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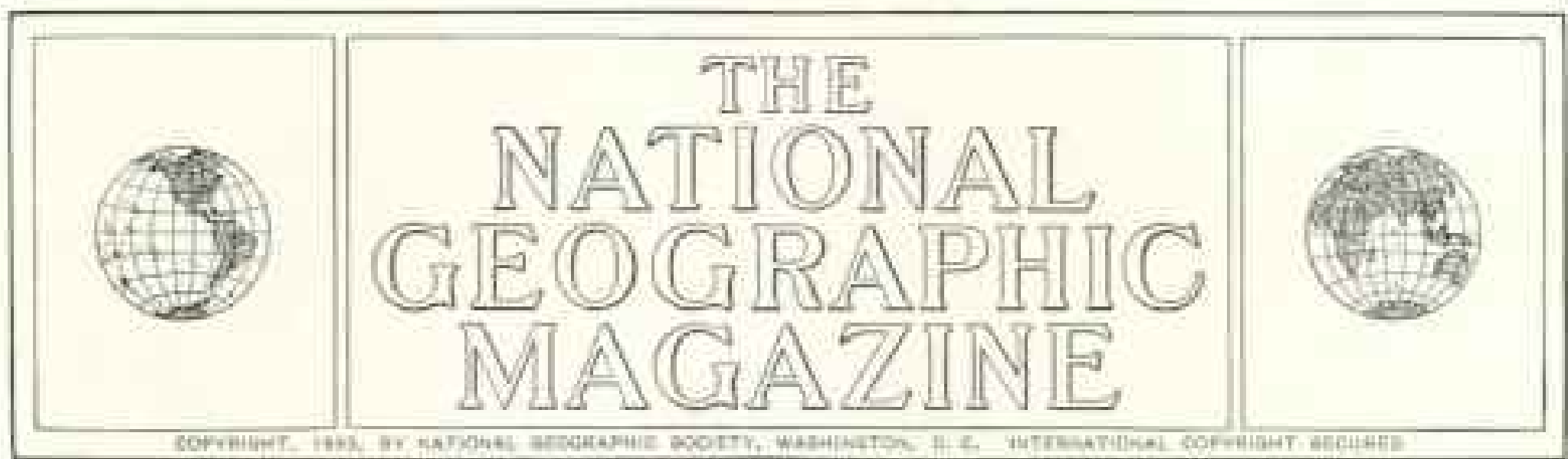
The Society's New Map of Asia

With 1 Illustration

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THE ROAD OF THE CRUSADERS

A Historian Follows the Steps of Richard the Lion Heart and Other Knights of the Cross Over the "Via Dei"

BY HAROLD LAMB

AUTHOR OF "GENGHIS KHAN," "TAMERLANE," AND "THE CRUSADES"

WHAT imaginative boy has not girded to his side a lath sword with the Cross hilt and in fancy fared forth to the Crusades with Richard the Lion Heart? What lover of romance has read unmoved the tales of gallant Godfrey of Bouillon, of Raymond of Toulouse and Tancred, of the fiery Barbarossa (Red-beard), of the saintly Louis of France?

We have all heard something of the story of the Crusaders. We know that centuries ago our ancestors marched out of Europe into the East and founded there a kingdom which endured for nearly 200 years—from 1099 to 1291 of our era. And the Crusaders left traces which can still be seen (see map, page 654).

Because the tombs, chapels, and watch-towers, the castles that defended this first eastern front, and the fortified harbors on the islands were isolated in lands under Turkish rule until the World War, few visitors have been able to examine them closely, except in Jerusalem itself and at the more accessible points on the coast.

FOLLOWING THE "ROAD OF GOD"

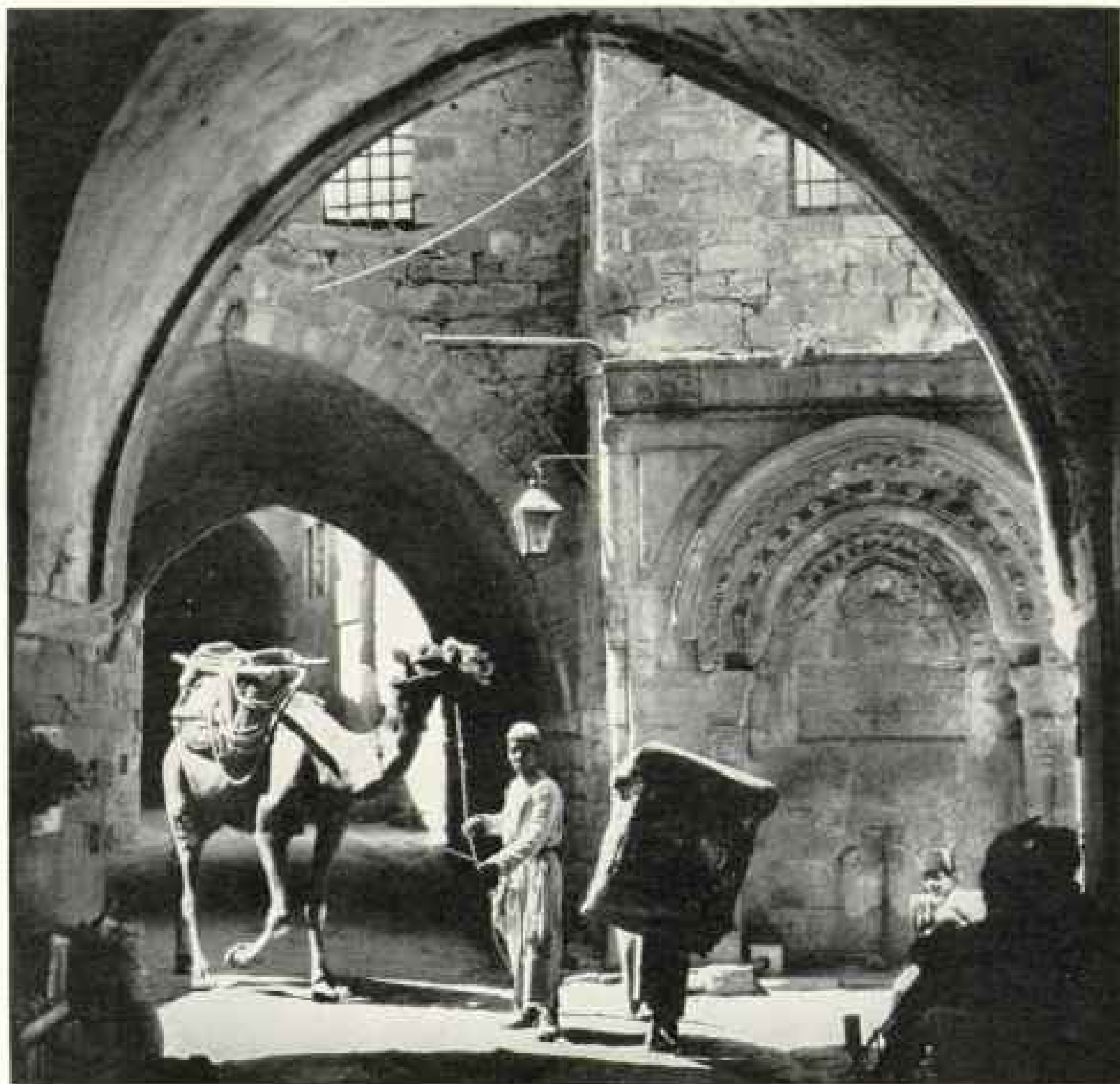
It was, therefore, with the excited anticipation of an explorer of fabled lands that I started from central Europe, where the first Crusaders turned their backs on their homelands, to follow their *Via Dei*, "Road of God," the trails that led to Jerusalem.

I played the part of a hunter. Time and weather during some 700 years had almost obliterated the remains left by the warriors of the Cross; often their buildings had been utilized by the Moslems for mosques. It was necessary to look for clues by the way, to follow traces into some not easily accessible places, and to discount most of the legendry that the people of the countryside always have on tap for the traveler.

In Trieste, for example, a broken arch is pointed out as the "Arch of Richard," with the explanation that the English king dwelt in the stone house beside it when he was made captive on his return from the Holy Land. The arch, however, is Roman work, and although Richard may have occupied the house, if he was ever in Trieste, he certainly did not plan the fortification of the old city of Ragusa (now Dubrovnik), down the Dalmatian coast, as legend relates.

On the other hand, in the neighboring city of Venice, at the southwest corner of the main structure of the basilica of San Marco, nearest the two columns, there is a group of four porphyry figures in armor. Few visitors notice it, but it is a relic of the Crusaders brought from their seaport of Acre by the Venetians (see page 649).

Venice itself was one of the gateways by which the hosts of Crusaders sought the East. Others took ship from Brindisi, to cross to the Dalmatian coast, and a chron-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TRACES OF CRUSADERS LIE HIDDEN IN OLD JERUSALEM

The vault-work of El Wad, Pilgrim Street in the day of the Christian Kingdom, may have been erected by the knights. The fountain niche, despite its Moslem inscription, is pieced together from fragments of a Crusader shrine. It was close to the Via Dolorosa, leading to the Church of the Sepulcher.

icler of their day describes a mishap that showed the danger of embarking upon the crude galleys, or *dromonds*, that felt their way from coast to coast without aid of compass and chart:

"The fleet was ready at Eastertide, and they embarked at the port of Brindisi. Among all those ships, we beheld one suddenly break in its middle without any cause. Nearly 400 men and women were cast into the water. . . . Only a few survived, and these lost their horses and mules in the waves, with much money."

This happened during the First Crusade, when multitudes were hastening toward Constantinople (now Istanbul), the half-

way point in their great venture. It was the first movement in Europe of men in a mass directly toward the East. Hitherto the migrations had been by single peoples, such as the Huns and Turks, and had moved in the other direction. At that time travel was an adventure for the few. Pilgrims made their way from monastery to monastery, or seamen, like the Vikings, explored the coasts. A journey by numbers was a prodigious undertaking.

Most of the first Crusaders marched afoot; they had some carts and pack animals, but little food that could be transported; instead, their meat supply went on the hoof. They had no maps, and most



Photograph by Donald McLeish

MOSLEMS HONOR THE HARAM ESH SHERIF, OR NOBLE SANCTUARY, JERUSALEM

In the center stands the Dome of the Rock, the magnificent interior of which revered by many sects is pictured on page 687. The Templars once had their quarters, which comprised a chapel, a garden, and a granary, in the area shown in the left foreground (see text, page 689).

of the roads were merely trails from village to village. The main highways were the remnants of the former Roman roads. To add to their difficulties, there was little coined money to be had; and most of them had to live by trading their gear and valuables for supplies.

When they left Venice, or Brindisi, or the broad Valley of the Danube, they ventured into what was to them an unknown world. Only their leaders had an approximate idea where Jerusalem lay.

"A barren land," one of the Provençals relates of the Dalmatian coast route, "both pathless and mountainous. It was winter by then and we saw neither birds nor beasts for thrice seven days. We wandered

through low-hanging clouds so dense that we were able to feel them and often to push them away from us as we moved."

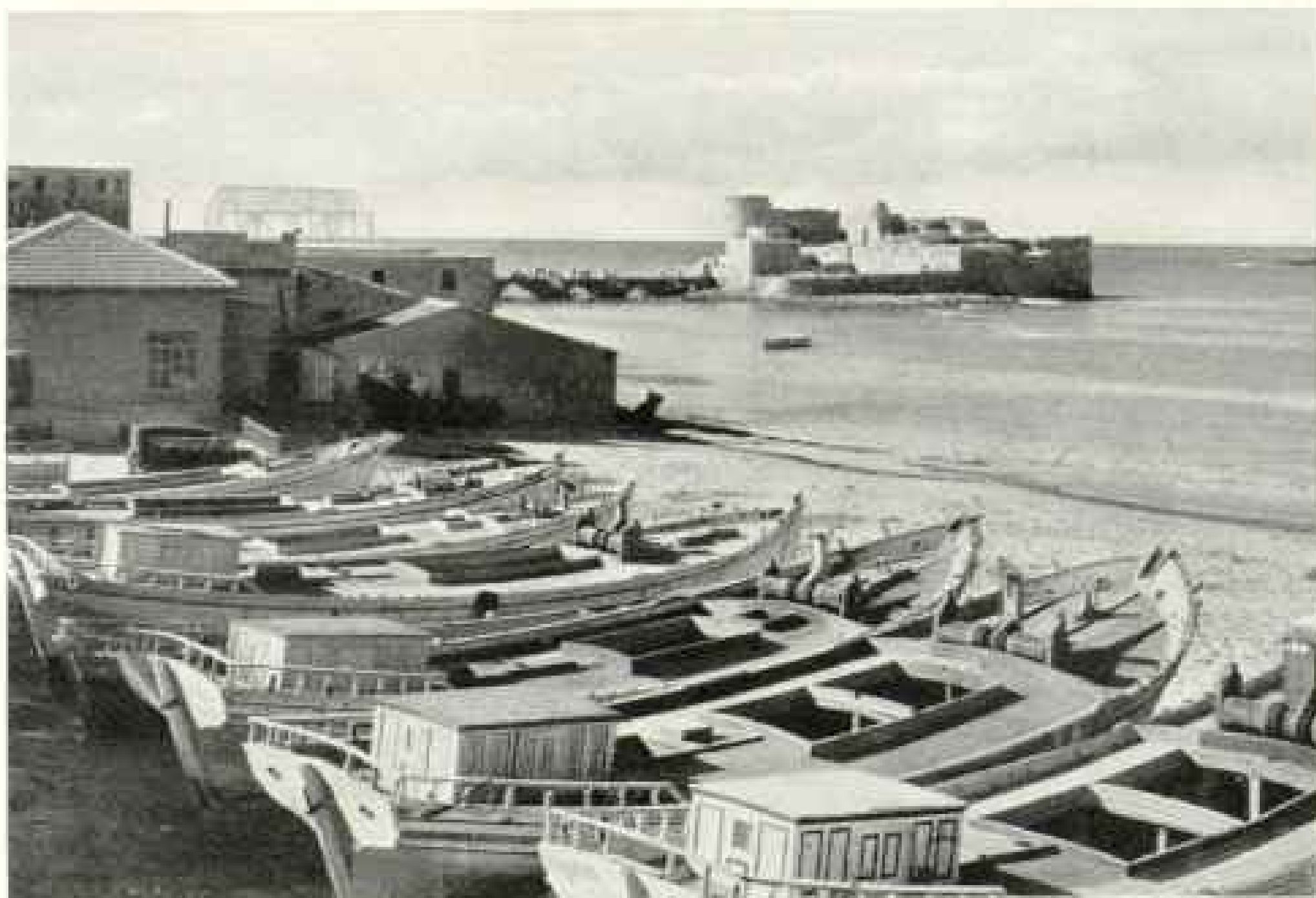
I sped over the rolling hills of the Balkans in a railway carriage with a dining car attached. Crossing a frontier meant no more than showing my passport. But the main body of the Crusaders, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, plodding through the "immense and indescribable forests," had to fight or barter for their grain and oil and cattle; they had to build rafts at the rivers and sometimes to manage without rafts.

"Then we came," one relates, "to the swift river Demon, which is rightly named. For we had to watch many of our people,



SUNSET TOUCHES WITH MYSTERY THE RUINED SEA TOWER OF JEBAIL

Fishermen still come in at dusk, as they did when this pocket-size Syrian port belonged to the Crusaders. At that time it had a wall, a small castle tower, and a church of St. John, the ruins of which are still standing. In ancient times it was the sea entrance of Byblos.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

A SEA CASTLE OUTLIVING WEATHER AND WAR

Sidon, now called Saida, on the Syrian coast, harks from the dawn of history, when the Egyptians first sailed these waters. The Phœnicians built it. Its record of sieges, until Napier bombarded it, would fill a volume. But the present castle is the work of the knights, although much repaired since their day.

wading across step by step, swept down by the current. We could not save them. If the knights had not brought up their great battle chargers to aid those on foot, many more would have perished."

CONSTANTINOPLE WAS
ELEGANCE SPRUNG
FROM MISTS

No wonder that these first Crusaders, coming out of the Balkan valleys, beheld with amazement the mighty wall and towers of Constantinople, with its domed basilicas and marble palaces! (See p. 651.)

At this halfway point the almost exhausted hosts of marchers were furnished with adequate supplies by the Byzantine Emperor. What was more important, they found out where they were, and obtained guides who knew the route ahead of them.

But across the blue line of the Bosphorus the hostile Moslems lay in wait for them, and the rabble who had marched under Peter the Hermit were almost annihilated within two days' travel of the shore. The better-armed host of Godfrey and the other barons, however, fought their way to the plateau of Asia Minor. It was midsummer, and the Crusaders from the northern regions—the Rhinelanders, Teutons, and Franks—had their first experience of the scorching heat of the arid eastern highlands.

The exact route they followed across Asia Minor is uncertain. It is clear that they must have passed to the east of the Olympus heights (Ulu Dağ), and to the east of the dark Sultan Dağı. The Turks who were fleeing before them increased their

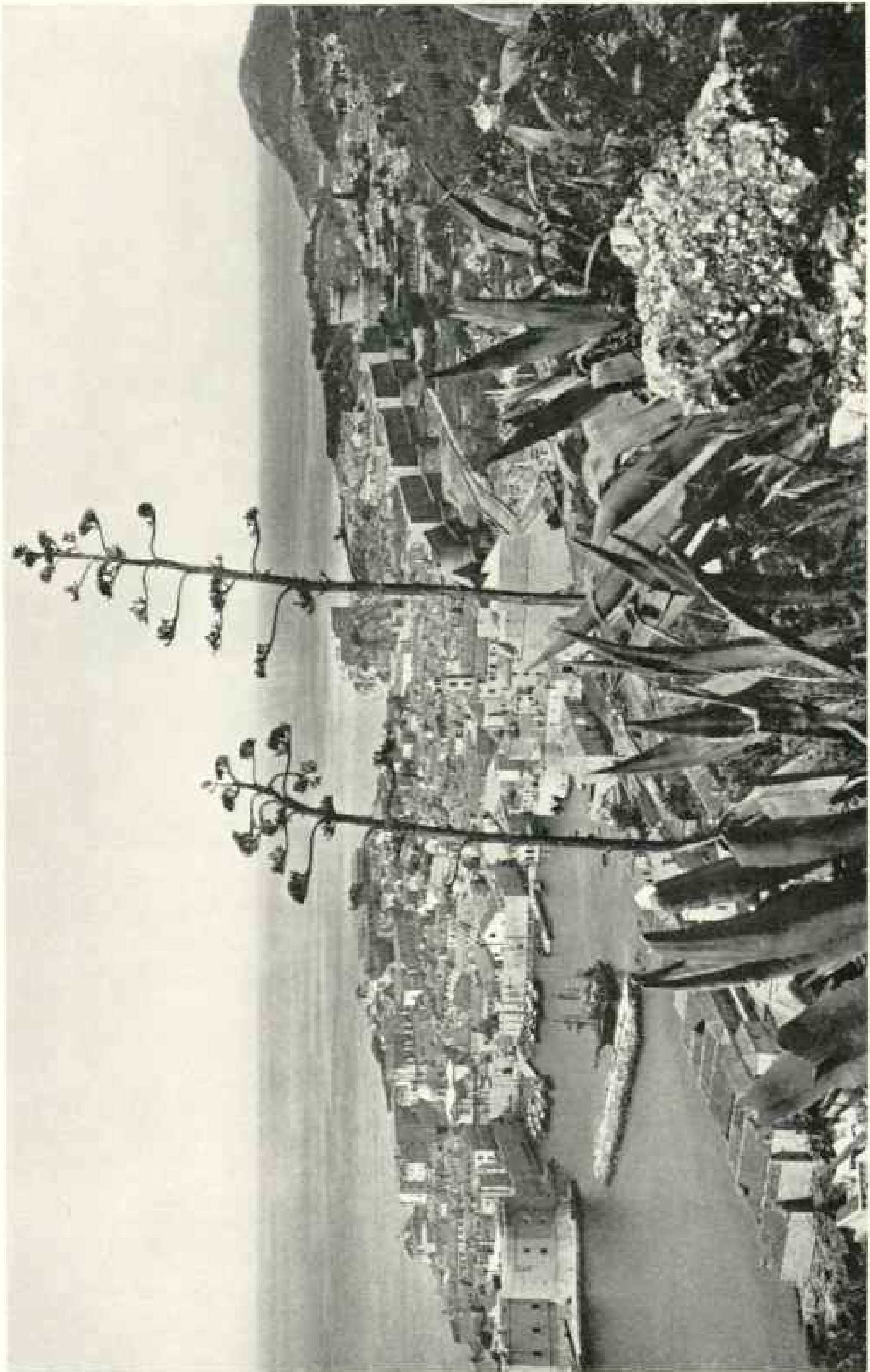


FOUR UNKNOWN WARRIORS STAND GUARD IN VENICE.

These porphyry figures with their arms intertwined guard a corner of the basilica of St. Mark's. They remain a mystery because experts disagree whether they are statues of Byzantine kings from Constantinople or of Crusaders from Acre. However, they were brought from the Near East by the knights and placed at the point of departure of one of the sea routes to the Holy Land (see text, page 645).

suffering by driving off most of the cattle and burning the scattered villages.

"We were pursuing them," a chronicler relates, "across the desert, in a land waterless and uninhabitable, from which we barely came out alive. Hunger troubled us constantly and we had almost nothing to eat except the thorns (wheat or barley?) that we pulled off and rubbed between our hands. The greater part of our horses died, so that many riders became foot soldiers. Some rode oxen, and in this extreme need goats, sheep and dogs served to carry our baggage."



Photograph by Kinniphat

RAGUSA IS A HISTORIC TREASURE HOUSE OF THE DALMATIAN COAST

Although remembered chiefly for its Malmsey wine, this port is rich in relics of the medieval period. Some of its inhabitants insist that Richard the Lion Heart built the massive walls, which are of more recent construction (see page 645). Legends connected with the capture and imprisonment of the famous English monarch are repeated from the mouth of the Adriatic far up the Danube. Among Moslems of the East also the memory of Malik Ric (King Richard) endures.



Photograph by V. Deussen

BEEHIVE LIKE HOMES FORM A VILLAGE IN THE NORTH SYRIAN PLAIN.

For want of wood the roofs are made into domes of sun-dried brick coated with clay, probably just as when men-at-arms from Antioch passed on caravans toward Aleppo.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

GODFREY OF BULLIION CAMPED BEFORE THE LAND WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, NOW IN RUINS

This double fortification amazed the Crusaders. The first Cross-bearers received aid from the Byzantines, who, however, betrayed later expeditions. Near the right foreground stood the gate through which Mohammed II entered after storming the city in 1453. On the left are turbaned headstones of a Turkish cemetery.



Photograph by Ernest B. Schoedack

HUNTERS USE CAMOUFLAGE IN THE TAURUS HILLS

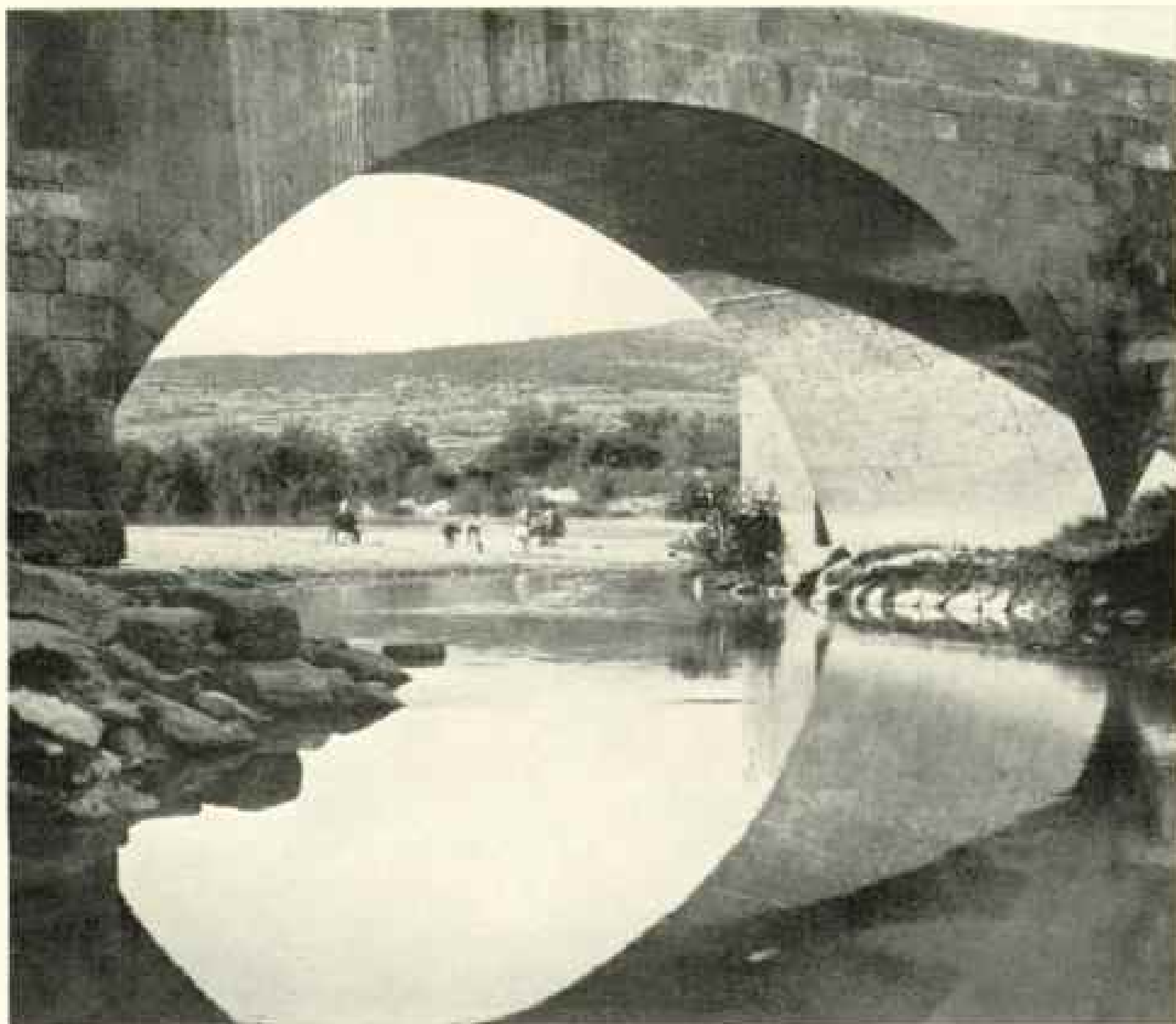
The Asiatic stalker looks on shooting as business, not sport. His idea is to get food for the pot and go home. Yet these portable screens bespeak both ingenuity and patience. Armenian inhabitants of the Taurus Range gave food and aid to the first Crusaders.



Photograph by V. Derounian

A MULE TRADE IS AN IMPORTANT TRANSACTION IN SYRIA

Two Arabs in a village market strike hands on a bargain—after long debate. The average Moslem prefers to transact his business in public and he never lacks for witnesses. Where written contracts are little known, the memory of those who looked on often proves important.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

REDBEARD MET DEATH IN THIS STREAM

On June 11, 1190, the aged Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa was hastening through the valleys of Cilicia at the head of his German army to join the rendezvous at Acre. Probably the water in the Gök su was much higher when the old warrior fell from his horse in his armor while fording it. He died from the effects of his submersion. His loss disorganized his army and undoubtedly altered the course of the war with Saladin (see text, page 656).

At Konia (Konya), however, they found fertile land and ample food. They learned also how to make skins serve to carry water.

Aided by the welcome appearance of a river, they crossed the remainder of the plateau land to Heraclea (now Ereğli) in safety. It had taken many of them a year and a half to journey from their homes to this gateway of the Holy Land. Perhaps a quarter of a million, perhaps more, had taken the oath to make their way from the hamlets of Christendom to Jerusalem.

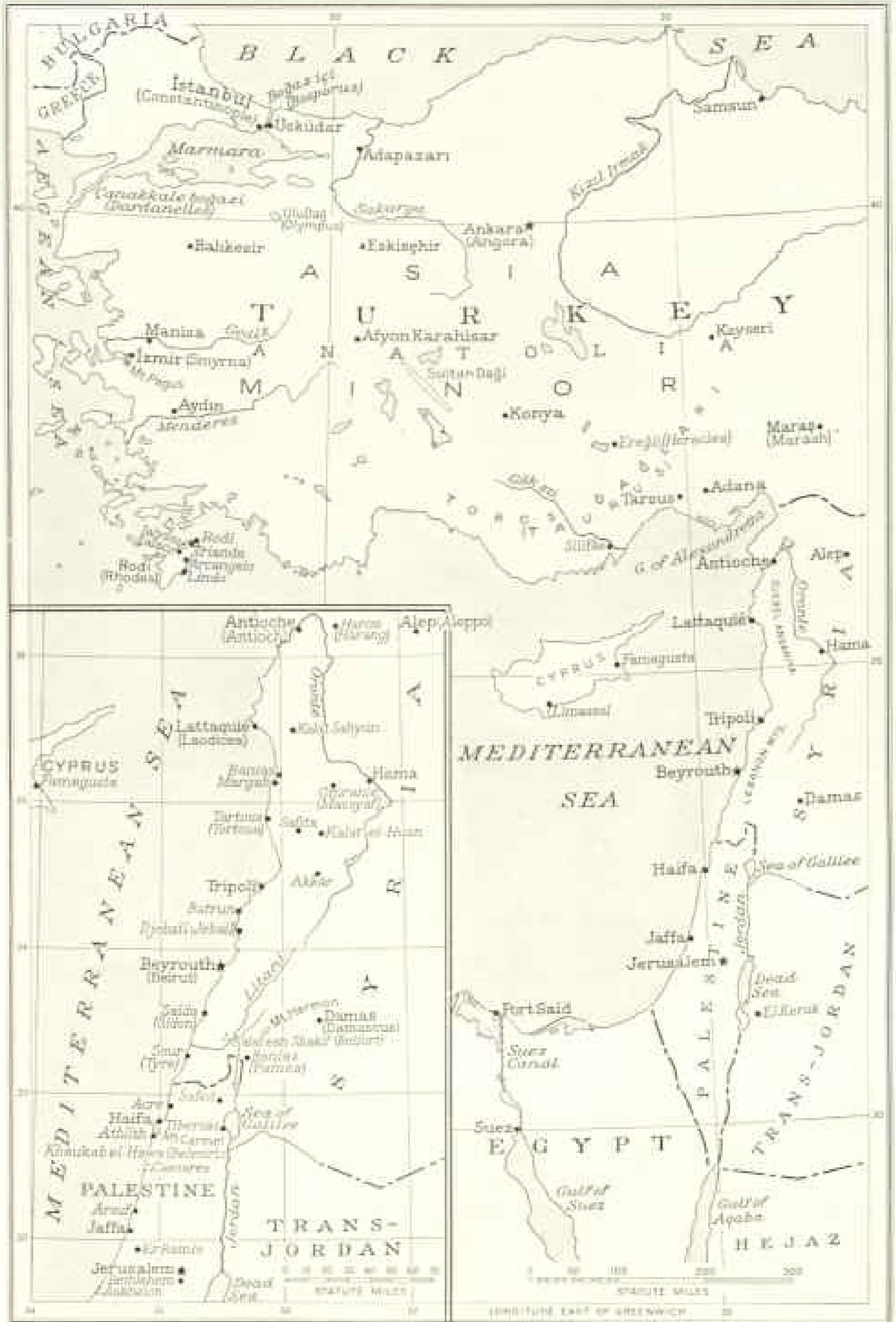
A CONFUSION OF TONGUES

More than 100,000 had passed through Constantinople, as nearly as we can judge from the scanty records. By now probably they numbered no more than sixty

or seventy thousand. Only some 20,000 reached Jerusalem alive.

"Who ever heard," one of them asks, "so many languages in a single army? We were Franks, Flemings, Gauls, Bavarians, Lombards, Normans, Angles, Scots, Italians, Lotharingians, Bretons, Greeks, and Armenians. If a Breton spoke to me, I did not know how to answer."

They were camped this autumn under the mountain barrier of the Taurus (Toros) Range. Here they encountered allies, the Christian Armenians of the mountain strongholds, who must have looked upon this host of road-weary warriors as a miraculous apparition. And here the host of the first Crusaders broke up, some galloping down through the ravine known as the



Drawn by Newman Runstead

CRUSADER TRAILS AND CASTLES SPOT THE MAP OF THE NEAR EAST



Photograph American Colony Photographers

COUNT RAYMOND'S CASTLE OVERLOOKS MODERN TRIPOLI

This lofty stronghold of a crusading nobleman on the Syrian coast served until recently as a Turkish prison. Fortunately the modern dwellings can have wide windows and open balconies, where once each man's house was his siege-proof castle.

Cilician Gates to the plain of Tarsus, while others wandered off to set up an independent kingdom in Edessa (now Urfa) among the Armenians.

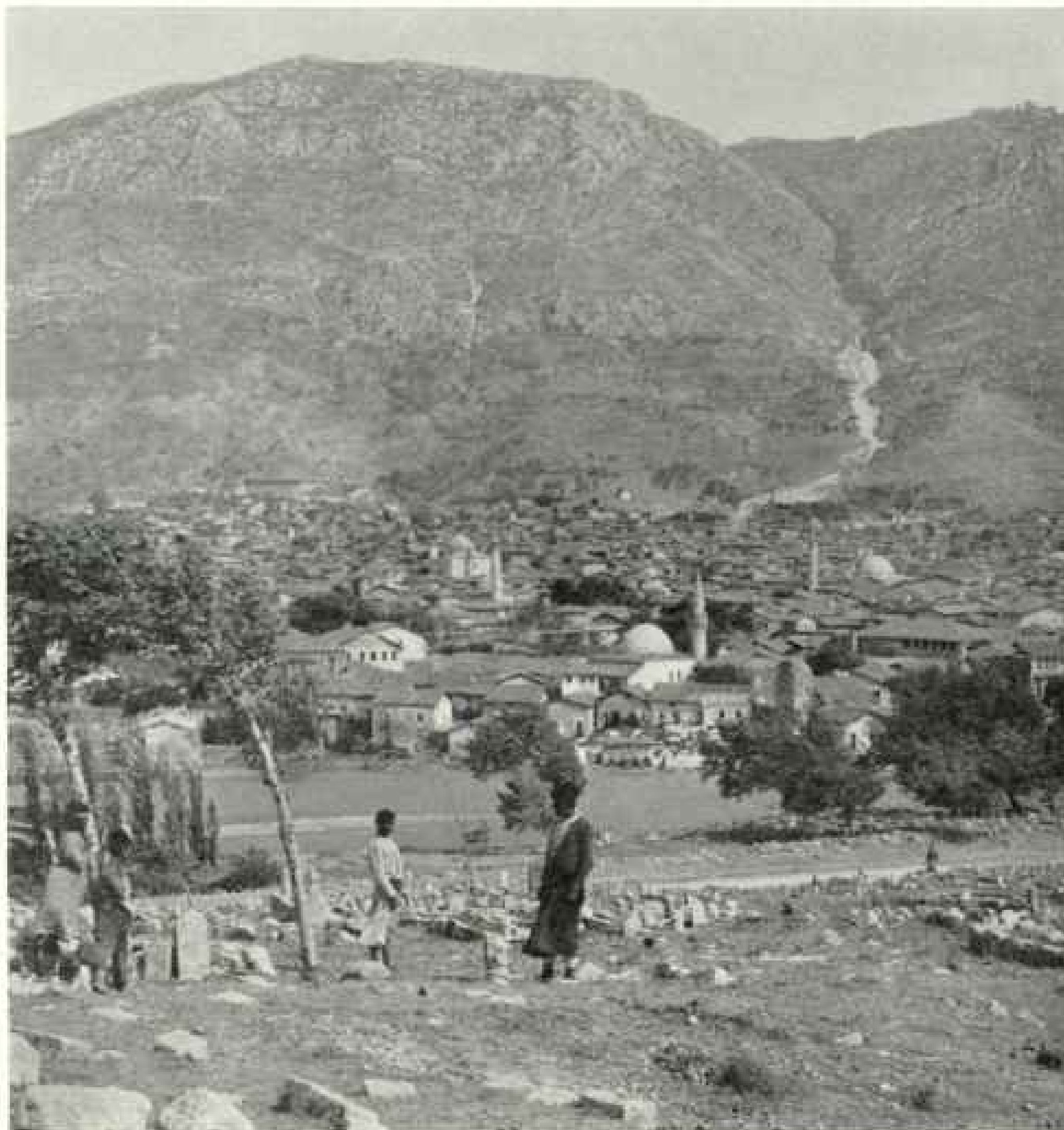
The greater part made a circuit to the northeast, to cross the Taurus Range. Apparently they felt their way through a gorge. "We entered," a chronicler explains, "a defile of the devil, which was so lofty and steep that we hardly dared to press ahead along the path. Horses fell bodily, and one pack animal dragged another with it. The knights beat themselves with their hands for grief in this place; some sold their shields, helmets, and body armor for whatever they could get. Others threw away their heavy armor and marched on. And so we passed through the accursed mountain and came to a city called Marash (now Maraş). The inhabitants came out

joyfully to meet us. There we all had plenty."

At this first sight of the green plain of Syria the land-hungry Normans ranged far afield making conquests, sword in hand, with all the eagerness of miners staking claims. It was the threshold of the Promised Land.

Here lay the mighty city of Antioch (Antioche). The Crusaders laid siege to it and took it after a struggle of eight months. With this citadel behind them, the road down the Valley of the Orontes toward Jerusalem lay open.

They had crossed the Asia Minor plateau, but other armies of Crusaders hastening after them failed to do so. Some were cut to pieces by the Seljuk Turks, others lost their way or were betrayed by the Byzantines.



Photograph American Colony Photographers

AT SYRIAN ANTIOCH KNIGHTS FOUGHT FOR EIGHT MONTHS

The modern town is barely one-quarter the size of the medieval city within its mighty wall, the ruins of which can be seen on the summits of the distant height. Across the Moslem cemetery in the foreground Crusaders marched to the Battle of the Lance (see text, page 664).

The last attempt to reach Jerusalem by land was made nearly a hundred years later by Germans, led by the aged Frederick Barbarossa, who reached the foothills of the Taurus. Here, at a river, probably the Salef (Gök su), flowing past Salukiah (now Silifke), he fell from his horse into the water in full armor and perished (see page 653).

After the disaster to Barbarossa's host, even the determined Crusaders understood that the land route from Constantinople to Antioch was closed. Thereafter they turned to the sea routes.

But already ships had found their way over the sea. When Godfrey and his first Crusaders reached the coast at the mouth of the Orontes River, they discovered a little fleet of open boats drawn up on the beach. The crews, English and Frisians from the fishing banks of the North Sea, were pirates. Somehow they had managed to find their way to the coast of the Holy Land. These hardy pirates were doing their bit by plundering the Moslem ports.

After looking in vain for any trace of the Crusaders in Constantinople, I visited the



Photograph by V. Desouian

THE CITADEL OF ALEPPO LOOKS IMPREGNABLE

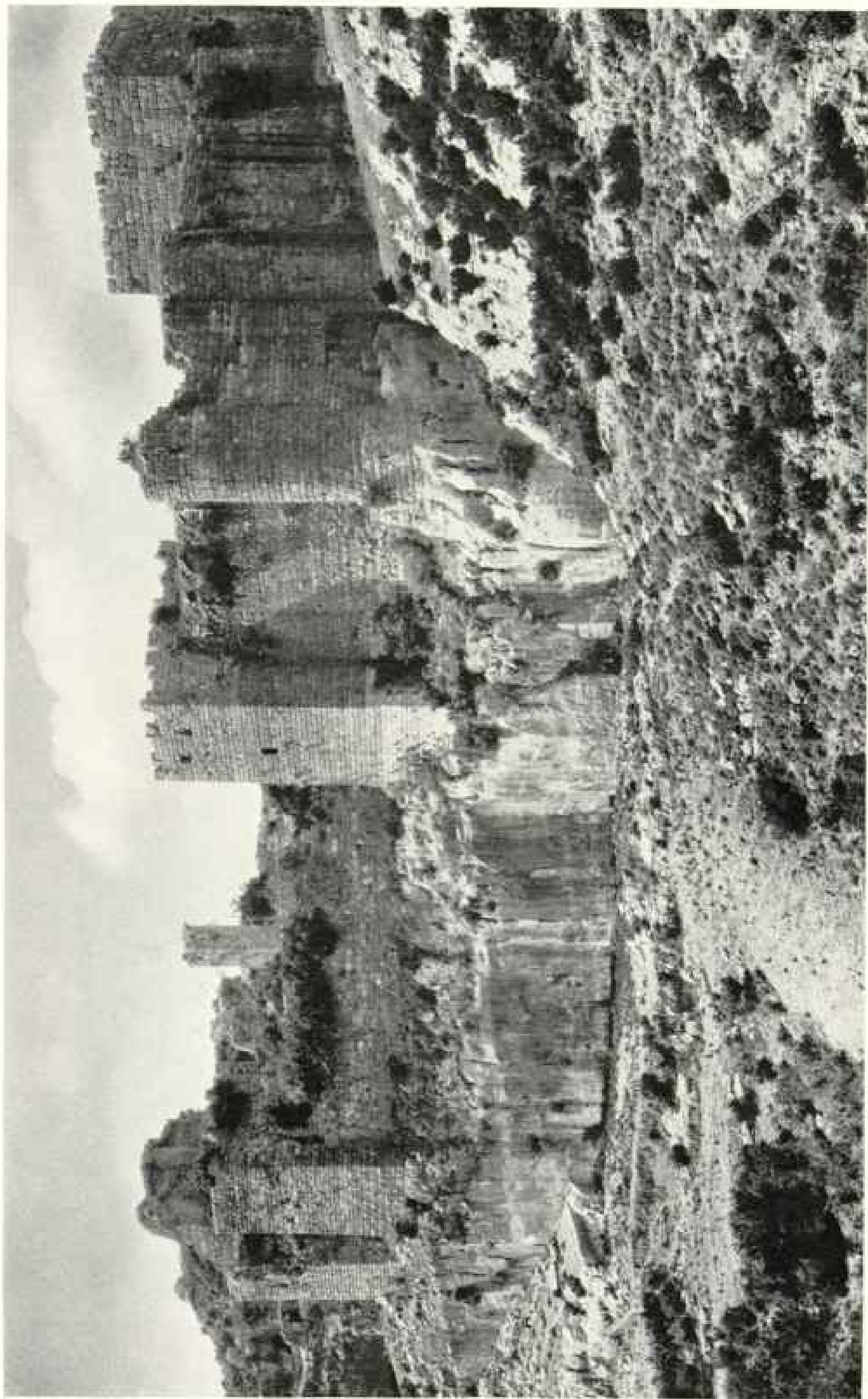
The view is from the courtyard of the Great Mosque. The massive entrance of the citadel is visible on the right. It serves as quarters for a modern French garrison.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ALEPPO'S CITADEL HAS A DOUBLY FORTIFIED GATE

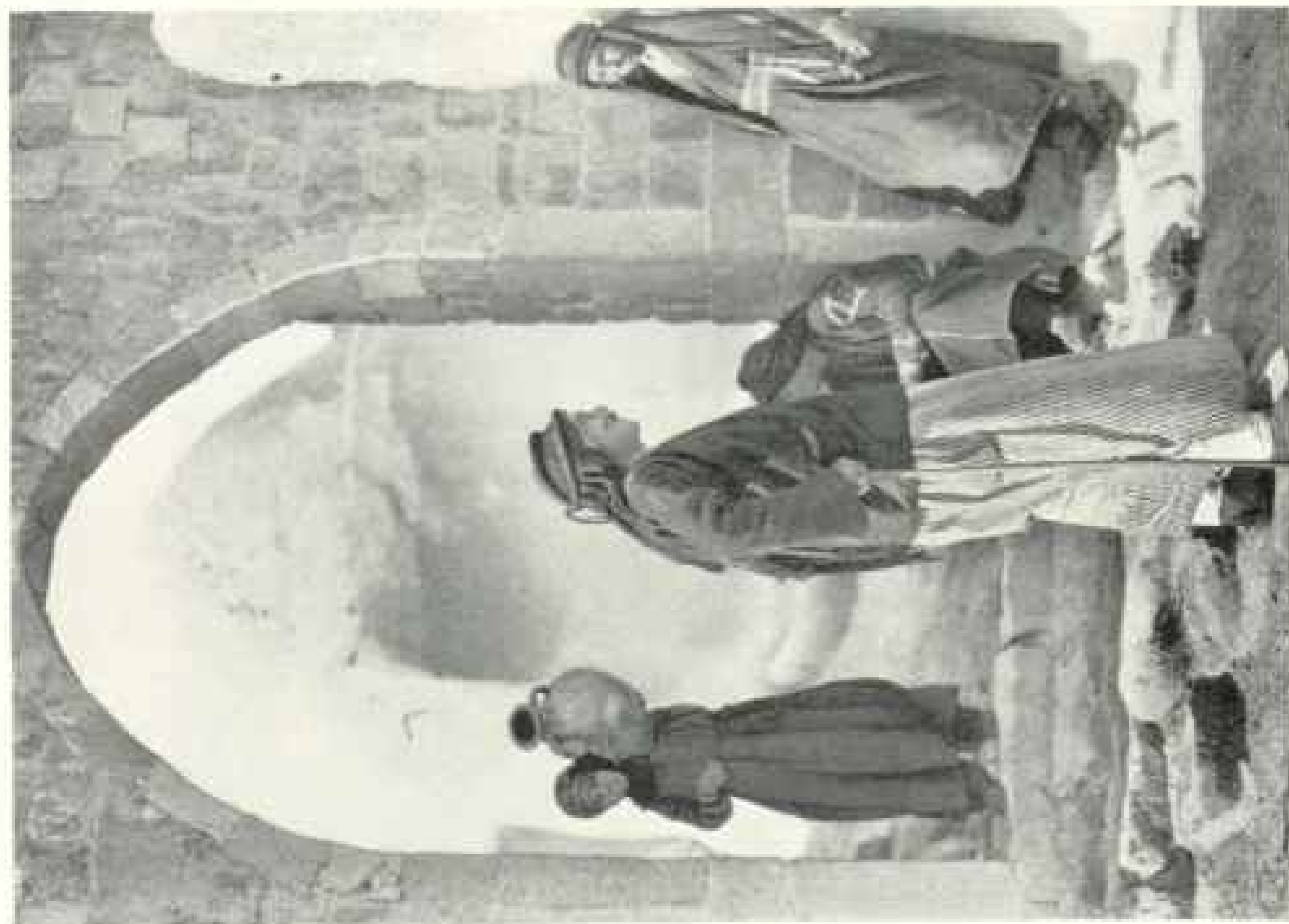
Only the bravest foe would venture up this causeway entrance built by one of Saladin's sons. To increase the difficulty of assault, a moat encircled the stronghold. The Crusaders rode within sight of the Castle of Aleppo but never laid siege to it (see text, page 673).



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MYSTERY SHROUDS SAIVUN, THE GHOST OF THE CRUSADES

The story of this mighty castle, solitary and deserted in the hills south of Antioch, remains hidden. The records reveal only that it was built by the crusading lords of Saone in the 12th century and attacked once by Saladin. It towers above ravines of red and gray stone with sheer sides, which form a natural fess, that on the right of the photograph (partly hidden by the nearer hill shoulder) being 700 feet long, 48 wide, and about 120 deep. The Crusaders' drawbridge rested on a monolith (in the ravine to the right) of natural rock loftier than an obelisk within this chasm.



WOMEN WORK—MEN PASS THE TIME

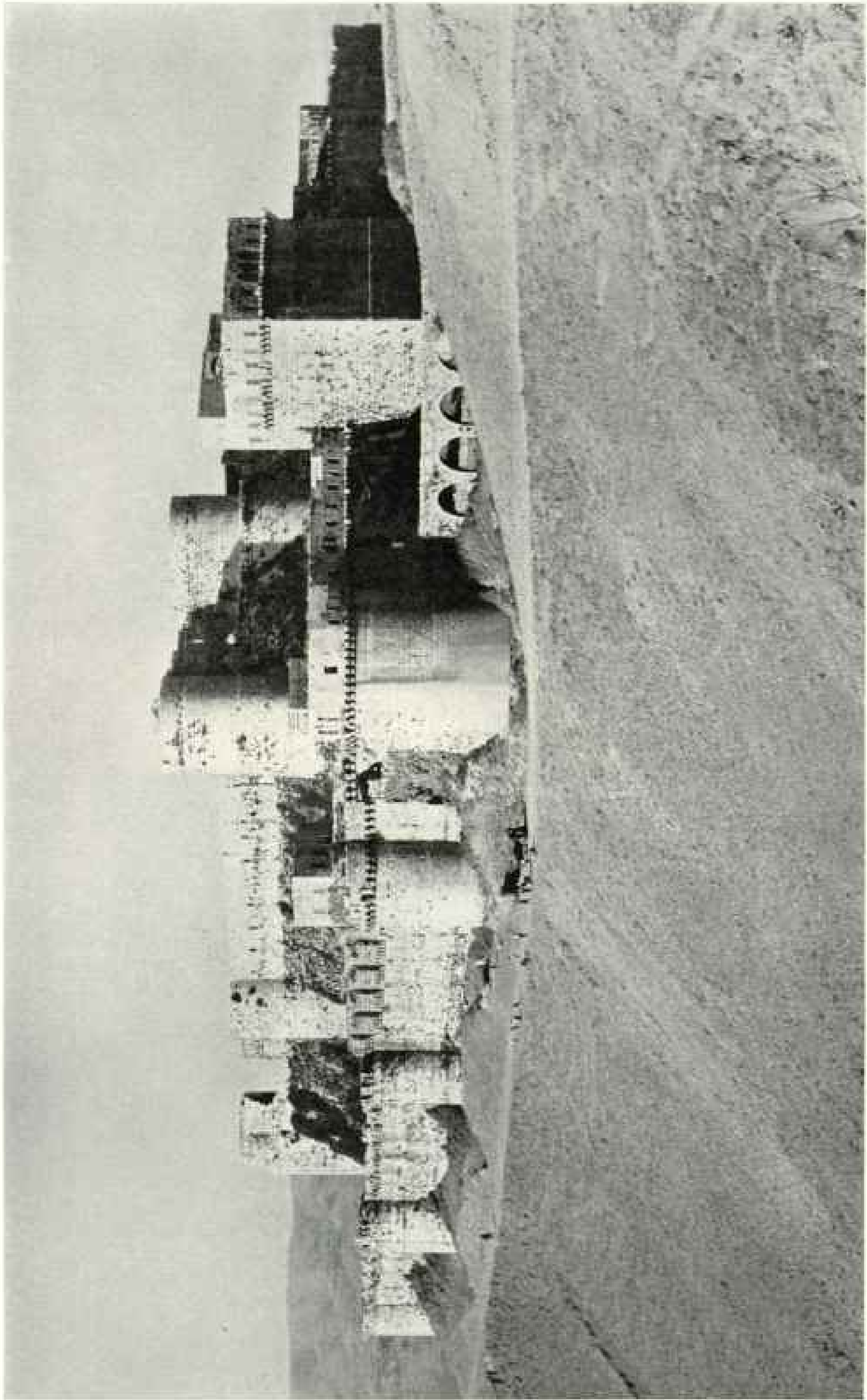
In a "beehive" village near Aleppo the gate is the social center as of yore. Ages have brought little change in these queerly constructed communities (see also illustrations on pages 651, upper, and 652, lower).



Photographs by Maryued Owen Williams

SCHOOL KEEPS WHERE ONCE THE TEMPLARS STOOD GUARD

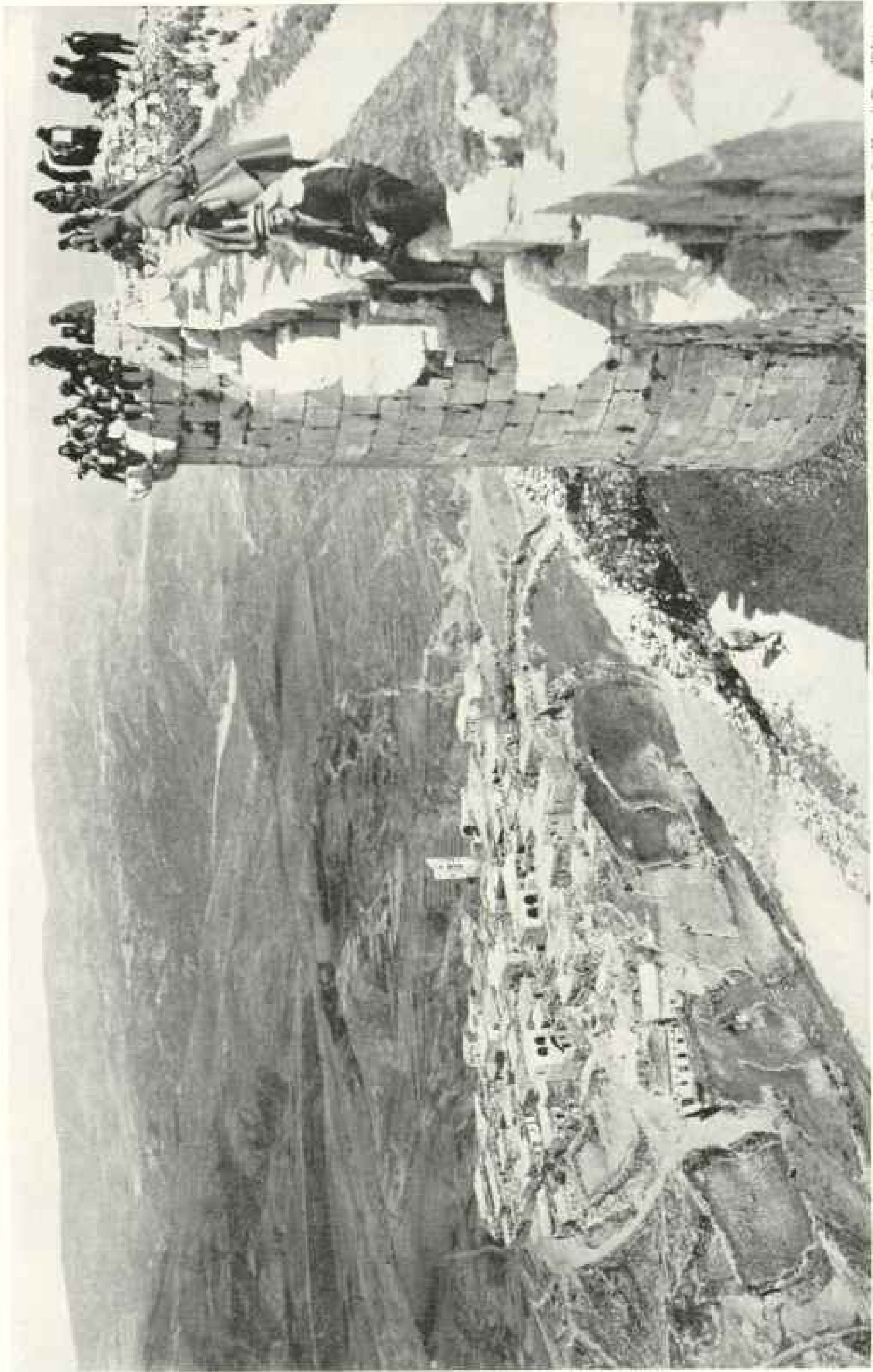
A class in reading and a Moslem khodja (teacher) are quite willing to be photographed by a modern Christian in Tartous, the Tartosa of the Templars, on the Syrian coast. The oval gate is part of their stronghold.



Photograph by Maxmud Owen Williams

THE HOSPITALIERS' GREAT KRAK DES CHEVALIERS IN SYRIA DEFIES TIME

This castle had a garrison of 2,000 men-at-arms, although it could accommodate three times that number of inhabitants. It had stables for 1,000 horses, a chapel, storerooms, cisterns, and several courtyards, as well as a *salle*, or assembly hall. It was surrendered to Bibars the Mameluke after his siege engines had battered down the corner tower by the aqueduct. The Moslems called it The Flame of the Franks. The master work of the Crusaders, it is the best preserved (see pages 661, 681, 684).



Photograph by Ciroim-Haareh Expedition

THE KRAK DES CHEVALIERS AFFORDS A VIEW OF THE ANSARIYA LANGE

For two reasons the strongholds of the interior of Syria and Palestine are in much better condition than those on the coast. They were remote from towns, and so were not frequently robbed of their stones for building purposes; and they were repaired, after the evacuation of the Christians, by Bibars and other Moslem sultans, who tore down most of the coast fortifications to discourage the knights from landing again on the coast of the Holy Land.



Photograph by Harold Lamb

NO PERIL NOW AT THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN'S GATE

The author's car stopped to make camp within the outer wall of Masayaf Castle, in the Ansariya hills. This was the Syrian headquarters of the strange Order of the Assassins, who slew a leader of the Crusades, Conrad of Montferrat, and many of the native rulers of the Near East (see text, page 673, and illustration, opposite page).

sites of their battles in northern Anatolia, where not even a headstone remained to be turned up by the wooden plow of a Turkish peasant. I decided to make a detour by ship, as so many of the vanished warriors had done, down to the coast of Syria.

LANDMARKS EFFACED, THE AUTHOR TAKES TO THE SEA

My freighter plowed tranquilly amid the small islands. Among its passengers were a priest and nun taking a throng of Syrian children back to their homes after the heat—a peaceful afternote of the long con-

flict between Cross and Crescent!

Richard the Lion Heart had steered his erratic course through these very waters. Wherever he landed he had found a quarrel and made a conquest: first at Messina, in Sicily; then at Cyprus, where some of his men were ill-treated by the Byzantines. Sword in hand, he ranged over that island, making its lord captive in silver chains and wedding youthful Berengaria in the cathedral, while his allies waited vainly for him to join them at the siege of Acre.*

Little wonder that his people enshrined his heart in Rouen—that capricious, savage, and utterly brave heart. But of the ships that carried him over this sea only a ghostly memory endures.

He himself sailed on a long galley, painted red, with a dragon's head and a fine cloth canopy hung over the small afterdeck. The galleys were narrow craft, modeled on the lines of the Viking boat, usually less than 15 feet in width.

Painted shields were ranged above the outer walk over the oars.

When Richard's fleet made a landing, the knights and men-at-arms manned the rail with uplifted spears, while pennons flew from the masthead. Trumpets sounded as the royal galley was run upon the beach, and steps were placed for the king to descend over the prow. Horses and attendants had been landed previously from another craft and now led up the king's

* See "Unspoiled Cyprus," by Maynard Owen Williams, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for July, 1928.

charger for him to mount.

This brave show, however, could be held only in a calm sea. The galleys of Richard's day could not make head against unfavorable winds, and his chronicler relates how a strong current, as if directed by celestial power, kept his vessel from venturing into a dangerous spot. In a storm the mariners could do nothing but furl the sail and say their prayers. The small vessels could not even be steered in such case.

Richard's queen-mother and Berengaria made the journey in a larger ship, called *dromond* or *buss* or *nef*, modeled on the heavier Roman type of cargo ship. These dromonds were the liners of the pilgrim traffic, which started to and from the Holy Land after its conquest by Godfrey's first Crusaders. They were sturdy, pot-bellied craft. The one that carried St. Louis measured about 102 feet by 41 and carried 500 persons. Another is mentioned as large enough to hold 1,000 souls.

They carried wine that was kept cool in the sand ballast of the hold, and poultry in cages on the decks, where the pilgrim passengers made their own beds in the narrow space that served as berth, dining table, and promenade all in one. Cooking was done over open fires on the lower deck, and the smoke respected nobody.

"And as the ships were tossed to and fro, and dispersed divers ways, men's stomachs began to feel a qualm, until this feeling of sickness made them insensible to danger."



Photograph by Harold Lamb

A DESCENDANT OF THE ASSASSINS POSES WITH THE AUTHOR

Modern Ismailites who frequent the Ansariya Range in Syria are peaceable folk, who probably never dream that once the grand master of their order made himself dreaded throughout the East by the treacherous daggers of his followers. The ruined castle of Massyaf, in the background, was the headquarters of the order in Syria during the Crusades.

In one respect, ocean travel was much the same then as now!

FOLLOWING ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST ROADS

I landed at Beyrouth (Beirut) in the searing blast of a September desert wind that contrasted strangely with the cool green heights of the mountains behind the port. Through the courtesy of President and Mrs. Bayard Dodge, of the American University, I was outfitted, despite the heat, in a few days with a car and two Arab boys to drive it, to interpret for me where neces-

sary, and to cook. We also had light camping gear, because we were going where hotels and missions did not exist.

We headed up the road that is one of the oldest in the world. It skirts the mountains and the edge of the sea along the coast where Phœnicians had their ports before the Greeks. Roman colonies followed, to be turned into conquests of the Arabs, to be reclaimed again by Byzantine castles and trading posts, and then to be swept up a second time by the Moslems, before the coming of the Crusaders.

This Syrian coast has been called a long cemetery of ancient shipwrecked towns.*

A COLD TRAIL—800 YEARS OLD

We were going north to pick up the trail of the Crusaders where they had come out of the Taurus passes and had laid siege to Antioch. It was a cold trail—more than 800 years old at this point!

The first landmark was hidden in a mosque in half-derelect Tarsus under the high mist of the Taurus slope. Once the mosque had been a small church of the Christian warriors—they called it St. Paul's.

South of the Gulf of Alexandretta, we came upon one of the most striking scenes of the Crusades, the ruins of Antioch itself (see illustration, page 656).

We drove through the drowsy present-day town, up to the hillside where the first remains of the mighty wall appeared. There was a spring beside us, and a pleasant ravine honeycombed with hermit cells. Occasional donkeys and plodding figures crossed a stalactite-hung Roman aqueduct and stared at us.

Adil, my driver, insisted it was not safe to sleep out here in cots. He could never understand why, with roofed buildings near at hand, I displayed a liking to rough it beside ruins. To testify on his behalf, he brought a Turk in a discarded military tunic, who announced his name as Hadji and his occupation as sole custodian of the ruined wall.

"Hadji," explained Adil, "is afraid to sleep here alone. He wants to come and sit with us."

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "Syria: The Land Link of History's Chain," by Maynard Owen Williams, November, 1919; "Skirting the Shores of Sunrise," by Melville Chater, December, 1926; and "Crusader Castles of the Near East," by William H. Hall, March, 1931.

So Hadji sat in and helped consume coffee, bread, and cigarettes. I found out afterward that Adil had hired him as a protector. Meanwhile I had discovered that all of the medieval Byzantine city down by the river had been turned into building stone, except for an occasional block too heavy to be moved.

But the wall, 12,000 paces in length, broken by the remains of 60 towers, ran up beside our camp, up for several hundred feet, over the summits of three hills and down again. From the heights the modern town looked like a small settlement in the mighty circuit of ruined wall. Elsewhere were debris, orchards, and the inevitable sheep.

Sitting on a half-crumpled master tower, I had all the panorama of Antioch beneath my eyes.* Across the sluggish, yellow Orontes (Oronte) River, where the cattle were feeding, the Roman circus had stood. Cæsar had sat somewhere on the gray stones of the theater. The bare hillside had once been luxurious with stone pines and myrtle and fountains of hanging gardens.

Down beyond the rolling summits of the hills the afternoon sun gleamed on the sea at the Orontes' mouth, where the pirate Crusaders had beached their long boats (see text, page 656). Far away on the plain shone the blue of the lake where Godfrey's indomitable Crusaders had fished for their dinners. On that plain had been fought the Battle of the Lance, that won Antioch for his men!

OUT OF CHRISTIAN INTO MOSLEM LANDS

The double stretch of wall behind me the mighty Bohemond had climbed by ladder under cover of darkness to gain a foothold with his Crusaders. Beyond, on the adjoining height, lay the shell of the citadel where 8,000 Christians had huddled to escape massacre at the hands of the Egyptian Mamelukes in 1268. At that time Antioch was restored to Moslem rule, under which it remained, almost unnoticed, until the World War.

From Antioch we drove due east along the Orontes, on the road the knights had taken to go out to hunt or make war. We crossed the boundary line of the Iron Bridge, where the adventurous spirits of both sides used to skirmish, and inspected the foundation

* See "Antioch the Glorious," by William H. Hall, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for August, 1920.

SOUVENIRS OF KNIGHTHOOD IN RHODES



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Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pallorani

THE STREET OF THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES IN THE WALLED TOWN

Little touched by time, the street combines Greek traditions, Rhodian workmanship, and French Renaissance design in some of the finest relics of the Crusades. At the right is the Hostel of the "Tongue" of Italy and behind the Rhodian farmer in blue is the Hostel of the "Tongue" of France. Each "Tongue," or company, defended a certain section of the wall.



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THE HARBOR OF THE GALLEYS, CALLED THE "SHEEPFOLD," REFUGE FOR SMALL BOATS

Natural Color Photograph by Leif P. Peterson

Since the days of Strabo three small ports have divided the waterfront of Rhodes. From south to north they are the Acandria, the Port of Commerce, and the Harbor of the Galleys. Beside the last mentioned stood the Colossus, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. In the background is the new Italian quarter, including Government offices, the Cathedral copied from the Church of St. John, and a hotel facing a bathing beach.



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DISTINCTIVE COSTUMES REMAIN ON THE RAPIDLY CHANGING ISLAND OF RHODES.



Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Fellemans

Due to its mixed population and the wide variety of influences from near-by lands, Rhodes has had many distinctive costumes. But modern dress is now usual. On feast days some women still wear salt boots and homespun dresses, rich with embroidery, many of them handed down through several generations. Both Greeks and Turks wear voluminous short trousers and fancy vests like those of the young Turkish Rhodian at the right.



A WINDMILL NEAR TRIANDA RAISES WATER FOR THE FIELDS

At the time of the Knights of Rhodes, windmills were owned by the Church and bore individual names, such as the Windmill of the Virgin, or of St. Catherine. When there is neither pumping nor grinding to be done, the sails on the arms are furled. Trianda's gardens provide vegetables for the clean new market at Rhodes.



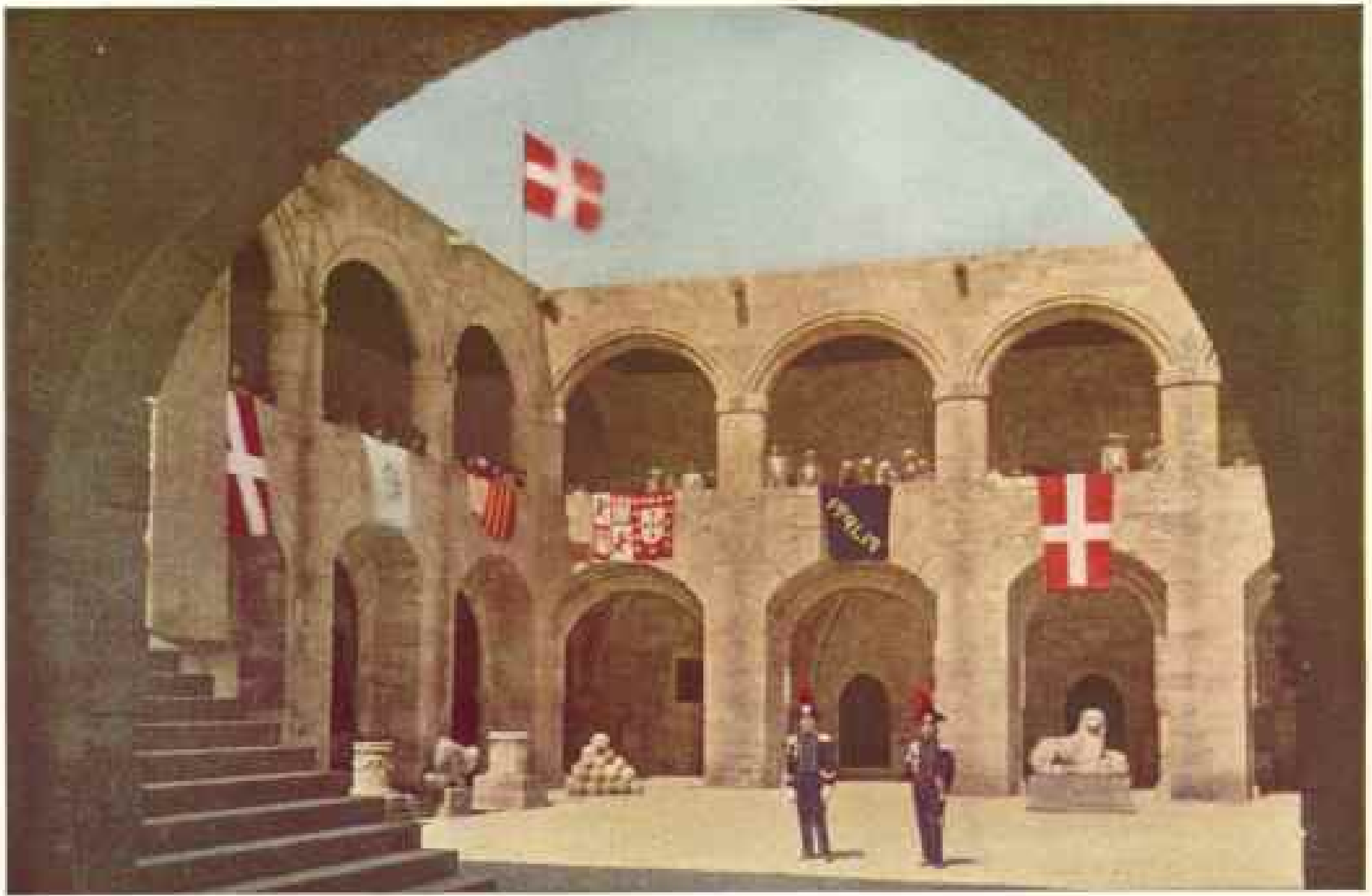
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Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerino

RUG WEAVERS SHOW THE DESIGNS FOLLOWED BY THEIR FLYING FINGERS

This group is at Arcangelò, near a lofty pass on the highway from Rhodes to Lindos (now Lindo), classic site of a famous sculptured Greek ship and a medieval castle. The Italians are fostering home industries, such as rug weaving. The designs are copied from many types of oriental rugs.

SOUVENIRS OF KNIGHTHOOD IN RHODES



THE HOSPITAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN IS NOW A MUSEUM.

Restored after four centuries of use as a Turkish barracks and ammunition depot, the former center of the Knights Hospitalers contains a collection of archeological objects from the Italian islands in the Aegean. On fête days from the upper balcony are hung the flags of the eight "Tongues" of the international Order of the Knights (see Color Plates I and VI).

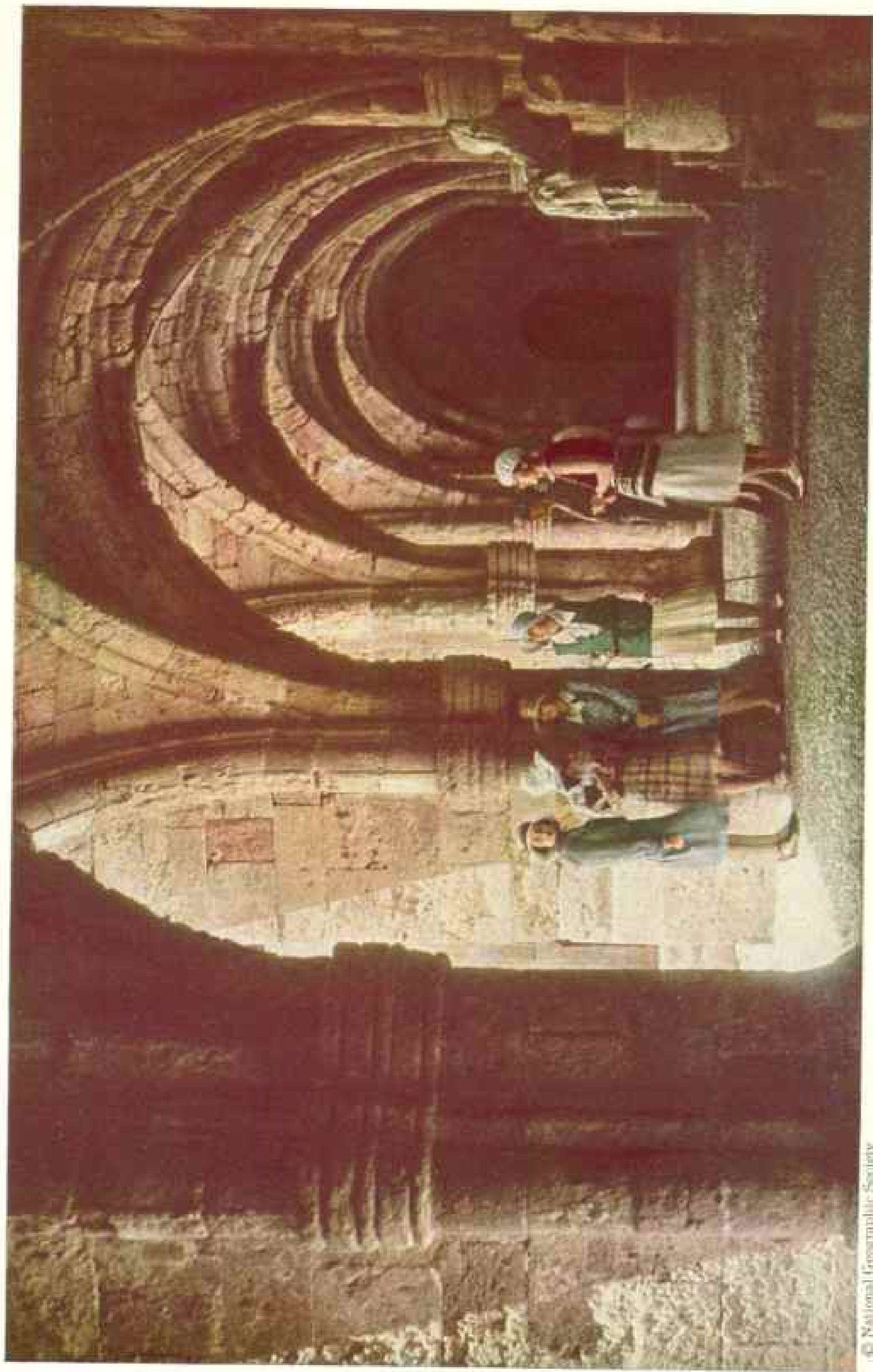


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Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Polierigi

A TURKISH HOME IN ONE OF THE PRIORIES OF THE KNIGHTS

For nearly four centuries, prior to the arrival of the Italians in 1912, the Turks ruled in Rhodes. Earthquake and lightning wrecked the Tower of Naillac and the Church of St. John, but the tolerant Turks did not avenge themselves on the city.



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ART IN THE MILITARY HOSPITAL OF THE KNIGHTS

Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellegrino

The Crusaders, evicted from the Holy Land before they took Rhodes, might have failed to build lasting monuments, and military hospitals have seldom been noteworthy for their rich ornamentation. Yet these vaults in the Museum, formerly the Hospital, rank with the finest relics of the Crusades. The Italian custodian, assisted by a Turk, has intelligently restored this largest of the knightly edifices in Rhodes (see Color Plate V).



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A POTTERY LINE OF THE PRE-HELLENIC AEGEAN

This burial jar, from Ialysos, one of the three communities of Aegean or Cretan peoples which united to found the city of Rhodes, is similar to other burial vases for children found at Knossos and Mycenae. It is now in the Museum at Rhodes.



Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellipponi

COPIES OF POTTERY OF THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES

Resembling majolica, but with conventionalized designs similar to those of 16th-century Persia, old Lindos ware has figured as a treasure in dowries for centuries. This modern Lindos ware is a reproduction of pottery the Knights used in their priorities.



TURKS STILL INHABIT THE WALLED QUARTER OF RHODES

For centuries during the Ottoman occupation of Rhodes the Greek descendants of pre-Hellenic islanders were forbidden to pass a night within the castle area. Italians and other Europeans have built new homes outside the walls. Even to-day, Turkish families live in buildings once occupied by the Knights of the Cross and long overgrown with bougainvillea vines, named for the French circumnavigator.



© National Geographic Society

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Prejerman

PEASANT COSTUMES OF SALACO, IN THE RHODIAN HILLS

Formerly each island, even each village of the Aegean, had its distinctive costume. Now the colorful native dress is rarely seen. Boots persist as a protection against thorn and brush and the frogged vests and baggy pantaloons of Greece and Anatolia are sometimes combined with European coats and hats.

stones of the last Crusader guard towers at Harang (Harim). Now the country changed, as if to mark the end of Christian lands and the beginning of Moslem, in that elder day. The lush green of the river land gave place to the dry red dust of the Aleppo plain with its waving wheat.

For a time we saw the weather-worn stones of a still older Roman road, and once an arch of the same period appeared. Adil said it was called the Gate of the Winds (Bab al Hawa). Opposite it was the stone façade of a lofty ruin.

"The House of the Girls," Adil announced.

How had it come to be called that? Scattered stones indicated that there had been a large town here in the time of the Cæsars. Perhaps the house in question had been the palace of the queens, though tradition calls it a nunnery.

ADIL'S SUPERSTITIONS VINDICATED

Adil had several superstitions, one being that if we saw black goats upon starting out in the morning the day would be unlucky. If we came upon sheep first, all would go well. A mixture of sheep and goats meant the usual luck of the road.

The first day out, he reminded me, we had seen black goats and had had two blow-outs. This morning we had beheld the goats again, and now in the red-clay plain we heard several ominous clanks, and halted to discover that the old car had shed most of its front springs.

It was necessary to limp on to Alep (Aleppo), where new spring leaves could be pounded out. I devoted two days to inspecting the gray stone citadel that had been the stronghold of Saladin's sons—the chivalrous Saladin who had been the foe of Richard the Lion Heart (page 657).

One glance at the massive triple gate of this fortress showed why the Crusaders had never taken it; indeed, the Aleppo citadel remained for Tamerlane to batter down with his siege engines. Aleppo was the rallying point of the Moslems in the north, as Antioch was that of the knights. These two cities occupied the position of Washington and Richmond during our Civil War.

In Aleppo, struck by the sight of a large and mixed throng crowding about the barred entrance of a courtyard on the way to the citadel, I asked the reason for the gathering.

"It is the prison," I was told.

A social center rivaling the great bazaar was this prison, where hundreds came daily to call on the inmates or to talk over their affairs.

"But the English prisons are better," the citizen of Aleppo informed me regretfully. "Ah, the food they have!"

To the poverty-ridden Arabs of the plains, prison life offers the inducements of shelter, food (the most important thing of all), and nothing much to do. Naturally many of them try to get into jail. Whatever the reason may have been, I noticed that the prisons in Palestine, which is under British mandate, were full.

In the days of the Crusades the common class of Moslems in and about the Holy Land showed a preference for the Christian knights as masters. The merchants, for example, found that they enjoyed greater freedom from tribute in Christian lands.

Leaving Aleppo, we headed almost due south. There are to-day, as there were in the Crusaders' day, two routes running north and south. One follows the edge of the sea, and the other, which we now took, keeps inland. Between the two, from Antioch down, rises a backbone of mountains centering upon the mighty bulwark of the Lebanon and terminating beyond the snow summit of Mount Hermon.

For the most part the Crusaders remained on the sea side of this mountain ridge, while the Moslems kept a firm grasp upon the inland plain, watered for half its length by the winding Orontes. We soon left the northern wheat region and entered a wide plain where sheep and cattle grazed near the cone-shaped clay huts of Arab villages (see pages 651-2, 659).

THE ABODE OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

In the foothills we visited a stronghold that was neither Christian nor Moslem, but was one of the most notorious in the world—the castle of Massyaf (or Omranie), once an abode of the Old Man of the Mountain (see pages 662 and 663).

He was really the *Shaikh al Jebel*, or Chieftain of the Hills, called by the Moslems the Lord of the Portals of Death. He was, in fact, a true lord of misrule, because he was one of the heads of the strange order of Ismailites, or Assassins.

"The tales told of these Assassins," an Arab chronicler relates, "would turn the hair of a new-born baby gray."



Photograph by Bayard Dodge

KALAT ESH-SHAKIF WITHSTOOD MANY SIEGES

The Crusaders called this stronghold, atop the Litani gorge in Syria, Belfort. Since the neighboring village, Shakif, has no water, women still carry jars on their heads up to the castle cistern.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TIBERIAS HAS A SEA WALL 682 FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL

Crusaders constructed this castle, now half ruined, on the shore of Galilee, in a deep depression far below the neighboring Mediterranean. At the other end of the revered lake there nestles a delightful little hospice presided over by Father Toepper. In the sunlit sitting room a staff writer came upon a pile of *Geographics*, and the host welcomed him as a fellow member of The Society.



Photograph by Harold Lamb

CAMELS AND MEN DRINK FROM THE SAME COURTYARD WELL IN ACRE

The pointed arches were built by Crusaders. The upper story is later Moslem work, and the penthouse quite recent. The city was recaptured by the Crusaders under Richard the Lion Heart and Philip of France in 1191. Its loss just a hundred years later caused the withdrawal from the coast of the last armed forces of Christendom (see text, page 589).

The secret brotherhood of Assassins came into being in the 11th century, originating in the streets of Cairo and spreading swiftly eastward as far as Persia. Enemies of the master of the order were removed from his path by the daggers of his drug-inflamed Assassins, and his followers were rewarded by a visit to a truly remarkable artificial paradise of wine, women, and song built on the summit of a mountain back of Kazvin, in northern Persia.

Legends relate that the Old Man of the Mountain never ate or slept, and that he could pass in and out of his mountain strongholds without being seen. With a few men lodged in an eyrie secretly built or purchased, he could lay a city under bondage of fear. Many a wealthy merchant of that day awoke in the morning to find two rolls of bread, the visiting card of the Assassins, by his head. And usually he decided to pay tribute without further visitation.

The Old Man of the Mountain also perfected a method of murder. Three of his servants would be sent to the victim with

long knives hidden under their garments. They would be disguised as beggars, physicians, camelmen—anything. The first would present himself openly, upon some excuse, and strike. If he failed, the second would run up in the ensuing confusion and attack the victim. If he also failed, the third would emerge from hiding and strike.

Such an attempt was made upon the life of the great Saladin. But the first and the third assassins were intercepted by the guards of the sultan, and Saladin himself, although wounded, grappled with the second man and held him until he could be carried off to the torture.

The headquarters of the Order of the Assassins were at Alamut (The Eagle's Nest), in north Persia, overlooking the highway from Kazvin to the Caspian. In Syria the grand prior of the order had his residence in the castle of Massyaf, on the gently sloping spurs of the eastern Djebel Ansariya (or Jebel en Nuseiriye), and not, as commonly related, on an almost inaccessible height.



Photograph by Walter L. Wright

BETWEEN ROCK AND SEA WINDS THE SYRIAN COAST ROAD

A modern tunnel pierces the Batrun headland where once world conquerors had been obliged to detour. *Ramesses*, *Sargon*, and *Alexander* led their hosts along this shore. Then came the Roman legions, followed by the Byzantine cohorts and the wild Arab cavalry, before ever Crusader set foot on the road.

The Castle stands apart from *Massyaf* village on a huge outcropping of rock. It is of pure Arab construction, without cement, and the sheer walls, the hue of tawny gold, rise more than 40 feet above the rock. The winding approach turns twice within the entrance tower, now half ruined—a dark and forbidding portal.

ASSASSINS' DESCENDANTS INSPIRE NO TERROR

The interior is a jumble of *débris* and earth-choked corridors; but the walls, with their varied inscriptions, hold many secrets,

because they have been stiffened by columns and pedestals taken from unknown buildings of the Greek-Roman and Byzantine times.

On the grass-grown summit, I thought of the master of the Assassins who had made proof of the obedience of his servants, in the presence of some Crusader visitors, by ordering two of his white-clad sentries to jump from the rampart. The men had put down their weapons and leaped, to be crushed to death on the stones 80 feet below. But the two guards who followed me in my inspection of the castle were Turkomans of the Syrian police, armed only with a shotgun, with which they did execution among the pigeons that frequented the towers.

The descendants of the Assassins in the village number to-day 1,700 *Ismailites* (*Ismailieh* or *Hashishin*), among more than 20,000 *Alaouites*.^{*} They seemed cheerful and peaceful enough, as they worked in their orchards and wheat fields. They still send a tithe to the nominal head of their religion, *Aga Khan*, who patronizes the French race courses.

Unlike most villagers, they did not even disturb with their curiosity our camp, in the shadow of the castle. We had had no sign of trouble all that day, in spite of the fact that we had seen the black goats at setting out, and I remarked to *Adil* that

^{*} See "A New Alphabet of the Ancients Is Unearthed," by *Claude F. A. Schaeffer*, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for October, 1930.

the curse of the black goats had been broken.

"No," he said darkly, "we stopped just in time."

He explained with suppressed excitement that the car was crippled. In the long drive over the rough mountain trail two of the four bolts holding the differential casing had broken. We were able to repair the damage the next day, but in Adil's opinion the omen of the black goats had been verified for all time.

From the pine-clad mountains of the Ismailites we turned west and emerged through glaring chalk ravines upon the fertile rolling coast with the blue line of the sea beneath us. And on a summit of a lofty bare hill we beheld one of the principal landmarks of the Crusades. It looked like a gray battleship stranded against the clouds (see page 678).

This was the partly ruined hill castle of Margab, one of the almost impregnable strongholds of the knights, who defended their conquest along the Holy Land for almost two centuries. The Arabs call it the Watcher, Watchtower, or the Outpost.

OUTREMER, FIRST COLONY OF CHRISTENDOM

We think of the Crusaders as armies journeying to the East to strike a few blows for the Cross, and then returning home. We forget that after the conquest of Godfrey's first expedition they became colonists. Many, of course, returned home, just as throngs made the pilgrimage and went back after visiting Jerusalem and the other sacred places. But a nucleus of the



Photograph by American Colony Photographers

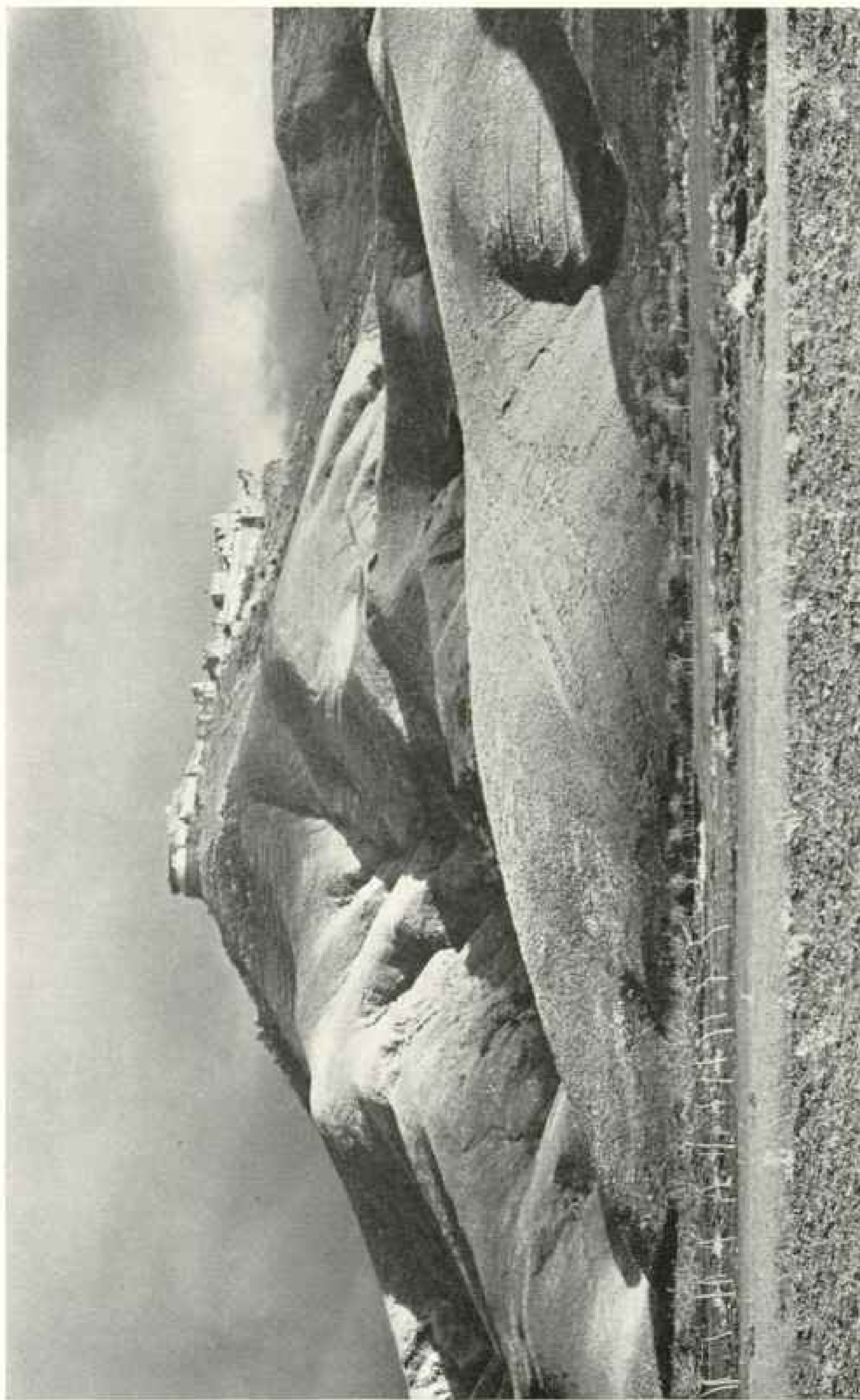
EL KERAK WALLS DEFIED SALADIN

Farthest east of all the Crusader castles, this stronghold guarded the frontier beyond the Dead Sea. Once it was surprised by the Saracen leader during a wedding feast. When the chivalrous foeman learned of the nuptials, he gave command to leave unmolested the tower in which the bride and bridegroom had taken shelter (see text, page 686).

knights settled along the coast, marrying and building homes in this new land, which came to be called *Outremer*, Beyond the Sea.

During the first two generations of warfare and poverty the colonists in Outremer were strengthened by new waves of men and funds from Christendom. The military Orders of the Temple and the Hospital were formed to aid pilgrims and guard the new frontier.

The Templars might be called the transport corps of the Crusades, and the Hospitalers the Red Cross. But they also had



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

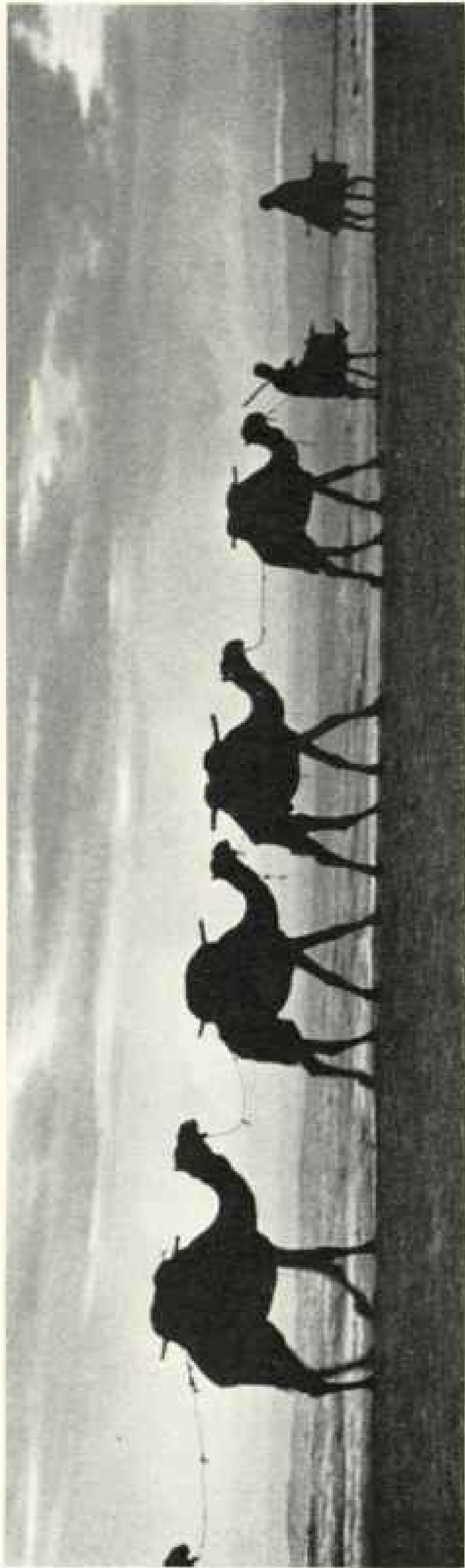
MARGAB, HEADQUARTERS OF THE HOSPITALERS, WAS NEVER TAKEN BY ASSAULT

Overlooking the sea and the coast road between the Crusaders' Principality of Antioch and the County of Tripolis, with the hills of the Assassins behind it, this castle, like that of Tortosa, was never carried by the Moslems, who exclaimed, when the knights were at last compelled to surrender it, "Only by the aid of the djinn could this place have fallen to us!" From a distance the stronghold gives the illusion of a large modern battleship stranded on the wave-like terrain (see page 677).



FISHERMEN CAST NETS WHERE WAR GALLEYS ONCE LAY

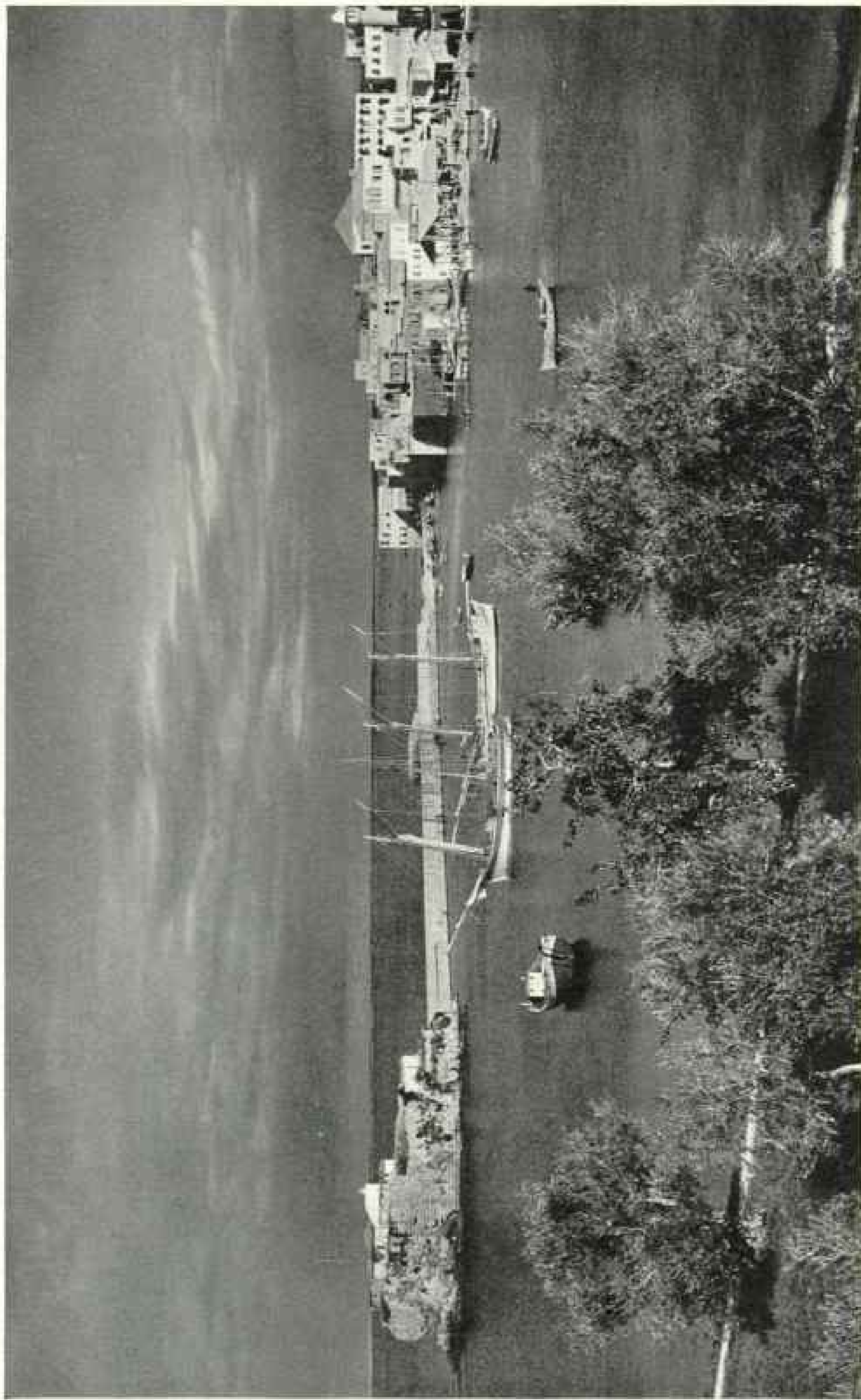
Acce, the largest port of Palestine in medieval days, served as the metropolis of the Crusaders toward the end of the 13th century. "We had never seen," a chronicler relates of the army that gathered there, "so many distinguished knights, so many broad banners. You could not count all the shining helms and the noble horses."



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

CAMEL TRAINS STILL FOLLOW DONKEYS INTO ACCO, WHERE DESERT AND SEA MEET

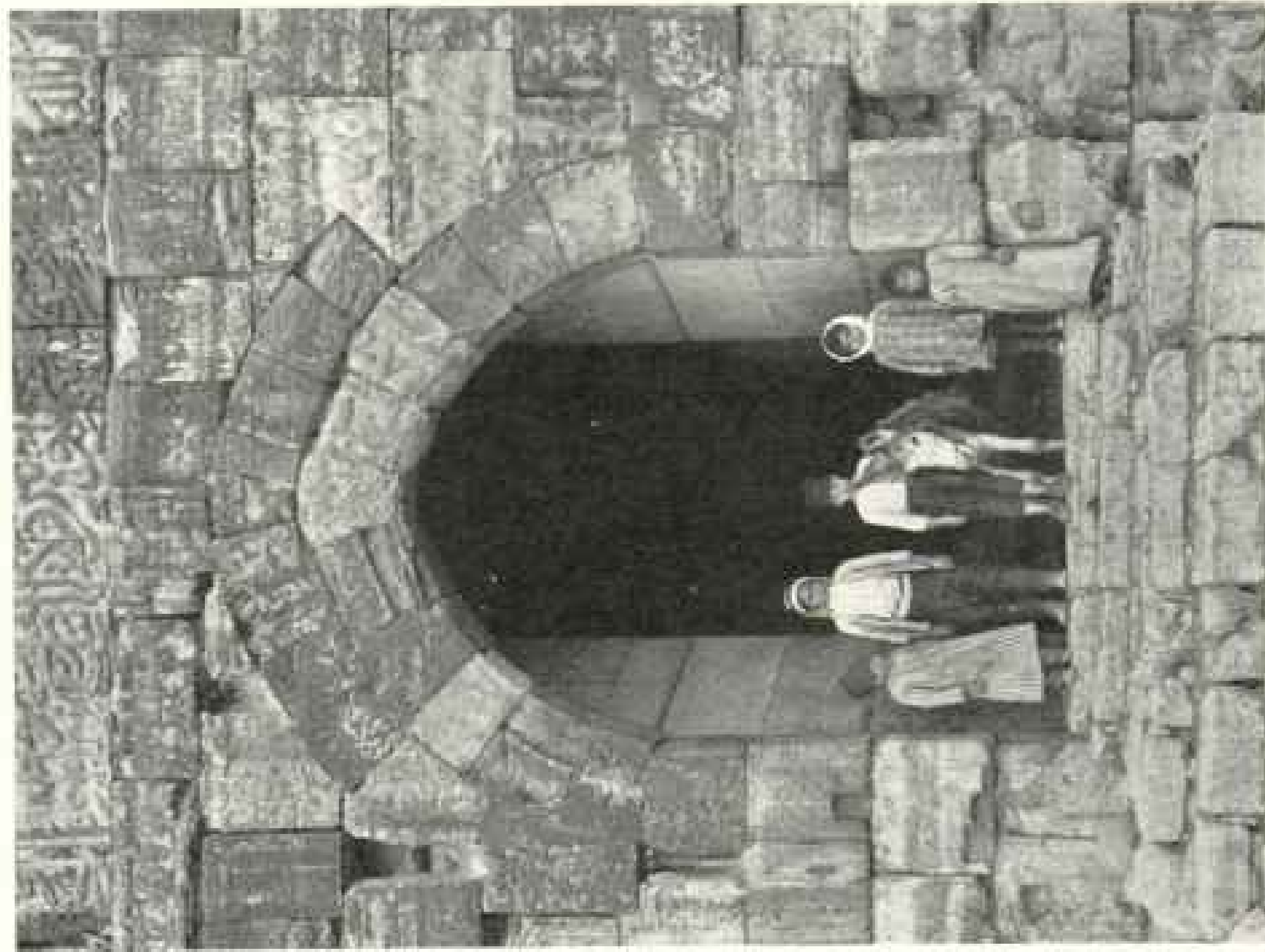
The Crusaders brought back with them tales of strange animals they had seen or heard of in the east. African "monsters" fascinated them. The crocodile they described as a dragon serpent, and their "cameleopard" seems to have been a weird combination of beasts. They enjoyed hunting with cheetahs and falcons.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

AT LATTAQUÉ THE FIRST CRUSADERS RESTED

A modern ocean liner could not squeeze itself into this port, the Lattaquié of the Crusaders, but the harbor with its guiding lighthouse still offers perhaps the best anchorage on the Syrian coast. Mithradates found it serviceable; Herod built an aqueduct for the city; and Queen Zenobia came out of the desert to visit it, long before Tancred, the Beau Sabreur of the Crusades, used its bathing beach (see text, page 686).



SULTAN BIBARS STORMED THE MIGHTY KRAK

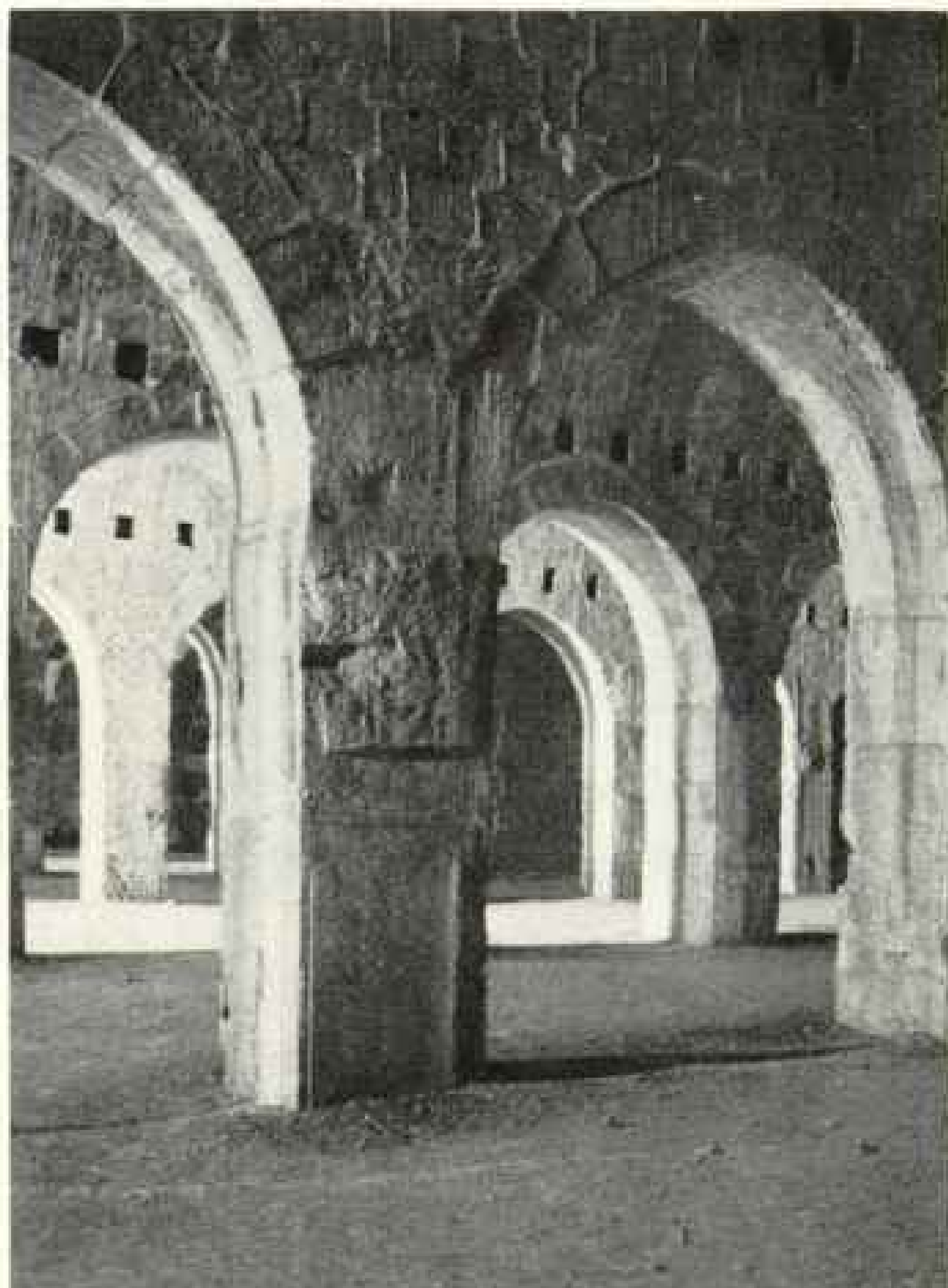
His inscription, dimly discernible above the portal of this stronghold (see pages 660-1), testifies to his conquest. The castle is entered through a long, winding, covered passageway. Besides the heavy gates at the outside entrance, there are six protected openings in the vaulted ceiling through which missiles could be hurled down on attackers.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

AMID RELICS OF GRANDEUR A GOAT YIELDS HER MILK

This resident of the Arab village built out of the stones of Château Pèlerin (Athlith) is doing as the Crusaders probably did before him, when cows were lacking. Life in the countryside has gone on for centuries with little change in the customs of the inhabitants (see illustration, page 692, and text, pages 686 and 689).



Photograph American Colony Photographers

THE TEMPLARS STABLED THEIR STEEDS UNDERGROUND

This massive substruction lies beneath the southeast corner of the Haram, Jerusalem. Nicks and broken holes in the edges of stone piers where the knights tethered their mounts can still be seen. The chambers are often called Solomon's Stables (see page 691).

to do engineering work, act as peace officers and interpreters, and bear the brunt of the fighting. Little wonder that they called themselves "The Poor Men of Jerusalem!"

"When ships came from the western lands, we went to meet them," wrote a priest of the colony. "Every one of us inquired eagerly about his own home; when we heard good tidings we were glad; when they told us of misfortune, we were sad. Some of the newcomers remained here in the Holy Land, but others returned home. . . ."

"We who had been westerners now became easterners. One who had been a citizen of Reims or Chartres now became

a dweller in Antioch or Tyre. We are beginning to forget the places of our birth. We have homes here and servants; many have taken wives, even from the Syrians and Armenians. Some have grandchildren already.

"Those who had spoken different languages now use the speech of all. One cultivates vines, another the fields. Many who had been poor at home now are rich."

It is true that the settlers in Outremer had new luxuries and interests. The barons hunted and kept falcons,* they had large retinues of native servants and their ladies rejoiced in the pleasant gardens and the fine fabrics of the East. A growing commerce kept them all occupied in the hours not devoted to fighting. They became acquainted with the refinements of the East, with musk, spices, rare precious stones, enamel work, silks, and brocades.

After seeing the luxurious Byzantine palaces, they were not

content with the small and crude Arab construction they found on the coast; they began to build for themselves, employing native peasant labor and taking advantage of the abundance of limestone, basalt, and marble.

They had to fortify their homes. Families, peasantry, horses, cattle, and orchards must be protected against siege. Therefore citadels sufficiently large to shelter everything were erected, usually on hill-tops near wells or cisterns. These strongholds were much larger than contemporary

* See "Falconry, the Sport of Kings," by Louis AGASSIZ FUERTES, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for December, 1920.



BY FORGETTING TYRE, SALADIN FAILED TO SWEEP THE KNIGHTS INTO THE SEA

After the Moslem swept over Jerusalem and the strongholds of the Christians in 1187, he neglected to capture this seaport, the ruined stone mole of which still stands (left). The remnants of the Crusaders collected here, with fresh forces under Conrad of Montferrat, and a little later advanced to besiege Acre, where the Lion Heart and Philip of France joined them.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

ALEXANDER THE GREAT LAID DOWN THIS ROAD

When the Macedonian besieged Tyre he built an embankment 300 feet wide out to the ancient Phœnician city of the sea. Although covered now with sand dunes piled by south winds to a width of a quarter mile, the highway still serves the town (right).



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

AN ARMPFUL OF DONKEY-POWER

Where horses are few and automobiles and railroads are rare indeed, these tiny beasts of burden and camels carry a great part of the freight, as in the days of the knights. A young native of Tartous assisted the unwilling little fellow to pose for his photograph.

castles in Europe. The wall of Margab incloses 33,000 square yards, three times the area of Coucy, one of the greatest châteaux of medieval France.

Within the storerooms of Margab sufficient supplies could be kept to last for three years of siege.

MARGAB THE WATCHER DEFIED ASSAULT

The castle itself was almost impregnable. Roughly triangular, it covered the whole summit of the steep hill, more than a thousand feet above the sea. On all sides the approach to its outer wall was abrupt. In the event of an attack, the besiegers would

have to approach up a trail so narrow that only one man could go ahead. For about 200 yards this mule path led beneath the outer wall, from which arrows, burning oil, and javelin and rock missiles from machines would be shot down.

Passing through this barrage, the besiegers would have to break down the massive door of the square gate-tower. Once inside, they would find themselves pent in the entrance chamber, under fire from embrasures in the walls and ceiling, until they could batter down a second door and reach the narrow space between the outer and inner walls of the citadel.

Still under fire, they would then have to search for a small postern gate, through which they might win to a second pierced entrance corridor. From this they would have to fight their way to the main courtyard of the castle proper, the heavily fortified point of the triangle.

And here they would find themselves in a trap. They might force their way into the stone chapel, or through any one of a half-dozen posterns, only to find themselves confronted presently by blank walls of massive stone pierced by the inevitable embrasures. The only passage leading from this labyrinth to the heart of the castle, the master tower with walls 30 feet thick, is on the upper floor and almost undiscoverable—at least, it took me a half hour to work it out.

Margab and its sister castle, the Krak des Chevaliers (also called Hisn-al-Akrad, or Kalat-el-Husn), (see pages 660-1,

681), were the masterpieces of the knights. Both belonged to the Hospital and both escaped capture by the Moslems until the final years, when their garrisons were left stranded by the coastward withdrawal of the hard-pressed Crusaders. It is said that the knights of Margab wept when the unconquered citadel was surrendered and they rode out never to return.

RUINED GUARD TOWERS REMNANTS OF STIR- RING TIMES

Seen in the moonlight, with the pinpoints of campfires beneath them, with a huddle of Arabs, camels, and sheep quartered in their empty courtyards, Margab and Krak look as if they had been abandoned only yesterday, and the visitor wonders whether the mailed tread of some lingering guardian might not still be heard in the night watches.

It is only inland, within the line of the hills, that the Crusader castles are fairly intact.

Kalat Sahyun, in the far north, is only half ruined (p. 658). Stretching south from it to Margab are several isolated guard towers.

It is possible, judging from the position of these towers, that the Crusaders devised a system of signaling each other at night by fire, as well as warning the main castle of the approach of an enemy.

Chastel Blanc (Safita), where the great donjon tower is intact, is almost within sight of the Krak (see page 690).

After a stretch of some hundred miles where nothing is left, I came upon some of the most remarkable strongholds—Belfort (Kalat esh-Shakif), from the embrasures



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

NOSAIRI GIRLS MEND THE ROADS

They have stopped work for a moment to smile for a camera near Tripoli. Their people are not orthodox Moslems, nor have they churches; instead they keep a Christmas and Palm Sunday of their own. Many of the women bear Christian names such as Helen and Catherine.

of which one can cast a stone into the Litani River, beneath (page 674); and Kalat en-Namrûd (also called Kalat es-Sabeibeh), on the slopes of Mount Hermon, above Baniyas. Namrûd is one of the best-preserved castles in Syria.

Here, between the Lebanon and Mount Hermon, the Jordan Valley opens out, and there are ruins at Safed. On the Sea of Galilee the Crusaders' castle of Tiberias is little more than a shell of black stone, upon which fishermen dry their nets (p. 674). Below it, at the opening of the Jordan gorge, the ruin of Belvoir (Khaukab al-Hawa) overlooks the road that played a



Photograph by American Colony Photographers

HERE LIES A KNIGHT OF THE EAST

For some 700 years this tombstone of a Crusader, Philip D'Aubigny, has endured the tread of pilgrims and enemies alike, near the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

part in General Allenby's pursuit of the Turks on the field of Armageddon.

To the south, in the vicinity of Jerusalem, the castles have for the most part been torn down, with one spectacular exception. El Kerak, that the Arabs call the Stone of the Desert, remains on the height beyond the Dead Sea, overlooking the Hadji, or Pilgrim, Route to Mecca (p. 677). It was the easternmost fortification of the knights, and it has been occupied ever since their time. Its great wall, some 2,600 paces around, incloses reservoirs, a Greek convent, a mosque, and an Arab village.

Some of the principal strongholds of the Crusaders were along the coast. There are

scattered ruins of chapels, towers, and outer walls in Tortosa (Tartous), where the huge stonework of the Templars has been overbuilt by the modern town.

Tripoli has, almost intact, its castle, which served until recently as a Turkish prison. In Gibleet (Jebail) the castle was built of old stones upon an ancient foundation. Sayette (Saïda, the ancient Sidon) holds the remains of the tower built by St. Louis. There are Tyre (Sour); Acre, where the hospital and palace of the knights and a chapel are well preserved; Château Pèlerin (Athlit, or Athlith); Caesarea; and Arsuf.

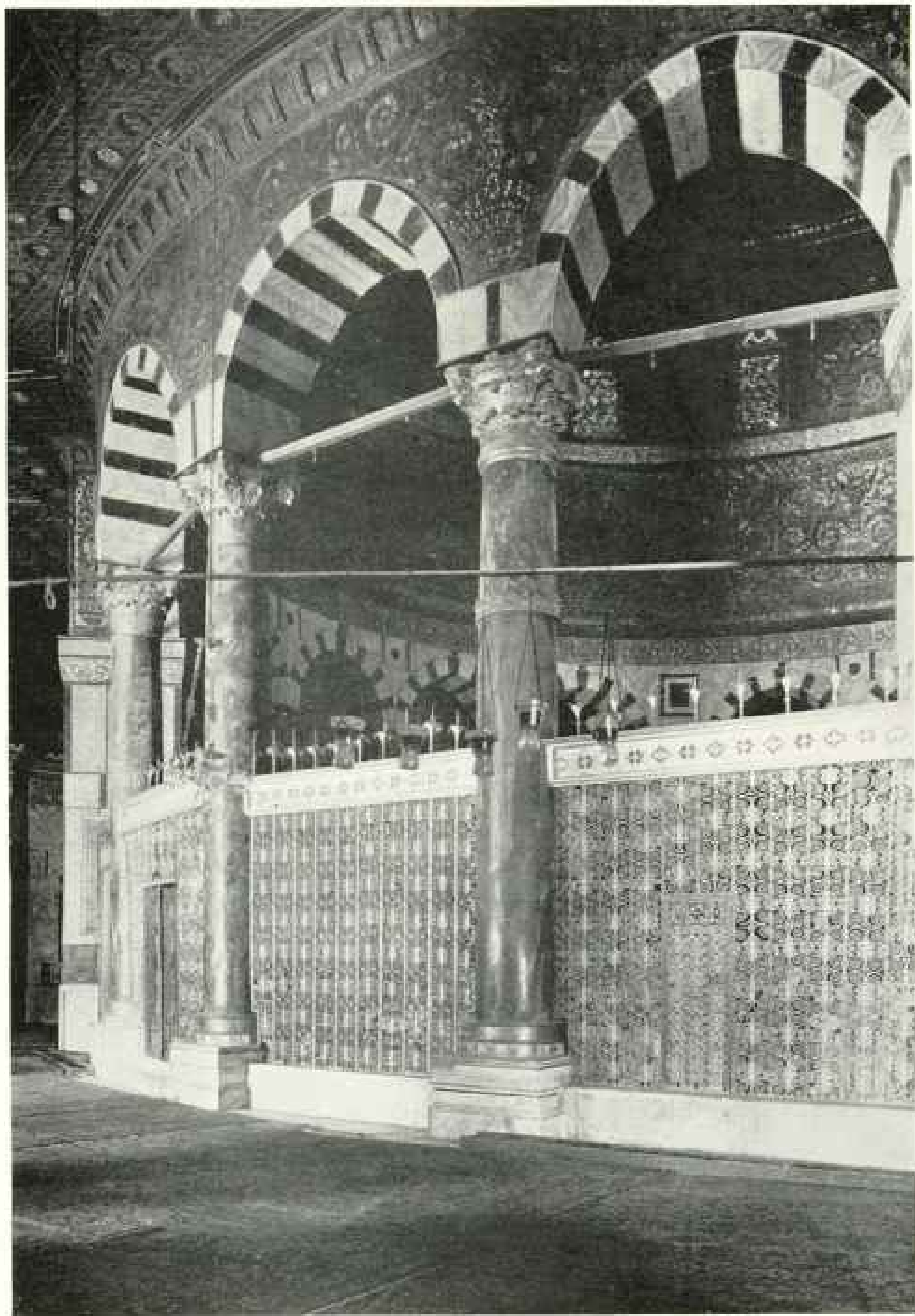
THE KNIGHTS BUILT THEIR HARBORS

At the well-known southern ports of Jaffa and Ascalon (now Ashkelon), only foundation stones are visible.

This coast of the Holy Land was of yore, as it is to-day, almost without natural harbors. The Crusaders

occupied it from the present Egyptian border to Tarsus, in modern Turkey. Laodicea (Lattaquié, or Latakia) offered the best harbor; the others were little more than coves protected by an outcropping of rock. The Crusaders were able to beach their smaller boats, but gales and the prevalent heavy swell wrought havoc with their larger craft. The knights devised artificial harbors as well as they could to protect them.

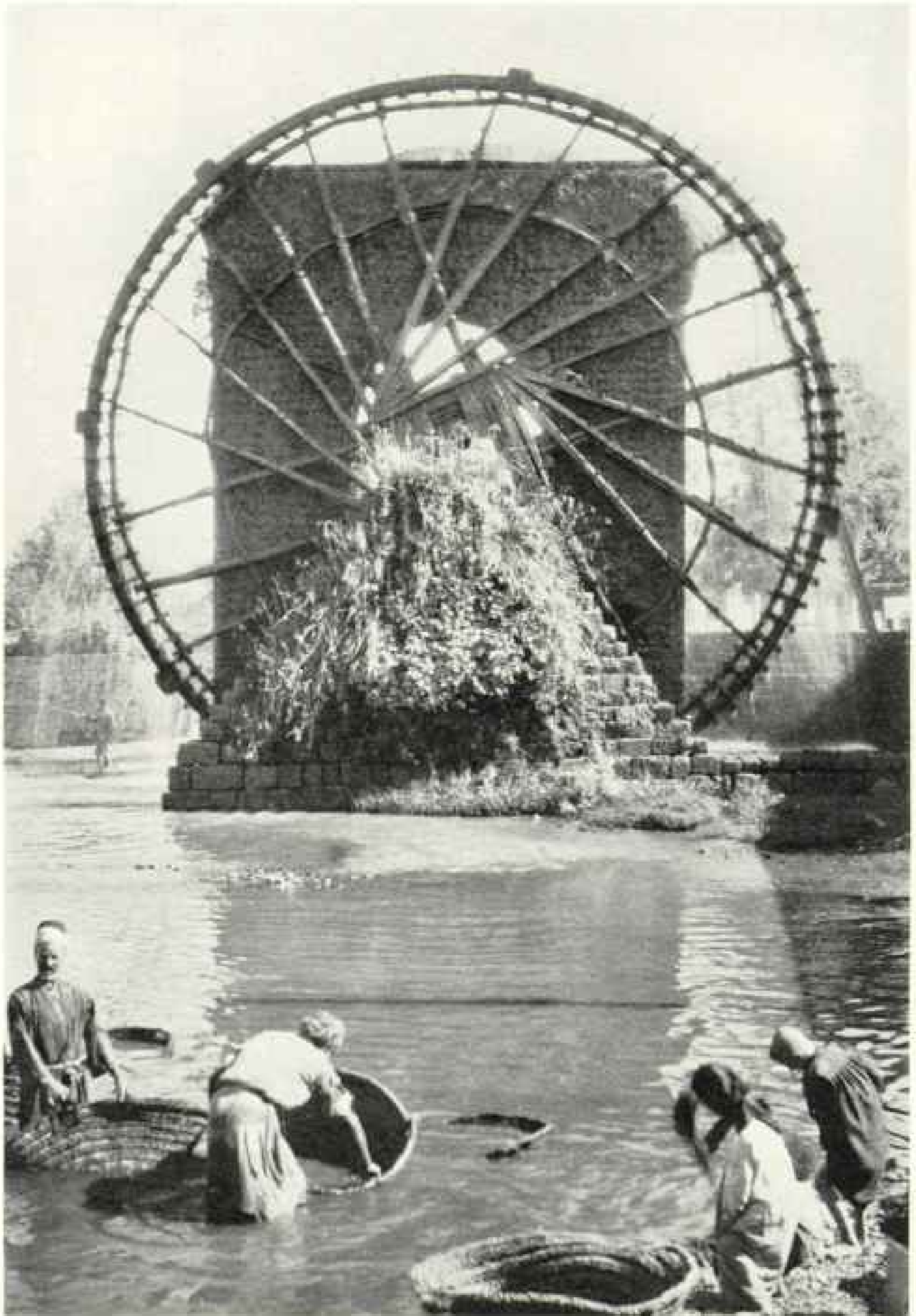
Usually they availed themselves of the old Phœnician foundations, as at the sites of Sidon and Tyre. They fortified a projecting point of land, erecting a heavy tower at its end. Then they built a mole of rock, running out diagonally from the shore



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

CHRISTIANS, JEWS, AND MOSLEMS REVERE THE ROCK OF JERUSALEM

One of the world's oldest sacred relics, sheltered in one of the finest creations of architecture, it is believed to have been the altar of sacrifice in Solomon's Temple. Mohammedans built this Dome of the Rock to shelter it. After Godfrey of Bouillon captured Jerusalem the knights erected an altar over the gray stone and surrounded it with the beautiful gilded grille of forged iron, which Saladin, when he regained the city, left as it is to-day, though his men pulled down the altar.



Photograph by Harold Lamb

A HUGE WHEEL LIFTS WATER FOR IRRIGATION

This device is one of several driven by the river current at Hama, Syria, with a groaning and creaking that can be heard for miles. The containers on its rim empty at the summit into an elevated aqueduct, many centuries old, that carries a precious stream to outlying fields.

toward this tower. The entrance between tower and mole was guarded by a chain. These pocket-size harbors were about large enough to float a modern ferryboat.

AN ANCIENT TRAVELERS' REST

The Templars devised a forerunner of the modern terminal building. During their last years on the coast they built Château Pèlerin, Pilgrims' Castle, at Athlith, some eight miles to the south of the point of Mount Carmel. It was a castle surrounded by the sea on three sides, the walls actually built out into the surf, as an examination of the foundation channels cut into the submerged rock reveals. It had a landing beach for the pilgrim ships, storerooms and stables—a complete hospice for the sea-wearied travelers (see page 692).

In its treasury their letters of credit, an invention of the Templars, were cashed in coin of Palestine; the Templars themselves planned itineraries for the pilgrims and furnished escorts. While the pilgrims rested in dormitories, cool by reason of massive stone walls and the sea breeze, they could buy what goods they needed at the castle store. We can imagine that they found peddlers urging them to buy reeds from the Jordan and water guaranteed from the pool of Siloam. Only post cards were lacking!

The lower courses of the massive walls of tawny limestone remain at Château Pèlerin to-day, with a portion of the wall of the Great Hall about 40 feet high. It was one of the last castles to be built and held, since it was begun in 1217 and abandoned in 1291, the year of the evacuation of the coast.

This withdrawal of the knights altered the course of medieval trade. While the Crusaders held the coast, bold merchants had pushed inland to the Aleppo-Hama-Damascus border line of Moslem cities. Traffic flowed over the busy trade route from Aleppo past Antioch to St. Simeon, seaport of Antioch. It came also from Damascus to Acre, the main seaport of the Crusaders. Not only the luxuries but the staples of the East—cotton paper and cotton cloth, oil, glassware, sugar, rhubarb, lemons—were carried in on camel-back. Goods from Baghdad went to Genoa, Venice, and Marseille in ships; also to Pisa and Naples, but not in such quantity.

The evacuation of the coast at the end of the 13th century closed this avenue of

trade, as well as Egypt. But Europe demanded increasing quantities of the eastern fabrics and spices. For about a century there was an avenue of traffic open through Constantinople, the Black Sea, Trebizond (now Trabzon), and Mosul and Tabriz. Then the invasion of the Ottoman Turks gradually closed this channel.

This final closing of the eastern trade routes, except for the difficult and slow passage across southern Russia, made it necessary to establish communication by sea with Persia, India, and the farther East, and launched such explorers as Columbus and Da Gama upon their voyages.*

LIKE MANY PILGRIMS OF OLD, THE AUTHOR APPROACHED JERUSALEM AFOOT

The roads of the Crusaders all led to Jerusalem.† And if you go upon this last stage of their long journey as I did, afoot, you will see their traces thick upon every hand—no longer castles, but sanctuaries, churches, and graves. Few of us realize how much of the work of the Crusaders endures in Palestine to-day. Something of their building is almost always within sight, as one draws near the city itself, from the cathedral-mosque at Er Ramle to the marble portals and facings of the grotto of the Nativity at Bethlehem.

And as for Jerusalem, a Moslem chronicler of the great Saladin relates: "The care of the Infidels transformed it into a garden of paradise . . . with slabs of marble and slender columns and fretted iron, and beautiful fountains where water never ceases to flow."

The labor of the Crusaders is apparent from the fine and simple Church of St. Anne to the arched doors of the Sepulcher, and even in the most unlikely place of all, the Haram esh Sherif (The Noble Sanctuary), which is the inclosure sacred to the Moslems, on the eastern height, facing the Mount of Olives (see page 647).

Just before the Gate of the Chain, one of the entrances to the Haram, there is a fountain of Arab design; but above it is the rose fretwork taken from the portal of some Crusader's church. As one walks through the gate, the cornices of the arch, to right and left above the twisted columns,

* See "The Pathfinder of the East," by J. R. Hildebrand, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1927.

† See "The Pilgrims of Jerusalem," by Maj. Edward Keith-Roach, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for December, 1927.



A DONJON TOWER ONCE HOUSED A CRUSADERS' CHAPEL

Rising above the modern village of Safita, the square bulk of the Crusaders' castle, Chastel Blanc, stands as a monument to the past. The place of worship is reached by climbing to the second floor, an unusual arrangement. But in the age of constant war even the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, and the monastery on Mount Tabor were fortified by the knights.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

COLOSSI CASTLE STANDS AS ONE OF THE GUARDIANS OF CYPRUS

This isolated castle is still well preserved. It dates from the 15th century, when it was the headquarters of a Commandery of the Hospital, in the Kingdom of Cyprus.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

FAMAGUSTA AND ITS CATHEDRAL

When the Crusaders were driven from the Holy Land in 1291, many took refuge on the island of Cyprus. They remained there until the Turkish invasion of 1571. After that their Cathedral of St. Nicholas was turned into a mosque and a rude minaret added to its tower (see page 692).

are another vestige of the knights. So are the columns.

At the right of the court of the Haram stands the Mosque el-Aksa, one of the holy places of Islam. The clumsy pointed arches of its façade are rebuilt from the Crusaders' handiwork; the hall of their palace stood here. Enter the mosque itself and you will notice slender, clustered pillars of marble in a prayer stand and in a *mihrab*, or prayer niche. They are from the Templars' house.

Go down into the shadowy subterranean chambers of the mosque and flash your pocket light upon the edge of the stone piers. The Templars tethered their horses through those holes in chambers often called "Solomon's Stables" instead of Templars' stables (see page 682)

Up in the sunlight again, pause at the fine marble pulpit at the head of the steps above the pool. It was put together by

clever Arab hands out of the fragments of a Crusaders' chapel.

In the gloom of the magnificent Dome of the Rock, in the Haram area, you will expect to see only the handiwork of Islam. But even here vestiges of the knights have clung for eight centuries—the high screen of gilded iron fretwork, through which you peer at the gray rock, the delicate marble portal of the Cavern of Souls beneath it, the small altar resting upon grapevine columns in the cavern.

Ask your Moslem guide to show you the small dome over the spot whence Mohammed ascended, but do not explain to him that this was built from the fragments of the baptistery of a Crusaders' church!

No byway of the city lacks its relic of the kingdom of the knights; but only to the observant eye will these remnants



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ONLY FRAGMENTS REMAIN OF THE TRAVELERS' REST

Château Pèlerin, or Pilgrims' Castle, was built out on a rocky promontory where the "liners" from Europe could land. In digging its foundations, the Templars found ancient masonry, a spring, and a hoard of old silver coins. "The Lord furnished them," a chronicler wrote, "in this way with stone and cement and money." In this forerunner of the modern terminal building, travelers could cash their letters of credit in coin of Palestine, repose in cool dormitories, buy goods at the castle store, and, with the aid of the knights, plan itineraries in the Holy Land (see text, page 689).

yield a hint of the Jerusalem built by Godfrey of Bouillon and those who came after him.

WHERE THE SUN OF THE CRUSADES SANK TO THE SEA

The road of the Crusaders ends in the sea, to which they retreated. Their trail leads back to Cyprus, where the kings of Jerusalem took sanctuary after their retreat. In Famagusta their cathedral stands, with a minaret grafted upon one giant tower (see p. 691). Up in the mountains, above the heat of the shore, you will find the skeletons of summer palaces.

Close to the drowsy town of Limassol the natives show a tower and outbuildings splendidly preserved, and explain that this was built by Richard for his queen Berengaria. But investigation of the facts reveals that Richard died long before this tower was built, and that the shield of arms upon its side is that of the Hospital and the royal Lusignan family.

From Cyprus go west and north over the sea. If you put in to Smyrna (Izmir), on the Anatolian coast, you will see the gray ruin of a castle on Mount Pagus overlooking the city. This castle was built by the Knights of the Hospital when they tried to hold this port, and was wrested from them in the winter of 1402-3 by no less a person than the dread Tamerlane.

Then go out to the island of Rhodes. Here is where the Hospitalers made their last stand, where they became known to history as the Knights of Rhodes, until Suleiman the Magnificent overpowered them in 1522 (see Color Plates on Rhodes).

Here is the most nearly perfect city of the knights. A whole street is lined with their hostels. Here is the Admiralty of their seafarers and the Hospital for the sick. Everything is shaped in the tawny, solid stonework of their day. The enormous bastions still bear the names of the devoted legions which defended them—the Posts of the Eight Tongues—of England, of Pro-



Photograph by Dr. H. D. Gidwood, © Realistic Travels

BEDOUIN BATHERS FLOAT EASILY IN THE SALTY DEAD SEA

Fulcher, a French historian of the First Crusade, noticed the salinity of the great lake which, according to him, derives its name from the fact that it does not rise. So salty is it, he says, that "no animals will drink of it, nor will birds. I, Fulcher, made trial of it, climbing down from my she-mule and drawing some water up in my hand. I tasted it and found it more bitter than hellebore. Nor is it easy, even by force, to submerge anything in its depths." Although floating is easy, in swimming the feet fly up and little headway can be made.

vence, of Italy, of Aragón, of Germany and France, of Auvergne and Castile.

Go up on the battlements after night draws its veil over the alleys and gardens, when the minarets rise like ghostly fingers against the glimmer of the bay, when invisible windmills creak as similar windmills creaked in olden times, when out of the soft blackness fancy conjures romantic figures and at every pause the ear catches eerie whisperings from the glamorous, half-remembered past.

It is as if the panoply of the days of chivalry were re-created all about you. The clang of swords against mailed sides, the tramp of iron-shod feet on stone floors—it all comes back to you.

As you climb the deserted stairs behind the swinging lantern of a guide, or peer into shadows over a stone watchtower, you will know beyond doubt that you are making the rounds of the posts where the knights once kept their long watch out to sea, toward the lost Jerusalem.

Notice of change of address of your NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE should be received in the offices of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your February number, The Society should be notified of your new address not later than January first.



Photograph by Cotton Adams

CAPE HATTERAS LIGHT WARNS OF DANGEROUS WATERS

The highest brick structure of its kind (193 feet) on the coasts of the United States throws an 80,000-candlepower beam 20 miles to sea and across Diamond Shoal, graveyard of shipping (see text, page 714, and illustration, page 718). To-day the Atlantic rages within one hundred yards of the base, which was more than a mile inshore in 1870. Plans have been made to replace it with a skeleton tower on higher ground farther inland. Engineers combat erosion with huge steel groins driven into the sands.

A BIT OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND IN AMERICA

Fisher Folk of the Islands Off North Carolina Conserved the Speech and Customs of Sir Walter Raleigh's Colonists

BY BLANCH NETTLETON EPLER, M. D.

IT WAS all in the game to be buffeted about in the howling darkness of a first of April morning on a barnacled bit of old wharf at Roanoke Island, for I was reliving an adventure of bygone days. The rain and wind were coming from the same heavens and the spray from the same waters that had greeted the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh, as they made here the first English settlement in America.

Out of the gale spoke a soft voice in Devon accent: "Madam, it's aimin' to mommick you. Hold fast to the posties and my strop and drop on to her. The gale'll be goin' lee'ard."

I "dropped," fell back 340 years, and was in a foreign land at home.

ELIZABETHANS IN THE 20TH CENTURY

Through the murkiness about me cut the beam of a lantern in the hands of the speaker, the veteran skipper of the mail boat, a craft not much larger than an old shoe, which was tumbling down Pamlico Sound from Roanoke Island. The strange words I had heard were from a dialect of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Such was my introduction to the people among whom I was to live and work for the next decade. Their quaint speech and customs had come down through more than three centuries virtually unchanged and were to remain so until recently, when the construction of the Virginia Dare Trail and the Wright Memorial Bridge across Currituck Sound brought Roanoke Island into touch with modern civilization (see map, page 701).

The dingy cabin lantern disclosed figures, ghoulish in the darkness, packing a tiny, moldy room. They were, the skipper told me, a group of relatives from an island farther down, with an aged tubercular man whom, in the latest stages of his illness, they had taken miles away to a physician.

The only available place to stow away was a nail on the side of the cabin. On this

I hung my hat, bought at a city price and for city use. But on the six-by-seven deck I stowed my tailored self, lost amidst gunny sacks of potatoes and oysters, grocery boxes, and other freight, like Joseph's cup in the bottom of the bag. Only my suitcase propped my back, and the sea water poured down my neck while I fell into glorious forgetfulness of the modern workaday world I had left behind.

Some weeks previous, after 20 years' practice in a small inland city, I had accepted a call to isolated Hatteras Island, a land's end off the coast of North Carolina, where 2,400 fisher folk and United States Coast Guard families had no physician. Life where simplicity was not a lost art had attracted me, promising an opportunity for a direct approach to certain medical problems.

An arduous journey from mainland had landed me on Roanoke Island, whence the midget mail boat made its snail-worrying trip down the sound. From the skipper of this craft I learned much to supplement the scant information supplied by obsolete descriptions and by copies of the original letters and maps left by the Sir Walter Raleigh adventurers.

Roanoke Island at this time perfectly exemplified the adage that byways of isolation pocket the choicest realities of life. Here was a genuine, inbred dignity, expressive of a mild-mannered, hospitable folk. The islanders, of whom the skipper was typical, were proud of their physique, speech, manners, and customs—historical survivals of old English Devon.

The ubiquitous automobile had not then reached the island. For land transportation there were only two-wheeled carts and sand ponies and occasional ox carts. Even the little sand ponies' tradition went back to castaway vessels, to the Portuguese and to Sir Walter Raleigh's voyagers.

On Raleigh's attempts at colonization hinged momentous results in the New



From the John White Pictures

THE ENGLISH ARRIVE IN "VIRGINIA"

An ancient map of the Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds region shows ships of the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition of 1584 approaching Roanoke Island, the site of the first British settlement in America. Evidently 300 years ago inlets were cut through the banks by severe storms much as they are at present.

World. The "Lost Colonies," though they began and ended Sir Walter's ventures upon the North Carolina Sea Islands, were the first English-speaking settlements in America.*

DISCOVERY OF ROANOKE ISLAND

In 1584 the adventurer obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth, whose favors his genius readily commanded, and dispatched to the New World the first of his expeditions. The little band, under Amadas and Barlowe, sailed through an inlet on July 4, 1584, to discover Roanoke Island—a spot so favored in climate and setting and so rich in fruits, game, and bird life that it seemed to them a veritable paradise.

Back to England they sailed to describe it, taking with them two friendly Indian chiefs; and also tobacco, sassafras, maize, pumpkins, squash, grapes, and other fruits. Their story created excitement, and in the following year Raleigh sent out Sir Richard

Grenville with a second colony, numbering 108 souls, determined to make a permanent home on Roanoke Island and establish plantations.

They landed on August 17, 1585, and built a log fortification, to which they gave the name "The New Fort in Virginia," also spoken of as "Fort Raleigh." However, they could not live at peace with the Indians, and the entire colony sailed back with Sir Francis Drake in 1586, just two weeks before the arrival of reinforcements. Finding the fort deserted, the new group also returned to England, but left 15 men on the island.

A third expedition, sent out by Raleigh in 1587, found the fort demolished and no trace of the 15 men except the bones of one slain by the savages. The gruesome discovery was a shock to the homeseekers, and they willingly followed the advice of their leader, John White, to forestall future hostility by making friends of the Indians. The plan succeeded admirably. Manteo, one of the friendly chiefs, was even baptized and given a title of nobility as Lord

* See "Motor-Coaching Through North Carolina," by Melville Chater, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for May, 1926.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE BANKERS' NURSE MAKES SOAP

The practical "Mis' Bashi" (see page 703), midwife of Hatteras Island for the last 45 years, manufactures her own washday aid from lye, ashes, and grease. After the mixture cools and hardens it is cut into small cakes for household use. The capable woman is adept also at carding, spinning, and weaving wool and at many other homely tasks.

of Roanoke—the first English peerage in America.

On August 18, 1587, five days after the baptism of the Indian, was born John White's granddaughter, Virginia Dare, the first English native of America. She was baptized on the following Sunday. Thus was Elizabethan civilization anchored here by a baby, a mother, and the American family (see illustration, page 703).

Around little Virginia Dare remained more than a hundred men, women, and children. They were left alone for three years. Then John White, who had gone back to England after establishing the colony, returned—to find that they had disappeared.

The only promising clue White found was the sign "CRO" blazed on a tree. Since these letters were part of a code agreed upon by the colonists three years before, the rescue party hoped that their friends had gone to Croatan, home of the friendly Manteo, who had promised sanctuary in emergency; but the captain, pleading bad weather and lack of supplies, forced the

party to sail away before the clue could be investigated.

What had been the colonists' fate?

Sir Walter Raleigh, true nobleman that he was, dispatched several expeditions to search for them, but to no avail.

The blazed sign was all that was ever found of the Lost Colonies except hasty marks of departure, burned chests, rusty iron implements, household effects, and books. Even in that wilderness colonists of Shakespeare's day could not exist without books.

Whatever the fate of the colonists, either they or their early successors left their Elizabethan English dialect, manners, customs, and features in this American byway.

THE TRAGEDY OF THEODOSIA BURR

As the little mail boat bobbed along, my thoughts turned from the story of Virginia Dare and the first colonists to another historic drama of the Banks. In 1812, just across the channel from Roanoke Island, on the ocean sand spits of Nags Head, the pilot boat *Patriot*, carrying Theodosia Burr



THE "MOTHER VINE" COVERS ALMOST AN ACRE

Brought to Roanoke Island by some of the first of the English colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh's expeditions more than 300 years ago, this parent plant has made the scuppernon grape famous over the eastern seaboard, where many a farm arbor is covered by cuttings from it. Delicious wine is produced from the large, luscious yellow-green fruit.



Photographs by Clifton Adams

STONES CAME AS IMMIGRANTS TO THE FIRST COLONY

Carried ashore from the shallow waters of Albemarle Sound near the site of old Fort Raleigh, these odds and ends of rocks so closely resemble those of Devonshire that authorities consider them part of the ballast brought over in the holds of the settlers' ships.

Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr and wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, ended its last voyage. After the tragic collapse of her father's career and the loss of her little son, the only hope of the Burr family, Mrs. Alston was in the depths of despair. She set sail from Georgetown, South Carolina, to join her lonely father and disappeared forever!

For more than half a century it was believed that the *Patriot* had gone down with all on board in a midwinter storm off Hatteras—a storm severe enough to scatter even the British war fleet which was harrying American shipping at the time. But in 1869 a 75-year-old "Banks" woman, dying at Nags Head, told a story which, though possibly apocryphal, cast doubt upon the long-accepted supposition and shrouded the fate of the *Patriot's* passengers and crew in profound mystery.

Dr. W. G. Pool, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, went to Nags Head to minister to the sick woman. As he was about to depart from her home he noticed on the wall a portrait of a charming lady, done in oil on mahogany. The picture so aroused his interest that he asked his patient for its history.

When she was about 18, that is, in 1812, the aged woman said, a ship without crew or passengers had come rolling on to the reefs off Kittyhawk. The ship had been in perfect condition, its bunks even being made and its table set; yet not a person, living or dead, had been aboard. As was their custom at the time, the "Bankers" had



SEAS CAST UP THE "NAGS HEAD PORTRAIT" OF THEODOSIA BURR

Aaron Burr's daughter, wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, disappeared mysteriously in 1812 on a voyage to visit her father. In 1869 this picture, said by members of her family to be her likeness, painted in oil on mahogany, was found in the home of a venerable Banks woman, who said she had received it in her girlhood from a wrecker's sweetheart (see text below).

scuttled the abandoned vessel, and one of them, the narrator's sweetheart, had kept as part of his share of the "findings" the oil portrait and presented it to her. She had hidden it away. Now, 57 years later, she offered it to the doctor in lieu of a fee.

Doctor Pool recognized in the pictured face a possible likeness to Theodosia Burr and called upon members of the Burr family to examine it. Upon comparing it with known portraits of Theodosia, they declared it highly probable that the painting was indeed her likeness, which she had carried



REMAINS OF AN 85-FOOT WHALE SERVE ADVERTISING PURPOSES

An enterprising gas station proprietor, whose place of business is on the new Virginia Dare Highway, leading from the Wright Memorial Bridge over Currituck Sound on the north to Manteo, on historic Roanoke Island, exhibits the bones brought from the beach near Pea Island.



Photographs by Clifton Adams

SPOTS OF SOUND AND SEA FURNISH LIVELIHOOD TO MANY

Shad, the principal catch in the spring months, is shipped in ice to northern markets. The man on the right is holding two bluefish, which, though small, are gamy. On some days of the season the nets bring in nothing, but at other times hauls may be worth as much as \$300. These are brought by boat to the packing houses in Wanchese, Manteo, and Elizabeth City.



Drawn by A. E. Hollenback

WHERE OLD ENGLAND STILL EXISTS IN AMERICA

Comparison of this map with the early chart on page 695 will reveal that to this day traces of former inlets are visible. Remains of forgotten villages have been found near these sites, and many of the older people now occupying the Banks speak almost pure Devon dialect.

with her on the *Patriot* as a gift to her father. The picture is now in the collection of Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, of Glen Cove, Long Island, to whom it was sold by the Macbeth Galleries of New York.

If the hapless ship scuttled by the Bankers was the *Patriot*, what became of its passengers and crew? They may have lost their lives by taking to small boats, as the ship rolled toward the reefs; they may have been captured by a British man-o'-war; or

they may have been made to walk the plank by pirates like Dominique You or the "Bloody Babe," who since the days of Teach (Blackbeard) had operated in these stormy waters and hideouts. Teach himself had been trapped here and beheaded. Knowing the Bankers as I do, for a kindly and hospitable folk, I cannot share the opinion held by some biographers of Aaron Burr, that their wrecker ancestors destroyed the people of the *Patriot*.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE "BARCELONA" ARRIVES AT NOON AT RODANTHE, ON HATTERAS BANK

Since the two inlets were cut near the Pea Island U. S. Coast Guard station during the severe storm of March, 1932, the ferry operates between this point and Wanchese, on Roanoke Island.



Photograph by Dr. Blanch N. Epler

UNCLE BEN HAS A LOAD OF STORE FREIGHT

From the steamer *Missouri*, which has just come over from the mainland ("the continent") to Hatteras Bank, he is carrying home supplies. Until recently most of the hauling across the trackless sands was done by pony carts with wide-tired wheels.

An unrest in the mail-boat cabin interrupted my musing and caused me to look in at the door.

"Pop's goin' to lee-ard," some one greeted me. "Come in!"

The old man had a violent hemorrhage, and soon "went out to sea" for the last time. There was no "moaning of the bar." Emotional outlet is reserved by islanders for funeral time.

We rounded into Hatteras Inlet. Suddenly appeared a glorious water sunset in which two rowboats poled out to meet us in the shallow water.

With "muffled oars," in silence, the funeral party faded away. In silence, too, I got into a shore-bound freight boat and perched myself atop the sacks of oysters that had been my deck companions.

An old midwife and nurse, the widow of a Life Service man, was to care for me temporarily in her ancient cottage by the sound, where she lived alone. Her name was "Mis' "

Bashi—the "Mis' " an island designation for Mistress, and "Bashi," she said, "a Bible name after Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah; but they call me Bashi."

Surnames on the island do not denote the individual, for the families in a hamlet are usually all members of one or two clans.

"I'll wipe the dusties off you, your cornbread is waitin', and your cake all dressed up in coconut."

Mis' Bashi stirred about the spacious old brick fireplace, with its crane and firedogs, and brought from the coals an old four-legged skillet in which she had baked a delicious cornbread. Lying on the hearth was a mammoth bushy-tailed, long-haired cat, one of the numerous beautiful descendants



Photograph by Clifton Adams

WHERE VIRGINIA DARE WAS BORN

Within the star-shaped confines of old Fort Raleigh, in Fort Raleigh Park, Roanoke Island, is the monument commemorating the birth, August 18, 1587, of the first white child of English colonists in America (p. 697).

of an island Maltese and a brown, bushy-tailed Norwegian cat that had been the sole survivor of a wreck. Mis' Bashi's fireplace was almost the last of its kind on the island, though there was an older one, with a chimney of hardwood kept washed down with salt to make it noncombustible.

In a worn slab-wood rocker in which my hostess had rocked her six children, I rested after dinner and listened to her tale of a remarkable life history.

NOBLE LIFE OF A "COUTHY" WOMAN

What I learned that night and later entitles Mis' Bashi to a place in the annals of medical history. The old nurse belonged to the island's remnant. Her blood, her ster-



Photograph by Clifton Adams

TIME-MELLOWED BRICKS FORM AN ANCIENT FIREPLACE

One of the few such gems of early household architecture remaining on Roanoke Island, it is in a farmhouse well beyond 100 years old.

ling character, and her beautiful, broad dialect were heritages of the old Devonshire castaway. She was comely and agile, her visage one of strength and thought (p. 697).

Of only five weeks "schoolin'," she had never learned to read, but had been taught to work indoors and out and to spin. At 16 "out" (old) she married and at 21 "out," in a far Life Service station hamlet, she undertook her first obstetrical case.

"Doctor, I knew nothin' of it; but Me-haley read me a doctor book, and the moon was comin' to full, so the baby would be thrifty. One born in the dark of the moon is not."

On her little plantation, in pine woods by the sound, though widowed later, she

cared for a psychiatric mother, raised her own brood and her mother's and her brother's children, cared for cows, pigs, and gardens. Then for 45 years she ministered to all the sick of the region, a local doctor coming only at rare intervals.

Her sand pony Napoleon carried her in a two-wheeled cart through woods and sand and water, in gale or sunshine, to her patients. Often afoot she swung with her Viking stride down beaches or through woods. She was smart, exact, and knowing, though she signed by mark, and she was known as a "couthy" (capable) woman. Her dignity of bearing and courtesy were exquisite. Thus she fell into the rôle that Nature cast for her.

Months later I realized how her personality, linked with a touch of science, prevented morbid results from household conditions. She established her own art of medicine and it worked.

"How did you do so well?" I once queried.

"Doctor," she said, "I had a good mom and learnin' to work. My own mother wit and being mindable to what a good doctor was tellin' me made me fitten to do it."

Her fee at first was \$2.50 for the care of mother and babe, "without the other young uns." Later this became \$3, and now \$10—a wage at first one-eighth and never more than one-third of a man's pay for digging in the dirt.

"I found my own fourth baby," she told me, "for no one was around who knew how to be clean." Her account of technique and management on the occasion was most commendable and interesting.

Her forms of speech, long the language

of the island, were those of the better and middle class in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. They had been introduced on the island either by castaways or by the voyagers of Sir Walter Raleigh. These old words and phrases have a value and beauty of their own, enhanced by the islanders' delectable enunciation.

Heerd, disremember, disencourage, and wine (for *vine*) are of historical authority, as are those words with *g* dropped off, as *aimin, gain, singin*, etc. In 18th-century English the pronouncing of the *g* was not always proper; even to-day the correct pronunciation of *legging* is in doubt. Many words familiar on the islands are still in use in rural Devon. This good English speech is unpolluted, for there is no slang.

FIRST CALL FOR THE "DOCTOR LADY"

Before Mis' Bashî had finished her narrative we heard footsteps on the porch. The caller approached the door and stopped without knocking, as was the custom.

"Lift up the latch and come in," called Mis' Bashî.

The old outside latchstring moved, the door swung open, and a broad-shouldered fisherman entered.

"Mis' Bashî, I heerd that heifer in the powsture by the north hummock of woods had Mis' Willy Ann's earmark—crop and split to left and over split to right—and not yours. But Mr. Zion and Mis' Hopey are bad off. Mis' Hopey has red sprangles and they want the doctor lady."

"Now, Cadugan, do not fault me, but the doctor's worn some, and Mr. Zion and Mis'



Photograph by Clifton Adams

REAL HOSPITALITY HANGS THE LATCHSTRING OUT

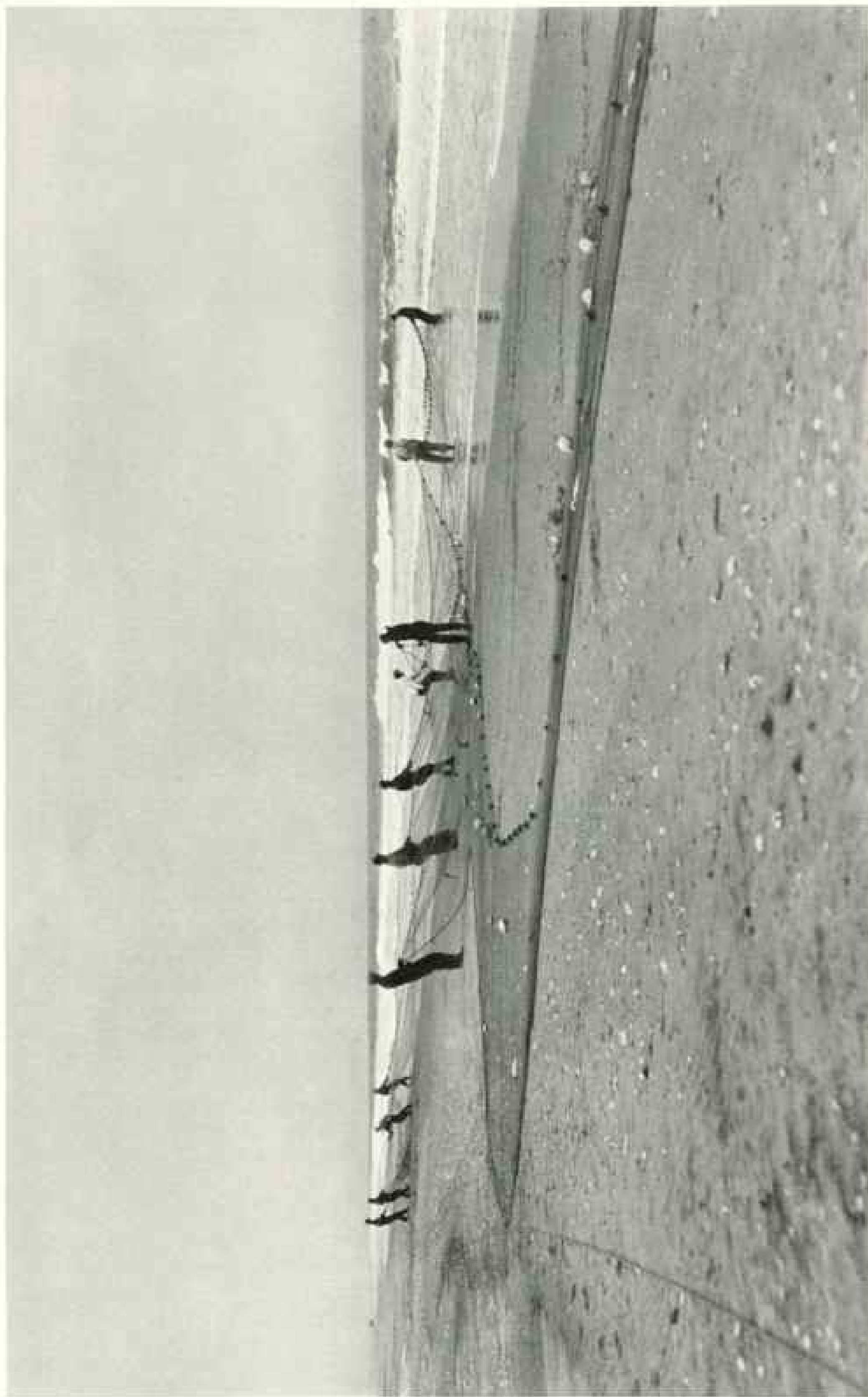
To enter the door of an old house at Buxton Post Office, on Cape Hatteras, a "Banker" mother has merely to pull on the cord.

Hopey will not be aimin' to see her till the mornin' soon; they are so slow. Do you disremember how they aim to keep New Christmas, but only get to Old Christmas; they are so slow."

Mis' Bashî turned to me with an offer to show me how to make the "penetrates" she used on Mis' Hopey. She advised for brews:

"Sweet spirits of niter,
Sweet spirits of basil,
Orange peel, and
Lavender."

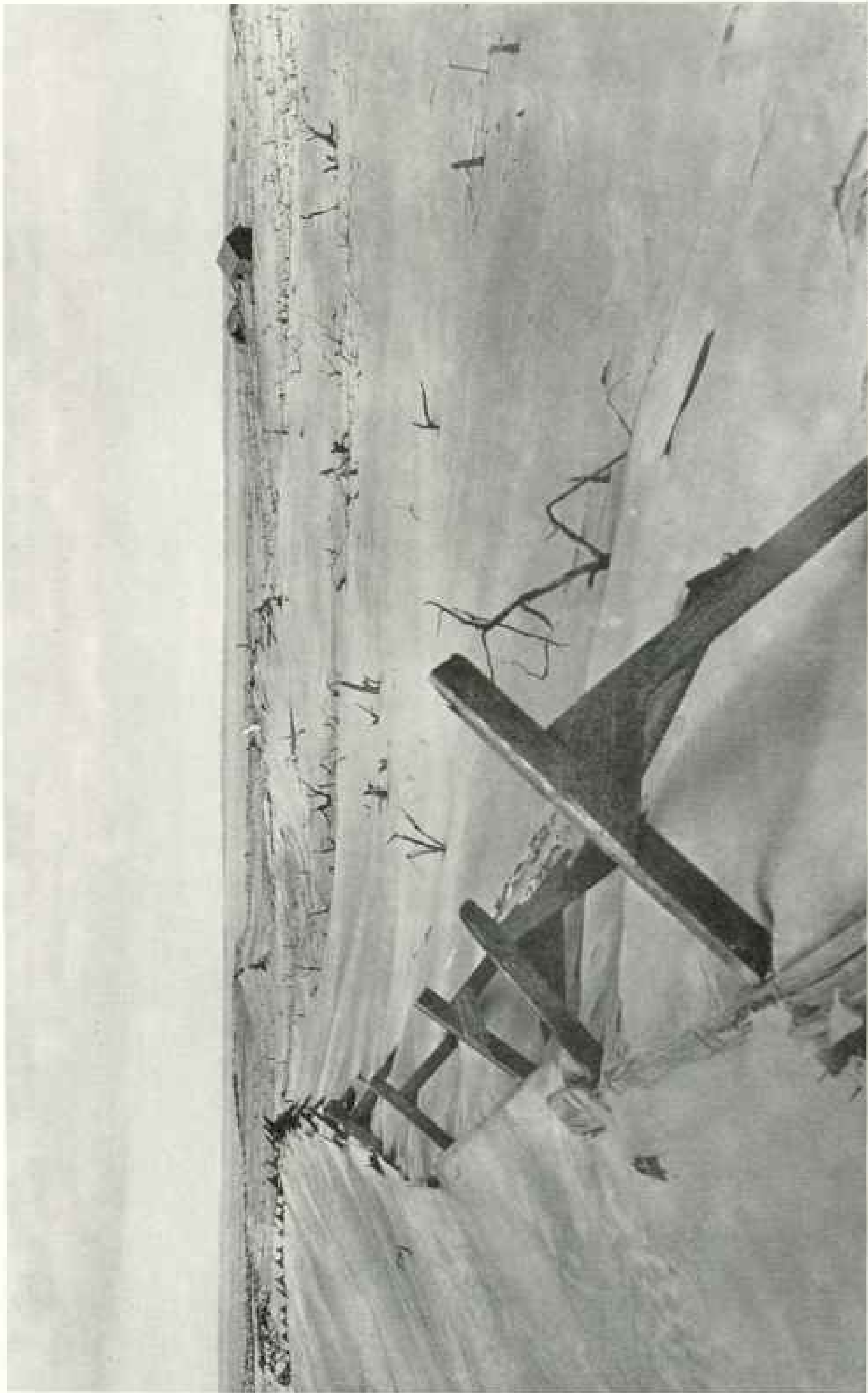
"That cured Aunt Katty Kingsy's son when she was sent home black from the country (the Bankers' word for the mainland of North Carolina) over the sound."



Photograph by Clifford Adams

SEA TOLLERS OF NAGS HEAD HAUL IN THEIR NETS AT SUNSET

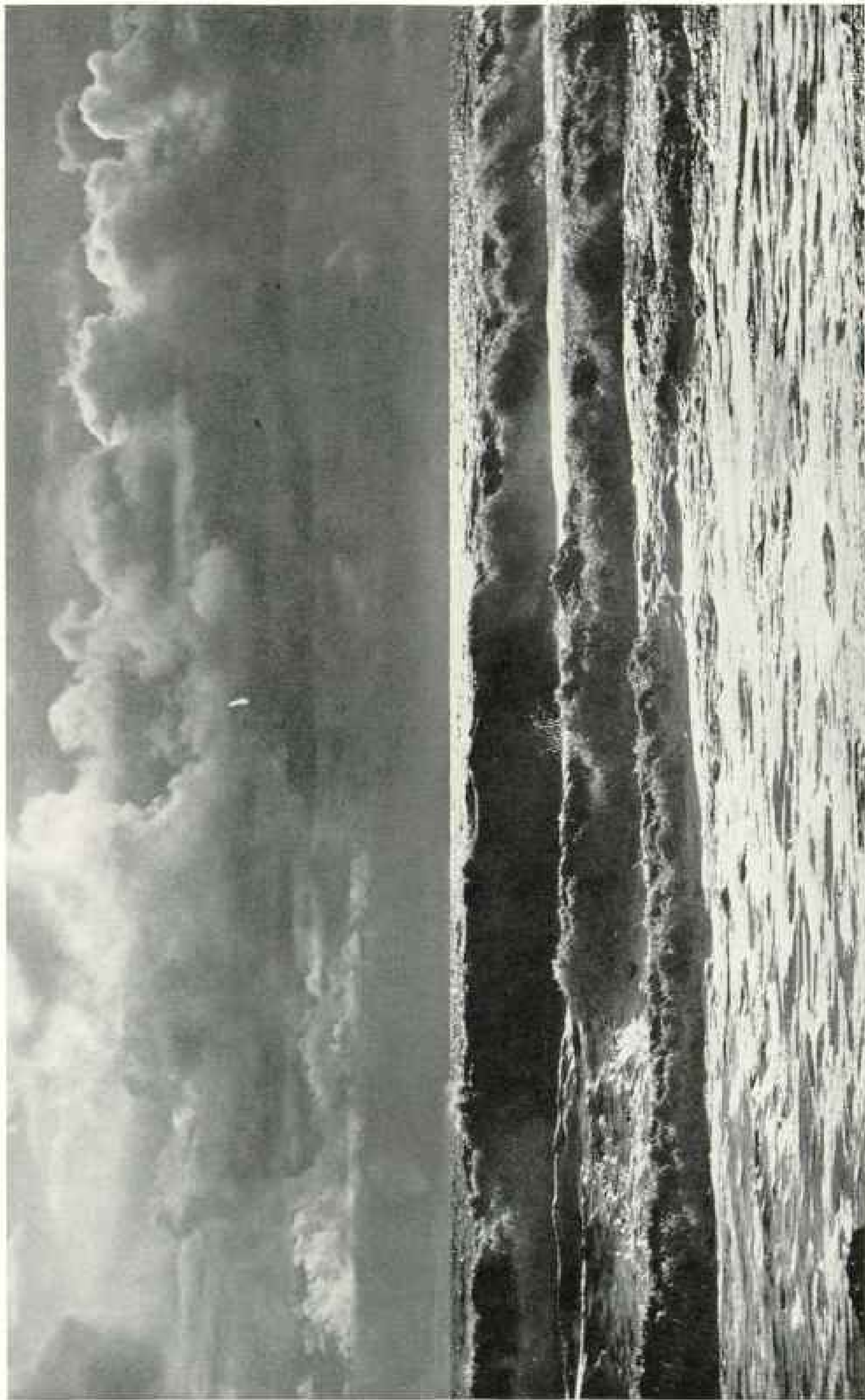
From the Atlantic surf sea trout, bluefish, and other table varieties are caught and taken to the packing houses for shipment in ice to northern markets. The fishermen live a hard life, with good catches the exception rather than the rule. Sometimes a little group will live in a small hut on the beach.



Photograph courtesy U. S. Geological Survey

WHERE WIND AND SAND DO THEIR WORK

In the eternal war of the elements, wice grass, sea grape, and scrub pine are engulfed, despite men's puny efforts to halt the forces of Nature. This scene, on Shackelford Island, south of the area covered by the map on page 701, has its counterpart on virtually all the Banks.



Photograph by Putnam and Valentini

CRASHLESSLY THE FORCES OF THE DEEP CHARGE SHOREWARD

There is seldom truce along the storm-beaten Banks. The waves roar over the shoals, pause for a moment in furious churning, and rush against the land. For many years the coast near Cape Hatteras has been known as a perilous place for ships of all sizes, from fishermen's boats to mighty ocean liners (see text, pp. 715, 730).



Photograph by Clifton Adams

DUNES OF THE KILLEDEVIL HILLS SHIFT CONSTANTLY

The sands, moved by the winds from point to point on the Banks, are gradually smothering vegetation, some of the mounds rising to a height of nearly 200 feet. The trees in the foreground will eventually be covered and killed. This scene is near Neags Head, not far from the Wright Memorial (see pages 725, 728-9).



Photograph by Clifton Adams

AUTOMOBILES SPEED ON HARD-PACKED SANDS PAST MANY A WRECKED CRAFT

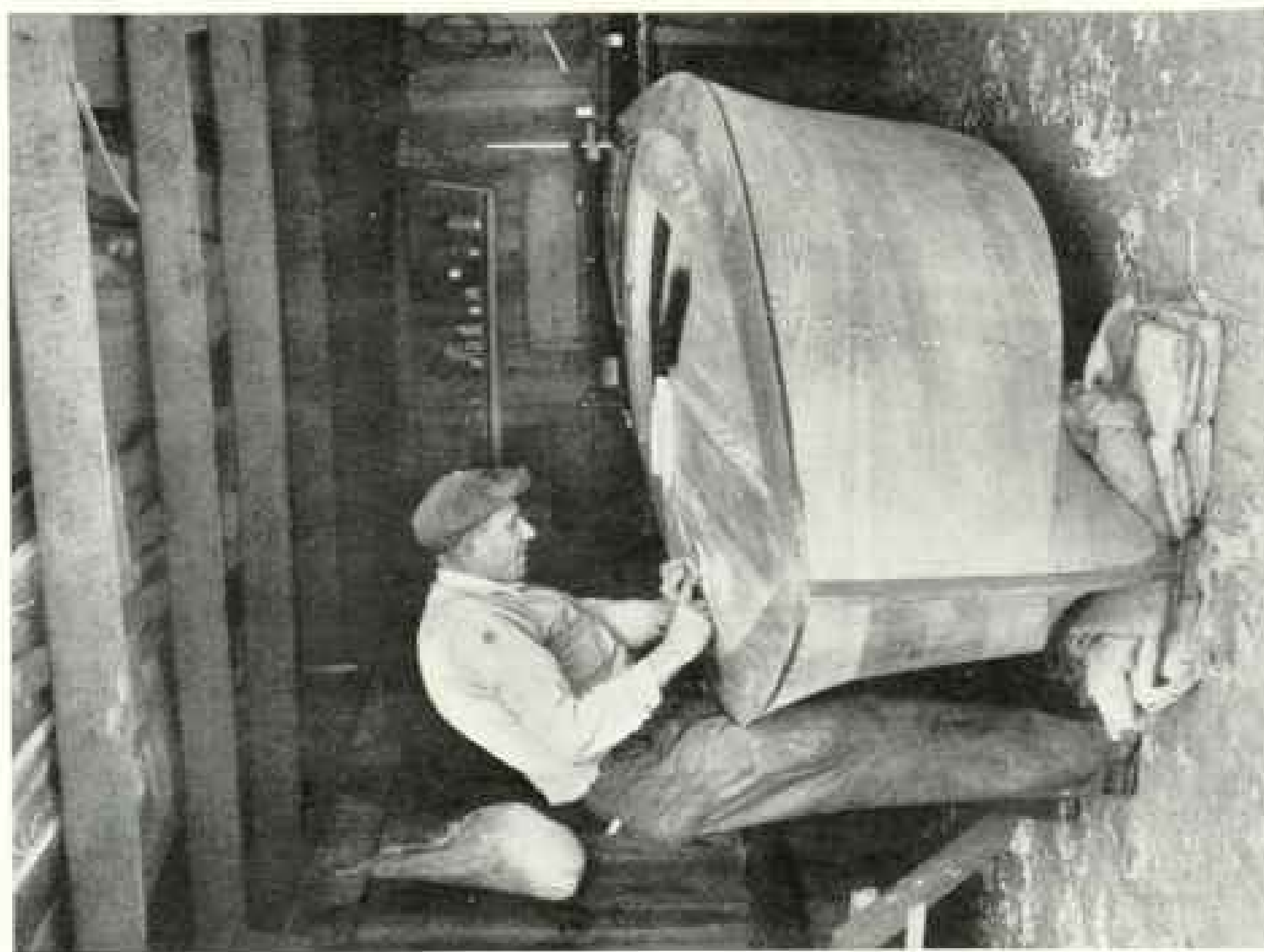
Since the establishment of a first-class lightship with radio beacon off the extremity of Diamond Shoals, 13 miles to seaward of Hatteras Lighthouse, sea disasters are far less frequent than in the old sailing days. Motorists are also watched and aided in times of necessity by surimun of the Coast Guard stations.



Photograph by Dr. Bianch N. Epler

OLD-TIME HOUSEHOLD ARTS PERSIST

As long as half-wild sheep ranged Hatteras Island with the sand ponies, hogs, and cattle, this woman washed and carded wool, spun her own yarn, and produced cloth for her family. Her cat is a beauty (page 703).



Photograph by Clifton Adams

BOAT-BUILDING ART COMES DOWN THROUGH GENERATIONS

This modern speed craft, copied from a magazine picture, is being finished in one of the shops at Manteo, Roanoke Island. The town was named for the friendly chief baptized by the Raleigh adventurers (see page 696).



BACKYARD BOAT-BUILDING IS A COMMON SIGHT

This 37-foot power skiff, under construction at Wanchase, is made mostly of juniper, with a high prow to ride the waves of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. Two such vessels work together to drag the ends of a net sometimes as long as 1,500 yards.



Photographs by Clifton Adams

WILD CATTLE WERE DIPPED IN A MIXTURE OF ARSENIC AND CAUSTIC SODA

Up to a few years ago the immersions were required fortnightly because of a tick epidemic. Herds of considerable size roamed and bred wild on the Banks until comparatively recently (see text, page 720, and illustrations, pages 723 and 726).



Photograph by Clinton Adams

THE OX DRIVERS' GEE AND HAW MAY STILL BE HEARD

This team is one of the two or three yet to be seen on Roanoke Island, where once they were numerous. In this age of motor transport they are fast disappearing from the scene.

"White moss from lighthouse graveyard,
Polybody wine leaf, green and prettysome
when picked on new moon.
Boil to a strength, add milk,
Boil to a point (pint)."

This one was used for clearing yellow flesh and yellowed whites of eyes. I learned anew that the simplest human may teach us something.

That night I slept under crazy quilt and on billowy feather bed, my foot-warmer a pair of yellow socks, knitted four years before, of wool Mistress Bashi had spun years ago and dyed from wood off wrecks.

Next morning before day, which begins with the islander at "calm daylight," voices aroused me.

"But, Erskin, she is not fitten to go," said Mis' Bashi, ever considerate of my comfort. "But I do not want to discourage you and will name it to her."

Mis' Bashi came in. "Doctor, I deceive it is so, they are wantin' you up the Banks. Mis' Pulvaney's bad off with lockjaw.

"Shall I make the breakfast for you and Mr. Erskin? His critter's at the fence."

She knew and I knew there was "nothin' " else to do.

Two huge cart wheels in the hazy morning loomed higher than they really were, and that was well above the little sand pony's back. Getting into that cart was a feat.

GOING TO A PATIENT TAKES PATIENCE

I tried the front of the wheel and the back of the wheel. Since the old driver, exhibiting an island trait, remained silent and immovable except as I jerked him up and down, I simply could not get in.

Finally I tried the back of the cart. Tipping it down till the shafts and Mr. Erskin flew up, I rolled in; then suddenly pitched to the front, as the shafts went down.

Chuckling, I perched myself on the hard board seat, hung my legs in the canvas bag behind those of the pony, and started the seven-hour jaunt on a sand-trail "way" over which sound and sea were forever courting. There were no roads; we rolled twisting down the little snakelike "lands" which separated the home plots, also harboring the family graves, and on to Piney Ridge.

Delicious damp odors of early day blended with those brief, soothing lullabies by which the mocking bird marks the pass-



Photograph by Clifton Adams

WHITTILING AMUSES THIS GENIAL OLD SALT HOME FROM SEA

In his periods of rest from storing firewood for the winter, the hale retired sailor passes pleasant hours with knife and stick.

ing of the night into early morning. The trees grew into shapes fashioned by twisting winds; and the sand-dune hills around which we crawled crept stealthily up the trunks of live oak, pine, holly, and yaupon (also known as "cassena holly" and "Indian black-drink"). The "toid" (tide) was ebb, and we drove across the sedge to the wash.

The solace that can be found only outside oneself was here. The surf boomed softly, incessantly. A long-legged, cranelike bird stood, like the people, immovable, silhouetted on a little sand spit against the ocean. Sandpipers, fussing like little old spinsters, hustled back and forth, as scurrying wavelets played them in and out. Sea gulls

dipped up and down over the fishing schooners and schools of fish, telling the crews the big fish were there. Ducks bobbed about on wave crests.

When the giant red sun over the brink pierced the misty picture and changed it, my thought came back to the two-wheeled cart and my old seafarer driver. Erskin Midgette had been reared on the island and by the island. He was a sort of human island to himself and wise to everything about him. As the island could be self-sufficient and live beautifully without contact with the outside world, so could he.

His face was ruddy and clean-cut, with not a wrinkle, and his calm, kindly blue eyes looked out with unfathomable depths of hidden meaning. An island eye never twinkles. His sturdy body bowed to one side from a partly atrophied arm, and a deaf ear on my side required precarious gyrations on my

part to make him hear. I asked the cause of his deafness.

A SAGE OF THE FISHING FLEET

"Doctor," he said, "when I was a boy I had to be out fishin' plenty some, and the sun dried up my under lip; so things went into my ear and busted it, and now I'm deaf. My pop had noble book learnin' and was a circuit preacher and was some good in savin' souls. He walked his 50 miles; so I had to fish. I'm strong in Scripture learnin' and doin' myself. My pop's books came from the vendue of wrecked vessels, but I disremember their names."

Far up the beach there loomed into view the old Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, spirally

painted black and white. It is the tallest—193 feet—in the United States. When it was built, 1869-70, it was one mile from sea; now it stands on the ocean's edge. Its 80,000-candlepower beam shoots a brilliant flash 20 miles out to sea every six seconds (see page 694).

In time of heavy gales it sways nine inches, more or less. This old light commands the greatest wreckage area on our Atlantic coast, where within 125 yards I counted 15 skeletons of ships protruding from the sand as tombstones of tragedy—French, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish, British, and Greek ships.

Drawing up abreast the wreck of an old Norwegian vessel, my companion said: "She ruined my arm. A wild nor'easter so mommicked the men, who went out twice, they could do nothin'. Then seven of us volunteered and brought in 26 men; and five of them and four of us were hurt, and my arm has been berlaskin since.

"Those days," he continued, "men rowed and worked; but these days Coast Guard men sit about a-plenty and motor out."

These memories seemed to rouse Mr. Erskin and draw him out. He told me, as we were passing an 80-foot whale skeleton, that from the vertebræ of one farther up the beach he had made chairs for his home.

"I'm some proud for livin' as the Bible tells, and never fell for weakness and wickedness of woman made from Adam's rib. My womenfolks I encourage to do as St. Paul said and serve man. I was blessed with 13 gifts of God!"



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THEY SPEAK IN BROAD DEVON ACCENTS

Although it is not always possible to trace their family trees, many of the older fisher-folk families of the Banks believe that their forbears were castaways from ships manned by sailors from the English shire known as the "recruiting ground of the British Navy."

Later in his little yard I read on wooden tombstone slabs: "Mosella Midgette—28—relect of Erskin Midgette; Mehaley Midgette—29—relect of Erskin Midgette; Alsay Midgette—30—relect of Erskin Midgette."

Then other slabs over graves of infants and tuberculous adolescents told the story of additional victims of preventable disease.

AN UNEXPECTED CASE EN ROUTE

I fell into brooding gloom at thoughts of treating the lockjaw case without aid of antitoxin. As if divining my thought, the old man said, "Mis' Pulvaney will not be aimin' to get well without the special medicine."



Photograph by Clifton Adams

OLD MOTHER GOOSE HATCHES FUTURE DECOYS

As soon as the goslings reach the proper age, their wings will be clipped, and they will be rented during the open season to visiting hunters. The gander is suspicious and very hostile to the camera.

"And what may that be?" I asked.

"A penetrate brewed by the Old Doc on another island. He watched the eyes till medicine met the lockjaw poison and killed it. But the Doc's son will not tell the brew, and now lockjaw kills."

In a flash there came to my mind the details of a case years before antitoxin, in my student group clinic of Dr. Osler's Service. My treatment of Mis' Pulvaney became obvious.

Frantic wavings, significant, from across the sands led us to leave the wash and go to them.

"Mis' Vienner's bad off and goin' to lee'ard. Mr. Utah's on his barge; come in."

A bevy of silent, sitting women, useless and immovable, lined the room and porch. It was an island custom.

Convulsions, as Mis' Vienner "found" her eighth "gift," did make her "bad off."

"Hot water?" I asked Mis' Mojana, the old midwife.

"Yes, Doctor, the air's comin' off the kettle."

Improvised utensils, island art, and a vigorous hour's work made it feasible to send Mis' Vienner to Norfolk Hospital by the recent blessed emergency U. S. Naval Plane Service, called through the Coast Guard station near by. Then we were on our way again.

"Doctor," my companion said, "these women are allegratin' things. That foolish boy on the porch was her sister's boy. The night he was bornin' his mom saw a spurrit and died, and Mis' Vienner saw a spurrit last night."

I was too tired to pass to him what I thought, and we twisted onward in silence.

Another bevy of women lined the room of the lockjaw patient.

"She's not been conscious since calm of day, and jerks and talks in unknown tongue the words of Holy Rollers," said one.

History of the case, common-sense observation, and examination of the sufferer disclosed to my relief that the immediate factor for lockjaw was the dream of a friend that on a certain date the patient would have lockjaw. The treatment of dropping hot water from a medicine dropper into her ear caused Mis' Pulvaney to shoot upward with "Merciful Father, Doctor, I'm ruined!"



Photograph by Clifton Adams

GALES HAVE TWISTED THE LIVE OAK INTO WEIRD SHAPES

From the position of the writhed limbs, one can determine readily the direction of the prevailing winds. Pirates of the Teach (Blackbeard) period used the matted branches of such trees as look-out points for sighting possible victims.

My fee was ready for me, and as I returned by a little sailboat I realized anew that the art and science of medicine is limited by nothing and partakes of everything.

RESIGNATION COMPLICATES TREATMENT

One midnight I returned from a trip across the sedge to Mis' Landy, whose pain had "swayzed" to the back, the legitimate place to which it might swayze, since by advice of neighbors she refused the operation for gallstones. I had just extinguished my lantern when four men brought in on a sail Mr. Nevada. While fishing on the ocean hours before, the man had been attacked by a sting ray.

More than two inches of stony-spined tail lay imbedded in his leg and three inches protruded.

"Doc," said Mr. Johnnie, "the sting ray is aimin' to kill Nevada, but we traveled him to you. Mr. Daniel died with sting ray and Christopher had to have his leg cut off."

For hours such consolations had been fed to Mr. Nevada.

"Doc, I'm aimin' to die; for, when 30 out, my sins I placed on the Lord for my mansion in the sky."

This piety of the islander, who is an island unto himself, had kept the men from meddling with the wound, but fear and passivity make a poor horse to ride alone.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

HATTERAS LIGHT'S KEEPER POLISHES HIS FRESNEL LENSES

Pulled by weights in the tower below, the 24 gleaming panels revolve slowly and radiate broad, white beams to guide ships through the perils of night and storm of the ocean "bad lands" (see page 694).

"Mr. Nevada," I said, "courage and spunk and doing exactly as I tell you will save your leg. Now, men, listen: You and I and Mr. Nevada are on this job, and the Lord will work through us."

They listened, astounded.

"Your not fooling with him will save the leg. It is filled with clean prong and clean sea water. He is not going to lose his leg."

My medical equipment had been so long in sailing somewhere else on the sound that at first I had improvised utensils out of cut-down lard and coffee cans. I made my own sterile dressings and found that hot water and soap, turpentine and coal oil, and my

one bottle of Dr. Hugh Young's then recent mercurochrome served me well.

We placed Mr. Nevada on Mis' Bashi's kitchen table. Mis' Bashi's "mother wit" and her nimble, clean hands aided as the villainous prong was cut away, and the red medicine filled the wound. The color won over the men to me, for to them medical science meant nothing compared to the drug stuff of general store.

A WOUND PROVES A BLESSING

"Madam," said Mr. Nevada, "I'm some proud to know you, and you needn't want to go without a home. Cynthia's house, which you aim to buy, I'll see you get."

With the customary adieu, "Come go home with me," they left.

That sting-ray wound was to me a blessing in disguise; for I had spent futile hours trying to buy a cottage. It was the quaint custom of islanders not to sell

land from their large family tracts, or rent or sell houses! Neither lumber and tools nor carpenter could be obtained to build me a home, and Cynthia's cottage, which "rested on blocks because of toids," was alluring.

Sitting invitingly on an inlet, with sound on one side and ocean boom on the other, it was approached down a long, narrow lane of live oaks, holly, and red myrtle. An all-year Christmas atmosphere snuggled about its setting of red berries of American holly or of yaupon. The orangelike tree over there was *Euonymus*, called "evergreen" by islanders and Greeks. The nearest neighbors lived among pines outlined against

the sky and water an "acre" (one-eighth of a mile) away.

The great brick fireplace harbored crane and tackle and fire-dogs. "Nesties" and "waspies" inhabited the chimney. Here I saw in fancy future joys, with an interior lined by bookshelves, with windows "swung to" casements, and "outside" doors. Everywhere I foresaw sun and air and Nature's sounds and pictures drifting in.

The cottage, built by an old Coast Guardsman years before, had been fearfully and wonderfully made of choice woods—juniper, pine, cypress, and mahogany. All had been rescued and bought for a song from wrecked ships plying from the Pacific and elsewhere.

The renovation was to be even more fearful and wonderful and a tale in itself. For workmen I was compelled to comb the island, in which no trade had ever been taught. I knew nothing then of building.

Old Coast Guardsmen and a fisherman or two became curiously interested in a lone woman "carrying on." They formed an ever-changing coterie of workmen, hacking away many a foot of the old cottage to get an inch done.

They did a better job at resting than the fabulously paid stage bricklayer, and from the old oak-roots resting spot they directed toward me many a unique remark, such as: "Madam, no man has seen up no' down the Banks makins like these!"

To a northerner the weather was terrifically hot. Yet I dispersed the men to various jobs, as I assiduously fluttered from



Photograph by Clifton Adams

ALL THE FOLK OF THE BANKS KNOW THIS OLD-TIMER

He was for years the faithful servant of a Massachusetts couple, and now that they lie buried in the dooryard beside the sea, he cares for their graves and lives in the house willed to him for life.

one to another and sifted out as a leader Mr. Bunyan, the old Coast Guardsman who had built the house.

For a full half hour we sat on the oak roots, as he whittled and smoked, and I led him to "accord" with what I "deceived" and to admit that he was "equal to it."

"Madam," he said, "you fleech (flatter) me. I am some proud to dress her for you, for I memorize the operation for borl and stones, when you sent my woman to the hospital, when no borl came from the gaston juice of the stomach.

"But," he said, with a sly hint at my spinster state, as he arose and filled his pipe, "in May you catches a snail and lays it on



Photograph by Clifton Adams

DURANTS HOUSED LIFE-SAVERS OF THE OLD DAYS

Just east of Hatteras village, it is now a U. S. Coast Guard station. The building, erected 55 years ago, remains much as it was when it served the earlier rescuers.

a sheet of white paper under a sifter and watches the name of the man it writes to marry!"

Since then, in May I have always run from snails!

At length my home was finished, and referred to as "she." The cottage, made of wrecked ships and cargo, was obviously entitled to the feminine pronoun. Since she was aslant, I called her "Askew House."

There were shelves everywhere possible, in place of more elaborate furnishings. Benches and kitchenette tables were all hand-made, with knife and saw, by a young islander. There was no need of locks and keys. Everyone's doors stood open. Water "comes" at 18 inches down. Pumps are rare and repairers rarer. Of course, my pump valves would not work!

In this region of beating storms or sun, a woman needed an umbrella. Mine, the only one in the hamlet, was broken. The morning I moved into Askew House I had mended the umbrella with wire from the fence, repaired a bed castor, tacked a sole, and begun the pump dissection with artery forceps, tooth extractor, and screwdriver, when an interruption occurred. Small twins

came from across the sedge to have a bean unplanted from a nose.

Thus started my professional whirl in my new location.

Soon after the twins' departure an old fisherman from up the ridge vaulted over my fence. He was breathless and excited.

"The man this side of me is bad off," he said. "Cannot live 20 minutes if pain reaches his heart!"

Flinging forth questions and gathering up my medicine case, I pushed the dinner back on the stove, forgot a baking fowl, and tore after him across the bridge.

I rushed. At times, in medicine, one rushes for psychological reasons. Neighbors, who had been hanging over fences awaiting the messenger's return, followed, as we stalked along. To the Bankers, heart pain and "tisc" (phthisic) are red-light signals, without which even serious conditions mean little. The patient, who was suffering from nothing so serious as a heart attack, was soon comfortable, and I started home.

The day chanced to be one set aside for tick-dipping. Hundreds of wild sand ponies and cattle were being rounded up to the vat,



THE LISLE GUN IS FIRED TO THROW LINES TO DISABLED SHIPS

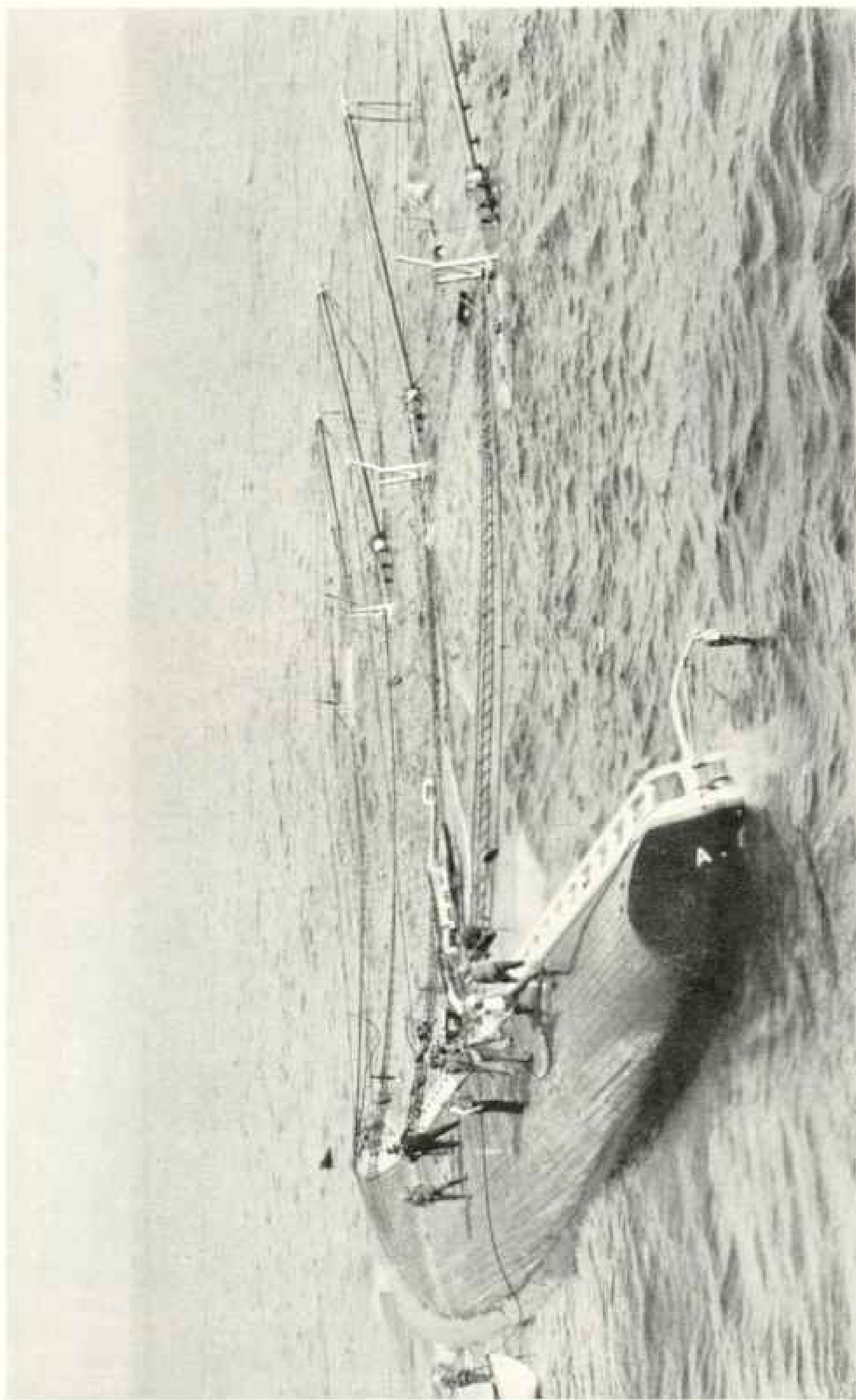
In breeches-buoy practice (see below) marksmanship with the rope-casting cannon is given due attention by Captain Midgett and his Coast Guardsmen.



Photographs by Clifton Adams

COAST-GUARD HEROES OF CHICAMACOMICO STATION DRILL ON HATTERAS BEACH

Capt. John Allen Midgett, with hand upraised, is seen here directing his surfmen in breeches-buoy practice at Rodanthe. In 1918 he and a crew of five, in a wooden boat, braved a sea of blazing oil and rescued 42 persons from the torpedoed British tanker *S. S. Mirlo*. For this deed Congress awarded to him and his mates the Grand Cross of the American Cross of Honor for "unusual and extraordinary heroism of maximum degree" (see text, page 730).



Photograph from Wide World.

HER CARGO MELTED AND RELEASED HER FROM THE DEPTHS.

The schooner *A. Ernest Mills*, which sank after a collision off North Carolina, floated after the salt she carried dissolved. Salvagers towed her to shore near Currituck.



SALT-WATER FARMERS START HOME WITH NEWLY PURCHASED STOCK



Photographs by Clifton Adams

SAND PONIES (SEE, ALSO, PAGES 712 AND 726) WENT UNWILLINGLY TO THE TICK-DIPPING



Photograph by Van Ness Harwood

WITH THEIR GLIDER THE WRIGHTS MADE AIRCRAFT HISTORY

This photograph, taken at Kittyhawk in 1911, is the only picture made of an event which thrilled the world. The official cameraman became so excited when the device proved successful beyond expectation that he forgot to click his shutter, but a reporter on a sand dune near by snapped a record of the scene.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

IN THIS DESOLATE WASTE MAN MADE HIS PIONEER CONQUEST OF THE AIR

The Wright Memorial, seen from the Killdevil Hills, of which there are many near Albemarle Sound, stands out clearly on its eminence. The sand upon which it rests has been anchored securely by wire grass and other native vegetation nourished by leaf mold from pine woods.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

BANKER GIRLS ENJOY THEIR SAND PONY

These little animals, of unknown ancestry, possibly harking back to Raleigh's day, are marked by their owners, so that they can be allowed to roam the Banks in small bands. Formerly there were numbers of them, and each summer they were rounded up and dipped in an insecticide in a large tank to exterminate ticks. Unhappily many of them were destroyed in the hurricanes of 1933.

cows and calves coming sedately, driven or tied behind the two-wheeled carts; but less willingly came the ponies, blood brothers to those of a Portuguese castaway ship of long ago, or maybe, as some say, to the Barbary ponies brought over by Raleigh's colonists. I watched the proceedings with interest, as, insulted from the dipping, all the "critters" tore across the "powsture" path to a "hummock of woods" the instant they were released. Each bore on its flanks the bright-green paint smear, the sign-meaning *dipped* (see pages 712 and 723).

For information I approached Mis' Me-

haley, who, standing at her fence, was saying, "No! That's Nance Hanes' yearling, for its earmark is crop to right and under split to left."

Mis' Mehaley helped me "housekeep." She never "belonged" to anything and did not like "fusses." However, she handed out savory bits of gossip while knitting exquisite doilies from thread.

Now she asked me my opinion of her brother, "up the Banks." "He's bad off," she said, "and his doctor on the country (mainland) says he has hereditation of the stomach. His respiration pulse is 68, fever 110, and blood temperature 75. Another doctor says he has a tumor growing from the kidney to the brain."

Then the subject went to cats. She wished me to chloroform three beautiful bushy-tailed specimens, descendants, like Mis' Bashi's (page 697) from an island Maltese and the long-haired pet of a wrecked Norwegian ship.

"Drowning cats brings bad luck!" she worried.

PATIENTS COME THICK AND FAST

On my return home I found the fowl in the oven black!

And, to make matters worse, my first afternoon patient was wriggling up the lane in a huge United States Government cart. He tarried long enough for me to take his measure, as, with cap at salute, he stood before a full-length pictorial-paper likeness of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge which I had pinned on the wall of my waiting room.



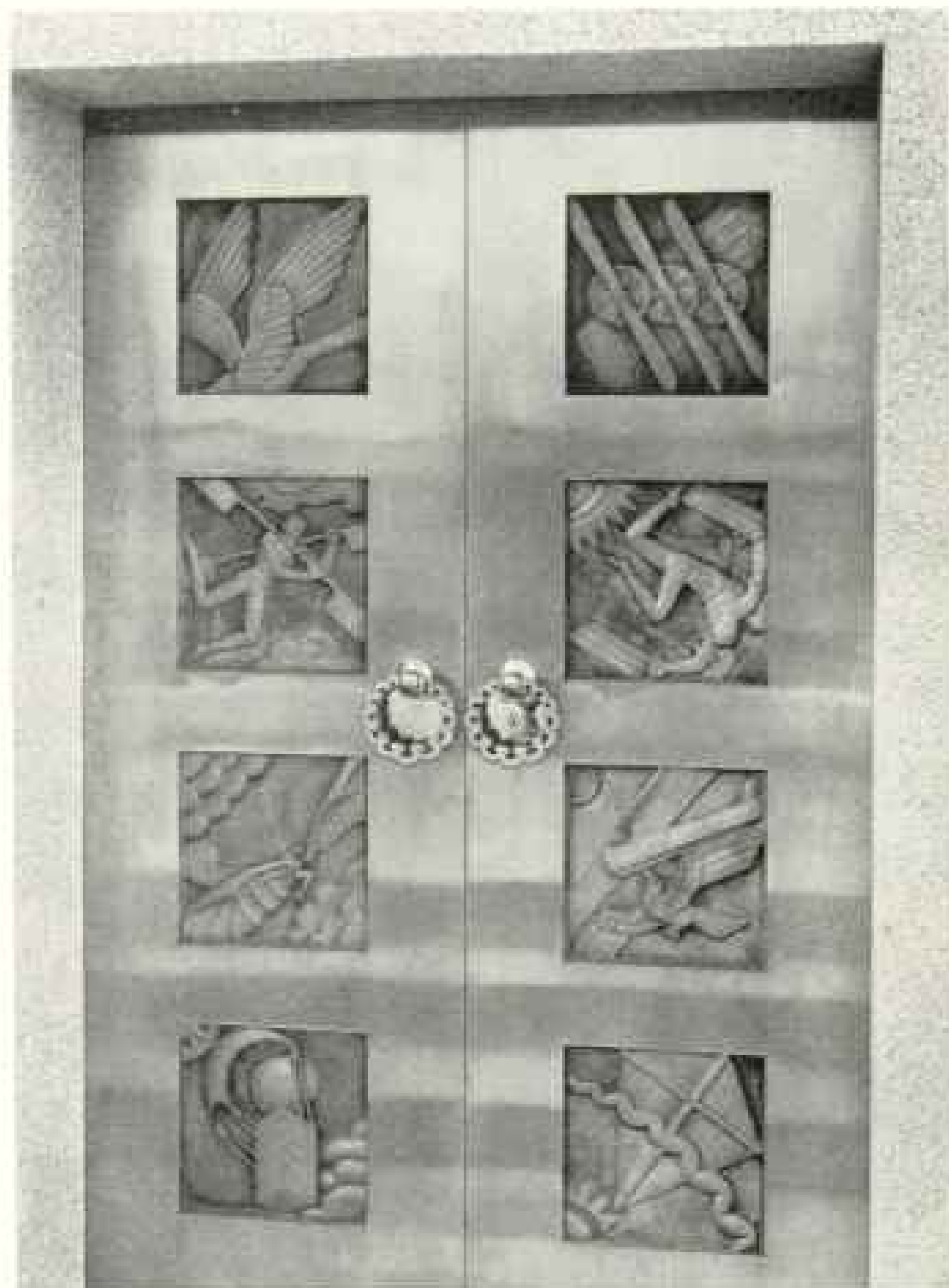
FISHING FOR BLUEFISH WITH ROD AND LINE AFFORDS GOOD SPORT



Photographs by Clifton Adams

HE TAPPED OUT AN ASTOUNDING FACT THAT AMAZED THE WORLD

In May, 1908, *this* telegraph operator used *this* key to send *this* telegram from a New York reporter to his newspaper to announce the success of the first extended flights of the Wright brothers at Killdevil Hill, near Kittyhawk. One of the original messages is also on display in the Hall of History of the North Carolina Historical Commission at Raleigh.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

STEEL DOORS ADORN THE WRIGHT MEMORIAL

The flight of fowl, the myth of Icarus, experiments with kites, and the results of man's conquest of the air are depicted allegorically in relief in enduring metal at Kittyhawk.

Like all the other islanders, he was deferentially courteous and unperturbed. He turned with quiet dignity and said, "Just plain countenance, no slant eye, a noble woman!"

In island parlance, "noble" means impressive in demeanor and physical bearing. It conveys a marked compliment.

A six-foot-six Coast Guardsman rolled up with messages from patients up the Banks:

"Utah's back from his adomil operation and wants you up there.

"Mr. Acsha's pain has swayzed and he has no more trouble in his milt.

"Mis' Hopey's baby's fits are better, now the moon is new!

"Isaac's tistic pneumonia is bad some. His couthy woman wants you."

Days might be hectic, or tragic, or quiet, but each brought a gainful series of events and medical data which taught me much, but which few seek and many never know.

Mr. Bunyan proved a loyal friend. A huge, tranquil, uncommunicative old Coast Guardsman, he was the "workinest" man on the island and he always wore his cap. Though he could not read, he was keenly intelligent regarding the facts, variety, and richness of the island.

His odd moments were passed in whittling, while he planned pleasure yachts from salvaged wood or thought of possible new sources of wealth in the sea, which the year around supplies an amazing variety of fish.

His garden and mine he planted only when the moon was "growin'" and never when it was "on the change." He said the moon rules

everything that grows. Wood cut on the dark of the moon would burn poorly. A baby born then would not be "throddy" and more than likely would have fits. In all moons he kept me in oysters from his oyster bed over my garden fence. Sitting on my low back porch, he opened up his worries to me as he opened shells.

"Doctor, I'm mommicked so. What must a mon do? I had no learnin', but promised myself to save my earnin's for my boys' schooling to not abash them. They are home from the country, where I sent them off to school across the sound, and they aim to smoke and loaf and wear their Sunday clothes. They were aimin' to

do their studiments in the school here, but steerin' wasn't straight. It's not set natural for Latin and algebray to berlask them and bring no learnin' for what the island and the waters can be made to do for them!"

Mr. Bunyan was the heart of loyalty. On terrific nights of gales, when the house would creak and sway and tides creep up to the doorsills, he would "waide" waist-deep down the lane to reassure me, or at other times carry me out to the cart for calls on some sick one for whom he was "mindable."

For three years I worked as physician on this island, among people whose way of thinking and feeling was unspoiled by modern usage. Then I returned to the mainland for three years of study.

MODERNITY IS CREEPING IN OF LATE

At the end of this time I came back, hoping to recapture the ancient charm; but much of the atmosphere of innocence and simplicity was gone. Even the church was no longer chained on two sides to the ground!

I hope the beauty and quiet majesty which Nature gave the island will not be tarnished.

Duck hunters' clubs have introduced luxurious habits and thoughts among the native Bankers. The garish lure of so-called post-war "civilization" has taken its toll, as usual, among the younger generation, though the older islanders still retain their wonted charm and dignity.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

CONGRESS ACCLAIMS THE WRIGHTS WITH A WINGED PYLON

White North Carolina granite, from the quarries of Mount Airy, rises to an altitude of 151 feet atop Killdevil Hill to commemorate the conquest of the skies by a machine heavier than air. Inside the memorial, in a room of pink granite, there are inscriptions above niches for bronze busts of the brothers, and there is also a stainless steel map of the outstanding airplane flights of the first 25 years of aviation. Spiral stairs lead to the top, and the powerful aviation beacon is visible far out on land and sea. The base is in the shape of a five-pointed star.

Autos, plowing through deep sand, leave rusty parts along the beach. There are gasoline smells, noise and rubbish, high heels and rouge, and picture shows.

MANY CHANGES ARE FOR THE BETTER

Even so, it is hard to modernize the island, whose very sun and moon and stars and sky and water are looked at through a screen of pure, salty old English.

At the changes, mayhap, Sir Walter Raleigh would weep. But that adventurous



Photograph by Chittan Adams

BODIE ISLAND LIGHT THROWS ITS BEAMS 19 MILES TO SEA

Rising 156 feet above the water at high tide, this tower near Oregon Inlet is second only to Hatteras Light in distance of visibility over the dangerous shoals and reefs.

nobleman would thrill at the miracle of the Wrights' argosy of the air and the swift beauty of the Virginia Dare Trail.

In contrast to cutthroat buccaneers of two or three centuries ago is the noble procession of Coast Guard stations down the coast. As I write, from Currituck Beach down past Hatteras Inlet, about 130 men in this graveyard of the Atlantic watch over lives in peril of the sea. From the lookout towers the trained eyes of the Bankers strain seaward.

In my post as doctor here, at Hatteras Island, I have come to know them in their willingness to help humanity in every way. Their beach driving has often carried me to patients and patients to me, and they always hear the call of suffering.

Nowadays Coast Guard and Navy radio stations report conditions and receive alarms of wrecks, the ether waves piercing the miles of otherwise impenetrable fog. Stations are also connected by telephone. Therefore few lives have been lost of late years, though many wrecks still are cast up. The airplane, born at Kittyhawk, has more

than once carried my patients to the mainland hospitals.

Among the Coast Guard stations are Poyner Hill, Caffey Inlet, Paul Gamiels Hill, Kittyhawk, Kildevil Hill, Nags Head, Bodie Island, Oregon Inlet, Pea Island, Chicamacomico, Gull Shoal, Little Kinnakeet, Big Kinnakeet, Cape Hatteras, Creeds Hill, and Durants. Each is normally manned by a crew of eight to ten men, the Pea Island Station entirely by brave negroes.

Among many heroic acts, a memorable one was performed by the men at Chicamacomico Station. On August 16, 1918, Capt. John Allen Midgett and crew sighted the torpedoed British tanker *Mirlo*. Plowing the waves of seas covered with burning oil and gasoline, the Chicamacomico men rescued 42 men of the crew (see page 721).

Wrecks still occur, like that of the Swedish steamer *Carl Gerhard*, in 1929, when the Kildevil Hill Station men saved the crew.

Here, though modern civilization has come to stay, is still a graveyard of ships.

AFGHANISTAN MAKES HASTE SLOWLY

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

AUTHOR OF "RUSSIA'S ORIFLAME RACES," "THROUGH THE HEART OF HINDOUSTAN," "THE CITROÛN-HAIRY TRANS-ASIATIC EXPEDITION REACHES KASHMIR," ETC., ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

IN ASIA, where headgear is a sign of rank or race, the Afghan has refused to "go high hat."

To the Durani leaders and Shinwari tribesmen, the threat of parliamentary procedure was bad enough, for Afghanistan was more a mountain-sandwiched mass of aggressively independent tribes than a united nation. But edicts prescribing shorn beards, frock coats, and top hats were last straws on their tolerance of hasty centralization. They felt that a high-speed dawn from the west was a false dawn. And so they proved it. Amanullah—the Peace of God—fled. After five years the turban remains, a sign that, even in Asia, haste makes waste.

To induce European thoughts in Turkish heads, Mustapha Kemal Pasha tucked the Latin alphabet in below European hats. Amanullah hoped to accomplish even more radical changes. But the patient Afghan mountaineer, a swaggering "he-man" if there ever was one, persisted in sticking to his broad turban or dressy astrakhan cap. And thereby hangs a tale.

Afghanistan was long a forbidden land, isolated by political jealousy as Mecca and Lhasa are by prayer niche and prayer wheel. The Afghans cherished isolation as had their predecessors, the Parthians, who "held it as a maxim to accord no passage over their country to any stranger."

In 1917, when I rode southward from Merv, Kushka was the end of a blind alley (see map, page 742). In 1921, when I went northwestward through the Khyber Pass and faced that famous sign reading "It is Absolutely Forbidden to Cross This Border into Afghan Territory," there was a Gurkha guard to emphasize the "absolutely."*

By 1927 not only was Afghanistan open to visitors, but current events speeded up. Before the end of that medieval year King Amanullah and Queen Souriya, monogamist rulers of a polygamous land, had boarded their first steamship and were at the thresh-

old of Western culture, its permanent values then reinforced by industrial activity and bull markets.

The next six months were amazing. The vacationing rulers rode from triumph to triumph, enjoying such European thrills as few Europeans know because Westerners have had decades to become accustomed to what the Afghan rulers personally encountered during a few weeks of Western hospitality.

SEEING DECADES OF PROGRESS IN SIX MONTHS

Rome, Monte Carlo, Paris, Belgium, Switzerland, Berlin, Leipzig, London, Warsaw, Moscow, Ankara, Istanbul, Tehran—theirs was no commonplace trip. Nations hoping for commercial or political advantage outdid one another in honoring these rulers of a newly opened buffer State between the native republics of Soviet Turkistan and that "No-man's Land," bristling with manhood, along which runs the long, strategic land frontier of the British Empire.

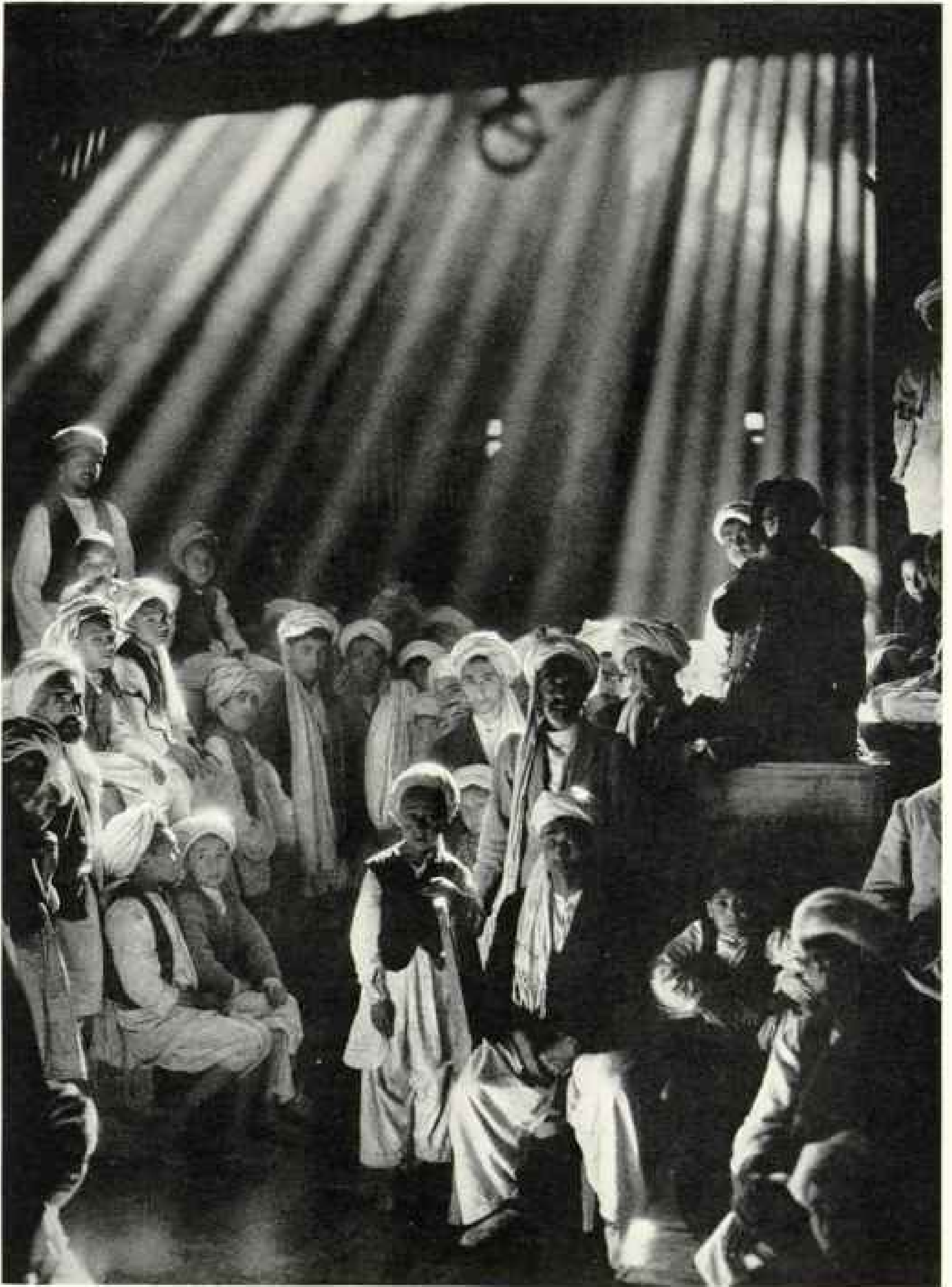
Across the Northwest Frontier, India's Chinese wall, many a conqueror entered Hindustan, treasure house of gold and jewels. The presence of poverty-stricken and nomadic tribesmen so close to ill-guarded riches often proved disastrous to India. It is no wonder that the British ruler invited the Afghan king to be the first royal visitor ever to fly over London and staged a mock battle for his benefit.

A few months later this honored guest of modern Europe was driven from his palace in Kabul. Kipling wrote the epitaph of such. Amanullah, like other enthusiasts, "tried to hustle the East."

How well I remember standing on the walls of Mohammed the Conqueror's 15th-century castle beside the Bosphorus and seeing the *Hamidie*, followed by Turkish and Soviet destroyers, proudly escort the Afghan King and Queen up the historic strait between Europe and Asia toward high honors at Sevastopol (see illustration, page 738).

A month later Queen Souriya, sole wife of a Moslem monarch, dined publicly in Kabul without a veil. Only extremists

* See "Everyday Life in Afghanistan," by Frederick Simpich and Haji Mirza Hussein, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for January, 1921.



FROM SUCH A GROUP MAY HAVE COME THE THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

Weird streaks of light, only half dispelling the gloom of a warehouse in the Herat bazaar, re-create a scene from the past. Though the photographer could speak no word of their language, the Afghan sitters understood what was desired, and had enough poise to remain still for three seconds and prevent blurring the film (see page 744).

objected. The court, which had remained orderly during the King's six months' absence in Europe, loyally supported his Queen in her scandalous conduct. Her face, a charming one, was her own. But the Afghan's head was his, and he refused to lose it under or over a stovepipe hat.

Of course, it is fantastic to suggest that the Afghans overthrew their energetic King simply over a question of dress; because village girls were forced to attend school without the consent of their parents; or even because the consent of the bride was made obligatory for marriage. Economic and religious problems were involved, and the Afghan reformer perhaps lacked a knowledge of popular psychology.

In emulating Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Amanullah failed to realize that the Turkish leader, by saving his country from division between foreign powers, developed a new-born nationalism, whereas Afghanistan was still divided against itself by snow-clad mountains and feudal customs under which tribal loyalty was more potent than patriotism.

Flattering contacts with Western civilization had weakened Amanullah's judgment, and the cordiality with which he was welcomed home was deceiving.

A MUD-WALL CAPITAL IN FESTAL ARRAY

Kabul was in festal array. Gendarmes in new red uniforms stood in rigid lines between bright triumphal arches. Afghan carpets by day and colored lanterns by night brightened the mud walls of the mountain-girt capital, which, like Bukhara, made an earthen flowerpot for colorful crowds.

Tribesmen from the hills added their cocky costumes and loop-the-loop footgear to the best dress of the citizens. In a carnival atmosphere, horse-racing and a theater with feminine rôles were introduced to strait-laced keepers of the Faith.

Microphones and loud-speakers were employed in addressing distinguished guests and foreign diplomats in a gay marquee, from which Government students were sent merrily away for studies in Turkey.

On a large wall map the itinerary of King Amanullah and Queen Souriya was traced. On each seat was a printed text of the foreign contracts and agreements which the leader of the new Afghanistan had signed—a striking case of political cards on the table, of open covenants in every chair.

Films picturing the flattering European receptions for the Afghan royalty were shown. Evidently there were older bits, for the French professor who described this amazing period in Kabul life in 1928 complained that Parisian women were pictured in too large hats and too long skirts.

NEW TAXES, HOLIDAYS, AND STYLES

Soon after the triumphal return of the prodigal King, opposition appeared. Conservatives resented the higher taxes which widespread reforms would entail. Mullahs and mosque attendants objected to having their Government allowances stopped. The rapid tempo of modernization brought confusion and resentment, as did the change of religious holiday from Friday to Thursday. The fact that a foreign-style coat was made of honest Afghan cloth did not mollify the self-conscious tribal delegates, who retaliated by accusing Amanullah of being negligent about his prayers. When royal reforms threatened the tribal order, the Shinwaris rose in revolt.

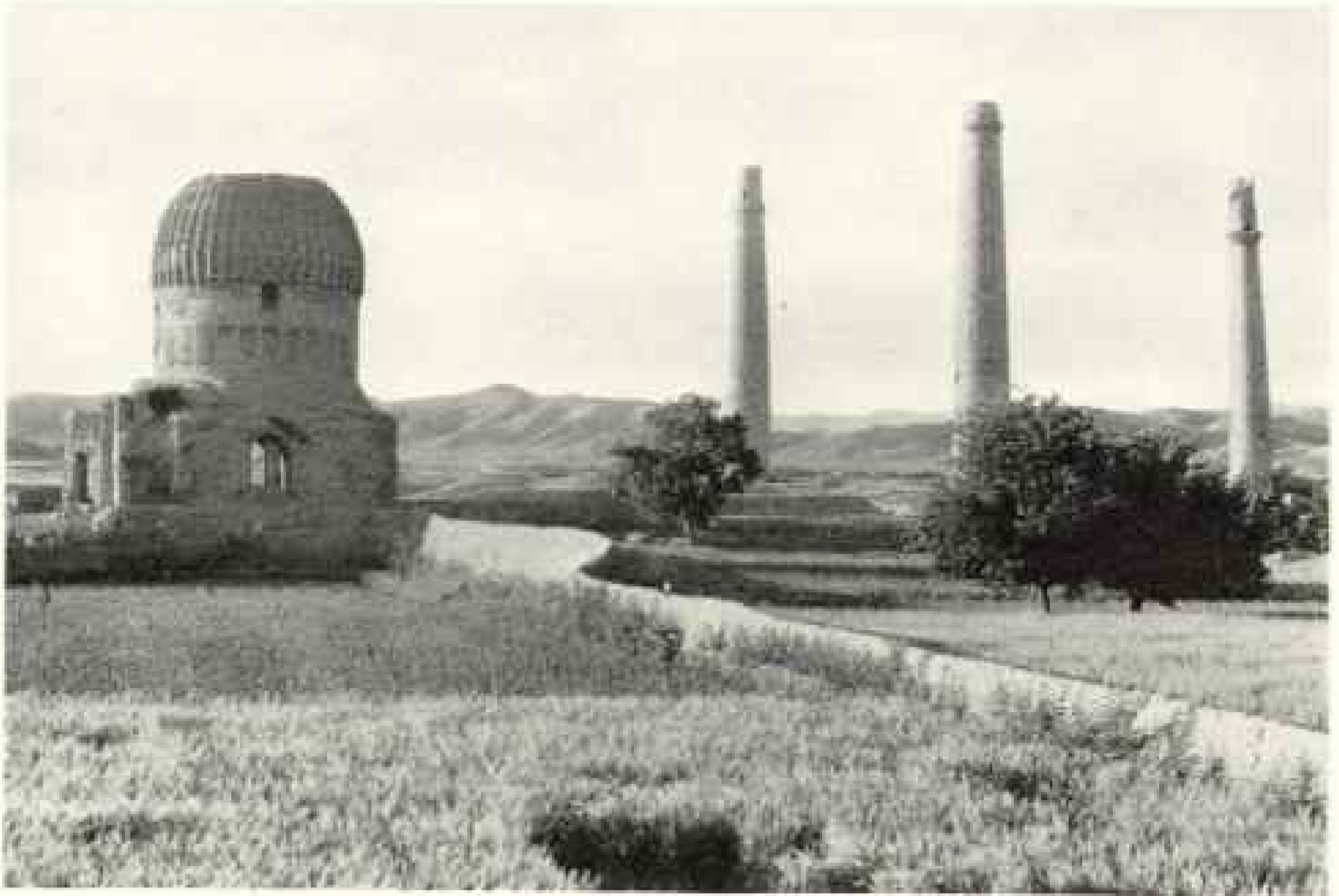
In Herat I photographed an old Afghan, the handsomest man I had seen in years (see illustration, page 765). His hypnotic eyes, long, straight nose, firm lips, and white beard would set him off in any company. His white turban, with its waist-long, unwound end, and his flowing cloak, embroidered at neck and wrists, gave him a princely grace.

One could well imagine him one of the Beni-Israel (Arabic for "Children of Israel"), descended from the Jews whom Nebuchadnezzar carried into exile. But were one to remove his turban and shave off his beard, his long, handsome nose would become too conspicuous. King Amanullah lost his throne over such trivial reforms.

When we arrived at Herat in 1931, this handsome Afghan had kept his head and his turban. But the King, who had sought to play Delilah to subject Samsons, was in exile. The supply of European hats was exhausted, Afghan students left for Istanbul, and the Shinwari tribesmen revolted, all in a single month.

A WATER CARRIER'S SON USURPS A THRONE

Bacha-i-Sakhao, the Son of the Water Carrier, had fought well in the Third Afghan War. He it was who voided Amanullah's throne. A possibly fictitious anecdote shows how loyalties were tested during the



ROOFLESS DOME AND MINARETS RECALL A VANISHED HERAT

Northwest of the present mud-walled city, the site of the old is marked by shards and piles of brick. Above the débris rise the tomb of a forgotten Timurid emperor and the four slender towers of the once splendid Mosalla, destroyed 48 years ago (see page 754 and Color Plate VIII).



BUSINESS HUGS THE KANDAHAR GATE AT HERAT

Vegetable stands, bake ovens, and money-changers' booths have grouped themselves outside the portal from which starts the south road. They add an air of animation to this, the busiest of the five entrances. The earthwork on which the city wall stands is 50 feet high and five times as wide at the bottom. Aside from the main bastions, it has 150 or more jutting towers like that at the right



PATIENT DONKEYS DRAG TIMBERS ALONG THE ROAD TO KANDAHAR

Wood for building and for fuel is somewhat scarce in Afghanistan, and logging operations by the natives are of the simplest. These little pack animals are bringing a day's cut of carefully barked poles across the bridge between the city and the guest house.

disordered days of 1928. The supposed telephonic conversation ran like this:

"Hello! This is the Governor of Charikar. I have captured Bacha-i-Sakhao and hold him prisoner. What shall I do with him?"

"Kill him!"

"Fine! I am Bacha-i-Sakhao! You have broken the word of a Moslem. I will chastise you in your own palace."

Within a few weeks the Son of the Water Carrier had made this pronouncement:

"I quote the Koran to show that sovereignty is not a monopoly of the royal-born: 'The All-Powerful gives dominion to whomsoever He chooses.'"

Bacha-i-Sakhao had become the Amir Habibullah—"Beloved-of-God."

But Afghanistan's new Amir was a Tadjik, more closely related to his fellows of the Tadjik Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic north of the Oxus than with the Duranis, Ghilzais, Mohmands, or Pathans. After nine months of domination by Habibullah, the Duranis returned to power in the person of Sirdar Mohammed Nadir Khan, stepuncle of Amanullah and

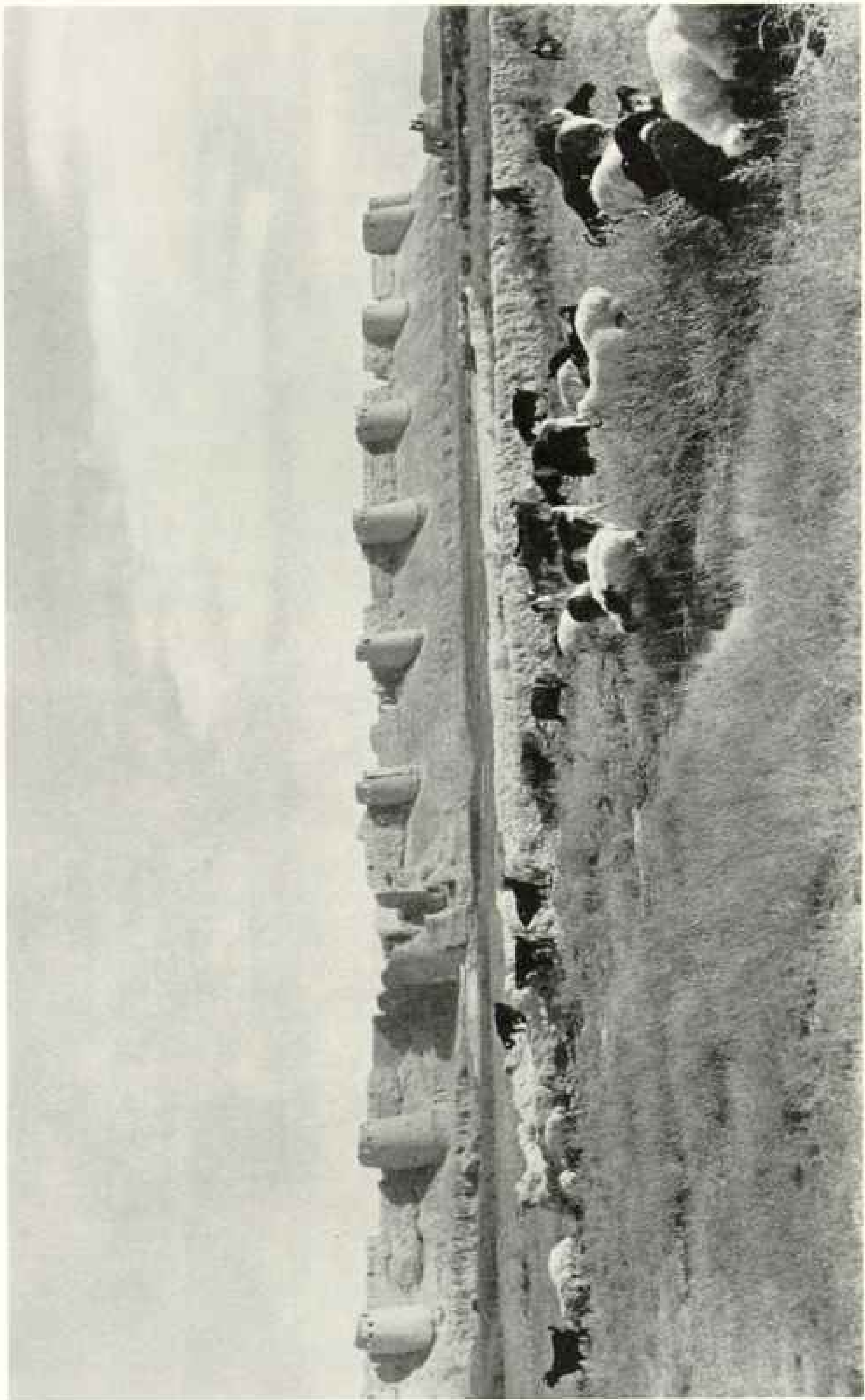
the best-trained and most popular patriot of the land.

AN IRON HAND FOR AN "IRON PEOPLE"

Having once commanded the Afghan army, King Nadir Khan well understood tribal psychology. "I rule with an iron hand, for I rule an iron people," he said when he was yet a general. He came to the throne as a liberal with a shrewd sense of external politics. By rushing an envoy to Moscow before London, he quieted Soviet distrusts. The British knew him to be the best available neighbor.

King Nadir was a keen admirer of France and a perfect host to the Citroën-Haardt Expedition.* His hospitality encompassed us from Islamkala, on the Persian frontier, to Dakka, at the north end of the Khyber (see map, page 742). During his personal

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "The Trans-Asiatic Expedition Starts," by Georges-Marie Haardt, June, 1931; "First Over the Roof of the World by Motor"; and "From the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea by Motor," by Maynard Owen Williams, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for March, 1932, and November, 1932, respectively.



BY THESE WALLS ALEXANDER THE GREAT BECAME BOTH ORIENTAL AND DIVINE

Before his death, at the early age of 33, the would-be world conqueror of his time had assumed both the characteristics of the Asiatic and the prerogatives of a deity. It was at Farah that he began to orientalize his army and to fancy himself and allow others to treat him as a god. The city has an unhealthy site, and only a small garrison now lives within the crumbling stronghold (see page 753).



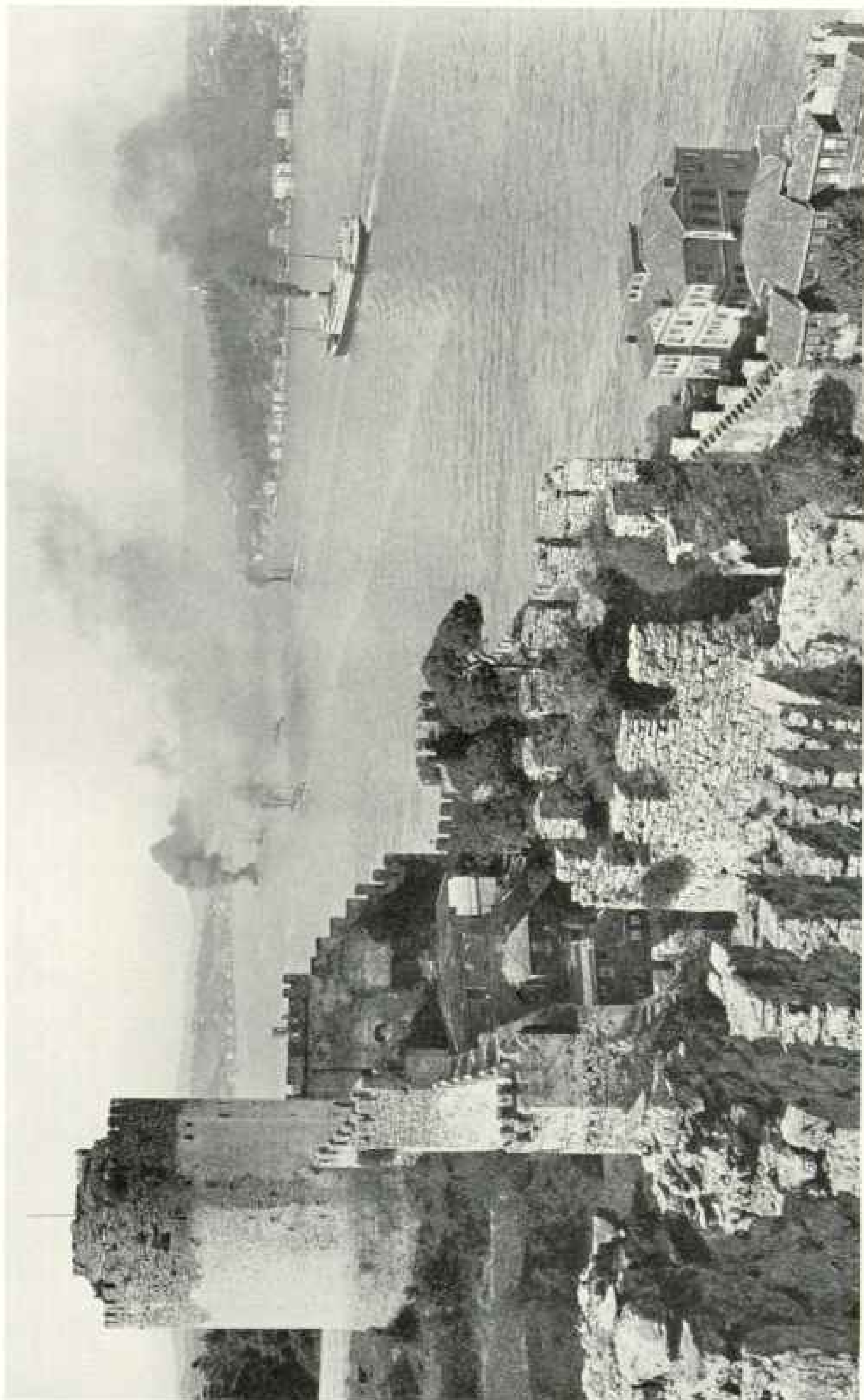
TEA MAKES MOST MUSLEMS KIN

The Afghan variety, sometimes flavored with cardamom, is unusually refreshing. The abstemious Mohammedan depends on it or coffee for "adding life to the party" or "putting through" a deal. In every wayside inn and urban bazaar, shops offering the beverage are centers of sociability and trade. Trays are delivered to homes, guest houses, or business places.



AFGHAN BREAD SERVES AS FOOD, NAPKIN, AND TABLECLOTH

The loaves derive their shape from the use of quick-burning fuel and a varying demand. From flour to loaf is a matter of only a few minutes. An oven is heated by use for a short time as a furnace, with brushwood fire. For hours on end a bake shop may have only a scant supply on display; yet a sudden demand is quickly met while the customers wait.



AN AFGHAN AMIR PROCEEDS IN TRIUMPH UP THE HISTORIC BOSPORUS

Escorted by Turkish and Russian warships, King Amanullah and Queen Souriya are here going homeward after receiving European honors. They are returning to a country which now feels the quickening pulse of progress. At the left is the "European Castle," built by Mohammed the Conqueror just before he took Constantinople, in 1453 (see page 731).



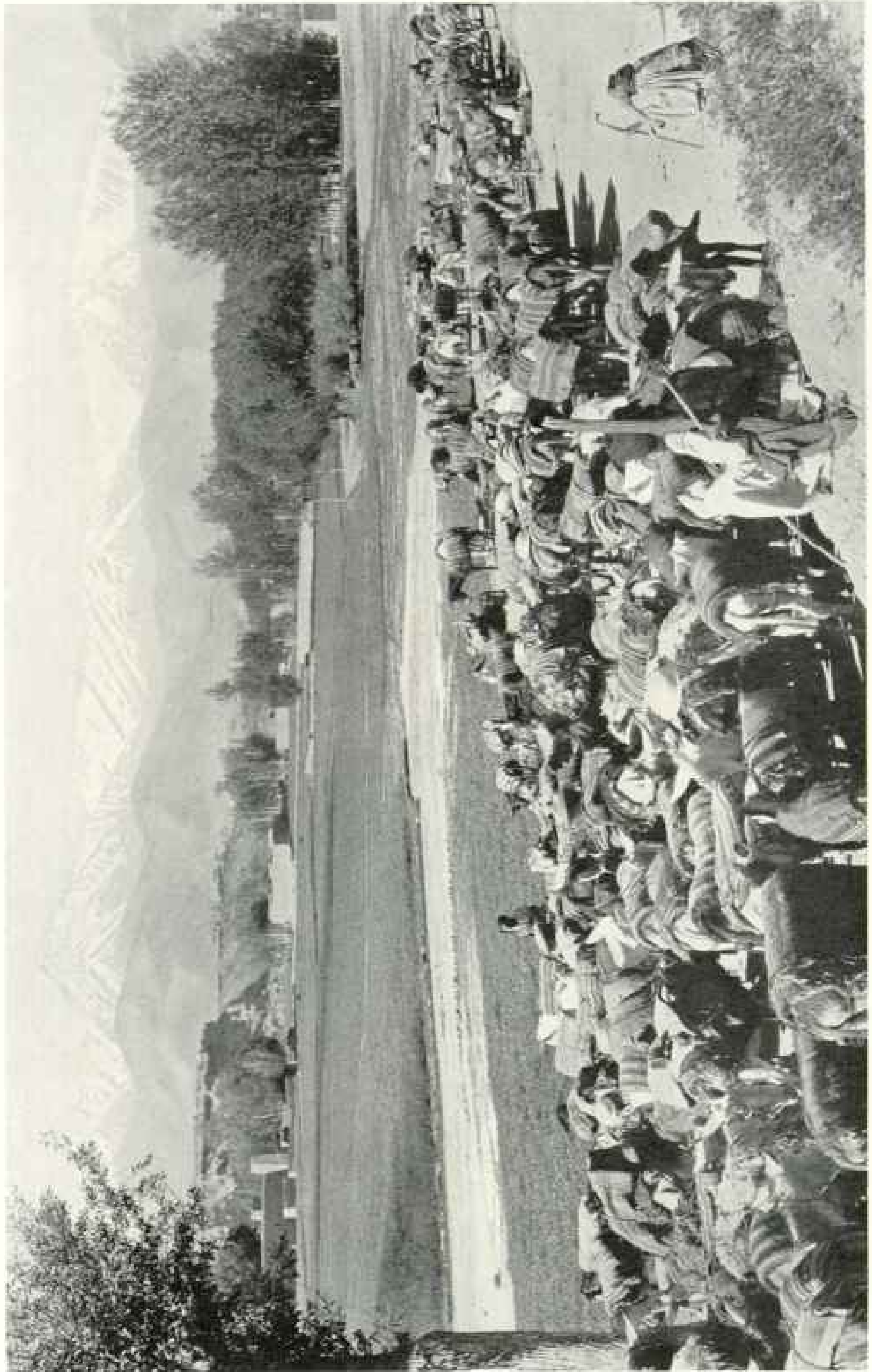
FOR ONCE THE WOMAN RIDES, THE MAN WALKS

In Asia one often sees the lord of the household mounted and his help-mate not only on foot but carrying a burden—an old custom which proves little but suggests much. At this break in the mid-city covered bazaar of Herat, the reversal of the usual attracts less attention than does a camera.



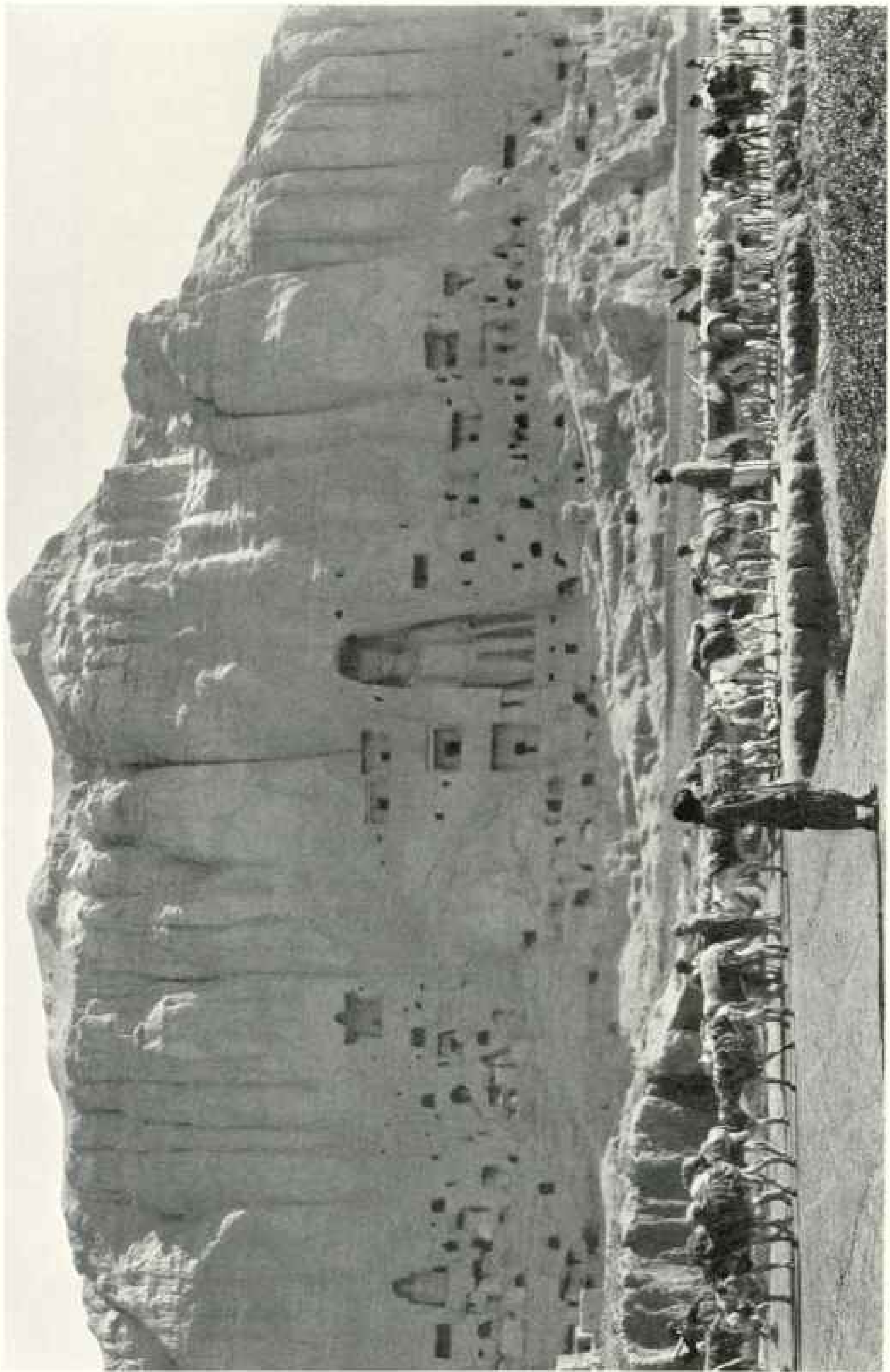
NOT A "SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE" IN SIGHT

The Afghan blacksmith has few tools and often shapes the light horse-shoes without heating them. Throwing horseshoes is an animal's game in this land of horse and donkey caravans, where motorcars are impracticable, railroads have merely a beginning, and only airplanes make real speed.



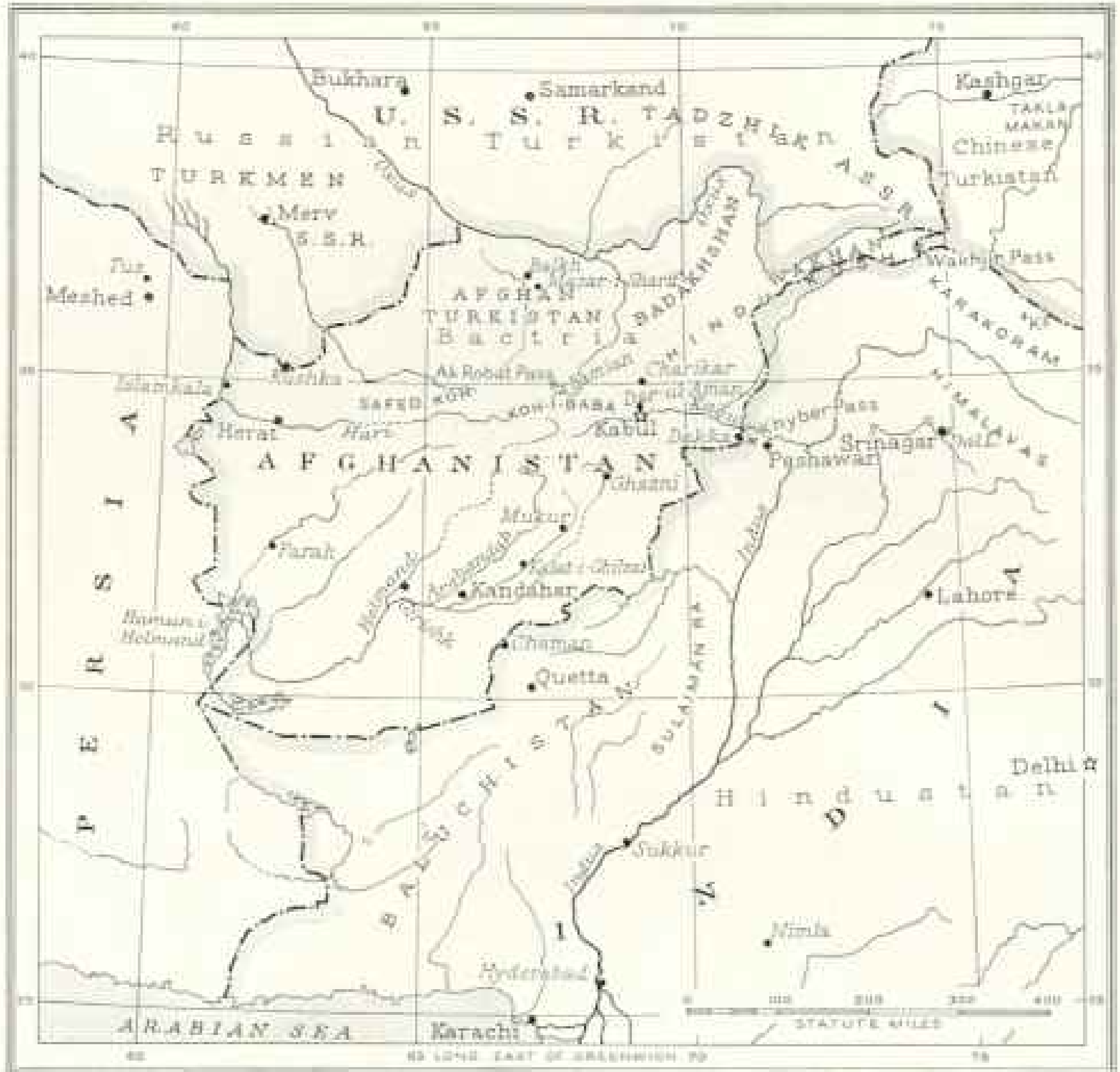
BALUCHI THIEVES HALT FOR REST IN BEAUTIFUL BAMIAN VALLEY

For centuries the way that passes in front of colossal statues hewn from cliffs has been a trade route. Buddhists carved their monolithic images where countless travelers would see, worship, and buy tiny replicas of the great Buddhas. The caravans still plod toward Ak Robat Pass and Mazar-i-Sharif.



PASSING BALUCHI TRADERS IGNORE BAMIAN'S LITTLE BUDDHA

The "Little Buddha" is so called because it is nearly 60 feet shorter than the "Great Buddha" (see Color Plate I). Hundreds of shrines and monastic cells were carved in the conglomerate cliff, and for several centuries Bamian was a focus of cultural contacts reaching deep into China, India, and Persia.



Drawn by C. E. Riddiford

AFGHANISTAN LIES HIDDEN IN MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES

This map shows a mysterious and until recently almost inaccessible country, which the author visited in the course of the long journey he made as a member of the Citroën-Haardt Trans-Asiatic Expedition. Recent developments have brought the strange land into the eye of the world.

reception for us he resembled a gray-bearded, young-faced professor, temperate, but determined. The Government seemed in strong and knowing hands. What the morrow will bring forth in a kingdom split by mountains, rivers, and tribal and religious loyalties none can say.

Aside from the all-embracing hospitality of the Afghan leaders, I developed a great liking for the common man in Afghanistan. However, my first burst of confidence brought embarrassment to our whole party.

It was our habit, while the motors were being tuned up and the kitchen equipment stored away, to walk ahead into the growing dawn. These first moments of the day

were keenly anticipated, for daybreak on the open road is a witching hour.

The officer in charge of our escort felt a keen anxiety for our safety, for Afghanistan's punishments are as severe as its hospitality is kindly. Appreciating this, Monsieur Haardt issued an order that on our first morning in Afghan territory the individual hikes be abandoned. Being at work at the time, I never received the order.

How a man of my size could walk away unnoticed from a camp of thirty foreigners and an Afghan escort, I can't say; but I did. After six miles or so I decided that something had delayed the cars, so I stopped to await their arrival.



NATIVE DIGGING LOOKS SILLY, BUT THE DIRT FLIES

The Afghan spade, like a steam shovel, has a stiff arm to direct the blade and a rope to lift it. Two men, handling two implements, would do far less work. The fertile valley of the Hari River is like a highland oasis in a barren plateau.



HAND WORKERS GATHER POPPY SAP IN THE PLAIN OF THE HARI RIVER

Although the narcotic has been produced in America and Europe, the cost of collecting the juice there is prohibitive. As medicine it spread across Asia with Islam, but by 1729 the Emperor Yung Cheng had prohibited the smoking of it. Seizure and burning of \$10,000,000 worth of it by the Chinese at Canton brought on the Opium War. Few Afghanistan natives are addicts of the pipe, and Turkey is as prominent in the control of the drug as in the culture of the plant.

A comrade had long since been dispatched along the road in a fast car, but prematurely returned to say that I was *not* on the road to Herat. Afghan troops and French comrades combined in a frantic search for a 6-foot American who had vanished into thin air. The harassed officer had visions of a court-martial if he failed to find me. And I, on being overtaken an hour or so later, had the bad taste to see the whole serio-comedy as a joke, and the bright-robed living crenelations atop the village walls as the cordial friends they proved to be.

He is so evidently more of a man and less of a barbarian than one expects that a liking for the Afghan was spontaneous. How long it will be possible for a lone foreigner to roam the bazaars or a small party to cross Afghanistan from end to end in safety from everything but too much kindness I cannot say.

ADVENTURES IN PHOTOGRAPHY

The friendly spirit of the common folk impressed me far more than did official receptions, palatial guest houses, and high honors.

Even official hospitality had its astonishing features. The Governor of Herat stayed away from the lavish tea which greeted us, so that we could truly refresh ourselves without formality, and he abruptly left the tea party which we gave him. Followed by an attaché with a thermos flask slung over his shoulder, he excused himself and hurried away to his ablutions and evening prayer. Having kept his rendezvous with Allah, he returned, more gracious than ever.

For days in Afghanistan I was off by myself, where no official could have secured me the cordial coöperation which the natives of Afghanistan so generously gave. I have been photographing Asiatic people since 1911, yet the Afghans gave me one picture which is unique in my collection.

On setting out to photograph in the Herat bazaar, I declined the assistance of a gendarme, since soldiery nowhere brings out the qualities upon which the Geographic photographer depends for its unique pictures.

Although speaking neither Pushtu nor Persian, I had no guide or assistant. To reserve a field of view in a bustling market; to secure the quiet essential to exposures of several seconds, and to get handsome followers of the Propbet to pose for me, it was

necessary, first, that my desires be understood and, second, that my volunteer models defy Moslem convention in order to do a Christian a favor.

In the picture on page 732, if there is any person who has moved he may be unintelligent, rude, or nervous. Since I could make no verbal pleas, those who remained motionless for a 3-second exposure must have been intelligent enough to know what I was doing, cordial enough to help, and sufficiently free from the jitters so that they would not unconsciously blur the photograph. The picture is conclusive proof of intelligent coöperation.

HERAT, CITY OF HISTORY AND MYSTERY

Herat reminded me of Bukhara, a place in which to sit and dream, its bazaars a source of never-failing interest, its twilight pools scenes of mystery. But Herat, with seven tall minarets breaking the skyline near a mud-walled city much like that at the foot of the tall tower from which Bukhara hurled spies and criminals to their death, was more satisfying.

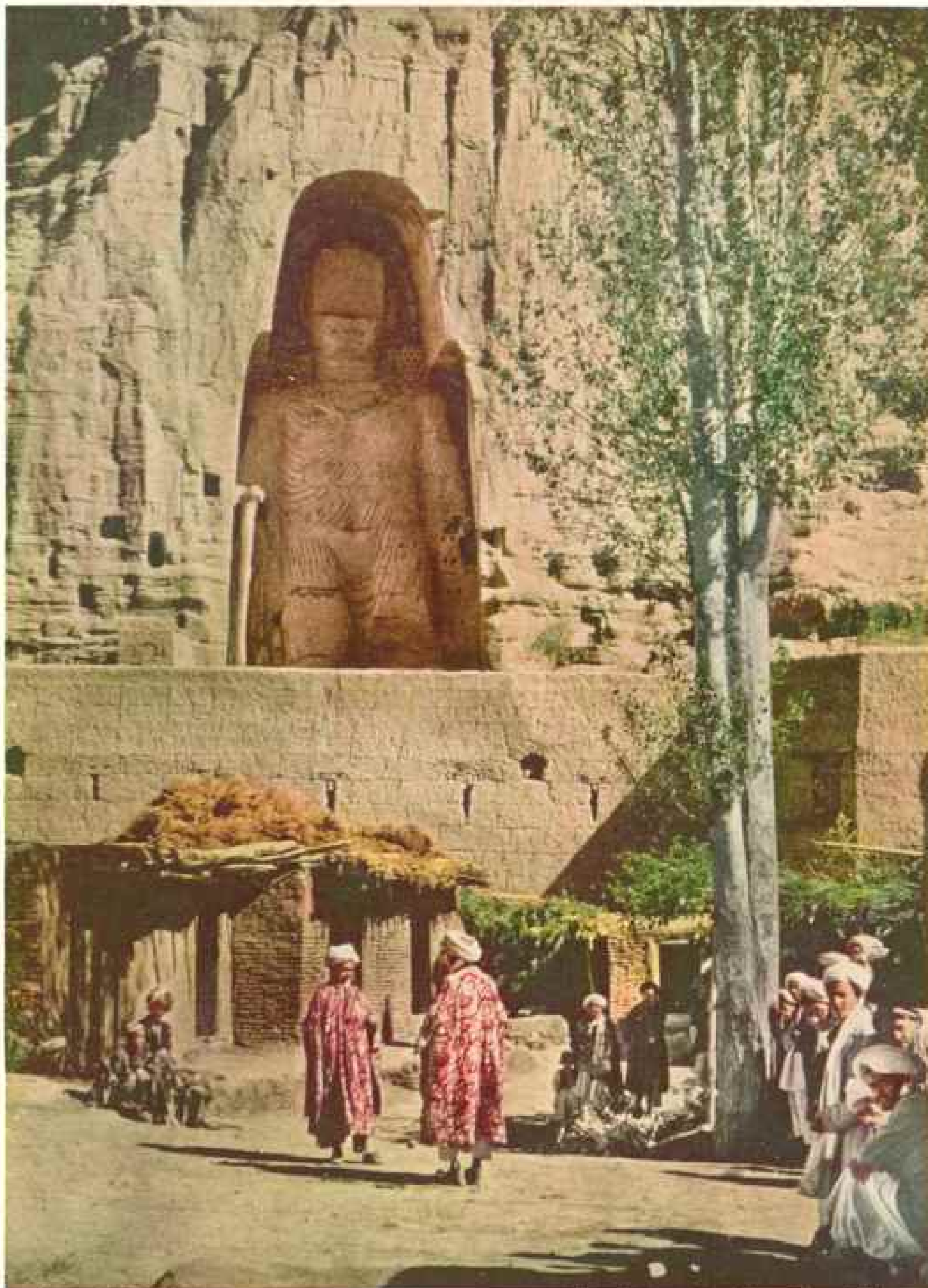
During my stay in Herat impromptu friends were ever making me feel at home. Shadowy warehouses were opened for my inspection, silversmiths stopped their bellows to gaze into my lens, while a crowd of onlookers circled behind me, watching my every move, but not interfering. When the light became too weak, I retired to a tea shop and dispensed or accepted hospitality, according to the rules of the East.

A few hours before, the Afghans had been represented to me as dangerous fellows. Now we followed narrow paths between poppy-studded fields of grain to visit some dervishes, huddled on their mats in a garden retreat, or wandered among the ruins of the Mosalla, Afghanistan's one-time equal of the tile-bright mosques at Meshed or Samarkand (see Color Plate VIII).

TESSELLATED TOWERS IN POPPY FIELDS

For more than six centuries this mighty mosque dominated the fertile plain of the Hari River. Even yet its minarets are encrusted in lustrous faïence and girdled with noble inscriptions in white marble. Above fields of opium poppy these tessellated towers rise like the smokeless chimneys of a fallen factory. Yet there is not a square foot of their surface that is not sheathed in beauty like that of a slender brass vase inlaid with copper and silver (pp. 734, 754).

A KINGDOM OF MANY TRIBES

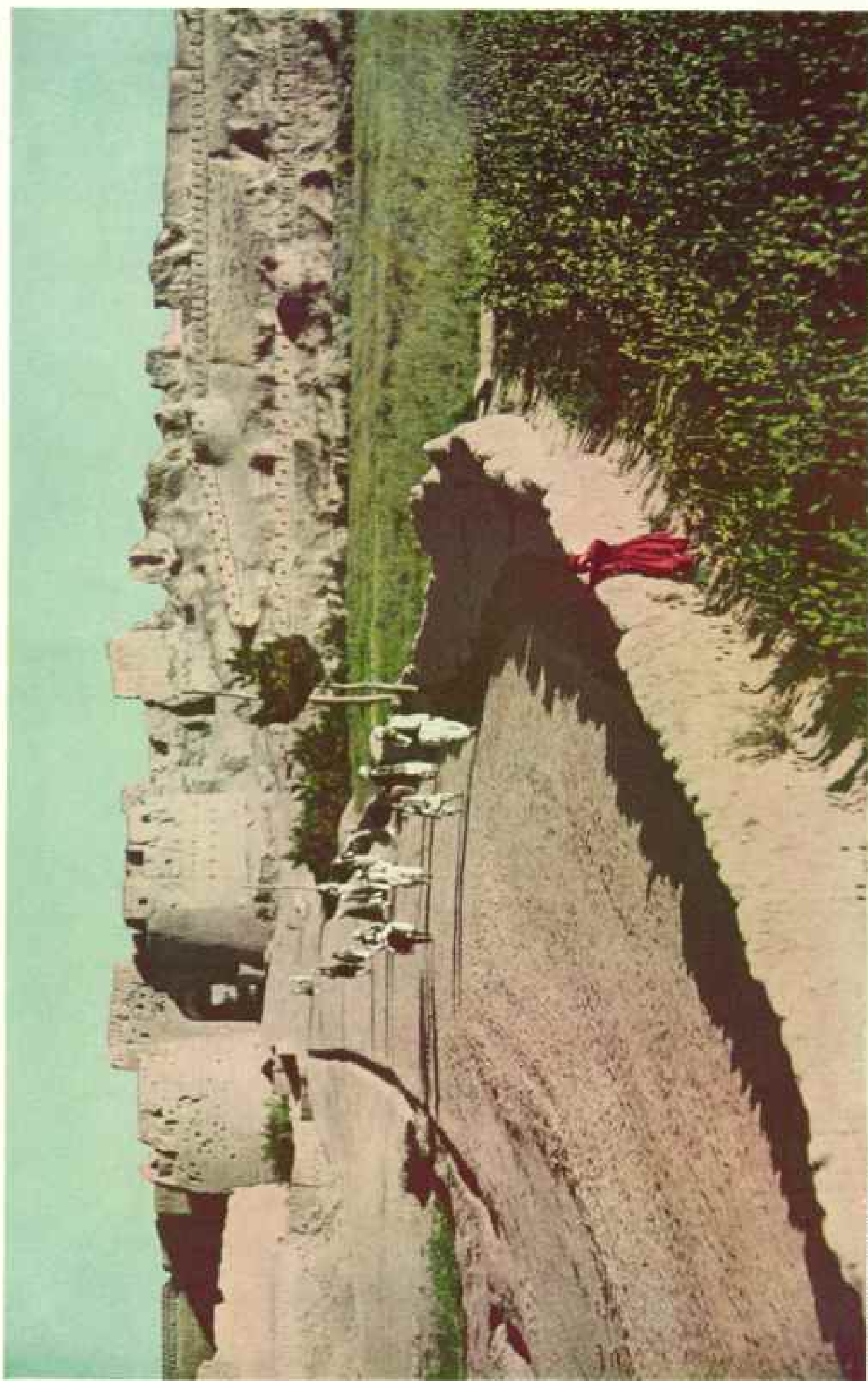


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Finlay Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A SHRINE AND SHOPPING CENTER FOR TWENTY CENTURIES

The Great Buddha at Bamian, northwest of Kabul, is a colossal monolith higher than Niagara Falls, and was a Central Asia rendezvous for pilgrims and traders in the first century. Now motor cars are frequently parked around the bazaar at the feet of the towering statue.

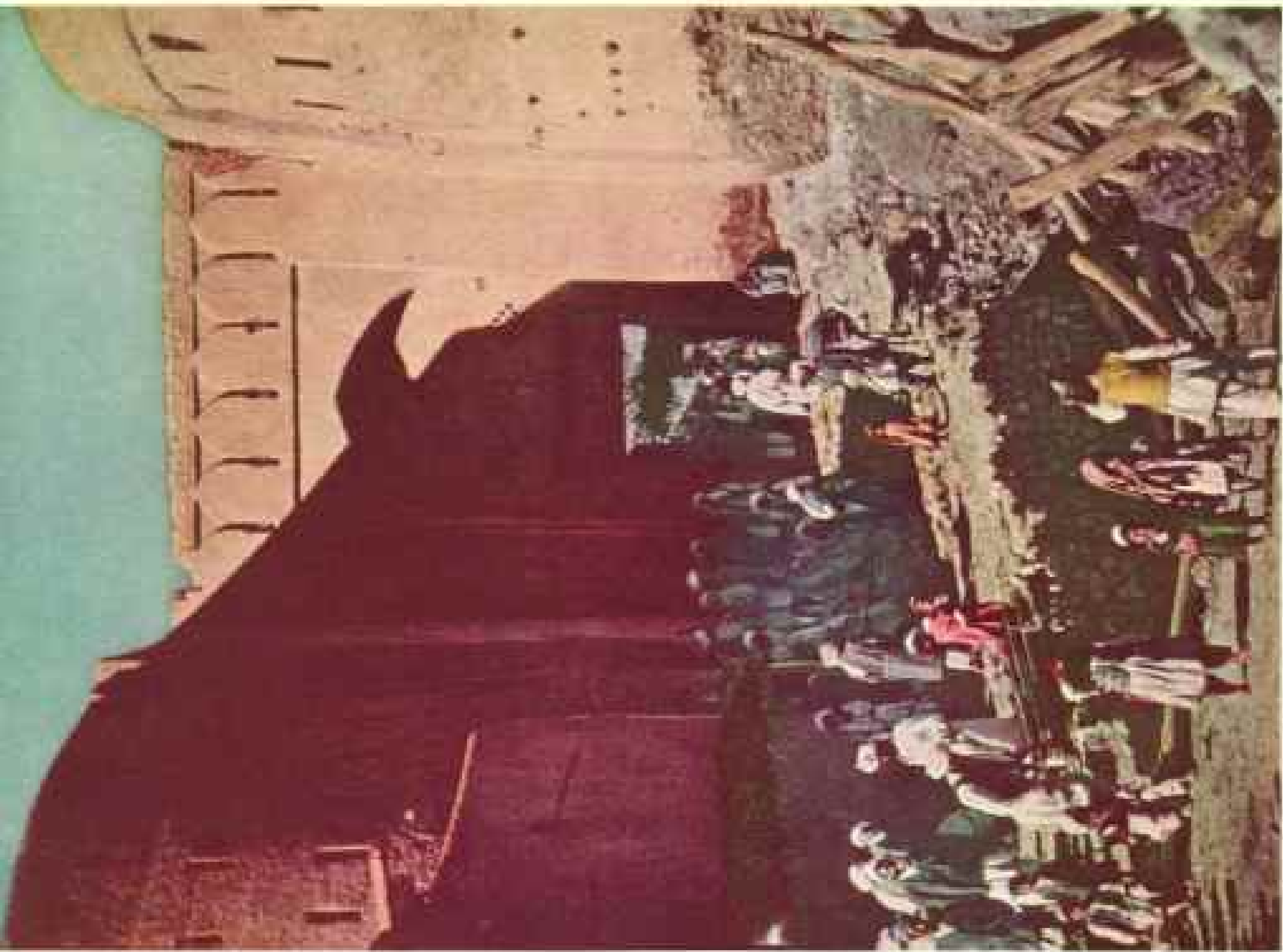


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Friday Photograph by Raymond Crown Williams

A POPPY FIELD OUTSIDE THE BROAD MUD WALLS OF HISTORIC HERAT

As a caravan center and a fortified local capital, Herat has been a focus of inland Asia learning and trade for centuries. Genghis Khan attacked it and Tamerlane wiped it out, but it rose again. Old Herat lay to the north of the present mud-walled city, on a hillside sloping toward the Hari River.



(9) National Geographic Society

ALL DAY LONG CROWDS TRAVERSE THIS RAMP

The Kandahar Gate at Ghazni is as busy as the ramp of a modern parking garage. Its colorful patrons are pedestrians who are entering or leaving the mud-wall gate of the one-time capital of the cultured Modern-conqueror, Mahmud of Ghazni.



Finlay Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

AFGHAN TRIBESMEN—IN AN UNUSUAL POSE

Unusual, because their home is in the saddle, and their "code" calls for no limitation in the hours they drive caravans or herd sheep. Their independent spirit is described in the saying that Afghans are tribesmen first and Afghans afterwards.



MAIN STREET OF THE "SILK CITY," KANDAHAR

Like many Indian cities, the center of the manufacture of Afghanistan's small prayer carpets is quartered by two principal streets. They cross under the "Tower of the Four Highways," center of the busy bazaars.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

TURBANED TURKOMANS AT HERAT

Once feared as "man stealers," the stalwart Turkomans still are dashing horsemen, though their major vocation is herding sheep and their women weave rugs. They are found in north Persia and Afghanistan, as well as in Turkmenistan, which bears their name.

A KINGDOM OF MANY TRIBES



THE ROSE GARDEN IN AMANULLAH'S "ABODE OF PEACE"

Before his downfall Amanullah sought to build a new capital, Dar-ul-Aman, near Kabul. Around the unfinished Parliament buildings are rose gardens, splendidly kept, which are a favorite resort for the people of Kabul.



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Finlay Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

BALUCHI TRADERS ON AN AGE-OLD TRADE ROUTE

Like the Afghans, the Baluchis are a mixed race. On the centuries-worn caravan trail to Mazar-i-Sharif, chief trading center of north Afghanistan, Baluchis are easily distinguished from the Afghans, who claim descent from the lost tribes of Israel and often have Semitic features.



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REGAL COLORS ADORN AN AFGHAN PEASANT

The Afghan dandy has two prides, the full white trousers bound in to crecent folds by short insteams, and his bright vest, heavily embroidered with gold braid (see Color Plate VII).



Faded Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A TRIBAL LEADER AND HIS JOSEPH-COATED SON

Afghanistan was long "posted" with a "keep out" sign to foreigners. Once permission is obtained to enter, the alien finds the individual Afghan hospitable, although the name Afghan means "noisy and turbulent."



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A GOLD-BRIGHT BOOTH IN THE KABUL BAZAAR

A modern sewing machine helps make the ancient designs of the traditional Afghan festival attire. One who rebels at the discomfort of a full-dress shirt might find consolation in not having to wear the Afghan vest, stiff and heavy with gold braid.

Finlay Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MINARETS LIKE JEWELLED CANDLESTICKS ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF THE MOSALLA

North of Herat there stood for 673 years a mosque comparable to the famous shrines of Samarkand and Meshed. Now only the slender shafts, inlaid with intricate patterns, are left standing.

After nearly seven centuries, during which Genghis Khan worked damage on the mosque within whose walls the body of Hazrat Imam Reza, magnet of Meshed pilgrims, once lay, foreign military officers induced the Amir to raze the priceless treasure because it hampered their military technique. The dome under which prayers had ascended to heaven for 673 years interfered with the field of fire, and hence was destroyed in 1885.

The Herati is looked down upon by the more warlike border tribes, and his failure to annihilate those who wrecked the Mossalla shows how meek he is; but as a host he left nothing to be desired.

Months afterward a small party of us rode across the 16,100-foot Wakhjir Pass for the privilege of again lunching in Afghanistan, a narrow strip of which, reaching toward Chinese Turkistan, separates India from Russian Turkistan.

A LOFTY GLACIER MOTHERS TWO RIVERS

Near this point the Karakoram Range, the lofty Himalayas and the massive Hindu Kush tie themselves into a knot, through the crevices of which two rivers, born of a single glacier, flow into Russian and Chinese Turkistan. The Oxus, or Amu Darya, after forming the boundary between Afghanistan and Tadzhik Republic, loses itself in the Aral Sea. The Tarim pours its green glacial waters into the dread Takla Makan and also dies in a desert.

Were one to ascend to the stratosphere high above the Wakhan mountain knot, he might observe that the Hindu Kush, breaking away into the Koh-i-Baba and Safed Koh masses, reaches westward toward Herat. The Sulaiman Range, whose isolated valleys harbor Galchas, Afridis, Pathans, Wazirs, Baluchis, and other hawk-faced gunmen, reaches southwestward more or less parallel to the Indus.

Wedge between the two mountain ranges is the land of the Duranis.

Afghan Turkistan and Badakhshan, lying north of the Hindu Kush, though included in Afghanistan, are inhabited by peoples speaking Turkish, Tatar, and Persian dialects—Shiite Mohammedans. Between the Hindu Kush and the Sulaiman Range the Pushtu-speaking Afghan tribes are orthodox Sunnis. Within the tip-tilted V of mountains several rivers, of which the Helmand is the chief, empty themselves into the Hamun-i-Helmand on the Persian fron-

tier, a vast lake in spring, a swampy depression later in the year.

FROM RUSSIAN TEA TO BRITISH

Going southeast from Herat to Kandahar, our trail crossed a succession of these rivers, summer-shrunken, but, in the absence of bridges, real obstacles to motor travel, even at low water. In a previous article* I have described the progress of our motor caravan over this historic trail, along which a railway only 370 miles long would connect the Russian railways with those of India. Somewhere along that short trail the balance of influence changes. In Herat, one drinks Russian tea and eats Russian biscuits. In Kandahar they are British.

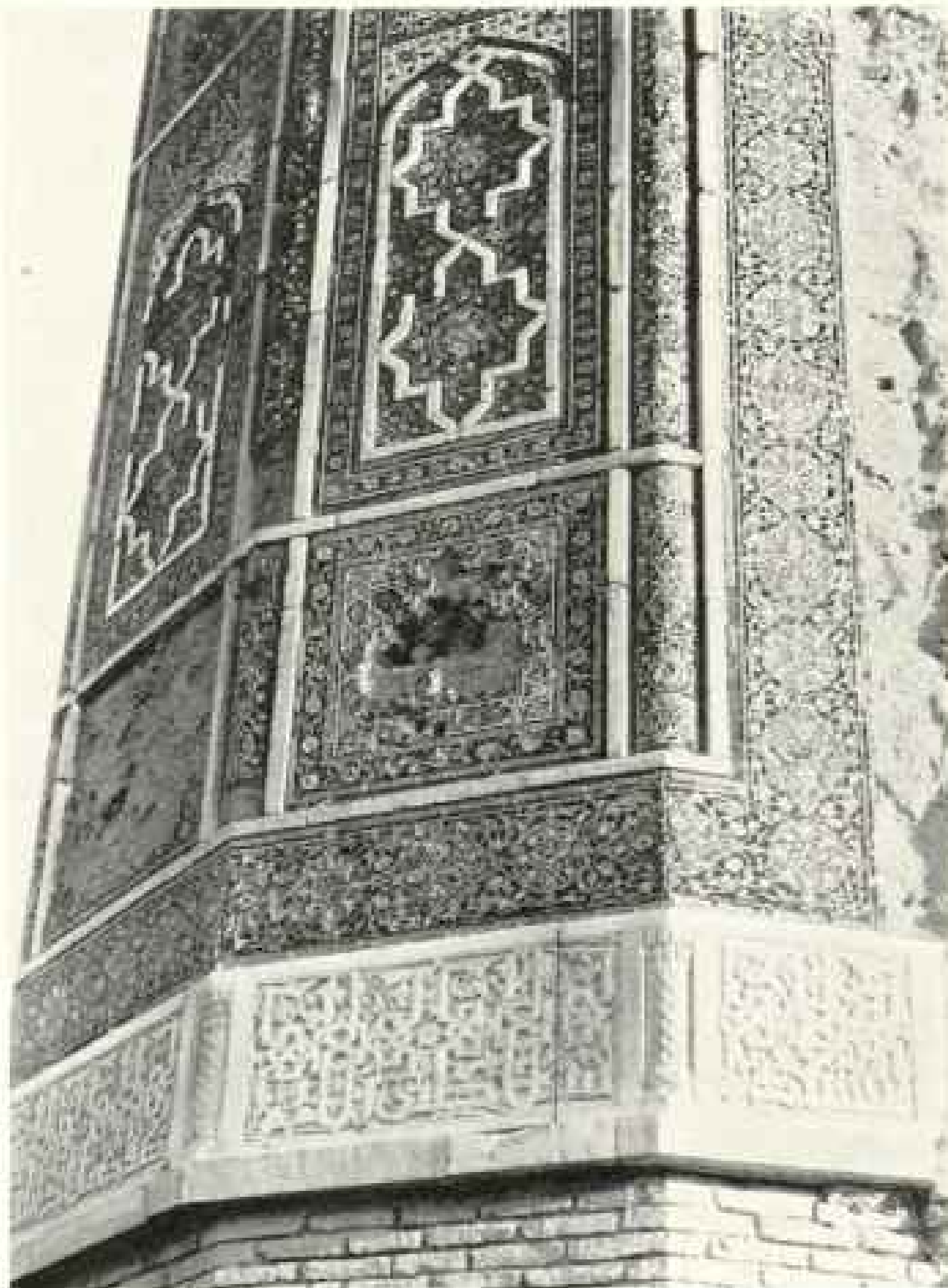
Both Herat and Kandahar at one time bore the name of Alexander, the first Western warrior to surpass the cavalry of the Iranian Plateau, upon whose mobility and force the Persian Empire had been founded. Aristotle's brilliant young pupil used horsepower to found an even greater empire. Having made better use than ever of the war chariot and cavalry, long since developed near the Hindu Kush, Alexander, far from Macedonia, now looked to the Iranians for manpower.

The East was making its subtle impress on the young empire-builder himself. On state occasions he wore Persian dress. He appointed Iranians as military governors. Then he married Roxana, oriental daughter of a Bactrian chief. Finally, either from diplomacy or conversion to Eastern ideas of royalty, he began to picture himself as a divinity, so that the worship of Alexander later became official. His less agile-minded Macedonians, resenting this, developed a spirit of revolt.

To-day the long mud walls of Farah rise above an unhealthy plain and the few local inhabitants either belong to the garrison or engage in the manufacture of gunpowder, conqueror of cavalry. Alexander was not to live to the age of high explosives, but at Farah he executed the commander of the Macedonian horse—probably the youthful empire-collector's worst crime (page 736).

No occidental had ever wielded his influence on Asia. Greek artists had preceded him, perhaps, and his Macedonians

* See "The Citroën-Haardt Trans-Asiatic Expedition Reaches Kashmir," by Maynard Owen Williams, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for October, 1931.



LACELIKE TILEWORK GRACES A MINARET OF THE MGSALLA

Not even the falence of Meshed or Samarkand surpasses in intricacy of design or beauty of coloring that which decorates the four stark towers of the vanished mosque near Herat. In the level light of the setting sun, these tapering memorials of a glamorous past seem inlaid with silver and precious stones, with marble moldings luring one closer to study the patterns (see illustration, page 754, and Color Plate VIII).

were but a European spearhead on an Aryan army, but his coming marked a new day in world art as well as world politics. Afghanistan, the Ariana of Strabo, is only now revealing its ancient art treasures. Some resemble those of Athens; others are like Gothic figures of many centuries later. Between the central mountains and the Hamun-i-Helmand on its western edge, Afghanistan frequently has been a scene of epoch-making events, but Alexander's fleeting influence was unbelievably great.

Trade followed the flag, and Alexander's military empire became a world market,

dominated by Greek or Hellenized merchants and Greek manufacturers, whose virtue was that they gave their customers what they wanted.

EACH MINT HAD ITS MONOGRAM

Credit and banking became as important as armaments, the gold standard was established, and exchange values between the rapidly mounting number of currencies were worked out.

Each mint had its own monogram, and in the Kabul Valley alone there were 150 mints turning out coins. These coins began by being miniature portraits of high artistic value and ended by being mere money—first gold, then silver, then copper.

A whole genealogy of otherwise unknown kings has been built up from names taken from the coins which became necessary when an economic empire rose amid the conflicts of political rivals.

From Kandahar the Indian railway system is only 65 miles away. Refrigerator cars come

to Chaman to carry Kandahar fruit to India, and Hindu merchants and usurers help make Kandahar the commercial metropolis of Afghanistan. Textiles, notions, and cigarettes come in from India. Silks and carpets arrive from Persia. The fertile plain contributes its famous fruits, and a soft stone, like alabaster, known as Kandahar stone, is beautifully worked by the native artisans.

From Kandahar to Kabul there is a good road, 315 miles long, the work of Abdur Rahman, third Afghan ruler, who really united the tribesmen. We passed the fort



THE HERAT CITADEL STANDS ON AN ARTIFICIAL MOUND

The Ark of the city, here seen from the north entrance of the principal bazaar street, is made of sun-dried brick and contains offices and a prison. Punishment in Afghanistan is still severe. Samir leaves hung in the small shop at the right. Telegraph wires give the only modern note.



TURBAN AND VEIL DISTINGUISH THE AFGHAN CROWDS

Black-robed women, wearing face covers dotted with peepholes, approach the mile-long bazaar across the walled city of Herat. Only one Persian cap is seen beyond the bulky headdresses of the men gathered to watch the photographer, who was more of a novelty to them than they to him.



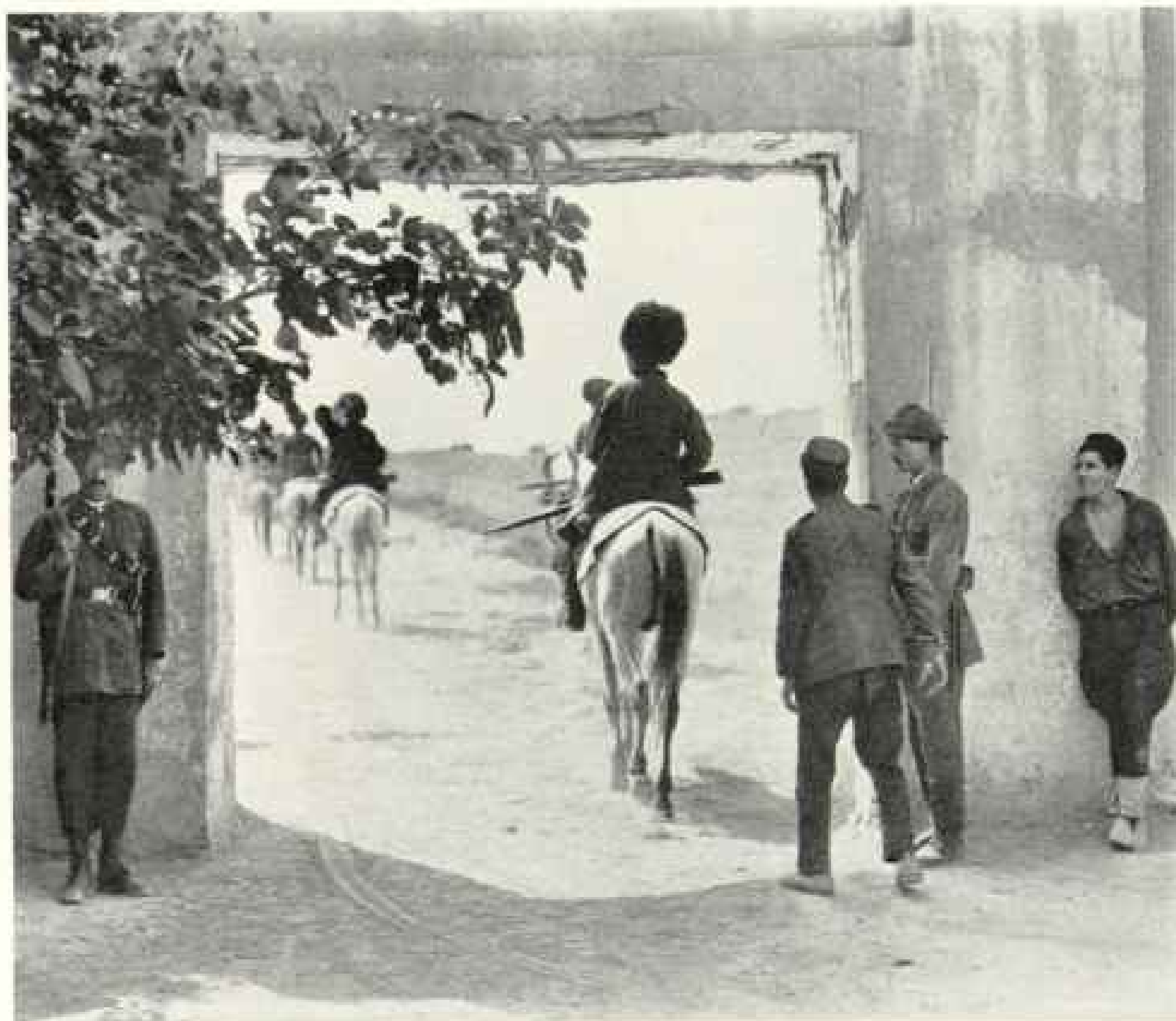
AFGHANS, TOO, FEEL THE LURE OF GAIN

Afghanistan issues its own currency, but coins and bills of Persia, India, and Russia also are used. Money changers, many of them Indians, are common in Kabul and Kandahar. In this scene, just outside the south wall of Herat, a tax official (center) is possibly levying on sheep or produce.



ONLY SILVERSMITHS DISPLAY JEWELRY IN LANDS OF THE VEIL

Moslem women love bright baubles, but hide them from view when in public. Anklets are both seen and heard; but bracelets, belts, earrings, and amulets only sound their presence. From one end of Asia to the other, there are large numbers of native workers in precious metals.



LIFE IN THE SADDLE DELIGHTS A TURKOMAN

He wears a high shako and a long gown, but despite this awkward-looking attire is a superb horseman. These Turkoman cavalymen have paid a visit to the guest house near Herat and are leaving the compound for home.

at Kalat-i-Ghilzai, nest of a tribe rival to the Duranis, and stopped at Mukur, where truckloads of tribesmen had been assembled for a day of dancing.

THE AFGHAN LOVES HIS GUN AND FLOWERS

The Afghan loves a gun and fondles flowers. He can be cruel, yet will die to protect a guest. More manly than many Asiatics, he becomes almost effeminate when at the end of his long, lean fingers there is, not a knife, but a fluttering square of bright silk. The Afghan boy, greeted at birth by a salvo of fourteen guns, is treated by his father with unusual tenderness.

Some of the dances at Mukur revealed the effeminate side of Afghan character. "Song and dance are Satan's daughters," say the Afghan Puritans. As in other Eastern lands where women do not participate

in the dances, men and boys develop an almost feminine grace which has a morbid fascination.

But there were other dances of a masculine wildness, with stamping feet multiplying the savage rhythm of the long-barrel drums, and the long locks of these mountaineers whipped back and forth over virile, sweaty faces. Behind the traplike rattle furnished by sticks in the left hands of the drummers was the heavy rhythm of the right hands, translated by scores of broad, bare feet into a thunderous pounding which shook the earth. Trousers spread wide and skirts belled out, but most impressive was the swish of greasy hair above bobbing heads with half-shut, bloodshot eyes (763).

While the sound-cinema ground away, recording frenetic gyrations, the archeologist dragged me away to Ghazni, once the



SO MIGHT HAVE LOOKED A CERTAIN CARPENTER OF
NAZARETH

Carrying a hand-sawed board in the Kabul Bazaar, this handsome young Afghan, a woodworker's assistant, somehow turns one's thoughts to the glorious story of ancient days.

capital of Mahmud (Mahmoud), the Idol Breaker, whose Moslems overran northern India, bringing back the spoils which enabled Ghazni to become the focus of diverse cultures and a center of Islamic art and knowledge.

Mahmud, through the greed of his treasurer, broke his promise and paid Firdausi with a camel-load of silver instead of gold, so enraging the famous author of the "Book of Kings" that he gave 20,000 silver dirhems of Mahmud's debased currency to his messenger, another 20,000 to his bath attendant, and a similar amount for a glass of beer.

Before fleeing the wrath of his patron, Firdausi wrote upon the walls of Mahmud's

prayer niche in the Great Mosque:

"The auspicious court of Mahmud, King of Zabulistan, is like a sea! What a sea! One cannot see its shore. If I have dived therein without finding any pearls, it is the fault of my star and not of the sea."

60,000 VERSES — AND THE GOLD STANDARD

But it was at Ghazni that the poet-historian wrote the 60,000 verses, each worth a goldpiece, before the king's treasurer went off the gold standard and made Firdausi a fugitive.

Mahmud repented, but his camel-loads of gold entered one gate of Tus as Firdausi's coffin left another. Firdausi had left his reward on deposit, so that reclamation works could help his native town. Even after his death the work was completed at the expense of Mahmud the Idol Breaker, patron of Persian poetry.

Mahmud was not the first Moslem to invade India, and there was a break between

his rule and that of his racial brothers who founded the Turkish dynasties of Delhi; but he made such a habit of invading India and brought Moslem culture so close to the northern gates of Hindustan that the Ghaznevids changed the course of history. By some historians he is known as the first Sultan and the original Ghazi (the Victorious), proudest title of Turkey's present ruler.

It is difficult at this late date to appreciate the amazingly rapid rise of Islam, the appeal which Moslem monotheism first made, or the abhorrence with which Mohammedans regarded idolatry; but the Prophet, not only without honor in Mecca but a fugitive from it, had been dead only

a century when Moslem forces faced the army of Charles Martel in France. Lieut. Col. Sir Wolseley Haig vividly reveals what the Occident escaped:

"The Battle of Poitiers decided whether the Christians' bell or the muezzin's cry should sound over Rome, Paris, and London; whether the subtleties of the schoolmen and, later, the philosophy of Greece, or the theology and jurisprudence of the Koran and the Traditions should be studied at Bologna, Paris and Oxford and Cambridge."

What Europe escaped, Hindustan endured; yet Mahmud's plundering forays and idol-breaking "crescentades" ushered in the Mogul splendor, India's Golden Age.

300 BARBERS CALLED TO DUTY

Beside the Arabian Sea, about halfway between Bombay and Karachi, a little temple, stripped even of its marble, stands in ruins. Aurangzeb, the last member of the greatest dynasty the world ever knew, destroyed it only a few months before the Mogul power collapsed; yet this seaside temple was enough, in its prime, to stir Mahmud to his sixteenth and most famous invasion of India.

Five hundred dancing girls and 300 musicians entertained the pilgrims to Somnath and 300 barbers were necessary to shave their heads. Ten thousand villages furnished the revenues, and the idol was washed daily with water brought 750 miles from the Ganges, so far away that only a fraction of the wonder-working fluid arrived to lave the idol of the moon-god.

The temple Brahmans boasted that theirs



THE TURKOMAN'S HEADRESS RESEMBLES COARSE YARN

In the camp in the Governor's garden at Herat, a large assembly of shako wearers of this tribe gathered to pay their respects to the Citroën-Haardt Trans-Asiatic Expedition—a rather unusual procedure, for they are not numerous in the bazaars.

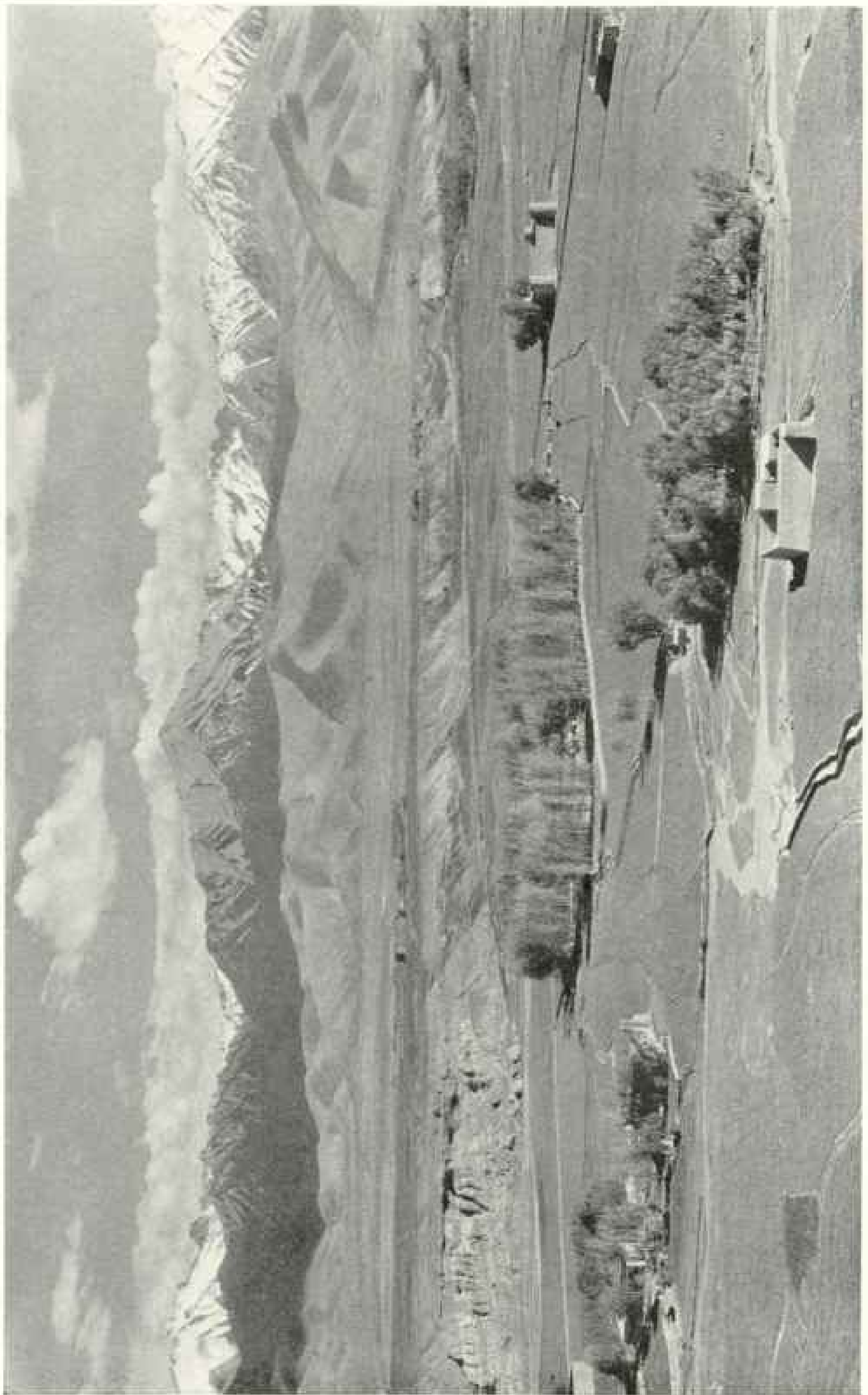
was the most powerful of gods. Mahmud, the Moslem zealot, accepted their challenge and another plundering foray began.

Enemies and deserts barred his way. Each soldier was forced to carry fodder as well as food, and Mahmud enlisted 30,000 camels in his advance.

The story of the capture was too good to be left to prosaic historians. When Mahmud raised his club for such a blow as won him the title of "Idol Breaker," the Brahmans tried to buy him off.

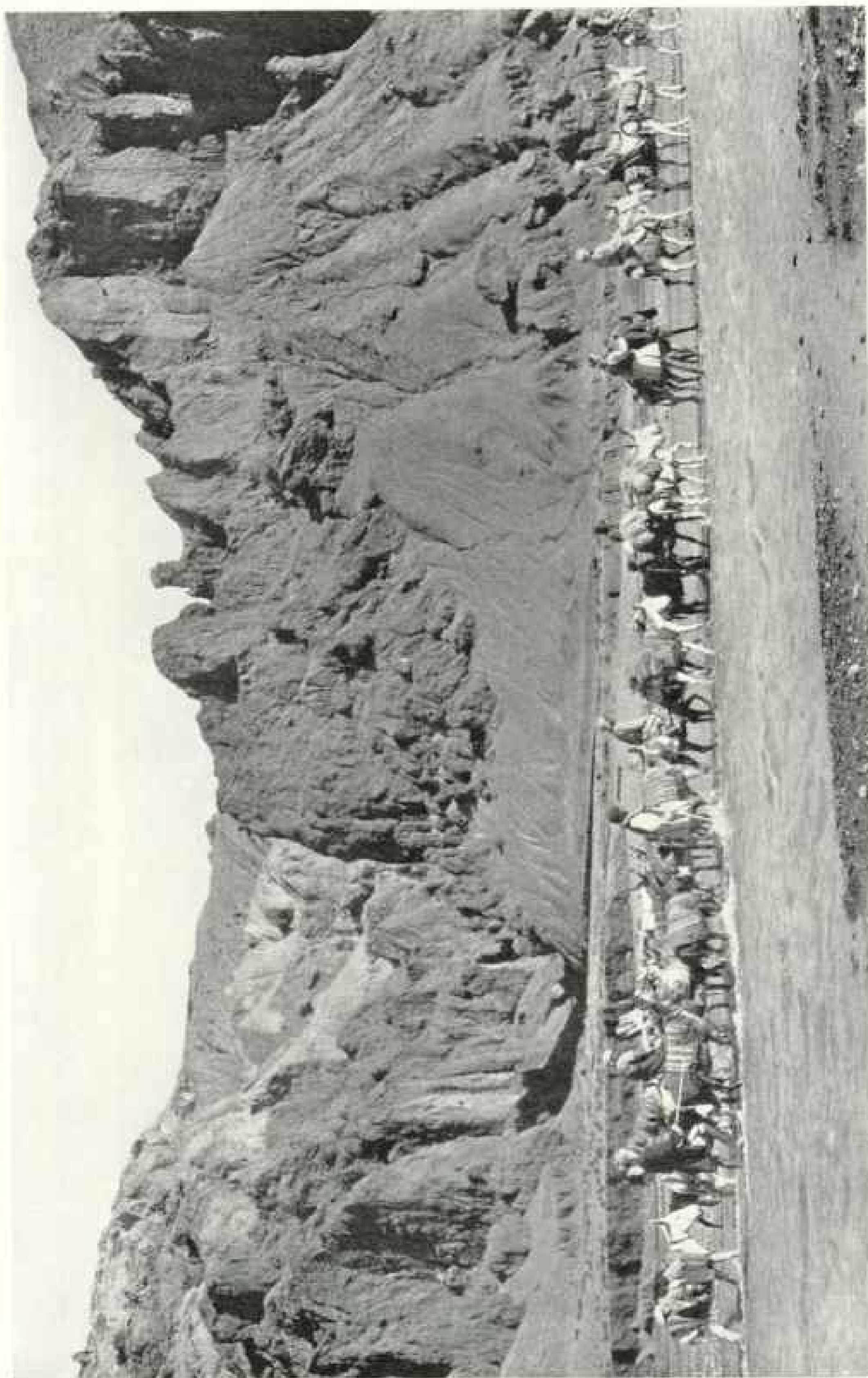
"I'm a breaker, not a seller, of idols," was Mahmud's incensed reply.

When the idol split beneath his mace, a glittering stream of gems cascaded to the



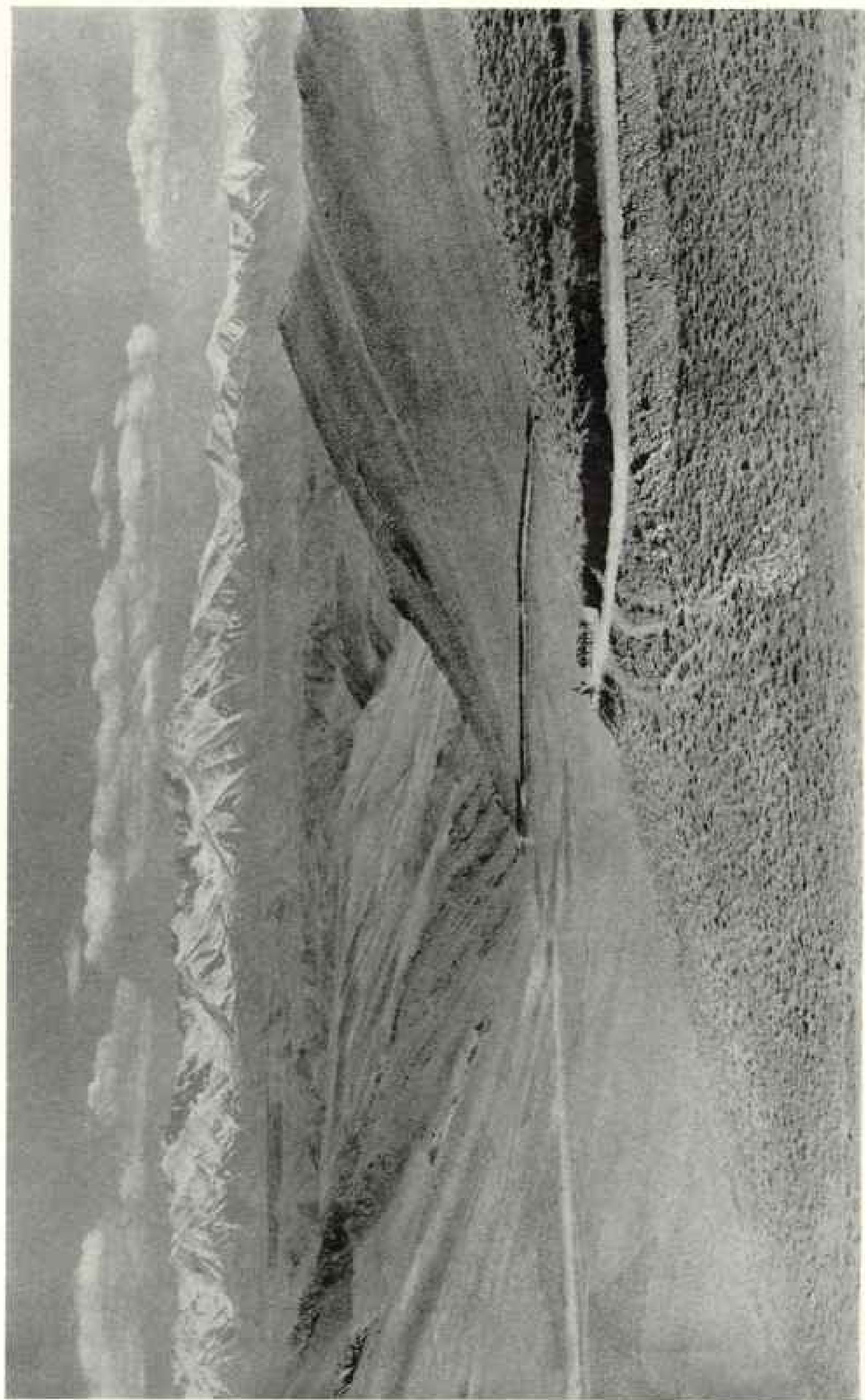
WHAT BAMIAN'S BIG BUDDHA HAS FACED FOR SIXTEEN CENTURIES

This scene, taken from the head of the 175-foot statue, shows the fertile valley, with its fortlike farmhouses, the plateau of an earlier and wider valley, and the snow-clad peaks of the Koh-i-Baba. Bamian Valley is nearly 4,000 feet higher than Denver, and the Koh-i-Baba summits are more lofty than Pike's Peak.



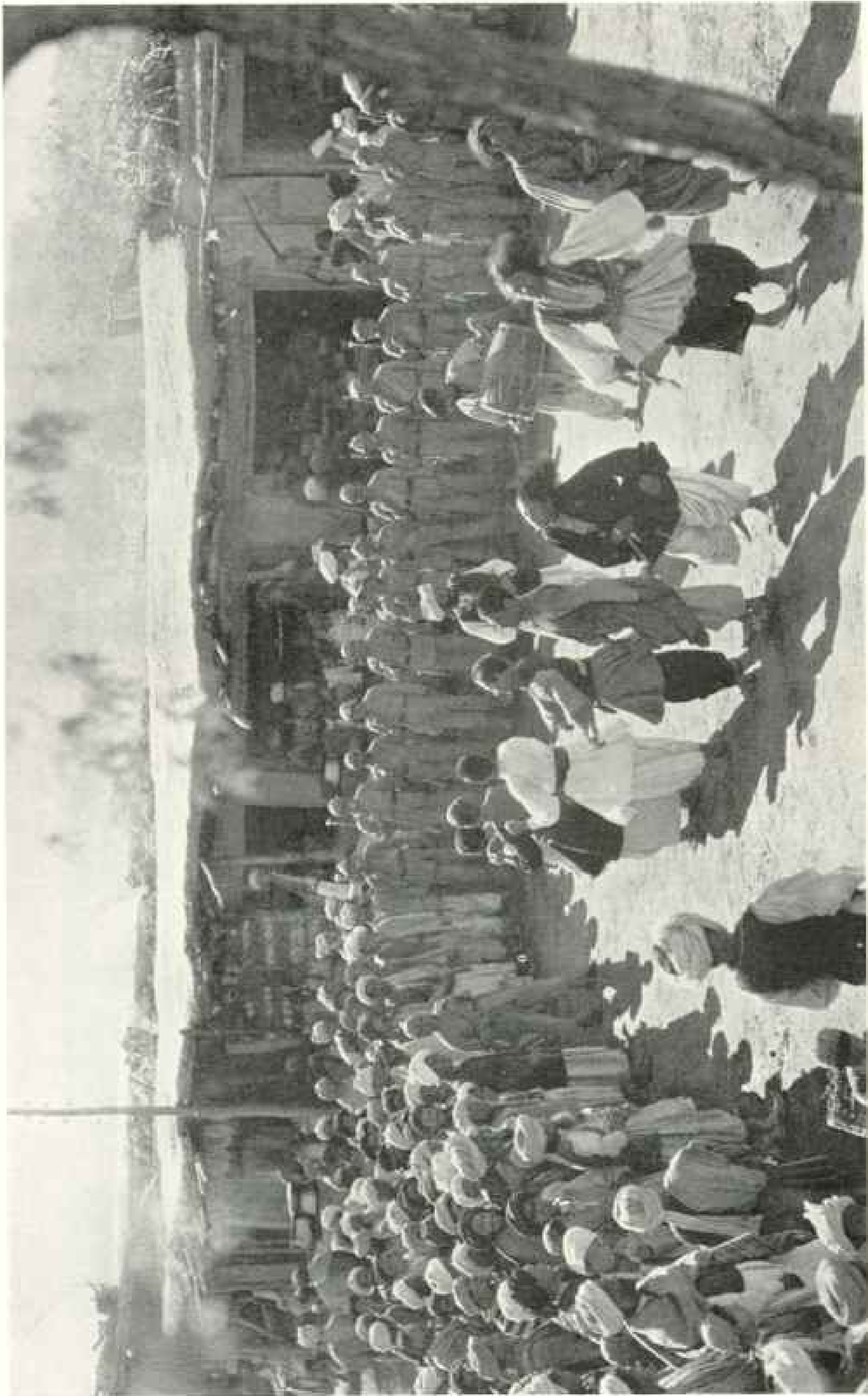
BALUCHI TRADERS DEPEND ON DONKEYS FOR TRANSPORTATION

Tribal uprisings are common along India's north-west frontier, but year after year the long caravans go up to Mazar-i-Sharif and other north Afghanistan commercial centers. There is a never-ending exchange of goods among Russian Turkistan, Baluchistan, and India across Afghanistan. Motorcars can proceed from Kushka to Chaman and Quetta, but across east Afghanistan communication is either by the means employed by this group crossing a stream in the Bamian Valley or by airplane.



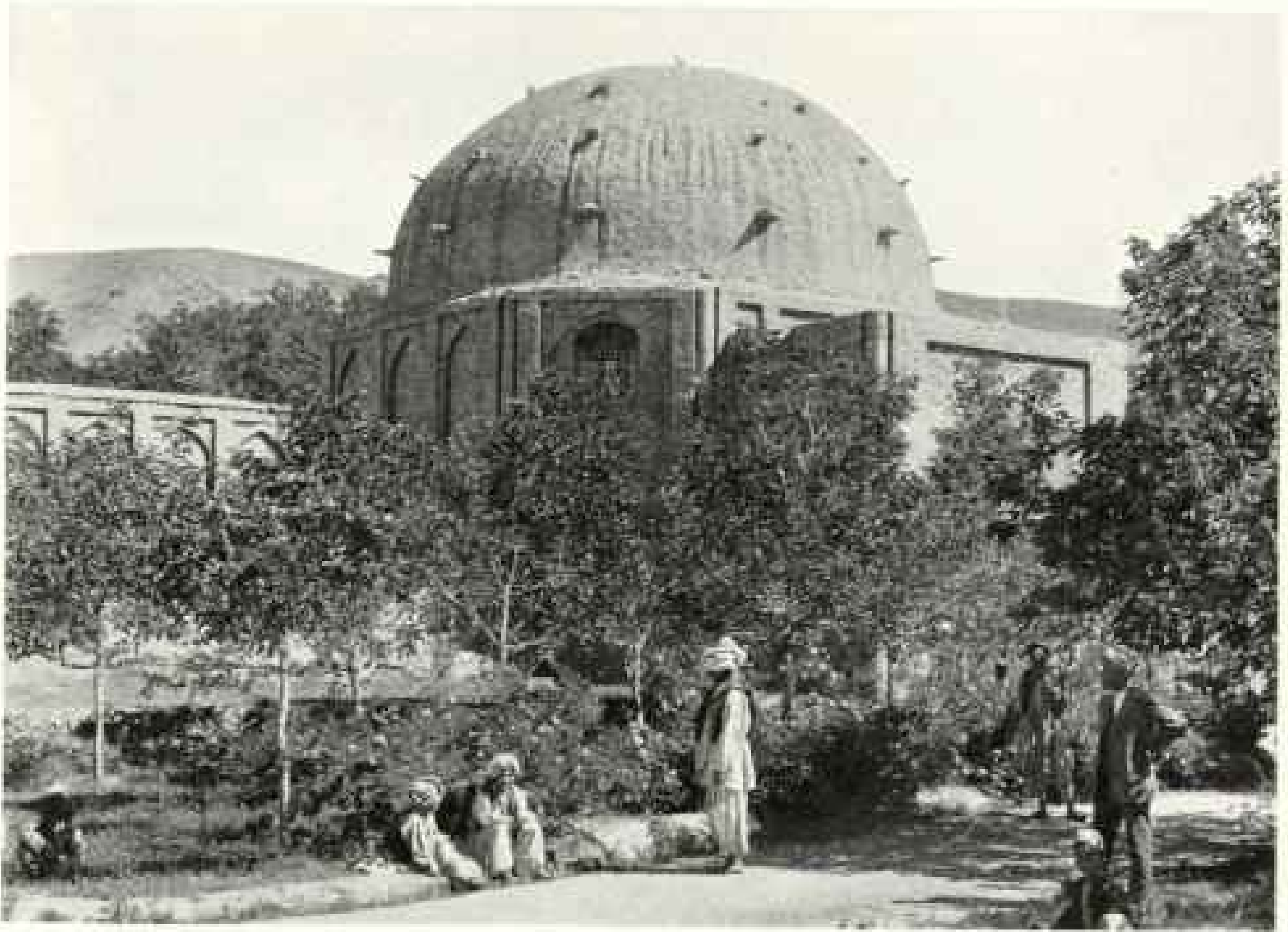
BEFORE THE EYES OF TRAVELERS CROSSING AK ROBAT PASS THE KOH-I-BABA SUDDENLY CLOSES THE SOUTHERN HORIZON

At the left is the old caravan trail. At the right is the new motor road, the terminus of which is near the point from which this picture was taken. For centuries the way over the saddle has been used by caravans between Bamian Valley and the north.



FOOT-POUNGING AND HAIR-WHIPPING LEND ABANDON TO AN EXHIBITION AT GHAZNI

Some of the Afghan dances are slow and graceful, but this one, in front of the guest house at Ghazni, is barbaric in its intensity. The performers' locks are whirled about their heads with great force, and their feet, because of the speed of the spinning, assume strange positions (see page 757).



MAHMUD'S TOMB STANDS IN A QUIET ROSE GARDEN NEAR GHAZNI

Few Christians have ever approached this burial place, but Moslems honor those who have worshiped at this humble tomb. It bears a plea for the mercy and forgiveness of God upon "the most exalted Amir," whose armies won him the title of Ghazi (the Victorious—see text, page 757).



BOUNTIES OF A FERTILE REGION DECK A TEA TABLE

Flowers, apricots, plums, cherries, cucumbers, and green almonds were combined on the board around which the Mayor of Kandahar, center of a splendid fruit belt, received his guests at a sunset party.

floor, a hundred times the value of the rejected Brahman bribe.

James Russell Lowell's story of the destruction has rung through many an American schoolroom on "Declamation Day."

Two pieces of the idol of Somnath were sent to Ghazni to be walked upon by those who entered mosque and palace; two went to Mecca and Medina, there to be trodden upon by the feet of the Faithful.

To-day Ghazni, sitting amid a fat plain, is little more than ruined Somnath. Nearly a century after the death of "Mahmood the Image Breaker," Ghazni fell before Jahansoz "the World-Burner." For seven days fire consumed the city.

A REMOTE PATTERN FOR DELHI STRUC- TURE

For some reason two splendid Towers of Victory were spared, and when I returned from the tomb of Mahmud, which the World-Burner also left unharmed, they stood in silhouette against cloud masses above the battlements, which slope away from the mud citadel of Ghazni like the turrets of a giant battleship. Obscure pillars in a remote plain, they furnished the pattern for the famous Kutb Minar (or Victory Tower), near India's new capital, at Delhi.

India contains other souvenirs of Ghazni. In Agra, near the room in the fort where Shah Jahan died while gazing at the Taj Mahal, are the "Gates of Somnath," which Mahmud supposedly carried to Ghazni to decorate his tomb. Lord Ellenborough, theatrical in imagination, insisted on their



AMONG ORIENTAL MEN, AGE IS A BEAUTIFIER

With Eastern women it is a destroyer of loveliness. Turban, long cloak, and personal dignity contribute largely to the princely bearing of this Afghan of Herat; but his intelligent eyes, patriarchal nose, and well-kept beard would set him apart in any group (see page 733).

removal in 1842, with the idea of returning them to Somnath. Back they came, not to Somnath but to the fort at Agra. There they remain, subjects for the Somnath proclamation and a speech by Macaulay, but unquestionable forgeries.

Between the Kandahar Gate and Ghazni River there is a steep ramp, up and down which turbaned men, prancing horses, patient donkeys, haughty camels, and sheepish sheep are constantly moving. It brought back a memory of exactly that scene, as if I had been with the Army of the Indus in Afghanistan in 1842. The outer battlements have disappeared and a wider modern bridge has supplanted the one



STUFF SUCH AS HE SELLS LURED MARCO POLO

The silk merchant seems rather drab; yet under his turban may be a skullcap highly colored or encrusted in gold thread. In the middle foreground is an iron post which serves this professional as ardent swains served the Colonial women of their choice, by holding the yarn while it was being rewound from a hank to a ball or bobbin.

across which the British gunners advanced. But the scene was strangely familiar.

Not till I returned to the National Geographic Society Library was that mysterious sense of revisiting Ghazni explained. Sir Keith A. Jackson sketched the Kandahar Gate nearly a hundred years ago, and in Leningrad I bought a presentation volume of his rare sketches bearing this inscription:

"To His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia (Nicholas I) these views in Afghanistan, Gabaul, Ghuznee, Candahar, &c., are respectfully presented by His Imperial Majesty's most humble servant, Joseph Fowell Walton."

A British Lion a "Humble Servant" to the Russian Bear! Evidently conventional formulas do not fit every case. At the Foreign Minister's tea of welcome to Kabul, instead of light chatter I was pinned down by eager questions concerning recent American political events.

"We can't proceed intelligently until we know what others have thought and done," said one of King Nadir's cabinet. Then he requested that I suggest a suitable college for a few Afghan students in America and help him obtain catalogues showing the curriculum to be followed.

Commenting on the complex geography of his country, which splits Afghanistan into many isolated valleys, King Nadir described "E Pluribus Unum" as an Afghan policy.

Present-day Kabul is as interesting for its scenes of native life as for its new political policies.

In Kabul, hatters stuff cotton or paper

into top and side welts of gaudy skullcaps, while tailors fashion equally flashy vests. Menders of chinaware or even of lemonade glasses bore tiny holes in the pieces and fasten them together with soft copper brads, hammered in.

Shopkeepers sit amid their stock and scoop away a few dried peas or a bit of sugar or flour from neat cones of foodstuffs. Jewelers set large stones like rubies into wide silver bracelets with projecting points like those on dog collars.

Caged birds hang at many a shop door and the proprietors play with their beady-eyed sons while awaiting custom. From one

end of the town to the other there are the makers of Afghan sundaes.

AN AFGHAN "SODA FOUNTAIN"

An Afghan sundae shop looks like a display of antique crockery, for the large plates are of different patterns and are set on edge behind the confectioner rather than stacked. The sweet dispenser is something of a juggler, and every move, like those of "soda-jerkers" elsewhere, is a gesture to delight and impress his customers.

The plate is first filled with snow, over which a tiny ladle trickles syrup. Then is added a handful of sweet paste cut into strips like noodles, over which tiny ladles of cream are poured before the whole confection is completed with a dash of rose water. Though the ceremony is more intriguing than the refreshment, the combination is memorable.

From crowded Kabul, with its mud-and-wattle structures standing on stilts beside Kabul River, a two-car train carries visitors out to the beautiful gardens of Dar-ul-Aman—Amanullah's "Abode of Peace."

In any other capital the almost deserted cluster of modern homes and unfinished Parliament of "New Kabul" would seem *too* peaceful after the bustle of building. But the Afghan, from king to peasant, has decided to make haste slowly. Only when real dawn follows the false one will Dar-ul-Aman become a capital, such a worthy modern city as is new Ankara, which it so closely resembles.

Meanwhile the flower gardens around the Palace of Parliament are brighter than



THE KABULI SUNDAE SHOP OFFERS EXOTIC CONFECTIONS

In front of the attendant is a tray of sweet pudding. Standing at the right is a cake of snow. A ladle projects from a pan of syrup, and somewhere is a pot of noodles or grated coconut. The plates, jars, brassware, and glass-bead fringe are for advertising display.

those Shah Jahan laid out at Shalimar and Nasim Bagh beside Dal Lake. This pretentious grave of a reformer's premature dreams is bowered in blooms (see Color Plate V).

Once there was a fine for those visitors who came here in any but Western dress, but the Afghan, with his shirt outside his wide trousers, is now at home in the Abode of Peace.

And on his head he wears the turban, which represents his funeral pall, an ever-present reminder that man proposes and Allah disposes.

Soon after our departure from Kabul, when Nadir Shah convoked the National



AGE-OLD TOWERS LOOK DOWN ON A QUIET VILLAGE SCENE.

Girishk, an Afghan fort town, is crossed by the great caravan route from Kandahar to Herat. Although its fortifications are slight, its strong position on the main route and in the vicinity of supplies has at all times invested it with strategic importance.



CARAVAN DRIVERS REACH THE TRAIL OF THE AUTOMOBILE

The present terminus of the motor road from Kabul is the Ak Robot Pass, to the north of which the descent is steep and rough. Except in winter, there is considerable pack-animal traffic across this saddle to Mīrāz-i-Shīrīf and Badakhshan.

Assembly, his first concern was to convince the delegates that such a gathering was not contrary to the teachings of the Prophet, and that the early Caliphs took counsel together.

Moslems first and Afghans afterward, his diverse tribesmen have preserved the poise which makes of the modest Asiatic a delightful host. They will not brook interference. Visitors who avail themselves of the "right to rest," which even enemies enjoy in Afghanistan, will find the whole land such an "abode of peace" as Amanullah, for all his enthusiasm, could not build in a day.

Through the same narrow defile where fierce conquerors swept into India, a gateway now guarded with infinite force and tact, gentle Buddhism quietly penetrated northward to Cathay, and the art of Gandhara, outpost of Hellenism in north India, followed the Kabul Valley toward Bactria and Central Asia.

The hub of trade routes to China, India, and Rome was Balkh, north of the Hindu Kush. South of the mountains the efforts of five centuries of pilgrims had honey-combed the Bamian cliffs with shelters and shrines (Plate I and pages 740-1, 760-1).

Here Hsuang Tsang, Chinese pilgrim to Buddhist shrines in India, saw the Hellenized drapery and pose of the Great Buddha, higher than Niagara Falls, just before Islam brought ruin to the site. Better evidence of political and religious ferment along a commercial trade route would be hard to find. Bamian furnishes clues to many historical influences of which we still know little.

We moved on toward the Khyber, where British officers outdid each other in hospitality. Our month in Afghanistan had been a delightful experience, largely because the Afghan, of all Asiatics we had met, seemed least concerned with copying others and most concerned with being himself.



THE SOCIETY'S NEW MAP OF ASIA

ASIA, the "Continent of Superlatives," is depicted in ten colors and with a wealth of careful cartographic detail in the latest map prepared by the National Geographic Society. The map reaches members as a special supplement with this issue of the Magazine.*

Here is the world's greatest land mass—approximately 17,000,000 square miles if Asia alone is considered, nearly 21,000,000 square miles with Europe included. On it are the peaks that the earth thrusts farthest into space: Mount Everest and its fellows of the massive Himalayas. On the continent, also, is the earth's most deeply sunken sea, the Dead Sea, with its surface 1,290 feet below the level of the oceans. There, too, is the most extensive continental area below sea level, the huge Caspian basin and sea covering territory greater than that of the State of California and lying for the most part 85 feet below ocean level.

CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION

In huge Asia man probably took his first halting steps in agriculture and animal husbandry, worked out his first problems in irrigation. From its sands archeologists have dug the remains of the earliest known cities; and some, like Babylon, flowering later, that rank among the greatest cities the world has ever known. The languages, laws, and religions that we know best all had their roots in Asia, and poured to the West the factors on which modern civilization is built. Here is the "mother continent" of to-day's world.

To-day, as in every age, history is in the making in seething Asia. In Palestine thousands of Jews are seeking to carve out a new home from the ancient homeland of their race; while Arabs, whose ancestors have looked upon the land as their own for centuries, are striving to maintain their foothold. Arabia is being consolidated into a kingdom covering the major portion of the immense peninsula. Rejuvenated Turkey and modernized Persia are breaking with the past and are introducing Western ideas and methods and equipment. The Soviet Union is developing its vast Asiatic domain, setting up new governmental units for the numerous racial strains; extending railroads

* Members may obtain additional copies of the Map of Asia on paper for 50 cents; on map linen, 75 cents. The index of all names on the map may be had for 25 cents.

and highways; building dams and irrigation projects.

Great Britain still guards India's north-west frontier as alertly as she did when Kipling's "Man Who Was" stumbled across the border into Peshawar. Japan extends her influence and her economic penetration on the mainland, past absorbed Korea, into Manchuria, south of the Great Wall itself. China simmers with her three capitals, her war lords, her treaty ports and foreign patches. France makes more secure her colonial domain in Indo-China; Siam has her revolutions, mostly bloodless; the Philippines debate independence; and the Dutch, master colonial administrators, steadily develop their Far Eastern island empire.

The Society's Map of Asia is unusually comprehensive. It is drawn on the azimuthal equidistant projection, with the pole of projection near the geographic center of the continent. With this arrangement, and with the scale chosen, it was possible to embrace all of the mainland of Asia, the islands of Japan, the Philippines, Netherland India, all of Europe, and a large fraction of northern and eastern Africa, including regions from the Strait of Gibraltar, in the northwest, to Mozambique, in the southeast. The map actually shows parts of five continents—of all except South America and Antarctica—and covers approximately 45 per cent of the earth's total land area. With land and water both considered, the map embraces slightly more than a quarter of the globe.

WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS MARKED

The mountain masses which form an outstanding feature of southern and central Asia are shown in detail on the new map. Specially selected type insured the clear marking of each prominent peak with its elevation. In the Himalayas and near-by ranges are shown towering Everest, 29,002 feet high, the world's loftiest peak; succinctly labeled K¹, with an elevation of 28,250 feet, second highest of the earth's mountains; Kanchenjunga, Dhaulagiri, and Nanga Parbat, which constantly appear in the world news, and more than a score of others higher than the loftiest peaks of other continents. The principal passes and caravan routes across the mountains are also shown.

The use of many hundreds of place names in Soviet territory, China, and Japan



THIS WAS A "NEW MAP OF ASIA" THREE-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES AGO

Made between 1570 and 1612, it appeared in Ortelius' "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum." The term "atlas" for a book of such drawings had not then come into use. It will be noted that the outline of Arabia is surprisingly accurate. Farther east and in the interior, Asia was not so well known. The Caspian Sea is out of shape, the Himalaya Mountains are too far north, Sumatra and Japan are too plump, and the peninsulas of Korea and Kamchatka do not exist.

necessitated transliteration from alien alphabets. The political divisions and boundaries shown are from the latest official records of the several countries.

Centered as it is, the new map embraces the entire, widespread territory of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, both the European and Asiatic areas. On this portion of the map readers will find many names new to them, denoting areas, towns, and physical features that bore other labels a few years ago. In former Turkistan, for example, is the Turkmen Soviet Socialist Republic, the Uzbek S. S. R., the Kara Kalpak Autonomous S. S. R., the Tadzhik Autonomous S. S. R., the Kirghiz A. S. S. R.

The one-time city of Ekaterinburg has become Sverdlovsk, Verni has given place to Alma Ata, Poltoratsk is now Ashkhabad. In each of these cases and in scores of others the displaced name is shown on the map in parentheses beside the newer name.

The map is the first published widely in America showing complete boundaries for the several kingdoms, colonies, and protectorates into which Arabia is divided. Previous maps have shown definite divisions only around the coasts of Arabia. Hadhramaut, with its unusual "skyscraper" cities, is shown under the political influence of British Aden.

One of the least-known political divisions to take its place on the map is the Republic of Tannu Tuva, under Soviet influence, which lies west of the southern end of Lake Baikal and north of Outer Mongolia.

TRAILS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, TRACED

Newly built rail lines are shown on the map. Most of the new construction appears in Turkey, in the Kazak Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic and in Manchuria and northern Korea. From numerous important railheads the map shows overland trade

routes extending through deserts and over mountains. These trails were traversed formerly only by camel and mule caravans. Recently the beasts of burden on some—notably in Trans-Jordan, Iraq, and Persia—have given way in large part to motor trucks and passenger automobiles.

The newest geographic features shown are islets in the China Sea west of Palawan, the occupation of which by France in the early autumn was protested by Japan.

COLORS TELL MUCH

The tints of the map emphasize the colossal settings of the world's leading empires and colonial dominions on the vast Asian stage. All British possessions, mandated territories, and colonies are shown in pink. The Island of Cyprus is the most western Asiatic territory to bear the British color. From there eastward the sweep of British influence is shown in Palestine and Trans-Jordan, in regions along the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, and the Persian Gulf; in Baluchistan and huge India; in Burma, the Malay States, Borneo, Australia, and New Guinea. The area farthest north along the China coast to fly the British flag is shown by the tiny pink spot that represents the island of Hong Kong.

Because the large number of separate sovereignties in Europe and Asia and a limited spectrum of colors make necessary a repetition of certain tints, Afghanistan appears on the map outlined in purple. All other purple tints in Asia denote control by France—areas scattered from Lebanon and Syria in the west to French Indo-China and Kwangchowan in the east. Little-known French colonies in India are shown by tiny purple splotches on the east coast of the peninsula.

On the west coast small orange-colored spots indicate bits of land over which the flag of Portugal flies. These and half the island of Timor, northwest of Australia, are the only territories of appreciable size left in Asia to-day under the ownership of the great exploring and colonizing country which, at the end of the fifteenth century, found the sea route to the East and staked out the first of the many European land claims that later became recognized. Macau, Portuguese city near Britain's Hong Kong, is too small to make tinting feasible. Its ownership, like that of other

tiny areas along other coasts, is indicated in parentheses.

The huge but unified territories of the Soviet Union and of China are shown respectively by borders of green and yellow. A narrow barrier of brownish orange along the western and southern borders of Manchuria marks off within Chinese territory the area over which Japanese influence has been extended.

United States sovereignty is denoted on the map of Asia by a brown tint. It applies not only to the Philippines, but also to Guam, 1,400 miles to the east; to the westernmost tip of Alaska; to the Aleutian Islands; and to isles in Bering Sea.

Four areas, neither under an independent government, nor controlled by a single nation, are left white on the map. They are a diamond-shaped territory in Arabia between Saudi Arabia and Iraq; the Saar, between France and Germany, whose ownership will be determined by a plebiscite; the Free City of Danzig, under protection of the League of Nations; and the International Zone of Tangier.

Although there is no shading or coloring on the map to indicate population density, the population of cities is shown roughly by the size of the black dot indicating their locations, and by the size and shading of the type in which the city names are printed. These indexes show a marked concentration of Asia's city population in certain regions: Java, Japan, the coast of China, the Yangtze Valley, and the valley and delta of the Ganges, in India.

ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS GIVEN

Useful is a table of names of countries showing English and national equivalents. Where alphabets differ, the name is also shown in the characters of the national alphabet. Map study is further simplified by a table of geographical equivalents for physical features (mountain, island, sea, lake, river, etc.) in the languages of the countries covered by the map. Carefully chosen symbols, explained in a table, and specially selected types facilitate easy reading.

Thousands of members of the National Geographic Society constantly use their maps of the continents in following the course of rapidly changing world events and in referring to areas dealt with by articles in their Magazine.

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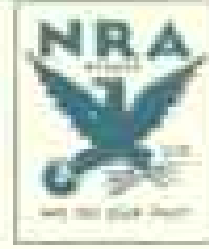
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IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resulting given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

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

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, and contributed \$55,000 to Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition.

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

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

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

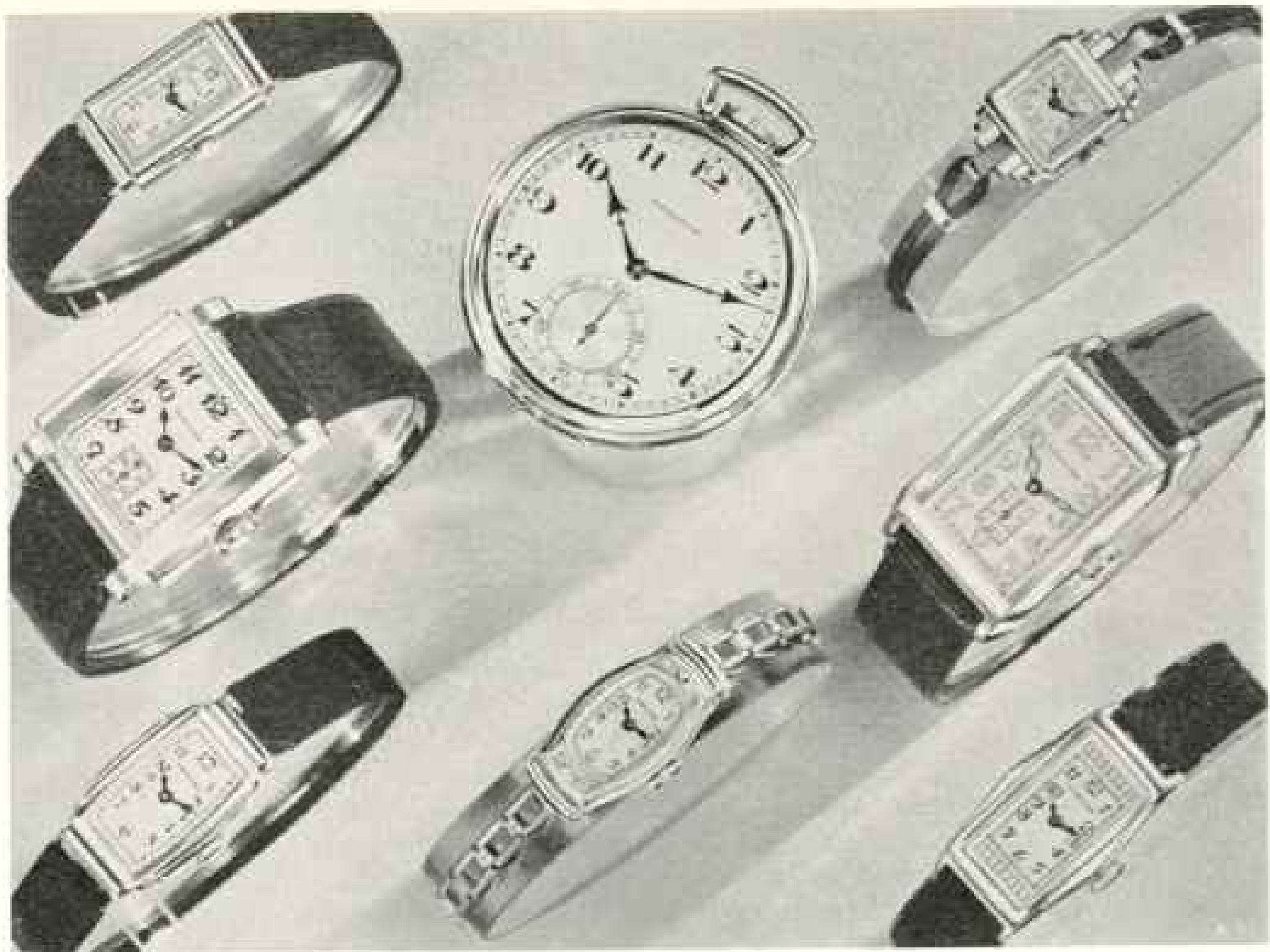
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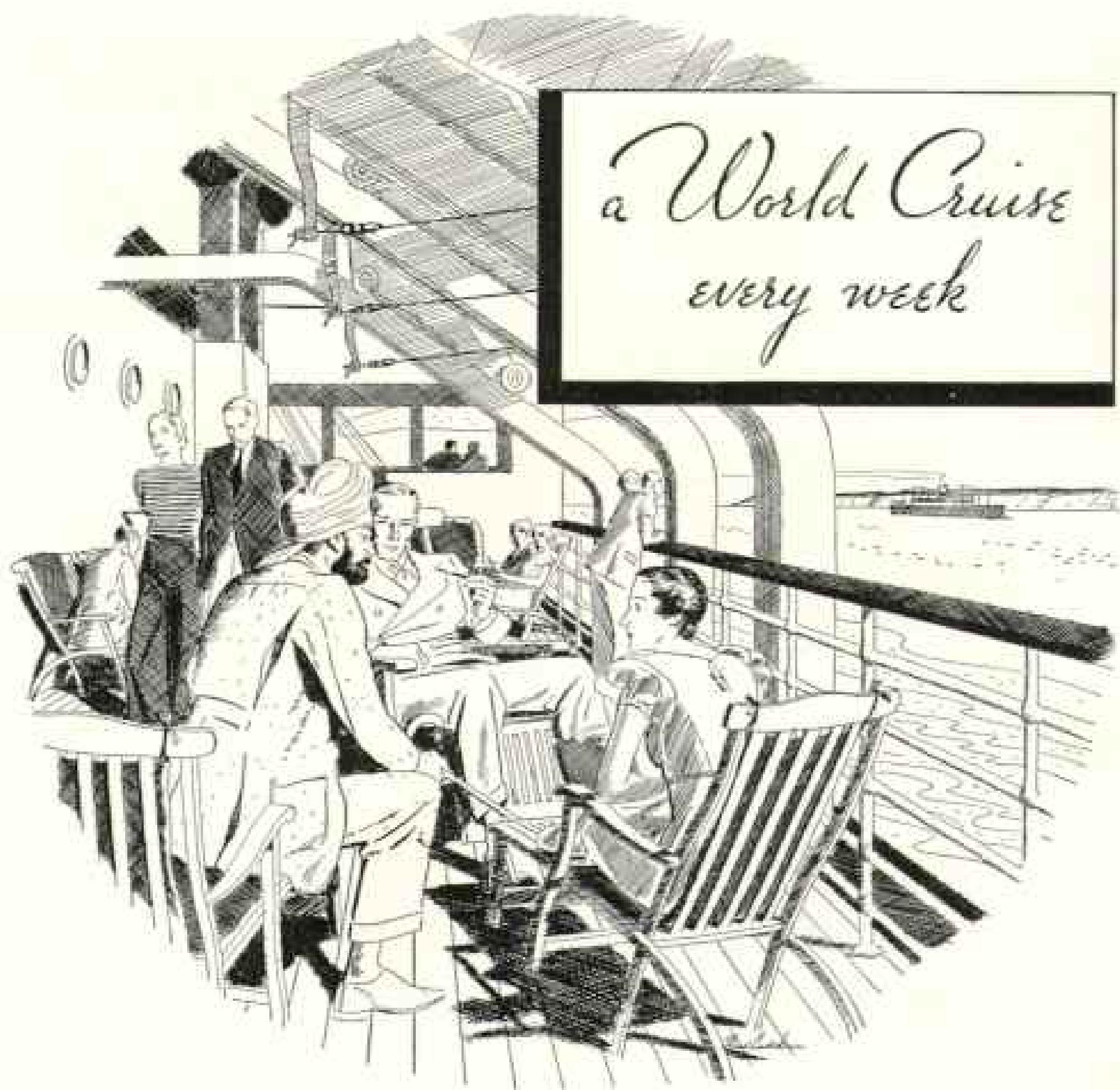
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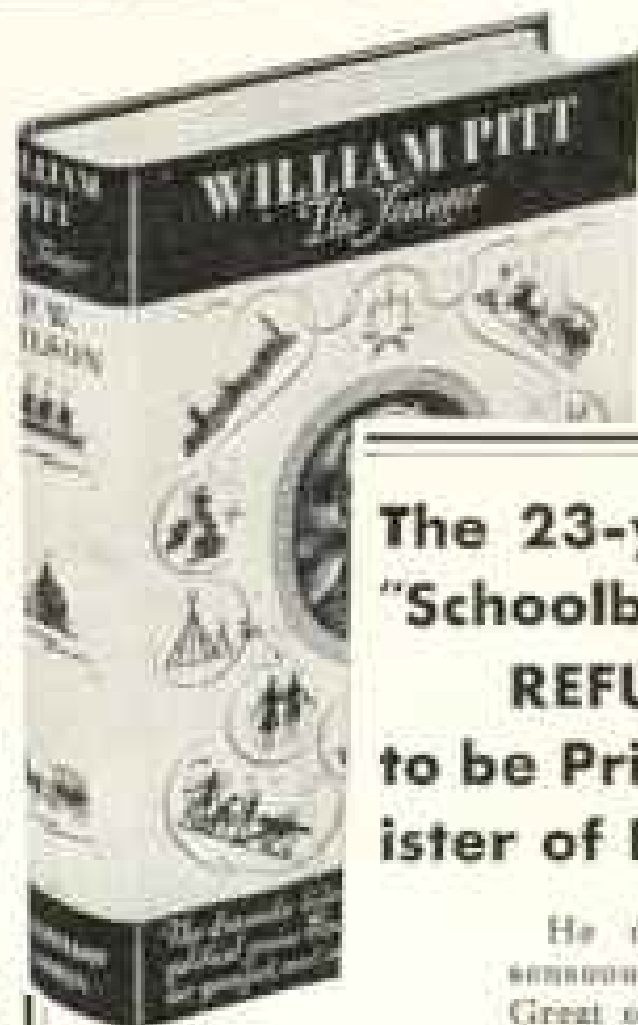
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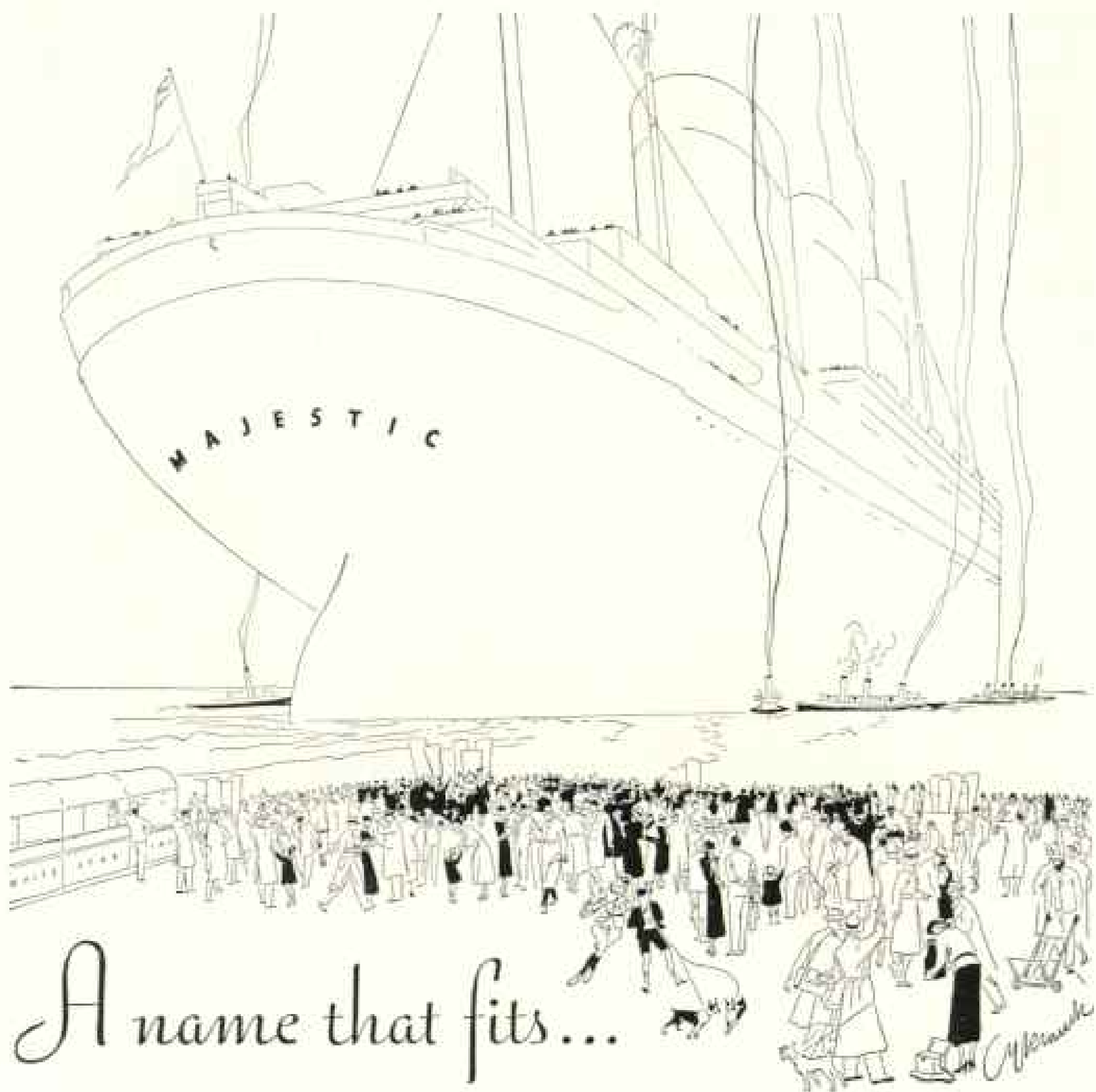
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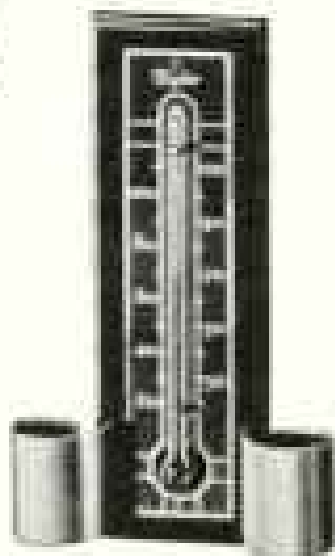
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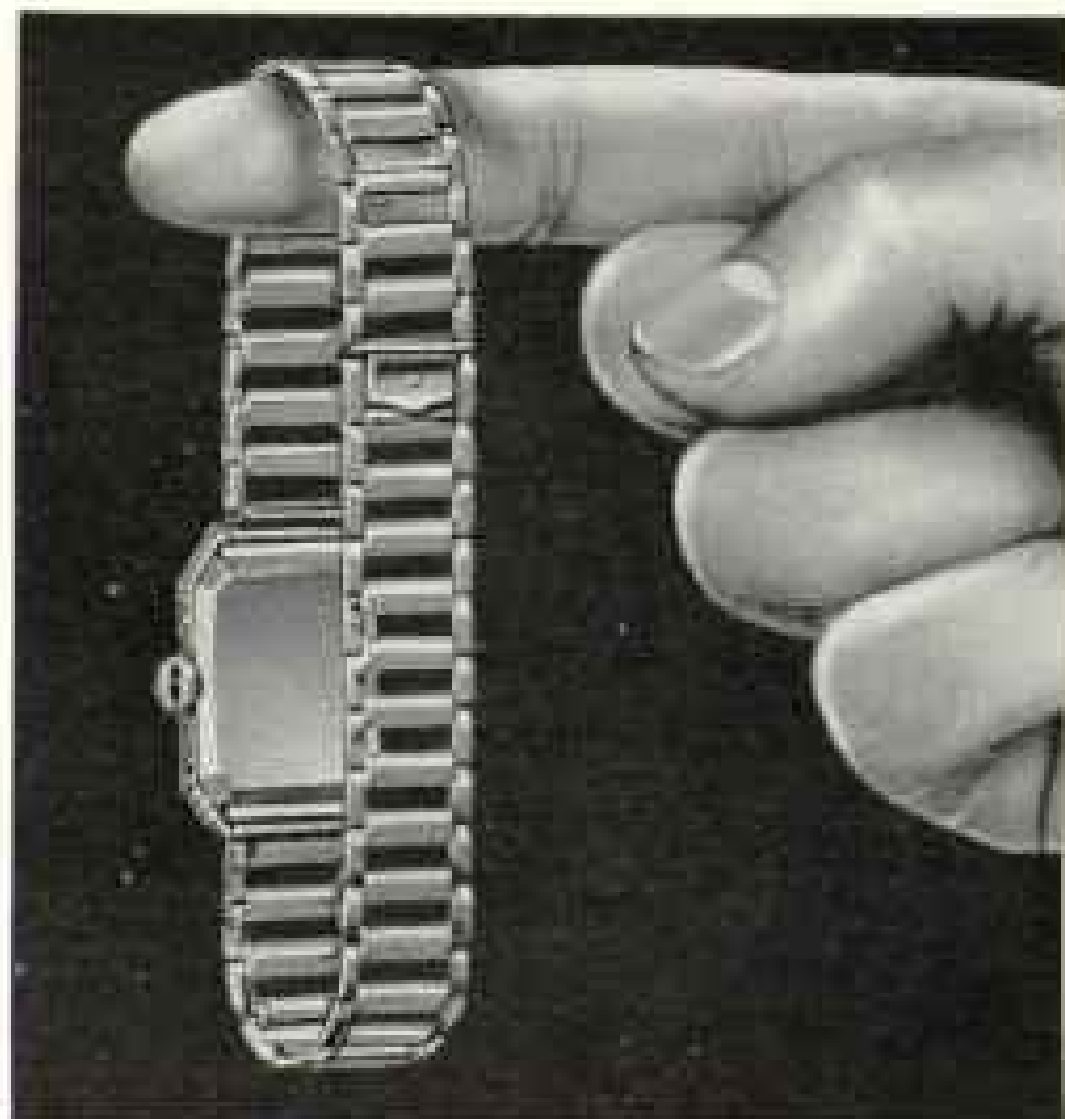


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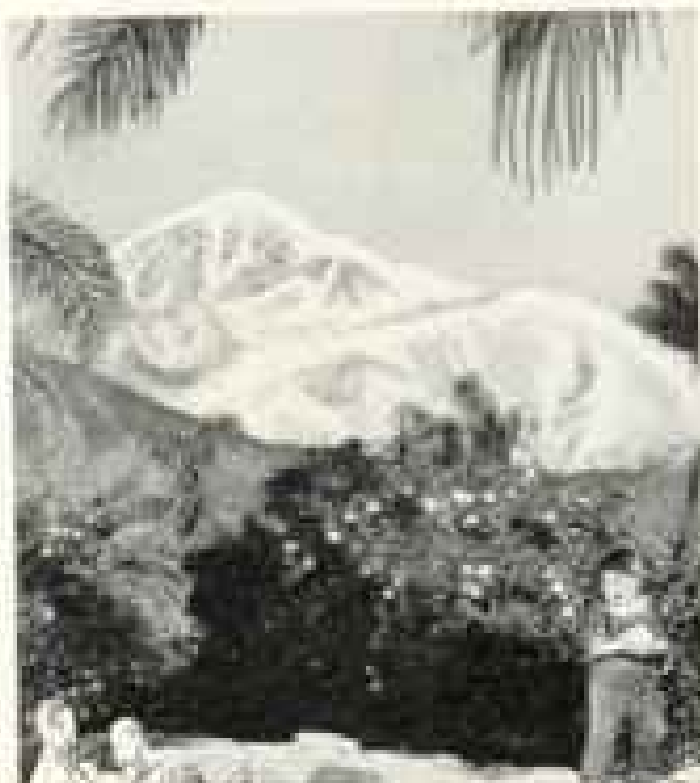
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WATCH BAND

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JANE: There's certainly every kind of scenery here you can think of.



JANE: So this is the Pacific. Doesn't it look inviting? And think of it's being only three days from New York.

BOB: Less than a day, if you fly. We can get away long enough any time.



JANE: I had no idea Los Angeles was so metropolitan. And did you ever see so many celebrities in your life?

BOB: I guess Hollywood draws them from all over the world.



BOB: No skeletons on this desert. I never saw with a healthy looking, sun-tanned crowd anywhere.

JANE: We'll go back brown as Indians.



BOB: Some roads! . . . Santa Monica, Glendale, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Pasadena, Pomona, all today.

JANE: And now for Mexico!



BOB: This is the life! Any sport you can think of—or just plain old loafing.

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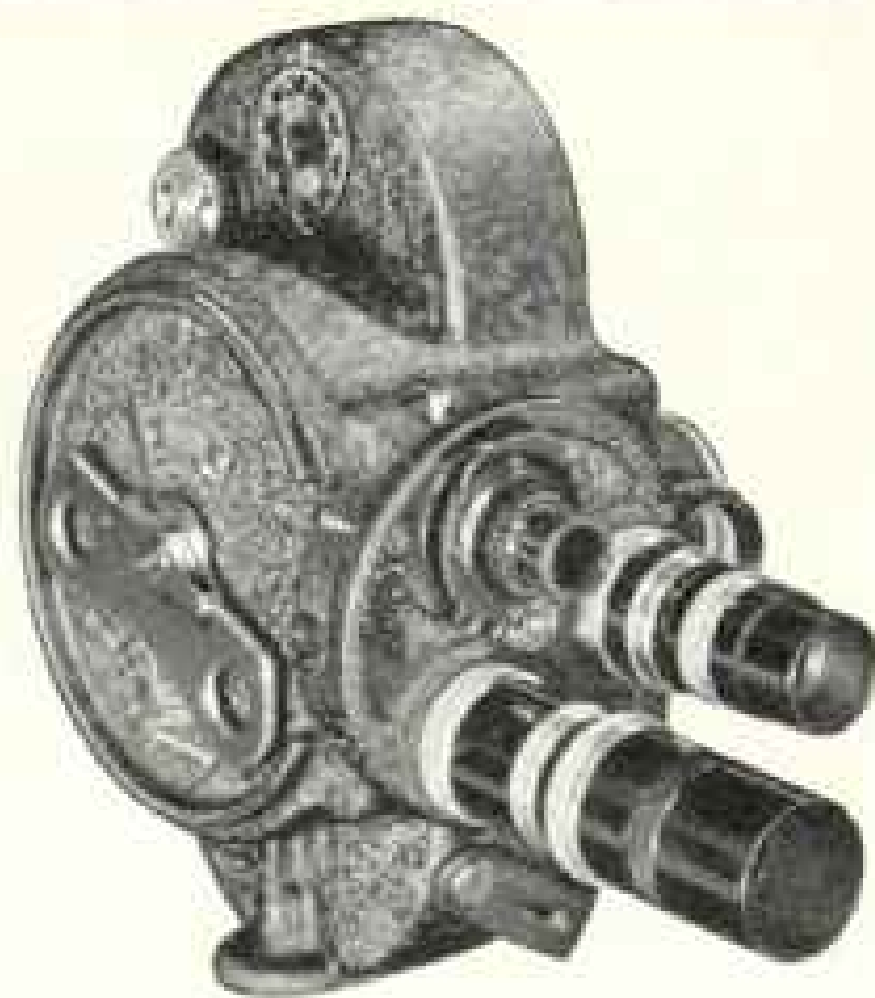
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JAPAN
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 enjoyed better health and
 had a lower deathrate during
 the year 1932 and in 1933
[up to the time this message went to press]
 than ever before in its history

Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

In past decades, millions and millions of dollars were invested to prevent as well as to cure disease. They returned rich health dividends. The movement for healthier living conditions in all parts of the country had gained such momentum that temporary obstacles and difficulties failed to check it.

You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did—thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are faithfully working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have re-

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Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth—their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.



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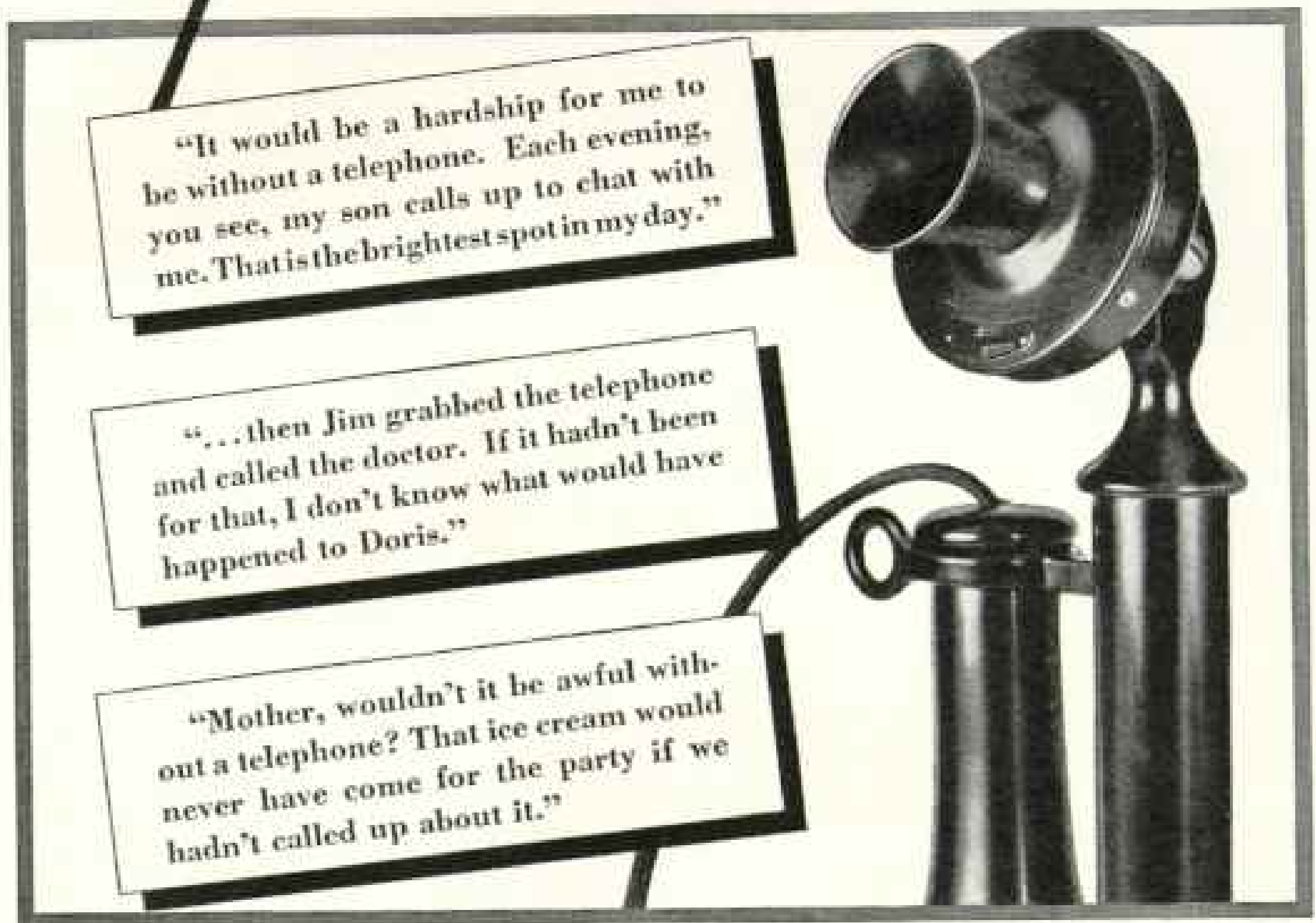
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Talk to your friends who *borrow* The Geographic; you will find *one* who wishes to join The Society; nominate him in time to enjoy *all* the fascinating features the Magazine will publish in 1934.



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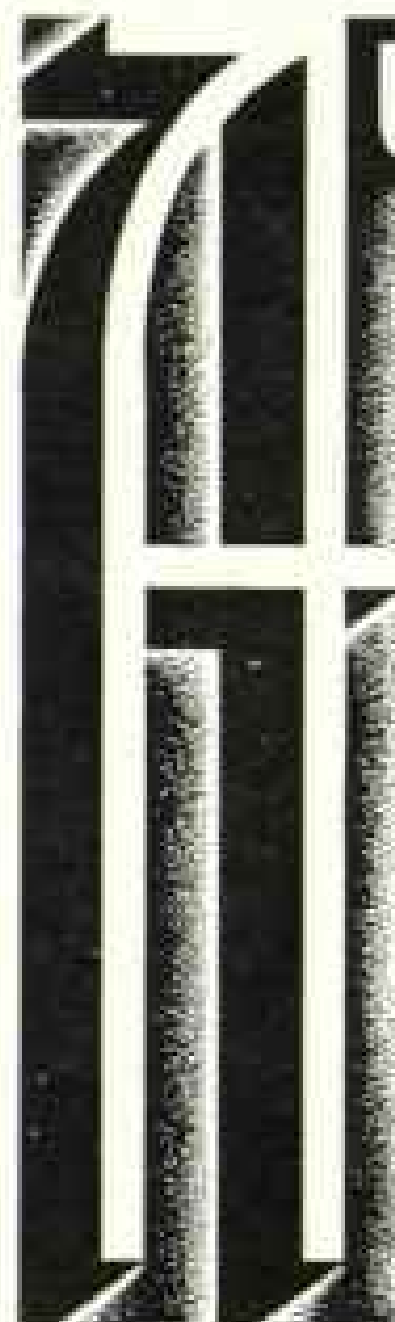
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