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Paris Freed

With 14 Illustrations

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Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass

12 Natural Color Photographs

England's Historic and Scenic Treasures

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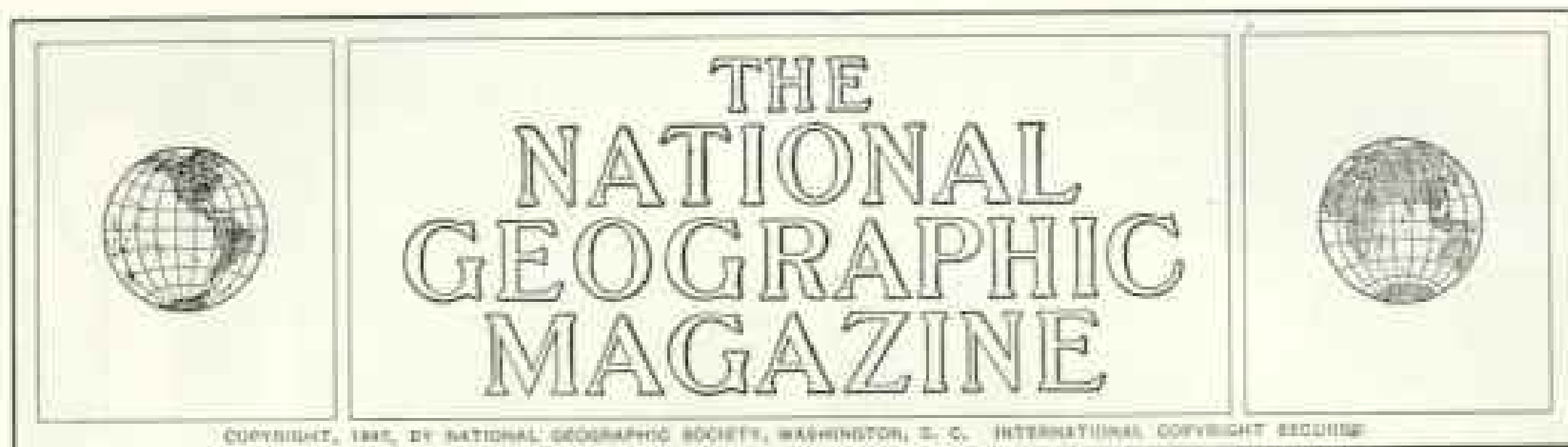
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Paris Freed

BY MAJ. FREDERICK SIMPICH, JR., GS, USA

THIS is written from a St. Cloud veranda overlooking the majesty of Paris. Viewed from here by daylight, the pastel-colored metropolis might still be the "Cafe of Europe" and the "City of Light."

But beneath her pink stucco and yellow-glazed brick, Paris struggles to emerge from the effects of a humiliating peace and four years of occupation.

As in the days of the scamp François Villon, gangs roam her streets by night. Her legendary sewers shield grimy stragglers from German units who have gone "underground," where they skirmish with the FFI (French Forces of the Interior) and emerge now and then to snipe at Allied uniforms.

The Place de la Concorde, once a bedlam of honking taxis, is congested now by silent cyclists (pages 387, 390), while the broad grass carpets scattered like rugs in the Bois de Boulogne have been planted to supplement the city's food.

Even the renowned luxury shops on the Place Vendôme and the Rue de Rivoli, their façades gouged by bullets, languish from lack of goods.

Though there has been no return of the "Terror," the speedy trial of collaborationists by the Assizes recalls French Revolution days when tumbrels rolled despised aristocrats from the people's court to execution.

The transportation and fuel shortage is reflected in every facet of the city's life. Even fashions are influenced. Paris girls wear wide circular skirts, so flared that they can be draped back over a bicycle seat and thus save wear and tear on precious dress material.

Only a Parisienne, remarked an air officer, can ride a bicycle as if it were a part of her ensemble. You should hear our GI's whistle on windy days!

New business has sprung up with the vehicle shortage. Velo-cycles, Parisian equivalent of the ricksha, ply back and forth like taxis. Pumped by strong-limbed French youths, these bicycles with a perambulator-like trap in tow will deliver you anywhere in Paris—if it's not uphill! (Plate VI.)

Moldy coachmen park their spavined horses on streets familiar to the American traveler, such as the Rue Royale and the Champs Elysées. The wealthy have returned to the horse. Elegant rubber-tired carriages drawn by matched pairs are now a common sight on the boulevards, as in the nineties.

Cycles and Horses Slow Traffic

Tempo of traffic is so slowed by these cyclists, horse-drawn hacks, and by the hordes of pedestrians who overflow the sidewalks that our Army trucks passing through the city follow routes specially reserved for "fast" vehicles. Identified by signs carrying red disks, these "Red Ball Highways" are part of the road net whereby stores are rushed from Atlantic ports to the front. The rumble of heavy motors on these avenues can be heard for blocks as a background to the motorless movements of the rest of the sprawling city.

Some French automobiles remain, overlooked in the general German requisitions. Assembled by the French Government for official use, many of these are charcoal burners, which spit and fume on the slightest grade and exude a thick smoke which smells like a tar road on a hot day. Others, withdrawn from hiding after four years, develop odd complaints. Rubber tubing rots and clogs fuel lines, while carburetors adjusted to ersatz gasoline cough and gag on good 80-octane from American dumps.

So, odds are that when you see a civilian car



Wide World

Half Flesh, Half Steel, Horse Taxis Thrive Under the Gasoline Famine

Horse-drawn carts, coaches, and omnibuses with eight cross seats have appeared in Paris as if from museums. Showy shop windows are façades for empty shelves. Center: a cinema near the Place de la Madeleine.

in Paris, the driver is tinkering with it as in our "get-out-and-get-under" days. One morning I saw a tow car with another wrecker in tow, both stalled!

Hot Water Once a Week

Lack of fuel influences all life. Owners of swank flats in Neuilly walk six to eight flights to reach their penthouses. Hotels billeting American officers, and therefore made comfortable by Paris standards, have hot water once a week! Common suburban sight is a streetcar stalled at an intersection by a sudden cutoff in the rationed power.

Heavily bombed as an essential strategic aspect of our Normandy campaign, Paris railroad yards are as disordered as a haystack after a hurricane. You see coaches stacked two and three high by blast, miles of track uprooted and snarled like spent paper streamers, and grade crossings, stations, and loading platforms obliterated.

Though key lines were quickly restored for military use, priorities go to the battle up front, and as a consequence Paris, the hub of French civil communications, is isolated from her hinterland.

Shortages of food and fuel will continue until the railroads can be fully restored.

Meanwhile, French and Allied authorities have made good progress in relieving the city's most urgent problems. Wheat was flown in by combat aircraft, an armada of over 200 planes being employed on one peak day.

Fuel from Allied sources now runs the Métro, famous Paris subway, on adequate if curtailed schedules. Fuel is also being found to give light to each of the 20 *arrondissements* (boroughs) in the city, and there is cooking gas for an hour or so a day.

Therefore, on the surface much seems normal. Drive down the Champs Elysées on a sunny afternoon, avert your eyes from the motorless street to the strolling couples on the sidewalks, and you think, as I did, "Here is a city more nearly at peace than New York or Sydney, London, or Washington."

For one thing, there are few uniforms. Most men in Paris, as nowhere else in the world today, wear civilian clothes. There is leisure, too. Whereas London's Bond Street shops are virtually deserted after the noon hour—most Englishwomen are at war work—Paris boulevards teem with shoppers throughout the afternoon.

There is little that you cannot buy—for a price. Fountain pens of American make in 1939 designs are offered, as is camera film in



International News

Across Place de la Concorde, *Papa Pedals* to Market with *Maman* in the Driver's Seat

Last winter Paris found food and fuel all but gone. The countryside held food, but railroads could not move it for lack of coal, and ice blocked canals. Paris suffered that armies might move.

most sizes and speeds. Exquisite leather goods and furs, lingerie and table linens, liqueurs and candy are on display. But price them! Inflation, fired by the German traffic in the Black Market and fanned now by the transportation crisis, threatens all values.

Everything Is in the Windows

Attracted, as are all Americans, by the familiar phrase "English Spoken Here" on a jeweler's window, I dropped in to ask about current prices.

An elderly woman in the conventional black of the Paris saleswoman answered by pointing to the tiny gold band on her little finger. It was the size usually given little girls, much smaller than a wedding ring.

"This," she said, "is worth 30,000 francs today." That price is \$600 at present exchange rates!

Pursuing the conversation, I asked to see certain items in her stock because they were displayed outside.

She went to the window and withdrew the tray, explaining, "This is all I have. Whatever I can get I put in the window."

That struck me as an apt description of Paris today.

Everything it has is in the window.

Inflation affects Americans in several ways. The exchange rate, fixed at an artificially low figure, acts as a stern brake on soldier spending. Champagne at \$12 a bottle causes even the most carefree GI spirit to hesitate. Regulations prohibit soldier purchases of any commodities rationed by the French; so our men can buy only in the unregulated luxury market, where women's shoes cost \$100 a pair and silk stockings bring \$8.

To forestall soldier traffic in currency, further regulations require all men departing for France to convert dollars and pounds into francs through official agencies at legal rates. But hopeful French traders still challenge Americans on Paris street corners, offering to double the quoted rate for "bucks" or "quid."

These factors make for some grumbling among our troops stationed in the city, who feel that as liberators they should fare well.

However, they overlook their benefits. The weekly PX cigarette ration, as one example, costing the GI 35 cents, could be resold freely anywhere in Paris for \$10 (page 398). In all the city, famed for its food, there are no meals to equal those provided GI and officer alike in most Paris restaurants now run as American messes.

Turning French chefs loose on GI rations had ended any doubt that, in Paris at least, the American is the best-fed soldier in the world!

A good illustration of the advantage of access to an American mess came to me one afternoon when I was taken to the renowned Ritz for tea. Seated in the lounge, where virtually every table was reserved for the indulgent rich of the capital, we saw women, dressed in the extreme of fashion, even their dogs blanketed with swank, pay a dollar and a half for a cup of artificial tea and a saccharin pill!

This was an afternoon of contrasts. Striking to those of us accustomed to the utility garments of the Englishwoman in wartime were the costumes. Here were fabulous hats, varying in contour, but all designed to rise in rolls of felt a foot above the wearer's head and to cant forward like the helmet of an Amazon (page 397).

The shoes worn were pumps made from felt, with solid wooden soles painted in two or more tones and rising four inches from the floor (page 391). They are known in America as "wedgies."

A Mere Male's Fashion Notes

As with the shoes and hats, the gowns made lavish use of material, perhaps in defiance of the shortages of so many other things. Flower-shaped earrings on the younger women were a pagan two and a half inches in diameter!

To an American man, these earrings of light plastic seemed the only fashion fad likely to catch on at home. Certainly it is one of the few to find favor with the GI's, who look upon the hats as monstrous, the wedgies as clumsy, and the custom of dyeing young brown hair in gray and platinum streaks as little short of barbaric.

Smart clothes, as well as much else that Paris lives by, are bought from the Black Market. There is no shame to such purchases. They were regarded as patriotic under the German occupation, when most Frenchmen sabotaged rationing and price controls and at the same time kept their families alive by buying through illegal sources. But resentment of the Black Market operators runs deep. Parisians speak of them with the vengeful contempt which only Latins can generate.

That the Black Market continues in Paris is largely the result of transportation difficulties, for the provinces have food, fuel, and wool. Until the French authorities, with Allied help, can provide fuel for transport and transport for fuel, thus breaking the present vicious cycle, queues will form outside Paris

pork butcher shops each dawn, vendors' carts selling greenstuff will be swamped by housewives as fast as they are pitched, and the Black Market will continue to thrive.

Because the presence of hordes of soldiers on leave would aggravate the shortages and discomforts endured by the civilians, the Allied Supreme Commander has placed the city generally out of bounds to military personnel. Only those with official business and a strictly limited number of combat troops on 48-hour pass are allowed to visit Paris.

Helmets Serve WACS as Shopping Bags

But those who do get to Paris revel in the exciting quality which this city, like Manhattan and San Francisco, generates in strangers. A magazine illustrator would have found inspiration in the look of feverish excitement on the faces of two WACS I saw one day shortly after liberation as they ran gleefully down the Rue de Rivoli after a jeep, their metal helmets serving as shopping bags and overflowing with newly purchased pink lingerie.

Buying something in Paris for the folks at home is the urge among all our forces (Plate IX). Perfumers do a land-office business (page 392). When we first arrived you could buy any scent, if you had the price. But most shops are sold out now; so customers must book in advance and wait two or three weeks for a new batch to be distilled. Some shops insist that women patrons bring their bottles back for refills.

Beribboned GI's blush and go tongue-tied in the smart St. Honoré salons when French girls insist, with more coyness than is necessary to the transaction, on spraying samples of toilet water from silver atomizers on battle-grimed hands that "Monsieur may smell."

Not all the gifts sent home are perfume. Big earrings, bracelet charms shaped like the Eiffel Tower or the Arc de Triomphe, even the fabulous hats are being bought up by our GI's as fast as they appear on the shelves (Plates II and XII).

One canny Frenchman, who used to deal in German uniform insignia, instead of scrapping his stock on liberation shrewdly painted new display cards and now does a brisk business in swastikas and Iron Crosses as souvenirs!

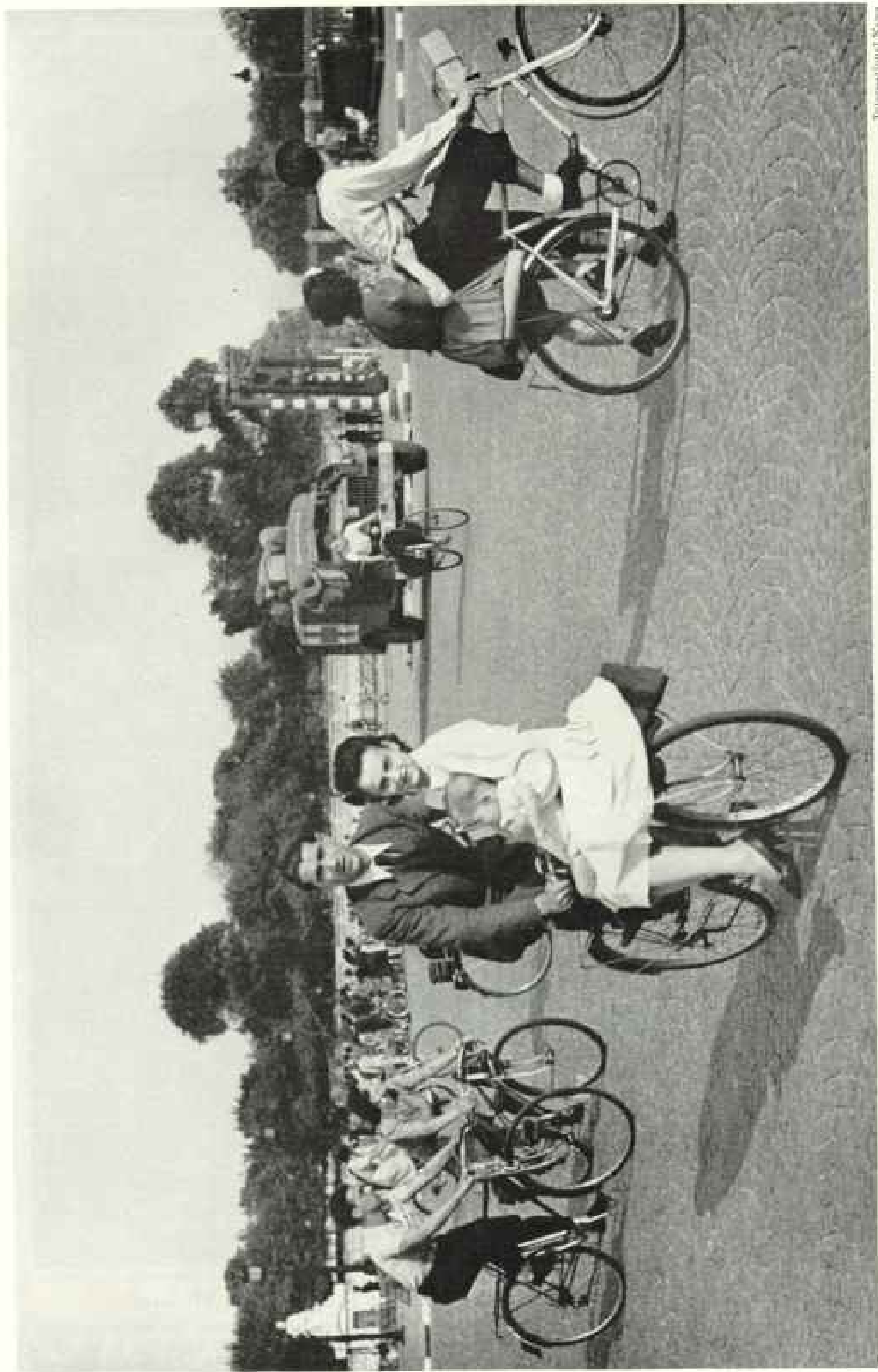
Theater and cabaret life in Paris barely paused with the German evacuation before reopening for Allied audiences. The Moulin Rouge closed for a few weeks while the "cancan" girls worked up a new routine, but the Bal Tabarin and other noted hot spots seem not to have missed a beat. They are jammed now with Americans.



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

Champs Elysées Roars "Vive Shursheel!" for the British Prime Minister

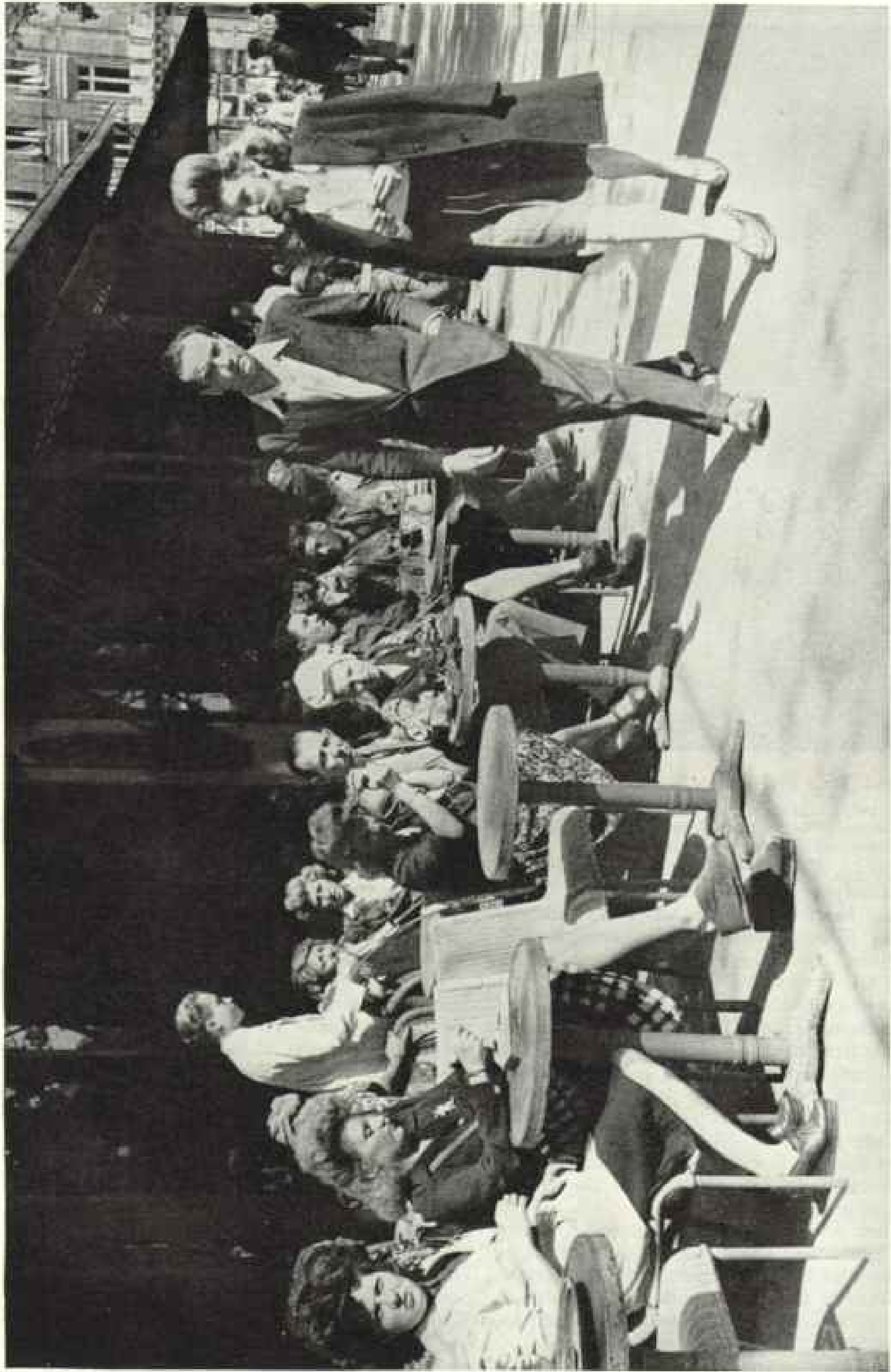
Armistice Day, 1944, marked a triumph for Mr. Churchill. When France was captive, he encouraged her by radio, speaking in French. Now he visits a free Paris as guest of Gen. Charles de Gaulle (standing to his left). With Anthony Eden (to left of De Gaulle), they review troops. French, American, British, and Soviet flags are massed. Right: offices of the *Parisien Libre*, formerly an Underground paper.



All Paris, Even Baby, Goes Cycling. Place de la Concorde Looks Like a Six-day Bike Race.

A hang-over from Occupation days, the bicycle craze astounded Americans. One U. S. Army estimate placed the number of whorls in Paris at more than a million. Worn-out tires are a constant problem. Women's styles are influenced: wide skirts are designed to fit bicycle seats (page 385). A sidesaddle cushion on front or rear fender is correct for wife or sweetheart. Trees mark the Tuileries Gardens.

International News



International News

Hair Stands on End at the Very Thought of Those Wartime Paris Hair-dos

As if to stare down the Nazis, Parisiennes made themselves tall and commanding. Shoes, hats, and coiffures went high. Seen at a sidewalk cafe, waitresses show platform soles raised several inches (page 388). Wood, cork, and even glass are common materials. Fashion shows opened with the liberation. They had ideas, but no materials.



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

"Smell That and Swoon!" On Perfume Patrol the WAGS Naturally Assume Command

Easily shipped, a bottle of Paris perfume is the souvenir hunter's favorite gift to mother, wife, or sweetheart. Queues formed and prices soared as the Yanks besieged perfume shops. Cash saved while at the front makes them liberal spenders. The French inflation demands fantastic prices (page 387).

Bands play latest Broadway tunes by "ear," having heard them over Allied radio broadcasts. Equally popular is the haunting "Lili Marlene," the German hit which the British 8th Army captured in North Africa and adopted as its marching song.

Champagne cocktails are the principal drink offered from depleted Montmartre stocks, but Americans like the luxury of it and after several find themselves paying \$10 for a corsage "for the lady." Each morning you can see groups of GI celebrants wandering down the hill from Sacré Cœur, as much at home in the late winter dawn of the strange city as in Detroit or "L.A."

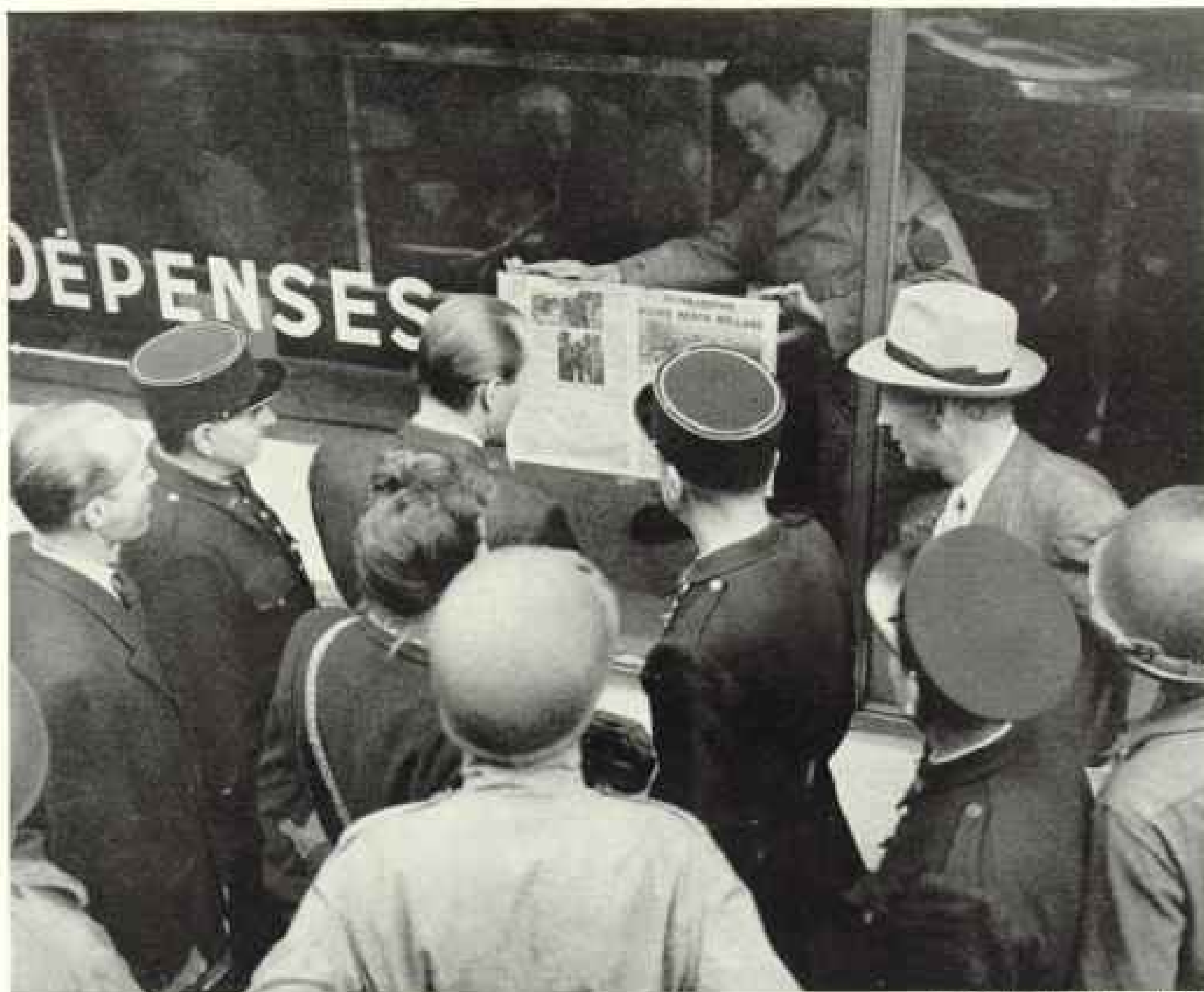
They also frequent Montparnasse, where the Dôme and the Rotonde, sidewalk cafes whose feud has been celebrated by American habitués of the Latin Quarter, still glower at each other across the Boulevard du Montparnasse.

Americans swarm the *bistros* as well as the

more noted cafes. As one GI put it, "We can always find a joint, even in the blackout, by listening for concertina music."

Movie theaters lag behind the rest of the city's entertainment life in the general readjustment to liberation, largely because the only films available are Nazi propaganda ventures. One cinema which resurrected a five-year-old American comedy advertises it with a mammoth caricature of Joe E. Brown's watermelon mouth. Even this antique draws capacity crowds of Parisians hungry for entertainment that doesn't try to "sell" the "master race."

Our GI's have their own theaters dotted around the city, showing the 16-mm. versions of late Hollywood productions which are so effectively circulated by the Army's Special Services Division wherever our troops go. The USO is also staging shows in Paris. Sitting one night in one of the cramped little loges peculiar to French theaters, I enjoyed seeing



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

The Stars and Stripes, a Spokesman for the AEF, Reappears under New Management.

In September, 1944, this service paper resumed its Paris edition discontinued in 1919. An all-French mechanical staff sets type in the Paris plant of the New York Herald Tribune. Editors arrived with the first wave of troops. Newsprint landed on the Normandy beachhead. Price: 1 franc. French policemen, civilians, and Yanks enjoy a free look.

with the rest of the Army audience a USO impersonator mimic Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, and Jean Sablon from the very boards where they made their reputations.

GI theaters, along with most American installations in Paris, are labeled with big, freshly painted canvas signs. These signs are one of many indications of the presence of our forces in the city.

On one famous boulevard you see French office buildings four-sheeted "U. S. Army Finance Officer," "U. S. Army Post Exchange," and the like. Joining in the spirit of the thing, an American manufacturer of ready-made clothes with an eye to business after demobilization has placarded his near-by branch with a sign carrying his familiar trade-mark and the greeting, "Congratulations on a job well done."

The French, too, have put up signs at the various gates of the city. These read "Honor

to our Liberators" or "Vive les Américains, Vive les Anglais, Vive la France."

Hotels taken for American billets are readily identified by the cars parked outside. The meager Paris auto traffic centers about such military establishments. So, too, much of the gaiety and life customarily associated with the city focuses in the bars and officers' messes of these magnificent hotels.

Lobby Sitting Affords Celebrity Show

Sit in the lobby of any of them for an hour or more, and you will see men whose names are military news stride through the groups of *assimilés* (i.e., members of the noncombatant services) who frequent our military headquarters from Paris to Chungking—Red Cross workers, OWI representatives, USO entertainers, war correspondents, political advisers, even specialists on monuments and fine arts. Among the *assimilés* are some who also



U. S. Army Signal Corps. Official

Unharméd, the Father of His Country Is Liberated from His Country's Enemy

In Place d'Iéna, a Yank points to the bronze statue of George Washington. It was erected in 1900 by American women grateful to France for aid given in the War of Independence. At this point crosses the Avenue du Président Wilson, honoring another American Chief Executive.

are celebrated. Ernest Hemingway is here, looking like a puckish philosopher with his graying beard, and Marlene Dietrich has been entertaining the troops and looking like a million, even in slacks!

We all see this side of Paris. But there are among our GI's large numbers who are finding more in the city than a playground, men who recall that Abelard was one of the city's great scholars as well as its great lover.

These you see walking in the Luxembourg Gardens or standing before the gates of the Sorbonne, wondering what ideas will be brewed behind the gates of this world intellectual center in the centuries yet to come.

The more thoughtful Americans are also found wandering in battle dress among the booksellers of the quays along the Left Bank, buying thumbéd copies of De Maupassant, Balzac, and Voltaire, whose city this also is (Plate IX).

Here, in the vicinity of the celebrated Pont Neuf, which is the true center of Paris, vagrant hucksters in centuries past pitched their stands and so began the tradition of open-air trading which distinguishes this metropolis.

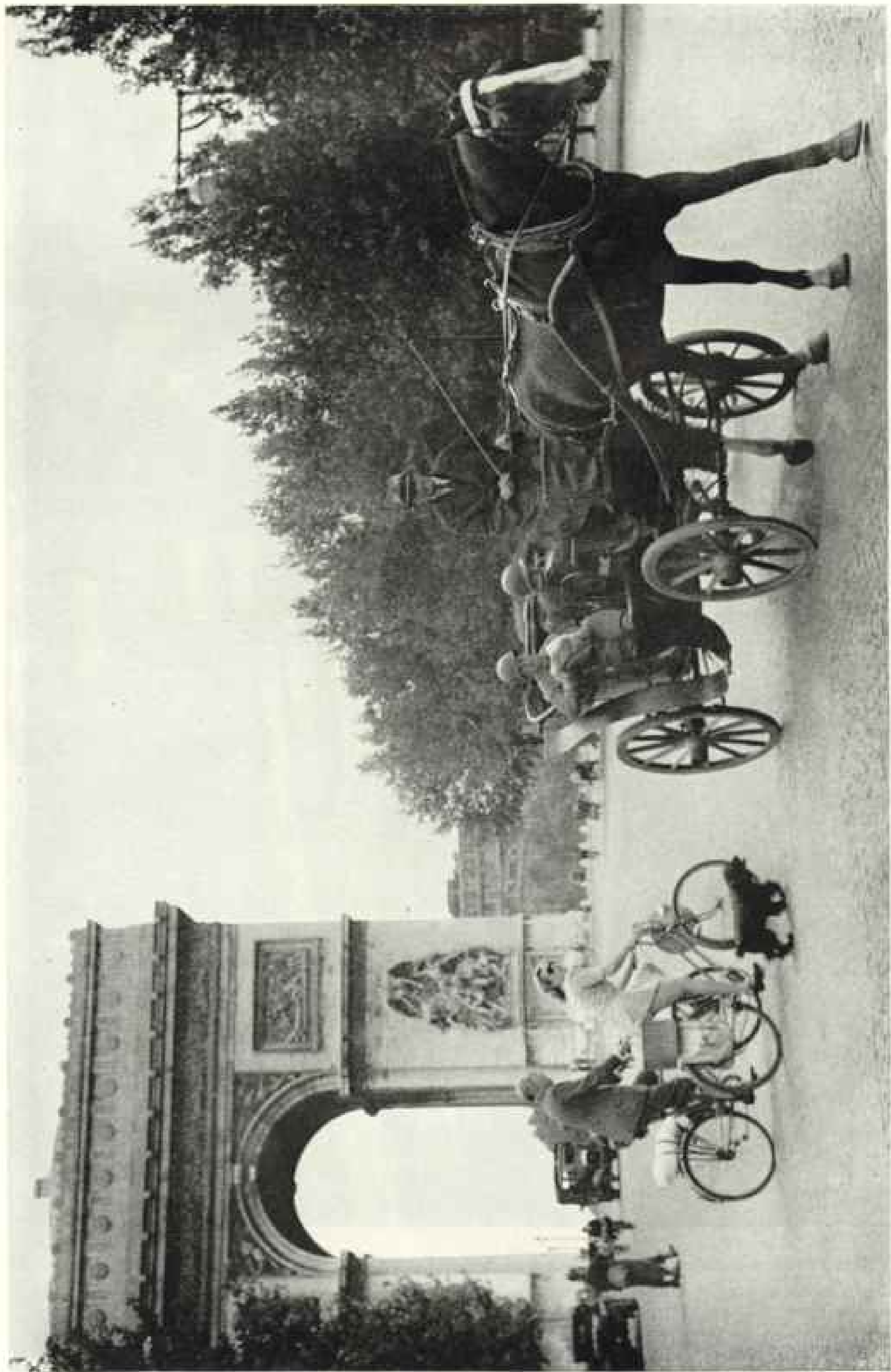
These very booksellers with their weather-beaten stands open to the sky are direct descendants, in a commercial sense, of those old hucksters. So, too, are the pet shops, sellers



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

Paris May Spell Adventure to Some, but to Switchboard WACS It's One Hello of a War

Running the Army's nerve center in France, they work with French equipment. "Better operators than men . . . they never get fussed," reports a Signal Corps officer. "That grouchy voice may be a general's." A chief operator, Staff Sgt. Ella Wright, was the first enlisted WAC to receive the Legion of Merit. She kept the lines open in Italy and North Africa! However, when equipment breaks down, it takes a man to make repairs. Some of these women are veterans of the commercial lines; others have been trained entirely by the Army.



U. S. Army Signal Corps, 000104

Two Preoccupied Sight-seers in an Ancient Carriage Neglect to Whistle at an Obvious Target on a Bicycle

The Arc de Triomphe and the Avenue de la Grande Armée they ignore, too. No wonder! They're reading the Stars and Stripes, their own paper. Front-page features give them three-ino lessons in French, German, and Russian. "Lil' Abner" and "Terry and the Pirates" remind them of home.



U. S. Army Signal Corps. Official

Her Brave Front to Years of Adversity Is a Towering Turban

Lacking new materials, the imaginative Parisienne created her hat by looping an old window drape over a wire frame. Dresses she made over year after year. Thrilled by freedom, she bestows on an Army photographer the smile never given to Germans (page 388).



Herbert Brown from Avon

For a Parade, Boys Climb Trees: Blondes Prefer Jeeps

This lovely Parisienne carries her arm in a sling, a souvenir of the patriots' uprising. Her escort is Tom Wolf, war correspondent (see cap) of the News-paper Enterprise Association. He covered the invasion from London through Normandy to Paris.



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

They're Rationed Even in a Paris PX, but a Man Can Still Buy His Brand

Early in 1945 he could get only a pack a day. Here two WACS serve as cigarette girls. There is at least one WAC working in each Army post exchange abroad.

of fishing tackle, and proprietors of curiosity shops on the near-by Rue des Saints Pères.

The latter ply a fascinating trade. Moldier, mustier, and far more cluttered than the shops of our wayside antiquaries in New England, the Paris curiosity shop provides fine probing for the souvenir-minded GI. Here he may buy anything from a mummified hand or a 19th-century print of the Pantheon to filigree Indian jewelry or a strand of hair cut from the head of Gabrielle d'Estrées, adored mistress of Henry IV.

GIs are to be seen seated at the traditional little tables among the crowds which still clutter Paris sidewalks in the late morning and late afternoon for coffee and apéritifs.

The coffee now is a chicory concoction. Bad and weak beer replaces the traditional Pernod.

But to the American in search of atmosphere, this doesn't matter. The flavor is still there, just as Richard Le Gallienne and

others have described it—the old men with their velour hats and spade beards lost in their issues of *Le Soir*, the chestnut venders hawking their heated nuts, the young excited students indignantly haranguing one another.

Many Shrines and Historic Structures Unscathed

Perhaps because the French are as artistic in their display of historical objects as with lingerie, sight-seeing in Paris is approached by our soldiers with more enthusiasm than elsewhere on the Continent.

Fortunately, the enemy respected the city as the traditional center of European culture, and few of its buildings and shrines were desecrated during the Occupation. Allied bombing, pinpointed with incredible accuracy on river crossings, railroad yards, airfields, and certain industrial plants, has left Paris otherwise unscratched.

Thus it was the physical survival of the



U. S. Army Signal Corps Official

The Lazy Man Tours Paris by Watching the Parade Pass a Sidewalk Cafe

Most deserving Americans and Britons in combat units are chosen for 48-hour stays in the capital. Some of the best hotels are theirs. The Supreme Command's idea is to make them forget the blood and mud at the front. Over two beers, a private has two WACS for company. He takes wine, holds the Stars and Stripes. Another popular service publication, *Yank*, is written and edited by enlisted men.

city which, with the ruins of St. Lô and other Normandy towns fresh in our minds, first struck us on our entry. After the Eiffel Tower, the most familiar structure to catch my eye was Notre Dame, rising as serene as ever from the Ile de la Cité. Something of Paris's power of survival was symbolized here by the unperturbed workmen who continued, from their weather-beaten scaffolding, at their century-old chipping among the gargoyles of the Cathedral even as their city was being liberated (Plate IV).

Versailles, high on the priority list of peacetime tourist attractions, draws our GI's by the score on pleasant days (Plate X). But there is a marked distinction in interests. When I first visited Versailles as a small boy in the tow of my mother, we found it thrilling because the Big Three of that day had just adjourned there. One could fancy that there still echoed through the Hall of Mirrors the

scratching of pens as Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau wrote the peace.*

Revisiting the great Château, I was struck by some childhood recollections. The irregular cobblestones of the courtyard felt the same underfoot; even the languid guides seemed unchanged in their desultory efforts to sell post cards and souvenirs as we trailed through the grounds.

But Versailles no longer thrills as the symbol of peace. Rather, it now is visited for its physical charm, as the most fabulous expression of individual self-glorification of modern times.

GIs Indifferent to Symbols of Last War

Though the Champs Elysées was thronged on Armistice Day by sight-seeing American

* See "Palace of Versailles, Its Park and the Trianons," by Franklin L. Fisher, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1925.

G.I.'s, they were drawn there, not by any emotional tug of the last war, but by the opportunity to see Winston Churchill, whose great day it was (page 389).

This disinterest in the symbols of the last war marks the trend of all G.I. sight-seeing in Paris. Somehow artillery pieces of 1914-18 have little interest to men whose workaday tools they so closely resemble. A Napoleonic muzzle-loader attracts greater curiosity.

So it is that the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is by-passed by our G.I.'s along with the relics of the war of 1870-71, while the older and therefore more romantic battle flags on display in the Invalides are under constant review. The legendary escapades of the Three Musketeers draw khaki-clad crowds to the narrow streets in the vicinity of Saint Sulpice.

Sight-seeing is on foot, of course, and so the Gardens of the Tuilleries and the famous Bois de Boulogne, both easily accessible from the center of the city, are visited by many Americans. Meticulously tended just as before the war—Paris has no manpower shortage, as do other Western cities—the 2,000-odd acres of the Bois provide vent for a wide range of G.I. interests.

For those seeking their Diane de Poitiers, its walks are filled with laughing French girls. Gaming spirits are drawn by horse racing at Auteuil on Sundays, while those with a Biederker mind seek out old dueling grounds and traces of past centuries in the Bois.

Street Carnivals Like County Fairs

Perhaps nowhere in their rambles through the city do Americans come in closer contact with the Parisians than in attending the sidewalk carnivals which are as much a part of Paris as its cabarets.

In a city which has nourished the memory of the *commedia dell'arte* for generations and where clowning is ranked as a fifth estate, it would not normally be surprising to find the circus in full swing. But a few days after liberation, long before the city had power to run the Métro or to cook its food, sidewalk carnivals were drawing "juice" for their Ferris wheels.

Today you see steel-helmeted G.I.'s jostling through the French crowds that throng these sidewalks to take their chances on a gambler's wheel, throw darts at worn targets, or drive "dodge 'em" cars over buckling steel plates. Though just like the "rides" and "exhibits" in our county fairs in Missouri, these all seem more fun in Paris.

As the Provisional Government takes hold,

strengthened now by our recognition and admitted as one of the big four to the European Advisory Commission, together with the growing support of its divergent composite groups, regulation and order are coming back to Paris. Priorities in the use of fuel are going where they are most needed, mobilization of the patriotic but hitherto loosely directed youth proceeds rapidly, and the ferment of enthusiasm over liberation is being directed into channels more profitable, if less colorful, than street singing and flag waving.

Paris Triumphs over Turbulence and Tragedy

This account may strike the reader who has a deep sympathy for France as superficial. It may be that more should have been told of the trials of the Occupation, of the heinous things the SS did to Parisian patriots, and of the fortitude of those who fought with the Résistance.

You cannot visit the city and be unmindful of these things.

But recall that Paris is a town which for centuries battled wolves and wild boars in its streets at night while serving in the daytime as the center of Western culture.

Remember that Paris survived the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to become a stronghold of religious tolerance.

The bloody days of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat are still so fresh in history that one who crosses the Place de la Concorde these blacked-out nights walks faster as he thinks of the blue blood which ran there during the days of the Terror.

It was Paris that suffered siege and bitter humiliation after the defeat at Sedan. And it was this city which raised the taxicab army in the last war to stall the German advance on the Marne, so close at hand that cannon fire could be heard at Notre Dame.

Viewed in this perspective, the present trials of Paris are but another incident in its brilliant and turbulent history. The marvel is that in four years the Nazis have left no mark, beyond the momentary shortage of fuel and transport, that a sound government, aided by the vigorous will of the Parisians, cannot erase.*

* For additional articles and photographs of Paris, see, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE: "Paris in Spring," by Maynard Owen Williams, October, 1936; "France Farms as War Wages," by Harrison Howell Walker, February, 1940; "Through the Back Doors of France," by Melville Chater, July, 1923; "Paris Delivered" (10 illustrations), January, 1945; for articles on France, consult the Cumulative Index to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE (1899-1944).

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass



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Who Needs an Interpreter! Smiles and Hug Speak for the Reunion of America and France—

Everywhere they go, the Yanks befriend children. In eastern France, 11 American soldiers rescued 81 babies trapped in no man's land. Last autumn French school children resumed study of textbooks which Germany banned. This girl welcomed her country's liberators outside the Palace of Versailles (Plate X).



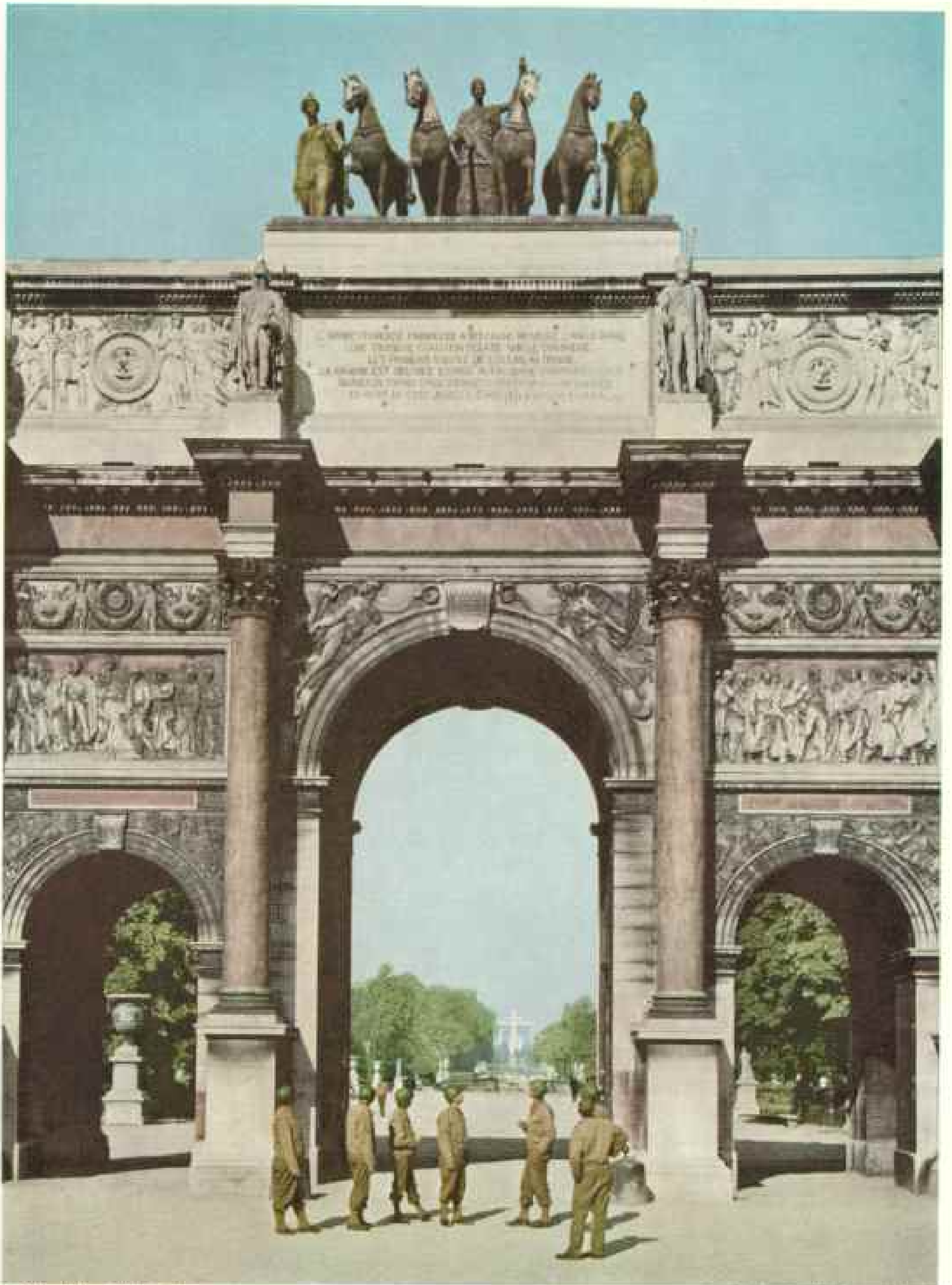
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Kolachman, U. S. Army, Official

At the Arc de Triomphe, the Plumed Republican Guard Celebrates Paris's Liberation

Within the hollow, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander, presented to patriots a plaque commemorating their overthrow of the German garrison. Just outside, French-manned Sherman tanks guard against snipers. France plans to raise a 1,200,000-man army equipped with American weapons.

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass

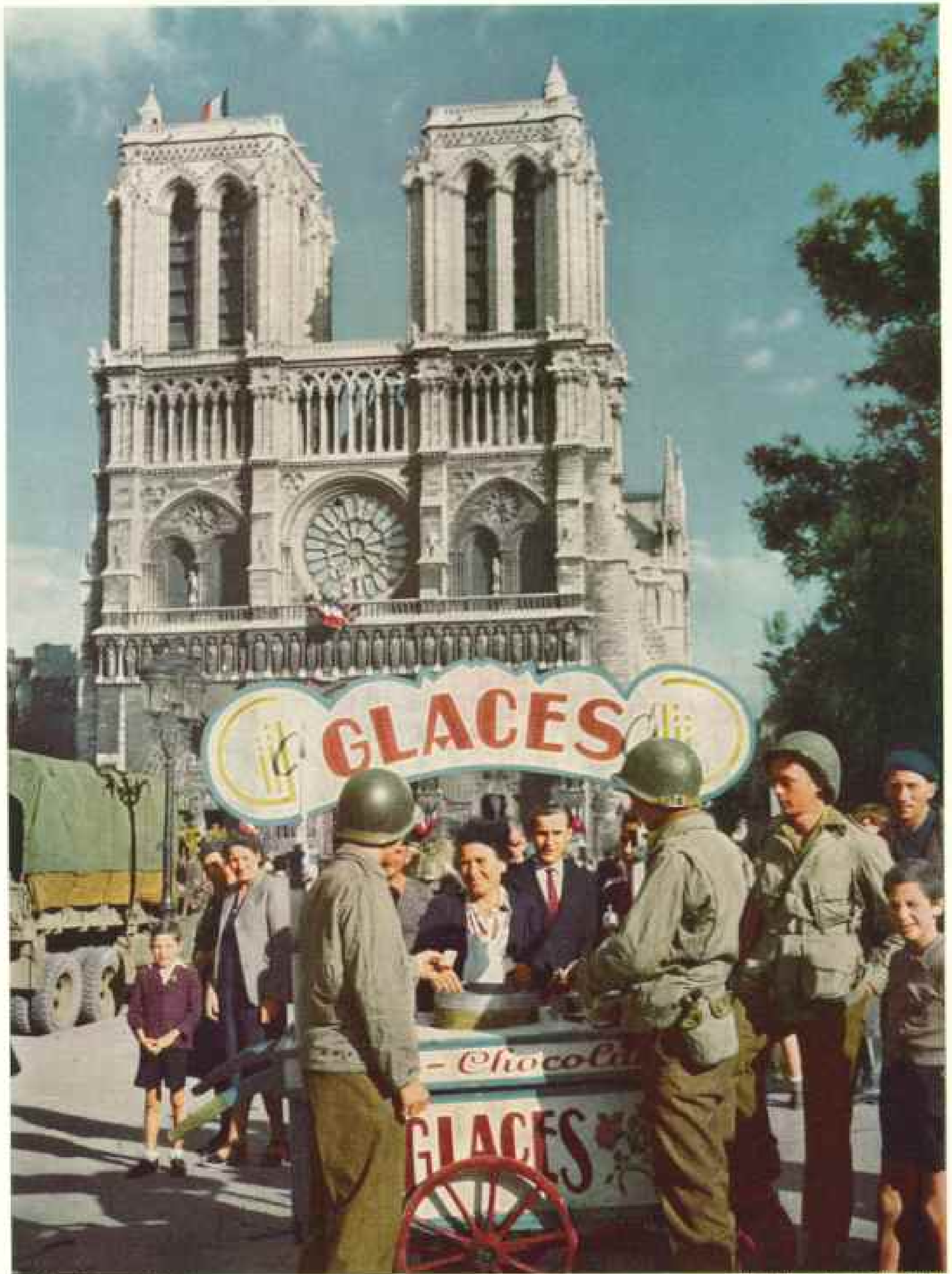


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Kulachrome, U. S. Army, Official

Yanks Who Yesterday Searched the Sky for Planes Crane Their Necks at Arc du Carrousel

Four bronze horses replace those taken from St. Mark's, Venice, in 1797 and replaced in 1815. During the Terror the guillotine stood here. Later it went to Place de la Concorde, marked now by the Obelisk, the Egyptian shaft in the distance. Beyond is the Arc de Triomphe (Plate II). Both arches are Napoleonic monuments.



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Kalshoven, U. S. Army, Official

On Holiday from K Rations, GI's Sample a Pusheart's Ices at Notre Dame

They stand on Ile de la Cité, river-island heart of the city in Roman times. History-soaked, the Ile made news again in August, 1944, as Parisians battled Germans there. On the following Thanksgiving Day, the Cathedral celebrated Mass for 3,000 Americans. Intact, the famous gargoyles still lean over the balustrade.

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome, U. S. Army Official

Yanks and Joan of Arc Compare Jeep and Charger, Steeds of Their Wars

Celebrating, free Parisians gave Joan's monument in Place de Rivoli a fresh coating of gilt. Now they debate a question of gender—*le jeep* or *la jeep*. One school cites the feminine names on jeeps. No visitors ever explored the city more eagerly than the Yanks. Paris likes them because they don't strut; it remembers the Nazis.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome, U. S. Army, Official

Paradise of Horn-blowing Cabbies, Paris Has Come to This, the Bicycle Taxi!

Grand-Lafayette is just one of hundreds of Paris bars. Lacking coal, the city shut its night spots last winter. Short of illuminating gas, it let pressure fall. Turned on again, gas flowed from open burners, causing scores of deaths. Neither gasoline shortage nor any other bothered this Yank-on-leave and his WAC.

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass



© National Geographic Society

Kalichman, U. S. Army, Official

In Blasé Montmartre, Which Has Seen So Many Sights, WACS Are a Crowd-pulling Sensation

With a map, a French captain and his fiancée guide the visitors. More than 100 WACS operate the Army's switchboards in Paris. Were they glad to exchange Normandy's cellars and helmet washbasins for rooms and tubs! Right: a *boulangerie* (bakery). For a time it ran on flour rushed to Paris in hundreds of Allied planes.



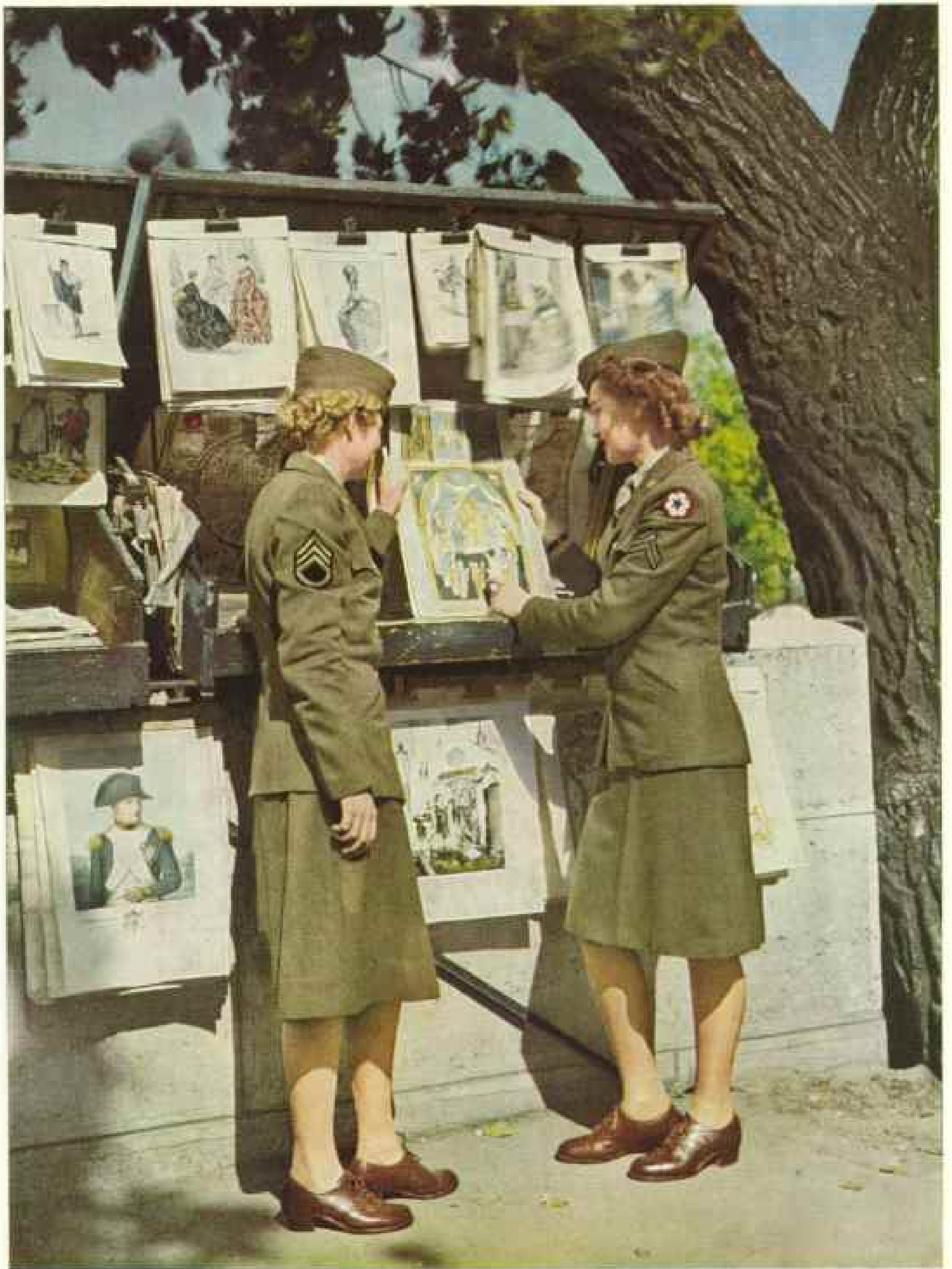
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Kolostovne, U. S. Army, Official

What Could Be More Relaxing to War Nerves Than Kibitzing a Montmartre Artist?

With faith in the future, hundreds of Paris artists carried on during the Nazi occupation. Liberated, they hastened to hold an exhibit. Their works were escapist; few held any hint of war. In the last century Montmartre was the abode of Bohemian artists. Few remained after the tide of night clubs set in.

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass



© National Geographic Society

Kalshorn, U. S. Army, Official

Buying a Souvenir for the Folks at Home Is a WAC'S First Impulse in Paris

These two browse along the Seine's quays, long the home of dealers in old prints and second-hand books. Envy of girls all over the world, they manifestly have been to a Paris hairdresser. The results show they had more luck than some WACS who, unable to speak French, got a hair-do not strictly GI.



© National Geographic Society

Kulachitane, U. S. Army, Official

Foxhole Tenants Tour Versailles, Luxurious Palace of French Kings

In 1682 Louis XIV moved in; the Revolution dispossessed Louis XVI in 1789. Forced labor on the parks, roads, and aqueduct alone is said to have busied 35,000 men for 20 years. Some 100 sculptors embellished the formal gardens. The palace could accommodate 6,000 guests. Today it is a national museum.

Seeing Paris on a 48-Hour Pass



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome, U. S. Army, Official

G.I.'s Meditate at the Tomb of Napoleon. "Gee, Could We Use Him on Our Team!"

The emperor, who died in St. Helena, was entombed beneath the Invalides Dome in 1840. One hundred years later ill-fated Napoleon II, his son, who died in Vienna, also was reinterred here. The transfer was made on orders from Hitler. That would-be Napoleon himself visited this shrine after France's fall.



© National Geographic Society

Kochinross, U. S. Army, Official

Requisitioned as an Observatory by the U. S. Army, Eiffel Tower Still Makes News

It was the great adventure in structural steel when Gustave Eiffel erected it for the Paris Exposition of 1889. Its 984 feet were not topped until New York built the Empire State and Chrysler towers. A glass pavilion near the top can hold 800 visitors. A French sailor points to the Tricolor flying once again from its peak.

The Preservation of England's Historic and Scenic Treasures

BY ERIC UNDERWOOD

(Many Years Member of the Executive Committee, National Trust)

LONG before other countries, the United States set up State and Federal agencies to safeguard for all time outstanding scenic areas and haunts of wildlife. Stephen Tyng Mather was the great enthusiast and leader in the movement.

"There will never come an end to the good that he has done" reads the epitaph on the memorial tablet to Stephen Tyng Mather in 17 of the U. S. National Parks. Mather's life work was the organization and planning of the U. S. National Parks System.

The Trustees of Public Reservations of the State of Massachusetts, founded by public-spirited people living in the neighborhood of Boston, began activities more than half a century ago. Conscious of the loss the State was suffering by the destruction of historic landmarks and of the danger of allowing the countryside to be built over indiscriminately with ugly blocks of factories, the founders cooperated through voluntary contributions to purchase, restore, and hold the old houses as places of pilgrimage and study and the country tracts as nature reserves or recreation grounds for the community.

The British Trust Has an American Godparent

In 1895, Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter, and Canon Rawnsley organized in England an association with similar objects—the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty. Delegates from this English association adopted substantially as their own the bylaws of the Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations. They included also a provision by which the Massachusetts association has the right to nominate a member of the Council of the National Trust. That member today is Charles Sumner Bird of East Walpole, Massachusetts.

The need for taking steps to preserve English historic places is now obvious. Damage was done to important buildings in England by German aircraft even during the war of 1914-18. During the present war destruction has increased a thousandfold.

Much of the most precious of England's heritage has been lost. Some thousands of churches and other ecclesiastical buildings have been destroyed or seriously damaged, among them cathedrals like St. Paul's in Lon-

don, Coventry, and Canterbury, churches built by Sir Christopher Wren, and the round 12th-century Temple Church of the Crusaders. Upon historic edifices in London such as the Middle Temple Hall, with its memories of Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Walter Raleigh; the London Guildhall; Holland House; and Dr. Johnson's house, the merciless hand of war has fallen.

The National Trust was founded long before there was any thought of war, before the bombing airplane had even been conceived. The enemy in those days was the spread of industrialism in great cities which encroached upon the countryside. England, it must be remembered, was industrialized long before the United States. For its size and population it is far more extensively built over with factories and mills, and a much smaller proportion of its people live by agriculture.

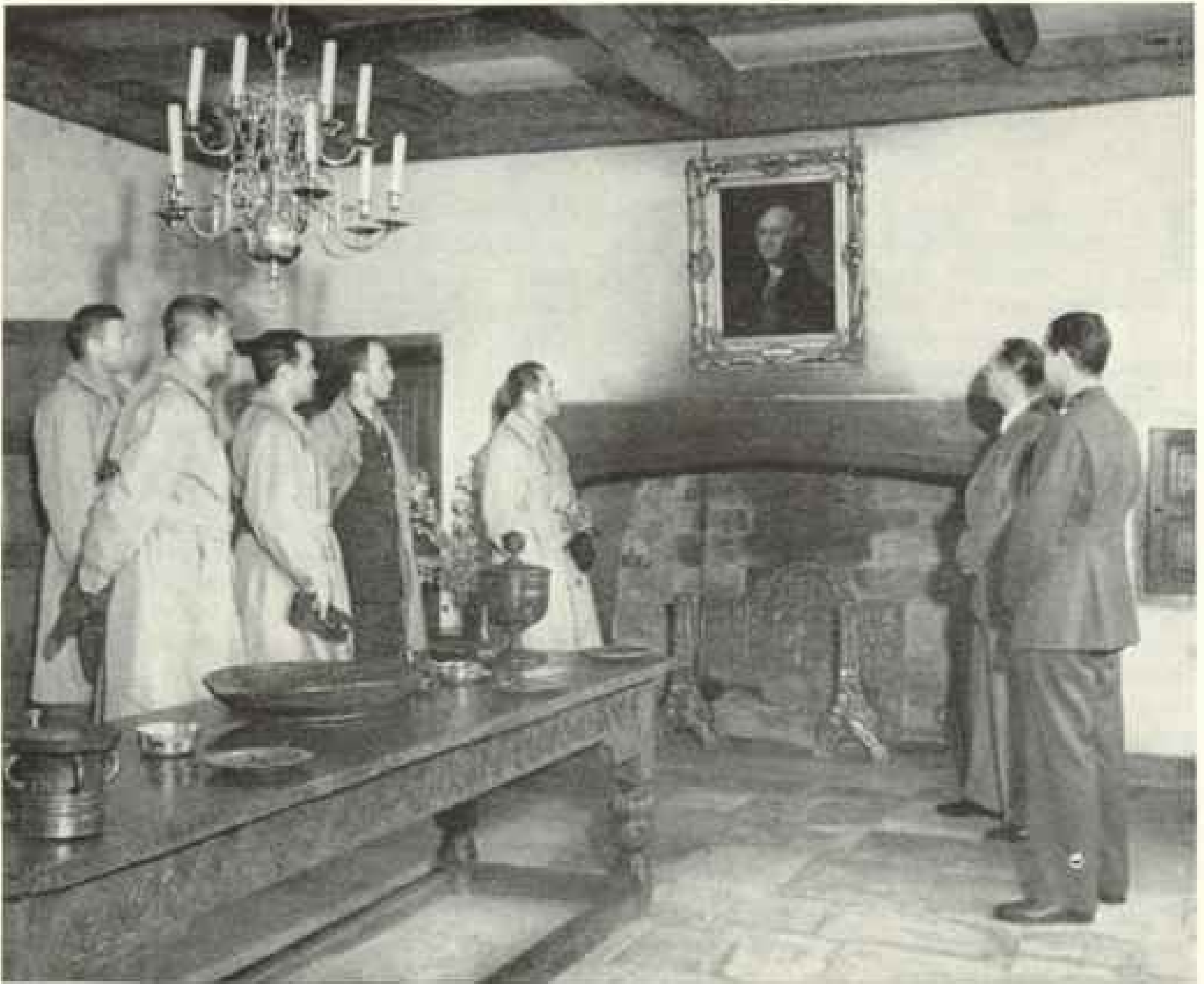
Many people think of England as a pleasant land of country estates and green pastures. So it was in the 18th century, but during the Victorian era it became much more characterized by coal mines, blast furnaces, and smoky cities. To make way for engineering plants, office buildings, and artisan dwellings, numerous ancient buildings and much beautiful countryside were ruthlessly despoiled.

The National Trust has made such progress in recent years that it has completely outgrown its Massachusetts godparent and is now the largest organization of its kind in existence, owning more than 400 properties in all parts of England and Wales. Scotland has its own National Trust.

Trust Properties Epitomize English History

The Trust's numerous properties, ranging from great castles and manor houses to small farms, inns, and rectories, present an epitome of English history from barbaric times to the present day. They begin, indeed, with prehistory—the Avebury and Stonehenge monuments—and pass through the Roman and Saxon eras to Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor, Jacobean and Hanoverian, down to modern times.

Scattered over England in the country and in cities, towns, and villages, Trust properties vary from the post office of a hamlet (page 429) to Knole (shortly to be acquired), one of the largest and most valuable castles.



New York Times.

U. S. Army Officers Examine Gilbert Stuart's *Washington*, Prize of Sulgrave Manor

The ancestral home of the Washington family in Northamptonshire was rebuilt about 1540 by Lawrence Washington, seventh in direct ascent from the first President of the United States. The Great Hall's Tudor fireplace was revealed by restoration in 1920. On the refectory table, of Elizabethan date, stands an old three-handled bronze mortar (left). At the other end is a washall bowl (about 1650), its cover surmounted by a spice receptacle (pages 423 and 429).

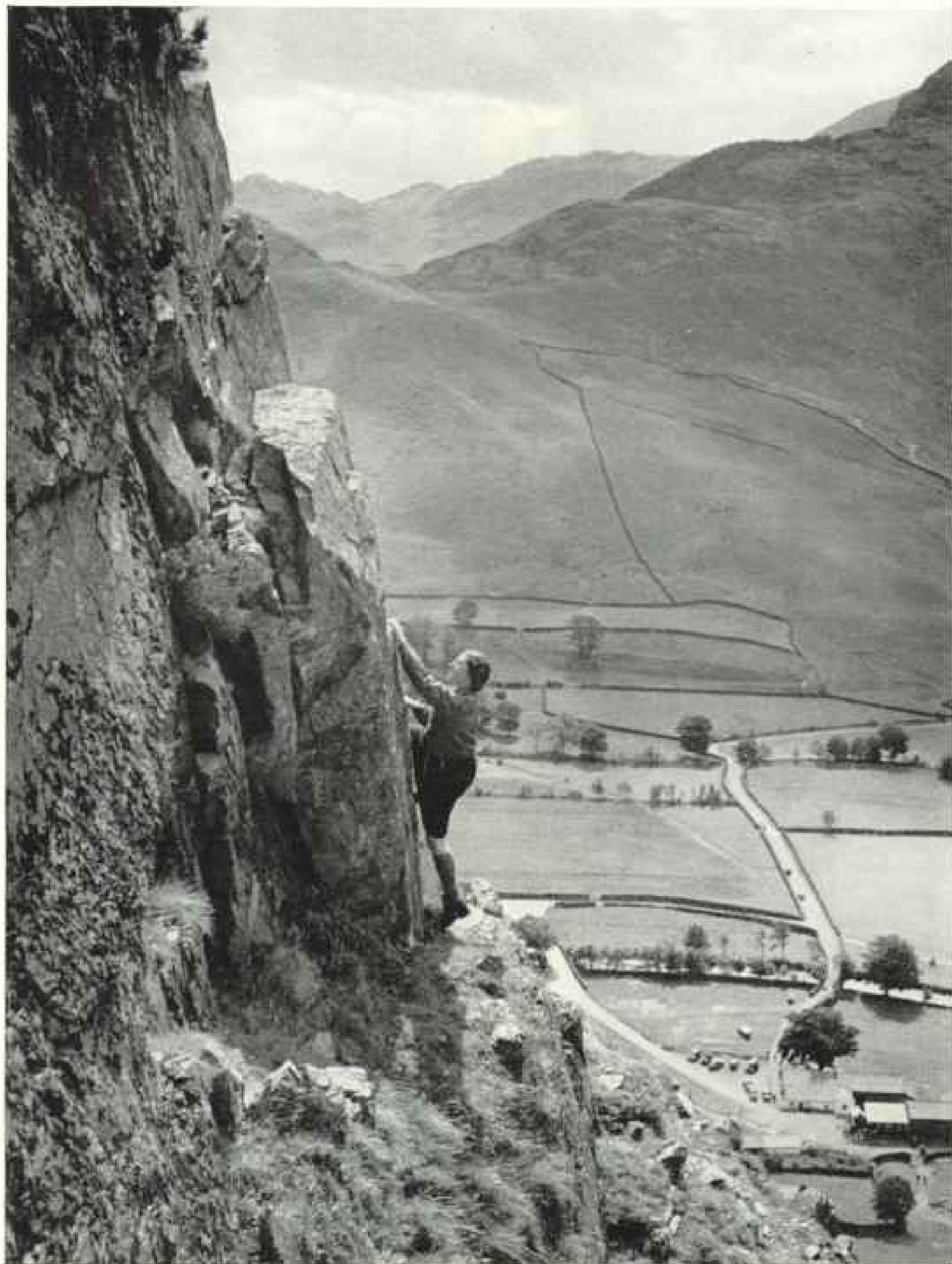
With 365 rooms—of which, it must be added, only a few are bathrooms—52 staircases, 7 courtyards, and a park enclosed by a wall seven miles around, Knole constitutes one of the most interesting and beautiful domestic museums in the world. It was once owned by Queen Elizabeth, and its pictures, furniture, and tapestries are representative of several centuries (page 433).

The Trust's country holdings embrace all sorts of scenery: mountains and lakes, river valleys, pastures, farms, and seacoast. The buildings are associated with great historic and literary names: the Roman emperor Hadrian, Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, King John, Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Charles I, Shakespeare, Newton, Cromwell, Milton, Izaak Walton, James Wolfe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Gray, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, and Disraeli.

Most ancient of National Trust properties are the prehistoric monoliths at Avebury, in Wiltshire. In modern times they were rediscovered by the antiquary John Aubrey, a contemporary of Charles II, who visited them and expressed himself "very well pleased." Pepys, the diarist, ever curious, was also an admiring visitor.

No attempt was made at that time to preserve the stones or their arrangement, and during the three ensuing centuries they were broken up "by fire, cold water, maul and wedge," and to a great extent used as building material (pages 417 and 427).

Some twenty years ago Alexander Keller, head of the famous Dundee marmalade firm and himself an enthusiastic archeologist, purchased the property and set about excavating and restoring it. From him the Trust, with the help of the Pilgrim Trust (page 438),



E. W. Tatnall

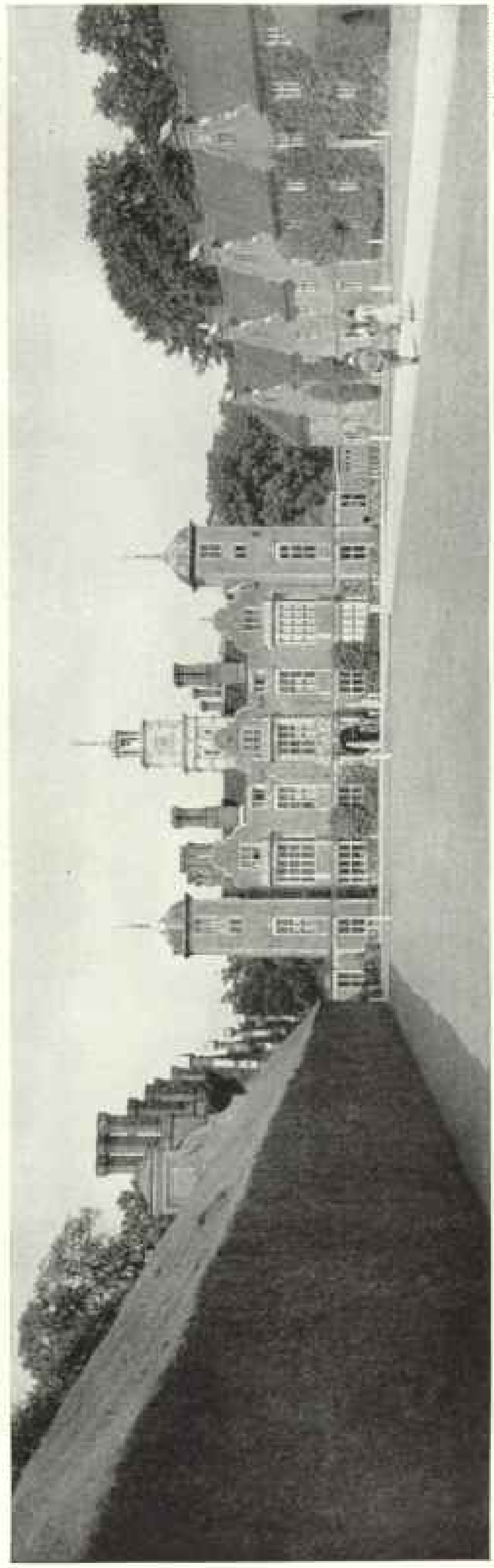
Lake District Crags, None over 3,210 Feet, Have Given Training for Everest (29,002)

The National Trust is protector of some 400 historic and scenic properties in England and Wales (page 413). In this preserve near Langdale, old nomenclature persists. For instance: *stickle* (sharp peak); *man* (cairn on a summit); *ghyll* (mountain stream); *tarn* (mountain lake); *keld* (a spring); *force* (waterfall); *holm* (island); *bleid* (a shelter); *den* (valley); and *hag* (a wood).



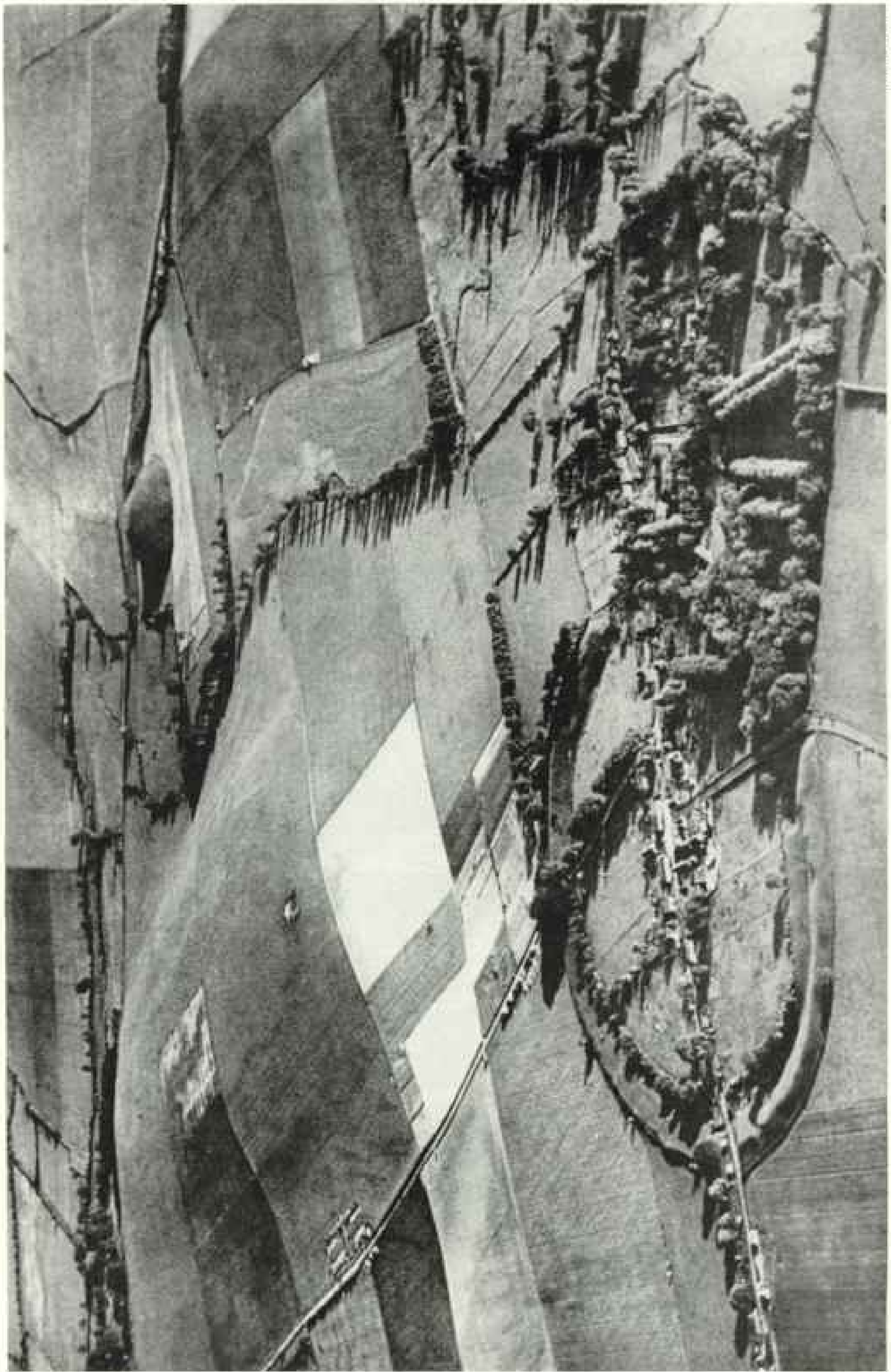
© London Times

Packwood House's Yew Garden, Planted in 1650 to Commemorate the Sermon on the Mount, Is a Green Treasure Preserved for the Nation.
 Topiary artists sculpture the yew's evergreen foliage into strange designs. Old English longbows were fashioned from its wood (page 426).



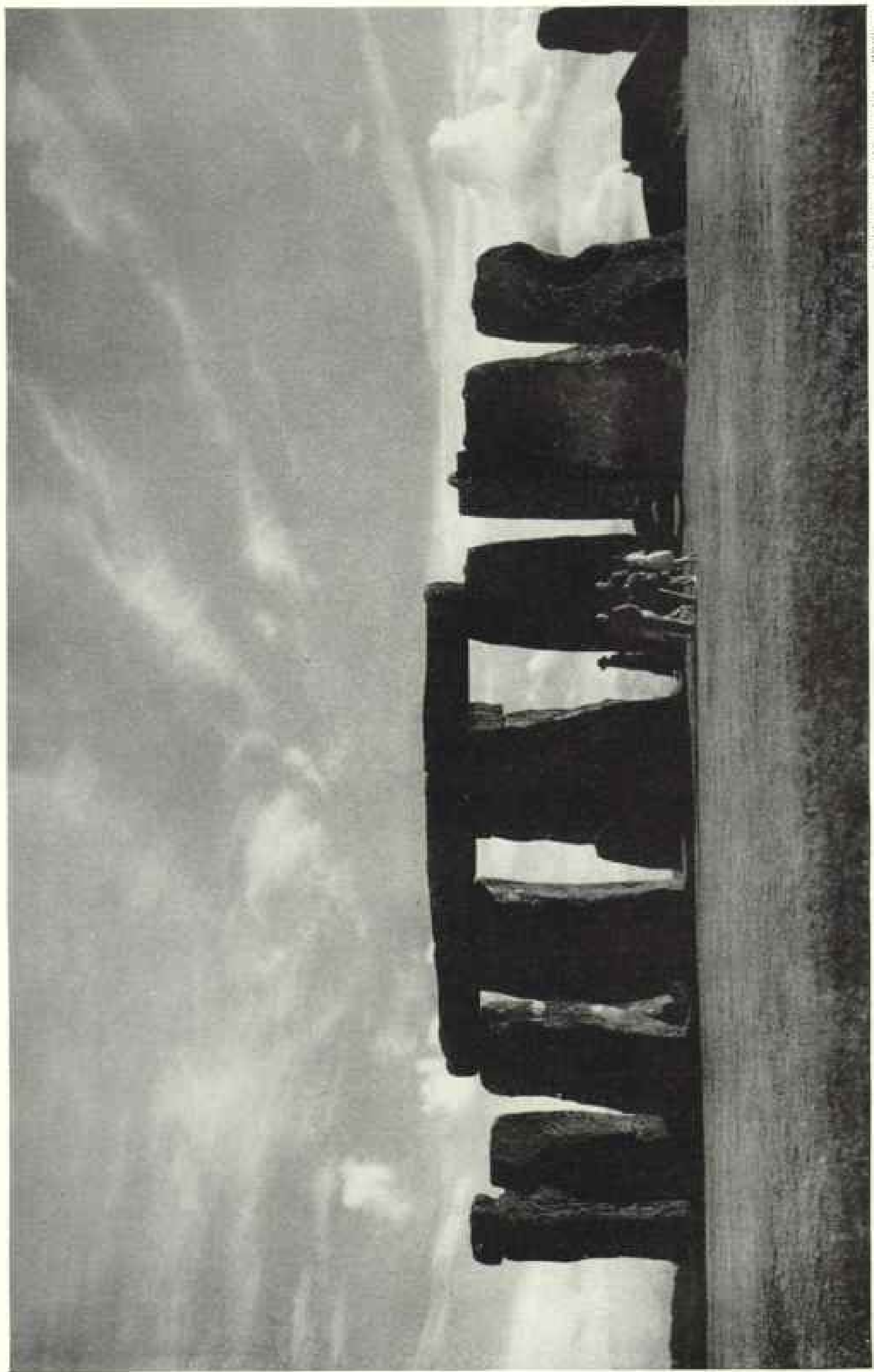
© J. Brown-Scott

Blickling Hall, Built on a Site Associated with Anne Boleyn, Is a Bequest of Lord Lothian, Late Ambassador to Washington.
 Three centuries old, it stands in Norfolk. English gardeners say it takes centuries to make lawns as fine as Blickling's. Left: a fine yew hedge (page 438).



LONDON TIMES

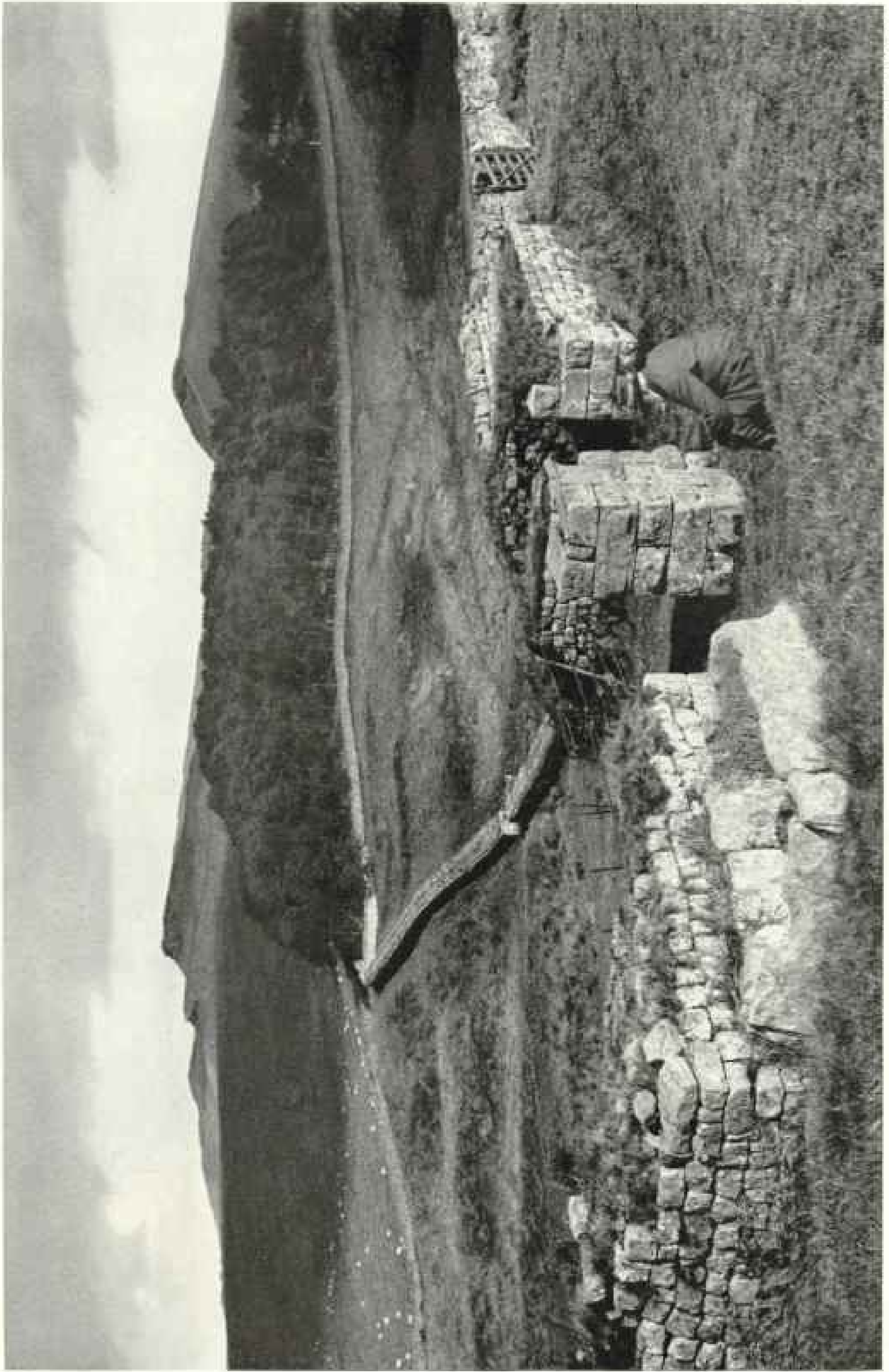
Avebury Village, Home of the Living, Sits Inside the Earthworks of Avebury Circle, Shrine of Builders Dead Some 40 Centuries
Seen from the air, rampart and fosse are outlined in Wiltshire soil. However, few of the hundreds of original stones are standing. Roads cut the pagan circle into quadrants. A mile away rises Silbury Hill (above), believed to be a barbaric tomb. One of Europe's largest prehistoric mounds, it is 135 feet high (pages 414 and 427).



Staff Photographer Mustard Owen Williams

At Evening the Mystery of Stonehenge Fires the Imagination. Was It a Temple to the Sun, Monument to the Dead, or Calendar?

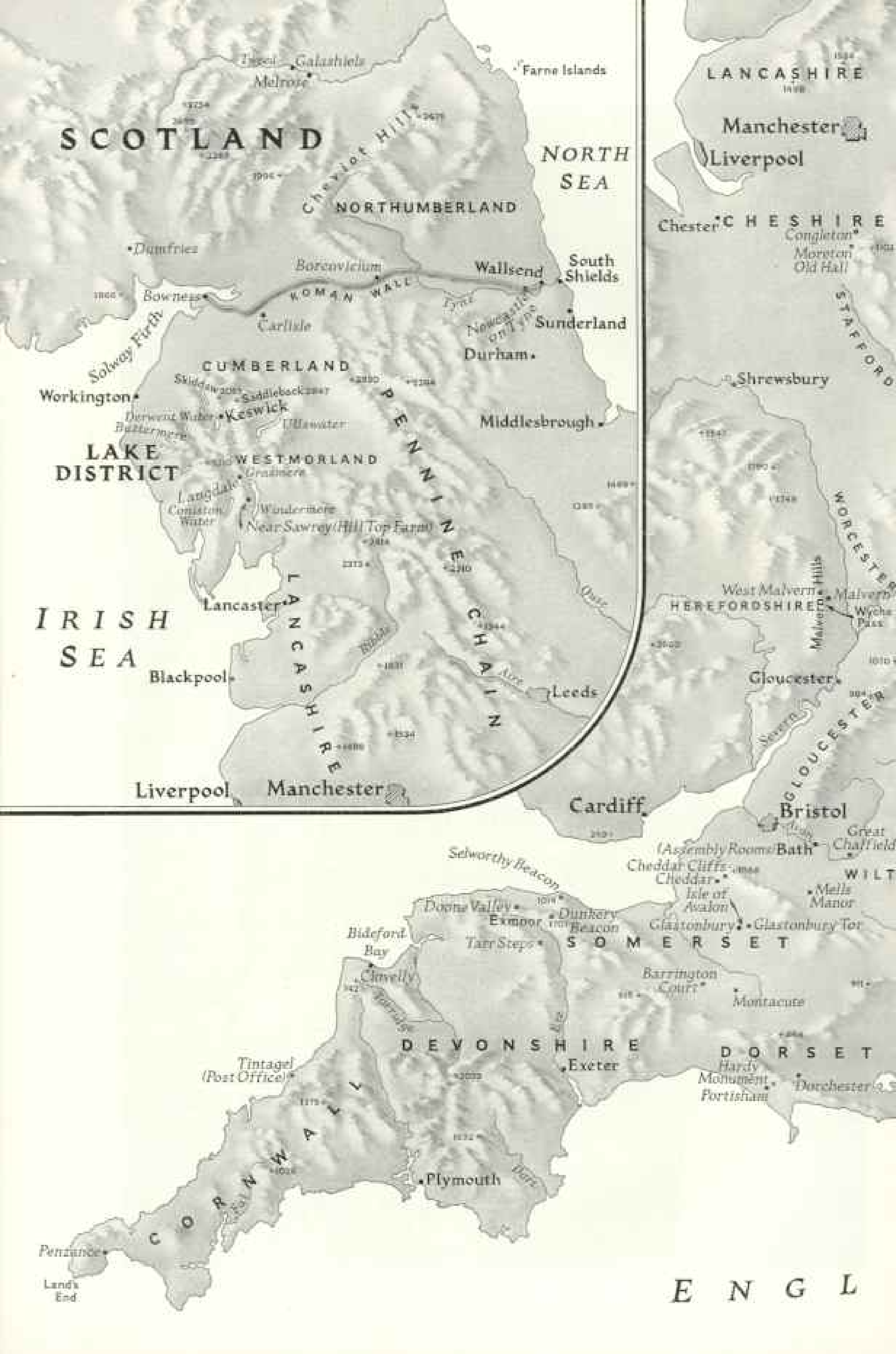
Astronomers contend it announced the seasons by measuring the sunrise angle; they trace its erection to 1700 B.C. Its name derives from the Saxon *Stambenig* (hanging stones). Fallen, some of these have been re-erected. Lintels and columns were chiseled to dovetail. The State owns the stones; the National Trust owns the "Skyline," as this part of Salisbury Plain is known (page 422).



© Donald McLeish

An Old Shepherd Contemplates the Roman Wall Built by Hadrian A. D. 122-126 to Fence Out Raiders from Scotland

For 73 miles the Wall zigzags across northern England. For long its stones, some inscribed, were quarried, a vandalism finally stopped. Best preserved of its forts is Eboracovicium, now a National Trust property. Beyond, the patrapet wanders, like the Great Wall of China, across Northumberland hills (page 422).



SCOTLAND

NORTH SEA

LANCASHIRE

Manchester
Liverpool

CHEVIOT HILLS
NORTHUMBERLAND

CHESTER
CHESHIRE

Dumfries

Borovicium
ROMAN WALL

Wallsend
South Shields

Solway Firth
Bowness
Workington

CUMBERLAND

Sunderland
Durham

LAKE DISTRICT

WESTMORLAND

PENNINE CHAIN

Middlesbrough

Shrewsbury

IRISH SEA

Lancaster

LANCASHIRE

Leeds

HEREFORDSHIRE

Blackpool

Gloucester

Liverpool

Manchester

Cardiff

Bristol

Swarthy Beacon

WILT
Great Chalfield

Doons Valley

Cheddar Cliffs
Cheddar

SOMERSET

Bideford Bay

Exmoor

Dunkery Beacon

Isle of Avalon

Glastonbury Tor

Clavell

DEVONSHIRE

Barrington Court

Montacute

DORSET

Tintagel (Post Office)

Exeter

Hardy Monument

Dorchester

CORNWALL

Plymouth

Penzance

Land's End

ENGL



N O R T H
S E A

N O R F O L K
in Norwich

London

F R A N C E

I S H
C H A N N E L

STATUTE MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
Lake District inset on same scale

Leeds

Hull

Sheffield

Lincoln

DERBYSHIRE

Dovedale
Ham Hall

Kedleston
Derby

Nottingham

Leicester

Birmingham

Coventry

NORTHAMPTON-
SHIRE

Northampton

WARWICKSHIRE

Warwick

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Cambridge

Bedford

Ipswich

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

King's Head
Aylesbury

Ashridge Park

Chequers

Hatfield House

Oxford

West Wycombe

Beaconsfield

Stoke Poges

Gray's Field

Clivedon

Dorset Wood

Windsor

Runnymede

Pett's Wood

Chislehurst

Sutton at Home
(St. John's Jerusalem)

Golden Hill

Canterbury

SURREY

Westminster
(Quebec House)

Knole

Sevenoaks

Golden Hill

Dover

Salisbury

Stonehenge
Plain

Salisbury

HAMPSHIRE

Winchester

Hindhead

Haslemere

SUSSEX

Burwash

Batemans

Bodiam

Battle

Hastings

Southampton

Fareham

Bosham

Brighton

Eastbourne

Seaford
Seven Sisters
Beachy Head

Bournemouth

Newtown
Down Hall
Tennyson Down

Isle of Wight

Strait of Dover

Calais

Boulogne
sur Mer

Dieppe

Abbeville

Compiègne

recently acquired the site on which stand the stones, now restored as far as possible to their original arrangement, together with the immense bank and 50-foot-deep ditch that surround them.

Just how the prehistoric men brought these enormous stones together and set them up, and what was their purpose, is not definitely known. But no doubt Avebury was the scene of religious ceremonial, a shrine as sacred to pilgrims of a forgotten faith as Mecca is to Moslems or Lourdes to Catholics.

Stonehenge a Mystery of the Ages

On Salisbury Plain in the same county is another remarkable group of mysterious gray stones, known as Stonehenge (page 418). An early observer writes of Stonehenge: "Here stones of wonderful size (up to 30 feet high and weighing 50 tons or more in one piece) have been erected in the manner of doorways, so that doorway appears to have been raised upon doorway, nor can anyone conceive by what art such stones have been so raised aloft, or why they were so constructed."

Some recent opinion holds that the builders of Stonehenge came to the western shores of Britain from the Mediterranean. Many of the stones they brought 180 miles from Wales. Others they found in the neighborhood, and there they dressed and set them up in two circles enclosing two horseshoes with a flat slab in the center, called today the "Altar Stone."

One circle is composed of trilithons—two uprights with a lintel resting across them. The trilithons are fitted together by mortise and tenon hewn from the solid stone. The builders used stone hammers, some more than 60 pounds in weight, and flint chisels. Marks of the chisels may still be seen.

To the northeast of the circle is a tall upright stone over which the sun rises on Midsummer Day; another stone marks sunrise at Midwinter. From this some investigators have concluded that the builders were sun worshipers. Another theory is that Stonehenge formed a huge calendar, since from it the seasons could be known and the time calculated for the sowing of grain.

Stonehenge was the scene of the final tragedy in Thomas Hardy's novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Today the stones stand in solitary majesty in Salisbury Plain, a fertile pasture occupied only by grazing sheep and void of all signs of human habitation or business as far as the eye can see in any direction. Before the Trust acquired the land there was a risk that it might be built over, and because it was a place

of tourist resort, gasoline stations and outdoor restaurants had been set up.

The present writer was largely responsible for raising the money with which the Trust acquired the land. Certain private interests had an option to purchase, and in the event of their doing so building and exploitation for commercial purposes would undoubtedly have ensued.

Since only a few weeks were available in which to obtain the necessary funds, particulars were sent out to newspapers throughout England, the British Dominions, and the United States. The result of this appeal to English-speaking peoples everywhere was some 3,000 donations, ranging in amount from hundreds of pounds to a few pence. Within a few days of the closing date, the requisite amount was forthcoming.

Wall Built While Rome Ruled Britain

From the Bronze Age to Roman times is a big jump. The Romans were in occupation of Britain for some four hundred years after the invasion of the island by Julius Caesar in 55 B. C. One of the most impressive possessions of the National Trust is a part of the Roman Wall built by the Emperor Hadrian A. D. 122-126 across the narrow neck between England and Scotland to keep out the warlike tribes of the North (page 419).

Humorists say that Hadrian was the only man who ever succeeded in excluding the Scots from England! Certainly since his day the ubiquitous Scot has always succeeded in invading the wealthier southern part of Britain, where his hard work and intelligence, matched against the more deliberate Englishman, are quickly productive of results and often obtain for him the best jobs in Church and State.

The "Wall" has been wonderfully described by Rudyard Kipling in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. It stretches some 73 miles, from Wallsend on the Tyne estuary to Bowness on the Solway. Its average height at the time of building was "the height of three men one upon the shoulders of the other," and it was broad enough on top to allow the passage of two chariots abreast.

At intervals were watchtowers. Garrisons of famous Roman legions were stationed along the wall. There were theaters, bazaars, clubs, barracks, and luxurious villas of generals and notables.

The Wall winds its way through magnificent wild scenery, and, though overgrown in many places, its stones, rising here and there to a height of eight feet, are still visible. At one point is a museum containing altars, stone burial urns, statues, and other antiquities.



U. S. Army Signal Corps, Official

On a Wartime February 22, Yanks and Britons Honor Washington at His Ancestors' Home

In 1914 a British committee (now the Sulgrave Manor Board) purchased Sulgrave Manor. The Colonial Dames of America have endowed it. On the walk: a bust of Washington. Left: U. S. paratroopers. At the door (south front): U. S. Army nurses. On the gable: the arms of Queen Elizabeth (page 414).

In other parts of England the Trust owns remains of five Roman villas, the most notable at Chedworth, a remote hamlet in Gloucestershire. Some were discovered when plows continually struck hard stone, which excavation revealed as mosaic pavements.

Nazis' "Baedeker Raids" Heavily Damage Bath

At Bath, Somerset, a watering place even in Roman times and noted for a fine Roman bath with marble columns, heating apparatus, and other equipment, which still survive, are the Assembly Rooms, one of the Trust's properties most damaged by the German "Baedeker raids."

This magnificent 18th-century building, for many years the social center of fashionable Bath, was the scene of Booth Tarkington's novel *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Before its acquisition and reconstruction by the Trust it had housed a cinema and small shops.

The Roman occupation of Britain was followed by a series of invasions by north European tribes. Among these were the Danes, who were finally defeated by Alfred the Great (died A. D. 901), famous lawgiver, educational benefactor, and historian, who ruled over a united England with his capital at Winchester.*

Reminiscent of these early days is the Trust holding at the little seaside village of Bosham. There, according to some students, King Canute sat on the shore and commanded the waves to go back. A tomb which tradition says is his daughter's may still be seen in the church near by.

It was from Bosham that the Saxon King Harold set out for Normandy on his ill-fated voyage, which resulted in the invasion of England by William the Conqueror.

* See "Winchester, England's Early Capital," by Frederick Simpich, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1941.



Walt Photographed Starmant from Williams

At Low Tide Clovelly's Fishing Fleet Sinks in a Harbor of Swimming-pool Size

Summer brings throngs of artists and excursionists to Clovelly, a Devonshire fishing village. A favorite rendezvous is the stone pier, built during the reign of Richard II. From it they gaze out at Bideford Bay, celebrated in Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* (Pages 427 and 439.)

Nearly 900 years later, in 1944, Bosham played an even more important role in history, for in its secluded waterways were assembled some of the sections of the floating harbors which made possible the invasion of Normandy, then under German occupation.

Bosham figures on the so-called Bayeux "tapestry," the wonderful piece of contemporary needlework which the Nazis coveted in order to convince the Germans that England could be successfully invaded. Not far away, at the village of Battle, near Hastings, where William the Conqueror won his victory (page 436), the Trust has another holding.

Near Hastings, too, is Bodiam, dating from 1386, one of two medieval castles bequeathed to the Trust by the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, whose first wife was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter of Chicago. Bodiam, which occupies an exceptionally beautiful site, is surrounded by a moat.

Near Burwash in the same county is Bate-

mans, an early 17th-century Sussex ironmaster's house, for some years the home of Rudyard Kipling. One of the conditions on which this house was given to the Trust was that the author's study and library should always be kept exactly as he left them (page 434).

The house, which was the bequest of Mrs. Kipling, born American, lies several miles from the main roads. Since the income from tourists' fees would not be sufficient to maintain it, it is rented on the usual condition that it may be viewed by visitors at convenient hours.

The Trust owns some of those rare portions of the Sussex coast which have not been exploited by the speculative builder, notably part of the "Seven Sisters," near Eastbourne, magnificent chalk cliffs rising to about 200 feet. To see these white cliffs is to appreciate the obstacles the Germans had to find means of overcoming in their projected invasion of England in 1940.



© J. Dixon-Scott.

With White Chalk, "Seven Sisters" Write Sussex's Greetings to Aviators and Sailors

Just as these cliffs between Eastbourne and Seaford were about to go to speculative builders, the National Trust came to their rescue. England's limestone walls were a fortress when Hitler massed invasion barges. Wartime farmers plow the downs up to the precipices. In gaps like that to the left, smugglers used to land contraband. Famous Reachy Head, 536 feet high, juts out on the horizon.

These properties were acquired by public subscription. In addition to the land actually owned, the Trust has been instrumental in obtaining from owners of adjoining holdings perpetual covenants, binding on themselves and their successors, that no unsightly buildings shall ever be erected on their land. This form of amenity preservation, less costly than actual purchase, has been applied to other privately owned properties.

East of Sussex is the County of Kent, where Julius Caesar landed. He described the inhabitants as "the most civilized of all the Britons." Here the Trust owns Golden Hill near Canterbury. It was from this site that the famous cathedral with its shrine of St. Thomas à Becket first came into full view of the Pilgrims riding in procession from Southwark.

By an interesting coincidence, the Trust owns also a hostelry near the site of the start-

ing point of the Canterbury Pilgrims' journey—the George Inn at Southwark (page 431).

The last remaining specimen of its kind in England, this inn stands near Southwark Cathedral, with its Harvard Memorial Chapel, in the heart of south London. It is built around a quadrangle with quaint tiers of external galleries. It was presented by one of the great railroad companies, and is still operated as an inn under the landlordship of the Trust. It was mentioned by Charles Dickens in *Little Dorrit*.

Home of Wolfe, Conqueror of Canada

Just off the Pilgrims' Way in Kent is a stone gabled house at Westerham, one of the Trust's proudest possessions, now called Quebec House. This was the home of General James Wolfe, conqueror of Canada, whose career ended in his encounter with Montcalm and death on the Plains of Abraham.



© London Times

In This Four-poster Bed Slept Henry Ireton, Cromwell's General and Son-in-law

The room is part of Packwood House, a National Trust estate in Warwickshire celebrated for its yew garden (page 416). The modern radiator is an intruder beside stained-glass window, tapestry, and paneled walls. Conspicuously missing are the old days' bed curtains and brass-pan bed warmer.

Journeying westward through Surrey and Hampshire, the sight-seer traverses beautiful hill scenery belonging to the Trust—the highlands of Hindhead and Haslemere. On the Isle of Wight the Trust owns the old Town Hall of Newtown, the acquisition and restoration of which were paid for entirely by "Ferguson's Gang" (page 439), and a wide stretch of downland with magnificent cliffs presented by Lord Tennyson in memory of his famous father, Queen Victoria's poet laureate.*

In Hampshire, too, is another Trust property—some of the commons land bordering the New Forest, called "New" even in the days of King William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror. While hunting there in the year 1100, the "Red" king was slain.

Farther to the west, in Somerset, the Trust owns Glastonbury Tor, a conical hill overlooking the little town which, legend says, was visited by Joseph of Arimathea (page 433). The hill was the scene of the murder by Henry VIII of Abbot Richard Whiting of Glastonbury, who had opposed the king.

The view extends over the famed Isle of Avalon, the "holiest earth in England," trodden by St. Patrick, St. Dunstan, St. Bridget, and St. David, and includes medieval religious

buildings and the land on which grows the Glastonbury thorn, which blooms at Christmastime. This was once a place of pilgrimage from all the Christian world. Here King Arthur came to die—

To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

In the same county is one of the Trust's most extensive properties—Exmoor, including the famous Doone Valley described in R. D. Blackmore's novel, *Lorna Doone*; Dunkery and Selworthy Beacons, with some of the finest scenery in England; and Tarr Steps, the earliest surviving form of bridge in the country. Much of this property came from members of the Acland family, including Sir Richard Acland, founder of the new "Commonwealth" political party and a member of one of the oldest families of the district. It is a local saying that the inhabitants of this part of England consist of "men, women, and Aclands."

* See "England's Sun Trap Isle of Wight," by J. R. Hildebrand, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1935.



Tipical Press Agency

An Avebury Home Lazily Leans against Prehistory's Mammoth Megaliths

Avebury, the village, has been described as a "beautiful parasite grown up at the expense of the ancient temple," Avebury Circle. For centuries the Circle's stones, some weighing 60 tons, were quarried for houses, boundary markers, and roads. The National Trust protects those remaining. Their unbewn condition indicates they are older than Stonehenge's chiseled blocks (pages 414 and 417).

In Somerset also is Montacute, a splendid Elizabethan stone mansion scarcely altered since it was built in 1600 by Sir Edward Phelips, Speaker of the House of Commons. It was the munificent, and at the time anonymous, gift of Mr. E. E. Cook, of the travel firm, Thos. Cook & Son.

There is also Barrington Court, rather earlier in design and hardly less interesting and impressive. Barrington dates from the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. Henry gave many of the dispossessed religious houses to his followers, and the fortunes of numerous well-known landed families date from this time.

"Little Jack Horner," a Political Lampoon

A local West Country jingle runs:

Cromwell, Paget, Horner, and Thynne:
When the monks went out, you stepped in.

First of the Horners was the hero of the nursery rhyme:

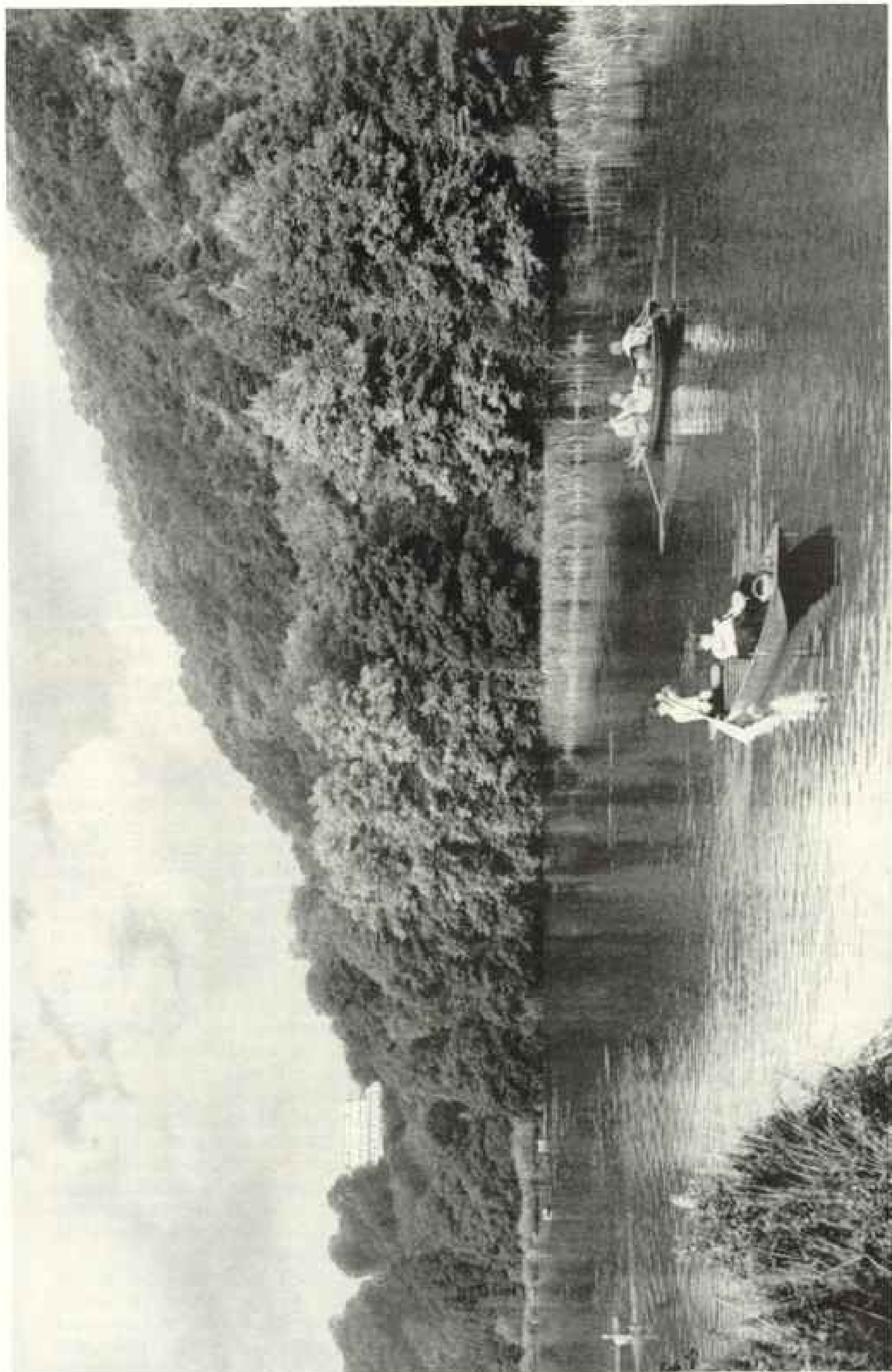
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

The political rhymester in those days could not be plain of speech for fear of the pillory, but his meaning was usually clear enough to his hearers. John Horner was one of the King's "reformers" who, in return for his services, received as a "plum" a slice of rich monastic land. Another John Horner, direct descendant of the original "Little Jack," still owns this Somerset "plum"—Mells Manor.

Also in Somerset the Trust owns Cheddar Cliffs, on the west side of the celebrated Gorge, a magnificent pass near the village that gives its name to the world-famous cheese.

Near Portisham, Dorset, the Trust owns with its surrounding land the monument erected to Admiral Thomas M. Hardy, to whom Admiral Lord Nelson spoke his dying words at Trafalgar. Dorset produced one of England's greatest novelists and poets, another Thomas Hardy, but few of the villagers have any knowledge of the writer, and "Hardy" to them always means the sailor.

In Devonshire the Trust's properties include stretches of coast and a part of the lovely village of Clovelly, with wonderful views over Bideford Bay (pages 424, 439). From this district came many of the seamen-adventurers



© Locke, Titton

On the Idyllic Thames, 50 River Miles from London's Turbid Waters, Picnickers Drive Their Puntts beside Cliveden Woods

In the distance stands Cliveden, famous for its owners, Lord and Lady Astor, and for their prominent guests. House, grounds, and an endowment have been given to the National Trust. American-born Lady Astor recently announced her intention to retire from the House of Commons (page 430).

who followed Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake in their voyages to the New World.

In Cornwall at Tintagel is an ancient post office. It dates from the 14th century, and the land around it is associated with the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The Trust has many beautiful properties in central England, notably in Worcestershire and Warwickshire. The latter is Shakespeare's county, but the poet's house and that of his wife, Anne Hathaway, do not belong to the Trust. Like Sulgrave Manor, the ancient home of the Washingtons, the ancestors of George Washington, these houses are owned by specific trusts.

Sulgrave, a 16th-century manor house, possesses a contemporary stone carving of the Washington coat of arms: three five-pointed stars, or mullets, above two stripes, or bars. The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America raised a permanent endowment for the house and is represented on the Sulgrave Manor Board. Old Glory floats over the house (pages 414 and 423).

George Bernard Shaw Quips on at Malvern

Not far away the National Trust owns a part of the Malvern Hills, famous in English literature since Langland's *Piers Plowman*. Posterity, however, may associate them with Shakespeare's modern self-appointed rival, George Bernard Shaw, since his plays form the staple diet of the annual Malvern Festival, and then the public gets its best opportunity of seeing him in person.

Modesty is not Mr. Shaw's outstanding trait, but he has his unassuming moments. On the occasion of one première he was called before the curtain for a speech by an enthusiastic audience. When the cheering had died down, a man in the gallery was heard to hiss. Shaw glanced up at him and said, "My friend, I entirely agree with you, but what are we among so many?"

The Malvern Hills are famous not only for their beauty but for their healthful climate. An old jingle goes:

All about the Malvern hill
A man may live as long as he will.

Mr. Shaw, now approaching 90 and still busily engaged in writing, is perhaps testing the truth of the assertion.

In Gloucestershire, so famed for its lovely scenery that a local saw has it, "God's in Gloucester," the Trust owns other fine properties, including the Roman villa at Chedworth already mentioned (page 423). Some of these

were the gifts of Prof. G. M. Trevelyan, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, himself a historian and a grandnephew of the famous historian Macaulay and one of the Trust's greatest benefactors. Others were purchased with donations from the Pilgrim Trust (438).

Near London the Trust's holdings are not numerous; in the city itself they are still fewer. Besides the George Inn (page 425, 431), the Trust owns the Chelsea home of Thomas Carlyle, author of the *French Revolution*. The old parish church, near by, greatly damaged during the bombings, has associations with Henry James.

Not far from London are properties at Stoke Poges, Ashridge Park, Aylesbury, Hatfield, Runnymede, and Beaconsfield. Ashridge is one of the great historic houses of England. The land around it is Trust property, but the house itself, separately owned, is a college for the training of would-be members of Parliament in Conservative politics. The college was founded in memory of the late Andrew Bonar Law, the first Canadian to become Prime Minister of England.

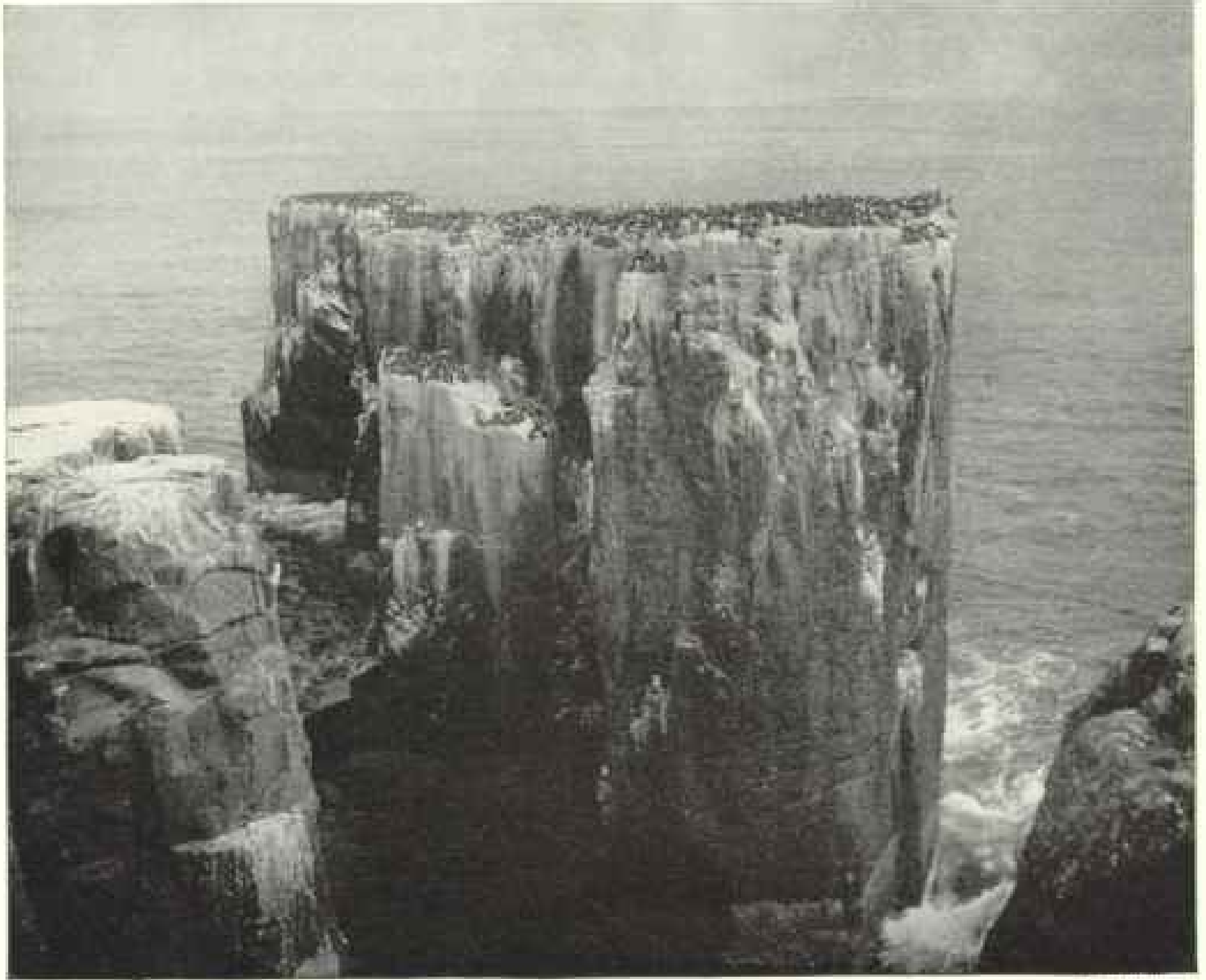
The churchyard of Stoke Poges is the scene of Gray's famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, considered by many the most technically perfect poem in the English language. Reciting the poem in his boat as he approached the Plains of Abraham to take Quebec, General Wolfe said he would rather have been its author than conqueror of Canada (page 425). Gray's Field, on which stands a monument to the poet, adjoins the churchyard. The field is owned by the Trust.

At Aylesbury the Trust has one of the oldest of English inns, the King's Head, dating partly from the 15th century and still in use. Some of the original window glass is still intact, and is among the earliest known in a secular building.*

Queen Elizabeth's childhood home was old Hatfield House, just north of London, the seat of Lord Salisbury. At Hatfield there is considerable forest in Trust ownership. This was maintained as a deer park from Tudor times till as recently as 1915.

Runnymede is one of the most interesting of all the Trust's properties. A small island in the Thames a few miles from Windsor and the adjacent river banks form the background of the historic *sealing*—not *signing*—of the Magna Carta by King John in 1215. As his acknowledgment and authentication of the document, the King's seal was impressed on the wax attached to a number of copies.

* See "Visits to the Old Inns of England," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, March, 1931.



York and Sea

Murres Form a Thick, Living Carpet on Their Wave-lashed Penthouse in the North Sea

Lonely Farne Islands are 30 bits of the several thousand British Isles. Virtually uninhabited now, the Farnes have had celebrated tenants. To one went St. Cuthbert, 7th-century evangelist, as a hermit. From another Grace Darling rescued nine persons shipwrecked in 1838. This basaltic column is also the home of a few kittiwakes (white heads, right). The National Trust, as owner of their sanctuary, protects them.

There is no single original. A number were written and made by the monks, to be held by religious and civic authorities in different parts of the country. Four of these survive, all approximately of equal value.

One, the best, for it was executed in a more finished manner, is in the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. Since the New York World's Fair of 1939-1940, at which it was on exhibition, it has been left in America, because its owners, the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln Cathedral, fear the risk of having it returned to England in wartime.

Magna Carta Has Modern Message

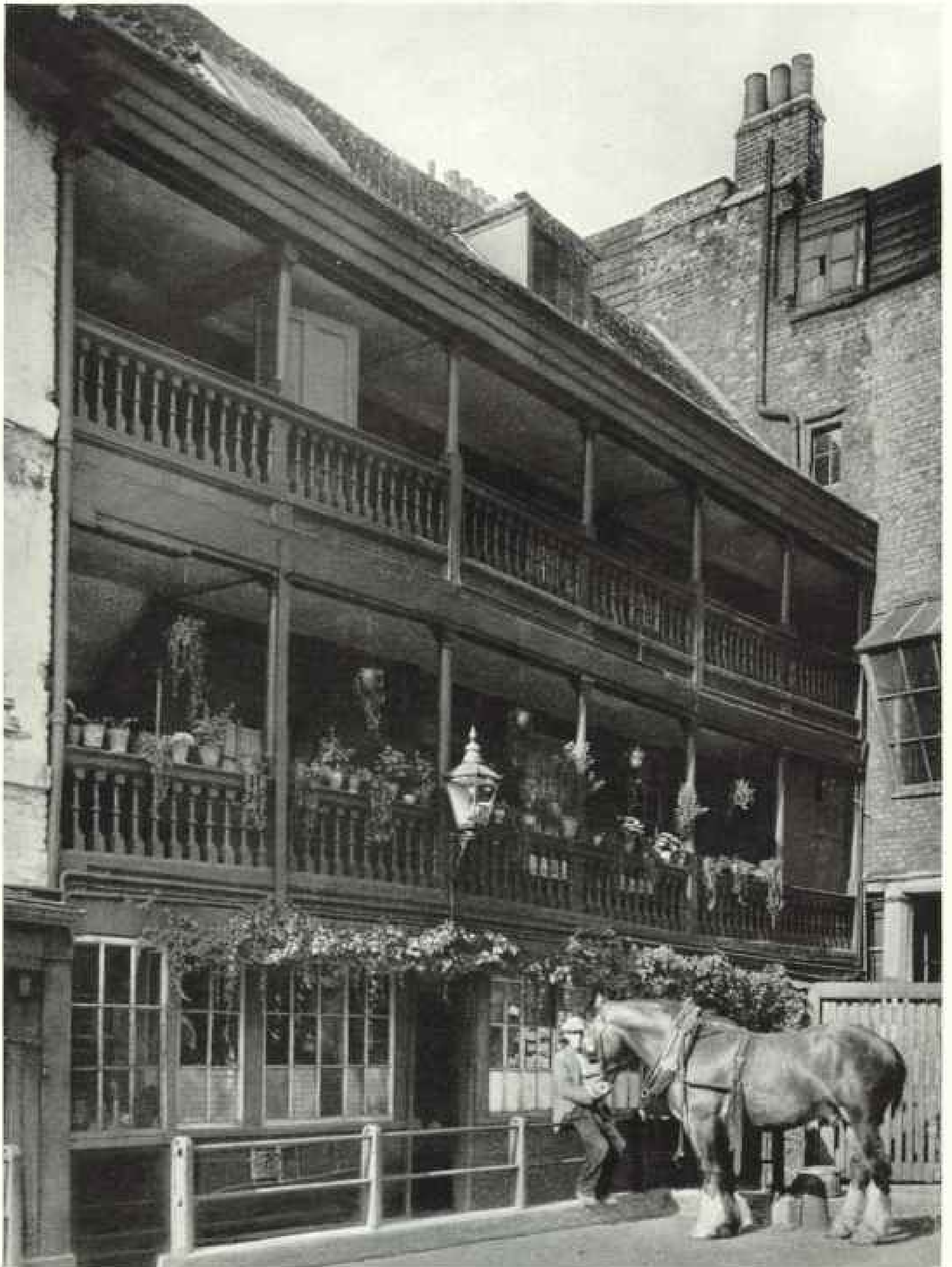
The historic meads of nearly two hundred acres, being near London, were in danger of being sold as a site for week-end cottages when Lady Fairhaven and her two sons bought and presented them to the Trust in memory of her husband. Lady Fairhaven was an

American, Miss Cara Leland Rogers of New York.

Magna Carta contains many clauses which have significance for the events of our time. There is one in which all English-speaking people can take pride and the universal application of which would change the face of the earth: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice."

Also on the Thames is the famous estate of Cliveden, with a mile-long river frontage of magnificent woods (page 428). This is one of the most recent and most valuable of gifts to the Trust.

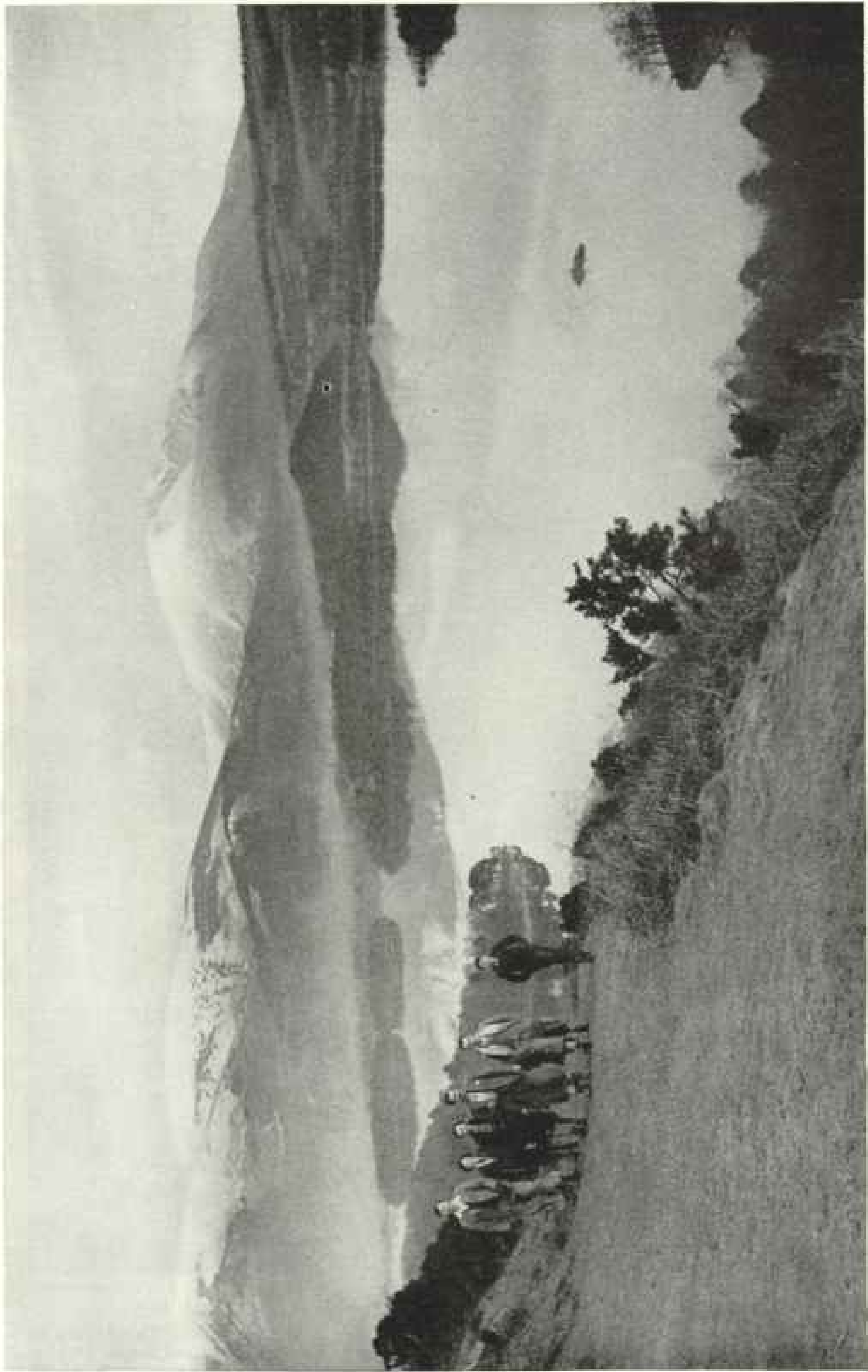
It, too, has American connections, in that the donors are Lord and Lady Astor. It was at the first Cliveden, then owned by Frederick, Prince of Wales, that the strains of *Rule Britannia* were first heard in a masque performed in the garden. The present mansion dates from 1849.



© British Council

Centuries-old George Inn Preserves the Aura of London's Stagecoach Days

Originally the St. George and the Dragon, it stands in Southwark, a district south of the Thames once so convenient to Dover and Canterbury travelers that it contained more hostleries than homes and shops. Dickens mentions it in *Little Dorrit*. This National Trust property is London's last galleried inn, where stages used to load.



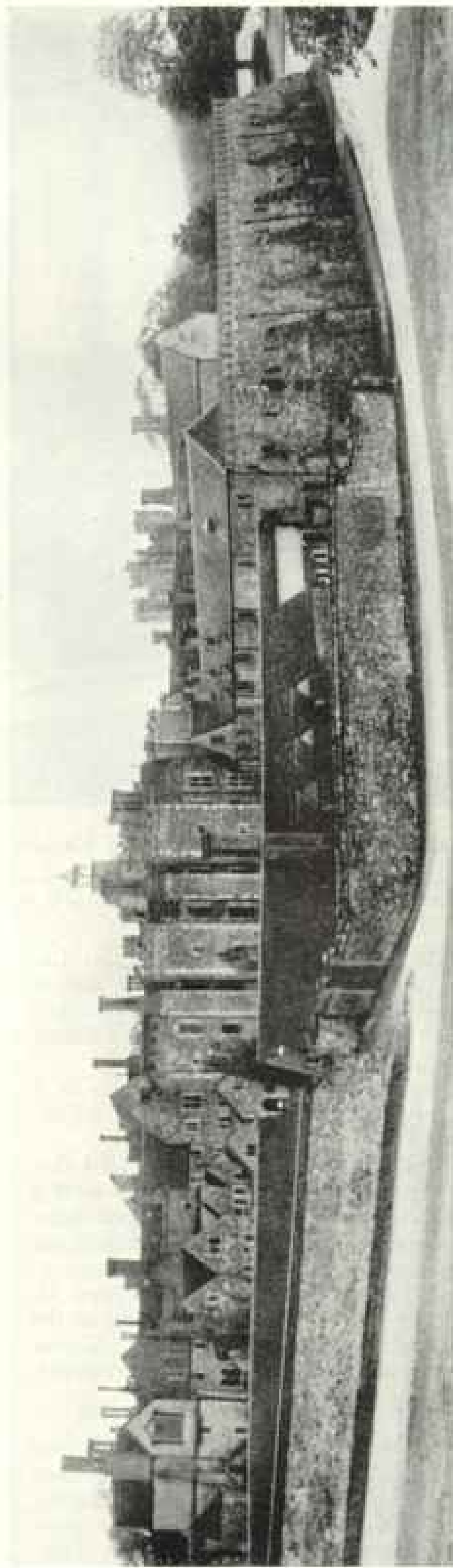
Derwent Water, a Misty, Island-studded Gem of the Lake District, Reflects the Snows of Skiddaw (3,953 feet) and Saddleback (Right)

Celebrated by the "Lake school"—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey—the district contains a wildness and grandeur unrivaled in England. Commercial exploitation threatened until the National Trust intervened. In 1933 a rock climbers' club contributed the tops of a dozen peaks as a memorial to its war dead. Behind these hikers lies Keswick, a convenient exploration center (pages 415 and 438).

E. W. Tufts



Glastonbury Tor, Crowned by the Ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, Towers above the Earliest Christian Foundations in England
 The town of Glastonbury is associated with legends of St. Joseph of Arimathea, King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, and the Holy Grail (page 426).



365 Rooms, One for Each Day, Has Knole, a Castle Surrounded by Park and 7-mile Wall, near Sevenoaks, Kent
 So rambling is Lord Sackville's four-acre mansion that finding the shortest course from room to room sometimes puzzles lifetime residents (page 414).

© London Times



© London Times

Kipling's Library Is Preserved Exactly as He Left It on His Death in 1936

A tenant occupies this National Trust property, as tourist fees do not support it. Its surroundings are reflected in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Born (1865) in Bombay, he is buried in Westminster (page 424).

Cliveden was used as a hospital for Canadians during the war of 1914-18 and is again in like occupation. In a woodland glade in the park is a beautiful little military cemetery.

The future use of Cliveden will be as a center for promoting Anglo-American friendship and understanding.

The wealthy are now so heavily taxed that only a big institution could afford to lease a place of this size. Consequently, Lord Astor has given with the house and its magnificent park and grounds a large sum of money to maintain them, and it has further been arranged that there shall be no building on the slopes running down to the Thames and that the great avenues of trees shall be preserved.

American Generosity to the Rescue

Every Prime Minister in the last half century left office a far poorer man than when he assumed it. Number 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's London house, is practically a Government office; and it is desir-

able that the Prime Minister should get into the country at week ends for recreation and entertainment of overseas guests. But no Prime Minister in recent years could afford a country house of sufficient dimensions.

Again American generosity filled the breach. Some years ago Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham—she an American—purchased the historic Chequers in Buckinghamshire and presented it to the Nation as a country home for Prime Ministers during their tenure. It is here that Winston Churchill entertains distinguished guests.

A similar gift in the same county was made to the National Trust by Sir Courtauld Thomson—a fine Queen Anne house, Dorneywood, at present used as a hostel for Allied officers. Associated with Sir Courtauld in the gift was his sister, Mrs. Kenneth Grahame, widow of the author of *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Golden Age*. After the war Dorneywood is to be a home for a Minister of the Crown other than the Prime Minister and will probably be occupied from time to time by the



© London Times

A Shrine to Izaak Walton, the "Compleat Angler," Is the Dove in Which He Fished

Here Walton, a rambler for the last 40 years of his life (1593-1683), frequently visited Charles Cotton, a brother angler. Dove-dale, the limestone glen, divides Derbyshire and Staffordshire. It passes for the "Happy Valley" of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*. The National Trust owns or protects several thousand acres hereabouts (page 438).

Chancellor of the Exchequer or by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

It has been stipulated by the donors that if these officials do not make use of it, Dorney-wood may be offered next to the American Ambassador in London or to the Lord Mayor. The donors have also given sufficient money to maintain the house and to provide hospitality down to the last detail—for food, wine, tobacco, newspapers, motorcars, and all personal expenses, so that the occupancy of the tenant shall cost him nothing at all.

Land of William Penn

Not far away, at Beaconsfield, the Trust owns land in a district associated with William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, and Benjamin Disraeli, the first Jew to become Prime Minister of England.

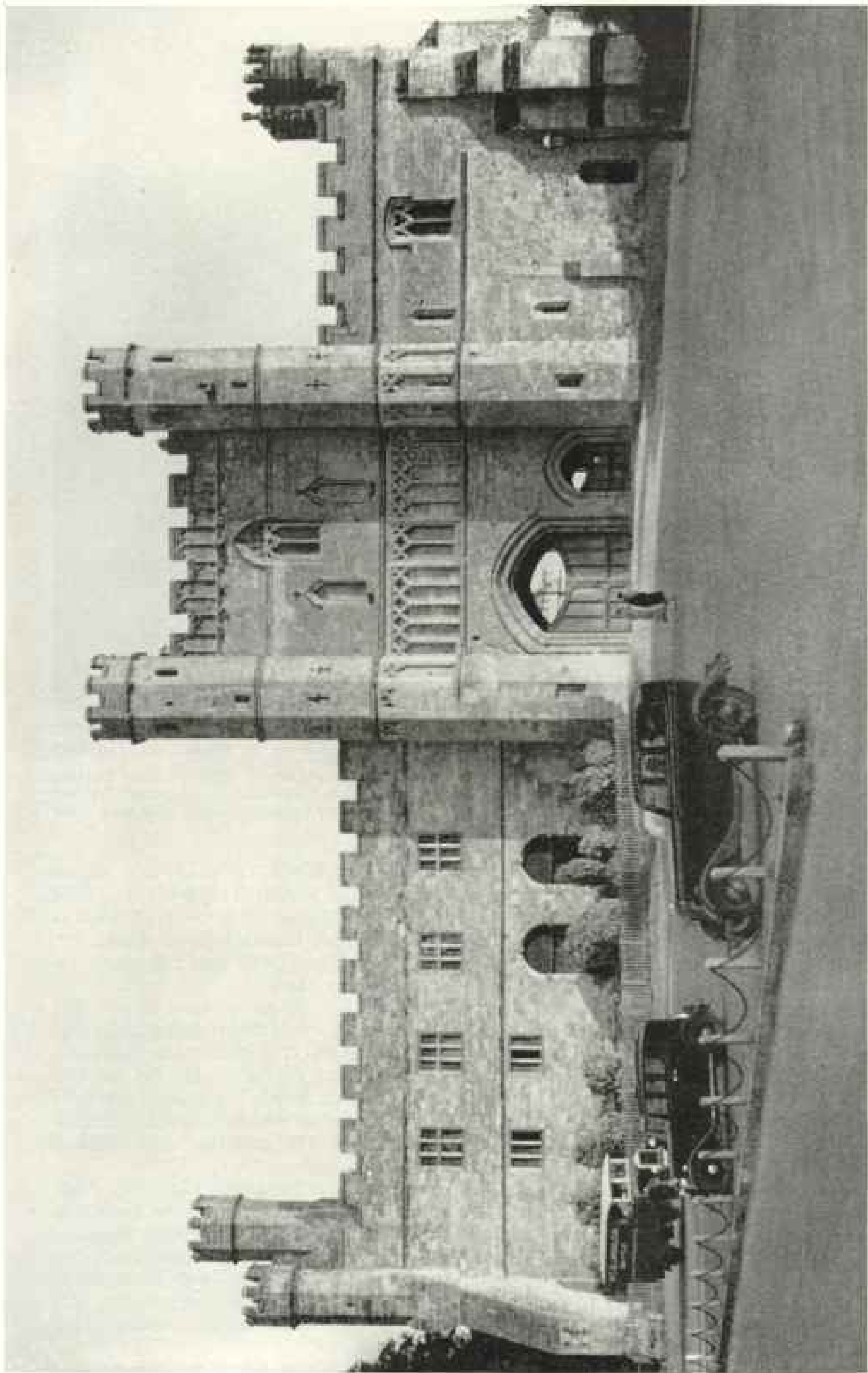
A few miles south of London, near Chislehurst, where the Emperor Napoleon III took refuge with his wife after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, the Trust owns an attractive

property, Pett's Wood, on which is a memorial to William Willett (1856-1915). Like Stephen Tyng Mather (page 413), Willett is one of the real benefactors of humanity, though it is to be feared that not many remember even his name.

He was the founder of "summer time." For years he advocated daylight saving to benefit the farmer and the city worker after hours by giving them more daylight. He did not live to see his aim achieved, but shortly after his death the practice was adopted by Act of Parliament, and other countries soon followed the British example.

At the village of Sutton at Hone, the Trust owns the interesting moated house known as St. John's Jerusalem, thus preserving the name of that great order which once owned religious houses throughout Europe—two thousand in England alone. This was the generous gift of Sir Stephen Tallents, an eminent civil servant.

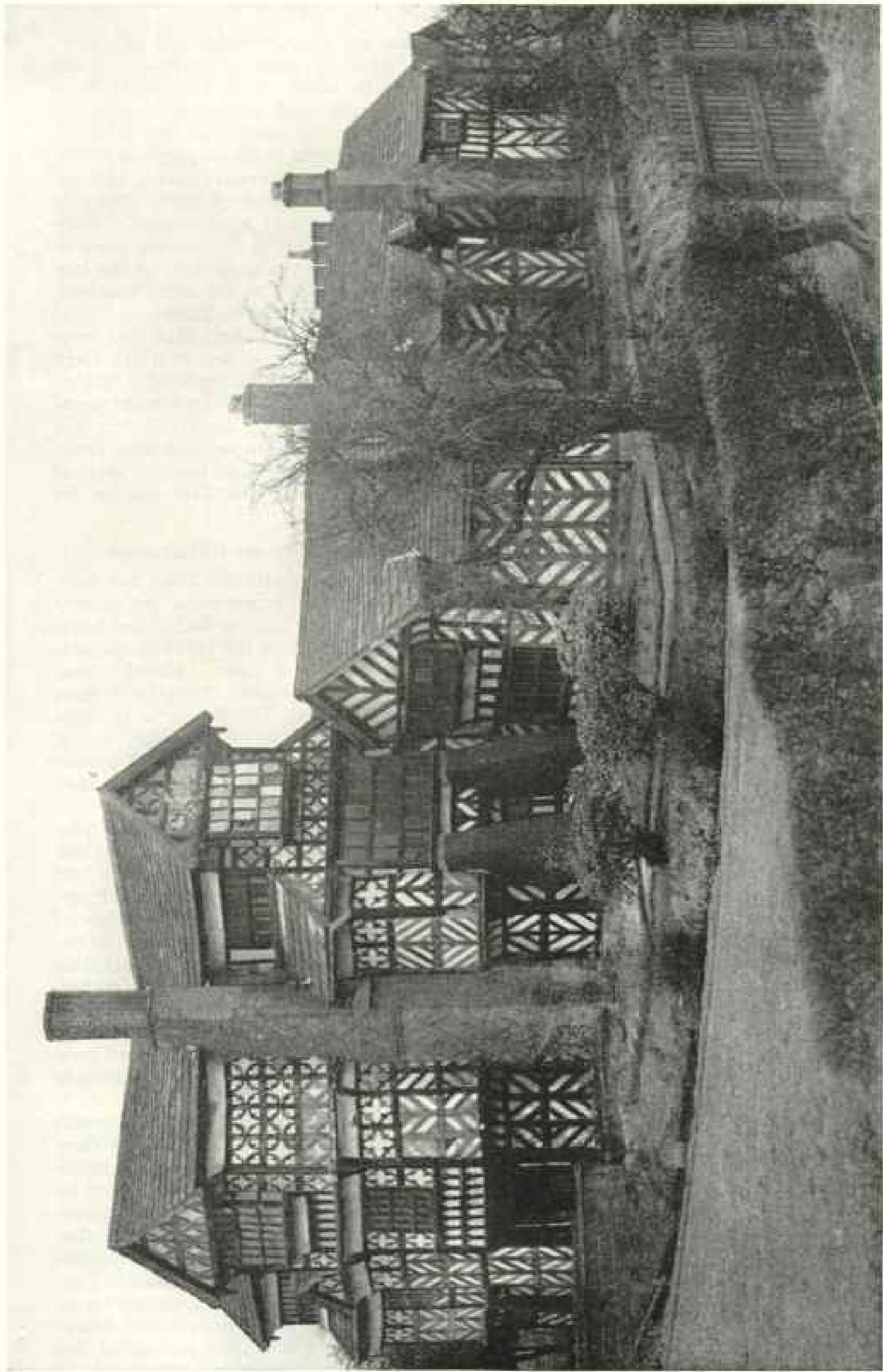
In medieval times the house offered free



HER PHOTOGRAPHER MARION OWEN WILLIAMS

William the Conqueror's Own Monument to the Norman Conquest Is Battle Abbey

It represents the fulfillment of his vow made during the Battle of Hastings, or Senlac, in 1066. In the grounds, a ruined altar marks the spot where King Harold is believed to have fallen. The Abbey, now a girls' school, stands at the foot of the main street in the village of Battle, Sussex. This is the 14th-century, double-arched gatehouse (page 424).



© Ladbroke Trustees

Moreton Old Hall, Proudly Preserving Its Obsolete Motif, Is an Outstanding Example of Cheshire Black-and-white Style

Exposed timbers are lined with plaster. Style decrees that each upper story project beyond the one below. Tradition says Queen Elizabeth danced in this 16th-century mansion near Congleton. A reputed descendant of the original owners takes care of it for the National Trust.

entertainment for three days to all travelers. An 18th-century owner was Edward Hasted who, planning to dedicate his *magnum opus* to the King, consulted a friend as to its inscription. The friend suggested he should address the King as "Sir" and not as "Sire"—"for the latter word would, in my opinion, be improper unless you was writing in French or speaking to a stallion."

Anne Boleyn's Ghost Walks at Blickling

Of many Trust properties in the east of England the most notable is Blickling Hall, a magnificent early Jacobean mansion which, with more than 4,500 acres of land and most of its contents, was bequeathed by the late Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to the United States and for many years an active member of the Trust's Executive Committee. The estate was once the home of Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII, and her ghost, bearing its decapitated head under an arm, is said still to haunt the purlieus (page 416).

Not far away, in Cambridgeshire, is quite a different kind of property—Wicken Fen—an expanse of wild country used as a nature reserve. Here in their native surroundings live certain insects, birds, and flowers, some of which are in danger of extinction elsewhere in the country.

The Trust owns other nature reserves, one of the most beautiful of them the Farne Islands, off the northeast coast, rife with memories of St. Cuthbert and the early years of Christianity, and of the heroine Grace Darling. Here are sea birds, seals, and other maritime creatures (page 430).

In the north of England is situated the most extensive of all the Trust's holdings—a large part of the famous Lake District.

If England should one day adopt the American system of national parks, it is likely that the Lake District would be the first park. Here the Trust owns or protects more than 30,000 acres of magnificent lake and mountain scenery, comprising some 60 or more distinct properties. These consist of land adjacent to the beautiful lakes of Buttermere, Derwent Water, Coniston Water, Ullswater, Grasmere, and Windermere. They extend over a large part of the counties of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland (pages 415, 432).

Where "Peter Rabbit" Lived

One of the most interesting is Hill Top Farm, close to the village of Near Sawrey. This was the gift of Beatrix Potter, author of the *Peter Rabbit* books, the scene of which is laid here.

The district is also associated with Words-

worth, Southey, and Coleridge, and with John Ruskin. Most of these properties were acquired as the result of public appeal to a large number of small contributors.

Somewhat farther south is another series of estates which might form a national park: they are also of exceptional beauty, and are clustered around Dovedale, a lovely river valley in Derbyshire and Staffordshire. They have all been acquired in the last ten years or so, chiefly through the generosity of the late Sir Robert McDougall, an industrial magnate, and grants from the Pilgrim Trust.

One of the properties, Ilam Hall, has been converted into a youth hostel, of which there are now many in various parts of England. Dovedale is associated with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who found in it the inspiration for the "Happy Valley" of *Rasselas*, and with Izaak Walton, who got the material for his *Compleat Angler* while enacting the title role on its banks (page 435).

The Trust a Private Philanthropy

The work of the National Trust has been to raise by public subscription the money necessary to acquire historic houses and beautiful countryside before the building speculator gets possession of them. Money comes mainly from two sources: membership dues and large donations. The Trust has received no money from the National Treasury, but is dependent entirely on the support of public-spirited individuals. Far the greater number of its large staff of helpers are unpaid.

There are some thousands of members who pay annual dues, the minimum being a guinea (about \$4.25) and the average perhaps half as much again. Associates, juveniles, or persons of smaller resources pay a minimum of half a crown (50 cents) per annum. Members have certain valued privileges, including free entry to lectures and other social gatherings, and especially the right to visit any of the Trust's properties without payment of the admission fee demanded from the general public. Membership is open to all, temporary visitors from overseas included.

Occasionally the Trust has received grants from charitable organizations, some of them of American origin. Notable among the American givers is the Pilgrim Trust, endowed by the late Edward S. Harkness, the benefactor of Harvard and Yale Universities and other educational institutions. Since its foundation in 1930, the Pilgrim Trust has donated in England some \$376,000 for the preservation of churches, \$550,000 for other national monuments, and nearly \$500,000 for saving the countryside. This American cooperation is



© J. Dixon-Smith

Everybody Enjoys Clovelly Except the Sad Little Donkeys That Climb Its Cliffs

From cliff to cove, Clovelly is a single, dizzy main street dropping 400 feet in staircase stages. No two houses occupy exactly the same level. Owning part of the hills, the National Trust excludes unwelcome enterprises. The inn, with its propped-up gallery, is a private undertaking (page 424).

greatly appreciated by the Trust, officers and members alike.

Private individuals in England have also given large sums. When it becomes necessary to purchase a property of substantial value, the Trust makes an appeal either to the general public or to its wealthier members. All classes have contributed, gifts ranging from one in excess of half a million dollars to a vast number of only a few pennies.

"Ferguson's Gang" Helps in the Pinches

An amusing instance of the assistance rendered by penny donations is seen in the mysterious activities of an anonymous group known as "Ferguson's Gang." No one is aware of the identity of the members of Ferguson's Gang, and only the secretary of the Trust knows who "Ferguson" himself is, though the chief of the "gangsters" has broadcast to the British public in a surprisingly cultured voice!

Some years ago the Trust made an appeal for funds to preserve an old town hall which was about to be torn down. The money had to be obtained quickly. In the nick of time a masked man, his collar turned up, his cap drawn down, arrived at the Trust's office and asked to see the secretary. He gave his name as "Ferguson." After flinging on the table a heavy sack of coins which he indicated was to save the old town hall, he disappeared. From that day the "gang" has been actively concerned on several occasions with finding the last few pounds needed to save some historic or beauty spot dear to the people.

The Trust's Council, partly elected by members and partly nominated by universities, the Royal Academy, and other distinguished associations, has listed in its membership many well-known people. The present chairman of the Executive Committee is the Marquess of Zetland, a former Cabinet Minister and eminent man of letters, with a fine record of pub-



© London Times

Great Chalfield Shows the Dignified Comforts of a 15th-century Wiltshire Manor House

Logs are stacked before the fireplace, center of English family life as it was in olden times. Stands beneath the screen still serve the refectory tables. The old-time minstrels' gallery (above) may be used occasionally now by an orchestra. A grandfather clock ticks in the corner of this National Trust property.

lic service. The affairs of individual properties are managed by voluntary local committees assisted by paid advisers.

Many gifts to the Trust have consisted of the properties themselves, but the Trust is often not in a position to accept even a gift. It has first to be assured that the property can be maintained so as to pay its way. A country estate, for instance, can hardly be accepted unless its cultivation will yield a fair return to farmer renters. Though of tourist interest, a house may be so remotely situated that few people can visit it. Wages of caretakers and cost of repairs and maintenance make the Trust wary of taking over a building that is likely to stand empty.

For many years before the present war taxation for social services had been so heavy in England that historic homes were being given up one by one. After the war few great

houses are likely to remain the property of their present owners, though in many cases they have been family seats for centuries.

The Trust, however, has devised a plan by which families may continue to live in their ancestral homes without excessive financial burden. The owner gives his house to the National Trust in perpetuity and in return he, or his eldest son in succession, has the first refusal to take the house as tenant. If he is unable to accept the offer, the house is available to others. The tenant must arrange to show the property to visitors at reasonable hours, and any profit from this accrues to the Trust, which receives special treatment in the way of taxation.

For numerous articles and photographs of England, consult the Cumulative Index, 1899-1944, to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. Also see the 10-color Map Supplement of the British Isles, issued with THE GEOGRAPHIC of June, 1937.

South from Saipan

BY W. ROBERT MOORE

Editorial Staff Correspondent in the Pacific

AS WE flew in to Saipan and circled for a landing, I was amazed at the picture beneath us, so used had I become to the tiny flat islands in the atolls of the Gilbert and Marshall groups.*

Here were expanses of green fields, mountains, and high rolling terrain which appeared much like the cane-covered lands of Hawaii, but with mountains on a somewhat smaller scale.

Just to the south, across a three-mile channel, flatter Tinian sprawled vivid green in the brilliant sunlight (map, page 447).

Until a few months ago, these Marianas land patches were a jealously guarded portion of Japan's island empire that few Americans had ever seen. Now U. S. forces swarm the islands.

By ripping these bastions from enemy control, our Central Pacific Command has gained bases of sufficient size to mount powerful air and sea blows against the very heart of Japan, only 1,500 miles away (pages 448-9).

Almost in the center of Saipan, Mount Tapotchau humps its back against the sky to a height of 1,555 feet. It seems higher, so steep are its sides. Around its green slopes much tough fighting took place in smashing the desperate Japanese resistance.

Tank Battles at "Hell's Pocket"

Grim "Hell's Pocket," a constricted depression high in the hills at its southeastern flank, was a bloody arena for bitter tank battles. The ravine is less than a mile long and only about one-third as wide; so tank crews had to slug it out at point-blank range. Many wrecks, both Japanese and our own, lie rusting amid growing cane that now largely conceals them.

Just to reach this area our tanks had to mount the hills through a narrow, twisting defile upon which the Japs could train a murderous barrage.

Despite new growth, one can also see flame-seared trees and white patches of bare rock on the cliffs where even more fantastic fighting went on. Retreating, the Japs holed up in numerous natural and man-improved caves in the coral rock, and, guarding their entrances with mortar and machine guns, held doggedly on until our troops either burned them out with flame throwers or blasted the entrances with heavy demolition charges.

Sporadic fighting still continued. Small remnants of the Japanese garrison lurked in

scattered caves at the northern end of the island.

Often, during my stay, heavy blasts and pillars of smoke marked the sealing of more of their hideouts. Mortars banged and machine guns chattered in the hills and around the cliffs. A few hungry prisoners were brought into camp.

In the earlier stages of the campaign, the large civilian population likewise sought refuge in these caves from our intensive bombings and shellfire.

Overall, Saipan is roughly 15 miles long by 6 miles wide. Much of its eastern and northern part is a series of hills and rolling plateaus which tilt sharply down to narrow coastal flats or end abruptly in high cliffs that drop sheer to the sea (Plate II).

The southern and western areas of the island, however, are much flatter and the land levels off into a coastal plain. On the southern end the Japanese built their biggest airfield, Aslito. Since we won it, we have not only changed its name to Isely Field, but have made extensions which will give the Tokyo war lords an unending succession of headaches.

"Japan Bombed by Large Formations of B-29's" is a news item you will read with almost daily regularity throughout the rest of the bitter Pacific struggle (pages 444-5).

Superforts Bomb Japan from Saipan

Much toil and sweat lies behind such communiqués. Here, and at Tinian and Guam, I watched men with heavy machines working day and night to complete operational bases for our newly organized Twenty-first Bomber Command, which flies the giant Superfortresses.

A whole mountainside was ripped away to provide coral rock for runways, revetments, and all-weather roads lacing this island.

Day by day more and more of the silvery dreadnoughts of the sky came winging in to be groomed for the task of battering Nippon's war facilities at their source—Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, Yokosuka Naval Base, and others. All Japan is now within range of the B-29 bomb-sights!

* See "Gilbert Islands in the Wake of Battle," by W. Robert Moore, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, February, 1945; "War Finds Its Way to Gilbert Islands," by Sir Arthur Grimble, January, 1943; "Hidden Key to the Pacific," by Willard Price, June, 1942.



U. S. Army Air Forces, Official

Jap Cart as Chariot, the Crew of "Waddy's Wagon" Re-enact Caricatures on Their B-29

Under the leadership of Capt. Walter R. ("Waddy") Young, former All-American football end at Oklahoma University, they are all set to fly their Superfortress to Japan. "Waddy's Wagon" took part in the historic first Tokyo mission from Saipan on November 24, 1944, and was reported missing in January, 1945.

Almost daily, too, heavily laden Liberators waddled to airstrips and took off to pound the Bonins and other targets.

Against these ever-increasing air threats the jittery Japanese tried to retaliate. After long silence, our air-raid alarms began wailing as Jap bombers came over.

In the years that the Japanese held the Marianas, they had converted both Saipan and Tinian into vast fields of sugar cane. Huge mills on both islands annually squeezed out millions of yens' worth of sugar.

The mills aren't working now! Our bombers in pre-invasion strikes halted operations right in the midst of the cutting. Strewn about some of the areas are broken cars that carried cane to the mills over narrow-gauge tracks. I found many of these cars still loaded with blackened, rotted stalks. The mills themselves are skeletons of structural iron and masses of broken machinery. You couldn't find a more complete mess even in a junk pile.

By odd circumstance, despite its pummeling, the stack of the mill at Charankanoa on the west coast of Saipan still stands. When the Second and Fourth Marine Divisions and the 27th Army Division launched their amphibious attack against the island on June 15, 1944 (Saipan time), landing forces stormed the beaches just south of that milling area. In some of the fighting that followed, one of our men perched precariously on the stack to direct our gunfire with a walkie-talkie!

Throughout the campaign on Saipan, when we sliced across the island and then drove the Japs northward to Marpi Point, much of the fighting was tough slogging through fields of tall cane. So, too, was the conquest of Tinian.

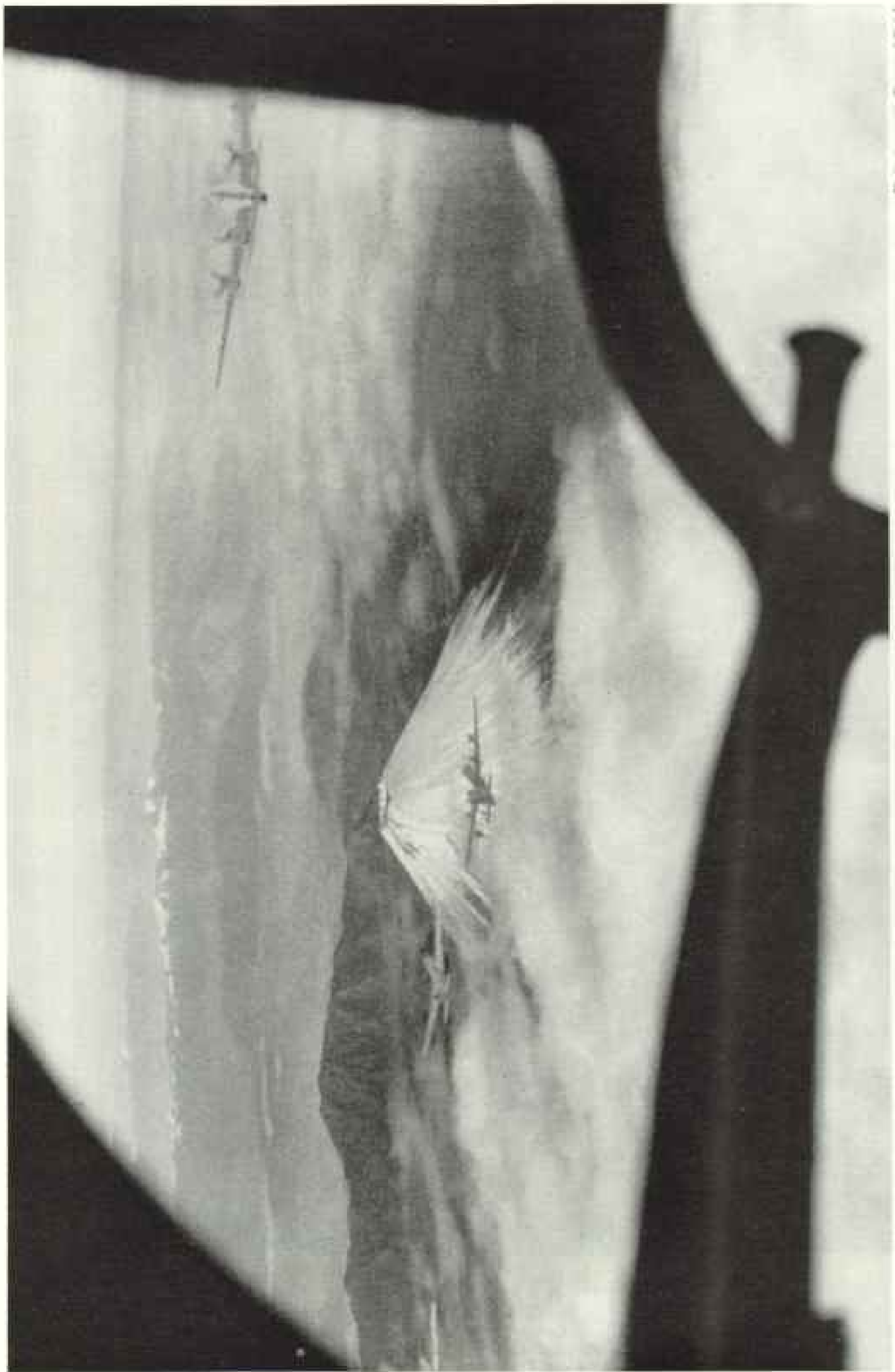
During peacetime years when the cane cultivation was being expanded, the South Seas Development Company imported thousands of persons to both islands to do the work. By far the majority were Okinawans, whose homeland was in the Nansei Islands (Ryukyu



U. S. Army Air Force, Official

Across These Cane-patterned Islands Yanks Outmaneuvered and Outfought the Japs

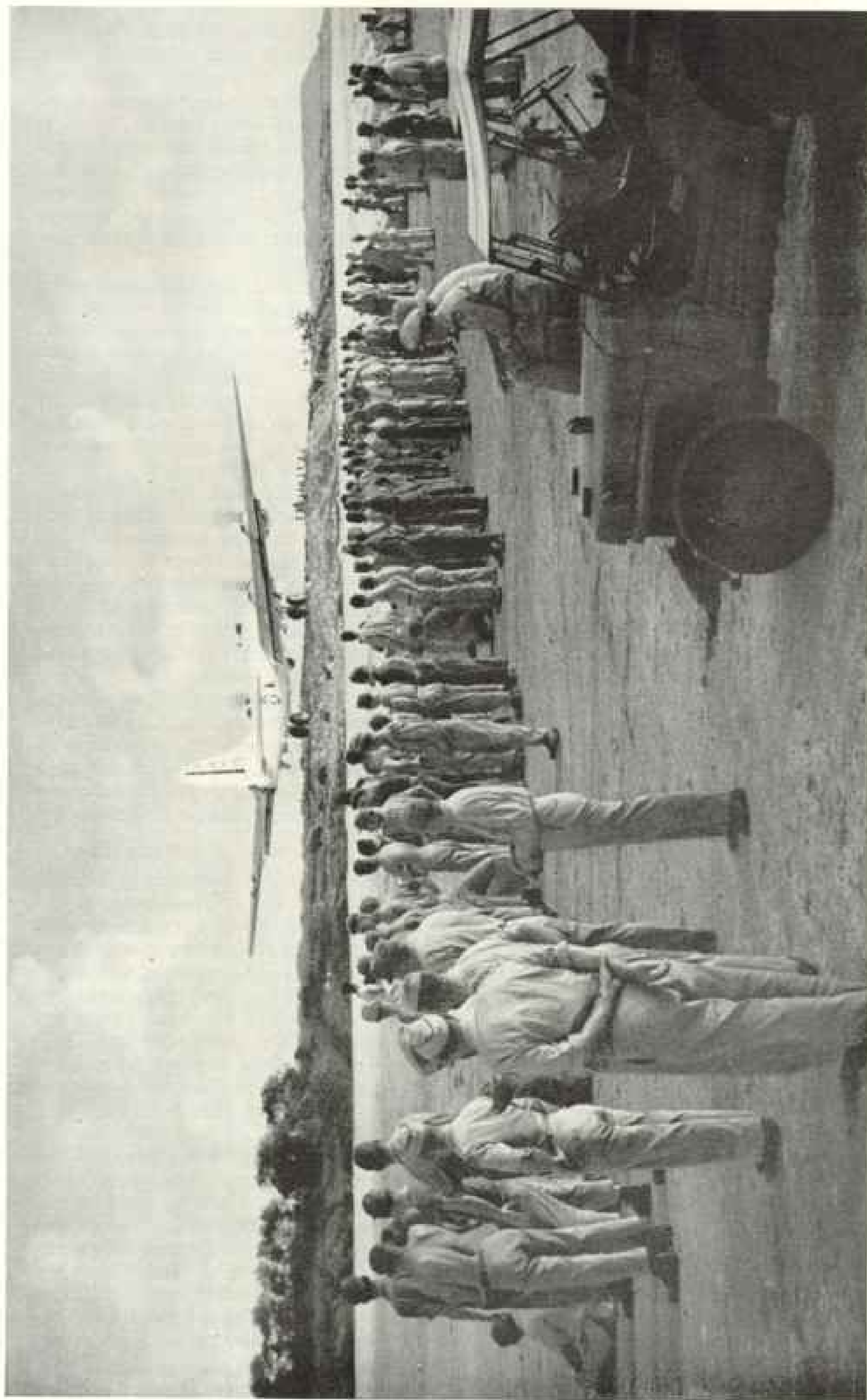
Saipan and near-by Tinian here lie far below 7th Air Force planes on a pre-invasion bombing mission. A distance of about 26 miles is seen. Below is a Jap fighter strip. Saipan's largest airfield, Asito (now called Isely Field), is concealed by clouds (upper left), as is much of Garapan and Tanapag Harbor (center right). Dark areas breaking the cane fields are bush-covered cliffs.



Seen Through the "Sun-parlor" Nose of a Superfortress, Four Other B-29's Roar Toward Mount Fuji on Their Trek to Tokyo

The sacred mountain of the Japanese serves our bomber crews, flying over the main island of Honshu, as a convenient guidepost. Its symmetrical cone, towering 17,388 feet high, rises 60 miles southwest of Tokyo and 100 miles east of Nagoya. During summer months most of Fuji's snow crown melts away.

U. S. Army Air Forces. (10044)



U. S. Army Air Photo, Oahu

Aviation Engineers and Ground Crewmen on Saipan Eagerly Watch a Superfortress Take Off for Tokyo

Runways are built of coral cut from a near-by mountainside. Our advance across the Pacific has been speeded by the use of coral for quick construction of airways. On many islands fresh coral is scooped directly from the reef and rolled onto the airstrips. Wet with salt water, it cements together into a hard, firm surface.

Retto), south of Japan proper.* Some Korean laborers also were brought here on enticing promises, but the conditions amounted to little more than slave labor.

Jap Civilians Present Problem

With our conquest of the Marianas we thus had our first experience in dealing with a large civilian Japanese population (Plates VIII, IX).

Today nearly 18,000 of these people, including 2,157 more friendly native Chamorros and 800 Carolinians, are gathered in our Military Government camp on Saipan. Eleven thousand others are on Tinian.

Surprisingly enough, our Military Government officers found few families from the main islands of Japan. Of the nearly 13,000 Japanese on Saipan, approximately 80 percent are Okinawas; apparently many of the others, particularly the womenfolk, were evacuated before our arrival.

"Taking care of these people has been like moving into an area after an earthquake," commented one of the Military Government officials with whom I talked. "It was far from getting them back to business as usual, with only a few minor adjustments. There were no houses, no government, no nothing. We had to start from *less than scratch*."

During the hellish days of furious fighting here, virtually every home, shop, and other structure was smashed to pieces. The settlement about the sugar mill at Charankanoa and the sizable capital town of Garapan were crushed into heaps of rubble.

Consequently, as the civilians began trickling through our battle lines, there was no place to put them save in open camps.

Here, too, we had our first experience in the potency of Japanese military propaganda. When our troops forced the Japanese toward the northern part of the island, civilians first flung their children, then themselves, off the cliffs at Marpi Point or drowned themselves in the sea. They had been told that the American "devils" would torture and slaughter them.

Only a comparatively small number, however, took such a dramatic means of escape. But thousands did cower in caves, long refusing to give themselves up, even when urged over loud-speakers to do so. Some, too, whether they wished to surrender or not, were unable to do so because Jap soldiers held them at rifle point. A number of these were shot by the fanatical troops.

By July 9, however, when the island was declared secure, some 10,000 civilians had been rounded up. The other 8,000 have been

taken since, many giving up when their own relatives and friends in camp asked to go back to the hills to tell of the treatment being given by our Military Government. Even yet stragglers are still being found.

Hundreds of these people had been injured in the fighting. Many also suffered from disease and malnutrition. Numerous youngsters that I saw in the hospitals were hardly more than skin and bones, so long had their parents held out in the hills.

When I visited the camp, all seemed to be cooperative and in good humor. They had shelter and food, and all able-bodied adults were at work. True, the houses were a temporary patchwork of corrugated iron, matting, and thatch, but better housing facilities are being built from salvaged materials. In the main, they are being fed on captured rice, fish sauce, and other Jap supplies.

The Japanese, Koreans, and Chamorros have their own separate camps. Much of their internal governing is done by representatives appointed from their own numbers, who function under Military Government observation. They even have their own police force!

In a small building which serves as Japanese police headquarters, I saw the men painstakingly learning the alphabet and writing it down on paper as a young Nisei (American-born Japanese) military instructor chalked the letters on the blackboard. As they wrote, I noticed that all held their pencils in the same manner in which they had been trained to use the brush in writing Japanese characters.

Chamorros Freed of Jap Restrictions

Chamorro police are particularly efficient and colorful (page 451). Their badge of distinction, aside from the tin hats they wear, is a shoulder patch on their white skivvy shirts. Against a circular red background and above a black base is a white pillar, characteristic of the ancient rock pillars found on Tinian and in other Chamorro communities (Plate XVI).

"It is our symbol of strength," explained the chieftain who was drilling the recruits.

Racially, these native Chamorros are a mixture of Indonesian stock with some Spanish and Philippine Tagalog blood. Many of the older people speak Spanish, and all are Catholics. In recent years, however, the Japanese had not only denied them full freedom of worship, but had continually tightened the restrictions over these proud folk. Today they feel that a measure of liberation has come. Our officers now allow the Spanish priests and sisters to function unhampered. Services are

* See "Springboards to Tokyo," by Willard Price, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, October, 1944.



Drawn by Theodore Pryor and Irwin E. Allen

The Taking of Saipan Opened the Gate in Japan's Wall of Island Defenses

In quick succession, between June and September, 1944, our amphibious forces stormed Saipan and Tinian, reoccupied Guam, and won bases in the Palau Islands. Ulithi (found abandoned by the Japs), Ngulu, and Fais also were taken. Then came the invasion of the Philippines—the capture of Leyte, Mindoro, Manila—and now Iwo. Other bastions along the road to Tokyo have been struck by carrier- and land-based bombers. See Philippines map, supplement to *THE GEOGRAPHIC* for March, 1945.

held daily in a small chapel in the center of their camp.

Most men in all camps are now employed in labor groups for both skilled and unskilled tasks. A complete engineering staff has been recruited in the Japanese community. Carpenters, draftsmen, and surveyors are busy on new jobs. Within the camps themselves bicycle repairmen, cobblers, and woodworkers are again being re-established in their work.

Today several hundred families have again begun tilling small farms. Military Government officers assigned to each of these families a hectare (about 2½ acres) of land and an ox with which to do the plowing. On these plots fathers, mothers, and the children work during the day. Trucks take them out in the morning and bring them back in the evening.

Already some of the farms are beginning

to turn green with new crops of rape, onions, beans, tomatoes, and other produce. Much of the seed has been salvaged on the island, though some has been sent from the United States.

There also is a women's garden for many of those whose menfolk work on labor details. To occupy the children for a small portion of the day, a vegetable plot has been planted where they can spend periods pulling weeds!

More Check In Than Went Out

While working outside camp, the people wear red patches on either their hats or shirts as a protective badge which can be easily spotted. They are checked out in the morning and in again when they return in the evening.

"Does anyone ever fail to show up for the check-in?" I asked an officer one day, for I



Prying Eyes of a B-29 Look at the Moated Palace Grounds of Nippon's Son of Heaven

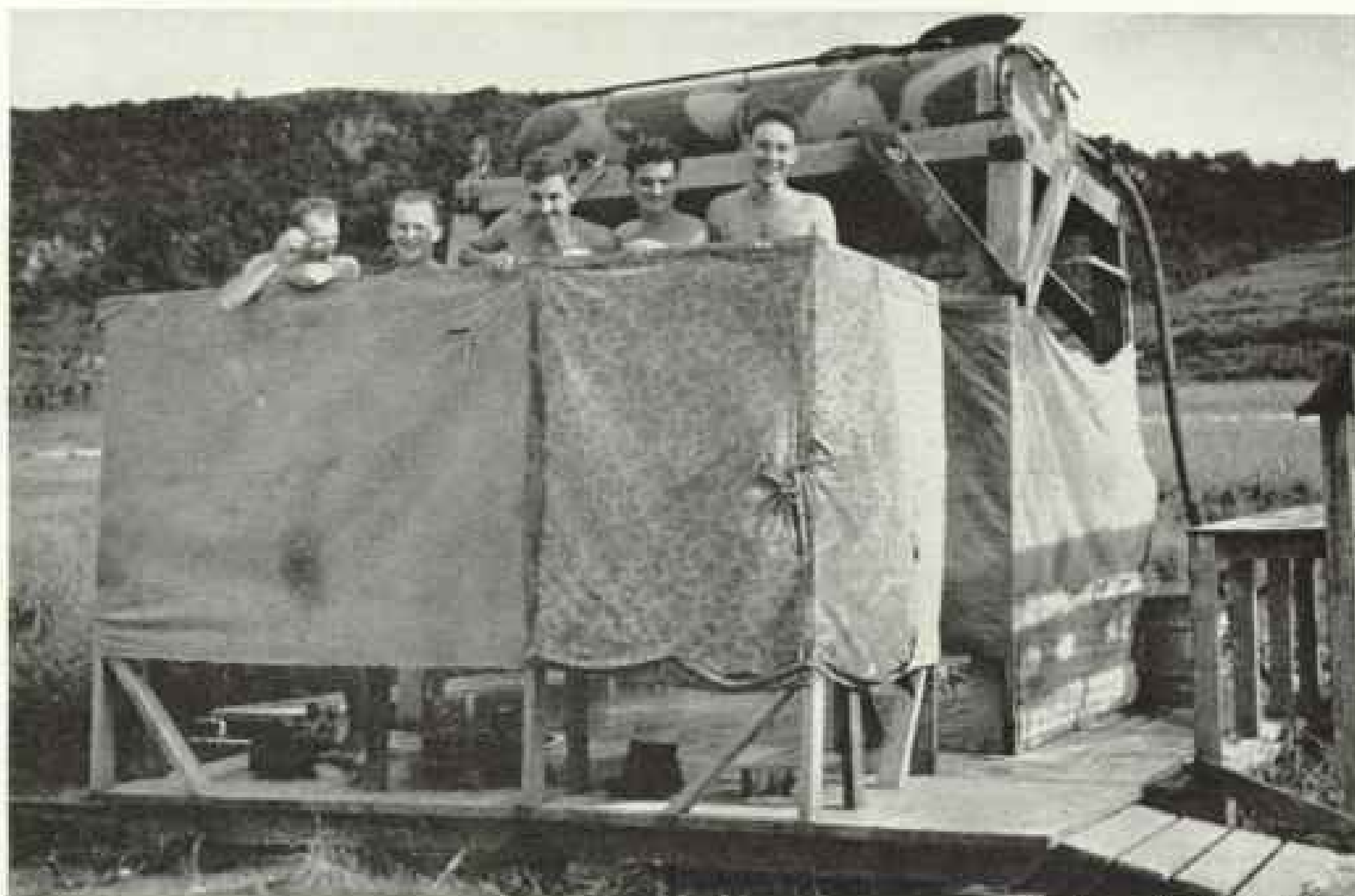
To its left lie the Imperial Diet building, Government offices, and embassies. Below is Tokyo's busy Marunouchi District, with a large earthquake-proof bank, steamship and office buildings, and the Central Railway Station. The main post office flanks the railway plaza at left. The chief shopping district lies below the railway.



U. S. Army Air Forces, Official

Bomber Crews, Flying Far from Marianas Bases, Seek Tokyo's Vital Targets

Nearly as populous as New York City, the capital of Japan is the center for aircraft and other war industries and much shipping. Near the athletic bowl is a Government arsenal. Razed areas, showing as dark lines in congested areas, are wartime firebreaks. Tokyo University appears at right, just above large Sinobaru Pond,



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

Ah, the Joy of a Good Shower to Sluice Off Saipan Dust!

These men have rigged up a tank, using a Japanese gasoline truck as their reservoir. The less fortunate still bathe from their tin hats, except when parties go for a swim within the reef.

had seen many persons working alone in the fields.

"No, but we have had more come in than we sent out," he replied. "Some of the civilians hiding in the hills have seen others cultivating their gardens and have come down. Learning that friends and relatives were being well treated, the refugees have decided to report in to headquarters themselves.

"In the early days a few strayed away, but only because they happened to be in the vicinity of their old homes and they wanted to see what had been left. Most came back considerably sobered by what they saw."

Saipan wasn't a pretty sight. Wreckage lay all about. So battered were the old Spanish-style homes and the more modern Japanese shops of Garapan that I had difficulty there one day even finding shelter from a tropical downpour.

Eradicating Battle Scars

Only broken walls of shell-torn and fire-gutted buildings still stand. Almost every piece of the corrugated sheet iron which the Japanese used so extensively as roofing was punched full of holes from shell fragments and bullets. Some look like sieves!

Charankanoa and the structures around

Tanapag Harbor suffered a like fate. Clean-up crews and green new vegetation, however, are eradicating many of the island's battle scars, left from the task of blasting out more than 28,000 tenacious Jap soldiers.

Today our garrison forces are still living very close to the soil—that red island earth which is either a quagmire of sticky mud or a cloud of choking dust. I saw some men camped in pup tents under the coconut trees; others had wooden decks in their tents to keep them off the ground (Plate V). Essential construction work came first, but better facilities are now being built.

Up north of Tanapag Harbor, in the area where the Japs made their wild saki-crazed *danzai* attack, I found one group of men sporting the luxury of a shower bath. After patching the holes in a tank taken from a shot-up Jap gas truck, they had put it on a scaffold and fitted it with sprays, under which they could sluice off at least part of the heavy coat of red earth everyone acquires on Saipan.

It is amazing what our American lads succeed in making from odd pieces of junk. Proud possessions of one chaplain were flower and plant vases which the men had made for his tent chapel out of brass antiaircraft and mortar shells the Japs had fired.



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

A Chamorro Chief Inspects His Police Force at Saipan

Helpful and friendly to the Americans, these native islanders maintain order within the civilian camp. Identifying red shoulder patches bear a white pillar, representing the stone columns of ancient Chamorros (page 446 and Plate XVI). "It is our symbol of strength," explained the chief. The Japanese camp also has its police force.

"The boys are now trying to cut other shells to the right length to provide us with a set of chimes," he added, as we sat on the shell-case seats in the chapel.

"Notice also our picture window. It's a genuine inspiration."

The tent had been set so that the opened flaps behind the altar afforded a magnificent view of the blue sweep of Magicienne Bay.

When the men and transport get pulled from the mud and grime, Saipan will again assume some of its natural attractiveness. Geographically, the island possesses many striking aspects—its red and green fields backed by high hills, the deep scallop of Magicienne Bay, and the uptilted plateau lands at Marpi Point with sides shorn into precipitous coastal cliffs.

By Air and "Taxi" to Tinian Island

From Saipan I hopped over to Tinian. In fact, I went back and forth several times, for here is one of the world's shortest air rides. I have clocked it at three and one-half minutes from the moment the plane wheels left one airfield until they touched the other!

When U. S. forces launched the assault

against the island on July 24, they set up artillery on Saipan to soften Tinian's northern defenses in the region of the airfield. Then they struck the less strongly held beaches near by and swept southward over the island.

On my first trip over to Tinian, however, I went by "Tinian taxi." Such is the delightful name "commuters" have given to the LCI* which makes the sea run all the way down to Tinian Town (Sunharon).

We rolled through rain squalls to the tune of Strauss waltzes playing on an auto radio the crew had hooked up to a storage battery on deck. The broadcast was coming from the American Expeditionary Station on Saipan.

Tinian's rain-washed cane fields seemed even more vivid than those of Saipan. At least they are more uniform because of the relative flatness of the island. Except for the stair-stepped cliff elevations and a few forested areas, the whole island was virtually one large cane field, separated into systematic rectangles by highways and secondary roads.

As you near Tinian Town, the dominant

* See "Landing Craft for Invasion," by Melville Bell Grosvenor, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, July, 1944.

landmark is the ruins of the large sugar mill into which this cane went when it was harvested. Now the fields are either being dug up for new installations or are growing unattended.

Often they are hide-outs for Japs.

Seabees Out to Get Their Jap

One day word came into military headquarters that several Japs were lurking in one of the tall cane fields. A patrol was sent out immediately to beat the field and capture them. The net result of the forenoon roundup was two Japs and four Seabees! The Seabees, having a day off, had armed themselves to the teeth and were out to "get their Jap!"

A more approved battle is being waged by the Seabees in getting supplies ashore at the inadequate harbor. Except for this activity, Tinian Town really should be spoken of in the past tense. What was the town is now a pile of debris left from a terrific blasting of bombs and shellfire.

Some of the men have been able to patch up two houses and make them habitable; that is all. Oddly enough, within the chaos of broken masonry I saw an elaborate portico to one dwelling that was almost intact, but the house was completely gone!

On the hill back of the town a huge re-enforced concrete torii stood at the avenue approach to a Shinto shrine. The torii is still there, but a shell crashed against one of its pillars and completely severed a section out of the concrete, so that it stands badly askew with one leg considerably shortened. One of the flanking stone lanterns was blown to bits; the other was hardly nicked (Plate XV).

Amid these modern ruins of Tinian Town remain those odd ruins of massive pillars, topped by great urn-shaped capitals, which long ago were raised there by the Chamorros. A dozen of these columns, hewn from coral rock, were set in two parallel rows. Each slightly tapered, rectangular column was 4 to 6 feet thick and about 12 feet tall, and was surmounted by a capital 9 feet in diameter (Plate XVI).

These columns have been called prehistoric. But a scholarly Chamorro on Saipan told me that they were erected perhaps 500 years ago as pillars to the palace of the powerful Taga family who were then rulers.

Under the bases of these pillars the family dead were also buried, so that they became monuments as well. Such is the traditional method of burial of the Chamorros. Similar, though smaller, pillars are found elsewhere on islands where these people dwelt.

Most of the Tinian pillars toppled long ago,

probably as the result of an earthquake. Only two stood when our bombardment began. One was shattered, but the other suffered only by having two pieces split from its capital. Our officers have now posted notices to prevent further destruction.

When our men first began landing supplies at Tinian, they were a bit nonplussed—and sometimes pretty annoyed—when every morning bullocks would come down and stand around in the way to interfere with the work.

"Bullock sabotage," some called it. But when it happened day after day, they learned that the oxen had followed this routine to be yoked up for work!

Eventually, the beasts wandered off and didn't come back. No longer did they have work as usual. Some are still roaming the island. During the attack, many families had piled goods on bullock carts and driven to the hills. In some places when the oxen had to stop, the people abandoned the carts and carried their things still farther to the caves.

Manhattan Whimsey on Tinian

Some member of our forces with vivid imagination discovered in Tinian's shape a rough resemblance to Manhattan, and his whimsey has taken root. All the roads on the island now bear New York's familiar street labels—Fifth Avenue, Broadway, the Bowery, 72d Street, and many others!

At an intersection stop sign on mud-greasy "Broadway" after a rain, I found this notice:

Wall Street Closed
Traffic to Eighth (Avenue)
Marines use Park Row.

But Tinian's resemblance to Manhattan certainly ends with the place names. The lower end of the island really has a Battery—several batteries—for Japs still skulk in caves that tunnel the hill cliffs about this southern section.

To get to some areas I had to travel with patrols who carried their rifles at ready. One doesn't stray far off certain roads alone lest a sniper start making things lively!

The mountainous area at the southeastern end of the island is rugged terrain. Here cliffs rise vertically out of cane fields, and their walls are pocked with the openings of a continuous succession of caves (Plates XI, XIV).

Marpo Point also thrusts its jagged finger out into the sea on this southeastern coast. Its chaos of precipitous cliffs, deep gorges, and brush-covered coral rocks became a hotly contested battleground when the Japs retreated into this section.

Saipan and Tinian, Take-offs to Tokyo



"Hang Over Inn" Is Air-conditioned, But with Superheated Saipan Air!

When it rains, water blows across the tent's only floor! Officers roll up their trousers to avoid deep island mud.



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Illustrations by W. Robert Moore

Japanese Girls Convert Cloth Remnants into Kimono-dressed Dolls

Of 18,000 civilians on Saipan, nearly three-fourths are Japanese, mainly from Okinawa Island. Others are Korean laborers, Chamorros, and some Carolinians. All live in civilian camps. Men work on labor details; some women do handicraft. Jap and Chamorro farmers are again tilling fields to produce fresh vegetables.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

Giant Sky Birds Temporarily Roost on the Blue Waters off the Coast of Saipan

Massing clouds brew a heavy tropical rainstorm behind Murpi Point, northernmost end of the island. Survivors of the Japanese garrison retreated to these uplifted green fields and steep cliffs in the final stages. When this photograph was taken, mortar and machine gun forces rounded up isolated groups.

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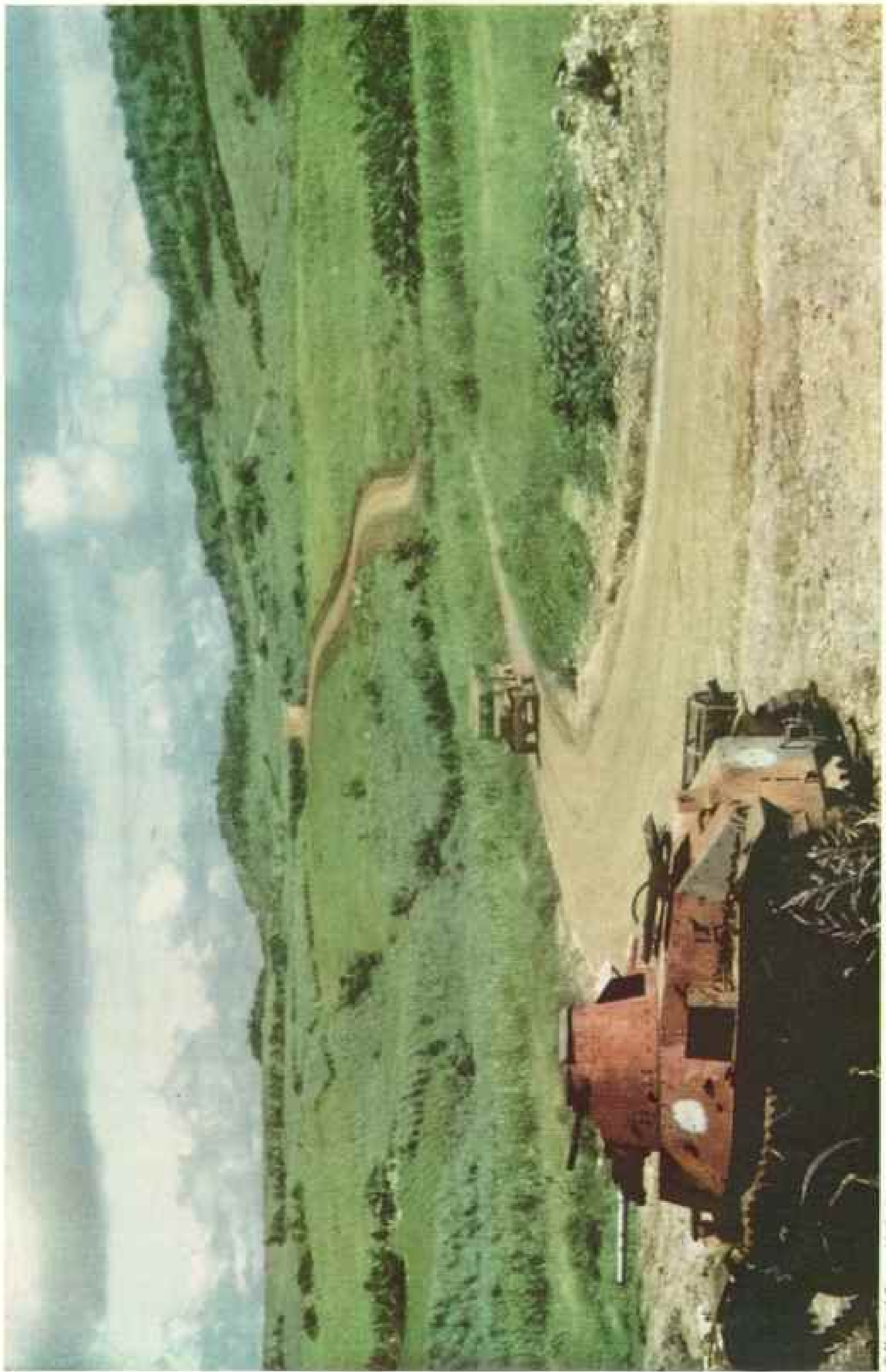


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U. S. Forces Fill Sandbags Beside Saipan Caves Where Japanese Beach Defenders Holed Up

Dozens were routed from the grotto in this water-cut rock. Utilizing natural formations here, the Japs surrounded deeply indented Magicienne Bay with heavy fortifications. But these were of little use; our assault was launched across the reef on the opposite side of the island.

Continued by W. Robert Moore



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Over a New Road, Cars Quickly Skirt Bloody "Hell's Pocket," Scene of Bitter Tank Battles

Guns of the battered Jap tank point in the direction of others, both enemy and our own, which were wrecked here. These cane-covered fields slope into a mile-long ravine, walled on the opposite side by steep cliffs of Mount Tapotehan. After their stand here, the Japs retreated to the northern end of the island.

Illustrations by W. Robert Moore

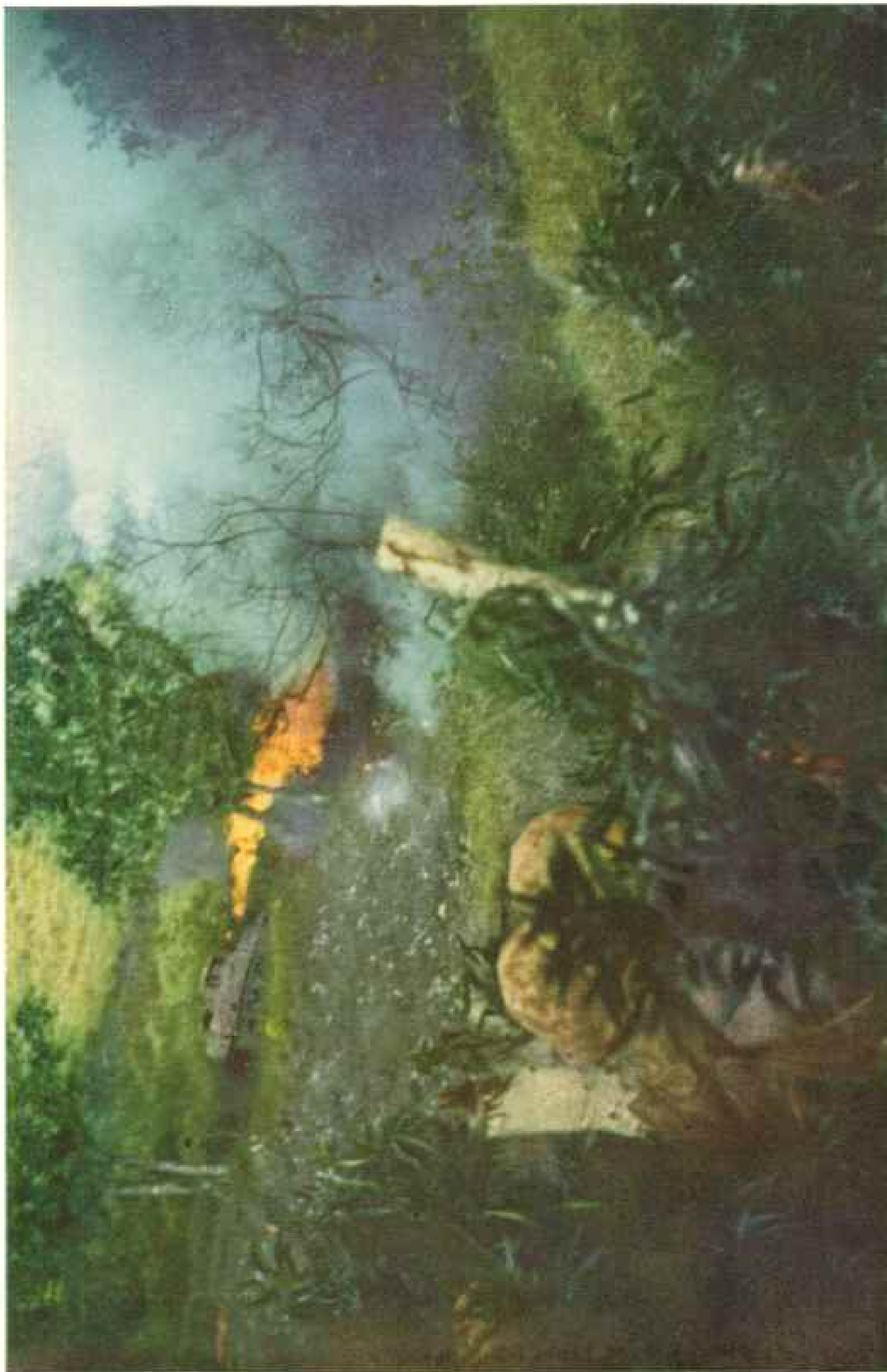


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Illustration by W. Robert Mason

"It Isn't Bad When the Sun Shines, But What a Place When it Rains!" Say These Veterans of Saipan

Still living under battle conditions in camouflaged shelters in the sand, they grouse about food, fate, and the weather, but laugh, work, and fight just as heartily. Humorous Japs are no match for them.



© National Geographic Society

Rodriguez, U. S. Marine Corps, official.

Flame-throwing Tanks and Camouflaged Riflemen Flush Japanese Troops from a Bushy Slope on Saipan

Extensive cane fields had to be cleared in the same manner. Retreating to the hills, the enemy hid in coral-rock caves and guarded the entrances with mortars and machine guns. Marines and infantrymen were forced to fire the hide-outs or seal them with demolition charges to end resistance.



© National Geographic Society

Kasahira, U. S. Marine Corps. Official

Rare Scene in the Tough Campaign of the Pacific Is This Capture of Japanese Troops

When faced with defeat, most of the enemy preferred to take their own lives rather than surrender. Although the conquest of Saipan netted more prisoners than had previous battles, only about 2,000 were taken. More than 26,000 were killed. Two admirals and two generals committed *hara-kiri*.



© National Geographic Society

Japanese Civilians at Saipan Clamber Aboard a Truck Bound for Their Gardens

Photographs by W. Robert Moore

They are checked out of civilian camp, then brought back when the workday ends. Military Government officials have salvaged several Japanese trucks for this transportation. Heavy rains often make wheel chains necessary. In fields the people wear red cloth patches for identification, as some Japanese troops remain uncaptured.

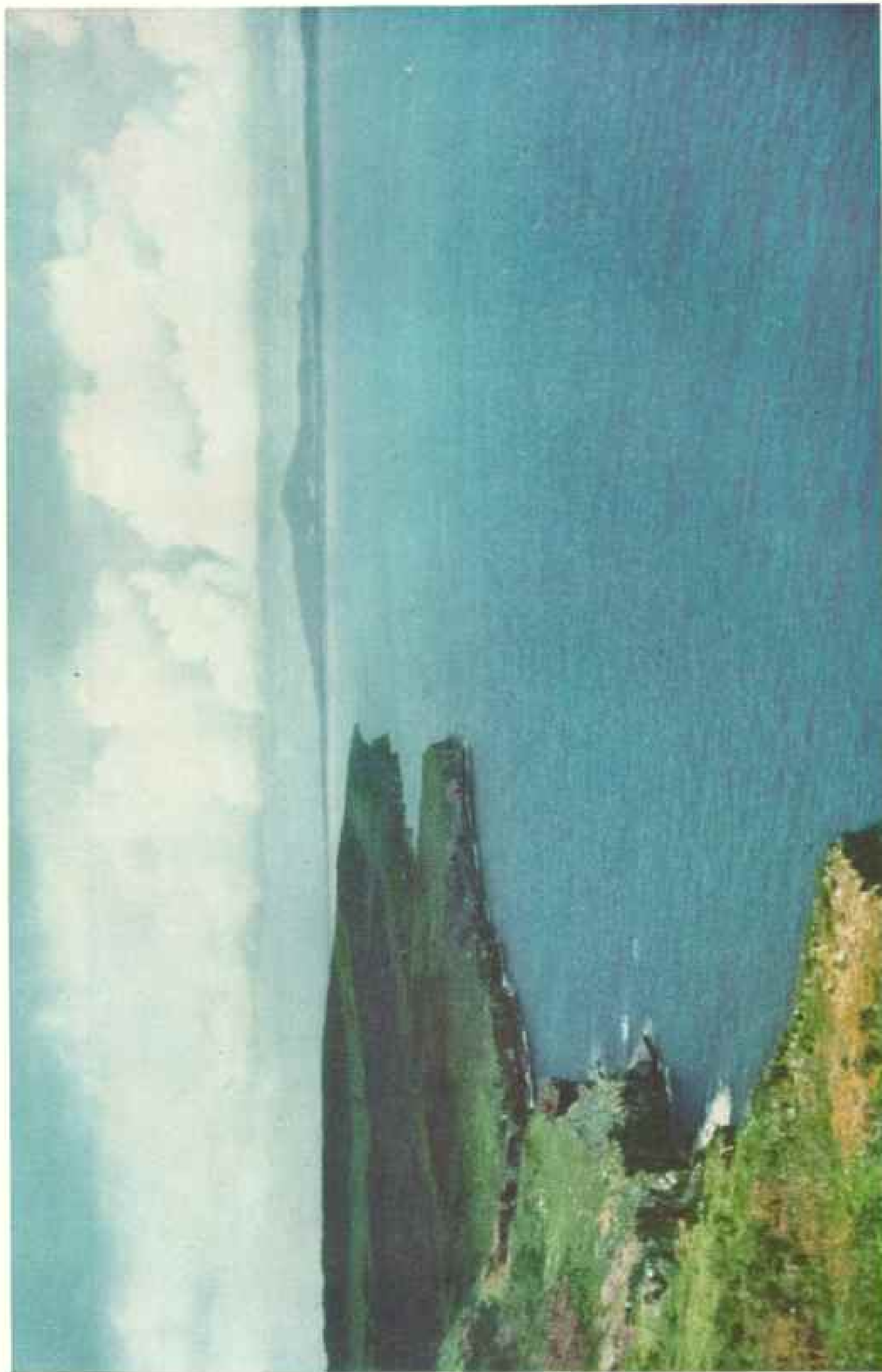


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Editharnes by W. Robert Munn

Concrete Platforms about Community Wells on Snipan Servé as Bathroom, Beauty Parlor, and Family Laundry

Such wells in civilian camps are usually crowded with men, women, and children, all bathing together. Some use wooden tubs in which foodstuffs from Japan were packed; others, empty GI ration tins. Enough Japanese supplies were salvaged for immediate needs. As conditions permit, houses are being built by native labor.



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Kaohunui to W. Robert Moore

Dark Shadows Speed Across Tinian's Green Fields as Storm Clouds Mass over Neir-by Saipan

Often, showers drench one island while sun shines on the other. About 13 miles long by 6 wide, Tinian is slightly smaller than Saipan. Its neighbor, a three-mile-wide channel separates the two. Light spots on the side of Tapotchau are scars left where coral was cut for B-29 bomber strips and surfacing highways on Saipan.



© National Geographic Society

Photograph by W. Hubert Moore

In the Honey-combed Rock Walls of Tinian, Japs Were Destroyed by Flame Throwers, Shellfire, and Cliff-climbing Marines

To reach some inaccessible hide-outs, Marines slid down ropes from upper ledges. White patches show where shells, fired at the openings, struck the coral. The officer beside the jeep wears his holstered .45, as some Jap stragglers still lurk in the grottoes and in cane fields covering the island.

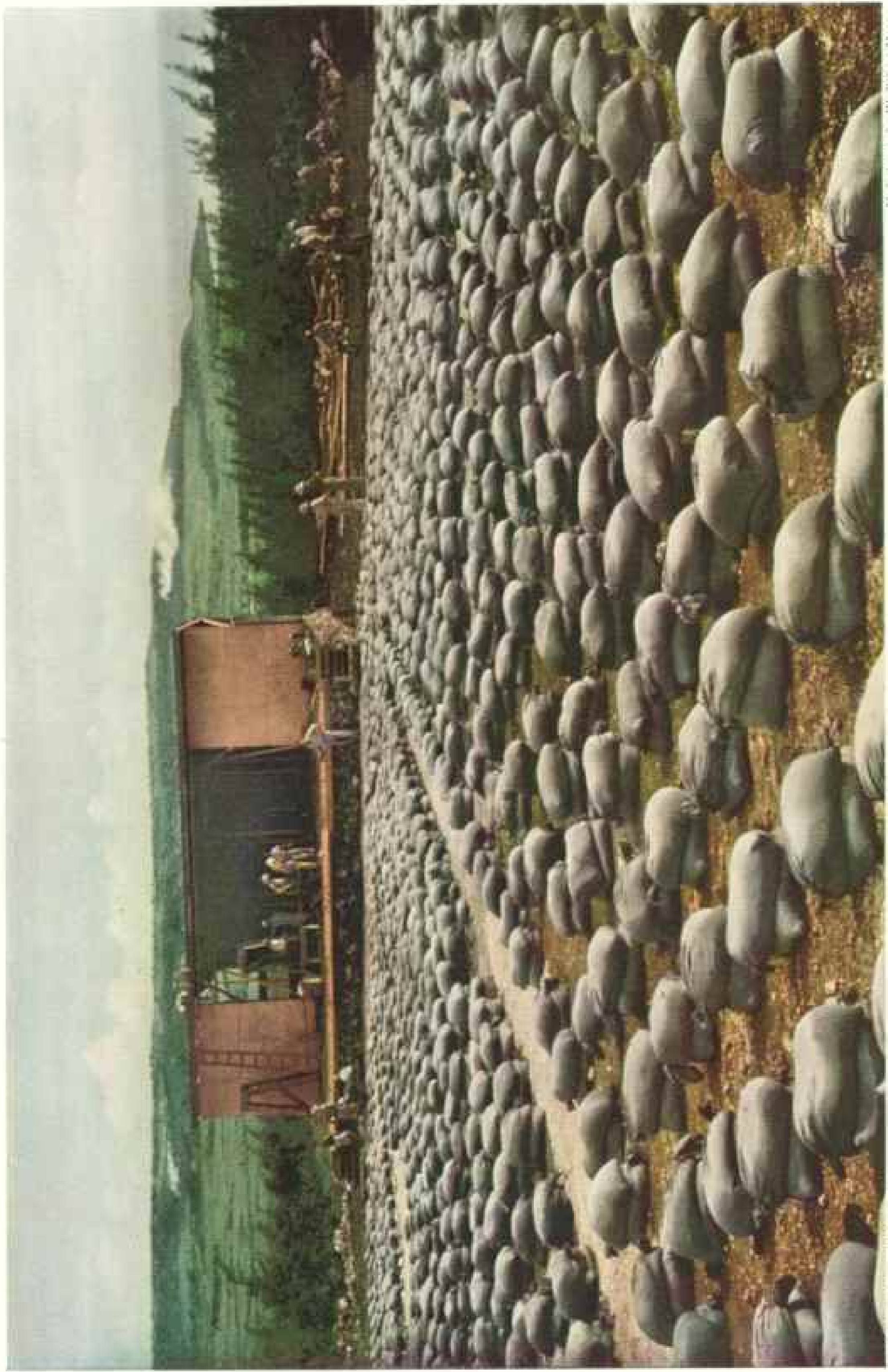


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Photographed by W. Robert Moore

Ruins of Tinian Town, the Island's Chief Settlement, Edge the Scalloped Coast Below a U. S. Military Post

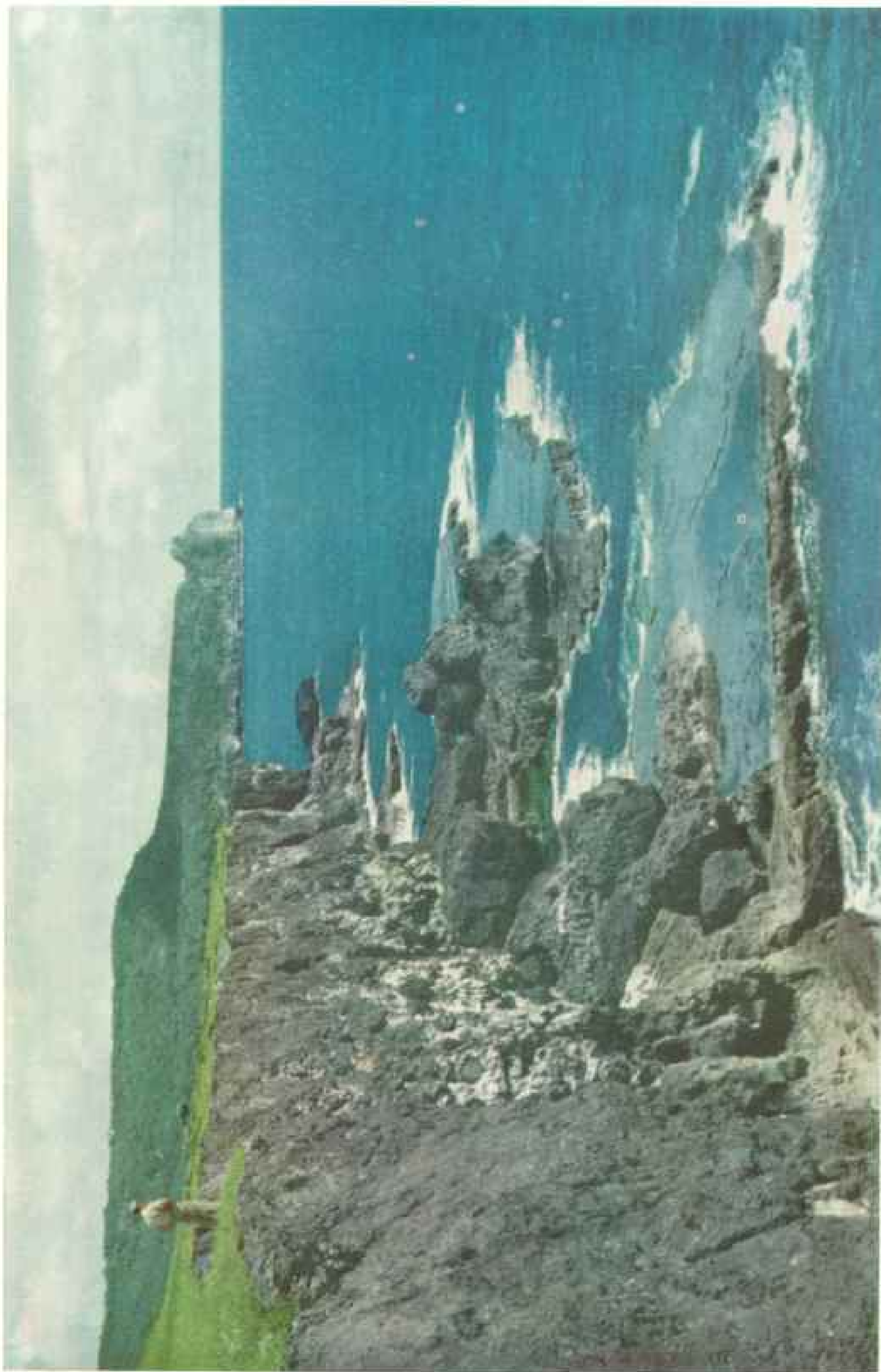
Almost every building, including the huge sugar mill, was demolished. Believing that a frontal attack would be made here, the Japanese strongly fortified the area. Our forces first feinted in its direction, then made surprise landings on two tiny beaches near the northern end of the island. Reefs limit the harbor.



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Kochertumie for W. Hubert Moore

"The Show Must Go On!" Construction Crews Complete the Outdoor Stage, While Jap Stragglers Are Being Cleaned Out Around Them
A group of Hollywood stars is soon to arrive. Normally, this Tinian "theater" shows only movies. Two sandbags form each of its 3,100 seats, set on a natural slope. The cloud of smoke on the cliff beyond the care fields marks the sealing of a cave where Japs were found hiding.



© National Geographic Society

Illustration by W. Herbert Moore

With Such Cliffs Almost Encircling Tinian, the Japanese Felt Secure Against Surprise Attack

In the distance is Marpo Point, inaccessible east-coast area where the battered Japanese garrison retreated. When cornered, some troops and civilians leaped off the cliffs into the sea or onto rocks below. Inland, beyond narrow fields at left, rises another cliff wall, tunneled with caves (Plate XI).



© National Geographic Society

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

A Shell, Severing a Section from One of Its Uprights, Left This Temple *Torii* Askew

One stone lantern is hardly marred, but its companion was completely demolished. Beyond this archway, on the hillside behind Tinjan Town, a tree-lined path led to a Shinto shrine. Wrecks of several Japanese cars and trucks are strewn about the area.



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Kinlochama by W. Robert Mearns

Mysterious Capped Pillars at Tinian Are Remnants of Forgotten Chamorro Civilization

A dozen columns, cut from coral rock, were set in two parallel rows. Of two that remained standing, shells cleaved off part of one capital and shattered the other. Chamorros believe these formed part of the palace of the ruling Taga family five centuries ago. Family dead were buried beneath them.

Many of them later leaped to their destruction off its ledges onto the rocks below or into the sea, rather than submit to capture. Some, delaying their rendezvous with fate, still hide in its inaccessible caves.

From the heights here you can look north to Saipan and southward to near-by Agiguan (Aguijan). This latter island is only about three miles long by a mile wide, while Tinian, only slightly smaller than Saipan, is about 13 miles by 6. In Agiguan's shape, however, you can best see the three levels of coral upthrusts which characterize these southern Marianas. It appears much like a green, flattened step pyramid.

In our Marianas landings we by-passed this small land lump. On it still sits a small garrison of unhappy Jap troops, against whom we occasionally hurl a few shells and bombs to increase their isolated discomfort.

A Reservoir in a Natural Depression

Just north of Marpo Point is Marpo Wells, an interesting land feature on Tinian. Here, amid a circle of hills and rock walls, lies a large natural depression. The area acts as a reservoir for drainage from the rain-soaked slopes and provides an abundance of fresh water through wells that have been dug in the floor of the valley. The Japanese used this water source and even had a small bath establishment here. We aren't using the bathhouse, but a parade of our water trucks perpetually grows in and out of the valley.

The whole area is covered with huge breadfruit trees, banana plants, and other lush vegetation. That the area has long been favored is evidenced by a number of ancient Chamorro pillars which stand here (page 452).

Up toward the northern part of the island is Tinian's highest land mass, Mount Lasso. It should hardly be called a mountain, as it is only 564 feet high. From its rocky ridge, however, one can look down over much of the island's checkerboard of cane fields, which the Japanese had so carefully drained and cultivated.

On Lasso's highest ledge the Japanese had erected a Shinto shrine, approached by an avenue along which they had planted ironwood trees and arched with several torii. A series of steps mounted the upper rocky ridges to the shrine.

To the Japanese themselves military considerations apparently were more important than the shrine, for they had mounted a big radar screen above it. When our forces planted direct hits on the radar, the tree-concealed shrine went with it; so now the steps lead only to a bare patch of rock.

As I stood on the hilltop looking north to Saipan, I had a grandstand view of one of the local tropical storms which so frequently soak the islands and convert them into a welter of mud.

Only a few moments before, I had commented to the officer with me on the loveliness of the white clouds in the blue sky over Saipan. In a matter of minutes they massed together in a thick black blanket. Then, from one side, dropped a slanting dark ribbon of rain, which soon blotted out the whole island of Saipan and gave it a thorough drenching. We stood in sunshine all the time!

Next morning I had to dodge rain squalls myself when I visited Tinian's civilian camp. In pauses between showers I watched the pay line at the Korean labor office. Labor crews were being paid for work they had done, and some of the laborers stood about knitting their brows while puzzling how to count still unfamiliar American currency (page 473).

Elsewhere in camp I also saw the laborers getting their noontime meal of big balls of rice mixed with beans. Nonworkers are fed two meals a day; labor details, however, get three.

Children also have a supplementary ration of milk; they make a striking sight, indeed, when they queue up with freshly sterilized tin cans to get their quota from the big heated caldrons. Some are dressed in kimonos, others just in a pair of pants hanging at half mast, or in nothing at all!

Two adjacent camps have been set up, one for Japanese and the other for Koreans. Unlike Saipan, Tinian has no Chamorros. But it has one Chinese family of four—I should say five, for the people had just adopted a youngster from the camp orphanage when I arrived. Before we captured the island, the Chinese kept a tailor shop in Tinian Town.

Good Treatment by U. S. Surprises Jap Civilians

For administrative purposes the camps have been organized, first, into small groups of 50, called *Hans*, with a *Hancho* as head, and then into larger divisions, called *Suiji*, consisting of about 1,000 persons. Each *suiji*, too, has its own leader. These larger units have their own kitchens for the preparation of food distributed to them. At one *suiji* cookhouse I embarrassed several shy, giggly women by attempting to make photographs of them as they chopped up pumpkins to supplement the daily diet of rice and beans.

In near-by camp fields dozens of men, women, and children were busily picking bugs off rape patches and planting several acres of sweet potatoes and onions. New crops

will give them an added variety of food.

Almost without exception, once they decided to surrender, the civilians have been cooperative and responsive. Two things that have surprised them most are the size of our soldiers and the fair treatment given them by our Military Government.

One of the Japanese camp members has done signal service in organizing the boys into a group patterned after the Boy Scouts, as he had been interested in the Scout movement years ago in Japan.

By their own efforts the boys have cleared an adjacent cane field and leveled it for baseball, track, and other games.

Some of the people are learning a few English expressions. "Okay" is heard everywhere. Even tiny youngsters soon learned a few words. They often stand by the fence along the road and shout to passing troops, "Hey, you candy!" In their first days in camp our men gave them the hard candy from K rations.

On the plain at the northern end of the island the Japanese established a large airfield. In our strikes we caught many planes on the ground. Dozens of wrecked craft are scattered all about the area. Many of their fuselages now look like the well-picked bones of a Thanksgiving turkey, so much metal has been cut away by our men for making wristbands for watches and other souvenirs (474).

Beside the field a Jap fighter still sits in the hangar, but the hangar itself is only a bent pattern of open framework arched overhead. A heavy concrete communications building close by is rent in many places by yawning shell holes.

From Tinian I flew southward to see the other island barriers from which we have blasted the Japanese. First hop was Guam.

Japs Still Hold Rota Island

On the way we skirted close to Agiguan, and, midway along the route, passed just off Rota, another Jap-held island. Though less than two-thirds the size of Tinian, it is the highest of the southern Marianas, its 1,614-foot peak topping Tapotchau on Saipan and Mount Lamlam on Guam.

Like Agiguan, the various stages of its elevation are clearly marked by steep steplike cliffs. As with the others, much of its encircling plateaus and its flattened top are under cultivation.

The Japanese have an airfield near its

northeastern end, but it doesn't do them much good, even though they painstakingly try to repair it after each of our bombings. Their own planes no longer arrive!

At Rota's southwestern end a scallop of bay and a long tail of land afford the town scattered there a sea-protected anchorage. That, too, is barren of ships; so soldiers and civilians have plenty of time to ponder their embarrassing isolation!

Today the Stars and Stripes again fly over Guam, after two and a half years of Japanese occupation. Its taking and rehabilitation is a story in itself; so for the moment let us pass on to the Palau Islands.

American-held islands in the Palau group lie more than 800 miles southwest of Guam and within 550 miles of the Philippines. The air route there takes one past Ulithi, Yap, and Ngulu in the western Carolines.

Ulithi Won without a Battle

Large, green-ringed Ulithi is a prize we obtained without a battle on September 20-21. After building an airstrip on its largest island, the Japs vacated it, perhaps withdrawing the garrison to bolster the stronger fortifications at Yap.

But with Ulithi and bases on the southern Palaus in our control, tough, mountainous Yap has been effectively flanked and the Japs there forced to sit the war out. They will, no doubt, be pretty hungry and considerably shaken by our bombs before the Pacific campaign ends.

Ulithi is a typical atoll, with green coconut-covered islands strewn around a wide oblong reef. Close beside its coral ring lies the small satellite island of Falalop.

Yap, on the other hand, appeared from the air like an extensive mountainous land mass, indented by deep bays and surrounded by a fringe of green water and brown reef, against which broke a white ribbon of surf.* Overall, the land is roughly 15 miles long by about 6 at its bulging midriff. Actually, however, the bays and water passages segment the land into four main islands—Yap, Map, Rumung, and another, labeled Tomil on some charts, that is separated from the main island of Yap only by the narrow Tageren Canal.

Besides the garrisons there now, thousands of Carolinians and other civilians live on that island group. On Ulithi we found but a few score of people.

Ngulu, past which we flew a short time later, was taken by our forces on October 15. From the air it appears of little use to anyone, except perhaps a fisherman or someone interested in marine life! Virtually all of its

* See, by Willard Price, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "Mysterious Micronesia," April, 1936, and "Yap and Other Pacific Islands Under Japanese Mandate," by Junius B. Wood, December, 1921.



U. S. Navy Official

Hard-hitting Marines Turn Jap Escape Craft into Pillars of Smoke and Fire

When Saipan defenders were trapped north of Garapan, they attempted to flee by boat from Tanapug Harbor. Marines on the beaches halted sailings with their 37-mm. field artillery pieces. Burned hulks, left from shellfire and bombings, strew the inner harbor.

ring of coral reef is submerged; only four or five small islands rise above the surface, and a couple of them are so tiny that only a few trees have found footing.

Between black rain squalls into which we ran, we picked up the still blacker silhouette of the Palau Islands. For miles big Babelthuap extended like a tall serrated rampart. To the southward of this mountainous island are clustered dozens of smaller jagged lumps of land along the rim of a reef.

The main reef chain ends with Peleliu, but the isolated island of Angaur lies a few miles farther south, seeming almost to have been cut adrift from the rest of the group.

Fight Still Raged on Strategic Peleliu

American forces now control strategic Peleliu with its double airstrip, Angaur, and nine other smaller islands just to the north.

As we came in for a landing at Peleliu, I felt as if I were coming down right beside a

volcano, as columns of smoke billowed out of the ashy-gray depression in the burned and beaten hills.

It was an eruption—the eruption of heavy demolitions, banging mortars, tat-tatting machine guns, and the fire from flame throwers and phosphorus bombs. A battle still raged in the hills only 500 yards from where the plane taxied to a halt!

Though the First Marine Division crashed ashore here on September 15 (Peleliu time), now, weeks later, fighting still went on in the coral cliffs and caves of Umurbrogol Mountains, a 250-foot-high range of rocky hills which has come to be known as "Bloody Nose Ridge."

At almost any time of day you could see barebacked lads climbing the steep rocks, setting their charges of dynamite, then crawling back and setting them off to seal more cave entrances. Guns and rifles barked and chattered often. Throughout the night cannonad-



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

She Can Smile Now; Japs No Longer Rule

Chamorros on Saipan welcomed the ousting of the Japanese by American forces. In recent years the freedom of this proud people had been severely restricted (page 446). This Chamorro girl now works in one of the offices of Military Government in the civilian camps.

ing and star shells kept the area noisy and alight.

Here, too, was probably the world's shortest bombing run. Planes would race off the runway and in a matter of seconds be unloosing their bombs over the target! An observation pilot took me up in his "grasshopper" to photograph this hill pocket in which the Japs were hidden. We were back on the ground within ten minutes.

Yet on the airstrip and at command headquarters and camps, construction work went on as if this fantastic war were far away.

Just how close action was, however, is well illustrated by the experience of one lad while he was standing in line for mess. He felt a

sting and turned around to tell the prankster in back of him to "lay off with the pinpricking." But it wasn't a pin. A partially spent sniper's bullet had come his way!

In the first weeks of battle the First Marines and the 81st (Wild Cat) Infantry Division had killed about 11,000 Jap troops here, but remnants of the enemy still doggedly cling to the caves, which form a veritable labyrinth in the ridge. Some of these caves reportedly are several stories high and are interlinked with others by means of cross tunnels. Some are blocked by iron doors. In them the Japs have a hospital and other facilities.

"You don't mind taking a few chances do you?" asked the island commander, with whom I went on an inspection tour one morning. "Sometimes it's pretty hot here."

Driving up "Sniper's Mile"

We drove up "Sniper's Mile," the road that leads along the

western side of the island beside the base of the ridge. On some of the cliffs men sat on rocks beside shelter halves cleaning their rifles.

"That's the front line, if you can speak of front lines here," the general explained.

We proceeded without incident, and later stopped to look at some caves from which the Japs had been routed; we also examined an unusual native cemetery where practically all the graves were bordered by colored glass bottles. On the return, however, we heard the whine of bullets past our jeep. Another sniper was active, but fortunately inaccurate.

In taking the island our troops forced their first landings on the beaches on the western side of the island. Some of our amtracs re-

main on the reef and beach where they were stopped by mortar fire. One of the tanks, however, which had its track shot off still accounted well for itself. Standing on the beach, it continued firing and succeeded in wrecking eight charging Jap tanks!

How tough the fighting was is perhaps indicated by the fact that cleanup crews picked up 34 tons of metal from the airstrips alone. One hundred and twenty wrecked Jap planes are strewn about the area.

The almost impenetrable jungle at the southern end of the island, beyond a bottleneck formed by swamps, was viciously contested. Thousands of Japs crowded in this area and fought from behind trees and heavy coral-walled pillboxes. When at last their resistance broke, bodies lay massed about the pillboxes and over the beaches. Hardly a tree in the whole area is unscathed; many sizable ironwood trees were literally cut in two by big shells.

Few civilians were found on Peleliu. Almost all had been evacuated to other islands, probably to Babelthuap. The Japanese military had taken full charge, as here was their best airbase in the Palau Islands. Except for the flat area upon which to build landing strips, however, Peleliu is a pretty poor piece of real estate. Much of this island, which is only six miles long by about two wide, is rough coral upthrust, edged on one side by mangrove swamps.

Mopping Up on Angaur and Other Islets

Smaller Angaur had no airstrip and proved a less difficult conquest, but while resistance lasted the Army's Wild Cat Division really



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

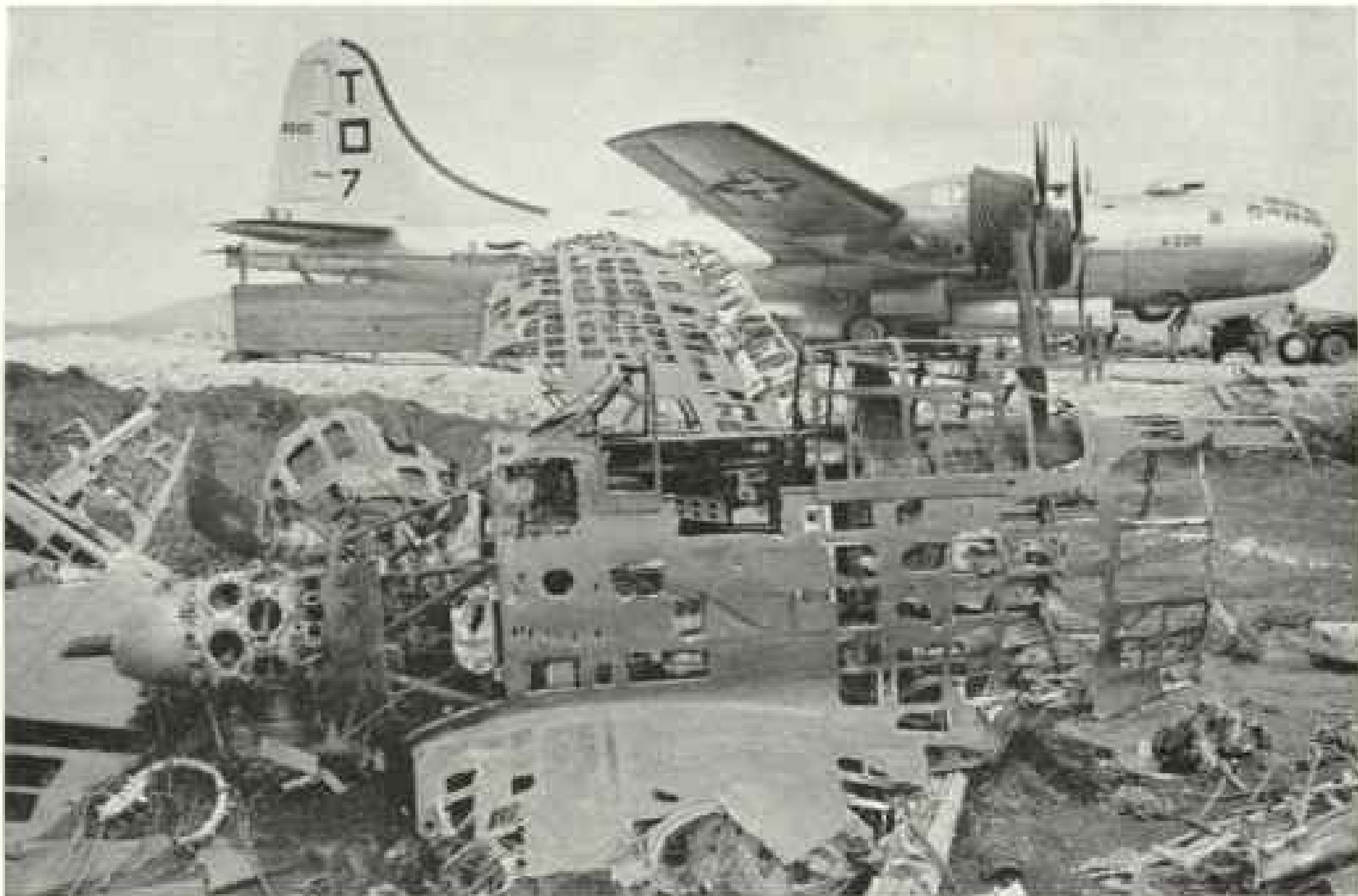
"Twenty-five, Fifty, Seventy-five—How Much Is It?"

A Korean civilian puzzles over American silver coins after having counted his dollar bills. He has just received his pay for voluntary labor on the island of Tinian (page 469).

had to fight like wildcats. Some Japs, attempting to escape, tried swimming to Peleliu, six miles away. Other stragglers are still being smoked out of the hills and rocky ravines. One night five were shot not far from my tent: they had sneaked from other hiding places to steal food.

Prior to the war, the chief industry of Angaur was phosphate mining. The rock was dug from open pits and dredged from small lakes on the island, carted to a large plant over narrow-gauge tracks for crushing and drying, and thence carried by an overhead conveyer belt direct to ship's hold.

The phosphate plant and both the villages on the island were largely demolished during



AP from Press Ass'n

Souvenir Hunters Polished Off This Wrecked Jap Fighter

Aluminum-alloy strips are made into wristwatch bands and other trinkets (page 470). In the background a giant B-29 Superfortress is being readied for a mission to Tokyo, 1,500 miles from Saipan.

the battle. Only a few badly battered buildings in the vicinity of the grassy baseball field were left of Saipan, the largest village. While part of the main action lasted, our Piper Cub observation planes used this "village green" as a landing field.

Here we found a small native population of dark-skinned Carolinians, or Kanakas, as they are usually called. A few families of Chamorros also were on the island; they led in the surrender of civilians.

North of Peleliu

North of Peleliu we have taken a number of tiny islets—Ngesebus, Kongauru, Garakayo, Bairakaseru, Ngeregong, and other strangely named coral patches. On the dozens of others, particularly Koror and big Babelthuap, thousands of Jap troops still remain.

Though their air and sea transportation has

been almost entirely neutralized, they succeed occasionally in causing some trouble. The night after I left the Palaus they staged a small bombing raid against Peleliu.

A few days later 200 Jap troops sneaked down to reoccupy Ngeregong. Warships immediately moved in, however, and blocked their path to the island. Our forces then set to work to liquidate them and retake the island.

But such enemy action has little effect. Strategically, Japan has been outwitted on all these Pacific island defenses.

Our Central Pacific Command has island-hopped through the Gilberts and Marshalls and from Saipan to Palau, capturing only such bases as it needed. And, by holding command of the air and sea, it has left the rest of Japanese-garrisoned Micronesia to wither on broken vines.

Notice of change of address for 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 June number, The Society should be notified of your new address not later than May first. Be sure to include your new postal zone number.

Photoflashing Western Owls

BY LEWIS W. WALKER

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

OWLS were far from my mind when in early spring I chose to renew my acquaintance with a colony of great blue herons.* These graceful long-legged, long-necked birds had become personalities in past seasons when I spent months making a photographic record of their nesting habits, 87 feet above the ground. Their favorite perches were still occupied, but now the nests, 40 or more, which formerly were filled with raucous-voiced young, seemed uninviting to them.

The herons were craning their necks from side to side as if to get a better view of something not visible from the ground. An ascent to my old photographic blind was illuminating.

A great horned owl had usurped one of the nests, and reposing in it were two young, about half grown. Even though great horned owls are unprotected here in California, I did not have the heart to destroy this intruding nocturnal family.

Diligent search disclosed another nest of horned owls, in which were two young of approximately the same age as those in the heron rookery (page 483).

An ascent was made to the owl's nest in the heron colony, and the two young were removed to the other site, in the hope that they would be adopted by their foster parents. However, at every ascent of the 62-foot tree to place a young one in the nest, the other would walk off the edge and flap to the ground.

Moving a Bird's Nest

I tired of climbing long before the owls wearied of sudden descents and slow lifts. A companion, from a comfortable position on the ground, kept me posted on the whereabouts of the young, but his facetious remark, "They think it's a new game," did not help.

In desperation I conceived another plan. This was an experiment to determine the ability of the adults to follow the calls of their young and their willingness to break off former nesting ties. One more ascent was made. Again the young exploded from the nest. After the nest was bound with cord, it was lifted from the crotch and lowered.

Forty feet away and only ten feet above the ground the nest was placed in a crotch of a tree. Then the four beak-snapping young were introduced to their new home.

Dubious of the ultimate success of this transplantation, I returned to San Diego.

Dusk, and curiosity, drew me back. From the old nesting site came a single mournful *who*, which was answered by a sound like escaping steam from the transposed nest. Almost immediately an adult dropped from the treetops, left a rodent carcass with the young, and disappeared into the darkness.

With success well on the way, the possibility of night flashlights came to mind.

A few days after the young were transplanted, a platform was constructed against an adjacent tree, upon which was nailed a large cardboard packing box. This was my home for the first half of almost every night for the next three weeks.

Camera openings and observation holes were cut. Silvered flash-bulb reflectors were placed at measured distances to give the correct light intensity. Wires led from an automobile storage battery on the ground. Because the large reflectors had to remain unobstructed, camouflage was impracticable (page 484).

A Noiseless Flight

That first evening, twilight deepened into night without a sign of the adults. Mosquitoes buzzed incessantly and came through the lens openings. Nine o'clock passed. Then one of the young started an intermittent rasping call, repeating it every 10 or 15 seconds. When he tired, it was taken up by another, with hardly a break in regularity.

It was obviously a call of hunger. After 30 minutes there came a sharp clump on top of my cardboard blind. For several minutes vibrations and talon scratches indicated the approximate position of the adult, evidently sizing up the observation platform, so alien in the forest of eucalyptus trees.

A sudden vibration, followed by a gust of wind, told of departure. There was no swish or rustle of wings, though the take-off was less than two feet from my ears. This amazing power of noiseless flight, like a moving shadow, never ceased to be a wonder.

On leaving the blind, the owl evidently flew to a near-by tree and there voiced a questioning *who*. Immediately came a three-syllable answer, and I believe the pair of adults landed on the same branch to discuss the situation. Soon a hollow whining cry came

* See "The Large Wading Birds" (Herons, Ibises, and Flamingos), by T. Gilbert Pearson, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, October, 1932.

from above, which stimulated the young to increase their rasping calls.

Almost immediately there was a thump on the nest, and with flash release in my hand I strained to see what was going on in the darkness. It was an impossibility.

Slowly I lifted a flashlight and directed its beam to the nest. The young balefully glared at me with twitching pupils as their eyes became accustomed to the light. The adults were nowhere to be seen, but proof of a visit was held in the beak of one fledgling as it attempted to swallow a half-grown gopher.

Midnight passed, giving me plenty of time to bemoan the photographic failure of that first visit, before an adult returned. For a fraction of a second the blinding flash illuminated a tangle of wings. As quickly and as silently as on arrival, the owl left, not unduly upset by the unnatural lightning.

In picking up my equipment, I directed the beam of the flashlight into the trees overhead. There on a branch perched an adult, seemingly not bothered by the illumination. As I departed, I determined to floodlight the area, to make us visual equals, and hoped desertion of the nest would not be the outcome.

The following night a small automobile trouble light was set about 30 feet from the nest. Its rays dissipated at right angles, and, although it was extremely dim, I could determine poses assumed by the nest occupants with fair accuracy. Each night it was advanced, until it was set within six feet of the nest.

Later experiments on screech owls and long-eared owls proved that such precautions were unnecessary. The birds never seemed to notice a stationary light.

Young Answer Adults' Call

When experiments in night color photography were started, I was much in evidence, setting reflectors, stringing wires, and, after each flash, changing the expended bulbs.

At my sudden appearances the adult horned owls uttered their *whoa*, as though to drive me away, but after many unsuccessful attempts these calls changed to throaty groans (Plate III and page 485).

At this sound the young, now a fair size, crowded to the edge of the nest and one at a time jumped to the ground, walking toward the call. They did not scatter, as do most young birds prematurely frightened from a nest. They were deliberately called.

Once, when the nest visit was delayed until late in the evening, it was empty. Careful tracing of the steamlike calls of the fledglings located them in a bush, fully 200 yards away. On the ground beneath were carcasses of two

gophers and the head of a cottontail rabbit.

These observations, which extended over three weeks, disclosed some interesting food statistics, especially in view of the fact that horned owls are unprotected throughout North America.

During 90 hours I spent in the cardboard blind the adults brought in about 40 carcasses, consisting of the following: 21 gophers (because of their small size, owls swallow them rapidly; therefore, I believe that my count was less than the actual number delivered); 13 cottontail rabbits (this number could be approximated only, as on two separate evenings rabbit heads were brought in, followed later by hindquarters; but whether these were the matched halves of two rabbits, or the dismembered parts of four, I could not tell); 7 or 8 other rodents of smaller size. Bird remains were absent.

The Clown of the Owls

About ten miles from the great horned owl's nest is a deeply eroded ravine.

A dry creek bed wanders along the bottom. Its sides are lined with a sizable growth of scrub oak. In one, 25 feet from the ground, a Cooper's hawk formerly built a nest and raised its young.

This season, however, the hawk's home had been usurped by a pair of long-eared owls, the clowns of the nocturnal tribe.

When revisiting what I supposed was the home of the Cooper's hawk, I climbed almost to its edge before there was any sign of life from above. Then, instead of the expected *ca-ca* cackle of disturbed Cooper's hawks, there started a slow moan, which rose in intensity until it resembled a fight of bobcats.

Alert, I froze in position.

The hideous noise died down. Stealthily there peered from the rim the flashing orange eyes of a long-eared owl. It looked me over carefully, then put on a display of feathers which excelled any similar demonstration I have seen in the wild.

Noiselessly the wings were extended and the feathers vertically raised. While in this pose, the bird assumed proportions that should strike terror into the hearts of most intruders (page 482).

A few days later I returned with the blind material which had served at the horned owl's nest, now deserted, and saw the exact reversal of the pose described above.

The owls were now trying to be secretive. One perched upon a broken branch and followed my movements slyly through eyelids closed to mere slits. Every feather was clamped to its body, giving the bird a sticklike

Photoflashing Western Owls



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Kodachrome by Lucia W. Walker

Sitting on Its Snack Bar, an Elf Owl Feasts on a Grasshopper

No bigger than a sparrow, the Elf Owl snatches nectar-hunting insects as they are attracted to the yellow blossoms of a century plant. This smallest of North American owls nests in a giant saguaro in the Kofa Mountains, Arizona (Plate II). The tiny night flyer, in contrast to his bigger cousins of silent flight, wings through the blackness with a noisy swish. It feeds almost exclusively on ants, beetles, and grasshoppers.



Thorny Barberry Makes a Safe Retreat for Elf Owl Triplets

Having forsaken their nest in the giant cactus (below), the fledglings with much hissing call for an insect supper. But the parents remained in a distant bush "cussing out" the intruder with whistles, moans, and barks.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Lewis W. Waller

Saguaro Manor, Leased from the Woodpeckers, Makes a Perfect Home for Elf Owls

Fifteen feet above the hot Arizona desert, Mrs. Elf Owl comes slowly to her doorway and looks out. Her mate gave a high-pitched, quavering whistle from an ocotillo close by. Woodpeckers dug the cavity, now lined with a stiff shell of hardened cactus juice. Elf Owls have rounded heads with no tufts.

Photoflashing Western Owls



Mother Brings Another Gopher, But Her Long-eared Owlets Show Disdain

During 114 hours of night vigil, the author saw 40 gophers and 42 rats and mice brought to this brood, reared in a southern California canyon. Feathered tufts—not ears—are flattened on the parent's head.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Lewis W. Walker

"Whoop? Whoop?" Cries a Great Horned Owl, Guarding Its Young

Fiercest and most powerful of our owls, Mr. Big here poses with his "horns" laid back. Like the tiger, he strikes unheard, his talons dealing death to birds and mammals. Though despised by farmers when he takes poultry, this owl feeds usually on rabbits, squirrels, mice, and even skunks.



What Are Little Screech Owls Made of? Beetles and Snails—

A hollow in a California sycamore stump was home for this family of the smallest of the eared owls. The mother laid three white eggs deep inside. Her gray owlets, barely tufted as yet, are growing fast.



© National Geographic Society

Endochromes by Lewis W. Walker

—and Fat Mice's Tails. And Moths, and Frogs, and Spiders

In their first week outdoors, the fledglings explored near-by branches, returning to the hollow at dawn. After breaking home ties at seven weeks, they remained within calling range of their parents for a long time.

appearance. The tufts which we erroneously call "ears" or "horns" were raised vertically.

Protective coloration and protective form! This bird had both. Had I not been looking for the owls, I am sure my glance would have wandered away from that "stump" with its two jagged splinters.

During the building of the blind in the topmost branches of an adjoining oak, eight feet from the nest, I was treated to a vast assortment of calls and antics. A ruse which the bird worked at dusk, however, was the prize of the show. As bulbs and cameras were being hoisted to my treetop perch, my attention was drawn to a commotion in the grass. Long brown wings were raised above the swaying grass tips, and then came the unmistakable cries of a small mammal in distress.

Hurriedly I threw a half hitch on the branch to hold the equipment and ran to the spot. When I was within five feet the owl rose, to drop again 50 feet farther on, where the mock fight with an imaginary adversary was repeated.

A Bag of Wily Tricks

Returning to the nest site, the owl put on another display for my benefit: the feigning of an injury. This in itself was not unusual, as it is a characteristic trait of many shore birds, quail, some of the whippoorwill family, and others, but it appeared incongruous in a nocturnal bird of prey. The act proved to be a regular part of the repertoire.

Lying on one side, the owl pushed itself along the ground, with one wing feebly flapping. As long as I followed, it was content to lead me on; but when I started back to the nest, the owl recovered and flew around to land in my path and perform the same antics. If the beam of the flashlight was kept upon the owl's struggling form, it headed away from the nest; but when the beam was moved to an unoccupied space to one side, the bird was quick to turn and seek the spotlight, the better to be seen.

Tiniest of all our owls, the desert-dwelling elf owl of our Southwest even feigns death when captured. No larger than a sparrow, it lies limp and motionless until an opportunity for escape presents itself, and then it darts to safety (Plates I, II).

The large great horned owls had never made any attempt to protect their young; therefore it was surprising to have this smaller member of the owl family display a courageous spirit. When I climbed to the blind, both long-ears dived repeatedly toward my head, several times striking the reflectors in an effort to drive me away.

Tiring of this, one of the adults finally sat on the edge of the nest and, with raised feathers and snapping mandibles, dared me to come closer. The young also put on a display of bravado, and because of their infantile slow motion I learned how the common owl trait of beak snapping is done. It is accomplished with such rapidity by the adults that the human eye fails to register the steps involved.

The fledglings, however, opened their beaks methodically, stuck their tongues out on one side, closed the beaks, and drew the tongues inside. The results were weak snaps. I found also that, if disturbed over a long period, an owl will snap its beak so often that its tongue will become raw and bloody.

When the cameras were focused and I was completely hidden, the feather display and beak snapping continued for many minutes while the owl viewed the blind suspiciously. The trouble light cast peculiar shadows, and occasionally the flying form of the mate could be seen through the branches.

My slightest movement brought forth the caterwauling call, which continued until all motion ceased. Mosquitoes in droves hovered over the nest, feeding on the young, and, when gorged, settled on the branches near by.

The first flash fired had an effect entirely different from that recorded with the complacent great horned owl. For a fraction of a second the owl froze over her young with wings still outspread; then, turning in panic, she started in full flight.

For fully 100 feet I could hear her hurtling form brushing leaves and breaking dead twigs in her haste to get away from the man-made lightning. Later developments showed her unharmed, despite audible collisions. Feathers soft enough for silent flight evidently bend but do not break.

By slow stages the bird returned to the region of the nest, "meowing" intermittently and answering with questioning *whooos* the calls of the male from his perch near the blind. Soon all was quiet.

A Pose to Welcome Her Mate

Ten or fifteen minutes passed before there was any sign of life except the mothlike form of a poorwill flitting low over the nest in quest of the ever-present mosquitoes. Then from far down the canyon came a blended call of three syllables. It was so low that it was barely audible, but the young instantly aroused themselves from their frozen positions. Twenty feet away came the answering call from the mate, which flew to the nest rim and continued to answer the three-syllable notes voiced closer at hand.



Spreading Her Wings to Fearsome Size, Mrs. Long-Ears Challenges the Intruder

Before the author climbed to this nest, the Long-eared Owl tried every trick in her bag to lead him away. She feigned a moving fight with a small mammal in the near-by grass and then pretended injury. Later, with tufts erect, she froze in imitation of a stump. When all ruses failed, she assumed this defiant pose at the edge of the nest, formerly occupied by a Cooper's hawk family (Plate III).

The possibility of recording both adults simultaneously came when the bird on the nest edge turned from the blind and raised her wings to the pose that I thought was used only for intimidation. Now, however, she used it in greeting her mate as he landed beside her, carrying a rodent in his beak.

Again the flash was fired, but the wild panic was now a thing of the past. Throughout further observations on these long-eared owls they seemed to consider the flash an inconvenience, to be tolerated but not especially feared.

Turning out the light, I started to climb to the ground, realizing that, with the young about to fly, any further nightly vigils would be unproductive. Halfway down the tree, on a side branch, a fledgling commenced an ominous beak snapping, which was echoed by a parent in the darkness at my back.

Something—I don't know what—warned me

of an attack. I believe I was crouching when the old bird hit my head. Sharp talons raked through my hair, and blood dripped freely as I all but fell the rest of the way to the ground. A bombardment of stoops from an infuriated parent kept my head bent low as I gathered my equipment and headed for the car half a mile away.

Nineteen half nights, averaging six hours each, were spent at this nest. During this time more than 40 gophers, 23 pocket mice, 10 wood rats, and about 9 small mice were brought to the young. Birds of any kind were absent, attested both by observation and by the remains of meals to be found in the nest litter (Plate III).

A Small Cousin

Beyond the coastal hills which crowd the famed Torrey pines to the sea, a small stream waters a stand of sycamores interspersed with



Standing Room Only for Visitors!

While one Great Horned Owlet swallows a rabbit head, his brother and two visitors, with backs turned, perch outside the nest. The foster owlets were transplanted by the author from a nest which their parents had usurped in a heron rookery (page 475, Plate III). Close to adult size, the quartet will soon start night raiding themselves.

occasional oaks. It was here that the smallest of the eared owls of the California lowlands was found nesting in a hollow stump. These birds, misnamed screech owls, were the gentlest, bravest, and, despite their name, the sweetest-voiced of the three types of owls studied this spring.

In former seasons the hollow had been the home of a pair of sparrow hawks. Weather had enlarged the opening, however, just enough to make it unattractive to the diurnal birds of prey but ideal for the diminutive night flyers.

A visit in early May disclosed five typical owl's eggs, pure white, and almost round in shape. Over them, with swaying body and snapping beak, stood a gray bird, a mere handful of feathers, trying to protect its home.

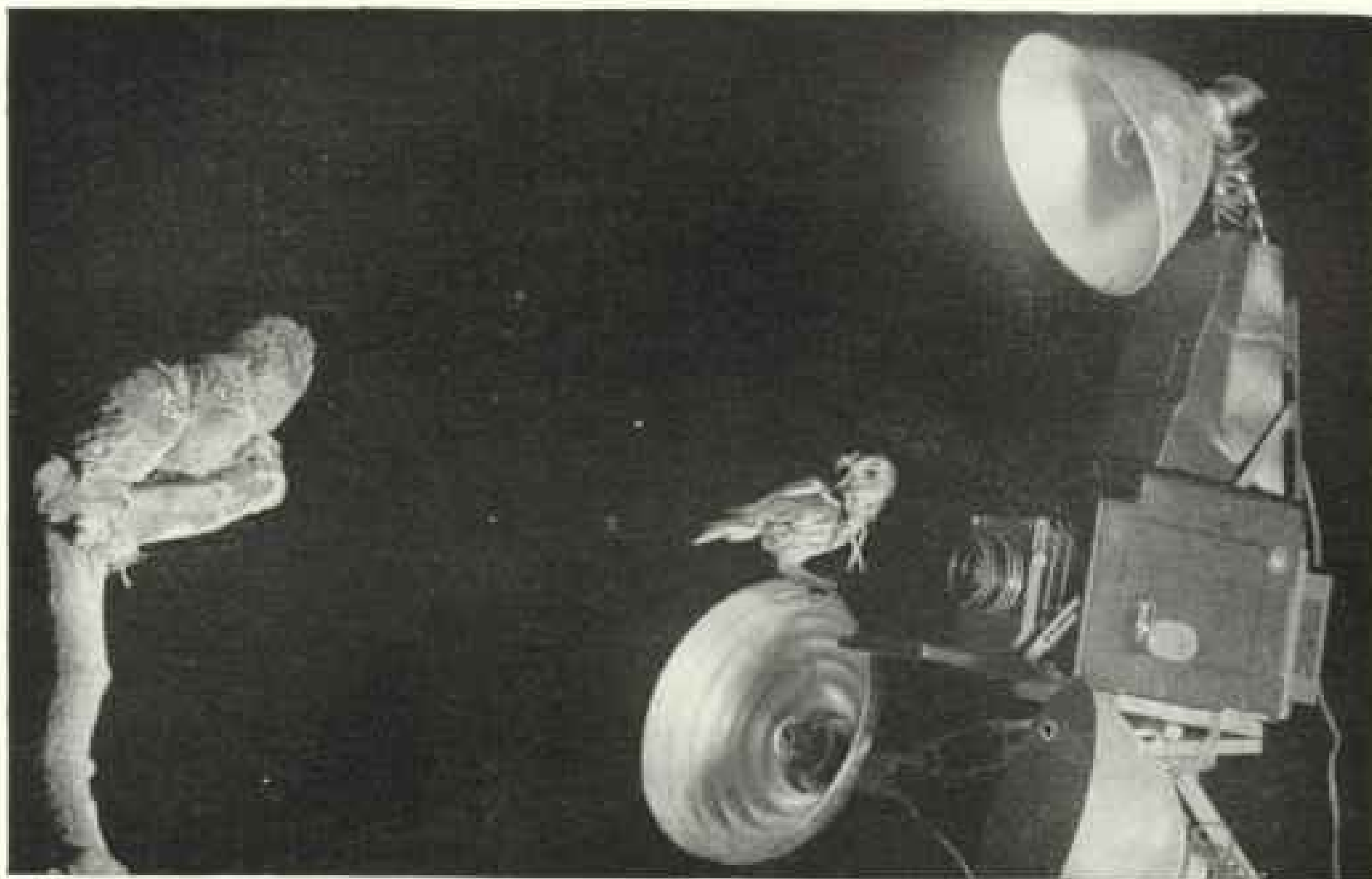
At dusk a week or so later I sat on a log, watchfully waiting. Everything became silhouetted in the afterglow. From across the

creek a mournful, tremulous whistle was heard. Then came a soft but urgent answer from the stump.

A bird with absurdly round wings sailed a few feet above me, snapped his bill in passing, and landed on a branch near the opening. As he departed, there came from the stump the whimpering of hungry young, as the female distributed the food brought by her mate (Plate IV).

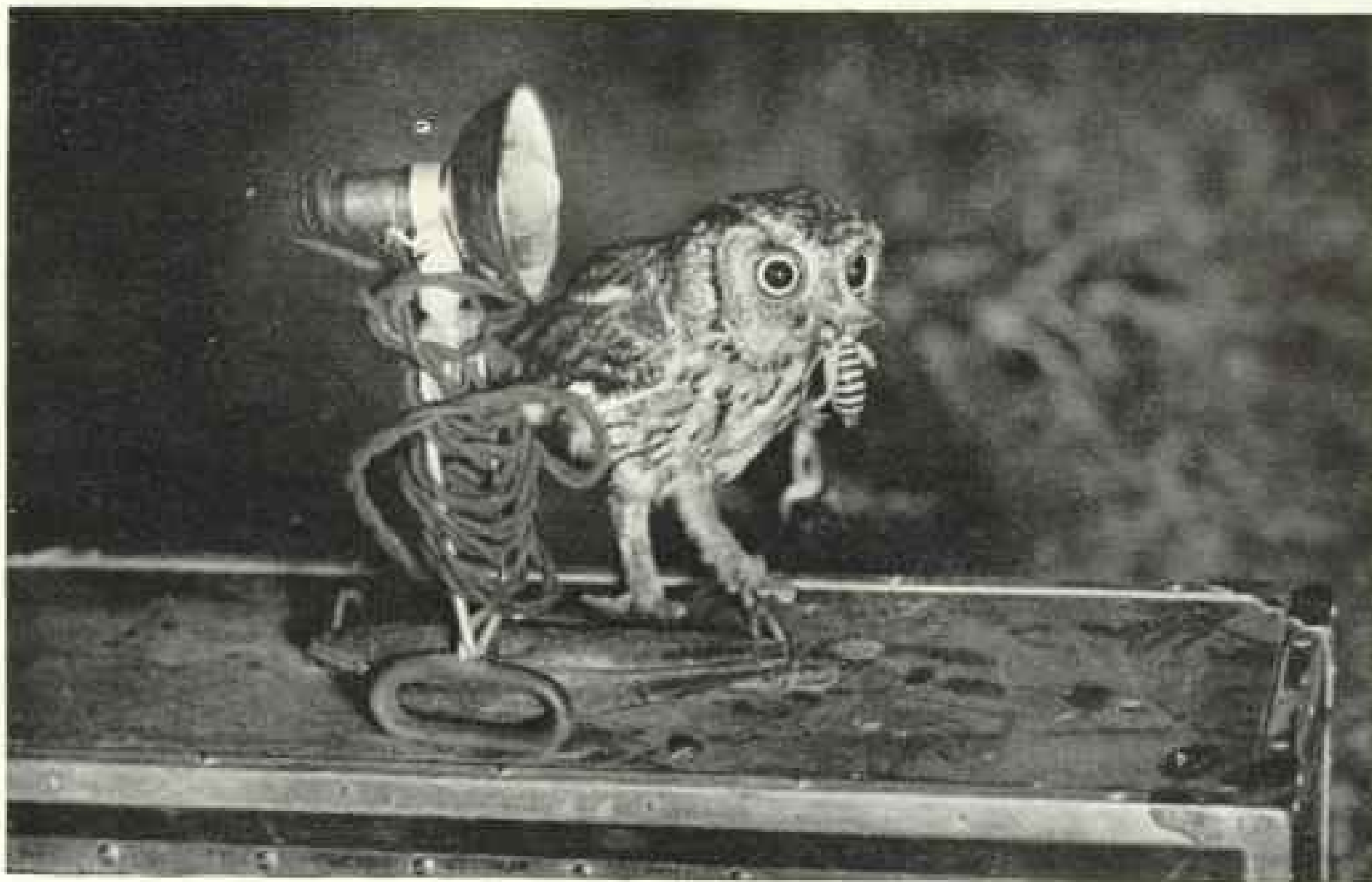
This first night was the only time during a month of observations that I was positive the male actually visited the nest. Throughout the rest of the study his visits were limited to the branches above.

The first flash bulb fired at a wild animal is likely to produce peculiar results. The great horned owl unconcernedly stood its ground. That in itself was peculiar, especially when compared with the panic of the long-eared owl. It remained for the screech owl, however,



Three Screech Owlets Pose for a Woodland Studio Portrait

"Watch the birdie!" the mother seems to say, as she calmly perches on the flash-bulb reflector. The mother registered fear only after her first experience with the flash. Eyelids closed to mere slits; "ear" tufts erect, she stood motionless, blending with the black background. Afterwards she showed no alarm.



This Wise Old Screech Owl Baits His Trap with a Spotlight

From a cardboard blind near the nest hole in a sycamore, the author noticed flutterings in the light beam of his small automobile trouble lamp (Plate IV). Looking through a hole in the floor, he saw below a parent snatching crickets, moths, and other insects attracted by the dim light (page 486).

to put on the real show, a display of remarkable facial expressions.

I was completely hidden in my box as the sun sank over the horizon. Seven feet away was the stump with its entrance hole, which gradually became a formless ink spot in the twilight. The trouble light, by comparison, became bright as it cast its glow through the increasing darkness. As before, there came the wavering call from the creek bed and the answer from the nest.

Gradually the ink spot became smaller as the gray owl moved toward her doorsill, obliterating shadow. Yellow eyes, with pupils dilated, stared from a round head and examined the strange structure that had been put up during the day.

For the fiftieth of a second the flash cast its yellow light and the film recorded the image. My momentary blindness passed, and I saw a peculiar transformation. In the doorway of the nest sat the owl, with pupils dilating and contracting spasmodically. Lids that had been wide open were closing to mere slits, while the "ears," previously a part of the round head, rose until they touched the top of the nest opening.

Facial muscles aligned feathers into a weird pattern. The owl became "absorbed" into the bark. She held this pose while I reached from the blind, changed bulbs and films, and fired another flash. Then, as if on wheels, she backed into the opening with not a single jerky movement, and the familiar ink spot took her place.

This was the only time this transformation was observed. Before the night's watch was over, she became accustomed to the flare, al-



Portrait of a Tiger of the Night Air

Powerful, fearless, swift and silent in approach, the Great Horned Owl is the night counterpart of the fiercest hawks. During 90 hours of observation, the author watched two parents bring their brood 13 cottontail rabbits, 21 gophers, 7 smaller rodents—all enemies of the farmer in southern California. Bird remains were not found. Head tufts, erect, give this owl its name. Response to varying light is shown in the different sizes of right and left pupils.

though she never learned to like it. At times she would land and deliberately keep her face averted like a camera-shy notable (opposite page).

Within a week she learned to circumvent the flash by flying directly into the nest, disappearing from sight. I tolerated this for two or three nights, then installed a black-paper trap door an inch or so within the hole. She was quick to learn that the pressure of her body would allow ingress and exit, but it did slow down her quick disappearing acts.

Several times while I was watching the nest hole during an absence of the adults, dark



Caught in the Act! An Opossum Smells a Baby Screech Owl Feast

Paying no attention to the shrill barks and beak-snapping dives of the adults, this night marauder forced one paw and its head into the cavity where three half-grown fledglings covered (Plate IV). The author shot the predator in the nick of time. Ten minutes later, all fear forgotten, the family resumed normal feeding.

shadows would be cast by the trouble light beneath the blind. I thought at first that they were made by phototropic moths. Finally I detected the sound of scratching talons. With a penknife I cut a hole in the cardboard box and saw one of the adult owls standing in front of the trouble light (page 484).

Every time an insect was drawn to the glare, the owl would pick it carefully from the reflector and wait for another. At one time the bird had as many as three moths at once, all caught without effort. Electricity for the rural districts is a wonderful invention!

When the fledglings were about half grown and at the age when they came to the doorway to utter their calls for food, an exciting, almost tragic, drama of wild life occurred.

The young had been pleading for their midnight meal incessantly, but the parents ignored their entreaties. Suddenly from the branches above came a bark, like that uttered by a tiny dog, first from one owl and then from the other.

I had heard this utterance before when a fox or coyote was sniffing at the base of the

* For additional material on great horned owls and long-eared owls, see "Shadowy Birds of the Night," by Alexander Wetmore, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, February, 1935.

nesting tree; therefore, I looked first at the ground, trying to detect the cause of their worry. As I glanced about, one of the parents flew to the top of the blind and dived straight for the nesting tree.

There, less than a foot from the entrance, was an adult opossum. His nostrils were working overtime, guiding him unerringly to the nest entrance. The young one that had been at the doorway had retreated behind the paper flap at the first warning bark of the parents.

Both adults were stooping intermittently at this furred intruder, missing him by less than inches. He was methodical in his quest and, aside from lowering his ears at each beak-snapping dive, he took no notice of the courageous birds.

Before he reached the nest opening I fired a flash, which stopped him momentarily. Hurriedly bulbs were changed and another flash was fired; but when he forced one paw and part of his head into the nesting cavity, I decided things were getting too warm for comfort. An owl study was about to be terminated prematurely; so this predator, foolishly introduced into California, was disposed of immediately.*

Crimea Reborn

BY EDDY GILMORE

Moscow Correspondent of the Associated Press

Illustrated by Photographs from Sovfoto

THE old Kremlin clocks were striking through the early night when my telephone rang.

"We're arranging a trip to the Crimea," said an employee of the Russian Press Department. "Would you like to go?"

Would I like to go! Was Red Square red? Was the world round? Why, no foreign correspondents had been into the golden Crimea—this land of sunshine, shining sand, pine trees, flowers, of the hospitable Black Sea and heroic Sevastopol—since the war began.

"Then be at the airport Monday morning at six o'clock," said the employee. This was Saturday. I began looking for my bathing suit.

Monday morning the greatest caravan of foreign correspondents to take a trip in the Soviet Union was about to get under way. There were eleven Americans, several Britishers, two Czechs, an Egyptian, an Australian, two Chinese. One of us was a Negro born in Minneapolis.

Two green American-made Douglas transport planes awaited us at the spacious Moscow civil airport. We piled in, off for the Crimea. Before I had finished half a detective story, we were in Kharkov.

I remembered the first time I had stopped at this airport. Hangars were smoking ruins, runways were full of bomb holes, snow was everywhere. The mercury in the thermometer was down, and over there behind an armlike ridge was battered, mauled, almost-dead Kharkov. Now the airport was repaired. The sun was shining, and smoke was rising from this industrial city of the Ukraine.*

American Tin Cans and Baseball in Kharkov

Someone picked up a tin can from the grass where we were sprawled awaiting refueling. It was American, from a Chicago meat-packing company.

"Anybody want to play catch?" Thus we opened the 1944 baseball season in Russia.

Half an hour of this and we were on our way. From my easy seat in the Douglas I watched the rich Ukrainian steppe slide beneath me. Like a glittering stream of sugar lay the Dnieper (Dnepr) River, spread out over the landscape in unchecked flood. We were flying to Dnepropetrovsk.†

We soared over history, for beneath us lay the Dnieper Bend, famous for many battles. But now it looked quiet and peaceful; the only note out of place in an otherwise pastoral scene was the flooding river.

I saw we were flying straight downstream. I dived for my NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC map which my friend Fred Simpich had sent me. I saw we must be getting close to the great Dnieper Dam.

I didn't have to wait long, for the Dam soon came into view. Here again I knew I was looking at history. Here was what is left of the Dnieper Dam—biggest hydroelectric installation in Europe and one of the biggest in the world—which supplied the Ukraine with its power and furnished electricity to turn the mighty wheels of the Donets coal basin.

I looked at it as I might have looked at the White House from the Washington Monument. It was that close. I saw three huge, ugly holes in the dam, extending from the water's edge to the lofty top. Through them moved the weighty Dnieper, flooding the flat treeless steppe as it rolled on to Nikopol, Kherson, and the Black Sea 200 miles away.

Within recent months contracts have been placed in the United States for equipment to repair the installation, increasing its capacity to 670,000 kilowatts.

Slowly we passed the Dnieper Dam by and came to the city of Zaporozhe, where Gen. (now Marshal) Rodion Y. Malinovsky's Third Ukrainian Army spread across the Dnieper and drove the Nazis from the bend. We couldn't tell much about the city, but on its outskirts were unmistakable grim evidences of the Zaporozhe-Melitopol Line. One of the strongest fortifications the Germans erected on the Russian front, the long line of zigzag trenches, barbed wire, cement pillboxes, and tank traps extends for 55 miles. This was the line that Gen. (now Marshal) Fedor I. Tolbukhin's Fourth Ukrainian Army smashed before it poured southwestward to reach the Perekop Isthmus and Sivash salt marshes before the Crimea.

We bumped on over the airways until we

* See "Liberated Ukraine," by Eddy Gilmore, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, May, 1944.

† See first detailed modern map, with 8,016 English names, of Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, a 10-color supplement to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for December, 1944.



A Heroic Red Army Officer Reads a Citation to a Group of Air Service Guards

He is Lt. Col. Nikolai Chelnokov. These flyers distinguished themselves in the fighting for Sevastopol, witnessing the final debacle of the German Army.

reached a vast whitish sandbar and the ugly brown, muddy country of the salt marshes themselves. Here I looked down on another of those fine engineering accomplishments of the Red Army.

Getting across this sticky mess with the thousands of troops, tanks, artillery, trucks, mortars, machine guns, and all the other implements needed to eject Hitler's hordes from places where they had stopped took Tolbukhin's time, but there is no way other than this and the Perekop Isthmus 40 miles to the west.

Red Army Crossing of the Salt Marshes

Beneath the Douglas's big wing were many bridges the Russians had built, sometimes under gunfire, often by night. There were the black steel skeletons of tanks, wrecked trucks, and swollen bodies of horses which the job had cost. Trenches of both armies stood out boldly.

Ever zigzag were the German trenches on the southern side of the lakes in the salt marshes, first like the border of some design on the edge of a girl's collar or cuffs, then more distantly spaced in the firmer ground of the dreary steppe which makes up most of the Crimea—not counting, of course, the mountainous coastal region.

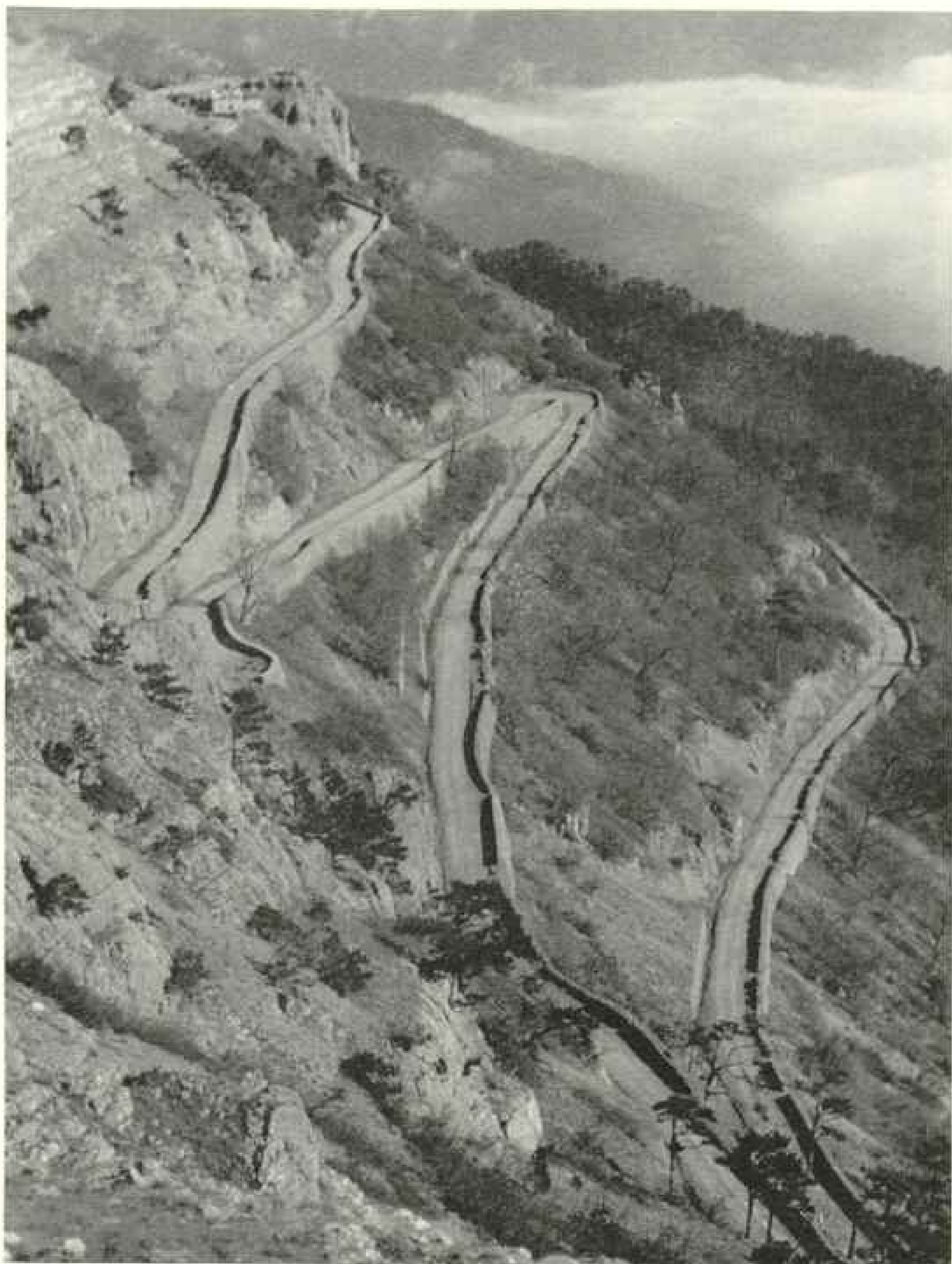
The scene became monotonous—huge stretches of brown earth patched with green, burned-out or broken-down tanks and trucks, dead horses, crushed cannons, abandoned machine guns, exploded mortars, and foxholes.

At last the purple edge of faraway mountains crept from under the plane's wing. A sigh of relief sounded through the plane, a sigh so loud you could hear it above the purring engines. The land became greener, until we seemed to be flying over meadowlands. We came down, began to circle. I stuck my neck forward until it ached, trying to see what we were getting to, just where we were landing in the Crimea, for there was no city in sight.

As we got closer, I saw a long line of beetle-like things which couldn't be anything but jeeps. Beside them were bigger beetles which couldn't have been anything but American trucks, and in between the two were long white-covered tables, around which moved a group of gaily dressed girls and women.

"Ah," sighed a particularly hungry correspondent, who, come to think of it, must have been I. "Food!"

Ours was the first plane in the party to land in the Crimea (map, page 496). We got out. It wasn't so warm as we had expected, for a chilling wind whipped across the steppe. After



The Road above Yalta Worms Its Way up the Ai Petri, Holy Peter's Mount

In his bouncing jeep the author first saw the terraced outskirts of the city from this vantage point (page 497). A drive of unsurpassed beauty, the highway goes through green gardens with white villas, past Tatar villages, Genoese fortresses, and flowery orchards. Here in a region of cypresses, grapes, and olives is the former tsarist palace, Livadiya, where the "Big Three," Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, met in February, 1945.



In War's Wake the State Ensemble Brings Back Oriental Music and Rhythms

Graceful young Tatars perform traditional steps of their people to the strains of the *gaida*, violin, and other traditional instruments. The majority of the population of multinational Crimea is formed by these folk, whose native songs and dances are exceptionally colorful. They are chiefly of Moslem and Turkish origin, having entered the Black Sea area in the 13th century with the Mongol invasion.

perhaps a ten-minute wait, our second Douglas sailed in and landed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," beamed a Red Army officer, "we welcome you to the Crimea. Please come and have some refreshments." Bowing, he led the way to a table set in the middle of the emeraldlike steppe.

Flowers seemed to be everywhere. Girls had them in their hair. They were placed up and down long tables among dishes of cold sausages, plates piled high with hard-boiled eggs, among Crimean wines, champagnes, white bottles of good Moscow vodka, and mineral water. They adorned waiting jeeps and trucks, for their drivers had stuck them all over the tops of the bodies.

Little yellow and white flowers were growing wild over this soft carpet on which we walked. This colorful floral display of the Crimea, however, did not slow down the business of eating. We fell to.

Our hosts didn't hurry us, but they informed us we had a long ride ahead. Quickly we downed the last of the eggs and everything else, grabbed our baggage, and sorted ourselves into jeeps. There were 14 of them, and we arranged ourselves as we liked. The *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent and I took one with a Russian driver, a youth of 19 from Moscow, who was as eager for news of his home as we were for news of the Crimea. Off we went in a cloud of flying field flowers, fumes, vodka, and champagne.

Jeeps and Camels on the Same Road

The first thing our caravan of jeeps encountered was a caravan of camels. Our comments were obvious.

From our jeep driver we discovered that we had landed near Simferopol, capital of the Crimea. After 15 minutes or so of bumpy road, we came into the outskirts of what, in the



Akpa Lukina Shoulders Her Grape Basket, Spilling Pale and Red Gold

Once again she is on her way to the famed cellars where age the fine red and white vintage wines of the Crimea. Here vineyards of Massandra slope to the sea. Though the countryside was neglected and ravaged, the storage caves happily were spared from destruction by the Nazis.

second century before the Christian Era, was called the city of Neapolis, residence of the Scythian king Scilurus. Simferopol proper was founded in the sixteenth century under Tatar domination and was the residence, among other gentlemen of the day, of the chief commander of the Khan's troops, who was second in command in the Khanate.

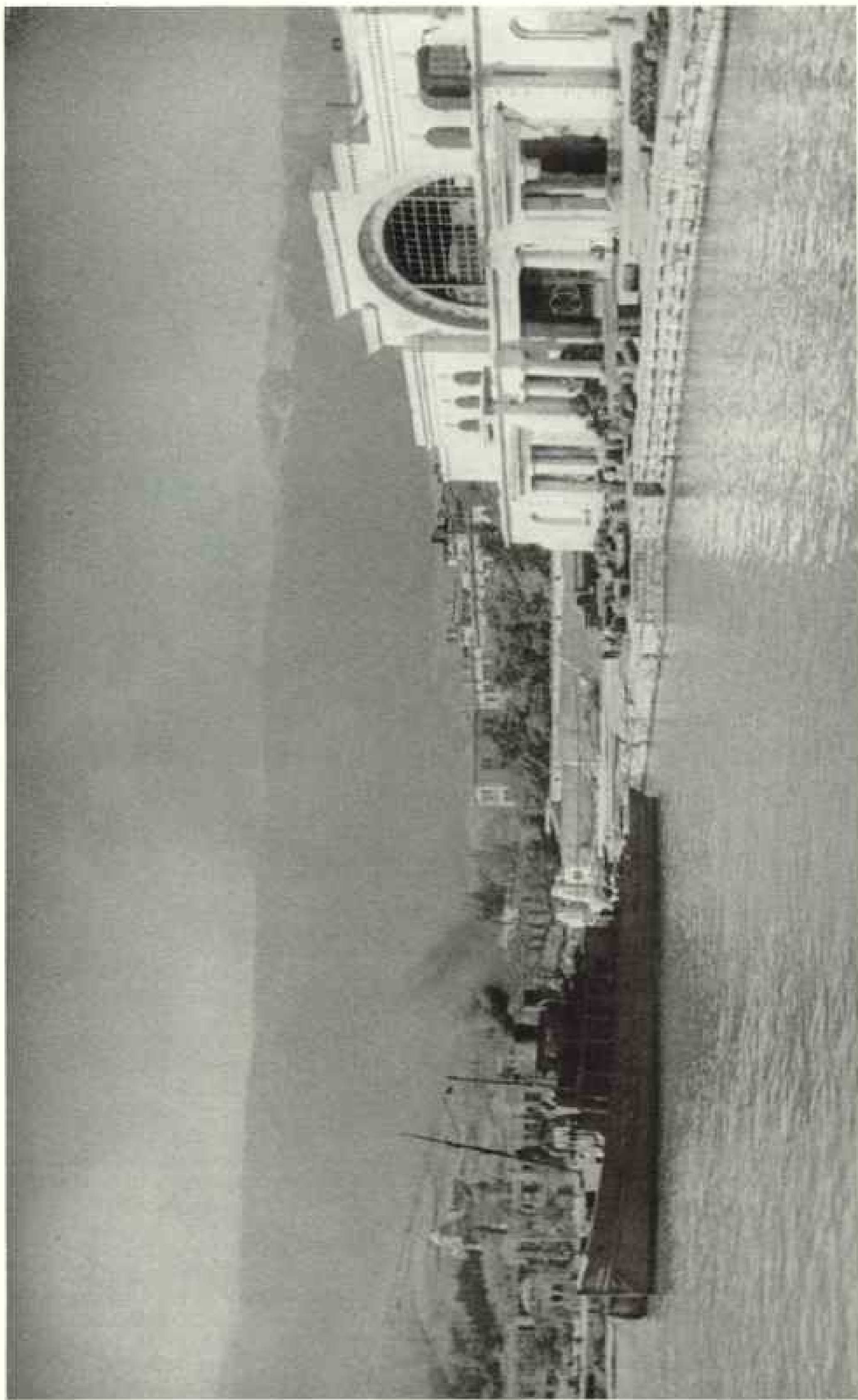
In those days the city was known as Akmechet, or White Mosque. Its present name was derived from a combination of two Greek words denoting "collective city," one containing different nationalities.

Simferopol is divided into three sections: the new Russian portion in the north and northwest, on the left bank of the Salgir River, where nearly all the administrative buildings are located; the old Greco-Tatar section in the south and southeast, with its winding lanes and alleys, including a gypsy village; and so-called Newtown on the right bank of the river with its snug, bright, cozy villas.

German occupants laid the torch to administrative buildings and caused considerable damage, but, compared with many other cities of Russia, Simferopol was less hurt. Russian officers explained this to us by the fact that when the Red Army broke across the Perekop and Sivash the offensive was so swift that the Nazis didn't have time to do a thorough job of destruction in the city.

From Simferopol we took a hard-surfaced, narrow road to Alushta on the coast. We bumped down it at alarming speed, and I kept telling my companion how much it reminded me of the road between Monterrey and San Luis Potosi in Mexico. Fruit trees were in bloom on either side of the road. There were mountains in the distance. From the little cottages and huts alongside the road people were waving. There were brooks and flowers.

The farther we went, the more the country looked like Mexico. Toward late dusk we saw a rising spot of ground.



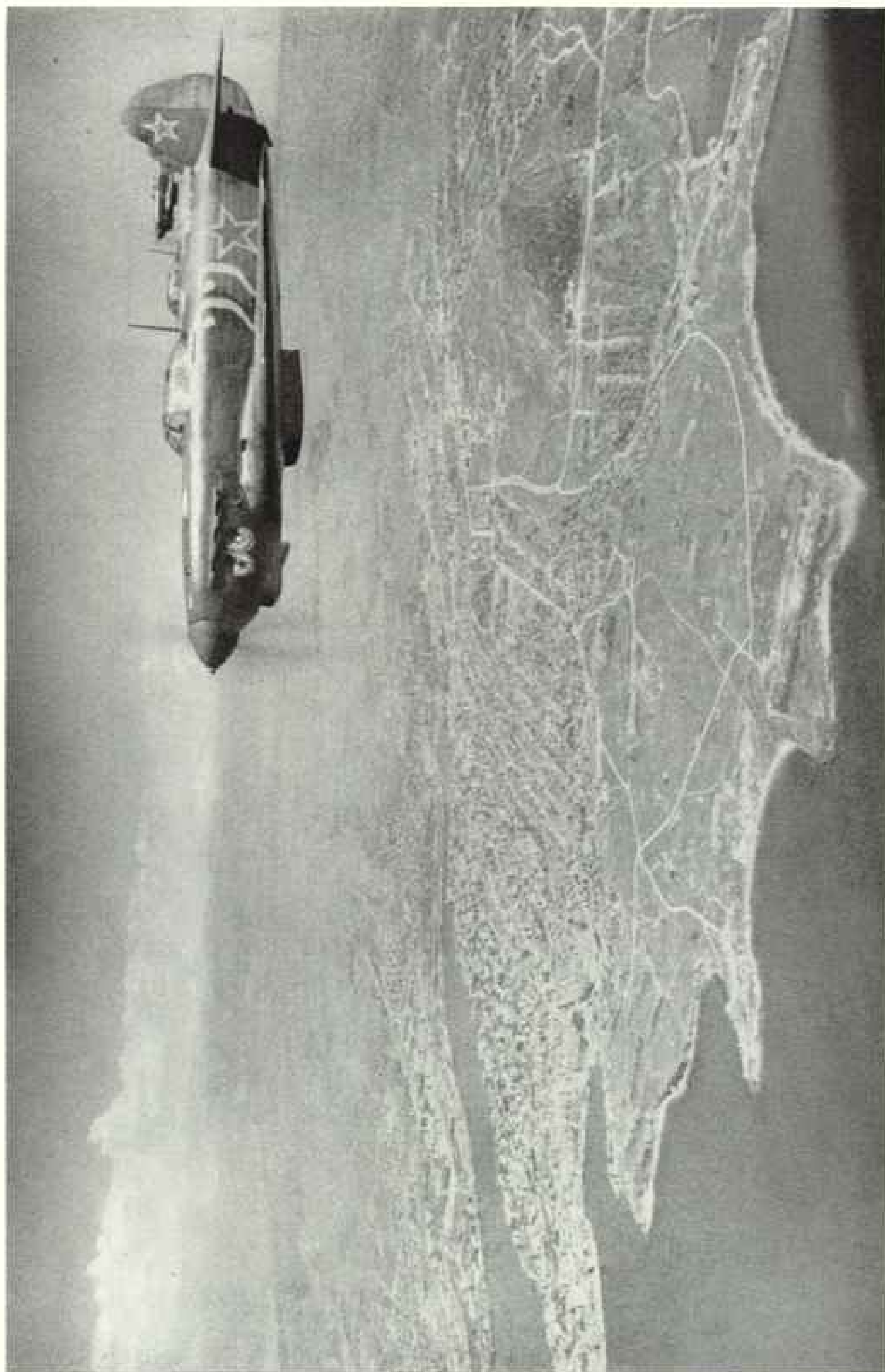
Here at Yalta, on Russia's Black Sea Riviera, the Crimea Conference Met to Decide the Fate of Germany and Europe

From the lovely curve of the bay, the town lazily climbs the slopes of backdrop mountains. Because of its warm waters and semitropical climate, this region has long been famed as a watering place. The steamboat landing, burned by the fleeing Nazis, is nearly restored.



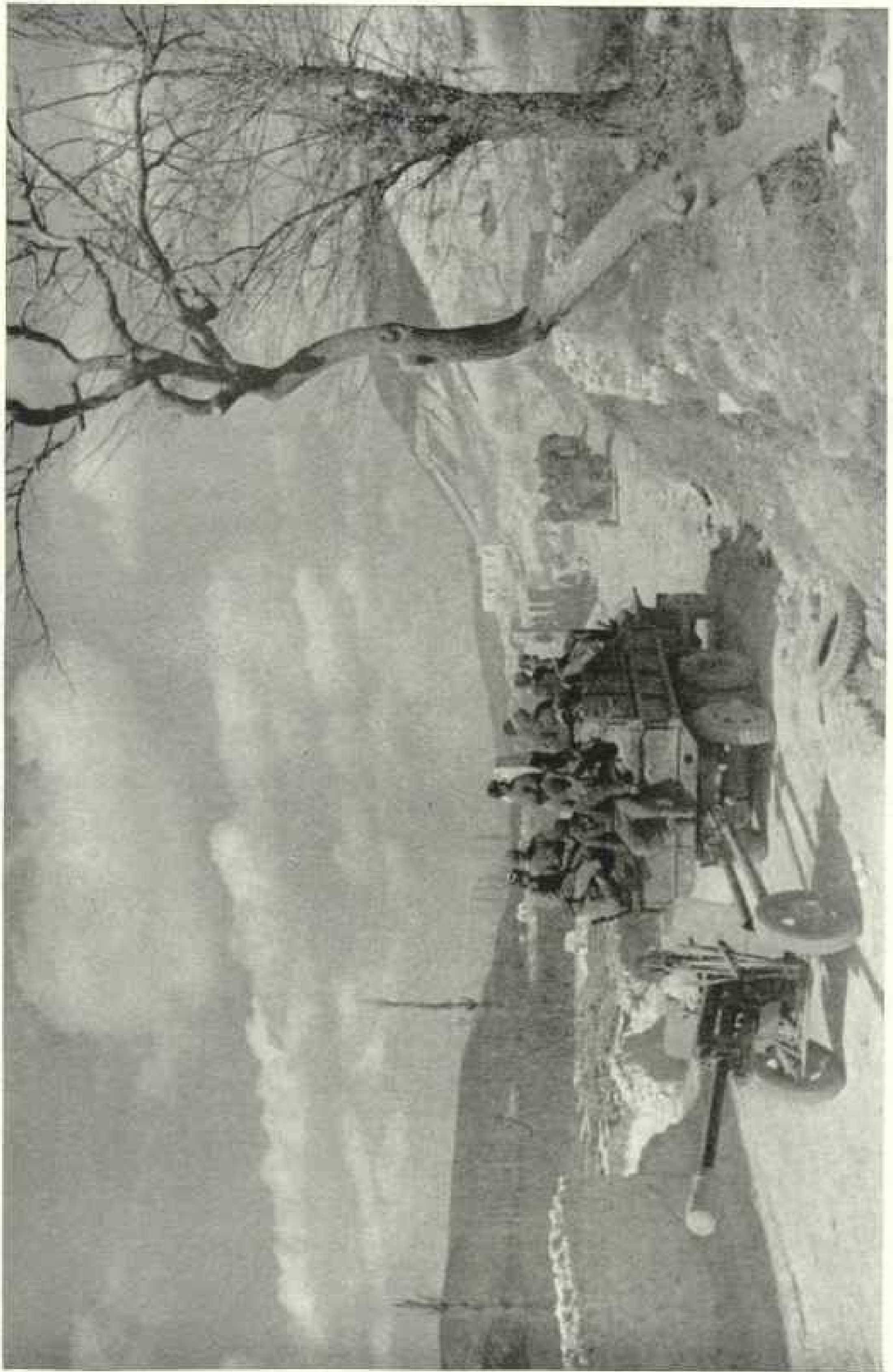
Young Tatar Farm Workers Celebrate Their Last Peacetime May Day

The Crimea refused to be humbled by the invaders. Sons and daughters of this region joined the guerrilla detachments in woods and mountains. On many occasions punitive expeditions were sent to track them down. But trains and ammunition dumps continued to be blasted. Near here the author was treated to a bountiful meal from flower-banked tables set among the wild flowers of the green-carpeted steppe (page 490).



Soviet Planes Patrol the Sky over Sevastopol, the Key to Sea Routes in Three Wars

The harbor is famed alike for its size and its safety during the severe storms of the Black Sea. In the Crimean War of 1853-56, as well as World Wars I and II, this maritime city has been a chief objective.



Knee-deep in History Is This Land Around Balaklava; Near Here Tennyson's Light Brigade Charged "Half a League Onward"

Since the time of the famous siege of the Crimean War, when thousands of British and French were killed in an attempt to capture Sevastopol, the dead buried on the hillsides about the city have always outnumbered the living. Here Soviet artillery presses toward Sevastopol along a dusty road (page 505).



Drawn by Theodor Preis and Irwin E. Altman

Battleground of Centuries Is the Crimea, with Sevastopol the Prize of Victory

Flying from Moscow, the author was one of the first war correspondents to visit the Crimea after the Germans fled. In the Crimean War, this historic fortress city withstood for many months the attacking British, French, and Turkish armies. In November, 1941, the Germans besieged the Red Army at Sevastopol. For 250 days the Russians held out heroically. The invaders occupied the Black Sea port less than two years. Soviet troops recaptured it in May, 1944, and hurled the enemy into the Black Sea.

"The Black Sea," announced our driver Sasha, which is short for Alexander. Yes, there it was. But of course it wasn't black. It was the bluest of blues, like the sea off the Italian Riviera (page 506).

"I've finally completed the cycle," I said. "I've now been from the White Sea to the Black."

The sun was sinking fast as we twisted our way in a long file down the coastal highway, beneath one blazing pinnacle of high-light shadow after another. It was the road between Alushta and Yalta. Midway we swung off the hard-surfaced road and charged goat-like up a craggy road to a little green paradise on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea. Before the war this had been a rest home, one of many which dot the Crimean coast.

We halted before a high square building located in the density of the pine trees. This was where we were to stay. In front of the building were a fountain and a terrace. The latter had not become weedy, for some Romanians had been residing there—generals, I imagined.

A Feast at a Recaptured Rest Home

Up a neatly kept little paved path was a bigger building where we were to stop. Washing up from the long ride helped to revive us. We then were invited to a dinner which was that in every sense of the word. After a meal of cold fish, radish salad, savory soup, delicious pork, and uncountable toasts, I got to bed.

"Ah," I sighed to myself. "We'll be up bright and early tomorrow morning and see

what the Germans and Romanians have done to this beautiful land of the Crimea."

I slept peacefully until 5:30 a. m. when we were roused by a smiling Red Army girl. After sloshing ourselves in cold mountain water and briskly walking to the dining hall, we prepared for a long ride.

"The road will be long and dusty," warned our Russian friends. "Put these on." They handed us goggles that fitted over half of our faces and cloaklike raincoats which they explained were for dust protection, not for rain.

Again our jeep caravan set out. It was a golden morning with the early sun casting gigantic shadows of thrilling purple between brilliant patches of sunlight. Bright they looked at a distance, like spreads of crushed diamonds.

We encountered a sight which was somehow shocking just before we reached the terraced outskirts of Yalta (pages 489, 492). It was a burned-out Canadian-built Ford truck which the Germans had captured on the beach at Dunkirk and moved here.

At 30 miles an hour we dropped into Yalta, a city of about 30,000 before the war. It is separated from the internal part of the Crimean Peninsula by the Krymskie mountain range.

Protecting the resort are nearly perpendicular mountain walls. We halted long enough on Pushkin Boulevard to observe how in the last hours the Germans and Romanians had set fire to many stores and buildings along the water front; then we turned our jeeps toward the mountains and roared up an S-shaped roadway. We climbed until we reached the summit, then paused to put down the tops of the jeeps.

All the way up we had rumbled over new wooden bridges erected by Red Army engineers to take the place of those blasted away by the invaders in flight. The road we were on was not the coastal road. We had turned off it and were heading northwest on a track which would bring us out into the valley country northeast of Sevastopol.

Flowers in the Wake of Fleeing Nazis

Soon we got off the hard-surfaced road and into clouds of dust, but with goggles the journey was not too difficult. About every 200 yards we passed spots in the road where the enemy had laid huge pine trees across the road, seeking to halt the tanks and motorized infantry of Gen. Andrei Yeremenko's Maritime Army which had passed just ahead of us.

The famous Crimean flowers of seemingly endless varieties grew close to the roadside. They were present in every shade and shape,

sometimes in bunches, sometimes like great acres of color thrown against the mountainside by some color-crazy giant.

The sun climbed higher into our eyes, painting the blue sky. And I came out of my duster, dust or no dust. At last we reached the dull, unlovely valley which approaches Sevastopol. Here the soil had turned almost white, and we began to take on a covering of white atop our coat of brown dust.

We arrived in Belbek Valley a little after noon. Here we found evidence of heavy fighting—ruined treads of tanks hurled all over the landscape, big guns which had been destroyed or whose crews had been killed. We had almost reached the western coast of the Crimea above Sevastopol when the rank stench of death fouled our nostrils.

It was here that the Russians had smashed up a Romanian cavalry regiment. Dead horses and a few soldiers lay about. The officers explained that they had buried most of the dead. We bumped on to the foot of an imposing-looking shell-scarred hill. Then the caravan stopped.

Our conducting officers beckoned to the officer in charge of the de-mining squadron which had been standing by awaiting us. Eighteen young soldiers, armed with mine-detecting instruments and devices, pushed up the hill ahead of us.

"Follow immediately behind," warned the Red Army commander.

We didn't need much urging, for our memory was too vivid of how two officials of the Press Department and one officer of the Red Army had lost their lives on a previous trip with correspondents when their jeep struck a mine.

Atop the hill without mishap, we overlooked the sea again. We were on the western coast, about five miles north of Sevastopol. A violent struggle took place here when the Russians wrested this advantageous position from the Germans and Romanians.

German helmets were scattered over the hilltop. Barbed wire coiled and uncoiled for many hundreds of yards. All about were shell craters, blasted dugouts, pieces of uniforms, dead horses, more dead soldiers.

Our friends led us to a spot overlooking the sea and pointed southward.

"There is Sevastopol," one of them said. "This was the most important enemy position to the north of the city. We smashed it up and then cut around it. The enemy retreated from here back into the city."

Back into our jeeps we pitched along the bombed road through Belbek Valley to Mackenzie Heights (Mekenziev Gory) where



Like the Heroes of Old, Men of the Red Army Died Here Rather Than Surrender

At ancient Chersonese, only a few miles from Sevastopol, some of the heaviest fighting took place, the defenders holding out until the last man fell (page 508). The Germans were not the first to overrun this historic place, for it has seen many conquerors in its 2,600 years. The wall of this private house shows the masonry of two civilizations. On the bottom are the elongated blocks of the Greek colonists who founded the town; above them the square-cut stones of the Romans.

the Russians dealt another heavy defeat to an enemy in entrenched positions. Equipment lay abandoned on every side, almost as far as we could see.

With the smell of dead horses and soldiers and the memory of Germans and Romanians sprawled out in death still with us, we arrived at the cliff overlooking the harbor of Sevastopol.

Sevastopol—a Dead City

I wasn't prepared for what I saw. Before me, across a quarter of a mile of water, lay a sight more shocking than the killed soldiers and slaughtered horses—a real dead city. Not a single spiral of smoke rose from the place which once had held more than 100,000 people. The day was very quiet and we could hear none of the sounds familiar in a city—blowing of whistles, rumble of streetcars,

blasts of automobile horns, bells of switching engines in railway yards.

It was an awful thing to look at the corpse of a city, especially one that once had been so beautiful and so gay. All of us were a little hushed. Our conducting officer cleared his throat and began talking.

"After our men broke through the German-Romanian positions which you've just seen," he explained, "they reached this bank. Down there," he pointed to our right toward the place where the harbor joins the Black Sea, "we installed our big guns. This gave our troops command of Cape Chersonese (Mys Kheroneski), where the Germans had their last airdrome. We blew them to bits."

Later we were to see the full meaning of his declaration.

"How did the Red Army cross this harbor?" one of us asked.



Work to Erase the Scars of War Is in Full Swing in the Harbor of Sevastopol

In this section along the water front, damage was heaviest. Hardly a building was left standing. The new city will be nearer the sea. Parks and squares will be laid out along the shore, stadiums will be built, and wide stairways will lead to the beaches. Arriving soon after Russian recapture of the city, the author saw battered freight cars, some marked Berlin, Dresden, and even Paris, in the rail yards (page 501).



From an Archway Still Intact, Strollers Again May Overlook the Sevastopol Water Front. But the scene they view across an arm of the blue sea, called Black, is one of desolation. For three years inhabitants of the great Crimean port city were forbidden on pain of death to appear on the seashore.



"East Africa Is There," Points Out a Russian Child Before a Geography Class

This is but one of hundreds of collective farm schools in the Soviet Union. Through the active efforts of the pupils, parents, and teachers, 867 schools reopened this past year, 445 of them completely rebuilt.

"Every way we could," said the officer. "On craft captured from the enemy, on our own craft, on hurriedly made barges, even—" he paused for dramatic effect—"even on coffins which the Germans had arranged here to use for their dead. Yes, they crossed on German coffins, and in them sometimes."

Our Red Army man pointed to the harbor just beneath us.

"This is a deep harbor (page 494). You can't see most of the ships we sank because they are on the bottom, but you can see something. Those are funnels, smokestacks, and ends of ships and barges."

The harbor was dotted black with many objects. Some of them we could distinguish as the smokestacks of ships.

Every few moments a sheet of red flame would rise on the horizon.

"What's that?"

"We are setting off some mines down on the Cape," explained the Red Army officer. "The place is full of them."

It was about six o'clock. We had a long ride back to our little hideaway in the Crimean mountains. We weren't to see any more of Sevastopol this day. Bone-sore we climbed back into our jeeps. We skirted the eastern end of Sevastopol harbor, viewed hundreds of shot-up, wrecked, exploded locomotives and freight cars. They bore names of many German cities: Berlin, Frankfurt, Hannover, Hamburg, Dresden. There were even some with Paris on them. Turning eastward we headed across Inkerman valley, where tremendous fighting took place.

Picking a Way through Mine Fields

Here were acres of shell holes, countless horses of Romanian cavalry divisions, dead in



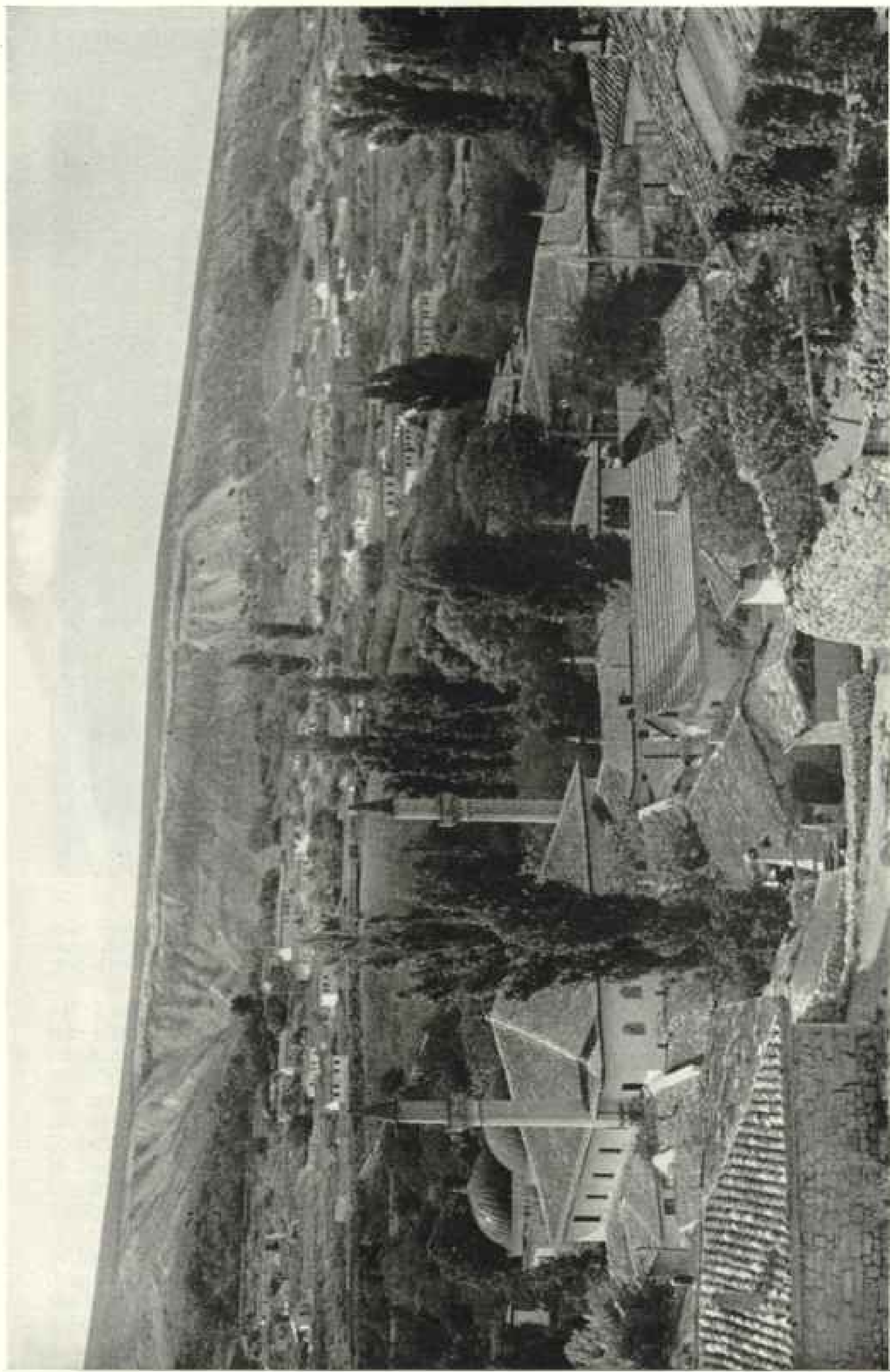
Patriots Labor Below as Well as Above the Sea

After toiling thousands of hours under water salvaging ships in other parts of Russia, deep-sea diver V. Panasenok works in the bay of liberated Sevastopol. The masts, funnels, and bridges of sunken ships clutter the harbor.

the late sun. Most of the soldier dead had been removed, but occasionally we would pass one by in the battlefield's long shadows.

Our road was very narrow and the drivers very careful. On either side of the road we could see why—mines, little piles of the flat pancake kind, every fifty yards or so. I hoped as never before for efficiency on the part of the Red Army's de-mining units, but they'd done their job well or this article wouldn't have got through.

It was a terrible road. Any road would be terrible through a battlefield. We bumped, swayed, jolted, pitched, rolled on, making our way through and around shell craters, dodging burned-out tanks, as common as cows in a Wisconsin pasture.



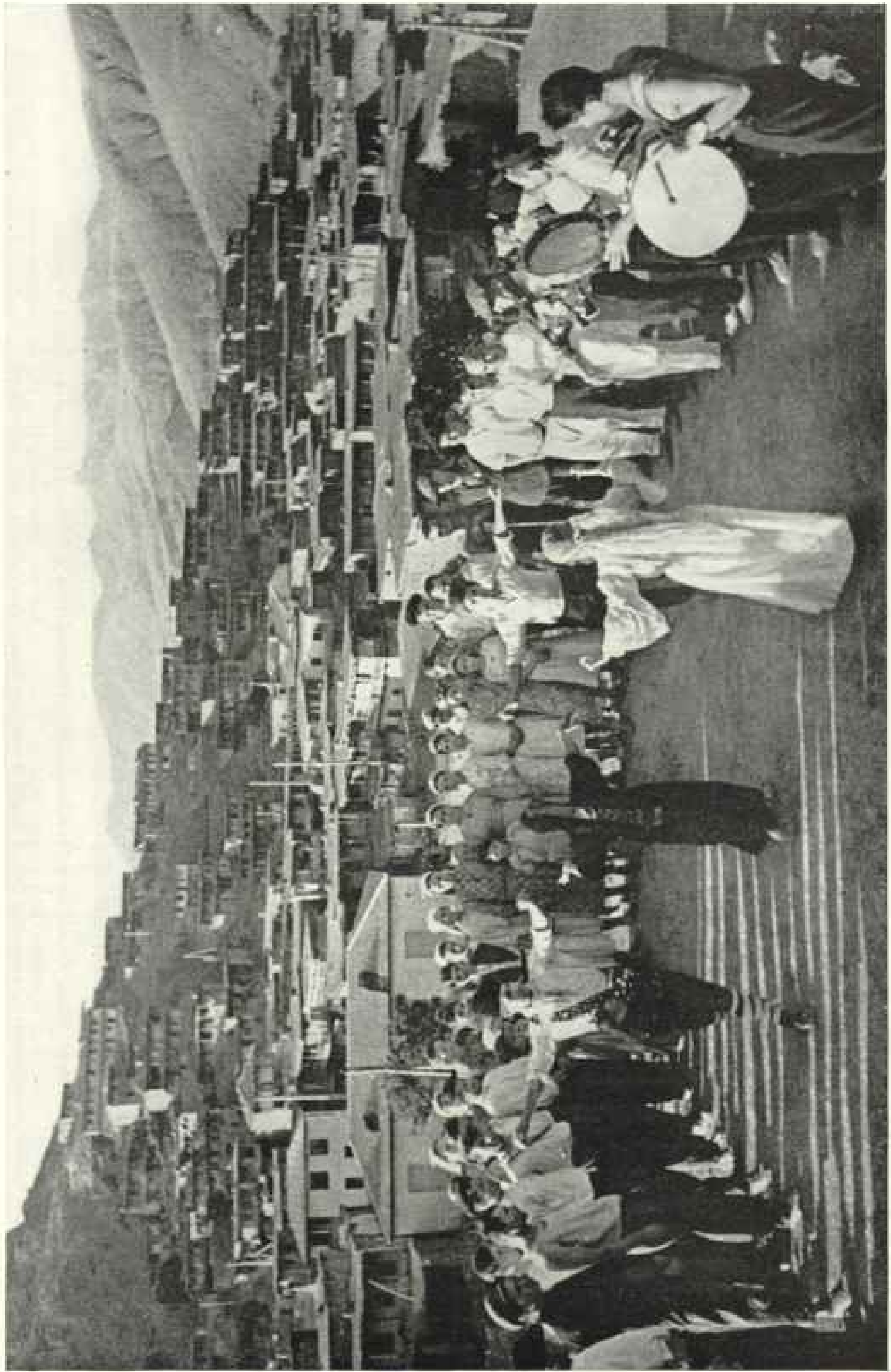
In a Deep Valley Near the Black Sea Lies Bakhchisarai, "Palace of Gardens," Once Magnificent Capital of the Tatar Khan

Here is the famed "Fountain of Tears" which Pushkin described in his poem, *Bakhchisarai Fountain*. The Mohammedan ruler had it erected in memory of his wife, Dilara-Bikech, a beautiful girl abducted and kept by him in his harem against her will. This legend has it she was Polish, another Georgian, and a third Greek.



Lenin Street, Once Proud and Handsome, Was Blasted into a Maze of Ruins by Nazi Vandals

The first healing of Sevastopol's grave wounds was the clearing away of debris. What if it does take time to rebuild? The air Crimsons breathe is free, and they can again walk on this once-forbidden boulevard. Out of rubble a new and more beautiful Sevastopol will rise along the shores of the Black Sea.



Young Crimean Farmers Dance in an Open Square Before the Tatar Village of Uskut

After the retreat of the German Army, the revival of agriculture was begun immediately. Of the 105,000 head of cattle which the collective farms owned before the war, only 2,500 remained; and of 39,000 hogs, only 89 were left. The Germans ate all the fowl and virtually ruined agriculture.

At last we reached the road that connects Sevastopol with the coastal highway. It was hard-surfaced and our jeeps took to it like race horses in a stretch. At last, in what we in the South call second darkness, we arrived at a huge cement archway built in the rocks where the road from the valley comes out on a ledge overlooking the Black Sea.

Chernoe More, as the Russians call the sea, looked very black this time of day.

An old expression is the best one to describe that ride back to Yalta down a road with scores of sandy horseshoe curves where the wheels hung over precipices above the rocky Black Sea coast. It was breath-taking.

There were millions of stars and a faint sickle of a moon. Our jeeps hummed over the road as we swung around one curve after another, raced down into little villages, soared up into heights, plowed under great hanging rocks, and passed silent, blasted tanks and overturned German troop transports. Here and there the Germans had dynamited the coastal highway—usually at the turns, it seemed. And as we whizzed around it, our good American-made tires screaming in the Crimean night, I crossed my fingers and offered silent prayers. Our good chauffeur Sasha saw me.

"It's nothing," he laughed.

My worst worry was that I would fall asleep, fly out of the jeep, and wake up to find myself sailing out through the night above those beautiful-to-look-at rocks along the coast.

"Kick me regularly every five minutes," I asked the Red Army colonel who had got in with Steve and me.

"Seriously and hard," he replied.

To those kicks I believe I owe a lot. Maybe my life, because I was sleepy, very sleepy. We had traveled nearly 200 miles that day.

We reached our sleeping-eating place about eleven o'clock that night and fell to on one of the finest meals I have eaten in Russia. It had everything, and the fact that we hadn't eaten since early morning sharpened our appetites. Sleep was deep and untroubled.

The following morning we doubled back over the Marine Boulevard and headed for Sevastopol and Cape Chersonese, where some 25,000 Germans had been captured. At an insignificant-looking little crossroads southeast of Sevastopol, we were asked to get out.

Scene of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

"Just over that hill," explained our conducting officer, "is Balaklava. Straight ahead is the English Cemetery. The spot right where we are standing was the key to Sevastopol.

When we fitted it into the lock, we got into the city."

We were standing knee-deep in history. Just over the hill was the scene of Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (page 495).

Before us was the hill up which French soldiers had charged 89 years earlier to capture Sevastopol. As so often happens, history has done a backflip, a repeat performance on the same old stage.

The hill to our left, which separated us from Balaklava, was slightly greenish, also without trees and rocks. There was nothing to make these hills outstanding, nothing to distinguish them but blood and history.

But the hill leading to the English Cemetery was a different story. Here was evidence of terrible gunfire, deadly downpours of mortars and bombs. It was as battle-scarred as any field I had seen in the Soviet Union, and I've seen them from the White Sea to the Black.

Rout of the Germans at Sevastopol

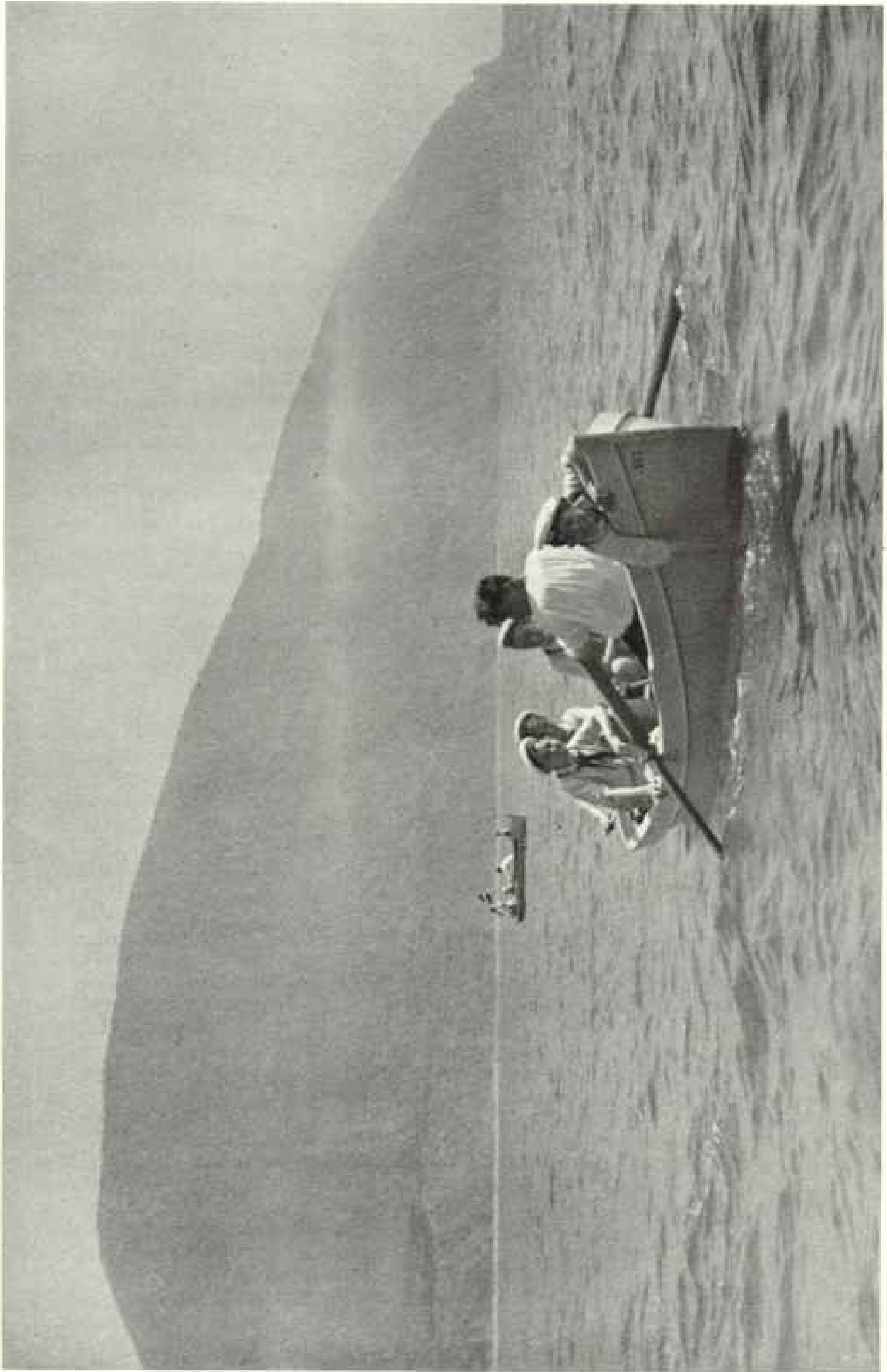
Now it was easy to see how Sevastopol fell to the Soviets. Their armies arrived at what might be called the two gates to the city, this spot and the approaches to the north of the city where we had been the day before. In plain sight the Russians began concentrating strength to the north. They brought up more tanks, guns, soldiers, and they didn't try to hide their preparations from the Germans—in fact, they wanted them to see.

By night, in great secrecy, the Red Army made its big concentration near where we were viewing the scene and listening to an almost professorial explanation of the battle.

Discovering the movement in the north and believing the big blow was coming there, the German High Command concentrated its troops and tanks to meet the expected thrust. When the Germans had thus weakened themselves on the side where we now stood, the Russians let go with everything they had. They poured tons of shells into positions atop the English Cemetery Hill. They plowed it with mortars, and their bombers flew hundreds of flights above the Nazis' trenches and gun emplacements. The German line cracked. Once more an army surged up the hill.

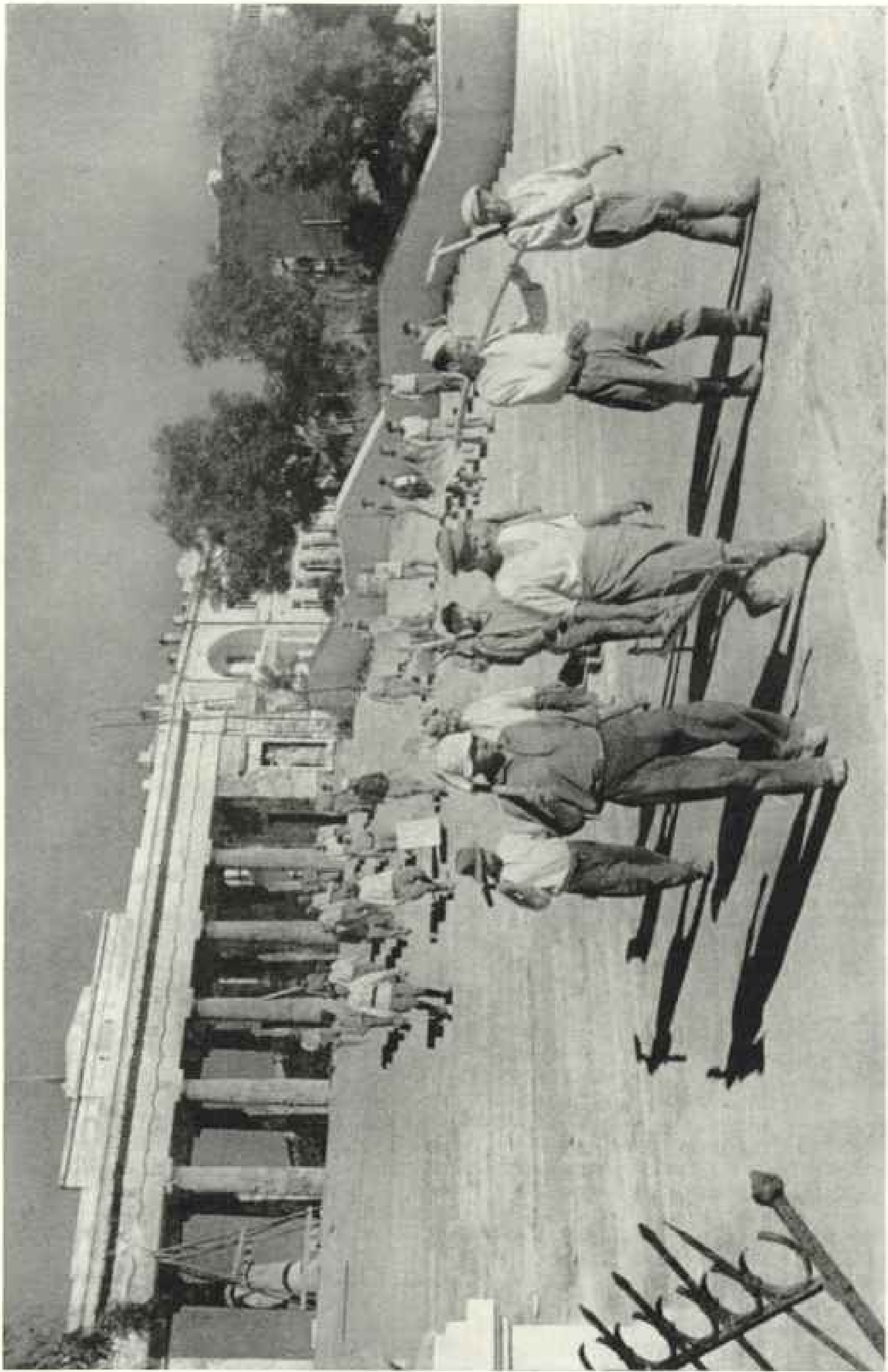
North of the city the Red Army was also attacking. It was too late for the Germans to do anything but fall back. This time they didn't even halt in Sevastopol. As the lines gave way, word went out from the High Command that Hitler would have ships off Cape Chersonese to evacuate all soldiers. Accordingly, the army raced back to the Cape.

We got back into our jeeps and headed in the same direction.



Once Again Happy Russian Children Are off for a Cruise on the Black Sea

These holiday-bound youths are heading out from Artek, largest sanatorium and recreation camp in the Soviet Union. For the first time since the German occupation, more than three years ago, this Crimea vacation center is open to visitors. A gala celebration welcomed the first group of 500 boys and girls.



Even Before the Nazis Were Driven Out, Russian Architects Were Drawing Plans to Restore Sevastopol

Broad streets lined with trees and white modern-style houses are to form the central part of the city. Here bricklayers, carpenters, and plasterers descend the granite staircase on their way to work at the Grafskaya landing stage.



A Sevastopol Mother Takes Her Daughters to School Opening Day

On this great occasion, after nearly two years of German oppression, flowers for the teacher are most appropriate. The city, rising phoenixlike from its ashes, was quick to re-establish its education program.

Battlefields always look the same to me. The dead always seem sprawled in the same pattern. The horses look alike, and there is not much difference between one splattered trench, broken pillbox, smashed gun, burned-out tank and another. The scene atop that hill looked no different, unless, perhaps, it got a finer going-over than any I had seen before.

Some of the tanks and pillboxes were reduced almost to powder, and large areas of the hill itself were little more than powder, such a pounding had they taken. Through this mess we moved to Cape Chersonese (p. 498).

The smell of death was strong as we approached the first line that the Germans threw up before the Cape. It was marked by some burned-out American General Sherman tanks, used by the Red Army in capturing the Cape. The tanks were sitting off to the left side of the

road. We drew up before the line, which was earthen, about 12 feet high, and guarded by many strands of barbed wire and fire points. There were trenches before it.

The Red Army broke straight through this line and headed for the tip of the Cape, where the Germans had their biggest airfield in the Crimea and where Hitler's evacuation ships were supposed to arrive. When the Germans withdrew to the Cape, this airfield was already within range of the Russian big guns north of Sevastopol. And the guns did their deadly work.

Cape Chersonese is something I'll never forget, even if I cover wars for the rest of my life. First, it was a graveyard of German planes. Every shape and model have been there, burned out, bombed, riddled by Stormoviks (Russian low-altitude strafing planes), and shattered by shells. The Cape itself was bare of trees.

The earth was red, almost like that around brickyards. It was hard and firm except where Russian shells had plowed it up.

Dead Still Waiting for Ships That Never Came

Down at the very tip of the Cape the remains of a lighthouse are standing. This was where German Lieutenant General Boehme, commander of the Fifth Army Corps, finally gave up. Or rather, where a young Red Army tank officer tapped on a basement window and said, "Come out, please."

And Boehme, who was being guarded by his own officers lest he commit suicide, came out dazed and moaning.

The Black Sea was very calm that morning. There was hardly a ripple, just gentle small waves that hardly made a sound as they

shifted in to shore. I went out to the tip and looked at the huge heaps of things the Germans had abandoned in the last moments. Then I looked at the Germans. There were lots of them there at the water's edge, about 35 feet beneath me. Their bodies, in green-gray, were huddled or heaped around groups of makeshift barges and rafts on which they had tried to get away.

"They thought," explained the Russian officer, "they could get to Romania on those things."

I looked at the rafts closely. They were made of planks, on which desperate men had tied empty gasoline cans and ammunition boxes. Why, they couldn't have got one across the Potomac, the Hudson, or the Ohio River.

Up and down the shore the Germans had turned their pockets out. There were piles of photographs—pictures of wives, sweethearts, mothers, children, families. There was as much German money as anyone wanted to take away. I also picked up a German Iron Cross.

But enough of this.

Later we talked to some German officers and privates about the last days on Cape Chersonese and then compared notes with the Chief of Staff of the Fourth Ukrainian Army. For the Nazis it was a nightmare of shot and shell, waiting for Hitler's ships that didn't come.

The general said a convoy of a hundred craft left Romanian ports to get the Chersonese men, but the convoy's progress was interrupted in the Black Sea by Soviet air and naval units, and none of the vessels reached the Cape.

The Germans said it was the worst thing they had been through in this war. Numerous



Black Bread for Sevastopol, Fresh from the Ovens

Here loaves made from the grain grown on the Crimean steppe are checked before distribution (page 512). An epicure's delight is this fresh, crusty bread, eaten with savory radish salad and a glass of fine local wine.

were the descriptions of its horror, one version being that it was far worse than what the British underwent at Dunkirk. All this is conjecture, of course, but with my own eyes I saw one of the most battered strips of land visible in the Soviet Union.

Fleeing Nazis Threw Away Money

There was a road I shall never forget—a road of money. No explanation was given, but up and down this fairly wide dirt road leading from Sevastopol to Cape Chersonese, over a stretch of about a mile and a half, there must have been half a million or more German marks. I walked along the road for perhaps a quarter of a mile and picked up enough German currency to give many of my friends for souvenirs. My assumption was that the Germans in their last flight just emptied



Undaunted by Seemingly Hopeless Ruin, Sevastopol Springs to the Task of Rebuilding

In this maritime city, with its harbor fortress and naval base, everything was reminiscent of the sea. Anchor chains served as railings, shells crunched underfoot on the byways, and many of the houses and the ladderlike stairs connecting steep streets had a nautical flavor.

their pockets and pocketbooks of money and photographs.

From the Cape we moved into Sevastopol, the climax of our trip. Here is the deadest city in Russia. The once-beautiful Sevastopol of lilac trees, pretty promenades, many trees, classical architecture, warmhearted people, and nightly open-air concerts in summer is like an old, broken, wounded man, not bitter but tired of the cannon's roar and the whine of bombs (pages 499, 503, 507).

We journeyed first to the Sevastopol Panorama, which is built atop one of the highest hills of the city. Here was the once-big stone building, with its egg-shaped dome, which housed the artist Roubaud's canvas reproduc-

ing the storming of Sevastopol by Allied troops in June, 1855. The canvas, which suffered considerable damage in the siege of the city by the Germans, was removed before they broke into the port, but the Panorama Building was virtually in ruins, its roof and sides knocked in and its floor burned out.

Great destruction was done to this place, though it is no more a military object than a child's kiddy car.

Atop this hill we met our guide, chairman of the City Soviet, V. P. Yefremov, one of the last Russians to leave the city, although wounded, and one of the first to re-enter.

Yefremov told us that in Sevastopol, where 15,000 buildings and houses had stood before



Once the Holiday Palace of Count Vorontsov, This Castle Is Now a Museum

Built partly in Gothic and partly in oriental style, with an entrance reminiscent of the Alhambra of Spain, this estate on the Black Sea coast is one of the few that still have an atmosphere of magnificence.

the war, fewer than 500 could be classed as such today. These figures were helpful but unnecessary. We could see for ourselves.

"You seem to have had lots of air raids," said one correspondent.

"The air-raid alarm went on in June of the invasion," Yefremov replied, "and it seemed as if we never sounded the all-clear."

The Fate of 40,000 Still a Mystery

He told us that in this city, which once had a population of more than 100,000, he could find only 2,000 people.

"In one district where 30,000 lived," he said, "I've been able to locate only 18."

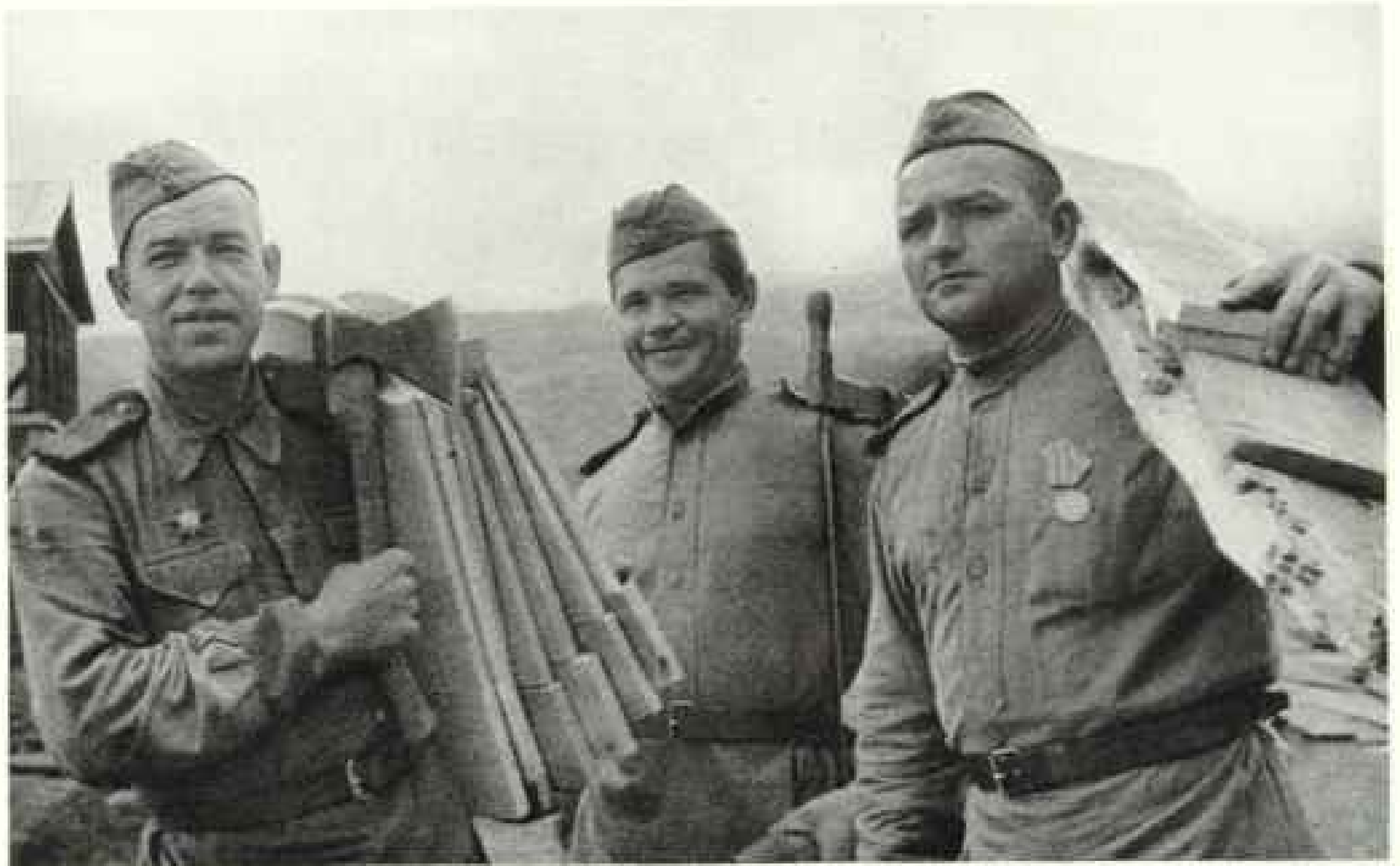
Yefremov explained about the thousands of persons left alive in the city when the Germans

entered. Since he wasn't there, he doesn't know what happened to the 40,000, but he said he has many detailed reports of forced evacuations to Germany and Romania for work and of scores of cases of executions. The folk who were left were largely old men, old women, and children. Grandmothers were looking after children whose parents had been removed or killed.

"How long will it take to rebuild Sevastopol?"

"Three or four years—maybe more," Yefremov sighed. "You see, it has been very severely hurt."

Primarily a naval port in recent years, Sevastopol's docks have been smashed, its cranes and derricks twisted and cracked almost



With Ax and Saw These Red Army Sappers Help to Re-create the Children's Camp

When the staff arrived in the wake of the Russian Army, they found Artek a shambles, with buildings razed and furnishings and tapestries stolen (page 506). Repairs began the day after recapture. The commander sent in 850 men and 50 trucks. Within two weeks the place had some semblance of order.

beyond recognition. Quays made of cement have been blown up to a point where it was difficult to walk over them. Famous Primorsky Boulevard (Marine Boulevard) facing the sea, where sailors took their sweethearts for a walk and a look at the sunset, is a mass of rubble and ruin.

The Leo Tolstoy Museum has been destroyed. The Sevastopol Defense Museum is just a shell of a building, but one huge wooden model of a once-famous ship is standing miraculously almost untouched.

We wanted to talk to the people of the city, but we just couldn't find them. The chairman explained that the Germans had forbidden the Russians to enter the downtown sector, and those who are there today got out of the habit of going there.

As we walked through what had once been streets, the houses and buildings of Sevastopol appeared to be more in the streets than on the side of them, where they belong. I made mental notes of the damage as compared with cities of England I had visited during the blitz—such cities as Plymouth, Coventry, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Hull. Old Plymouth was the only one I remembered as being so generally wrecked, although the center of Coventry was most like this.

Sevastopol not only endured this great concentration of bombs, but weeks of shelling by the Germans and Romanians.

When I was there, Sevastopol was a city without water, electricity, streetcars, buses, telephones, movies, theaters, clothing stores, and general food stores. The Soviets had opened bakeries (page 509) and emergency ration shops, and Yefremov said the people were getting the same rations as the workers in Moscow. He was proud, naturally so.

Soviets Rebuilding Sevastopol

While I was in Sevastopol, numerous people were arriving. Soviet engineers came in with the Army to begin work on the port. It was going to be a most difficult job, but with the railway linking the city with Moscow—it went into operation about June 1, 1944—the problem of transportation was solved.

Personally, I was glad when our conducting officers suggested that we leave Sevastopol. It is not pleasant to hang around a cemetery, and that is the impression one takes away. Sevastopol, bright jewel of the golden Crimea, is one of the worst casualties of the war.*

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "Young Russia," by Gilbert Grosvenor, November, 1914; and "Roaming Russia's Caucasus," by Rolf Singer, July, 1942.

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty-seven years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine monthly. All receipts are invested in The Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

Articles and photographs are desired. For material The Magazine uses, 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 solved secrets that had puzzled historians for three hundred years.

In Mexico, The Society and the Smithsonian Institution, January 16, 1929, discovered the oldest work of man in the Americas for which we have a date. This slab of stone is engraved in Mayan characters with a date which means November 4, 301 B. C. (Spinden Correlation). It antedates by 200 years anything heretofore dated in America, and reveals a great center of early American culture, previously unknown.

On November 11, 1915, 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 aloft 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 1927. 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 3,028 feet was attained.

The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$75,000 was given by individual members, to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park of California were thereby saved for the American people.

One of the world's largest icefields and glacial systems outside the polar regions was discovered in Alaska and Yukon by Bradford Washburn while exploring for The Society and the Harvard Institute of Exploration, 1928.

SR

The handsome guy
is Bob →

How do you like me?



Darlings:

What do you think of your favorite daughter now?
Don't I look intelligent (for a change)?

Tell Dad to be sure and come down for graduation
or I'll never speak to him again! Thanks, Mom, for
dropping the hint about my graduation present (I guess
I've always wanted a watch). But I wish you'd wait a
little while before you get it for me. Read the attached
ad and you'll understand why. Later on this year, if
they're making Hamiltons again for us folks at home,
we can all chip in (I'll have a job then) and buy
one for me. All my love,

Sally

P.S. If I were a better letter writer,
I could tell my parents how wonderful
they've been to send me through college.

**YOUR NEW
HAMILTON**
is on the way

Please be patient! Despite our
fastest job building highly precise
resisting movements, we will soon
be able to turn out the Hamiltons
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HAMILTON
The Watch of National Honor
A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR



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"HERE COME THE WAVES"
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They are built to give professional results with amateur ease. Just sight, press a button, and *what you see, you get*—in true-to-life *full color* or in sparkling black-and-white.

Take This First Step NOW. Register your Filmo equipment needs *now* with your B&H dealer, so you'll be on his preferred list when the improved Filmo Cameras and Filmosound and silent Projectors are available. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D.C.; London.



THERE'S A FILMO CAMERA EXACTLY SUITED TO YOU

Shown here is the improved Filmo "Companion," an 8mm. all-purpose motion picture camera. Miss Hutton's camera is a Filmo Auto Load, which loads with 16mm. film magazines.

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Please send information about improved Filmo Movie Cameras and Projectors.

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Bell & Howell

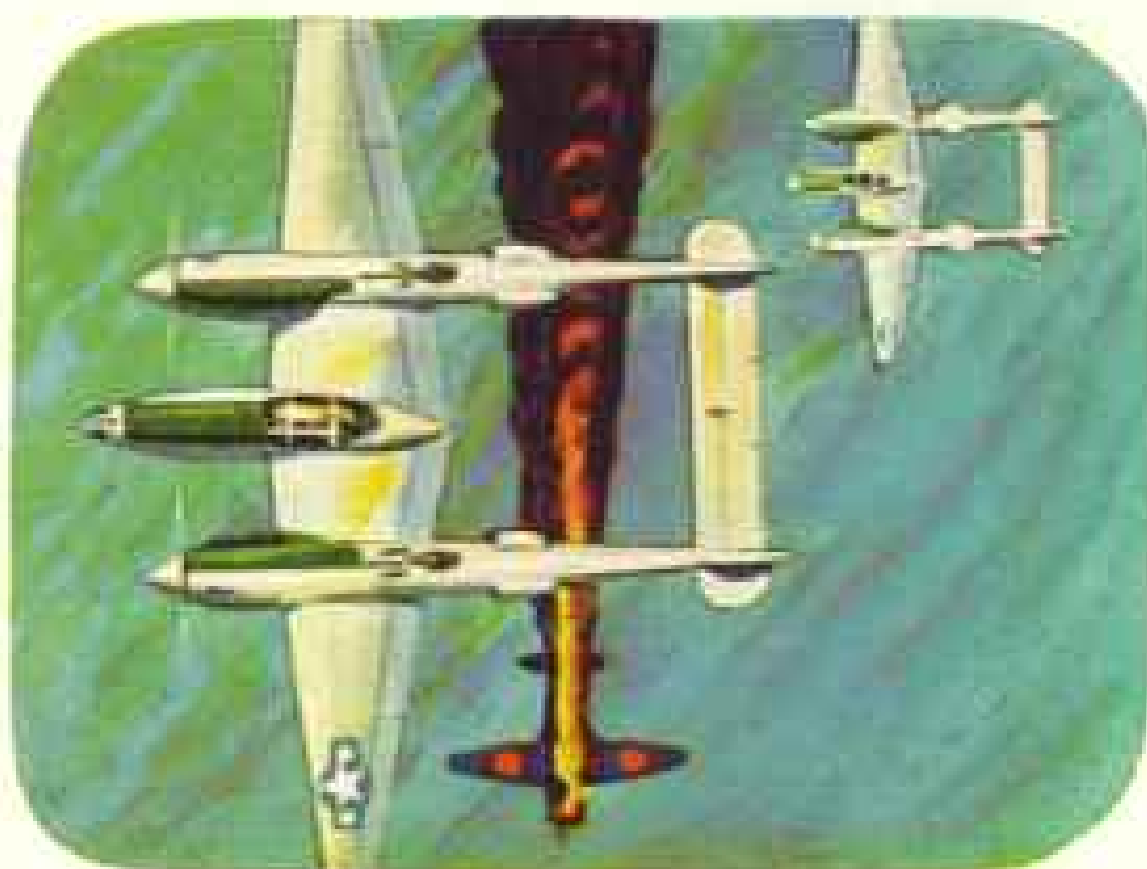
FOR 38 YEARS MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST EQUIPMENT FOR HOME AND PROFESSIONAL MOTION PICTURES

Der Gabelschwanz Teufel



Der Gabelschwanz Teufel, "fork-tailed devil."

Named by German pilots who have been lucky enough to escape its wrath. Americans know it as the Lockheed P-38 Lightning — one of the most efficient fighters the world has ever known.



Japs know it, too. In the Pacific, it is probable that more enemy aircraft have been destroyed by the Lockheed Lightning than by any other American fighter.

The 49th group alone has a record of more than 537 planes downed in combat.



One of the most versatile of warplanes, Lightnings range far to protect heavy bombers — to photograph military positions. They can blast the enemy with machine guns and cannon, launch rockets, drop bombs or torpedoes, strafe and knock down attackers.



Lockheed builds other great planes for war. The B-17, the Navy PV, a new Army fighter and the majestic Constellation. Each contributes to victory, and each is contributing to the peace when Lockheed will again build planes for commerce and for you.

LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California



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and you leap



into the saddle behind your trusty

mike and start galloping through your dictation



taking a

long distance call in your stride—recording every word without a

stumble—all while your secretary is free to lasso interruptions

and finish other work for you . . . and suddenly you find you've

given all that work the horselaugh



and you're out

of harness and



heading home on time . . . tally-ho!

Mr. Treasurer . . . that's

DictAPHONE* *Electronic Dictation*



Dictaphone Electronic Dictation gives you new dictating freedom. The microphone on your desk, or in your hand, is your Control Center for executive action, ready at all times to record the memos, notes and instructions that enable you to keep ahead of your job. Developed in pre-war years and widely used by key war executives, Dictaphone Electronic Dictation is now available for essential uses. Send for your copy of our new free booklet.

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NOTE: Standard Dictaphone dictating machines, without electronic amplification and telephone recording, are currently being produced and offer outstanding value for general office dictation.

*The word DictAPHONE is the registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation, makers of dictating machines and other sound recording and reproducing equipment bearing said trade-mark.



Famous Ford Firsts

THE "INSIDE-OUT" DRYING PROCESS NOW
USED BY THOUSANDS OF MANUFACTURERS

1st

to use infra-red rays
for drying!



Invisible rays, with frequencies millions of times greater than the highest frequency radio wave, now do the paint drying at Ford Motor Company.

In gleaming tunnels, the rays from infra-red lamps keep up a steady bombardment. Without heating the air, they strike through the metal. This raises the temperature—dries the paint *from the inside out*.

This system, 5 to 10 times faster than the hottest paint baking oven, helps speed such critical items as aircraft parts.

Patented by Ford, this infra-red process is one more of the many important developments

Ford has made available to industry without charge.

Today, thousands of concerns use this process—for everything from making safety glass to dehydrating fruits and vegetables.

Here is just one more in a long series of famous Ford "firsts."

New Ford-built cars and trucks will continue to profit by this progressive spirit and American ingenuity. Mr. Ford has often said: "One thing we don't believe in is standing still."

"STARS OF THE FUTURE". Listen to the new Ford musical program on all Blue Network stations. Every Friday night—8:00 E.W.T., 7:30 C.W.T., 9:30 M.W.T., 8:30 P.W.T.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

Another billion dollar highway program



IN thinking about work after the war, don't overlook the 230,000 miles of steel "highways" which the railroads have built and maintain at their own expense. These "highways" provide jobs for more than a quarter of a million men working on construction and maintenance of tracks and roadway — jobs for more than a million other railroad workers — besides still other thousands in the mines, the mills and the forests where roadway materials and supplies are produced.

More than that—the railroads pay real taxes on these "highways," not for their own special benefit, but for the support of schools and other general services, including public highways and streets.

After the last war, between 1920 and

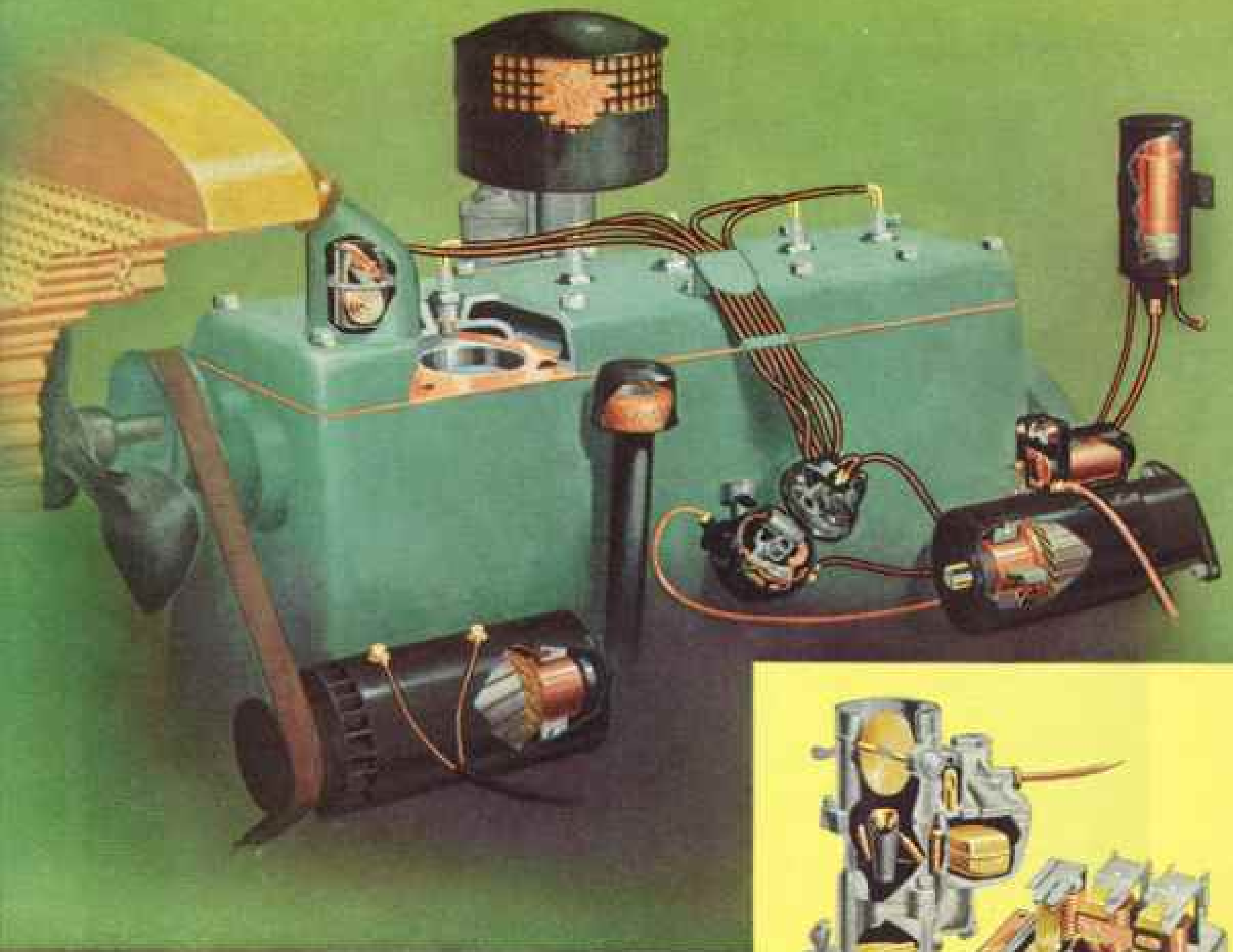
1930, the railroads spent more than four billion dollars for improvements on these "highways," and in addition more than three-and-a-half billion dollars for betterments in equipment. After this war, a similar program will be required.

So there's another highway program which could make a lot of postwar jobs, and which needs no more than a public policy of treating all forms of commercial transportation alike — letting each one pay its own way, which includes the payment of the general taxes upon which governmental services depend.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

All United for Victory



From radiator to stop light...

NOTHING SERVES LIKE

Copper

COPPER and its alloys, brass and bronze, provided essential parts in the very first automobiles ever built. Since that day, motor cars have become infinitely more complex. Today, whenever you start your engine, sound your horn, turn on your radio or heater, copper and copper alloys are at work, performing functions no other commercial metals can do as well.

To understand why these metals are used, consider a few of their many applications. Your radiator, which maintains efficient operating temperature in the engine, is made of brass or copper because these metals dissipate heat rapidly and are highly resistant to corrosive action.

The electrical conductivity of copper has led to its universal use in starting, generating, ignition

and lighting systems. Again, its corrosion resistance, plus its ductility and resistance to vibration, make it ideal for fuel, fluid and air lines.

Intricate carburetor jets and valves and instrument parts are brass because this metal is so readily machined to the high accuracy required. Brass and bronze alloys also provide the anti-friction qualities required of bushings and bearings.

As in the days of the first "horseless buggy", The American Brass Company will again be a leading supplier of copper and copper alloys for the automobiles of tomorrow.

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BUY WAR BONDS... Buy all you can, keep all you buy



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Who's Who on the "Century"

... calling the roll aboard the flagship
of New York Central's wartime fleet



Ticket Team

Taking tickets is only part of their complex jobs. New York Central Conductor has charge of train operation; while Pullman Conductor makes passengers as comfortable as he can in wartime.



DORMITORY FOR CREW

"Key" Man

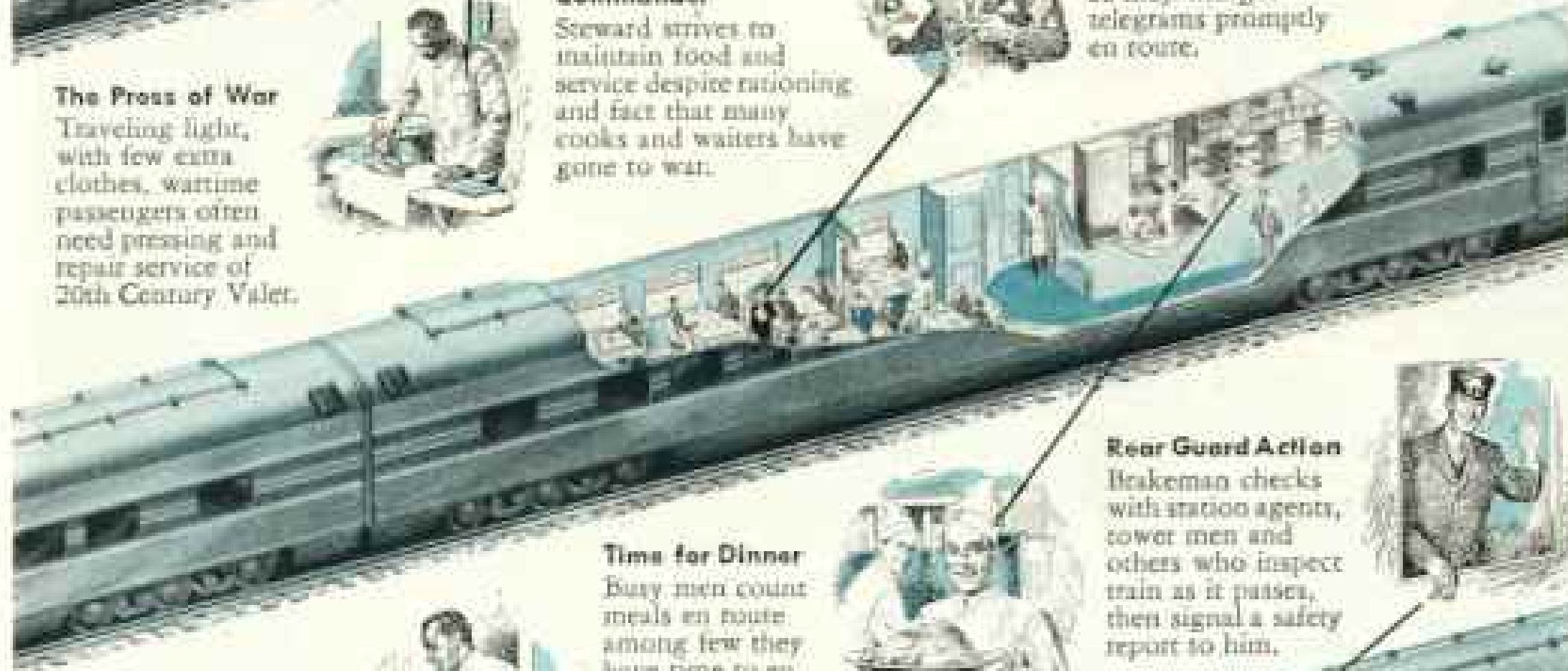
Secretary types many letters for war production men. He also registers Century passengers so they will get telegrams promptly en route.

Commissary Commander

Steward strives to maintain food and service despite rationing and fact that many cooks and waiters have gone to war.

The Press of War

Traveling light, with few extra clothes, wartime passengers often need pressing and repair service of 20th Century Valet.



Time for Dinner

Busy men count meals en route among few they have time to enjoy. Kitchen and Commissary staffs see to it that meals are enjoyed.

Rear Guard Action

Breakman checks with station agents, tower men and others who inspect train as it passes, then signal a safety report to him.

Travelers' Aide

To war's first-time travelers, Porter shows air-condition control, concealed closets, toilette facilities and other comforts—foreshadowing the "Trains of Tomorrow."



NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM

BUY MORE
WAR BONDS

New York Central

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

THESE men you see. But up ahead, are the engineer and fireman, the baggage and mail car crews. And all along the line, dispatchers, signalmen, track maintainers, shop workers and others help man New York Central's fleet of 800 daily passenger trains.

With fellow railroaders of America, they're learning new efficiencies from moving today's war traffic. And tomorrow, they'll apply those lessons to bring you still finer travel on America's post-war trains.



DELIGHTS TO COME

For 63 years, without interruption, the name Matson has stood for progressively improved *transportation* between the Mainland and Hawaii. When its present war tasks are done, and the needs of peace are faced, Matson aims to be ready with the most modern transport facilities known to man.

Matson KNOWS THE PACIFIC

MATSON LINES TO HAWAII AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC
SAMOA • FIJI • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA



Finish the Fight — with War Bonds

Coast-to-coast Record: 6 hrs., 3 min., 50 sec.

It's 11:38 o'clock in Seattle on the morning of January 9, 1945. A new Boeing giant of the skies—the C-97 Army transport—lifts itself into the air and heads east.

Six hours—3 minutes—50 seconds—and the big ship arrives in Washington, D. C. . . . 2323 miles at an average speed of 383 miles an hour with tail winds averaging approximately 45 mph . . . a new coast-to-coast non-stop record!

This historic flight blue-prints a new era in air travel. For the C-97 is the military forerunner of the great Boeing Stratocruiser.

With its advent, the rosy promises of tomorrow's aviation become

realities. You'll lunch in the East, dine on the West Coast. You'll travel in luxurious comfort, and at surprisingly low cost.

A huge double-deck, four-engine airplane, capable of carrying up to 100 persons, the Boeing Stratocruiser will have operating ranges up to 3500 miles with ample fuel reserves. When flying at over-weather altitudes, atmospheric conditions inside the pressurized cabin will be equivalent to comfortable low-level flight.

The Boeing Stratocruiser is the newest member of a famous family of four-engine champions. The aerodynamic advancements built

into this big ship have been thoroughly war-tested in the B-29 Superfortress, and are the result of long experience in the design and development of such other Boeing airplanes as the Flying Fortress, the Stratoliner and Clipper. The record-breaking performance of the C-97 offers striking evidence of what you may expect from this new Boeing airliner.

When victory is won, the same skill in design, engineering and manufacture which has established Boeing leadership in the big bomber field will bring you the Stratocruiser and other advancements in air transport. You can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's out in front.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDEY TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

U. S. F. & G. salutes the *Keystone State!*



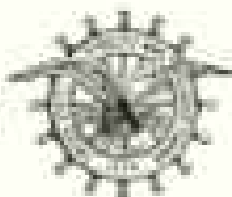
Pennsylvania's majestic capital at Harrisburg stresses strength, dignity and beauty. For nearly half a century contractors' bonds issued by the U.S.F. & G. have helped assure construction of public works throughout the Keystone State.

Pennsylvania Has Everything!

History chose Pennsylvania for the stirring events of Independence Hall, Valley Forge and Gettysburg. Nature gave her coal, iron, oil, timber and fertile farm-lands. And the enterprise of her sons made Pennsylvania an industrial center of America. Men, materials, markets and money are all in Pennsylvania in abundance.

In Pennsylvania, as in every state, U.S.F.&G. safeguards business and the individual, writing practically all forms of fidelity and surety bonds and casualty insurance policies.

Consult your insurance agent or broker



as you would your doctor or lawyer

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AN ASSEMBLY LINE *26,000 miles long*



That's *one* way to look at the Pennsylvania Railroad system—as a vast assembly line, now principally devoted to war transportation—26,000 miles of railroad facilities, crossing and crisscrossing a territory in which live half the people of the United States.

Over it flow coal to make power, light and heat . . . ore to produce steel . . . steel parts of a thousand different shapes and weights . . . rubber and textiles to manufacture tires . . . tanks, trucks, weapons, war materiel in abundance—in fact, most anything you can name, tiny or large. Add your food, too—for this mammoth assembly line

handles what you eat, from field, cannery, packing plant to market.

Lump all these materials, parts, commodities together—call them *freight*—and here's what this Pennsylvania Railroad assembly system moved in the region bounded on the west by Chicago and St. Louis and on the east by New York and Norfolk in a single year, ending Nov. 1, 1944 . . . 287,000,000 tons! An amount equal to more than four tons for each of the 65,000,000 persons living in the 13 states and the District of Columbia, served by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

 *Serving the Nation* 

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ 31,136 served the Armed Forces ★ 363 have given their lives for their Country

WHO WILL OWN THE SKIES?

Tomorrow, the skies will be as free as the seas.

They will be free for the building of a vast and dynamic world trade—and for the development of leadership in global commerce. A significant portion of the world's goods will sail the sky lanes in peace.

Only silent skills of laboratories and workshops, the patience of research and the triumphs of vision, can insure America's rightful leadership in this new world.

Among America's finest engineering and research organizations, Fairchild has helped underscore America's leadership in the skies.

Since 1923, Fairchild research has pioneered in aircraft development . . . built the first modern plane—"The Packet"—specifically designed to carry cargo . . . a flying boxcar that transports tons and tons of freight; has a range in excess of 3500 miles.

Out of Fairchild engineering have come the Al-Fin process that joins aluminum permanently to steel; and the Duramold process that molds low-density materials into complex curvatures, increasing aero-dynamic efficiency.

Pioneers in developing the in-line air-cooled aircraft engine, Fairchild engineering and research have succeeded in packing greater power in a smaller package with each successive Ranger model.

These are but some of the products of Fairchild research, ever-probing, perfecting, producing for America's airpower.

In the peace to come, Fairchild engineers will continue their tireless research to combine precision with power . . . to create for America's leadership in the skies many a new Fairchild "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

Air Power Is Peace Power

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ENGINE AND AIRPLANE
CORPORATION

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NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

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Subsidiary: Al-Fin Corporation, New York, N.Y.
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What flyers say counts most with us

MEMBERS of the crews of many a Flying Fortress have written Studebaker about the fine performance of that mighty bomber's Studebaker-built Cyclone engines.

Studebaker prizes the comments of those intrepid men far above any of the official commendations its war plants have received.

The senior civilian test pilot at an important army aircraft modification center says: "I've flown and tested over 200 Studebaker-powered Boeing Forts. Nothing could be tougher on engines than the workouts I've given those ships."

Famous for its peacetime motor cars and motor trucks, the Studebaker organization has but a single purpose right now—to back up our fighting forces with all the military equipment its factories and workers can provide.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants



The war's "surprise" vehicle—It's the Army's new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier—built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine.

Save for the future with

★ **WAR BONDS** ★

THEY'RE THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

Studebaker *WARTIME BUILDER OF WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

No reconversion problem here



Colorful Colorado, snuggled in the heart of the Rockies—magic Yellowstone with its amazing array of geysers, canyons and mud volcanoes—glorious Glacier National Park in all its scenic grandeur—the Black Hills of South Dakota, steeped in the romance of the early West—the Dude Ranches of Wyoming, Montana and Colorado, where rest and relaxation abound in an atmosphere of boots and saddles—all of them are ready and waiting for you in the Victory Vacation days ahead.

Unscathed by mortal turmoil, the winding trails and clear, cool streams teeming with trout will have the welcome mats on their mountain

doorsteps, the day peace comes. Majestic peaks, changed not at all by the chaos of conflict, will beckon you to the clean, invigorating air of the crag country.

Yes, they're ready and waiting, these American beauty spots—ready for a truly important job of reconversion. Not for themselves but for an America which will seek mental and physical reconversion from the tension of a trying war.

The Burlington is looking toward the day when its trains again will be carrying jubilant, peaceful America to these incomparable Western vacation-lands. 30,000 of us are doing our utmost to speed the day by handling our share of the biggest war transportation job in history.

AN ESSENTIAL LINK IN TRANSCONTINENTAL TRANSPORTATION



BURLINGTON LINES
Everywhere West



BUT WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A tip to the women in their lives!

Uncle Sam is feeding your service man today and feeding him well—even if GI cooking can't compare with yours! But against the time when you take over, here's a friendly tip to remember.

The chances are, your man will want more milk, butter, cheese and ice cream than he ever did before. That's a natural result of his service diet. In training in this country, he was given about 3 times as much dairy products as men got in the last war.

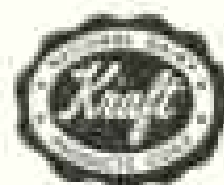
Overseas, of course, the supply problem is tougher, but about 10% of all the food exported to our forces has been dairy products — as compared with only 2% in '17 and '18. That's one big reason why America has the healthiest, huskiest fighting men in all the world — for milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

Part of your post-war job will be to keep your veteran fit and feed him as carefully as Uncle Sam did. Part of our post-war job is to keep on improving the processing of milk

and its many products — developing new products from milk — and protecting their purity — as our laboratories have done so long.

We know you'll do *your* job well. And we expect to do the same.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

● A summer in Maine becomes a lifelong memory. Nature blessed this vacation land with a unique variety of inspiring scenic beauties, mountains and forests, lakes and streams, peaceful farmlands, and miles of enchanting seashore.

● For outdoor recreation there's everything to do. Our climate is ideal for all-summer comfort, our foods far famed for their goodness.

● Even though you may be unable to vacation this year, mail the coupon and have the pleasure of planning the vacation of your life—when you can come to Maine.



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TODAY Theirs

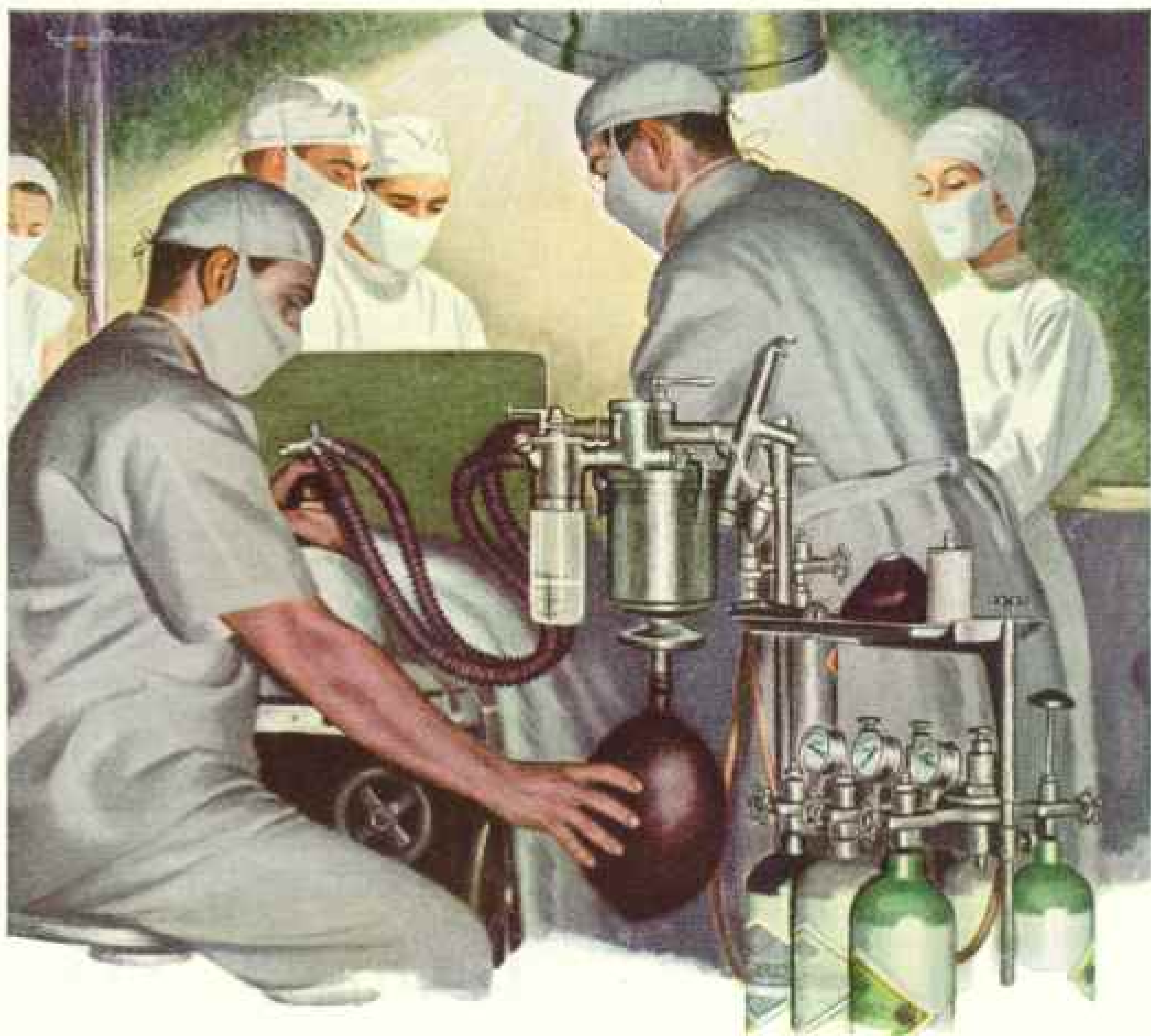


TOMORROW ... Yours



TODAY all Victor 16mm Sound Motion Picture Equipment is being used to train and teach faster and better the multitude of tasks that go into fighting a war, and producing for war; but tomorrow you and your family and friends in your own home, your children in school, and your organizations in their meeting places, will be able to enjoy the advantages of Victor 16mm sound projectors. Victor will be your choice, because of the clearer reproduction of sound and pictures, sturdy construction and simple, trouble-free operation.

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INVISIBLE AIDES *to the Men in White*

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Medical Gases—Anesthesia
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By providing immunity to physical pain, modern anesthetic gases soothe and relax the patient. In so doing they lend invaluable assistance to the surgeon, giving full play to his skillful hands . . . aiding the progress of his profession.

Gases and equipment for anesthesia and therapy are among the many products of the Air Reduction corporate family. Through its diverse products, Airco and its associate companies serve many basic needs of the nation . . . from medicine to metal working . . . from shipbuilding to surgery.

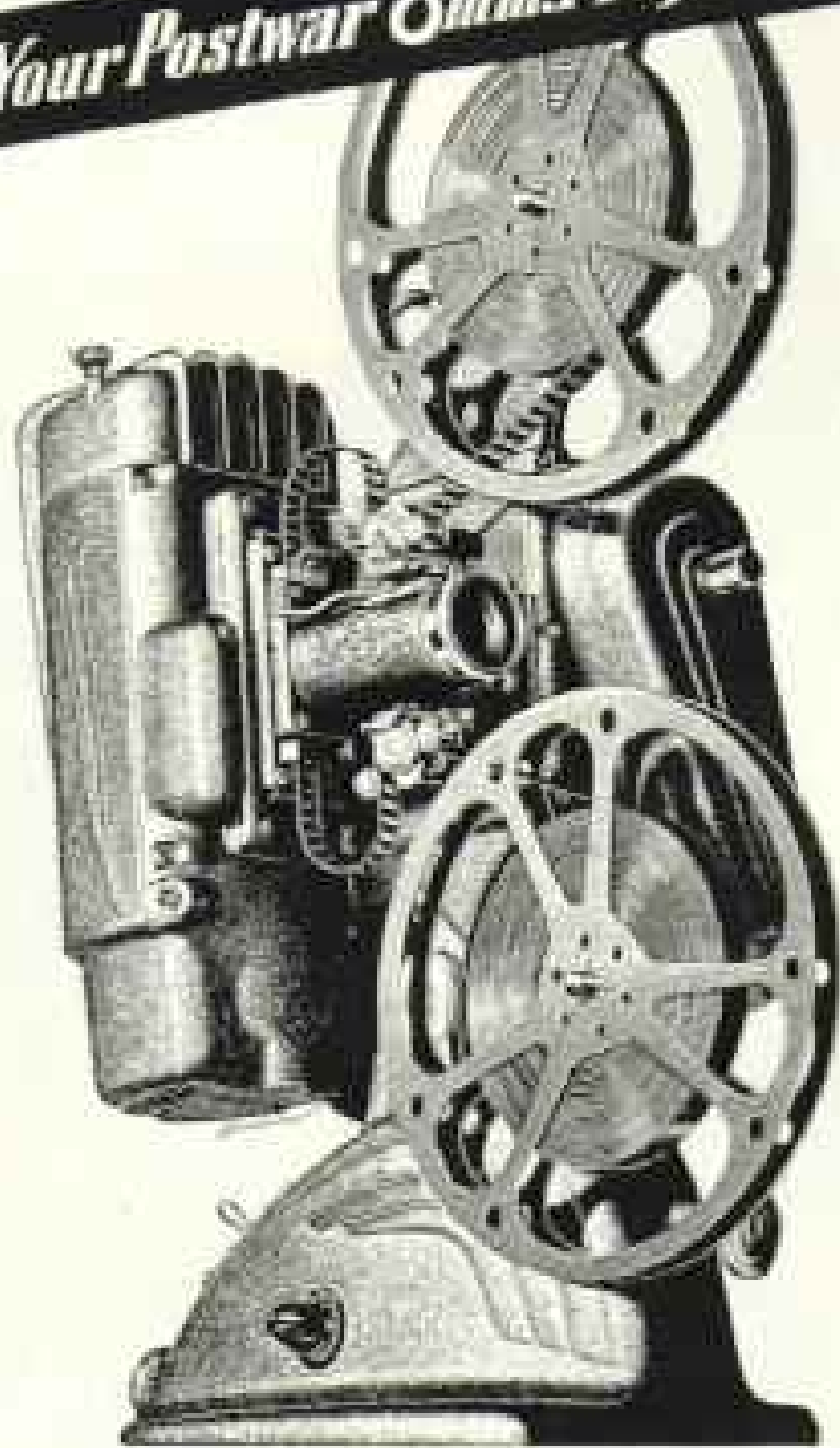


AIR REDUCTION

60 East 42nd Street, New York, 17, N.Y.

Before You Select

Your Postwar 8mm Projector



Consider These Facts:

Thousands of Ampro 8 mm. projectors, produced before the war, delighted users all over the world. They offered new standards of brilliance of illumination and ease of operation plus:

... still pictures for detailed study . . . 400 foot capacity if desired . . . reverse picture operation for humorous effects . . . one hand precision tilting control . . . fast automatic rewinding . . . automatic pilot light for threading . . . removable optics for quick cleaning . . . easy threading over large sprockets . . . and many other features.

Ampro 8 mm. projectors will not be available until after the war—but when you can select your post war projector—be sure to remember the many superior features of Ampro design.

An unusually interesting and informative story entitled "What Will Happen in the Movies the Day War is Over . . ." is being distributed in attractive booklet form by the Ampro Corporation. Write today for your FREE copy.

Buy
War
Bonds

AMPRO

Ampro Corporation, Chicago 18, Ill.

Precision Ciné Equipment

"Buy U. S. War Bonds—They Identify You"



San Diego **CITY and COUNTY**

Stretching from one of the world's finest land-locked harbors eastward over gently rolling hills to splendid mountain areas, San Diego City and County have everything from rich, semi-tropic lowlands to valleys of the temperate zone. Backed by these natural resources and with its strategic location on the west coast, SAN DIEGO now finds itself hurled into line of tremendous postwar development in the Orient. Those seeking new fields will find profitable reading in the factual literature provided free for the asking. Write now and be prepared when opportunity dictates a move to this highly favored spot.

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WRITE FOR VALUABLE FREE BOOKLET, "Your Hearing . . ." containing authentic information on correction of deafness. Maico Co., Inc., Dept. 74, 21 North 3rd Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

MAICO

Brings your Hearing out of the Fog

HEISEY'S CRYSTAL
AT LEADING STORES





"But you've got to get here tomorrow!"



"I'm trying, hon!

"Been right on schedule—all the way from New Guinea. But now—I'm stuck.

"The only train home until morning is the All-Pullman Limited. And it's sold out. So is the plane.

"There's still a chance, though, that the railroad and Pullman people will get me on that train.

"I told them why it's important and they've practically tied themselves in knots trying to help. That's why I'm sweating it out right here

in the railroad station—while they watch for a last-minute cancellation . . ."

Will He Get to His Own Wedding?

THAT DEPENDS ON whether someone realizes this:

Half the Pullman fleet of sleeping cars is still in troop service. The other half is carrying more passengers than the whole fleet carried in peacetime. Prompt cancellation of unwanted space is necessary to prevent wasting accommodations that people need.

So please—when your plans change—cancel well in advance of train departure and make the Pullman bed reserved for you available to someone else—possibly a serviceman.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS—KEEP ON KEEPING THEM!

PULLMAN

For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation

• Busy with its war job, now—but looking forward to the day when new-type Pullman cars go into service. In one of

them—the Duplex-Roomette car—you'll have a *private room* for little, if any, more than a lower berth costs now!

© 1945
THE
PULLMAN
CORPORATION



Highways WILL BE *Happy ways* AGAIN

—if we keep faith with our fighting men

Only if we back our fighting men with War Bond purchases far beyond cold quotas...

Only if we use full measure of time and skill to keep the weapons of war in their hands...

Only if we give of our blood again and again to bring our wounded home...

*Only then can we look ahead to the days when *Highways* will be *Happy Ways* again.*

Super-coaches of startling new design, like this one, are shaping up now for the pleasure of returning service men and women, and the travel-hungry millions at home.

GREYHOUND





The man who took Tuberculosis in his stride . . .

A victim of tuberculosis is not necessarily condemned to the life of an invalid, *if two things happen.*

First, the early discovery of the disease . . . and second, the calm and systematic carrying out of the doctor's program of recovery.

Tragically, thousands of people today are carrying early tuberculosis around without realizing it.

For it's not hard to ignore a slight pain in the chest, a constant tired feeling, or a persistent cough. And it's not until they discover their sputum is blood-streaked that many tuberculosis victims see their doctor.

Even then it may not be too late. At first, twenty-four-hour-a-day rest and quiet are essential—the kind of care best afforded by a sanatorium.

It may take a short or long time to build up the resistance the body needs to fight off the disease, and establish the patient on the road to recovery. And after discharge from the sanatorium the real job has just begun.

For it is then that the patient must depend on *himself* to practice the routine already established. He must be careful to have ade-

quate sleep . . . proper diet . . . sensible recreation. He must avoid overexertion.

Young adults, and teen-age boys and girls—especially the latter—are the most likely victims of active tuberculosis.

And, since the surest way to find tuberculosis early is by routine examination, including X-ray, all of us, young or old, should be looked over regularly.

This precaution has contributed much to the decline of the tuberculosis death rate from 220 per 100,000, thirty years ago, down to 40 now. The second major contribution has been adequate care for people *after* discharge from the sanatorium—especially those who prematurely think themselves ready to resume an active, strenuous life.

Send today for your free copy of Metropolitan's Booklet 45N—"Tuberculosis."

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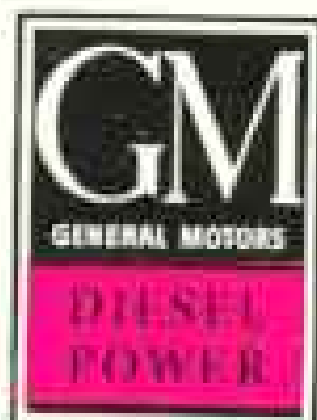
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