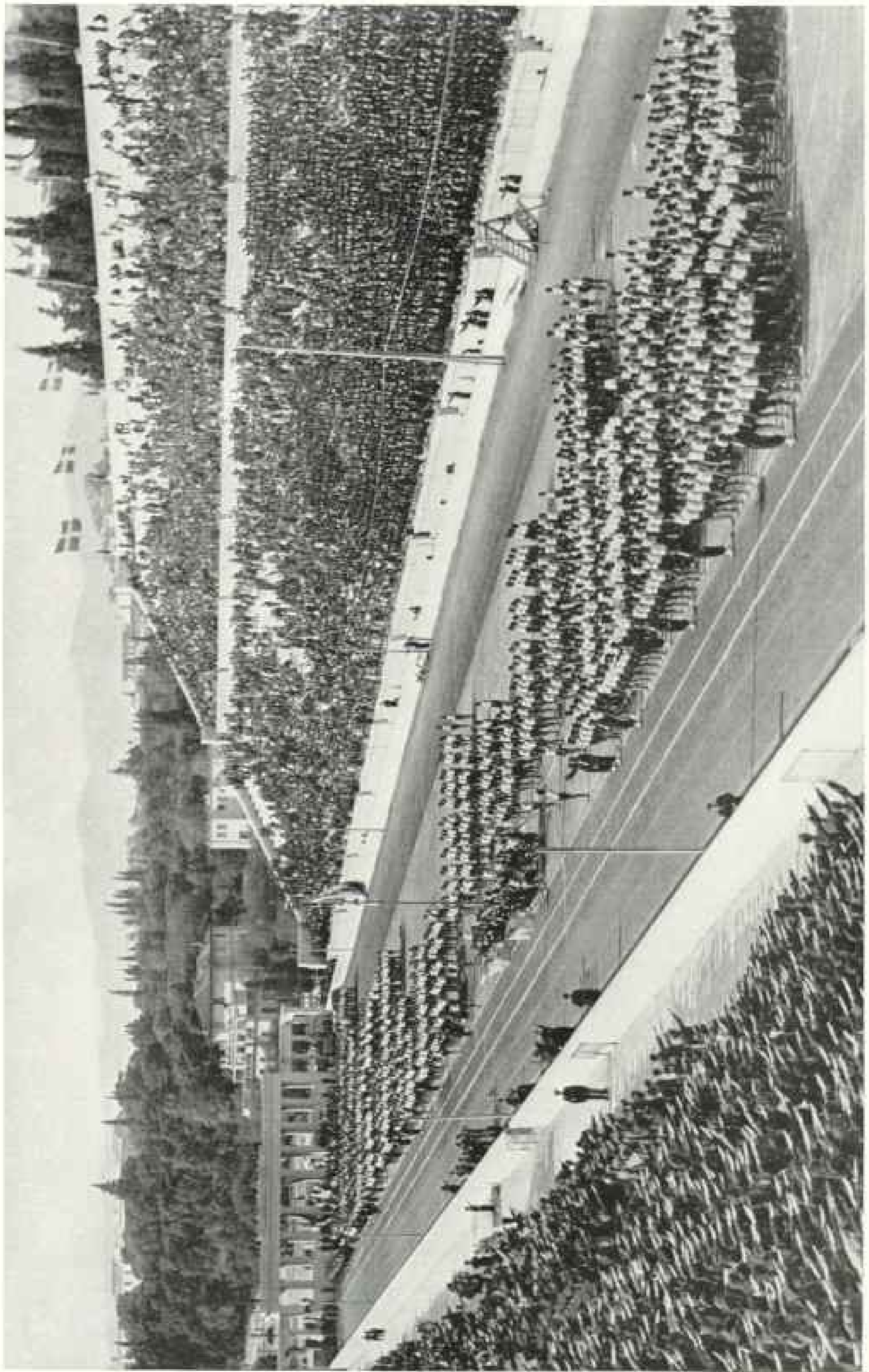
THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE IN ATHENS BRINGS ANCIENT ARCHITECTURAL FORMS TO MODERN UNIVERSITY BOULEVARD

Built of marble in classic style with sculptured pediment and Ionic colonnade, this meeting place of savants gives a vivid suggestion of the Periclean Age. It is flanked by lesser halls housing the Numismatic Collection and State Archives. Against the sky rises the Chapel of St. George on 910-foot Lycabettus.



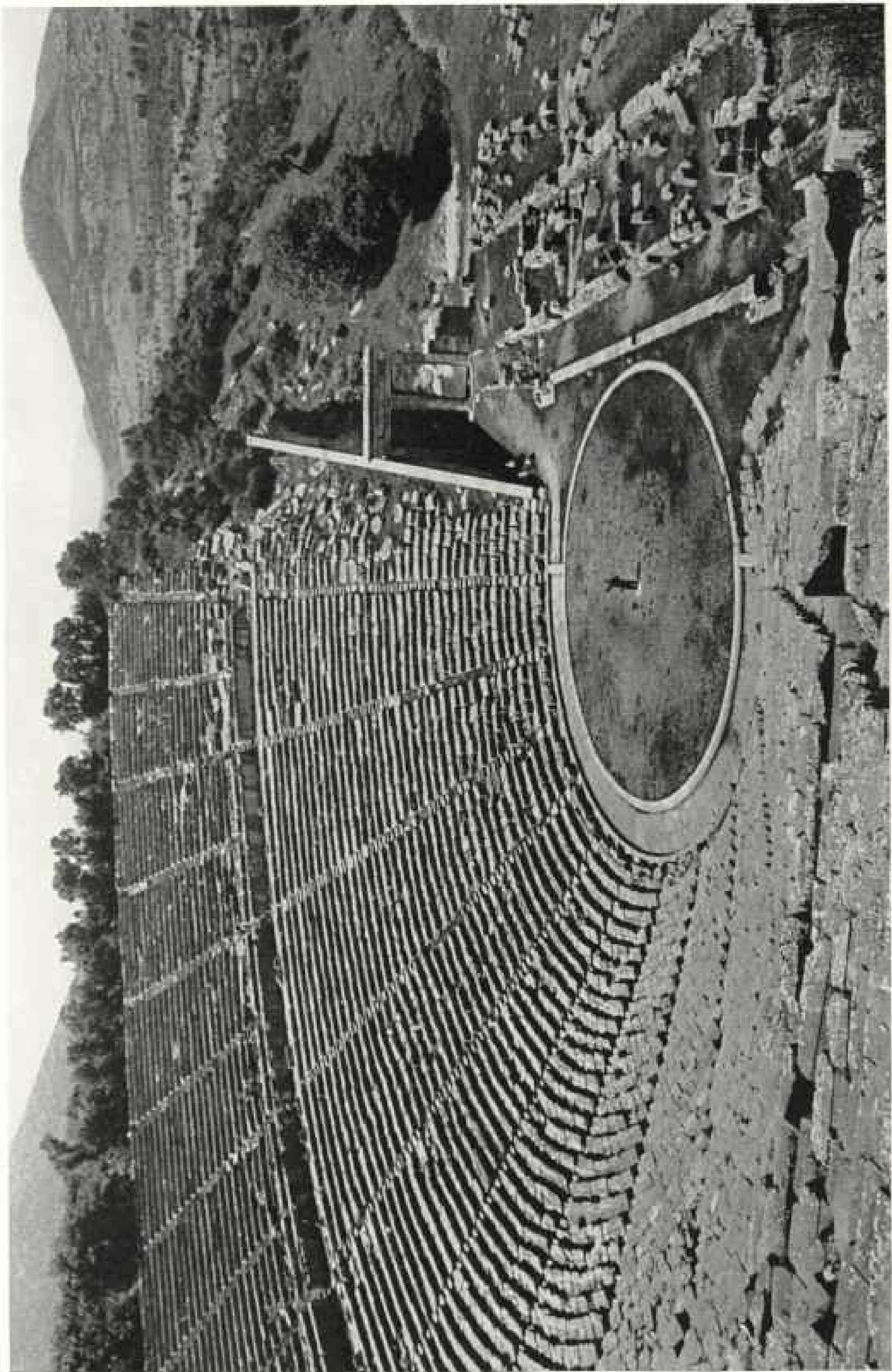
KILLED MEMBERS OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD STAND SILENT BEFORE THE TOMB OF GREECE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

This new memorial with its helmeted hero similar to ancient warriors faces Constitution Square, half park, half open-air café—the center of Athenian life. The guard of honor wears the summer uniform of tasseled fez, embroidered vest, heavily pleated *justacolla*, white woolen tights, and pompon slippers.



PICKED ATHLETES OF GREEK YOUTH MASS IN THE RESTORED ATHENS STADIUM, READY TO ENJOY THEIR "AGONIES!"

Pheldippides, bringing to Athens the news of the Greek victory over the Persians at Marathon, dropped dead after shouting, "Rejoice, we conquer!" The original Marathon run in 490 B.C. was agony to him. The Greek word *agonia*, from which "agony" comes, now means "contest." When the ancient stadium, first provided with marble seats by Herodes Atticus, was restored for the modern revival of the Olympic Games in 1896, the Marathon winner was a young Greek.



AT THE ANCIENT HEALTH RESORT OF EPIDAUROS, SUN AND AIR, MUSIC AND DRAMA HELPED BANISH DISEASE

Today this best-preserved of Greek theaters stands lone and empty, far from towns. So good are the acoustics that a coin dropped by the man could be heard in any of the 14,000 seats. To this day health resorts around the world use methods practiced in Epidaurus, shrine of Asclepius, god of healing (page 125).



WHERE NAUSICAA'S MAIDS PLAYED BALL, MODERN WOMEN OF CORFU CARRY WATER

No scene in the *Odyssey* is more charming than that in which the shipwrecked Odysseus, crusted with brine, was discovered by the daughter of King Alcinous, at whose court Homer's hero told the tale of his wanderings. Tradition puts the land of Alcinous on the island of Corfu.

land—which may be the key to undeciphered Cretan script.

He let me hold one of these precious tablets, not yet on display. There, in a modern museum workroom, my fingers spanned a gap of a full 3,000 years.

Athens has its Rockefeller Center—not reared against the sky but dug down through history and debris. Hundreds of homes were razed so that a detailed study of the Agora or market could be made in the heart of Athens at the north base of the Acropolis.

Archeologists, mining this rich vein for nine years, have been rewarded to date with 40,000 treasured items.

Calling one day on Professor T. Leslie Shear, Director of the American Excavations in the Athenian Agora, I found him deep in a tomb.

It originally belonged to one of the family of Erechtheus, whose first temple was holier than the Parthenon. A later Erechtheum, built as a relief work project, formerly sheltered a harem behind its Caryatid porch (Plate XIII).

GREEK BALLOTS FOR OSTRACISM

"What was your greatest thrill?" the traveler is asked.

Stewart and I had one which, in an election year, should have the common touch.

When the Greeks grew tired

of their leaders, they exiled them. The ballots were ostraca, bits of potsherd on which names were scratched (page 332).

Plutarch pictures Aristides scratching his own name on a ballot at the request of an illiterate stranger who was "tired of hearing Aristides called 'The Just.'"

We reached the Agora "digs" just in time to see a double handful of still-legible ostraca unearthed after 2,400 years. In the museum we saw and photographed what may have been the very potsherd which figured in Plutarch's 1,800-year-old story. With it

we photographed another on which Themistocles' name was scrawled. "Themistocles."

Some of the men who cast these potsherd ballots for ostracism could not spell. But they could vote.

HISTORY IN DEEP WELLS

History owes much to catastrophe. When a city was sacked, men were too lazy to carry away the rubbish.

"Where shall I put this junk?" asked some lazy slave.

"Oh, throw it down the well," replied the gardener, who feared that he might have to dispose of it. Such a well, thus clogged with clues, is a treasure chest.

Distinguishing marks indicate the ancient date somewhat as "Karlov Vary," Czechoslovakia, on a bit of porcelain or glass would date it today. Before 1918 and after 1939 the name would be "Karlbad."

Having admired Professor Shear's work at Sardis (western Turkey) and Corinth, I presumed to ask:

"Suppose I challenge your findings, assume that you have bungled your work and scrambled the evidence?"

"All right! Hire some carters, buy a few tons of dirt, and work out the problem yourself. With Miss Lucy Talcott's system of notes, triplicate photographs, and carefully catalogued specimens, a trained man,



A MAID OF ATHENS WEARS THE COSTUME OF THE FIRST QUEEN OF MODERN GREECE

From the rich collection of national dresses in the Benaki Museum at Athens, the donor, Mr. Antony Benaki, a member of the National Geographic Society, provided this splendid costume. The richly embroidered jacket is called Queen Amalie, for the consort of Otho, first king of emancipated Greece.

a hundred years from now, can restore the disputed section."

Such is modern archeology—progressed far from the irresponsible treasure hunting of a few decades ago.

ISLAND OF THE FIRST AVIATOR

From Athens I flew to Crete. How else should one approach the island of Daedalus, "cunning craftsman" and first aviator?

Without the ingenuity of this ancient Leonardo, I could hardly have reached the isle anyway, for he also invented the sail,



Photograph from Wide World

THE WINGED VICTORY HANGS IN SUSPENSE UNDER THE THREAT OF WAR.

Clad in sackcloth to protect her classic draperies, the Nike of Samothrace is here being transported to the basement of the Louvre. When found in 1863 on the small island of Samothrace, this three-ton masterpiece was carried on a bed of oak blades down the pathless slopes to the French dispatch boat *Ajaccio*. On August 26, 1939, the Louvre was closed and its treasures transported from Paris or hidden in bombproof shelters.



Photograph from Wide World

ROUGH BUT REVERENT HANDS GUIDE THE VENUS DE MILO TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

Best known of classic marbles, Aphrodite of Milos is named for the Aegean island where she was found in 1820. Bought for \$1,200 by the French Ambassador at Constantinople, the statue has been priceless ever since. The Louvre gave honored place to this masterpiece; now it lies under sandbags. Much controversy has arisen as to how the goddess lost her arms and what was their original position (pages 306 and 329).



WILL 1940 A.D. COPY THE WASP WAISTS OF KNOSSOS, 1940 B.C.?

This reproduction of the "Ladies in Blue" fresco now hangs in the Palace of Minos at Knossos, to the exploration of which Sir Arthur Evans devoted his life. Seals and mural carvings found in Syria and Egypt show how widely the tightly belted Cretans were known in ancient times (p. 378).



"DRINK THE CLOUDY TOAST OF MEMORY TO YOUR WIFE; THE CLEAR ONE OF FORGETFULNESS TO YOUR SWEETHEARTS"

Such is the ceremony the waitress suggests as she passes coffee and water in a small café between two famous springs at Levadeia. Ancient visitors drank the water of Leithr to forget the world; of Mnemosyne to remember the local oracle.



SCHOOL CHILDREN OF ATHENS GAZE ON POSEIDON, DEFEATED OPPONENT OF ATHENA, THEIR CITY'S NAMESAKE

Poseidon's trident brought forth salt water; Athena produced the olive tree and so won guardianship of the ancient city. This colossal figure of the "earth-shaker" and world-girdling sea god gives its name to the Room of Poseidon, in Greek, on the wall above. A recent acquisition of the National Archeological Museum at Athens is the bronze figure of Zeus Hurling the Thunderbolt (foreground), an original by Phidias, found in the sea off the island of Euboea. Zeus (the Roman Jupiter) and Poseidon were brothers.

the auger, the level, and folding chairs.

The airport of Athens lies near Mount Pentelicus (Penetelikón), from whose gold-tinged marble the Parthenon was built.

Within the closely guarded enclosure, aviation recruits played at football. Here a Lufthansa plane was ready to hop to Berlin and a Polish plane to Warsaw, while a silvery Douglas, disgorging sun-helmeted travelers from Batavia, was inspected. Up rolled a tank car as a stubby-winged Savoia-

Marchetti plopped down to drink on its way from Rhodes to Rome.

Once in the air, after Attica dropped behind, we could see the Aegean shining like quicksilver, darkly dotted with the islands where ancient mariners, lacking compasses, sat around their fires and waited for daylight before sailing on.

"How could one help being a sailor here?" I asked one day.

"Most of them were," was the reply.

Gradually the snowy heights of Crete grew in the south. First we saw the old Venetian fort and the walled city which withstood a 20-year siege; soon, a few miles inland, the site of mighty Knossos (Cnos-sus) (page 328). Then we bumped to a landing on soft soil near the sea.

Hērakleion, which many still call Candia, is a provincial port where black Cretan wine spurts from wineskins and men beat inky fluid from octopuses, caught for food.

In Hērakleion's new museum there are relics of an otherwise unknown age, indicating a high culture a thousand years before Pericles, when Greek and Roman were still barbarians.

Ancient seals and carvings picture the early Cretan with an abnormally slender waist (page 304). These relics, found far from Crete, give clue to the part Minoan sea kings played in Aegean trade and history. When Homer sang of Crete's "ninety cities," the island midway between Greece and Egypt had lost its supremacy.

In modern speech, and in Roman and Pompeian art, the love story of Theseus and Ariadne, of Labyrinth and Minotaur, lives on. But when rediscovered in 1900, the Palace of Minos had disappeared from sight and mind for about 3,300 years.

Knossos, where Daedalus served King Minos, was the most ancient center of civilized life in Europe. Take any A. D. date from the birth of Columbus to 1940 and Knossos can match it with a corresponding B. C. date when life there was rich.

THE FIRST LABYRINTH

Archeologists now think that the labyrinth was not a box-hedge puzzle but the "house of the labrys"—the palace itself. The labrys was a sacred double ax and cult symbol.

Inland are snow-capped mountains, in one of which was born Zeus, father of the Muses. Some are obscure, but "Beautiful Voice" is known to modern circus fans by the not always so beautifully tuned calliope.

The Cretan still betrays centuries of Turkish domination by wearing balloon-seated trousers so full that he never sits down twice on the same part of them (331).

A tailor takes weeks to finish a hand-braided pattern on a jacket or a red-lined cloak. With a pair of soft boots and a fringed scarf twisted into a turban, a good Cretan's costume costs from \$80 up—no small sum for a small farmer.

As our plane took off from Crete, returning to Athens, down in a rugged valley we saw the pink-and-green harmony of oleander bushes taller than a man's head.

WHAT BECAME OF APHRODITE'S ARMS?

Islands which, by morning light some days before, had been ebony inserts on a silver sea, were now brown masses edged in white. Skirting the western rim of the Cyclades, we flew over Mēlos and looked straight down on the landlocked harbor beside which the Aphrodite of Mēlos was found in 1820 (pages 303 and 329).

"Where are her arms?" people asked, as they viewed her among plush curtains of the Louvre.

One story is that during a fight over the price of this shapely goddess her arms were broken off and lost in the sea. Her present custodian says, "She didn't lose her arms in a fight because she had no arms and there was no fight."

A French naval cadet's sketch, showing the first uncovering of that superb torso after many centuries, pictures Aphrodite in two pieces, but without arms (page 303).

Seen from high in the air, Mēlos, doughnut-shaped quarry for sulphur and millstones, seems insignificant. But when will the world forget it as the spot where Aphrodite rose from the earth, as she first did from the foam, clad in loveliness?

Winging our way toward Athens, we flew directly over the Poseidon Temple at Sounion. There, ten years before, I had feasted and photographed with Vassos and Tanagra Kanellos, Greek-American dancers (Plate XIII, and page 292).

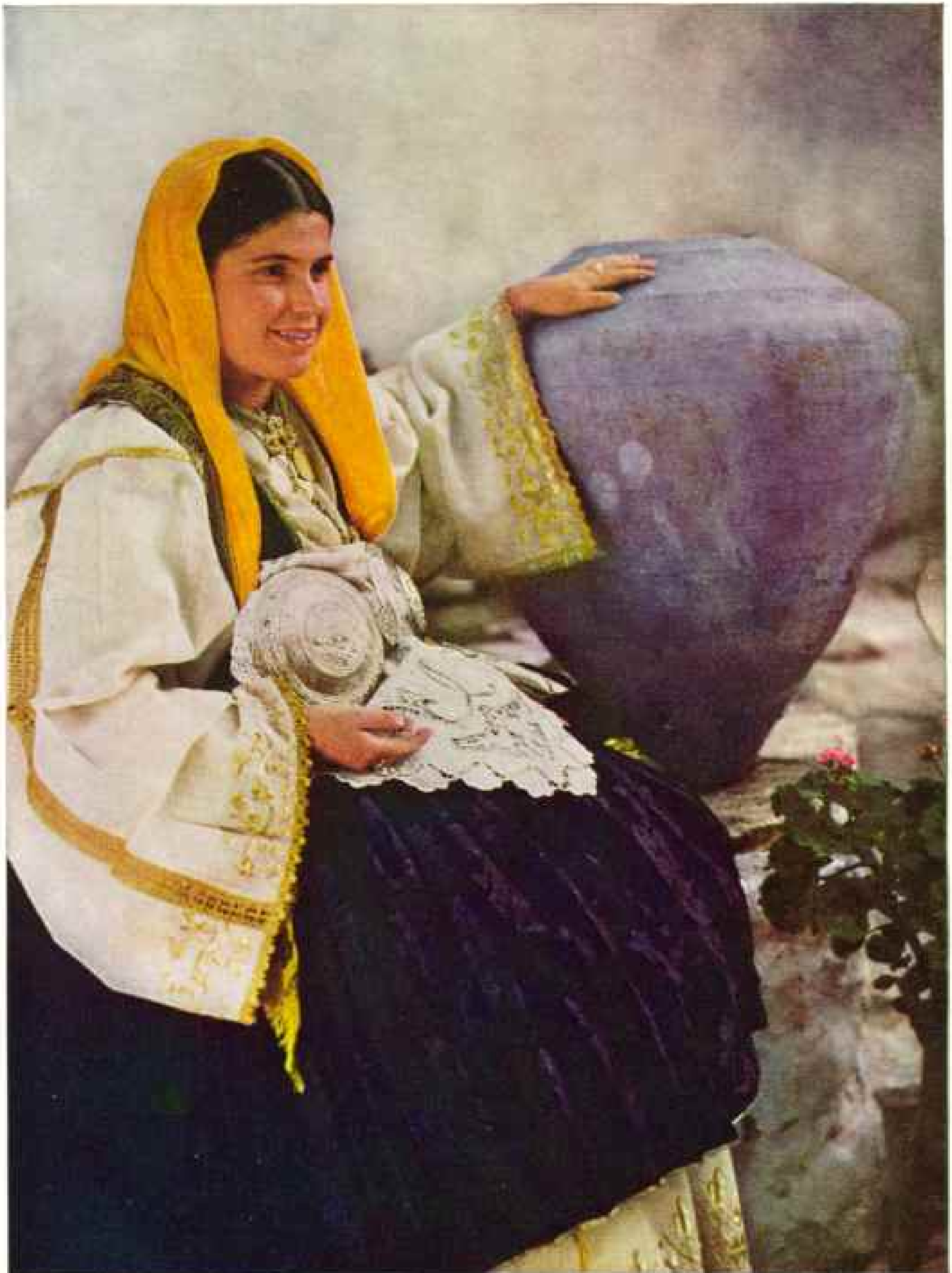
It was May, and harvest time. All across Attica yellow bundles of grain were being shocked and the breezes were gently warm.

On our way to that high plateau on which Poseidon's temple stands we saw slag heaps scar the hillsides and smoking chimneys smudge the sky. This is Laurium (now Lávreion), which once mined silver and now mines lead.

From night-dark mine shafts came the silver that built Themistocles' fleet, saved Greece from Oriental domination, and ushered in that brief, glorious era of which the Parthenon is the symbol and the death of Socrates the suicide stroke!

At a hundred stormy capes, Greek sailors in tiny ships fought to escape the rocks. On rocky promontories temples were raised in supplication or thanksgiving.

TODAY'S EVIDENCE OF GRECIAN GLORY



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart.

ISOLATION HAS HELPED PRESERVE THIS GRECIAN COSTUME

Hard to get to by land, and reached only after a stiff climb from its tiny port, is Trikeri, high on the peninsula tip of Pelion. On these slopes Achilles, Homeric hero, was trained by the Centaur, half man, half horse (Plate V).



© National Geographic Society

WOMEN'S STYLES HAVE OUTLIVED NATIONAL REGIMES BESIDE LAKE KASTORIA

Kastoria, on its highland lake, has been Greek for a quarter of a century, but a few fine old gowns and jackets remain from the days when Turkish sultans ruled Macedonia (Plate VII).

Photobromide by B. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

BAREFOOT GIRLS NEAR FLORINA WEAR HAND-WORKED LEGGINGS AND STURDY EMBROIDERED GOWNS.



Kodakprints by B. Anthony Stewart

ATHENIAN CHAMPIONS OF CLASSIC CULTURE, HE WEARS THE ALBANIAN FUSTANELLA. SHE, THE COSTUME OF CRETE.



© National Geographic Society

HERDSMEN'S HUTS FOLLOW THE FLOCKS FROM HIGHLAND SUMMER PASTURES TO WINTER QUARTERS IN THE PLAINS

Kosherman by H. Anthony Stewart

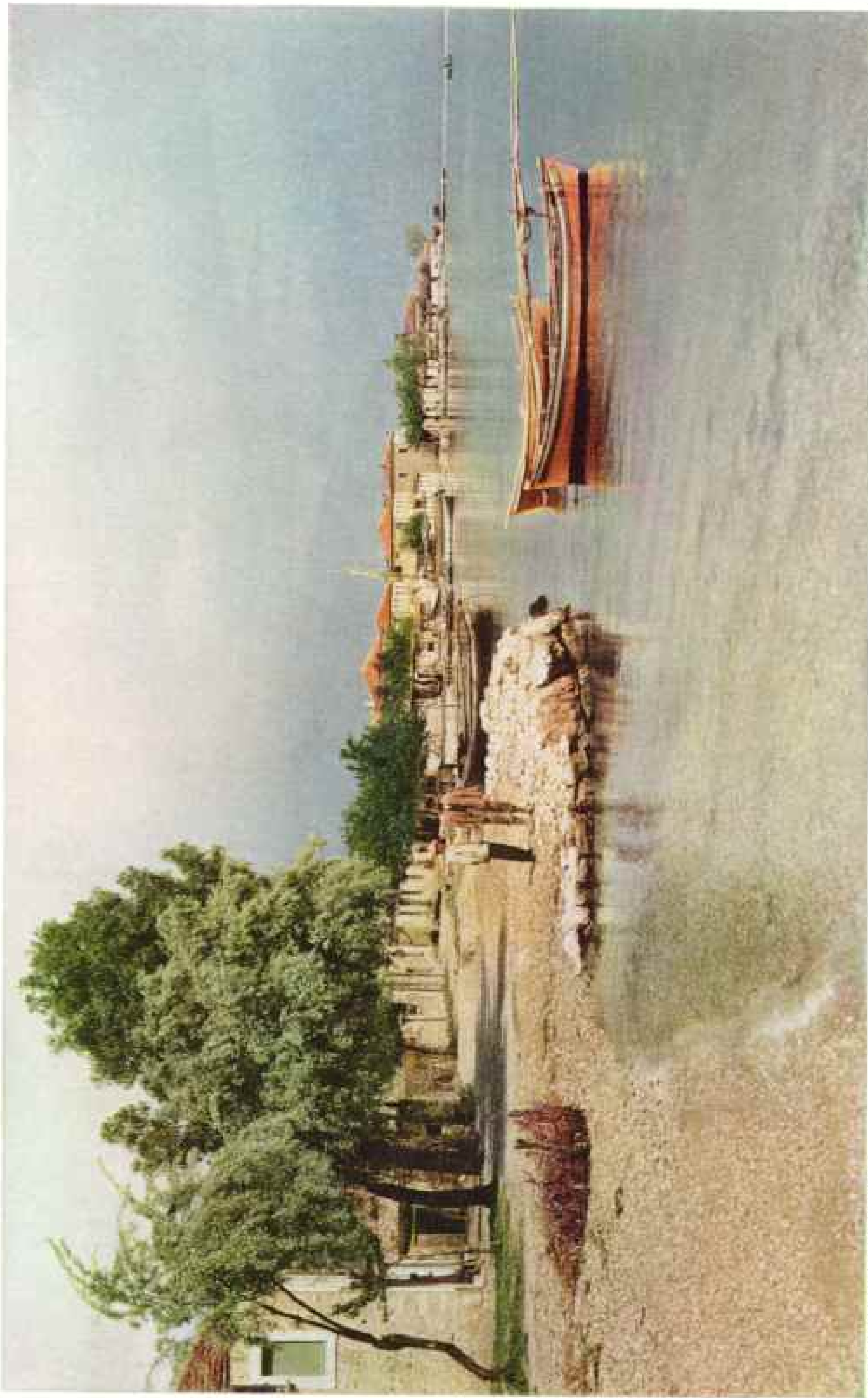
Fertile land of olive tree and vine, Greece has vast tracts more suitable for grazing than for agriculture. In one-third the area, Greece has nearly three times as many sheep as Montana; almost as many as Texas. Katsio-Vlach tribesmen as well as Greek shepherds direct the seasonal migrations.



40 National Geographic Society
 THE HILLS OF HELLAS SHELTER MANY PASTORAL NOMADS
 WHOSE WOMENFOUR MAKE CAMP OR PACK



Koelachromes by H. Anthony Stewart
 IN TRÁKERT, AS IN NAZARETH, THE LOCAL FOUNTAIN
 IS THE WOMEN'S CLUB



© National Geographic Society

GRAY DAWN SURROUNDS PSATHIÓPYRGOS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HISTORIC GULF OF CORINTH

Reproduction by B. Anthony Stewart

Here passed athletes and poets bound for the ancient Pythian Games at Delphi, which surpassed those of Olympia. Here companies of beautiful maidens were shipped to Aphrodite's temple at Corinth. Here went Corinthian galleys to colonize Corfu. Here came the Romans to destroy the city of the Corinthians, to rob its graves and carry Grecian art to Italy. Here St. Paul traveled on his missionary journeys. After the cutting of the canal, now temporarily closed by a landslide, ships passed this way from Istanbul and Rhodes to Brindisi and Naples.



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HOMESPUN MAKES HER PARADING DRESS

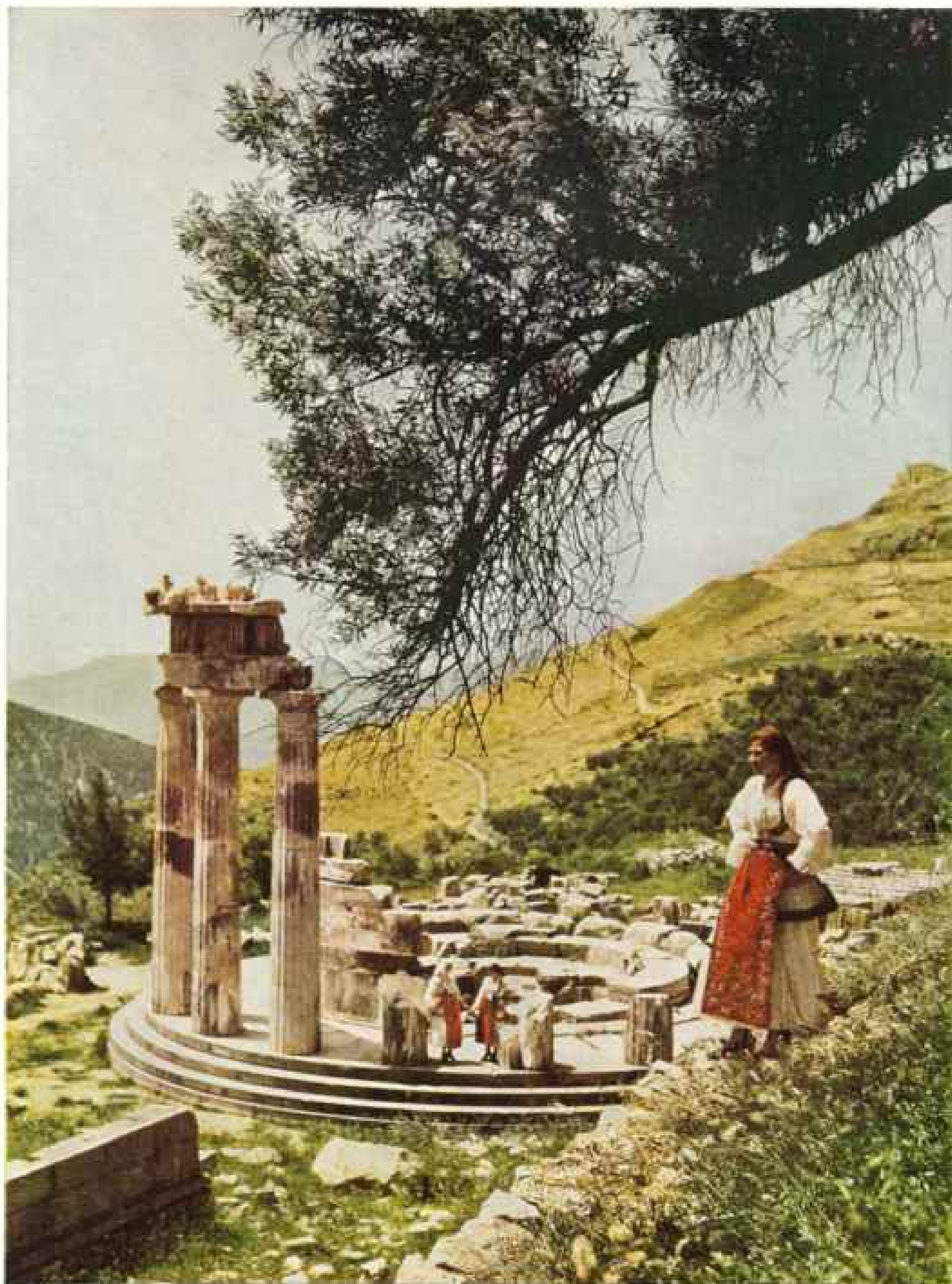
Many a Greek Princess still toils at the loom or knits a sweater, as did this Kalavryta girl.



Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart

HER GALA ATTIRE IS FOR HOLIDAY SHOW

On feast days, velvet and gold thread, silk brocade and clinking coins are still worn at Kastoria (Plate II).



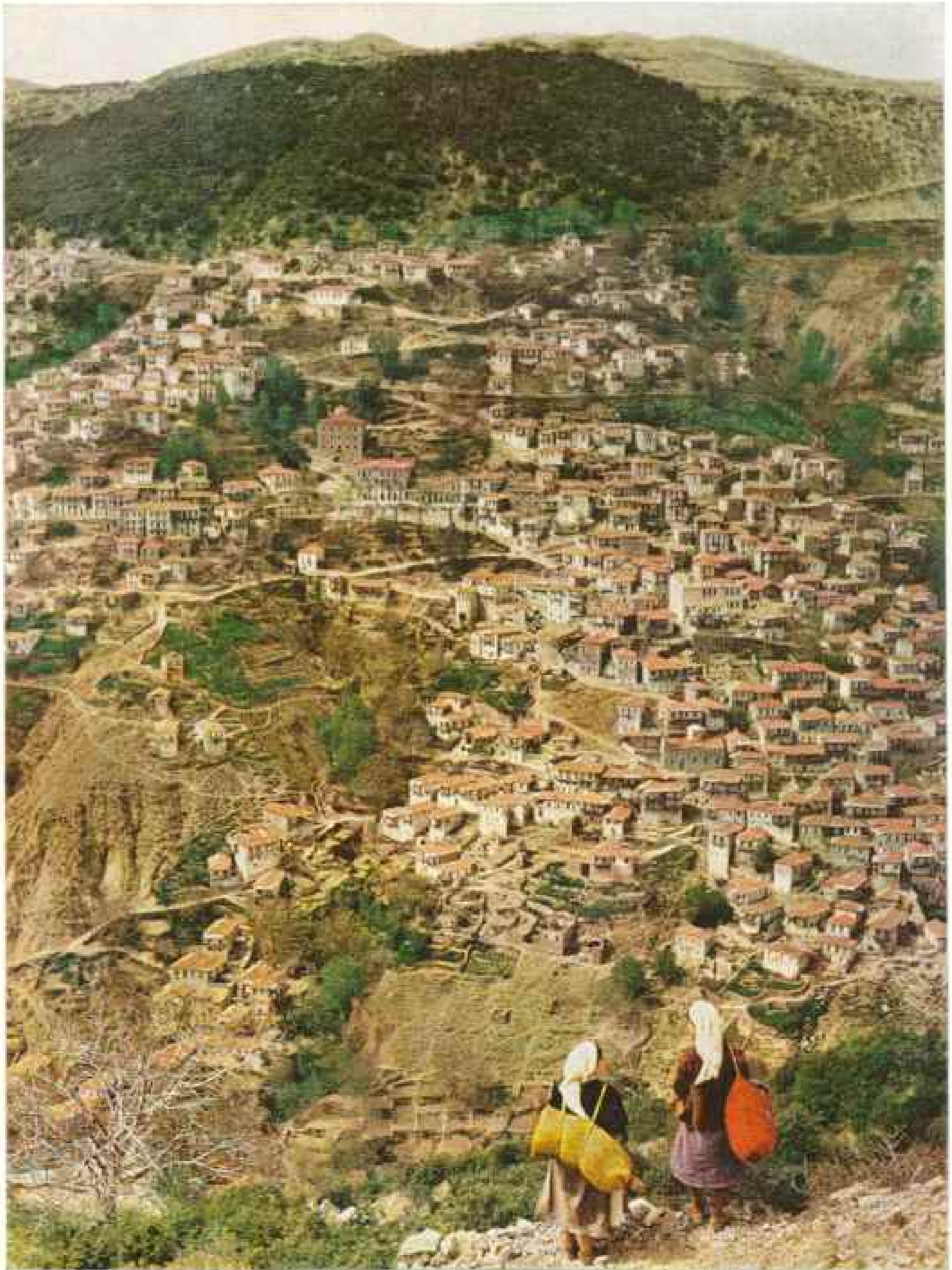
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Kodachrome by R. Anthony Stewart

THREE DORIC COLUMNS, AGAIN ERECT, GRACE A SUBURB OF DELPHI

On the slopes of Parnassus the famous oracle delivered mystic messages, proud cities gave gifts to Apollo, and like athletes contested in the Pythian Games. Recently French archeologists restored three of the 2,300-year-old columns of the Tholos.

TODAY'S EVIDENCE OF GRECIAN GLORY

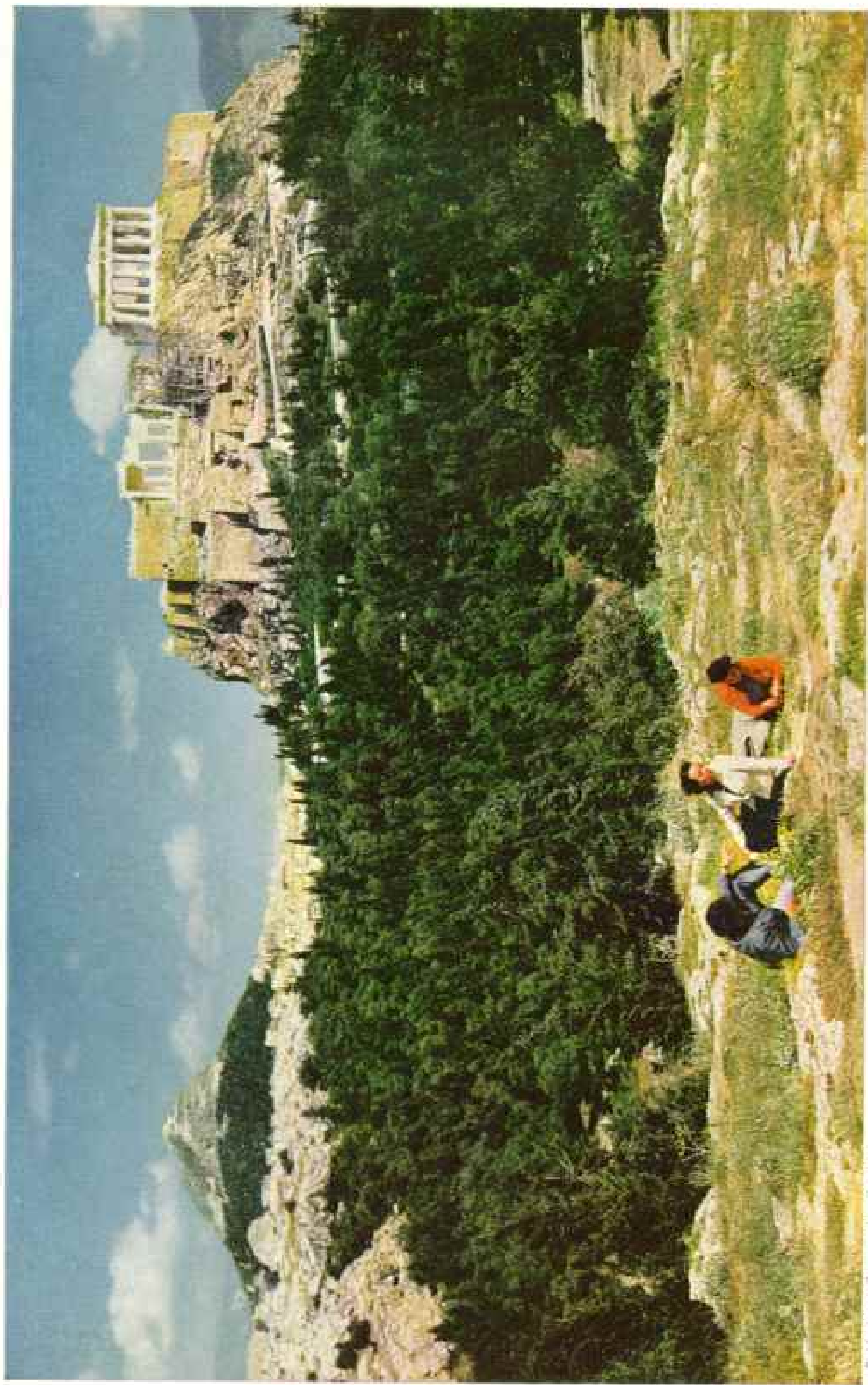


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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

LANKÁDIA, HILL-DRAPED TOWN OF ARCADY, SEEMS AS TALL AS IT IS WIDE

Shut off by the hills from turmoil and the sea, Arcadia, in the heart of the Peloponnese, symbolizes pastoral quiet. It is also the traditional birthplace of the Greek people. Now a motor road cuts across the vertical village three-fourths of the way to the top. Golden fields of gorse surround this Niagara-like town.



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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

PERICLES, BUILDING THE PERFECT PARTHENON, SPREAD PROSPERITY THROUGH ATHENS

Early rains black with the smoke of Persian destruction murred the Acropolis (right). The patron goddess, Athena Parthenos, was without a shrine. Standing before the open-air Assembly (foreground), Pericles pleaded for funds, which spread jobs through the city and gave the Parthenon (upper right) to the world in 447 B. C. From the rock mass Areopagus (extreme left), St. Paul preached a famous sermon (Acts xvii: 19-34).



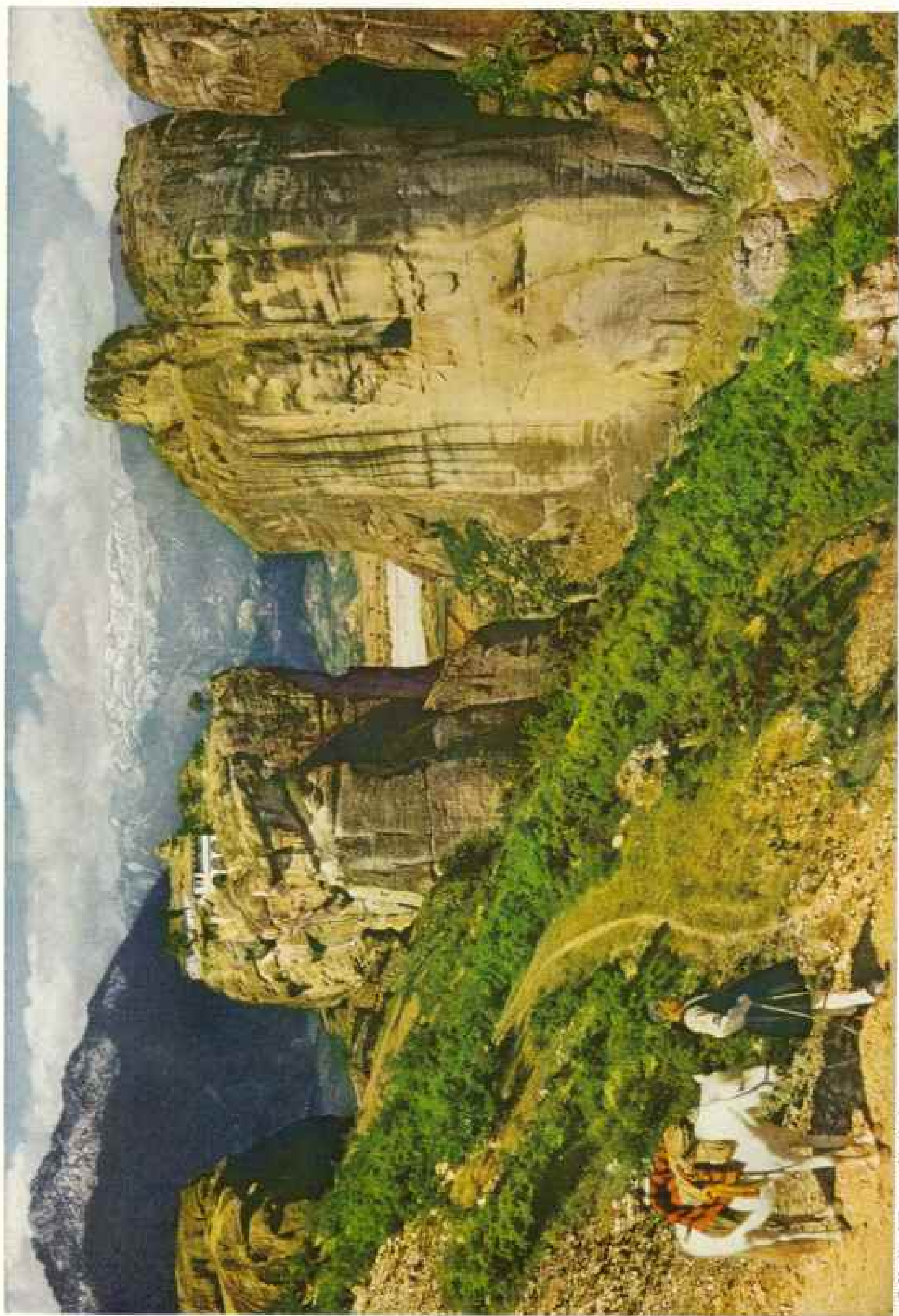
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PASTORAL PEARL PREVAILS AT MÉTSOVON, ON A MILITARY ROAD IN EPIRUS

Home to the summer mountain pastures near the frontiers of Thessaly, this shepherd and his daughters have brought their flocks.



Kodachromes by H. Anthony Stewart
HE-MEN TWIRL, EVZONE SKIRTS ON THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLES

Beside the Parthenon, members of the King's bodyguard whirl in a modern Greek dance with a twirl in it.



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NOW ACCESSIBLE BY ROAD AND STAIRWAY, METÉORA'S MONASTERIES ARE ALMOST DESERTED

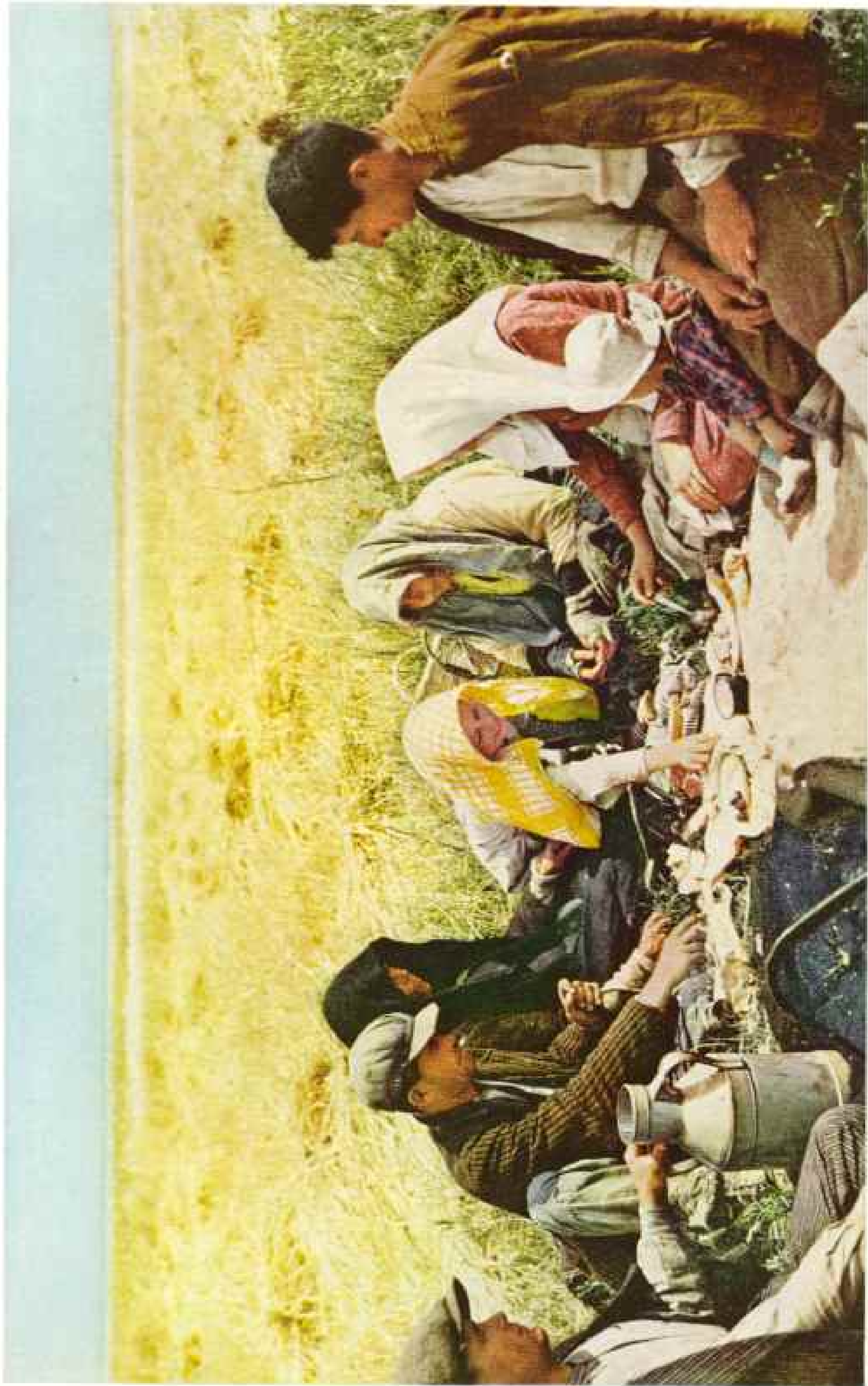
Postcard from B. Anthony Stewart



U. S. National Geographic Society
 A CROUCHING BELLENESE HELPS SUPPORT THE ANCIENT STAGE FOR
 GREEK-AMERICAN DANCES



Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart
 EVZONES POSE WHERE SLAVE MARCHES GLOTTIE CLASSIC
 COLUMNS WITH AGE-OLD GRACE



© National Geographic Society

Redrawn by H. Anthony Stewart

PATRON OF THIS HUMBLE LUNCH WAS THE STEAM SHOVEL WHICH BANISHED MOSQUITOES.

Once malarial swamps covered the rich plain near Thessalonikē (formerly Salonika), the city of the Thessalonians. But extensive drainage operations, waged with American machinery, have added greatly to the fertility of Macedonia, once Turkish, now Greek.



© National Geographic Society

MACEDONIAN VINES ARE CLUES TO CLIMATE

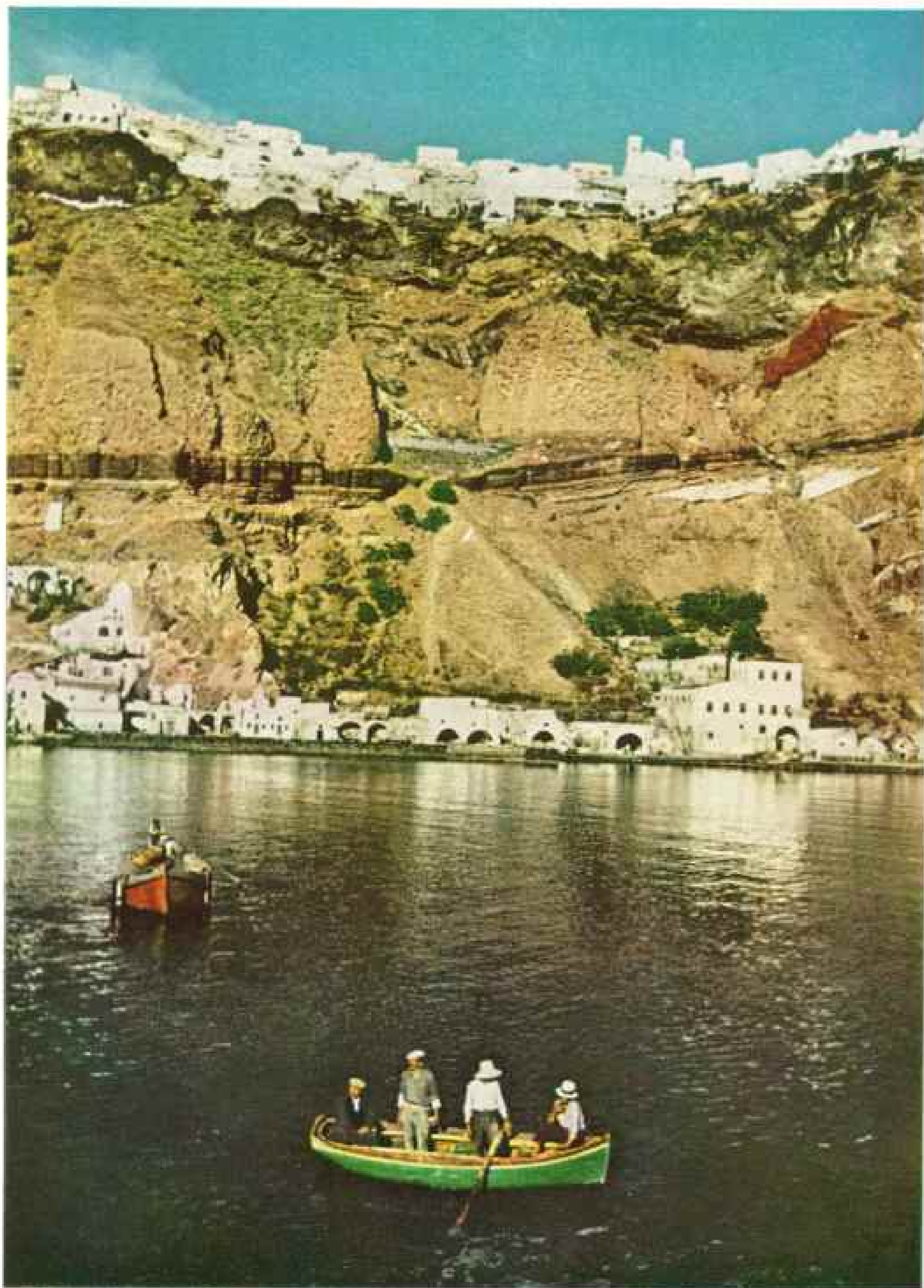
In rainy parts of Europe well-drained hillside favor the grape; in sunny Greece, shallow pits.



Koshechima by H. Anthony Stewart

THIS TRICKLE DOORWAY WEARS A MAY QUEEN'S CROWN

On May Day, housewives in local costumes hang fresh garlands from smoke-stained lintels.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

BENEATH CHOCOLATE CLIFFS, SANTORIN BOATS FLOAT IN A WATER-FILLED CRATER

About 1,500 years ago a mountain stood where the deep harbor now lies. A terrific eruption blew off the volcano's head, leaving an oval-shaped crater which has openings to the Sea of Candia. A roadway zigzags up the cliff from Skála (below), to Thóra, this Greek island's capital perched above.

None is lovelier than that of Soúnon (page 330).

At Dēlos, Daphnē, Marathon, Phaestus, and many another hallowed spot, the Greek Government has placed neat, simple rest-houses. Here at Soúnon we used one such for tea.

With a dark-eyed graduate of Istanbul Woman's College as government guide, Stewart toured from the Peloponnesus to Thessalonikē (Salonika), whither I followed by plane.

MODERN DISCIPLES OF HYGEIA

Thessalonikē is one center of a titanic conflict where giant dredges are defeating the mosquito.

Soil enough to make a foot-thick belt 21 feet wide around the Equator was moved to construct levees, canals, and drains on one job on the Struma River. Another company moved 61,000,000 cubic yards to drain 500 square miles in the Thessalonikē plain.

American dredges, moving four cubic yards of earth for a nickel, are potent weapons in a land where Alexander's all-conquering sword was powerless against the mosquito. Drained lands, worked by colonists who live in neat new villages, are giving Greece a granary.

In Thessalonikē I sought out the house of the man who flooded Greece with refugees, resented at first, now progressive and valued citizens of Hellas.

A fine new Turkish consulate has been built beside the humble house on which a plate in Turkish, Greek, and French reads: "Here was born Gazi Mustapha Kemal, great reconstructor of the Turkish Nation and champion of Balkan union."

Paul, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," wrote letters to the Thessalonians and became a Christian saint. St. Georges, a pagan temple, became church, then mosque, and is now a Byzantine museum.

Annamite, Moroccan, and Senegalese soldiers who helped Franchet d'Esperey win the first decisive success of the World War now sleep in burial under Christian crosses on some of which the Moslem crescent is carved.

What a crossroad of tolerance is this bustling city of the Thessalonians!

Before we left for Italy, Stewart and I spent happy days in the Aegean, over which I had flown so often. Where on earth are there lovelier islands in a fairer sea?

The key to the islands is Piræus (Peirai-

evs). At dawn come little ships from Tēnos and Mýkonos, Naxos, and Santorin (Thēra). As day dies in the gulf where Persia's fleet was defeated, the island steamers set out once more.

A lesser center is Syros, where refugees are an old story and 17,000 Greek and Armenian orphans arrived in 1922.

Facing the fine bay of Syros is Tēnos, with the pilgrimage church of Saint Evangelistria high on the hillside. On March 25 and August 15 big craft and little parade in, bulging with sick and well, for Tēnos serves today as the health centers of Epidaurus (Epidavros) and Cos (now Coo) served ancient Greece (page 299).

Paros furnished the glittering translucent material with which Praxiteles and many another artist won lasting fame. The milk-white marble of Pentelicus (Penetelikón), from which the Parthenon was built, is tintured with iron and eventually woos the sunset with a golden patina. Parian marble, quarried in deep dark pits, has the inner glow that gives vitality to the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia (page 337).

SPOTLESS TOWN OF THE CYCLADES

Bright spot in Aegean wanderings is Mýkonos, the spotless town of the Cyclades. Cubelike white dwellings mass along the shore and climb the terraced hillsides. Windmills, occupying strategic positions, wave their arms as if to beckon visitors (Plates XXI, XXII).

Flocks of children pour forth from dazzling schoolhouses. Hundreds of white-domed chapels dot the countryside, their church bells set in flat campaniles.

Along the harbor front, when a steamer comes, village women display handwoven fabrics in candy-stripe patterns, harmonized by the Mediterranean sun (Plate XXIII).

An American girl in immaculate shark-skin bought two bright homespun bands, tied one around her waist, looped another around her droopy-brimmed hat, and thus appropriated peasant art to modern chic.

Sailors, home from the sea, frequent Mýkonos cafes, eat delicious cakes of almond paste, and roam narrow streets.

Dēlos, today a mere suburb of Mýkonos, was once the religious and trade center of the Aegean.

Tiny hub about which wheel the Cyclades, Dēlos was so sacred that even pirates respected its wealth, so pure that burial and birth on the island were forbidden. It was



Photograph by Alinari

WHEN "EXPLORER II" WON VICTORY IN THE STRATOSPHERE,
IT WORE SUCH ANCIENT CURVES

Loveliest survivor among the fifty Victories which once graced the Nike Temple parapet on the Acropolis at Athens is this famous "Nike Unbinding Her Sandal," now in the Acropolis Museum. The ancient sculptor carved the folds of her robe in the form of catenaries, the natural curves of draped flexible materials. The gondola of the National Geographic Society-United States Army Air Corps balloon of 1935 was attached to the fabric by catenary bands, cut on such curves, to equalize the tension.

for the birth of Apollo and Artemis that "four pillars did rise and on their capitals sustain the rock," hitherto afloat in the seas.

Studying farm conditions in ancient times, a University of Chicago research student, who was my companion on Dēlos, reported the fatigue of some ancient stone-cutter, whose duty it was to carve a census report. When the chiseling accountant came to the item of 11/12 of an obol, he made it a full obol to save his own elbow

grease. Thus he cheated to the extent of a quarter of an American cent, his own wages for ten minutes of carving.

From the Terrace of the Lions and the Agora up to the residential section and the Grotto of Apollo, Dēlos is covered with tooled marble—each piece with its story.

Along the harbor front are ruins of old warehouses and the slave pen to which Romans, rich after the fall of Carthage and Corinth, came for fair women servants and sturdy human engines brought from Syria.

Strabo says: "Dēlos could both admit and send away 10,000 slaves on the same day; whence the proverb, 'Merchant, sail in, unload your ship, everything has been sold.'"

One statue is that of some obscure Cleopatra of 200 B.C. whose girdle would wrap around two wasp-waisted Minoan ladies of thirteen centuries earlier (page 304).

THE SPIDERWEB OF DĒLOS

Dēlos has spiderwebs of unbelievable length and strength. The ruins swarm with midges and I saw nets many feet in diameter weighted down with thousands of juiceless remains of little flies. In one windy place a spider had stretched his flytrap between columns fully 20 feet apart.

Most dramatic of Aegean islands is Santorin (Thēra), where one's ship steams into the flooded crater past flame-baked, thousand-foot cliffs and still-smoking islands whose black masses rise and fall from the

force of internal fires (Plates XVI to XXIV).

Barrel-roofed homes indicate the scarcity of wooden beams. Only an old, old name suggests that this island stepping stone once had trees as well as vines. *Kalliste* (Most Beautiful), they called it then.

Geologists can't agree on the time when the volcano blew its head off and quenched its burning throat in the sea.

However, under the pumice are houses with mural decorations, and prehistoric pottery made on a wheel.

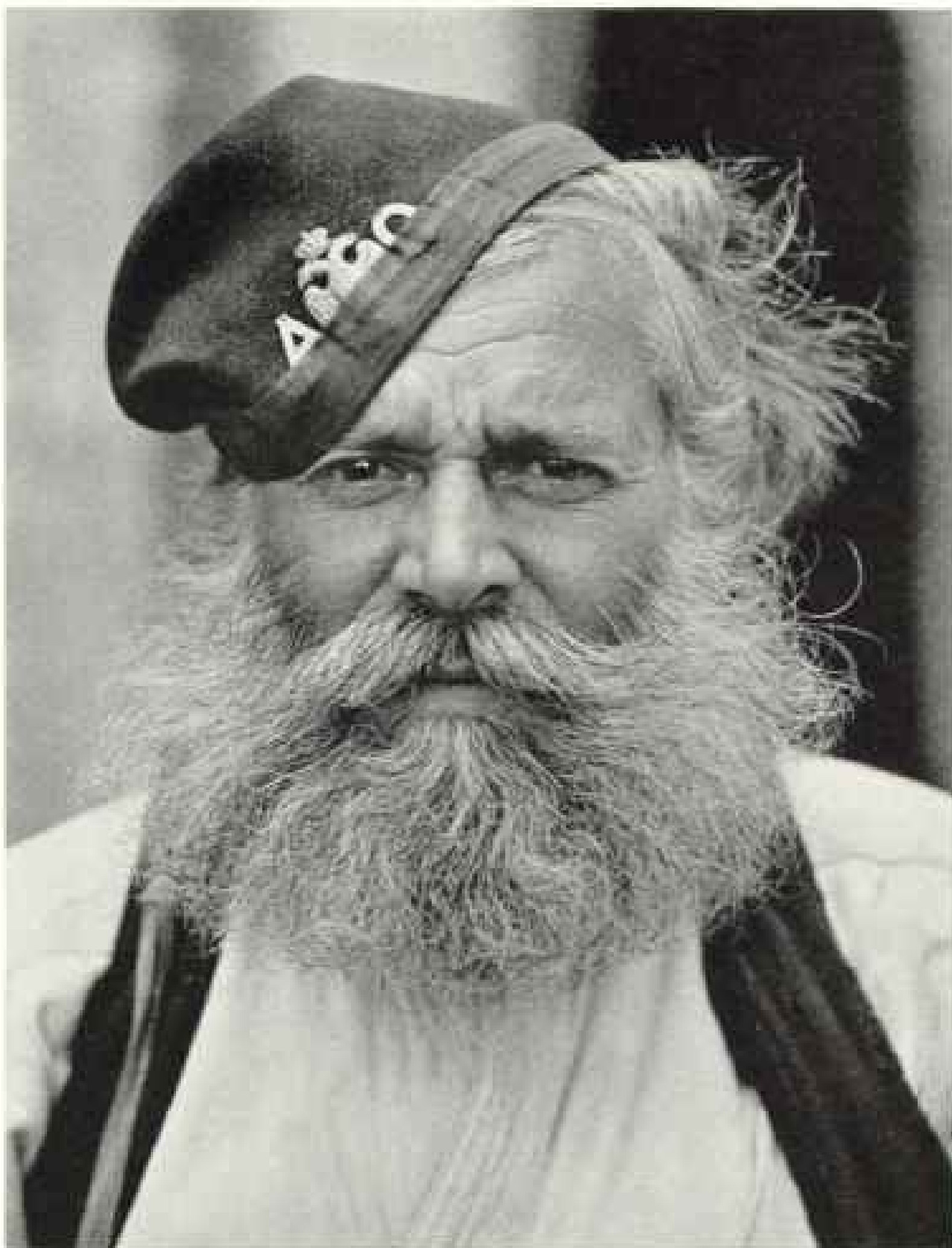
When the evidence of the island's alabaster vases, bronze daggers, and potsherds is all in, the archeologist may be able to tell geologists at what epoch Santorin substituted deep harbor for high hill.

Santorin, standing for Saint Irene, and as Christian as *Kalliste* was pagan, is also called *Théra*, after *Theras*, who colonized the island.

The ruins at the ancient city of *Théra* reveal Greek, Egyptian, and Roman traces. One imagines that the shopkeepers spoke as many languages as those in the *Rue de la Paix* of Paris.

INSULAR PUMICE STONE AND SANDPAPER

Visitors who have zigzagged up the steep inner curve of the crescent have scant desire to coast slowly down the outer slope to a ruined city, however old. Santorin is dra-



NO WOMAN MAY PASS THIS MOUNT ATHOS GUARD

All females—even cats and hens—are excluded from *Aghion Oros*. Wearing his Byzantine-angled red fez of authority at a jaunty angle, this benign policeman at *Daphnē* collects passports and enforces immigration laws.

matic enough without dragging in the past, for at any minute an eruption may occur.

Down at the tiny port gaily colored rowboats squat in water with floating pumice stone scraping their sides. On the pier are heavy stores and oil drums, which never make the grade but have their contents drained off in loads small enough for a mule to carry up 1,200 steps to *Théra* (Plate XIX).

The drivers make nothing of the descent, but come running down on bare feet with their uncouth steeds plunging onward, balancing themselves between enormous ears.

Since ships seldom anchor—though several have lost their anchors trying to—

there is a tremendous bustle at sailing time.

There are cafés and "Turkish delight" vendors at the port and many caves and walled-in houses are cut in the tufa. Scrambling about in dark caverns to frame my view of distant pozzuolana slides, I discovered that the Santorin fleas are very fond of Americans.

Pumice stone and sandpaper are the chief local products. As long as builders want lightweight ash for hydraulic cement and roof tiles, men will be found to start the material on steep toboggan slopes that end near the cargo boats. Timorous folk jump when a dynamite charge lets go and a part of the precipice crumbles away.

Time and again the waters of the harbor have boiled. Time and again the Burnt Isles, three small islands in its bay, have changed shape like a pit of writhing, hissing serpents, shooting flaming tongues into the sea. Villagers remember the terror of 1925-6, and, soon after we left in 1939, Santorin's fires and fears again made the headlines.

Tragic, infernal, entrancing, is the scene. A path follows the cliff top along most of the crescent curve and, like pure-white icing, the towns are spread out between chocolate cliff and blue sky.

After a discouraging morning of heat haze, Stewart and I rode on horseback to Apanomeria (Oia), meaning "Upper Part, or Cliff Top," whose houses in pastel shades stand on red rocks.

After chasing his dream picture through steep and narrow streets, Stewart found it, backed into a church door, and ranged the bells against the sky (Plate XVII).

He still felt poetic when we reached our Bohemian hotel—warm-hearted and gay—for a late dinner. Then from our balconies we saw the phantom town, pale in the dark velvet night. Down near the tortured, smoking islands a spot of moonlight shimmered on the sea.

SEEKING APHRODITE OF CYRENE

Midsummer overtook us before we left Greece for Italy. In Washington a friend had said: "Find out for me how the African desert could produce anything as lovely as the Aphrodite of Cyrene" (page 293).

From Rome I set out for Africa. Tracing Aphrodite back to the spot where a waterlogged group of soldiers found her under their tent beds during a cloudburst in 1913, I saw Imperial Italy at work.

After a visit to the incomparable bronzes in the National Museum of Naples and that infernal region near Cumae which gave Virgil his sense of the underworld, I soared out over Capri and the Siren Rocks, looked down on the maze of Charybdis currents between the Italian boot and the Sicilian football, slipped past snow-striped Mount Etna (page 390), and had lunch at Syracuse (Siracusa), Sicily (page 333).

There airplanes drop in from Africa or the Adriatic so often that I started lunch with a resident of Cirenaica and had dessert with a man of Bari, Italy.

After a brief stop at Malta, we hopped the narrow sea gap to Tripoli, where the Italians are building a modern city hard by the native quarter.

THE "TRIPLE CITY"

Greeted in English, taken to a splendid hotel along avenues lined with palms, oleander trees, and bougainvillea, and fanned this July morning by a breeze cooler than any Naples had felt, I fell in love with Tripoli, the capital whose one modern name stands for three ancient ones—Oea, Sabrata, and Leptis Magna.

With Dr. Giacomo Caputo, Director of Archeology, I motored west through new farm colonies to Sabrata where Apuleius, author of *The Golden Ass*, was tried for black magic.

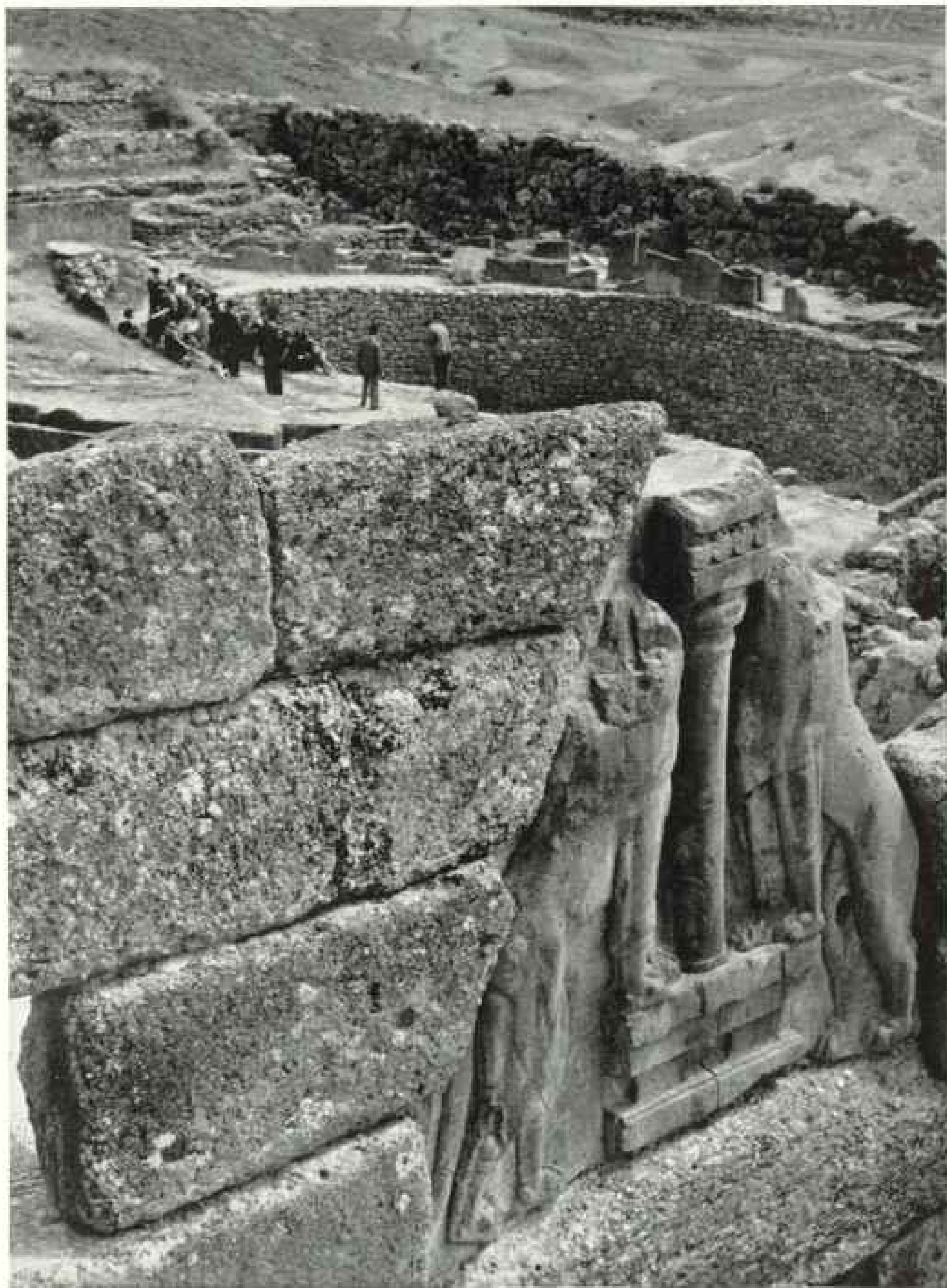
Nowhere better than in Libia can one see Italy solving recurrent problems in time-tested ways. In distributing farm lands to veterans and inducing desert nomads to live in huts, modern Italy is following an Augustan example.

At Sabrata the golden-stoned Roman theater has been so restored that the King-Emperor, Il Duce, and the Governor General there attended revivals of Greek plays by an Italian company (page 335).

Through the Roman back wall, three columns high, were visible the wide expanse of the Mediterranean and the high blue dome of sky.

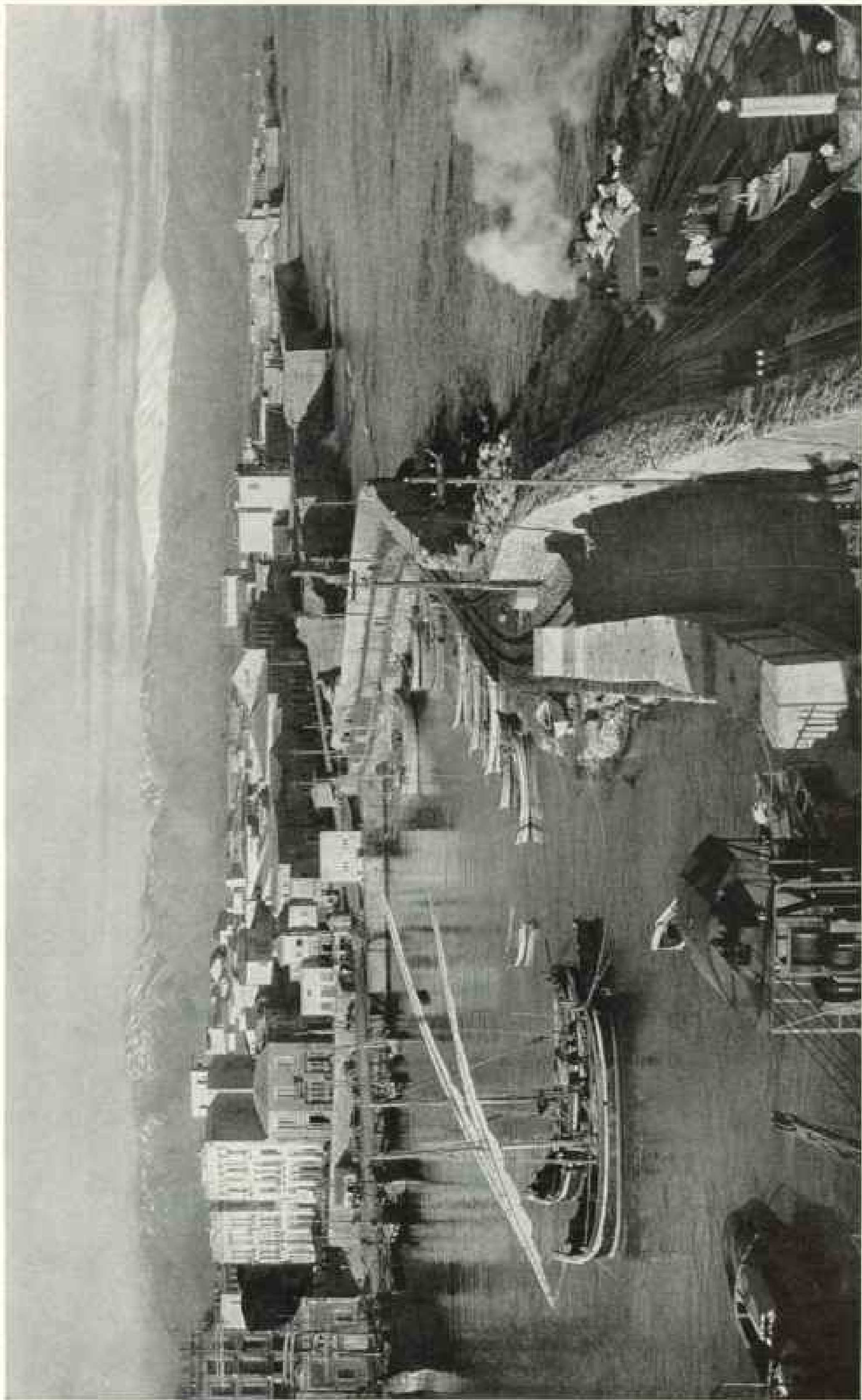
As one comes upon this lion-colored ruin, towering above the African littoral, it gives a real sense of the grandeur of a Tiber-side municipality whose sway extended from Hadrian's Wall in Britain to the upper Nile, from the Atlantic to the Caspian.

At Leptis Magna, 70 miles east of Tripoli, which we visited the following day, excavation and restoration go hand in hand, an unusual technique.



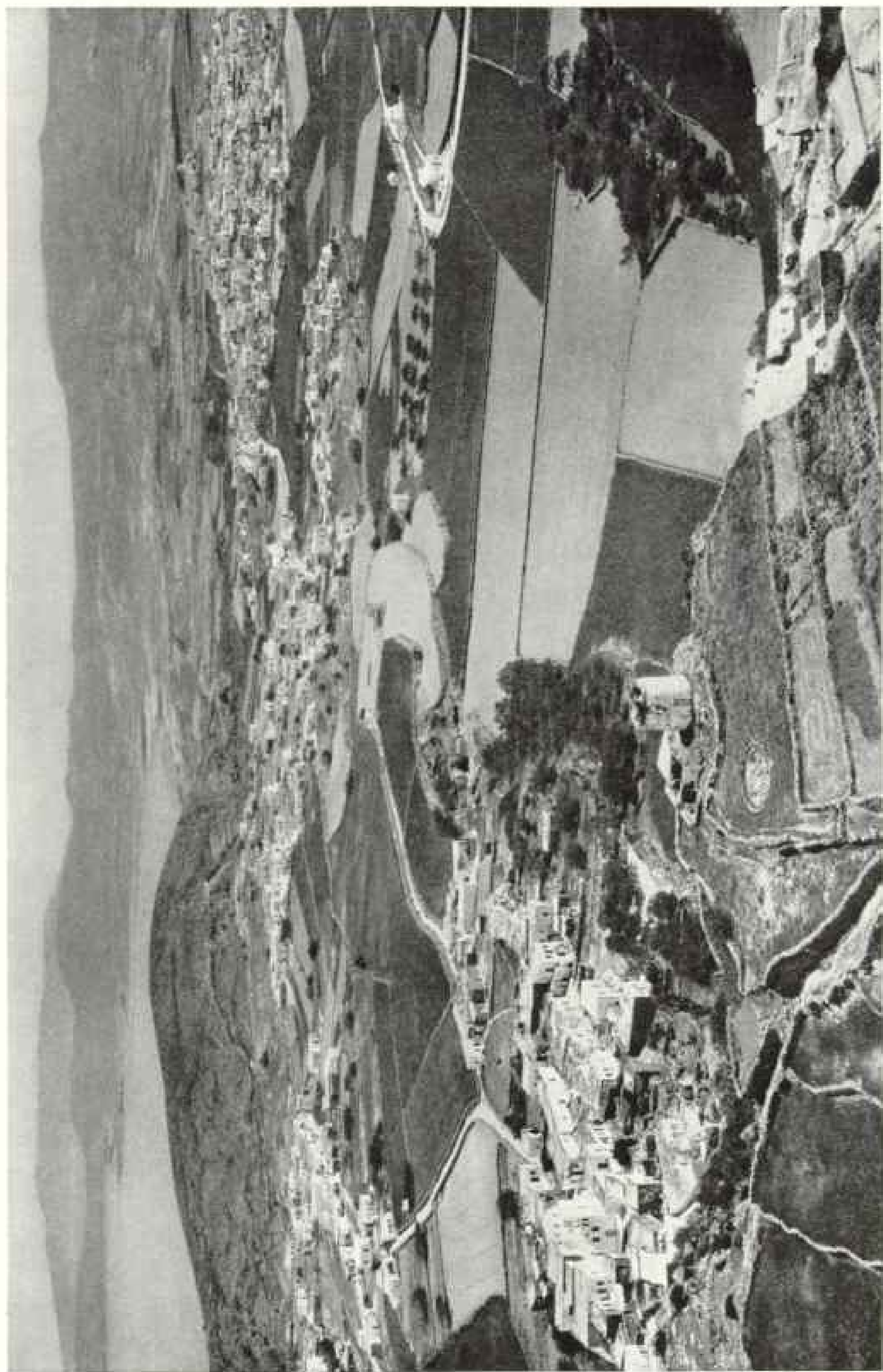
WITHIN THE LION-GUARDED GATE OF MYCENAE WAS FOUND THE GOLD WHICH AROUSED
WORLD-WIDE INTEREST IN ARCHEOLOGY

With a copy of Pausanias in his pocket and the mayor of Mycenae poking fun at him, Heinrich Schliemann came upon the treasures of which he had dreamed. On hands and knees his wife nervously sifted the soil through her fingers and from five graves carried away hundreds of gold beads, plaques, diadems, grasshoppers, and the crown of some queen of long ago. Many of these priceless objects can be seen today in Athens (page 295).



EQUIDISTANT FROM EUROPE, AFRICA, AND ASIA LIES CRETE, WHOSE SEA KINGS SPREAD THE SEEDS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

From the roof of a Venetian fortress one looks past the city of Herakleion, or Candia, toward the 8,200-foot snow-mountain of Ida where Zeus, supreme god of the ancient Greeks, is thought to have been born. The hotel name, Minos, is that of Knossos' kings. The little switch engine is named "Ariadne" in memory of the girl who saved Theseus from the Minotaur.



Photograph by Melville Chater

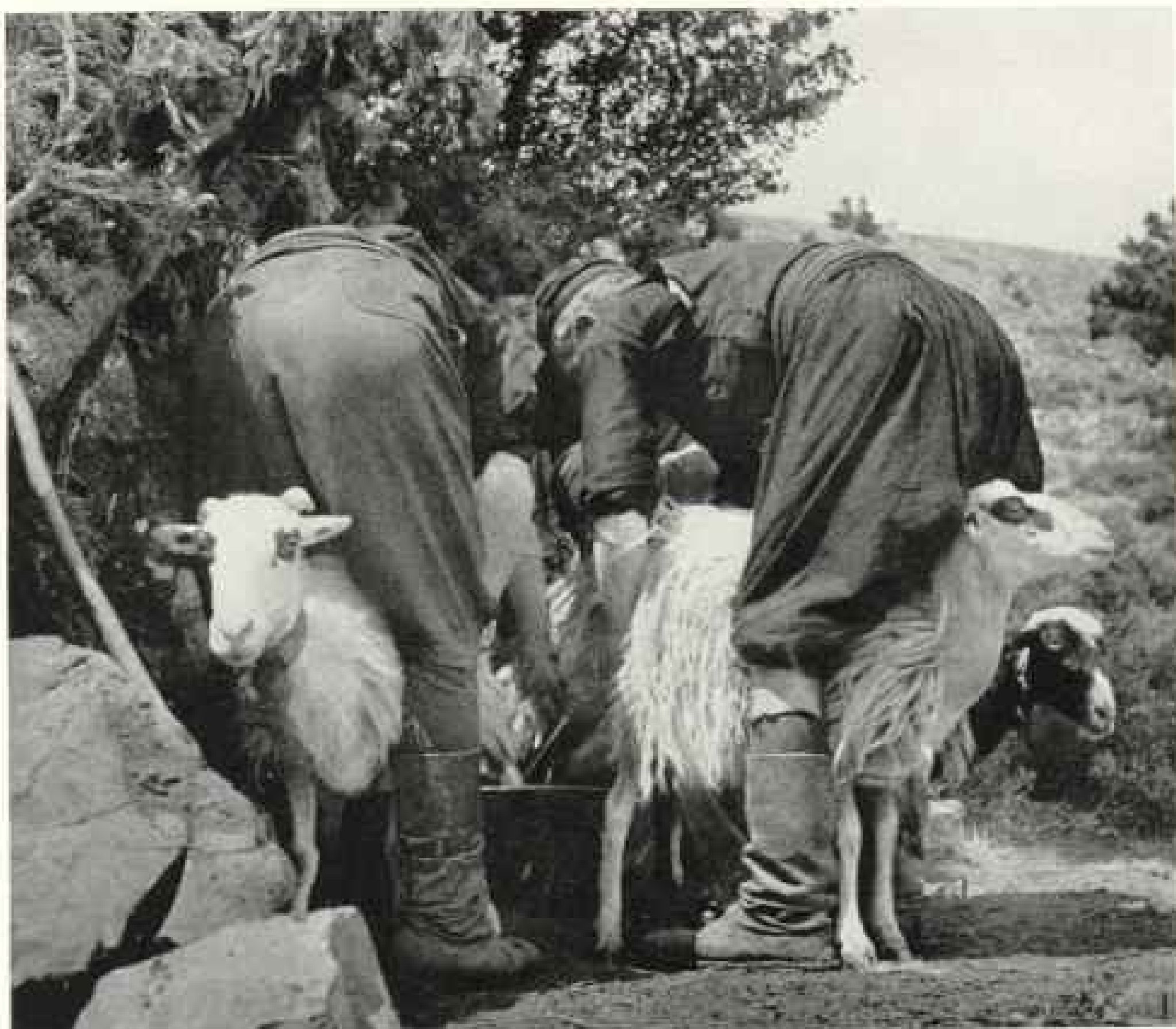
MÉLOS, WHERE APHERODITE'S BEST-KNOWN STATUE WAS FOUND, IS THE RIM OF A PREHISTORIC CRATER

From high in the air the island looks like a doughnut with one bite missing. On the far shore of the bay, above, the marble goddess was discovered (page 303).



SOUNION'S HIGH-PERCHED TEMPLE OF POSEIDON BORROWS BLUE FROM SKY AND SEA.

The coarse-grained marble from a near-by quarry so erodes in the wind that, instead of the Parthenon's golden glow, the Doric columns have a slight azure tint. Lord Byron, whose name, carved in the marble, is still pointed out, found "no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna" (Sounion), where adverse winds and currents caused the building of this temple by suppliant seamen, eager to appease the gods (page 306).



Photograph by Nelly's, Athens

CRETANS, MILKING THEIR SHEEP, HOLD THEM STILL WITH THEIR KNEES

Polyphemus, according to Homer, "sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats." Unusual posture of the men marks this scene as Cretan, as do the soft boots and full-seated breeches. While indulging in mock fights, these men sometimes lift the hind quarters about, squirting streams of milk at each other.

Pillars only recently unearthed were pieced together in horizontal troughs, ready to be raised into position (page 334). The inscription along the inner curve of the auditorium gave an easy clue to matching the fragments.

Outside the stage door, on a marble tablet, an ancient actor had paid lasting tribute to his friend's success in Verona, Leptis Magna, and many a theater between.

Governor General Italo Balbo, like Mussolini, has the Roman sense of the past. On the way to his office in the Castello at Tripoli, I passed a statue of Claudius, small terra cottas in lighted niches, a four-seasons mosaic, and one around whose border danced dynamic gladiators.

After a warm greeting from the leader of the Italian air armada of 96 men in 24 seaplanes which flew to Lake Michigan and

back, the first thing that met my eye was the National Geographic Society's Map of Africa on an easel.

"That's not window dressing," explained Air Marshal Balbo. "It's the best general map of Africa I could find."

BANDS MEET COLONISTS

Today's big news in Libia⁶ is the series of agricultural colonies where Italy, "marrying water and sun," is making homes for 20,000 of its people a year. Artesian wells have been opened, aqueducts built, and attractive civic centers, consisting of church, school, shops, and clinic, strung along the Libian littoral.

At Tripoli, bands meet the shiploads of colonists. Out in the bleak quiet, adequate buildings await them. There are even draft animals in the barns.



BY POTSHED, NOT BLACKBALL, THE GREEKS OSTRACIZED A MAN

On bits of broken pots, voters scratched the names of men they wanted to exile. On these discarded ballots, found at the Athenian Agora, are two famous names: Themistocles, upper right, Aristides just below. Aristides' opposition to Themistocles' big-navy plan led to the former's ostracism, but later he commanded an Athenian squadron. Judging from the number of ballots which bear his name, Themistocles, savior of Athens from the Persian fleet at Salamis, was the most hated leader of ancient times. At least 6,000 voters had to cast an ostraca ballot to ostracize a man (page 360).

Then a milk can of drinking water is dumped off, the truck goes on, and an Italian family is left, far from home, with a home of its own.

If one family fails in this tough fight to make the desert blossom again as it did many centuries ago, another family takes its place. New olive groves are already growing in spots indicated as olive groves on ancient mosaic maps.

The displaced Arabs are given a pastoral monopoly and better watering places for their flocks, and are encouraged toward agriculture and village life.

Even the fine Libian roads are long on the huge expanse of Africa. From Tripoli to Bengasi, a tiring 679-mile motor ride, it is a 3-hour hop by plane.

Air travelers arriving in Bengasi from Tunis, Rome, Hong Kong, or Addis Ababa look down on the Garden of Hesperides with whose apples Atlas tantalized Hercules.

It was at Bengasi that Hercules lay sleeping, like some ancient Gulliver, while African pygmies buried him in sand.*

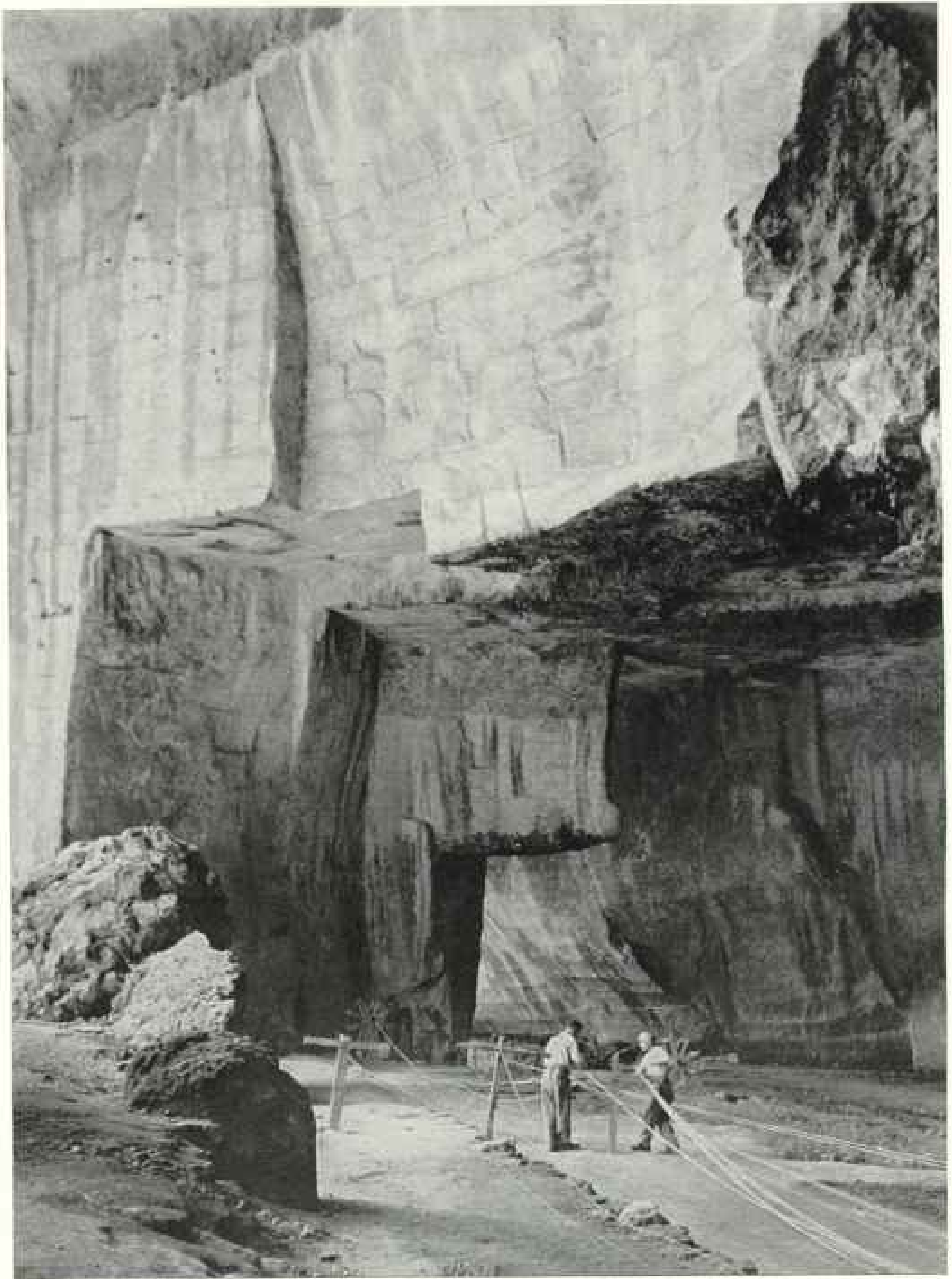
Bengasi formerly bore the name of Berenice, whose bobbed head would make her interesting even if one did not know that her hair, as the *Coma Berenices*, is a constellation.

She vowed her tresses to Aphrodite in reward for her husband's return, but her head, judging from the marble portrait which I held in my hands in Cyrene, did not suffer in beauty. One can still see the henna sizing which held gold leaf to her modern-looking hair wave, permanent for nearly 2,200 years.

CROPS GROW WHERE GOATS ROAMED

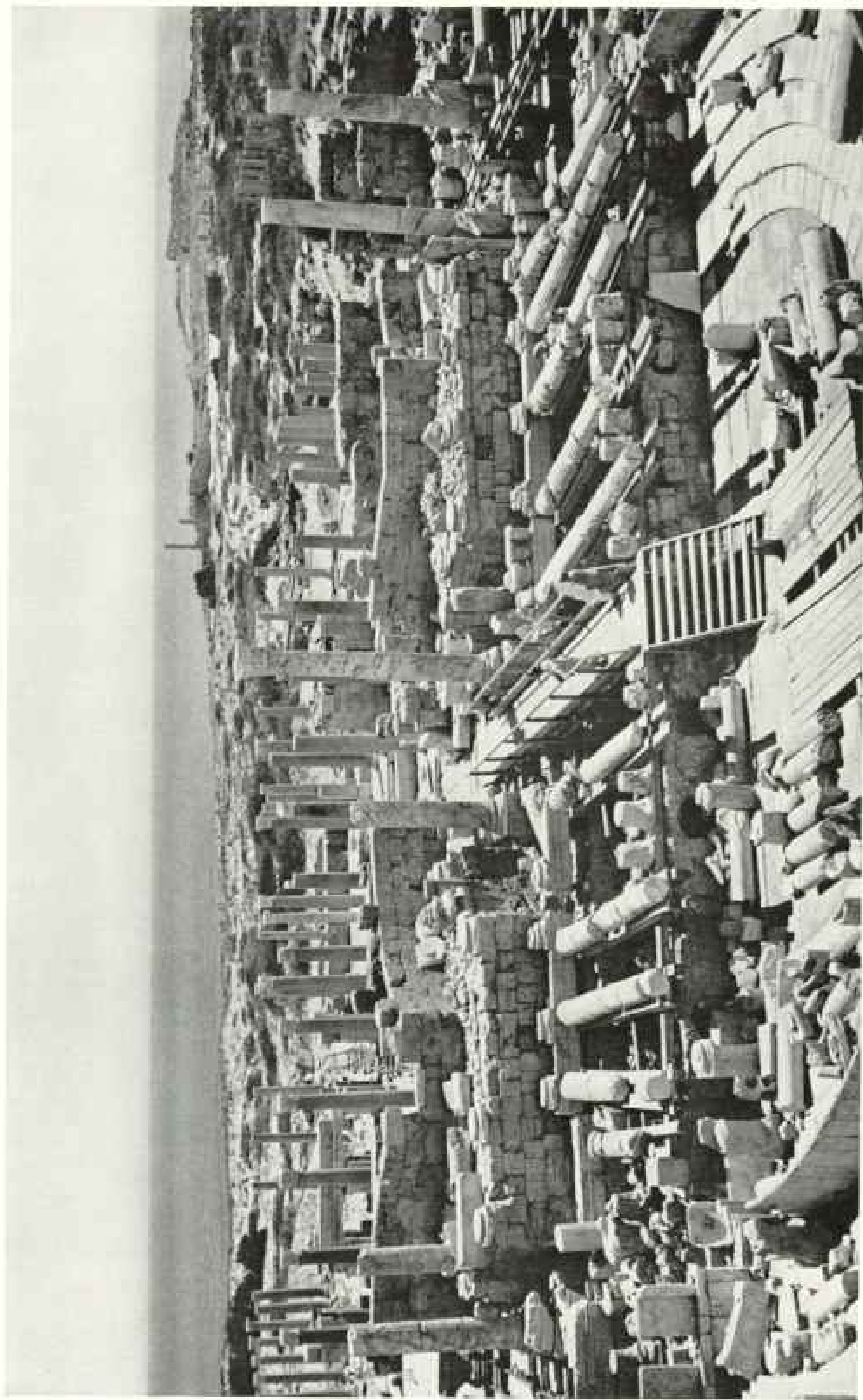
On my way from Bengasi, seaport of Cirenaica, to its ancient capital at Cyrene (Cirene), the most interesting sights were grain elevators and combined thresher and baling machines moving over fertile fields which were long abandoned to the lizard and wild goat.

* See "Cirenaica, Eastern Wing of Italian Libya," by Harriet Chambers Adams, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1930.



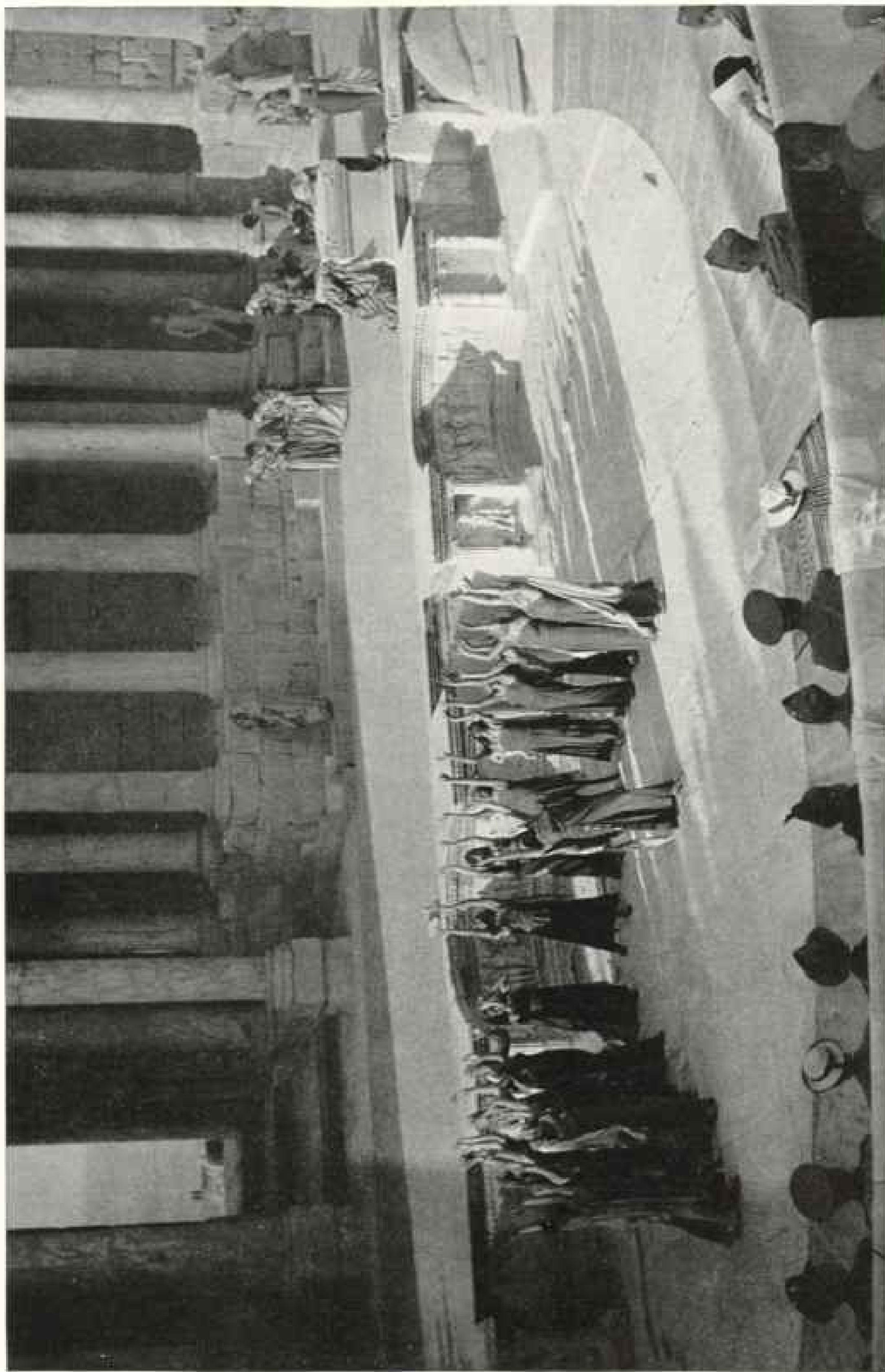
IN THESE QUARRIES WHERE SYRACUSE WAS BORN AND ATHENIAN SAILORS SLAVED, ROPE-MAKERS NOW PLY THEIR TRADE

Carved from this cliff were the homes, walls, quays, and theater of ancient Sicily's proud capital. In 413 B.C. the Athenian fleet, bottled up in the harbor of Syracuse, was destroyed and 7,000 Greek prisoners were tortured by heat, cold, hunger, and thirst in the quarries. Thucydides' account of the Athenian defeat and the prisoners' suffering ranks with the finest historical writing of all time. Page after page of his observations might be run today as a news dispatch.



NEWLY EXCAVATED COLUMNS ARE ASSEMBLED FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE ROMAN THEATER AT LEPTIS MAGNA

While establishing new farming colonies in a region once renowned for its fertility, Italians are restoring ancient ruins to a semblance of their former glory. Broken bits of column are fitted together in horizontal troughs before being erected. Sidonian merchants here founded a port of trade with inner Africa. The Roman Emperor Septimius Severus enriched this city where he was born in 146 A.D. (page 326).



Photograph by Christian de Catus

LIBIA'S MODERN LEADERS WATCH SOPHOCLES' TRAGIC DRAMA OF OEDIPUS THE KING IN A RESTORED ROMAN THEATER

In the rug-draped seat of honor at Sabratha is Il Duce (right), with the Governor General of Libya, famed airman Italo Balbo, wearing a cap, in the center. The high Roman backdrop is broken by doorways through which gleams the blue Mediterranean (page 126).

Not only did Cyrene, some 2,000 feet above sea level, have abundant winter rains and cool summers, but it had a sacred spring in whose waters Governor General Balbo swims in a marble pool, thousands of years old, which still holds water.

"Mineral water!" exclaimed the archeologist who guided me through the splendid ruins. "No thanks, I'll drink water from the sacred spring at which the Greek sculptor quenched his thirst while carving the Aphrodite of Cyrene from Greek marble and a Cirenaican model."

As I write, word comes of Turkey's frightful earthquake which shook Amasya (Amaseia), where Strabo was born some 2,000 years ago (page 396).

Lying at Cyrene, cool under a blanket, on the night of the Fourth of July, I recalled what Strabo had said in his famous *Geography*, about 19 A.D.: "Cyrene grew strong because of the fertility of its territory, for it is excellent for the breeding of horses and produces beautiful fruit and it had many noteworthy men . . . to defend its liberty."

This highland site is closer to Alexandria than it is to Tripoli. Cyrene's "eat, drink and be merry" philosophy colored the life of Alexandria where Ptolemy Philadelphus "was always seeking for novel pastimes and enjoyments."

A MUSEUM AND A ZOO OF CLASSIC TIMES

He collected strange animals from far lands, as had earlier potentates, thus establishing a zoo; brought poets, artists, and architects to establish a cultural center, and financed a House of Muses—museum—where scientists carried on research.

The archeologist who was my guide at Cyrene thinks the city once held a million people. And, judging from its 20-mile circuit, it was certainly larger than was thought before excavation revealed a galaxy of temples on the hilltop and along the valley, where I watched a tank car being filled with water from the sacred spring in its fern-draped nook.

Leaving Bengasi at dawn, we flew past the Gran Sirte (Gulf of Sidra)—Strabo's "Greater Syrtis, most southerly point of our Mediterranean"—left Tripoli, flew back because of engine trouble, had lunch, reached Sicily, rode with jolly wine merchants of Marsala in a Diesel train to Palermo, and had dinner on a hotel roof-top less cool than Cyrene.

Reading a Palermo newspaper, I saw that an old friend, whose college lads made a group swim of the Dardanelles eclipsing the records of Leander and Lord Byron, had left Venice for an Odyssey to Samothrace (page 302), Mount Athos (page 325), and Troy.

I hopped the night boat to Naples, saw electric illuminations dramatize the ruins of Pompeii, then returned to Rome.

From there I shivered as we flew high over the Apennines, and lunched at Brindisi, where many Roman youths embarked for education at Athens.

At the Greek airport of Tatol, I stepped out of the plane into a heat wave which baked the cement. It was delightful, after that, to float in the pool of the steamer *Marco Polo* as night fell behind Corinth (Kórinthos) and we rounded the breezy tip of Attica.

During years of residence in Turkey, I had never visited the site immortalized by Homer and changed from legend to history by Schliemann, Dörpfeld, and Blegen. Now, with powerful and camouflaged Turkish guns, deep in the countryside, replacing the old forts beside the Dardanelles, only favored visitors ever see Troy.

Here the seventh city out of nine is the present choice as the one which looked on Helen's face.

My delight at Troy was not in identifying Homeric details but in seeing the keen interest the site still arouses.

One American mother of a young Adonis trembled as she scratched out prehistoric fire-blackened potsherds with her manicured nails.

"Four thousand years! And the mark of the fire still on it!" she exclaimed.

One day in late August I went down from Venice and Ravenna to Rimini to cross the Rubicon (Fiumicino) for myself and to see the Arch of Augustus, standing where the Great North Road, extension of Rome's Broad Way (Via Lata), reached the Adriatic.

LIFE'S PACE QUICKENS

There the newspapers indicated that all was not well in Europe. As I had a deadline to keep, I crossed the Rubicon again and headed for home.

That Saturday night I did not stop in Florence as planned, but went on to Rome. Sunday noon I left for Paris. Monday noon the French censorship closed the bor-



Photograph by Nelly's, Athens

USING A GUIDE 17 CENTURIES OLD, ARCHEOLOGISTS FOUND THIS MATCHLESS MARBLE

Survivor of limekiln, bigot, vandal, and shipwreck, this masterpiece reveals the high quality of Greek art. In 174 A.D. Pausanias, in the first classical guidebook, describing the Temple of Hera at Olympia, wrote: "Hermes bearing the babe Dionysus, a work of Praxiteles in stone." In 1877 German archeologists, directed by Ernst Curtius, found there the identical statue, now in the museum at Olympia and represented by copies the world round (page 323).

der to a handbag of our undeveloped color films. Tuesday we unwound the necessary red tape. Wednesday we did hectic boundary-jumping to Amsterdam. Modern life had rudely dispelled our dream of the ancient world.

As I tipped my chauffeur in Paris, I said, "Thanks—and good luck!"

Human relationships were heightened that late August day. Touching his cap, he replied, "For the tip, many thanks; for

the 'Good Luck' a thousand times more."

Ours was the good luck to ramble from May to August in classic lands to which we owe so much.

And ours was the good luck to return safely to a land where trainmen shout: ". . . Going east. . . Corfu, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Iliou!" Even the Twentieth Century Limited whistles to the names of ancient cities that were gay when the world was young.

MAP LINKS CLASSIC WORLD WITH 1940

PRESENT-DAY geography and its eventful background are combined in a noteworthy map, "Classical Lands of the Mediterranean,"* sent to more than 1,100,000 member homes of the National Geographic Society with this issue of their NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

This 10-color map, 35¼ by 26 inches, shows modern Italy and Greece with their adjacent lands and waters on a larger scale than in any previous Geographic production—35 miles to the inch—and it contains a remarkable amount of varied information.

Here are shown old Roman roads, and routes of today's streamlined Italian trains; the pass where Hannibal crossed the Alps with his tank corps of elephants, and places where railroad tunnels now run deep under Alpine crags; the world of Homer which Odysseus wandered, and the Mediterranean area now crisscrossed by oil-burning battle-ships and fast airplanes.

The map is up-to-date to the latest boundary change or place name; yet through it shines the glory of Greece and Rome. Printed in red ink are 338 historical notes—some 4,500 words in notes alone—highlighting classical history and mythology back to 4,000 years ago.

VAST ROMAN EMPIRE SURPASSED IN SIZE BY MODERN REALMS

Largest of four insets is a map of the Roman Empire at its greatest extent under the Emperor Trajan in the years 98 to 117, when it reached from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea and Persian Gulf, and from Britain deep into Africa.

Its area of 1,996,000 square miles was marvelous in an era of slow transportation, but it is surpassed by more than a million square miles by even the smallest of today's "big six," Great Britain, Soviet Russia, France, China, the United States, and Brazil.

Other insets show Homer's world and ancient Rome and Athens.

Anaximander, "father of maps," who lived some 2,500 years ago, would be interested in this latest Geographic contribution. It shows his home town, the Greek city of Miletus in Asia Minor, and, like his great work, the first known "map of the world," it centers around the Mediterranean.

Markers of the past help mightily in understanding the present.

The island of Malta today is a British naval base; it also was the isle where St.

Paul was shipwrecked, and the probable birthplace of Hannibal.

The Limes Line, as Germany's Siegfried Position is sometimes called, takes its name from the Limes Germanicus, fortified frontier built by the Romans, not for defense of the Germans but to keep them out. It is shown on the inset of the Roman Empire.

MAP TELLS OF MANY WARS

The number of times that the crossed swords symbol of battle appears makes the map reader realize that war in Europe is not new. The ancient world also knew democracy (Greeks invented the very word), and it had dictatorships, too.

Through the area included in the south-east corner of this map, civilization first filtered into Europe. Here the alphabet was introduced by Phoenician traders in bills of goods. Its first two letters were *aleph* and *beth*. The Greeks made them *alpha* and *beta*; hence our word "alphabet." Up to that time the Greeks, lacking writing, had employed in some communities a "rememberer" to keep records in his head.

"Sardonic laughter" is a familiar phrase. A note traces the adjective's origin to the island of Sardinia where grew an herb believed to make those who ate it die of laughing.

The city of Sybaris, near modern Sibari in Italy, was so wealthy that "sybarite" came to mean a person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

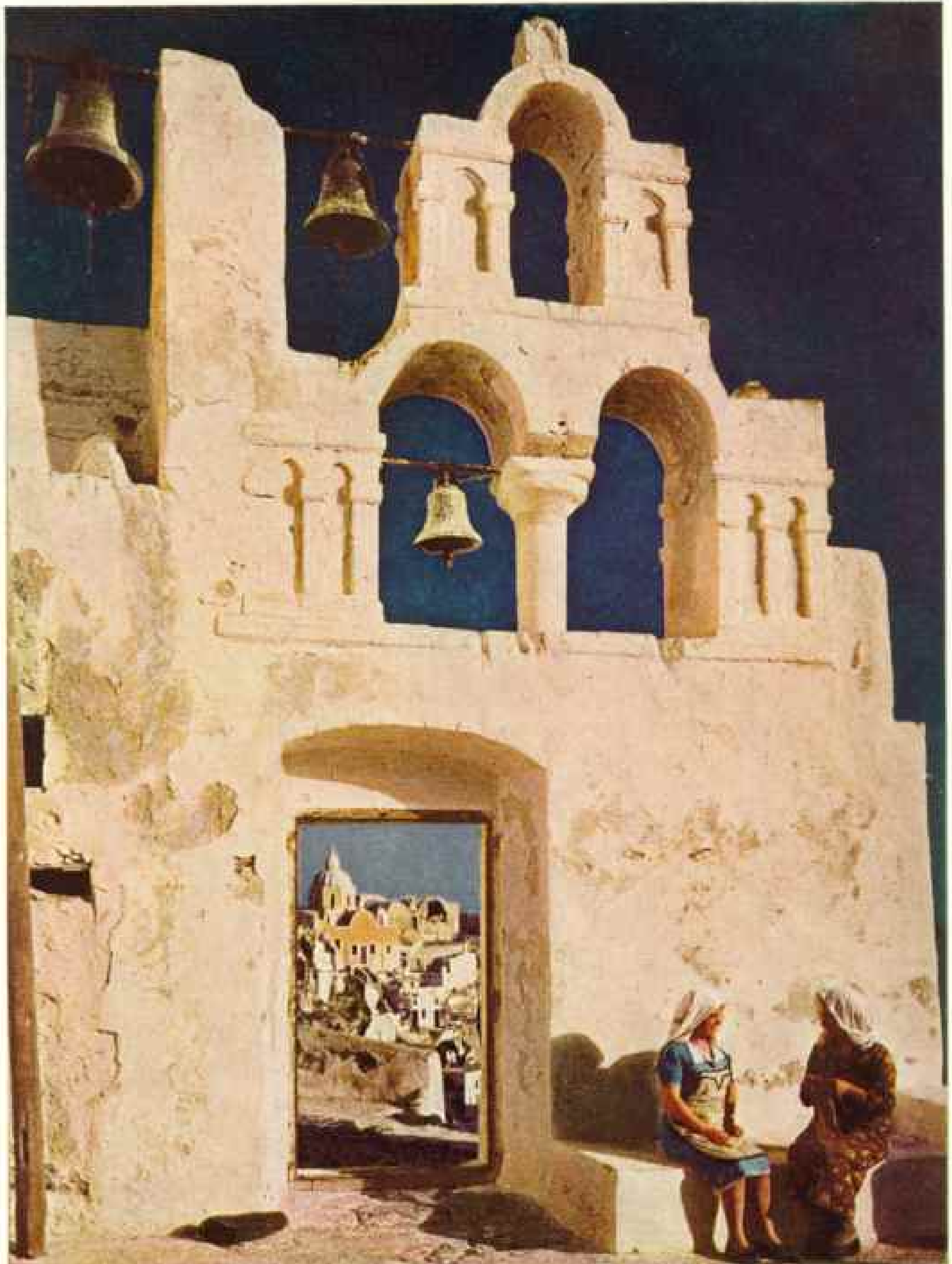
Why is the inlet at Istanbul called the Golden Horn? The map gives one answer—unromantic fish. The waters were "golden" in the sense that here was one of the world's richest fisheries.

The new supplement forms an ideal companion to The Society's noteworthy map of Bible Lands (December, 1938), since together they embrace the entire world of the ancients.

Students who read this map with imagination will find it comprises on one compact sheet a historic serial of romantic deeds and dates, a newsreel of high adventure, hallowed places, and an engrossing compendium of "Believe-it-or-not" wonders and "Information-Please" answers.

* Members wishing additional copies of the map "Classical Lands of the Mediterranean" may obtain them by writing the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. Prices, in the United States and Possessions, 50¢ on paper (unfolded); 75¢ mounted on linen; index, 25¢. Outside of U. S. and Possessions, 75¢ on paper; \$1 on linen; index, 50¢. Postage prepaid.

SANTORIN AND MYKONOS, AEGEAN GEMS



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

BEYOND THE BELL TOWER SPRAWLS APANOMERIA, PERCHED ON A CRATER RIM

No timber-producing trees grow on Santorin Island; stone roofs are barrel-shaped and domed. This whitewashed town, now called Oia, is being slowly abandoned, for it lies far from the rich mines of pumice, which is exported for cement. There are no wells on the volcanic island. In times of drought, when cisterns run dry, water must be imported (Plates XVI and XXIV).

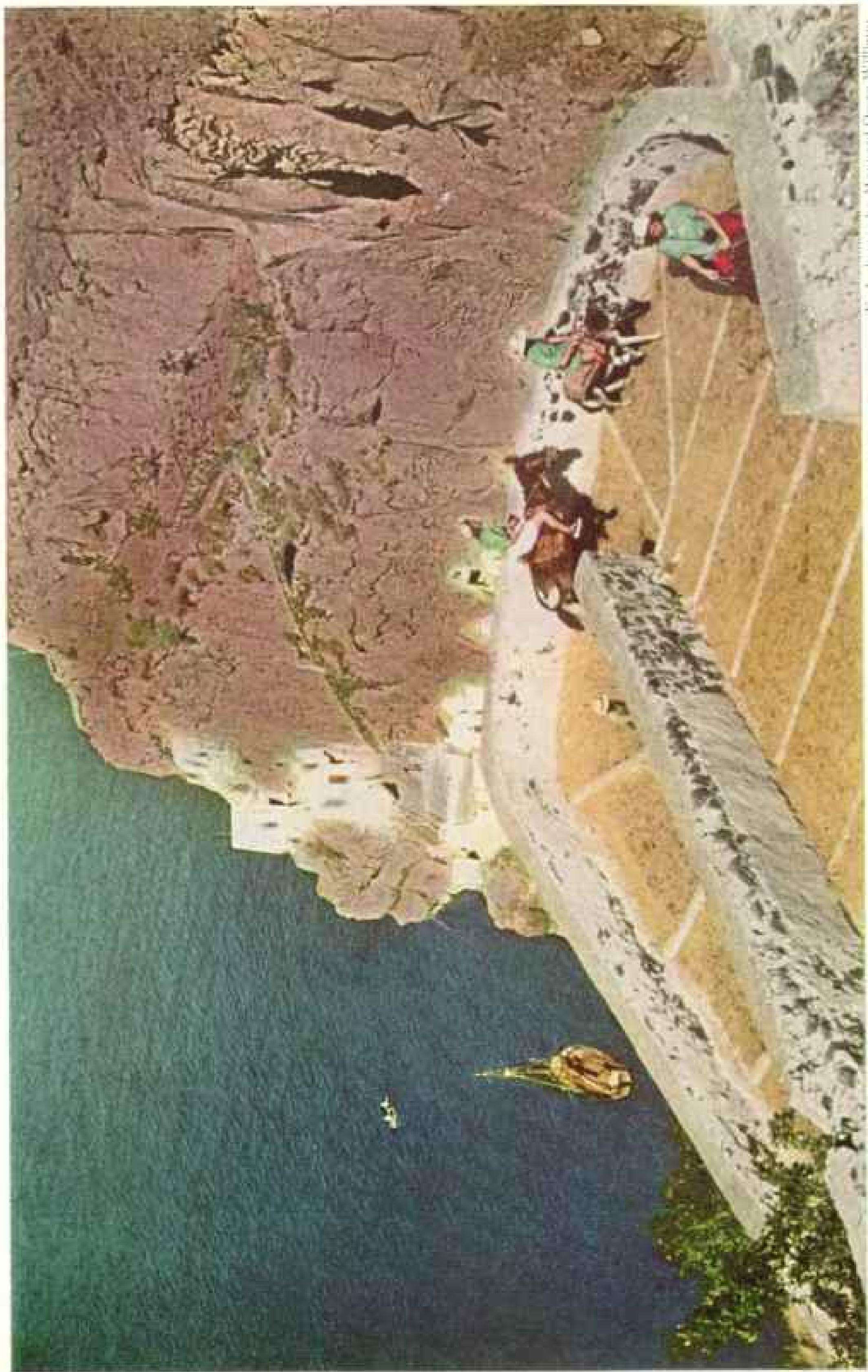


© National Geographic Society

DONKEYS, PRUDENTLY MUZZLED, THRESH SANTORINI'S RIPENED GRAIN

Separating wheat from chaff requires hours of continuous crunching beneath tiny hoofs. Men and women taking turns keep the sleepy animals moving. After winnowing, the grain is ground at the windmill. The town of Thera shows in the right background.

Photography by E. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

Illustration by Maynard Owen Williams

IT'S HALF AN HOUR BY DONKEY, UP 1,200 STEPS OF ROCK AND VOLCANIC BLOCKS, FROM THE QUAY TO THE TOWN OF TUCURA

The roadway, abruptly rising for 670 feet, is carved out of varicolored volcanic strata of black, red, purple, brown, and green. Donkeys prefer a free rein rather than guidance by tourists. Foundations for the dwellings below were excavated from the sheer cliff (Plate XXIV).



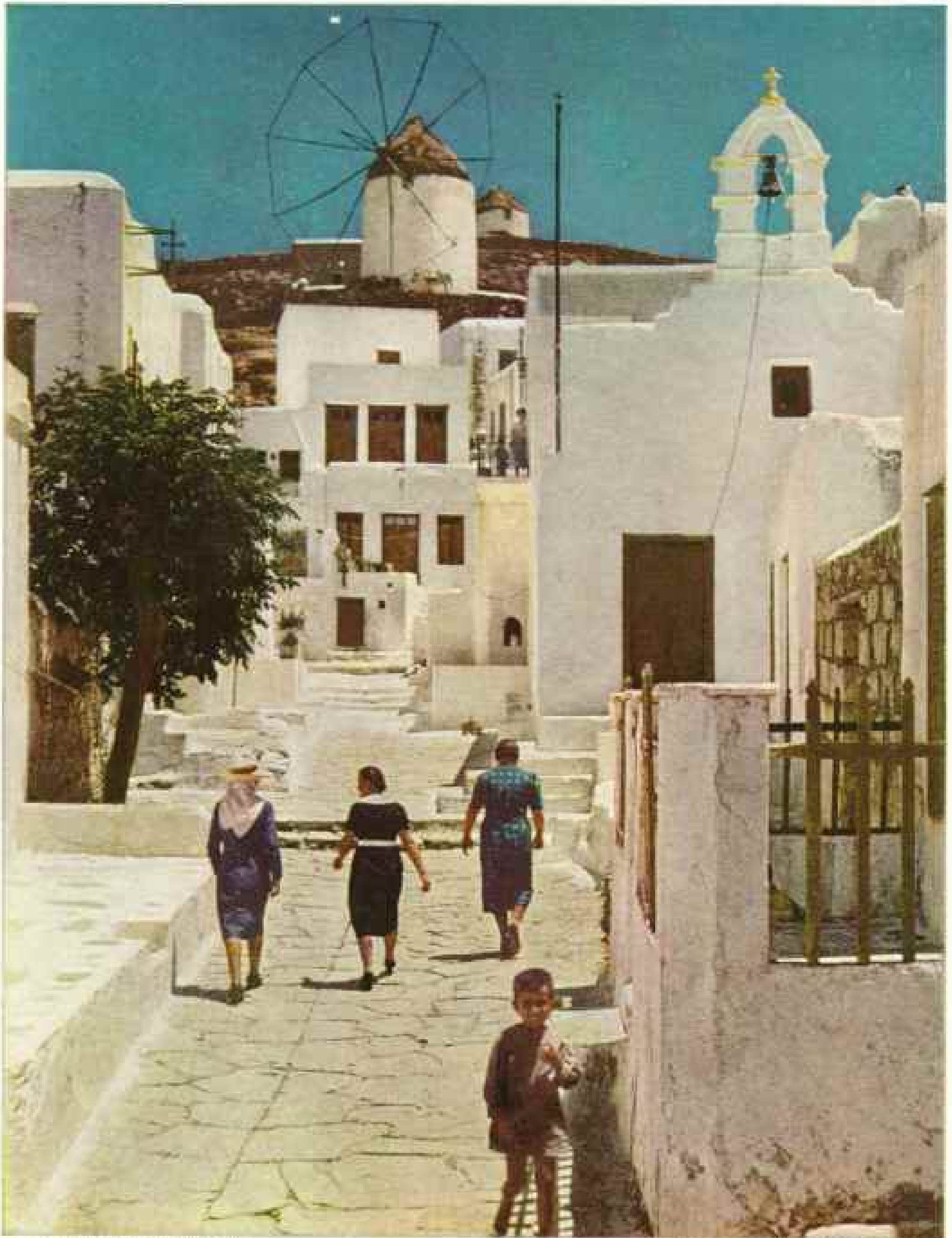
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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

SAILORS BUILT MANY SANTORIN CHAPELS IN GRATITUDE FOR WEATHERING STORMS

Caught in sudden Aegean squalls, sea captains and shipowners vowed to erect a church if their ships reached port safely. Scores of the chapels of Santorin and Mykonos have such an origin.

SANTORIN AND MYKONOS, AEGEAN GEMS

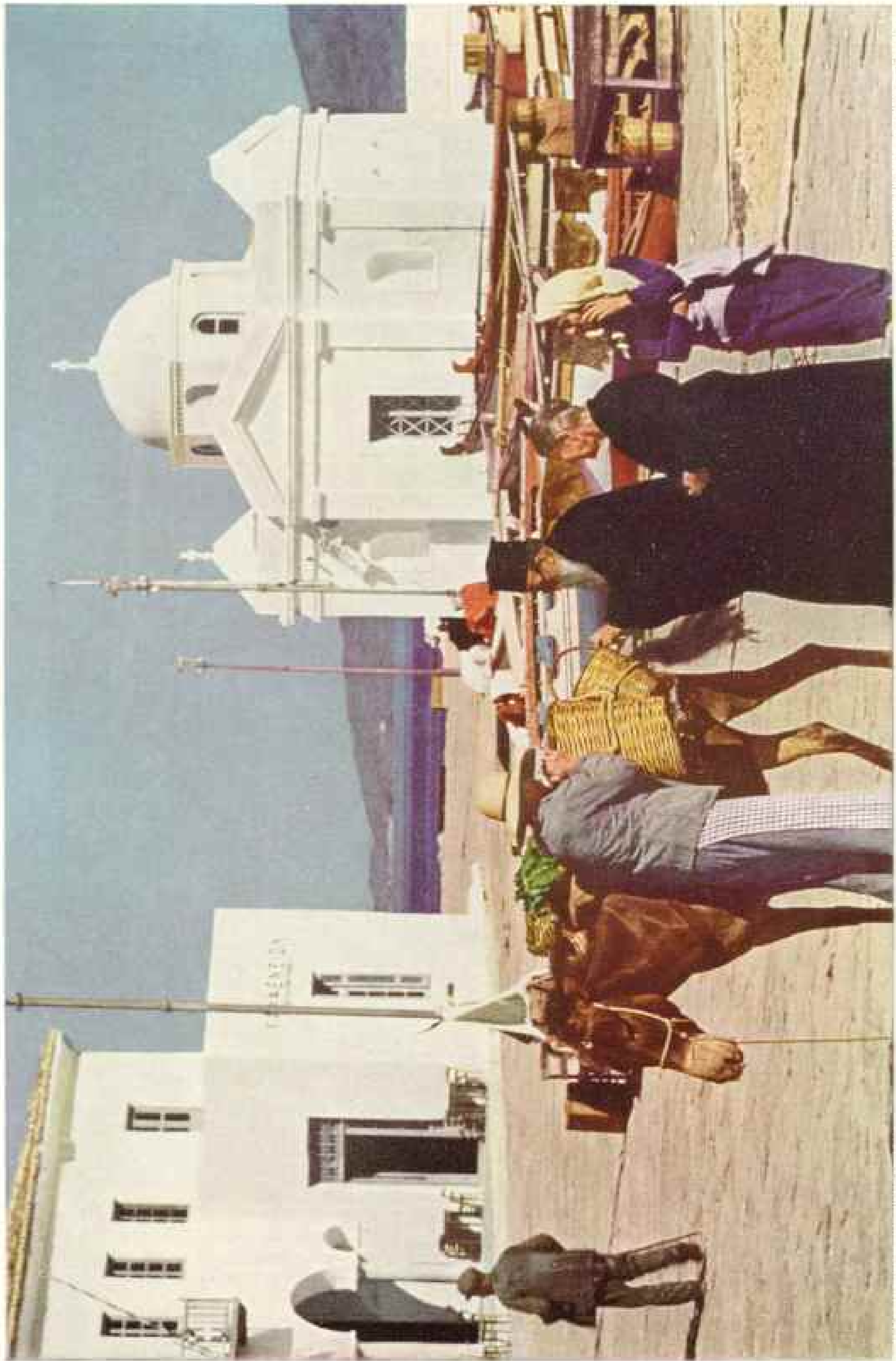


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Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

PROUD ISLANDERS CALL GLEAMING MYKONOS "WHITEST TOWN IN THE WORLD"

Cubical houses, churches, and windmills reflect the Aegean sun with such intensity that many visitors wear sunglasses. Some churches are open only once yearly, on the patron saint's day.



© National Geographic Society

WITH 360 CHAPELS, MYKONOS HAS A PLACE OF WORSHIP FOR EVERY TWELVE RESIDENTS

A Greek Orthodox priest bargains with the green-vegetable man who peddles his wares through whitewashed streets. Tables and chairs to the left are for patrons of the coffeehouse, identified by the Greek word over the window.

Kodachrome by D. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

COLORFUL AND EXPERTLY WOVEN, MYKONOS BELTS HAVE GIRDLED THE WORLD

A number of them are laid over the bright rugs near the girl's left hand. Handwoven articles such as these, made exclusively of native wool from the sparkling Aegean island, were on display in the Greek building at the New York World's Fair.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

GREEK CLIFF DWELLERS LOOK DOWN ON THE QUAY OF THĒRA.

From the harbor, winding paths lead up to shaded recesses where Santorini fishermen mend nets and tired donkeys browse through the heat of midday sun. From their small boats moored in the man-made harbor, seafarers search the rocky coast for hiding octopus, a choice delicacy for the islanders. Because the bottom of the harbor is 1,280 feet deep, sloping as steeply as the cliff sides, calling steamers stop without anchoring and small boats tie up to the docks.

ITALY, FROM ROMAN RUINS TO RADIO

History of Ancient Bridge Building and Road Making Repeats Itself in Modern Public Works and Engineering Projects

BY JOHN PATRIC

FOUR roaring motors lifted Italy's newest, Italian-built transport plane northward at three and a half miles a minute. Venice was little more than an hour ahead, and Rome less than half as far behind. Clouds below us sometimes hid the Tiber.

"That lake to the left is Trasimeno," explained the thoughtful Italian at my side. "There Hannibal—the African general who fought with elephants—killed 15,000 Romans in three hours. That was more than twenty-one centuries ago.

"Beneath us is Perugia," he continued.

The Etruscan city, Roman for 309 years when Christ was born, looked like a misshapen starfish sprawled on a mossy stone.

As we sighted the Adriatic, I looked for the tiny Republic of San Marino. It, too, is on a mountain—a steep one! A little cloud hid nearly all of Europe's oldest state.

To my left lay the vast, cornucopia-shaped valley of the Po, built of fertile sediment brought from Alps and Apennines by scores of rivers. Here flat farms—fields of green and brown and yellow—stretched westward as far as I could see.

FROM THE AIR VENICE LOOKS LIKE A SMALL-SCALE ITALY

At its delta the Po poured tan water seaward from a dozen mouths. Between dikes hundreds of fishing boats scudded to join other thousands whose brick-colored sails flecked the shimmering Adriatic.

Venice, really scores of islands, at first appears one—compact, isolated, completely built up. On big maps it is like a fat, diminutive Italy, with heel and toe, ankle and calf, three miles long, half as wide.

Short streets, crooked, without wheeled traffic, outnumber waterways twelve to one. Venetian islands are "tacked together" by bridges arched high enough for passage of gondolas beneath. "Falling snow; no school" is an old Venetian saying. When snowy or icy these bridges are dangerous (page 349 and Plate I).

For all her empty palaces, sagging

majesty, and vanished power, Venice holds in the bearing of her people, in the regal way old women wear tasseled shawls, more than a hint of other days when the "Queen of the Adriatic" was mistress of the seas.

That evening at dinner we started prosaically with spaghetti *alle vongole*, made with sauce of tomatoes and tiny clams.

THE OCTOPUS, INKY AND EDIBLE

Then we had octopus cooked in its own ink. Most octopods eject jet clouds to camouflage themselves. Sepia ink comes from the pigment sacs of this mollusk. Octopus, stewed in it, was visually horrifying and gastronomically delightful.

With moonlight a gondolier took us slowly from the Rialto Bridge down the wide, shimmering, S-shaped Grand Canal. City laws and rubbish boatmen keep it clean.

A boy who claimed 14 years, but looked 10, was my "gondolier" next day. Partners, really, we paddled a little rowboat together to the glass-making island, Murano, and to Burano, where fishermen's wives and daughters learn lacemaking.

Murano is a little Venice. As we rowed along its canals the boy said he was hungry. I gave him a few lire and let him forage.

He returned with two small loaves, a cone of newspaper filled with hard-shell land snails, and two round, sturdy toothpicks. Politely he waited for me to begin. I wedged the toothpicks, his final courteous touch, into a gunwale crack to await the end of the meal. Gingerly I examined my first snail, big as a finger ring, still warm from cooking, and oozing juice. I tried cracking it with my teeth. The thin shell broke into sharp annoying bits in my mouth.

The boy laughed, retrieved a toothpick, impaled a snail's head, and drew from its tiny sepulcher a tender, fat white worm.

Another day I found the Venetian glassworks that laid the mosaic of Stanford's memorial chapel at Palo Alto, and stood with its manager beside a wood-fired furnace.

A blob of cherry-red-hot glass gradually became an iridescent pink bubble as the



Photograph by John Patrick

A FUTURE DEFENDER OF ITALY PROUDLY SHOWS HIS SKILL
WITH A BAYONET

He strikes the "forward" position beneath a poster of Mussolini. This 10-year old *Balilla* drills with a mock rifle, and wears the black shirt and cap of his group, which includes boys from 8 to 13 years.

master blower twirled it deftly on a long tube. He squeezed it with pincers and pulled out a delicate neck (page 367).

Suddenly he paused. Here was a flaw—and so, like a witch's metamorphosis of beauty into beast, he quickly changed fair vase into rude bottle.

"Too often it becomes the common wine flask we call *fiasco*, to be wrapped with straw," he said. "It fails to be a vase."

I was to circle Italy completely by rail, with many a side trip.

In Trieste, prewar Austrian port, I found the inhabitants surprisingly more like Po

Valley people in manner and appearance than these are like southern Italians.

Love of family prevails here as in all Italy. One day in scattered shady spots I saw a hundred noontime reunions. Wives and children of street workmen had brought fresh, warm basket lunches from across the town and remained to eat with father.

From a Trieste I learned of the Grottoes of San Canziano, near Divaccia, a few miles east, where, in "caverns measureless to man," the Timavo River darkly and tumultuously seeks the sea.

I went circuitously by train to Divaccia and stood at last on the rim of a rocky cup. Perhaps 500 feet below, an astonishing river leaped from a cliff base, became

a sparkling, jewel-like lake, then vanished as mysteriously into the opposite wall.

THE LAKE NAMED FOR VIRGIL

Through the river's tunnel, an hour later, I reached Lago di Virgilio, named for Virgil because it was he who accompanied Dante through Purgatory. I felt a weird kinship with them as my old Slavic guide conducted me by flickering torch along these gloomy shores, on rock ledges, through hand-hewn tunnels, or over bridges whipped by spray from a river I did not always see.

Soon the lake was a pinpoint of light



Photograph by Melville Bell Grosvenor

IL DUCE'S YACHT "SAVOIA" MOORS BETWEEN TWO DESTROYERS AT VENICE

A gondola slips by the trim vessels anchored at the entrance to the Grand Canal, opposite the Piazza of St. Mark. The domed church is Santa Maria della Salute.



Photograph by Douglas Chandler

A SMOTHER OF SNOW SLOWS GONDOLA TRAFFIC

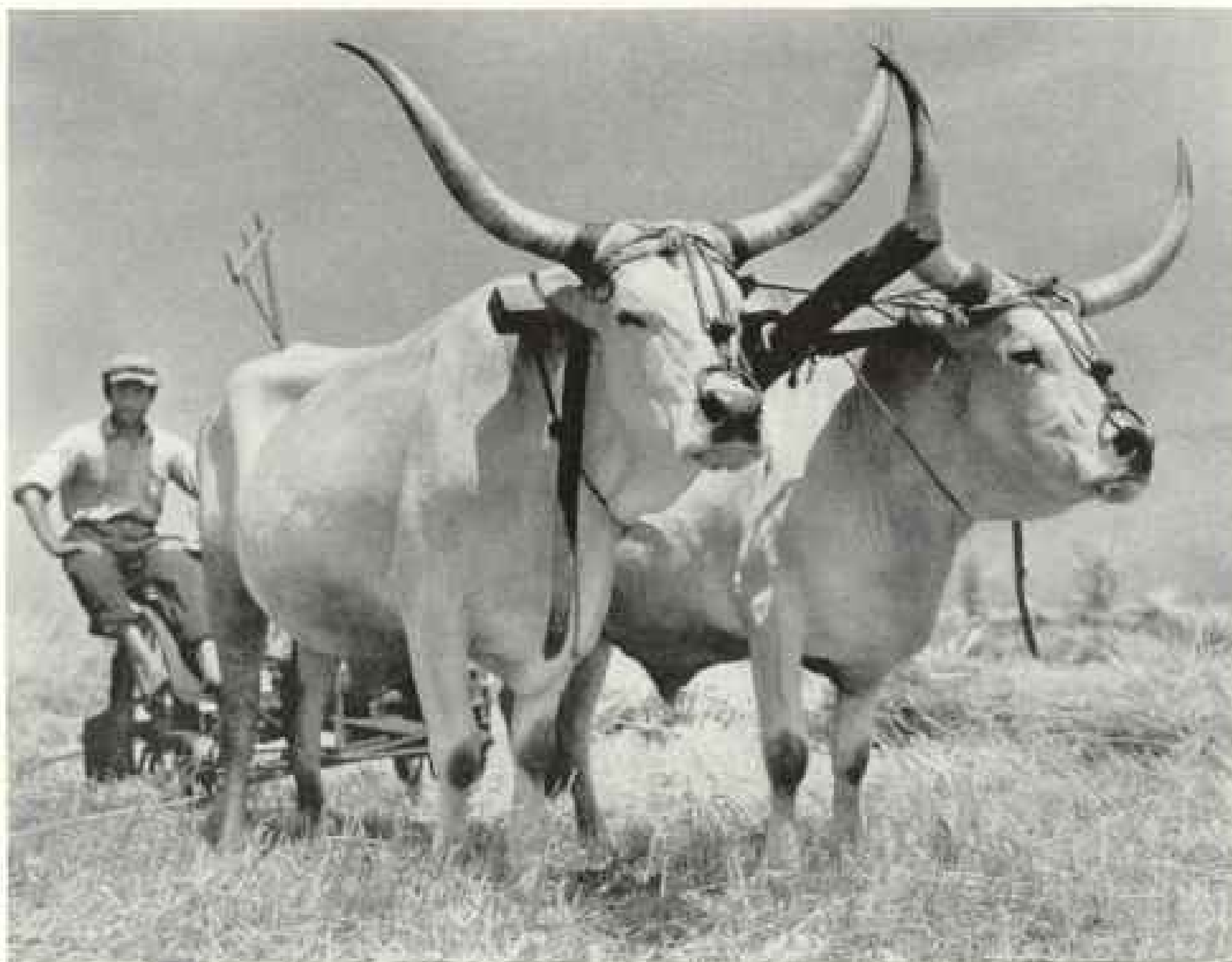
Such a sight is rare in the usually balmy "Queen City of the Adriatic." Venice sometimes has floods. Strong winds push sea water into the lagoons, where it piles up. Then stores and hotel lobbies are awash, and boats cannot pass under many bridges (page 334).



© Donald McLeish

BELOW THE WHITE WALLS OF ASSISI, A BAREFOOT MOTHER HARVESTS HER CORN

Already she has denuded the stalks of their long leaves to feed her animals. In this hill-crowned town was born St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan Order of Friars. The castlelike convent and church where the saint is buried tower at the left. Standing in the balconied windows of Assisi on such warm sunny days, visitors look out over rolling green farms, sniff the wood smoke drifting up through the haze, and listen to farm sounds floating across the countryside.



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

"HAPPY THE MAN WHO . . . WORKS HIS ANCESTRAL ACRES WITH HIS OXEN"

Thus Horace, "a Wordsworth of ancient Rome," praised the farmer's life. Here a yoke of longhorns pulls a mowing machine in fields reclaimed from the Pontine Marshes near Rome.

behind us. We climbed onward, upward, downward, squeezing through narrow apertures, gripping cold, wet handrails, strolling through vaulted rooms whose translucent stone portieres in the torchlight threw shadows of demons around us.

We emerged from a narrow passage cut steeply upward through solid rock, and stood at last, like Dante and Virgil, under the stars. Here I left the friendly Slav and took my tremendous appetite to a farmhouse that seemed to be a tavern, too.

The farmer's wife fried eggs and cheese together, floating in oil to be poured over them like gravy. Coffee-and-milk had been simmering. It came in a huge mug, weak and full of "skin" that forms on heated milk. Folks there like it that way.

FIUME'S ROMAN ARCH

I went that night to Fiume, at Italy's eastern, Yugoslav frontier. After dark I walked along pedestrians' streets near Via Arco Romano, where a Roman arch still

stands, its sides forming part of the walls on either hand.

Through a dark and narrow portal I almost chanced into a room that might have been in southern Italy, dome-roofed, heavy with furniture and pictures in thick gilt frames. A tame chicken strolled about, clucking. Two cats lay asleep. A row of tiny lights moved across an ironing board, like portholes of a distant freighter riding high, as charcoal glowed within an iron in the housewife's sturdy hands.

The next day on the Flume water front I lunched aboard an Adriatic sailing ship with its three-man crew. It was almost a celebration, for, a little at a time, the orange cargo had at last been sold. Splitting profits, they would sail south for more oranges.

Medea, eloping with Jason, to deter her pursuers slew her brother Absyrtus and threw his pieces into the sea south of Fiume. There, says mythology's local version, they became a group of islands, long



Photograph by Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.

THE STOVE IS "CENTER STAGE" IN A BURANO KITCHEN

This island girl is kindling her fire on a slate slab atop a wooden table. An iron ring, like a buggy wheel rim, keeps ashes from falling off. She hangs the pot from the overhead chimney, which also serves as a shelf for plates, candlesticks, and vases. Polished copper pots are suspended above.

called Absirtides, including Cherso and Lussino.

My sailor hosts invited me to ride. They didn't go quite to Lussinpiccolo, but would put into a port whence I might take a small steamer.

The tan sail, ornamented with a crude, shining sun, tugged lightly at its lines; a slight creaking of spars was an overtone to a gentle lapping of little waves below two wooden eyes popping from the boat's blunt bow. No staccato exhaust marred the melody. Many Adriatic freighters use sail alone. I sat awake through the warm

night, looking at sea, stars, phosphorescent water, and ever-changing shore lights.

AMERICAN
YACHTS FROM
FAILED WATERS

Next day I boarded a trim, prosaic Venetian steamer with the Lion of St. Mark on its white funnel. It took me first to Lussingrande, a hamlet with a tiny harbor, then to Lussinpiccolo, a fair-sized port with a deep, landlocked anchorage.

Lussinpiccolo's men have sailed ships on every sea, and many an American yacht has been built in its yards.

I watched a sail drift almost imperceptibly across the harbor. Through a grove of pines it seemed a quiet, distant lake. I forgot war boats in Italy's harbors. I forgot uniformed troops of children, drilling

playfully with bayoneted models of army rifles (page 348). I forgot the aerial bombers Italy builds so well.

I forgot them all, but only for a moment. Was that a faint hum? Now it was a distant droning, a buzz, a staccato roar—then silence. A multimotored seaplane settled to the water. Hills around the harbor spat red flame that in seconds became the boom of heavy coast defense guns in target practice.

Seven miles west of rocky Lussino is Sansego, a sandy island two miles long. Here dwell some 2,200 people.

If men's rough suits are often so patched that almost nothing of the original garments remains, women wear clothes aplenty, particularly skirts—a dozen at a time, whatever the weather. Short, they flare out like those of old-fashioned chorus girls.

The house of a childless couple, larger than that of their neighbors, was my home in tavernless Sansogo. We ate in the kitchen—vegetables, hard-shell crabs, and mackerel. The fish were broiled over dried vine prunings in a waist-high fireplace in the corner. Sansogans believe grapevine fires impart distinctive flavor to their food. There is little other fuel.

My host was one of scores of returned American immigrants. I drank from what seemed a

well, asked how such good water came from sand so near the sea.

"We save the rain," he replied. Sansogo cellars are cisterns.

Darkness brought the lamplighter and his ladder. He trimmed wicks, refilling lamps with precious oil before lighting them. He turned them down until, not real illumination, they were faintly glowing beacons for pedestrians.

There was soft singing somewhere.

I picked my way cautiously toward it, and heard a different chorus far away:



Photograph by Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.

BLOBS OF WHITE ARE FRESH-SPUN SILKWORM COCOONS

A girl inspects the "crop" in her father's home at Limonta, on the Lake of Como, where many "raise" silk. When the caterpillars have fattened on mulberry leaves, she transfers them to bundles of twigs, where they spin their cocoons. These are picked off after eight days. Then the chrysalises inside are suffocated by steam or hot air and the fine silk thread unwound (page 391).

Scattered in groups of six or eight along the shore of Sansogo's little cove were half its older girls. There are no movies, no automobiles, few magazines. Lights are dear. But singing—that was free, and fun.

AN AIRTIGHT ROOM

My room was ready when I returned, shut tightly against night air. First, slatted outside shutters were fastened, then solid wooden doors, then hinged glass windows. Finally, lace curtains hung primly before the barricade.

On Sunday all Sansogo climbs the hill to church, gaily dressed women bringing stools. Men stand in the rear where they can just see the church's greatest treasure, a giant wooden crucifix found cast up by the sea, origin unknown.

I caught the boat to Pola one morning. A bus driver who had been a New York chauffeur talked to me while sackfuls of wood charcoal were poured into an insulated tank of glowing embers at the rear of his machine (page 369).

"This is an ordinary motor," he said, "fitted with an extra high-compression head. A supercharger runs from the fan belt to pull charcoal gas from the firebox, through four filter tanks, into the motor.

"We need filters because of moisture and dust. In the morning we light the charcoal with kindling; when it burns we close the draft as you do to hold fire in airtight stoves. Then we switch to charcoal vapor. With gasoline at its present wartime price, we save eight dollars a bus daily."

Some Italian cities use less expensive wood chips, which, he explained, are more powerful because of alcohol content.

FLOODS IN VENICE!

I returned from Pola to Venice by steamer, landing in a damp gondola as strong winds whipped the harbor into choppy waves. Sometimes such storms push sea water into the lagoons and flood Venice. A few weeks before, stores and hotel lobbies had been awash.

A flood in Venice?

It seems a joke, but isn't. At high water boats cannot pass beneath most arched bridges, and many Venetians are marooned, although elevated walks are kept ready to be installed on busiest pedestrian crossings.

When Portia, to confound the Merchant of Venice, sent to Padua for lawyers' robes, her messenger crossed by "common ferry which trades to Venice." Wind was power then. Shakespeare implies it was a long journey. Now trains and motorcars come on trestles. I went by rail to Padua (Padova) in 40 minutes.

In Augustus' time, when its soldier quota was 200,000, Padua was third Roman city. Today 14 in Italy are larger.

I walked along its canals, watched patient men fish with dip nets, then took a tram to the country to stroll on Brenta River dikes. Below were little farms with no wasted land.

Beside roads and ditches grew carefully pruned trees, their crop of branches burned as fuel.

CITIES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

Before going westward to Verona, home of Romeo and Juliet, I remembered the Taming of the Shrew had been accomplished by another Gentleman of Verona, in Padua. I listened for descendants who might have reverted, but most women meekly worked. Some even helped their men spray grapevines with copper sulphate—a common rural chore. Mists often blew back upon the workers, tinting them from head to foot. Funniest sight was an elderly man, tall, blue, and hatless, with cerulean hair and azure whiskers.

Over Verona's older streets, still paved with Adige River cobblestones, marched invaders—Attila the Hun, Theodoric the Goth, even Charlemagne's son Pepin.

Yet in Verona's very center, after 1,800 years, stands the largest Roman arena except for the Colosseum, with every tier of stone seats unbroken. A poster announced a forthcoming performance of *Othello* in the amphitheater. Inside I watched a troop of Fascist schoolgirls drilling (page 385).

Similar were towns, scenery, and people of Alpine Italy and southern Switzerland. These countries merge so gradually, one into the other, that were it not for advertising signs, flags, and uniforms, one could not tell at a glance in which land he strolled.

Cold, rainy weather prevailed in Milan (Milano) even in late May. Nevertheless, in spare trousers, I took my suit to a tailor, who would clean it in a week—for two dollars. I left it for pressing only, wandered coatless that afternoon and thus could not enter the Cathedral of Milan (pp. 382-3).

"Men without coats and women in low-necked dresses cannot be admitted to the sanctity of this holy place," read a sign.

Not so restricted was the roof with its marble fretwork, sculptured figures, and extraordinary view. In a lean-to at the rear, ecclesiastical mementos and elevator tickets are sold. A United States cash register rang up my fare.

From busy, well-dressed Milan, the railroad took me arrowlike, southeasterly along the foot of the Apennines through the cheese center, Parma, and sausage-famed Bologna. Pride of that city is its venerable university.

I continued straight to Rimini, the Adriatic's "Atlantic City," and thus completed

BRIGHT FACETS OF ITALY'S GRANDEUR



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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

VENICE, SEA-BORN CITY OF LIQUID STREETS, BOASTS A WORLD-FAMOUS SQUARE

Italian flags fly from staffs commemorating medieval victories in Cyprus, Crete, and Greece. High above the rich decorations on the Basilica, a tall statue of the city's patron saint, St. Mark, spears the sky. Visitors feed flocks of pigeons to cafe music. An Italian quatrain epitomizes four Piazza charms:

"In St. Mark's Place three standards fly;
Four famous horses paw the sky; (behind flag)
A clock tower scans the passing day;
Bronze giant Moors beat time away."



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Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

HERE HISTORY HAS SUNNED ITSELF SINCE JULIUS CAESAR MARCHED INTO GAUL.

Blessed by the radiant skies above the matchless Mediterranean blue, the Italian Riviera from San Remo to Genoa and Rapallo has proved salubrious for peace conferences and treaties, as well as gay sea bathing such as this at Camogli, near Rapallo.



Kodachrome by Maynard Owen Williams

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ONCE A YEAR FISHING BOATS SWARM LIKE BATS TO VENICE FOR THE NORTHERN ADRIATIC CHAMPIONSHIP

Up from artist-haunted Chioggia, Italy's chief fishing port, race hundreds of bright-sailed *bragozzi*. Here the sunset sky is saw-toothed with polychrome sails. The race is over and an evening's fun is in prospect. On the morrow they will be gone, and the quiet deserted.



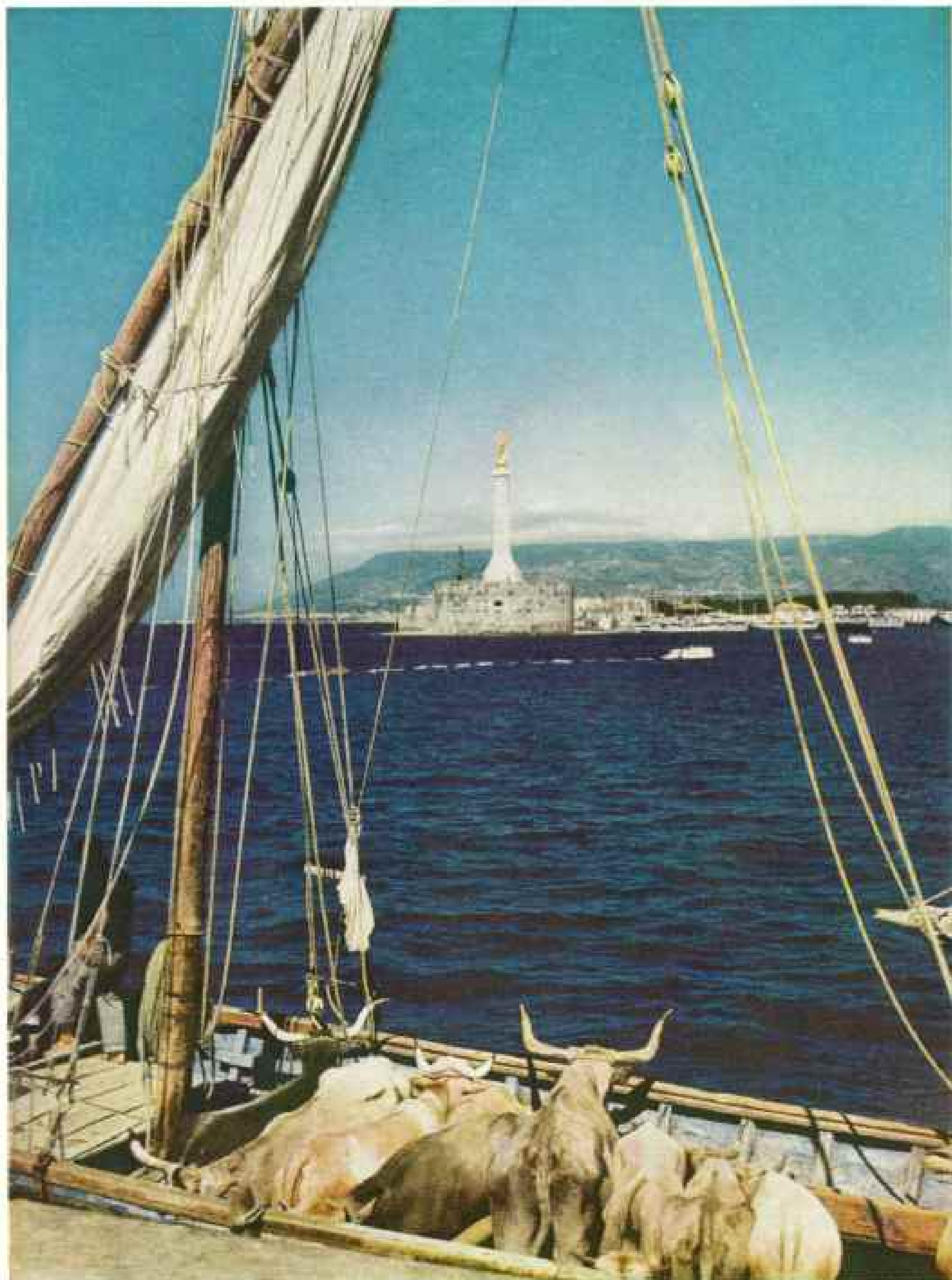
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IN MEDIEVAL DAYS AMALFI WAS A GREAT SEA POWER, RANKING WITH VENICE AND GENOA.

Now small fishing boats, yachts, and motorcars replace its ships. Until 1570, the Amalfi Code was recognized as the maritime law of the Mediterranean. Clinging to the cliff beside terraced lemon groves and vineyards is a former Capuchin monastery, now a famous hotel.

BRIGHT FACETS OF ITALY'S GRANDEUR



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Kodachrome by D. Anthony Stewart

BESIDE DREAD CHARYBDIS, A LOFTY MADONNA WELCOMES SAILORS TO MESSINA

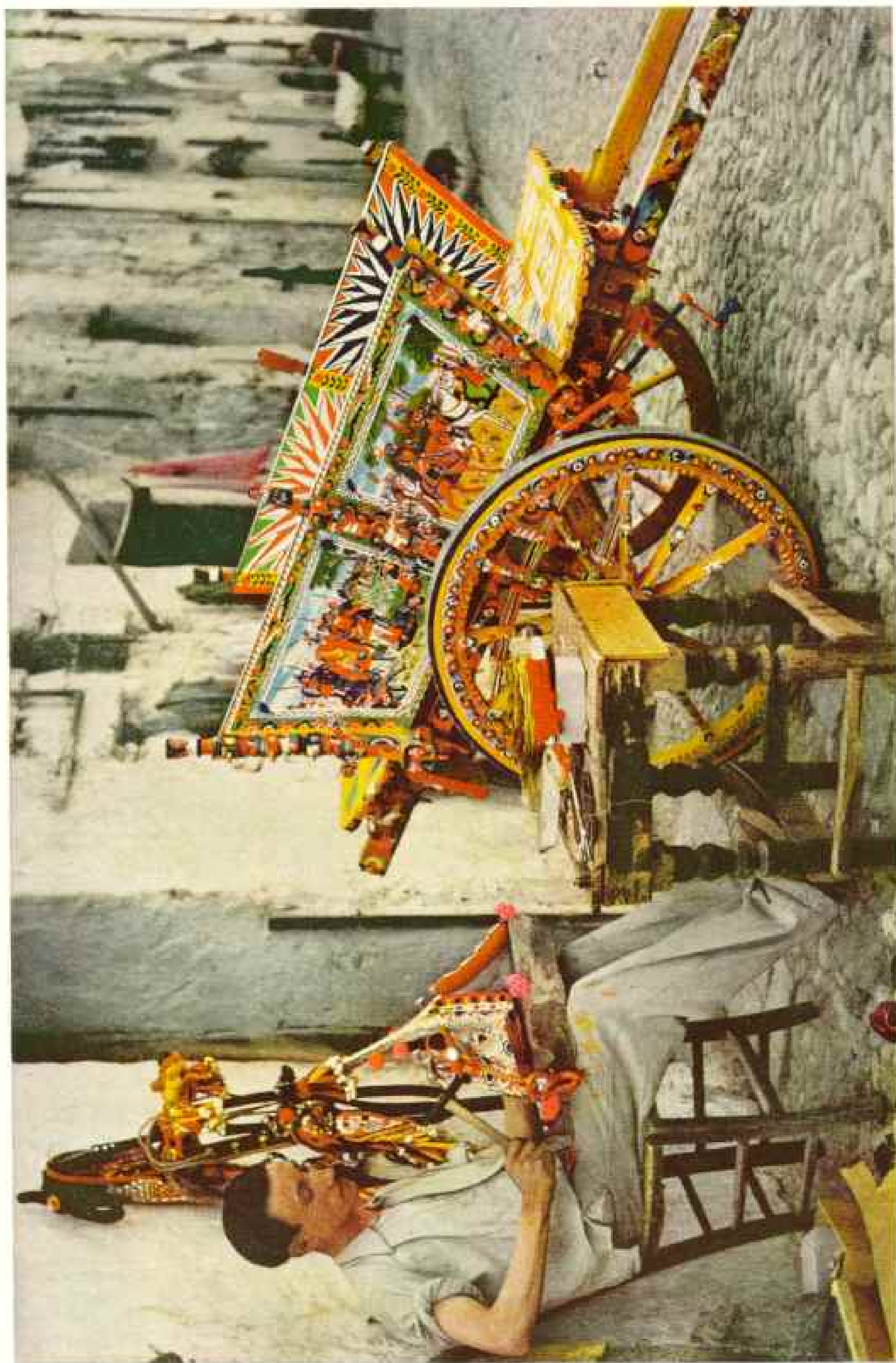
Tidal currents, known to Hercules and feared by Odysseus, still swirl between the toe of Italy's boot and the "football" that is Sicily. This slender shaft was lighted from Jerusalem by wireless, developed for practical use by Marconi, Italian inventor.



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 IN THE TYROLIAN MAZE OF PEOPLES THESE WOMEN OF FORST
 DI SOTTO ARE ITALIAN



Kinichrony by H. Anthony Stewart
 TYROLEAN HATBANDS NEAR MERANO ARE GREEN FOR
 THE MARRIED MEN, RED FOR BACHELORS



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THIS PALERMO HARNESS MAKER IS MATCHING A SADDLE TO A BRIGHTLY PAINTED SICILIAN DONKEY CART

In all Sicily, largest of Mediterranean islands, colony of ancient Greece, winter resort, and paradise of citrus fruits, no feature is more colorful than the farm carts. Knights on horseback recall the days when Palermo was under Norman rule.



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Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

PNEUMATIC DRILES, BREAKING VOLCANIC CRUST, HAVE RELEASED HERCULANEUM'S MOSAICS FROM OBLIVION

Rained on by ashes from Vesuvius, near-by Pompeii was suffocated. Inundated by lava and pumice stone, Herculaneum was so buried under and built over that excavation is still far from complete. This wall mosaic, its colors still fresh, enables modern man to look back through the centuries to the last days of Pompeii and its neighboring towns of 79 A. D.

a triangular trip through Italy's great northern valley.

A sign, "Do not talk politics," greeted me in a quiet back-street restaurant. "When there were 50 political parties—those were stirring days for the wineshops! But now—" The proprietor shrugged.

At Pescara, south of Rimini, I talked with a fisherman.

"Sure," he said, "I been Unin' State t'ree year. Come out in boat wit' us."

We landed fish that would scare American housewives and delight William Beebe.

None was discarded, but as sails and oil engine brought us racing home, the crew sorted carefully. Mackerel, shrimps, squid, mullet, small octopus, sardines, lobsters, a valuable sturgeon—all the varieties that were easily marketable—were packed neatly in flat baskets.

Crews' wives waited, chatting on the levee, for boats they knew from afar by distinctive sail ornamentation. Off they went as we tied up, with other baskets of oddly assorted sea creatures little known to urban Romans, but shrewdly bargained for and shrewdly sold to fellow townsmen.

"Seven lire. Six-ninety. Six-eighty."

The auctioneer began high, dropped until a buyer signaled assent. Then off to a Roman motor truck went kilograms of fish.

Sheer music of chanted numbers held me spellbound. I understood more fully why so many operas are Italian.

FUTURE COLONISTS FOR ETHIOPIA

By rail I went to Termoli and thence to the Department of Apulia, at the heel of the Italian boot.

A ship's engineer sat with me. We watched cone-roofed stone houses, white-washed against the heat, glide past.*

"Here live the people who'll farm in Italian East Africa—they're used to the hard life," he said. "Some would come north; we can't let them. Working for half price, they live on forty cents a day.

"Some, in the hills, never leave their towns." He indicated a youth of 21 seated opposite us. "He never saw a train until today. I've been trying to converse with him. He speaks a dialect, which scarcely is Italian."

A heavily armed guard walked the rounds with the conductor. Pitifully unbulging,

coarse hempen mail sacks, with unbelievably few newspapers thrown off at even fair-sized towns, told eloquently that reading of this sort was not a hobby of the people.

Brindisi police doubted my American passport, my two special Italian documents, and my "sojourn record." Four men arrested me. I was marched off between two heavily armed police, the carabinieri.

"I regret your trouble. Things aren't normal," said the chief of detectives, a former English teacher, when I was his guest four hours later in Brindisi's best café.

"Apulia often seems more like Greece than Italy," I remarked.

"The dialect of many towns is almost pure, classic Greek," he told me.

SPEED—AND SAFETY FIRST

I crossed Italy's heel from Brindisi to Taranto at 60 miles an hour. Fiat engines power the new railway motor coaches.

Standing beside the motorman, fascinated, I watched headlighted track zip beneath us. Heavy gates barred all crossings.

Taranto is Italy's southern naval base. It is on the cove, Mare Grande, at the north extremity of Italy's "instep." Connecting this outer harbor with an inner one, Mare Piccolo, are two bridged channels so narrow that almost imperceptible Mediterranean tides are strong currents there.

Mare Piccolo, or "little sea," is shaped like a lopsided hourglass. Deep enough in places for battleships, large enough to shelter Italy's fleet, it abounds in seafood.

Spartans founded Taras—that was its ancient name—seven centuries before Christ. Growing strong, it fought Rome, and Romans sold 30,000 Greeks as slaves. But Taranto fishermen still mix Greek and Italian words.

THE "INSTEP" COAST IS HOBNAILED

Taranto was busy, its best hotels filled. From the domed ceiling of my 35-cent room "running water" trickled serpentlike through a tiny copper pipe. As waste from the washbasin it ran into a pail.

The "instep" coast is rough and barren. Pack donkeys freight goods inland. Only today are roads being finished to parallel the railway. Fishing is slight.

Houses huddle together in walled hill towns. Seaside fortresses fall to ruin. Armored trains, carrying radio, barracks, kitchens, and massive cars with guns as

* See "Stone Beehive Homes of the Italian Heel," by Paul Wilstach, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, February, 1930.



Photograph by John Patrick

HE HAS A NOSE FOR SUGAR

Mention sugar, and this lion-trimmed poodle sits up. Place a lump on his nose and he will balance it patiently until the command, "Eat." Then, with a snap of his head, he flips the white cube and catches it. He was mascot of a little boat on which the author sailed from Sansego to Lussinpiccolo (page 352).

heavy as a destroyer's, stand modern sentinel on railway sidings.

South of Nova Siri I walked back from the railway's slight fringe of semimodernity, finding a farmer in a terraced "valley," little more than a dry, rocky river bed. He had brought earth by donkey to build a tiny wheat field. An old woman knitted yarn twisted from a heap of wool beside her. Goats nibbled stubble. A plodding donkey hitched to a shaft pumped water for the garden.

The farmer had returned from "San Francheek" in 1916 for the war, so long

ago that his American "store clothes" had at last worn out. He meant San Francisco, but, a southern Italian, he slurred vowels. His northern brothers often add them. Glad to see an American, he told his daughter to feed me goat meat, goat cheese, goat milk, and some of their flat, oily bread.

Many farm folk from Italy's mountainous toe have understandably emigrated. Land yields little; children will be born. By the Ionian Sea a life is incredibly hard.

At stormy dusk my train, puffing around the toe-tip, skirted the Strait of Messina toward Reggio Calabria. Lightning lit northeast Sicily, thunder echoed from oft-silhouetted, towering Etna. Here was verdure, orange and lemon groves—and rain!

Reggio Calabria, in 266 decades, has often been razed. First Syracusans, then Romans, Goths, Saracens, Pisans, Normans, and Turks destroyed it. If peace seemed long, then earthquakes—most recently in 1908—laid it low. Patiently it rebuilds.

I walked under a borrowed umbrella, found the city pleasant, even gay. Buildings, "earthquake proof," are low and flat.

Before rainy dawn I was again on a train. Opposite me sat newlyweds, going to Rome on the cheap "honeymoon ticket" Fascist railways grant them. They pointed across the strait at winking lights of their

Messina, four miles away (Plate V). In Messina, too, Shakespeare's bachelor, Benedick, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, found his Beatrice, in whom "all the graces be."

Salerno was a long, rainy day's train ride north from Reggio Calabria. There were many tunnels. In most places coasts dropped sharply to the blue deeps of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Blue? Unexpressive! This was like fresh bluing water. Vegetation was lush and green, oranges and lemons plentiful and cheap. Olive trees, so gnarled in Apulia, were almost stately.

No liners, but many a freight-laden windjammer, enters Salerno's bay. One was loaded with broken glass. I followed its stevedores to a factory where scrap, even broken bottles, sorted by color, was melted for cheap new window glass.

I used to think Fontaine Fox's "Toonerville trolley" existed only in his imagination. He might have ridden as I did from Salerno to Pompeii. There is no "half fare on the roof," but there was a "first-class" compartment for six in that short, weather-beaten, rickety streetcar. It was once upholstered gorgeously in faded red plush.

We paused, awaiting passengers who shopped. A butcher emerged from his store. "Take this pork to Enrico's restaurant," he must have said, for the con-



Photograph by John Parrie

WITH STONES FOR HAMMERS, BRINDISI WOMEN CRACK DRIED BEANS

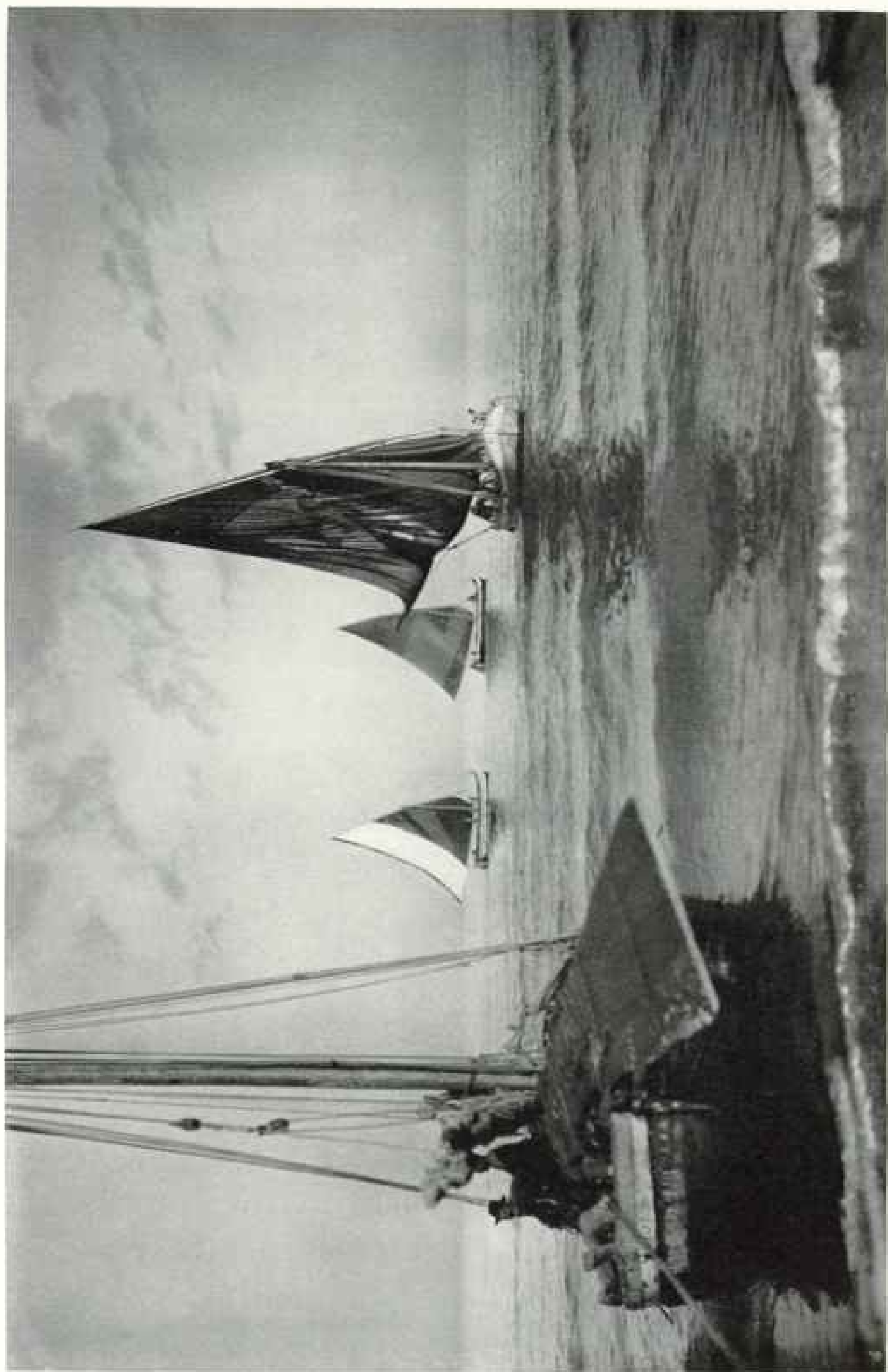
Giant Italian broad beans are usually eaten green. Here the brittle, inedible shells are being removed preparatory to boiling the hearts. Dropped hulls litter the courtyard floor. Ground into meal, these beans are also fed to horses and cattle.

ductor got off, a half mile away, and did it. The motorman halted his car a moment to hear a favorite tune on a barrel organ.

MODERN DAYS OF POMPEII

Locally, the Pompeii we know is "Pompeii Scavi," or "excavated," to distinguish a new town of some 4,000 beside it (pages 376, 381, 393).

Excellently administered now is Italy's number one ruin. In Christ's time a commercial city of 20,000, it is still two-fifths buried. I stood in a wheat field ending clifflike as workmen dug into it and piled



Photograph by LUCE from ISIT

ADRIATIC FISHING BOATS GLIDE ASHORE ON THE CREST OF EARLY-MORNING SWELLS

At San Benedetto del Tronto one broad-beamed vessel (called *paranza*) has dropped sail as the flotilla nears the beach after a night's fishing. A process of dyeing with iron gives a rusty hue to the canvas. The nearest sail bears the initials "I.H.S.," signifying "Jesus, Saviour of Men."



Photograph by Giacomelli from ENIT

AS HE HUFFS AND PUFFS, A PINK-HOT GLASS BUBBLE BECOMES A SHAPELY VASE

Highlights gleam from the forming flower vase, which the man at the right is blowing in a glass factory on the island of Murano, near Venice. Before reaching this stage, he drew the pipe, or blowing iron, from the furnace. Then, dipping its bulbous end in the crucible, he pulled out a mass of molten glass. As he twists the pipe and blows through it, a glass bubble forms, which an assistant deftly shapes with the tools (page 147).



© R. Kalbus

UP, UP, TO VESUVIUS' FIERY CROWN!

The funicular which scales the summit cone ascends one foot for each two feet of length. New lava flows occasionally burst from the mountain, the only active volcano on the European mainland. Most destructive recent eruptions were in 1872 and 1906. Visitors may descend into the crater, following white paint daubs on the black slopes.

into dump cars rich ash whose produce for so many centuries had fed farmers unaware of the buried walls beneath them (page 381).

In former days even mosaic floors were ripped from moorings and carted off to a Naples museum. Now everything possible is left where it was in that awful year, 79—even charred grain, olives, and walnuts.

Having seen Pompeian rooms as they were deserted nearly 2,000 years ago, I walked into the country, part of an unbelievably fertile, intensely cultivated, heavily populated plain encircling Vesuvius.

Porches were usually smooth threshing floors for beans, peas, and sometimes wheat. In open pits every bit of rich farm refuse was odorously stored. Near by were donkey-powered well pumps, with trees planted considerately around the circular towpath to shade the toiling ass. Only occasionally were there electrically driven force pumps.

Doors were open alike to animals, men, and flies. In rude kitchens of volcanic stone houses hung utensils as few and simple as in old Pompeii, but metal now instead of clay. Charcoal is common fuel, now as then. On this warm day kettles hung over twig fires outside. Life in many respects was more elaborate in olden times.

Near the new copper-domed cathedral in modern Pompeii, I passed a home where a boy sang at a window. Caruso was born in near-by Naples (Napoli). So, on a stone wall, I listened.

The music ceased. A girl, the singer's teacher, came down the pathway.

"You liked his voice?"

I said I did. I told her I'd rather talk to her of music than go to Naples.

Her sister in America had written her of our strange, forward ways. She said she couldn't even walk to town with me, but she said it politely.

An hour later I sat on my upended bag on the railway platform. She approached with her mother and two sisters.

"If you still choose to talk," she said, "come to our house."

Its walls were thick and calcimined. Furniture was large and heavy. There were many pictures, much ornamentation, and hand needlework. The floor was stone with small rugs thrown about it. The kitchen was tiny and slightly equipped. Cooking was over charcoal. In a rear court was a little garden.

The sisters had taken turns carrying a



Photograph by John Patrie

INSTEAD OF TEN GALLONS OF GASOLINE, THIS BUS TAKES ON TWO BUSHELS OF CHARCOAL!

Because gasoline is rationed and expensive in Italy, many motor vehicles have been converted for charcoal gas fuel. Here a service man empties a sackful into the insulated firebox in the rear of a Pola bus. The fire is lighted when the bus starts in the morning and keeps burning all day. Gas from the smoldering charcoal is drawn through filter tanks into the motor. Lately, many private cars have also been remodeled for this fuel (page 354).

hen's egg on their persons until it hatched. The chick, now two weeks old, came running, wings outstretched, at a call to eat flies from their hands. It would quickly go to sleep standing on a finger.

They played and sang Italian tunes. Between times, with much pantomime, I described to the mother an "all-electric" American home.

"If our house were like that," said the old lady dreamily, "how much time I'd have for sewing!"

A RAILWAY CIRCLES VESUVIUS

"Circumvesuviana," a new electric railroad from Naples, circles Mount Vesuvius on a fast, well-ballasted track. From nearby Resina is a weather-beaten railway to the summit, part trolley, part cog road, part cableway (opposite page).

It was raining when I reached the top; thick fog shrouded the crest.

To a group of solicitous and expensive guides I addressed one sonorous meaningless sentence, then vanished into the mist.

There could be no "trail" over the frozen black lava sea where I walked, but white paint streaks, daubed on the jet, glassy surface, marked the way. I continued leisurely. Growling fumaroles, sulphur encrusted, poured forth yellowish-gray smoke. A shepherded party came nearer. I could hear guides answer questions. I hid in the handy fog to let them by.

There were gashes where red-hot lava bubbled, heaved, and fell, or lay quiescent. Mist reflected them rosily. Pompeii sees these molten spots at night. They illumine ever-rising smoke clouds. Thus, to startled visitors in Naples, Vesuvius appears in angry, crimson eruption.

Rain had ceased. Wind, whipping fog from the mountain top, revealed me to the guides. I saw the rest of Vesuvius with one at each elbow.

They took me to two mountain carabinieri. One laughed. He had been in America, the only Italian policeman I met who had. I passed friendly hours in his barracks halfway down, chatting, smoking, and

eating radishes. He showed me the volcanic observatory, where delicate seismographs record every twitch of Vesuvian activity.

I asked of the danger to valuable records, books, and instruments.

"Troops come from Naples when we telephone of unusual rumblings. Several companies could empty this building in a few minutes," he replied.

To superstitious folk who love and fear their mountain, tomorrow was day of days. Then came St. Januarius, their protector, to bless and preserve them for another year. I remained that night on Vesuvius to see the saint.

Four strong, tired men brought him at dusk, in ornate wooden effigy. They put him in a little church on a rock island between two lava flows. His dried blood, in a vial at Naples, biennially proves his watchful immortality, they say, by liquefying.

A VOLCANO'S PATRON SAINT

By dawn more than a thousand persons had ascended. Many had passed the night in the churchyard, singing beside little fires, eating peanuts and fat melon seeds. With daylight, boys in faded finery—cockaded hats and ragged, braid-trimmed coats—danced in Apache-like abandon to "music" of homemade percussion instruments: wooden hammers in frames; drums of skin stretched on cans; castanets; tambourines of small hoops, goatskin, and rusty tin.

At noon came the saint from the church on four broad shoulders, leading a long procession of robed priests, a loud band, and many people. With a benign smile, he blessed everything in sight.

Directly below the volcano the Bay of Naples tossed futile waves, 2,000 years ago, against sea walls of the resort, Herculaneum. Ash, in 79 A.D., fell first, then a flow of lava covered it and thrust back the sea. Better preserved, even, than Pompeii, Herculaneum is difficult and slow to excavate, for it must literally be quarried out.

Sharp tools gnaw constantly at the once molten mantle by which cataclysmic Nature, more merciful than Time, hid the ancient city from the eyes and minds of men.

Rain in windy bursts fell upon my battered borrowed umbrella as I descended to an uncovered, carefully restored fragment of Herculaneum (Plate VIII). Moderns have copied charred work of artisans contemporary with another Carpenter laboring

quietly in the Holy Land. They have refashioned inwardly sloping roofs of timber over frescoed walls and marble columns built around the noble central room, half parlor, half courtyard, that ancients called the *atrium*.

These roofs are like huge, rectangular platters with square central holes. Precious, useful rain fell into a marble basin beneath a patch of sky.

And so it did that day, pouring from roof tiles in crystal torrents, then gurgling from the *impluvium* to storage tanks through leaden pipes, "as good today," remarked the aged caretaker with whimsical pride, "as when grandfather built them!"

"Your grandfather?"

His gnarled right hand carelessly spanned the centuries. "Mine—a hundred times away. Who knows?" he replied.

When I had landed two months before, at the fine new dock in Naples, I had stored one bag at a hotel. In it was a clean suit. I changed, wrapped my travel-stained apparel with a note addressed to the friendly man from "San Francheesk" whose "store clothes" were gone (page 364). Shabby as it was, his women would wash and repair it, I knew. It would be *his* "Sunday suit."

I sauntered on stone-paved streets flanked by high, balconied buildings of thick masonry. In glassed street-side recesses stood little plaster saints, illumined even in daytime by flashlight-size electric bulbs. On cords from fifth- and sixth-story windows sometimes hung baskets. Deliveries placed there were hoisted home.

We dined on oysters in Santa Lucia, a Neapolitan district as well as a song.

From the train at Formia, north of Naples, I saw in a garden the remains of what is said to have been Cicero's favorite villa—and the place where he chose to die. By bus I went to Gaeta, on a little peninsula hooked around a gulf of that name.

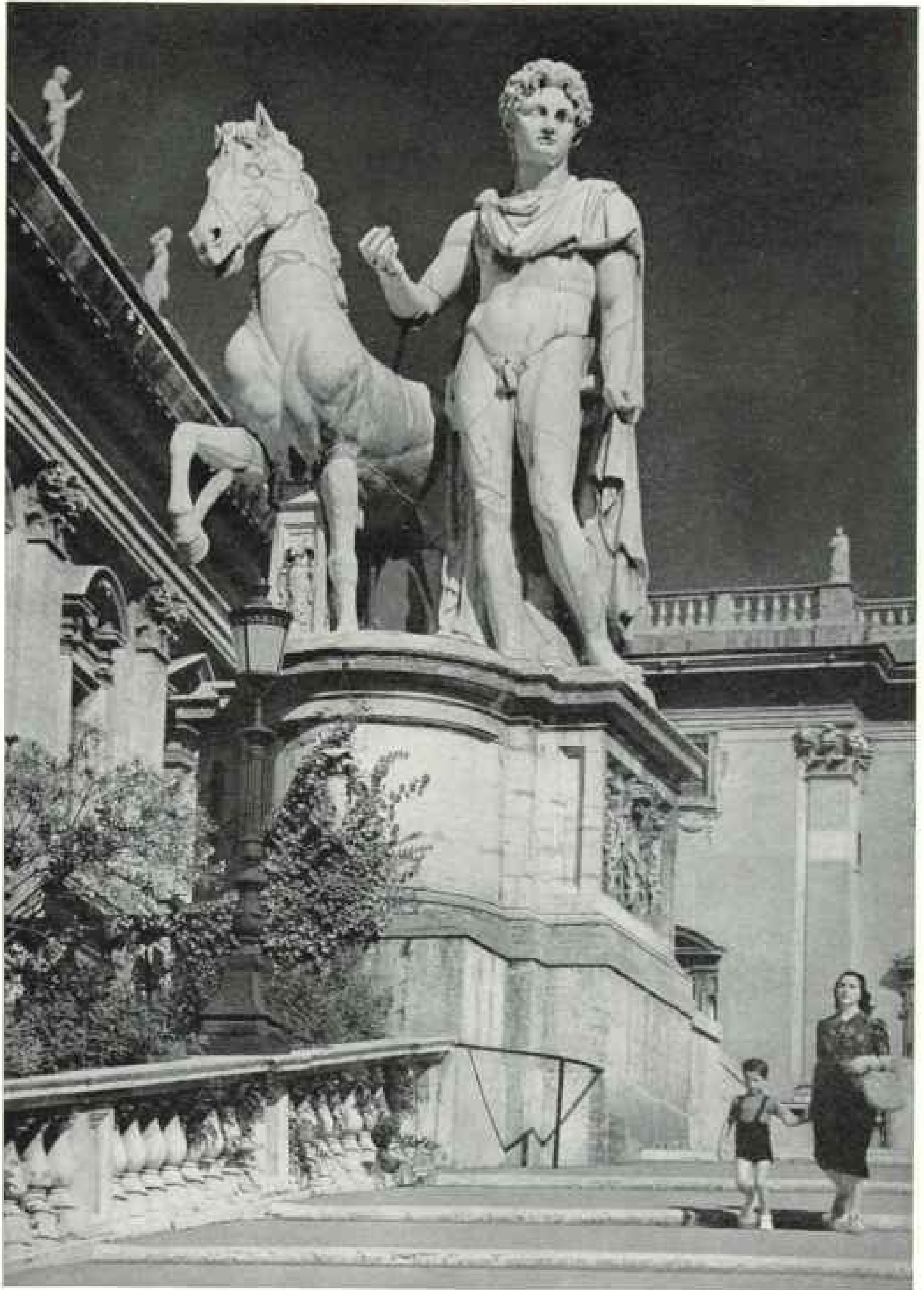
THE TOWN OF TALL HOMES

Gaeta homes are high and whitewashed. Grapevines ascend from the street in protective tubular tiles to shade flat roofs.

A man of 70 showed me a garden behind a high wall. He had been in America 30 years ago, and remembered English words enough to make me welcome.

With the old man I ascended tunnel-like stone stairs in his granddaughter's tall thin house downtown. They were light and cheerful; Gaeta householders whitewash

Italy's Monuments Tell Rome's Magnificence



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

ANCIENT STATUES ADD THEIR GRACE TO THE GRANDEUR THAT IS ROME

Equestrian groups of Castor and Pollux, mythical patrons of games and horsemanship, stand at the head of the broad stairs mounting the Capitoline Hill where Romulus traditionally founded Rome. Michelangelo designed the Capitoline Museum (left) and the staircase in front of the Senatorial Palace (background).



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

PHOENIXLIKE, THE FIRST FORUM HAS RISEN TIME AND AGAIN FROM ITS ASHES.

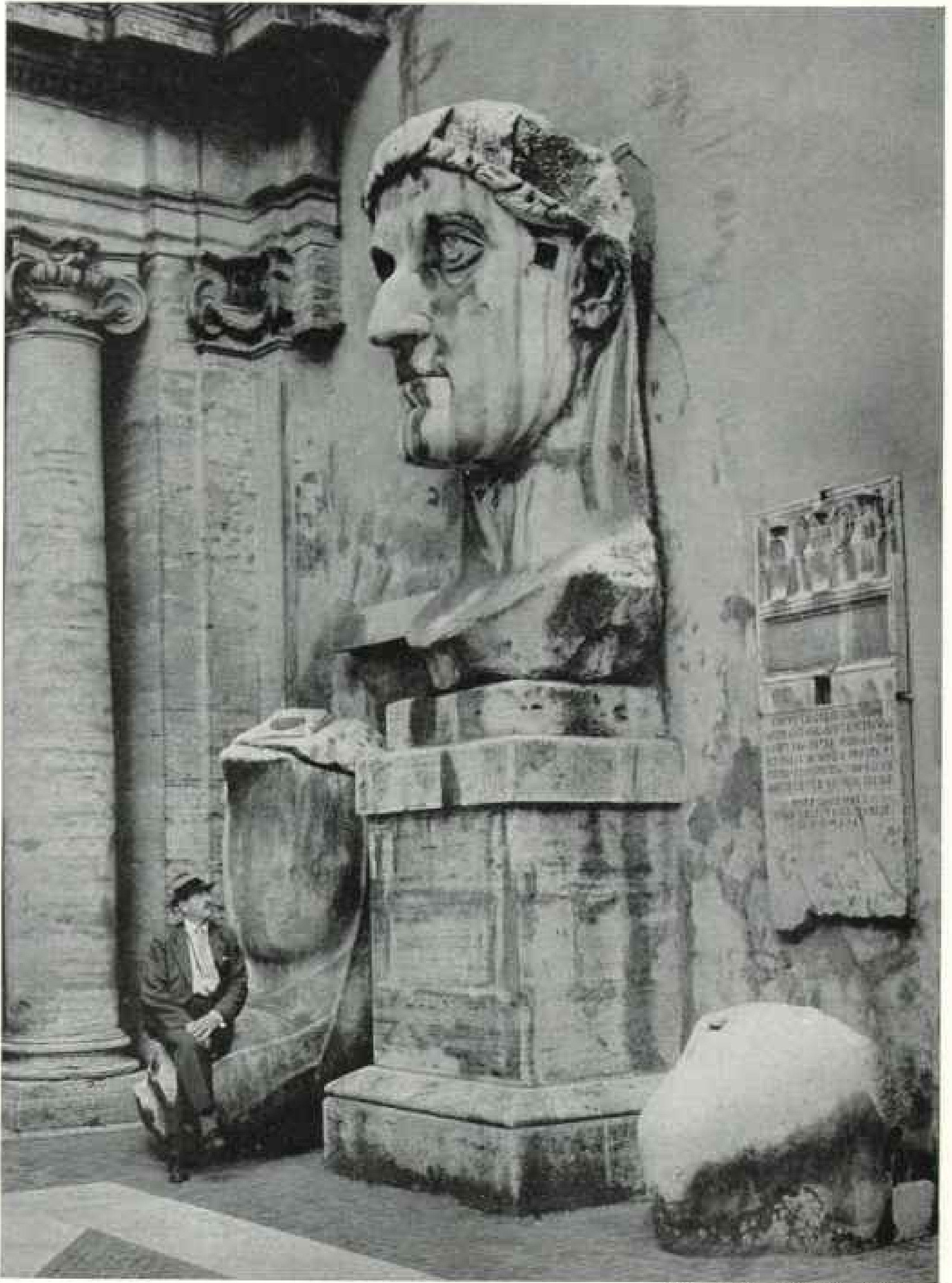
The heart of old Rome was devastated by fire four times in ancient days, but always attained new glory under the Emperors' lavish care. In the Middle Ages flocks grazed among its desolate ruins. Today the Government has restored much of its former splendor. Through the portico of the Temple of Faustina appear a part of the Temple of Vesta (left) and three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux (page 371).



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

BIBLICAL DAVID AND PAGAN HERCULES GUARD THE OLD PALACE

A modern copy of Michelangelo's celebrated statue of the giant killer (left) replaces the original, removed for protection to the Academy of Fine Arts. Baccio Bandinelli, rival of the Renaissance master, carved the group at the right showing mythological Hercules, triumphant over Cacus, Vulcan's son. The fortresslike Palazzo Vecchio has served both as palace and prison; now it contains municipal offices of Florence.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT GREW HUGE UNDER THE SCULPTOR'S CHISEL.

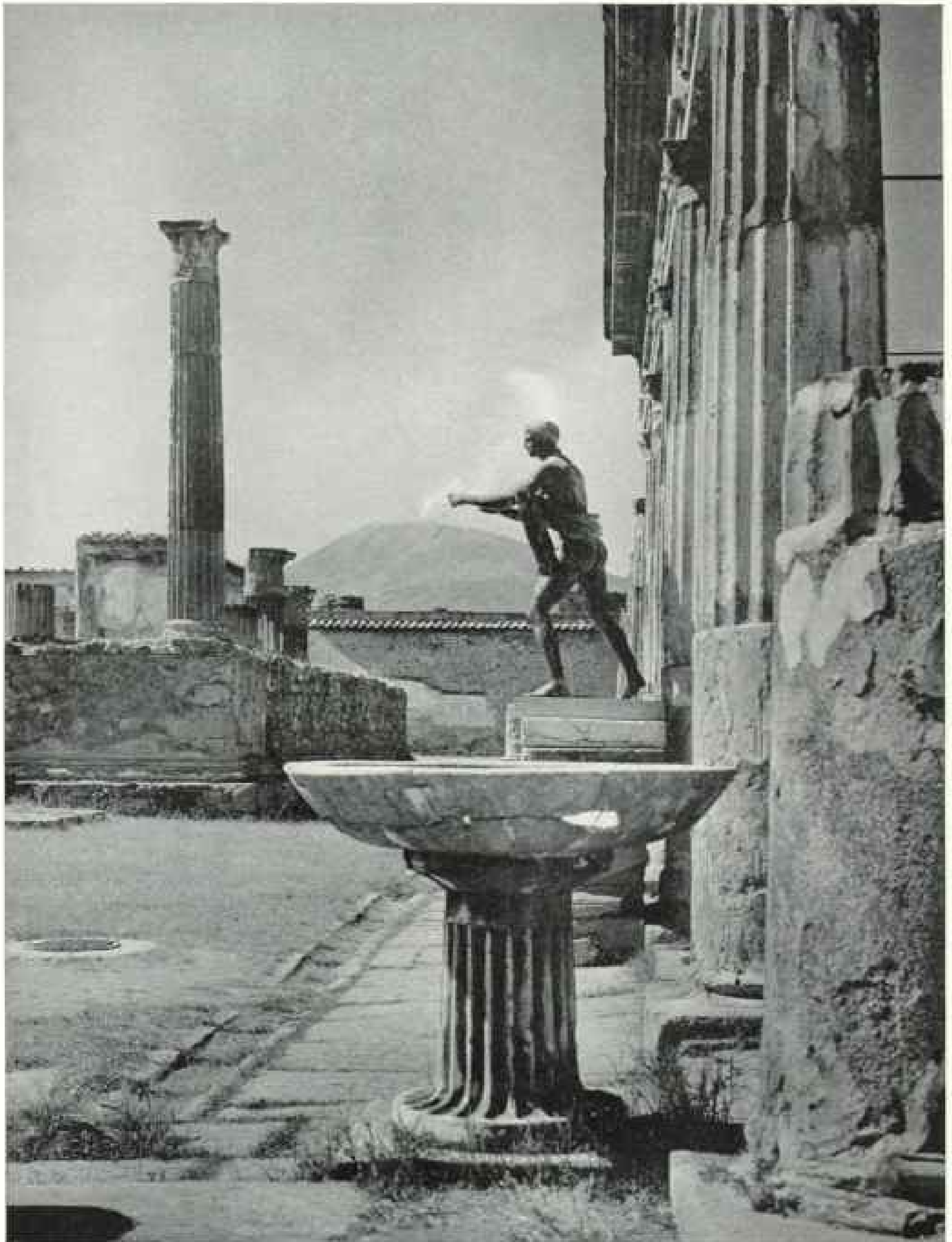
The complete statue originally stood in the Basilica of Constantine in the Roman Forum; head and fragments now occupy a courtyard of the Palazzo dei Conservatori. Constantine, first Christian Roman emperor, decided to make Christianity the official religion of the Empire. The old capital was traditionally pagan, so he chose Byzantium for the new seat of government and renamed it Constantinople.



Photograph by Franklin L. Fisher

PERSEUS BEHEADS MEDUSA, BUT FLORENTINES GO THEIR WAYS UNCONCERNED

Benvenuto Cellini's bronze masterpiece and other great sculptures adorn the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence. To cast a bronze statue, the artist first molds wax in the desired form over a rough core. Then he pours on thin coats of a clay and plaster liquid which dries and makes a covering shell. The wax is melted out and the space it occupied filled with bronze. After the metal hardens, the outer case and core are removed.



Photograph by E. Anthony Stewart

HIS BOW LOST, APOLLO THE ARCHER SEEMS TO BE LIGHTING VESUVIUS

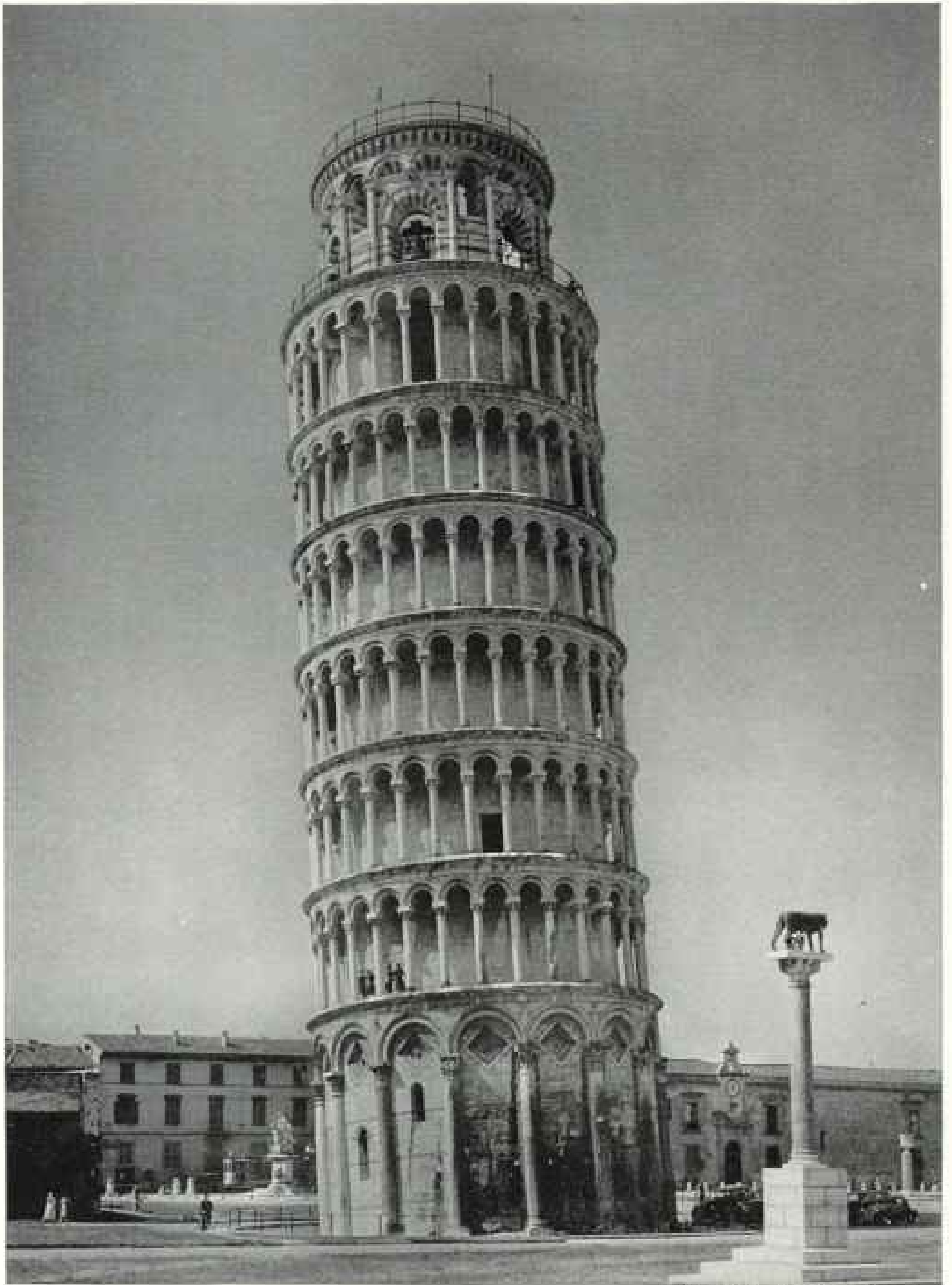
At Pompeii, 14 miles southeast of Naples, a copy of the original statue of the Greek god stands in the Temple of Apollo. Recent excavations have revealed a new section of the handsome Roman city which will be left just as uncovered to show customs and life at the very hour when Pompeii was buried in pumice stone and ashes, 79 A. D. Twice a week in summer the ruins are illuminated by colored floodlights. At the same time concerts are held in the original theater (Color Plate VIII).



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

HADRIAN'S VILLA NEAR TIVOLI WAS A SHOWPLACE OF THE ROMAN WORLD

Brick arches and domes covered these Great Baths, once decorated with fine stucco work. Magnificent even in ruins, the vast structure spreading over about 180 acres was built between 125 and 135 A. D. Here the Emperor reproduced fine buildings seen during his travels through Rome's far-flung domains. Constantine stripped the villa of precious works of art, and the barbarians despoiled it for building materials. Excavations have yielded many treasures for Roman museums.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

TO STUDY GRAVITATION, GALILEO DROPPED WEIGHTS FROM PISA'S LEANING TOWER

The 179-foot-tall Campanile is tilted 14 feet out of the perpendicular. Even before the splendid tower was completed, about 1350, it started to lean because of sinking foundations. Architects apparently tried to compensate for the tilt by realigning the upper stories. Atop the column at the right is a bronze she-wolf suckling the infants Romulus and Remus, emblem of Rome through the ages.

all but the center of the steps each week. Granddaughter made lemonade. Big-eyed great-grandson watched, begged for sugar from a rust-flecked can.

They showed me the house, passing the kitchen quickly. Italian cooks, like carpenters, are known by results. But bedrooms were not slighted. Here were beds wide enough for a sleeping family, and huge marble-topped dressers. Sacred images were illumined in the corner.

One mattress was missing; its raw wool stuffing sunned on the roof. The washed case dried on a line.

North were the reclaimed Pontine Marshes I had visited from Rome.* Therefore I went eastward from Gaeta, alighting suddenly from the train at Caianello as I saw a miragelike, ruined town, challenging and mysterious, on a crag across the valley. My maps did not name it.

Beneath high power wires I crossed farms where men and women, each a step ahead of the worker in the next row, picked the large green beans that often are eaten raw. In a field two muscular bullocks pulled a wooden plowshare (page 351). Damp furrows told me the farmer had begun that morning; he would finish tonight.

Horatius, long ago, held his bridge against the Etruscan army. In gratitude, says Macaulay,

They gave him of the cornland
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night.

Fancy ripped the barricade between his day and mine. In this bronzed farmer I saw the brave old Roman, enemies vanquished, armor put away, marching behind his oxen and his wooden plow. And this was the size of his farm!

Up a tributary valley toward the high old town I went, past aged women spinning with wool, bobbin, and skilled fingers. A younger one passed me on the donkey trail, winejar balanced on her head, tree branch for a hayfork on her shoulder.

Slopes below the lofty ruin, strewn with broken tile and pottery, were hard to climb. At last I stood among gray stone walls. Who had lived here? What troubled times drove them to this eyrie?

I sat on a fallen stone in the shell of a church, its roof the heavens, like St.

* See "Redemption of the Pontine Marshes," by Gelasio Caetani, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, August, 1934.

Catherine's in Visby, Sweden. This had a bell tower, mute, desolate, stairless.

Standing on the base of the vanished altar I made a ringing, astonishingly eloquent speech to the silence around me.

Only an owl heard. He flew away.

A farmer gave me a lift in a cart back to Caianello. He took me out of his way, right to the station, yet was loath to accept even a glass of wine.

On the northbound train to Isernia I met an Italo-American.

"Got any old 'Merican magazines or papers? Send 'em, will you?" he requested. "I talk an' read English to my kids. I like to talk it. I don't want 'em to forget.

"Visit us if you can. I'll put you up. It ain't the Italian custom down here—they kinda keep the house for the family 'schusively—but I feel the 'Merican way."

WHERE ITALY GOT ITS NAME

An elaborate southern Italy guidebook gives Isernia one sentence: "Altitude 1,558 feet, 7,469 inhabitants, Italic headquarters after Corfinium's fall, has one main street . . . and Roman ruins."

Yet this mountain town, halfway across the peninsula, was enchanting. Though Rome defeated the stubborn Italic, they probably gave Italy her name. I liked the industry, the pride and the hospitality of these mountain folk, and was not surprised to hear they are difficult to regiment.

Isernians scrub prized copper heirlooms, often in the public laundry, dry them outside, then hang the shining pots and kettles in sight of passers-by.

"Slowly, please, so I may watch," I asked a gray-haired lacemaker—Isernia has hundreds—who sat before a round pillow on a "sawbuck" stand.

Earrings swinging, she turned, looked smilingly over her glasses, then began transposition of bobbins and looping of threads over pins, so deliberately that I could see how she did it.

I dined in Isernia's fine old modernized hotel with a court reporter, who said local crime, usually theft, once 30 or 40 cases a month, had been halved in recent years.

"Italy has more order," he added.

I asked where he learned English.

"I visit New York, 1927, one month. I buy a grammar book and dictionary. Italian friend send geography books for reading. I bring one." He fetched from his room a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE,



© Pic by Eisenstaedt

MILES OF NOODLES, TEMPTINGLY POISED, HANG ON RODS TO DRY

This type, called *tremette*, made near Mount Vesuvius, is one of a hundred different forms of spaghetti and macaroni. They range from delicate pipes finer than vermicelli to strips an inch wide, or tubes an inch in diameter. After the stiff dough of hard wheat flour and boiling water has been kneaded, it is pushed by a plunger through holes in a disk. The ribbons or tubes of paste thus made are cut to yard lengths and hung over wooden rods.

its familiar yellow cover soiled and torn.

"I no understand why this book have paper cover," he said, puzzled.

He lent his "geography books" to a scholar who wrote Italian equivalents in finely pointed pencil under difficult words.

"When I go in America again," said the man, "I speak good English."

SHOPS HIGHLY SPECIALIZED

Most Italian stores are small specialty shops, each selling its particular line. One in Isernia stocked only shoes soled with

auto tire, or ready-cut replacement soles. A customer might buy all or part of an old tire and cut sandal soles from it himself.

In one town I tried in vain to buy aspirin in a shop displaying soaps and toilet water. "I'm a perfumer," protested the astonished proprietor.

Next, I attempted my purchase in a drug-store.

"Aspirin is not a drug. It is a pharmacist's compound," said the clerk, pointing to a gold serpent marking a near-by pharmacy. There I found aspirin.

Saturday morning came shoppers from the hills. Mingling with Isernians' ordinary Italian garb were two other distinct costume patterns.

"These people come from different towns, a few miles apart," a merchant said.

"We cannot understand their dialect, nor they each other's."

One group of women wore heavy brown blanket cloth, folded in big bodices and upper-arm cuffs. Flowing headdress, diminutive aprons, under-sleeves, and lace collars were white. Men wore well-tailored coats with many brass buttons, double-dome-shaped hats with chin cords, and short tight trousers.

Soles of auto tire sections were held in place by straps laced through holes around turned-up edges, and wrapped about heavily



Photograph by LUCE from ENIT

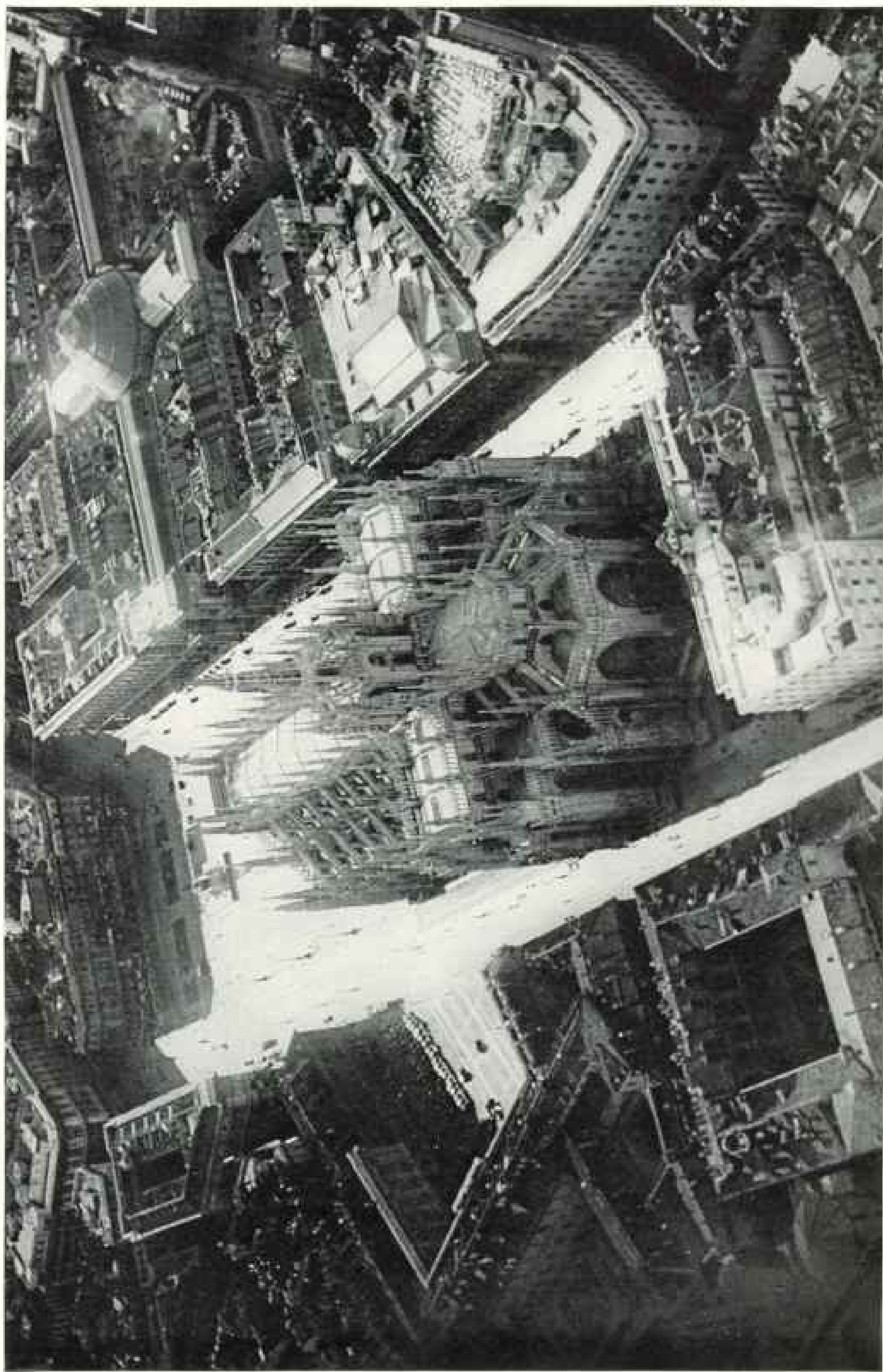
THE NEW BERTA STADIUM IN FLORENCE IS A STUDY IN CONCRETE CURVES
This modern structure was named for Giovanni Berta, a Fascist hero who died in 1921.



Photograph by John Patric

EXCAVATORS CONSTANTLY NIBBLE AWAY POMPEII'S FERTILE FIELDS

For centuries men farmed this land without knowing that their crops grew over the remains of a Roman city. Here a group harvests wheat from the rim of new diggings. A section of ancient wall has been revealed in the pit (page 365).



Photograph by LECK from ENST

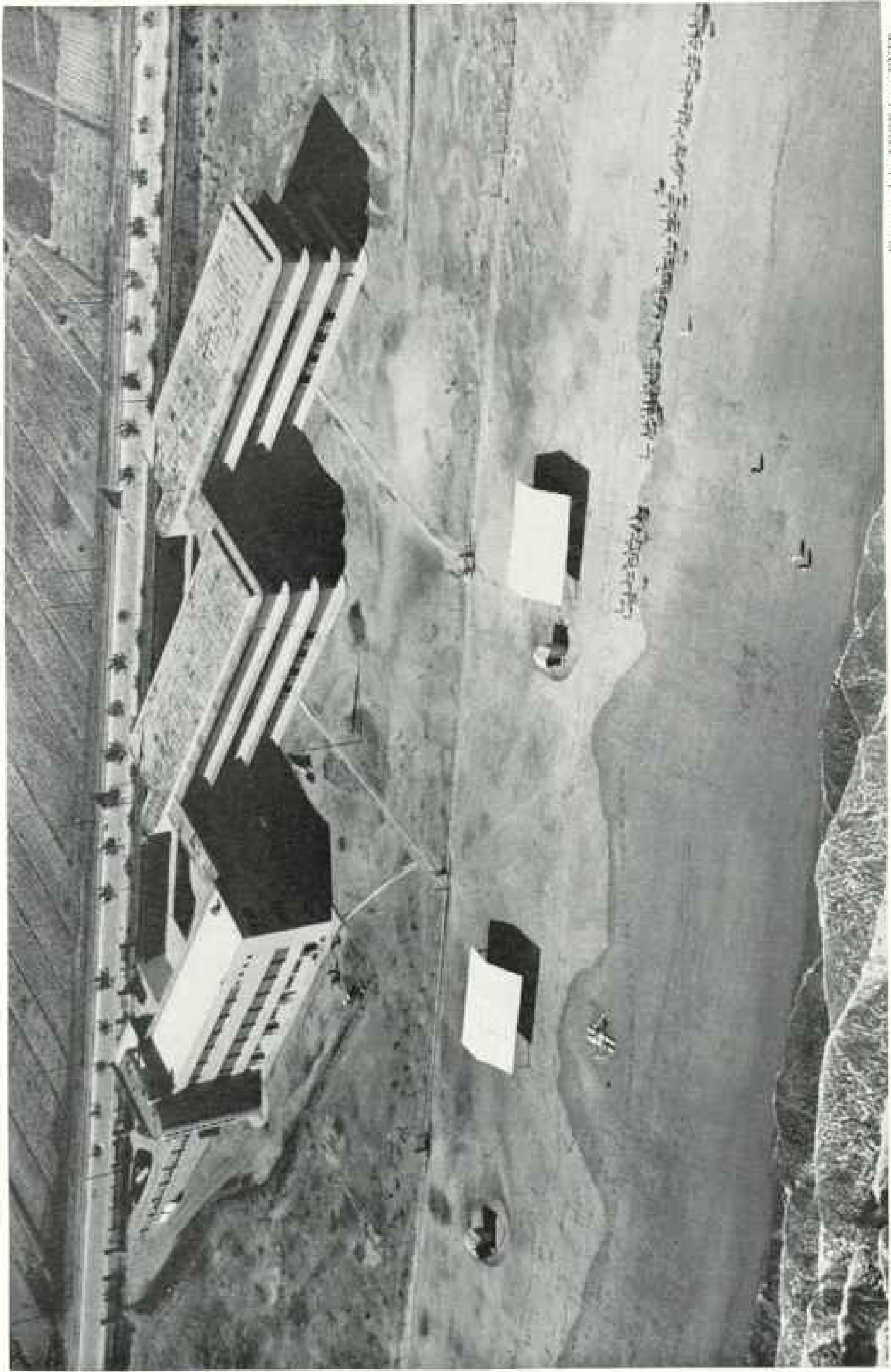
HIGHLIGHT OF MILAN IS THE GLEAMING CATHEDRAL, STUDDED WITH THOUSANDS OF PINNACLES AND STATUES

This famous Gothic church is the third largest in Europe, surpassed in size only by St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral in Seville. It is surfaced with white marble.



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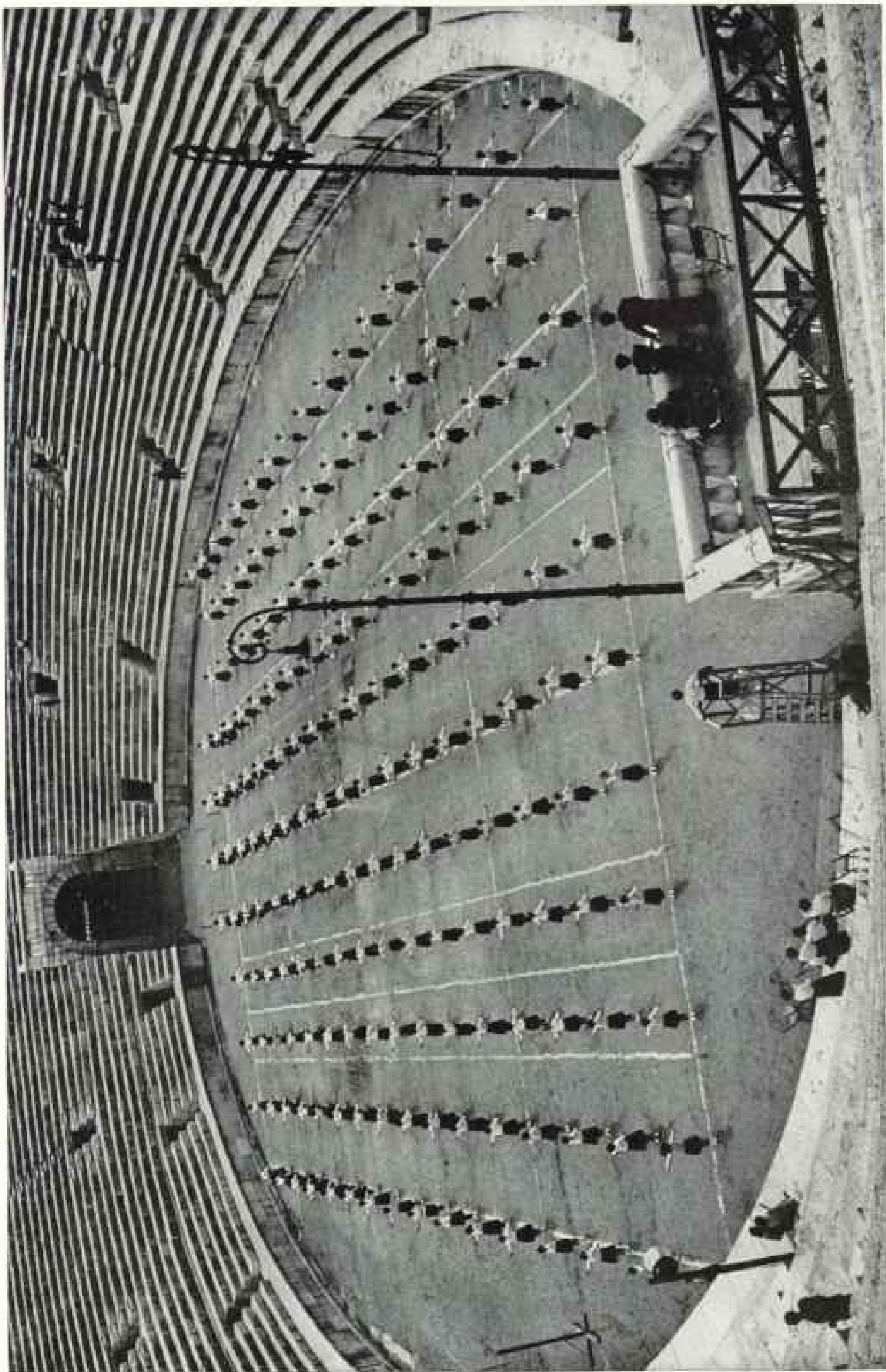
TIGHT-PACKED AS POPPY SEEDS, ITALIANS JAM MILAN'S CATHEDRAL SQUARE TO HEAR THEIR LEADER



Photograph by LUCE from ENIT

TO THIS STREAMLINED HEALTH CENTER BY THE SHORES OF THE SPARKLING ADRIATIC COME CITY CHILDREN FOR THE SEA CURE

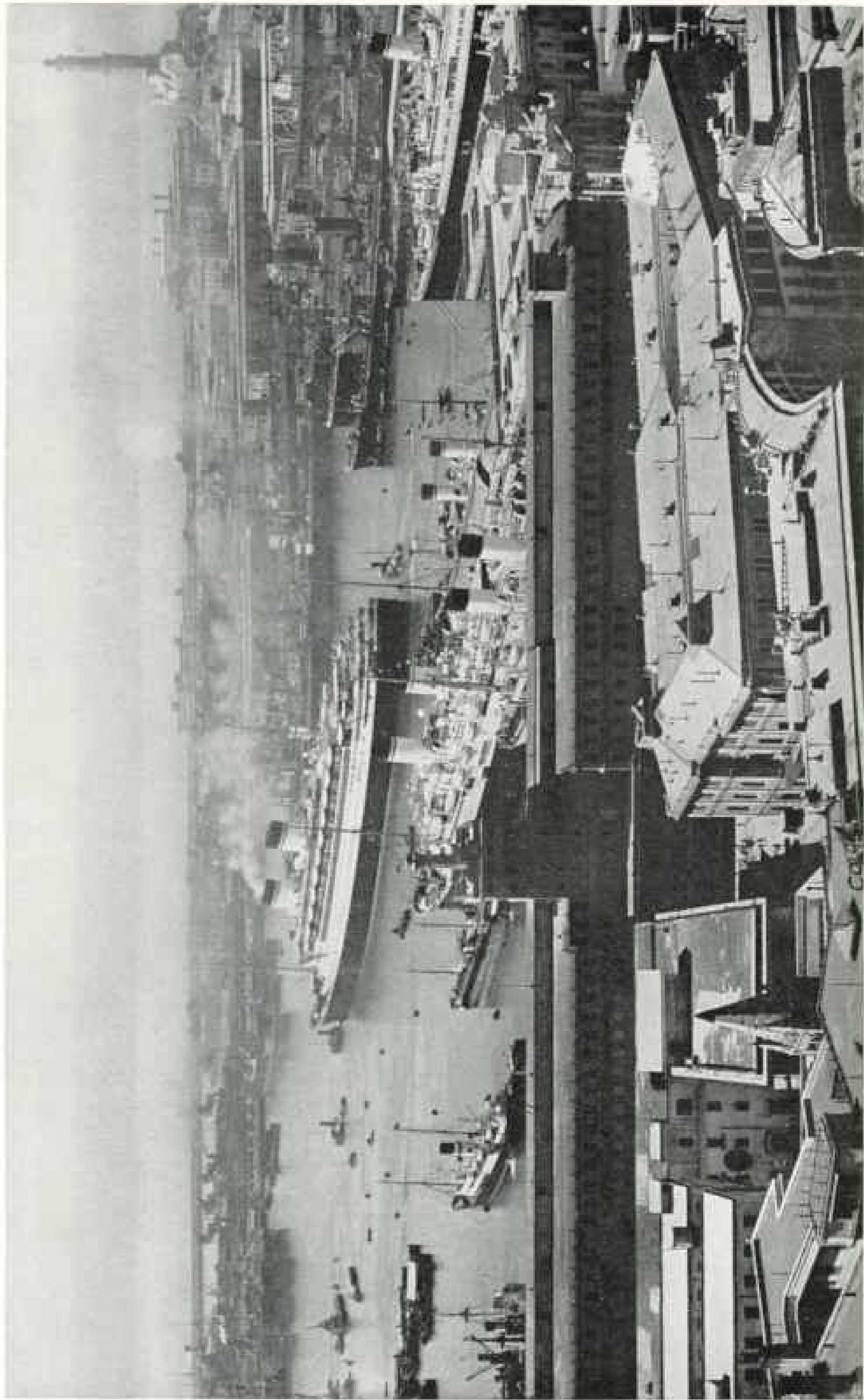
A group of youngsters march to the tents on the beach for lunch. Below par in health, they have come to this Government-sponsored Marine Colony near Rimini to enjoy a four- to six-weeks holiday. In upland regions of Italy, similar resorts are called Mountain Colonies.



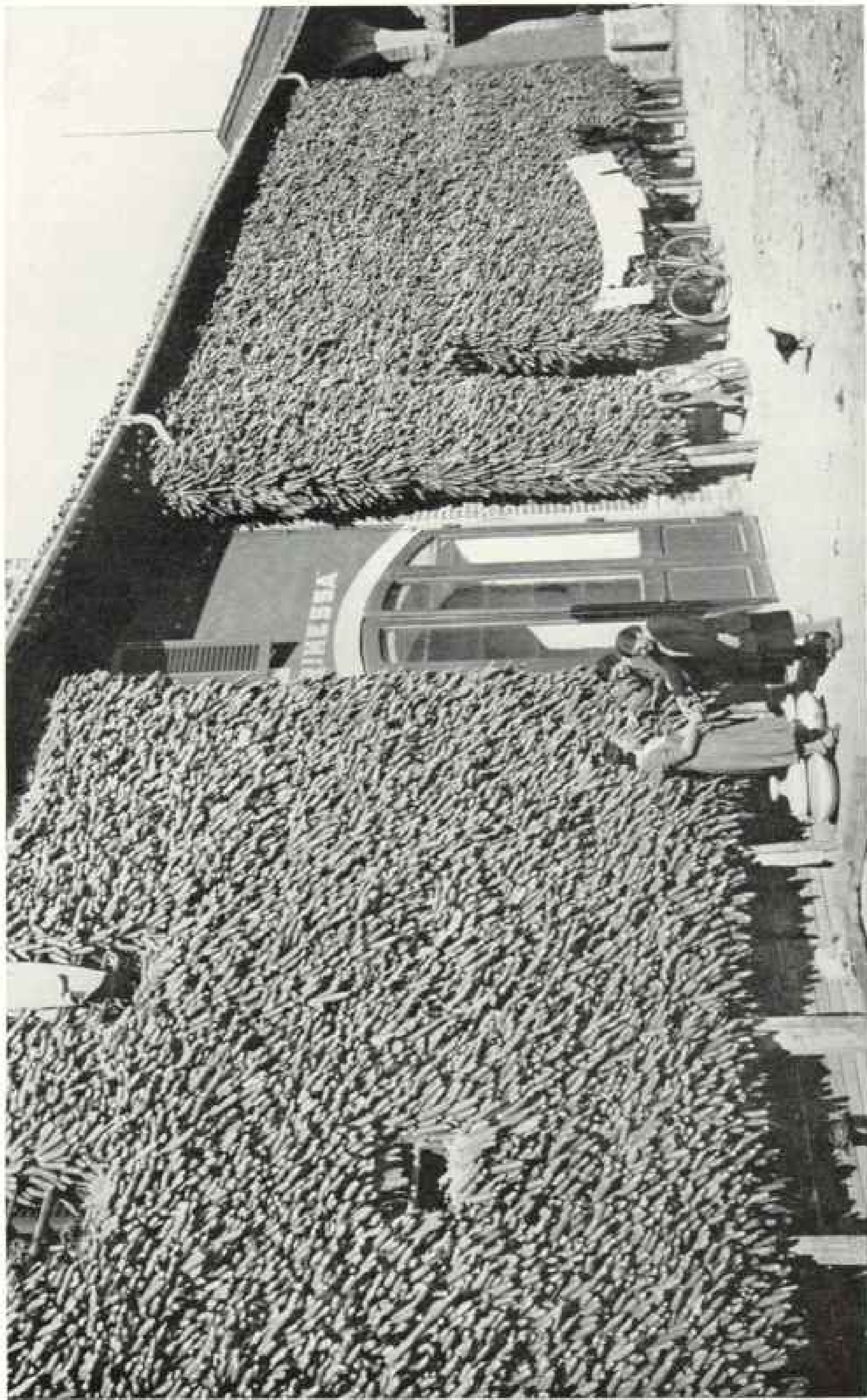
Photograph by John F. Curtis

SCHOOLGIRLS STAGE AN ATHLETIC DRILL IN THE VERONA AMPHITHEATER, WHERE GLADIATORS FOUGHT WILD BEASTS

From the wooden stand the instructor directs the girls through a loud-speaker (left). Wonderfully well preserved, this old Roman arena originally seated 25,000 spectators. Next to the Colosseum in Rome, it is the largest still standing (page 354). Opera is presented here in summer.



AMERICA-ROUND, THE "CONTE DI SAVOIA" SAILS FROM GENOA, GATHERED BY A LIGHTHOUSE (RIGHT) THAT HAS ADDED SAILORS FOR 400 YEARS
Tens of thousands of new United States citizens left the chief port of Italy annually for New York when the tide of European emigration to America was at its flood.
This boyhood city of Columbus rises ther upon tier up the hillside around the crowded crescent-shaped harbor (page 394).



Photograph by John Parrie

FARM BUILDINGS ARE "THATCHED" WITH DRYING CORN NEAR TURIN

Broad eaves help protect the grain from rain. Introduced from the New World soon after its discovery, corn is one of Italy's most valuable crops today. On this large farm, buildings are grouped around a courtyard. Turin lies at the upper end of the fertile valley of the Po.

stockinged legs, in cross-gartered fashion.

Other women wore large dark aprons over white dresses. Their headdress, too, was white and lacy, but dark bodices were of lightweight fabric, supported by shoulder straps spangled with brass ornaments.

THE "ROOF OF ITALY"

My train from Isernia to Sulmona climbed and wound over the "roof of Italy," wild, wooded sometimes, and rugged. In a new national park of 108 square miles are still eagles, bears, and chamois. In the high railway-traversed valley, wide, misty, and unfenced, winter snows had lain for months. It more resembled Scandinavia than near-by Naples. But with June, spring had come at last.

Although wild mountain flowers—even the narcissus—bloomed by roads, farmers wore greatcoats, stocking caps, and mittens. The train passed snowsheds and pine groves. Armed guards no longer accompanied conductors.

Aquila is northwest of Sulmona, on a hill in a fruitful plain. In all directions were snow peaks.

At noon, for it was the festival of San Massimo, came priests in procession and multibued robes. The grandest walked under crimson canopies carried by followers as rose petals showered from balconies.

Filling my pockets cheaply, I strolled in the market place, eating cherries. Discarding imperfect ones, I gained a ragged retinue of salvaging urchins. Huge iridescent insects they had captured flew ahead, attached to their fingers by threads.

Northward through mountains of central Italy I saw land fully utilized, river beds confined by walls, hillsides terraced for vineyards. I passed Rieti (Reate), ancient capital of the Sabines, whose women Romans seized by force and won by affection. Changing trains at Terni, birthplace of the Emperor Tacitus and possibly that of the historian Tacitus, I continued to Florence (Firenze).

I trod ancient stones of Piazza del Duomo, Ruskin's "history-haunted square." There had walked the Medici. Lorenzo, patron of arts, is still "Il Magnifico" to Florentines. They killed Alessandro de' Medici, and if Catherine ever crossed the square, she was yet naïve in murder, for she left Florence as a young girl.

Machiavelli saw the polychrome marble of the cathedral, dedicated to the Prince

of Peace; yet he was to write *The Prince*, ruthless guide for the ambitious man who would rise to sovereign power. His long-unrealized dream was a united Italy protected by a national army.

Even strictly commercial Florentine buildings are often architectural gems. Strolling was delightful. Streets were clean. I hunted one where Dante, age nine, played with Bice, the "Beatrice" of his poetry.

Europe's Middle Ages ended with a rebirth of art and letters, the Renaissance, centering in Florence (page 375).

Even today, as other peoples fish, manufacture, farm or trade, Florentines live by art, working in marble, oils, precious metals, or leather. There are few fine homes anywhere without some cherished object—mosaic, tooled leather, or filigree—made in Florence.

Venetian mosaic is assembled in bits; Florentine designs are sawed into shape and inlaid in flat stones from which corresponding holes have been cut. I watched workmen filling church orders for Shanghai, Los Angeles, and Montreal.

Sharp sand cuts marble. It adheres to wire cables running on pulleys like a horizontal, downward-cutting bandsaw. Resulting slabs are in perfect geometric plane, but work is slow. Small blocks are sliced by thin carborundum saws.

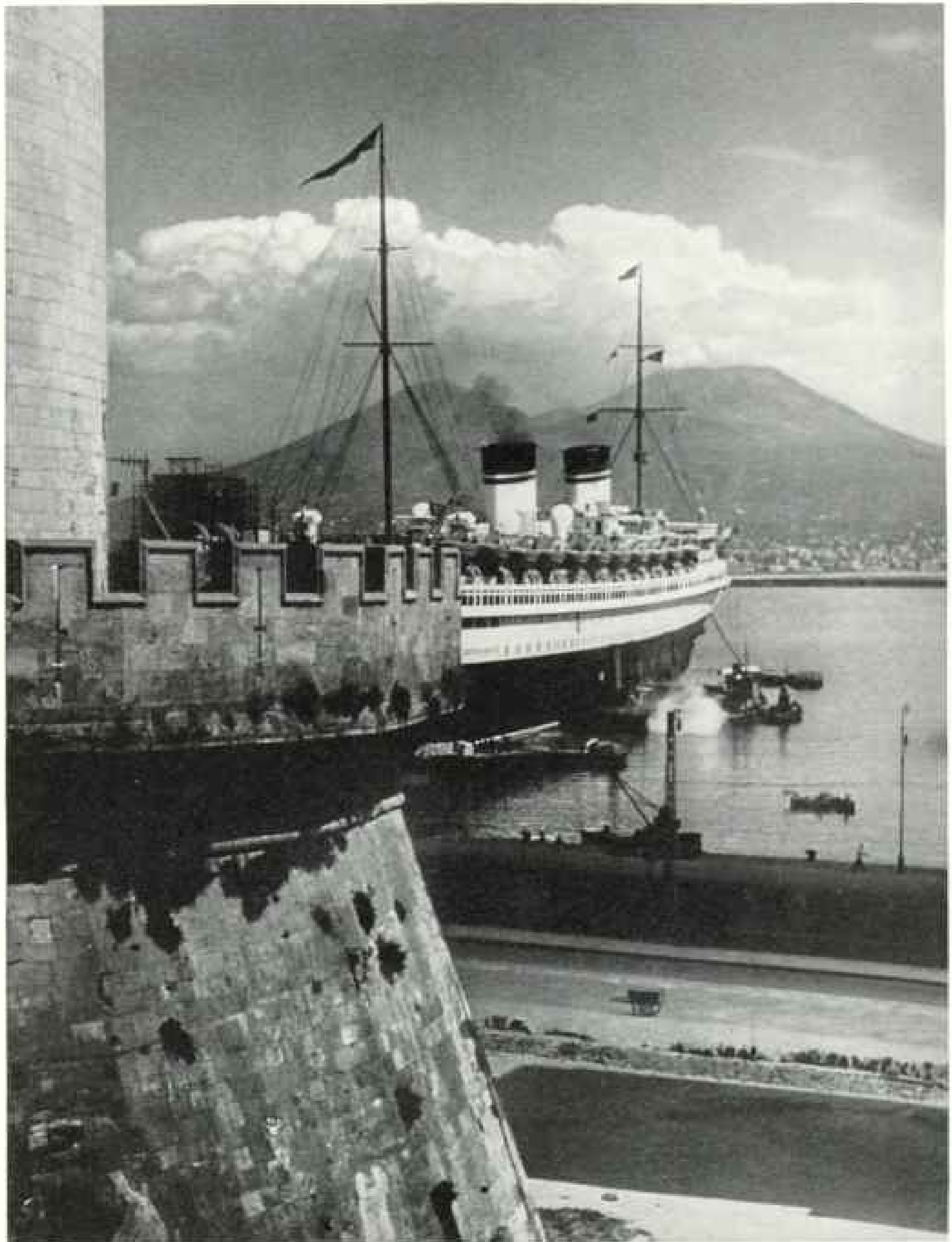
Before vises holding thin stone slabs sit men with wire-stringed semicircular bows. They saw back and forth like fiddlers, dipping sand-and-water on the fast-wearing strings, and cut out artists' designs.

SHOPS ON A BRIDGE

To "go home" to my lodgings in Florence I crossed the Arno on the Ponte Vecchio, the famous bridge lined with jewelers' shops except for an open space in the center (page 390). There I stood at dusk, watching the stars as did Galileo when he dreamed of a telescope to help know them.

Ashes of Savonarola, oratorical monk who became dictator, were thrown into the Arno after the enigmatic reformer was executed in 1498. The river is dammed below the Ponte Vecchio and over its quiet surface fast racing shells are propelled by young Fascists. Athletic prowess is a fetish here.

To enter my boarding house I rang a bell. One servant slid bolts of a heavy street door. I climbed a long stairway. There another servant admitted me to a grand salon cut into rooms whose partitions



Photograph courtesy Royal Italian Embassy.

SUPERLINERS ARE THE STARS IN THE DRAMA OF ITALIAN SHIPPING'S REBIRTH

In the last 20 years, Italy's merchant fleet has nearly tripled in tonnage and has advanced from eighth to sixth place in world standing. The *Rex*, one of her new ocean greyhounds, here is preparing to sail from the blue, sail-becked Bay of Naples. Passengers outward bound see the white city sweeping up like tiers of an amphitheater, with Mount Vesuvius brooding "in the wings." The old crenelated bastion, left, is a corner of the Castel Nuovo.



Photograph from International Newsreel Corporation

DOWN MOUNT ETNA, VULCAN'S MIGHTY FORGE, SKIERS NOW SPEED

An eruption of Europe's loftiest volcano, 10,741 feet, obliterated a village on its lower slopes in 1928. On this Sicilian cone men cover snow with ash, then dig it out in summer to sell as ice.



Photograph by Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.

LIKE A PAGE FROM MEDIEVAL DAYS IS THE PONTE VECCHIO OF FLORENCE

Jewelry and silversmith shops crowd the old bridge, overflowing onto balconies on either side.

failed by twenty feet to meet the ceiling.

No ordinary pension, it had originally been built for Napoleon's sister, Caroline, Murat's widow. She had been Queen of Naples and the Sicilies.

THE FLYING DONKEY FESTIVAL

"For Siena, change at Empoli, but you'll be too late to see the flying donkey," said a Florentine as I reluctantly departed.

Centuries ago, he explained, the lord of Empoli besieged the lord of near-by San Miniato, who posted a sign: "We'll hold out until Empoli donkeys fly."

Acceptance of this challenge is modernly re-enacted every spring by tradition-loving Tuscans, who drop a donkey by parachute from Empoli's campanile unhurt upon mattresses and straw. The original "flying donkey," wrapped in a soft package, had heartened besiegers, who took San Miniato Castle in one sudden rush from astonished defenders.

I went south from Empoli to Siena. There I met a Yale man who had retired from the Stock Exchange to the peaceful quiet of a 30-room Tuscan palace "at the cost of a small New York apartment." In medieval Siena, with his servants, he lived like a feudal baron.

He showed me spacious rooms hung with portraits of long-dead noblemen. "There was only one bathroom; I built another," he said, opening a door to the grandest of plumbers' dreams.

"What's that big niche?" I asked.

"This was the chapel," he explained.

Large posters announced "Il Palio," one of the world's oddest horse races. Filled with hucksters' carts was the square where in a few weeks men in medieval costume would gallop over the cobblestones.*

In America I had accepted an Italian's invitation to his family's "farm" a few miles south of Siena, where rolling Tuscany is like eastern Pennsylvania.

FEUDAL CUSTOMS SURVIVE

Feudal traditions persist. Once, "land ownership was warriors' pay." Proprietors today supply workers' homes, livestock, and implements. Crops and expenses are shared.

My hosts lived at the *Fattoria* of Corsano. Translated literally, it is "factory," or "stewardship."

The "lord of the land" lived simply but

spaciously on a hilltop at the end of a cypress lane in a home whose walls were 800 years old. It faced a garden of lawns, flowers, woods, thatched summerhouse, and lily pond.

Behind were barns, granaries, electric plant, power presses for wine and olive oil, machine shop, laundry, kennels—even a small sawmill. At one side was a little church; at the other, orchards, vegetables, chicken yards, and beehives.

NOISE OF MUNCHING SILKWORMS

Around the "manor house" on two dozen 20- to 30-acre farms lived the tenants. Some tenants in Tuscany have been six and eight centuries on the same land.

I climbed to a loft where soft, fat silkworms audibly chewed mulberry leaves. Occasionally a big one, satiated, its gray coat yellowing, raised its head and turned restlessly from side to side. It was carried gently to a rack of upright fagots.

"It's ready to spin," explained my hard-working host, who showed me charts—elaborate as *Care and Feeding of Babies*—mapping detailed daily attentions for silkworms' short lives (page 353).

"Crops are bad. There is unemployment," he continued. "Sericulture is unprofitable unless we specialize. But, breaking even, we provide work for our people.

"This system, peculiar to Tuscans, has succeeded for centuries. Few emigrate. We help increase crops, for we get half. Our tenants keep costs low, for they pay half. Some are rich enough to buy their land. We know; we are their bankers. But many prefer tenancy, for others who've bought land have failed."

"Dinner is nearly ready," said a servant. "I've heated your bath water."

A twig fire had blazed long beneath a boiler. I descended marble steps into a marble tank so deep that, kneeling, I could just see upper walls and ceiling of a large bathroom cleverly painted, long ago, to resemble a tropic swamp. Pink bath soap, light as a marshmallow, was so aerated it could be squeezed by hand to half its size.

From the farm came our dinner; vegetables from its garden, wine from its presses, cheese from its milk, cherries from its orchard, bread from its wheat. A butchered sheep had been divided with neighbors who next week would supply the meat.

Our homespun tablecloth had been woven

* See "Siena's Palio," by Marie Louise Handley, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, August, 1926.



Photograph courtesy Royal Italian Embassy

ITALY'S BELOVED KING AND QUEEN LEAVE THE VATICAN AFTER A VISIT
TO THE NEW POPE

Medieval pageantry marked the ceremony on December 21, 1939, when King Victor Emmanuel III and Queen Elena called on Pope Pius XII. A week later the Pope returned the royal call at the Quirinal Palace in Rome—the first such visit in 70 years. On state occasions the attending Swiss Guards cover their striped uniforms with armor and wear plumed helmets.

here on stormy winter days; the great table itself had been a tree "just outside."

A fireplace, a yard off the floor, filled one end of the raftered room. The actual fire burned six feet from a bench built along the wall behind it, inside the deep fireplace.

"In winter we sit there and look at the room through the flames," mused my hostess, "while we roast a goose or perhaps a little pig. Clockwork turns this spit—so. A pan catches drippings. We always used to cook here; some of our tenants, whose

homes are simpler editions of ours, still do. Men like to sit in the chimney corner after a hard, cold winter day."

The estate included a 100-acre wilderness supplying saw logs, charcoal, and hunting. "I'm afraid to go there," said the little girl. "I'm afraid of the wild pigs. They're not like tame pigs. They're wild."

In one of the estate's two cars—both midgets—they drove me to Siena's new railway station. I was bound for Pisa.

On the way we paused to see a church wedding. The honeymoon trip, I learned,

would be "to Addis Ababa, in Italian East Africa," where the couple would remain.

PISA HAS MANY SIDES—AND A TOWER!

To believers in legend, Pisa is more than 3,500 years old. To Venice and Genoa it is a fallen maritime rival. To epicures, Pisa may mean *necci*—chestnut flour fritters. To the devout, its Santa Maria della Spina holds thorns of Christ's crown; to seamen that church is fair augury. To lovers of Shelley, Pisa is sad, for his drowned body was washed ashore near by. Perhaps his *Ariel* sailed unblessed by Santa Maria.

To the world, Pisa has one of the wonders of all time, a leaning tower (page 378).

The "leaning miracle," with seven bells, is built near a church, on the Arno's sandy delta land. Generally accepted theory is that foundations subsided during construction, that architects attempted correction by lengthening inner columns. Settling slowly continued. Now a sunken base, paved with inlaid polychrome marble, supports it. The smooth floor tilts as the tower does and reminded me of Jupiter's rings. For children it was a thrilling scooter-drome.

From Pisa I went northwesterly along a narrow coastal plain at the base of marble



Photograph by Melville Bell Grosvenor

POMPEII FREScoes ARE SHIELDED FROM SUN AND WEATHER BY GLASS AND AWNINGS

If an ancient Pompeian could return again to his native city, he would find newly uncovered sections much as he remembered them. He would see saucers of dates and figs, bronze utensils, beds, furniture, and even bodies of people and animals lying where they were buried by Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

mountains, pocked with white near Carrara. At La Spezia, rock-rimmed port, railway building became quarrying.

For hours my train was half the time in tunnels, popping out of them at gay towns bright with flowers, at heads of tiny coves. Other towns climbed cliffs. At one a yacht hung from an enormous horizontal, rock-anchored I-beam. It was lowered to the water on calm days by a power windlass.

Stone mountains, rising sheer from the Gulf of Genoa, seemed rough-hewn giants with pedicured toenails, for sand and storm

scoured water-edge marble into multihued polished seashore elegance.

Mountains explain the prosperous Riviera. They shield its crescent coast from cold north winds. Warm, moist breezes, from south and west, deflected upward and cooled, drop rain that makes it a prime winter resort and semitropic flower garden. San Remo resembles Honolulu (Plate II).

To reach Turin (Torino) the Italian train crossed a section of France, where houses and costumes were suddenly different. Ahead, perhaps 30 miles from seaside palms, were snowy mountains a mile and a half high.

The railroad tunneled far beneath Colle di Tenda's icy top, then dipped from the winter-sports town, Limone Piemonte, to the little end of the valley of the Po.

Level Turin, beside the Po, uncovers and isolates Roman ruins; yet its buildings are seldom older than 17th century. It looks American. On a map it seems a typical midwestern city in the United States, with wide, regular streets. To a traveler its arcaded buildings, plazas, and parkways suggest South America.

Here are many industries. Largest is Fiat, producing ever-smaller private motor cars, ever-larger trucks and buses, railway motor coaches, and much equipment for Italy's powerful motorized military forces.

RICE EATING ENCOURAGED

From Turin I returned to Genoa, passing rich, level fields flooded for rice. Government advertising encourages its use.

With a citizen friend I boarded a taxi beside a towering monument to Columbus.*

"See the two Atlas-like statues," my companion remarked, "supporting the old entrance of that American bank?"

"Their noses are broken," I observed.

"They never had any. They commemorate a Genoese-Turkish war. Our people suffered cruelties. We protested in vain. So we captured Turks enough to make a jar of pickles from their noses, and sent it to the Sultan."

Next day I went by cable car to the top of a rocky hill behind Genoa, passing a walled convent.

"That's a strict one," my companion said. "See how the windows are shielded." Inverted wooden awnings hid all but sky from nuns inside.

"That's so nuns can't see earthly things. If an airplane passes, they may not look. My aunt has been there 25 years, without

ever going outside. First she didn't like it; now she says it's 'peaceful.' We visit her rarely. There's little to talk about. She's almost forgotten the world."

How different was a "liberal convent" to whose nuns "all Rome was a cloister," and where the Mother Superior had served me tea and cakes when I visited an American girl who lived there.

From the hilltop I saw, in Genoa's compact, protected harbor, why she was great (page 386). Small, as world ports go, it is fully utilized. There lay huge new liners with Italy's tricolor on massive funnels.

Twenty years ago her ships provided small competition to foreign passenger fleets. Today she is a maritime power. In a few days I would return to New York on an Italian vessel. Already I looked forward to its elaborate menus and comfort.

"Italians are grateful," Mrs. Olivia Rossetti Agresti had said, in Rome. "They erect innumerable statues to slightest benefactors, and never forget. But in Genoa look for Vacchero's monument. It will surprise you."

A STRANGE MEMORIAL

We hunted for it all morning. Noble ladies had loved this handsome, dashing fellow too well; their husbands hated him. "For his personal protection" the Prince of Savoy had given him an elaborate shield with sixty pistol muzzles in its face. He could fire them singly or, if well braced and hard pressed, as one broadside.

We asked travel agencies, tourist bureaus, stores and taximen, but the Genoese had forgotten Vacchero and his monument.

At last a grizzled old guide directed us.

It was high on a narrow street end, hidden by a public laundry. Standing on a tub I read a Latin inscription which, freely translated, means:

"Julius Caesar Vacchero, most perditionous of men, who conspired against the Republic. His head cut off, his sons banished in the public good, his home razed, this monument is erected, in 1628, to his eternal infamy."

I boarded my ship for home a few days later. My friend "from San Francheesk," to whom I'd sent my old suit, had shipped me a roast kid, carefully carved, wrapped, and tied in waxed "store paper."

There was a greasy note:

"For eat on ship."

* See "Genoa, Where Columbus Learned to Love the Sea," by McFall Kerbey, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, September, 1928.

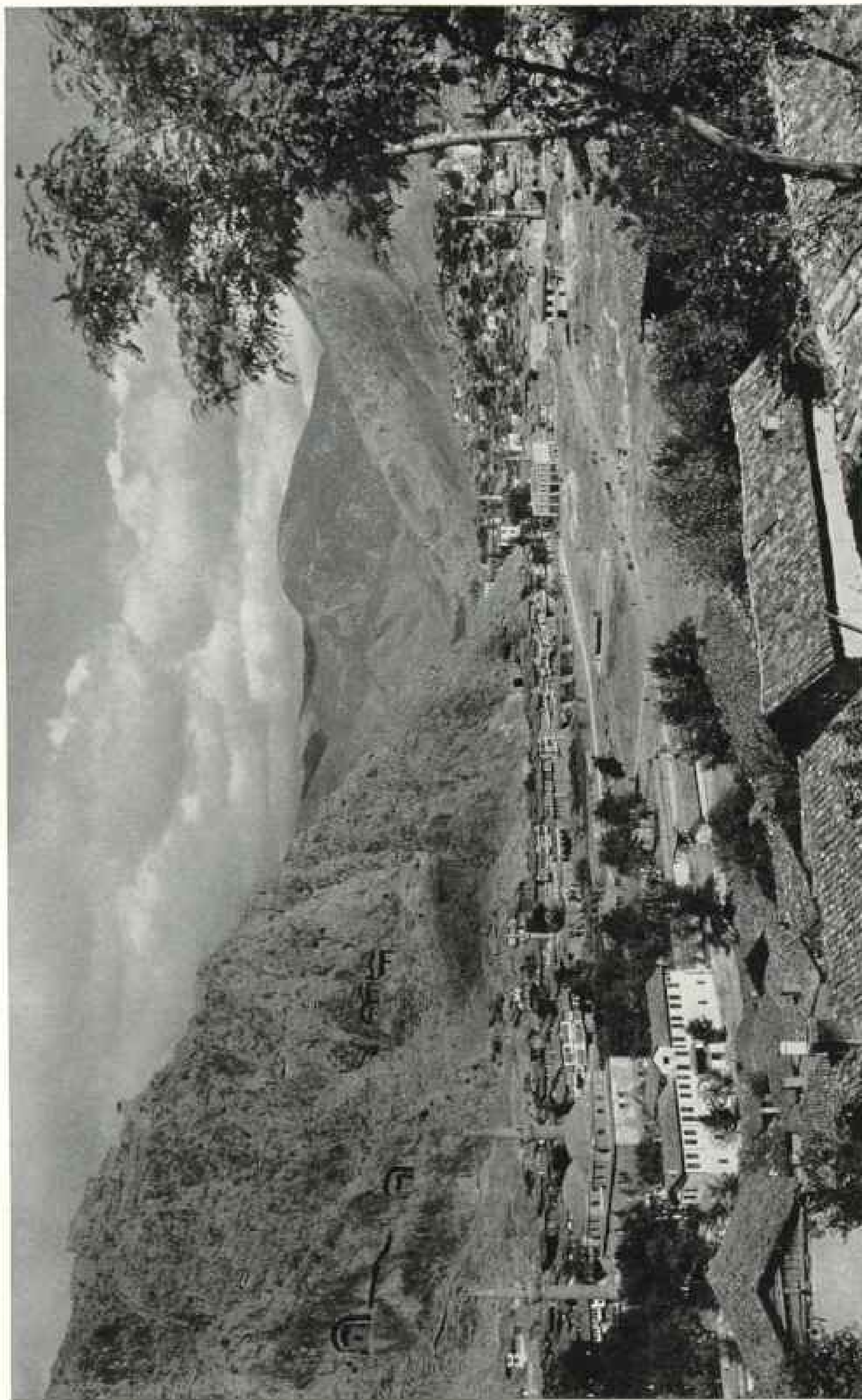
Turkey, Where Earthquakes Followed Timur's Trail



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

UPON SUCH ANATOLIANS EARTHQUAKES VISITED MORE VIOLENCE THAN DID JULIUS CAESAR
OR TIMUR THE LAME (TAMERLANE)

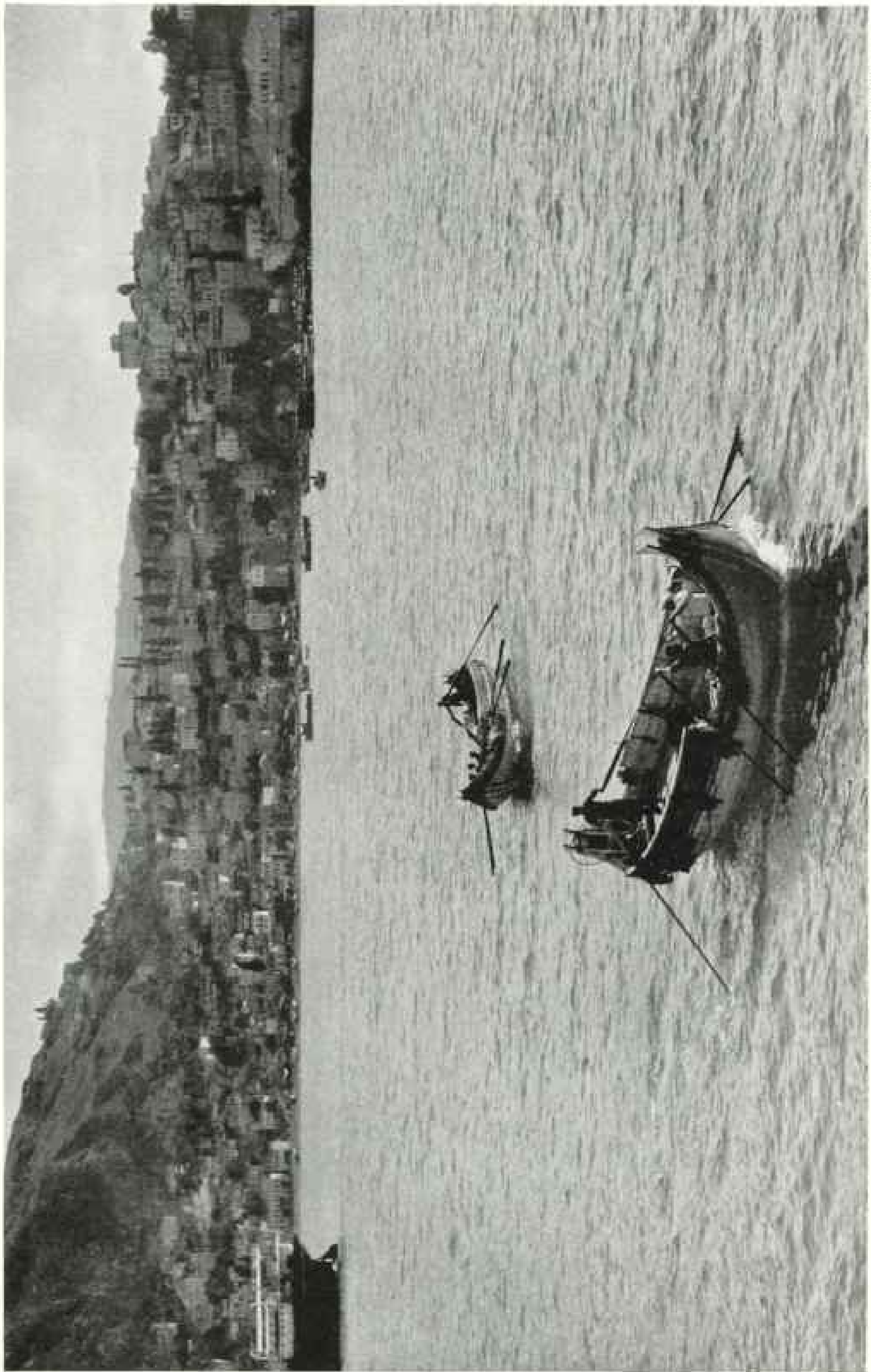
In the last week of December, 1939, the world was shocked at the news of one of the most disastrous earthquakes in recent history, which occurred in northern Anatolia. Tens of thousands of people were killed or maimed by the successive quakes. Floods, blizzards, and bitter cold which followed added to the suffering of the terrified Anatolians. The National Geographic Society's Chief of Foreign Staff, Maynard Owen Williams, previously had visited this region and made the accompanying photographs, which now can never be duplicated.



Photograph by Mervyn Owen Williams

AMASYA SURVIVORS FLEEING FROM THEIR CRUMBLING HOMES FOUND REFUGE IN ANCIENT CLIFF TOMBS OF THE PONTIC KINGS (LEFT)

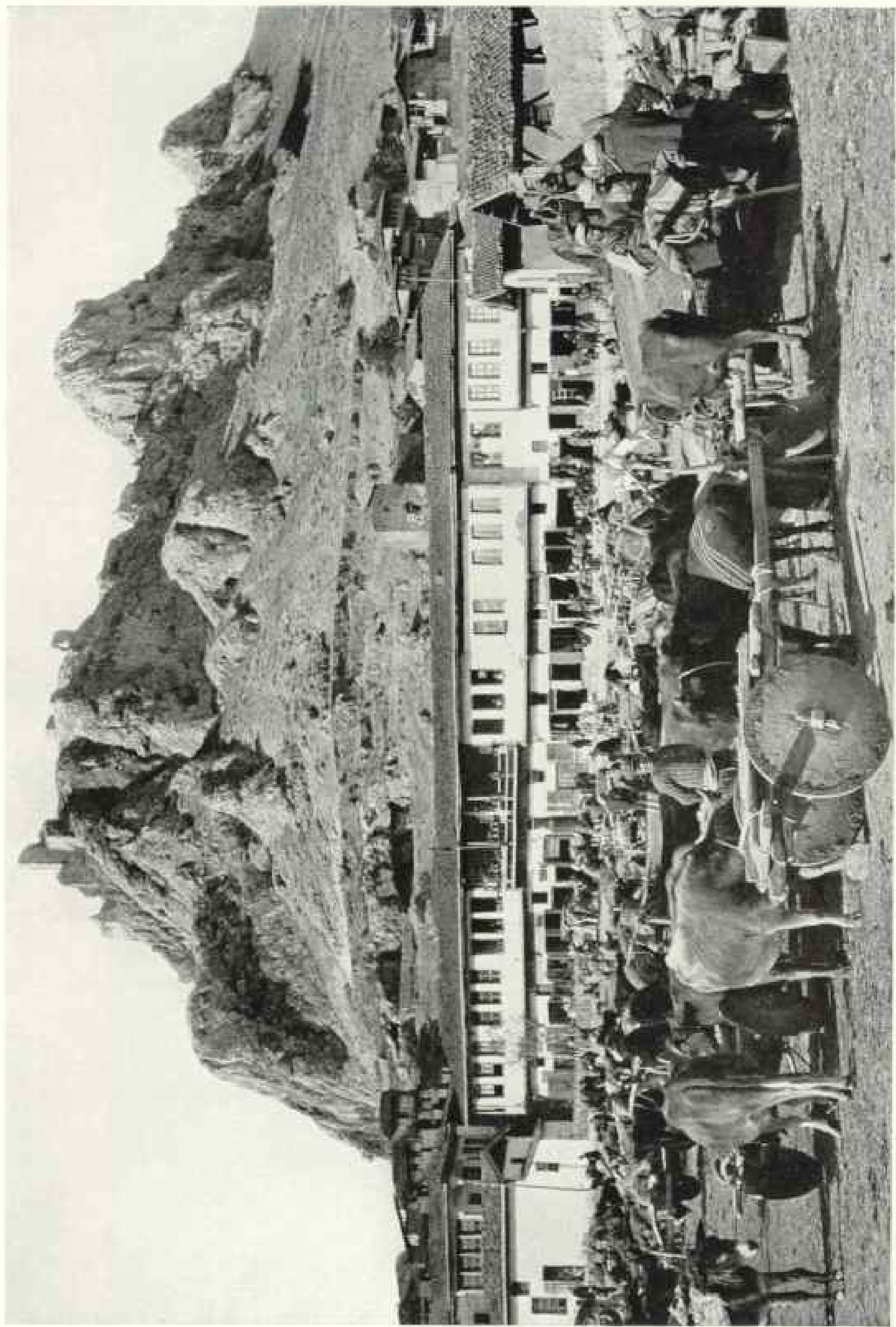
Striking suddenly in the early morning of December 27, the first earthquake caught most Anatolians in their beds. Whole villages in this district were leveled and refugees forced to wander homeless in the snow. Historian-geographer Strabo, born here in 63 B.C., describes his native land as "largest and best of all. Both by human foresight and by nature Amasia is admirably deigned as city and fortress." The valley is still famous for such apples as were praised by the author of the "Geography."



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR TABLE, AND GAVE IT TO TRAPEZUS (TREBIZOND), NOW TRABZON

The eastern front of the recent earthquakes was at the tableland (*trapeza*) from which homes and gardens slope down to the Black Sea. Here ended in 401 B.C. the five-month "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" after the Battle of Cunaxa (near Bagdad), described by Xenophon, the Greek historian who turned military leader. Their line of march from Babylon through hostile country followed old caravan trails still in use.



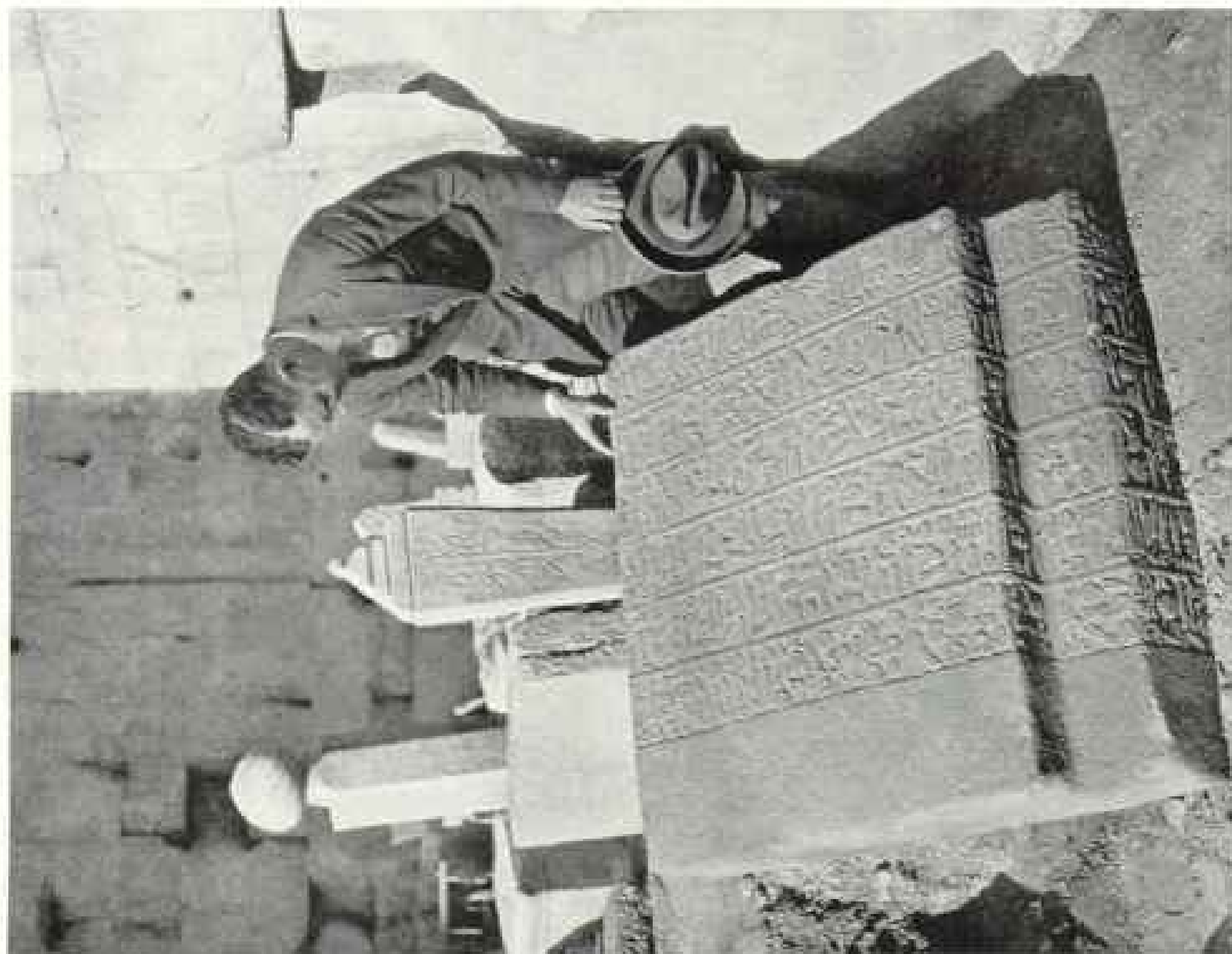
Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

CARTERS OF TOKAT, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKES, PAINT AXLES WITH WALNUT JUICE TO MAKE THEIR WHEELS CREAK



IN HIS STOCKING FEET, AN ANATOLIAN STREET MERCHANT STANDS ON HIS STOCK IN TRADE

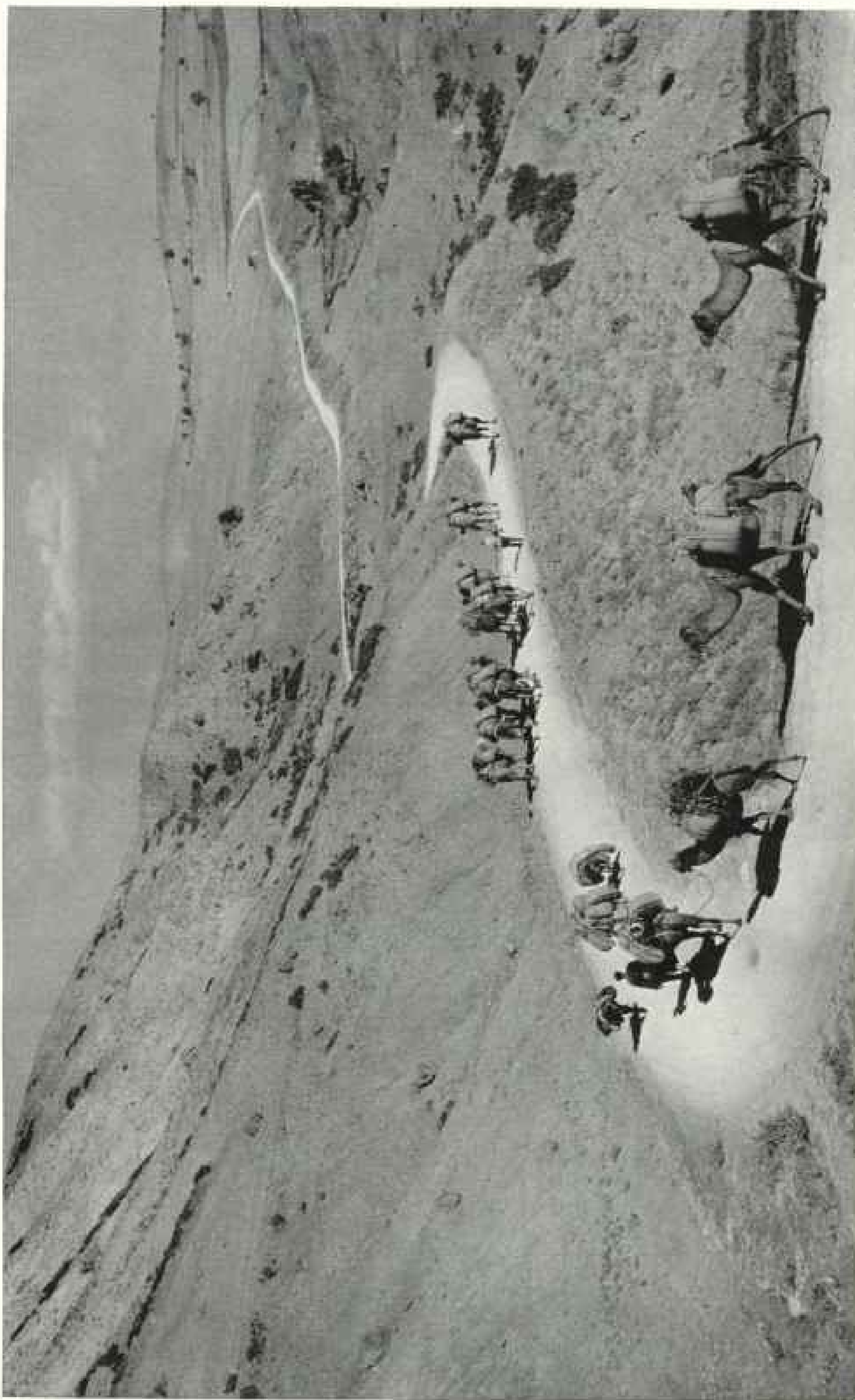
Amid the tremendous changes of the last decade easily removable footwear remains. Even city dwellers cling to elastic-sided shoes which can be removed on entering the house or the mosque.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WILLIAMS, WHO SAW LAWRENCE OF ARABIA UNEARTH THIS HITTITE INSCRIPTION, REVISITS IT AT ANKARA

Discovered at Carchemish on the Euphrates in 1913, the stone has not yet been deciphered. From this new capital of the Turkish Republic, President İnönü went to the devastated regions to direct relief work.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

STILL ACTIVE ALONG MOTOR HIGHWAYS IN ASIA MINOR, THE CAMEL MUST NOW COMPETE WITH THE IRON HORSE

Watching a string of a hundred grain-bulin camels stalking through this land of few locomotives, a National Geographic writer set down on an Anatolian hillside to figure a comparison. He found that the camel train, plodding along at 15 miles a day, carrying 300 pounds per camel, was hauling 15 tons. Recalling American freight rates, he calculated further that this camel line "fast freight" would take seven months from New York to San Francisco and would deliver its equivalent of one carload at a cost of almost \$1,100—graphic evidence of why Turkey pushes its railroad and highway building!



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A THREE-CYLINDER MILL RHYTHMICALLY HULLS WHEAT NEAR BOGAZKÖY, CAPITAL OF THE ANCIENT HITTITES

Standing around a hollowed-out stone, women swing wooden plions with swift strokes. So exact is their timing that a six-woman-power mill is sometimes seen. The wheat when hulled, soaked, and cooked becomes *harput*, a coarse dish similar to porridge. It is eaten with sour milk curds.

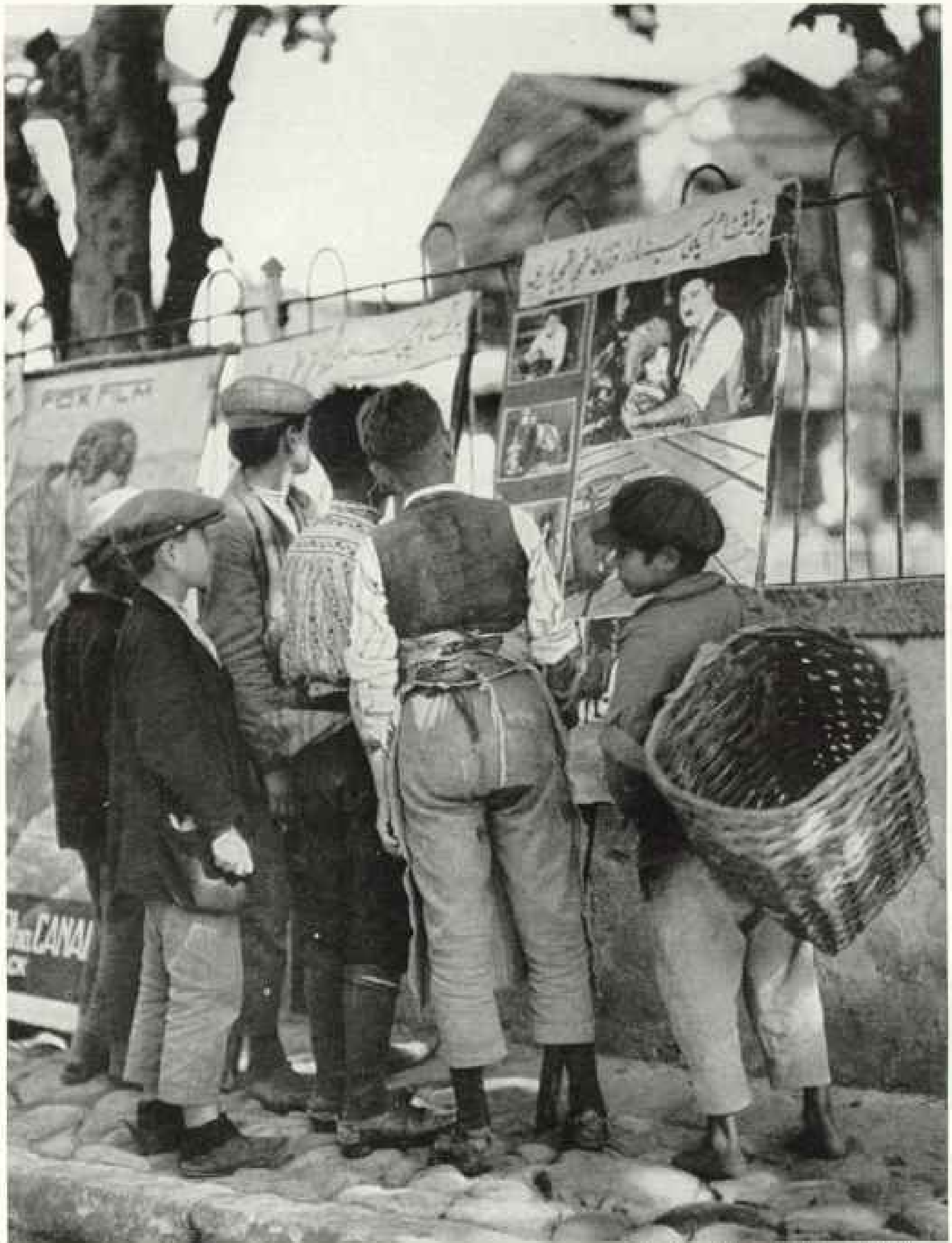


YOUNG TURKS GRIN FROM A LION-SHAPED HITTITE MONUMENT AT HÜYÜK.



MUTTON, EATEN THE SAME DAY IT IS KILLED, HANGS FROM A DOOR-TO-DOOR BUTCHER SHOP IN TOKAT

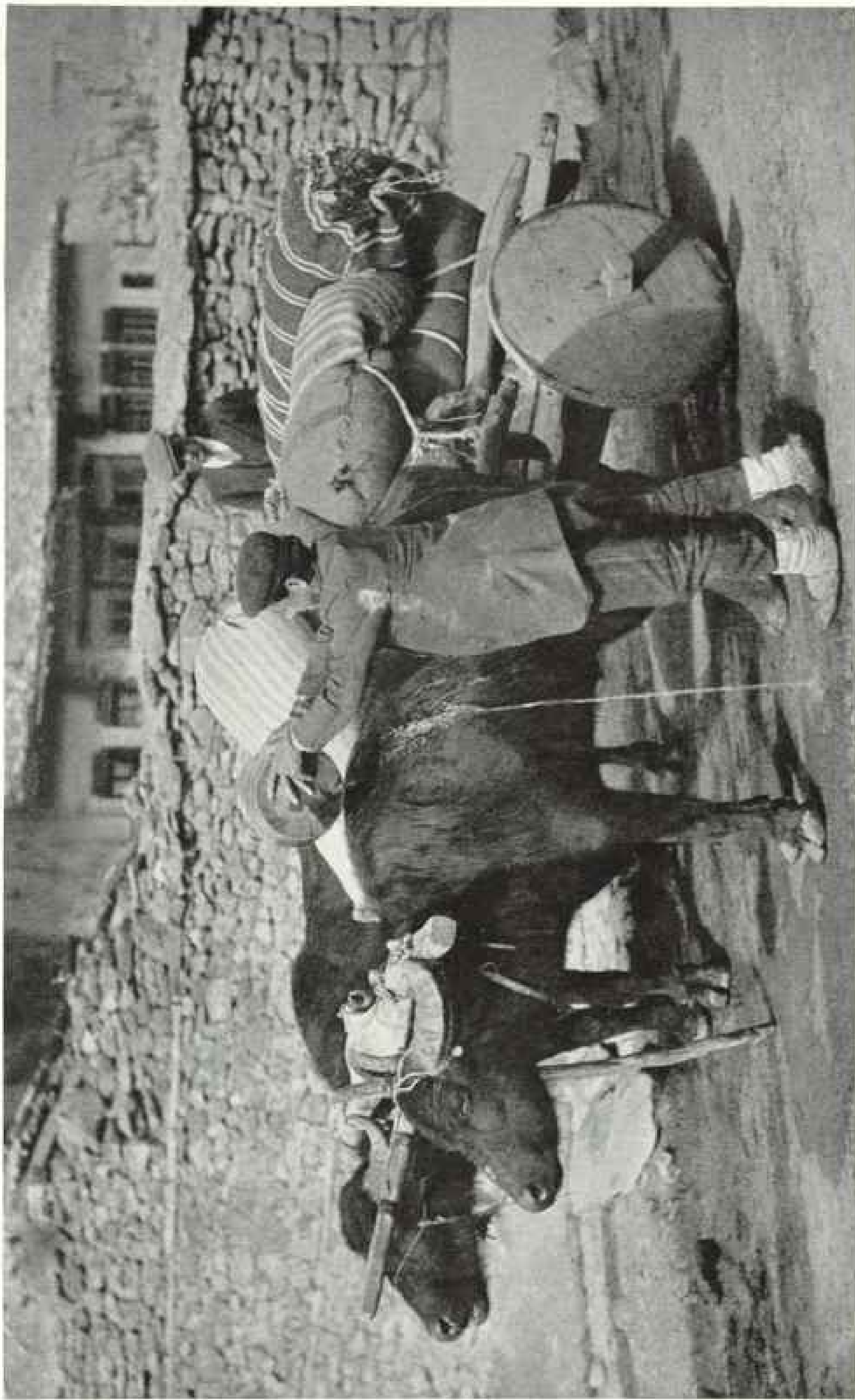
Photographs by Maxmud Owen Williams



Photograph by Magnard Owen Williams

CAP-WEARING BOYS OF SAMSUN PREVIEW THE DAY'S FEATURE

Modern movies, wired for sound and showing late pictures from Hollywood, are common in the Turkish Republic; but in the villages one still sees worn films dating from the old silent days. From here, in normal times, American Export liners bring a generous share of Turkey's 65,000-ton tobacco crop to the United States. Samsun cigarettes are famous among lovers of a light, aromatic smoke. Fresh eggs, in boxes like bicycle crates, are another important cargo.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

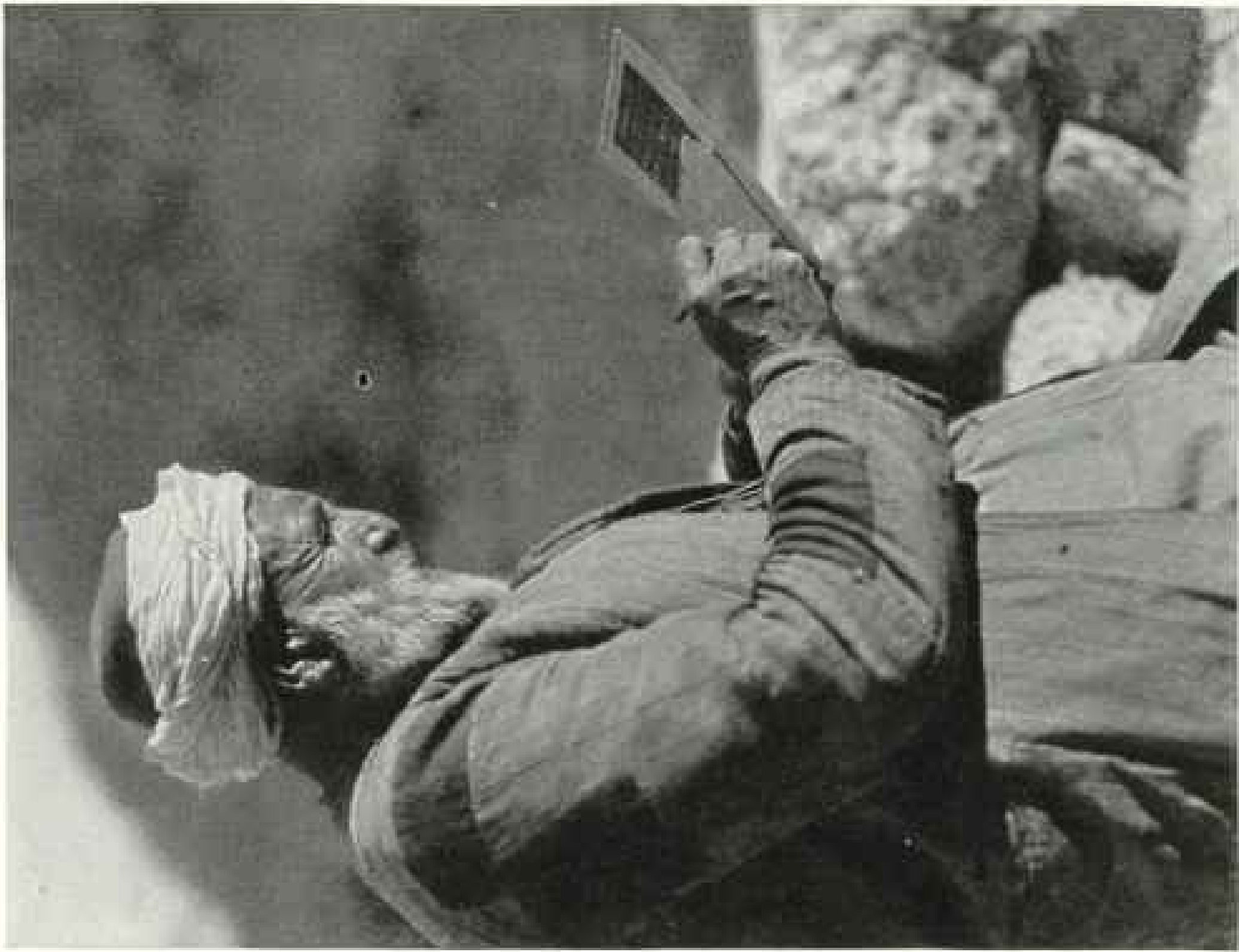
PATIENT WATER BUFFALOES BECOME BALKY IF THEY ARE NOT SWASHED DOWN WITH WATER

Yongai, where this young carter is bathing his yoke, was leveled by December's earthquake. Because of the damage done by their strap-from-tires, such disk-wheeled carts are not allowed on many of the modern motor roads.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TURKOMAN WOMEN RETAIN THEIR BRIGHT COSTUME AMID THE CONQUEST OF MODERN TURKEY BY EUROPEAN STYLES



THIS HANDSOME HODJA IS USING WHAT HE CALLED HIS "ANTIQUÉ HEAD" TO MASTER THE NEW TURKISH ALPHABET



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WILL THE EARTHQUAKES DESTROY THIS SELJUK DOORWAY, SPARED BY THE
"EARTH-SHAKER," TAMERLANE?

When the ruthless Oriental conqueror captured Sivas in 1400, he buried 4,000 Armenian cavalymen alive in the city moat, but spared this fine example of Turkish art—the Blue Madrasah. The tile-faced Moslem school is decorated with bold geometric designs and quotations from the Koran in delicate Arabic script. Because of widespread disturbances 10 miles below the surface of the devastated area, scientists fear shocks will continue for many months.

CAVIAR FISHERMEN OF ROMANIA

From Vâlcoş, "Little Venice" of the Danube Delta, Bearded Russian Exiles Go Down to the Sea

BY DOROTHY HOSMER

AT THE Danube's mouth, in Romanian territory, lives a Lipovan community from the Russia of centuries ago, surviving in surroundings and circumstances that make their lives seem less like a page from history than one from a tale of Pushkin.

My first glimpse of the Old Russia existing outside the boundaries of the new Soviet State had been caught as I cycled in Galicia, the Carpathians, and Bucovina, where the Ukrainian farmers wear their hair cut "under the bowl," own their little plots of land, and are devoted to their religion as in the heyday of Tsarism.

Now in Bucharest I had heard of the vast and mysterious land of the Danube Delta, and when spring came I procured from the military authorities the necessary special permit to pass through the Delta zone to Vâlcoş in Bessarabia on the Black Sea (map, page 411).

But my bicycle, on which I had pedaled from Kraków all the way through Poland and Romania, had to be left behind: there are no railways nor, at the time of my visit, were there any feasible roads in the Delta; and so my destination could best be reached by water.*

"BLUE" DANUBE BROWN WITH MUD

On the *Romania Mare*, which I boarded at Oltenița, I met Sergei Nicholaivich, a Vâlcoş Russian.

Silistra fell behind us; then the big railway bridge at Cernavodă, the only bridge to cross the Danube in its lower stretches. Here the sea is only 30 miles away and a canal has long been under consideration, for the river, instead of following its logical outlet, makes a sudden turn to the north and wanders on for more than 200 miles.

Vivid scenes succeeded each other: the river traffic, the little ports, the wide brown reach of water, the green marshlands.

After passing a few fields of grain and a rare herd of cows wading under willows

growing in the water out from the muddy shore, the *Romania Mare* came into Galați. Romanian, German, and Greek boats lay at the docks loading lumber and grain from the River Prut to distribute up the Danube to central Europe or down through the Black Sea to Mediterranean and Atlantic ports.

We gazed at the first houses of the port, built on low land that is flooded completely whenever it rains.

HOME TO THE SEA

"How this makes me long for home!" exclaimed Sergei Nicholaivich in Russian.

The streets of water had recalled his home town, the "little Venice" of Vâlcoş near the sea.

For him, I found, this was to be no ordinary voyage. Son of Lipovan fishermen for generations, he had been borne by the war as a soldier of sixteen out into an unfamiliar world. The disastrous campaigns which had raged back and forth over Romania, tearing up the deeply rooted lives of millions of shepherds, fishermen, and farmers, had left him adrift in Bucharest.

First as a singer in a balalaika orchestra, then as an artist, he had struggled along with the tens of thousands of other provincials who threw in their lot with Romania's rising postwar capital.

But city life was not for him. Despite twenty years of it, there was something stronger. Now he was going back to the fisherman's life to which he had been born.

"Many Russians have died of homesickness," he said. "And many who have died have requested that a bit of earth from their native land be buried with them so they would not feel so far from the home they love."

HUMBLE SOURCE OF CAVIAR

Near Tulcea the Danube splits into three big branches which flow through the wilderness of the Delta. The middle one, with Sulina as its Black Sea port, is the only one safe for larger ships, and along it passes all the through river navigation.

Surprisingly enough, 67 per cent of the

* See "An American Girl Cycles Across Romania," by Dorothy Hosmer, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, November, 1938; and "Pedaling Through Poland," June, 1939.



Photograph from Dorothy Hammer

A LIPOVAN LUNCH IS A FRUGAL MEAL

The author, an American girl, shares the repast in the yard of a fisherman's home. The fare is simple: fish and fish soup, eaten with wooden spoons from a bowl in the center of the table, and sour black bread baked in clay ovens shaped like the little houses which stand in many Vâlcoy gardens. Traditionally, the Lipovan wears a long, full beard, but nowadays unmarried youths often are clean-shaven.

Danube's total volume flows out the Chilia Arm, the northernmost channel. Yet only a small line of boats goes down it, back and forth to Vâlcoy, transporting the fish and more especially the caviar for which the place is famous. Thus Vâlcoy lies far off the usual lines of communication.

As a part of Bessarabia, which borders on the Soviet Union, Vâlcoy was Russian from 1878 to 1918. Now it again belongs to Romania.

Age-old customs, however, have altered little. Indeed, this whole coastal region has been the scene of succeeding settlements of remote peoples and races as changing as the course of the river itself.

A hundred miles to the south is Constanta, whose name of Tomi, where Ovid was exiled, was forgotten during the long centuries of the Turkish Empire, Russia's great rival on the Black Sea.*

For years Tsar and Sultan contended for

the Delta. South of the river, along the coast to Constanta, are villages of Romanians, Tatars, Bulgars, Germans, and Turks. When we stopped at the port of Tulcea, I saw the slim minarets one finds throughout the Balkan lands where the Ottoman Empire left its indelible stamp.

Then in Ismail, on the northern side of the Delta, I saw the bulbous red steeples of the Russian Orthodox churches (page 421). Here was the territory marking the limits of the Russian Slav advance coming down from the north and arrested by the formidable waste of changing waterways and the thousand square miles of marshlands the river deposited at its mouth.

Ismail was for a time, however, a very strong Turkish fortress. It was stormed and sacked in 1790 by the Russian General

* See "The Spell of Romania," by Henrietta Allen Holmes, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, April, 1934.



Photograph by Walt Sanders from Black Star

OCEAN AND RIVER TRAFFIC MEET AT GALATI, 92 RIVER MILES FROM THE BLACK SEA

Vessels of many nations steam up the Danube to this port where they load timber, wheat, oil, wool, and fish. Above Braila, 13 miles farther upstream, barges and other shallow-draft boats do the freighting.

Alexander Vasilievich Suvarov, who fought incredible battles against the armies of the Crescent in this seemingly sunken continent of greenery aswarm with water fowl and amphibia and flanked on the north and south by the barren coasts of the stormy Black Sea.

"SEE WHAT A MAN!"

The *Romania Mare* twisted through treacherous flats intersected by a maze of channels which looked exactly alike to everyone except the pilot. Then, with a final twirl of the wheel, our little ship was turned to bring us head on against the current to the Valcov dock.

The pier was stacked with crates and barrels and thronged with interested villagers. At one side stood a barefooted man with a huge beard that covered the front of his white linen smock.

Sergei recognized him as his brother. They embraced, kissing each other three times on the cheek.

The brother, whom Sergei introduced as Vasili, held himself very straight and met our curious glances with a grave serenity.

"See what a man!" Sergei Nicholaivich turned to me proudly. "So I would have been had I never seen the city."

"And you?" he asked me. "What will you do? You must come to my mother's."

I looked around: no hotels, no porters, no carriages. Waterways and canals stretched in every direction. Under a wooden bridge a row of black high-prowed fishing boats was drawn up along the miry bank.

In one of these workaday gondolas Sergei's brother rowed us through the main canal and then, turning into one of the "side streets," poled us along in a network of narrow waterways just wide enough for two boats to slide past each other.

They were bordered by woven wicker fences, behind which I caught glimpses of straight-stalked hollyhocks and lupines and



Photograph by Walt Sanders from *Black Star*

"SEA COSSACKS," LIPOVANS HAVE BEEN CALLED

Most of these fishermen have splendid voices. They sing for the fun of it any time, but especially in church choirs or when rhythmically poling their boats (page 434).

the fishermen's deep-eaved houses. Willow trees drooped over the water.

Gliding under the slanting sun of this warm May afternoon, it seemed that I was drifting through a mirror like Alice into Wonderland (page 412).

LONG BEARDS, BARE FEET, BLUE EYES

Men with long hair and beards padded barefoot along rickety little wooden sidewalks raised on stilts from the water. Their gaze was clear and blue-eyed, at once child-like and spiritual. Crowding over, they let by a woman carrying buckets of water on a wooden shoulder yoke.

Two shawled women poled past in a boat with a load of glistening river mud. I looked questioningly at Sergei Nicholaivich.

"Mud from the river bottom is used to build and repair our houses," he explained. "Dried, it is as hard as clay. Whenever cracks appear in the walls, all we do is plaster wet mud over them, until you'd think the house had measles. Then the daubs are whitewashed and the house is as good as new (page 425).

"The women take care of all of this," he added, "and every Saturday they whitewash most of the house inside and out."

Our boat drew up in a tiny inlet which took the place of a private entrance in this woodland Venice.

Through the gate of the willow fence we walked into a vegetable garden, coming to a low house the color of baked mud, with roses in a tangle against its sides.

We stepped over the threshold into a long room divided by an enormous clay stove. A shelf of glazed pottery circled the walls. Here Sergei's family had gathered, waiting to receive him.

When he entered, everyone from the little children up made a deep bow, the women bowing even lower than the men. Sergei Nicholaivich walked straight to the family icon which is always in the far corner at the right of the entrance door. Bending

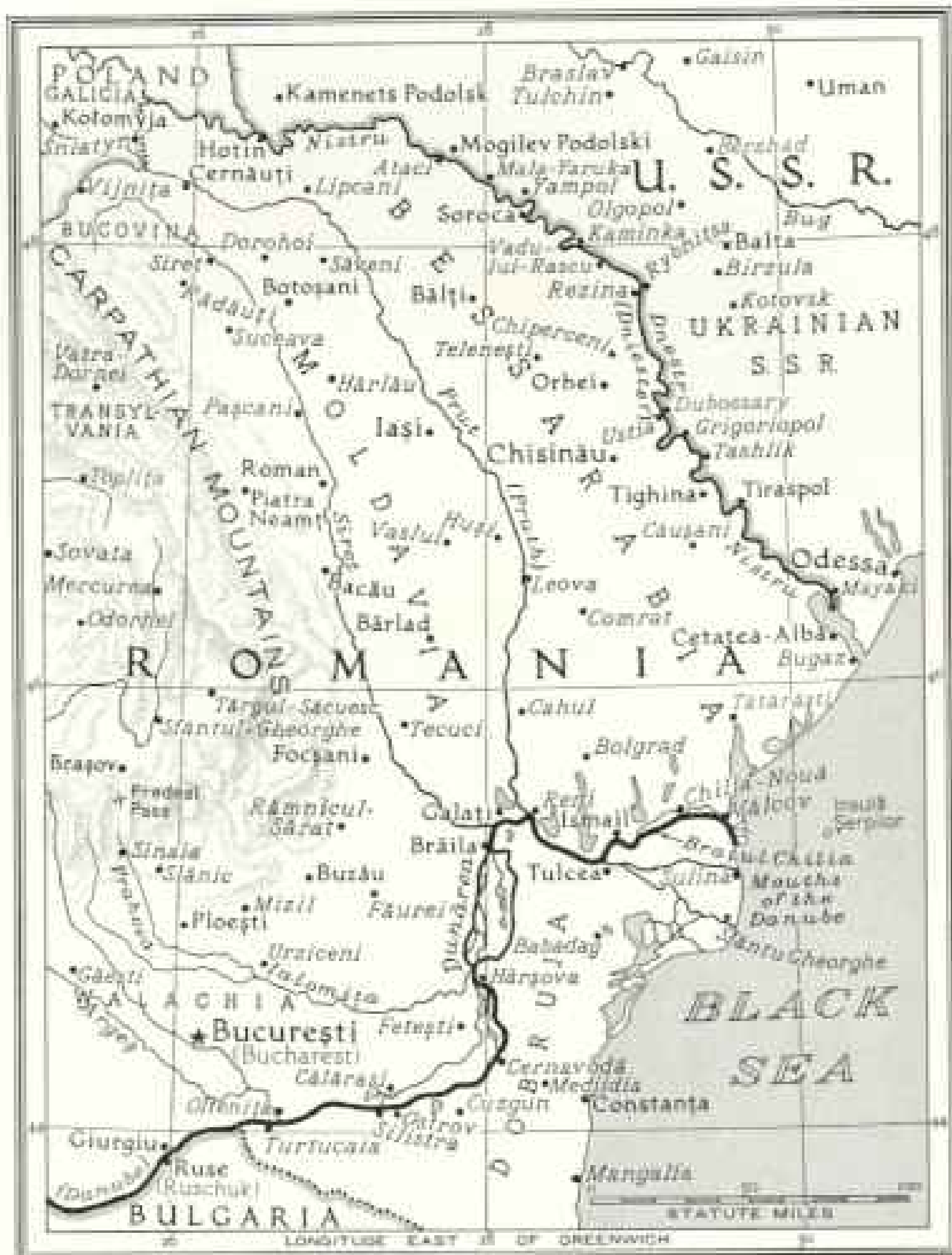
low, he made a majestic sign of the cross. His hand, touching the forehead, swept nearly to the floor, then from the right shoulder over to the left.

These reverences he repeated three times, after which he went from one to the other, beginning with the old men, and each kissed him thrice on the cheek. Throughout the entire ritual of welcome to the home-coming son there was an impressive silence. I had the feeling that these were decidedly more than ordinary fisherfolk.

"Ours is a puritan race," said Sergei Nicholavich to me afterward. "Whatever befalls us, whether it brings joy or sorrow, we must accept serenely."

"How did our people come to live in these lost marshlands of the Delta? You see, at the time of Tsar Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, the priests under the Patriarch Nikon decided to make a new translation from the Greek of the Bible and the Books of the Service.

"Of course they found things in the old translation which they thought were wrong and which they corrected. But many of the Russians couldn't see why they should change what they had been saying and doing for 500 years. This was the beginning of the division of the Church.



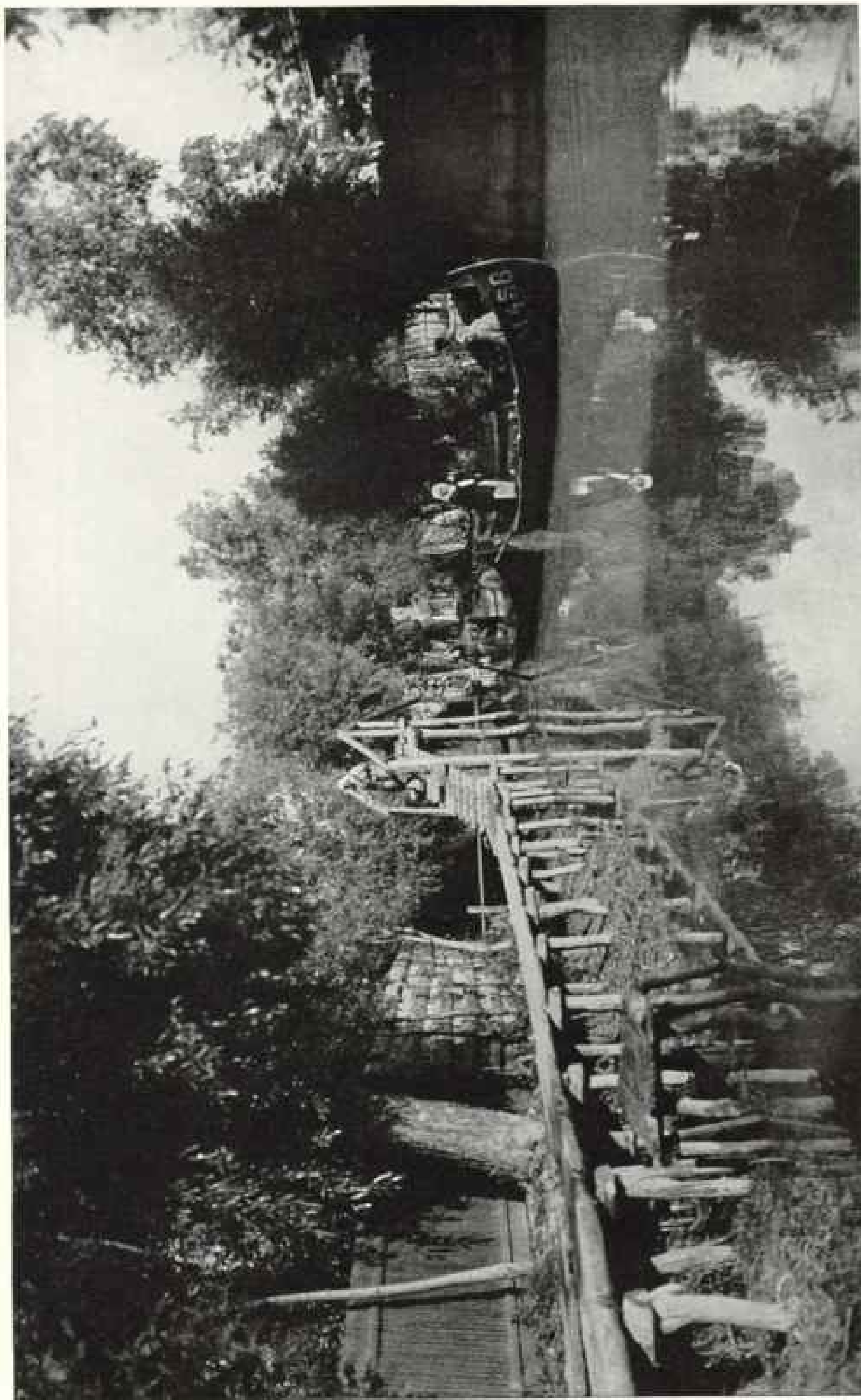
Drawn by Ralph E. McAless

WILL Bessarabia BECOME ANOTHER SORE SPOT?

Bessarabia belonged to Romania until 1917, when it was taken by Russia, but after the World War it again became part of Romania. The Soviet Union now looks longingly at this rich granary, which they still consider "occupied territory." Flowing across Europe from Germany, the muddy Danube empties into the Black Sea through a many-mouthed delta. Dorothy Hosmer, author of the accompanying article, traveled to Vîlcov, where she visited the Lipovan fishermen and studied the fishing for sturgeon and the making of caviar.

"There were really no great differences at first. Only such things as, for example, the Orthodox making the cross with three fingers, representing the Trinity. We Lipovans claim that the Trinity is the thumb and last two fingers, and we make the cross with the two middle fingers, saying that in all of the pictures Christ gives the benediction with these two.

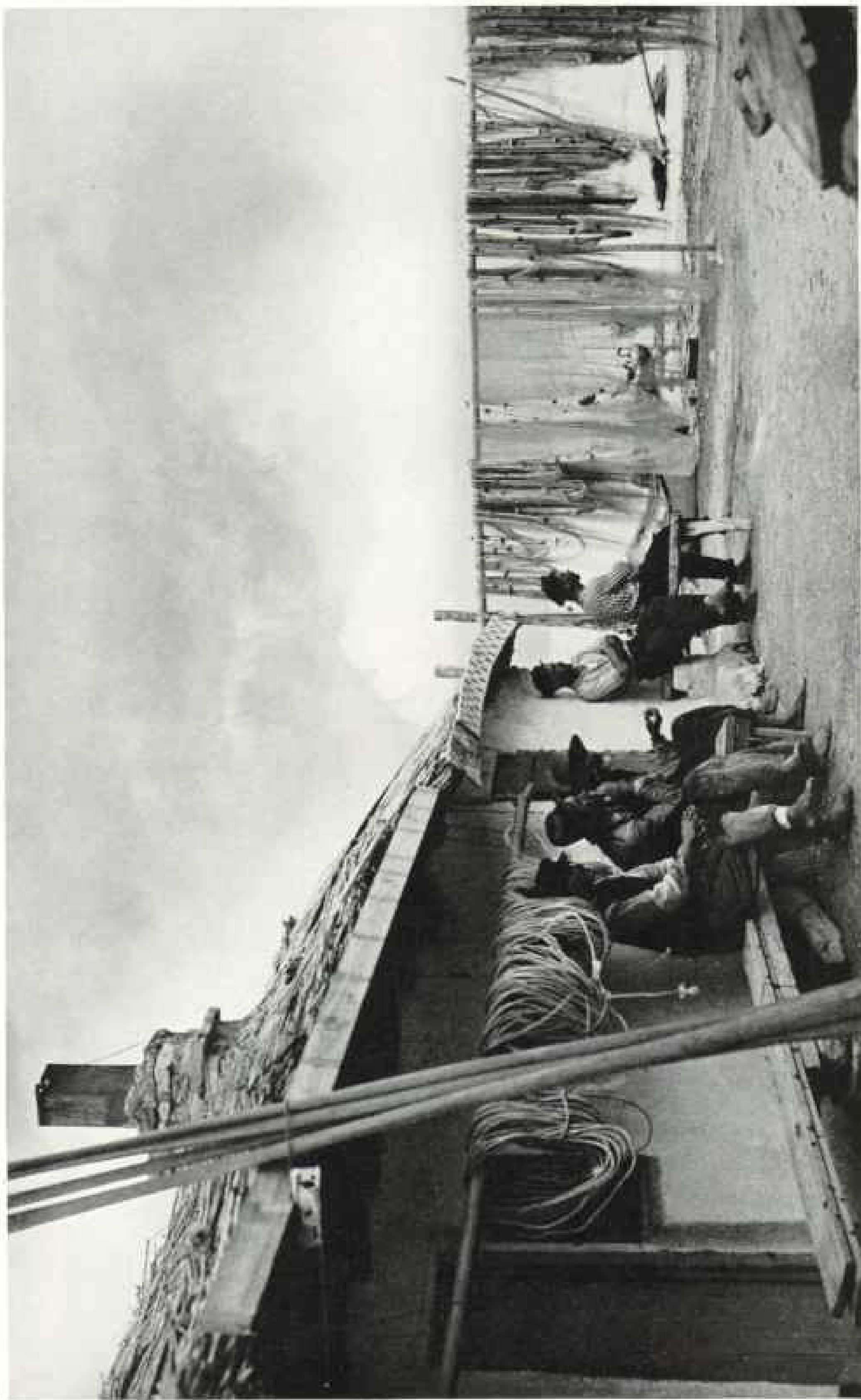
"But then Tsar Alexis' son, Peter, wanted to break all the old customs and to Europeanize Russia. He was the first Tsar



Photograph by Photo-Press

IN A LONG, RIBBED "LODKA," THE AUTHOR "SEEMED TO BE DRIFTING THROUGH A MIRROR, LIKE ALICE INTO WONDERLAND."

A family without one of these graceful boats is a rare exception. Many houses have fenced mooring inlets where the craft are "parked." Footbridges cross and recross Václav's "flowing streets." Everywhere tall willows shade walks and canals.



Photograph by Photo-Press

BETWEEN MORNING AND EVENING HAULS, FISHERMEN MEND NETS AND TACKLE, OR EAT, LOAF, AND BING

Fishing from small boats where the river current meets the Black Sea is hazardous, for the storms in this area sweep off the stoppers with fierce and sudden fury. Thatched roofs are often blown away. Even the chimneys are damaged, as on this shack where toppled stones have been replaced with a pipe. In many boats fishermen sleep on flat stoves during bitter winter nights.



Photograph by Photo-Presse from European

ONE BIG STURGEON MAKES A FAIR DAY'S CATCH

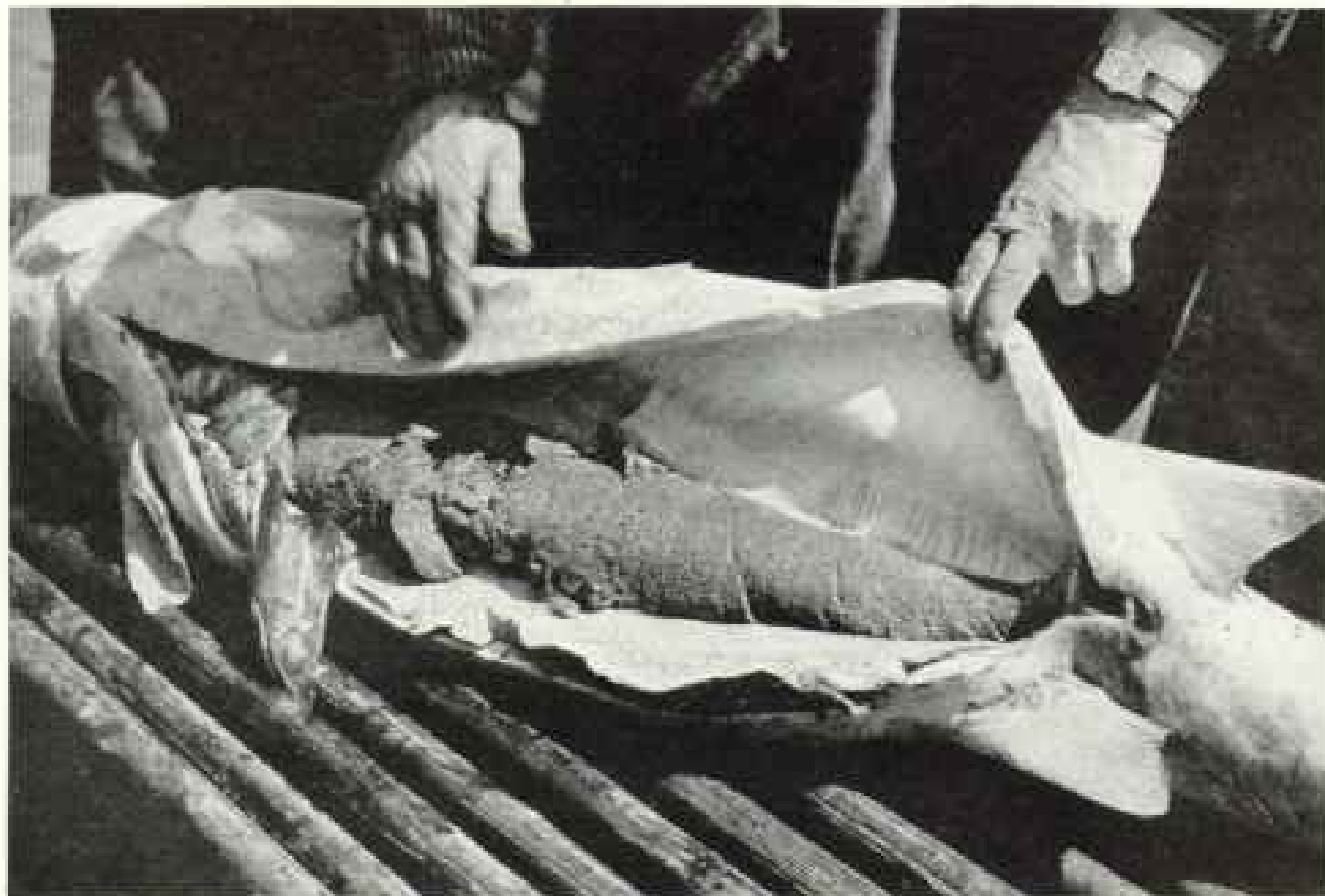
While the oarsman controls the boat (a *ladka*), two men haul the prize alongside with gaffs. Even after the fish is taken aboard, it may thrash about viciously until killed. Over the gunwale a fourth man pulls in the rig of bare hooks strung on short cords. Sturgeon, heading inshore against the fresh-water current, swim into the hooks.



Photograph by Dorothy Hosmer

AFTER SHARPENING, STURGEON HOOKS ARE HUNG UP AND OILED

Sitting at the left, one man hones the aluminum and steel hooks, mostly imported from England, which replace the old-fashioned kind hammered from nails. Floats support the fishing rigs, made of many yard-long leaders strung on a main line a few inches apart.



EGGS OF A FEMALE STURGEON MAY EQUAL A FIFTH OF ITS TOTAL WEIGHT

After the roe is removed, it is strained through a sieve to clean it of fibrous tissues. The eggs are then washed, treated with salt, and packed in cans or barrels as caviar. Romanians regard caviar as a staple part of their diet. They serve it with seasoning in a large bowl, with crackers and toast, as *canapes* with thin slices of cheese and vodka, and in many other ways.



Photographs by Juh. de Haas from Three Lions

FROM HUMBLE STURGEON ROE COMES COSTLY CAVIAR

The finest grade of caviar is called "fresh" because it is unsalted. It is grayish and liquid, but perishable. The kind most generally exported is the black caviar, prepared in brine and pressed in barrels or tins (page 429).



© C. Anthon and Co.

FISHING CRAFT ARE LIFEBOATS WHEN WATER COVERS THE LAND

In early spring, when the Danube is in flood and the Delta blocked with ice, the river may rise several feet, and at rare intervals has completely covered the roofs of Vîlcov. A fisherman carefully repairs the boat, his most precious possession.

to visit far-western Europe, and he cut the beards of the boyars and introduced the smoking of tobacco.

"He wished to build a fleet to defeat the Swedes. So he went himself to Holland and England to see how to make ships. He came back after working there as a simple laborer for half a year, and wanted to change everything. Part of the Russians said he wasn't their *Tsar Batyushka*, their Little Father, but an Antichrist.

A RIFT OVER BEARDS AND TOBACCO

"Peter cut his beard, smoked, and instead of the traditional greatcoat of the boyars edged with beaver or sable fur and trimmed with rows of pearls and diamonds, he decreed the new-type caftan, thus changing the national costume. His son Alexis was for the old ways, so the boyars and the people found in him the center of their hopes, but his father had him put to death.

"The Old Believers were seeking refuge in the wild country. A sect in the moun-

tains, believing the Antichrist had come in the Tsar, proclaimed the Judgment Day was at hand. They burned all the churches with themselves inside. There was a great wave of hysteria.

"Peter the Great began sending the police to fight with the people, the majority of whom had fallen under the influence of fanatics. These believers were obliged to flee farther and farther.

"Some went north into Siberia, some into the Caucasus. And others, escaping first into the linden forests from which they got their name of Lipovan—'lipa' is Russian for 'linden tree'—finally came here, to the Delta, which was then under Turkish suzerainty and could be reached only by sea.

"The marshlands and the thousands of islands were deserted and here our ancestors stayed, naming their settlement 'Vîlcov,' from the Russian *vilka*, meaning 'fork,' after the three channels to the sea. They made a few canals and with the dirt from



Photograph by Walt Sanders from Black Star

WATERLOGGED FLOATS HANG TO DRY

Nets and the long set lines rigged with many hooks are supported by slabs of tree bark, tin cans, cork, or tightly bound bunches of twigs or reeds. Because of high import duties, cork is little used.

them created ground high enough for their houses.

"They continued wearing their beards long, like the old boyars, and refused to take up smoking or to make any other changes in the old customs."

FOR THE PRODIGAL, AN EXTRA BLOB OF SOUR CREAM

After the first solemnities of Sergei Nicholaivich's reception, we all sat down on benches at a huge bare table beneath the icon in the "Holy Corner."

Beside each place lay a wooden spoon, deeply cupped and satin-smooth with wear. First came boiled fish and then a clear fish soup with a bit of potato in it. (Unless the soup contains something solid, it always comes after the fish dish.) With this, instead of bread we ate *pirozki*, a black-flour pastry filled with cabbage.

Following the example of the bearded old men, we let this part of the meal pass almost in silence. But then, to celebrate,

there were big fresh strawberries served with *smetana*, or sour cream. The fire in the heavy iron samovar was replenished with coals from the kitchen, and glass after glass of steaming tea passed around.

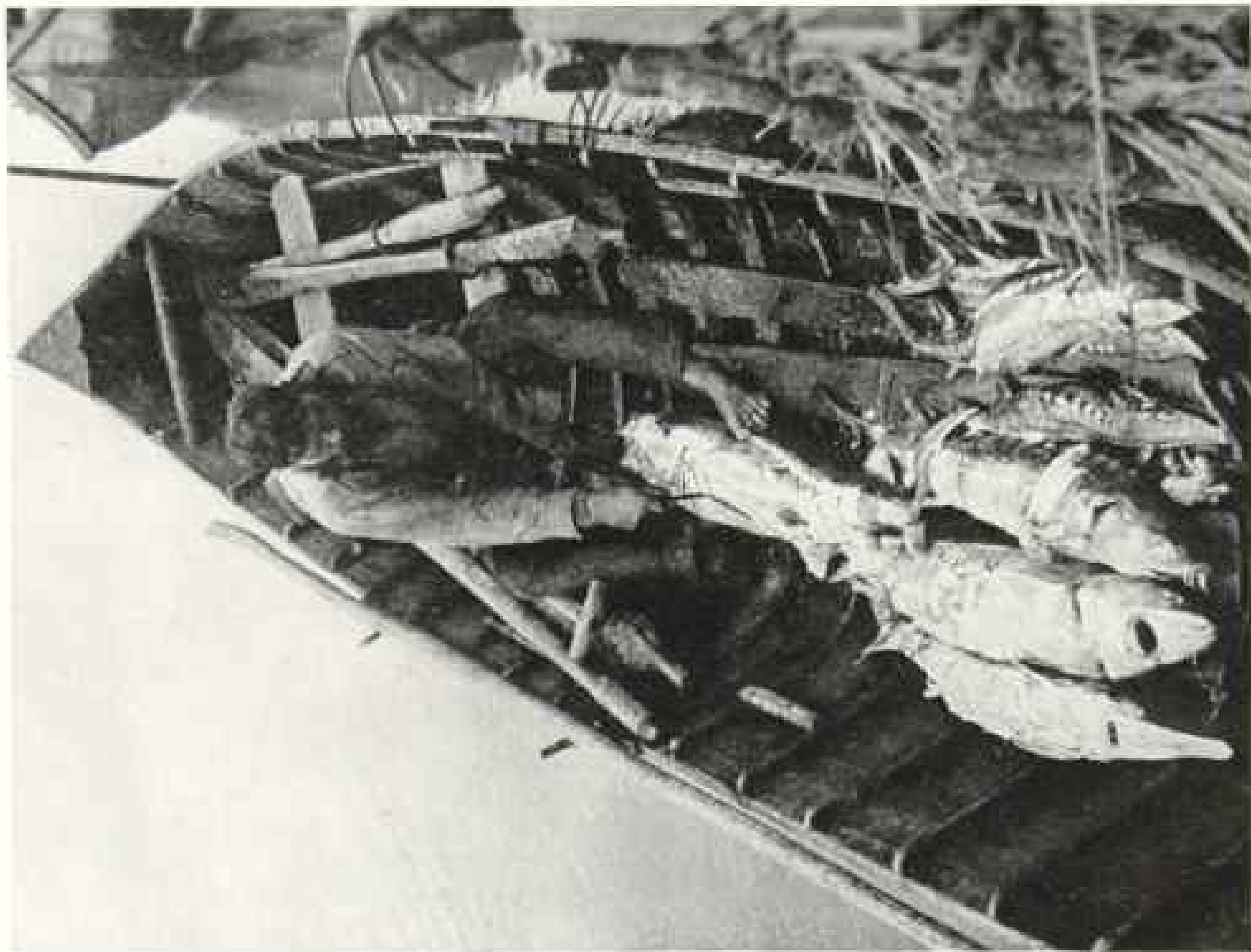
Sergei Nicholaivich's mother impulsively leaned over and put an extra blob of the rich cream on his berries, then blushed protestingly as a roar of laughter broke out. Embarrassed, Sergei turned to translate their joking remarks for me.

"Children love smetana. So when one is an only or a spoiled child and his mother is always putting it on everything he eats, he is known as a 'smetanik.' That's what they are calling me.

SCANDAL IN A STORK'S NEST

"Now they are telling me about two storks and a duck." Sergei kept me informed while keeping his eyes on the others who were talking, each one supplementing, confirming, or encouraging the others.

"They say that a duck laid an egg in a



Photograph by Photo-France

A TENSE MOMENT—WILL THE KNIFE REVEAL ROE?

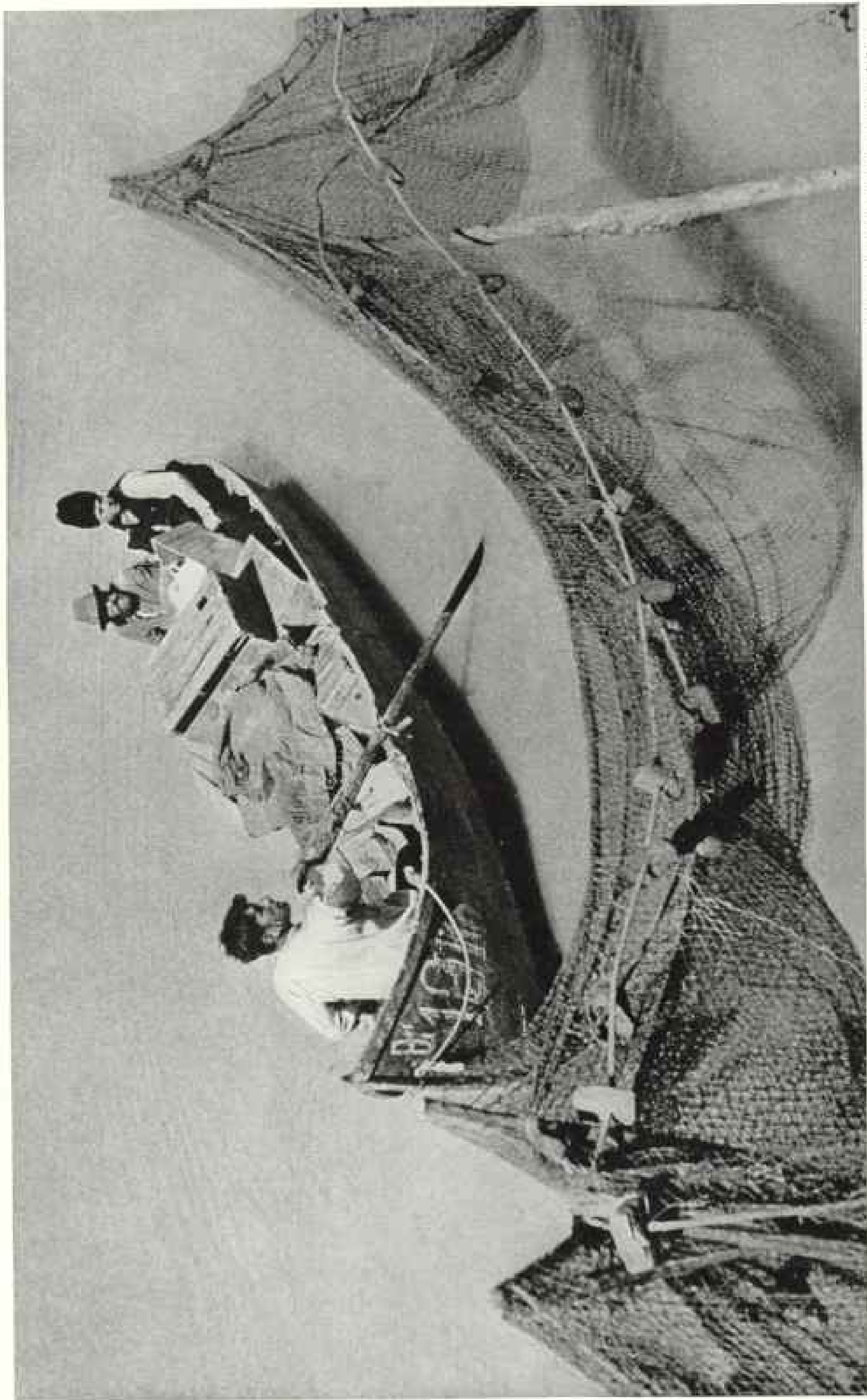
A bearded Lipovian holds a big sturgeon with dexterous feet while he slits it open (page 413). The eggs, made into caviar, are much more valuable per pound than the flesh, which is abundant and cheap.



© C. Andersen and Co.

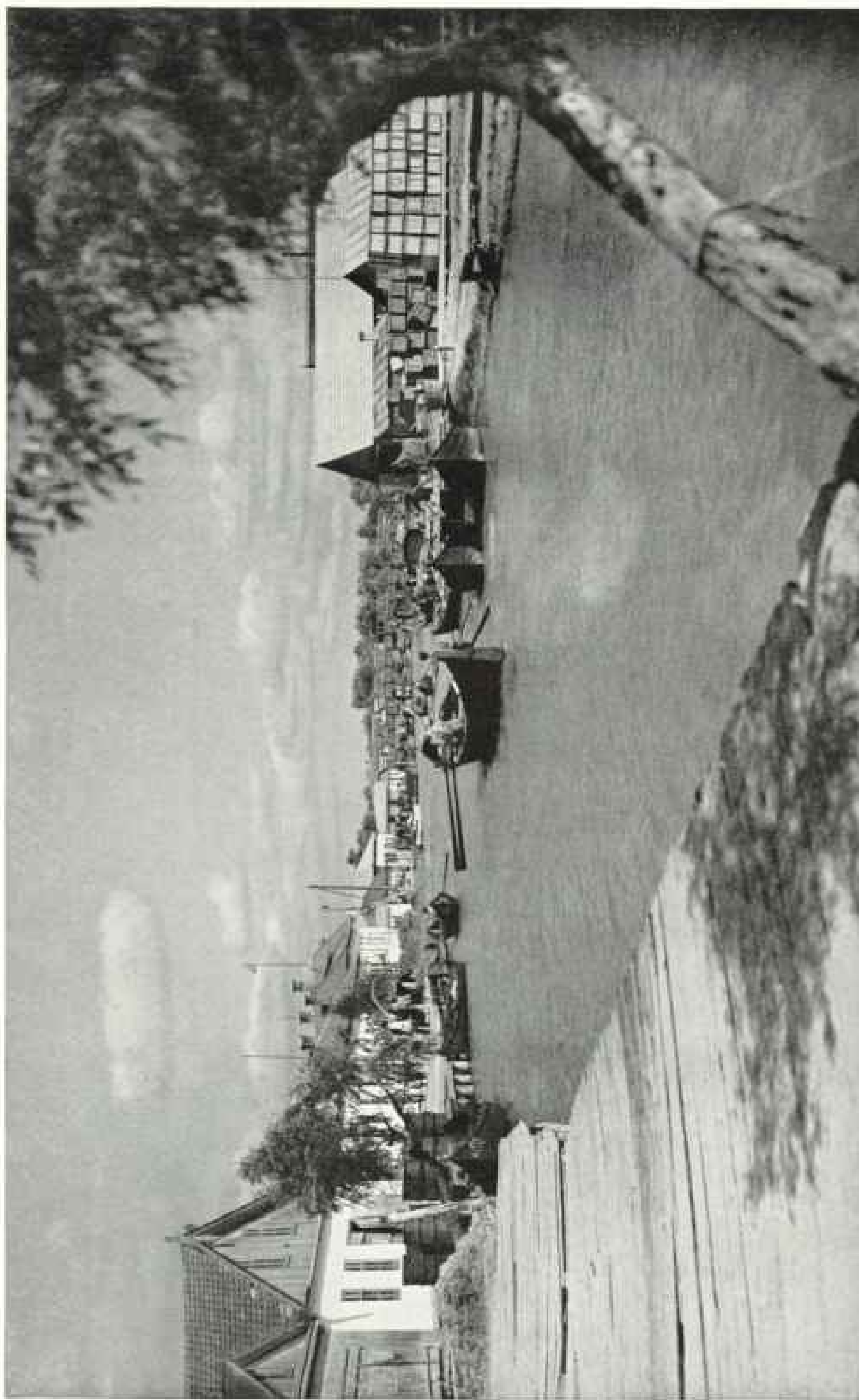
FISH IS THE VÄLCOVIAN'S STAFF OF LIFE

Apart from sturgeon, the catch may include carp, burbot, plaice, perch, herring, and shad. Small plots supply villagers with potatoes, cabbages, strawberries, and other produce, but fish is the "main course" at almost every meal.



Photograph by White Saunders from Black Star

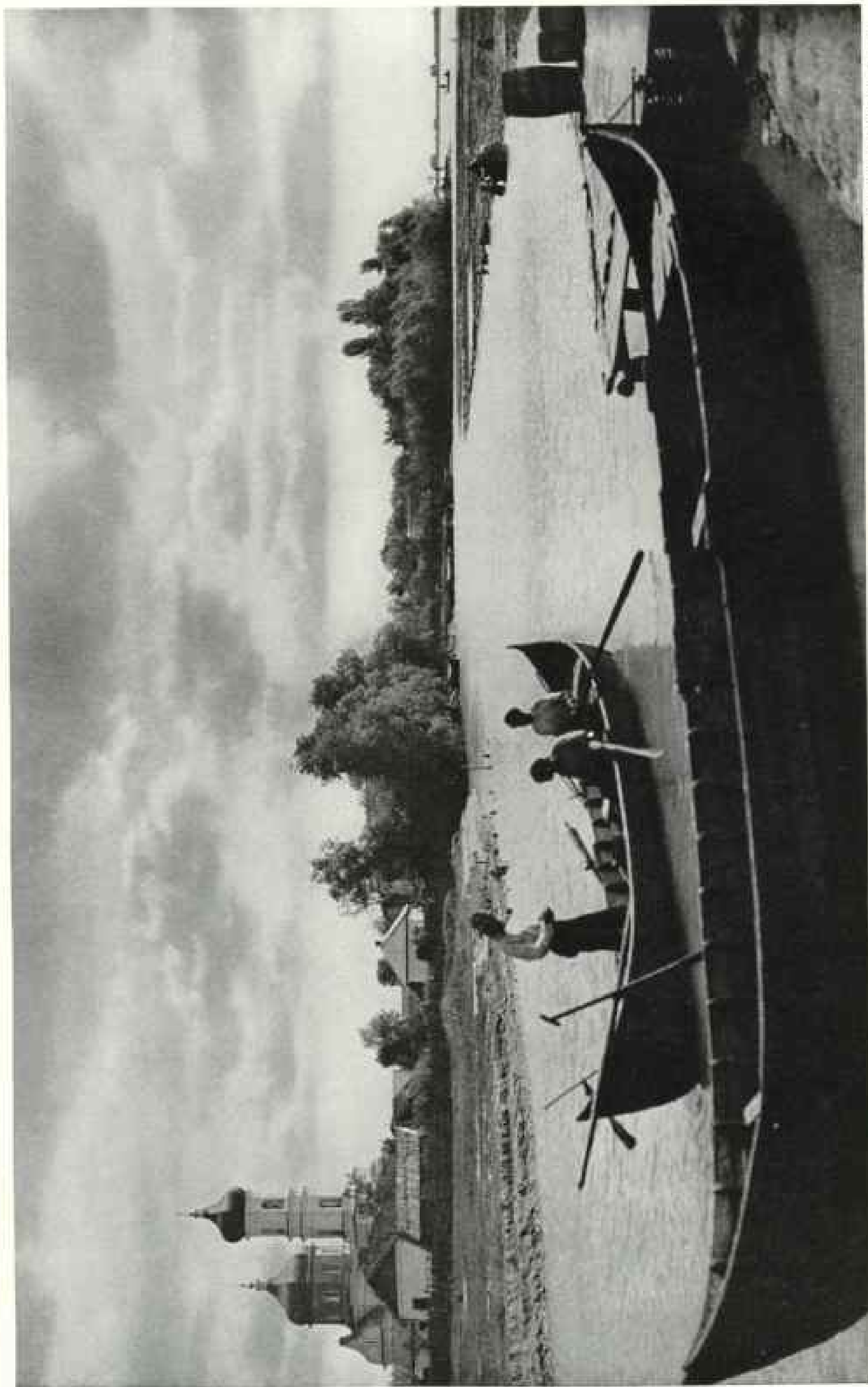
WITHOUT A BOAT, A LIPOVAN OF THE DANUBE DELTA COUNTRY IS AS HELPLESS AS A FARMER WITHOUT A HORSE



Photograph by Photo-Press

HEAVY OARS SWEEP CARGOES OF FISH ALONG THE RUSTIC "GRAND CANAL" OF THE DANUBIAN "VENICE"

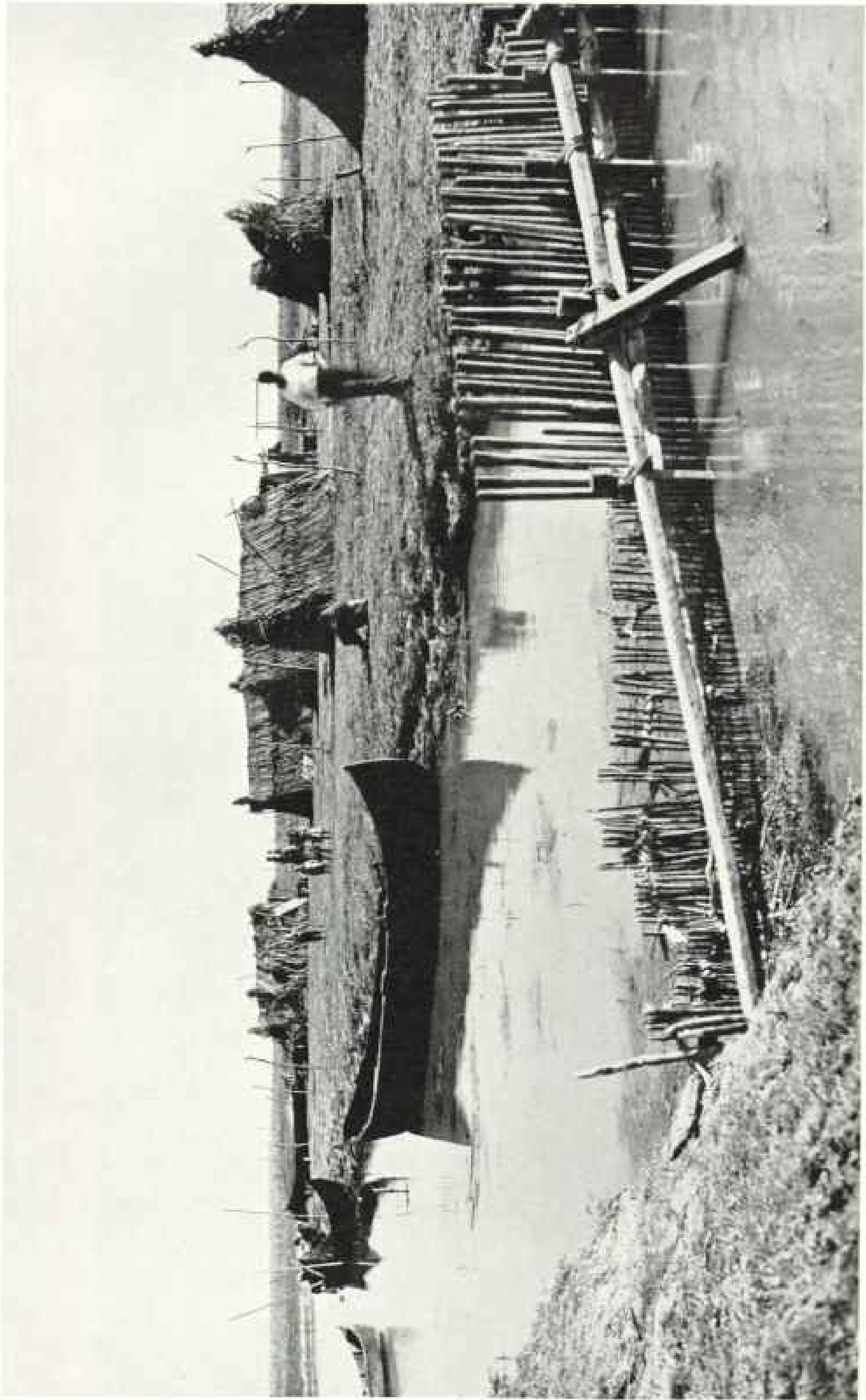
Boxes of caviar, sturgeon, and herring are piled awaiting shipment from the sheds of the Co-operative (right), which controls the fisheries of the region. Fishermen are paid set prices for each kilogram (2.2 pounds) of fresh or salted fish. Várkov still lives in the age of wood; boats, bridges, many of the buildings, sidewalks, house furnishings, fences, and wharves are fashioned of lumber.



Photograph by Photo-Press

ONION-SHAPED CUPOLAS OF VÂLCOV CAP CATHEDRAL TOWERS THAT OVERLOOK LAND ONCE GOVERNED BY THE TSARS

The town became Romanian again in 1918. Villagers in their black, high-prowed boats carried the army of Tsar Alexander II southward across the Danube to meet and defeat the Ottoman forces in 1877. Vâlcoviaus say a huge bell in the tower commemorates this victory (page 428).



Photograph by Photo-Preise

CLOSE TO ONE OF THEIR STURGEON TRAPS FISHERMEN ERECT TENTS OF WILLOW WITHE AND THATCH

Black Sea sturgeon, seeking spawning grounds, swim up the fresh-water streams veining the marshlands of the Danube Delta. Fences across the channels are closed behind the ascending fish. Trapped, they are easily netted or gilled in the shallow waters. During the busy fishing season, the men live in these crude encampments, returning to Vâlcea only for supplies.



Photograph by Dorothy Heinnert

VÁLCOV'S FISH WAGONS CARRY FISH AND CAVIAR FROM STOREHOUSES TO SHIPPING DOCKS

Much of the Delta's caviar, as well as fresh and salted fish, is sent by steamer up the Danube for distribution to Bucharest and other inland European markets. Large quantities also are shipped by way of the Black Sea to foreign ports.



© C. Anders and Co.

DEVOTION IN A LIPOVAN HOME

Her people are a Russian religious group, composing the majority of Vâlcoy's population. Their name comes from the word *lipa*, meaning "linden," a tree common in the lowlands around the Black Sea.

stork's nest on the chimney of a house. A committee of storks gathered on the roof. They judged that something was not quite right in this whole business and killed the mamma stork, the duck, and destroyed the nest.

"We know that the storks in their conjugal relations are very strict," he explained.

"They come back to the same nest year after year, and always the same couple. When they arrive, we know that winter is over and spring on its way. Every house must have its nest on the roof, for the storks bring luck to the family" (page 427).

But the great topic for everyone was the disaster which had befallen Vâlcoy that winter.

In winter months the cruel and bitter northeast winds blow down from the steppes across the Black Sea.

"Sometimes the Danube freezes over in one night," said Sergei Nicholaïvich. "Ships are caught in midstream and may remain in the grip of the ice until spring.

"This last winter the river froze over. When spring came the river was jammed with pack ice and swollen with rain. It rained and rained. The river rose day after day, week after week, until the whole of Vâlcoy was under water."

In this disaster Sergei's family lost its oldest member. He died

from exposure during one of the terrible nights spent in the open boats (pages 414, 419, and 431). The clay house had been destroyed by the water.

"Our winters . . . brr!" shivered Sergei. "The withe fences keep some of the cold wind off, and layers of rushes are piled around the house walls like a winter overcoat. But even then it's unbearable."

A GUEST IS CONSIDERED SENT BY GOD

He laughed. "They used to tell me when I was small that if I were good it would snow sugar. And if it was snowing on Christmas Day, that meant Saint Nicholas



Photograph by Dorothy Hisman

WHILE THEIR MEN FISH, WIVES UNLOAD FRESH MUD FOR HUT REPAIRS

Lacking shovels, these women throw handfuls of river silt from boat to shore. Cracks in the clay shacks are daubed with the natural "cement," or additions to the dwellings are built with it. Some huts are made entirely of thatch, in the shape of tents (pages 415, 417, and 432).



Photograph by Walt Sanders from Black Star

WHEN THE NETS COME IN EMPTY, HARDSHIP HOVERS NEAR

If this Russian fisherman is disappointed with the haul, his stoical face does not show it. On the shore, nets dry on tall poles.



© C. Anders and Co.

AFTER LUNCH—SIX SPOONS TO WASH BUT ONLY ONE BOWL

Chunks of fish are dipped out of the dish set in the middle of the group, and eaten with slices of bread. Fish scraps fall from every table in Vălcov, a "promised land" for cats.

was shaking his white beard over our house."

Eleven of the family had sat down at the table. When we stood up, and everyone had crossed himself again three times, the old mother herself took me into the room where I was to sleep.

Native tapestries in Bessarabian horizontal leaf patterns hung around the walls, and at the foot of the bed was a wooden chest ornamented with painted flowers. What held my eye was a stack of pillows on it, beginning with a huge pillow at the bottom and pyramiding to a tiny one on top, all of them to tuck around one on freezing winter nights.

TO CHURCH BY GONDOLA

When I was comfortable, the old mother and the granddaughter who had helped her left me, after making a low bow. I learned

afterward that the Lipovans consider a guest in their home as one "sent by God."

I was awakened by cathedral bells. When I came out of my room the whole family had already gathered, and with an early-morning mist still hanging over the water we rowed to Sunday Mass.

A trembling image reflected on the water was our first glimpse of the great white cathedral. Though built on a sand patch and screened by trees, it would seem very European and cosmopolitan were it not that its domes and towers are topped by big onion-shaped cupolas which rise like fanciful turbans in the sky.

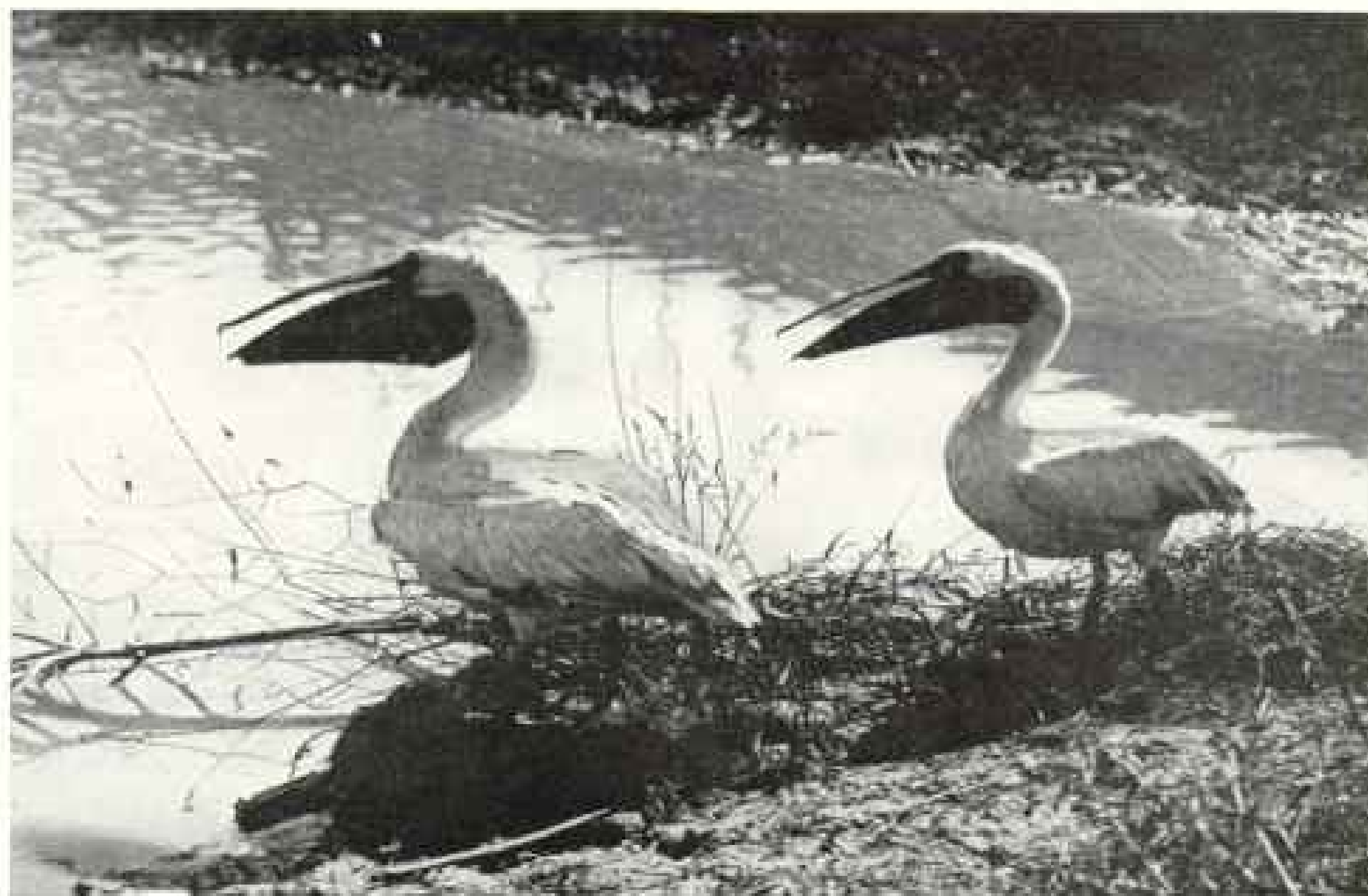
Starchy pinafores girls, men with cheeks scrubbed, women whose hair was brushed shiny under their head shawls—they were all there, coming afoot over the wooden bridges, or by boats that jostled one another on their way.



Photograph by Dorothy Hosmer

LUCKY THE HOUSEHOLDER WHOSE ROOF SUPPORTS A STORK'S NEST

Each year the same avian couple comes back to this nest. Some storks live so long that they may see more than one generation grow up in the house beneath.



Photograph by Photo-Press from European

PELICANS, TOO, FIND GOOD FISHING IN THE DANUBE DELTA

Colonies of pelicans occupy the marshy islands and low shores of the great river's many-channelled Delta on the Black Sea. Among the lush, river-soaked vegetation and on the sandy bars, many kinds of birds abound, among them storks, cranes, gulls, ducks, herons, coots, geese, and rails.

The bells were still ringing, the sound rippling over the placid air. One of them, the huge bell in the tower, was cast in 1877, I was told, in commemoration of the delivery of the Delta region from the Turks.

Inside, a choir was singing the incredibly mystic and lovely chorals of the Orthodox litany, the voices swelling sometimes to a tremendous volume, then dying to sustained pianissimos. During the Mass celebrated by the priests in rich brocaded robes, one worshiper prostrated himself completely, lying with his arms outstretched. Others, humbled on their knees, touched their foreheads repeatedly to the floor in token that they gave themselves wholly to their God.

All the magnificent voices of the Russians were not in the choir. In the teahouse I heard groups of young men singing in perfect harmony; and later I heard the men, as they pulled their boats, sing ancient boatmen's songs from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

As we poled back through the flowery willow-drooped canals, two little girls tossed roses and forget-me-nots into the boat from a frail bridge overhead. And farther along another child shyly offered us a penny's worth of the dried strawberry leaves which the Lipovans use to make a fragrant tea.

LICENSE NUMBERS FOR BOATS

Our boat was tied in a long row with dozens of others—all exactly alike except for the number painted on the front to identify them easily for official control—and we stepped out on the one terra firma promenade, which was crowded with Sunday strollers.

Remarking on the animation among the youthful, not without its purport, I was told the young men get married at about 21, usually directly after military service, and the girls marry earlier, most often at 16.

The young girls are allowed to walk on the promenade across the bridges, but not to dance except at weddings. As a result of this restriction, at some of the teahouses where tables and chairs were set in the open and music from a balalaika or guitar invited the customers to dance, it was the boys and young men who performed the intricate figures and flying steps of the *Cossatchok*, while shawled women and fair-haired girls looked on.

We sat down in one of these fishermen's teahouses where tea costs five *lei* (three

and a half cents) the service. Atop a china pot holding about six glasses of hot water rests a tiny pot of strong tea which keeps hot in the steam from below. With this are served four pieces of sugar and a slice of lemon.

The proper way to drink is out of the saucer. In the cold this has the advantage that the steam from the scalding tea warms the face.

TEA NOISILY SIPPED FROM SAUCER

The saucer is balanced on the first three fingers of the left hand. Between the other two fingers and the palm is placed loaf sugar broken into small bits. (Granulated sugar is never used.) One nibbles a bit of the sugar, then takes a sip, noisily, of tea. When you've had enough, you turn the glass upside down on the saucer and put any leftover sugar on top.

"In the old days, when sugar was a luxury," Sergei told me, "a lump was tied to a string from the ceiling. Each one would take a sip of tea and a lick of the sugar and then let it swing over to the next person. This was called the licking way of taking tea."

Tea drinking in quantities has the effects of a Turkish bath. So a part of the ritual is putting a napkin over the back of the neck with the ends hanging down in front so that after many glasses one can wipe away the perspiration to keep it from streaming down the face.

Discussing the amenities of tea drinking, we watched a youth who was dancing. He was patched like a thrifty harlequin, and his smock flapped with each bend of the knees. Sergei Nicholaivich pointed out to me that the Lipovans and Orthodox Russians of Vălcov have no other national dress than the smock and tight trousers one occasionally sees.

"There are other Russian sectarians in Galați, Iași, and Bucharest who wear distinctive dress," he said. "They belong to the group called *Scopiți* (Skoptsi), whom you have seen in Bucharest as the droshky drivers wearing high astrakhan hats and long full caftan coats of black velvet with colored sashes. Coming sometimes from the higher classes, they were exiled from Russia even before the war.

"Vălcov has some 8,000 inhabitants. The majority are Lipovans, the remainder being Orthodox Russians, a few Romanian officials, and some Jewish families.

"Our whole community," he went on,

"lives from fishing. In 1877 the villagers transported the Russian army in their fishing boats across the Danube to the Turkish side, when under Tsar Alexander II the Russians were fighting the Turks. After that, the Tsar gave the people the choice of having 'the right to the land or to the water.' Of course they chose water and were allowed to fish in the Delta without paying any taxes.

"After the last war we asked the Romanian King to renew this right, but with the agrarian, forestry, and fishing reforms the Government introduced a co-operative which controls the fishing and pays the fishermen so much for each kilo brought in.

"Many kinds are caught and sold—both fresh and salted. But of course it's the Black Sea sturgeon from which the caviar is taken that made the fisheries of Vâlcoş famous."

My first taste of this sturgeon was in a small café. Cut into pieces and smoked, it was served as an appetizer with plum brandy. It tastes a bit like smoked salmon.

In the spring the sturgeon swim up into the small streams of the Delta to spawn in fresh water. The fishermen then close the fences they have put across the streams. This is one method of catching them; the other ways I was to see on my day of fishing in the Black Sea (pages 414, 415).

In the meantime I followed the difficult



Photograph by Dorothy Husner

OUT OF LITTLE, HE MAKES ENOUGH

His ancestors were dissenters who fled from 17th-century Russia to the Danube Delta. Expert fishermen, they put their skill to good use in the waters of their new home.

process of extracting the eggs from the sturgeon and straining them through a sieve to clear them of membranes, fibers, and fatty matter. They are then washed, so that each egg is clean; after that, the different grades are selected.

CAVIAR BY THE KEG

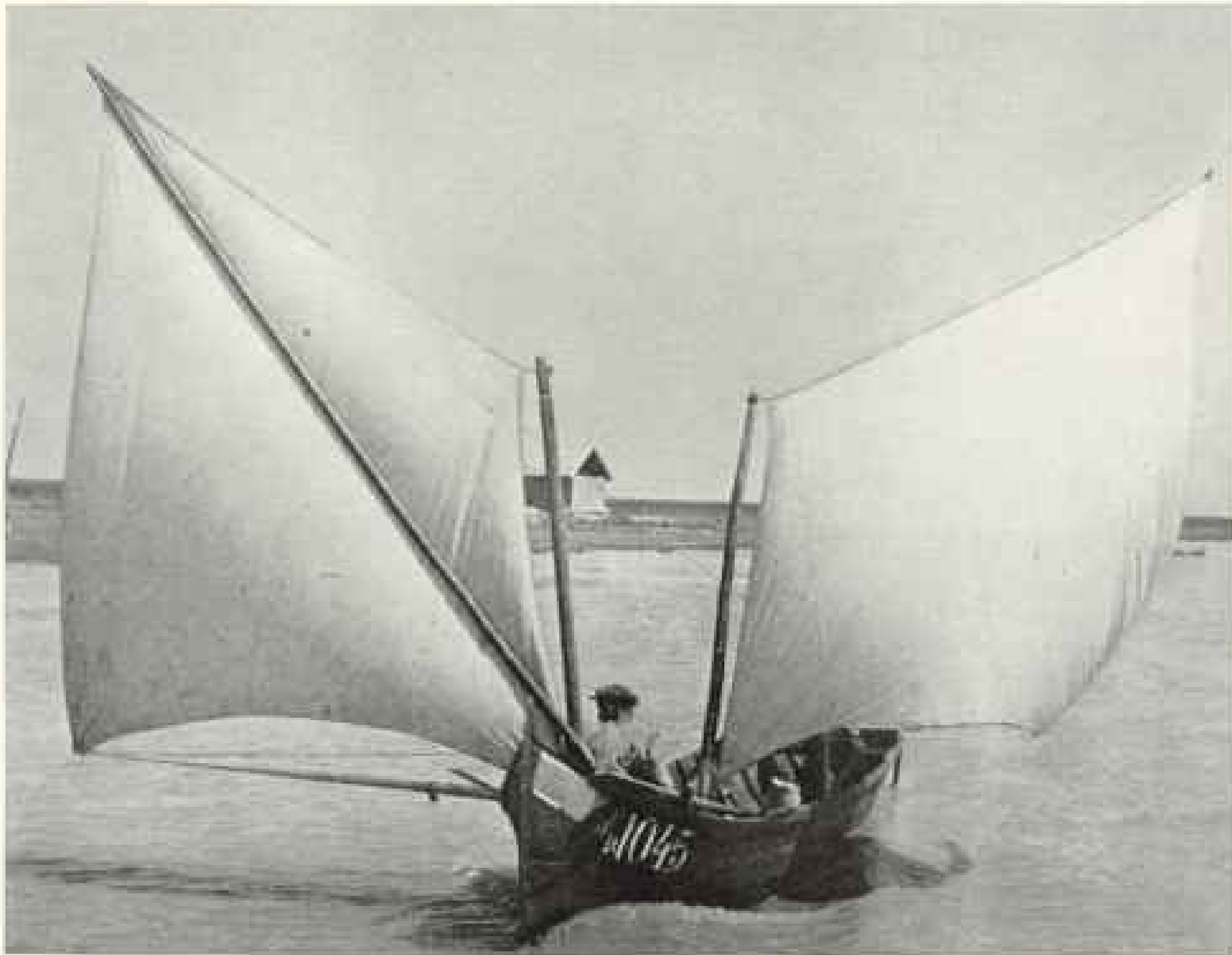
The best quality, the "svyeshaya (fresh) ikra," as Sergei Nicholaivich called it in Russian, is grayish in color, loosely granulated, and quite liquid. This excellent caviar should not be salted, and if it's a bit too fat it must be served with a little lemon.



Photograph by Walt Sanders from *Black Star*

THE STRANGE-LOOKING BURBOT IS CHEAP ON VĂLCOV WHARVES

A fisherman displays a fine haul of the odd creatures, which abound in the lower Danube. A member of the cod family, the burbot, sometimes known as the eelpout, has barbels on the nose and chin. It lives in fresh water, and is a fair food fish.



Photograph by Joli. de Haas from *Three Lions*

SAILS SET WING AND WING PUSH THIS BOAT AGAINST THE SWIFT DANUBE

When wind fails or blows adversely, fishermen homeward bound from the Black Sea often jump ashore with lines and pull their craft upstream.

The coarser quality, or *payumaya*, is black: it is prepared by salting in brine and pressed into a more solid form in small barrels or hermetically sealed tins. Formerly in Russia a still more ordinary variety of roe, the *ketovaya ikra*, which came for the most part from Siberia, was sold at 60 kopecks (30 cents) the Russian pound. These two latter varieties were a common article of food in Russia and eastern Europe. But the fresh gray caviar was sold for ten roubles (five dollars) a pound.

"The wealthy people," said Sergei, "served the caviar in a big bowl, and one helped oneself with a silver soup ladle. Another way was to scoop out a block of ice like a bowl, put the caviar in it, and then serve it with paper-thin slices of Parmesan cheese and, of course, vodka."

I had found caviar plentiful in Bucharest, where big kegs of it stood open in nearly every grocery store. In the better restaurants the waiters prepared it at the table according to one's taste. Sometimes they whipped the caviar with olive oil until

it frothed, adding lemon juice and minced onion. With this went black olives from Greece.

Our preparations for the day's fishing in the Black Sea were made the night before. I saw Sergei's mother putting out a sack of potatoes and enough of the enormous round loaves of sour black bread to last a full week.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN THE DARK OF NIGHT

We started at two in the morning; I was awakened at half-past one. Slipping into my clothes, I walked with the mother to the waterway in front of the house where in the starlight I saw the black figures of Sergei and his two brothers standing by the long outline of the boat.

The provisions were stowed under the seat and, although it was a May night, blankets on the floor boards had been arranged for me to lie in.

Poling through the maze of narrow canals, we passed other fishermen on their



Photograph by Photo-Press

IF THATCH TENTS BLOW AWAY, NO MATTER; THEY ARE EASILY REPLACED

These Vălcov fishermen set up camp within a few yards of the Black Sea surf near one of the Danube mouths. They are looking for rents in the herring nets.

way to the sea. Muffled voices, the occasional slap of an oar, a few lanterns gliding in the distance—it seemed almost as if a disembodied host were moving in the silence of the night.

When the banks opened before us, we knew we were in the wide avenue of the Danube. The tug of the downstream current sped us along until suddenly the voice of an unseen sentinel challenged. With churning oars we turned to the bank, where a soldier with a carbine demanded where we were going. Convinced that we were not trying to smuggle a catch of fish, he let us go on down toward the sea.

STURGEON FISHERMEN USE BARE HOOKS

With the first light of dawn a salty breeze sprang up in our faces. At four the rays of the sun shot into the sky ahead, throwing other fishing boats into relief against the horizon of the Black Sea.

We rowed over the long easy swells, continuing with the muddy current that flowed fanwise far out into the clear water, spreading layer upon layer of silt over the sea floor. Still in shallow water, though about three miles from shore, Vasili headed the

boat for one of the many enormous circles outlined by bobbing tin cans.

As we rowed, Vasili leaned over the side at these floats and pulled up hook after hook. I saw then that these were no ordinary nets, but only bare hooks that hung close together near the bottom like the teeth of a harrow (page 414).

A FISH AS BIG AS A MAN

"The sturgeon nose along the sea floor on their way up the fresh-water streams to their spawning ground," said Sergei Nicholaivich. "They flounder into the hooks with their huge weight and are quickly impaled."

At last, after bringing up at least a hundred hooks, Vasili pulled up an enormous sturgeon as big as himself. During the struggle with the fish, I sat as high as I could in the prow, out of the way of the flying hooks and tangle of lines. The battle over, the big prize with its long flat nose and array of bony shields down its back lay still in the bottom of the boat.

Only one fish, but, as Vasili philosophized, "Fishing is a gambler's game. Sometimes we get a sturgeon twice as big as this one,



Photograph by Walt Sanders from *Black Star*

GOURMETS BAKE STURGEON SOUP AMONG THE WORLD'S FINEST

On a reedy lowland shore, a patriarch whittles while two companions brew the delicacy, an everyday staple for fishermen of the lower Danube.

or bring in 20,000 lei worth (\$140) in one haul. And then perhaps a week, two weeks, will pass without a single catch."

At 8 o'clock we joined the straggling line of shorebound boats. With lateen sails rigged up to aid the oars in fighting the current, we returned to the fishing huts scattered beneath the willows along the bank in the river mouth.

Crude huts they were. Some, entirely of thatch, were shaped like tents. Others of clay had thatched roofs a foot thick and a tiny window or two set aslant in white-washed walls (pages 413, 422, 432). Inside were immense flat stoves on top of which the fishermen stretch out side by side to sleep through the howling winter nights.

In these shacks among the rushes the Lipovans—who sometimes take up their careers at the age of nine or ten—spend weeks on end, returning to Vâlcoş only for provisions or for Sundays.

Sometimes they have their whole families with them, for the hours spent out on the sea are but one part of their work. They do not need to guard their nets except from storm, for one fisherman rarely steals from another. But there are herring nets to mend

and dye, sturgeon hooks to oil, and floats to repair.

Tin cans are generally in use as floats, since now the duty on imported corks makes them prohibitive. A few fishermen still cling to the flat slabs of thick tree bark which generations before them have used (page 417).

ONLY TWO MEALS A DAY

Sergei Nicholaivich and I had a breakfast of salted herring and bread while out at sea, but the Lipovans have only two meals daily. The first is consumed on coming back to the huts after the morning's fishing.

Accordingly, on our return a low table was set in the sand before the door and Vasili brought a bowl of fish chunks—head, liver, and all. Forks there were none. After crossing themselves thrice, the men chose likely pieces with their fingers, dipping them into a sauce before popping them into the mouth (page 408).

When empty, the bowl was filled with sturgeon soup into which everyone dipped his time-worn wooden spoon, licking it clean, as good manners require, before taking another dip.

Bread from the round two-foot loaf which Sergei held tightly to his chest, drawing a knife toward him to cut off generous wedges, completed the meal.

Thus we partook in the traditional way of the famous *ukha* soup, which is the Delta's candidate among the great fish soups, rivaling Marseille's *bouillabaisse* and Dalmatia's *brodette*. After that, no more food until 8 o'clock at night.

The others being busy with the nets, I started off to explore a path that led me over dunes to the high grass of the swamp.

Walking along a narrow sandspit, I raised a flock of water fowl feeding among the rushes. They skimmed over the water with beating wings and settled down again some way off. Following, I started them up once more and watched them forming into a long line in the immensity of sky over the lonely flats.

DANGERS OF THE DELTA

With every step I took, a dozen frogs plunged heavily into the water; and I came on a heron that had had its fill and stood dozing in a thin curve on one leg. Then I looked around and saw how treacherous was the featureless monotony of the marshland. Nothing but saw grass and reeds and water veined by sandy rises, whose very sameness seemed to form a kind of conspiracy to keep secret what direction I should take.

There came to my mind tales I had heard about this thousand square miles of swampy waste, of which hundreds are unexplored—tales of pirate havens and of refuges for lawless bands. Stories told and retold during the centuries have long made the Delta notorious, and the Delta folk tell of wild buffalo herds and straying wolves.

But then, looking over the rushes which were higher than my head, I caught sight of a thin haze of smoke from the fire of twigs and branches we had made at lunch time to keep off the swarms of mosquitoes. It was already high noon by the time I had returned to the hut (and been roundly scolded for straying off).

Vasili raised his bearded face to the sun. "We must be getting back," he said.

Leaving the younger brother at the hut to finish the work on the nets and hooks, we began the return trip to Vălcov.

STRAINING MUSCLES, SWELLING SONG

We felt the strength of the lazily boiling current now, and even with a sail up, puffed by an unsteady breeze, muscles strained taut at the oars.

Then, hauling in the sail, we pulled over to the shore, Vasili wading to the bank with a towrope knotted across his chest. His strength was that of a Samson and, seconded by his brother pulling behind him, the boat slowly inched forward under a blazing sun.

Occasionally the line needed to be lifted to clear other boats.

One was heaped with reeds (ostensibly for the family cow but in reality hiding a catch to eat at home). Another was towed by a boy, a young man, and a gnarled grandfather, all three roped together about the waist and swaying from side to side as they hauled the boat upriver, singing as they went.

Throwing back his head, Vasili lifted his own deep rich voice in the old songs, songs of toil and strife that the first Lipovans had brought with them from Russia.

Sergei Nikolaivich joined him, at first a bit hesitant; then, as the familiar words and tunes came back to him, with a wild joyousness, startling the marsh birds into tumultuous flight. Thus united in their Delta homeland, and their music keyed to the pace, the brothers strode along with bodies bent to the rope.

Next morning, when I boarded the *Romania Mare* for the return up the river, the onion-steeped towers of Vălcov's churches disappeared in the swirling mists. But in my ears still drummed the songs of the Lipovan boatmen, like hymns in whose accents I could hear all the joys and sorrows of these humble folk whose existence is like an old legend still living and thriving in the Delta of the "blue" Danube.

Notice of change of address of your NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE should be received in the offices of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your May number, The Society should be notified of your new address not later than April first.

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Articles and photographs are desired. For material which The Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys constantly being made, The Society has sponsored more than 100 scientific expeditions, some of which required years of field work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions 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.

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On November 11, 1935, in a flight sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, ascended to the world altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took shift in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.

The National Geographic Society-U. S. Navy Expedition camped on desert Canton Island in mid-Pacific and successfully photographed and observed the solar eclipse of 1937. The Society has taken part in many projects to increase knowledge of the sun.

The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in deep-sea explorations off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,025 feet was attained.

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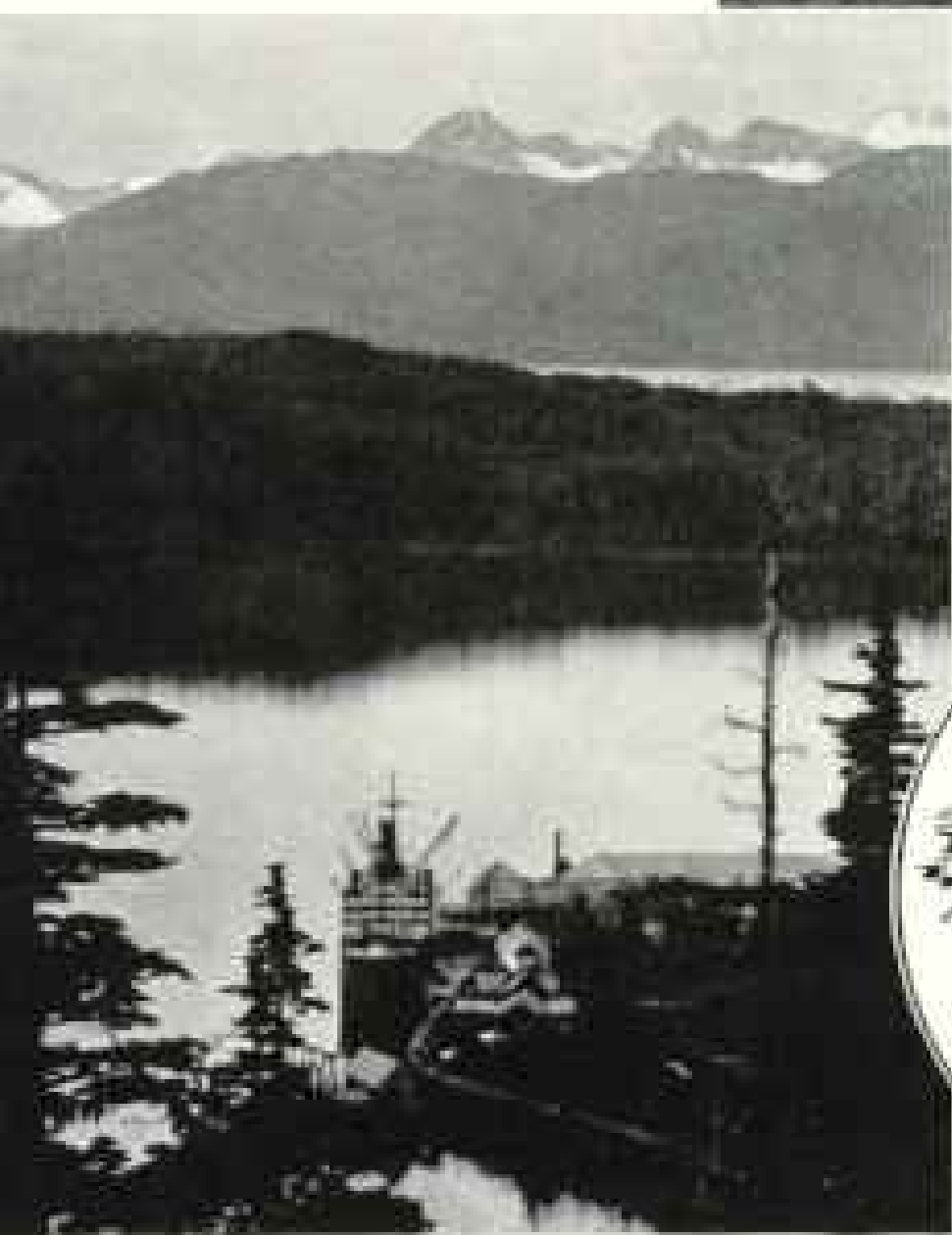
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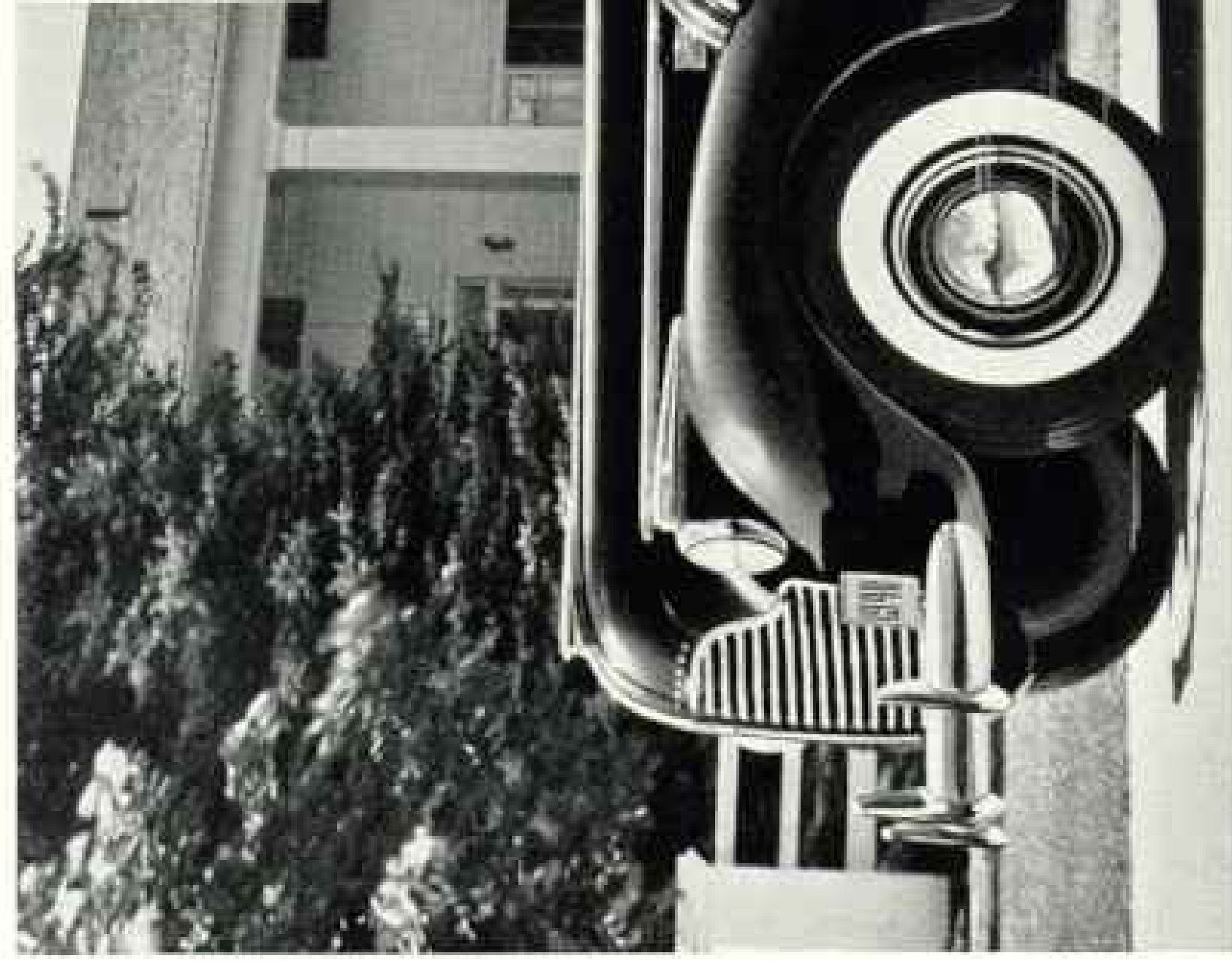
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• *Present* at this ceremony were many people who nineteen years before had heard and participated in the first official broadcast ever made—the announcement of the Harding-Cox election returns on November 2, 1920. Since that historic day radio broadcasting has developed so rapidly, extended its sphere of influence so far, that not many are aware of its humble beginning.

• *It all started* in the garage of a young Westinghouse engineer. He was such a stickler for accuracy that he couldn't even tolerate a few seconds variation in his vest-pocket watch. To satisfy this whim, he rig-

ged himself up a crude radio receiving set of the type that was then known as a "cat's whisker", so he could pick up the time signals sent out at regular intervals by the Naval Radio Station at Arlington.

• *Out of this hobby* came a prodding urge to make radio something more than a signalling device for the benefit of ships at sea. With the help of others, this young engineer eventually established station KDKA and immediately a new voice was heard in the land.

• *For the first time* a church service was broadcast over the air; the first broadcast of a presidential inauguration was heard; radio announcements of baseball scores, time signals and market reports became a daily feature of this new public service.

• *When we remember* the flaming speed of radio broadcast development since 1920, it is amazing to find the pages of history attributing so much pioneering to a single station. And so the installation of this new equipment is consistent with Westinghouse's desire from the very beginning to extend radio's usefulness and improve the quality of both programs and reception.

• *All this means* a great deal to you who are within the sound of KDKA's new voice. That takes in about everybody, for in addition to the standard KDKA broadcasts, short wave programs from the same studios over station WPIT (formerly W8XK) are heard around the world.

• *In addition* to KDKA, the familiar call letters of Westinghouse stations WBZ, KYW, WOWO and WGL are further indication of our association and interest in this important and exciting industry.



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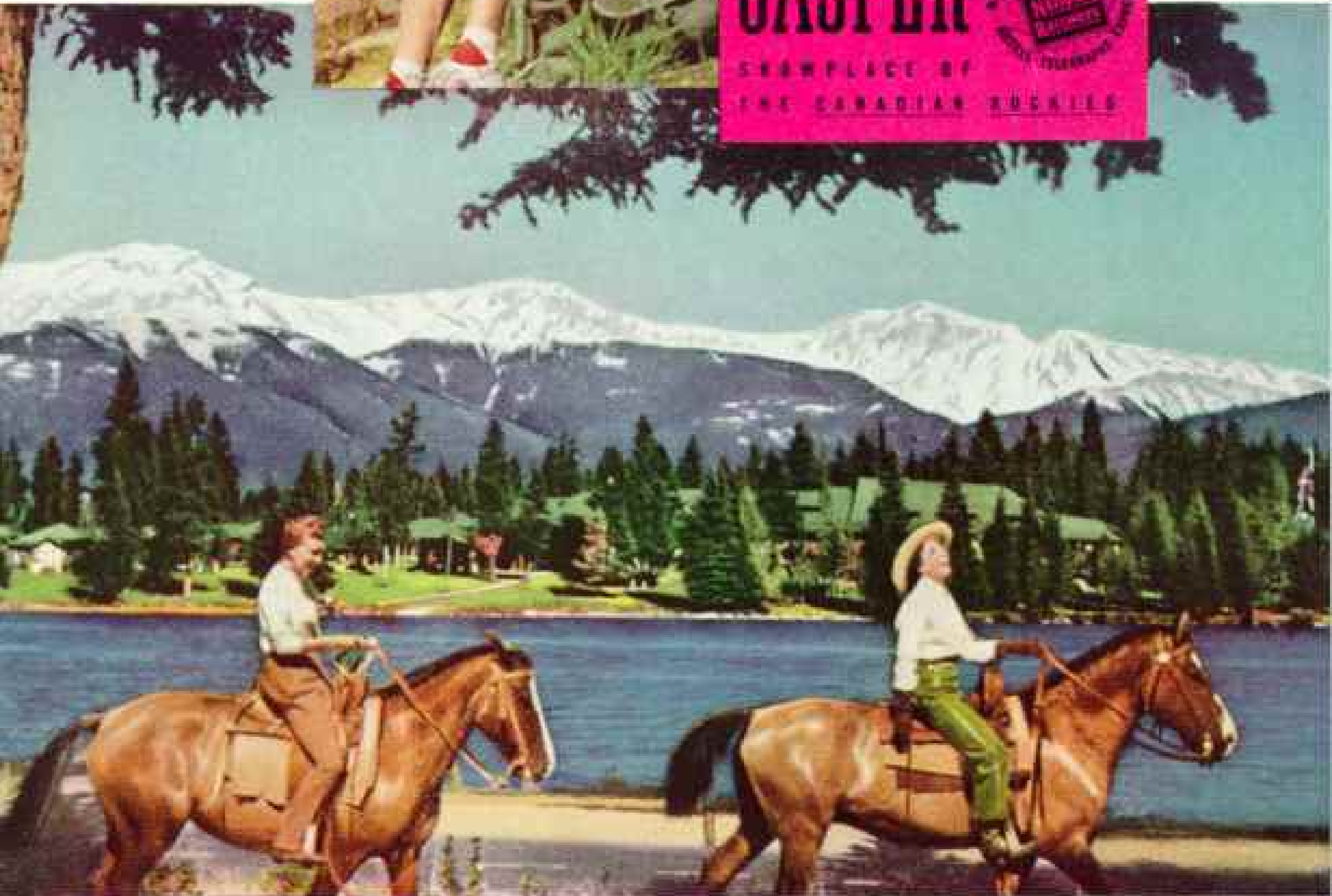
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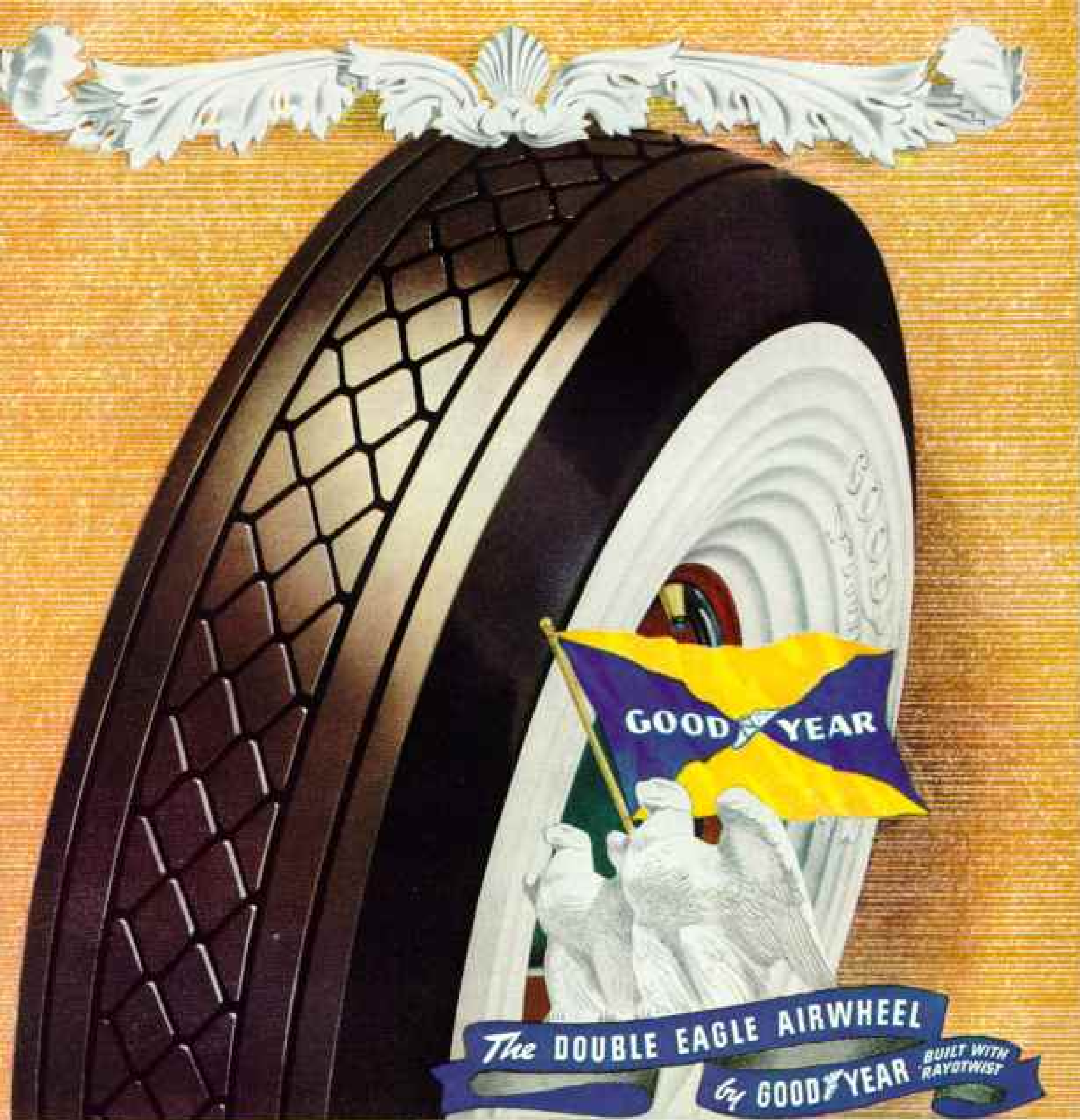


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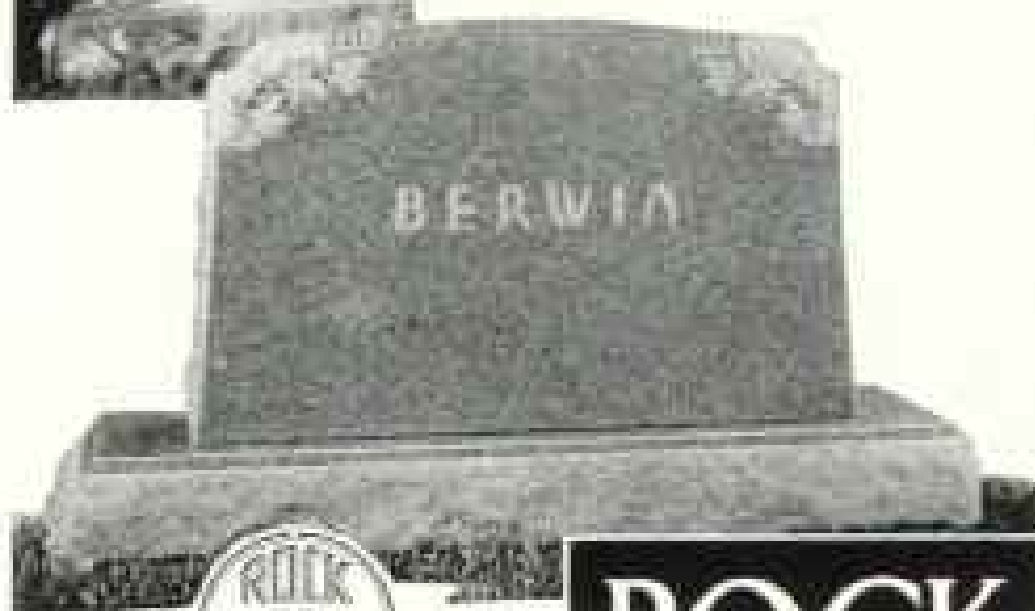
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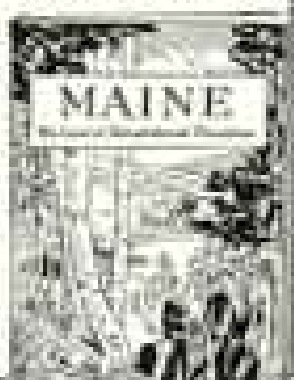
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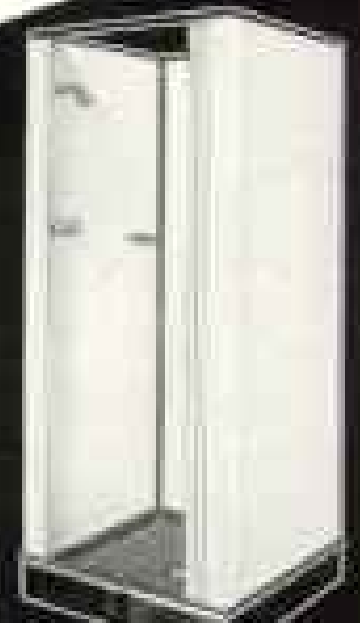
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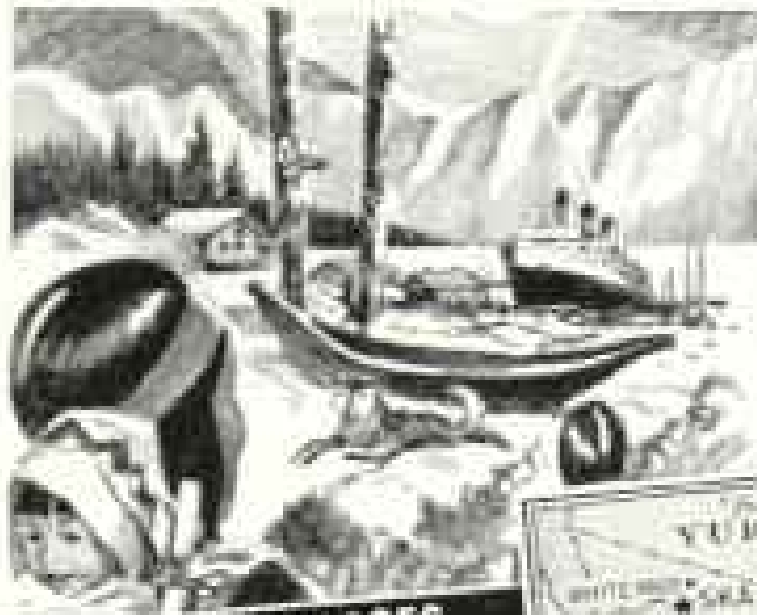
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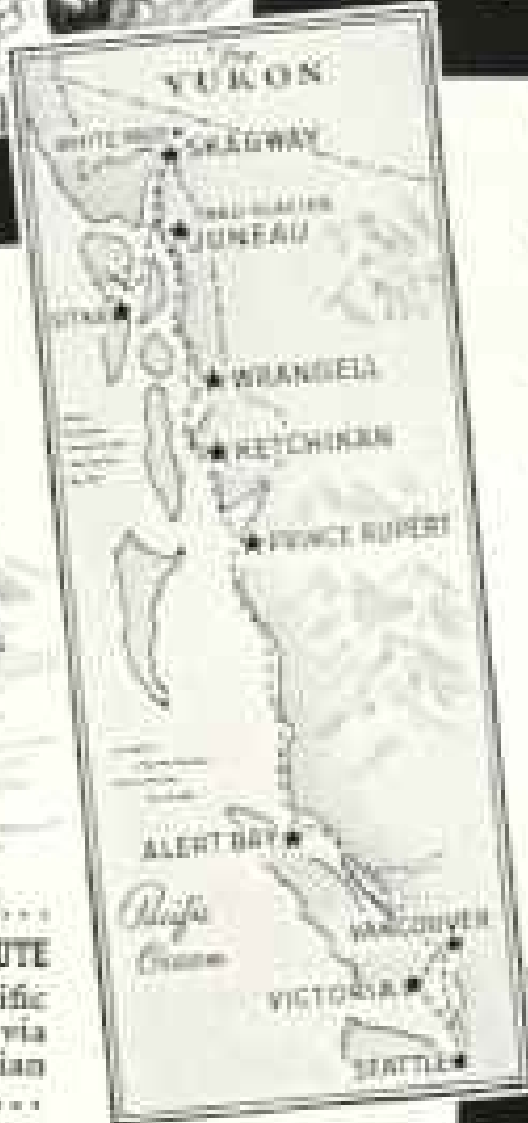
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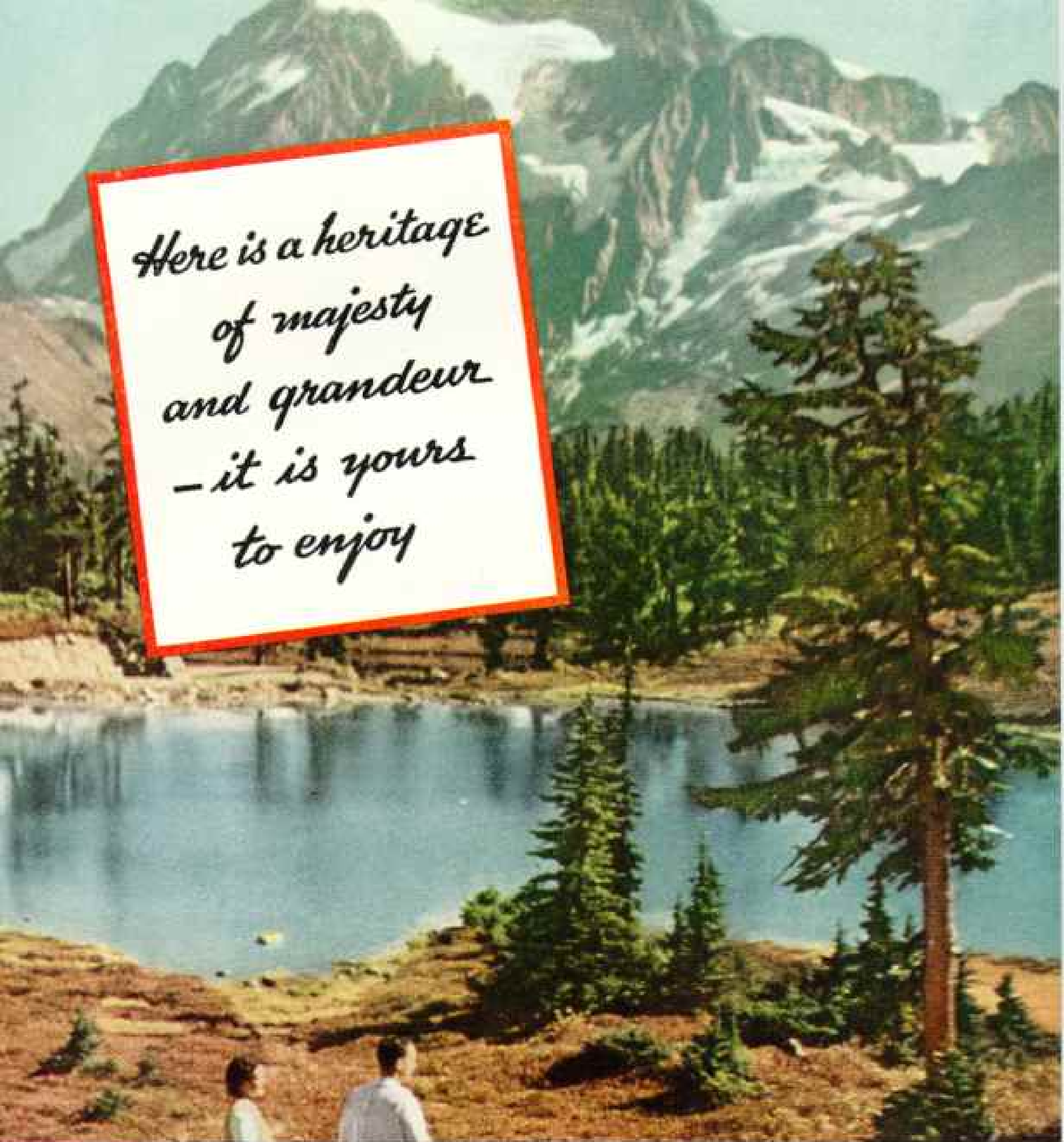
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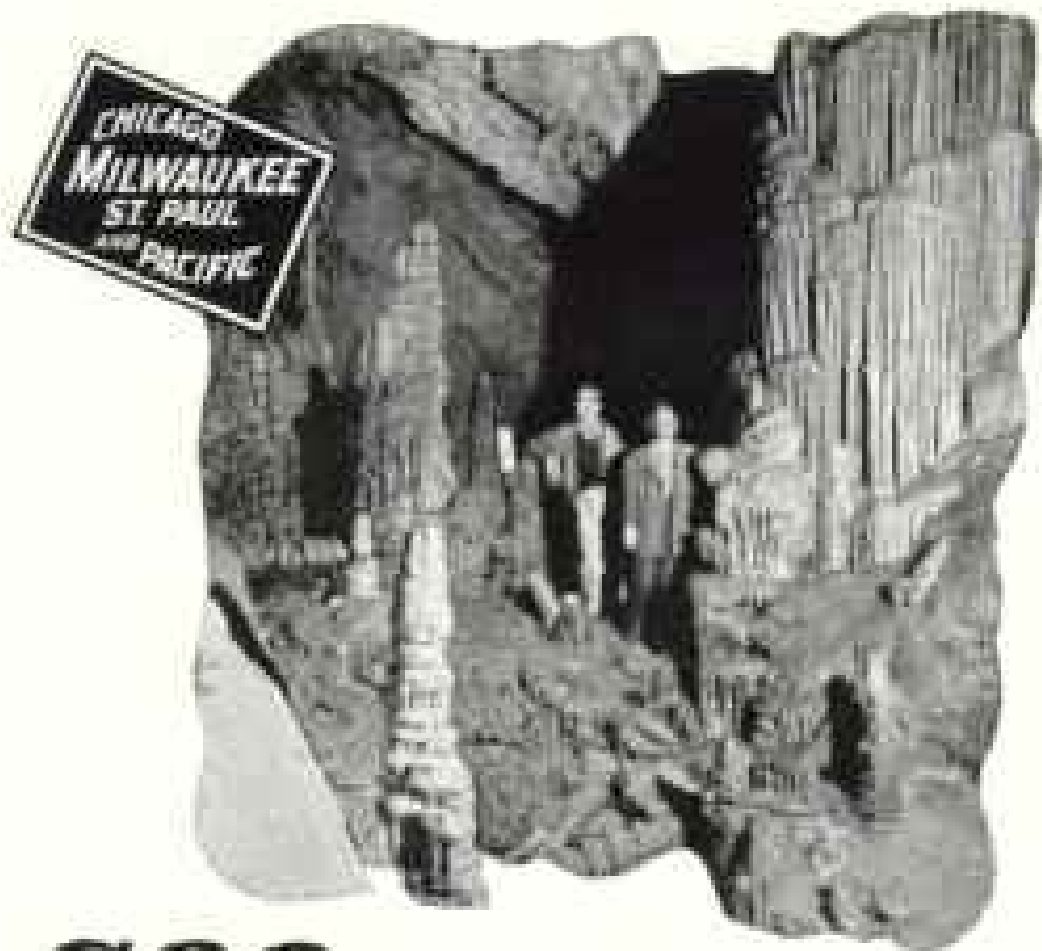
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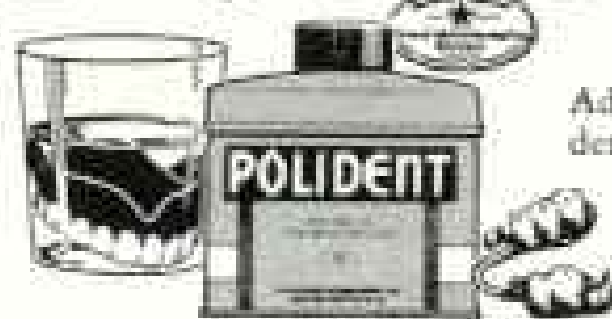
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Persistent lack of appetite; unexplained, persistent indigestion, coming on rather abruptly and aggravated by meals, particularly meat; feeling of pain or soreness after eating.

These signs may not mean that you *have* stomach cancer. But they *do* mean you should see your doctor right away. And if he has reason to suspect cancer, he may recommend a systematic search for the disease by X-ray, the flexible gastroscop (a modern telescopic instrument that "looks around corners" of the stomach), and other up-to-date methods. The experienced X-ray specialist usually can recognize cancer of the stomach with accuracy and dispatch.

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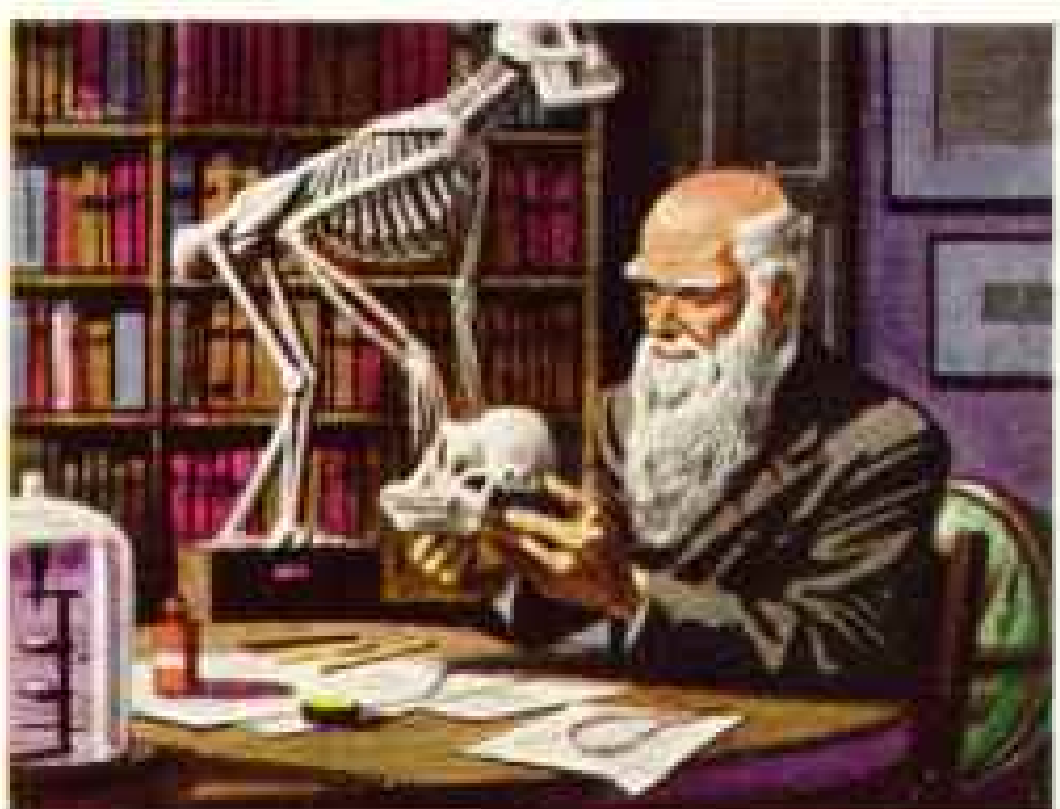
Charles Darwin



1. **CHARLEMAGNE** believed that only by constant study could a man become a good ruler and a wise man. He brought Alcuin, the greatest teacher of the age, to his court to instruct him and the nobility in civil law and statecraft. And in his zeal to learn everything with all speed, he even mastered a form of shorthand.



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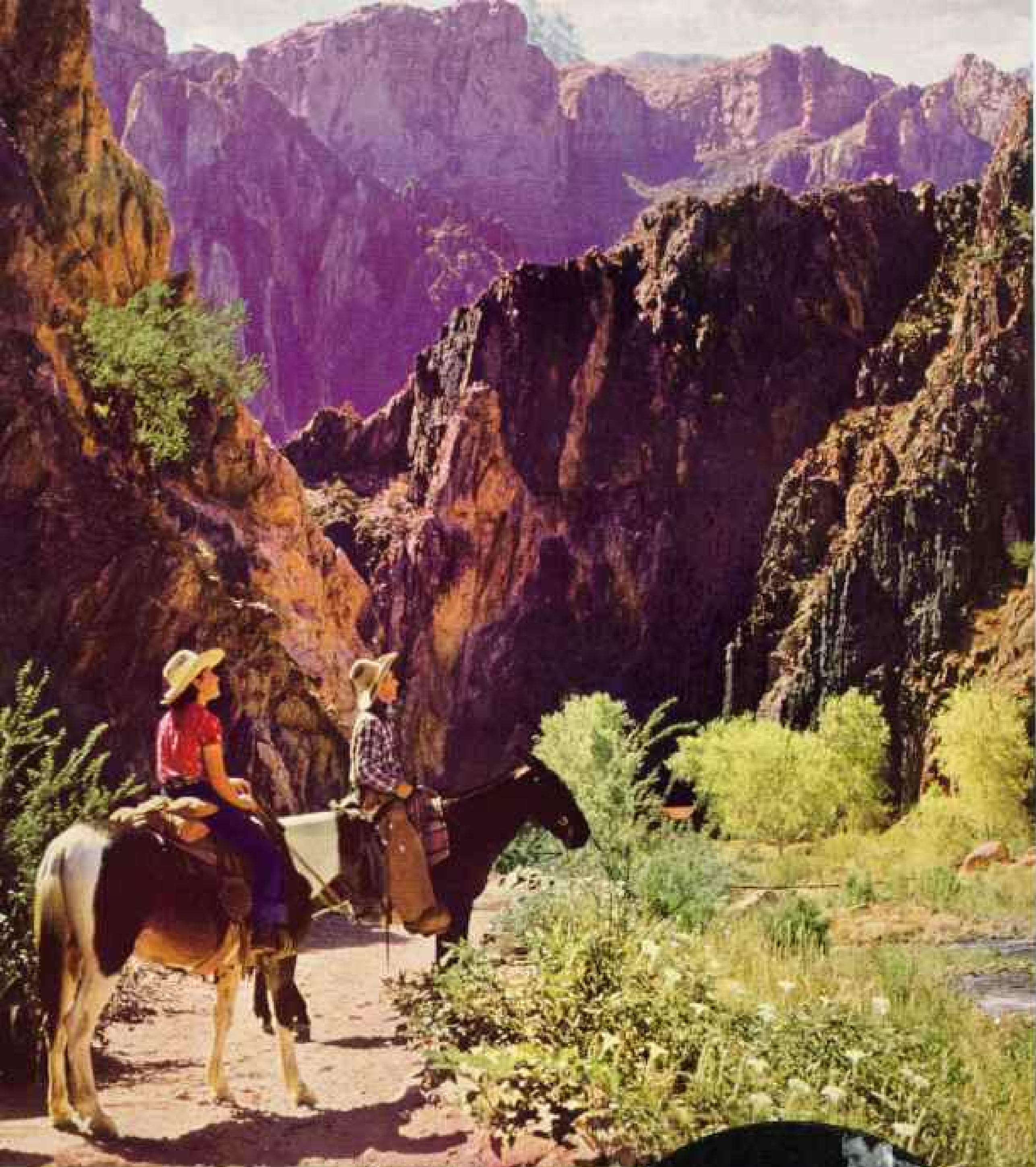
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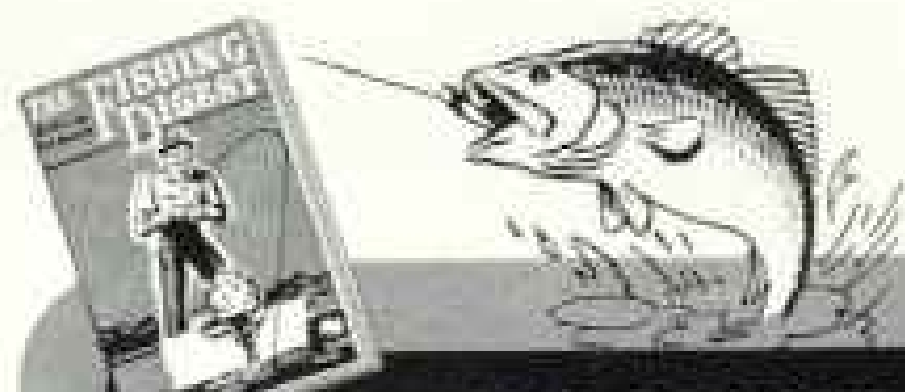
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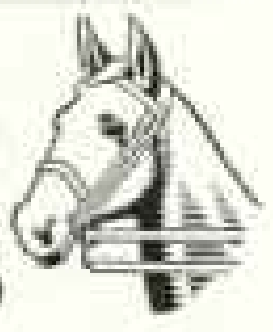
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