

VOLUME LXXVII

NUMBER FOUR

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1940

Thirty-two Pages of Illustrations in Full Color

By Felucca Down the Nile

With 21 Illustrations and Map

WILLARD PRICE

Under Egypt's Golden Sun

22 Natural Color Photographs

B. ANTHONY STEWART

Caracas, Cradle of the Liberator

With 18 Illustrations

LUIS MARDEN

Venezuela's Capital—City of Contrasts

19 Natural Color Photographs

Washington by Night

With 16 Illustrations

VOLKMAR WENTZEL

1940 Paradox in Hong Kong

With 24 Illustrations and Map

FREDERICK SIMPICH

Sheep Dog Trials in Llangollen

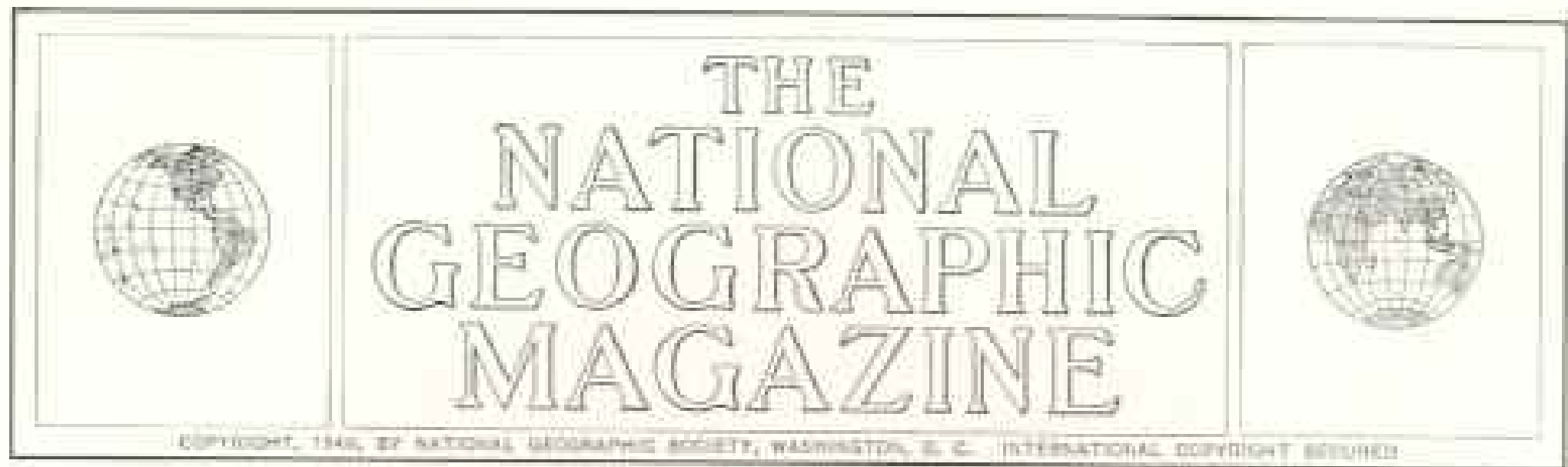
With 17 Illustrations

SARA BLOCH

PUBLISHED BY THE
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
HUBBARD MEMORIAL HALL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

\$3.50 A YEAR

50c THE COPY



BY FELUCCA DOWN THE NILE

Giant Dams Rule Egypt's Lifeline River, Yet Village Life Goes On As It Did in the Time of the Pharaohs

BY WILLARD PRICE

IT WAS almost dawn. We were ready to start. Houssein came up the gang-plank with the provisions. Instead of supporting the bundle underneath, he dangled it by the string.

I had an uneasy premonition. Could one trust oneself on a two-month journey through strange country to a man who would carry a heavy bundle by the string? Then the string broke, and all of our food for the next three days was in the Nile.

But this accident which began our voyage was only a mild suggestion of what was to come at the end, when not merely the supplies would go into the Nile, but everything and everybody.

Houssein, still helplessly holding the string in his hand, lifted his black face to the stars and lamented—but did not dream of getting his feet wet. The captain whipped off his long Mother Hubbard of a *galabieh*, dived in, brought up cans from the bottom, and corralled floating loaves, oranges, and carrots.

Two months later the little scene was to be re-enacted. But then lives, not carrots, would be at stake.

We came to know our men well before the trip was over. They were both Nubians, black as coalholes, and proud of it.

"We are not Egyptians," they would insist. They remembered that their ancestors had once ruled Egypt and that Nubians

had been among the staunchest fighters in the Egyptian army. They considered themselves a cut above the palefaces of the Nile Valley.

The captain had courage and Houssein had a mustache. It was a brave affair and he could use it to give his face an appearance of great resolution under his piratical turban (page 442). He knew how to handle a boat, if he could just remember in emergencies, and he was a good cook, valet, and lady's maid. He kept the decks shining.

BLACK SAILORS IN SKIRTS

Captain Abdul and Houssein had about twenty English words between them. They did not understand our Arabic, but would never admit it. They would nod and immediately do something—and since the something they did was usually just as good as what we had asked for, if not better, there was no real cause for complaint.

Their skirts seemed a bit unsailorlike, particularly when it was necessary to climb the mast or to wade ashore. But you can do a lot in a skirt if you catch up the edge of it in your teeth. They wore no shoes and the soles of their feet were cracked and seamed like rhinoceros hide.

Our Nubians were not too easy in their minds about the trip (map, pages 438 and 439). Leaving Shallal in lower Nubia, we were to go a short distance south, then turn



Photograph by Willard Price
THE "ARABIA" DRESSES SHIP

For two months the author and his wife lived on this felucca. With two Nubians as captain and crew, they sailed from the lake above Aswân Dam down the Nile. Near Cairo the *Arabia*, caught in the dread south wind, the *khamsin*, turned over, dumping voyagers and belongings into the river. A fishing boat later dragged them out (pages 475-6).

and travel nearly 600 miles down north (there is no "down south" in Egypt, for the river flows north) to Cairo. Including tacks against the prevailing north wind, the actual distance covered would be easily a thousand miles. With stops for study, it would take two months.

But it was not the distance nor the time that worried them, but the strange country that must be penetrated. They knew their Nubia, and were familiar with the Nile as far as Luxor. Below that, they must have triple money—for, believing firmly that civilization means sin, they regarded the modernized part of Egypt as a den of thieves.

They could not understand why we should wish to go in a small boat such as the felucca *Arabia* when we could travel in comfort on a steamer.

But the steamer puts in only at the important towns. The real Egypt is in the villages. These the steamer disdainfully chugs by. Some of them have not been visited by travelers from Europe or America in a century.

EGYPT OF THE PHARAOHS STILL LIVES

It is in these back eddies of Egyptian life that one finds the Egypt of the Pharaohs, almost untouched by the outside world, one of the most ancient civilizations persevering today upon the face of the globe, and still very much alive. We wished to visit this hidden Egypt.

The gangplank was drawn in. The captain and his aide used it as a rowing seat, and we moved out upon a mirror of black marble. The mid-February moon was beginning to show its age by a little moldiness along one side of its round face.

Dawn is impatient in Egypt, and before the moon could retire gracefully from the sky the eastern horizon flamed red and the sun came up.

One quickly understands why the sun has dominated the history, religion, and life of Egypt. Once it is up, it is everywhere, all-pervading, tremendous.

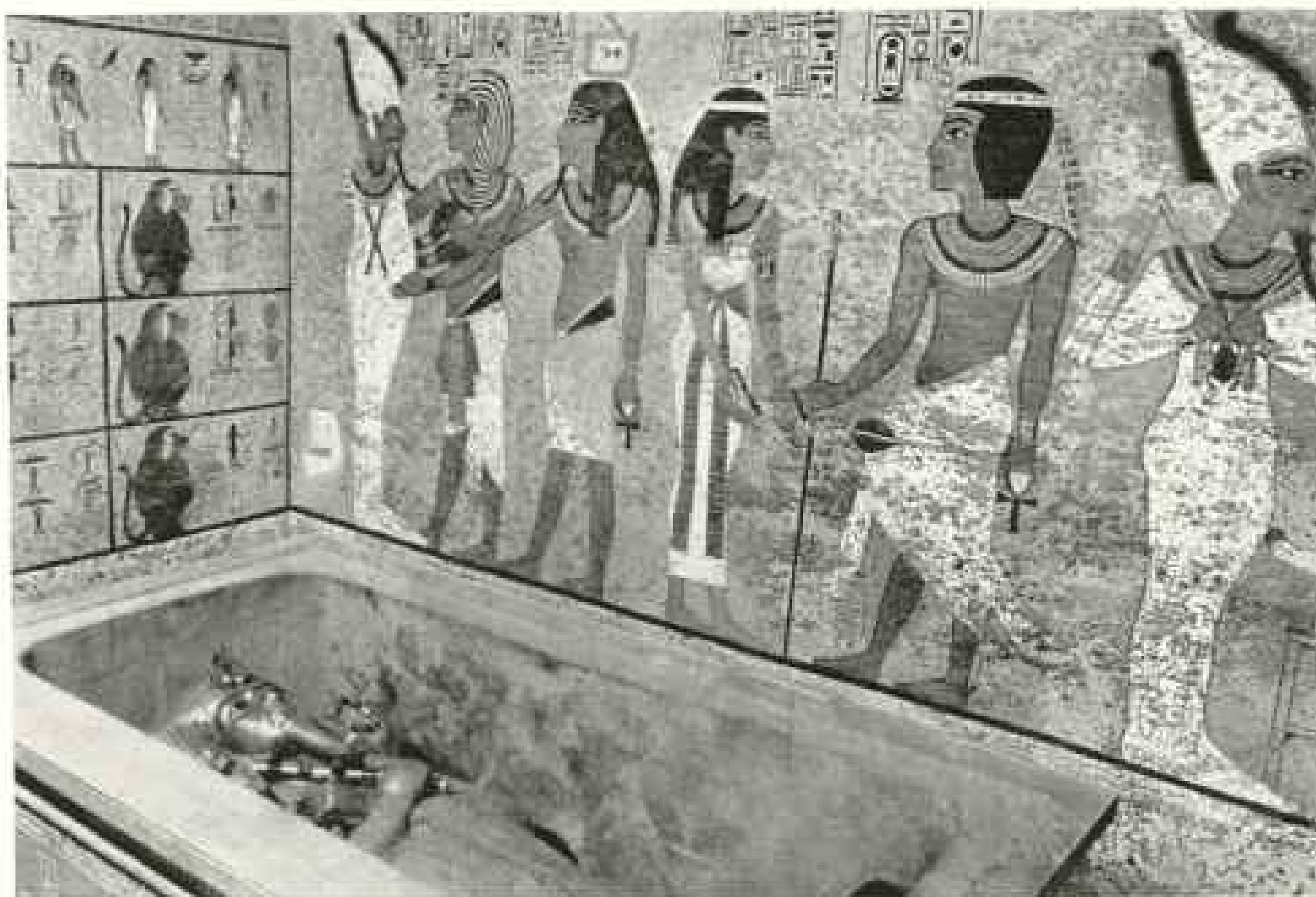
We retreated under the awning and, through dark glasses, looked upon as weird a panorama as the world offers. Out of the water towered black, rocky islands like castles with their corners worn off. A goat could not have clung to those castle walls. Contrasting with the black was the golden-yellow of the desert, coming to the river's edge.



Photograph by R. B. Shreve

TO THE DROWNED TEMPLE OF ISIS, THE AUTHOR MOORED HIS FELUCCA

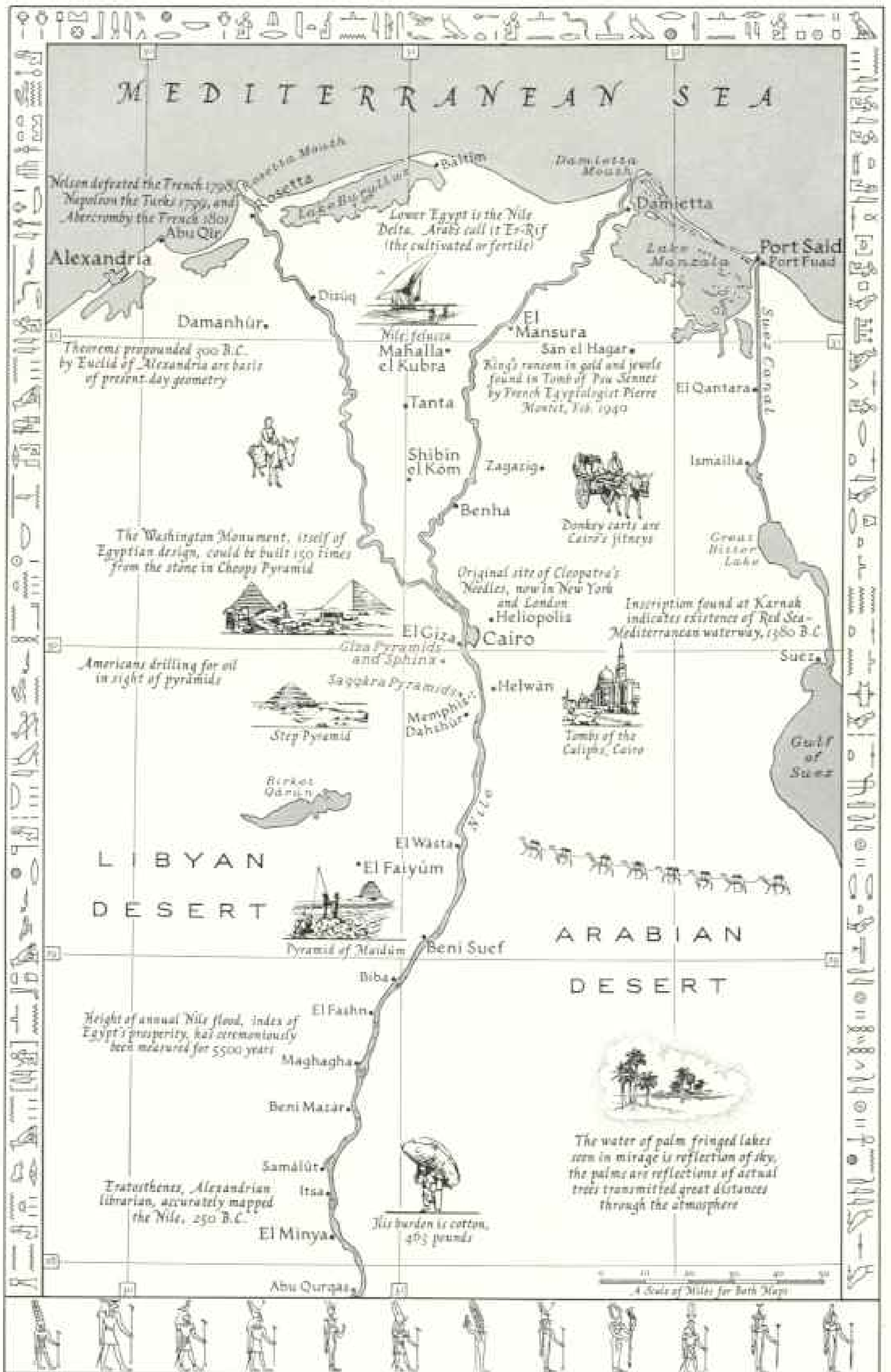
Waters of the Nile impounded behind Assuan Dam now submerge this elaborate temple on the island of Philae for months every year. Only when the dam gates are open for irrigation between August and December is the mud-stained temple uncovered (page 440).

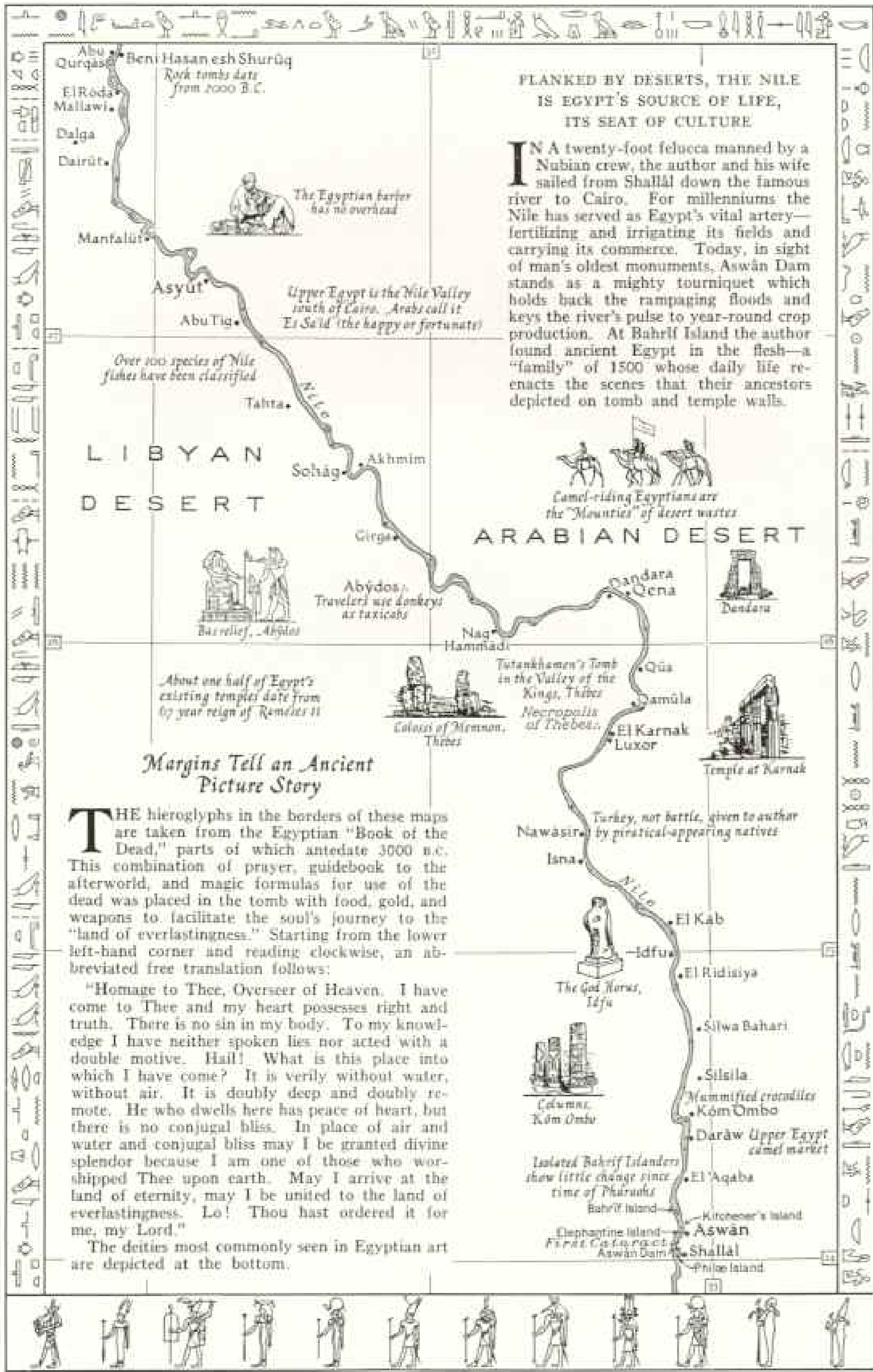


Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

KING "TUT" NOW SLEEPS BENEATH PLATE GLASS AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Since this tomb was opened in 1922 by Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon, many of the priceless treasures surrounding the mummy of the boy king have been removed to the Cairo museum. Most royal tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes were pillaged by grave robbers in ancient times, but the wealth in that of Tutankhamen (Tut-ankh-Amun) was overlooked (page 468).





FLANKED BY DESERTS, THE NILE IS EGYPT'S SOURCE OF LIFE, ITS SEAT OF CULTURE

IN A twenty-foot felucca manned by a Nubian crew, the author and his wife sailed from Shallāl down the famous river to Cairo. For millenniums the Nile has served as Egypt's vital artery—fertilizing and irrigating its fields and carrying its commerce. Today, in sight of man's oldest monuments, Aswān Dam stands as a mighty tourniquet which holds back the rampaging floods and keys the river's pulse to year-round crop production. At Bahri Island the author found ancient Egypt in the flesh—a "family" of 1500 whose daily life re-enacts the scenes that their ancestors depicted on tomb and temple walls.

LIBYAN DESERT

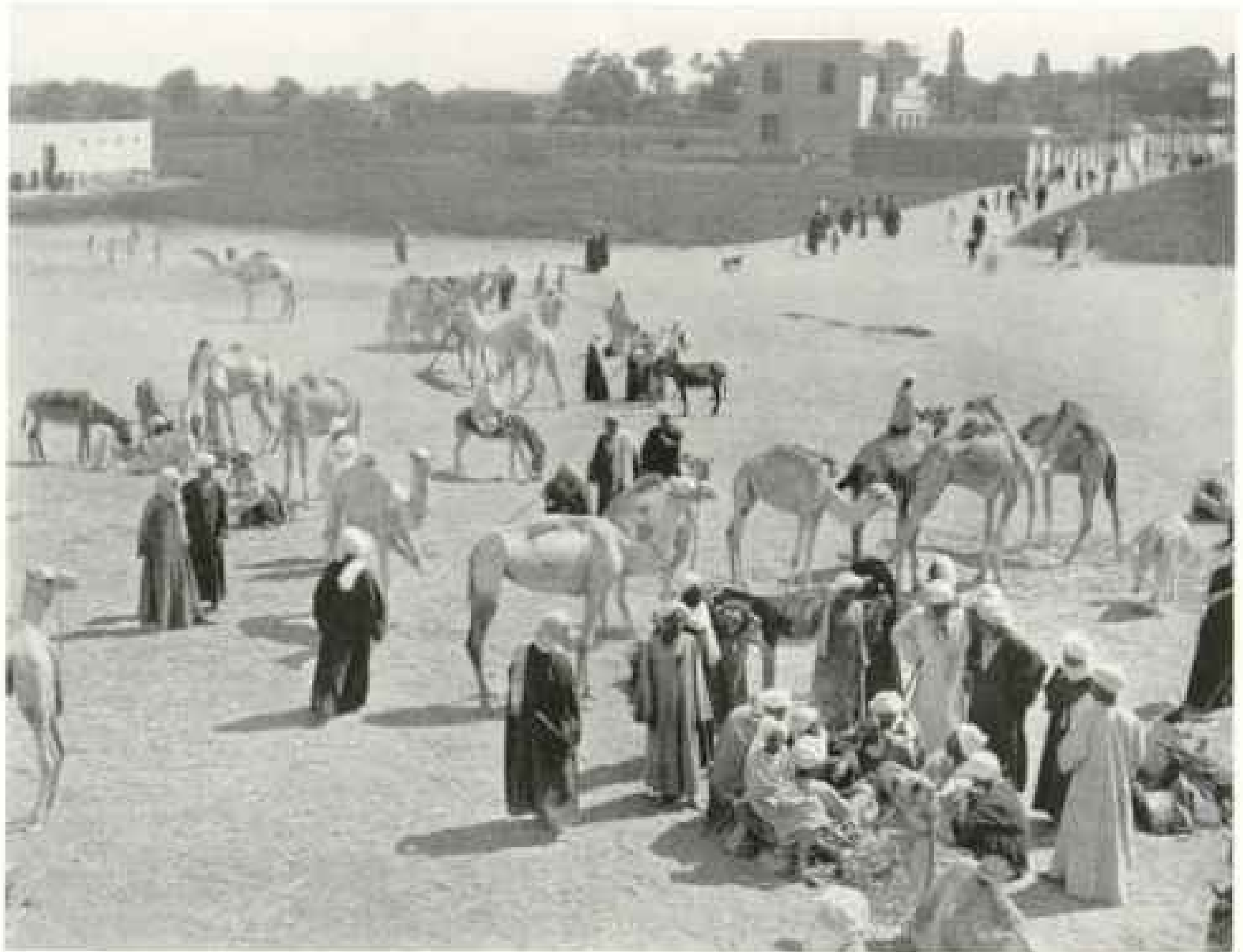
ARABIAN DESERT

Margins Tell an Ancient Picture Story

THE hieroglyphs in the borders of these maps are taken from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," parts of which antedate 3000 B.C. This combination of prayer, guidebook to the afterworld, and magic formulas for use of the dead was placed in the tomb with food, gold, and weapons to facilitate the soul's journey to the "land of everlastingness." Starting from the lower left-hand corner and reading clockwise, an abbreviated free translation follows:

"Homage to Thee, Overseer of Heaven. I have come to Thee and my heart possesses right and truth. There is no sin in my body. To my knowledge I have neither spoken lies nor acted with a double motive. Hail! What is this place into which I have come? It is verily without water, without air. It is doubly deep and doubly remote. He who dwells here has peace of heart, but there is no conjugal bliss. In place of air and water and conjugal bliss may I be granted divine splendor because I am one of those who worshipped Thee upon earth. May I arrive at the land of eternity, may I be united to the land of everlastingness. Lo! Thou hast ordered it for me, my Lord."

The deities most commonly seen in Egyptian art are depicted at the bottom.



(Photograph by Willard Price)

HAUGHTILY CAMELS STAND BY WHILE LONG-ROBED NATIVES AT THE DARAW MARKET
HAGGLE OVER THEIR MERITS

Camel marts are held regularly in Egyptian cities and villages. To prevent it from wandering away, the white camel (left of center) has been hobbled by tying its foreleg in folded position.

Here and there the heads of palms projected from the water. In the fruiting season one needs merely to sail up to them to pick dates, for the trees are alive though neck-deep most of the year.

SAILING OVER A DROWNED VILLAGE

But the strangest sight was beneath us. We were passing over a village. We looked down upon narrow streets, the flat roofs of houses, walled courtyards meant to protect women from the public gaze, the market place, the mosque whose minaret almost grazed the keel of our boat.

The building of the mighty Aswân Dam held back the waters and so raised the level that scores of villages were submerged. The Government expropriated and paid for the drowned land. The homeless Nubians were offered fertile fields in Egypt, but they preferred their own grim country and proceeded to build new villages higher up in the desert.

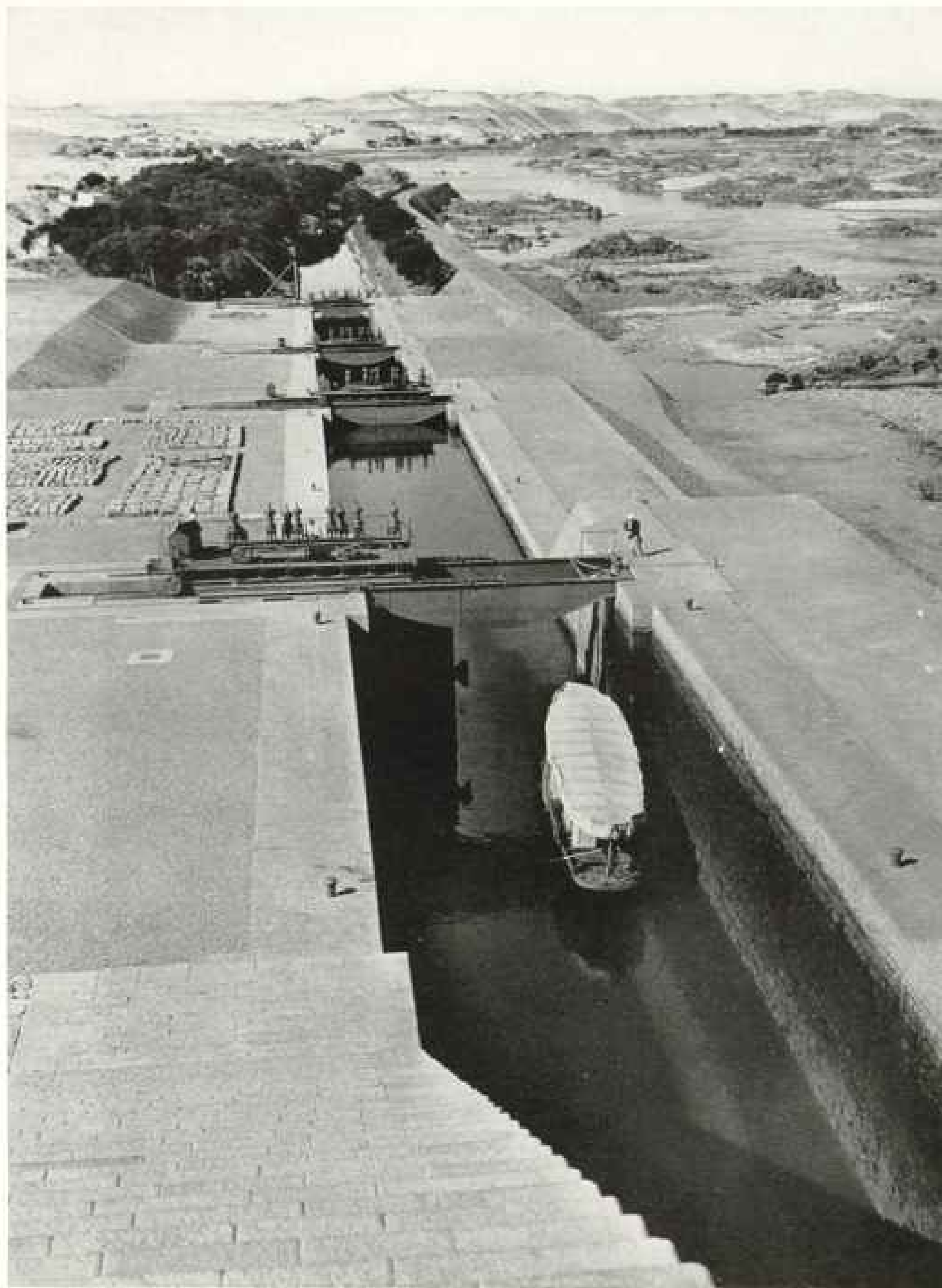
Here the villagers raise a few goats and pigeons, come down to the shore to tend small patches of vegetables, and go out by boat to the palms still growing on old islands now submerged. The dam has turned the river above into a lake, the backflow reaching at times more than two hundred miles upstream.

RIVER HIDES LOVELY TEMPLE OF ISIS

A strong breeze came up, drawing a veil of ripples over the mysteries beneath us. The big lateen sail was unfurled. All day we sped up the strange lake.

The next day we tacked briskly down again, and climbed out at sunset upon the crest of a temple (page 437). Beneath us now, invisible because of the waves, was the island of Philæ with its lovely Temple of Isis. Only the tallest part of the temple was high enough to overtop the Nile.

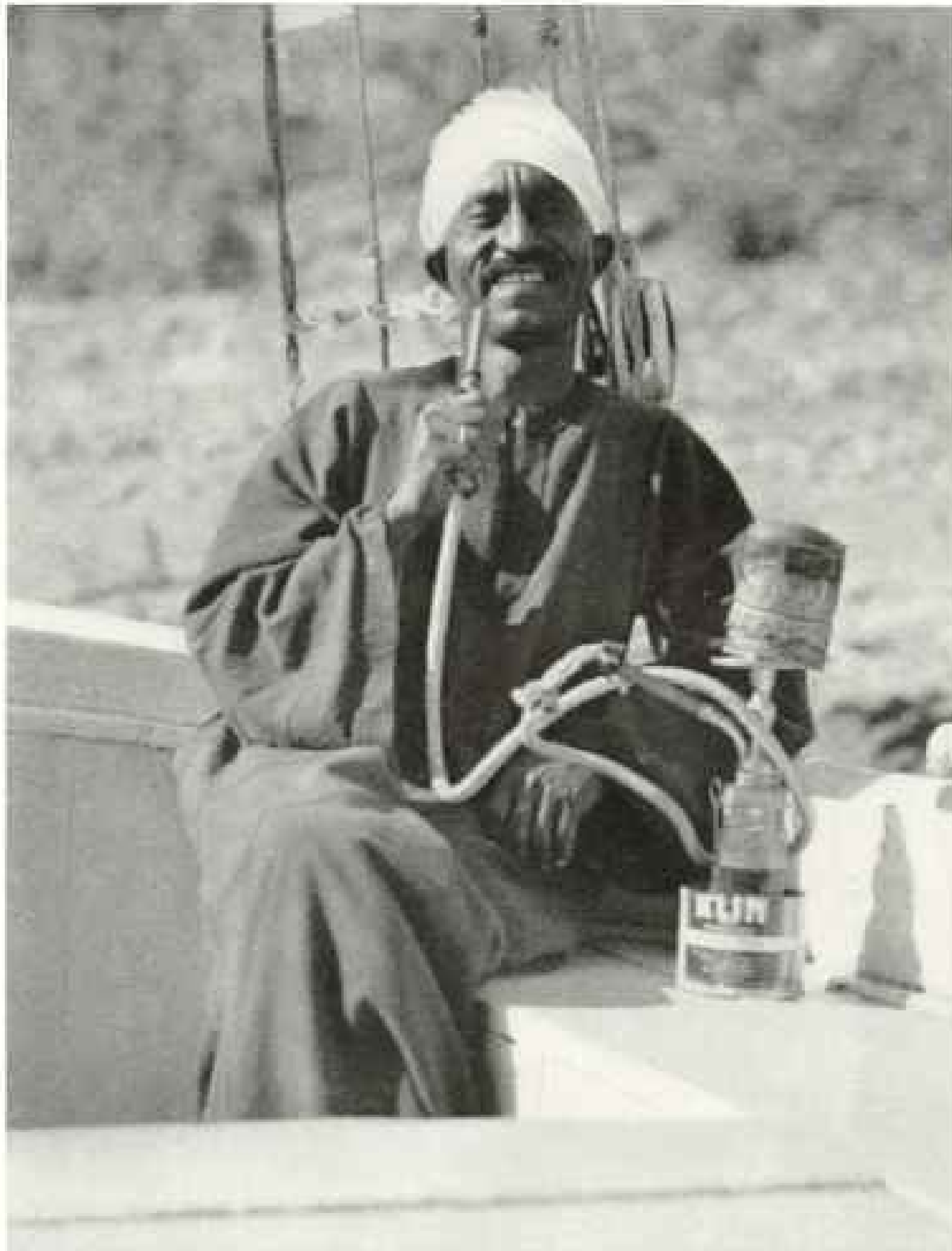
We stood upon it, looked down, and tried to imagine. According to those who had



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

IN FOUR GIANT STRIDES FELUCCAS STEP DOWN THIS WATER STAIRWAY

Behind mighty Aswan Dam, five times as long and one-fifth as high as Boulder on the Colorado River, Nile floods are impounded in a huge reservoir for use in the low-water season. Sluice-gates are opened gradually as water is needed for fields of cotton and other crops. Below here the *Arabia* rushed and bounced through the swift waters of the First Cataract. When an oar broke, swamping was narrowly averted (page 443).



IN MOMENTS OFF FROM POTS AND PANS, HOUSSEIN ENJOYS
A SMOKE

Photograph by Willard Price

To fix his water pipe he utilizes a powdered milk can from the *Arabia's* galley. This smiling Nubian was a good cook, valet, and lady's maid; he kept decks shining. But when the string broke on a bundle of food, dropping it into the water, he wouldn't get his bare feet wet to retrieve it (page 435).

measured it, this part was sixty feet high; now it was sixty feet deep. If one wished to go down, there was a stone stairway that descended through its heart—but one would need a diving suit.

How desolate the goddess Isis must feel now with the slime of the Nile cloying about her, she who had formerly been honored by emperors and visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims every year!

It is only between August and December, when the dam releases its store, that the muddy gray ghost of Isis emerges, looks

about upon the world that once acclaimed her, and then retires like a disappointed mermaid beneath the waves.

GRANITE RAM- PART RULES THE NILE

Now we come to the villain of the piece—the Aswân Dam—but a villain only to the regions above, a benefactor below. Egypt formerly alternated between flood and drought. There is still flood, sometimes excessive, but there is no longer a period of drought. Crops now may have water all the year round. Perennial irrigation came in with the Aswân Dam.

As we tried to sleep that night in the *Arabia*, still moored to the Temple of Isis, the roar of the dam filled our ears. It had a compelling personality. Early

the next morning we sailed to it.

There it was, the savior of Egypt—but all we saw was a long wall, as impassive as the Sphinx. It seemed very immobile to be capable of so much. "They also serve . . ."

The dam, made of granite, even firmer stuff than the limestone of the Great Pyramid, is prepared to stand and wait a long time. It may be Egypt's chief antiquity several thousand years hence. A mile and a quarter long, ramparted like a castle wall, punctuated by 180 sluice gates, it rules the river that rules Egypt.

At the west end of the dam are locks through which boats are let down to the lower river (page 441). The enormous iron gates groaned open, and our tiny craft, dwarfed to a speck by its surroundings, entered the huge cavern of the first lock.

When the gates had closed, the water flowed out, dropping us forty-eight feet. The bottom of this man-made chasm was as cool and dark as a cave. The lower gates opened and we passed into the next lock; then a third; a fourth; then out into the sun and fast water.

BROKEN OAR
THREATENS
DISASTER

The thunder of the excess flood escaping through the sluice gates was deafening. Rapids boiled among black rocks. The worst

of the cataract was to starboard, yet there was commotion under our keel.

We reminded ourselves of the comforting words of a travel pamphlet: "Steamers make the trip through the cataract in safety." But how about a small felucca?

The men were at the oars, yet the boat darted and twisted this way and that as if gripped from beneath. Waves went in circles. Whirlpools, lathered with foam, swirled about funnel-like centers.

We were being pulled toward the main torrent on the right. But our men did not



Photograph by Willard Price

MR. PRICE EXAMINES THE NILOMETER AT ASWÂN

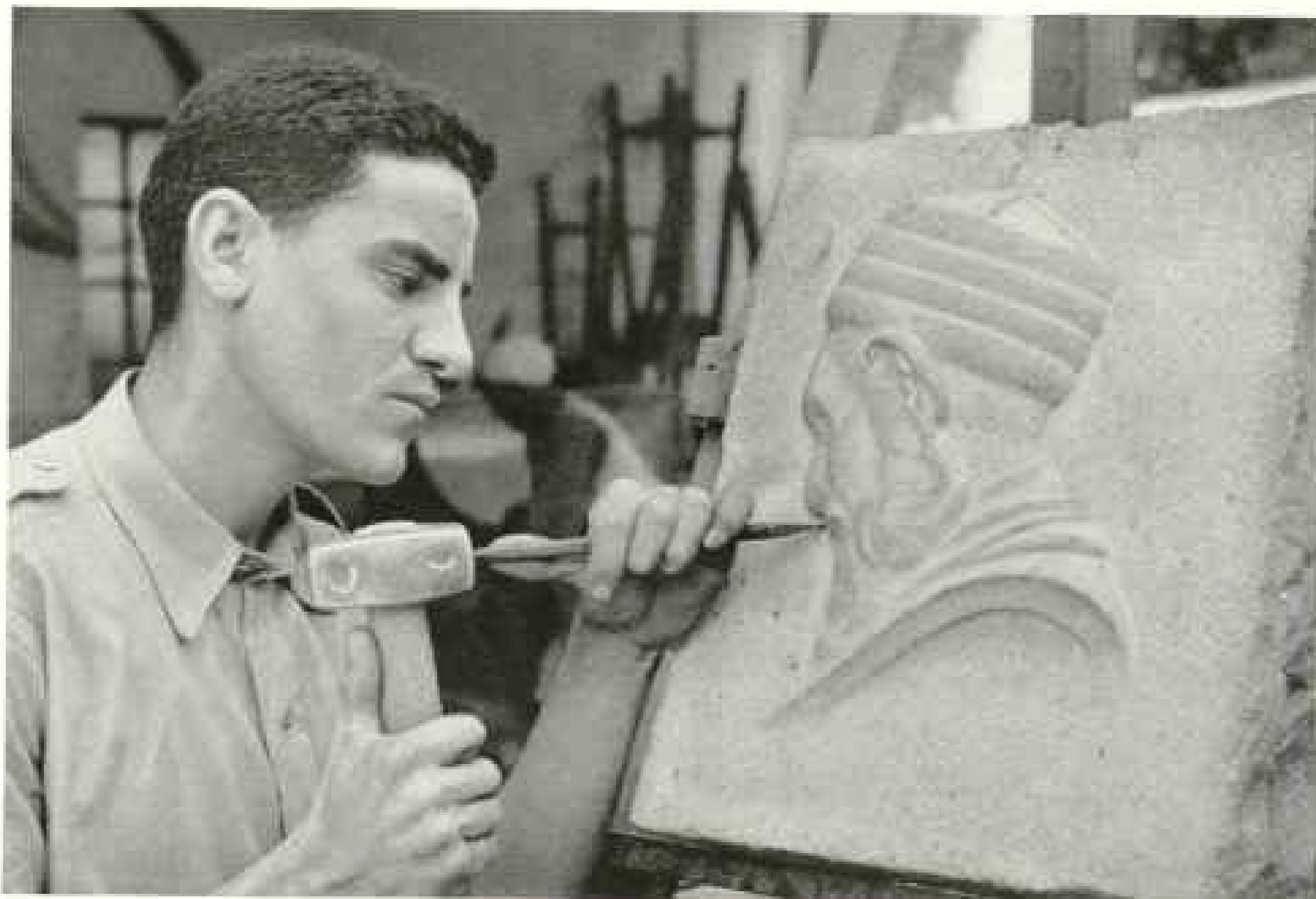
Cut in a well of rock are scales which indicate the depth of the river. In ancient days when the water reached certain notches, dikes were broken and the waters allowed to flood the fields. The meter was a tax indicator, too, for high water produced better crops and, consequently, higher taxes. After a thousand years of disuse, this Nilometer was restored in 1870.

worry—until an oar cracked. Then there was sudden shouting.

The captain, quick-wittedly sensing the direction of the breeze, ran up the sail. Mary hopped to the tiller. I seized the good oar to stave us off the rocks.

A few feet to the right the water plunged down into the big race. The boat hesitated, as if trying to make up its mind whether to commit suicide. Then, as the strong breeze filled the sail, she eased off to port.

We came into quiet water before another lock. The cracked oar was bound up while



WITH SCULPTURE A TRADITION, YOUNG EGYPT TAKES TO CHISEL AND HAMMER
This boy in the Aswân Trade School carves the turbaned head of a mullah in a granite block from historic quarries (Plate XVI and page 449).



Photographs by H. Anthony Stewart

THE NUBIAN WATER-BUG NAVY HOLDS "ROUTINE MANEUVERS"

In tiny craft made of boards and gasoline cans they speed from Elephantine Island to "attack" Aswân as fast as bare hands or tin paddles will propel them. The victors' prizes are coins tossed by amused spectators from pleasure boats or hotel terrace.

we were descending through the lock to a lower level of the cataract. Then there was more unruly water as we raced down between black, glossy rocks to Aswân.

ONCE KEY TO ELEPHANT LAND

Aswân is the southernmost important town of Egypt. It was once regarded as the limit of civilization, or a little beyond the limit. Hardy explorers from Egypt called it Elephant Land, probably because here they looked for the first time upon the African elephant. One sees this animal no longer, but its name is perpetuated in Elephantine Island.

We climbed the steep shore to the high street of Aswân, then looked back. It is a view to make you catch your breath. This globe offers few panoramas more lovely: the blue-green of the river accented by white sails; the rocks of the First Cataract, so glossy black that they look as if they had been freshly enameled this morning; idyllic islands like gems in the Nile; and, as a backdrop to it all, a curtain of golden sand hung upon the slopes of the Libyan mountains, which are crowned by a sheik's tomb blazing snow-white against the blue sky.

On Kitchener's Island here, Lord Kitchener hoped to spend his years of retirement (which death forbade) and the Government has honored his memory, not with a statue, but by turning the island into a perfumed bower of roses, bougainvillea, poinsettia, and flowering trees.

At Aswân we laid in additional supplies for our expedition to Cairo: canned goods, blankets, a gasoline stove, a 200-candle-power gasoline lamp, cooking utensils for the galley, unbreakable dishes.

The governor furnished us with a letter that was to prove magical when unfolded before the mayors of villages along our route. Taking an interest in our proposed study, he offered to provide us with a 50-foot dahabeah for less than we were paying for our 20-foot felucca. But we stuck to the little boat.

The dahabeah is the luxury craft of the Nile. It is a houseboat with sails. You live aboard it as comfortably as at home. If you wish to go south, the prevailing north wind will take you there.

But we were going north. The only way the broad-bottomed dahabeah can go north is to wait for a calm, then drift with the current or be towed. It will not tack against the wind.

That does not matter to the vacationist who is on the Nile just to enjoy the Nile. It did matter to us, with scores of villages to visit and a destination to reach within two months.

We managed to pack considerable comfort into twenty feet. The ten feet aft were enclosed in a canvas cabin, the walls of which could be removed by day, leaving only the roof as an awning. In this compartment our beds were rolled out at night and rolled back under the stern in the morning. A folding table appeared when needed, for meals or for writing, and disappeared when not wanted.

Forward of this cabin was Houssein's domain, a four-foot galley, where he peeled vegetables, plucked chickens, and performed feats of balancing pots and pans on the Primus stove while the felucca boiled along.

The rest of the boat was a six-foot fore-castle with a little door through which the two boatmen wedged themselves at night, pulled the door shut after them, and did not emerge until there was a call for hot shaving water in the morning.

The captain rarely stood watch at night, for the nearest village would appoint armed guards. They sat on the bank above us from dusk to dawn with huge guns held upright between their knees.

There are many sights worth seeing at Aswân (pages 443, 444, 449, and Plate XVI). The place is a delightful swirl of the barbaric and the civilized, and enjoys the equable and sunny climate of Paradise.

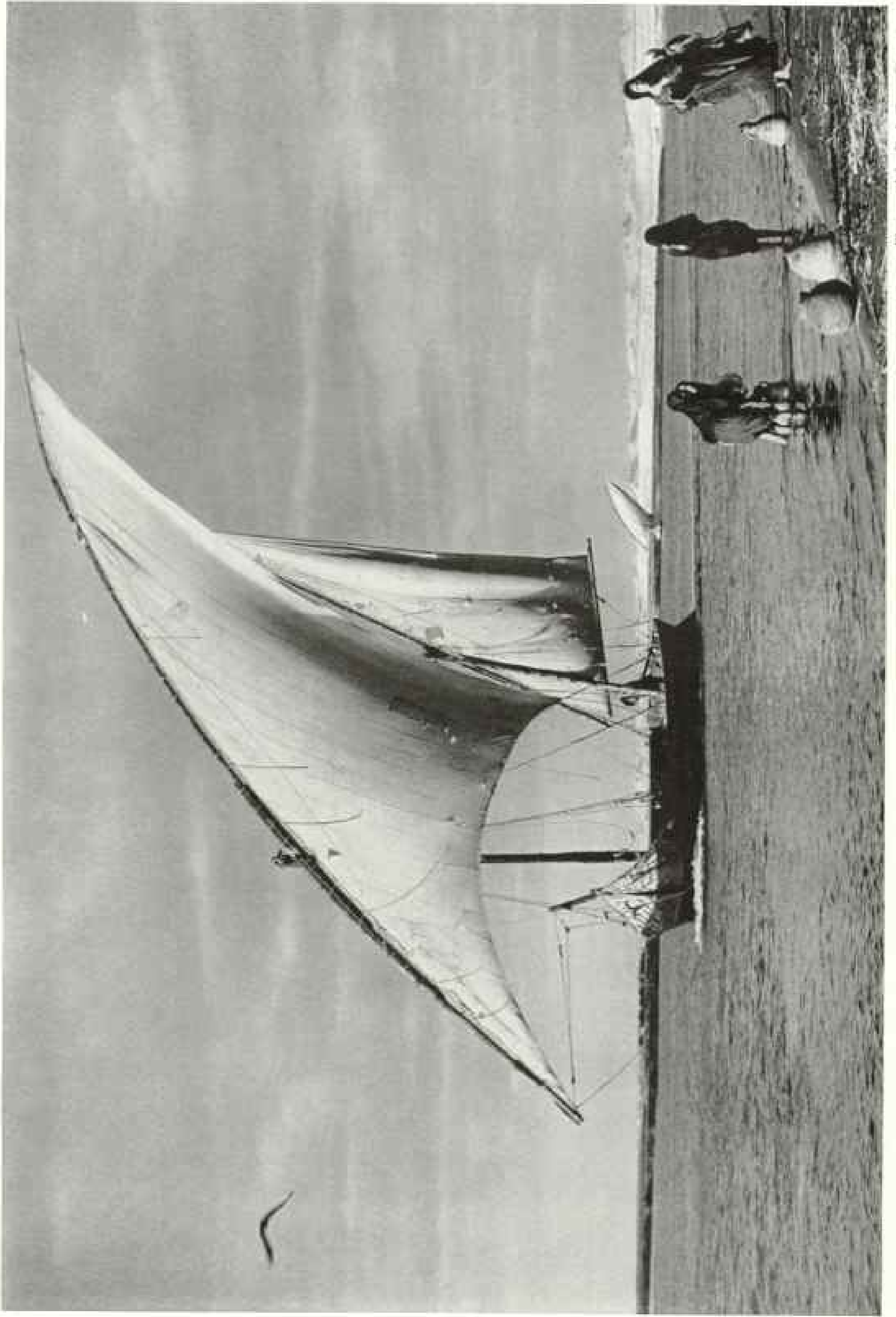
ANCIENT EGYPT, IN THE FLESH

We set out for Cairo. It would be eighteen days before we should reach the next metropolis, Luxor, with its world mixture of races. In the meantime we were to see the people of ancient Egypt, alive and in the flesh. The first we found were on the island of Bahri. Fifteen hundred people live there. Isolated, they have kept their blood pure and their courtesy uncommercialized.

A boy came running to us across the wide beach. He did not ask for baksheesh! Then came four men. They did not try to sell us anything! Instead, they escorted us ceremoniously through the palms and the mud village to the mill.

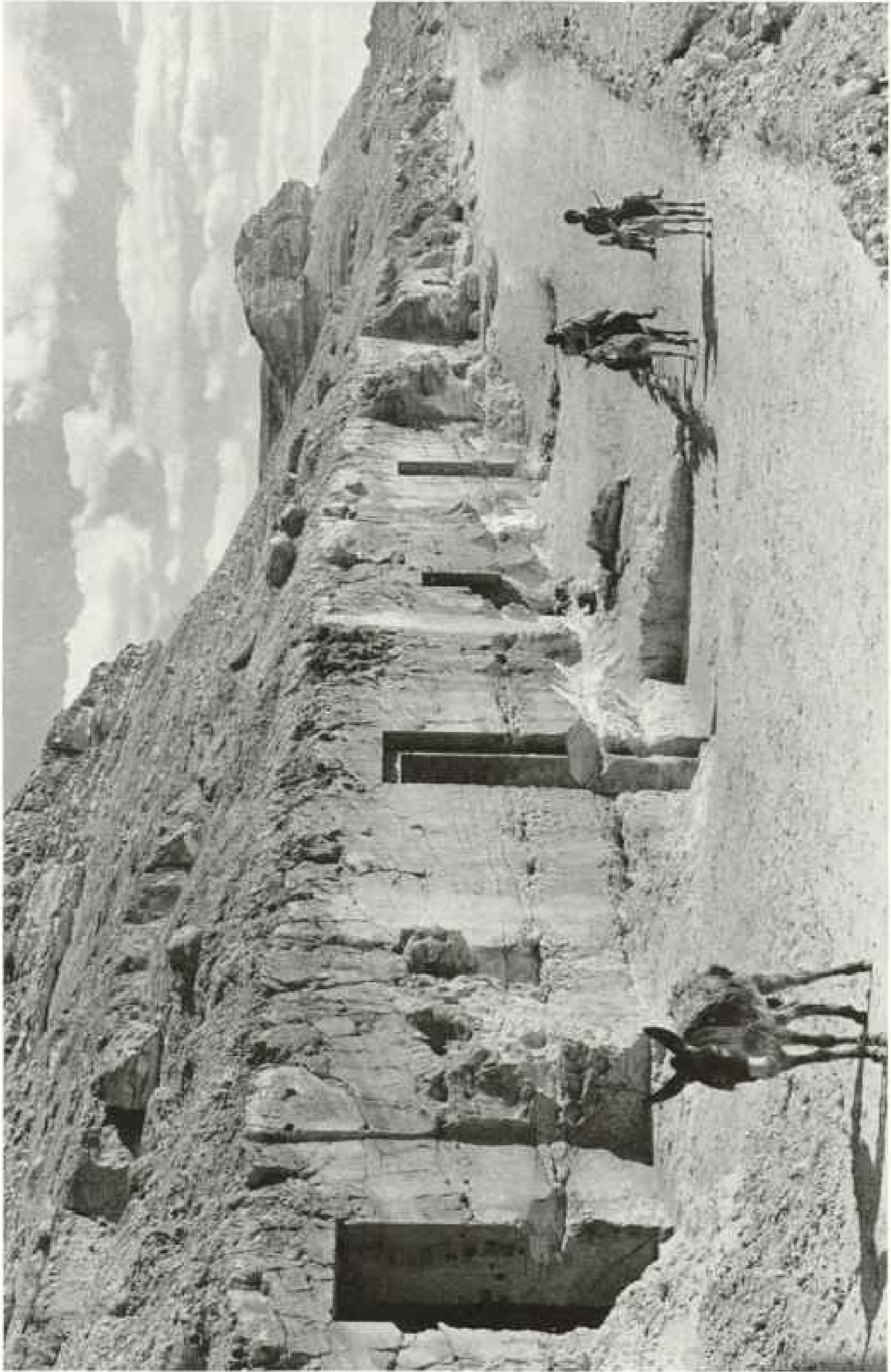
On its pleasant porch, they served date wine. The mayor and his friends came and sat about us in a solemn circle.

The group was, of course, entirely male with the exception of Mary. The women



Photograph by B. Anthony Secourt.

UGLY DUCKLING CARGO BOATS ATTAIN RARE GRACE WHEN "WINGS" ARE SET TO A FAIR BREEZE ON THE NILE



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE EGYPTIANS, 4,000 YEARS AGO, IS REALISTICALLY PORTRAYED IN THE ROCK TOMBS OF BENI HASAN.

Depleted in bright colors are wrestlers in action, girls playing ball, goldsmiths and potters at work, and women at their household tasks. Such scenes the author saw as he cruised down the Nile (Plate X).



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

WOULD ONE MORE PALM STRIP BREAK THIS CAMEL'S BACK?

More bulky than heavy are the fronds from which come rope, fences, or firewood. Egypt has more than 155,000 of these grumpy beasts.

gathered behind a wall and peeped over the top at this doughty female who dared to sit with the men. She must have seemed a brazen hussy.

I was interested to know how the people of an island live.

"Where do you get your supplies? Luxor?"

"We are a world alone," said the mayor. "Nearly everything we need we make here, just as our ancestors always did."

"And your ancestors, who were they—Arabs?"

"No, no." He shook his head emphatically. "Our ancestors were Egyptians. The people of Rameses."

"But when the Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, came into Egypt?"

"They stayed mostly in Lower Egypt and in the larger towns. There is no foreign blood here." He was very proud of the fact.

"But where do your young people go to find mates?"

"They find them here, among their own cousins."

RELATED TO EVERYBODY IN TOWN

The fifteen hundred people of the island are practically one family, and this is true of most of the small villages of Upper Egypt, whether isolated on islands or on oases along the shore. Marriage takes place within the community. Even large villages are homogeneous. We were to find a village of four thousand people consisting of only three families.

Egypt perpetuated many dynasties by marriages between half-brothers and half-sisters. Common people intermarried only a little less closely and the existence of a sturdy race today indicates that, upon this race at least, the physical effect has not



Photograph by R. Anthony Stewart

WHERE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS CARVED STONE GODS, MODERNS CUT BLOCKS
FOR BANK BUILDINGS

This 20-foot figure of Osiris symbolized life in the afterworld. When the *Arabia* paused at Aswân, the author found men cutting granite in the quarries for a new barrage across the Nile and for Cairo structures. Many of the stonecutters were imported from Italy.

been disastrous. The mental effect has been to continue to the present day much of the mold of character and the habits of thought and action of five thousand years ago.

The chief change has been the adoption of the Moslem religion.

One fine old man in our circle had dust on his forehead and the end of his nose. He had just been praying, bowing his face to the earth. But on the neck of a woman peering over the wall was a charm identical with some found in tombs of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

Under the front of Islam, the real religion of the village is a religion of amulets and magic, superstitions and folk beliefs that have persevered for thousands of years.

We spent two days exploring the village

and farmland of Bahri Island. Life there was much the same as that of the men and women pictured on tomb walls. It was harder to find differences than similarities.

TOMB CARVINGS COME TO LIFE

Then we zigzagged on to the village of El Aqaba, which, although on the mainland and near the railroad track, showed us a custom ages old. An important man had died. The street was full of wailing women, raising their hands to heaven, screaming distractingly at the tops of their voices (it is common for women to be unable to speak above a whisper for days after such an orgy), disheveling their hair, tearing their clothes, soiling themselves with dust.

It was the relief on the wall of the tomb of Ra-mosé at Thebes come to life. Even in

the days of the Old Kingdom, five millenniums ago, death was mourned in exactly the same way.

"Don't you feel as if you had stepped back into history?" asked the young Egyptian engineer at the Binban Pumping Station.

"Well, this looks modern enough," I said, nodding at the spruce little powerhouse that raises Nile water to the level of the fields.

"Yes, but look at the village. I am an exile here. Of course I come from Cairo. I am a graduate of the Royal School of Engineering. Cairo is modern. Here I feel as if I were on another planet—an older one; in some ways a better one, perhaps, but not the one I'm used to. Come through the village and I'll show you."

1,000 YEARS IN 30 FEET

From the powerhouse to the village it was only thirty feet, but easily three thousand years. The houses were made of Nile mud, the immemorial building material of the Nile Valley. Some of the best were of mud bricks.

We saw men making the bricks: stirring mud, pressing it into a wooden mold, scraping off the surplus, dropping out the wet brick on a board to dry in the sun. Exactly the same method is depicted on many tombs; for example, that of the vizier Rekhmi-Re' who lived a millennium and a half before Christ.

On every side we saw life going on just as we know from the reliefs it did go on in ancient Egypt: the potter turning a water jar; an old man sitting under a palm tree pulling fiber from the palm trunk back of him and twisting it into rope; women making baskets of the Third Dynasty or weaving on a Twelfth Dynasty loom; a dyer working in the old way; girls putting out the same old sun bread to rise in the same old sun.

A barber, working outdoors, was shaving a small boy's head, all except a few tufts left for religious reasons. A carpenter was sawing a board, not placed horizontally but vertically, as in the old paintings. And, on the fringe of the village, farmers were using plow, mattock, fork, and sickle that might have been copied straight from tomb pictures of Kha'em-hêt, superintendent of the royal granaries under Amenophis III.

Here is most remarkable persistence of a racial type; and what makes it more extraordinary is that even in towns where

Arabs, Turks, and Greeks have mixed their blood with the old stock, the final result is not composite but Egyptian. There is something about this land ruled by the river, the sun, and the desert that stamps all men with the same brand.

The lonesome engineer, who had not seen anyone from the outside world in the two years he had been at this station, entertained us kindly, then saw us off for the camel market at Darâw (page 440).

CROCODILES MUMMIFIED, LIKE KINGS

The camel survives in a land that used to abound in animals. In prehistoric times Egypt had enough rainfall to maintain forests where roamed the buffalo, lion, hyena, bear, and elephant. In the Nile the hippopotamus wallowed and the crocodile slithered after its prey.

At our next stop we peered into a dark chamber of the Temple of Kôm Ombo to make out the forms of mummified crocodiles, for these animals were sacred to Suchos (Sobk), the crocodile-headed god, worshiped in this temple.

Doubtless these crocodiles, now mummified like kings, were taken from this part of the river. Two months before our trip a crocodile had been killed near Luxor. But this was a rare exception, for the animal has been practically exterminated in Egypt since religion ceased to protect it.

We scrambled up the sandy cliffs of the east shore to visit the quarries of Silsila. I felt as if I had come from Lilliput into a land of giants. Surely only giants could have cut away stone enough to make such dizzy cliffs, caves, and abysses. But Rameses II knew how to make men work that his name should be remembered.

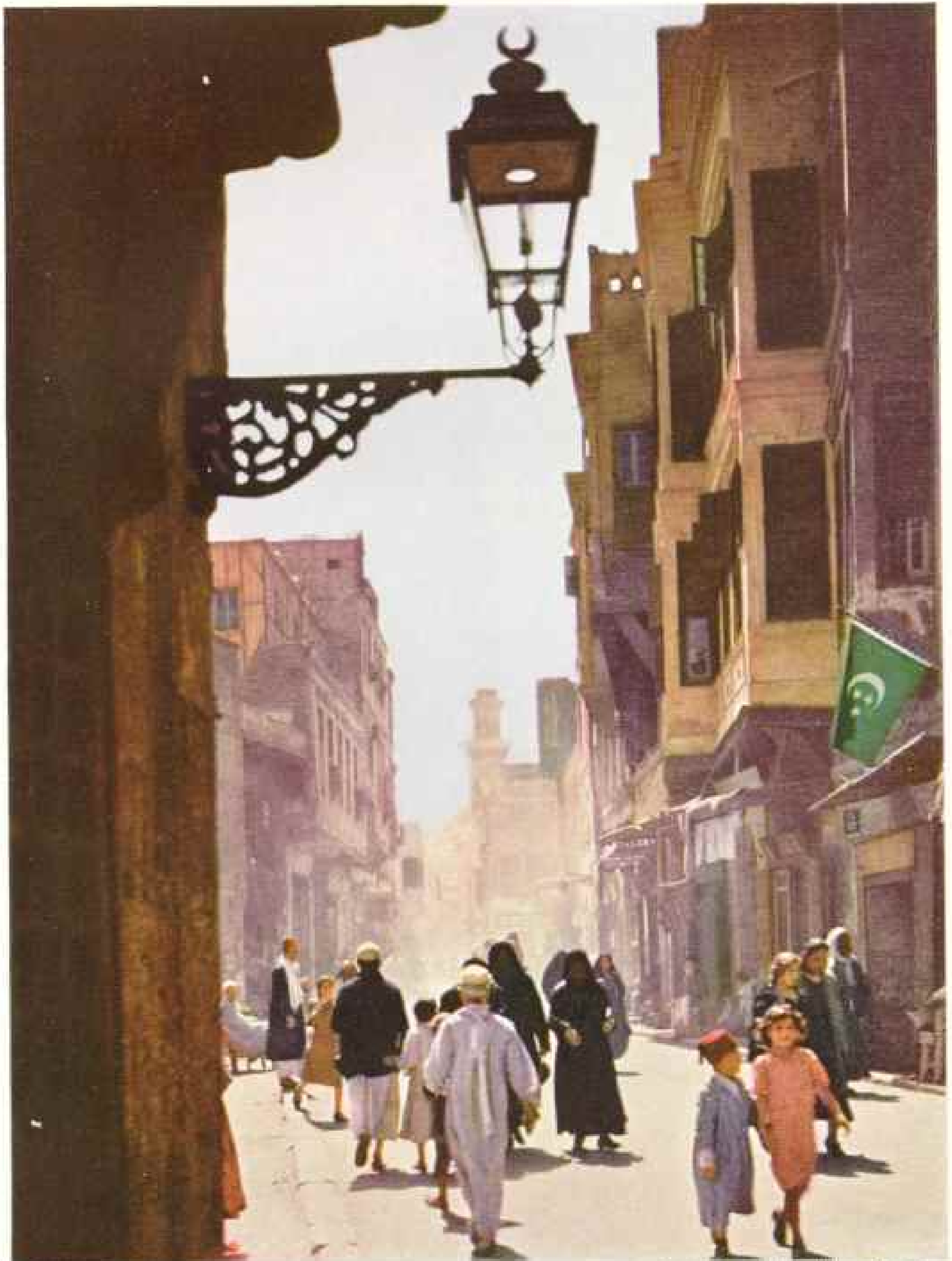
These mighty quarries, now almost forgotten, are fully as impressive as some of the temples built from their stone.

It is not far from here to the beautiful and well-known Temple of Horus at Idfu (page 471), marred only by the zeal of early Christians who felt it their duty to chip the faces of the Egyptian gods magnificently carved on the walls.

A LAYER CAKE OF EGYPT'S HISTORY

A rich discovery awaited us at isolated El Kâb. We were lucky enough to find the famous Egyptologist, Jean Capart, digging down through the centuries. An extraordinary figure is this lively little Belgian with his yellow whiskers and tiny amber

UNDER EGYPT'S GOLDEN SUN

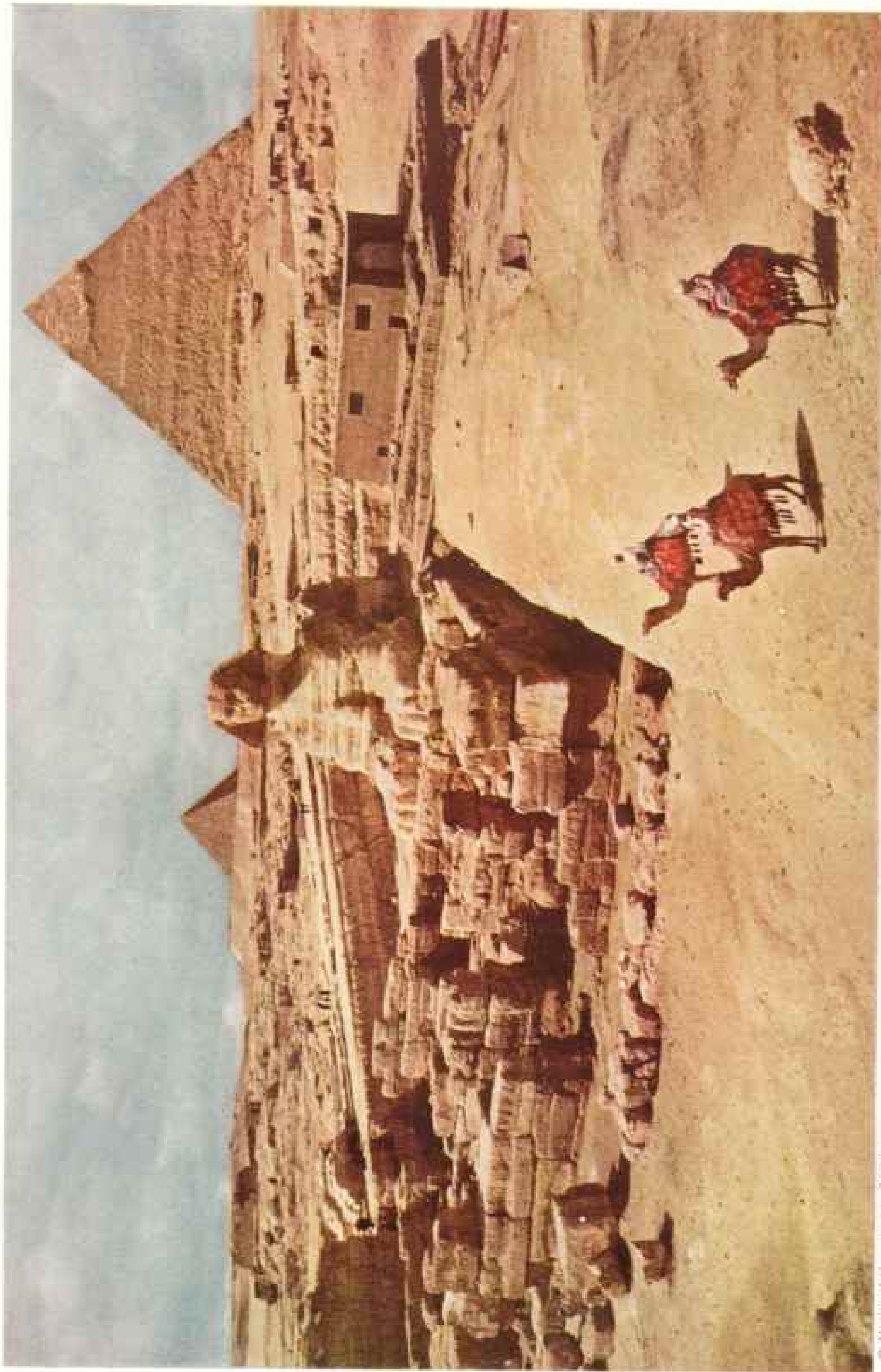


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

LIKE AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS" ILLUSTRATION IS THE ORIENTAL QUARTER OF CAIRO

Women peer through latticed windows of overhanging balconies, Arabs in turbans and tarbooshes sit by shop doors, minarets pierce the sky, and the noises and smells of the Levant linger in this modern capital. The Crescent of Islam is seen everywhere, on street lamps and the green Egyptian flag. Cairo, often called "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Nile Delta," was founded by the Fatimid caliphs in 968 A. D. They named the city El-Kähira (The Victorious), now corrupted to Cairo.



© National Geographic Society

WHO CARVED THE GREAT SPHINX OF GIZA, AND WHEN? WHOM DOES IT REPRESENT?

Most authorities now believe that King Khéphren had a limestone hillock shaped to portray himself with a lion's body as a symbol of strength. He came to the throne in 2668 B. C. and was the builder of the Second Pyramid (right).

Kochetams by B. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

IN EGYPT WOMEN WEAR EYE SHADOW, 1900

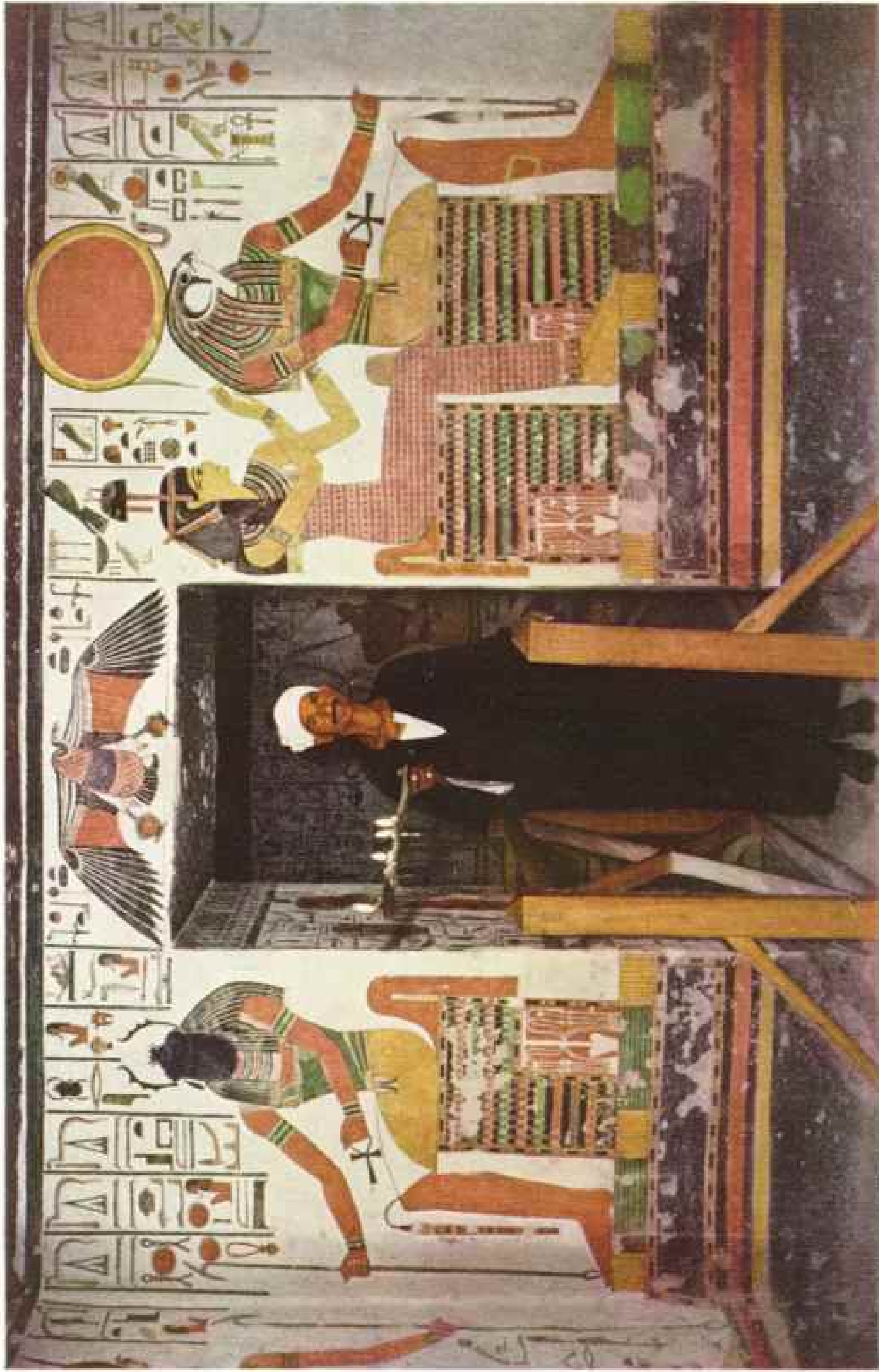
In fact, the use of cosmetics may have originated here beside the Nile, Kohl, such as this tattooed Fayumi girl uses, and perfumes, paints, and powders, are found in many ancient tombs. She carries soft cheese to market.



Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart

HAY DESIGNERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

Walking into Cairo, this vendor "wears" a scented head covering of rosebuds and snapdragons, freshly picked in country gardens. Cyber street hawkers balance trays of fruits, cakes, or sweetmeats.

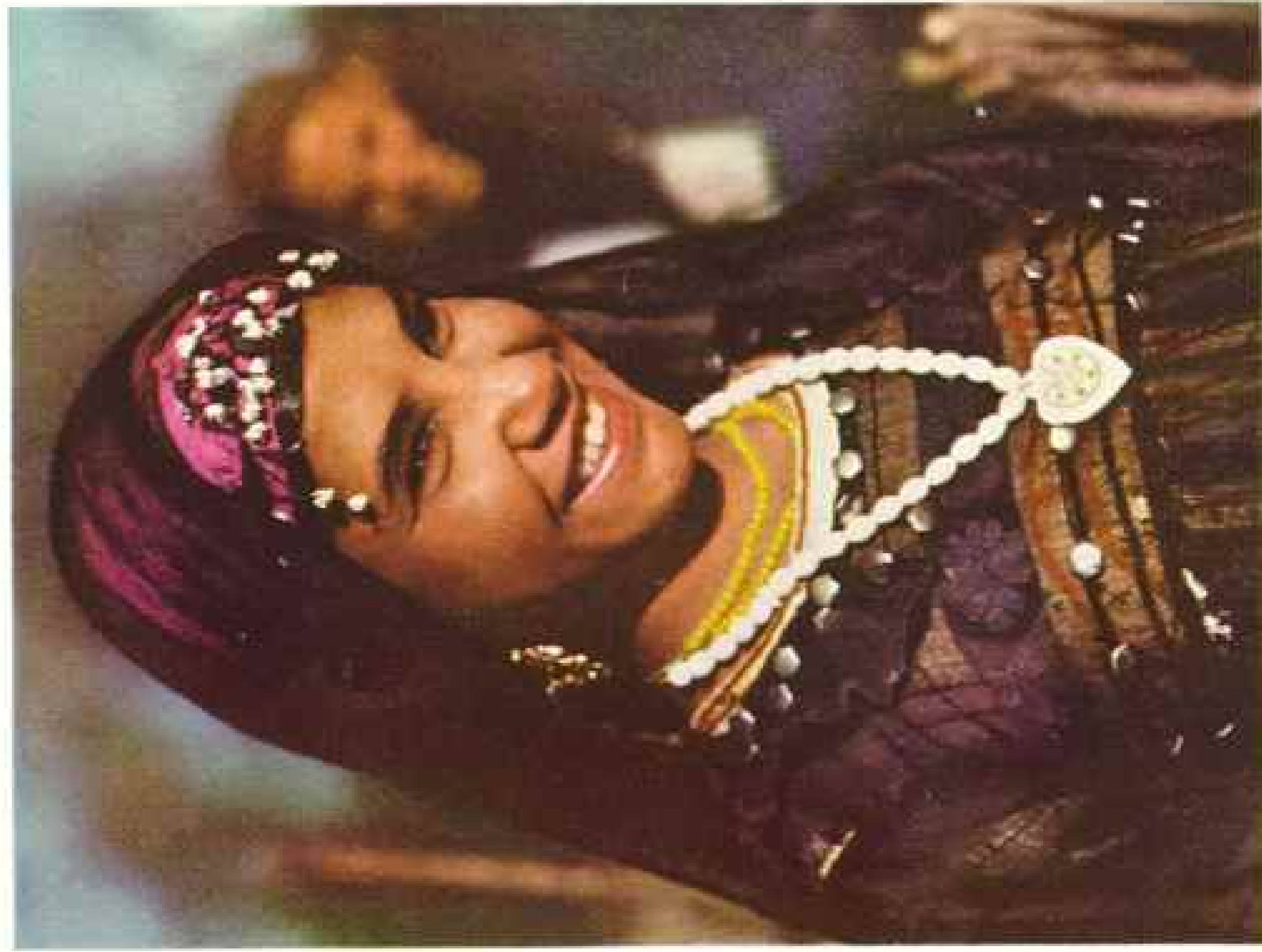


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

TO ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, TOMBS WERE ETERNAL DWELLING PLACES, EARTHLY HOMES BUT TEMPORARY ABODES

So sepulchers were elaborately decorated, as is this tomb of Queen Nofret-iry, wife of Ramesses II, at the Necropolis of Thebes. Color film exposed by flashlight has caught the full brilliance of the paintings normally seen dimly by candlelight. The scarabaeus-headed solar god, Khepre, sits at left; Har-akhty, with falcon head, at right. The goddess Hathor appears truly feminine. Sekhmet, above the door, has the form of a vulture.



© National Geographic Society

HAULERS MAKE HER SAVINGS ACCIDENT

When this young Egyptian miss marries, she will invest any spare money in jewelry. In case of divorce such "deposits" remain hers. She watches over a flock of goats along a canal near the Step Pyramid of Saqqara.



Kofachiores by H. Anthony Stewart

BLANKETS WARD OFF BOTH HEAT AND COLD

To protect himself from the glaring sun of Upper Egypt, this fellah, or tiller, has wrapped his heavy robe about his face and shoulders. On chilly winter nights he also swathes himself in blankets, though his feet are left bare.



© National Geographic Society

Reproduction by B. Anthony Stewart

THREE MILLENNIUMS HAVE NOT DIMMED THE PAINTINGS IN THE TOMB OF SEN-NEUBERT DEPICTING FARM LIFE IN LUXOR
 On the central panel this Theban official plows with spotted cattle, while his wife follows, scattering grain.



Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart

STEADILY A RUG GROWS UNDER DEFT YOUNG FINGERS

Singing while they work, small girls in an Asyût "factory" tie the knots with uncanny speed and accuracy. Rhythmically flashing their knives, they sever the yarn evenly to make a smooth, level nap.



© National Geographic Society

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES A RUG

Sitting cross-legged in his Cairo shop, this dealer repairs damaged rugs while waiting for customers to purchase new ones. If spots are faded, he restores the color with touches of dye.

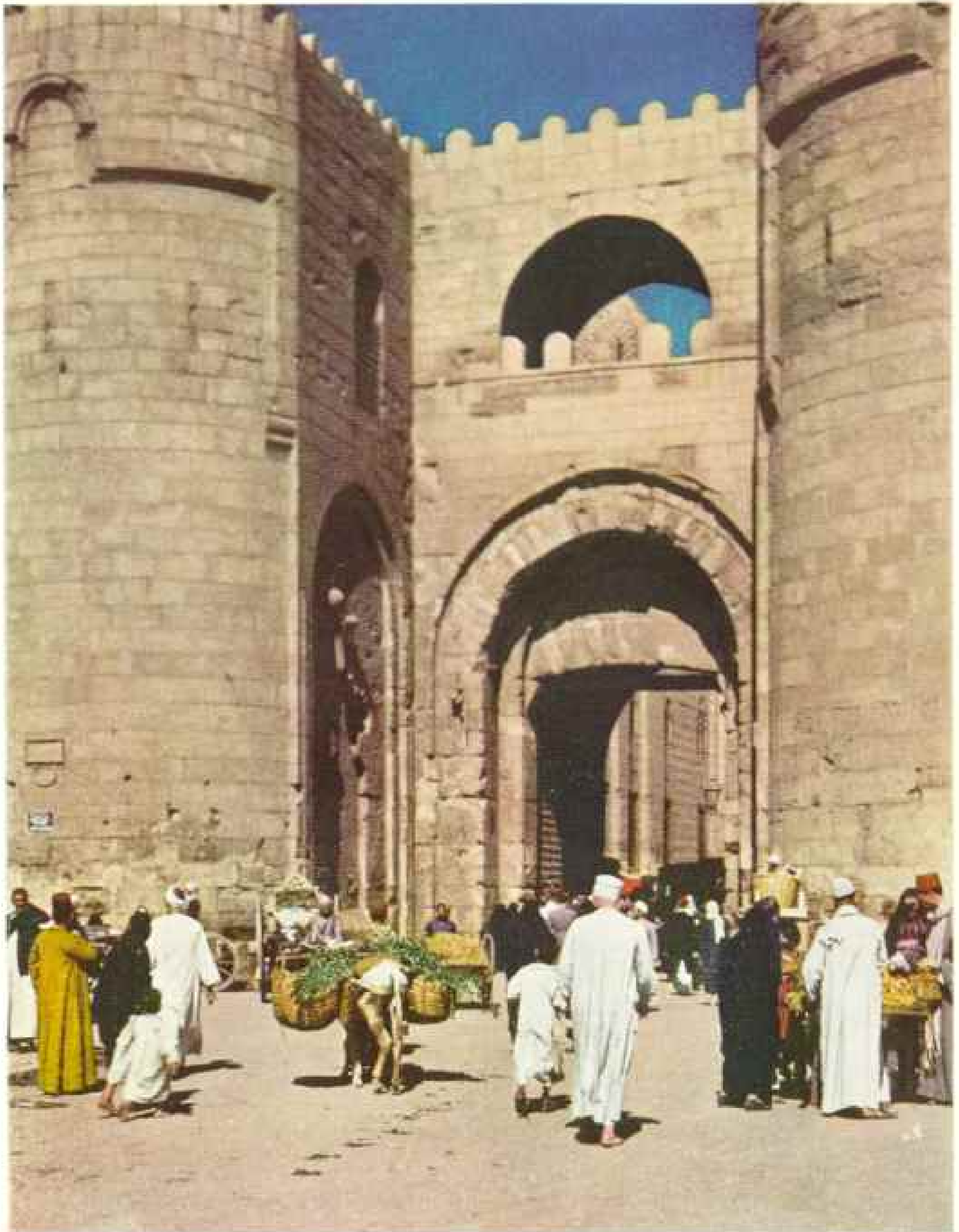


© National Geographic Society

Redrawn by D. Anthony Stewart

PURPLE BOUGAINVILLEA MARSHALS ITS FLORAL GLORY IN FEBRUARY AT LUXOR

Open only during the winter season, the Winter Palace Hotel maintains its own vegetable gardens. Luxor is a favorite center for visitors to the wonders of ancient Egypt. Within easy access by carriage are the Temples of Luxor and Karnak. Across the river lie the vast Necropolis of Thebes, with its Colossi, and the Tombs of the Kings, Queens, and Nobles.

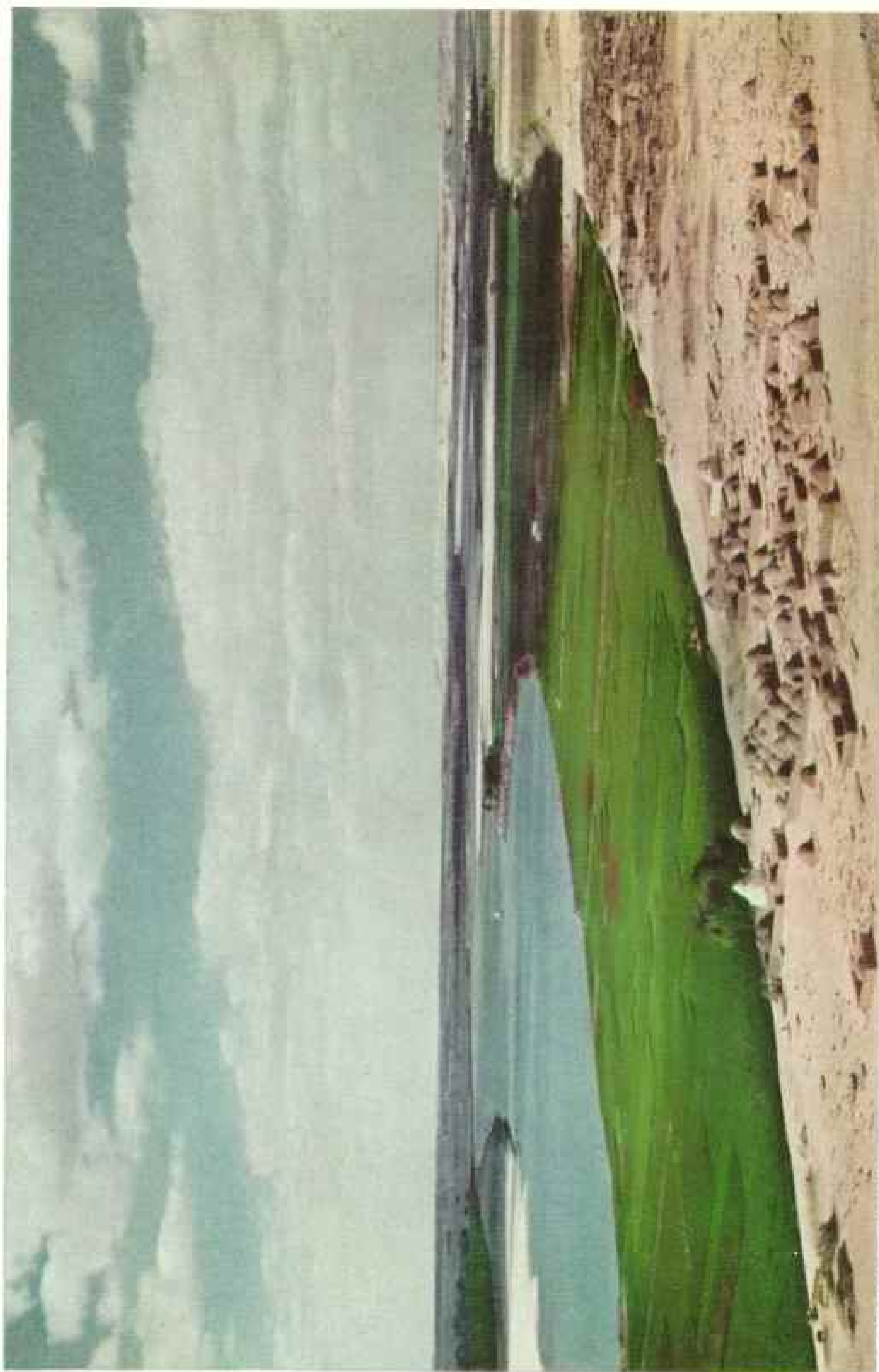


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

CAIRO FOLK BELIEVE A MYSTERIOUS SAINT DWELLS IN THIS GATEWAY

Ailing persons tie bright-colored rags, yarn, and even teeth on the gates to attract the saint's attention to their suffering. The 14th-century gateway, Bab Zuweila, is one of several that pierce the old walls of Cairo. Tīmān Bey, last of the Circassian Sultans of Egypt, was hanged in the archway by the Turks in 1517. Near the busy thoroughfare are the bazaars of the tentmakers and shoemakers.

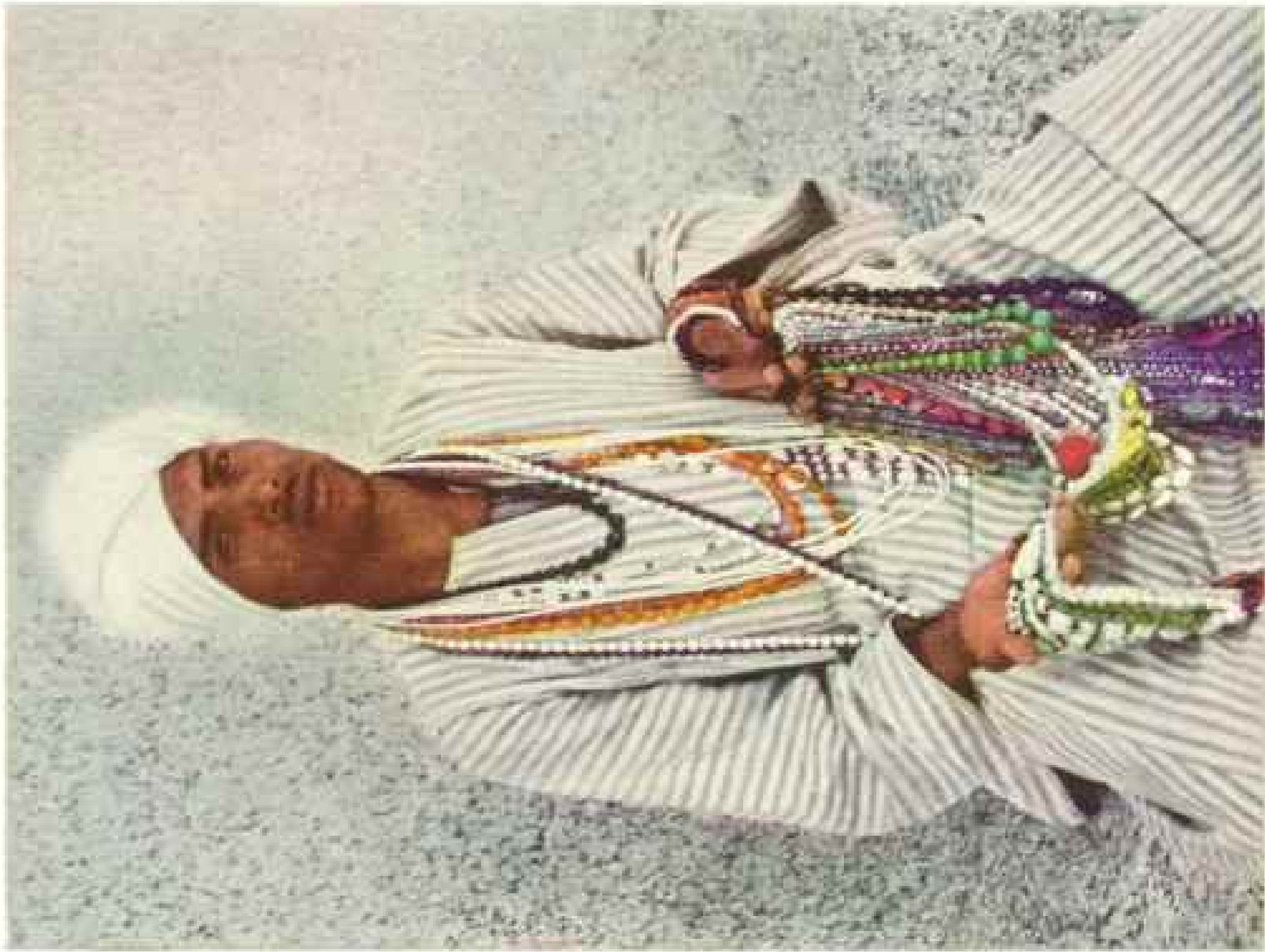


© National Geographic Society

Keoche/Photo by B. Anthony Stewart

A CLEAVERLIKE LINE CUTS DESERT FROM THE RIBBON OF FARMLAND ALONG THE NILE

All of Egypt would be like the rest of the vast Sahara were it not for the Nile's beneficent floods and intensive irrigation. On little more than three per cent of the Nation's land live nearly 16 million people. To conserve precious arable acres, farmers near the cliff tombs of Beni Hasan have built their village (right) on higher desert land. In the foreground is a cemetery of domed buildings that look like beehives.



© National Geographic Society

MANY "BARGAINERS," BUT FEW HUNTS!

This bead vendor waits for customers at the unfinished obelisk in the ancient granite quarries at Assuan.



Kachabroun by L. Anthony Stewart

TOES HELP OUT WHEN FINGERS ARE TOO FEW

An Isma weaver holds the warp with his toe while he threads his primitive loom. He makes head shawls for Nile women.



THE MUSKI IS FIFTH AVENUE FOR ARAB SHOPPERS IN CAIRO



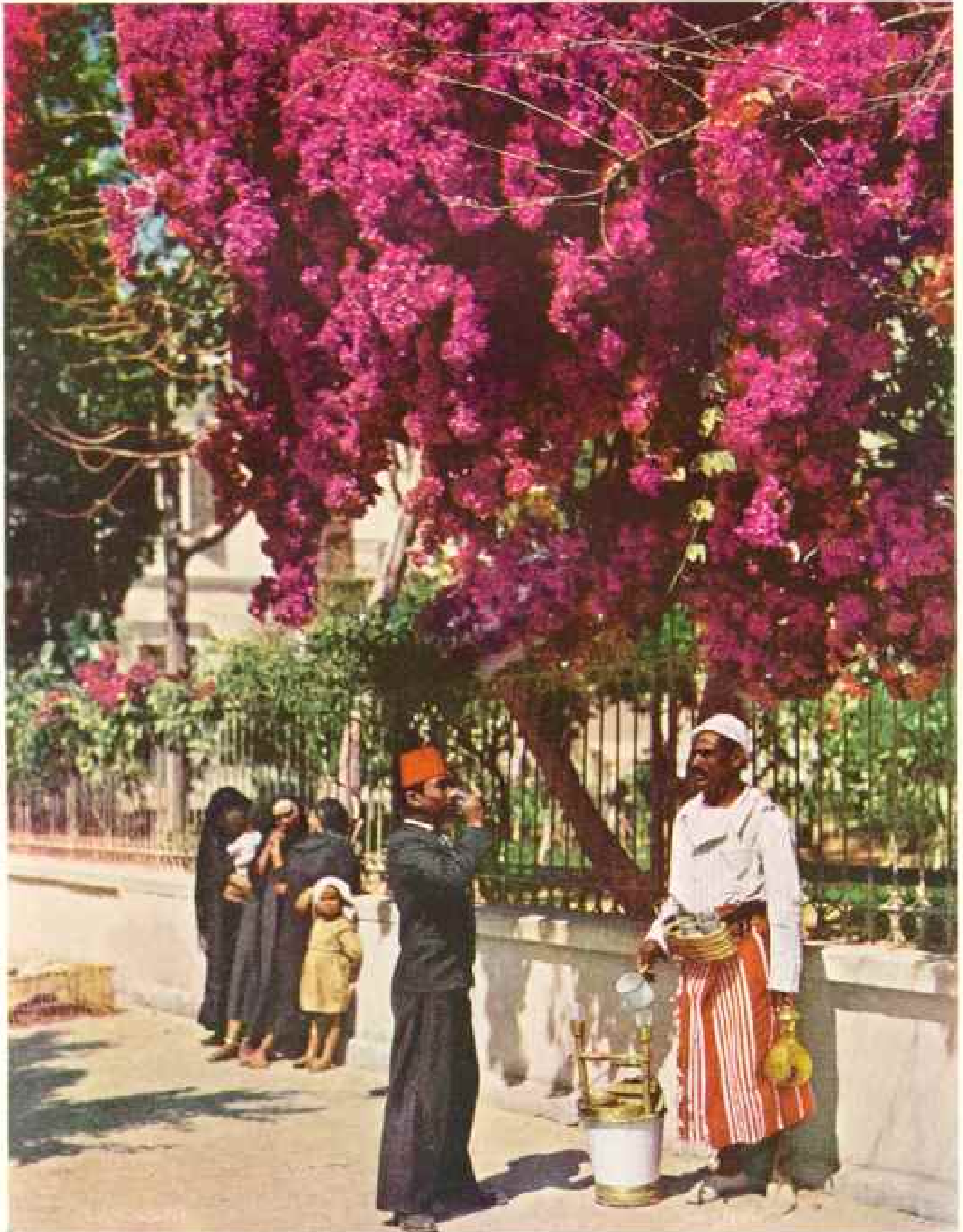
© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by H. Anthony Stewart

MILE-LONG STRINGS OF NETS ARE LAID ALONG EGYPT'S COASTAL WATERS

Then, like giant horseshoes, they are hauled ashore with crews pulling at the ends. Sometimes these fishermen, mending their nets at Abu Qir, land only a handful of fish after hours of work.

UNDER EGYPT'S GOLDEN SUN

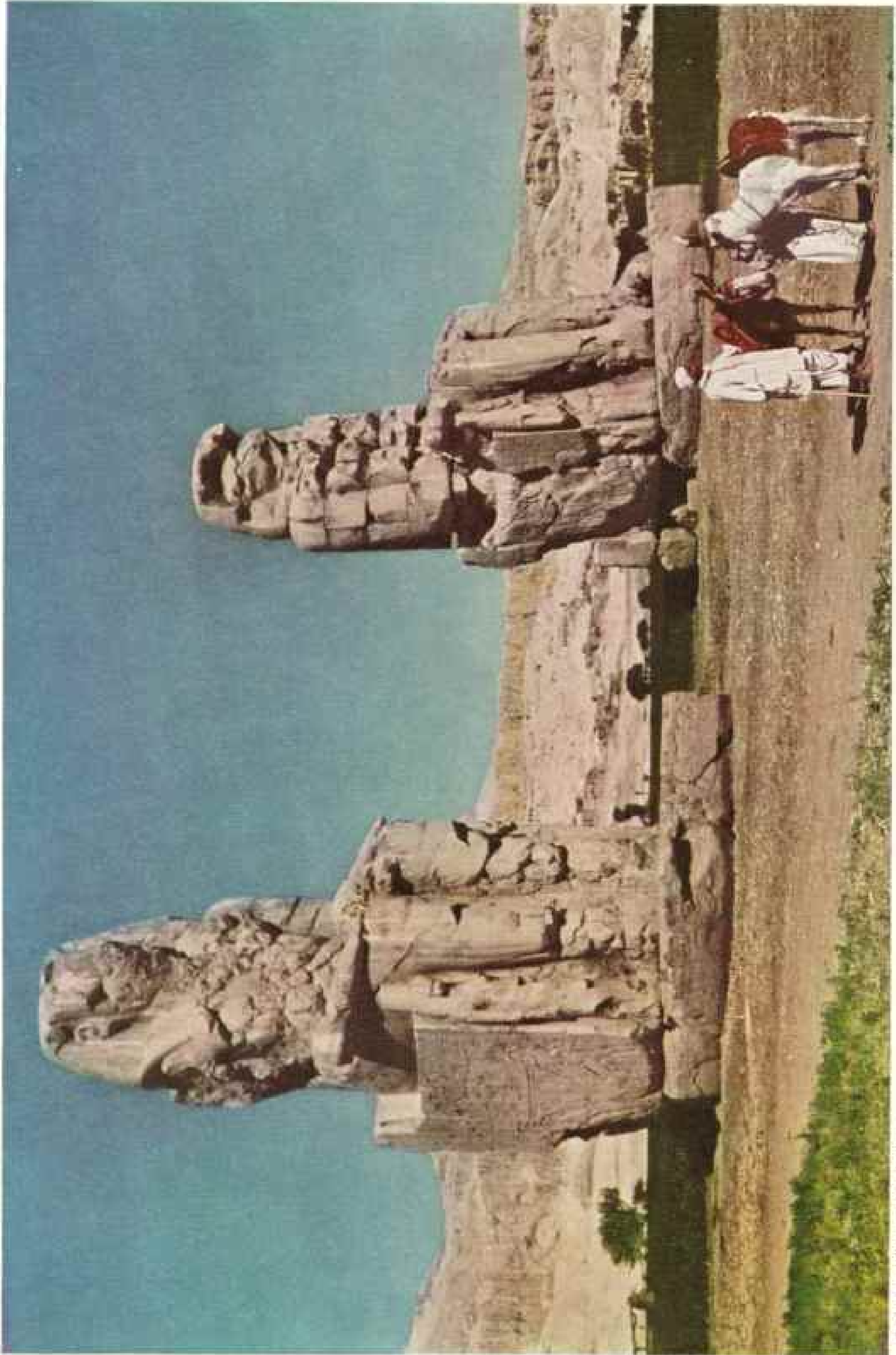


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

SOFT-DRINK FOUNTAINS COME TO THE THIRSTY ON FOOT IN THE SUMMER HEAT OF EGYPT

Clinking their saucers and glasses to attract attention, these gaudily dressed vendors wander about the streets of every Egyptian city. Some carry coffee, others tamarind water or fruit juices. *Bougainvillea* blooms in profusion here in Helwan, an artificial oasis in the desert south of Cairo. Sulphur and saline springs have made it a popular spa.



© National Geographic Society

Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

"THE HEART OF HIS MAJESTY WAS PLEASED TO MAKE VERY GREAT MONUMENTS, UNEQUALLED SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD"
Thus Amenophis III appraised these 60-foot figures of himself, commonly called the Colossi of Memnon. They have been seated on their thrones for 33 centuries at the Necropolis of Thebes. The hills in the background are honeycombed with rock temples and tombs.



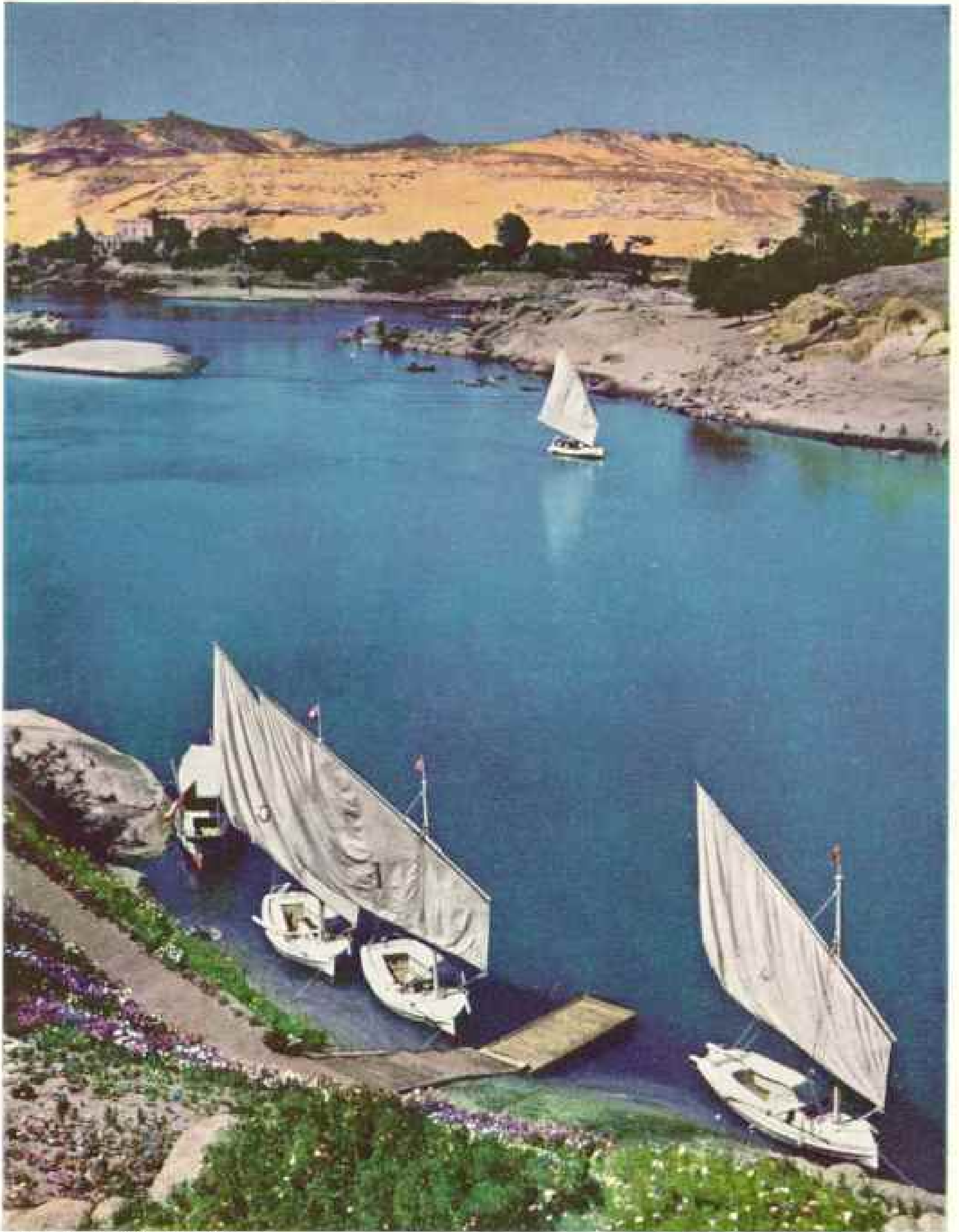
© National Geographic Society

"I PLEDGE MY WORD THESE WILL BE A PERFECT FIT"
 With his bench set up in a shady side street in Aswan, the cobbler fashions sharp-toed slippers of red leather while the customer looks on.



Kodachromes by R. Anthony Stewart

MODERNISM INVADIES THE ART OF THE PHARAOHS!
 Basilly he sews pieces of gaudy cloth together to make novelty panels for visitors. Some designs are patterned after carvings and paintings in tombs.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

WHITE-SAILED PLEASURE BOATS NOW FLECK BLUE WATERS, WHERE ANCIENT BARGES
LOADED ASWAN GRANITE

From quarries near the town early Egyptian builders carved quantities of the stone for the tombs and temples along the Nile. Pillars from Aswan were even shipped to Syria. In one quarry lies an unfinished obelisk 137 feet long and nearly 14 feet thick. Here at the First Cataract, the Nile is broken by many rocks and islands; at the right is the tip of Elephantine Island.

glasses, his boundless enthusiasm and his disregard of dust when he practically stands on his head to see an inscription under a stone.

"Do you realize," he said, "that this is in some ways the most important spot in Egypt?"

Here was the ancient capital of Upper Egypt. Its tutelary goddess, Nekhbet, also identified as the vulture goddess, was honored as the patroness of birth and the protector of kings (Plate IV).

Time after time invaders of Egypt destroyed her temple, in order to destroy Egypt's kings. Time after time a new temple was built upon the ruins of the old. The result is that here you have, in layers, the history of Egypt.

Capart was probing down through the strata. He had just unearthed the entrance to a chamber filled with exquisite reliefs. Only he and a few of his aides had been inside. He allowed us to squirm down into it through a hole in the stones.

"You are the tenth and eleventh persons to enter that room in two thousand years."

COINS MUST PASS THE ROCK TEST

It was the day when his hundred or more workmen were to receive their fortnightly wage. A table was set in the open air on the Nile bank. Behind it sat Dr. Capart and his assistants, coins arranged in piles before them. Near the table was a large rock.

Each man stepped up to the table, received his coins, and immediately rang each one on the rock to see if it was good. If its ring didn't satisfy him, he was given another. Dr. Capart sat smiling into his beard.

"We have to humor them," he said. "We had the rock put there on purpose—so they could have no grievance."

The next day we got a soaking. In a stiff breeze, the felucca heeled too far and shipped about four gallons of the Nile. We arrived before the great dam of Isna (which with its open arches looks like a silver chain necklace across the bosom of the river), our mast and shrouds festooned with wet bedding. It did not dry before night and we slept in our clothes.

How enchanting, the early-morning sounds of the Nile! The lark goes up, spilling bubbles of song. There is a cheerful bird babel in the growing wheat on the bank to which we are moored and in the tops of the palm trees.

The crew of a *gyaxia* (blunt-bowed cargo boat) chant as they row against the current. There is the rapid monotone of someone praying. There is comic relief in the fantastic "Squee-squaw! Squee-squaw!" of the donkey, sounding exactly like a saw going through a hard knot.

THE NILE HAS ITS OWN PIPE ORGAN

Then, as the sun rises, the great pipe organ of the Nile begins. There is nothing like it, nothing in the world. It sounds as if mighty chords were being played, with all the *vox humana* stops out.

Yet it comes only from the axes of a thousand *shadoofs* raising water from the Nile. The shadoof is a sort of well sweep with a bucket on one end and a weight on the other. The bucket is let into the Nile and fills, the singing workman lifts, the bucket rises and empties into a trough which carries the liquid life to the fields.

Where the sweep rubs on the horizontal bar that supports it, a sound is emitted. It is a creaking sound, but rather musical, and is sometimes emphasized by attaching an empty gourd or can to the bar to give resonance.

Since each outfit is a little different, the air is filled with octaves of sound for miles up and down the river. Bass notes are provided by the *sakieh*, the water wheel turned by an ox or sometimes a camel. To the accompaniment of these instruments rises the mournful song of the workman.

This concert has been a daily feature for a long time. The *sakieh* dates back to Roman times. The shadoof is far more ancient.

Many a tomb picture shows a toiler at the shadoof, and parts of the apparatus have been found in graves of thousands of years ago.

Power pumps are coming in, but it will be a long time yet before the shadoof and *sakieh* cease to make music on the Nile.

Storm held us up at the village of Nawâsir. The mayor took us to his home for coffee. Children crowded the windows. The mayor excused their curiosity by explaining that they had never before seen an Anglo-Saxon in all their young lives.

When we returned to the felucca, we found our black boatmen very nervous. They did not know this village and were suspicious that its people were brigands. They were for putting off immediately, storm or no storm.



Photograph by Willard Price

HOST TO THE AUTHOR AND MRS. PRICE WAS THIS WHITE-BEARDED COPTIC PRIEST

For two days they stayed at the village of Qamûla with aged Elkommos Mina Ikladios and his numerous sons, daughters, and grandchildren, to the third and fourth generation—30 people living in one household (opposite page).

Put off we did, the two men rowing. Presently there was a shout from the bank. A dozen piratical-looking men of the village were calling after us.

Our men bent to the oars. The pirates leaped into a small light boat and dashed after us. When they came alongside, we saw that one of them was the mayor. He handed a huge turkey in over the gunwale.

"This is for your dinner," he said.

It lasted us and the crew five meals.

To come from the land of mud villages to lovely Luxor with its magnificent palaces and temples and its hotels overflowing with comfort and good food was an exciting event (Plate VIII), particularly since we had been without butter for a week.

"WORLD'S GREATEST GRAVEYARD"

Here we enjoyed long talks with Mohammed Pasha Mahmud, premier of Egypt, whose private steamer was stopping at Luxor on a trip upriver; with Sir Robert Mond, archeologist; with the scientists and artists of the Metropolitan Museum and the University of Chicago at work preserving and publishing the breath-taking discoveries

made in the golden cliffs across the river.

Ancient Thebes was not only a world metropolis, but became the world's greatest graveyard. Here are the Tombs of the Kings, including that of Tutankhamen,* the Tombs of the Queens, gorgeously decorated with reliefs in full color, the Tombs of the Nobles, on the walls of which men plow, harvest, winnow, broil meat, pound grain in mortars, bake bread, tan leather, carry geese by their wings, build houses, build boats, and do a hundred other things just as they are done in Egypt today (pages 437 and 474, and Plates IV, VI, and XIV).

Here are the Colossi of Memnon (Amenophis III), gazing stonily out over the plain, and the great temple of Queen Hatshepsut, so wily and human that it is hard to believe that the little minx is really dead.

Here is the Ramesseum, containing the statue of Rameses II, largest statue in Egypt. It weighs about a thousand tons (not pounds). The ears are 3½ feet long and the feet 4½ feet broad.

*See "At the Tomb of Tutankhamen," by Maynard Owen Williams, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, May, 1923.

On the east bank are the stupendous Temple of Amūn at Karnak and the Temple of Luxor, exquisite by moonlight (page 470).

IN THE HANDS OF THE COPTS

The "pirates" got us again when we left Luxor. At Qamūla village the mayor took us to the police station, gave us coffee, guavas, cucumbers, figs, cigarettes, flowers, and practically everything except his daughters in marriage. Then he handed us over to the Copts.

An old white-whiskered Coptic priest (page 468) took us to his home, introduced us to his sons, daughters, and grandchildren to the third and fourth generation (thirty relatives lived in the one house), and then placed eight broiled pigeons before us.

It was Lent; our hosts were fasting. Twenty of them sat about the room watching us eat and asking intermittently in English learned at a Luxor school:

"Are you happy from our village?"

We would reply that we were. And they would respond warmly, "We are very happy from you."

We slept there. Eleven brothers and sisters accompanied us into the bedroom to point out its conveniences. It belonged to one of the girls, and she took her pretty dresses out of the wardrobe to show us. The pity of pretty clothes in Egypt is that they can be worn only inside the house. On the street the long black *tob* must cover all.

Feminine jewelry was brought out for our inspection. There was a lot of it, for the priest was wealthy. His importance in this town was reminiscent of the ancient wealth and power of the Egyptian priests when they ruled Egypt.

The Coptic Church, although Christian, is older than Islam and much nearer to the Egypt of the long past. The Copts are the most direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Their blood is purest and their customs most like those of antiquity. The word "Copt" comes from the Greek word for "Egyptian," and the Coptic language, now extinct as a spoken tongue, is the last relic of the language of the Pharaohs.

BEAUTY HINTS FROM CLEOPATRA'S DAY

For a time we were living the life of the ancients. One of the girls took out her cosmetics, such as Cleopatra had used

before her, and offered to make up Mary's face in Egyptian fashion.

From a small white bottle she drew a glass spatula. The end of it was smeared with a black substance. It was *kohl* (antimony) used to darken the eyelids.

Mary took it and dabbed on a couple of black rings. She looked as if she had been up too late the night before.

"No, no," said her teacher. "Let me show you."

She wiped off the *kohl*.

"Now, close your eyes."

She inserted the spatula between the closed lids and ran it back and forth.

"Look in the mirror."

Mary looked, and two snapping Oriental eyes looked back at her. Then came rouge, powder, perfume—all like those known to have been used of old. In fact, it is doubtful if the modern girl could have taught Queen Nefertiti anything about the art of improving upon Nature.

RIVER NOW "NILE GREEN"

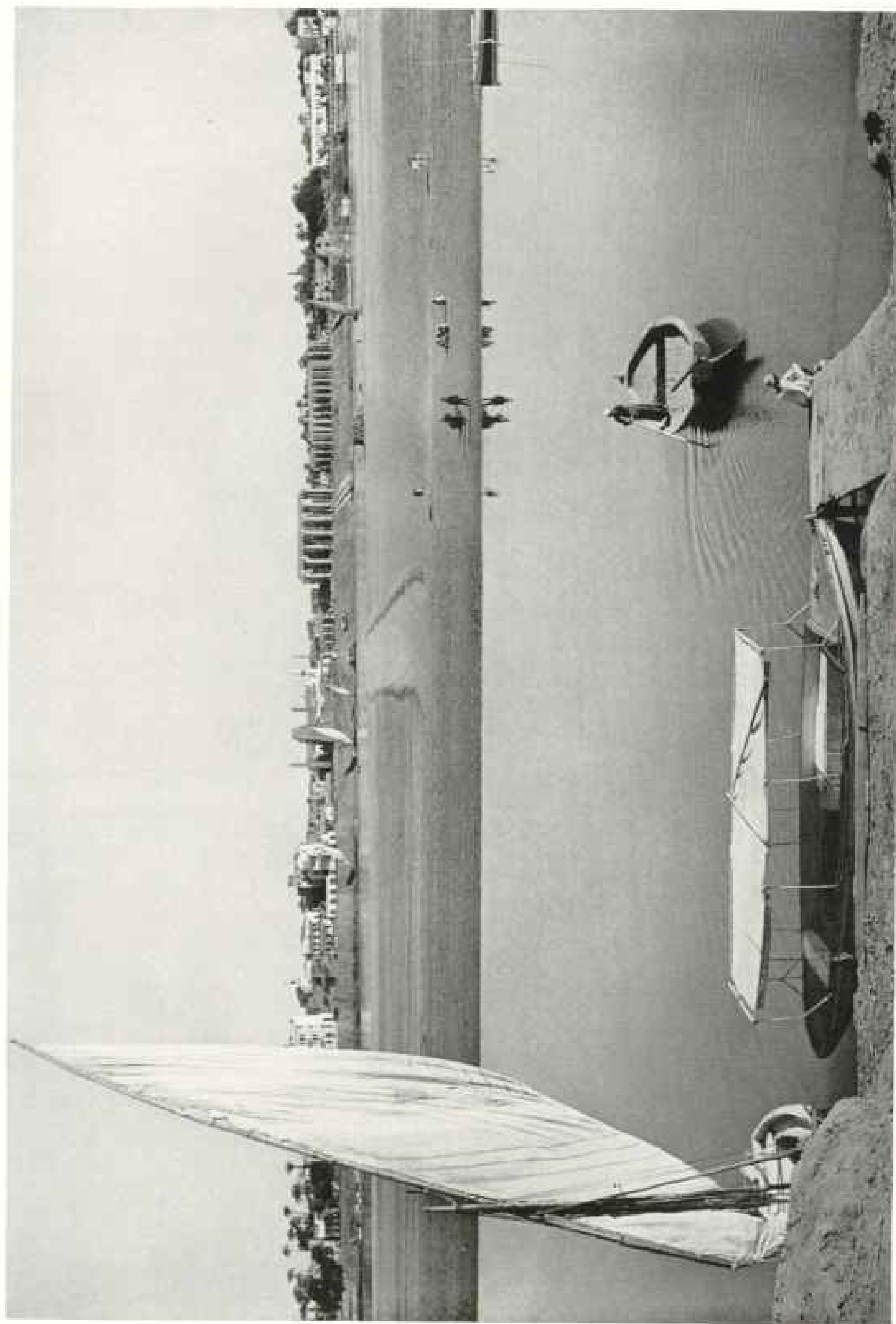
Two delightful days were spent in the home of the priest. Then, with a hearty exchange of "We are very happy from you," we sailed on down the colorful Nile.

Although during summer flood the river is a chocolate brown, it was now a lovely "Nile green." The sky was a deep blue, the love color of Egypt. Against it often were the white sails of twoscore boats at a time, and the gleaming iridescence of birds' wings. The hoopoe, the kingfisher, the crested lark, the little green bee eater, the kite, the egret, the pelican, flashed against the blue sky; green oasis, golden desert.

And the mountains of the Nile! We perhaps think of Egypt as flat. It is not. The river is bordered for many miles, sometimes on the right bank, then on the left, by lofty cliffs which run through a gamut of color as the day advances. They are cream at noon, gold in the afternoon, rose later, vermilion at sunset, lavender at dusk, then a rich purplish black by the light of the innumerable bright stars.

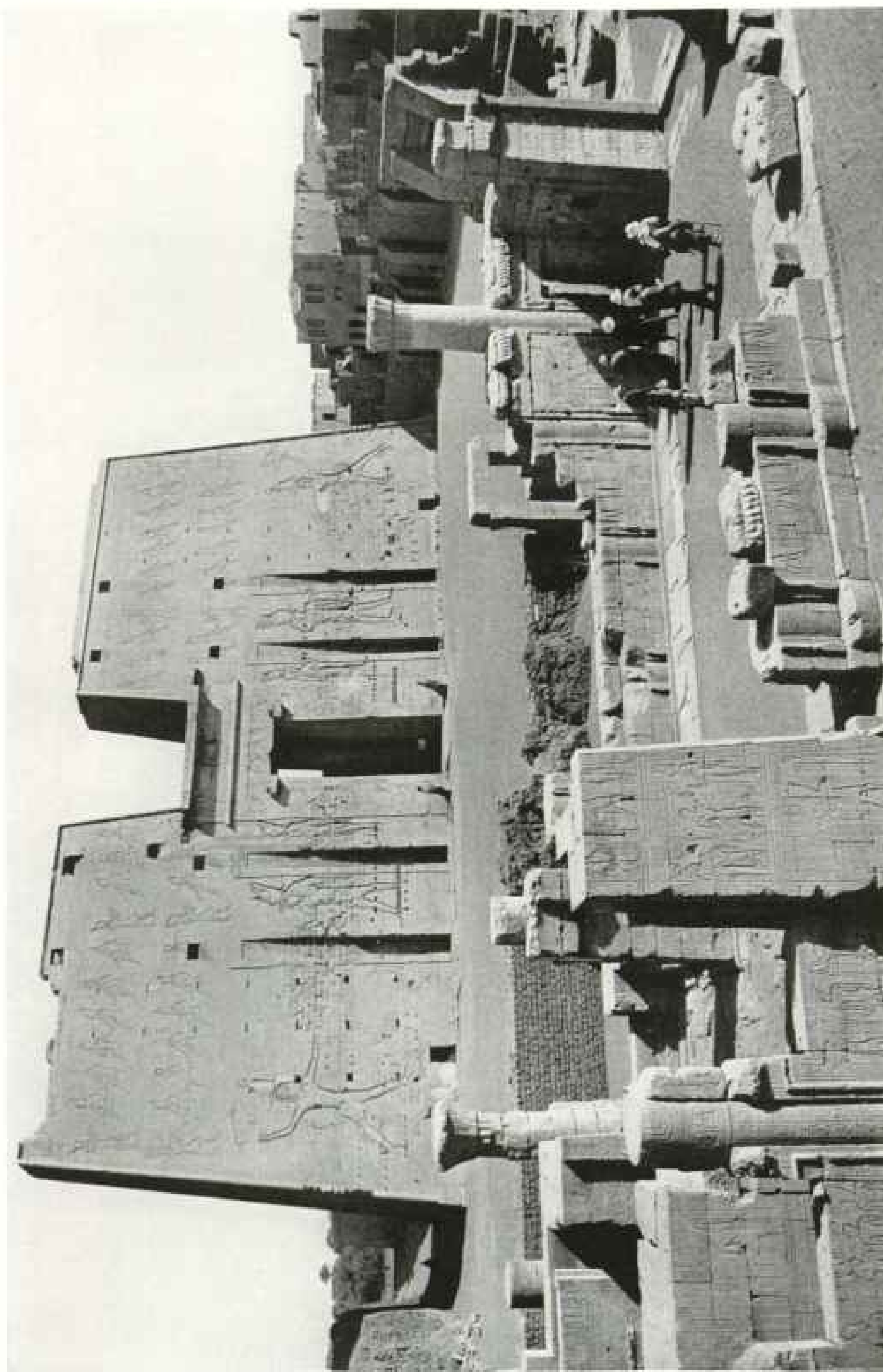
It was like sailing down a one-sided Grand Canyon.

We donkeybacked to lonely Dandara to see the Temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus. It is a very youthful temple, only about 2,000 years old. Therefore it is one of the best preserved in Egypt. Its walls show Roman emperors sacrificing to the



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart.

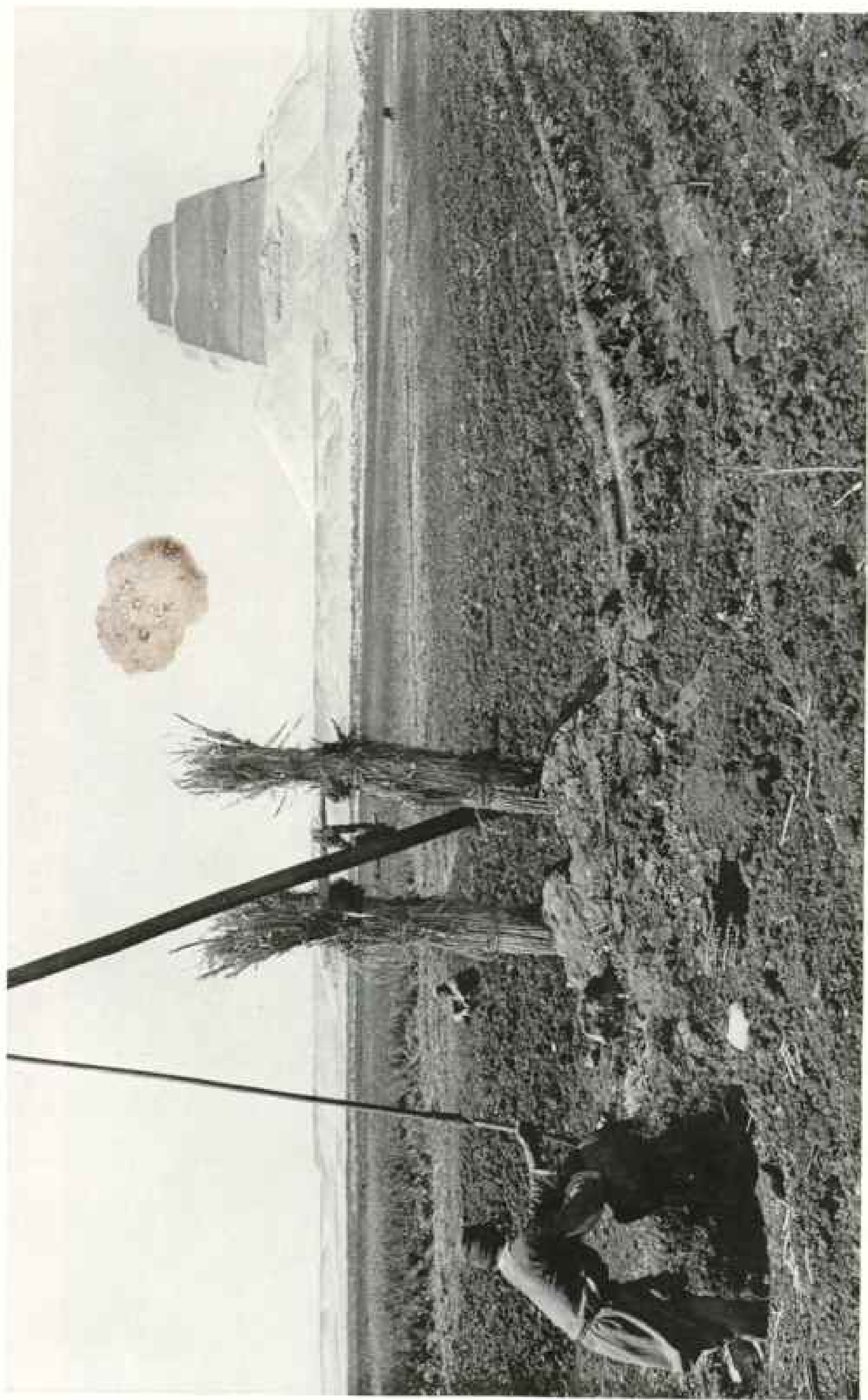
A TEMPLE OF THE PHARAOHS DOMINATES LUXOR'S SKYLINE FROM THE NILE



Photograph by R. Anthony Stewart

TWO THOUSAND YEARS HAVE DEALT BUT LIGHTLY WITH IDPU'S TEMPLE OF HORUS:

It is the most perfectly preserved of all the early buildings of Egypt, though its reliefs were mutilated by religious zealots who chipped off the gods' faces.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

EGYPTIANS LIFT WATER FROM WELLS TODAY AS DID THEIR FOREFATHERS WHO BUILT THIS EARLY SKUSCRAPER, THE PYRAMID OF MAIDUM

Using a squeaking shadoof, a sweep with bucket on one end and weight on the other, the boy lifts water from a canal-fed hole to the freshly hoed field (page 467).
Enlarged seven times, the steeply sloping monument was one of the first pyramids with a square base (page 475).



BABY KNOWS NO FEARS ON MOTHER'S HEAD.

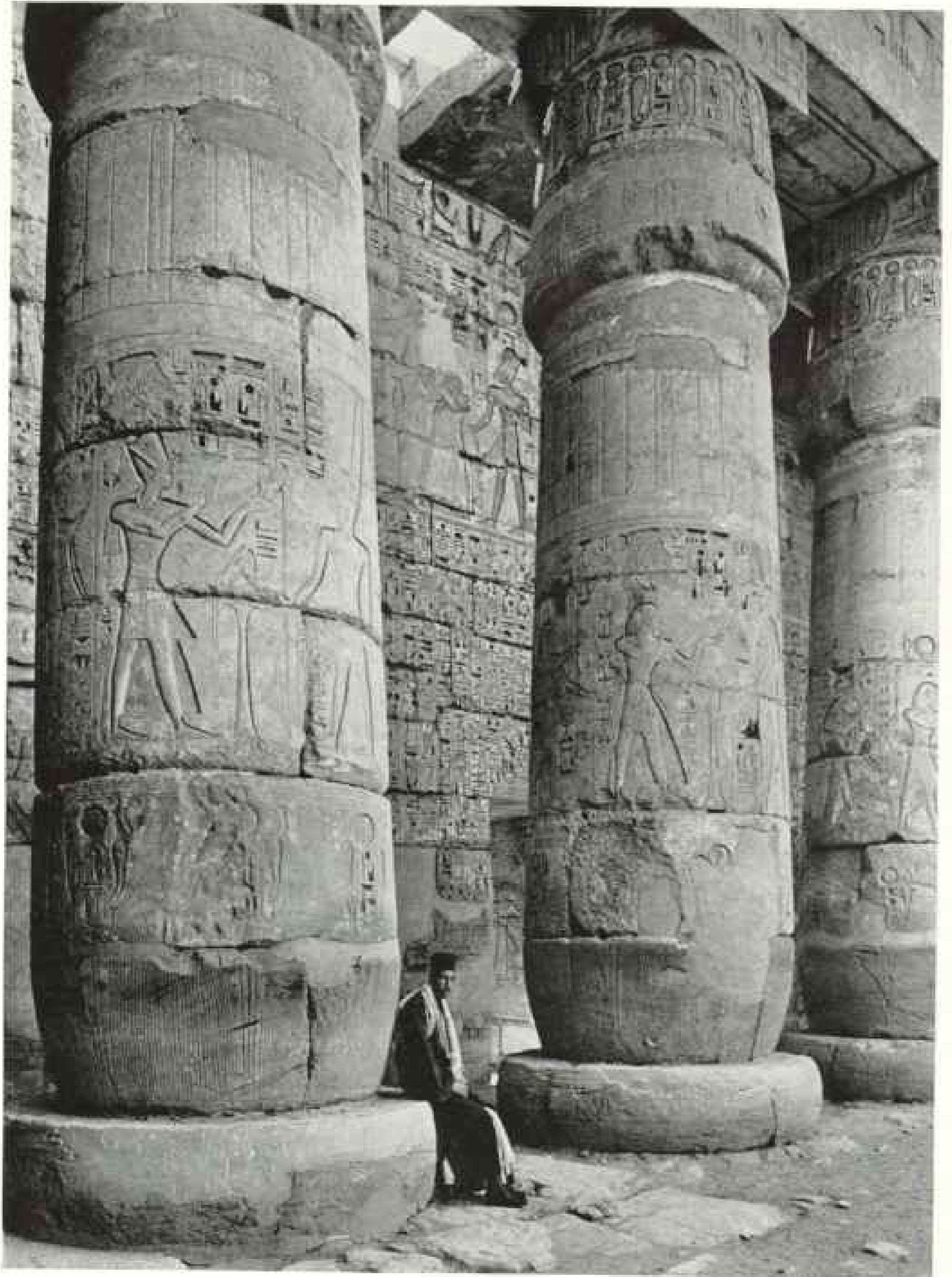
Used to carrying heavy wicker jars and baskets on her head, she uses the same safe method for carrying her youngster. Hollywood starlets and others balance babies to gain an erect carriage which comes naturally to Egyptian women.



Photographs by H. Anthony Everett

A FREEZY-HEADED BISHARI WRITES BY REMOTE CONTROL.

Through an interpreter with staff and a public letter writer, he has his message penned in Arabic, a language he cannot speak. The scribe has chosen a convenient "office" under a street mailbox in Aswan.



Photograph by R. Anthony Stewart

"I, RAMESES III, WON VICTORIES IN WAR AND SACRIFICED RICHLY TO MY GODS"

Such, in brief, is the context of the pictures and hieroglyphs with which he covered walls and pillars of his temple, now commonly called Medinet Habu, at Thebes. A wealth of gold, silver, and precious stones was also lavished on its ornamentation.

gods of Egypt. The Roman rulers were willing to pay homage to any gods who would give them power.

At Abýdos, in the Temple of Sêthy I, we looked upon the most superb color reliefs we had seen in Egypt. They were painted some three thousand years ago, yet they might have been done this morning. Will our works live as vividly three thousand years hence?

We lingered at dozens of smaller temples and scores of villages, so it was April before we reached Asyût.

JAUNDICE CLAIMS A CASUALTY

If Mary must have an attack of jaundice, it was best that it should come on here. In this progressive modern city there were good doctors to set her right and friends with whom to stay while she convalesced. Unable to see ahead, we thought it the worst of bad luck that she should have to quit the expedition. Later, as we looked back, it seemed providential.

Going on alone, I hurried now to reach Cairo before hot weather. We clipped off thirty, forty miles in a day, and one day we covered forty-eight, a noteworthy distance in a felucca tacking against the wind. Considering tacking mileage rather than river mileage, we must have traversed nearly a hundred miles of water that day.

The river was still beautiful, with startling barren mountains on one side and expanses of farm and forest land on the other. But the villages and towns were becoming larger, factories more numerous. Contrasting oddly with this modernity was the Pyramid of Maidûm, older than the Great Pyramid, and built in setbacks like a skyscraper (page 472).

One evening we moored within view of the fairylike oasis city of Helwân, raising its minareted head from the desert. Over it hung a great orange balloon of a moon. The Pyramids of Dahshûr, in the opposite direction, were misty, like pyramids of moonlight. They could not, it seemed, be made of stone.

SWIRLING SAND FILLS THE AIR

That was our farewell to the beauty of the Nile. The next morning the air was filled with sand. The fairy city had vanished. So had the pyramids. The wind had changed; it was from the south.

"A *khamzin*?" I asked.

The *khamzin* is the only meteorological curse in the otherwise divine weather of Egypt. It is a hot, terrific sandstorm from the south.

The men were eager to get to Cairo. With luck we should arrive before night. This wind (if there was not too much of it) would help us there.

"No, no," they said. "No *khamzin*. Good."

The sail was furled down to a scrap. We went at a tremendous clip, the following waves making the boat yaw from side to side so that we corkscrewed down the river.

The gale increased. The flying grains stung our faces. We coughed sand, spat sand, wept sand. We could barely see the shore, half a mile away.

Then it happened. A sudden squall struck, the boat broached to, turned over, and we were in the Nile—in a gale that blew the shouts out of the men's teeth and made the waves stand up like walls.

Only the port gunwale of the boat remained above water. Houssein immediately clambered up astraddle of it. The captain struggled in the buffeting waves to retrieve oars and gear.

DRESS SHIRT A DISTRESS SIGNAL

I clung to the boat with one hand and with the other tried to arrest six floating suitcases which were evidently of a mind to go on to Cairo without us. I was surrounded by miscellaneous bobbing articles—shaving brush, bottle of boiled water (how much of the unboiled Nile had I already drunk?), various edibles, a dress shirt.

Well, I thought, here was an experience. It was most diverting. I did not know then that my \$300 color camera had gone to the bottom like a stone, and would never be found; and I assumed that we would be picked up in a few minutes.

It was not so diverting after we had been there three hours. We were chilled to the bone, hoarse from shouting, raw-eyed from flying sand, and my arm was tired from waving my dress shirt.

We could dimly make out people on the shore, but no one could see or hear us. We dared not swim in such turmoil; not even Abdul, who was like a fish in the water, would attempt it. Our best chance was with the boat; but the forecastle and lockers had broken open, the boat was filling and promised to disappear entirely.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

ARABIC NUMERALS IN TWO FORMS IDENTIFY CAIRO'S STREETCARS

Opposite the 312, printed in the so-called "Arabic figures" of the Western World, appear the same numerals in true Arabic. "Stop" signs are printed in French and Arabic, the official language of the country. "Misr" on the hotel is the national name for Egypt.

The men were saying, "Khalas! khalas!" (It is finished, it is finished.) Cairo seemed far away.

FISHED FROM THE STORMY NILE

Suddenly three fishing boats loomed out of the sand fog. Whatever urgent errand they were on, they gave it up when they saw our plight. I was hauled on deck and stood shaking like a wet dog. One of the fishermen gave me a woolen galabieh. I stripped off my things, draped them over the poles to dry, and donned the long, skirt-like robe.

Then there came another endless three hours, given to the task of salvaging the felucca. The boat was finally raised and bailed and we went ashore.

I changed back into my clothes, piled six soggy suitcases into a taxi, motored the remaining five miles to Cairo, and arrived at the home of friends looking like something cast up by the sea. I shouted at them and they had to shout back, for I

was still deafened by the roar of the khamsin. Yes, it was a real khamsin.

My wife joined me in Cairo. From the airport at Heliopolis we took off for Palestine. As the plane mounted a mile above Egypt, we got a new view of our old companion, the Nile. It stretched like a spinal column, the vital core of Egypt, with a narrow strip of green life on each side of it—just a few miles of green, then desert.

EGYPT OWES ALL TO ITS RIVER

How could so much in life and culture come out of so little? Because here a mighty river shaped a mighty race. The Nile took up the dry earth into its wet hands and molded man.

And, since the Nile remains essentially the same, we have in Egypt the phenomenon of a civilization that has stood fast (which is different from standing still) for five thousand years, and promises to keep its basic character for thousands of years to come.

CARACAS, CRADLE OF THE LIBERATOR

The Spirit of Simón Bolívar, South American George Washington, Lives On in the City of His Birth

BY LUIS MARDEN

RISING abruptly out of the tradition-haunted Caribbean, the northern coast of South America presented a green steepness as my ship docked at the Venezuelan port of La Guaira. So sharply do the mountains tilt into the sea here that I fancied the town to be fleeing up into the foothills before the ceaseless attack of the white-lipped surf.

La Guaira, port of call for cruise ships of many lines, lies at the heart of the legendary Spanish Main, that stretch of South American coast synonymous with adventure. From here black-bearded dons in breast-plate and morion struck inland in search of the mythical El Dorado—the king coated with gold dust. They never found the glittering monarch, but the revenue of silver and gold they sent back to Spain from the New World all but gilded their own emperor.

AIRLINERS OVER THE SPANISH MAIN

Today great airliners from Miami and Trinidad land at La Guaira's airport, bringing modern travelers to a land rich in such varied products as oil, gold, pearls, and orchids. The harbor is important chiefly as the principal port of a country of 3,500,000 people (Color Plate II).

But La Guaira has a life of its own. On the crowded fish pier I saw enough of the heterogeneous products of warm seas to furnish specimens for a class in marine biology. Fish, turtles, lobsters, and other sea denizens were displayed in multicolored array. There were big yellow-eyed red snappers, smaller porgies and pompanos, and great green sea turtles, sleek-headed chelonians that often weigh more than a hundred pounds (page 478). Over a charcoal brazier one man was steaming shellfish that looked like large sea snails.

"They are *quiguas*," my Venezuelan guide said. "Try them; they are good for you."

They tasted something like steamed clams or oysters.

The fishermen of La Guaira are great wags. As we watched a group fishing with hand lines from the pierhead, one old fellow

drew in his line. The hook was bare. When he cast again without baiting the hook, my curiosity was aroused.

"Excuse me," I said, "but how do you expect to catch anything with an unbaited hook?"

He looked up at me solemnly and, wagging his finger back and forth in the Latin sign of negation, said, "No, señor, let him who wants to bite, bite; here we deceive nobody."

Seven airline miles over the mountains from La Guaira—23 roundabout miles by road—lies Caracas, Capital of Venezuela and birthplace of Simón Bolívar, liberator of what are now six Latin American nations (Plate VIII).*

In a United States-made car I started over the automobile highway to the Capital. The ascent at first was gradual, and I could see below me on the right the yellow oblong of the airport. Caracas itself has no landing field, and all the air passengers for the Capital must go up from the coast by electric train or automobile.

The new highway from the port twists its way up into the Cordillera of the Coast between the narrow-gauge tracks of the electric railroad and the older earth and gravel highway. All three are on the eastern side of the ravinelike Tacagua Valley.

The state of mind induced by hairpin turns and steep grades is not alleviated by the sight, at the halfway station of the road, of a pedestal surmounted by the battered wreck of a car. When I asked my driver why it was placed there, he said, airily, "Oh, just for a reminder!"—though it did not seem to remind him of anything except that it was time for greater speed.

ONE LITERALLY DROPS IN ON CARACAS

Close to Caracas is Peña de Mora, the most spectacular turn of the entire route. Here the highway loops around a crag that drops sheer away from the guard rail to the red-earthed valley and river bed (Plate III).

* See "I Kept House in a Jungle," by Anne Rainey Langley, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1939.



Photograph by Luis Marden

HE TOTES TURTLES ON LA GUAIRA'S FISH PIER

An important item on the seafood menu of the Caribbean coast, the streamlined green turtle provides steaks and soups that are a gourmet's delight. The tortoise shell of commerce comes from another sea chelonian, the hawksbill, which is also found along the Spanish Main.

The automobile road enters Caracas through the suburb called Catia. This is the oldest part of the city, for here, in 1561, Francisco Fajardo established the first settlement of the region; it was not until 1567, however, that Diego de Losada founded the city of Santiago de León de Caracas near the center of the valley of the Guaire River.

Down in the city I found that most of the houses have smooth-walled iron-grilled façades and inner courtyards which an architectural studbook might describe as "by the Moors, out of Spain." But later, when I

was invited to the home of a businessman of the city, I discovered that the interiors, with their tile-floored arcades surrounding flower-filled patios, are as attractive as the exteriors are forbidding.

My host said: "We Venezuelans don't go in for crowds so much as you northerners. While we have a very active social life, most of our entertaining is done in the home or at our town or country clubs. With us the family receives first consideration."

His remarks made clear to me why the one socially acceptable dine-and-dance "night spot" of this city of 250,000 is open only on week ends, and even then does not do a thriving business.

In order to orient myself quickly in the

strange city I appealed to Señor McGill. (Scottish surnames are not uncommon in Caracas; many British volunteers fought for Venezuelan independence and later settled in the country.) He took me to the central square of Caracas, the Plaza Bolívar. Here stands the single-towered Cathedral that is the city's hub, and from here radiate the four main avenues that divide the city into quarters. I asked Señor McGill the names of the streets at this point.

"The streets themselves have no names," he explained. "It is the corner intersections that have had titles since colonial days. We

are standing at the corner called The Tower, because of the Cathedral. The principal avenues are marked on the city plan 'North,' 'South,' 'East,' and 'West,' and the accompanying streets have numbers, but few citizens use this system of nomenclature. The directory lists about 80 streets in the center of town, but more than 400 corners!"

STREET CORNERS ARE LANDMARKS

"How, then," I asked, "does one give the location of a particular place?"

"Easily. You say, for instance, from The Wind to The Dead One, number so-and-so," Señor McGill replied, naming two actual corners. "The corner establishes the block, and the number the house in that block."

I was curious about several corner names listed in the directory, but so long have the intersections borne their often colorful captions that it is only rarely that the origin of the less obvious terms can be found. My friend could not explain the ironic juxtaposition of The Solitary Soul and The Lovers. Even more speculation was evoked by Christ in Reverse. But I was startled most of all when later a friend directed me to Remove Pants!

Caracas men of affairs like to transact business in the open air or over a cup of coffee in a café. San Francisco corner, near



Photograph by Luis Marfisi

MODERNLY SIMPLE ARE NEW POSTBOXES OF CARACAS

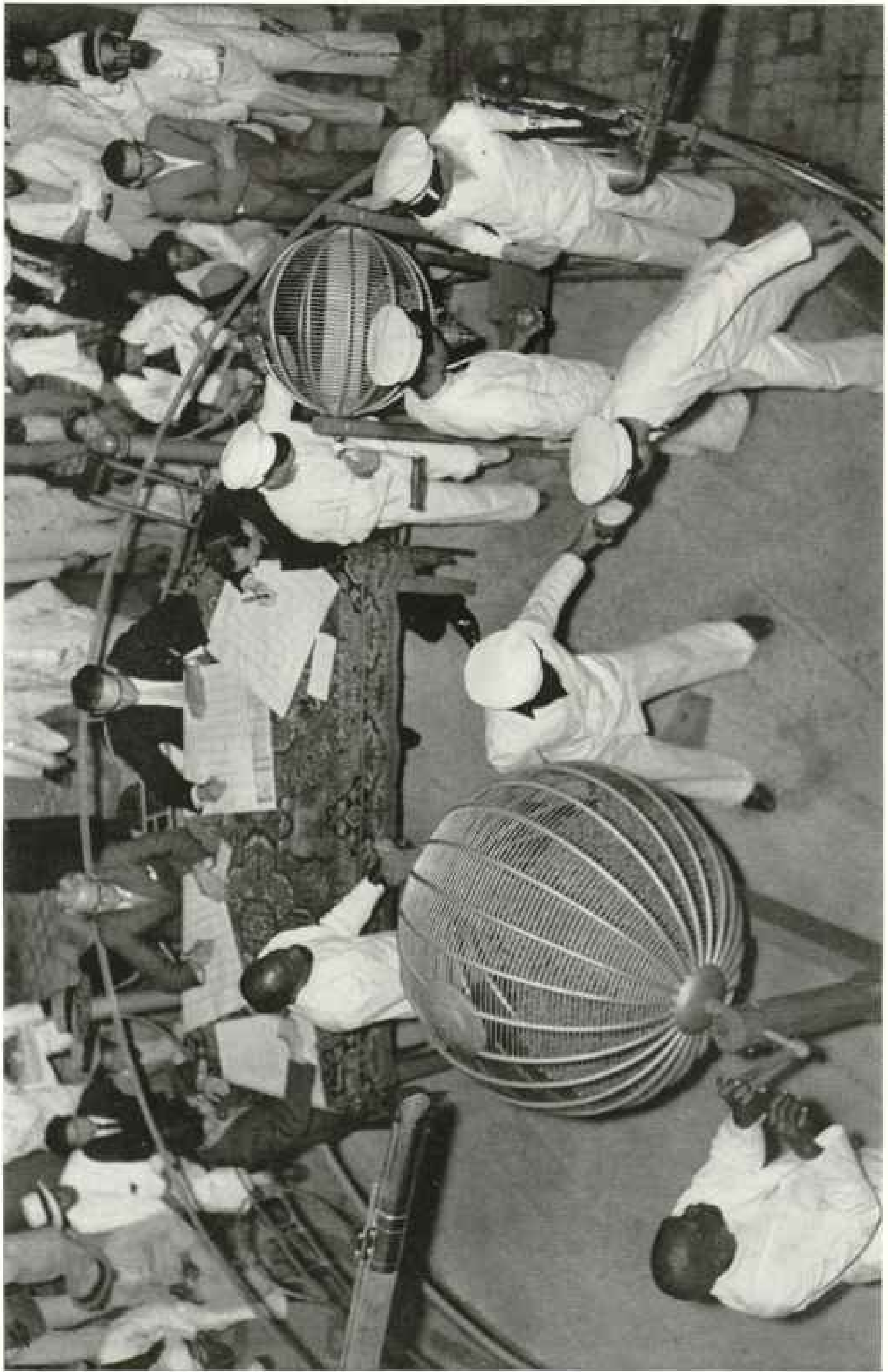
The hours of collection are marked with movable figures of glazed porcelain. Venezuela maintains a domestic Aeropostal Service that links the Capital with other cities and towns of the interior. Pan American Clipper planes bring mail from La Guaira to the United States in less than a day.

the Capitol and University, is the correct place for closing a deal. Under a great ceiba tree at this intersection is the stock exchange. Here brokers and dealers congregate, money and property change hands, and all sorts of things are bought and sold. Señor McGill pointed out several specialists.

"Don Nicasio—that man in gray having his shoes shined—is a pearl dealer."

I had noticed that my friend, like many other men of the city, wore a pearl stickpin.

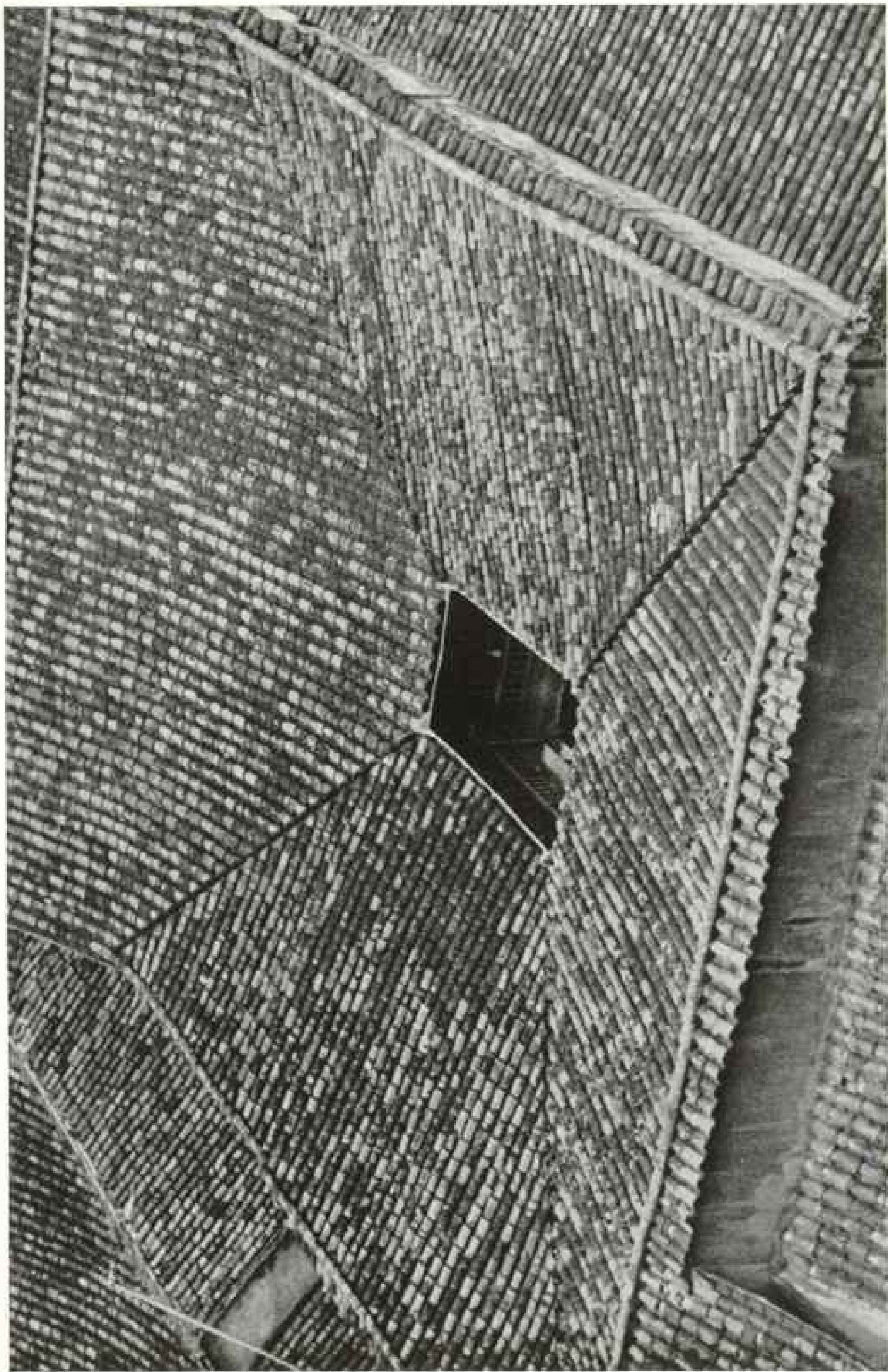
"Most Venezuelan pearls," he said, "come from the waters of Margarita Island, off the coast east of La Guaira. The oyster



Photograph by Laila Marden

"ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES, AND WHERE IT STOPS NOBODY KNOWS"

Wooden spheres taken from the wire cage at the left bear numbers of prize-winning tickets. Balls from the smaller cage tell the amount of each prize. Proceeds of Venezuelan public lotteries go to maintain charitable institutions (page 452).



Photograph by Kurt Severin from Black Star

LIKE A CROWD-FILLED ARENA SURROUNDING A BOXING RING IS THIS PATIO-PIERCED EXPANSE OF TILE ROOF

A direct descendant of the old Roman atrium, or central court, is the patio of Spanish-style houses in Latin America. Usually the courtyard is larger in proportion to the rest of the house than this one photographed at La Guaira.

beds have been worked since colonial times; pearling continues now under government supervision" (Plate XVI).

The sellers of lottery tickets in Caracas seem to belong to that international brotherhood of which I had seen so many members throughout Latin America. They have the same "lines" as their myriad counterparts of São Paulo, Bogotá, and Mexico. At once importunate, ingratiating, and persistent, they hail one with cries of "I bring you luck," "This is your lucky day, doctor," and "Five thousand for today." (I once won twenty-four cents in Mexico, the exact sum I had paid for the ticket!)

I asked Señor McGill why I was so often addressed as "doctor," and learned that all professional men—engineers, physicians, lawyers, and the like—receive a doctorate on being graduated from the university. A degree of bachelor in Venezuela means simply that its holder has completed the equivalent of the northern high school. So it is that most men one meets in Caracas are "doctors," just as so many Mexicans bear the title of *licenciado*.

The lottery in Caracas is operated by the *Beneficencia Pública*, a body created to administer and handle the funds. Of the total amount of money taken in on each drawing, about 66 per cent is returned in prizes; 15 per cent of the remainder goes to charity, the rest to pay the operating costs. Free clinics and lavishly equipped hospitals are maintained with lottery funds (page 480).

GOLD NUGGETS WORN AS ORNAMENTS

Gold nuggets were prominent in the watch chains and tie clasps of the *caraqueños*, as residents of Caracas call themselves. When I asked about them, McGill took me to a jeweler's shop. He told the jeweler that a foreigner was interested in seeing some native gold. The artisan produced a tin box nearly full of nuggets about the size of dimes.

"Most of our gold," he said, "is found in this form. It is of great purity; much of it averages better than 20 carats."

Opening a safe, he brought out six huge nuggets, one of which was as large as my hand (Plate XVI). Venezuelan gold comes from Bolívar State, near the British Guiana border. More than a million dollars' worth of gold is exported each year through La Guaira.

But the real wealth of Venezuela is in its oil. The fact that Venezuela is the third

largest producer of oil in the world has done much to place the country in the unique economic position of having no external and practically no internal debt. The *bolívar*, which has a value of about 32 cents, is one of the most stable monetary units in Latin America. Yet because of high tariffs and many involved factors, the cost of living in Caracas and other Venezuelan cities is among the world's highest.

All unsuspecting, I ordered lunch at a hotel on my first day in the city. It was a good lunch but not sumptuous, and I was taken aback when a check was presented for the equivalent of two dollars and a half. A week's stay at the hotel cost more than \$70. From housekeeping acquaintances I later got the prices of bread (64 cents a loaf) and eggs (a dollar a dozen). An average quality pair of silk stockings cost two dollars and a quarter.

The country's peculiar tariff structure makes staples cost more in proportion than luxuries. Bread is dear in Caracas, but champagne is cheap.

I entered a fruit shop near the American Consulate General one day to get a glass of pineapple juice. At that time the newspapers featured great scareheads about the pronouncements and imbroglios that preceded war in Europe. But inside the shop a neatly lettered sign announced "Here there is no crisis."

Polyglot terms and slang are much used in Caracas. Often I was called *musip*. Applied to any non-Latin foreigner, the word is apparently a corruption of the French *monsieur*. Such expressions as "okay" and "all right" are, of course, now international, and occasionally I heard *caraqueños* employ Spanish, French, and English in the same sentence.

When I inquired why so many upper-class residents of the Capital express thanks by *merci* instead of *gracias* even when speaking Spanish, I was told, "Most of our well-to-do people have visited some time in France. The tradition of French culture is strong with us, and to a large proportion of us French is more familiar than English."

VERBAL FLOWERS TOSSED AT LADIES

In Trinidad I had been told that in Caracas I would find beautiful flowers and lovely women. I found both in profusion (Plate I). Many of the latter are to be seen in the shopping districts during the afternoon. The town dandies are fond of gathering

VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL—CITY OF CONTRASTS

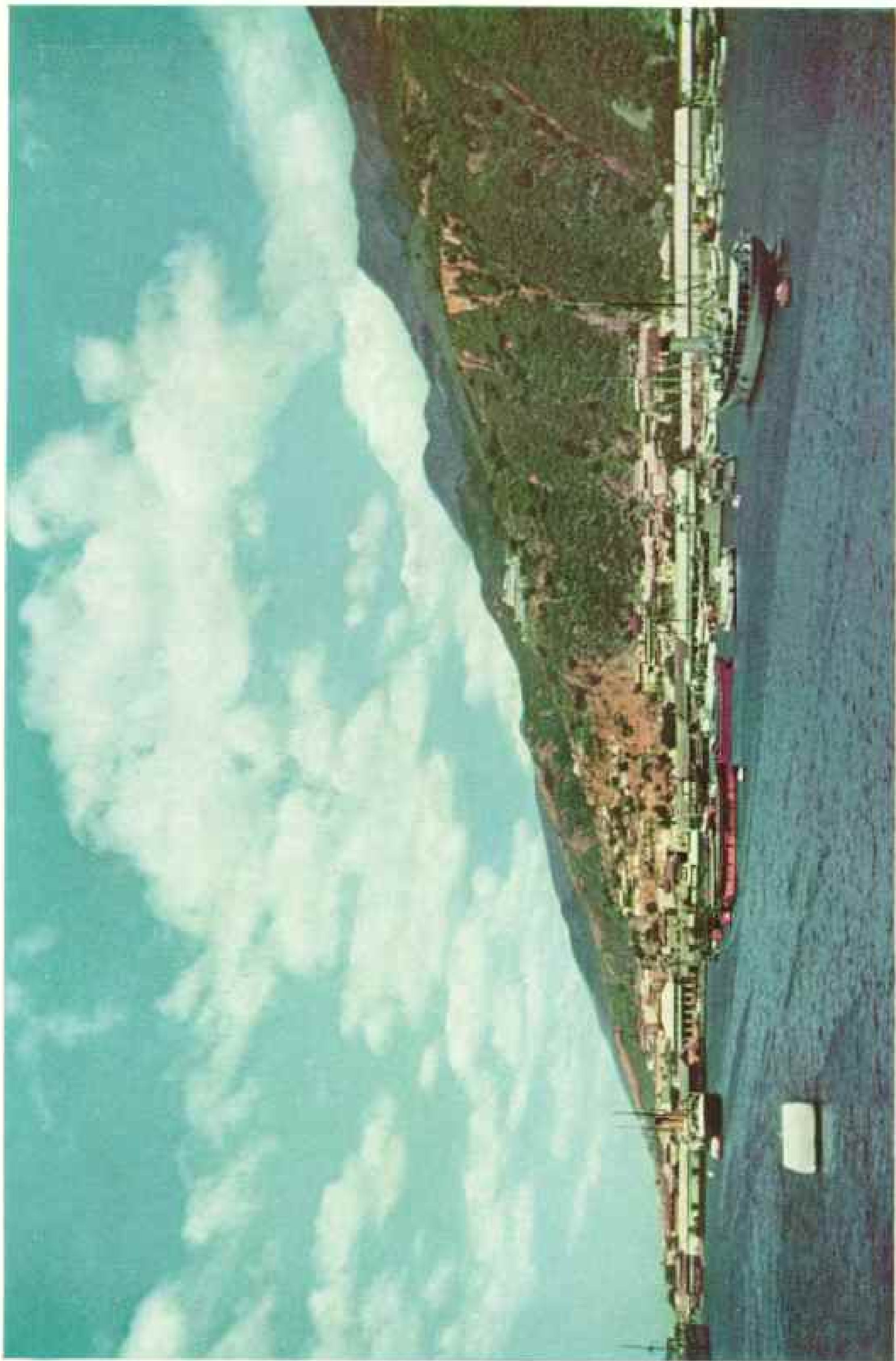


© National Geographic Society

Kulacooone by Luis Marden

CARACAS GIRLS PICK THEIR ORCHIDS DIRECT FROM THE TREE

This massive bunch of blossoms has been transplanted from high branches to the crotch of a trunk on a private estate. Although the plants grow on trees, they are not parasites, since they live upon the moisture they take from the air. Because this variety, *Calleya montana*, blooms early in spring, the flowers are commonly called "Easter orchids." Many plants are shipped to greenhouses in the United States by professional orchid hunters, who search for them in tropical forests.

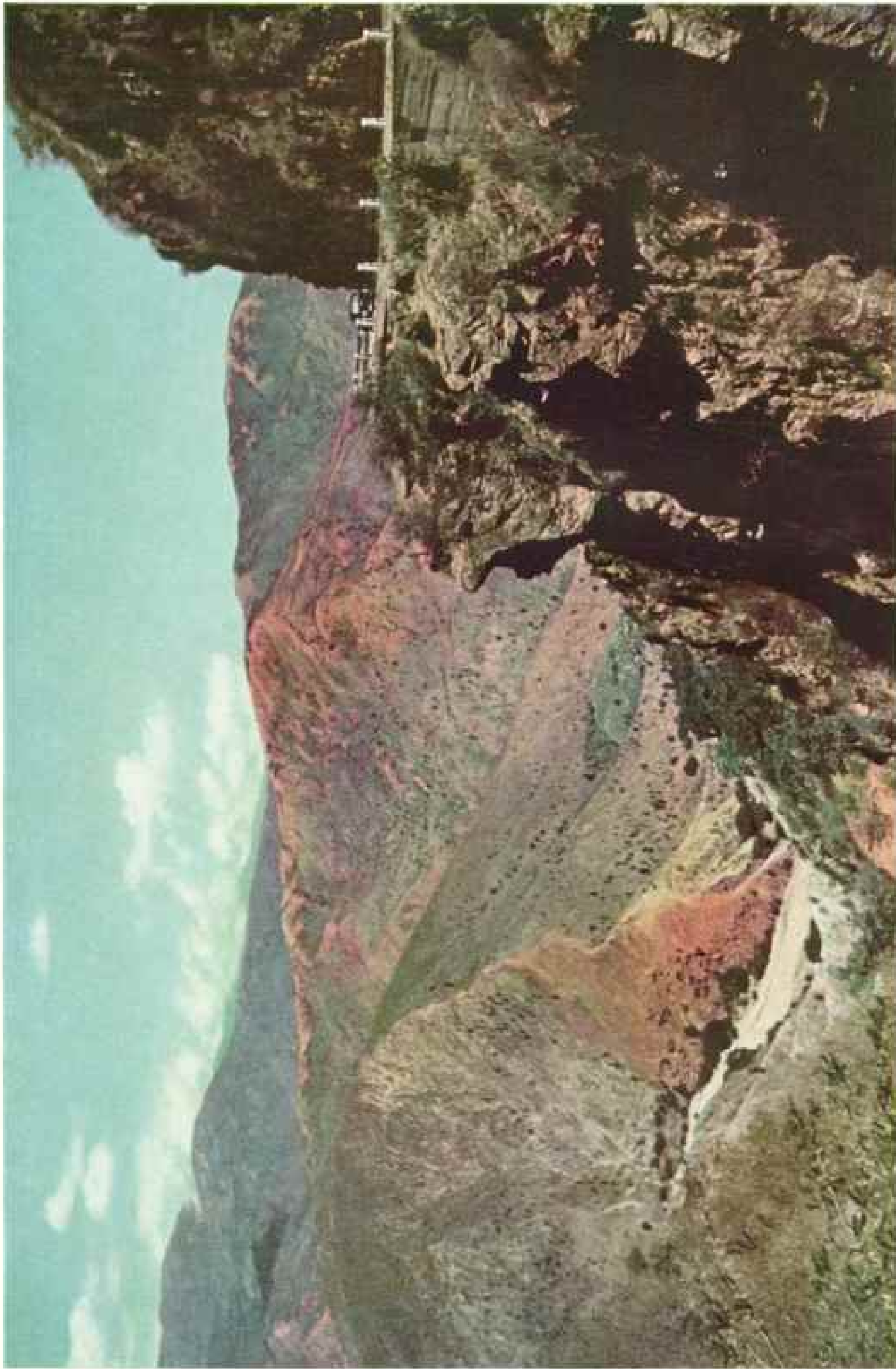


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Luis Marlen

MERCHANTMEN PUT IN AT LA GUAYRA, CARIBBEAN SEAPORT, FOR CARGOES OF COFFEE, CACAO, SUGAR, AND GOLD

Approach of steamers is signaled to the harbor from the old Spanish fort on the slope. La Guayra, at the foot of these coastal mountains, is the sea outlet for Caracas. The Capital of Venezuela is only seven miles inland, as the crow flies, but 23 miles distant by twisting mountain road.



© National Geographic Society

Redrawn by Luis Marlen

FROM MORA CRAG, AS FAR AS EYE CAN SEE, STRETCHES A VAST JUNGLE OF HILLS AND VALLEYS

Three roads wind through the coastal mountains to link Caracas with La Guaira and the sea. More than a century ago the first road, for pack animals, was built. The modern automobile highway, right center, was opened in 1926, during the regime of General Juan Vicente Gómez.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Luis Marden

TILES FROM SEVILLE WALL A PATIO WELL IN THE CARACAS COUNTRY CLUB

The girls wear traditional dress, now fast disappearing throughout the country. Skirts often were "hitched up" in front to reveal delicately embroidered petticoats beneath. Gaily colored wooden necklaces complete the costumes (Plate VI).

VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL—CITY OF CONTRASTS



BESIDE THE CARACAS MUNICIPAL THEATER, LUSCIOUS FRUIT TEMPTS A FLOWER VENDER TO BECOME A BUYER

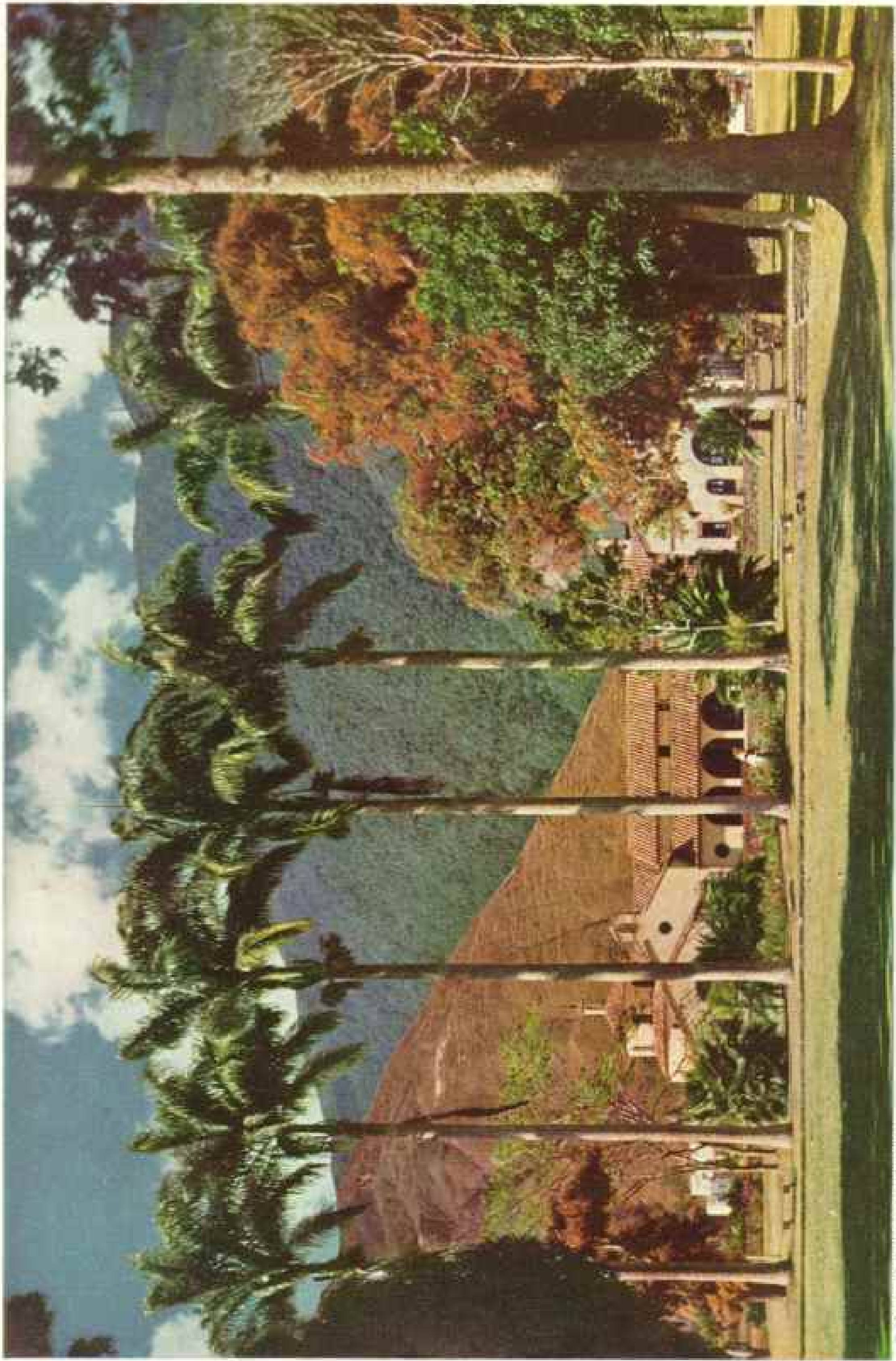


© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Luis Marden

EACH APPLE HANGS FROM AN INDIVIDUAL STRING AND COSTS 32 CENTS.

Tropical products are cheap, but these expensive apples were imported from the United States.



© National Geographic Society

CARACAS TURNED AN OLD COFFEE PLANTATION INTO A FASHIONABLE COUNTRY CLUB

Only vestige of the original estate is the row of royal palms. The tile-roofed clubhouse stands on the site of the plantation mansion. In front of the palms stretches a green of a modern 18-hole golf course (Plate IV).

Kocherhouse by Eats Mapples

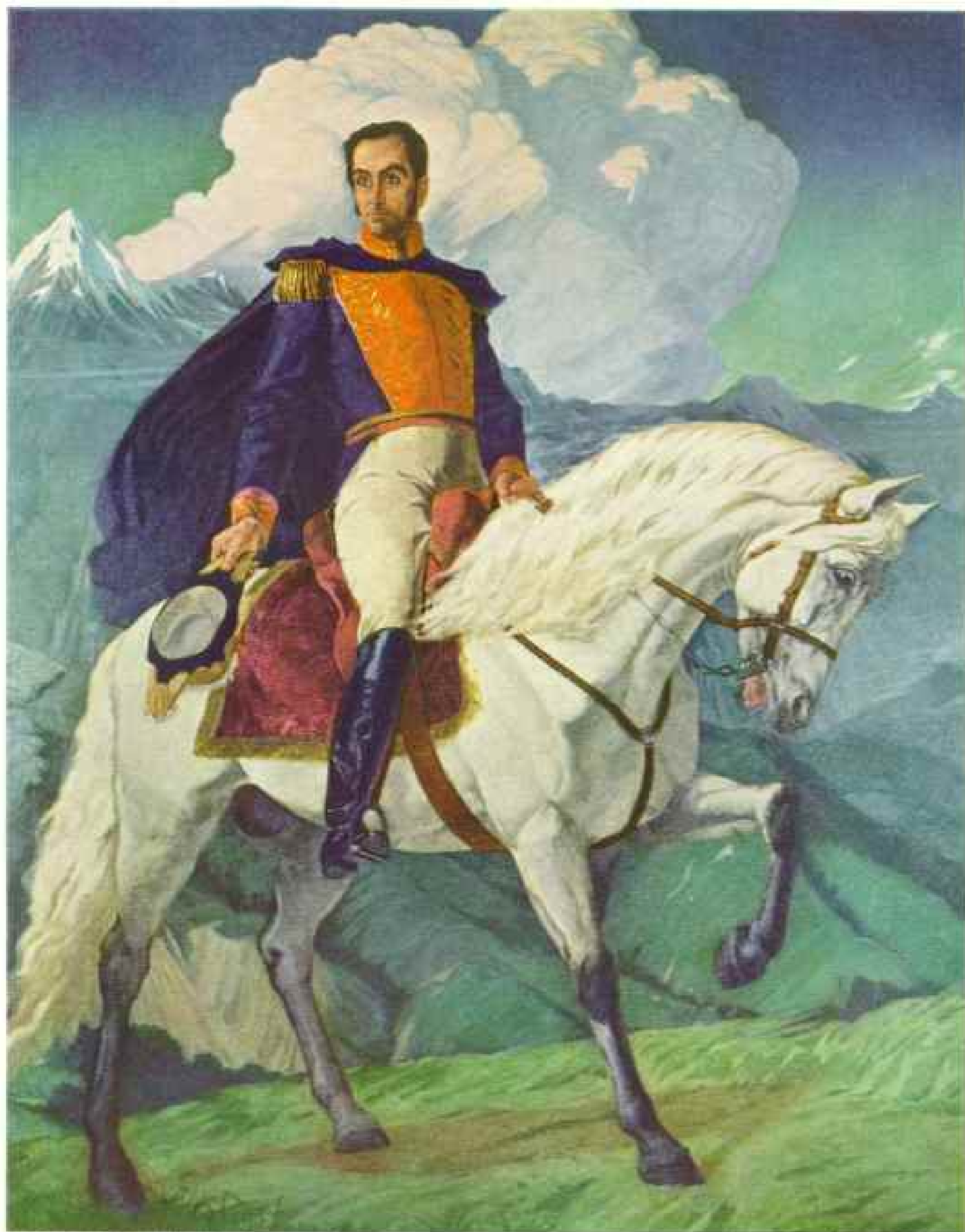


© National Geographic Society

DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS AT DAWN COME CUTFLOWER VENDERS TO THE VALLEY OF CARACAS

Part of the trail leads over an old cobblestone pavement laid by the Spaniards. Moisture-laden calla and Easter lilies on the poles are heavy. The flowers grow on terraces near the crests of steep slopes. They will be sold at early-morning market in the Capital.

Kodachrome by Luis Marín



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Luis Malden

SIX NATIONS REVERE THE MEMORY OF SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, "THE LIBERATOR"

Tito Salas's famous canvas hangs in Miraflores Palace, residence of Venezuela's Presidents. The fiery Bolívar, hero of scores of hard-fought battles, led a series of revolutions early in the nineteenth century which brought independence from Spain to Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Peru, and Bolivia. Born in Caracas in 1783, he had a meteoric career which ended 47 years later when he died in obscurity in Santa Marta, a Colombian village. Chimborazo, Ecuadoran mountain, rises in background. Bolívar ascended this peak on July 5, 1822, on his way from Quito to Guayaquil for an important council. So enthralled was he by the view from the summit that he was moved to write his famous *Discurso sobre el Chimborazo*, a powerful prose description of the majestic scene (Plates IX and XI).

on street corners to stare at the passing beauties.

Men-about-Caracas are adepts in the art of *piropo* tossing. The *piropo* is a well-turned compliment paid to good-looking women. As I walked by the Plaza Bolívar one day, I heard a gallant say to a chic *caraqueña*, "Señora, if I were your husband I would divorce you for the privilege of marrying you again."

When I asked my companion if women were not offended at being thus scrutinized and spoken to in public, he said, "Though they may not admit it, our girls like to be noticed in this way."

If the buildings of central Caracas are grim-walled and enclosed, the villas of the city's suburbs are quite the opposite. Surrounded by gardens and formally landscaped grounds, they are of all types and periods of architecture. There are Elizabethan half-timbered cottages, neo-Gothic mansions, Spanish country houses, and modernistic conceptions. One new home I saw looked like a white fruit steamer with chrome railings and portholes.

All through the Caracas suburbs bougainvillea spills its magenta paint, and shortly after my arrival in the city the acacias began to bloom. The "acacia" of Venezuela is an orange-flowered tree, better known elsewhere as the flamboyant. Originally a native of Madagascar, it has spread to all tropical America.

So well-loved in Caracas are these flaming trees that the principal avenue of the exclusive La Florida suburb has been lined with rows of them and called Avenida de las Acacias (Plate XIV).

ORCHIDS, ORCHIDS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere in the Venezuelan capital orchids bloom with the careless profligacy of daisies in northern climates. At the home of a commercial orchid grower in La Florida I saw a single plant (*Cattleya gaskelliana*) that bore simultaneously more than 70 blossoms. Don Elias told me that because northern growers want smaller plants for hothouse cultivation, such plants are rarely found and still more rarely exported.

"Every year about \$25,000 worth of orchids are sent to foreign markets," he said. "More than two-thirds of them go to the United States. Usually plants are sent, though lately there has been a demand for cut flowers shipped by air express."

"Do you actually send cut orchids to the United States by airplane?" I asked.

"Often," he replied. "We seal the stems of the cut flowers in water-filled rubber or glass tubes. They go from La Guaira to New York in less than two days. I have sent to the States orchids that have retained their freshness for more than a week after arrival."

Don Elias pointed out a large pale mauve blossom, the lip of which was strikingly marked in purple and gold. "That is the *Cattleya mossiae*, our most abundant and important orchid. Sometimes it is called the Easter orchid, because it blooms in the spring" (Plate I).

Another species I saw was the insectlike *Oncidium papilio*. As its name implies, it resembles a long-antennaed spotted orange butterfly tremulously perched on a slender green stalk.

In such a prolific flower world orchids are, of course, very cheap, costing only a few cents a blossom. Because of that arbitrary law which establishes the desirability of a thing in direct proportion to its cost and rarity, society misses of Caracas seldom wear orchids.

"ORCHID TEA" TO CURE A COLD

The simpler people put them to good use, however, as I found when the maid who tidied my room at the Country Club said, "I have tried all sorts of remedies, but I cannot get rid of this cold. I shall have to use mayflower tea. That is infallible." Because of its springtime blossoming, country folk often call the *mossiae* orchid "mayflower."

Apologetically asking for two of the orchids that I had been photographing, the maid put them in a saucepan with a little water to boil, and soon had a sweetish decoction that tasted like Chinese jasmine tea. She took the stuff that afternoon and evening and the next day declared her cold cured.

The drinking of orchid tea as a medicine is so common among domestics and country people that when such a person goes to an orchid grower of my acquaintance for only two or three flowers, the dealer always asks, "Shall I wrap them up or will you drink them here?"

I lived at the Caracas Country Club during my stay in the city. Set against the base of the mountain rampart of the valley, the clubhouse is built on the site of a former



Photograph by Kurt Severin from Black Star

"WE MATCH ANYTHING" MIGHT BE THIS MAN'S SLOGAN

He sells discarded traveling salesman's samples of printed fabrics, woollens, buttons, and thread. Customers seem to find use for all of these odd bits from European and United States factories. In the lower left-hand corner a toy piano and horse strike a lighter note beside the display of "notions."

hacienda, where the first coffee produced in Venezuela was grown (Plates IV and VI).

The *caraqueños* are enthusiastic golfers, and many tournaments are held on the Country Club's 18-hole course. Even the two guest cottages of the club come under the influence of the game; they are named "Hook" and "Slice."

FALLING MANGOES MENACE LAWN TEAS

A rattling as of hailstones drew me out of my room in Slice just after dawn one morning. I found all the caddies and gardeners of the club shaking mangoes from the big trees that stand at the entrance to the clubhouse. A man perched high on a limb shook down the rock-hard green fruit, while ready urchins below darted in to take their pick. Green mangoes make good preserves.

The fruit was removed while still green

because ripening mangoes have the unsettling habit of dropping from the tree without warning. Since most of the club teas were laid in the shade of leafy trees any one of which may produce as many as five thousand fruits, no chances were taken.

The Caribbean countries in general dance to the Afro-Hispanic rhythms of Cuba. Therefore an apprenticeship served in Habana and Mexico stood me in good stead at a Country Club party. The Venezuelan national dance, the *joropo*, is not a ballroom dance.

As I moved through the lackadaisical routine of a bolero with a good-looking *caraqueña*, my partner asked, "Do they dance the bolero in your country?"

"Yes," I replied, "but our average swing fans make no distinction; they call everything from Habana a *rumba*."



Photograph by Kurt Seyers from *Black Star*

"AND NOW, IF YOU WILL STEP A LITTLE CLOSER——"

At the call of the pitchman, a willing crowd gathers. This spellbinder in Caracas started out as a magician and ended by selling hair tonic.

"How queer," she said. "There are a half-dozen subtle variations of the typical Cuban rhythm. Only one of these is correctly called rumba."

The conduct of the belles of Caracas is governed by ancient rules. Chaperoning is very strict, and at all social functions the traditional Latin-American trio of mother, daughter, and suitor is much in evidence. Mothers accompany their daughters everywhere.

It seemed to me, though, that Venezuelan mothers are most understanding. I have seen them sit a whole evening in stoical silence, neither receiving nor expecting much attention.

At a downtown movie one night, I found succinct phrases of government educational propaganda printed on the reverse of the theater tickets. Two I remember are: "Work! Do not expect everything from

the government"; and "Soap costs less than a doctor's visit."

The Capital's motion picture theaters still break their feature films with an advertisement-filled intermission, during which exquisitely hatted and coiffured women take stock of one another and are in turn closely inspected by their admirers.

This social event reminded me of the New York first-nighter who left the theater after the lights had been dimmed for the second act. Asked if he left because he thought the play bad, he replied, "Oh no, the play is all right, but I only come here to be seen."

FEMININITY ALIKE THE WORLD OVER

In Cuba they say, "The rumba has no frontier." Neither have the little manifestations of femininity. A woman adjusting her hat or back hair is the same in Caracas or Capetown.



Photograph from Philip Gendreau

THREE MAJOR BUS LINES SERVE CARACAS

Bodies are built on chassis imported from the United States. Buses carrying passengers and freight on regular schedules connect the Capital with cities and towns of the interior.

I had ample opportunity to observe this. When I was in Caracas, women's hats tended to be high and wide and so much time did the girls spend on their hair and the exact angle at which the hat was worn that they never removed it at the theater. Often I longed for a periscope.

Though grilled windows and duennas set the stage for serenading, I heard none of the nocturnal music that makes some parts of after-dark Latin America so pleasant. Only one instance of this dying art came to my attention, and that was tainted by a compromise with the mechanical age. In a town near the capital a swain wooed

his lady with Schubert's *Serenade* on a portable phonograph.

At the circular Plaza Mobero are the new Fine Arts and Science Museums of Caracas (Plate XIII). The former has a permanent collection of paintings by Venezuelan masters. Many schools are represented, the scholarly academic style of Tito Salas (Plate VIII), Cristóbal Rojas, and Arturo Michelena contrasting strongly with the pale impressionistic work of Armando Reverón.

I later met Reverón. He lives in a palm-thatched house he built himself at Macuto, the fashionable shore resort near La Guaira.

Reverón has some very original ideas about painting. When at work he stuffs

plugs into his ears—to help separate his two selves, he says—and uses stubby brushes made of bits of wood with cloth wrapped around them. He cannot abide touching anything hard-surfaced while at work and constantly prods himself on the biceps, the forearm, and the abdomen while painting, to "get the feel of his stroke." He paints on burlap or paper in various tints of white and light shades. Some of his pictures have the elusive, ethereal grace of Debussy's music.

Reverón keeps two monkeys in his tropical ménage. The older of the two, called Pancho, has learned to mimic his master's



Photograph by Luis Marden.

MURAL PAINTINGS BY A VENEZUELAN MASTER ADORN BOLÍVAR'S TOMB

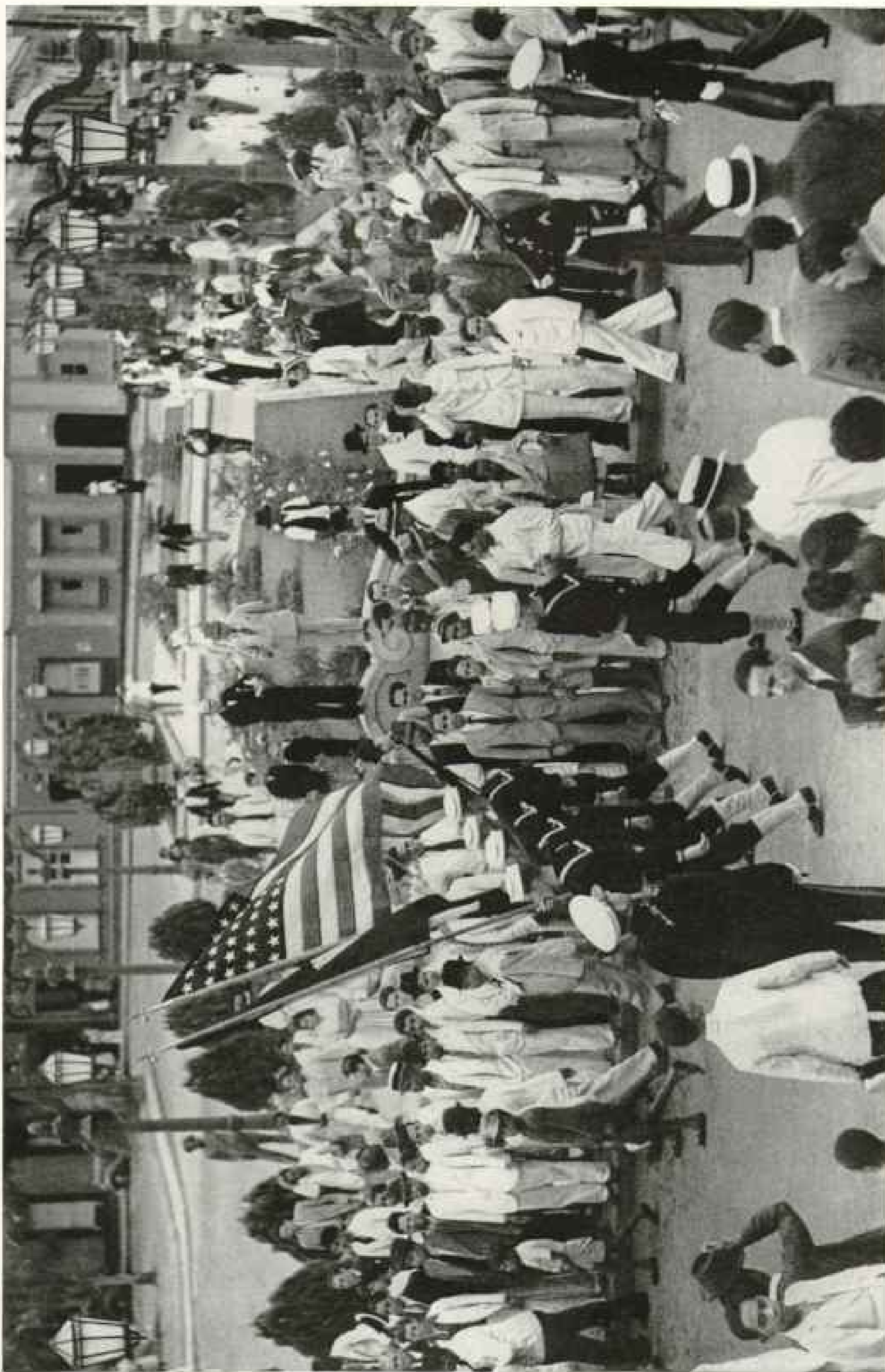
The allegorical scene by Tito Salas over the central arch of the National Pantheon represents the Holy Trinity on Calvary (Plates VIII and IX and page 507).



Photograph by Luis Malden

VERDURE-SHEATHED HILLS RUN IN PARALLEL RIDGES DOWN TO THE VALLEY OF CARACAS

Along the fertile flat strip that flanks the diminutive Guaire River in the background runs the Western Highway to Maracay and the western part of the Republic. In the left foreground are the white buildings of the new government Antituberculous Institute.



Photograph by Luit Mardon

UNITED STATES BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES DO HOMAGE TO THE LIBERATOR

Accompanied by a guard of honor, the admiral in command of three United States Navy cruisers on a goodwill visit to Venezuela placed a wreath on the tomb of Simón Bolívar. Many other nations have honored the memory of the South American statesman (Color Plate IX).

painting methods with ludicrous accuracy. Dressed in hat and trousers, the monkey daubs and prods at a small easel and paper, reproducing in miniature the mannerisms of the artist.

CARACAS SCHOOL CHILDREN PRECOCIOUS

Near the Fine Arts Museum is the glass-brick and concrete building of the Venezuela Experimental School. There I found youngsters of ten and twelve systematically studying such "themes" as water, air, light, and heat. Treatment of each subject was surprisingly scientific for so young a group.

The headmaster had been formerly associated with the public schools of Uruguay. He took me into one classroom where the children were bent over microscopes.

"Later they will make drawings of what they see in a drop of water," he told me.

In another room the planting and cultivation of maize and its place in the economic structure of the nation were being discussed. A group of young journalists of the school produce a one-page hand-lettered newspaper, complete with gossip column, headlines, and crayon illustrations.

Another kind of education is furnished at the Tamanaco Rural School near Los Caobos Park. Here vegetables are grown by the children in model gardens and are used in preparing meals in the school's own kitchen. A co-operative store run by the students teaches good judgment in making purchases and the elementary accounting of household shopping (page 510).

So concerned is the national government with education that in Caracas all workmen on government projects who can neither read nor write are made to attend school for two hours every working day. Classes are held on the site of the work, and workmen are paid at the regular working rate for their hours of attendance.

Though protective tariffs have promoted national manufacturing in industrially adolescent Venezuela, much of the area around Caracas is still given over to agriculture. There is much truck farming that helps feed the city's 250,000 mouths, but the cultivation of sugar cane is the most important agricultural occupation of the valley (Color Plate XII).

At the Hacienda Caricuao I saw a typical *trapiche*, or sugar cane mill, in operation. The juice pressed from the cut lengths of brown and green stalk is fermented and distilled into alcohol and rum. Most of the

sugar produced is in the form of brown conical loaves.

"It is crude sugar, called *papelón*," the plantation foreman said. "We make our drink *guarapo* with it and hot water; occasionally we add a little coffee."

I drank some *guarapo* later. It has a molasseslike flavor.

A sugar *trapiche* also operates on the Hacienda La Vega. Bordering on the southwest quarter of Caracas, this formerly vast estate has been gradually whittled down to make new suburbs, until now only the principal land surrounding the mansion house remains.

On La Vega land has been built the Bella Vista colony of homes for middle-class white-collar workers. Bella Vista is the nearest approach to the average United States suburb to be found in Caracas. The houses are separate and of a uniform style, though there is enough difference among them to remove the stereotyped look some northern suburban developments present.

Until recently the white-collar class has had comparatively few representatives in Latin America. The ancient system of two widely separated castes has persisted: on the one hand is the aristocracy of family and wealth, and on the other a general peonage of country people and laborers. Today the gap is being gradually bridged by a class of technically and commercially educated workers.

BASEBALL AND BULLFIGHTING SHARE POPULARITY

Baseball, bullfighting, and horse racing draw crowds in the Venezuelan Capital.

The northern ball game is very popular and there is great rivalry among the several teams of the Caracas league. *Caraqueños* play a high grade of baseball. One of the local star pitchers, Alexander Carrasquel, was brought north by a big league scout and is now playing for the Washington Nationals.

Caracas has two bull rings where a series of *corridos* are held each season. Bullfighters travel on a circuit of the Spanish and American plazas, and "big names" from Spain and Mexico often come to Caracas to display the art of cape and sword.

At the seasonal meets at the Hippodrome race track in the El Paraíso suburb there is systematized betting and an array of fashionably dressed socialites.

But the great popular game of the Venezuelan country folk is *bolos*, a form of the

VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL—CITY OF CONTRASTS

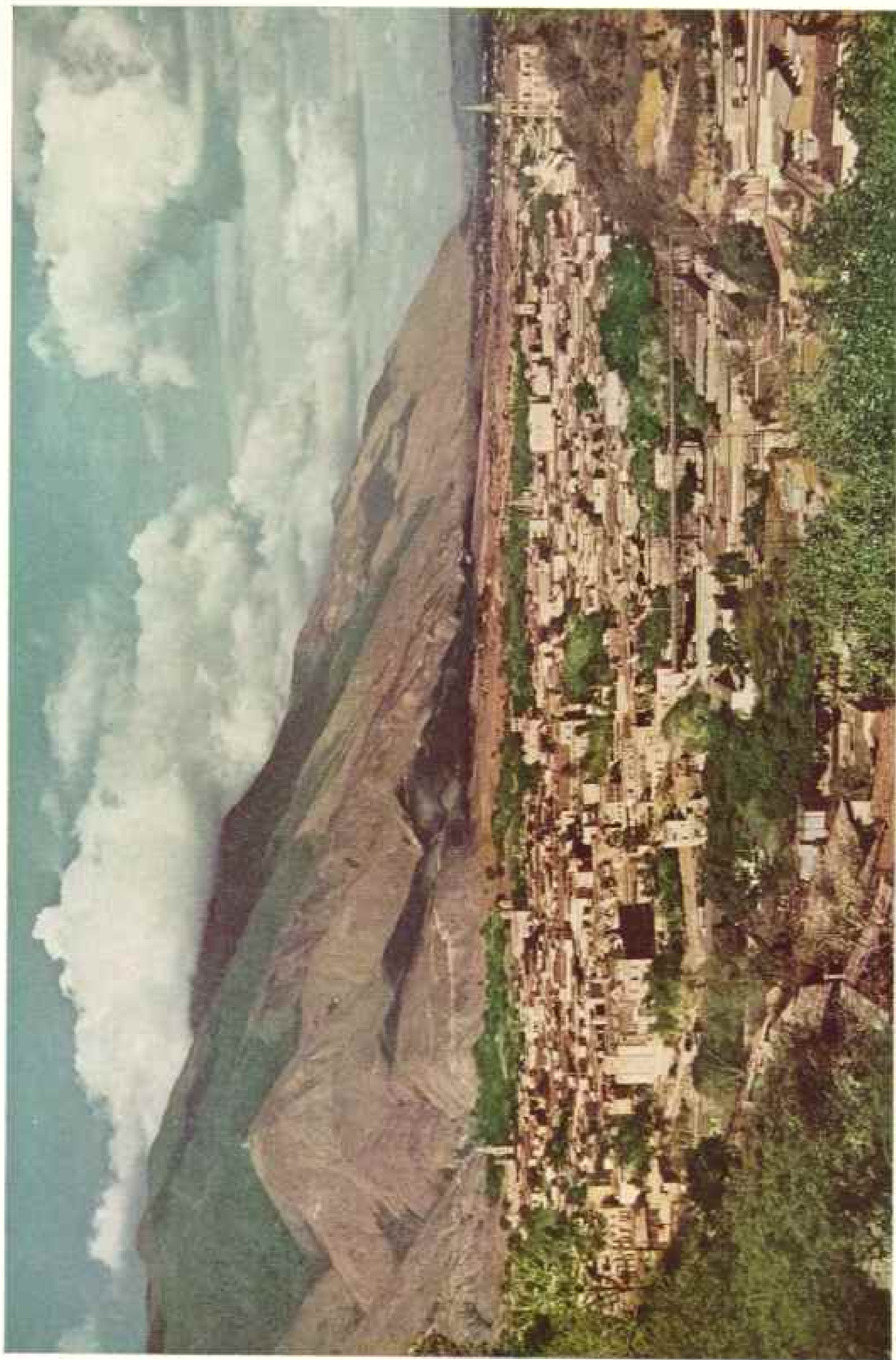


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Luis Madrid

TRIBUTE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD COMES TO BOLÍVAR'S TOMB IN THE PANTHEON

Originally a church, the structure now is a national shrine where many of Venezuela's heroes are buried. In a room set apart, scores of plaques and other mementos honoring the Liberator are preserved. Rear Admiral H. E. Kimmel, commanding three United States cruisers on a good-will tour of Latin America in 1939, placed a wreath on the tomb when he and a company of bluejackets visited Caracas.



© National Geographic Society

MODERN BUILDINGS FLANK OLD ADOBE HOUSES; AUTOMOBILES MAKE WAY FOR ONCARTS IN CARACAS.

Red-tiled roofs gleam in the sun against a background of brown mountains which turn green in the rainy season. The cathedral, churches, and here and there modern structures rise above the one-story buildings which are the rule throughout the city. The photograph was made from the Military Academy.

Kodachrome by Laila Marden



© National Geographic Society

STARS ON VENEZUELA'S FLAG STAND FOR THE ORIGINAL SEVEN PROVINCES WHICH GAINED INDEPENDENCE FROM SPAIN

Kodakcolor by Linn Maudslott

The emblem is held outstretched in a courtyard of Simon Bolivar's birthplace in Caracas. The girls wear authentic copies of old Spanish colonial costumes which were fashionable in the days of the Liberator.



FROM VENEZUELAN CANE COME FINE AND COARSE BROWN SUGAR—*PAPBLÓN*



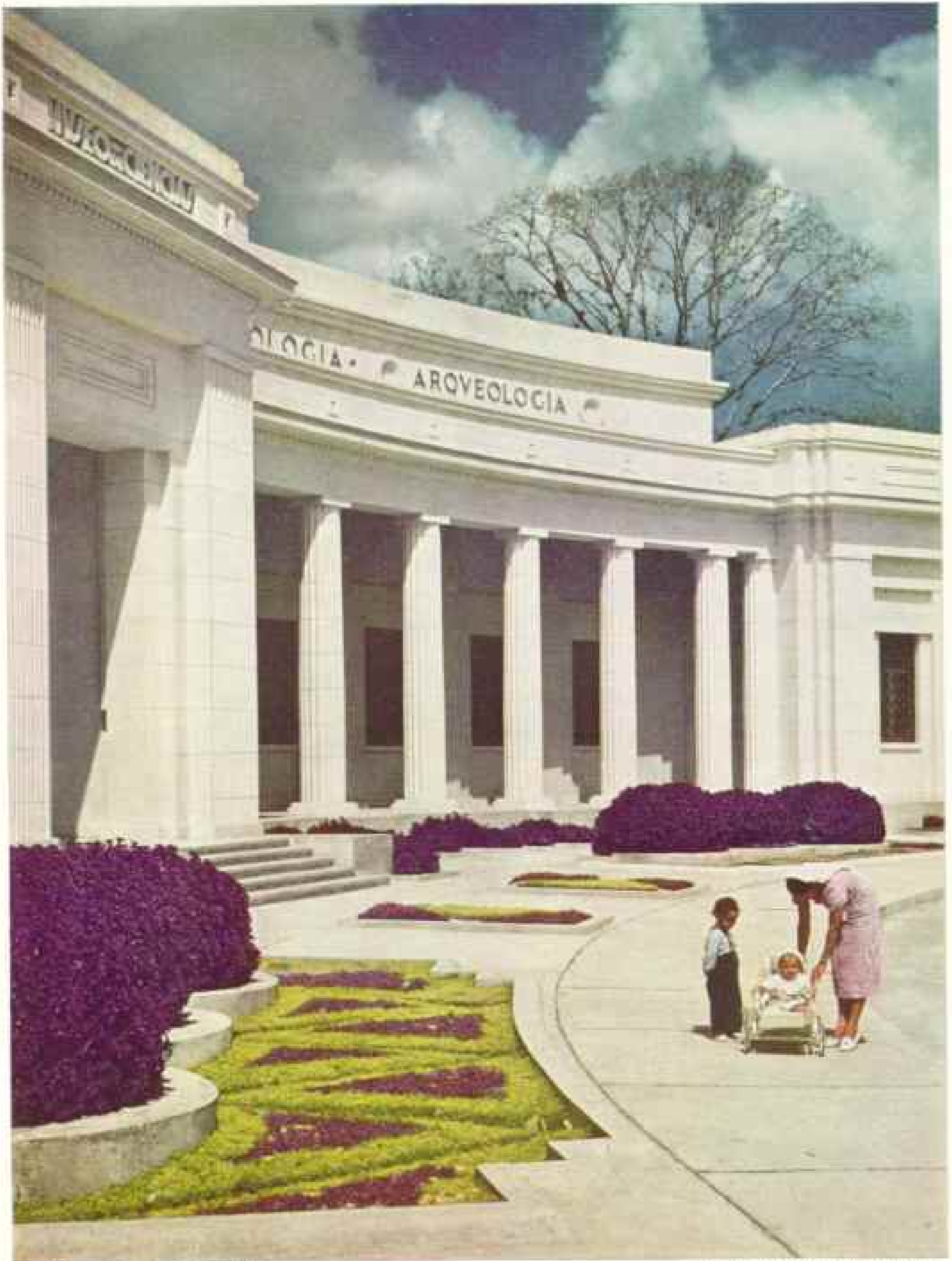
© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Lois Marden

"HOT DOGS, 25 CENTAVOS, PAY NO MORE!"

In terse Coney Island style, the franchiser vends his wares on the streets of Caracas.

VENEZUELA'S CAPITAL—CITY OF CONTRASTS

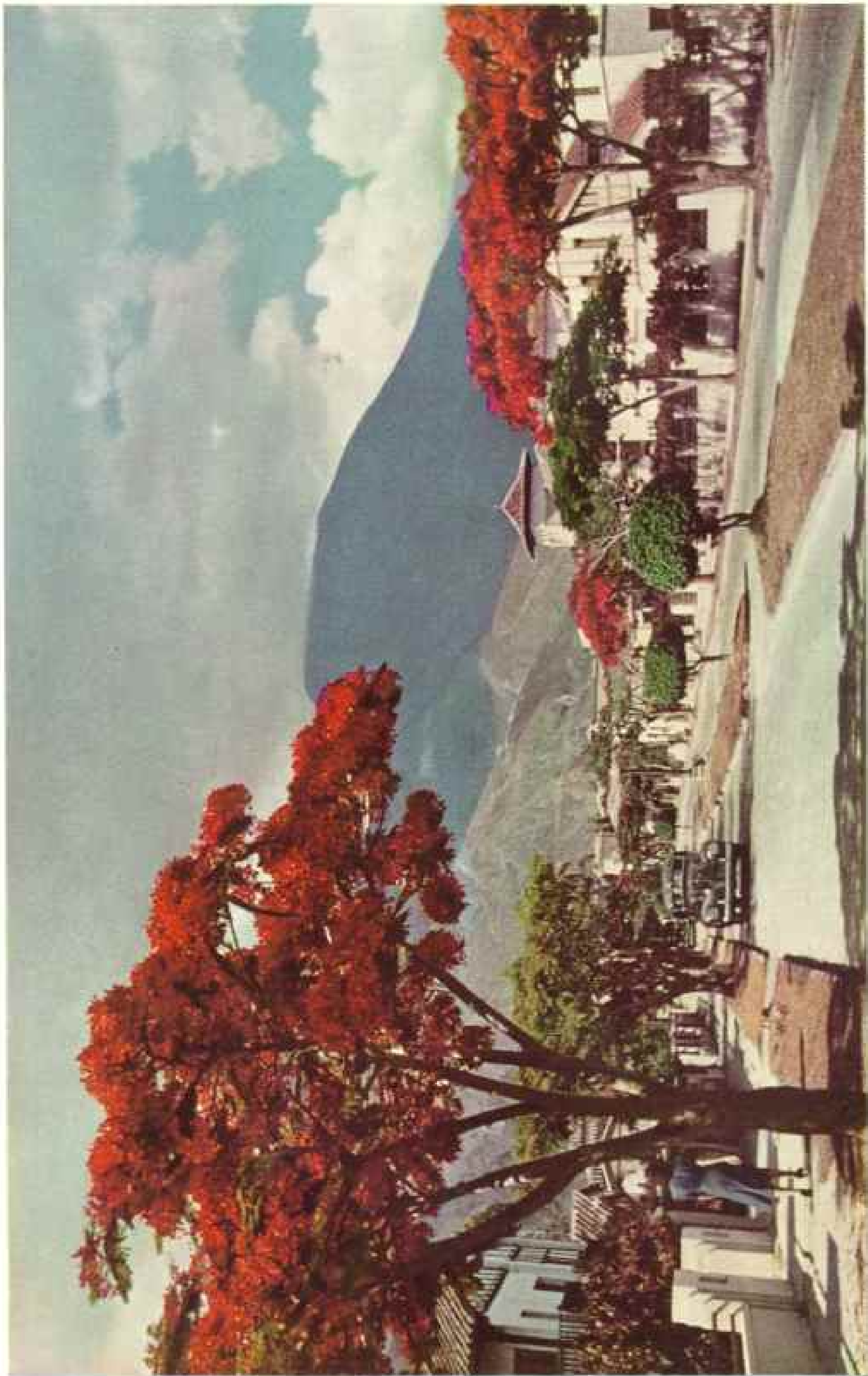


© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Luis Mardus

FORMAL GARDENS FLANK THE CAPITAL'S CLASSIC NEW MUSEUM OF SCIENCES

The spacious building fronts on a circle at the head of the Capital's famous Avenue of the Mahoganies. Across from it stands the new Museum of Arts; almost a duplicate in design. Here a permanent group of paintings is augmented by many loan collections.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Lois Marden

BRIGHT ROYAL POINCIANAS BRIGITTES AN AVENUE IN THE EXCLUSIVE SUBURB OF LA FLORIDA

Venezuelans call the trees *acacias* and have named the thoroughfare after them. Swiss chalets, Elizabethan half-timbered mansions, Spanish and Moroccan houses, and many other types of architecture appear on the same street. Most of the homes have names instead of numbers. Palm or bougainvillea trees grace each garden; a gate or grille marks each entrance.



© National Geographic Society

Redeformed by Luis Marroñu

CAVALRYMEN IN SPIKED HELMETS FORM AN HONOR GUARD AS VENEZUELAN CONGRESS CONVENES

The troopers line up in front of the National Library, facing the Capitol across the street. Chilean and French army officers were important factors in bringing the Venezuelan Army to high efficiency in the years following the World War.



INLAND NUGGETS AND ISLAND PEARLS

From extensive but little-exploited fields near the British Guiana border comes the gold. Pearl fisheries are supervised by the Government in the waters of Margarita Island.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Louis Marden

A BLOOMING COFFEE TREE BEARS GREEN AND RIPE BERRIES, ALL AT ONCE. On a hillside the National Geographic staff photographer found this unusual sight. Seldom do the plants flower and bear at the same time. Blossoms remain open for only one day.

ancient game of bowls. It is frequently played on the gravel and dirt roads of the outlying districts of Caracas.

To begin the game, a small sphere, the *mingo*, is tossed some distance ahead of the four players. Each person in succession bowls one of two large wooden balls at the *mingo*, trying to place the large balls as close as possible to the smaller sphere. You may try to knock your opponents' bowled balls farther away from the *mingo*, or bump your own closer.

On Sundays in particular, intent and deliberate groups of men play *bolas* on the road in front of rural taverns. Vehicular traffic is often held up while balls are bowled or distances measured.

INDEPENDENCE BORN WITH BOLÍVAR

Near the municipal market of Caracas is a house preserved with veneration by the Venezuelan people. It has been aptly called "the birthplace of South American independence," for here, in 1783, was born Simón Bolívar, one of the greatest figures in the history of the Western Hemisphere (Color Plate VIII).

Though his is not the conventional success story with the poor-boy beginning, Bolívar's tale is one of self-denial and sacrifice. He was born to a high position of wealth and family and dissipated his entire fortune in the cause of South American liberty.

Through a long series of political and military exploits, Bolívar brought about the independence from Spain of what are now Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Panama. Refusing public offices and personal gain, he accepted only the title "Liberator," bestowed in Caracas in 1813.

The name of Bolívar is often linked with that of Washington as a founder of New World independence. Bolívar himself greatly admired Washington and constantly wore a miniature of the North American patriot. The picture had been presented to him by Washington's family.

Bolívar, whose documents show a wealth of farsighted prophecy and political acumen, had a life of violent contrasts. He rose to the pinnacle of popular glory, only to end his days—because of internal strife in the countries he fought to liberate—in poverty and obscurity. He died at the early age of 47 at Santa Marta, in what is now Colombia.

Today Bolívar's body rests in the National Pantheon in Caracas (Plate IX and

page 495). Formerly a church, the splendid building is especially fitted to house the dust of a man for whom present-day veneration amounts practically to a cult.

MOUNTAIN TOPS GLOW WITH LILIES

Before the construction of the present highways and railroad, the only link Caracas had with the sea was the old Spanish foot and horse trail that runs over the cordillera to the coast. The trail enters the valley at a place called the Gate of Caracas, high in the steep outskirts of the northwest quarter of the city. At one time the Gate was the control point of the mule- and horse-borne traffic that came from La Guaira to the Capital.

Accompanied by two government engineers, I started over the trail shortly after dawn one morning. As the rising sun flooded the valley behind us with yellow light, we met three men bearing loads of newly cut flowers down to market in the city below. They carried the flowers, mostly Easter and calla lilies, suspended in bunches from a bamboo pole placed yoke-fashion across the shoulders (Plate VII).

"But surely these do not grow here in the hills?" I asked one of them.

"They come from even higher up, señor," he replied. "They are grown near the top-most heights of the cordillera."

I asked a friend whence came the demand for so many flowers. In the city I had seen no florists' shops; and, with the exception of orchids, very few cut flowers.

"We use many flowers on festive occasions here," he said. "At a wedding, for example, it is our custom to send the bride-to-be large floral pieces made of roses and other flowers. These may be variously shaped and are displayed on stands in the bride's home. When there are many relatives and friends of the couple, the patio of the house is a mass of flowers."

He went on to say that while a luncheon or dinner is usually served at a wedding celebration there is never any dancing. It is said that dancing at a nuptial feast brings bad luck.

I was reminded of other local beliefs I had come across in Caracas. A chambermaid had warned me that to bathe during Holy Week would be dangerous, for whoever did so at that time would turn into a fish. I did not risk the metamorphosis.

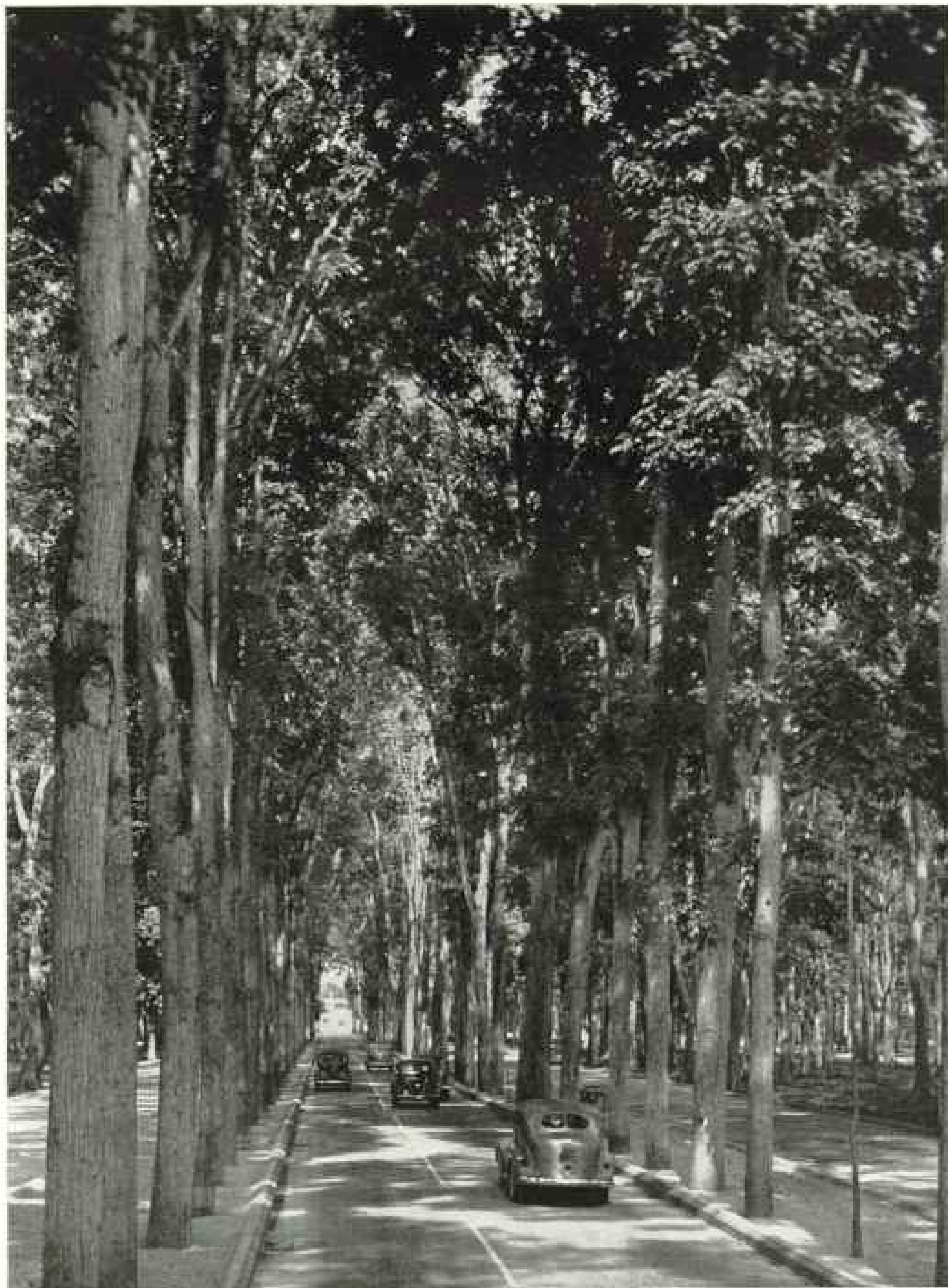
Higher up on the looping trail we came



Photograph by Luis Marden.

FRAMED IN ORNATE STONE, A COLONIAL BELLE LOOKS OUT ON CARACAS

Built in 1783, the year of Simón Bolívar's birth, the ancestral home of the Blanco Uribe family now houses a private academy for girls. By a further coincidence, the academy began its classes in 1842, the year in which the remains of the Liberator were brought to Venezuela from Colombia.



Photograph by Luis Marden

SMOOTH-TRUNKED TREES OF MAHOGANY AVENUE ONCE SHADED COFFEE BUSHES

Shaped like a cathedral lancet window is the green-lit vista of the Avenida Los Caobos. The tall mahoganies were set out decades ago to give shelter to coffee growing at their bases. Interspersed with imported eucalyptus, they form a park near the new Science and Fine Arts Museums.



"SOME RICE FLOUR AND TWO EGGS, PLEASE!"

The co-operative store of the Tamanaco Rural School in Caracas teaches student shopkeepers accounting and economics and provides pupils with school-grown vegetables at low prices. Besides agriculture, rural schools teach cooking, and poultry and rabbit raising (page 498).



Photographs by Luis Marín

NOT ARTILLERY SHELLS, BUT MOLDED CONES OF BROWN SUGAR

Look at these smooth forms of crude *papelón* and you see why the famous rock in Rio de Janeiro's harbor is called Sugar Loaf. Venezuelians add hot water to the brown sugar to make a popular drink (page 498).

upon stretches of cobblestone paving laid down more than two centuries ago by the Spaniards and still in excellent condition. Near one such place are the fields where the lilies are grown. Rising tier after tier in shallow terraces, the flowering hillside reminded me of the stepped rice fields of the Philippines.

The trail crosses the backbone of the cordillera at an altitude in excess of 5,000 feet. The path, where it runs for a short distance along the ridge, is in places less than a yard wide. Even our nonchalant mules stepped carefully here.

As I looked back at my companions, indicating the sheer drops on both sides with raised eyebrows, one of them laughed and said, comfortingly, "If you fall off here you will land on the one side in the Plaza Bolivar of Caracas or on the other in the Caribbean Sea."

RUINS REVEAL MILITARY GENIUS

Where the trail crosses the ridge are, as might be expected, the remains of a Spanish fort. Whatever else may be said about the Spanish conquerors of the southern Americas, they most certainly were canny soldiers. Every strategic place had its fort. This one, called *Castillito de la Cumbre* (Little Castle of the Summit) today, is very definitely in a strategic place (page 513).

Standing on the flat parapet of the ruined fort, one can see on the right hand the Valley of Caracas with its tile-roofed city two thousand feet below, and then on the left look down nearly a mile to where the white breakers of the Caribbean shatter themselves against the brown sands of La Guaira.

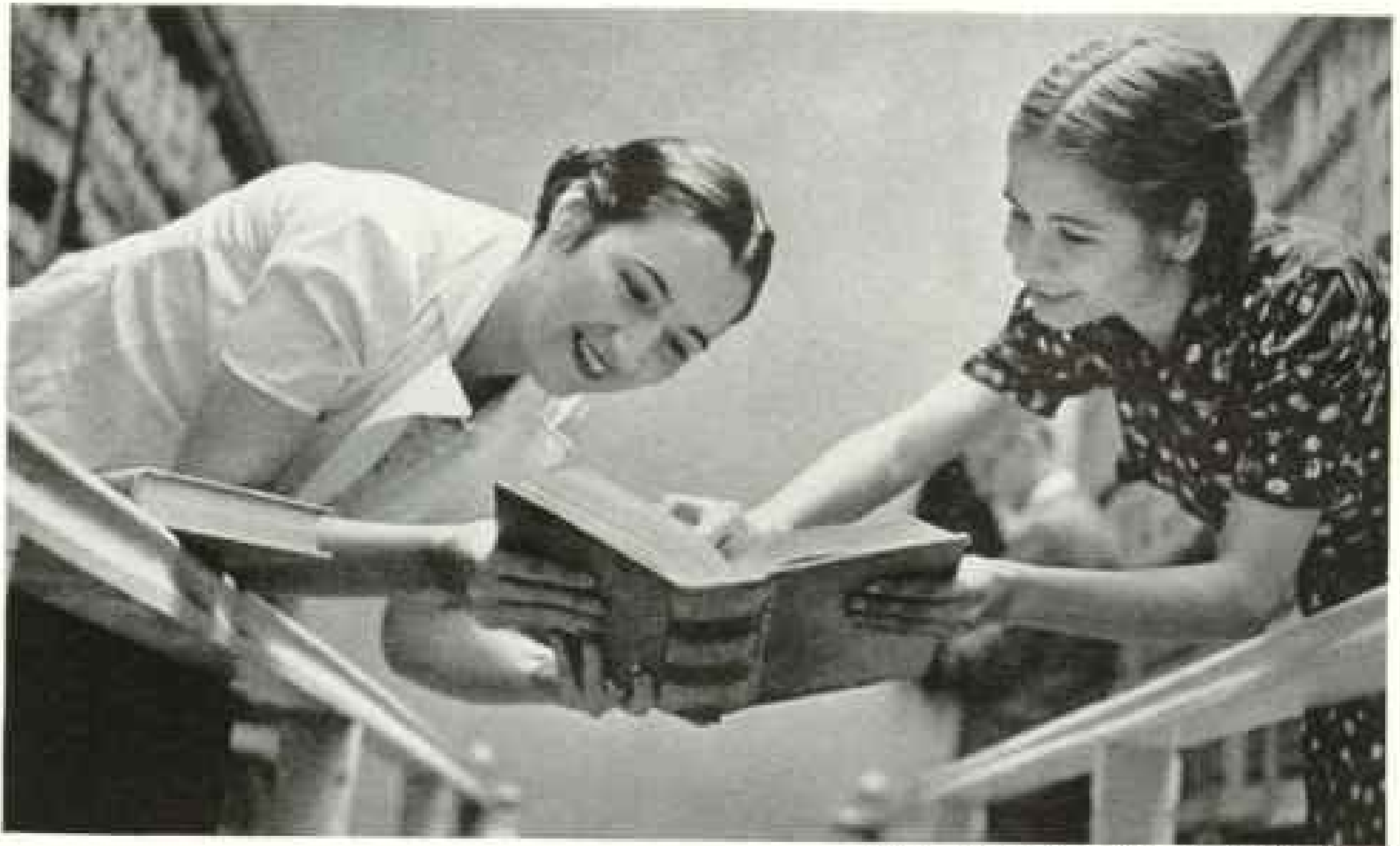
From their high-perched eyrie the garrison of the lonely fort must have seen majestic galleons, squat-hulled slavers, and the rakish craft of freebooters and buccaneers dwarfed to the size of children's toy boats. Great days those must have been, but now the ruined fort straddles the ridge in solitary decay.



Photograph by Luis Marden

SCHOOL IS OVER—HENCE THE SMILE

A Venezuelan Tom Sawyer carries his books in a European-style leather satchel, but heads for the nearest sand lot to play North American baseball—phonetically spelled *belibol* in Latin America (page 498). He lives in a new Caracas suburb of detached homes.



Photograph by Kurt Severin from Black Star

"HERE IT IS: 'CARACAS WAS FOUNDED IN 1567 BY DIEGO DE LOSADA'!"

Rich in works pertaining to early Venezuelan history is the National Library in Caracas.



Photograph by Ernest G. Holt

A CUP OF HOT COFFEE HELPS DISPEL EARLY-MORNING CHILL IN CARACAS



Photograph by Luis Marjén

THE CASTILLITO DOMINATES THE TRAIL FROM CARACAS TO THE SEA

The "Little Castle of the Summit" is one of several ruined Spanish forts that stand on a ridge of the Cordillera of the Coast (page 511). The Valley of Caracas is below and to the left of the path in the photograph. Four miles to the right and a vertical mile down lies the Caribbean.

From the castle the descending trail winds through many coffee plantations. In the warm moisture of the seaward side of the cordillera, banana plants are used as shade for the glossy-leaved coffee bushes. Because the coffee grows on hillsides, I was able, by seeking higher and lower levels, to see many stages of the plant's development. It was not uncommon to see a single bush bearing simultaneously ripe berries, green berries, and the ephemeral white coffee flower (Plate XVI).

Venezuelan coffee, along with that of adjacent Colombia, brings high prices in the New York market. It is mildly aromatic and is usually blended with Brazilian coffee to suit northern tastes.

Only once in descending the devious trail did we catch a glimpse of La Guaira, far below, with its great liners alongside

the pointing finger of the port breakwater.

I sat that night with the engineers on the terrace of the Hotel Miramar at Macuto, the popular watering place near La Guaira. As we looked out to where the surf gleamed faintly on the beach, one of my friends was comparing the Caribbean with the Mediterranean.

"Even now flying boats cross the sea in a few hours," he said. "It is very possible that with the passing of time the coasts of the Caribbean will become new Rivas. Better communications will bring the peoples of the Gulf of Mexico and Spanish Main closer together, culturally and economically. The Caribbean will be an American Mare Nostrum."

I looked again at the starlit water and wondered. At any rate, it is a pleasant thought.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL BY NIGHT

BY VOLKMAR WENTZEL.

Staff Photographer, National Geographic Magazine

WHEN night falls over Washington, D. C., memorials, public buildings, and broad avenues become ethereal shapes in soft light and shadow. Floodlights, piercing the darkness, etch familiar landmarks in silver against a velvet sky. Unsuspected definition of form and contour is revealed.

Affairs of state still demand attention and lights often burn late in Capitol, White House, or State Department, but there is a subtle change. Capitol dome, White House portico, Washington Monument, and Lincoln Memorial now shine as with an inner glow, and many a shadowy sculptured figure out of the country's rich history rides in soft illumination down broad avenues or spacious Mall.

To catch something of the witchery of Washington after dark, I walked parks and streets at night, hunting photogenic scenes. Some of the results are shown in the next sixteen pages.

Principal figure of the facing photograph, and gleaming background for three others, is the United States Capitol. George Washington was present when its cornerstone was laid, the Civil War was raging when its massive cast-iron dome was completed, but the splendid old structure still dominates the city.

From Grant Memorial the camera catches the full splendor of the dome, shining brightly in a fresh coat of gray paint (page 515). Facing down the Mall is the mounted figure of General Grant, firm in his saddle, a picture of solid determination.

For visitors who come to Washington by train, the Capitol bursts into view as they emerge from Union Station. Sweeping curves of a shadowy fountain bowl enfold the glistening dome (page 519).

From the steps of the Treasury Building, the Capitol becomes a spectacular backdrop for historic Pennsylvania Avenue (page 520). Down this thoroughfare have passed the inaugural parades of all Presidents since Jefferson's second inauguration in 1805.

The Capitol again looms in the background from the subdued atmosphere of the Darlington Memorial (page 527). Carl Paul Jennewein's fountain honors a distinguished Washington lawyer. A woman, symbolic of divine perfection, protects a deer, representing the weak.

From the Sherman Memorial the floodlighted marble shaft of the Washington Monument is revealed above the trees of the Ellipse (page 525). The stone sentry is one of four surrounding Carl Rohl-Smith's statue of General William T. Sherman.

The view of the Washington Monument through the Lincoln Memorial's double line of white marble columns is familiar to hundreds of thousands of visitors (page 529). The shaft blots out the dome of the distant Capitol, but the wings of the building are softly outlined. Within the classic Memorial, the notable figure of Abraham Lincoln, by Daniel Chester French, is seated in a flag-draped chair (page 530).

Mr. French also executed the Du Pont Memorial Fountain with figures representing Sea, Stars, and Wind (page 526).

GIANTS GUARD RARE DOCUMENTS

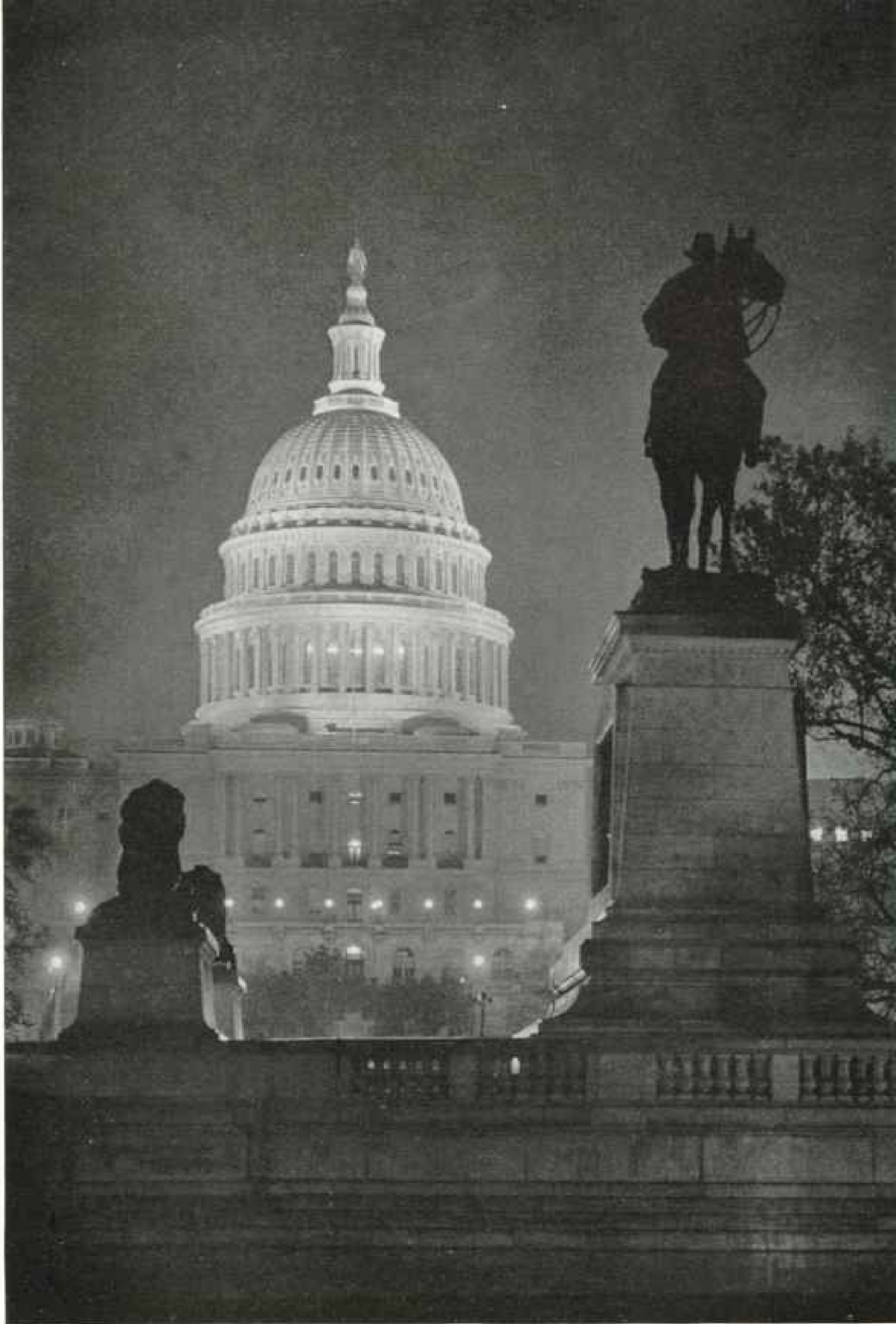
Seen through the tracery of naked trees is the National Archives Building, designed by John Russell Pope (page 516). Gigantic granite figures by James Earle Fraser, representing "Heritage" and "Guardianship," flank the broad steps (page 522).

The United States Supreme Court Building, dazzling by day, shines by night with a soft, diffused luster (page 528). Not far from the Court chambers, W. W. Story's heroic bronze of Chief Justice John Marshall rests in mellow light (page 518).

The Doric portico of the Government Auditorium, flanked by buildings of the Labor Department and Interstate Commerce Commission, forms a central motif for a vast expanse of classic architecture (pages 517 and 523).

Backlighting silhouettes the equestrian figure of Lafayette in the window of historic Dolly Madison house on Lafayette Square (page 521). The figure is a model of a statue presented to France by the sculptor, Paul Bartlett. The old home and the adjoining Benjamin Tayloe mansion now house the Cosmos Club, rendezvous of scientific men for more than half a century.

I made most of the photographs on damp and foggy nights, for I found that the heavy atmosphere lessened excessive contrasts, yielding a softer tone. Exposures ranged from one to five minutes, with occasional use of a flash bulb.



UNITED STATES CAPITOL, FROM THE GRANT MEMORIAL



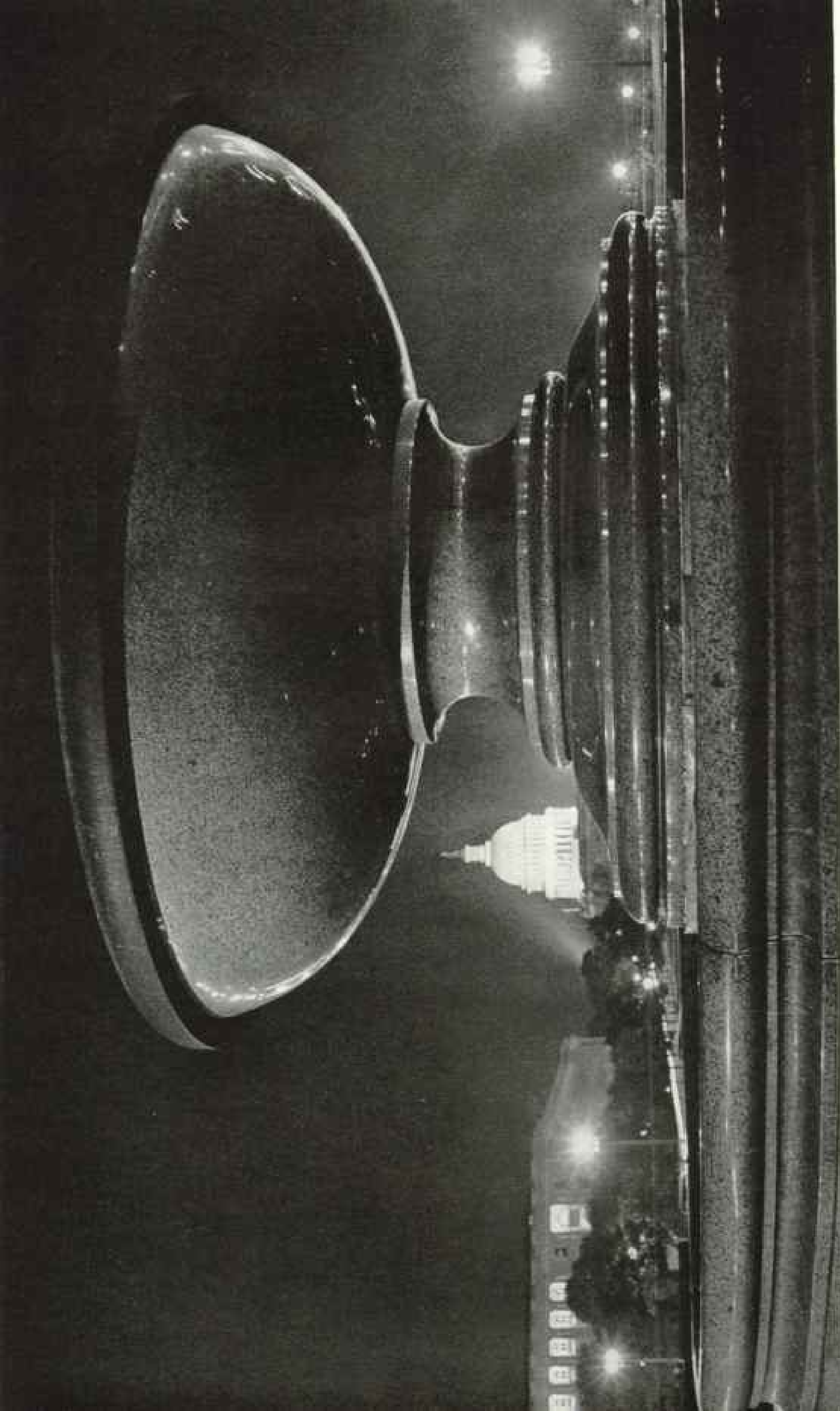
NATIONAL ARCHIVES BUILDING: CORINTHIAN COLUMNS GUARD A PRICELESS HERITAGE



GOVERNMENT AUDITORIUM: LIGHT AND SHADOW ON A CLASSIC PORTICO



JOHN MARSHALL STATUE, WEST SIDE OF CAPITOL BUILDING



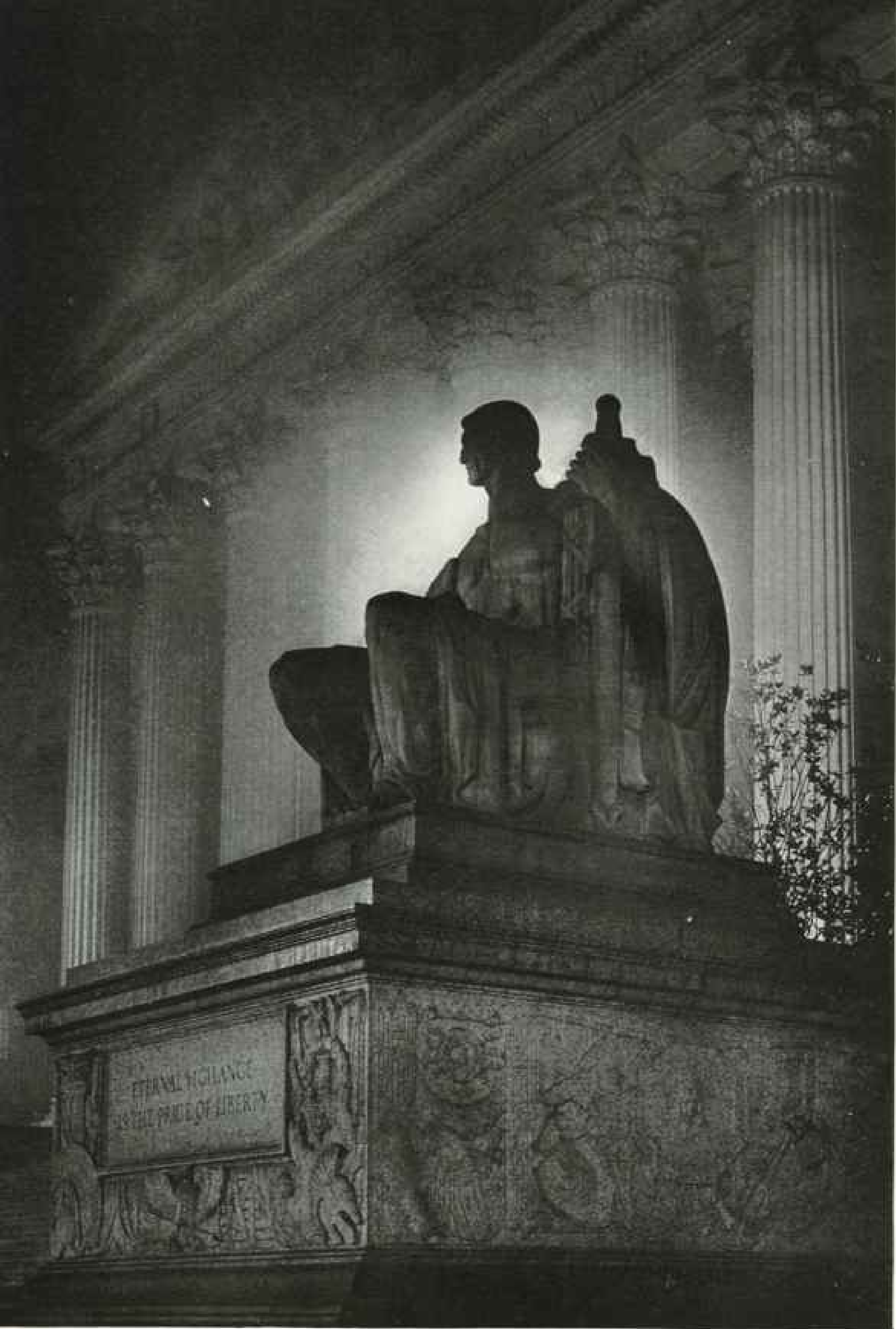
LINE AND LIGHT: THE GLEAMING CAPITOL FROM UNION STATION PLAZA



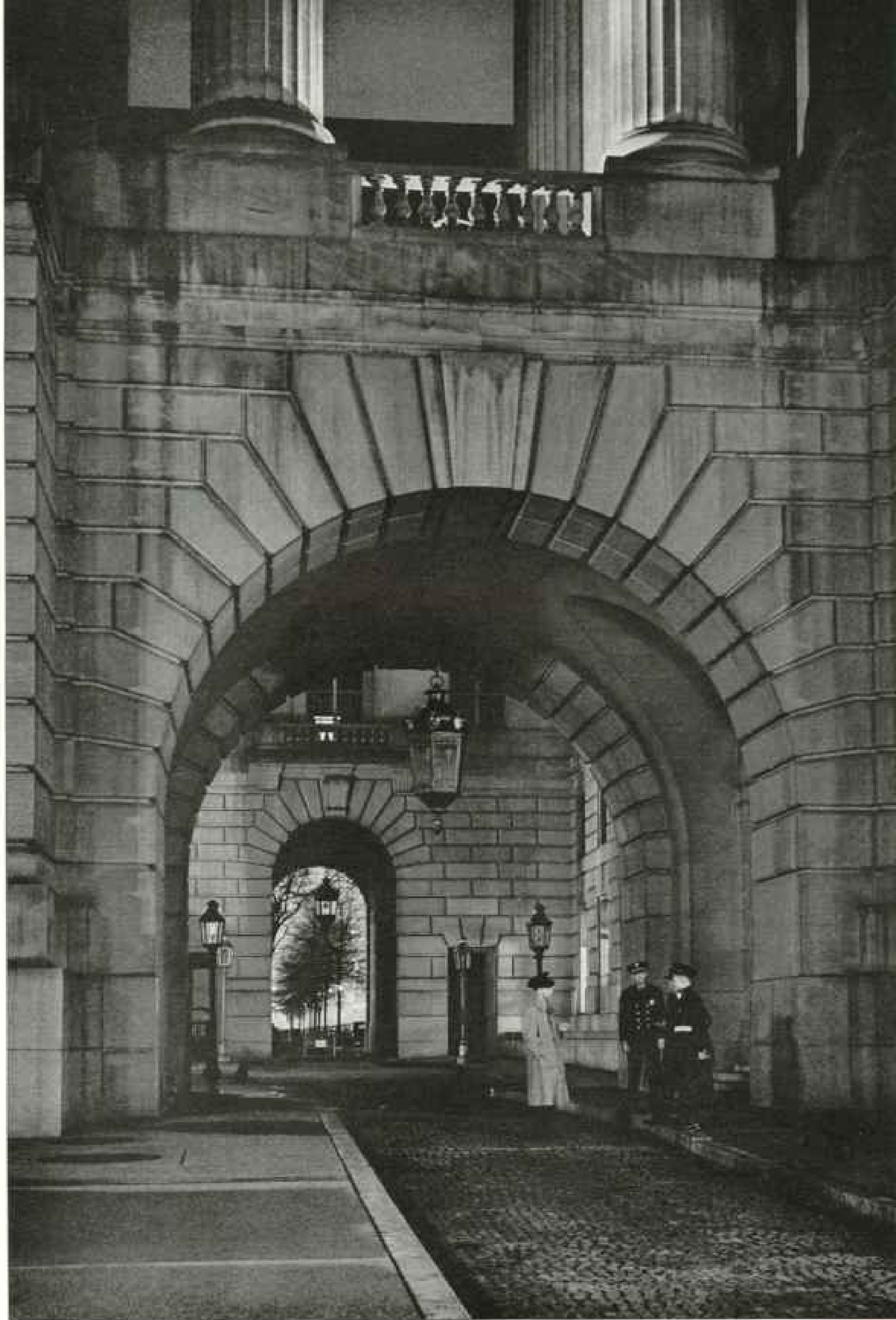
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE: FROM TREASURY GATES TO CAPITOL



COSMOS CLUB SILHOUETTE: LAFAYETTE ON HIS CHARGER



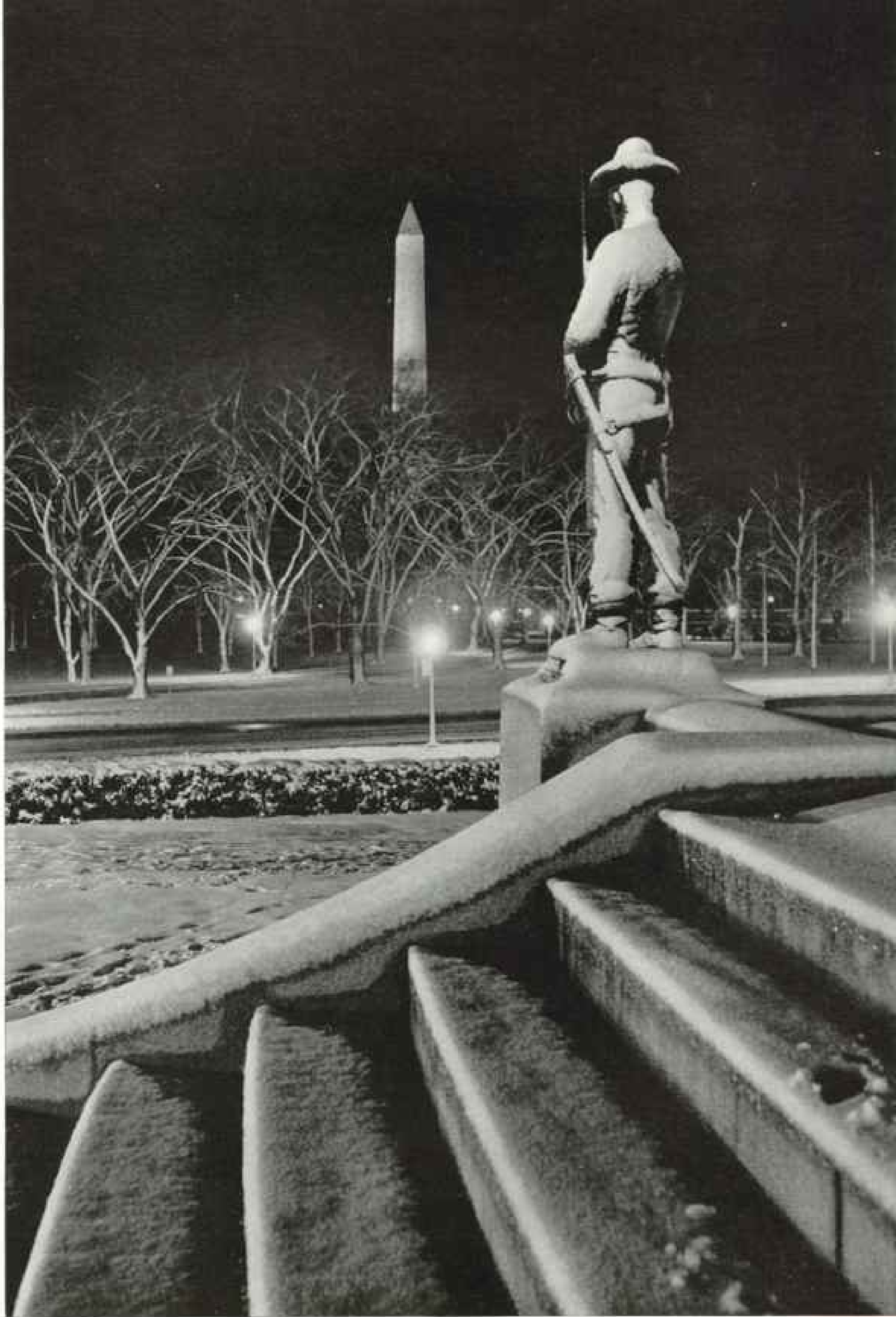
"GUARDIANSHIP": COLOSSAL SENTINEL AT ARCHIVES PORTAL



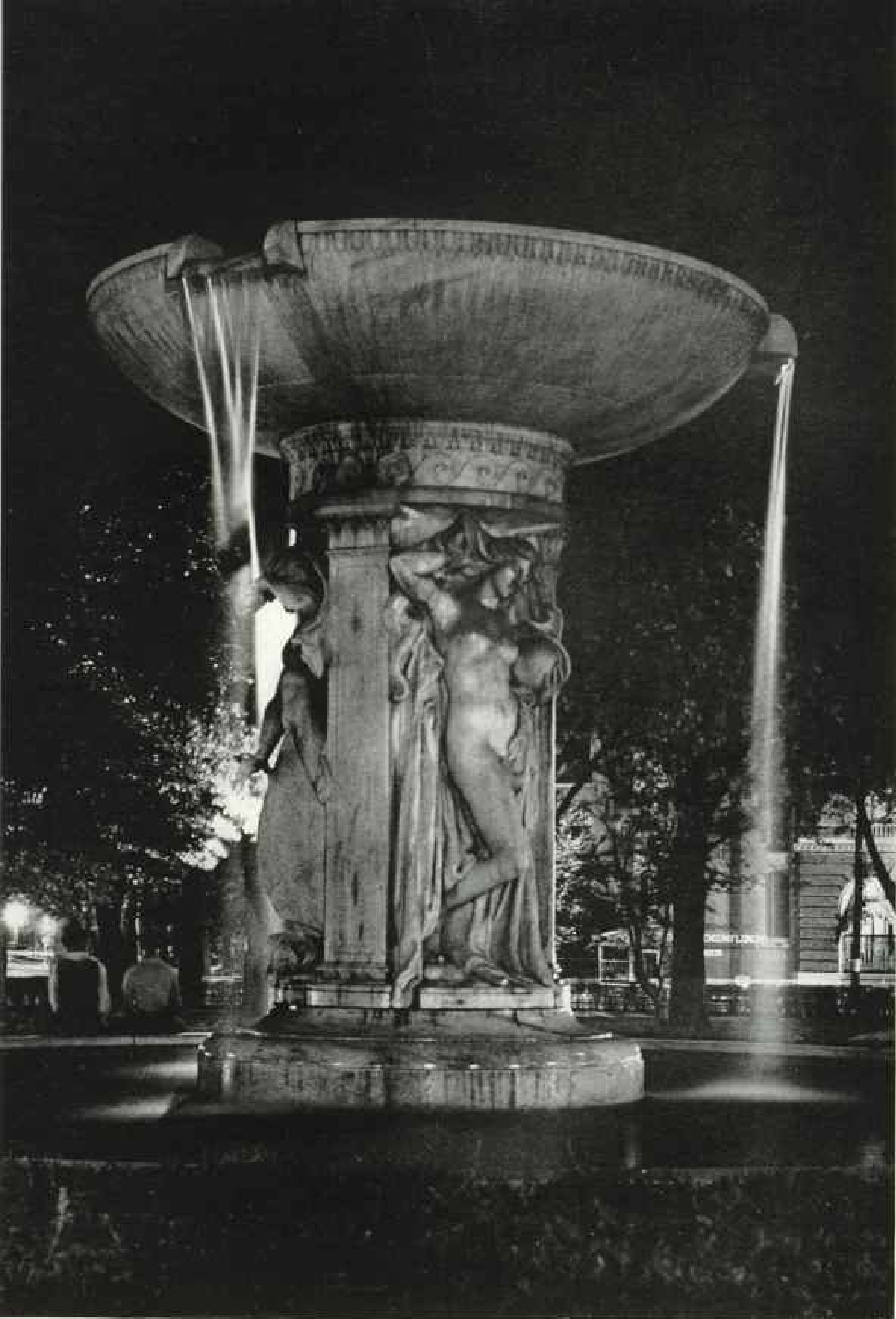
SHADOWY PERSPECTIVE: DEPARTMENT OF LABOR ARCHWAYS



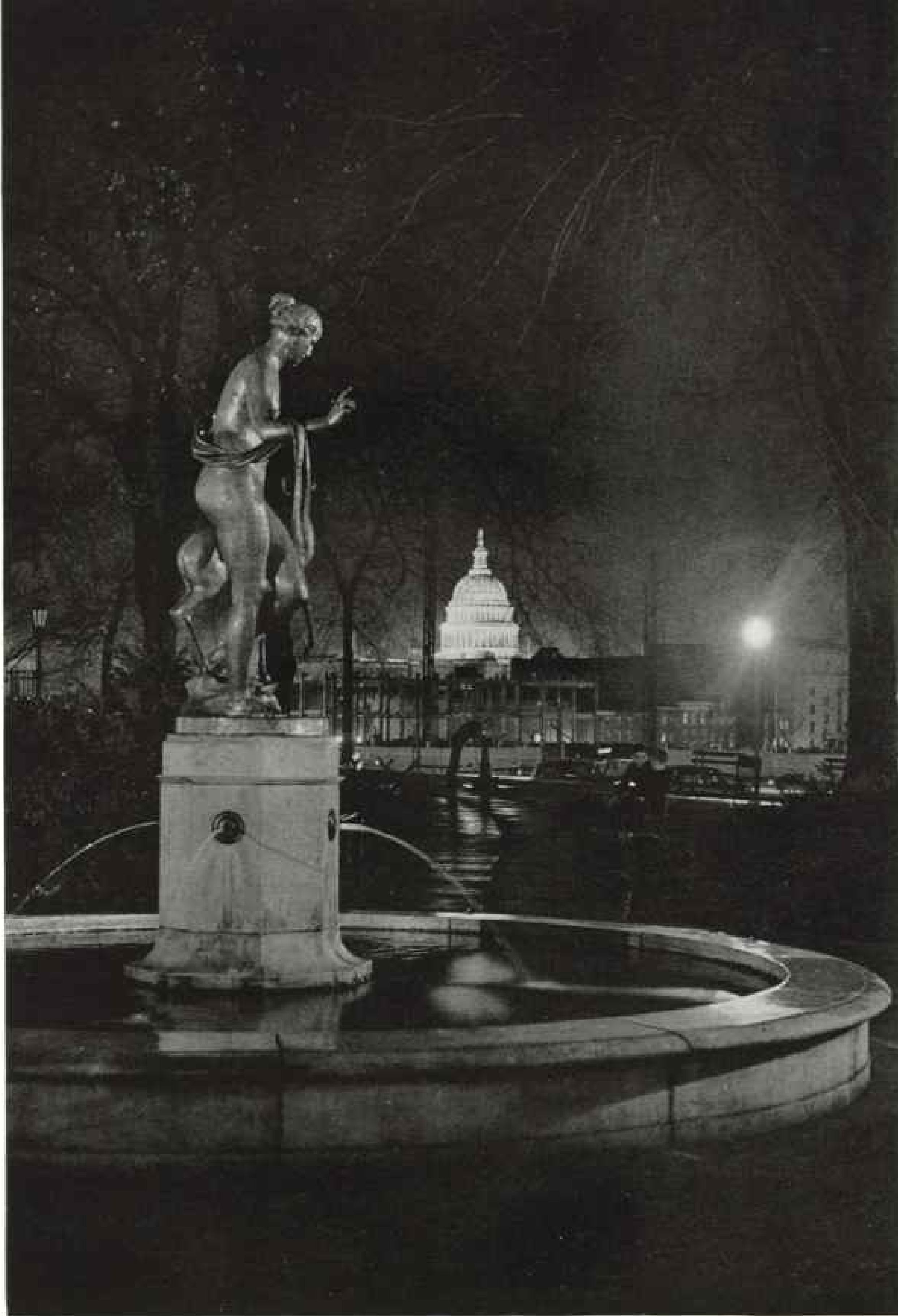
ANDREW JACKSON. SNOWY VIGIL IN LAFAYETTE PARK



WASHINGTON MONUMENT FROM STEPS OF SHERMAN MEMORIAL



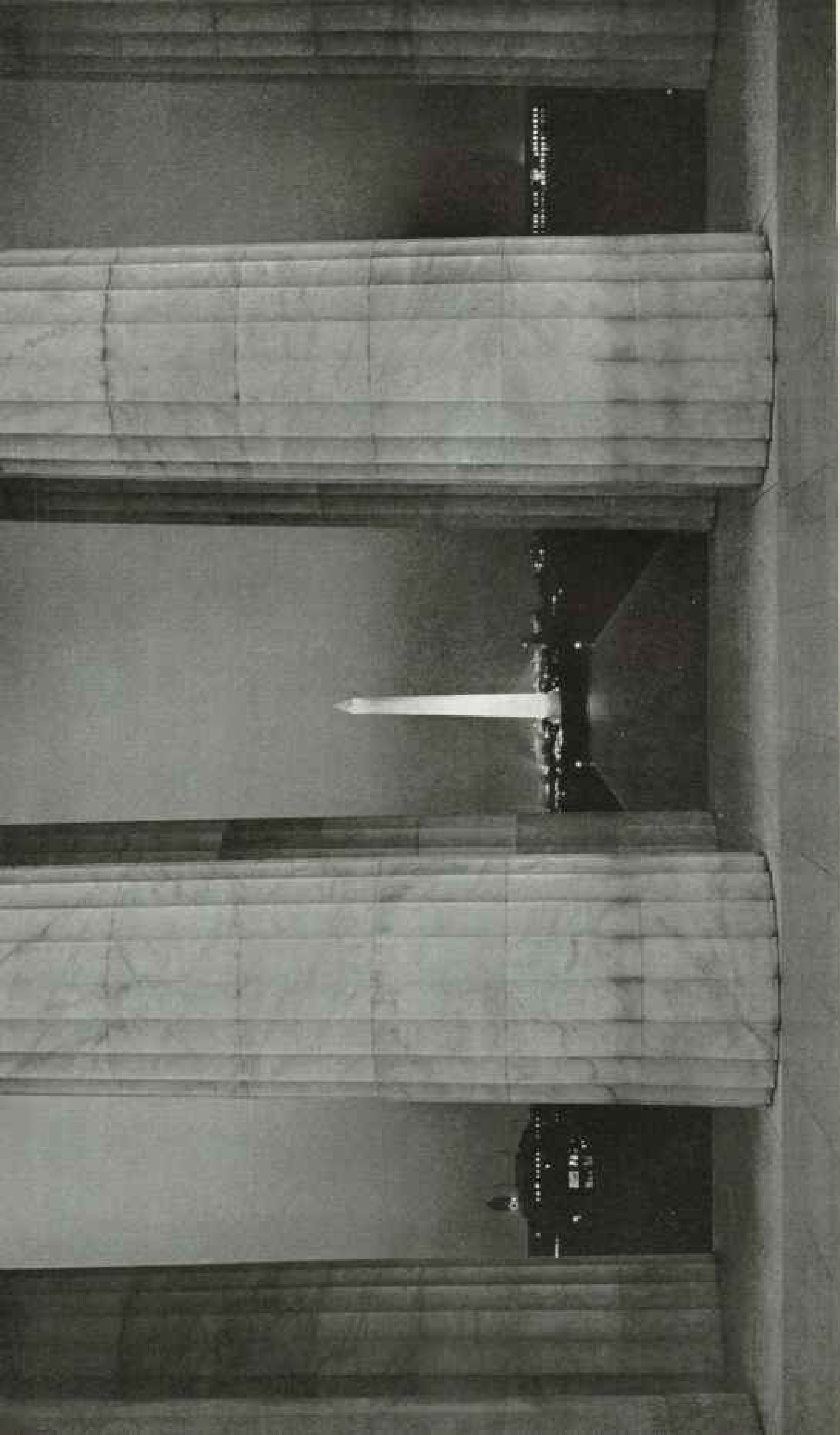
GODDESSES IN MARBLE: MEMORIAL TO ADMIRAL SAMUEL F. DUPONT



"PERFECTION": DARLINGTON MEMORIAL, JOHN MARSHALL PLACE



ROMAN TEMPLE OF AMERICAN JUSTICE THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT



STUDY IN COLUMNS: WASHINGTON MONUMENT FROM LINCOLN MEMORIAL



ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "MORE MAJESTIC GROWS THY FAME"

1940 PARADOX IN HONG KONG

BY FREDERICK SIMPICH

TODAY Hong Kong stirs with a new way of life, bewildering even to its old settlers. Here is ominous change, paradox, and contrast that leads, in the first week of one's visit, to confusion and unexpected thoughts. Then gradually, as you listen to many voices and study the great city's new gestures and feel their force, you begin to understand their portent and see the shape of things to come.

Know first that this great city, younger than Chicago and capital of the tiny but rich, powerful British crown colony in southeast China, forms today the greatest house of refuge in all the troubled Orient. Now a million fugitives, fleeing the bomb and bayonet of China's invaders, have swarmed here for shelter, doubling the normal population of the colony. You see thousands camped in sidetracked boxcars, or in barracks built by the British.

MILLIONAIRE REFUGEES

Chinese banks and rich merchants by the score, seeking security, have rushed their wealth here from other coast and inland cities. Local deposits soar to astronomical figures, and a paper says "Hong Kong Now Has More Than 500 Chinese Millionaires"; on the same page another headline reads: "27,000 Sleep in City Streets."

To this human flotsam of the storm, to Hong Kong's noble efforts to save it, and to the tireless work of English doctors to control cholera and other disease, this narrative must return.

But consider first that for decades this port of Hong Kong, founded about 100 years ago, was a serene, humdrum China coast trading center, with ships, banks, and the usual English colonial accompaniment of clubs, cricket, golf, amateur dramatics, horse racing, teas, and dinner parties. Now, almost overnight, in this swiftly changing East, it takes new, grim form as a British military outpost on the South China coast.

Along with Britain's great Singapore naval base, and Uncle Sam's fortified Corregidor Island in Manila Bay, Hong Kong now stands as the third leg in that tripod of Anglo-Saxon Christian power and influence in southeast Asia (map, page 534). Nobody claims it is invulnerable, or of highest strategic value; but it *is* British

soil; for a century it has been the seat of British authority in this part of the world.

Hong Kong's sudden rise to this new kind of importance is astonishing, albeit gratifying, even to its older English colonists. To visitors from afar, landing without previous knowledge of what is happening, this magic transition is almost phantasmagoric, because they see normal life going on so smoothly side by side with the incoming refugee flood and the continuous building of defenses.

NET OF CABLES HANGS FROM FLOATING BARRELS

To get into the harbor, through Lyemun Pass, your ship must wait while British naval boats draw aside a net of cables hung from floating barrels—a barrier set to stop any invading submarines. Mines protect some other entrances to colony waters; as I write, one launch, towing a junk, has just hit such mines, been blown up, and forty people have perished. Yet, even as you enter the harbor, out comes a fleet of trim white pleasure craft for a yacht race. Even Mars can't stop an Englishman's outdoor sport!

From high up on peaks that rise about the harbor, grim guns frown down at you; their evil snouts seem to snarl a warning "Keep Out," although at Happy Valley Race Track, right under the guns, thousands of holiday-makers cheer the running China ponies (page 533). Marching, blue-clad schoolboys, regimented by watchful priests, halt to let a line of trucks go by—trucks hauling still more guns up to the peaks, and manned by bearded Indian soldiers in colored turbans and khaki shorts.

Chinese girls in bobbed hair and split skirts, out for a picnic, pause to smile at British Tommies digging bomb shelters just behind a swanky bathing beach where machine gun pillboxes squat among summer cottages. Enough barbed wire to fence in all the cattle in Texas stretches and tangles about hilltop searchlight posts, powder magazines, gun emplacements, and across valley trails up which enemy landing parties might try to march.

At a Kowloon church fair—and Kowloon is that part of Hong Kong which stands on the mainland peninsula just across the narrow bay from Hong Kong Island—you see excited Chinese and Portuguese boys and



Photograph from Ellen Thurbeck

STALWART SOLDIERS OF THE KING READY TO DEFEND HONG KONG

Reading from left to right they are: (1) a member of the Royal Army Service Corps, which corresponds to the Quartermaster Corps in the United States Army; (2) a soldier of a Punjabi regiment of the British Indian Army; (3) a turbaned Sikh soldier from northern India; (4 and 5) two sergeants of the British regular troops on duty in the Far East. They wear the pith topi, and all five men are in khaki shorts.

girls throwing darts, playing catchpenny games, eating, drinking, singing. All are oblivious to a line of 44 brand-new tanks just unloaded from a ship and rumbling past to be added to the colony's ever-growing defensive machinery.

A BRITISH CROWN COLONY

Politically, this British colony is organized much like the colonies of Bermuda, the Bahamas, Trinidad, Kenya in Africa, British Guiana in South America, Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, etc. It has its governor, colonial secretary, chief justice, military and naval commanders, its legislative coun-

cil, public health service, and all similar government machinery with which Britain operates such possessions as have not attained Dominion status.

The colony originally was founded on Hong Kong Island, which was ceded to England in 1841, after the Opium War. Later, in 1860, the Convention of Peking added the Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters Island; under a final treaty in 1898, the area known as the New Territories, adjacent to Kowloon and including Mirs Bay and Deep Bay, was leased to Britain for 99 years.

It was from Canton that British traders,



Photograph by Kohes

HAVING JUST PICKED A WINNER AT HAPPY VALLEY RACE TRACK, THREE GIRLS
HURRY UP TO CASH THEIR TICKETS

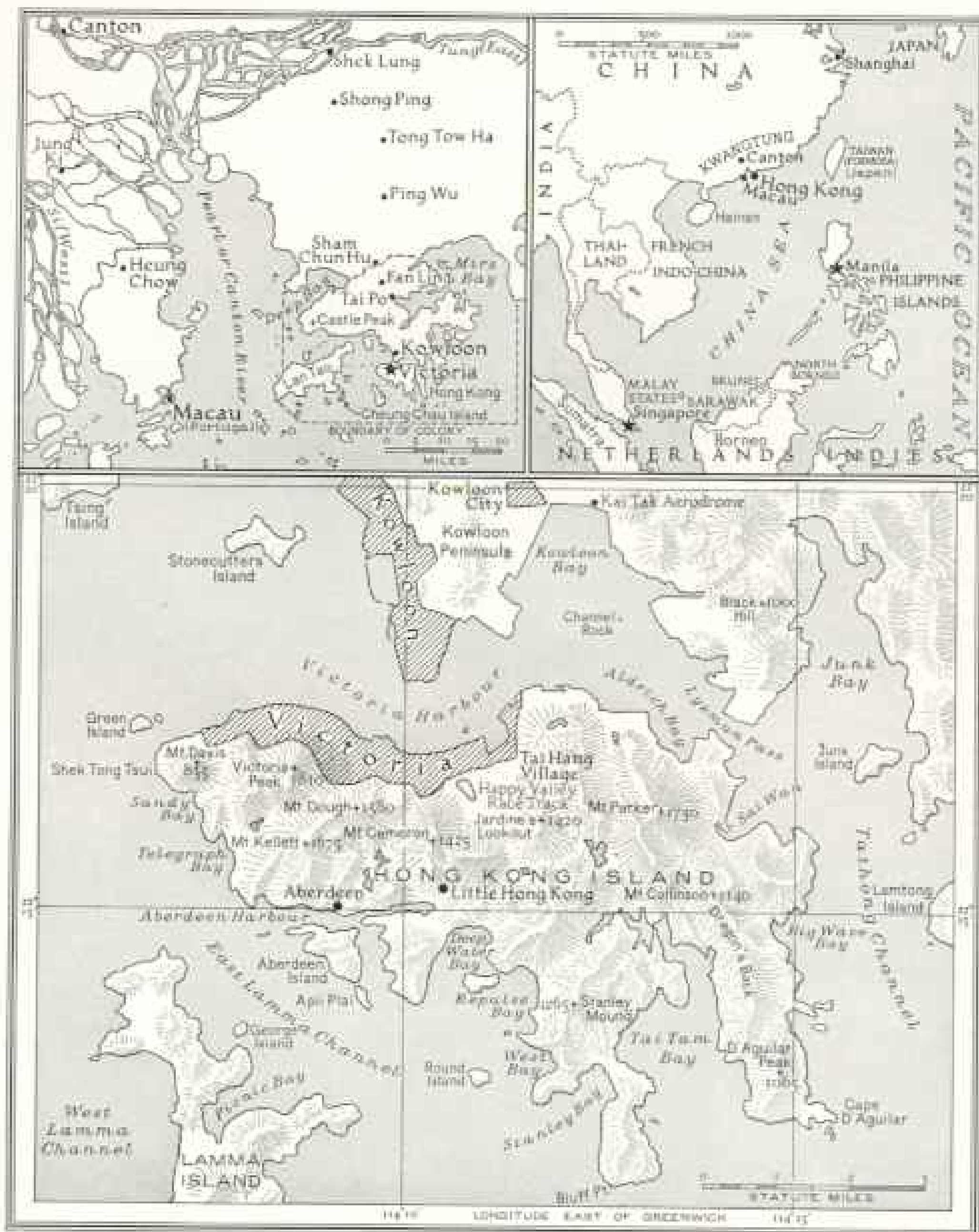
Although the English introduced horse racing into the colony and are still prominent as owners, many Chinese also enter their horses and some of the best jockeys are Chinese.



Photograph by Peter Cheung

THIS GIRLS' BRASS BAND FORMS PART OF A MILE-LONG FUNERAL PARADE

But only the faces look Chinese! Uniforms, instruments, and sheet music are all of foreign style or origin, and look just like those used by any 4-H Club girls' band marching and playing at any livestock show in the United States Corn Belt.



Drawn by Newman Banister and Ralph E. McAleer

**RICH, POWERFUL HONG KONG, BRITISH CROWN COLONY, LIES IN SOUTHEAST CHINA
HARD BY BUSY PEARL RIVER DELTA**

Hong Kong's position close to tiny Portuguese-owned Macau and Japanese-occupied Canton, greatest city in South China, is shown in the small map, upper left. With Singapore and Manila, Hong Kong forms a third leg in a tripod of American and British influence in the Far East, upper right. For nearly two centuries prior to the Opium War of 1840, British merchants had tried to trade with China, but were continually frustrated by pirates and the arrogant viceroys of Canton. The next year, after much fighting, China ceded Hong Kong Island to the British, who settled it as their base for South China trading operations. In 1860 China ceded Kowloon Peninsula and Stonecutters Island to the British; also by treaty of 1898 the New Territories were leased to them for 99 years (page 532). Now the colony, exclusive of water, covers about six times the area of the District of Columbia.

largely of the East India Company, discouraged after over two centuries of trouble with viceroys, finally chose Hong Kong Rock—till then only a pirates' lair—as the base for their permanent settlement.

The story of how Canton pirates harassed the English merchantmen; how British gunboats wrecked river mud forts, and how the Chinese sailed burning "fire boats" against the craft of the "foreign devils," belongs now to history. Macau, Canton, and some spots on Hong Kong Island are strewn with the graves of white men, including a few Americans, who perished in those adventurous days.

In the Anglican Cathedral at Hong Kong, symbolic of this eventful past, is a tablet "Sacred to the memory of William Harding, who was killed June 1, 1848, in a gallant attack on a large piratical vessel." To pirates likewise the story must come back—for today, after 100 years, they're still at it.

If, happily, you see this harbor first on a sunshiny morning, that startling, enrapturing glimpse of it must remain forever vividly etched in memory (page 543). As the vessel slips in from the East through hill-fringed Lyemun Pass (page 541), and rounds a bend in the narrow blue strait that swirls between Victoria and Kowloon (page 542), suddenly there bursts on your astonished gaze a spectacle unique among seaports of this earth.

There at your left is a great, glittering city that seems oddly stood on edge. It stretches out like a big city painted on a billboard many miles long and 1,800 feet high. The artist, you can imagine, using a mile-long pencil, first plotted his outline, putting the palaces, the Cathedral, the colleges and barracks, and foreground water front just where he wanted them for best composition and unity of effect.

Even the steep, hillside "ladder streets" seem to run straight up and down, like fire escapes; to clinch the illusion there hang, as if on a vast wall, two of the famous Victoria Peak tramcars pulled by cables, crawling up the steep slopes like weights on some colossal clock.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE LIVE ON THE WATER

To take a small boat and cruise for a day about this harbor is to find another world. Some 100,000 people live on their junks and sampans, being carried ashore only when they die. Here more than 1,000

seagoing steamers have been launched, and wooden junks by uncounted thousands; yet hereabouts the old land yields neither wood nor metal with which to build boats.

On the Kowloon side stands a railway terminal station that is unique. It is the Far East end of the world's longest stretch of rails. From here the track leads off for 9,000 miles to the European Atlantic coast and cities of the Mediterranean.

But now sleeping cars stand idle on its sidings; nobody makes this "Kowloon-to-Calais" trip, because somewhere on that long track that crosses China, Siberia, Soviet Russia, and Europe, war seems forever to be halting the trains, burning the bridges, bombing stations.

"Pirates Again Busy," reads a *Daily Press* headline as I write this. "Three Attacks Reported." Piracy here has Chinese variations. With us a real pirate must dress the part in long whiskers, big gold earrings, high boots, and a belt full of knives and pistols, and his loot must be gold, jewels, and fair women. Here yesterday the pirates were garbed like any other Chinese sailors; they merely came alongside another junk, fired a few shots, boarded it, threw its mast and rudder into the sea to make it helpless—and then stole its cargo of live pigs! In another attack, says the paper, "the junk captain's sister sleeping astern was shot in the buttocks."

HARBOR OF MODERN DOCKS AND PIRATE VESSELS

Look at all the strange craft that crowd this harbor, however, and you can't say who's a pirate, or who may be the next victim. Many native boats carry old brass cannon, which may be there either for defense or for less lawful shooting.

Hong Kong's harbor is lined with enormous docks, warehouses, giant cranes, and all man's clever machines for moving heavy loads on and off ships.

Fruit, vegetables, and fish, squealing pigs in baskets, and myriad ducks unload here, too, from junks that trade about the bays. Except for limited farm areas in the New Territories, Hong Kong itself produces little to eat. But it barter in much. Its shops make many things, from rubber shoes to ivory elephants, but all its raw materials come from elsewhere.

In dry years it has even had to import water from Manila and Singapore. Its



Photograph by South China Morning Post

TEMPLELIKE HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK BUILDING DOMINATES THE WHOLE COLONY, BOTH ARCHITECTURALLY AND FINANCIALLY.

Behind it rise the mansion-dotted slopes of the famous Peak, reached by cable car and winding motor roads. In the foreground, on the grass plot, is a statue of Queen Victoria, for whom the city is named.

2,000,000 people would soon starve were all communications cut. Yet to it, as a free port that distributes to inland South China, thousands of ships come every year under flags of all the world's trading nations. Look at the geography of this one item, clipped from a waterfront news column:

"Coming from Capetown, by way of Durban, Mauritius, Réunion, Tamatave, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Mahé, Belawan-Deli, and Singapore to Hong Kong, the motor ship *Rueys* is due here Friday."

Incoming liners dock on the Kowloon side, passengers and baggage being soon ferried over to Victoria, on Hong Kong Island.

Walk two minutes inland, across Des Voeux Road, and you strike into the heart of a foreign business section of intensive activity. Big hotels rub shoulders with

luxurious European shops. Jammed in here, as in New York's Wall Street or Threadneedle in London, are a score of big banks into which rich refugees have poured their money.

Land in this prized financial center is incredibly costly. The lifelong wages of a coolie wouldn't buy space enough for his grave. Yet here, in the shadow of towering granite banks, courts, and office buildings, is an open park with a statue of Queen Victoria, a plaza with a cenotaph, and a green cricket field!

Just across Queen's Road, which is Hong Kong's Main Street, lies another playground reserved for soldiers and school children. Only a city could thus use land so extravagantly valuable.

To know life in any town you have to walk in it. If you rush about in taxis,

Photograph from *European*

BAGPIPE WHINES AND SQUEALS DELIGHT THE CHINESE, REMINDING THEM OF
THEIR OWN NASAL MUSIC

When we hear pipes, we always look for a Scotswoman in kilts. These musicians, however, belong to a British Indian regiment, the Kumaon Rifles. All day long, somewhere in the colony, you hear guns at practice firing, or the bugle calls and martial music of army bands.

you sense only the motion of the city—nothing of its sounds, smells, voices, men's work, and children's play. Nor can you merely "go for a walk." You must walk hour after hour, day after day, until you hear, see, and understand what its motion means.

In a month, I feel, I walked at least 100 miles through Hong Kong's native quarters. In time it came that I would know, before I reached the mouth of a certain alley, just what would be going on there—a pock-marked man making Chinese fiddles, for example, a girl hawking papers, and two coolies offering you a ride in their sedan chair.

Each day brings its item. This morning in police court, Mr. Li Wan-loong, a medicine peddler, is fined \$10; charge:

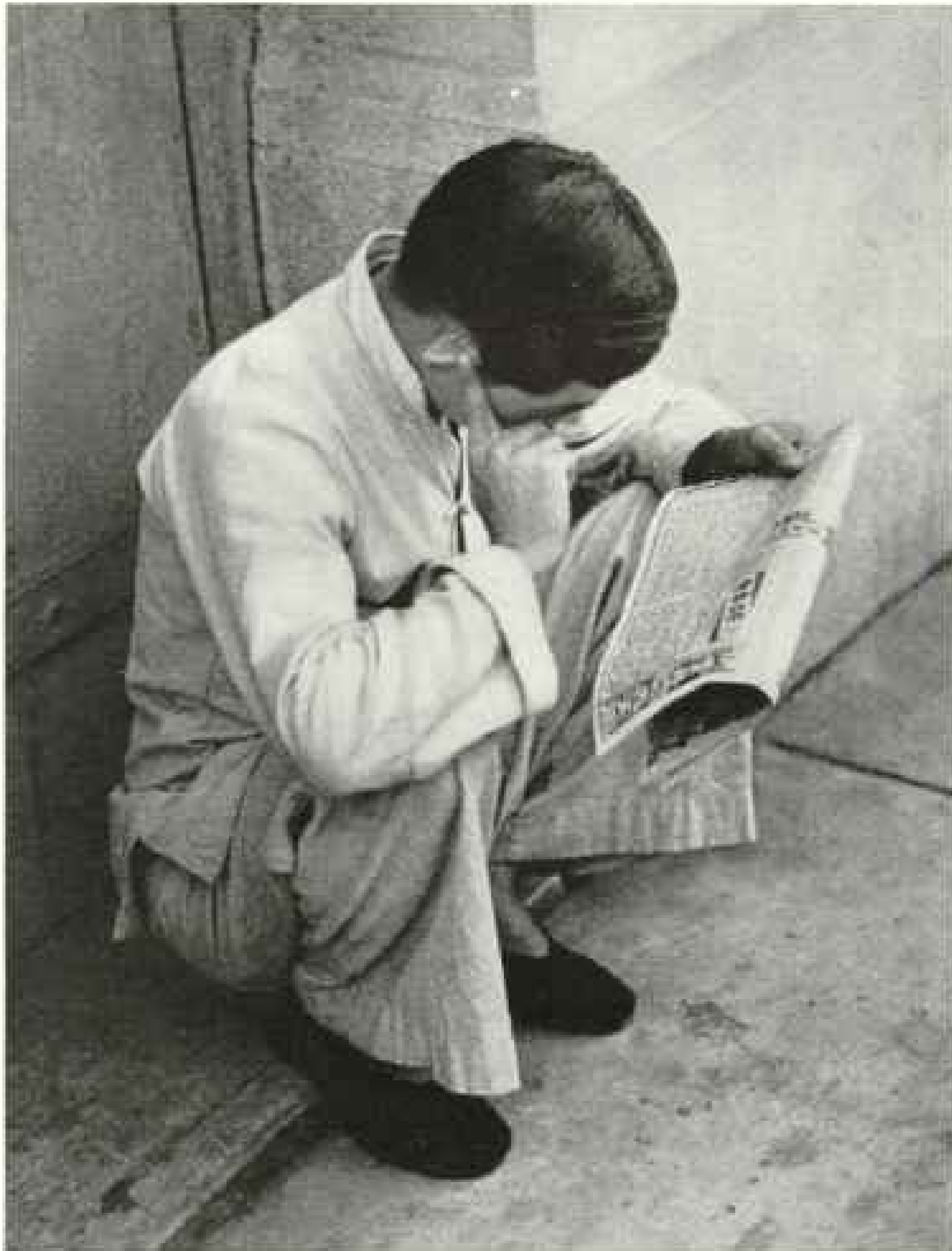
"baiting lizards and snakes to make them fight in order to attract pedestrians and then starting his selling talk."

Approaching a street crowd, you are amazed to see a small boy suddenly go flying up into the air to turn a somersault. You squeeze in to see: it's another peddler, juggling his five-year-old son to draw customers who may buy a toy snake with a hidden spring that makes it strike at you.

From the "Asia Hotel," a native hostelry, an ambulance takes a frail, sweet-faced Chinese "escort girl," floored by an overdose of opium.

What *are* "escort girls?"

They are a strange but orderly Hong Kong institution—a class of female gigolos. In Des Voeux Road is an agency



Photograph from N. A. Tonoff

HE HOLDS ONE EAR SHUT TO KEEP OUT STREET NOISE WHILE HE SCANS THE NEWS

Hong Kong native newstands are heaped high with Chinese dailies and illustrated magazines. On ferries and streetcars men recite from books and papers while others listen; plastered on walls are still more news bulletins, which somebody is forever reading to illiterate bystanders. At rental bookstalls you may see four or five children enjoying the same book at the same time.

that supplies them as dining, dancing, and theater companions for playboys, tired business men, and visiting firemen who desire the companionship of "women who understand" them.

One newspaper is almost wholly supported by the advertisements of these girls. Each pulchritudinous peach's professional card carries her picture, telephone number, and a glowing sketch of her life and charms. The rise of the hostess here and her happy-go-lucky sister, the

Manila and Singapore taxi dancer, is a social phenomenon of recent years.

"US REPAIRS SHOES"

Here is a sign which reads "Us Repairs Shoes"; an English friend with you tells of another, a dress-maker's sign in the outskirts of Kowloon, "Ladies Can Have Fits In Here."

Here comes a Chinese jockey who walks now with a limp. In a bad fall his leg was broken; English doctors told him it was a break they could easily put in splints and heal, but he insisted on following an old Chinese custom. So fresh chicken gizzards were applied, a fresh gizzard every two hours. He can never ride again.

Squatting on street curbs, even about the English hotels, are the tramp sewing women; here they camp with their

kits, mending ruts in silk stockings. Itinerant "beauticians" also are busy. On stools along most crowded streets they seat their customers; calmly, just as heedless of the passing throng as it is of them, they ply their tweezers, combs, brushes, pencils, paste, paint, and powder (page 554).

I watched one operator smear a girl's face all over with at least a quarter inch of what looked like putty. Then she took a string, pulled it tight, and drew it closely across the girl's cheeks, one at a time; she

scraped off the surplus paste, but left a coating so stiff that even a faint grin must surely have cracked the victim's face.

Fully made up, these fragrant, glistening beauties may hand a heartbreaking wallop to Oriental males; to Western beaux, they look like so many wooden dolls with false hair, wax heads, and glass eyes.

Portuguese by the thousands call Hong Kong home. Via Macau, in the past century, they have settled here under the British flag. They speak English, play cricket, and many, from centuries-old contact with the Orient, have slant eyes and a Chinese face. Their links with Portugal are remote. Macau, to them, is the center of the Portuguese world.

A few are wealthy, but very few; most are clerks in Chinese and foreign firms. Socially, they stand somewhat in a group apart. Europeans do not recognize them as "blooded westerners" nor do the Chinese look upon them as genuinely belonging to the East. Economically, their position is not improving. In the early days of the colony many jobs were open to them; they have a good workable knowledge of English and Cantonese.

But as smart, English-speaking Chinese emerge into the Hong Kong picture, they more and more tend to crowd the Portuguese out. Now they must work for less pay. How little that may be you can see from this want ad, clipped from a Hong Kong paper:

"Wanted: Clerk, with knowledge of typing, shorthand, bookkeeping. College student; good family; beginners considered. Starting salary, HK\$40; if married, \$50 per month."

HK\$40 is only \$10 in American money. That is something to think about!

A CHINESE HOLLYWOOD

In buses a singing, rollicking Chinese motion picture company rides out for a Happy Valley location, where they're filming *An Empress for a Night* (page 544).

Two actors are playing harmonicas. Talk with them and they tell you they make many Chinese versions of such film plays as have earned money for Hollywood. Also, they film well-known Chinese plays, always comparing box office results. Japanese occupation of Shanghai brought pressure on the Chinese companies for the making of propaganda films, so many moved to Hong Kong.

Hard by Repulse Bay's high, rocky, Rivieralike beach, a rich Chinese builds a castle-that-never-ends. He keeps a pack of St. Bernard dogs whose nocturnal howls make new neighbors think lions are prowling. This queer castle towers above the tides as did that of Nebuchadnezzar above the waters of Babylon. Because a fortune-teller warned its owner that he would die the day he finished this castle, he simply builds more, another wing, tower, or turret, year after year.

HUMAN TEETH ARE DENTISTS' "ADS"

Here is a roadside dentist wearing a rattling whitish necklace of human teeth to advertise his skill. A boy with a swollen jaw is brought up by his mother, whimpering; the dentist takes a bottle, pours a few drops of its fluid on his forefinger and applies it to the boy's cheek as a local anesthetic, then pulls his tooth.

"What's in the bottle?" you ask.

"Pain killer," your interpreter answers.

"But what? Is it cocaine?"

"No. Horse's sweat. They scrape it off with a flat stick from a tired horse which is covered with lather. It's supposed to stop pain instantly."

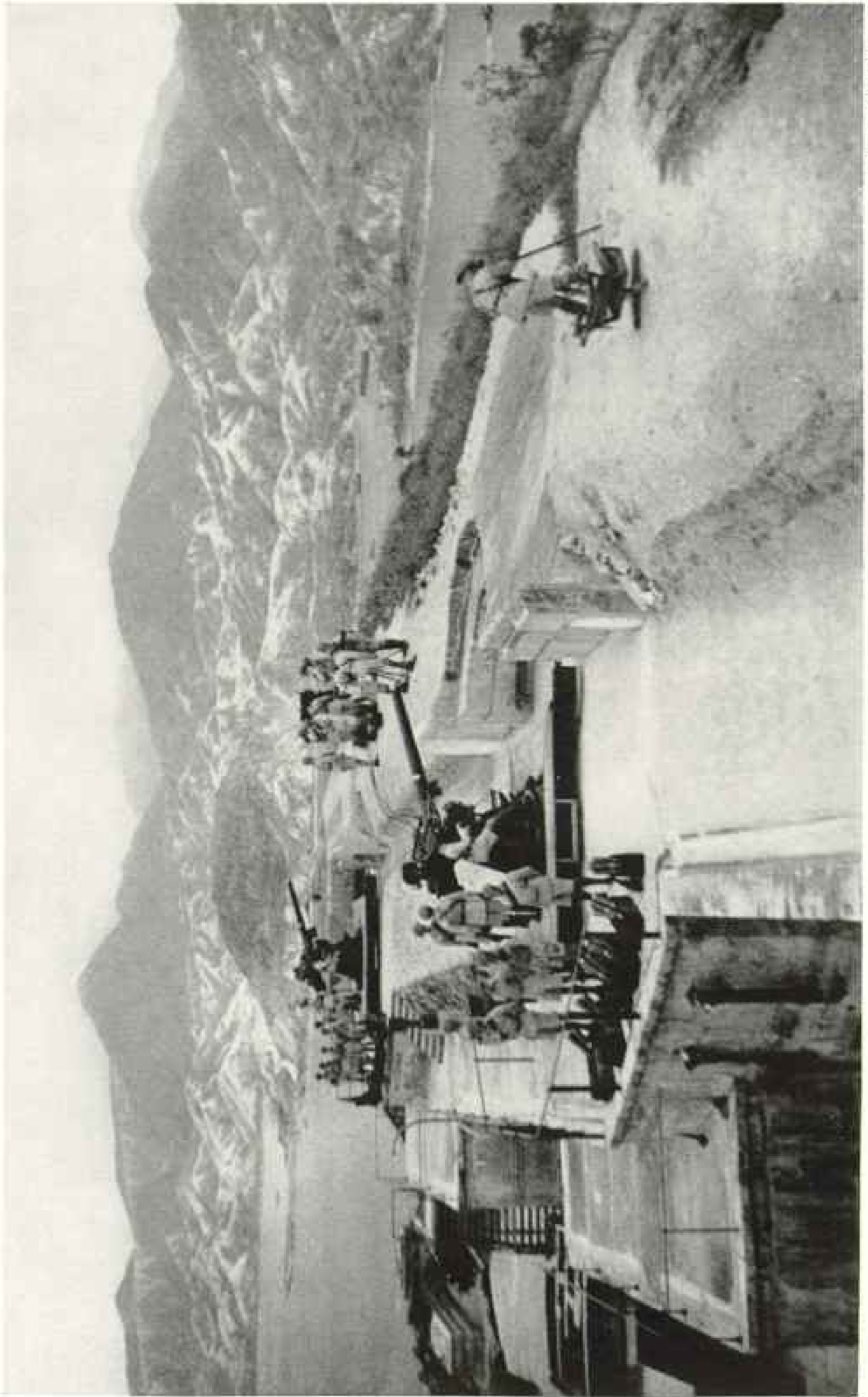
Moving through Hong Kong is a parade of American faces—faces seen before on this trip, in Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila, Singapore.

These are the restless, hawk-eyed men of Ford, Coca-Cola, Chase Bank, General Motors, Standard Oil, Associated Press, Chrysler, Curtiss-Wright, United Press, American Express, International Harvester, du Pont, Goodyear Rubber; Parke, Davis; National City Bank; Libby, McNeil; up and down this East they swarm.

Over and over you hear such men say, "What a tremendous hunger for trade inland China will feel when all this shooting is over!" You hear now of one order for 5,000 army trucks, and here's a man just back from Java where he has been servicing some 500 American airplane engines, used there by the Dutch.

American goods! Here in an out-of-the-way side alley in the densest native quarter is a box of big red apples marked "From Wenatchee, Washington."

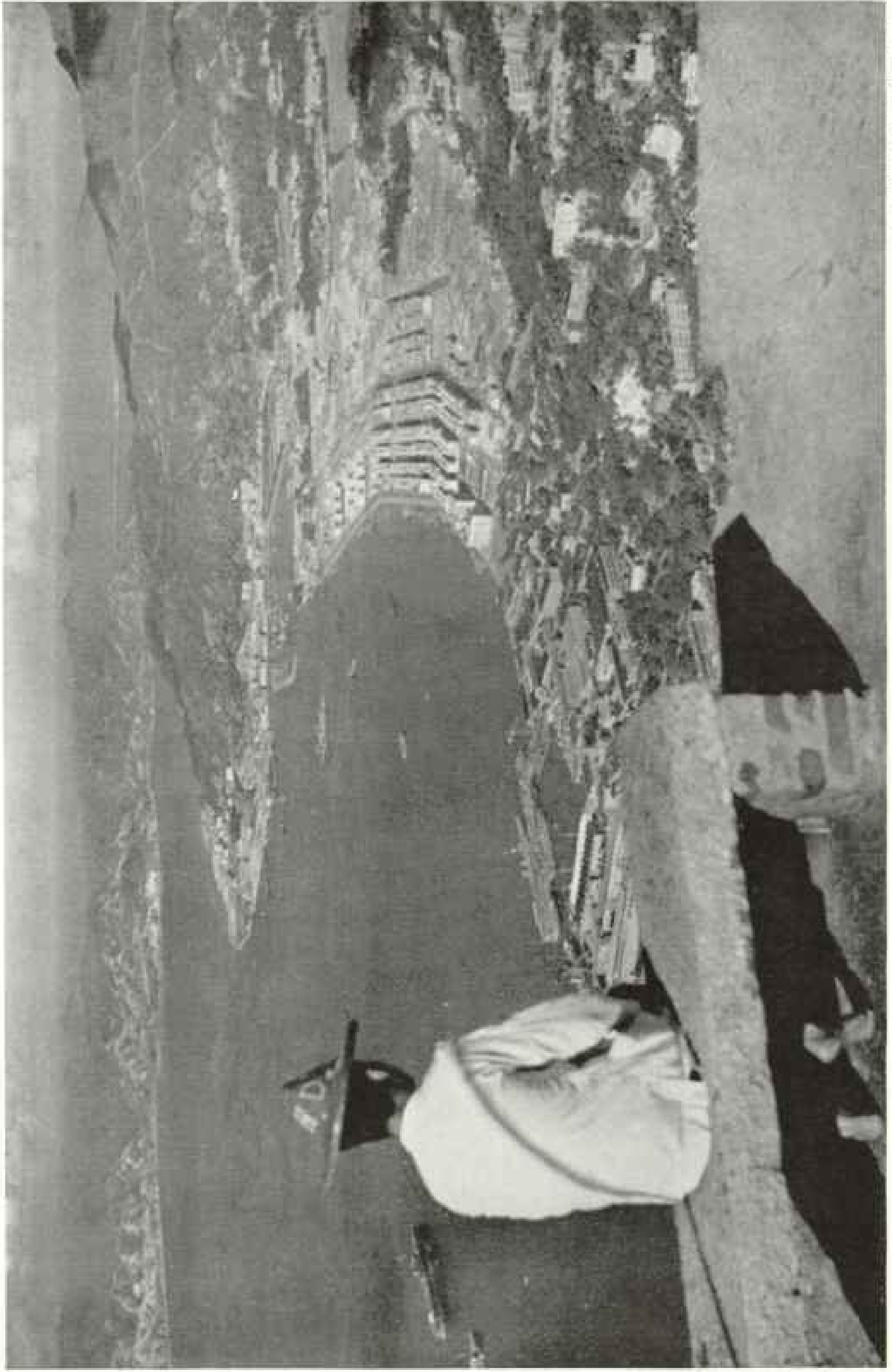
Live quail? Yes, in this same obscure market corner—and they're only 48 cents a dozen! And here's a brand-new guitar, made here for \$1 of our money—and a fiddle for 10 cents! Then walk out of



Photograph by Acma

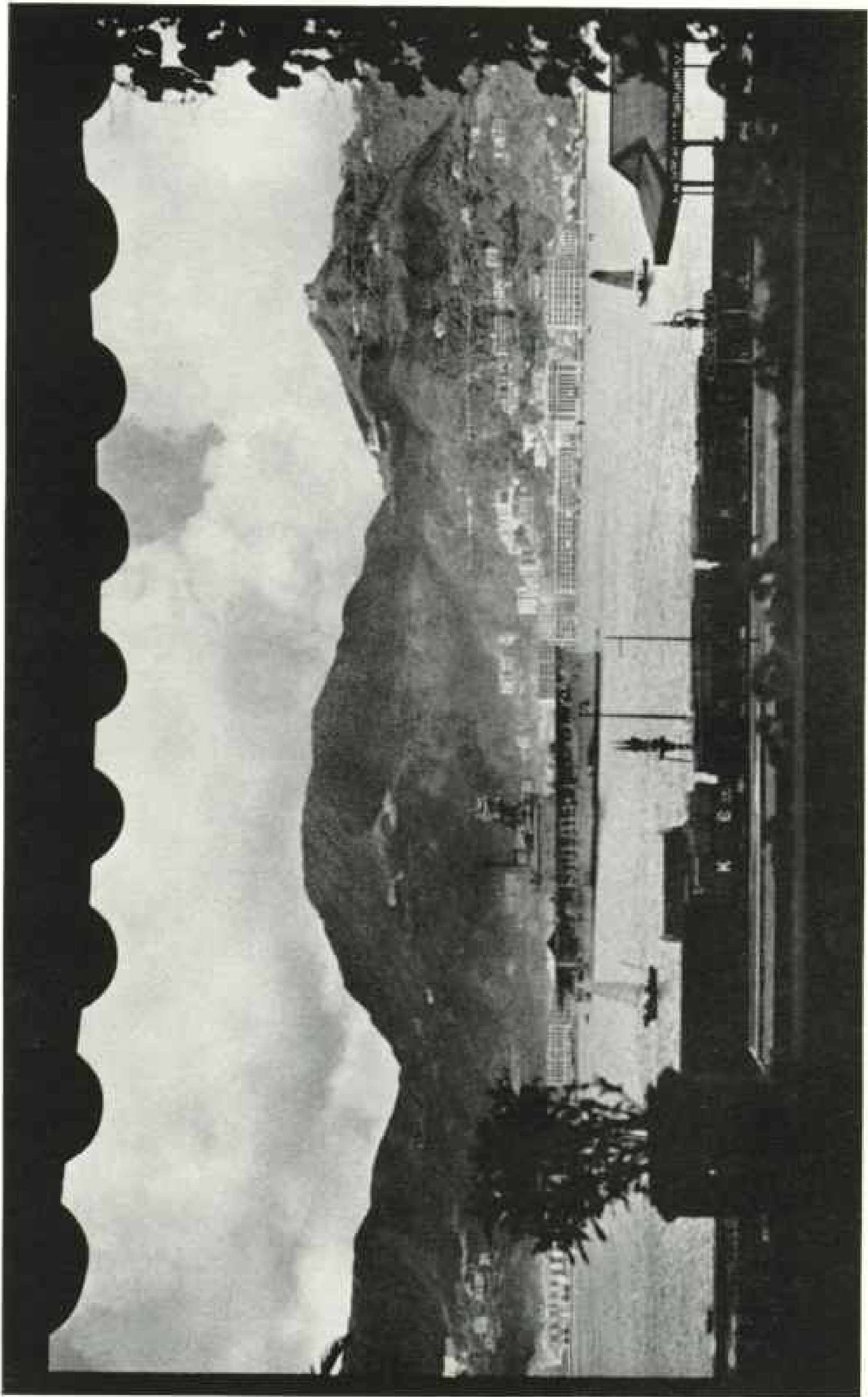
GRIM ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND HEAVIER BATTERIES GUARD HONG KONG'S HARBOR AND APPROACHES

Japanese war planes heavily bombed Sham Chun, just outside British-leased New Territories on Kwangtung Peninsula, in 1939. Immediately, England rushed to strengthen her defenses. The "Rock" is not impregnable, but its guns could give assailants a lively tussle.



© Scripps Traveler from Glenbreath

FROM VICTORIA PEAK THE COOLIE LOOKS AWAY TO EYEMUN PASS, THROUGH WHICH OCEAN SHIPPING ENTERS VICTORIA HARBOR. Over these hilltops today barbed-wire entanglements are stretched; mysterious new roads lead to hidden batteries, searchlights, powder magazines, and lookout posts.



Photograph from Philip D. Gendreau

FROM BALCONIES OF KOWLOON'S PENINSULA HOTEL GUESTS WATCH WORLD SHIPPING COME AND GO

Liners often pass so near that balcony occupants may almost recognize friends waving from the vessels. Seen here is *H. M. S. Eagle*, originally laid down as a dreadnought for Chile; while still unfinished, the British bought it back and completed it as an aircraft carrier. In the background, Hong Kong sprawls up its Peak (opposite page and page 536). Rolling stock just below the window belongs to the Hong Kong and Canton Railway; when the Japanese took Canton, rail traffic with it ceased.



Photograph by Fowling Gallery

ENGLAND'S EAST INDIA COMPANY, 100 YEARS AGO, CHOSE HONG KONG AS A BASE FOR ITS GROWING CHINA TRADE

This view is from atop Hong Kong's Peak (opposite page). Most of the foreign business section of Victoria is seen along the water front at the foot of the slopes. Beyond is Kowloon, where liners dock. Seaplanes from America land in the small bay in the background; adjacent is Kai Tak Airport, where land planners come to rest.



Photograph by United China Motion Picture Corp.

CHINESE ACTORS WERE OLD MASTERS AT MAKE-UP WHEN HOLLYWOOD WAS KNOWN.
ONLY TO OWLS AND JACK RABBITS

Since the Japanese invasion, most Chinese motion-picture companies have moved to Hong Kong. Here, in *An Empress for a Night*, you see leading lady Miss Chan Yun Shang—a dazzling eye-ful even in a city famed for its good-looking girls.

this native quarter where ancient ways persist; stop at a Wyndham Street silk store. Here's a European-garbed girl of modern China; two friends are helping choose items for her trousseau and also a \$10 bottle of French perfume!

WEDDINGS—"WHITE" AND "RED"

Every day you see newspaper pictures of Chinese wedding couples in foreign dress leaving a Christian church or the city office where this ceremony is held under English law. These Western-style weddings increase each year; I asked why, and people said: "Because sophisticated native brides-to-be realize that 'white weddings' (that is, with white bridal gown) confer on them rights in the British courts far superior to those of the 'red wedding'

in the old-time Chinese red bridal costume."

Here again bobs up the paradox: One wife is all the law will let a foreigner have, but Chinese seem to have as many as they can handle. Colonial policy—and tolerance.

Being invited to dinner with the Jesuits at Ricci Hall, a hostel of Hong Kong University, you remain to hear a debate between English-speaking Chinese students: "Resolved: That Examinations Should Be Abolished." When the teams' arguments are ended, informal discussion ensues, boys rising from the audience to give their views. Some flounder; some just talk; but the poise, quick thoughts, and incisive speech of others are most arresting.

Particularly are you struck by certain fresh, vigorous similes, figures of speech,

and apt comparisons; then it dawns on you that these boys are taking such rich phrases from their own classic Chinese and using them in English—which is why they sound so new and strong. Says one boy, for example: "Why flunk a man and maybe end his career, just because he failed to answer a particular set of questions? Would you cut off your own fingers just because they couldn't untie a certain knot?"

Again, invited back to Ricci Hall for dinner, you are asked to address the students. "Tell them how *THE GEOGRAPHIC* gets the facts for its articles," suggests Father Byrne, genial Irish Jesuit who teaches philosophy and psychology.

Somewhat dubious, you look down into alert Oriental faces—faces of youth, eager to learn. Who started that foolish phrase about the "inscrutable face" of the Chinese? They fairly glow with feeling and abundant good humor. But what to say? Then, from somewhere out front a friendly voice is calling, "Come on! Give us the works." And the ice breaks.

Father Matteo Ricci, for whom this hall was named, was the Italian Jesuit who long ago drew that now historic Ricci map of the world, to prove to arrogant mandarins that there were other lands than China. It was he, too, who first brought 8-day clocks to China.

Without the protection of the Emperor, as this pioneer missionary priest well knew, his efforts would be frustrated by the mandarins. Now with him from Europe he had brought two 8-day clocks, till then unknown in China.

Of course, news of these miraculous machines soon reached the Emperor and he sent his eunuchs to fetch Ricci and his clocks, which the priest had decorated with dragons and on whose faces the numerals were painted in Chinese characters.

When the Emperor heard the clocks strike, he was delighted. But when they ran down, and nobody knew how to wind them, he sent for the Jesuit, which was just what that astute scholar had planned. It came to pass then that Father Ricci remained permanently in the Forbidden City, as official clock winder.

In time, as Chinese began to make their own clocks, Ricci became the god of their guild. "In some watchmakers' shops to this day," said Father Casey, who teaches geography at the University, "you can see his idol, known as Li Ma Teou P'ou Sa,

dressed in the ancient costume worn by learned classes under the Ming Dynasty."

DRIED CENTIPEDES AND BABY LIZARDS

Old ways persist, stubbornly. You can stand on the University campus, with European-clad, English-speaking young men who have just gained degrees in Western medicine, and throw a rock downhill and hit a Chinese drugstore that sells native remedies ranging from dried centipedes to live baby lizards and squirming snakes.

With Mr. Long Fat, English-speaking Chinese, I went to that store. "I suffer from weak eyes," he said. "Among the 300 live snakes they keep here is one that would cure me, but I can't afford it. The cost is four Hong Kong dollars."

"Pick out your snake," I offered. "I'll treat you."

Walking past the piled-up cages, he chose a striped reptile about three feet long. A fat old attendant, with a grin like the Laughing Buddha, reached in and grabbed the right snake. At a table another helper felt along the snake's belly till he located the desired organ; deftly, with a knife, he removed this, put it into a cup of brandy, and Mr. Long Fat swallowed it!

"I think I can see better already," he said.

"But what about the snake?"

"Now they'll sell it cheap for food."

Leaving the drugstore, where some sick Chinese women had come to buy baby lizards as medicine, we walked through crowded Jervois Street—a traffic artery that fairly spurts with the life of Hong Kong's Chinese quarter.

TELLING FORTUNES WITH STICKS

"Here's a fortuneteller," said Mr. Fat. "That cup on his table is filled with numbered sticks. You ask your question; he shakes the cup and a stick jumps out. He reads its number, finds the corresponding number in his book of classics, and there's your answer."

"If I want to marry a certain girl, I come to him to find if she and I were born under good stars, and if so, to learn what would be a favorable day for our marriage. Merchants come to him to ask whether they should buy or sell certain things at a given time, and gardeners consult him as to when and what to plant. To us, the fortuneteller is the most important man in Hong Kong."

True to oriental form, each trade here



Photography W. J. Lee

"GET YOUR TOES IN THE DIRT, LOTUS FLOWER! ALL TOGETHER NOW—PULL! THAT'S GOT 'EM!"

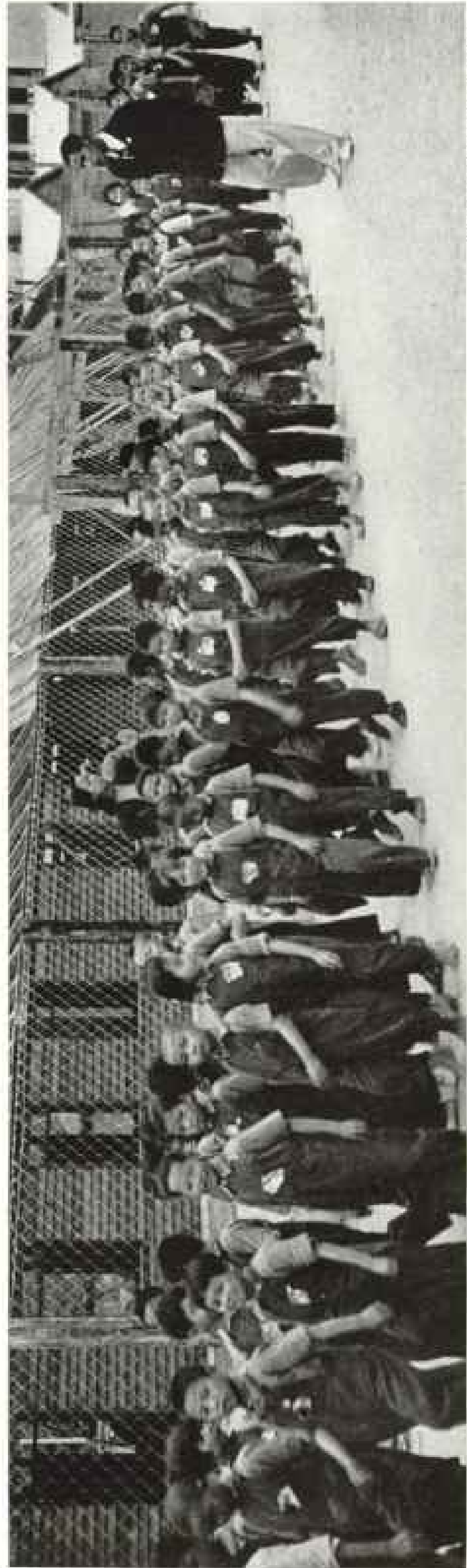
Outdoor sport is one of Christian civilization's greatest gifts to China; it is particularly apparent in the larger cities and about mission schools. Compare the happy, excited girls here with the secluded Chinese woman of tradition, who seldom spoke to any man outside her family.



Photograph by Ming Yuen

IN WHATEVER FARAWAY LANDS THEIR LOT IS CAST, BRITISH TAKE THEIR SPORTS WITH THEM

These girls, in a foot race, attend the Central British School maintained at Hong Kong for colonial children.



Photograph by Peter Clavong

SCRUBBED, CLOTHED, FED, HOUSED, CURED, AND SCHOOLED BY BRITISH DOCTORS—THAT'S THE STORY OF THESE YOUTHFUL REFUGEES

English and Chinese women volunteer to help nurse and instruct them. Every effort is made to return them, when safe, to their home towns in the interior.

seems to have its own street or locality. Here the woodworkers crowd together; so do leatherworkers, firecracker makers, grocers, bakers. It is told that blind men here easily find their way about, determining the street they are in by the smell of it.

But again violent contrast rises, evidence of a changing China. Here are the vast, teeming department stores of such native firms as Sincere and Co., Wing On, and others founded by Chinese returning from Australia. They have their own buyers abroad and are quick to offer the newest styles, the latest toys, or prepared foods.

With hundreds of workers and methodical mass production, the great confection factory of On Luk Yuen ships its cakes all over South China; it sent its manager all the way to America to buy the latest type of candy and ice cream machinery.

Once a week its whole factory and retail store forces take an hour off for prayers, for its owners are Christians.

Into every package of goods it sells goes a small sheet printed in red ink, in four languages—Javanese, Malay, Chinese, and English. This reads:

"Jesus said unto them, 'I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst'.—
St. John 6:35."

"We're bakers, not missionaries," said Manager Peter Cheung, "but we do scatter that Bible message far and wide."

Cheung also plays the pipe organ in a Chinese Methodist Church and is one of the best amateur photographers in the colony. He made some good pictures for use with this article: we pictured the ivory-workers, the escort girls, the Chinese girls' baseball team, the refugee camps, and a funeral a mile long.

But when we sought to photograph the druggist who uses live snakes and baby lizards to fill prescriptions, the druggist shied and would have none of it.

Sports stories, next to shipping notices, often fill more space in Hong Kong's English press than does any other kind of news. Either as players or as spectators, foreigners here spend a large share of daylight hours at outdoor games. How times change is shown, too, by sports records. According to P. S. Cassidy, a local authority, no white British subject has won an open tennis championship in 15 years, such honors going to Chinese, Japanese, or Indian players.

Lawn bowls is so popular that on summer Saturdays a league of 312 players—including whites, Chinese, Indians, and Malays—roll for victory.

Continued press news about a soft-ball team of Chinese girls led me to take a photographer and hunt their playing field out on Kowloon's Prince Edward Road.

THE CHINESE "WILDCATS"

This Chinese girls' team is named "Wildcats" (page 552). They were playing the "Wahoos," from a French convent, the day I saw their game. Umpire was able seaman Thomas of the *U. S. S. Mindanao*.

Just as I came up, a Wildcat girl fanned. "You're out!" snapped the sailor.

"Robber!" she retorted and threw her bat.

"O. K., Sunshine. Keep your shirt on, you'll get another crack at it." This from a sister Wildcat as she came to bat.

Familiar old sand-lot slang from a Chinese girl, in Hong Kong! Puzzled, I sought out the disgruntled "Sunshine" and cleared the mystery. "Sure, I'm Chinese. But I was born in the States; so were my father and my mother. There's four of us girls, all from El Paso. All we knew there was English and Spanish, so Papa insisted we come back here and learn Chinese. What for? Goodness only knows! I guess it's just what you'd call an old Chinese custom."

INTO KOWLOON AND BEYOND

To get a good grasp of what this colony includes, you must drive out from Kowloon and circle about the New Territories.

"My father came here from Macau," said a scholarly Portuguese of Kowloon, "and built the first brick-and-mortar house in town. British soldiers' tents then covered most of what's now Kowloon's business center. We scraped down the steep hills here to make parts of this town, just as you did in Seattle."

Whole streets of Portuguese, many partly Chinese, live in Kowloon, with their own clubs and societies; most of them—with a gift of tongues and fluency with figures—work as office men for the banking and trading firms in Victoria.

Morning and night they swarm across on the ferries, along with hundreds of Europeans and white soldiers who also commute from Kowloon. They look up at the towering, exclusive homes of the English on the

Peak, and in banter refer to them as the "Pekingese"; and the latter, looking down on the long streets of row houses and flats in Kowloon, retort with "Kowloonatics."

On Kowloon side are most of the great docks and wharves where ocean liners tie up; here, too, is the terminus of the "Kowloon-to-Calais" railway, luxurious Peninsula Hotel, many bizarre night spots, and singing sailors riding in lurching rickshas. Shanghai Street is in the native quarter with its amazing market where you see endless tons of food, from grains and native fruits to a basket of dried cockroaches.

Theaters glitter by night, and by day the music of bagpipes played by marching British soldiers mingles with the shrill blasts of Chinese bands parading before funerals.

Take a car and ride out west, over Taiho road, and you come to yet another world. Far up on a winding hill, near a large reservoir, is a grove where Chinese picnic parties halt to feed the half-wild monkeys.

Nuts, bananas and apples thrown to them they catch cleverly, using one or both hands. I watched one old veteran venture down from his pine tree and amble half way toward a Chinese girl who held an apple. Then he squatted, making signs like a baseball catcher to a pitcher, and clapped his hands as if to say, "Put it here!"



Photograph by Peter Cheung

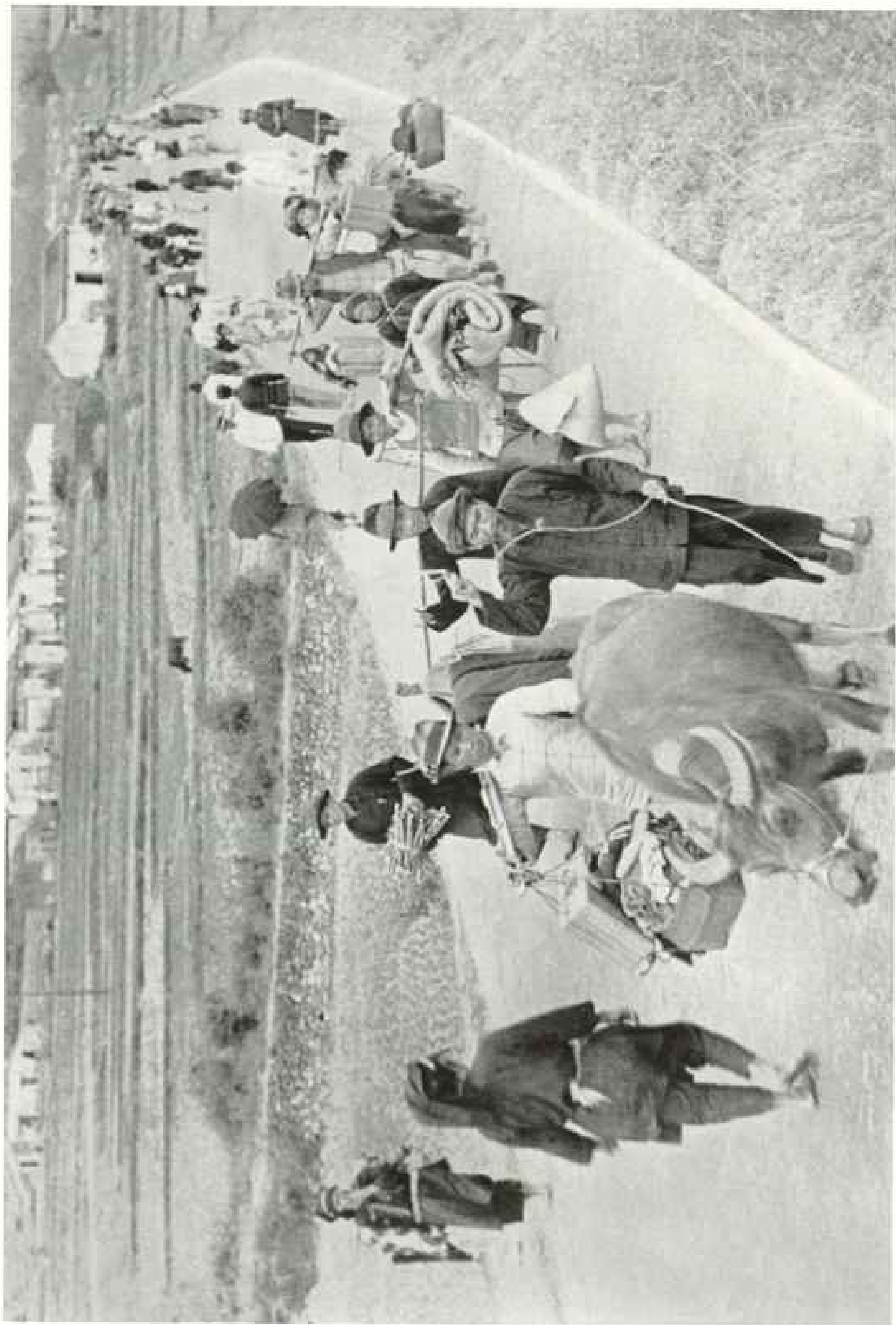
BESIDE KOWLOON DOCKS, CANARY PEDDLERS PARK THEIR SAMPANS

When the writer's ship, the *President Coolidge*, docked here, four such sampans came alongside, each hung with many cages full of twittering birds. San Pan Sam practically sold out to the crew; all the way home across the Pacific the liner was cheered by morning warbles.

The girl threw the fruit, not as a strike right over the plate, but as a high, wild ball. Up leaped the monkey anyway, and, with a quick left-hand stab, made the catch.

THE KOWLOON MAGINOT LINE

Across New Territories, following the ridges towards the west, runs what people here call the Kowloon Maginot Line. Here is yet more barbed wire, iron-doored powder magazines, new forbidden trails built for men, mules, and guns, and still more hidden cannon emplacements. Off to the north, beyond more hills, roost the watchful



Photograph by W. J. Hies

FLEEING BEFORE ADVANCING JAPANESE TROOPS; STREAMS OF REFUGEES POUR INTO HONG KONG COLONY



Photograph by W. J. Ren

STUDIES IN HUMAN EMOTION ON TIRED, HUNGRY FACES SHADED BY ASSORTED HATS. WHO SAID THE ORIENTAL FACE IS INSCRUTABLE?



Photograph by Peter Chung

IN VAIN A "WAIHOO" GIRL SLIDES HOME, ONLY TO BE PUT OUT BY A "WILDCAT" CATCHER

Mrs. Addison E. Southard, wife of the local United States Consul General, threw the first ball in the opening game of this series between schoolgirl teams. The Wildcat catcher, Sunshine Ma, 16, was born in El Paso, Texas. Much rooting is in good old United States sand-lot slang (page 548).

Japanese soldiers, holding their line from Mirs Bay west to Canton.

Through a green valley runs the Kowloon-Canton railway, to disappear into a tunnel deep under a mountain; and far up on a skyline you see Amah Rock, which is natural sculpture showing the striking figure of a woman with a baby on her back.

Down this valley your motor road parallels the railway tracks, strikes through Tai Po Village with its squealing, cackling, colorful, odoriferous market, and thence by Fan Ling Golf Club and its summer villas owned by Hong Kong people, including one used by the Governor.

Hundreds of young British reservists were here as we passed, wearing their unaccustomed uniforms, drilling, target shooting, practicing at trench digging.

Here rich green gardens spread out, and sway-backed sows grow so fat that their bellies drag on the ground (page 558); here men plow with sluggish carabaos, and herd ducks by the thousands.

These duck herders use a long pole as a

circus ringmaster uses his whip—as an emblem of authority; at one end of each pole is a tassel of rags or grass, and every duck flock seems to know exactly to which man-with-a-pole it belongs, because they never get mixed up.

"CHRISTIANITY IN MOTION"

Into this safe, peaceful, well-policed country, Chinese have swarmed by the tens of thousands, fleeing from the advancing Japanese. With Dr. P. S. Selwyn-Clark, Director of Medical Services for the Colony, I visited the refugee camps in the New Territories, established by the Hong Kong Government (pages 550-1).

Here at least 100,000 homeless—more by this time—have been fed, clothed, cured, and comforted. Of such English good works, a Chinese said, "That's Christianity in motion."

In these clean, orderly camps are mess halls, dormitories, hospitals, playgrounds, schools, vast kitchens, and even gardens where the refugees now grow their own vegetables. Children in blue uniforms



Photograph by Teist Cheung

ORPHANS OF THE STORM ENTERTAIN THE AUTHOR

In chorus these refugees are singing "Maryland! My Maryland!" Then the girl at the left stepped forward alone and crooned "Old Black Joe." These war waifs are among the million refugees now finding shelter in Hong Kong Colony.

jump to salute as you approach; they drill for you, draw pictures, and sing. Imagine my astonishment when one group of fine-looking 14-year-old girls stepped out and sang "Maryland! My Maryland!" and then a young soloist sang "Old Black Joe." Where could they have learned? Nobody knew, for many are waifs from scattered families.

Through a litchi orchard and back on the main road again you meet a string of heavy-laden trucks, rumbling off for Kowloon with fruit, vegetables, poultry, and pigs. Nobody seems ever to make his pig walk; even when they wish to move her only a short way, you see two frail women carrying a big, fat, lazy sow.

It's an excellent motor road that loops about New Territories. Here and there in beauty spots along its length, you see the luxurious homes, estates, and landscaped gardens of the well-to-do, both foreign and native. Gilded Chinese youths in high-powered sport-model roadsters whiz over the roads, their radios playing.

Again in characteristic Hong Kong contrast there huddle, off the main road, a

number of ancient walled villages that in long centuries have changed not one whit. No sport cars or radios in their drab lives. Moats of foul water surround them; loop-holed towers form the corners of their walls, and their dark, damp, smelly streets are mere narrow cobblestoned alleys, full of offal, children, pigs, flies, and chickens.

Swing back east toward Kowloon and again you near the sea to pass in the shadows of Castle Peak; in a grove on its graceful slopes stands an old Buddhist monastery, and along the bathing beach at its feet are the palm-thatched cottages of the summer resorts.

JARS OF HUMAN BONES

One strange aspect of many New Territory hillsides is the clusters of jars, filled with human bones, that stand here by the thousands. Walk anywhere off the roads and you run into them. Also, you may startle a deer, a wild pig, or a flock of quail. Duck and snipe abound in the marshes, in season, and tigers have been seen—though rarely. My driver showed me one spot where some years ago a tiger



Photograph by Kobayashi

BEAUTY PARLOR OPERATORS DRESS HAIR, PAINT FACES, AND PLUCK EYEBROWS IN THE OPEN STREET

Even the humblest nursemaid seeks to make herself attractive. With the city so overcrowded, police permit shoemakers, cooks, seamstresses, and even dentists to work on the streets, so long as traffic is not unduly blocked. Pedestrians thread their way carefully, to avoid bumping into the old fortuneteller or to keep from stepping on a fishwoman's stock spread out on the pavement.

killed the policemen who had gone out to kill the tiger.

Out to sea, as you pass Castle Peak, rises the lofty island of Lan Tao, and beyond are still more islands that dot the estuary of the Pearl River. From here on your road is cut sharply from rocks that overhang the sea; again you twist and climb, and suddenly a curve reveals again the glittering blue straits and the mighty Rock of Hong Kong; it is dusk now, and rows of yellow lights climbing to the sky appear like the lighted portholes of a colossal ship; or, as somebody once said, like a gigantic chunk of golden honeycomb.

Both Chinese and British have worked to turn this old pirate lair into a great city. Because it is British territory, how-

ever, and white visitors usually mingle only with other whites in English hotels, clubs, and social groups, they easily overlook the industrial and other contributions made by Chinese.

You can't tell it by looking at the buses, or riding in the taxis, but they are all owned by Chinese. So are the vehicular ferries that cross the bay.

Five big department stores are owned and managed by Chinese. Scores of banks, insurance companies, contracting firms, and shipyards belong to the Chinese; so do more than a hundred mills, factories, and shops—all enjoying "imperial preference" treatment as to customs duties. They make many things, from cotton cloth, rattan ware, and canned goods, to cosmetics,



Photograph by Kobau

"LADY, HOW ABOUT A NICE TENDER KITTEN FOR SUPPER?"

Both cats and rats are eaten in South China; but the rat, say the Chinese, is usually taken as a tonic to stop falling hair, rather than as a straight meat diet (page 557). British police (crowns on rat dealers). Health authorities supply free traps and try to inspect as many captured rodents as possible, on the lookout for rat flea carriers which transmit bubonic plague to man.

flashlights, and rubber shoes. In many foreign banks and industrial enterprises, Chinese are also heavy stockholders.

Unseen, too, in Hong Kong's vast annual income are the millions sent here by Chinese living in the United States and other foreign lands. Some of this goes to charities, including the Tung Wah hospitals.

THE FIGHT FOR HEALTH

Good works of the British are obvious. You see easily how safe life is for the whole colony, which is 98% Chinese, when you look at all the army, navy, and police protection, unselfish welfare work, and the impartial system of courts. Biggest British contribution of all, however, you can't see; that's the tireless task of protecting public health. Here white man's medicine is doing

one of the hardest but best sanitary defensive jobs in the East. Tuberculosis remains the chief killing disease.

You can imagine what a struggle the British wage, fighting superstition and ignorance with meager funds and few doctors.

"Chinese medicine has made several particularly valuable contributions to the relief of pain and suffering," says the last annual report of the Director of Medical Services for the colony. "Unfortunately, however, it is bound up with a vast proportion of sheer quackery." Chinese herbal doctors "have had no systematic training; have no belief in orthodox medicine. They are tolerated still as a concession to ancient customs (and vested interests)."

Go to any of the three chief Chinese hospitals, which are grouped under a charitable



Photograph by Kobes

"EAT WITH STICKS AS WE DO, YOU AMERICAN BOYS, WHAT YOU WANT WITH SO MANY SHINY KNIVES AND FORKS?"

So says this bare-bellied trio, roasting on an iron tub. Now look at that tub—bad news for mamma! Sanitary squad says bring down all your dishes and furniture and let's wash and disinfect them. A crazy, "foreign devils" idea—but they do say it checks cholera!

organization called the Tung Wah Committee, and you see what the problem is.

This Tung Wah charity dates from the 1870's; it has many functions. It is a receiving station for the bodies of Chinese dying abroad; it is a haven where local Chinese come to die; pauper dead dumped in the city streets may also be brought here. It is a cross between an almshouse, a morgue, and a hospital.

Most curious aspect is that patients coming here may choose between native "herbalist" treatment and Western medicine.

Tolerant as the British are, however, they finally persuaded Chinese directors of Tung Wah that all cases of cholera, smallpox, and other dangerously infectious diseases shall be treated as Western doctors control them.

To walk through a Chinese hospital here is to be struck again by the inevitable Hong Kong paradox.

At one counter you see clever, white-clad pharmacists filling European doctors' prescriptions in the Western way. But at another counter you see Chinese herbal doctors' prescriptions being filled after the amazing and, to us, incredible way of this Orient. Besides dry seeds, roots, and herbs, you see trays of dried centipedes, toads, lizards, sea horses, locusts, cockroaches, deer-

horn, and—if the patient is rich enough—perhaps even certain parts of the tiger's anatomy or a rhino's horn.

"You can see what an uphill road we climb," said one of the white staff. "Even one of our best-known Chinese doctors lately told me that it was wartime gunfire which caused our last cholera outbreak. Burnt powder, he said, poisoned the air, which made heavy rains, which drowned many snakes, which poisoned the water—and started the cholera!"

To the British, brother rat is public

enemy number one. They trap him here by the scores of thousands; then they shake him down to see whether he carries plague fleas. By such eternal vigilance they keep plague out of Hong Kong.

To such common house and wharf rats, Chinese here seem indifferent; but what they call the "clean field rat, whose meat looks like chicken," is much prized. I asked to see one, and they brought it to me dressed and smoked, with the names of Canton dealers; in Hong Kong, the English frown on this trade in dried rats.

"We really use rats more as a tonic than a food," a Chinese explained. "Rat broth is much used in scalp treatments; it stops hair from falling out. I have a European friend whose daughter had typhoid and her hair fell out. He was troubled; he didn't want a bald-headed virgin in his family. Foreign doctors couldn't help him.

"Finally I said, if he'd let me, I could relieve his daughter's embarrassment. He agreed. So, without telling the girl what I was using, I gave her rat broth—in small daily doses. In a week her hair began to grow, and today it's longer and more beautiful than ever."

Amused by this tale, I repeated it later to an American-born Chinese lady here on a visit. To my perplexity, she said quite



Photograph by Peter Whyte

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY? TOO BASHFUL TO LOOK AT PRETTY LADY?"

The smiling girl is unmarried, as her single braid indicates. But, like all Chinese, she can't hide her interest in a baby boy. To infant daughters, however, Chinese are often indifferent.

cheerfully, "Oh yes, that's a favorite old hair remedy. It often works where European treatments fail."

Later again I told of this to Nelson T. Johnson, American Ambassador to China, who has lived there and studied the language and the people for 30 years. He smiled patiently and said, "Yes, yes, but maybe there's one element in Chinese medical prescriptions that foreign chemists can't analyze; should we call it hope, or faith?"

While Johnson talks, the man who peddles green olives halts under your hotel



Photograph by George C. Pumphouse

SO SWAY-BACKED ARE SOME CHINESE PIGS THAT, WHEN OLD AND FAT, THEIR STOMACHS DRAG THE GROUND AND WEAR THE HAIR OFF

Roast pork is ambrosia to a Chinese—what caviar is to a Russian, or honey to a bear! But few ever get it, in large helpings, because there are five or six times as many people as pigs in China.

room window and pipes a 3,000-year-old tune on a cheap reed flute. In the room next door is a Chinese girl with a California education, who plays Toselli's *Serenade* on a steel guitar. As you go out now, she stops you in the hall to learn when the next Clipper mail closes for the States.

These things I saw. You might walk 30 days in Hong Kong and find them all; or you might miss all these but discover yet a different set of facts, sights, and sounds.

"And then again," says an old resident, "you might live here 30 years, as I have, and see only your office, your club, and golf course. I've been on Jervois Road, for example, once or twice, but I never even heard of that reptilian drugstore you speak of."

With this "old China hand," which means a white who has lived long on this coast, you breast the noonday crowds for a farewell lunch at Gloucester Hotel. Here come Scots in kilts and beribboned caps, their bagpipes whining; and two coolies carrying an old man in a sedan chair hustle out of the soldiers' path.

Loudly your friend shouts into your ear;

but he's talking now against the thunders of a pile driver. Next door to the hotel it pounds away on foundations for yet another cloud-scratcher to house yet more traders, great-grandsons perhaps of the East India Company agents who fought pirates to win this then wicked but pregnant rock.

News bulletins in Chinese, still wet with fresh paste, cover a near-by wall. Here's a crowd reading intently. But not a foreigner among them!

"What's the excitement?"

"I wish I could read Chinese and find out," said my English friend thoughtfully when he gained comparative quiet in the hotel lobby. "More and more Chinese here are learning English, but almost no whites, relatively, read Chinese. So it's hard for us to learn promptly just what's going on."

"You mean East is still East and West is still West?" He didn't answer immediately. Finally he said:

"They're really meeting here in Hong Kong right now, or trying to, for the first time in 100 years. That's why all visitors, and even we old China hands, find it all so confusing and full of paradox."

SHEEP DOG TRIALS IN LLANGOLLEN

Trained Collies Perform Marvels of Herding in the Cambrian Stakes, Open to the World

BY SARA BLOCH

THE four of us had just arrived at the Hotel Royal, a smallish inn despite the dignity of its name, in the Vale of Llangollen, North Wales. Our dining table faced the western window, past which the sun splashed the evening sky with sweeping and majestic color.

The distant hill, Dinas Bran, surmounted by its ancient ruin, glimmered with a secret magic, while just below us the River Dee catapulted joyously over a small dam. It gave no hint, at this high and lovely spot, that at its mouth the turbulent tides swept so treacherously "across the sands of Dee."

LIVELY SPORT IN POETIC SETTING

We thirsted to explore this delicious land, to ascend its mountains, traverse its valleys, follow the wanderings of the Dee.

But our little waitress interrupted us. "You've surely not come to Llangollen without planning to see the sheep dog trials, have you?"

"Do sheep dogs have trials, too?" murmured the wit of our party. "I thought they led quiet and contented lives."

"Oh, these are not that kind of trial," answered the girl, mistrusting the pun. "These are contests that the dogs run against time to prove their cleverness in handling sheep. The best dogs get prizes. It's a national sport, international, really. People from all over the world come here to witness it. The hotel gives us the whole afternoon off. I've not missed a single trial in twelve years."

WHEN DOGS HAVE THEIR DAY

The next morning broke calm and cool—a hint of sunlight, a promise of clouds. We made our way over Llangollen Bridge, a sturdy, slightly humpbacked little structure with four or five arches, whose dark gray stones have withstood the onslaughts of some six hundred years (page 563).

A sort of holiday expectancy permeated the air. In the open meadows beyond a wood people were converging from all directions. A jolly lot they were, talking in their soft guttural language. Not a word

of it could we understand. We had not realized that Welsh was so utterly foreign a tongue.

Soon we reached the Vivod estate on which the trials were taking place. Off to the side was the manor house, gray stone with turrets and terraces. Vaguely distinguishable as they wandered back and forth were the guests of the owner, the ladies in wide-brimmed hats, the gentlemen in formal attire. Among them moved attendants in uniform, covering small tables with white luncheon cloths.

But neither the house nor its guests had more than a nebulous reality; for close at hand, stretched out in a huge semicircle, sat the great mass of onlookers, who, for this day at least, most truly owned the fields. We sat among them.

The trials had long since begun. An enthusiastic little boy at my side told me in excellent English that the ninth dog was at that moment engaged in looking for the sheep. The program the child gave us was a four-page folder. At the top, in large, black capitals we read: "CAMBRIAN STAKES (OPEN TO THE WORLD)." Then there was a list of the prizes.

WINNERS MEET IN GRAND FINAL

The rest of the page was divided into two parts, and we learned that two trials were being held simultaneously, one here and one on the neighboring Tynycelyn estate (pages 564 and 565).

We learned also that the Cambrian Stakes were run with one dog each, handling three sheep, but that there were also special stakes to be run with two dogs each and six sheep. Following these there were to be the final Cambrian Stakes, to be run by the four best dogs from both sides.

We were pulled from our absorption in the program by a stentorian voice:

"Dog number ten, Jix. Trainer, J. M. Wilson of Homlmslaw, Moffat."

From somewhere in the crowd a small but broad-shouldered shepherd emerged holding in one hand a crook almost as long as himself and in the other a leash at the end of which trotted a small black collie.



© H. D. Koeler

SILENT SURF OF A CLOUD SEA BREAKS ON THE CREST OF SNOWDON

Like black rocks of a stormy reef, peaks of the 3,560-foot summit of the highest mountain in England and Wales thrust above early morning mist, impenetrable as a smoke screen against an air raid. Skies soon clear, however, and give guests at the hotel an unsurpassed view of the broken north country which George Borrow described unforgettably in his *Wild Wales* (page 362).

A slight delay gave us an opportunity to gaze about us. Straight ahead stretched a wide, grassy slope for hundreds of yards. This dipped into a troughlike valley and then rose more sharply to the horizon nearly a half mile away. Under a small cluster of oaks at one side of the nearer field the judges stood with their pencils and papers.

START OF THE RACE AGAINST TIME

Now a flag fell close by; another, far on the hilltop, dropped simultaneously. Our small neighbor told us that this signified the beginning of the trial.

As Mr. Wilson released Jix, we saw three tiny white creatures leap nimbly from a pen on the distant hill.

"He's got twelve minutes to bring those sheep down the hill and through all the barriers—six minutes in the upper field," said the boy into my ear. "Watch him go."

Jix hurtled out into the field like a projectile. Before him, just where the nearer

hill dipped, extended a fence the entire width of the field. At its center was a small aperture.

The dog had never seen the fence before. He had, in fact, never been in this field before, nor ever seen this group of sheep. As for the sheep, they were not only unfamiliar with the dog, but strangers to one another (page 366).

If Jix was aware of the difficulty of the task ahead of him, he did not show anxiety in his behavior. With unerring precision he made straight for the gate. He was through it. He swerved sharply to the left and disappeared around the curve of the hill.

Our hearts stood still. "He's off in the wrong direction," I groaned.

"Don't you worry," said the lad. "A good sheep dog never runs straight at his flock. That would only scare them away. He makes a wide circle and comes up behind them. Then he is in position to drive



Photograph by Arthur Brock

A FINE SHEEP DOG MAKES FRIENDS WITH A FOAL AT BRECKNOCK

A gentle nature, combined with tremendous agility and speed, makes the small, wiry Welsh dogs admirably adapted to the task of handling sheep, whether in the course of daily chores or in the world-famous trials. It is a job that calls for tact and diplomacy. A good sheep dog must never bark or nip at the sheep, no matter how sorely his patience is tried.

them before him. There, look sharp now."

As the boy spoke, the sheep, which had been quietly grazing, stopped as if petrified, heads held rigidly up. Then, like three small tumbling clouds of white wool, they started in our direction.

Jix had a doggy handful. It was not "sheep follow sheep" with this trio. They bolted in three directions at once. But the dog, swifter than they, dashed past each one as it ran to right or left and blocked its path.

He kept the flock together and ran them zigzag, zigzag, down the hill. Like a tiny black shadow he seemed, whirling and stopping. But though he subdued them to his will, he did not frighten them, always keeping a short distance away.

The hill was a long one, but the sheep neared the fence at last. Now a special dexterity was essential. If they missed the gate, there was no telling how long it would take to bring them back to it.

Slowly and more slowly went Jix, and

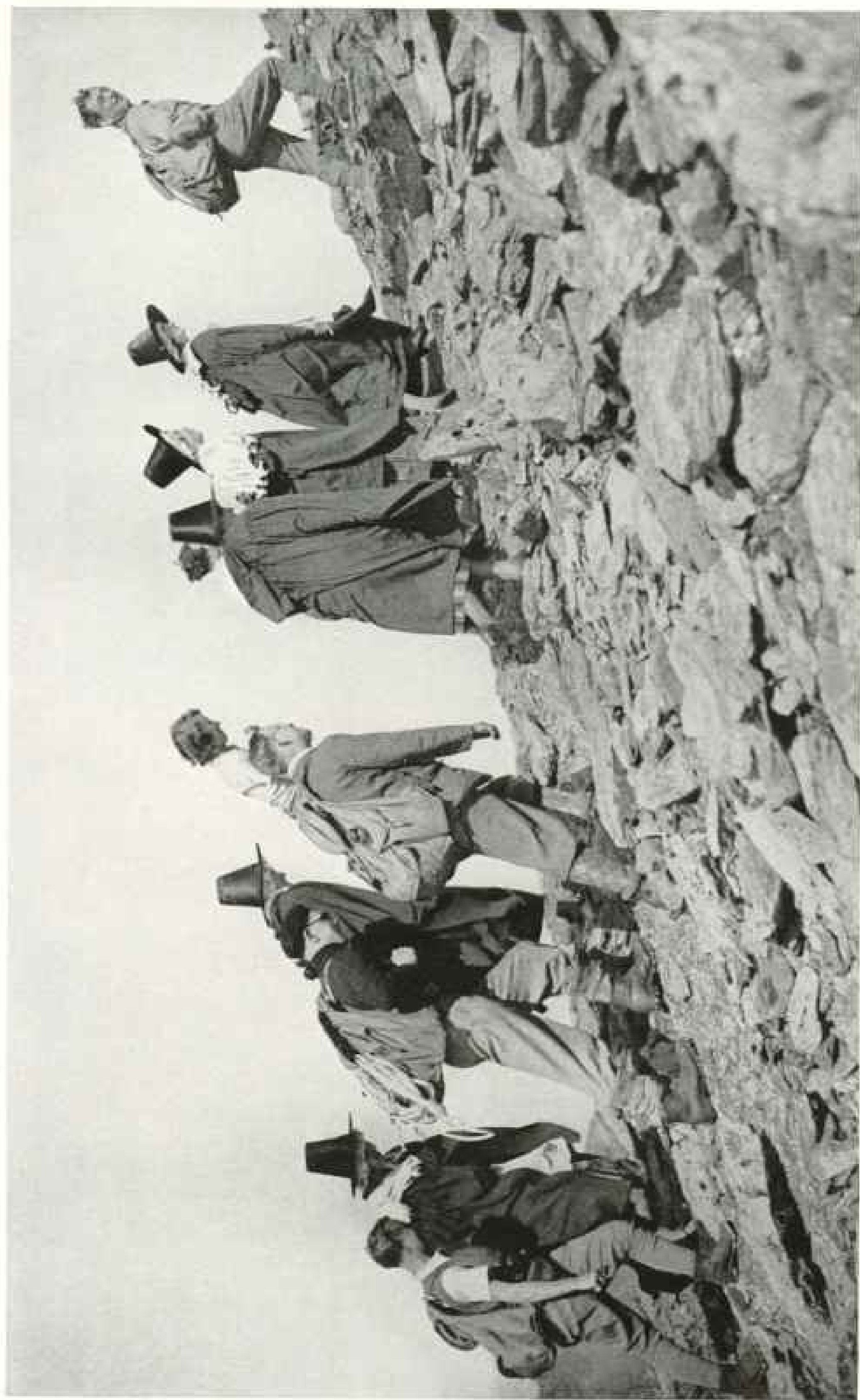
quietly. The sheep were huddled now, standing almost still. Jix lay down behind them, leaving them free.

They sniffed the air, surveyed the fence, gazed with curiosity at the gate. One sheep put his nose through, then the second, then the third!

Hours seemed to have passed. We looked at our watches. It was exactly three and one-half minutes since the fall of the flag!

FOUR LABORS OF HERCULES REMAIN

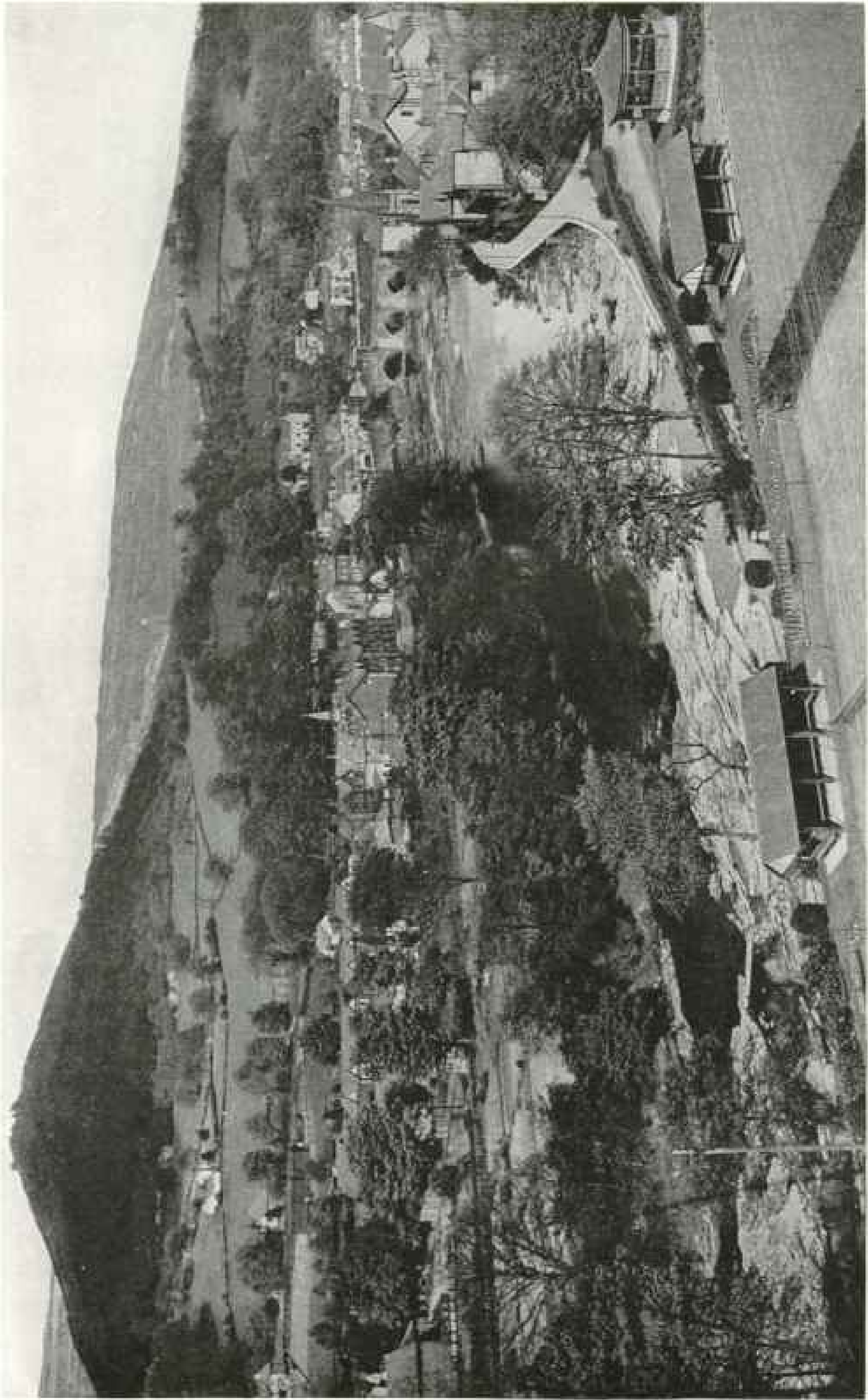
Eight and one-half minutes remained in which to negotiate the barriers in the lower, or nearer, field. These were a narrow runway far to one side; an open gate set more toward the middle of the field; an open lorry, with back, front, and shafts removed; and, close to the spectators, a small pen, which seemed not much larger than a child's play yard. The opening was scarcely large enough to admit one sheep at a time. (page 565).



Photograph from Tropical Press

WELSH GIRLS IN WITCHLIKE NATIONAL COSTUME GUIDE EASTER VACATIONISTS UP SNOWDON

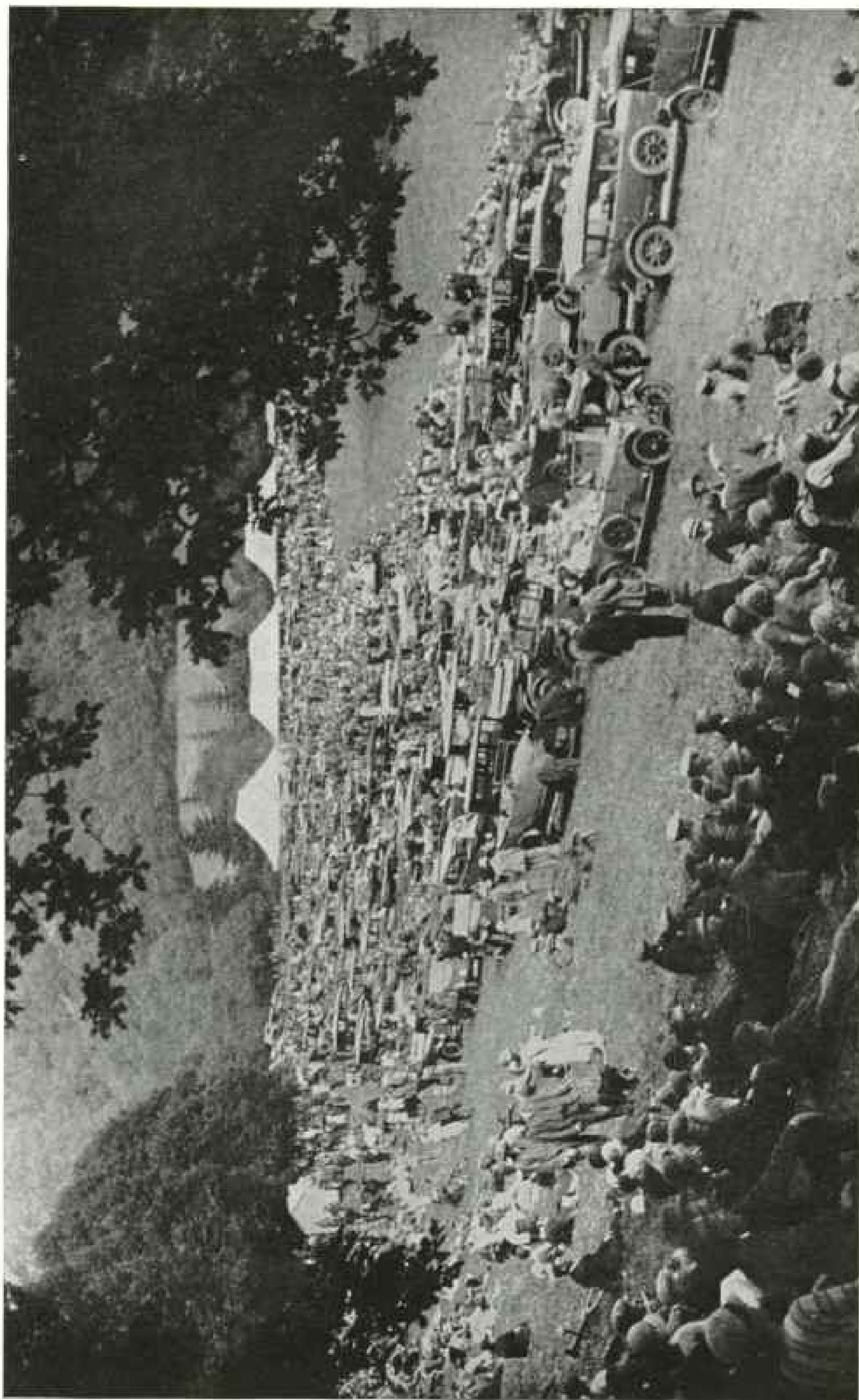
Not many years ago the ascent was a challenge to skillful mountaineers, but nowadays a train carries passengers nearly to the top, and a beaten path makes the remainder of the hike only brisk exercise (page 560).



Photograph by J. Percy Clarke

RUSKIN CALLED THIS TOWN "ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL IN WALES OR ANYWHERE ELSE"

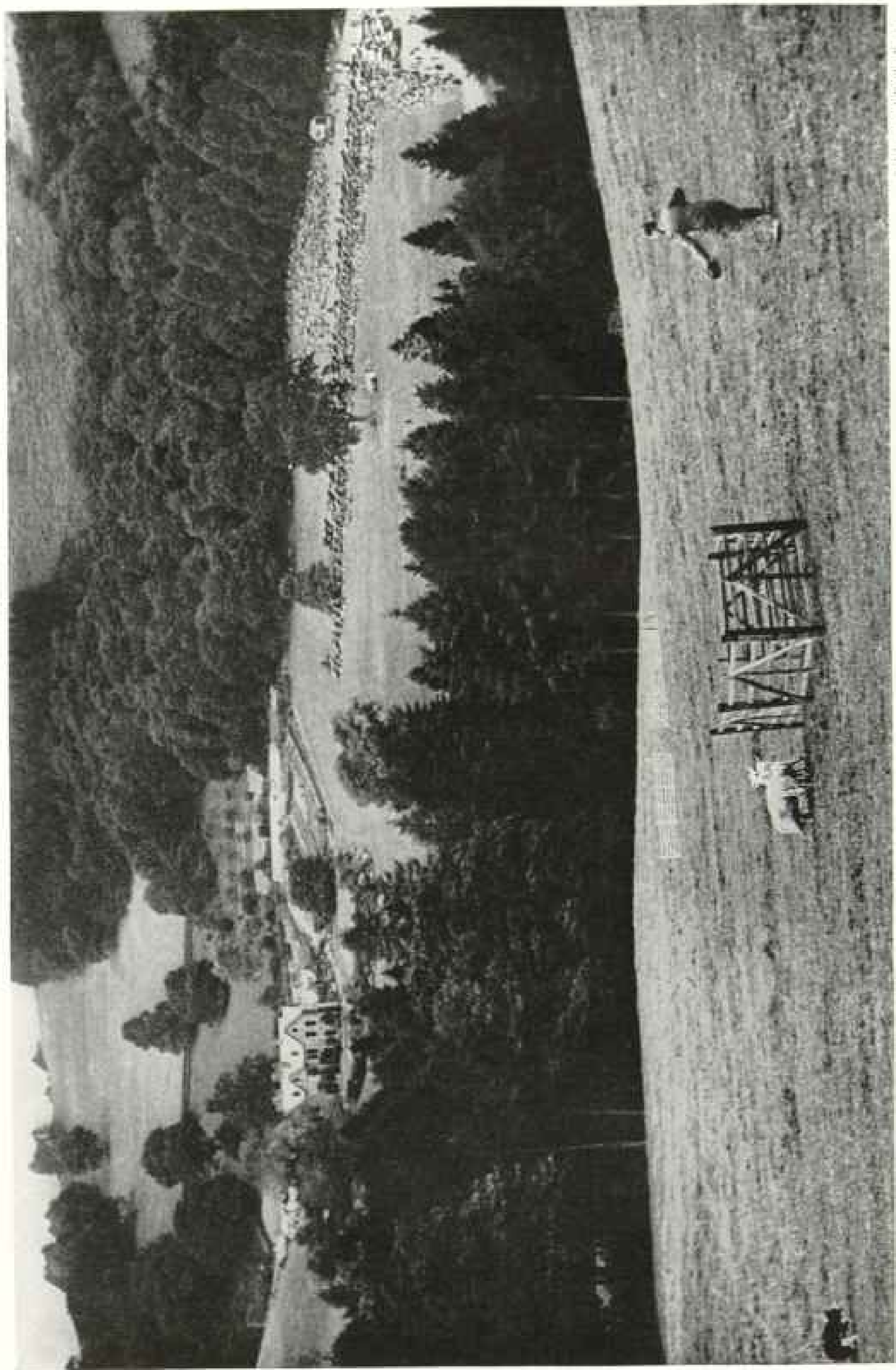
Built on the banks of the poetic River Dee, Llangollen (pronounced Thlangothlen) occupies a green hollow amid wooded hills. Its arched bridge, constructed by John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph about 1150, was once considered one of the seven wonders of the country. Atop the mountain in the background stands the "relic of kings," Dinas Bran (Crow Castle), 13th-century home of a chieftain who alternately sided with his Welsh countrymen and with the invading Normans.



© Liverpool Daily Post

SHEEP DOG TRIALS DRAW AS LARGE GALLERIES AS GOLF

At the Vale of Llanpollen meet, the spectators sit on the Vlyod estate where they can watch activities on both that field and the Tynnyceelyn sids (opposite page). These international contests have become so popular that they attract visitors from all parts of the British Isles.



© Liverpool Daily Post

ONLY SECONDS TO GO AND THE SHEEP BALK AT THE GATE!

The dog crouches and creeps forward; his master, hat in hand, stands ready to stop a sudden bolt. Mountaine the flock of three hesitate as if planning an escape. Trials go on in two fields at once. The Tynyeelyn side is in the foreground, the Vïvod beyond the trees near the spectators.



Photograph from Captain W. Best.

SEVERAL ATTENDANTS STRUGGLE TO GET THE SHEEP TO THE RELEASING PEN

Once the three animals are out in the trial field, however, they will be handled expertly by one man and a dog. Usually they are selected from different flocks so that they have less tendency to cling together.



© Sport and General.

"SPOTAN" PERFORMS IN THE ROYAL WELSH SHOW AT CARMARTHEN

Sheep dog trials are important international sporting events in various parts of the British Isles. In this meet, northwest of Cardiff, shepherds and their collies from Wales, Scotland, and England match skill. The dog working with the sheep is a winner of the Welsh championship.

As Jix entered the lower field, his master gave a long whistle. We did not know what it meant, but to Jix it undoubtedly said, "Head them straight to the right," for in a moment he had the sheep running merrily to the runway. They seemed to be enjoying a sort of game now, and gambled over, flirting their long woolly tails and kicking up their heels.

Arrived at the runway, however, they got balky. There was nothing in there to interest a sheep. It was a sort of take-it-or-leave-it affair, and they chose to leave it. They ran with sufficient docility to the far and proper end, but when the dog got behind them they ran down alongside instead of through it.

Swift as a flash, Jix headed them off, flattening himself on his belly in front of them. Not liking his looks, they wheeled about. This suited Jix's purpose, and he had them back at the proper end of the runway in a moment. He stayed close to them this time, gently directing them toward the opening.

Two of the sheep now turned in, but the third made a bolt for the open field. Leaving the two for the moment, Jix flew after the third and with a wide flank movement brought him back.

He could not send the laggard through alone; if he did so the flock would become



Photograph from *Mindful*

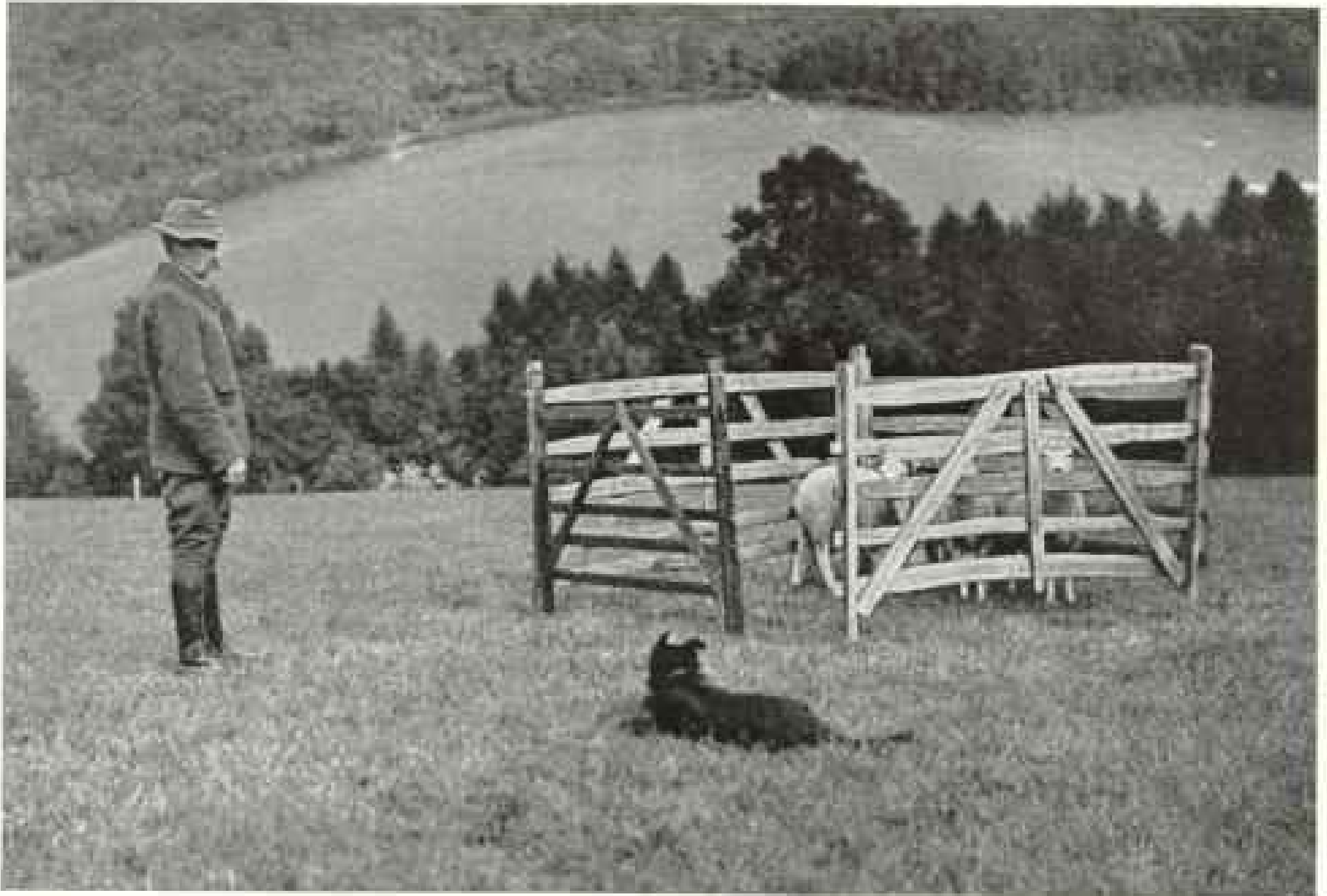
BY WHISTLING ON HIS FINGERS, THE SHEPHERD DIRECTS HIS DOGS

The collies are trained to obey such signals, but woe to the contestant who blows too many blasts and thus confuses his canine helper!

hopelessly separated. He therefore herded them again, again sent them up the runway, and this time got all of them safely through, as the spectators cheered. This performance had taken as long as the entire job in the upper field. Only five minutes remained.

About a hundred yards from the runway was the gate. Jix, now more familiar with the sheep, drove them through in fifty-five seconds.

Throughout the maneuvering in the lower field, the shepherd directed his dog by whistles. We saw that the dog, despite the swiftness and apparent independence



TRIUMPH! THEY HAVE BROUGHT HOME THE MUTTON

For many years Shepherd Moses and his black collie have won prizes at the Llangollen trials. The dog lies watchfully near the gate of the goal pen, defying the sheep to escape.



Photographs from Captain W. Best

IN THE SPECIAL STAKES, ONE DOG PENS THREE SHEEP; ANOTHER WORKS THE REST

Six animals have been released together, and the two collies have divided them, each taking half the flock. While the shepherd (near spectators upper right) and a dog are maneuvering one group toward the goal inclosure, the other dog holds the second group quiet to await their turn (page 574).

of his movements, kept his ears pricked at attention, though his eyes never wavered from his charges.

OVER THE LORRY "BRIDGE"

The lorry was the next barrier. It represented a bridge, and was approached on the far side by a ramp, flanked by a fence on each side. The sheep did not like that ramp. Again and again, the dog had them centered in front of it; again and again they bolted. Even after they quieted down, they stood stubbornly before it, as if to say, "We dare you to make us budge."

Ovine curiosity saved the day. A venturesome young ram, like the bear who "went over the mountain to see what he could see," took a few steps. He must have found it amusing, for he went on.

Jix never moved. His master whistled softly. The ram stood on the lorry now, his shapely little body outlined for a moment against the sky. Then two tentative little heads appeared behind him. The three now stood up there together, then with delightful grace they leaped down upon the grass (page 570). Jix circled the lorry and stood ready for them as they landed.

So tense had we become, watching this battle of wits, that a long time seemed to have elapsed. But our imperturbable watches assured us that the dog still had two minutes and forty seconds in which to pen the sheep.

The final penning, being the most difficult feat, was performed by trainer and dog working together. Mr. Wilson, who up to this time had never moved from the spot at which he had released Jix, now met him in the field.

The pen was close to where we sat and we had an excellent view. With a calm and assured air, matching Jix's own, the little shepherd joined the group. Together they trotted toward the pen, as if time were no concern of theirs.

The opening to the pen faced us. Mr. Wilson ordered the dog to center the sheep before it, then signaled him to take his position at the far side, while he remained on the near.

If the sheep had been reluctant to climb into the lorry, they showed an absolute aversion to the pen. It offered neither protection nor food. It was a silly affair altogether.

But when they turned from it toward the left, there was that inevitable dog.

When they turned to the right, there was an equally formidable barrier; for the shepherd stood there, his body bent almost at a right angle, his two arms extended. With one hand he held out the crook, with the other he waved his cap. If a sheep made a step in his direction, he waved both arms with sinister significance. The sheep tried a rightabout-face, but that confronted them with a solid phalanx of people. Discouraged, they faced the pen again and stood still.

JIX WINS—TWO SECONDS TO SPARE

Now shepherd and dog closed gently in on them. The crook behaved almost like a magic wand. It enfolded them. It seemed to mesmerize them. They filed slowly into the pen as the stop watch recorded eleven minutes and fifty-eight seconds from the start.

Jix had performed a magnificent job with difficult sheep. Both he and his trainer had displayed discipline and intelligence. Not many dogs behaved so well.

We were particularly amused by Blackie, an effervescent little two-year-old, black and white. With more enthusiasm than control, he brought the sheep down to the long fence in an incredibly short time, only to use up the rest of the time in bringing them through the gate. They would no sooner be poised to go through than he would, with an abrupt movement, scatter them in all directions. Unlike Jix, he made many waste motions, darting and flattening himself out, and circling the sheep when they were really behaving in orderly manner.

By penning time he had got them so jumpy that when he made a slight lunge at them in order to turn them into the pen, two sheep leaped high into the air, over the shepherd's extended crook, and away into the field as the stop watch disqualified him at the end of twelve minutes.

Blissfully unaware of his disgrace, Blackie trotted up confidently to his master, and, wagging his tail, begged for a pat on the head. In all fairness to the generosity of his trainer, I must record he got the caress.

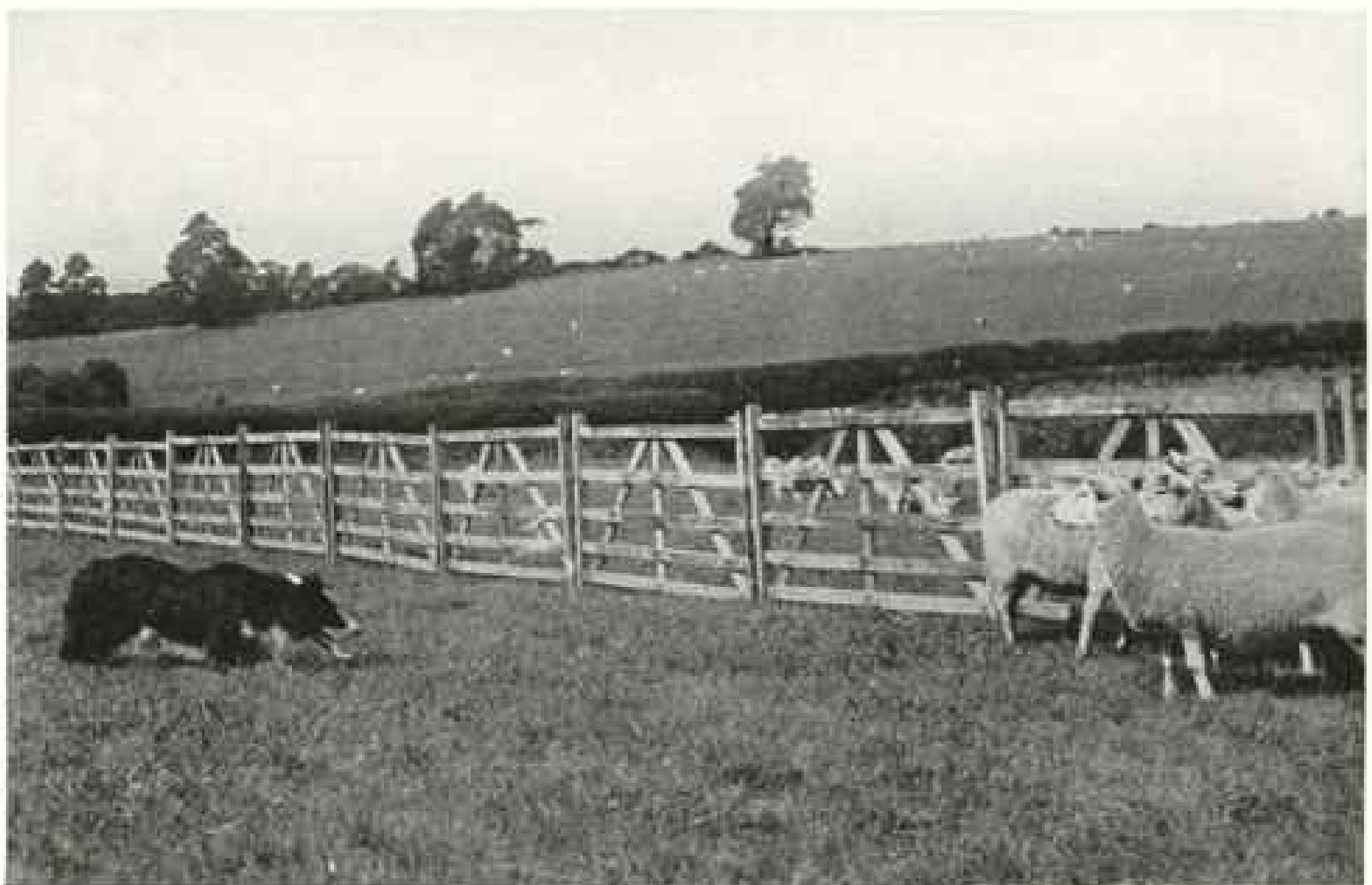
Meg afforded the comedy relief of the day. Whether she had stage fright at the outset, I could not tell. Perhaps her master whistled too much. At any rate she started uncertainly toward the fence, turning back two or three times before she reached it. She had difficulty also in finding the gate. On the other side she looked for



Photograph by J. Petry Clarke

A LORRY "BRIDGE" ENTERED BY A NARROW RAMP IS A DIFFICULT HAZARD.

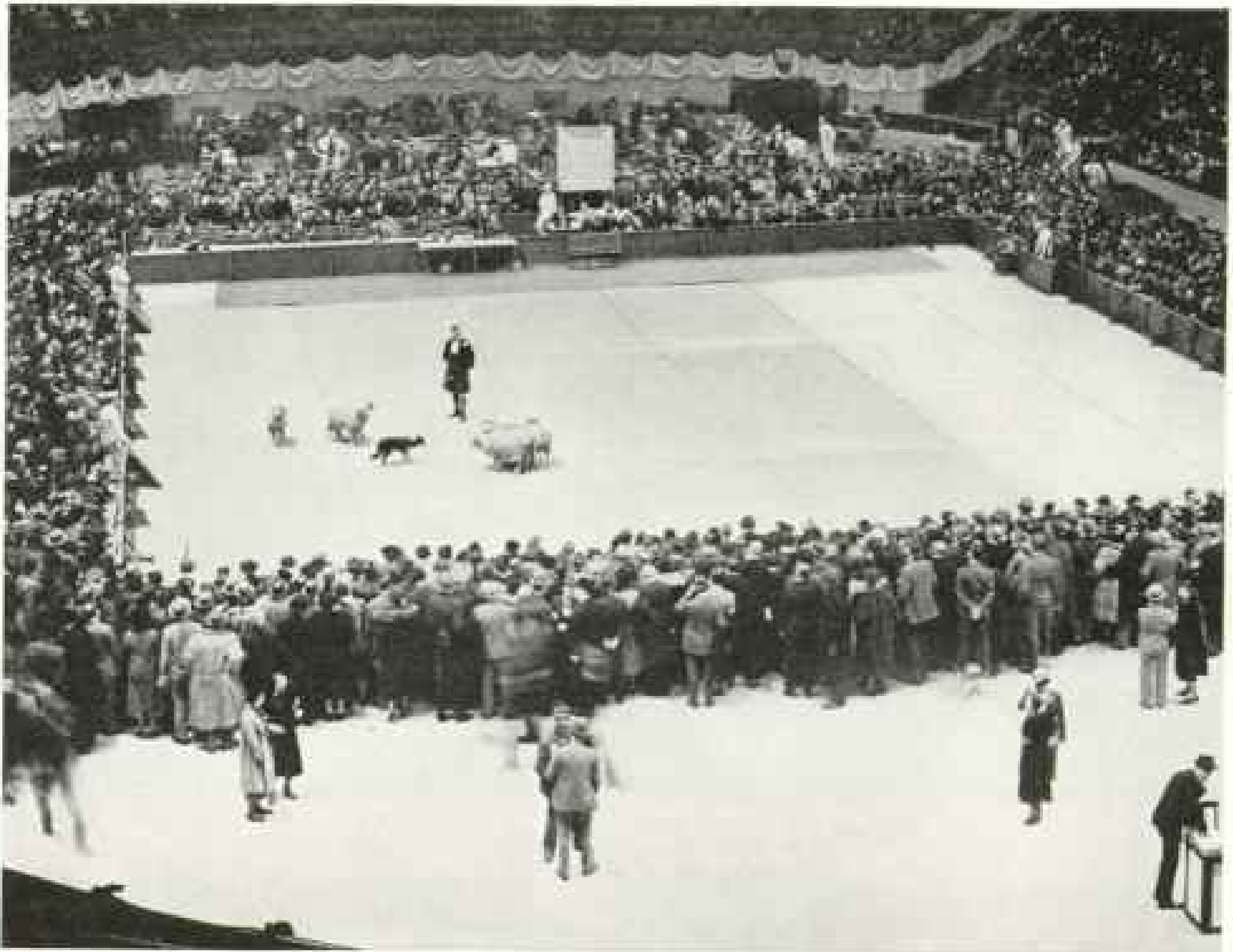
After driving the sheep through gates and across fields, the dog maneuvers them up the gangplank into the wagon and forces them to leap off at the open end. He must accomplish this feat without frightening them, for, if they scatter, precious seconds will be lost in bringing them together.



Photograph from Mondiale

"EASY DOES IT"

After bringing his sheep to the fence, the collie edges them by slow degrees toward the gate, moving cautiously lest they become frightened and bolt. Their characteristic obstinacy usually reaches its climax just at the end of the trial.



Photograph by Morgan

A CHAMPION SHEEP DOG SHOWS HIS SKILL IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

At the 1938 Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in New York City, a Scottish Highlander with his perfectly trained collie demonstrated why herding trials such as the Cambrian Stakes have gained their great popularity in Wales, England, and Scotland.

the sheep, but they were in a slight dip and she could not see them.

She detoured to the right, and we breathed a sigh of relief. It was the technique of the other dogs, and we assumed she had pulled herself together. But in a moment she hove back into view, making a detour to the other side. Here, instead of rounding the hill, she veered straight out to the wood.

The relentless minutes ticked away, three, four, five, six * * * ten, eleven, twelve. No Meg.

Her master had nearly whistled himself into a state of collapse, or so we thought; but he shrugged his shoulders philosophically and left the field, doffing his hat to the oncoming shepherd.

MEG NEARLY SPOILS THE SHOW

Two or three more dogs had gone through their trials in methodical order when an announcer came into the field explaining that the special stakes would now take place.

These were run with two dogs and six sheep (page 568).

But what was this? Where we had seen but two dogs a moment before running the sheep down the hill, we now descried three. They were in plain view. We could not be mistaken. Yes, it was Meg, overjoyed to find some sheep at last. She'd had a long run. How was she to know one set of strange sheep from another, or be too concerned that some other dogs were running them? She'd lend them her support, anyway.

Poor Meg! Her generosity went unappreciated. A most unfriendly guard chased her from the field. She had all but disqualified the other two dogs.

Meg's deviation from convention, however, was outdone by one of the sheep, a large ewe, which had given her dog trouble from the start. Through greater stupidity, or, perhaps, greater intelligence—it is hard to determine in a sheep—she had resisted all efforts at guidance. Down the first long



© Mondiale Ltd.

DOGS SIT QUIET, TETHERED TO THEIR MASTER'S CROOK

If the shepherd is called away, he thrusts the symbol of his authority into the turf and drops the chains loosely around it. The collies will not attempt to leave the spot until his return.



© Sport and General

BEFORE BEING SHEARED, THE SHEEP GETS A BATH IN A STREAM

Months of foraging for itself in the wild mountains of North Wales have soiled its wool.



© Sport and General

SHEEP AND SCENERY ARE ALL THE WEALTH OF RADNORSHIRE

Rough and rocky, the soil is too poor for crop growing. Hardy flocks subsist on the sparse grass of mountainsides, their owners rounding them up at branding and shearing times, then driving them off to fend for themselves in wilderness pastures. Impounding of water in four huge reservoirs has turned the once desolate Eilan Valley into the lakeland of Wales, mecca for vacationists.

hill she had bolted; at the long central fence she refused to see the gate and made ridiculous efforts at leaping over; at the pen she stood like a dolt just in front of the opening, her feet planted far apart, her head pointed in the wrong direction. The other two finally walked in; she held to her position.

It was easy to forgive the dog's final loss of patience. He made a lunge at her. The suddenness of it frightened her and she ran straight for us. She seemed not aware of our presence. Immediately a dozen pairs of hands waved her back.

Now thoroughly terrified, she fled to the far end of the field. But there, too, sat hundreds of people. They also waved at

her, but she was past paying attention to a few hands.

She plunged straight into the crowd, and made an astonishing leap right over the shoulder of one stalwart gentleman and into the lap of another. This gave her pause for a moment, and in that moment she was unceremoniously picked up by two guards. Across the field they marched with her, her body sagging limply between them, her head down.

"Poor thing," we thought, "she must be frightened to death." But we had miscalculated the temperament of sheep. When near the corral which held those sheep whose trials were finished, the men released

her. She did not so much as give herself a shake, or show surprise at being once more right side up and on her feet, but nibbled the grass with utter nonchalance, and with sweet docility trotted into the corral!

HIGHLIGHT OF THE SPECIAL STAKES

I must not, in the interest of brevity, omit one superb event in the special stakes. These, as stated above, were run with two dogs and six sheep.

From the moment Mr. Edward Humphreys of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and his two black collies entered the field, we knew that we should witness a very special kind of trial. They had an air about them, all three. One could feel, too, that they understood one another. Their behavior had the beautiful accuracy of mathematics.

Released from their double leash at the flag's fall, the dogs ran to the gate as if still tethered together, their two speeding bodies one living rhythm. Their master stood silent. Through the gate they went, and now, as if cloven by an invisible sword, they separated, one flying to the right, the other to the left.

Far behind the sheep they must have met, for now they were driving them down the hill. That run down the hill was a stirring experience for us all, so beautifully timed it was, so perfectly co-operative. As if by previous agreement, the two dogs kept their places, one on each side and slightly behind the sheep. They had them down in the lower field without a single false move.

Through the runway they came, through the wide central barrier and over the lorry, the shepherd directing them not by whistles but by calling to them.

The special stakes included two extra events. To this end four more minutes were allowed. After the run over the lorry, the shepherd came into the field, and, with the help of the dogs, divided the flock in half.

With a gentle command of "Lie down, Ken," he left the one dog in charge of three sheep (page 568). With the other three and his dog Bet, he went to the farthest pen.

For a few moments the sheep grazed peacefully around Ken. But now a gentle baa came from the corral down at our left. A ram pricked up his ears.

Another baa followed. It was irresistible. All three sheep wandered in the direction of the corral.

Now followed a difficult time for Ken. Orders were to lie down. But none knew

better than he that implicit in those orders was "Guard the sheep." It was obviously impossible to do both.

Ken looked wistfully in the direction of his master. There was no help to be got from that receding back. He looked at the sheep. Already a considerable distance separated them from him. He made a convulsive movement. But he knew it for disobedience and lay down again.

The struggle that was so definitely taking place in that dog's mind was an absorbing thing to watch. Let those who deny the dog's capacity to make independent judgments explain what followed.

Ken got up and lay down despairingly two or three times; then with a sudden defiant toss of his head, which clearly said, "That for obedience! I'll use my own head," he rushed after them, and whispered some extremely urgent remarks into their ears. When he had brought them back to the exact spot from which they had departed, he lay down with a real sigh of relief.

Mr. Humphreys knew nothing of this little dramatic interlude.

"Come, Ken," he said, "that little fellow with the V stamped on his rump must be separated from the flock." Together they drove the sheep into the field.

TACT AND PATIENCE WIN

Sheep V, however, had developed a passionate affection for the other sheep. One of them might be coaxed away if he liked, but not little V. He knew the value of solidarity. *E. Pluribus Unum* tattooed his dainty hoofs upon the sward, and he clung to his playmates. It looked as if the game might go on forever, for if Ken interposed between him and the others, he ran off for only a foot or two and then skipped nimbly back.

Finally Mr. Humphreys caught the recalcitrant in an unguarded moment. The long crook came between him and his fellows. Ken flashed into the small space, veered, and almost touched his flank. This frightened him. He forgot for the moment his noble sentiments, and in that moment was lost. Ken kept driving behind him, while Ken's master kept the other sheep moving steadily in the opposite direction. Again a fine piece of co-operation and patience and skill had saved the day.

Untutored as we were, we knew that Ken and Bet were destined for the first prize of £20, and so indeed they were.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

GEOGRAPHIC ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS

SIXTEENTH AND M STREETS NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GILBERT GROSVENOR, President
ROBERT V. FLEMING, Treasurer
HERBERT A. POOLE, Assistant Treasurer
LYMAN J. BRIGGS, Chairman; ALEXANDER WETMORE, Vice-Chairman, Committee on Research

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE, Vice-President
GEORGE W. HUTCHISON, Secretary
THOMAS W. MCKNEW, Assistant Secretary

EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

GILBERT GROSVENOR, EDITOR

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE, Associate Editor

J. R. HILDEBRAND
Assistant Editor

MELVILLE BELL GROSVENOR
Assistant Editor

McFALL KERBEY
Chief of School Service

LEO A. BORAH
Editorial Staff

CHARLES MARTIN
Chief Photographic Laboratory

FREDERICK SIMPICH
Assistant Editor

JAMES M. DARLEY
Chief Cartographer

NEWMAN HUMSTEAD
Research Cartographer

E. JOHN LONG
Editorial Staff

FREDERICK G. VOSBURGH
Editorial Staff

FRANKLIN L. FISHER
Chief Illustrations Division

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS
Chief Foreign Editorial Staff

W. ROBERT MOORE
Foreign Editorial Staff

LEONARD C. ROY
Editorial Staff

INEZ B. RYAN
Research Assistant

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
Chief Justice of the United States

WALTER S. GIFFORD
President American Telephone and
Telegraph Co.

WILLIAM V. PRATT
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, Retired

LYMAN J. BRIGGS
Director National Bureau of
Standards

GEORGE R. PUTNAM
Commissioner of Lighthouses,
Retired

THEODORE W. NOYES
Editor of The Evening Star

GEORGE W. HUTCHISON
Secretary National Geographic
Society

L. O. COLBERT
Rear Admiral, Director, U.S. Coast
and Geodetic Survey

ROBERT V. FLEMING
President and Chairman of the
Board, Riggs National Bank

LEROY A. LINCOLN
President, Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company

C. HART MERRIAM
Member National Academy of
Sciences

DAVID FAIRCHILD
Special Agricultural Explorer, U. S.
Department of Agriculture

ALEXANDER WETMORE
Assistant Secretary, Smithsonian
Institution

H. H. ARNOLD
Major General, Chief, U. S. Army
Air Corps

GILBERT GROSVENOR
Editor of National Geographic
Magazine

JOHN J. PERSHING
General of the Armies of the
United States

CHARLES G. DAWES
Formerly Vice-President of the
United States

CHARLES F. KETTERING
President, General Motors Research
Corporation

GEORGE OTIS SMITH
Formerly Director U. S. Geological
Survey

ELISHA HANSON
Lawyer and Naturalist

JOHN OLIVER LA GORCE
Associate Editor of the National
Geographic Magazine

GEORGE SHIRAS, 3d
Formerly Member U. S. Con-
gress, Faunal Naturalist and
Wild-Game Photographer

ORGANIZED FOR "THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE"

To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty-two years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine monthly. All receipts are invested in The Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

Articles and photographs are desired. For material which The Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys constantly being made, The Society has sponsored more than 100 scientific expeditions, some of which required years of field work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions have pushed back the historic horizons of the southwestern United States to a period nearly eight centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. By dating the ruins of the vast communal dwellings in that region, the Society's researchers have solved secrets that have puzzled historians for three hundred years.

In Mexico, The Society and the Smithsonian Institution, January 16, 1939, discovered the oldest work of man in the Americas for which we have a date. This slab of stone is engraved in Mayan characters with a date which means November 4, 291 B. C. It antedates by 200 years anything heretofore dated in America, and reveals a great center of early American culture, previously unknown.

On November 11, 1935, in a flight sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, ascended to the world altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took aloft in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.

The National Geographic Society-U. S. Navy Expedition crested on desert Canton Island in mid-Pacific and successfully photographed and observed the solar eclipse of 1937. The Society has taken part in many projects to increase knowledge of the sun.

The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in deep-sea explorations off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,026 feet was attained.

The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$25,000 was given by individual members, to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park of California were thereby saved for the American people.

The world's largest ice field and glacial system outside the Polar regions was discovered in Alaska by Bradford Washburn while making explorations for The Society and the Harvard Institute of Exploration, 1937-8.

"I'M ON THE AIR IN 40 MINUTES! Can't you open this gate?"

"**S**ORRY, lady," said the watchman. "You'll have to wait for this freight to pass!" "But I've got to catch a train at Little Neck at 8:20," I gasped. "I'm making a broadcast!" "You'll never make it," he said. "It's 8:15 now."

"What?" I cried. "My watch says 8:10!" "Then your watch is five minutes slow, lady," he said.

"Are you sure?" I cried. "Madame," he said, "my watch is a Hamilton."

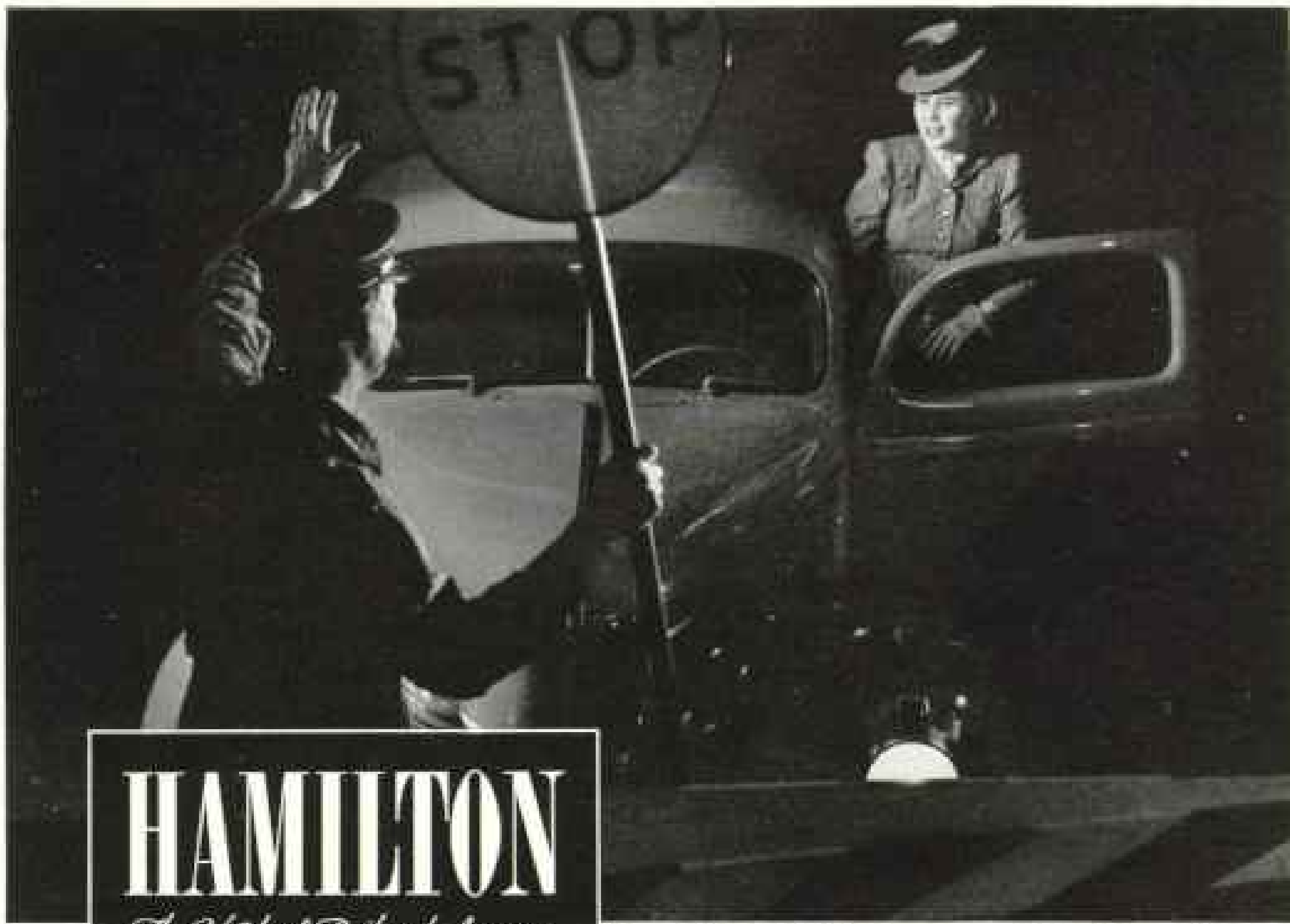
He was right. I found out why—on the next train out of Little Neck. The watches railroad men carry are right because they're *Time Inspected**—300,000 of them. No watch that is off by more than a certain number of seconds can be used, the conductor explained. That's why so

many railroad men carry Hamiltons.

Well, you guessed it. I missed half my broadcast. "But it'll never happen again," I assured the sponsor, next time I saw him. "How do I know? Look! See this adorable Hamilton I just got for my birthday?"

All Hamiltons have 17 or more jewels, precious metal cases, \$17.00 to \$2000. Made in U. S. A. Write for folder, Hamilton Watch Company, 444 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

*Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.



HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



- | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|--|---|
| ELLYN, 17 jewels, 14K white or natural gold. With 18K applied gold numeral dial . . . \$35 | EVALYN, 17 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold numeral dial . . . \$45 | LADY HAMILTON (K-6), 17 jewels, 6 diamonds, 14K white or natural gold case . \$85 | GILMAN, 19 jewels, 14K natural gold case. With 18K applied gold numeral dial . . . \$100 | SUTTON, 19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled, 18K applied gold numeral dial . . . \$55 | STANFORD, 17 jewels, 19K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold numeral dial only. \$45 |
|--|---|---|--|--|---|

"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

MAPS

OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

- ALASKA
- HOLY LAND
- RUSSIA
- BLACK FOREST
- RURAL ENGLAND
- RIVIERA
- HOLLAND
- INDIA
- WILD WEST
- JAPAN (Liberty Bells)
- SOUTH SEAS
- ENGLISH COAST
- ITALIAN COAST
- ALPS
- MALAY COAST
- DEAD SEA
- SAHARA



YOU find every kind of fun!

Sun tan on pure white beaches, climb mile-high peaks, sail to a nearby Pacific isle. See horse races, regattas, polo games, fiestas... the curious industries. Go with celebrities to sneak previews, big broadcasts, Symphonies under the Stars. Sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten.

MOVIES find every kind of world scenery. They're not as neatly labeled, but nearly all types of the world's scenery are found in this one place—Southern California. This drawing is adapted from an actual film studio "location" map.

Faster travel makes it easier than ever to see Southern California in as little as two vacation weeks. Costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U. S. resorts. Plenty of accommodations in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pasadena, Hollywood, Pomona, Long Beach, Santa Monica and other cities in or near Los Angeles County.

When you arrive you're invited to consult our unique free Visitors' Bureau, the All-Year Club's famous hospitality center in downtown Los Angeles, (505 W. 6th St.). Valuable guidance to vacation fun. 26 services—all FREE.

FREE: AUTOMATIC TRIP PLANNER

Your Southern California trip really plans itself through this new unique book, acclaimed by travel experts as America's most useful resort guide. Answers all your questions about what to see and do, how to get here and time required, weather, what to wear, detailed cost schedules, etc. Lavishly illustrated with photographs and maps. Based on 18 years' experience in serving visitors; crammed with impartial facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Use this valuable coupon now, and get your free copy by return mail.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

FREE—MAIL COUPON TODAY

All-Year Club of Southern California, Inc., 6-D, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me free book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by auto, rail, plane, bus, steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked: Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, Santa Barbara, Inyo-Mono Area, San Diego, Ventura, Mission Trails, Central California.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address)

Join the Many Thousands Switching to Plymouth!

- ① See the 1940 Quality Chart. It clearly compares "All 3" low-priced cars for size, safety, luxury, and fine engineering.
- ② Take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride to complete the evidence that Plymouth gives you more car for your money.



THE 1940 QUALITY CHART



YOU CAN PICK THE BIGGEST VALUE THIS EASY "ONE-TWO" WAY

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS
2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

OF 22 QUALITY FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS...

Plymouth has 21. Car "2" has 11. Car "3" has 8

THOUSANDS of new owners are glad they switched to Plymouth . . . and you, too, can benefit from the "One-Two" buying method.

Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" low-priced cars that gives you a majority of the 22 important quality features

BUSINESS MEN: See the new low-priced Plymouth Commercial Cars.

found in high-priced cars.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's Luxury Ride. Plymouth is easy to buy! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWEN HOUR, C.B.S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.



1940 PLYMOUTH

COUPES \$645 | SEDANS \$699
START AT

—Delivered in Detroit, Mich. Prices include Federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

Yes

**YOUR MONEY GOES
FURTHER THAN EVER**

when you visit

CANADA



Exchange is all in your favour from the moment you cross the "Border without Bayonets" into neighbouring, friendly Canada. You can step up your vacation programme or save the difference—and still have a wonderful time. Obtain your Canadian dollars when you arrive in Canada—the official rate of exchange premium will be paid to you.

You can be sure of hospitality and friendliness wherever you go. And

you can leave with the same informality and ease that you entered our Country. Canada's rail, water, air and bus transportation systems are modern in every way. Improved up-to-date highways will make motoring a joy in this unspoiled Northland. Accommodation to suit all.

This is the year-of years to visit Canada to see and do more than ever before and yet save money.

*Write to the Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada,
for beautifully illustrated literature.*

CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU

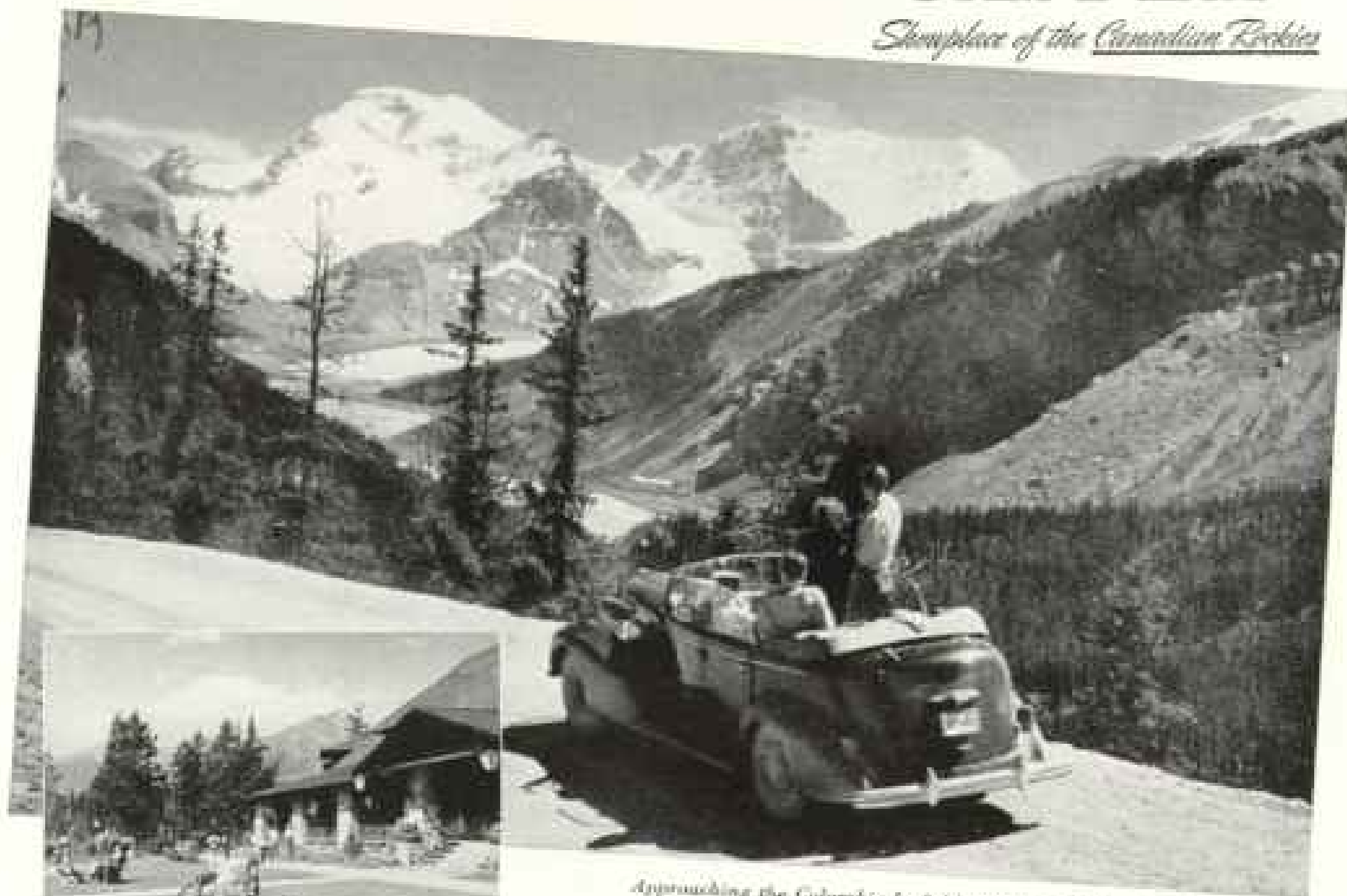
O T T A W A • C A N A D A

E-240

The end of your Travel Rainbow

JASPER

Showplace of the Canadian Rockies



Jasper Park Lodge in Eau Claire affords the luxury of the smartest hotel. (From 10 a day, with meals.)

Approaching the Columbia Icefield in Jasper National Park.



LOW SUMMER FARES:

Liberal Stopovers—Call or write any Canadian National office for illustrated booklets of Jasper, Canada, Alaska Tours.

- Boston.....106 Tremont St.
- Buffalo.....22 N. Division St.
- Chicago...4 S. Michigan Blvd.
- Cincinnati...206 Dixie Term.
- Detroit.....1230 Wood, Ryd.
- Duluth...421 W. Superior St.
- Kansas City...101 W. 11th St.
- Los Angeles...607 S. Grand Ave.
- Minneapolis...711 Marquette
- New York.....672 Fifth Ave.
- Philadelphia...1390 Chestnut
- Pittsburgh...355 Fifth Ave.
- Portland, Me...G. T. R. Sta.
- San Francisco...644 Market St.
- Seattle.....1329 Fourth Ave.
- St. Louis...314 N. Broadway
- St. Paul.....335 Robert St.
- Wash., D. C...922 15th, N.W.
- Montreal, Que...369 McGill St.



Summer skiing, newest sport in Jasper's glaciers.

IN THIS new world Switzerland, rendezvous of the travel-wise, you will find gay summer activities amid a glorious alpine setting . . . golf, riding, fishing, tennis, hiking, swimming in a heated outdoor pool. Skyline trails and motor roads lead to vistas of breathless grandeur. Here in America's largest National Park is the unspoiled charm of wild life in its natural habitat. Here too is the spectacular beauty of the Columbia Icefield, Nature's newest and greatest alpine show—easily reached from Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge.

Your vacation dollar goes farther in Canada this year. *No passports required.* As always, a friendly welcome awaits you at the Border and throughout the Dominion.

Come by the air-conditioned *Continental Limited* . . . or by rail and Trans-Canada Air Lines.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

*TO EVERYWHERE
IN CANADA*

Jasper is easily reached from all U. S. points. Fast modern services also to Pacific Coast via the Jasper route, and to Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Vacation lands.



"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

Custom Built

FOR CUSTOM SERVICE

Available now on special order is the custom-built Buick pictured here, the 1940 Buick Townmaster Sedan.

With bodywork by Brunn, the chassis is the standard ROADMASTER chassis with all 1940 Buick features, including the 141-horsepower straight-eight engine, electrically balanced *after* assembly; coil springs

on all four wheels; and the steady-ing torque-tube drive and heavy Buick frame.

Interior trim and appointments are subject to your taste through a wide variety of upholstery options. Standard equipment includes removable top for the chauffeur's compartment, speaking phone, center arm-rest in the three-passenger rear seat, sliding window behind the driver, and built-in heater.

At \$3895*, delivered at Flint, complete except for transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), the Townmaster is a real value on its quality and fine finish.

**Price subject to change without notice.*

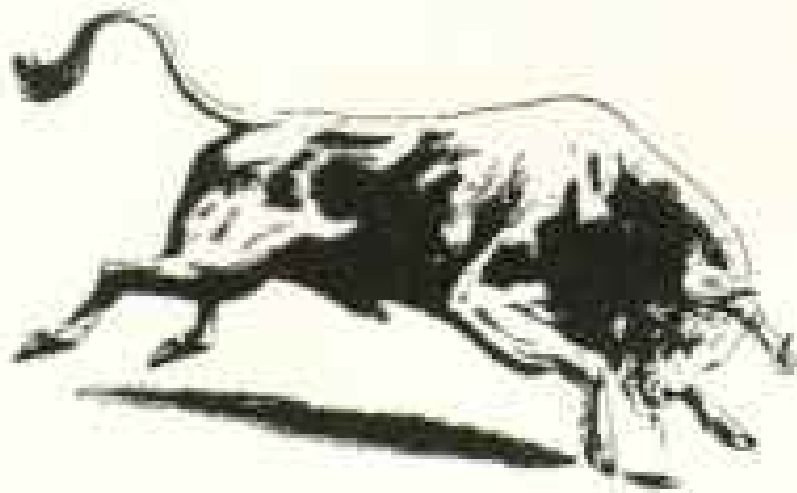
Buick!

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



From tough steer- to *TENDER STEAK*

by Westinghouse



• *When a friend* unexpectedly happens to drop in for dinner, it's no more than right that he take potluck for granted. But when we carefully plan a dinner, long in advance, most of us pretty much stick to the rule of serving the best food we can get.

• *That rule* was rudely broken last April, when one hundred and forty-six people sat down to dinner at a Cleveland hotel. It was a notable group—civic and industrial leaders, food experts, home economists, chefs, editors—people invited for one particular purpose, to taste a new kind of steak.

• *They were not served* choice beef; those steaks were not expensive. Average in quality, average in price, average in every respect—but one! This beef was treated by a new process, called Tenderay, which has the peculiar ability of making ordinary beef as tender and juicy in just three days as the expensive cuts the very finest hotels serve after three or four or five weeks' aging.

• *The guests were delighted.* The steaks, they said, were excellent. But they were not half as pleased as Mrs. Cleveland housewife who learned that from that day on she could

buy the same kind of beef at her own store. Heard that for the first time she could buy steak without guess and without gamble and know that it would be tender—always.

• *The Tenderay process* depends on a lot of factors; humidity, temperature and what not. BUT—and here is where Westinghouse research plays such an important part—the process would be utterly impractical without the newly perfected *Sterilamp which kills bacteria with light and keeps the meat fresh and sweet.

• *He would be* a rash prophet who'd care to predict the uses commerce and industry and medicine will find for the Sterilamp. In Suffern, N. Y., a bank installed it over the tellers' windows to keep germs from passing with the money. A poultry man says it solves his turkey raising problems. Restaurants, hotels, bars and soda-fountains—in ever increasing numbers—depend on Sterilamps to keep glasses sterile; meat markets and groceries to keep food fresh, to reduce spoilage and refrigeration costs. One of the country's largest hospitals has installed Sterilamps to sterilize the air in the operating rooms. Another in the nursery to protect babies in their cribs.

• *Certainly Westinghouse,* when this development started, did not know its ultimate scope. And that, after all, is the way of research and its great justification. It is an exploration into the unknown, it follows new paths and uncharted byways—not with the assurance of success; merely with courage and experience and knowledge, and sound common sense as a guide.

*U.S. PAT. OFF.

In 49 of 55
c o u n t i e s



COAL

Yet Coal is but ONE of
WEST VIRGINIA'S
ADVANTAGES to INDUSTRY

★ WEST VIRGINIA'S superior Coal, used by factories and domestic consumers in 30 States, as well as abroad, is also an advantage to industries within the State; to some as a fuel, to others as a basic material for many of today's most essential products. Yet, Coal is only one of a variety of natural resources which Industry finds and uses in WEST VIRGINIA. ★ WEST VIRGINIA also produces Natural Gas, Petroleum, Clays, Salt Brines, Silica Sand, Limestone, other Minerals and Timber. From these, singly and in combination, are made hundreds of nationally marketed products. ★ Industries intent upon expanding, or decentralizing, should consider WEST VIRGINIA FIRST! Markets are easily, quickly reached by all forms of transportation, Labor and Power are ample, Private and Public Organizations helpful. ★ For detailed information on this stable and favored manufacturing region write: Industrial Information Committee, Capitol Building, Charleston, W. Va.

WEST VIRGINIA
Publicity Commission



\$69⁹⁵

for the Circle Trip
including

BOTH WORLD'S FAIRS

• Even a slim budget can take a "Greyhound Cruise of America" right in stride! The trip of the year from your home town—wherever it may be—to the special wonders of both New York and San Francisco, and back home again by Super-Coach costs only \$69.95. And that includes all of America's natural wonders that you can fit into two different trans-continental crossings!

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

- | | |
|---|--|
| New York City - 340 W. 29th Street | San Francisco, California - Five & Battery Streets |
| Cleveland, Ohio - East 8th & Hubbard | Mississippi, Miss. - 508 North Ave. N. |
| Philadelphia, Pa. - Broad Street Sta. | Cleveland, Ohio - 400 Walnut Street |
| Chicago, Illinois - 12th & Wabash | Fl. World, Fla. - 305 Commercial St. |
| Washington, D. C. - 14th & Wisconsin | Charleston, W. Va. - 112 Business Street |
| Delmar, Delaware - 14th New York Ave., N. W. | Birmingham, Ala. - 400 East Second Street |
| Washington Blvd. at Grand Street | Memphis, Tenn. - 507 North Main St. |
| Boston, Mass. - 40 Park Square | New Orleans, La. - 400 N. Rampart St. |
| St. Louis, Missouri - Broadway & Delmar Boulevard | Lynchburg, Ky. - 801 North Lakeside |
| | Winston, S.C. - 412 Crockett Avenue |

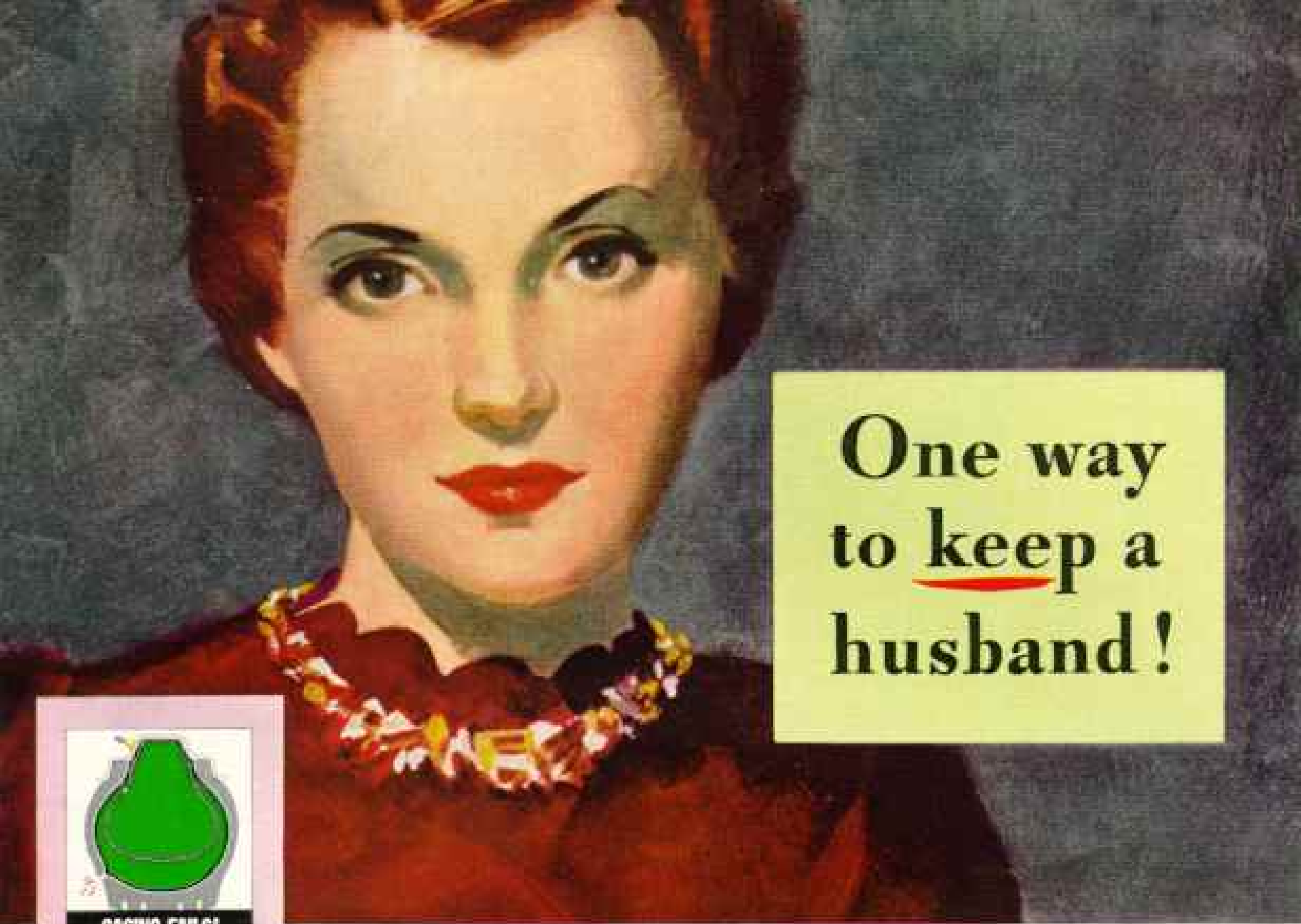
GREYHOUND
Lines

COUPON BRINGS YOU "THIS AMAZING AMERICA"

Send to nearest Information Office listed above for your free copy of this fascinating booklet with 140 pictures and stories of America's natural and man-made wonders.

Name _____

Address _____



One way
to keep a
husband!



CASING FAILS!



TUBE BLOWS!



SAFE ON LIFE GUARD!

LifeGuard is a 2-ply safety tire inside an extra-sturdy tube. Should outer tire and tube collapse, LifeGuard remains inflated, so that you can brake and steer safely.

WHY will a husband be so careful in some ways, yet so careless in others . . . cautious in little things, yet reckless of real dangers, such as driving a car without LifeGuard protection?

Thousands of people have been killed and many thousands more have been crippled or injured in motoring accidents caused by blowouts . . . yet there isn't the slightest need for a blowout accident since Goodyear developed LifeGuards!

No pneumatic tire is blowout-proof! Even a new tire may be cut or bruised so as to cause an immediate blowout, or pave the way for a sudden tire collapse months later, when you least expect it.

But you never need worry about blowout dangers if the tires on your car have LifeGuards inside them.

LifeGuards prevent accidents! Ask your Goodyear dealer to explain LifeGuards fully to you . . . why many of the hundreds of thousands of LifeGuard owners say they cost no more per mile than conventional inner tubes . . . how, in sizes available, they can be used in tires now in service as well as in new tires . . . how easily you can buy them.

Do your share to make your family's motoring safer! End blowout dangers . . . with Goodyear LifeGuards!

For Complete Safety . . . 4-Wheel Brakes . . . All-Steel Body . . . Safety Glass . . . and



GOODYEAR
LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.



LIFEGUARDS
PREVENT
ACCIDENTS

Grand Vacation Trips on the GREAT LAKES



THERE'S a wealth of vacation opportunities sailing the GREAT LAKES! Going to the World's Fairs? Brighten up your trip with an interlude on the Lakes. Be sure to include them in your route plans. Looking for a cruise to the North? There are glorious D & C mid-week cruises to Mackinac Island, The Soo, Georgian Bay and Midland, Ontario. Want to relax for a week-end? Take a low-cost all-expense cruise to beautiful and unique Mackinac Island and return. In addition, there are interesting all-expense cruises from Detroit to Niagara Falls and from Buffalo or Cleveland to Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan.

D & C steamers are larger than many ocean liners. They offer all types of accommodations. Round-trip railroad tickets will be honored by the D & C Lines. See your local travel agent. Sail the Lakes this summer!

D & C steamers sail daily between Detroit and Cleveland and Detroit and Buffalo. Season opens April 22nd (approximately) for Cleveland Division and May 28th (approximately) for Buffalo Division.

D&C • You can take your car on the ship for a moderate charge.

Passenger Dept. G-1
D & C NAVIGATION COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Please send me your 1940 literature.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

**DETROIT and CLEVELAND
NAVIGATION COMPANY**
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Here's what
ROBERT L. Ripley
says about New Mexico's
CARLSBAD CAVERNS

▶ Broadcasting from Carlsbad Caverns National Park recently, Robert L. Ripley said, "I have traveled in two hundred countries and seen the wonders they have to offer, but never have I looked upon such breathtaking scenes—such dazzling, such everchanging beauty as in these Caverns. It is overwhelming. The eye is bewildered and you are filled with a glorious sense of awe and reverence for the mighty handiwork of God." This amazing sight, together with the other unique attractions of New Mexico—eight National Monuments, eighteen living Indian *pueblos*, ruined cities older than history, eight million acres of cool green National Forests, ancient Mission churches, and the tang of the Old West that lingers here—combine to draw literally millions of visitors each year. This year, the Coronado Cuarto Centennial, celebrating the 400th anniversary of Coronado's explorations in 1540, adds to these attractions with quaint fiestas, ceremonials and pageants throughout the state. The coupon below will bring you more of the story of New Mexico. Mail it— *pronto!*

new mexico

STATE TOURIST BUREAU,
Room 652, State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send free: () New Booklet, () Historic Trails
Map, () Official 1940 Highway Map 101

Name _____

Address _____



76 MILES to the gallon was the record set by the Nash Lafayette, when it beat all others in its class in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run. Only Nash has the Manifold-Sealed engine! With economy, you also get flashing pick-up from 0 to 50 MPH in 12.9 seconds, in high gear! Try it!



AMERICA, and sleep in your own bed. Double-size Convertible Bed in sedans means money, time, discomfort. Nash is everywhere at 1800 dealers. Product of a company with 445,000,000 sources. See your dealer and drive new Nash today!

You've Had that Longing Long Enough

DOES Spring do funny things to you? Is there something you want—and you don't know what it is?

Go out now and flag a long, low, racy green Nash—and you'll find out!

Grab the wheel before 99 frisky colts break loose in a breath-taking dash.

Then look—and listen. There's a click . . . and you're suddenly in a speed so smooth you wonder where your wheels went . . . so quiet you wonder what's happened to the engine . . . so utterly swift you can't imagine what's holding the others back.

(Now you know, with Nash's Fourth Speed Forward, how small the world is!)

See that car ahead? Just toot the horn . . . tap the throttle . . . and watch how your Automatic Overtake leaves him dawdling behind.

Lightly, blithely you skim over hills. Sure, there are ruts, but you don't feel them—in the lullaby-glide of this Arrow-Flight Ride.

There's a crash of thunder . . . and a sudden April shower sends your windows up.

But not even the weather can spoil your day in a Nash. Just turn that magical "Weather-Eye" dial and rain and cold and dust are out of motoring forever!

Soon it's time for your Sealed Beam lights—but you won't stop 'til you're ready for the Nash convertible bed.

Then turn in—knowing how different the rest of your life is going to be!

If you like a Nash—it's practically yours *right now*.

It costs so little more than a small car—and resale value is so high—you'll actually be money ahead. That is—if you ever want to give it up. That double frame, 7 and 9-bearing cranks shafts, Manifold-Sealed engine—make fun a long-life investment.

This magazine can wait; but a Nash can't. See your dealer, today!

LOWER PRICES: from \$795 del'd at factory! Lafayette Series Sedan (shown) 1945, includes Standard Equipment, Federal Taxes, White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

\$795



You'll be Happier in a **NASH**

All the Breathless Beauty of Nature in Her Many Varied Moods is Waiting to Hold You Spellbound This Summer in

ALBERTA



Live the Life You Enjoy Most in This Natural Vacation Playground Just North of the Border

WRITE for the free booklet describing this glorious, unspoiled Canadian Province. Read the booklet and be prepared for the thrills you'll experience as you go hiking, trail-riding and climbing through mile-high mountain passes and over winding paths bordering sylvan lakes and rushing, glacier streams. Find out where you can get battles a-plenty with fighting game fish . . . where you can swim in health-giving sulphur pools. Read about golfing over world-famous courses at Banff and Jasper . . . about living a gay, modern life at internationally known resort colonies . . . about vagabonding in this vast domain of natural splendor.

Plan now to live the life you enjoy most when you head north of the border to travel over Alberta's hard-surfaced highways this Summer. Write today for the free booklet that tells you the full story of this beautiful, natural playground.



MAIL THIS COUPON

NO-1

ALBERTA TRAVEL BUREAU, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
Please send me without charge the booklet, "Alberta Booklets You"

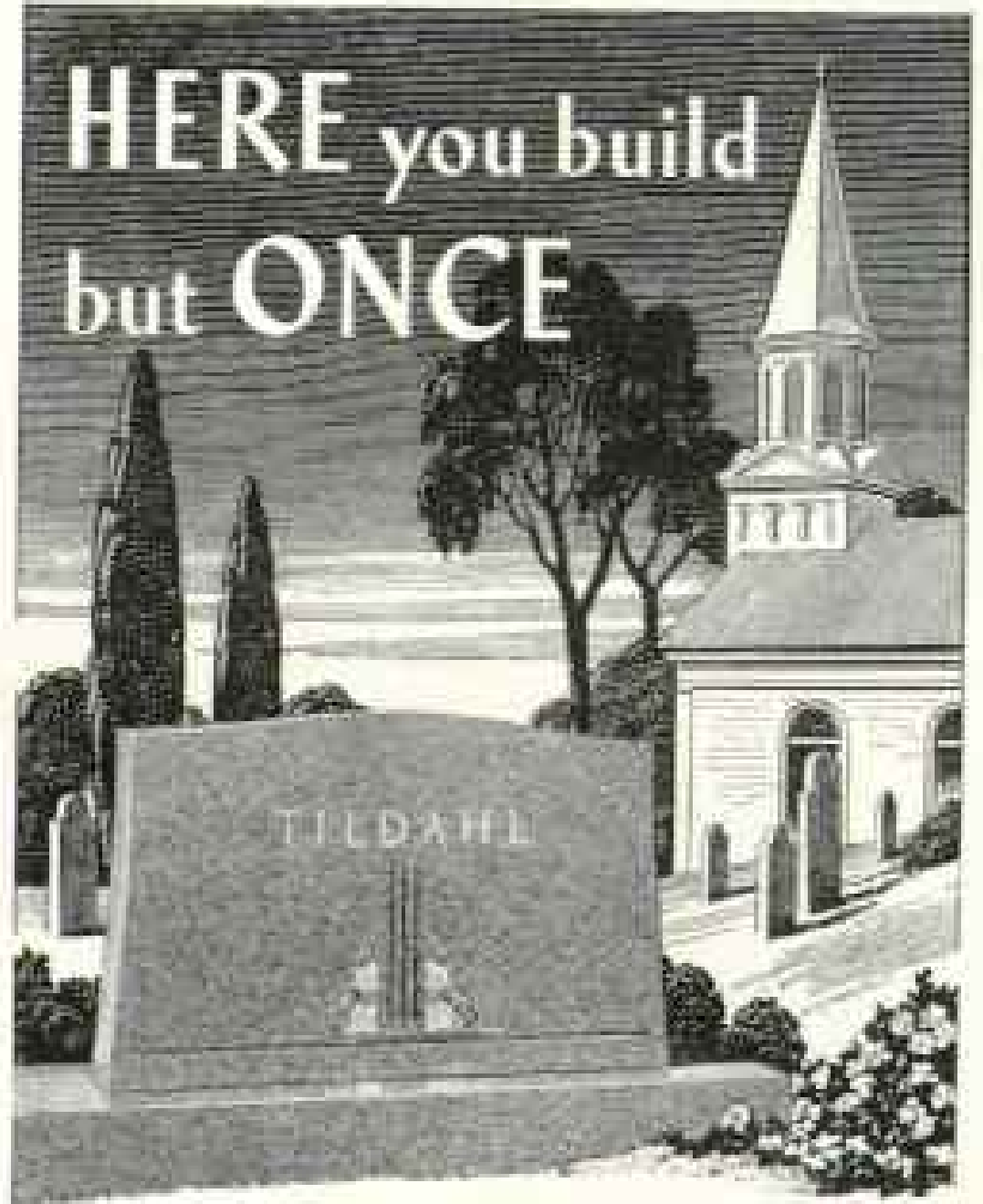
Name _____

Address _____

State _____

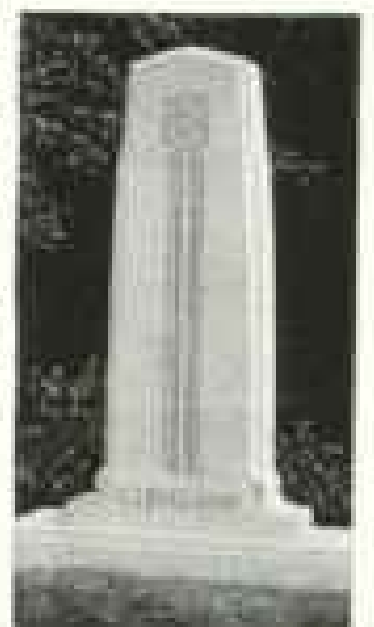
United States Dollars Will Buy More of Everything in Alberta This Summer

HERE you build
but ONCE



YOUR memorial is a solemn record FOR THE AGES. It would be a failure indeed if its beauty today fails to live and speak with equal eloquence to the generations to come. Rock of Ages Memorials, from the material to the smallest detail of finish are created to attain heirloom beauty and greatness. Talented artists and craftsmen, aided by exclusive finishing processes, accomplish results that earn the proud "signature" of the famous Rock of Ages seal, etched into the stone. Each memorial so marked carries an Everlasting Guarantee which is bonded by the National Surety Corporation . . . your permanent assurance of satisfaction. Your nearby Authorized Dealer will show you beautiful examples at prices ranging from as low as \$35 for a small marker to family memorials from \$150 to \$200, \$250 to \$400 and \$600, and up to \$25,000 and more.

For your protection
EVERY ROCK OF AGES
MEMORIAL BEARS THIS
SEAL etched into the stone



**ROCK
OF
AGES
MEMORIALS**

Rock of Ages Advisory Service,
Dept. II-4, Barre, Vermont

Without obligation, please send me your 1940 illustrated book, "How to Choose a Memorial," with design suggestions, epitaphs, symbolism, etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



MOORE & WILSON

CHAS. A. MANN'S PUCK

NATURAL AS SLEEP ON A SPRING-AIR MATTRESS

It is the most natural thing in the world to enjoy sleeping on Spring-Air. It doesn't matter what you weigh, how you are shaped, or what your favorite sleeping position may be — Spring-Air treats all alike. Between your body and this mattress there is an affinity which results in a nerve freedom and muscular relaxation that everyone proclaims as heavenly. There is no let-down to this comfort. The qualities which give to Spring-Air its amazing conformability are those which likewise sustain that restfulness, night after night, year after year. Little wonder, then, that Spring-Air has attained pre-eminence with the leading hotels, hospitals, government institutions, and all who seek the utmost in mattress value. Isn't it only natural that you, too, should want such a mattress?

Spring-Air Company, General Offices, Holland, Michigan



EASE OF HANDLING COMBINED WITH GREATER COMFORT AND SANITATION

Included in the standard Spring-Air line is the highly acclaimed 2-layer style which has introduced a new era of mattress comfort and convenience. Be sure to see it.

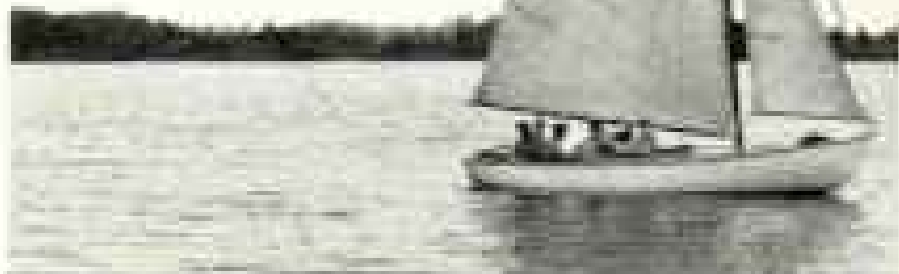


There are five Spring-Air mattresses priced from \$45.00 down to \$24.50 — each with its famous "comfort for keeps" Karr-built spring construction. Featured by better stores everywhere.



"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

MAINE



**IS EVERY ONE'S
VACATIONLAND**

You can have whatever kind of vacation your heart desires in Maine. For this great state was especially planned by Nature to be a perfect vacationland.

Here, 25,000 miles of good roads lead to mountains, lakes, streams and the seashore. You can swim, fish and sail in fresh or salt water. Ride, camp, canoe in fragrant forests of birch and pine. Play golf and tennis amid scenes of wild grandeur. You'll find the kind of vacation you've dreamed of in Maine!

Because of the many splendid vacation opportunities offered by this state—you get more for your money in Maine! In addition to fine hotels, inns and sporting camps, there are many inexpensive stopping places where you can stay in modest comfort. Mail the coupon today.



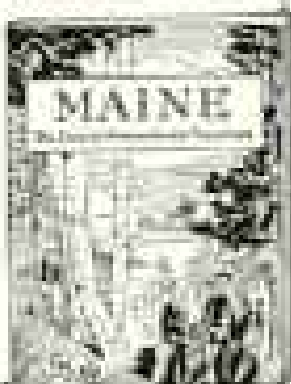
HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 12 St. John St.
Portland, Maine

FREE BOOKLET

Please send me the new illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1949.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____



LEARN ALL ABOUT TERMITES The Hidden Destroyers IN THIS FREE BOOK

(THIS WAS ONCE A SOUND
TIMBER IN A BEAUTIFUL
HOME)

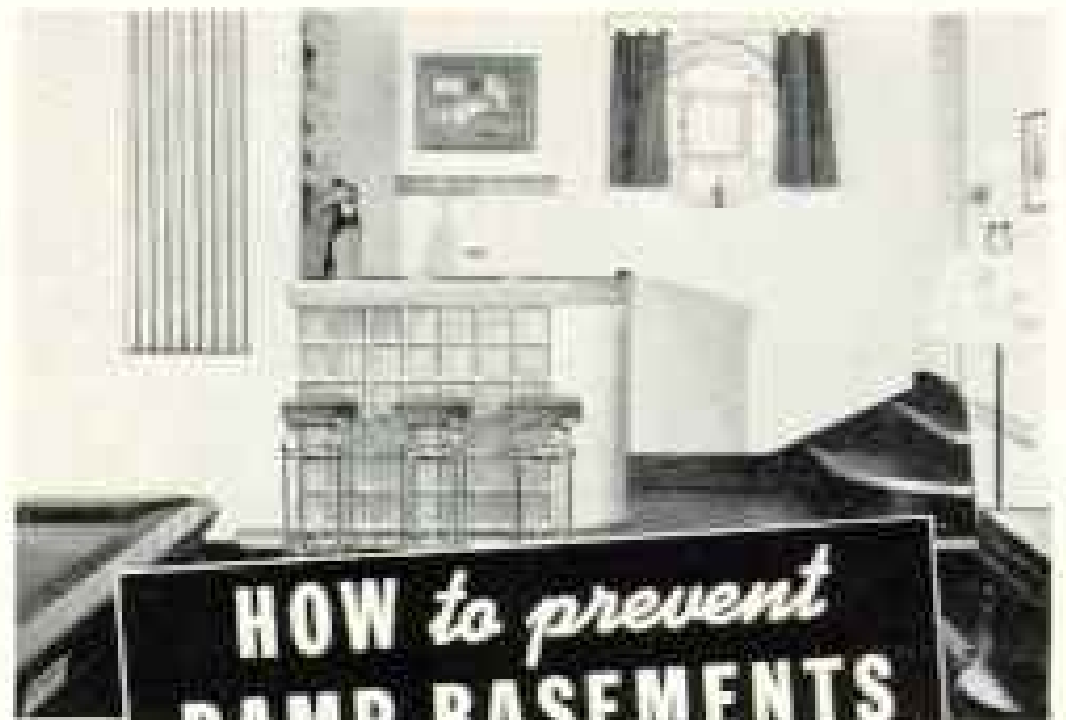
How to Detect
TERMITES

..... ANY
TERMITES IN
YOUR HOME?

Termites are active in 35 states, present in all 48. In some sections 4 out of every 5 homes are being attacked. Knowledge of the workings of this hidden destroyer of homes and buildings is your first line of defense. That's why TERMINIX offers this instructive booklet free. It tells how termites carry on their destruction that costs property owners more than \$50,000,000 each year. TERMINIX also offers you a free inspection of your property by an expert trained to find evidence of infestation—an exacting and difficult job you can't do yourself. There are TERMINIX Licensees in 35 states—scientists in termite-control methods. Write for a FREE copy of "How to Detect Termites." Also ask for a FREE inspection of your property. Over 500,000 have used this valuable service.



TERMINIX, 1718 THOMAS ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.
A Division of E. L. Bruce Co.



**HOW to prevent
DAMP BASEMENTS**

Damp basements are so unnecessary. Basement walls and floors that are always dry make a useful, liveable basement. Concrete, mortar or plaster coats made with Medusa Waterproofed Portland Cement repel all water at the surface and assure dry basement walls and floors. If you are building a new home, insist that your builder use Medusa Waterproofed Portland Cement in all concrete and in mortar for laying up masonry units. Dampness in your present basement can be overcome by using Medusa Waterproofed Portland Cement as a plaster coat on the walls and as a floor topping. Send coupon for booklet.

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
1025 Midland Bldg., Dept. W, Cleveland, O.

Please send free copy of "How To Make Your Basement Beautiful and Dry."

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

Medusa Waterproofing also made in Canada by Medusa Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Paris, Ontario, Canada

THIS SPRING
*Rediscover
America*
IN A STUDEBAKER



OVERSEAS travel is out of the question this spring of 1940, of course.

So why not decide to see your own America at its loveliest? Enjoy the fascinating spectacle of Nature awakening from her winter slumber. Get started now, before the highways are thronged.

Traveling anywhere is delightful in a restful-riding, sure-footed, soundly built Studebaker Commander.

And you have the dollar-saving satisfaction of driving the car that took first place in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Sweepstakes with an average of 24.72 miles per gallon.

You ride serenely in a Commander, thanks to Studebaker's exclusive planar independent suspension and finest hydraulic shock absorbers.

And, the Raymond Loewy styling of your Commander is the last word.

It's much easier than you may think, to be a proud Commander owner. This distinctive, long-lasting car costs only a little more a month than a Studebaker Champion, on which prices begin at \$660, delivered at the factory, South Bend, Indiana. C.I.T. terms. See your local Studebaker dealer now.

STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

*Studebaker Commander at Bright Angel Lodge, Grand Canyon...
Cruising Sedan model, illustrated, \$265 delivered at factory*



a Western Vacation

chock full
of travel thrills



**Grand Canyon • Indian-detours
Coronado Cuarto Centennial
California • Yosemite
Golden Gate Fair**

You can pack all these famous wonderlands into your summer vacation—conveniently and economically—via the Santa Fe.

Any Santa Fe ticket office, or travel bureau, will gladly help you in planning such a vacation—and show you how economical the trip will be via Santa Fe's swift trains to, from, and in California.

• If your California round trip from Chicago is via Santa Fe both ways, you may include San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco at no extra ticket cost!



• For FREE booklets, mail coupon

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1352 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Send booklets: Grand Canyon ; Indian-detours ; Dude
Ranches ; California ; and fares from

.....

Name

Address

Travel **SMART**



carry **BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**



**Backed by the resources
of a billion dollar bank**

*Issued by Bank of America National Trust
and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA*

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

London, England, Branch: 17 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4.

AROUND THE
WORLD IN *San Diego*



Chart your course to SAN DIEGO this year. Wander down a Mediterranean coast. Try your Spanish on strolling musicians. Have tea in a Japanese garden. See a Sahara by moonlight. Sail a boat in a landlocked bay. Climb a mountain. Scent the bloom of an orange grove. Lunch across the border in a quaint old foreign land. Come to SAN DIEGO, the most varied spot in all the world where nature is friendly the year 'round.

FREE BOOKLET
Address Room No. 450
San Diego California Club

**SAN
DIEGO** *In Southern
CALIFORNIA*
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
ASK ABOUT NEW RAIL RATES

Hawaii

WHERE THE IMPOSSIBLE
IS A MATTER OF COURSE

THE TRADITIONAL hospitality of an Hawaiian *Iuau* is just as casual as it is prodigal. And that's Hawaii . . . regally casual about the entertainment she spreads before the visitor. Anywhere else, such hospitality, celebrated with so many flowers of so many colors, would be impossible. But, in Hawaii, along with twelve months of June, it is a matter of course.

There's no magic about it. Nature merely turned prodigal and casually showered Hawaii with more things conducive to human happiness. Showered her with such incomparable attractions as a sea warmed to split-degree perfection, whole hillsides spattered with an exploded rainbow of color, and matchless Waikiki.

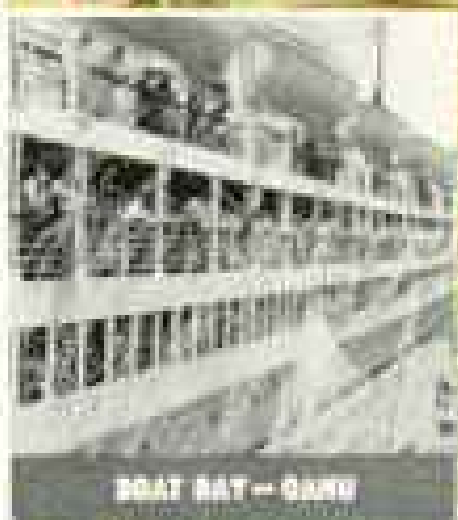
And, while she was about it, Nature turned out other island perfections . . . Hawaii, Maui, and Kauai, which with Oahu form the four-island group comprising Hawaii . . . all easily reached by plane or steamer, each delighting with a rising climax of enchanting contrast.

Taken in any season, Hawaii delights the visitor with more variety, exciting entertainment, rest, and rejuvenation than he will find anywhere else . . . and does it so casually.

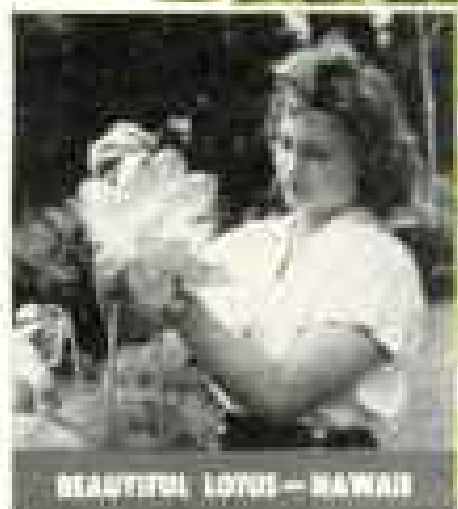
You would find it interesting to drop in casually at your Travel Agent's office. Ask him for a copy of "Nani O Hawaii," beautifully illustrated with color photographs. Magnificent liners sail frequently from Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Vancouver, B. C.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A. Branches: 203 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.; 242 Pet. Sec. Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif. A non-profit organization maintained for your service by

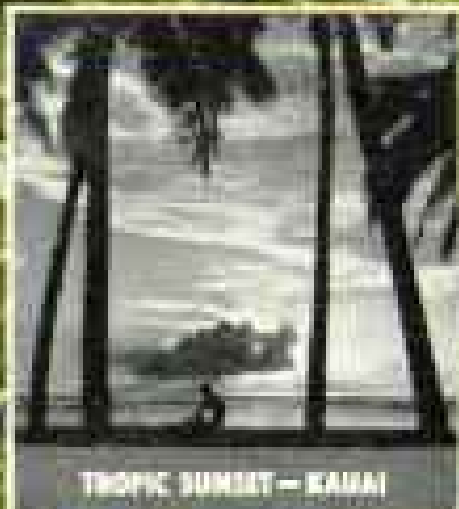
THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII



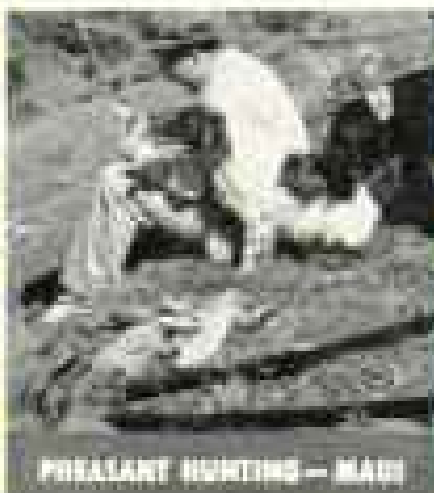
BOAT RAY - OAHU



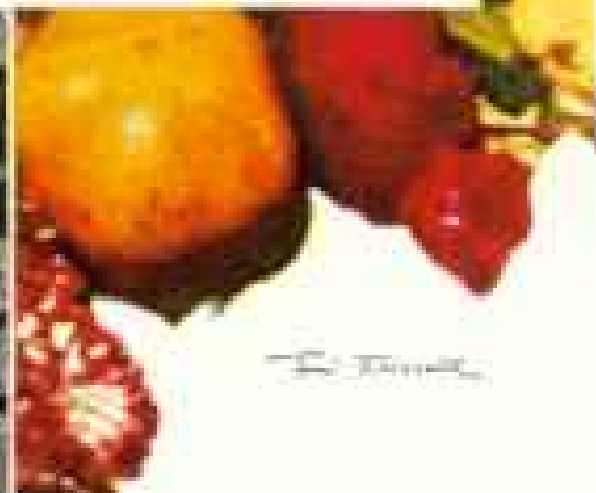
BEAUTIFUL DOVES - HAWAII

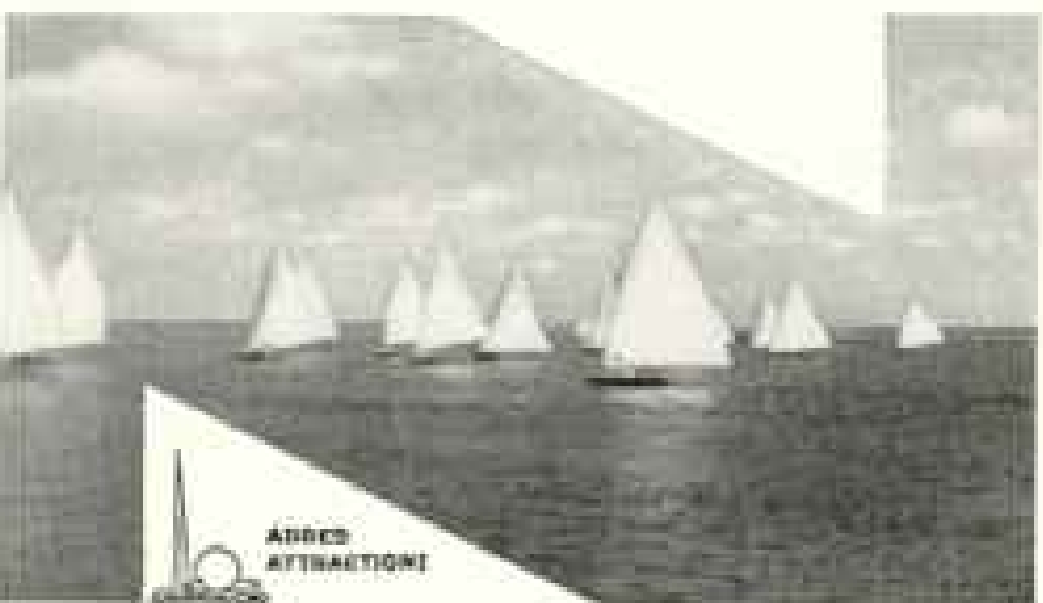


TROPIC SUMMIT - KAUAI



PIRASANT HUNTING - MAUI





JERSEY VACATIONS...

More luscious days to play or rest—for Jersey summer comes early. 132 miles of sparkling seashore... crystal, spring-fed lakes... sporty, exciting golf courses... dancing to swell music... privacy or companionship. (Added attraction—the nearby World's Fair). Whatever you want in a vacation, New Jersey gives you. Hotels are comfortable and rates are special. Bargain round-trip fares on trains, buses, airliners, boats. Costs are *really* economical, too. See your travel agent, send for booklet—or better yet, just pack up and come—now.

NEW JERSEY COUNCIL

New Jersey Council, Dept. N44, State House
Trenton, New Jersey

Kindly send me three booklets giving authentic information for a New Jersey vacation:

- (1) New Jersey: "The Nation's Playground"
(2) Hotel Guide (3) Road Map

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Warning!

When You Say "Webster's Dictionary"
You MEAN the MERRIAM-Webster



Accept Nothing Less Than
the "SUPREME Authority"



Look for the Merriam-Webster circular trademark on the cover. The New Second Edition of Webster's New International (unabridged) is 20 years newer, contains 122,000 more entries than any similar dictionary. Provides information in all branches of knowledge. The authority in courts, colleges, newspaper offices. Prepared by 267 of the world's foremost experts. 600,000 entries; 3,350 pages. 12,000 terms illustrated. Ask your bookdealer, or write for free illustrated pamphlet.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., DEPT. 376, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

PITY POOR PAPA!



He lost the race... the one bathroom is occupied... he's missed the "pop-up" of a morning shower. Somebody should tell him about Weisway!

An Extra Bath...WITH A WEISWAY



MEETS this need for added bathing facilities in old homes as well as new. Self-contained, leakproof, a Weisway is a complete bath in itself with showerhead, valves and drain. Patented non-slip floor of vitreous porcelain. Easily, quickly installed in three-foot square or less. Models for simplest cottage to finest home.

FREE! Mail Coupon

for complete information.

WEISWAY
Cabinet Showers

HENRY WEIS
MFG. CO. (Est. 1870)

Please send information about Weisway () for present home () new home () store, institutions () industrial building.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

425 GAR STREET
ELKHART, INDIANA

() for present home

() new home () store, institutions () industrial building

State _____

Zip _____

The Greatest Refrigerator Values GENERAL ELECTRIC Ever Offered!

AT LOWEST PRICES IN G-E HISTORY!

*Beautifully Styled!
Spacious Interiors!
New Conveniences!*

SEE the new 1940 G-E—the refrigerator with Conditioned Air! It's the most complete, the thriftiest refrigerator G-E ever built! Yet General Electric prices go even lower for 1940!

More beautiful styling, more spacious interiors, more wanted conveniences—plus the famous General Electric Thrift Unit—make these 1940 models the greatest G-E Refrigerator values ever offered. See them today at your G-E dealer's, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



CONDITIONED AIR!

KEEPS FOOD FRESHER LONGER. Air sweet and clean like that in the old-fashioned spring house.

1. **New Air-Filter** freshens air, practically eliminates transfer of food odors. You can taste the difference!
2. **New G-E Cold Storage Compartment** automatically controls humidity for keeping meats better longer.
3. **New G-E Humi-Dial** provides proper humidity for keeping vegetables.

**HERE'S WHY You'll Always
Be Glad You Bought a G-E!**

CONDITIONED AIR! Controlled temperature, humidity, and constant circulation of freshened air.

SELECTIVE STORAGE. All four needed zones—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone Storage.

SEALED-IN-STEEL G-E THRIFT UNIT. Famous for quiet, low-cost operation and enduring economy.

A Statement by the General Electric Company

We believe the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered—one that will cost less to own than any other refrigerator you can buy at any price. Into its manufacture has gone the knowledge and skill acquired through six years of research.



SEE G-E
THAT'S THE BUY!

The New G-E Refrigerator provides low, fast freezing temperatures, and gives you what General Electric engineers have found to be the most convenient, most practical low-cost method of food preservation ever developed.

"Research Keeps G-E Years Ahead!"

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"Daughter of the Stars"

That is the meaning of "Shenandoah"—the name of the beautiful and historic valley nestled beside the Blue Ridge Mountains of Old Virginia. SEE it . . . its Natural Wonders and quaint little towns. Then visit the adjoining Shenandoah National Park and ride over its famous *Skyline Drive*—your "magic carpet" through this magical land.

OLD VIRGINIA

The Land of Romance.



Colonial Williamsburg



Tossing Care to the Wind!

Write for FREE 80-page illustrated book
"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia"
(If interested in special places or events,
mention these when writing.)



VIRGINIA
CONSERVATION COMMISSION
Room 801, 914 Capitol Street
Richmond, Virginia

GARDEN WEEK in Old Virginia, April 22-27

Special free booklet on this event available

INSURE

"Happy Landings"

FOR YOUR MOVIES OR STILLS!



USE
A

DA-LITE

GLASS-BEADED SCREEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

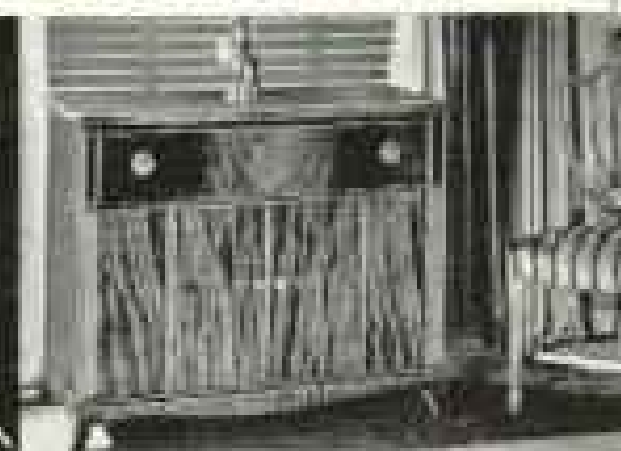
The Da-Lite Glass-Beaded surface brings out all of the shades of color or black and white pictures with "camera-eye fidelity." Pictures are brighter from all viewing angles. The result of 31 years of leadership in screen manufacture. Many styles. The Challenger shown above can be set up anywhere in 15 seconds. See at your dealers! Write for literature now!

DA-LITE SCREEN COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. T.G. - 3733 North Crawford Ave. - Chicago, Ill.

A MARVEL OF ADVANCED RADIO ENGINEERING

THE NEW 1940 Custom Built PHILHARMONIC

By *Scott*



Long acknowledged "The World's Finest Radio," the newest Scott rises to even greater heights of engineering development and performance. Guaranteed to outperform any other receiver in the world . . . or money refunded. Many famous musicians (including Toscanini, Bartinielli, Heifetz) have honored the Scott by choosing it for personal use.

BUILT-TO-ORDER BY SKILLED TECHNICIANS

Hand made from finest materials . . . to the most exacting standards. Many features are amazing Scott developments. Performance is, to our knowledge, more sensational than has ever been attained in radio or record reproduction. Yet the Scott can be yours for little more than standard production radios.

FULL MONTH'S TRIAL • 5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Extended payments (in U.S.A. only) if desired. Sold only direct from our Laboratories and Studios.

GET DETAILS OF SAVINGS YOU CAN MAKE—ACT NOW!

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4448 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 1F40, Chicago, Ill.

Send all facts, special offer, order blank and Current Scott Record Review. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

STUDIOS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, LOS ANGELES





**"SURE, I MADE THOSE MOVIES
... but give my Filmo a little credit, too!"**



Movie Opportunity No. 390



PALM-SIZE
Filmo 8

MAKES MOVIES
AT SNAPSHOT
COST

ONLY **\$49.⁵⁰**

WHAT a thrill—when your friends praise your personal movies! But the wise movie maker knows that it takes the finest equipment to produce movies that friends compare favorably with Hollywood's product. And he knows that Filmo personal movie cameras and projectors are built by Bell & Howell, makers since 1907 of Hollywood's professional equipment.

With a Filmo, it's easy even for beginners to make clear, sparkling, beautiful movies, indoors or out, in full color, too! And with extra speeds including slow motion, device for animating titles, maps, and cartoons, and provision for using telephoto lenses, Filmo is a basic camera which will keep pace with your progress.

Filmos are priced from only \$49.50. Your dealer offers easy terms. Mail coupon for free movie booklet. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; London.

**NEW "SHELLOADING"
16 mm.**

Filmo



This new 16 mm. Filmo is free from gadgets. It "shelloads" with pre-threaded film magazines. Permits mid-reel changes from color to black-and-white. With fast F 2.7 lens, \$115. Other models to \$1155.

**FREE
MOVIE
BOOKLET**

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
1804 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Okay! Send free, 16-page booklet describing:
() Palm-size Filmo 8; () new 16 mm. Filmo.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....NO 4-40

PRECISION-MADE BY
BELL & HOWELL

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY



Relax on the superb beaches of beautiful RIO DE JANEIRO . . . thrill to SANTOS and SAO PAULO where orchids in profusion dispute King Coffee's rule . . . MONTEVIDEO whose roses perfume the air . . . majestic BUENOS AIRES, brilliant capital of Western gaiety . . . the trip is perfect when you make it on the

33,000-Ton American Flag Luxury Liners
S. S. BRAZIL S. S. URUGUAY
S. S. ARGENTINA

designed for cruising comfort, with a holiday atmosphere that matches the tempo of modern Latin America.

38 DAY CRUISES to the captivating East Coast of South America, sailing from New York every other Friday, calling at six ports, including Barbados and Trinidad. Cruises from \$360 tourist, \$480 first class (\$550 certain seasons). Liberal stop-over arrangements available. Also 'Round South America Tours.



Consult Your Travel Agent or

MOORE-McCORMACK
Lines, 1 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHEREVER YOU GO CARRY
MELLON
TRAVELERS CHEQUES



Before leaving on a trip convert your expense money into Mellon Travelers Cheques. You will find them safe and convenient, readily accepted in lieu of currency, or easily changed into cash when necessary. Ask for them at your bank.

MELLON NATIONAL BANK
PITTSBURGH

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Your
PREVIEW TO A
PERFECT VACATION
Free



FORTY fascinating colorful pages of pictures, maps, general and historic information. A book specially designed and created to help you plan your visit in Tennessee. Contains maps and data on Tennessee's main scenic divisions, highlights, historic spots and highways. This complete preview of vacation opportunities is yours for the asking. Address:

Room 939, Conservation Department,
Nashville, Tennessee

Scenic State of **TENNESSEE**

YELLOWSTONE
at
Lowest
Cost in History!

Standard 2½-day tour of Yellowstone Park, via hotels and modern sightseeing buses, \$36. Include Yellowstone on your trip to or from the Pacific Coast.



Route Your
Freight "N. P."



TRAVEL NORTHERN PACIFIC
Scenic Route Across America!

To Yellowstone and Rainier National Parks... California and Golden Gate Exposition . . . Pacific Northwest . . . Alaska . . . Montana-Wyoming Dude Ranches. Low-cost planned individual trips and Escorted Tours. Tell us where and how you wish to go. We'll send literature and full information. Address E. E. Nelson, 305 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minnesota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ROUTE OF THE
Air-Conditioned

NORTH COAST LIMITED

"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

It's a Pleasure
TO USE THIS LAWN MOWER!

You who are proud of your lawn—and like to cut it at times—need this new F & N Marathon lawn mower. It cuts your grass so beautifully—so evenly and perfectly—just like you've always wanted! And it rolls so easy a child can push it! This mower is a satisfaction to own, and a thrill to use!

Introduced this year by the leading lawn mower manufacturer, the F & N Marathon is entirely different and better. Practically all parts are made of zinc alloy—a new metal that is die-cast for machine precision—that is stronger and longer wearing, and 40% lighter. Here's a

mower that's built to last for years and years—with extra easy, quiet operation throughout its long life.

YOU'LL BE PROUD of its streamlined beauty, its pastel green finish, trimmed in chromium. Extra large air-cushion tires, rubber-covered roller, and big, comfortable handle-grips help make it a pleasure to use. See all these features—and the Marathon's many other advantages before you buy any mower. Never before a lawn mower value like this! Quality buyers won't accept any other! Sold by good lawn mower dealers everywhere.

F & N LAWN MOWER CO., Richmond, Ind.



New F & N **Marathon** LAWN MOWER
FROM THE WORLD'S LEADING LAWN MOWER BUILDERS



THIS FREE BOOK

UPSETS HEATING TRADITION

HERSHEY MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO.
240 Eby St., Manheim, Pa.

Mail your free, 17 page book, and full details of "Automatic Heat Which Pays for Itself". I live where hard coal is available.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____

Read how your present furnace is suited for lowest-cost automatic heat and how Motorstokor handles coal and ashes automatically and keeps a uniform temperature. Mail the coupon and learn how to cut fuel cost up to 1/3 or more. See this booklet at once.

PAY FOR YOUR EQUIPMENT WITH MOTORSTOKOR SAVINGS

Motorstokor actually saves cash from the very first year, while ending all furnace tending, uneven heat, and furnace dirt. See why Motorstokor is also ideal for new homes.

YOUR BOOK MAILED IMMEDIATELY by one of the oldest manufacturers of automatic coal stokers, free of charge to residents in anthracite (hard coal)-burning sections. Send for it now. No obligation. Just your name and address on this coupon.





SO-O-BIG!

Copyright Dresser Quinsigama

Above, from left to right, Yvonne, Marie, Annette, Cecile, Emilie show keen interest in a model of the famous coach that symbolizes Fisher craftsmanship. On the left, they're obviously delighted with its most modern counterpart—the 1940 Body by Fisher—and the luxurious way it enhances the new Chevrolet. Note the absence of distortion in its Hi-Tect Safety Plate Glass—used in all door windows and Ventipanes as well as the windshield of the 1940 Special De Luxe Chevrolet sedan shown here.

Copyright
Elliott Spindler

THESE world-famous little ladies are certainly growing up in style • Here they're learning how the world's most famous motor car body has grown up, too—into the widest, longest, strongest Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher that General Motors cars have ever had • Its extra room, you can imagine, is a mighty important contribution to motoring comfort—while its newly strengthened steel construction makes your security on the highway more certain than ever • But of all the ultra-modern features with which the 1940 Body by Fisher abounds, none is more eye-opening than its Planned Vision • It increases the range of your view ahead with a wider

windshield. It broadens your scope of traffic behind with a more effective placement of the rear-view mirror and a 10% to 18% larger back window. And it rids your sight-seeing of distortion and eyestrain—by the use of genuine Safety Plate Glass all around • That's why you hear it repeated so often, "The buyword for '40 is Body by Fisher"—which means a General Motors car, of course.



Up to the mountains or



down to the sea



vacations . . .

in Washington

and the Pacific Northwest



Folks who have "been everywhere" vote for Washington. You can have a grand time visiting the snow fields and Alpine meadows of Mt. Rainier

and Mt. Baker . . . cosmopolitan Seattle, seaport for Alaska . . . the untouched forests, and Pacific Ocean beaches of the Olympic Peninsula across Puget Sound. Stop off at Yellowstone Park en route west.

Low cost luxury on the electrified OLYMPIAN

Traveling on The Milwaukee Road's Olympian adds to your pleasure. 656 smokeless, sootless, cinderless miles through rugged Montana Canyon and over the Rockies, Bitter Roots and Cascades. See Indian Ceremonials en route. Enjoy the unique thrill of riding in special open observation cars during summer months.

Free illustrated booklet

Plan your trip from "Pacific Northwest Vacation Suggestions." It tells how much you can see and do at low cost. Write today to

F. N. HICKS, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room B17, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

1006A-4

The MILWAUKEE ROAD



. . . THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT N-Y-K.

Experienced travelers know that on the great, modern ships of N.Y.K. they will find the tradition of friendliness and service that creates the perfect atmosphere for sea travel. Travel by N.Y.K. is inexpensive, yet always luxurious, regardless of the class of service you select to Japan, Manchoukuo, the Philippines, Malaysia, India, the Mediterranean, South America.

PACIFIC COAST TO JAPAN

Lowest all year round-trip fares:

1st Class from \$595 Tourist Cabin from \$245

Subject to change

PACIFIC COAST TO SOUTH AMERICA by modern motor liners—Yasukuni Maru and Heiyo Maru.

N. Y. K.'s GREAT NEW MODERN FLEET

The first of 9 new passenger vessels, the Nitta Maru, 16,500 tons gross, will enter the California service in June, 1940. All first class cabins and public rooms of this liner will be air-conditioned.

SEE YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT, or write Dept. 14, N.Y.K. Line: 23 Broadway, New York; 551 Market St., San Francisco; 1404 Fourth Ave., Seattle; 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 518 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, or any Cunard White Star Ltd. Office.

N·Y·K·LINE (JAPAN MAIL)



YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR PAUL REVERE GALLOPING BY THIS TEE!



GOLF courses past which rode Paul Revere! Sea beaches where Colonial maidens played! Mountain camps and rolling river valleys haunted with memories of King Philip! . . . Boating, fishing, horseback riding, tennis, summer theatres, dancing, gala hotels, sight-seeing trips, and delicious old Massachusetts food in the land where Minute Men once bred the "shot heard 'round the world."

Come to Massachusetts this summer. For nowhere, but in Massachusetts, can you find such an interesting and enjoyable place for healthful rest and recreation.

WRITE FOR THIS HANDSOME BOOKLET "Play where America was born — IN MASSACHUSETTS"

Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS., DEPT. G-1

Please send me, free, the above illustrated booklet which gives complete details about recreating in Massachusetts.

Check here for specific information about:

Cape Cod North Shore Berkshire
 Historic Boston South Shore Pioneer Valley

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Drive to OREGON **down the famed Columbia River Highway**

● Drive to *air-conditioned* Oregon this summer for the vacation trip of a lifetime. Motor down the Old Oregon Trail—the historic highway that follows the path of the pioneers. Stop in the beautiful Blue Mountains. Turn off to the vast primitive area of the Willows. Continue on down the Columbia River Highway, world-renowned for its majestic beauty. Forming the western link of the Trail, it follows the Columbia to the sea. A side-trip over the "Loop" encircles snow-capped Mt. Hood. See Bonneville Dam, Uncle Sam's gigantic power and navigation project. Stop at Multnomah Falls, one of the beauty spots of the nation. Visit Portland, "City of Roses," and drive

on through scenes of beauty along the Lower Columbia to historic Astoria and the broad white beaches of the Pacific. Here the magnificent Oregon Coast Highway sweeps southward for 400 miles.

Wherever you may live, good roads will bring you to our borders quickly, easily and inexpensively. For instance, it costs less than \$35 to drive your car from Chicago to Oregon, is only 40 to 43 hours driving time. Oregon is only 13 hours from Yellowstone Park, 10 hours from San Francisco, 8 hours from British Columbia. Within our state a superb network of highways make all our famed scenic attractions easily accessible. Send for State's free booklet.

PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL, June 5 to 8 ✧ MT. HOOD LEGION CLIMB, Hood River, July 21
PENDLETON ROUND-UP, September 11 to 14

Room 202, Travel Department
OREGON STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION, Salem, Oregon
Please send me your illustrated booklet on Oregon

Name _____

Address _____

DRIVE
OREGON
Highways



The National Geographic Directory of Colleges, Schools and Camps



Girls' Camps

THE ALOHA CAMPS

FAIRLEE, Vermont. 20th Season. Three separate camps. Aloha Camp for girls from 12 to 16. Aloha Hive for girls from 6 to 12. Lanakila for boys from 6 to 14. For catalogue address Mrs. E. L. GULICK, 12 Ferrin Road, Brookline, Mass.

BROWN LEDGE

MALLET'S Bay, Vermont. . . . one of New England's finest camps. Daily riding for all included in fee! All sports. Sailing, golf, dramatics. 25 selected girls. Band—orchestra. Catalog (10 to 14). Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brown, Arlington Hall College, Box G, Washington, D. C.

CAMP COTUIT

DU CLOS COE, Juniors, Intermidiate, Seniors. Counselor for every three girls. Sailing featured. Swimming. Tennis. Canoe trips. Music. Arts. Crafts. Fee includes riding on famous Oyster Harbor paths. *Booklet, Miss Emma Schumacher, 170 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.*

OGONTZ

WHITE MOUNTAIN Camp for Girls. On Ogontz Lake, near Sugar Hill, N. H. Aquatics, swimming, sailing, golf, riding, tennis. Crafts, nature study. Tutoring. Rustic cabins on 100 acres. Two weeks at Ogontz Seaside Camp in Maine by arrangement. *Booklet, Abby A. Sutherland, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.*

SARGENT SUMMER CAMPS

AT PETERBOROUGH, N. H. A glorious summer on a large private lake. All land and water sports. Seniors, 14-19; Intermediate, 9-13; Juniors, 5-8. Counselor-training course. Riding in fee. *Catalog.*
ERNEST HERMANN, Director
2 Everett Street
Cambridge, Mass.

TEELA-WOOKET

THE HORSEBACK Camps. In Green Mts. of Vermont. Everybody rides! Golf, water sports, archery, tennis, outdoor theatre, music, dancing, crafts. Catalog explains two new moderate rate plans. No extras. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. ROYS, 48 Ordway Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

WAUKEELA

CONWAY, N. H. More fun and happiness for girls. Seniors 14-20, Juniors 10-13. Midweek 5-8. Ideal White Mt. location. All sports, riding, trips. Crafts, dramatics. Affiliated Counselor-in-Training course at half rate. *Hope G. Allen, 90 South Angell Street, Providence, R. I.*

Boys' Camps

ADMIRAL NAVAL CAMP

BILLARD A summer of naval training afloat and ashore for boys 7-17. Tutoring available. Offshore cruises in 10-ft. sailing ship. All sports. Private sea beach. *Catalog, Adjutant, Admiral Billard Academy, New London, Conn.*

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMP

Boys 10-20, near Barnegat Bay. Cruise to N. Y. World's Fair. Seamanship, sailing, land sports. Modern building. Rate includes uniform. Rear Admiral S. S. Robinson, U. S. N. (Ret.), Sept. *Catalog, Box 17, Toms River, N. J.*

CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS

On Lake Mendocino. Eight weeks of Culver training. Regular Academy personnel. Exceptional housing, dining and medical facilities. Naval or Cavalry (boys 14-18); Woodcraft (9-14). Specify catalog desired. *40 Lake Shore Terr., Culver, Ind.*

IDLEWILD

FAMOUS for water sports. Speedboat cruises. 25-acre island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Three camps, boys 6-18. Canoe, Hilly, Moderate fee includes riding and golf, 10th year. Parents pleased—boys happy. *Booklet, L. D. ROYS, 328 Otis Street, West Newton, Mass.*

MON-O-MOY

THE SEA CAMP for Boys. 6-18, Cape Cod. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, deep-sea fishing, land sports. Riding, riflery. Tutoring. Camp Mother. Nurse. Free egg groups. Cabins. *Illustrated Booklet, WONO, a separate camp for girls from 9-18. H. N. DODD, West Auburn, Mass.*

PINNACLE

LYME, N. H. 24th year. On N. H. mountain slope, high above lake. Open-air sleeping cabins. Supervised swimming, canoeing, riflery, horseback riding. Workshop. Camp nurse. Three age groups. Personable, experienced counselors. Merit award stimulates achievement. *Catalog, Alvin G. Thayer, Dir., Lyme, N. H.*

SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 6-18. Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 22nd year. 700 acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. Fine lake swimming. All other sports. Skilled leader for each age. Personal development our aim. *Booklet, Robert Smith, 218 W. 81st St., New York City.*

"Mention the Geographic—
It identifies you."

Girls' Schools

THE ANNA HEAD SCHOOL

Est. 1897. Accredited College-preparatory and Lower School. Swimming, hockey, riding, tennis, the year round. Comfortable home and garden in college town. Address Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hyde, 2540 Channing Way, Berkeley, California.

ARLINGTON HALL

JUNIOR COLLEGE and 4-year high school. Strong Academic work. Excellent Music and other Depts. Virginia hills, 20 minutes from White House. Modern buildings, 100-acre wooded campus. All sports—indoor riding arena. *Carrie N. Sutherland, M.A., Pres., Washington, D. C.*

ASHLEY HALL

ACCREDITED college preparatory and general courses in atmosphere of historic Southern culture. Music, dramatics, home economics, art. Outdoor sports; riding, pool. Lower school. Write for catalog. *Mary Verdine McBe, L. H. D., Principal, Box N, Charleston, S. C.*

CHEVY CHASE

ACCREDITED Junior College and Senior High School. Art, Music, Drama, Secretarial, Home Ec. Washington advantages. Sports. Catalogs. Mrs. F. E. Farrington, Regent; Philip Milo Ball, Ph.D., President. Chevy Chase School, Box N, Washington, D. C.

EDGEWOOD PARK

COLLEGE preparatory, advanced courses in liberal and fine arts, secretarial science, medical asst., home ec., dramatics, journalism. Costume design, interior decoration, merchandising. All sports—riding. Moderate rates. *Catalog, Box N, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.*

Girls' Schools

FAIRFAX HALL

STANDARD accredited work. 2 years college. Cymru high school. Secretarial, Fine Arts. In Shenandoah Valley near Skyline Drive. Attractive buildings, large campus. All sports. Private table. Indoor and outdoor pools. Catalogs request. *Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box 4-N, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.*

GREENBRIER COLLEGE

Full young women's Junior College and Preparatory. Founded 1872. In the Alleghenies. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial, Recreational and Social Activities. Modern fireproof dormitory. Address *French W. Thompson, Pres., Dept. N, Lewisburg, W. Va.*

KINGSWOOD—CRANBROOK

Grades 7-12, postgraduates. College preparatory and general courses. 30 acres on lake near Detroit. Unusual opportunities in arts, handicrafts, sciences. Music, dramatics, sports. *Secretary, 155 Cranbrook Road, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.*

Linden Hall
JUNIOR COLLEGE
ATTRACTIVE 25-acre campus. Modern equipment. Pool, riding stables, and paddock. In Lancaster County, garden spot of America. 1 1/2 hours from Philadelphia. **COURSES:** Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Speech, Drama, Home Economics, Secretarial Science, Writing. Also Preparatory Department. For catalogue address *F. W. Stengel, D.D., Box 47, Lititz, Pa.*

Vocational



AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING

... for High School & College Graduates

Are you interested in the most important engineering career... whether you have only a high school education, but had some college work, or even had graduated from college? The new post-war airplane is the fastest possible (M.P.F.C.I.E.T.) training covering exactly what our main home, and wherever you live, how to do, in a straightforward engineering way. Are you interested in the most important design and production problems, in specially equipped laboratories and shops. The practical experience is called "the most important phase" of aeronautical engineering training by John K. Northrop, past president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and member of the school's Executive Board. Are you interested in the most important phase of graduate education? Are you interested in the most important phase of the career? Are you interested in the most important phase of the career? Are you interested in the most important phase of the career?

AERO INDUSTRIES TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
1201 WEST 24th FERRIS ROAD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
The foremost institution for dramatic training
SPRING TERM BEGINS APRIL 1st
For catalog of all courses address the Secretary, Room 271
Carnegie Hall, New York

KATHARINE GIBBS SCHOOL

SECRETARIAL. One and Two Year Courses. Special Course for College Women. Residences in Boston and New York. Catalog. Assistant Dean, Boston, 90 Marlborough St.; New York, 230 Park Ave.; Providence, 155 Angell St.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

COME TO WASHINGTON. Qualify in 4 months for well-paid hotel positions. Placement Service free of extra charge. New day classes now forming. Catalog Free. *Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Div. FWE 1188, Washington, D. C.*

Girls' Schools

LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE

NEW MILLS from Boston. Two-year courses for high school graduates. Academic, Home Ec., Secretarial, Merchandising, Pre-nursing, Art, Music, College Prep. Sports, riding. Catalog. *Guy M. Winslow, Ph.D., 123 Woodland Rd., Auburndale, Mass.*

OAK GROVE A FRIENDS SCHOOL

EMERSONIAN Preparation for College and Graduate Living. Music, Art, Dramatics. Graduate Course Bio. Science. Upper and Lower Schools. Joyous Outdoor Life. Riding included. New fireproof buildings. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 140, Vassalboro, Maine.

PENN HALL JR. COLLEGE

ACCREDITED 2-yr. College; 4-yr. Prep. School (Girls). Part of May at Ocean City. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Int. Dev., Costume Design, Int. Journalism, Secretarial, Cosmology, baths, Sports, Riding. Catalog. *Box W, Chambersburg, Pa.*

WALNUT HILL

PREPARATORY and general courses. Excellent record with leading colleges. Music, art, 10-acre campus (7 miles from Boston's cultural advantages, 3 miles from Wellesley College). All sports, riding, sailing. Founded 1881. *Hester R. Davies, Principal, 26 Highland Street, Natick, Mass.*

WARRENTON COUNTRY SCHOOL

NEAR WASHINGTON. College preparatory, cultural courses. French the language of the house. Teaches girls how to study, brings them nearer nature, inculcates habits of order and economy. *Mrs. Lee M. Bauligny, Box N, Warrenton, Va.*

The National Geographic Directory of Colleges, Schools and Camps

Boys' Schools

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

Prepares for the best colleges. Excellent personal supervision. Good health record. All sports; magnificent gymnasium; pool. Stable of 25 horses. 200 acres. 15th year. Reasonable rates. Catalog. Col. T. J. Heller or Maj. C. S. Heller, Jr., Fort Belvoir, Va.

BLAIR ACADEMY

Excellent preparation for college. Small classes. Wide choice of sports and student activities. Golf course. Swimming pool. Careful health supervision. 25 miles from New York. Address Charles H. Breed, Headmaster, Box 17, Blairstown, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Culture Preparatory. Accredited. Business and General courses. Experienced, inspiring teachers. Boys taught how to study. Healthful location. Seven miles from Trenton. All sports. Junior school. 25th year. Catalog. Registrar, Box 654, Bordentown, N. J.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMIES

Junior and Senior. Honor school. Scholarship and character chief considerations. Generous endowment. Enrollment limited. Rates \$20 and \$35. Col. H. N. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon, Tenn.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL

Founded 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Principals: Franklin T. Kurt, 552 Boylston Street (Copley Square), Boston, Mass.

PUHL'S ARMY-NAVY SCHOOL

Annapolis, West Point. 30th year. Specializing Naval Reserve and Congressional activities. Summer Course. Request catalog. Columbian Preparatory School, 1441 Rhode Island Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

CRANBROOK SCHOOL

Beautiful, modern school of recognized standing. Grades 7-12 and postgraduate. College preparatory. Also arts, crafts, music. Athletics and hobbies encouraged. Single rooms. Near Detroit. The Registrar, 4000 Lane Pine Rd., Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

on Lake Maxinkuckee. Educates the whole boy. College preparatory, Post-graduate work, 8th grade. 250 graduates in 115 colleges. 1000-acre campus. All sports. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Band. Moderate cost. Catalog. 49 Parshing Terr., Culver, Ind.

Colleges for Women

BEAVER COLLEGE

STANDARD 4-year College. Liberal arts, sciences, music, art, education, home economics, education. Near Philadelphia. Gym, pool. 10th year. Moderate rates. Write for Catalog. Office of Registrar, Box N, Jenkintown, Pa.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

A. B., B. E., B. S. degrees. Also 2-yr. Junior College. Prepares for civic and social leadership. Modernized curriculum. Vocational courses. Special work in music, art. Near St. Louis. Sports. Catalog. J. L. Roemer, D.D., Pres., Box 240, St. Charles, Mo.

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Bachelor degrees, certificates. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Music, Kindergarten Training, Speech, Secretarial, Fine Arts. Pleasant social life. Sports. Riding. Tree-shaded campus, suburban to Baltimore. Write for Catalog. Box N, Lutherville, Maryland.

Professional Schools

BABSON INSTITUTE

SELECTED MEN are trained for eventual responsibility in business. Inductive, distribution, finance taught by problem-discussion method. Field trips. Modern buildings on 30-acre campus near Boston. One and two yr. courses. Catalog. Carl E. Smith, Pres., Babson Park, Mass.

Boys' Schools

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

Every facility for the complete development of boys preparing for college. Accredited. Small classes. New \$25,000 gymnasium, indoor rifle range, swimming pool. I.O.T.C. 6th year. Catalogue. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box N-4, Waynesboro, Va.

FORK UNION

FULLY accredited. Small classes. RICE. Supervised study. Prepares for college at business. Junior school small boys. House-mother. Athletics. Swimming. 2nd year. Catalog. Dr. J. J. Wicker, Fork Union Military Academy, Box N, Fork Union, Va.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

8th Year. Accredited. Lower School, High School, 1st Year College. Fireproof buildings. All sports. Summer Camp. For Catalog and "Evolution" (Success Record), address Major D. T. Moore, Registrar, Box N, Lewisburg, W. Va.

HOWE SCHOOL

EPISCOPAL. 8th year. Character building emphasized. Graduates enrolled in best colleges. Individual guidance, military training (I. O. T. C.), sports for all. Junior school with separate faculty. Summer Camp. Moderate cost. Catalog. Barrett B. Buxton, 940 Academy Place, Howe, Ind.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior College and High School. 8th year. Fully accredited. Superior scholastic, military, athletic rating. \$20,000 gym. Indoor pool, rifle range. Golf. Heats escape. Send for Catalog and View Book. Col. A. M. Hitch, 40-B Third St., Greenville, Mo.



Fully accredited boys' (10 to 21 years) preparatory school established 1887. Academic and science courses. Special classes including college algebra. Able, friendly instructors. Supervised athletics, including skiing, equitation, golf, for all students. Write now for "The Kiski Plan." Kiski makes Miss Kiskiminetes Springs School, Box 430, Saltburg, Pa.

LAKE FOREST ACADEMY

A BAPTIST college preparatory school for boys. Write for "The Richards Plan in Education," it is different, gives the boy's interest, is an incentive to hard work, gets results. Full Athletic Program. 3rd year. John Wayne Richards, Midm., Box N, Lake Forest, Ill.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

ACCREDITED college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. Small classes. Well-equipped buildings on 167 acres. Pool and ocean swimming. Golf. Jr. Dept. 10th year. Moderate rates. Catalogue. Rev. Brother Ambrose, F. S. C., Box G, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

MANLIUS SCHOOL

7 YEARS HIGH SCHOOL preparation for college and life. Individual help. Military life develops leadership. All sports. Famous for skiing. Hockey. Golf. Gym. Swimming Pool. Band. Fine health record. Catalog. Col. Guido F. Vurbeck, Box 440, Manlius, N. Y.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

High School and separate Junior School. 6th year. Inspires boy to best efforts by teaching how to Study. I. O. T. C. Small classes. Prepares for college or business. Write for catalog. Col. C. R. Strilling, M. M. A., 940 Main St., Mexico, Mo.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

PROGRAM for personal development of every boy. Prepares for better colleges. Develops leadership. Near Chicago. All sports, riding. 6th year. Lower and Junior schools. Catalog. Col. H. D. Abells, Box 740, Morgan Park, Ill.

MOSES BROWN SCHOOL

HELP and inspiration for each boy a century-old tradition. Known for successful college preparation. Arts and crafts hobbies. Secluded 22-acre campus. BELMONT, residence for younger boys. L. R. Thomas, Headmaster, 278 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY & NAVAL ACADEMY

A school whose distinctive methods of life and study have proved outstandingly successful. References requested as to character and ability. Col. R. P. Davidson, Supt. Lake Geneva, Wis.

Boys' Schools

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York

The School of Distinction

Only 50 miles from New York, high scholastic standing, three types of courses, unsurpassed school and sports equipment. Write the Commandant for catalog.

PEDDIE Specializes in preparing boys for colleges. 254 graduates in last five years have entered Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and similar colleges. 200 acres. 10 modern buildings. Junior school. All sports for all—golf, Summer session, 10th year. Catalog. Willbour E. Saunders, Box 4-N, Hightstown, N. J.

RIVERSIDE FOR PAST six years the nation's largest military preparatory school. Days 10-20. Six months in Blue Ridge Mountains with winter session Hollywood, Florida. Golf course, swimming, tennis, ocean sports station. Catalog. Gen. Sandy Beaver, Box N-4, Gainesville, Ga.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY IMPROVE military discipline helps your son develop confidence, leadership. Balanced program of conference study, recreation. Accredited. All sports. 8th year. Summer camp. Catalog. 1340 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY

OF THE many fine schools available, this Academy meets most your needs. Thorough scholarship; matchless facilities; private beach. View book & catalog. Maj. John L. Davis, Box 7, Carlsbad-By-The-Sea, Calif.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

- ★ Distinguished for excellent academic, military and athletic training. In beautiful, historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. High altitude. Unexcelled health record. Modern fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Visitation cordially welcomed.
- ★ COL. EMORY J. MIDDOUR, Supt.
- ★ Box D-4 Staunton, Virginia



STONY BROOK

"Character before Career." Aims to develop the whole boy—mentally, physically, spiritually. Seven buildings. Spacious campus on beautiful north shore of Long Island, 50 miles from N. Y. World's Fair. Address Frank E. Goehlein, Litt. D., Box N, Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

PREPARES for best colleges. Gov't academy. 6th year. Grades 8-12; post-grad. Box. Adults. Enrollment limit 500. Classes small. New Gym. In East Tenn. Highlands. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endley, Supt., Box 147, Sweetwater, Tenn.

TODD SCHOOL AND CAMP

FOR BOYS 6 to 25. 2nd year. Accredited. Vitalized individual College Preparation. Study help. Progressive. Radio Broadcasting. Drama. Shop. Swimming. Riding. Near Chicago. Catalog, or visit. Roger Hill, Prin., Box G, Woodstock, Illinois.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

WELL-BOUNDED training prepares cadets for any college. Ages 13-19. Fully accredited. Progressive attitude. Large playing fields. Sports for all. Horsemanship, gym, pool. Unique Cadet Club. Lower School. 2nd year. Catalog. Col. R. L. Jackson, Pres., Box N-4, Alton, Ill.

Colleges for Men

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY

College and Preparatory School. The West Point of the Keystone State. 19th year. Colonel Frank K. Hyatt, Lt. D. President. For Catalog address Franklin G. Williams, Ph.D., Registrar, Box N, Chester, Pa.

*A Thousand
Rainbows
caught in
stone*



Grand Canyon Nat'l Park

ARIZONA

• A mysterious world of mile-deep chasms; of rock formations aflame with the changing colors of a thousand rainbows. See all three famous National Parks . . . Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce Canyon on one low-cost motor tour from Cedar City, Utah, rail gateway to the Parks, quickly and conveniently reached by Union Pacific trains, modernly appointed for your travel comfort and enjoyment.



The Progressive

Union Pacific Railroad



W. S. BASINGER, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 774, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send information regarding travel
to Southern Utah-Arizona National Parks.

I am also interested in

Name

Street

City State

Do your half-clean
plates shout

**"FALSE
TEETH"**



avoid "tell-tale" stain
**KEEP PLATES
LIKE NEW
WITH POLIDENT**

One thing that can tell everyone your teeth are false—just as surely as if you shouted it—is "tell-tale" STAIN!

But you can prevent it. It's easy to do with Polident. This remarkable powder cleans and purifies false teeth and removable bridges like new—without brushing, acid or danger. It dissolves away every trace of stain, tarnish and food deposits.

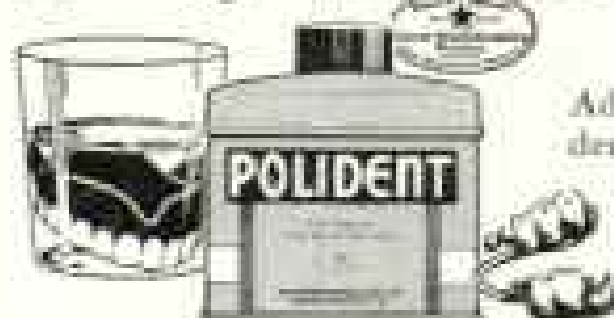
Your plate or bridge looks better and feels better—your mouth feels fresher. For, as thousands of leading dentists will tell you, Polident changes the cleansing of false teeth from a problem to a pleasure.

GUMS LOOK MORE "LIVE"

Food deposits, tarnish and mucin-film often give plates a "dead" look. Millions have now learned that Polident makes gums look more "live" and natural—when brushing and soaking in mouth washes often won't help!

Try Polident today, 30¢ at any drug store. *Your money back if not delighted.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

POLIDENT



NO BRUSHING

Add a little Polident powder to 1/2 glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



“Aren't you glad your son had this picture taken?”

AN X-RAY PICTURE of your lungs may give comforting reassurance that you do not have pulmonary tuberculosis. However, it might indicate the presence of the disease.

▶ Although America's death rate from tuberculosis was lower in 1939 than ever before, the distressing fact remains that this disease still is a major cause of suffering and death—and the leading cause of death among young people.

It is between the ages of 15 and 30 that the disease claims its greatest number of victims. So, to mothers and fathers who have reason to worry about their children's lungs, and to young people within these age-limits, the X-ray can be a friend indeed.

▶ For the X-ray helps to reveal tuberculosis before familiar, obvious symptoms are recognized. And when found in the early stages, the disease usually can be cured. So this simple precaution can save many months of suffering, sacrificed savings, lost earning power.

More and more schools and colleges are making available facilities for regularly checking the health of all their students. Progressive industries and communities are learning the economic benefits of discovering tuberculous cases early within large groups of people where the disease is apt to spread. Many communities already are offering tuberculin tests and X-ray examinations at low cost, or even free to those unable to pay.

▶ Of course, such examination is even more im-

perative in the case of those who are known to have been exposed to infection from a person who has active tuberculosis. Also in cases where the most common warning symptoms of tuberculosis are present, such as—persistent pain in the chest, constant sense of fatigue, loss of weight, frequent indigestion or lack of appetite, persistent cough or hoarseness, spitting of blood, afternoon rises in temperature.

Since medical science is today better able than ever to diagnose tuberculosis early, and to cure it when discovered early, the best way to stamp out this disease is to detect early cases and so prevent its spread.

▶ You can do much to guard your home against tuberculosis. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Tuberculosis." Write Booklet Dept. 440-N, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

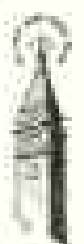
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

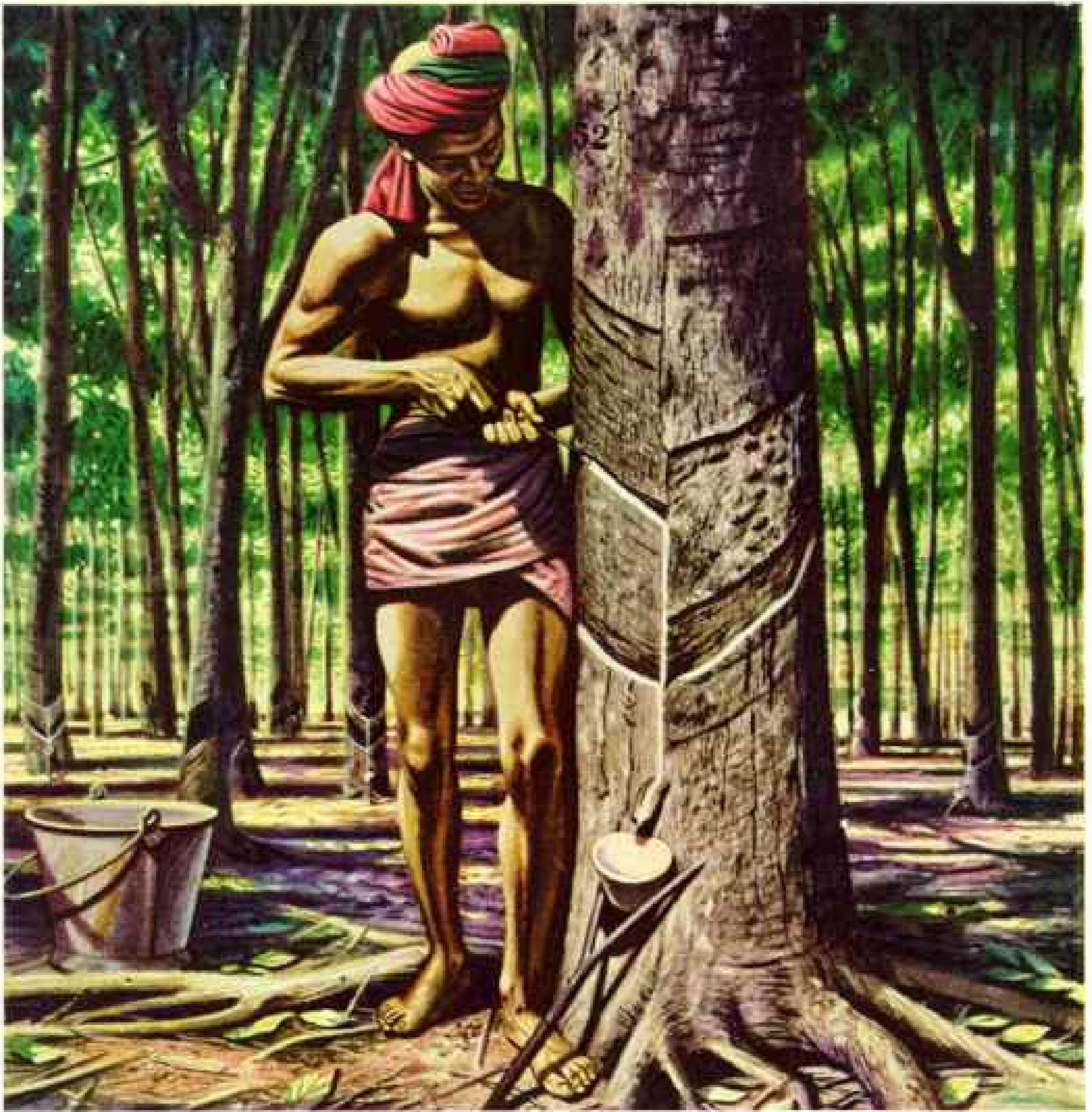
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick R. Eckor, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





The shock-absorber tree

THIS IS *Hevea brasiliensis*, the tropical tree from which rubber is made.

Rubber, because of its remarkable resilience, has become the chief shock absorber of the physical world, with uses extending from the tires on your car to the tremendous engine mountings for modern ships.

But, important as rubber is as a shock absorber, there are some small pieces of paper in your desk which do a more vital job of shock absorbing for you. They shield you from financial bumps and shocks; they are the shock absorbers of the economic realm.

These pieces of paper are your insurance policies. Should a fire destroy your home, or an acci-

dent put you in the hospital, or an automobile smashup make you the victim of a damage suit, insurance acts as a cushion that protects you from serious financial loss.

And should you unexpectedly be taken away, insurance will shield your wife and children from the too-common shock of being placed, overnight, at the mercy of the world.

Let a Travelers representative advise you on the most important types of insurance that you, individually, should own.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

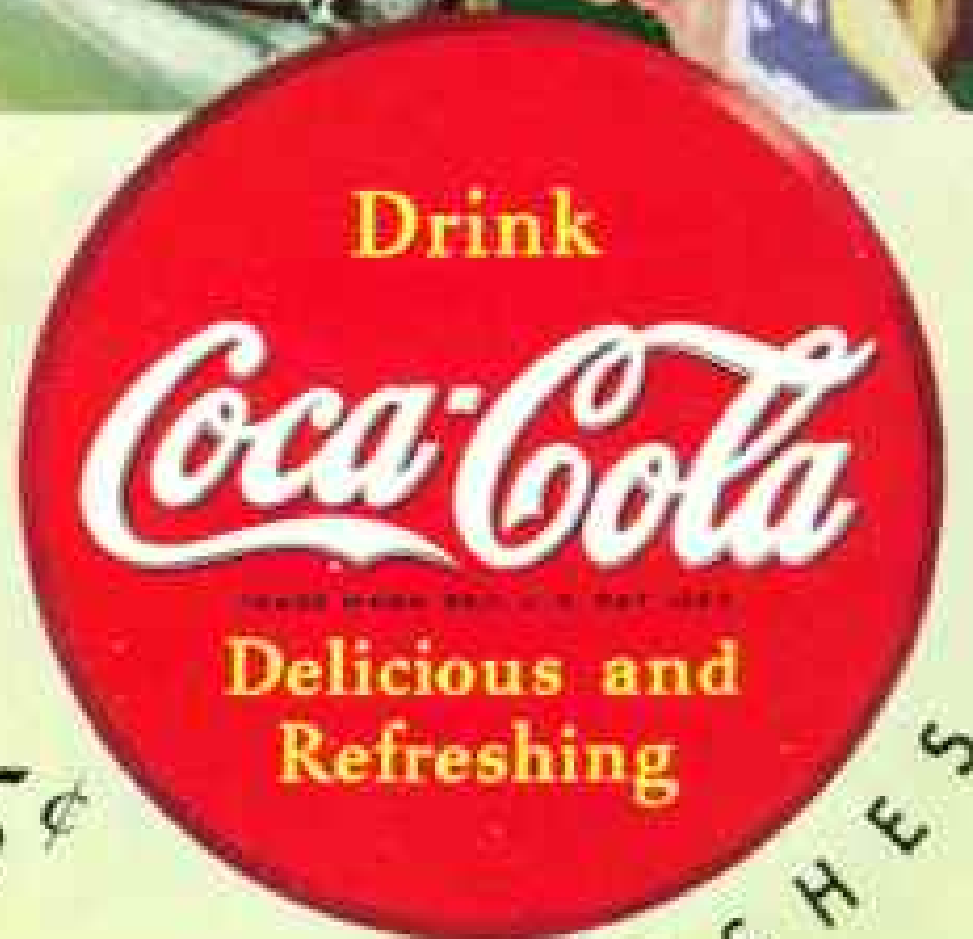
Take a minute to refresh



COPYRIGHT 1966, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

When you're so busy you're ready to drop...drop into an easy chair and enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola from your own refrigerator. It's a refreshing little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

5¢



THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



Life is a movie... only a movie camera can follow through

TO MAKE 16 MM. MOVIES... Magazine Ciné-Kodak, pocket size, effortless 3-second magazine loading, unphatically simple yet thoroughly versatile home movie camera, \$117.50. Ciné-Kodak "K," most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera, \$80. Ciné-Kodak "E," the low-priced "sixteen" that has many high-priced camera features, \$39.50.

TO SHOW 16 MM. MOVIES... Kodascope Model EE, Series II, capable, low priced, from \$65.45. Kodascope Model G, Series II, Eastman's newest precision-built projector, from \$112.95. Both complete with lens and lamp.

TO RECORD a great moment in all its living reality—get it with a movie camera. Only a movie camera can give you the complete event with all its change, action, drama.

Today hundreds of thousands of people are learning the fascination of home movies. Own your own movie camera—have the thrill of making living records for yourself, your family and friends.

Only Eastman gives you complete equipment and service... Ciné-Kodak—the home movie camera exactly suited to your needs... Ciné-Kodak Film... Processing that's convenient and included in the price of the film... Kodascope—the projector that shows your movies brilliantly—Eastman all, and all designed to work together.

Your dealer will show you the range of Eastman home movie equipment and project sample movies for you... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK TO PRESENT ENTIRELY NEW COLOR SHOW AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

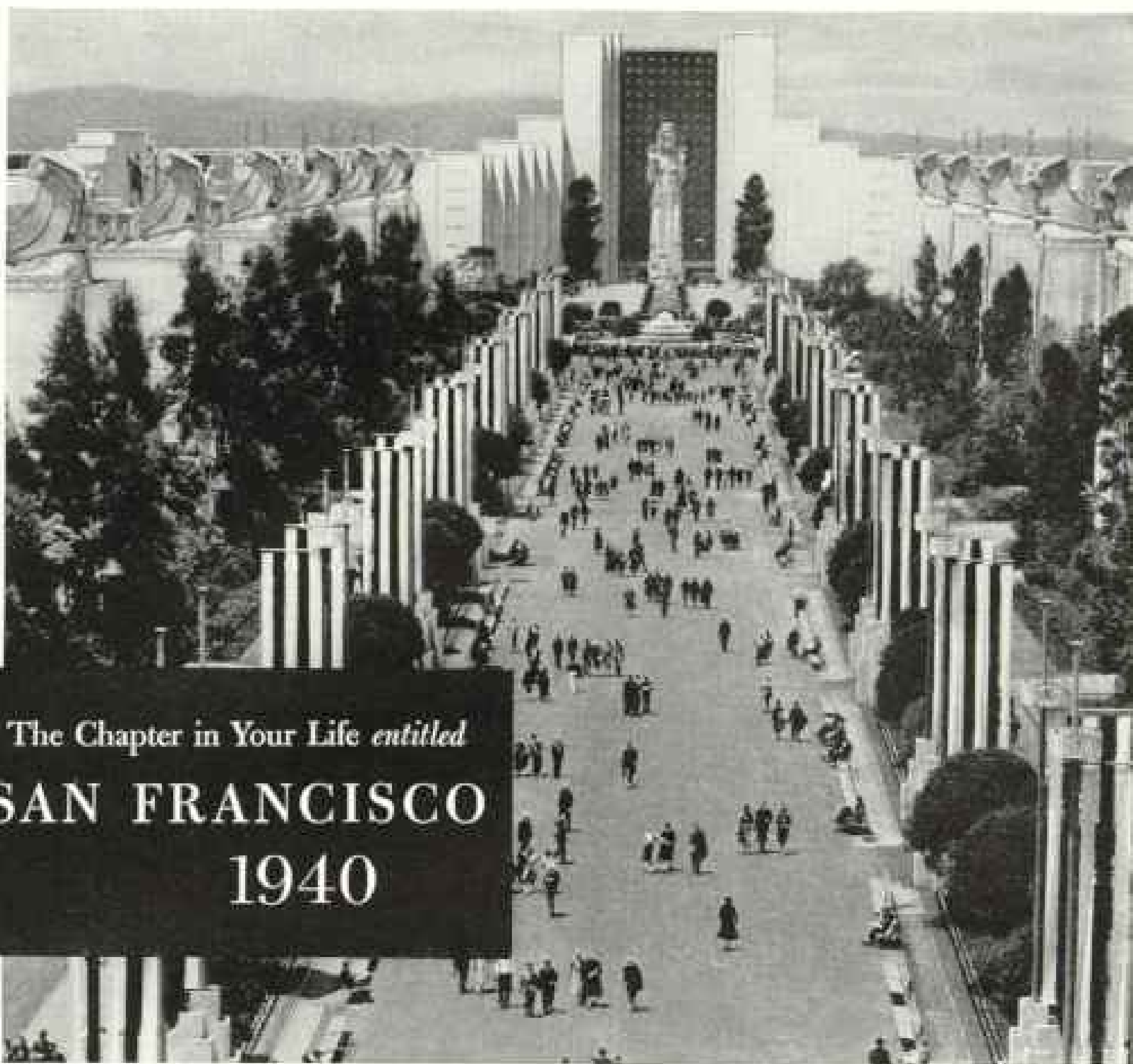


Last year, nearly 4,000,000 people marveled at the beauty and drama of Kodachrome full-color pictures projected on a 187-foot screen, longest in the world. Don't miss the new show—and don't forget your Ciné-Kodak.



Ciné-Kodak

Eastman's finer home movie cameras



The Chapter in Your Life *entitled*
SAN FRANCISCO
1940

NEW GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OPENS MAY 25

On Treasure Island in hill-rimmed San Francisco Bay, California is creating a new Exposition. Most beautiful of all World's Fairs said those who saw it last year. But we promise you that this new one will be more beautiful by far—with more entertainment and more precious treasures from the countries around the Pacific.

Opening May 25, the new Golden Gate International Exposition will run for four exciting months, closing forever on September 29.

Lovely as Treasure Island is, no Exposition could surpass in charm the City of San Francisco. When you first ride a merry cable car up Nob Hill, high above the mighty bridges and the Bay, you'll see at once why this City is so different from any other in the world. Even the most casual experience of San Francisco is an adventure. Adventure walks with you through fragrant Chinatown, at Fishermen's Wharf, along the busy Embarcadero. Adventure dines with you in every celebrated restaurant.

Send the coupon below for our new illustrated guide book, "The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco." It tells also about the great vacationland that San Francisco centers: Yosemite National Park, the Redwood Empire, the Mt. Shasta-Lassen Peak Country, Lake Tahoe and the Land of Gold, the enchanted Monterey Peninsula, Santa Cruz and many more. Find out how quickly and inexpensively you can come by highway, train or plane, and how little it costs to play in San Francisco.

Mail the coupon *today*.

★ CALIFORNIANS INC.

Dept. 504, 705 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Please send me your new, free 1940 vacation book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

HOW TO

See Twice as Much of the West

ON YOUR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA AND THE

San Francisco World's Fair



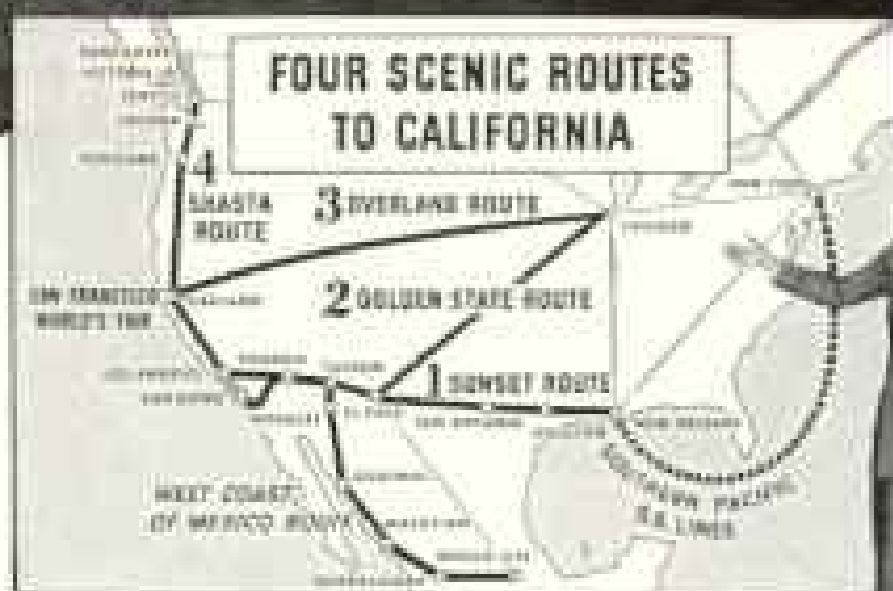
If you plan to visit the San Francisco World's Fair this summer, why not see the rest of the West, too?

Southern Pacific offers you a simple, easy way to see twice as much of the West for not 1¢ extra rail fare.

As you can see from the map, we have *Four Scenic Routes* to California instead of one. By going to San Francisco on *one* of these routes and returning on *another* S. P. route, you actually see twice as much as you would by going and returning on the same route!

For example, go to San Francisco on Southern Pacific's famous *Sunset Limited* or *Argonaut*, tracing the romantic *Sunset Route* through New Orleans, the Old South, Texas, Southern Arizona and Southern California. Return on our historic *Overland Route* aboard the swift *Streamliner City of San Francisco*, the royal *Forty-Niner*, the *Overland Limited*, *Pacific Limited*, or the money-saving *San Francisco Challenger* (good meals for 90¢ a day). See the High Sierra and the Rockies. Cross Great Salt Lake on the spectacular *Lucin Causeway*.

That's *one* way to see twice as much. Another way is to go on Southern Pacific's great *Golden State Limited* or the friendly *Californian* (all chair car and tourist train with 90¢ a day meals and stewardess-nurse). See El Paso and the Mexican Border country, the spectacular underground fairyland of *Carlsbad Caverns National Park* (a \$9.75 side trip), Southern California and the San



Francisco World's Fair. Return on Southern Pacific's de luxe *Cascade* through the Pacific Northwest, with side trips (if you wish) to the Redwood Empire and Crater Lake National Park.

The bigger and better San Francisco World's Fair opens May 25 and closes September 29, 1940.

Mail this coupon today for free, illustrated booklets describing the 1940 San Francisco World's Fair and our Four Scenic Routes. Address O. P. Bartlett, Dept. NT-4, 310 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SEE TWICE AS MUCH ON

Southern Pacific

THE ROAD OF WESTERN HOSPITALITY



Have you ever had a
French Canadian
vacation?

DRIVE the River Road to Québec, North bank or South . . . below you, great liners, wearing their dull grey war paint, steam slowly towards the sea, laden with supplies for embattled Europe from the mills of men . . . yet here, all is peace in the land where Old World and New meet and are one.

At the roadside, French Canadian farmwives display their hand-made hooked rugs in a gay kaleidoscope of colour . . . on their verandahs stand the family spinning-wheels . . . hard by the farmstead may be seen the stone bake-ovens whence comes the Staff of Life of rural Québec.

Spires in the distance . . . a run through a modern suburb . . . then through a gate in the Old Wall and through narrow, Old-World streets to the ramparts of Canada's ancient Capital . . . Québec City.

To-morrow you'll go sightseeing in a *Calèche*, remarkable vehicle which is neither hansom-cab nor Irish jaunting cart, but is native to Québec itself. You'll visit the Plains where Wolfe and Montcalm fell . . . pastoral Ile d'Orléans . . . Ste-Anne de Beaupré, famous shrine. There's so much to do, so much to see.

Try a French Canadian vacation this year! Come to Québec, the Province where your dollar goes farther, and where Old World and New live side by side and are one. Never mind your passport—neighbours need none.

For maps and descriptive literature, apply to your home travel agency, automobile club, Chamber of Commerce, railway, steamship or bus office, or write direct to

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec
TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC • CANADA M1



THIS FREE BOOK TELLS HOW TO SELECT A BINOCULAR

How to judge magnification, field of view, clearness of image, light gathering power. Describes 19 Bausch & Lomb Field Glass and Binocular models, \$16 to \$152. Write for your copy, Bausch & Lomb, 198 Lomb Park, Rochester, N.Y.

Left—B&L 8 power, 30 mm Zephyr-Light Binocular, 10 1/2 inches, \$20.

BAUSCH & LOMB
Binoculars
THE WORLD'S BEST — BY ANY TEST

BOLENS ROLLER MOWER

A **FINE** lawn maintenance machine. Rigid, simple, easy to run. Powerful motor, fast and economical. The **BOLENS** Rolls as it Mows. Separate controls for roller and cutting reel. Easy to guide—cuts close to walls, fences, shrubs, trees and sharp corners. Grass catcher extra.



Also mfrs. of **BOLENS** Garden Tractors. Write for complete information and prices.

Four sizes: 19", 23", 27", 30"-30". Stickle bar attachments for cutting tall grass and weeds.

BOLENS MANUFACTURING CO.
4035 Park Street Port Washington, Wis.

Champion-International Company

Manufacturers of the paper used in
THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
and other high-grade coated paper

Office—MILL LAWRENCE, MASS.

FREE

Beautifully illustrated brochure of Nature's perfect playground—*Cape Cod*. Send today for your copy.

CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Room 100, Hyannis, Mass.

Please send my free copy of "*Be Cool on Sea-Coast Cape Cod*."

Name

Address

There are _____ in my party. We will stay from _____ to _____

_____ We are interested in Hotel Inn Place to rent We can pay _____ per week.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES



Some notes about one of America's greatest fleets... the go-as-you-choose cruises that it offers to California, Hawaii, the Orient and Round the World. And the very low First Class fares now in effect!



This is American President Lines' S. S. *President Coolidge*, flag-ship of a noted fleet, 22,000 tons, 650 feet long. S. S. *President Coolidge* cruises regularly from Los Angeles and San Francisco, via Hawaii, to the Orient—along the Pacific's Sunshine Route. With her, three other (smaller but equally fine-riding) American President Liners maintain the Pacific's most frequent, favorite service.

Four other big, friendly American President Liners follow this same Trans-Pacific route to the Philippines, then sail on completely Round the World, returning finally to San Francisco via New York and the Panama Canal.

CALIFORNIA, ROUND AMERICA

Round America trips may begin from any point. Your American President Lines ticket includes rail transportation from your own home town to New York, in addition to the sunny, 17-day sea-trip along the Gulf Stream—through the Car-

ibbean, via Havana and the Panama Canal, to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and your train trip home again. \$504 is the complete First Class fare (only train meals and Pullman are not included). And you may stop over in California as long as you like.

Hawaiian direct cruises from New York let you travel every mile in a soft, warm sun. Via Havana, Panama, Los Angeles and San Francisco, with stopovers if you choose. First Class from \$345.

JAPAN, CHINA, PHILIPPINES

President Liner cruises take you from California, via Honolulu to Japan's Yokohama and Kobe, China's Shanghai and Hongkong, and the Philippines' Manila in no more than six weeks. Or you may return from Japan or China. First Class roundtrip fares are from \$500, to Japan; \$691, to Japan and China; \$735, to Japan, China and the Philippines. Tourist Class fares save more than one third. And all American President Liner tickets allow you to stop over in any and every country that you choose.



Trans-Pacific President Liners sail every other week. Round the World President Liners every fourth week, and you may use any combination of these to continue after any stopover or side trip exactly when you want to—with almost identical accommodations. Every American President Liner has every stateroom outside. Each has ample sunny play decks, and an

outdoor swimming pool, and informal, pleasant public rooms. Each serves the same fine American food... and each is staffed entirely with Americans.



FASTEST PACIFIC CROSSING

Manila direct sailings are now offered by American President Lines' chartered ships, the *Panama Pacific Liners*: City of Newport News, City of Norfolk, City of Los Angeles and City of Baltimore. From San Francisco to Manila, 18 days (\$717 First Class, round trip), Hongkong, 22 days (\$735), Singapore, 27 days (\$821), Penang, 29 days (\$830).

ROUND THE WORLD

Complete globe-circling cruises on American President Liners allow you to sail from New York, Los Angeles or San Francisco, via Hawaii, Japan, China, Philippines, Straits Settlements, India, Egypt, Italy, and home again across the sunny south Atlantic. First Class fares are from \$1143 (\$1048 if you cross America by train). And you may stop over anywhere; take any time from a minimum of 85 days up to two years.

Full information about stopovers and side-trips, fares and all shore costs, and pictures of the American President Liners and their fascinating world-wide ports of call may be obtained from any Travel Agent, or from your nearest American President Lines office.



They are the sampans of Shanghai.

See your own Travel Agent. Or write or call on us at 604 Fifth Avenue, New York; 462 Boylston St., Boston; Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 314 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; Skinner Bldg., Seattle; or 311 California St., San Francisco (Head Office).



AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Round-World Service

CALIFORNIA AND ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK: Pres. Garfield April 19; Pres. Adams May 17; Pres. Harrison June 14; Pres. Polk July 12. ORIENT, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: Pres. Coolidge April 7; Pres. Taft April 19; Pres. Cleveland May 3; Pres. Pierce May 17; Pres. Coolidge May 31; Pres. Taft June 14; Pres. Cleveland June 28; Pres. Pierce July 12. ROUND THE WORLD, FROM SAN FRANCISCO: Pres. Polk April 13; Pres. Garfield May 11; Pres. Adams June 8; Pres. Harrison July 6.

"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

Announcing — THE NEW BOOK of FISHES



A HUNGRY BLACK BASS TAKES TO THE AIR FOR A FLY. PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD GETTLE.

The Book All Fishermen Will Welcome! This Greatly Enlarged New Edition of The Book of Fishes Is a Superb Companion Volume to The Society's Book of Birds. It Is a Full-Color, 372-Page Masterpiece for Fishermen, Old or Young.

—11 FASCINATING CHAPTERS—

Fishes and Fisheries of Our Eastern Seaboard, by John Oliver La Gour, Vice-President, National Geographic Society.

Our Heritage of the Fresh Waters, by Charles Haskins Townsend, Former Director, New York Aquarium.

Some Curious Inhabitants of the Gulf Stream, by John T. Nichols, Curator of Recent Fishes, American Museum of Natural History.

Devil-fishing in the Gulf Stream, by John Oliver La Gour.

Certain Citizens of the Warm Seas, by Louis L. Mowbray, Curator, Bermuda Government Aquarium.

Treasures of the Pacific, by Leonard P. Schultz, Curator of Fishes, U. S. National Museum.

Fishing in Pacific Coast Streams, by Leonard P. Schultz.

Sea Creatures of Our Atlantic Shores, by Roy Waldo Miner, Curator of Marine Life, American Museum of Natural History.

The Lordly Tarpon, by Van Campen Hellner, Associate, Department of Ichthyology, American Museum of Natural History.

Market Fish Have Many Names, by Russell Maloney.

"Compleat Angler" Fishes for Fossils, by Imogene Powell.

EVERYONE is humorously and understandably inclined to discount the claims of fishermen—such is the intriguing reputation they have acquired through their boundless and contagious enthusiasm. But when fishermen wax eloquent in praise of the National Geographic Society's new full-color Book of Fishes, you can confidently believe their description is not "just another fish story!" For this book is a big fellow—372 pages packed with 162 action photographs, 102 biographies, and 11 chapters of fascinating, factual narratives by outstanding authorities, accurate, yet not too technical. And it is a beauty—with 105 pages of full-color plates, showing and easily identifying in lifelike hues 231 species of salt- and fresh-water fishes and other forms of marine life.

Altogether, here in a single 7x10 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch volume is the most comprehensive presentation yet published of the better known fish species of North American inland and both coastal waters—fresh and salt.

Were the book published for financial profit and were not the first cost of original paintings and engraved color plates charged to the *National Geographic Magazine* in which they first appeared, the price would be prohibitive. But as part of The Society's educational program to bring its popular, accurate presentations easily within reach of fishermen, students, and Nature lovers—homes, schools, and libraries—the book is made available at the MODEST PRICE OF \$3.50, postpaid. Here is an ideal gift for your fishermen friends, old or young, expert or novice—and a volume you will surely want in your own Nature library. Available only from your Society's offices, Dept. A-V, Washington, D. C. Please use coupon for ordering.

.....\$3.50; USE THIS ORDER FORM.....

National Geographic Society, _____ 19____
Dept. A-V, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find \$_____ * for which send me _____ copies of the new Book of Fishes. (*Price \$3.50 in U. S. and Possessions; elsewhere, \$3.75. Postage is prepaid. Presentation card if desired.)

Name _____

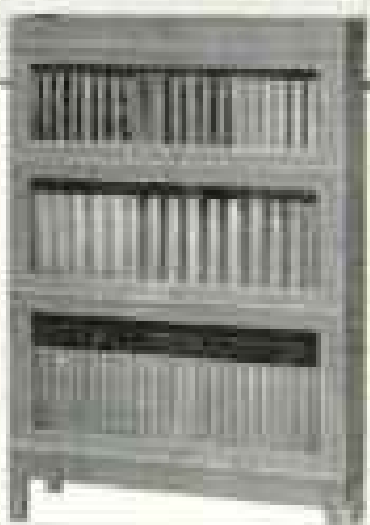
Address _____

YOU CAN BE PROUD OF THESE FINE BOOKCASES

... for home or office

Beautiful Globe-Wernicke sectional and solid-wood bookcases are fine examples of wood craftsmanship . . . always in good taste . . . made in a variety of styles, sizes and finishes . . . sold at popular prices by leading dealers everywhere. Illustration shows Economy sectional bookcase.

FREE—Ask our dealer for 32-page booklet, "The World's Best Books" or write direct to us.



The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI, O.

SHEPARD Home LIFT A "LIFT" FOR OLDER FOLK

THE Home LIFT—automatic, electric Home Elevator—is a priceless boon to all who lack strength or health to climb stairs. Press a button—you are upstairs or down as easily as wishing you were there. Operates from lighting circuit at less than a cent a day. Simple—Safe—Dependable—Modest price. Easily installed in new or old homes. Hundreds in use—everywhere. Send for illustrated booklet and details.

THE SHEPARD ELEVATOR CO.

Builders of Finest Office and Hotel Elevators

2432 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Representatives in Principal Cities



The Original Shepard Elevator, Operating from the Lighting Circuit, and made to Order.

Established 1868

Judd & Detweiler, Inc.
Printers

Eckington Place and Florida Avenue
Washington, D. C.

This Magazine is from our presses

THE PERFECT PENCIL TIP Weldon Roberts Erasers

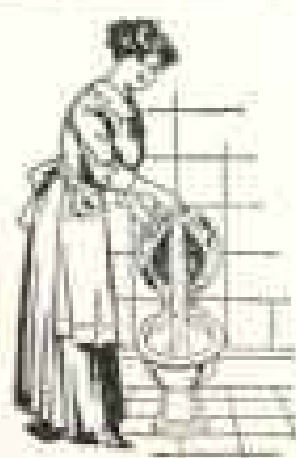
"88
STYLES"



TAPER
TIP

Correct Mistakes in Any Language

WELDON ROBERTS RUBBER CO. NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



EASY FOR MOTHER

EASY FOR YOU



There is nothing new about Sani-Flush. It has been used for 28 years to do this job. It is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilet bowls sparkling clean.

Use Sani-Flush twice a week. Don't scrub or scour. Don't even touch the bowl with your hands! Sani-Flush does the work for you. Rust, stains and incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (It is also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) See directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores, 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING



WESTWARD
ROUND THE WORLD
via The Southern Hemisphere

OVER PEACEFUL SEA-WAYS



Frequent Sailings from Los Angeles . . . FIRST CLASS from \$704
Calling chief ports Japan, Ceylon, So. Africa, So. America, Panama.

O.S.K. ADDING 5 NEW LUXURIOUS LINERS
'Round the World and African Fleets

M.S. BRASIL MARU . . . Maiden Voyage 'Round the World
from Los Angeles, April 5. Second Voyage, July 31.

M.S. HOKOKU MARU . . . Maiden Voyage, African Service,
from Japan, July 29. Connecting 'Round the World Liners.

Details from your Travel Agent, or write

OSAKA SYOSEN KAISYA
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

Agents: Williams, Dimmel & Co., Los Angeles,
San Francisco; Lee, P. & J. Stuart Robertson, Chicago

O.S.K.
LINE

"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."

NEW 1937-39 Supplement to Cumulative Index

Ready Key to Geographic Contents

Geographic readers will want the 1937-39 Supplement to the Cumulative Index, just published by The Society to increase the reference value of the *National Geographic Magazine*. This new Supplement contains 1,800 references to topical headings, Nature subjects, places, maps, authors, titles, and pictures. Indispensable to all who desire to bring their Cumulative Index (1899-1936) up to date, or who want a Master Key to *Geographics* issued during the past three years. Use the coupon below to order this Supplement or the complete Cumulative Index (1899-1936) with Supplement attached. Prices are given in coupon.

.....National Geographic Society.....

National Geographic Society, 1940
Dept. A-V, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which send me:

..... copies of the 1937-39 Cumulative Supplement (25c in U. S. and Possessions; elsewhere, 50c. Postpaid.)

..... copies of the Cumulative Index (1899-1936) complete with 1937-39 Supplement (\$1.25 in U. S. and Possessions; elsewhere, \$1.50. Postpaid.)

Name.....

Address.....



RECOMMENDATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

IN THE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

* *The Membership Dues, Which Are for the Calendar Year, Include
Subscription to the National Geographic Magazine*

PLEASE FILL IN BLANK BELOW, DETACH, AND MAIL TO THE SECRETARY

* DUES: Annual membership in United States, \$3; Canada, \$3.50; abroad, \$4; life membership, \$100. Please make remittances payable to the National Geographic Society. Please remit by check, draft, postal or express order.

..... 1940

To the Secretary, National Geographic Society,
Sixteenth and M Streets Northwest, Washington, D. C.:

I nominate.....

Occupation.....

(This information is important for the records)

Address.....

..... for membership in The Society.



IN SCENIC

Washington State

A FEW minutes from your hotel or resort, you can be remote from the noise of a hurried civilization. Cool forest retreats, sparkling alpine playgrounds, picturesque fresh and salt-water beaches, sun-drenched desert coulees . . . For here America's famed Evergreen Playground begins at your very front door. And wide paved highways throughout the state quickly put you in touch with a new frontier of fun and relaxation. Everywhere, excellent accommodations, low costs. See your travel agent for low fares, fast schedules from principal U. S. points.



FREE BOOKLET—Natural Color Photos

State Progress Commission, Room 21, State Capitol, Olympia, Washington.
Please send me FREE illustrated Booklet on Washington State.

Name _____

Address _____

HOW TO SEE ALASKA

and the Yukon



9-Day "Princess Cruises" ...on an Average Vacation

● Fabulous Alaska . . . Storied Yukon! YOU can visit BOTH on your vacation and thrill to the land that inspired great authors and poets. See villages colored with totem poles . . . giant northern flowers . . . sunlit nights. Climate is June-mild. Your 2000-mile cruise aboard a charming *Princess* liner takes you through high fjords . . . past glittering glaciers rising sheer from the sheltered Inside Passage.

9-DAY CRUISES . . . To Skagway . . .
Sailings from Vancouver each week . . . from **\$105**

Special 11-DAY CRUISES . . . Via Sitka and Skagway . . . from Vancouver
June 25, July 16 and Aug. 6 . . . from **\$125**

Fares from Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle include meals and berth except at Skagway.

See BANFF . . . LAKE LOUISE . . . COLUMBIA ICEFIELD HIGHWAY ENROUTE

Low-rail fares to North Pacific Coast points and California via Canadian Rockies. Fast Canadian Pacific trans-continental trains—air-conditioned.

CANADA WELCOMES U. S. CITIZENS—No Passports
Ask Your Travel Agent or Canadian Pacific

41 OFFICES IN U. S. AND CANADA

Canadian Pacific

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

"Mention the Geographic—It identifies you."



IN PATRIOTIC ATTIRE OF RED, WHITE, AND BLUISH-BLACK, THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER IS BOTH HANDSOME AND CONSPICUOUS. PAINTING BY ALLAN BROOKS.

“The Book of Birds”—Two-Volume Treasure of Bird Lore and Beauty Illustrated in Full Color

THE National Geographic Society has made available a new edition of the 748-page “Book of Birds” edited by Gilbert Grosvenor and Alexander Wetmore—the first comprehensive work ever published with all major species of birds of the United States and Canada shown *in full color*. This magnificent book *in two volumes* is illustrated with 204 pages of full-color plates showing 950 birds painted by Allan Brooks, 232 re-

vealing photographs, and 17 migration maps. It contains 37 articles, 633 biographies, interesting data on flights of banded birds, and a complete index with 3,000 references.

“The Book of Birds” has been acclaimed by reviewers from coast to coast and abroad. “Never before a set of books like these!” “A price of \$20 a set would be reasonable for these books, were The Society organized for profit . . .” “A marvel of new wonders in the realm of natural history . . . to delight the imagination alike of young and old, rich or poor, sated and alert.”

Here is an encyclopedic wealth of bird lore and beauty—and now is the time to acquire it, to prepare for the glorious outdoor days just ahead. Bound in green cloth covers, 7 x 10¼ inches; \$5 the set postpaid, in U. S. and Possessions; elsewhere, \$5.50. Available only from the National Geographic Society, Dept. A-V, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
Dept. A-V, Washington, D. C. _____ 1940

Enclosed please find \$_____ for which send me _____ sets of “The Book of Birds” in two volumes. (Price: \$5 in U. S. and Possessions; elsewhere, \$5.50. Postage is prepaid.)

Name _____

Address _____

AGAIN AVAILABLE • \$5 THE SET

"Where shall we stay?"

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE'S HOTEL SECTION

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs National Park

Arlington Hotel and Baths. Artistic, celebrity benefits. Waters owned and recommended by U. S. Govt. Golf, Hareback. Write for folder.

CALIFORNIA

Riverside

Mission Inn. California's historic hotel. In lovely Riverside. Art treasures. All sports. American or European Plan. Rooms \$1.50 up. Write for Folder.

San Francisco

The Palace Hotel. West's most distinguished hotel, famous for hospitality, appointments, cuisine. Heart of San Francisco's business and social life.

Yosemite National Park

The Ahwahnee. California's most distinguished resort hotel. Surrounded by scenic grandeur that is really California's most amazing travel experience.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

Continental Hotel. Facing the beautiful Capital Plaza opp. Union Station. All outside rooms, some air-conditioned. Garage, Coffee Shop. From \$2.50.

The Dodge Hotel. On Capitol Hill opposite Union Station Plaza. Celebrated cuisine. No tipping. Single from \$2.50, double from \$4.50. Director K. P. Abbott.

Hay-Adams House, 10th at H. Opposite the White House. Completely air-conditioned. Single room with bath from \$4.50. Double from \$5.00.

Wardman Park Hotel. Washington's largest, 100 outside rooms. Ample parking. Avoid traffic to all highways. Write for maps. Rates from \$2.50.

MAINE

Rangley Lakes

Rangley Lake Hotel. Mountain lake paradise. All sports. No hay fever. Booklet. C. B. Day, P. O. Box 7, Rangley Lakes, Maine.

MARYLAND

Baltimore

The Belvedere. Baltimore's most luxurious hotel. Modern appointments, spacious rooms, superior food and service. Convenient location. Rates begin at \$1.00.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston



The Copley-Plaza

Situated in historic Copley Square which provides a hotel setting as distinguished as any in the world. Nearest hotel to Park Bay and Huntington Avenue Railroad Stations. Easily accessible to fine shops and theatres. This hotel is convenient to the residential and business sections. Rooms with bath \$4 single—\$6 double. Illustrated folder on request. Arthur L. Rice, Mgr. Dir.

Magnolia

Oceanside and Cottages. Most beautiful spot on Atlantic. Select clientele. Unsurpassed cuisine. All sports. Theatre. Geo. C. Krowson, Jr., Pres.

Swampscott

New Ocean House on the picturesque North Shore. Seaside and country environment. Open May to October. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, President.

MINNESOTA

Rochester

Hotel Arthur. Fireproof. \$1.25 up. Only short block to Clinic. An Arthur L. Roberts Hotel. A Fine Northern Minn. Resort Also.

MISSISSIPPI

Pass Christian

Inn By The Sea and Cottages. Pass Christian, Miss. Always open. On private bathing beach. All sports. Paved roads. Climate ideal. Near New Orleans.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City

Marlborough-Blenheim. On the Boardwalk, with the charm of Spring by the sea to enhance our many guest attractions. Josiah White & Sons Co.

Ocean City

The Flanders. Directly on boardwalk. American plan. 2 sea water swimming pools, 29 rooms with baths. June 21 to Sept. 1. J. Howard Bloom, Mgr.

Princeton

The Princeton Inn. Facing golf course and Graduate College. Amer. plan. 100 rms. Fireproof. "Hospitality as in days of old." J. Howard Bloom, Mgr.

NEW MEXICO

Las Vegas

Rancho de Dias Alegria. In Rocky Mts. Cool summer climate. Elevation 7400 feet. Modern, home-like ranch. Enjoy New Mexico this summer. Booklet.

NEW YORK

Albany

De Witt Clinton. A Knott Hotel. New, well appointed. Faces Capitol Park. Spicily meals; attentive service. Come, we'll make you happy.

Bronxville

The Gramatan. High, cool country setting; only 25 minutes from city and World's Fair. Near parks; no traffic. Restricted clientele. \$2.50 up. 10kt.

Minnewaska, Ulster County

Lake Minnewaska Mountain Houses—Golf and Country. Withhins opens May 30. Beautiful scenery. Reduced rates for June. George H. Smiley, P. O. Box 11.

New York City

The Balthazor. Lexington Ave. 42d St. New York's most exclusive hotel for young women. Cultural environment. Whty. \$2.50 up, daily \$2.50. 10kt. "G".

Balthazor-Plaza. New skyscraper hotel overlooking Central Park at 6th Ave. Rooms from \$1 single. Continental breakfast included. Booklet G.

The Biltmore. Madison Avenue at 63d St. All that is best in atmosphere, appointments, cuisine, service. Single, \$5 up; Double, \$8 up; Suites, \$12 up.

The Commodore. 10th at Grand Central Terminal. Convenient to all Manhattan attractions. 300 suitable rooms with private bath—From \$2.

Essex House, facing Central Park. Rooms and suites with butler's parlors—From \$1. 180 Central Park Sq., Cable Address—Essex New York.

The Park Chambers for gracious living. 56th St. and 57th to 5th Ave. Central Park. Rooms, \$1 single—\$4 double. Near Radio City. Free "Guide-Map."

Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Overlooking Central Park in most fashionable location. Single rooms or suites by the day, month or season.

The Plaza. Facing Central Park. Special Summer Rates during the World's Fair. Single from \$2. Double from \$1. Henry A. Root, President.

St. Moritz-on-the-Park. New York's only truly Continental hotel. Rumpelmayer's and Cafe de la Paix. Single, \$4. Double, \$6. Suites, \$8.

Savoy-Plaza. Special World's Fair Summer Rates. Single from \$1. Double from \$1—Henry A. Root, Mgr. Dir.—George Futer, Res. Mgr.

Hotel Seymour, 30 W. 45th St. Near Fifth Ave. theatres, shops, art galleries. Radio City. Quiet, refined surroundings. Single \$2; double \$3.50; suites \$4.

The Shelton, Lexington Ave. -40th St. Smart, skyscraper hotel. Single \$2.50 to \$3. Double \$4.50 to \$7. Free use of swimming pool, gymnasium, library.

The Sherry-Netherland, 36th Ave. at 54th St. "Where the Park Begins." Famous cuisine, impeccable service, quiet atmosphere. From \$1 daily.

The Vanderbilt Hotel on Park Ave. at 34th St. A distinctive address. An internationally famous hotel. Single from \$4, double from \$5, suites from \$10.

The Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue, 40th to 50th Streets. Supreme in the Arts of Hospitality, Entertainment and Gracious Amenities.

George Washington, 21st St. & Lexington Ave. 53 rooms with bath, from \$1.10 single, \$5.00 double. Write for 10kt. "G" and superior map of New York.

Hotel Windsor. 150 West 58th St. In the heart of the smart Central Park Section. Single with bath from \$2.50; Double \$3.00.

Watkins Glen

Glen Springs Hotel. A Famous Spa in America. Natural Sulphur Baths. Selected clientele. New York Office, 220 Fifth Ave. Phone Circle 5 976.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville

Asheville-Biltmore. Just off U. S. Highway. Modern; convenient; quiet. Enjoy "Spring in the Smokies." European plan. Wilbur Devenport, Mgr.

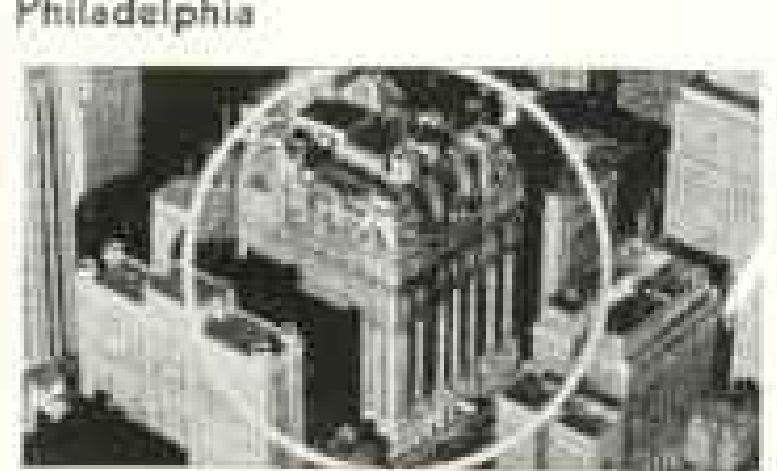
The Manor and Cottages—in beautiful Allentown Park. 2 famed golf courses, 5 minutes. Write for booklet. Albert Malone, Proprietor.

PENNSYLVANIA

Hershey

Hotel Hershey. One of America's finest. Magnificent setting. Open year around. European and American plans. Four Golf Courses. All outdoor sports.

Philadelphia



The Bellevue-Stratford

In the Heart of Philadelphia at Broad and Walnut Streets. "One of the Few Famous Hotels in America." Near points of interest and Historic Shrines. Known the world over for its traditional hospitality; its cuisine; its modern comforts and unsurpassed service. Rates begin at \$1.85. Write for Booklet. Claude H. Bennett, General Manager.

The Warwick. Famous Luncheon Cuisine. Centrally located. From \$4.50 single, \$7 double. George Lamaze, Exec. Vice Pres., S. B. Jerwan, Manager.

VERMONT

Lake Morey, Fairlee

Bonnie Oaks Inn and Bungalows. Sports, 75 rooms with baths, fireplace. Bate Oaks, supervised play. May-Dec. Folders. Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Page.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Beach

Cavalier Hotel and Country Club. Open all year. 2 golf courses, tennis, riding, fishing, heated indoor pool. Roland Eaton, Mgr. Dir. Write for Booklet "Q."

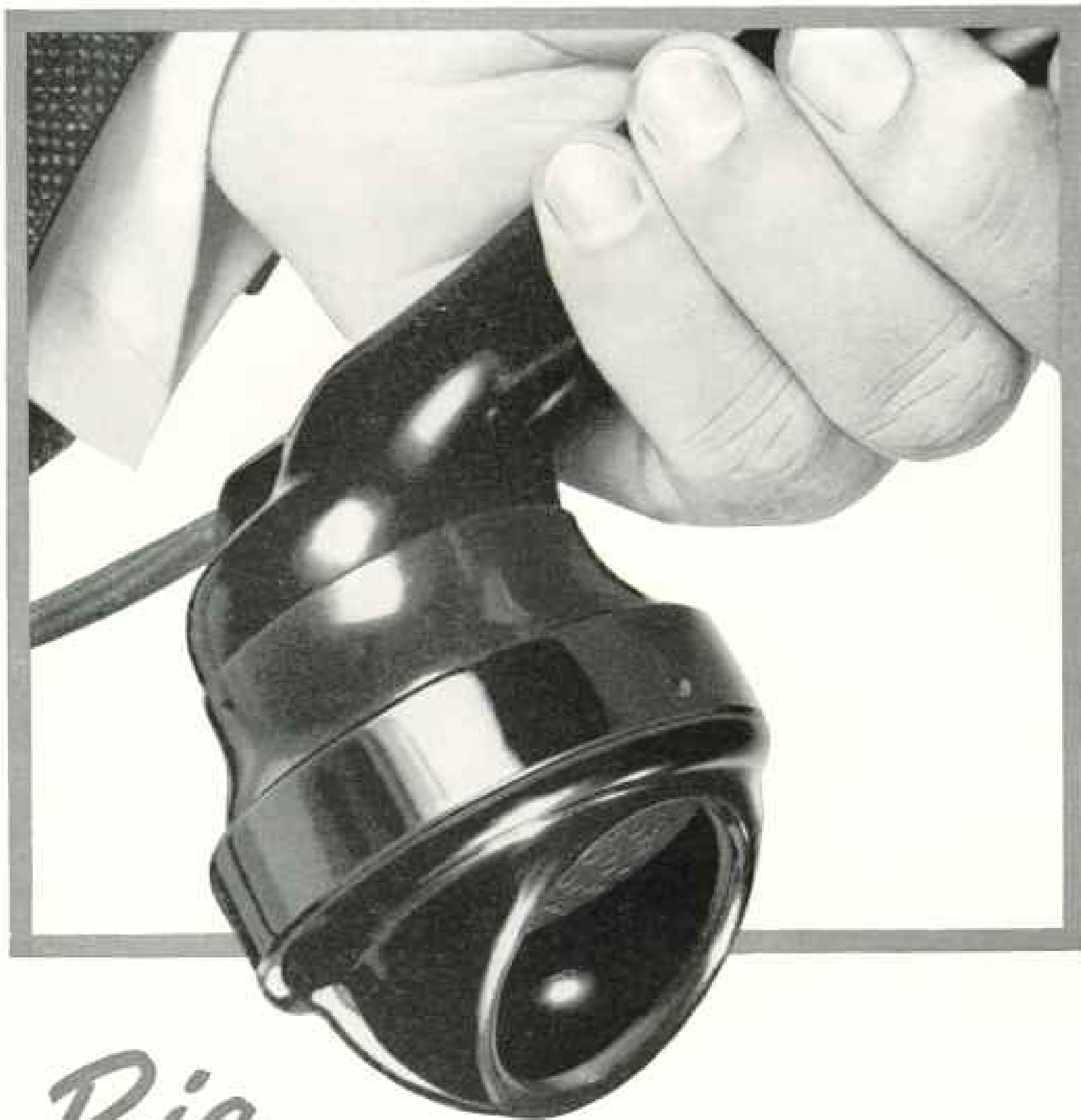
WEST VIRGINIA

White Sulphur Springs



The Greenbrier Hotel

Here on a 7,000-acre estate in the Alleghenies, there's every inducement in Spring to get out-of-doors—and stay there! Golf—riding—tennis—the list is so long that the day is too short for you to enjoy them all! But despite giving you far more for its rate, this resort is far from being the most expensive! Write to L. H. Johnston, Gen'l Mgr., for reservations.



Big enough for the job

We live in a big country and it takes a big telephone company to give good service to millions of people. The Bell System is doing its part in providing for the nation's telephone needs, whatever they may be.

But the Bell System aims to be big in more ways than mere size. It aims to be big in the conduct of its business, in its relations with employees and its plans for the future. All of this helps to give the nation quick, dependable, courteous telephone service at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Once in a lifetime...comes a great new discovery like the **FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL**



A Revolutionary New Principle of Refrigeration... proven by the experience of thousands of enthusiastic users. Saves Foods' Natural Moisture; Preserves Precious Vitamins, Freshness, Color and Flavor... Ends nuisance of covering foods!

Now at New Low Prices!

Discriminating homes of America will welcome this new contribution to food excellence and wholesomeness.

The Frigidaire Cold-Wall brings life-giving cold to your foods in a way that prevents them from drying out — *without the need of covering them in any way whatever.*

Moisture is the very lifeblood of food. When it dries out, food wilts, loses color, freshness, gives up its nutritional value. The Cold-Wall Principle protects foods from loss of their *natural* moisture. It keeps them fresh and dewy — protects color, flavor and edibility days longer, and *prevents objectionable transfer* of food odors.

More important, the Frigidaire Cold-Wall saves precious vitamins and natural goodness in foods... saves their nourishing, healthful values.

It is an amazing discovery — this new Frigidaire Cold-Wall. It will be *the* modern refrigerator for years to come. Yet, at today's new low prices, a Frigidaire Cold-Wall costs no more than ordinary "first-line" refrigerators. See it today.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation · Dayton, Ohio
Toronto, Canada



The Dew-Fresh Seal is a glass shelf that divides the interior into two compartments — each of which provides a different and vitally essential food-keeping service.



In the Upper Compartment air is dry because its moisture changes to frost as it circulates past the freezer. This provides proper cooling for foods not subject to drying.



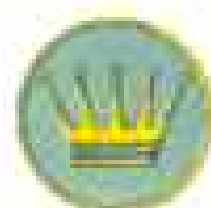
In the Cold-Wall compartment air is moist, being cooled through the walls by concealed chilling coils, instead of by circulation of air as in other types of refrigerators.



What This Means to Your Food. Now fresh vegetables and fruits retain precious vitamins, vital freshness and other food values; fresh and cooked foods remain more tender and palatable over a longer period.

A WORD OF CAUTION. Some stores may use the name "FRIGIDAIRE" loosely to identify other makes of refrigerators and thus confuse the public. Don't be fooled! If a refrigerator does not bear the "FRIGIDAIRE" nameplate, it is not a FRIGIDAIRE and will not offer the advantages set forth in this advertisement.

FRIGIDAIRE is the trade-mark of the refrigerator manufactured by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors — world-wide leaders in the refrigerator, range and motor car industries. Be sure the store you go to sells FRIGIDAIRE, made only by General Motors.



Buy the Favorite
Buy Frigidaire