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Everyday Life in Wartime England

With 48 Illustrations

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With 17 Illustrations and Map

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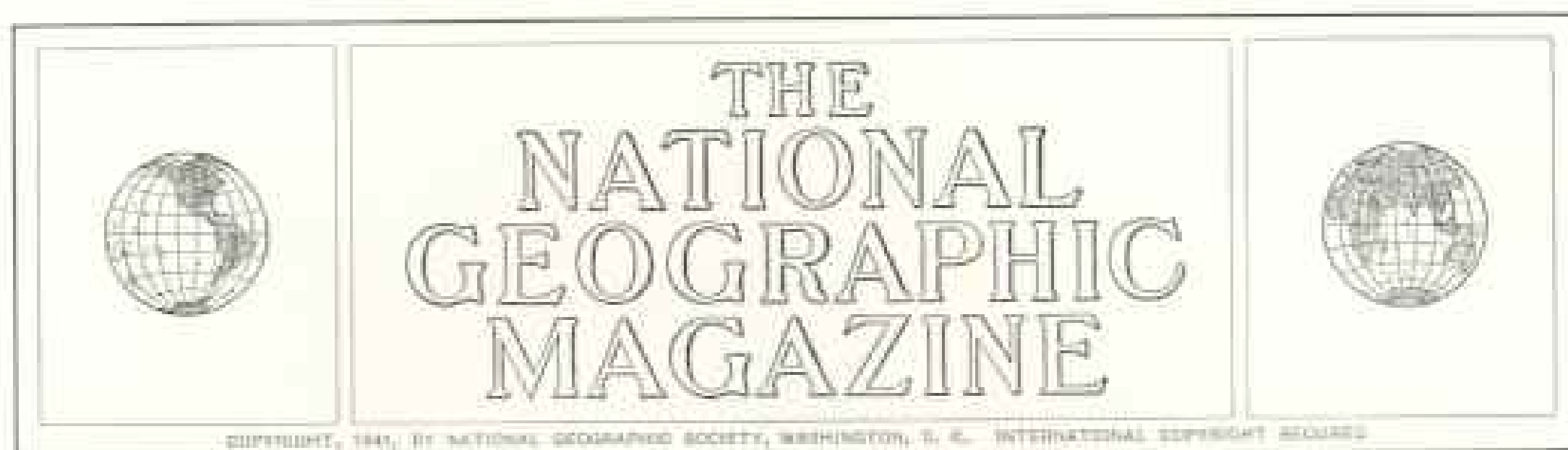
21 Illustrations

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Maryland Presents—

BY W. ROBERT MOORE

MARYLAND presents an epitome of three centuries of growth and progress in America.

Sail into Annapolis on the cross-bay ferry or top the crest of many a rolling hill as you motor the State's highways, and before you spreads a panorama that reminds you of an English village, snuggling close about the slender spire of its parish church.

At St. Anne's Church in Annapolis (named for Princess Anne) parishioners today take communion from a silver service bearing the coat of arms of King William III. The roster of the town and county names reveals how thoroughly the roots of the Old Line State were embedded in Britain.

Here in Maryland are spacious manorial estates where colonial English gentlemen and their ladies lived graciously and entertained lavishly. Some are still held by descendants of the original owners, and the leisure of colonial living still lingers.

Over on the Eastern Shore stands an old frame tavern whose doors continue to swing to trade beneath its sign bearing the date 1744. In one of its ledgers, kept between 1789 and 1793, I thumbed through the entries of "grogg, toddy, horsefeed, dinners and suppers" which, though charged in pounds, shillings, and pence, were often paid off in lambs, butter, a cow, or a calf.

"Knights" Still Ride in Tournaments

Here in Maryland, too, "knights" ride in tilting tourneys; other horsemen compete in steeplechases closely akin to that at Aintree; still others in hunting pink ride to bounds and thrill to the shout of "Tallyho, the fox!"

Yet one must not overplay the English parallel.

Maryland was one of the leaders in the

struggle to cast off the English yoke. First of the plantation colonies to join the Continental Association, she outdid the others in enforcing her nonimportation pledge. So thorough indeed was one committee sitting in judgment that it even ordered the destruction of a smuggled tombstone!

In the old Senate Chamber of the Annapolis Statehouse, used for several months as the Capitol of the United States, George Washington resigned his commission as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army on December 23, 1783. In this same room the treaty of peace made with England at Paris was ratified a few weeks later (page 409).

Standing ever for autonomy, religious and individual liberty, and laws "consonant to reason," the Old Line State has contributed much toward shaping the course of popular government in the Nation.

A "Miniature of America"

Geographically, Maryland has been aptly described as a delightful miniature of America.* Her activities, too, afford a representative cross section of the country's development.

Maryland gave the United States its first public railroad, first dental school, first linotype machine—yes, also its first American-made umbrella! The first telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought," was flashed between Washington and Baltimore.

A century ago Baltimore gained fame for the fleet, ocean-roving clipper ships that it launched from its skidways; now it constructs ships of steel and fashions air Clippers to link with the Orient. Entering their sixth year of service across the 8,500-mile span of the

* See "A Maryland Pilgrimage," by Gilbert Grosvenor, LL.D., Litt. D., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, February, 1927; and "Approaching Maryland by Tidewater Potomac," by Paul Wilstach, March, 1930.



Photograph by Alex Meinhart from *The Baltimore Sun*.

Hold Him, Jockey!

An entry objects forcibly to entering the starting gate at Pimlico, in Baltimore. Fifteen-day meets are held here each spring and autumn. The Preakness in May is a classic test for three-year-olds. There are also mile-length race tracks at Havre de Grace, Laurel, and Bowie. Horse racing is big business as well as sport in Maryland.

Pacific, the China and Philippine Clippers built by Glenn Martin have tallied up more than three million miles of travel (pp. 420, 422).

Tobacco, which first gave stimulus to colonial settlement, still is grown, but on rich rolling hills and the Eastern Shore plains Maryland farmers have developed a highly diversified agricultural and livestock enterprise. Dairying alone produces an income of \$21,000,000 annually.

One should begin a tour of Maryland at old St. Marys City down on the ragged fringe of land between the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay (page 406).

Here it was that Leonard Calvert landed with his little band of colonists from the tiny ships, the *Ark* and *Dove*, on March 27, 1634, to take up a land grant that had been secured by Cecil Calvert, second Lord Baltimore.

Though it served as capital until 1694, there is little to St. Marys today, save memories.

A slender monument marks the historic site of the mulberry tree under which Governor Calvert made his treaty with the Yaocomico Indians.

Amid tombstones in the churchyard you can pick out markers which show the location of the first Statehouse. Hard by stands a copy of the building, erected to commemorate the celebration of Maryland's tercentenary.

A Symbol of Tolerance

The attractive St. Mary's Female Seminary is a symbol of the spirit of religious tolerance upon which Maryland was founded, for its charter provides that the board of trustees must represent different denominations, as also must its faculty.



Photograph by W. Elliott Moore

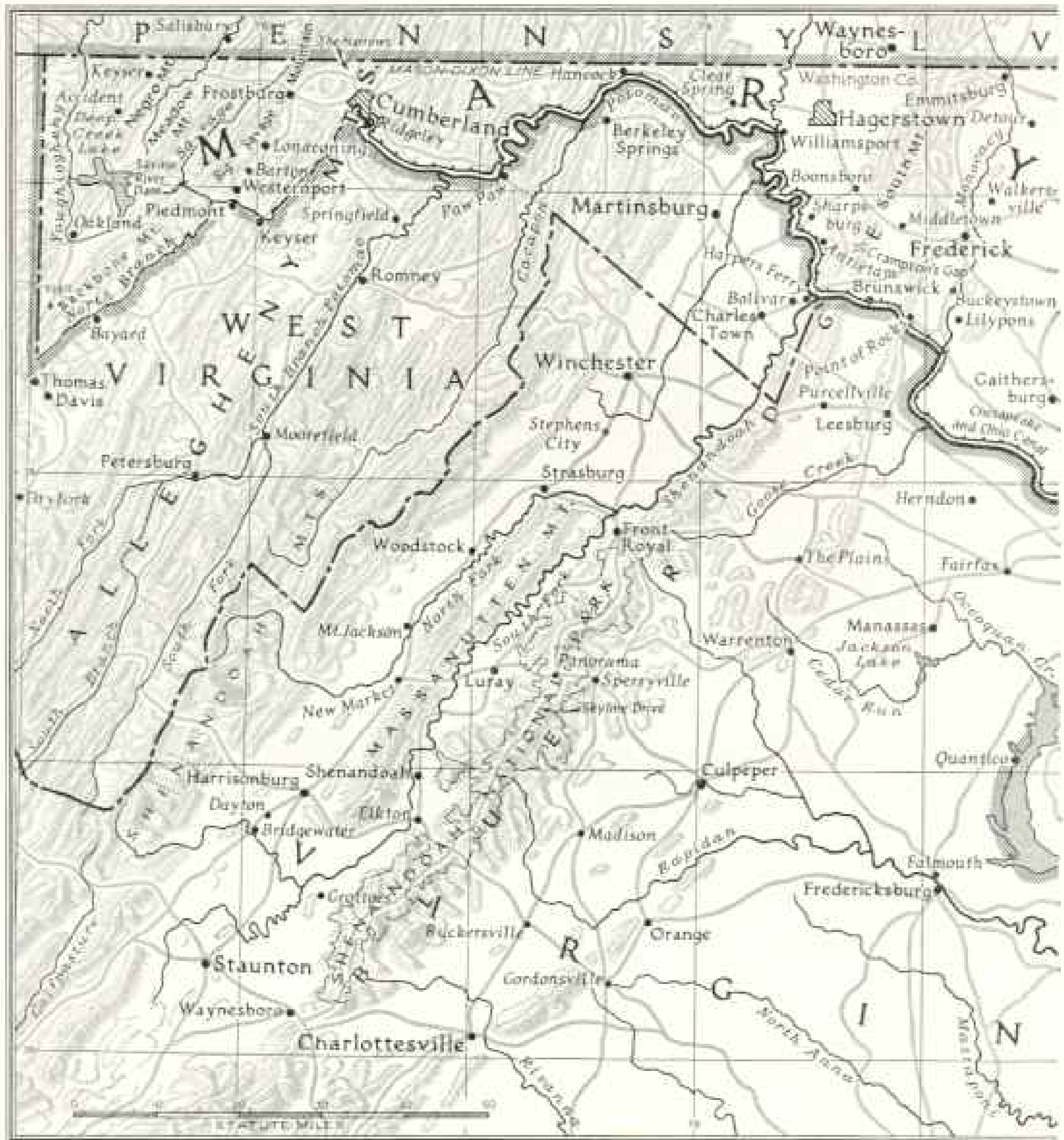
A Merry "Miller's Daughter" and Her Friend

The girls are sitting on the bridge rail spanning the millrace which diverts water from Little Gunpowder Falls to furnish power for Jerusalem Mill, near Baltimore. The mill was built in 1772 and still is in use, some of the grain being ground between the old stones.

Motorists, hurrying to Chesapeake summer resorts or speeding along the north-south highway that links Maryland with Virginia by the brand-new two-mile-long toll bridge spanning the Potomac River at Morgantown, see few of the fine old manorial estates in southern Maryland.

Probe the byroads on the fingers of land that point into the Potomac, Patuxent, or Chesapeake Bay, however, and you discover unsuspected numbers of these time-caressed homes.

Some are noted for their architecture, their wide brick chimneys, wealth of hand-carved interior decoration, stairways, mantels, or doors; others for their gardens or historical associations.



Western Maryland Is Nearly Severed Between the Potomac River and the Mason-Dixon Line

Oldest of all the brick houses in Maryland is Cross Manor, close to Saint Marys. It was built in 1643 by Thomas Cornwaleys, one of the commissioners who assisted Calvert in the voyage of the *Ark* and the *Dove*.

At La Grange, near the town of La Plata, and Rose Hill, only a few miles away, lived the Doctors Craik and Brown who were friends and physicians to George Washington.

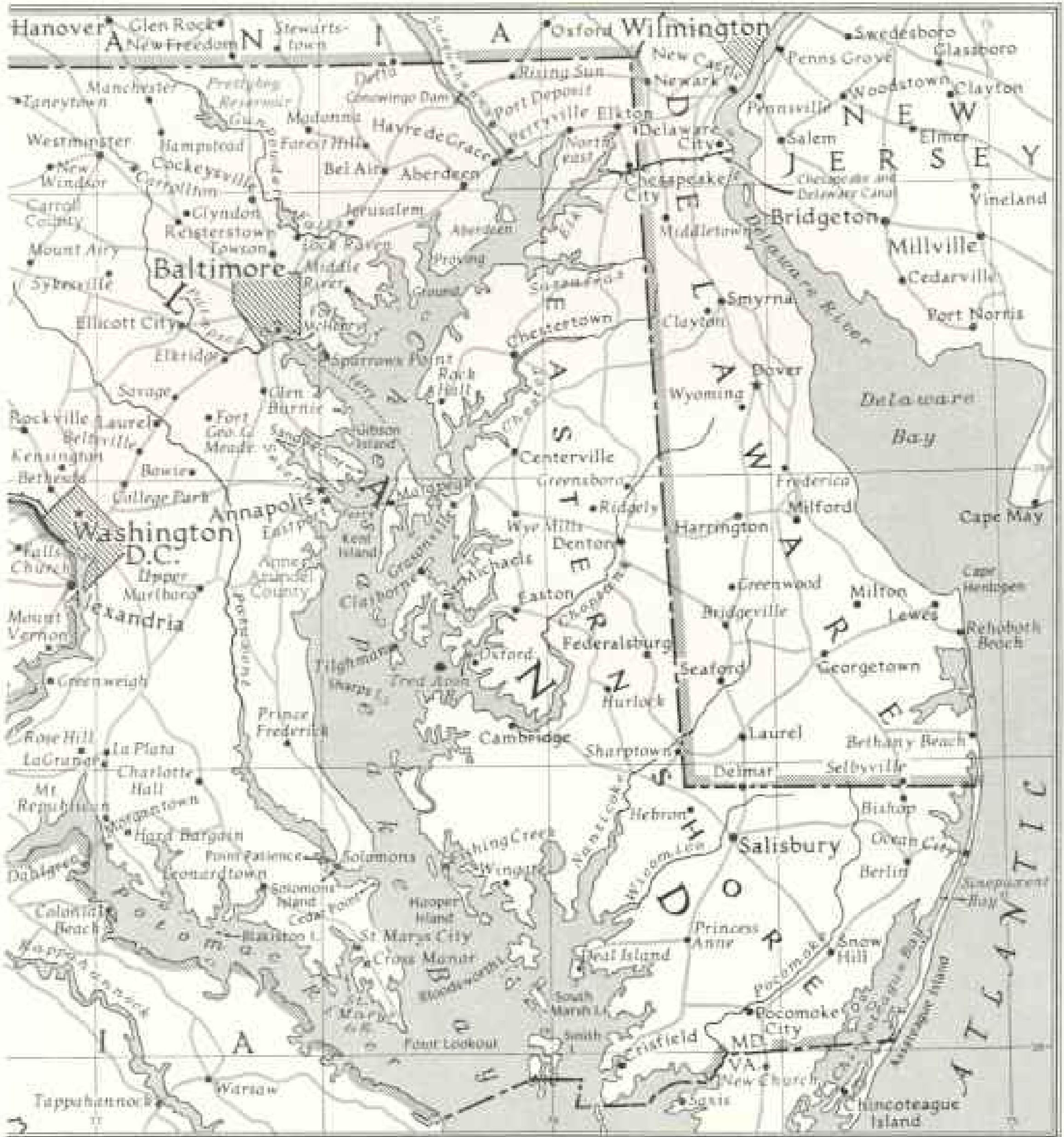
Romance lingers in the names of Dower House, Harmony Hall, and His Lordship's Kindness.

Then, too, there's Hard Bargain, which tradition says was the price for kind words and an exacted daily kiss to a sister-in-law!

A 40-Year Poker Game

Not far distant from Hard Bargain is Mount Republican, once home of Franklin Weems who justly gained the title of "King Entertainer" of southern Maryland. With all seriousness it is asserted that Weems kept a poker game going continuously for forty years.

In searching out these estates by motor,



Chesapeake Bay Affords Rich Seafood "Pastures" and Navigation for the Old Line State

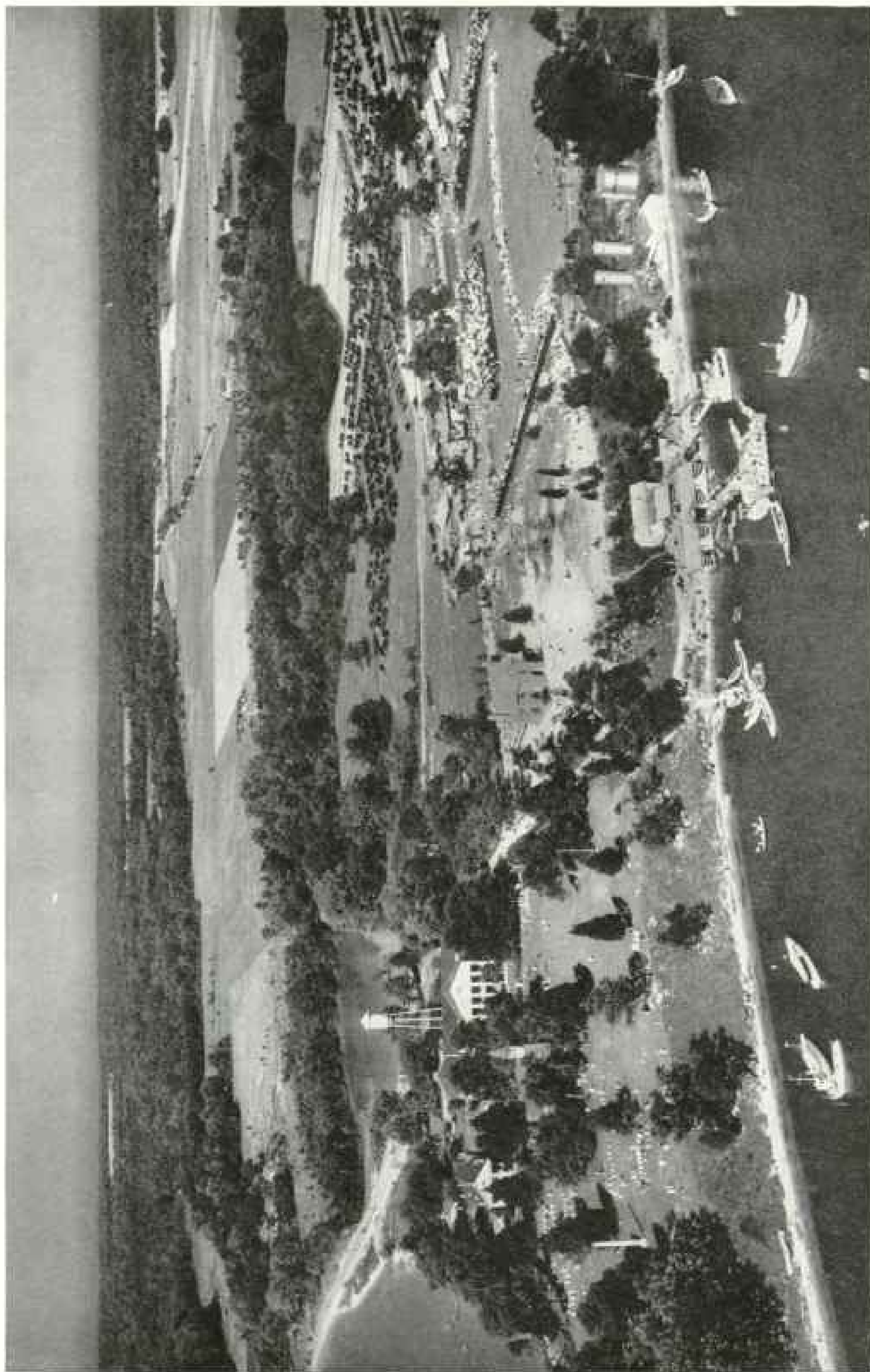
you learn how extensively early Marylanders relied upon water transportation. Roads are often but modern back-door entrances; the homes themselves overlook the rivers or deep inlets. Some still have their old landings.

Tobacco, yielding one-tenth of the farm income of the State, is the chief crop here in southern Maryland. Throughout the district you see large fields and small garden patches of the fragrant weed in spring and summer.

Until the establishment of loose-leaf auctions about two years ago, most of it was

packed in hogsheads and shipped to Baltimore markets. Now trucks piled high with golden leaves speed along the highways to Upper Marlboro and other auction centers. The once-familiar oxcart, trundling along the road with a bulky hogshead, is almost as obsolete as the old rolling roads down which negroes guided the huge casks to tidewater wharves.

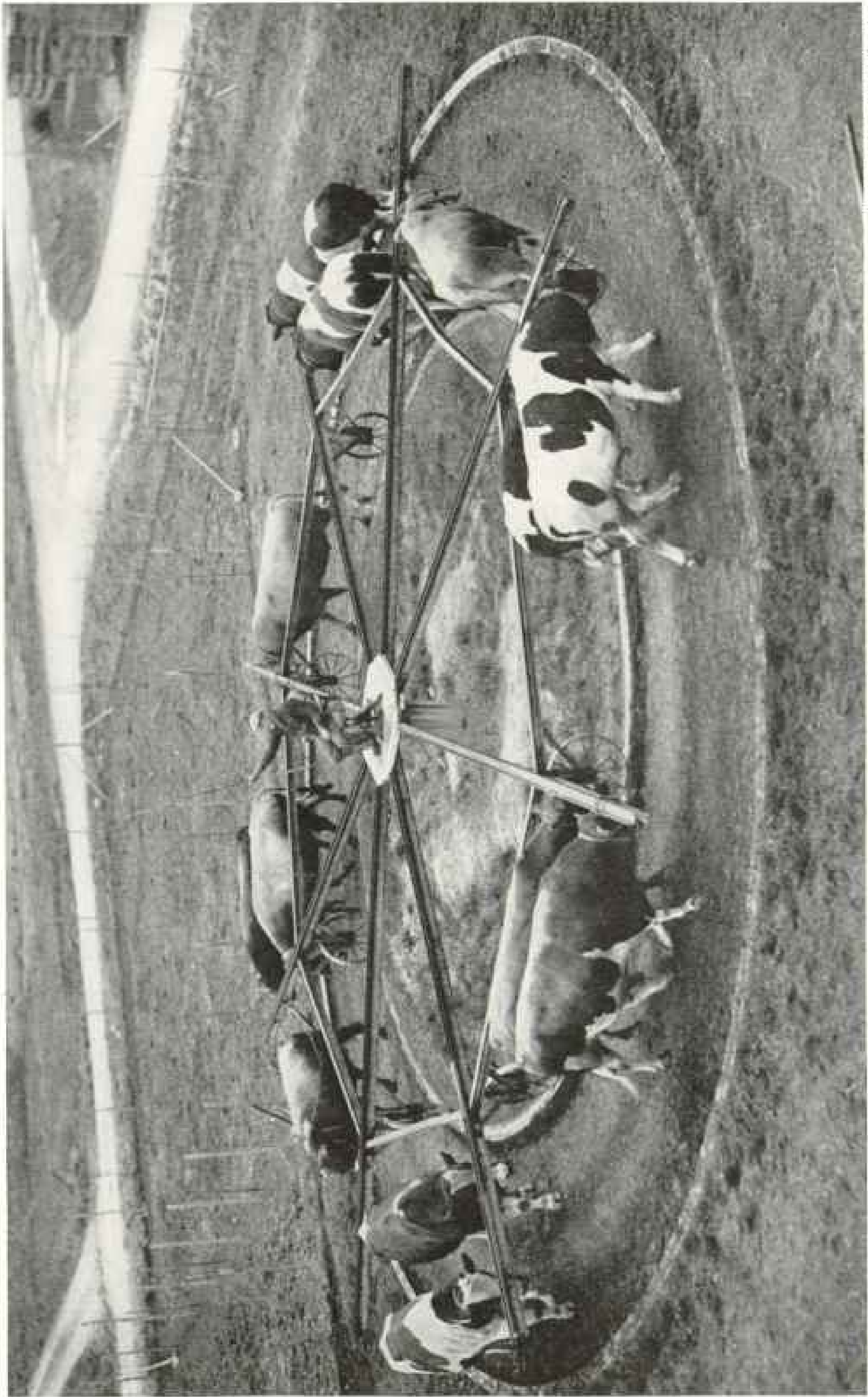
When open-leaf auctions were new, growers complained about being unable to understand the weird chants of the tobacco auctioneers. As I stood one morning watching an auction



Photograph courtesy Maryland National Guard

On This Low Bluff Overlooking St. Marys River, Maryland's First Settlers Built Their Homes

The slender shaft, left, identifies the site of the mulberry tree under which Governor Calvert made a treaty with the Yaocomico Indians in 1634. Markers in the cemetery close by outline the foundation of the old Statehouse, capital until 1694 (page 403). In the center is a copy of the State Tercentenary in 1934. Pageants were being held in the field at the right when this photograph was made. Beyond the cemetery and church is St. Mary's Female Seminary.



Photograph by Joseph M. Cooper, Jr.

Bulls at Beltsville Get Their Daily Dozen on a Merry-go-round

The man in the center whisks a long pole to discourage loitering. Here the United States Department of Agriculture runs a research center on a 14,000-acre farm. His scientists combat animal and plant diseases, test insecticides, and are even trying to breed superbers with larger honey stomachs and longer tongues!

in progress, I asked a farmer if the "tobacco-nese" language was readily intelligible.

"Oh yes," he replied, "we soon catch on. You would, too, if it represented your income for the year."

One day as I cruised along the road down by Prince Frederick I saw a large crowd gathered in a field. Flags fluttered from what appeared to be a line-up of three soccer goal posts. Several riders in bright silks sat their mounts.

Over loudspeakers (blessed anachronism) I heard the announcement, "Knight of St. Marys, prepare to charge. Charge, Sir Knight!"

Down the course under the three arched posts dashed a rider, his long lance leveled to transfix a small white ring hanging from each support (page 426).

"Knight of Night Before Last"

Other knights bearing the names of estates or towns (one even enjoying the title, "Knight of Night Before Last") followed in order.

Each had three turns; then rings were decreased in size for further trials. To the most successful contestant befell the honor of selecting the Queen of Love and Beauty for the evening, which was climaxed by a dinner and ball.

Traveling southward from Prince Frederick, I came to Solomons Island. Here is located the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory for the study of marine life. Solomons is one of the numerous fishing and resort centers that fringe the vast inland sea of Chesapeake Bay.

Stretching some 190 miles in length and thrusting out innumerable salt-water tentacles, Chesapeake Bay is one of Maryland's greatest assets, though it submerges about a ninth of the area of the State. An ocean highway linked to Baltimore and other inland ports, it is also a playground, and is one of the richest pastures in all creation for sea life.

In summer, vacationers sport on the beaches; at Gibson Island, St. Michaels, Oxford, Annapolis, and other places, yachtsmen foregather to put their trim sailing craft and speedboats through their paces; and when hardheads, rocks, and bluefish are running, thousands of amateur fishermen go out to wet a line.

"Our farmers sow and then they reap. Our watermen merely reap," commented Dr. R. V. Truitt, Director of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory and Professor of Zoology at the University of Maryland.

"Though many of our water resources have been depleted, their development under proper conservation has hardly been touched."

From 16 million to 33 million pounds of blue crabs are taken in a season; that single industry nets from \$500,000 to \$700,000.

Love Life of the Crab

In Virginia waters the young crabs are spawned.

As they grow, doffing their outgrown shells and producing new ones in frequent moltings, they move toward the upper portion of the big Bay.

There the adult males stay. When the females have attained full size and approach their last molt, they begin to migrate down toward the saltier waters near the ocean. Mating of females takes place only after this last shedding, the males often carrying them in their claws for miles down the Bay on the nuptial journey to select a favorable shedding ground.

Since each female lays between one million and two million eggs, and since the preponderance of crabs taken by Virginia watermen are egg bearers, it is obvious that crabbing operations in the lower Chesapeake vitally influence the stock of the entire Bay. Conservation of this rich seafood depends on co-operative measures by the two States.

Over on the Eastern Shore, a long way round by ferry and road, but a short sail by boat, is Crisfield, Maryland's chief seafood center.

Here are several packing firms engaged in canning steamed crab meat in summer and packing oysters in the R months.

Oyster fishing, like crabbing, goes on all around Chesapeake Bay.

On November 16th, 1784, the following advertisement appeared in the Maryland Journal:

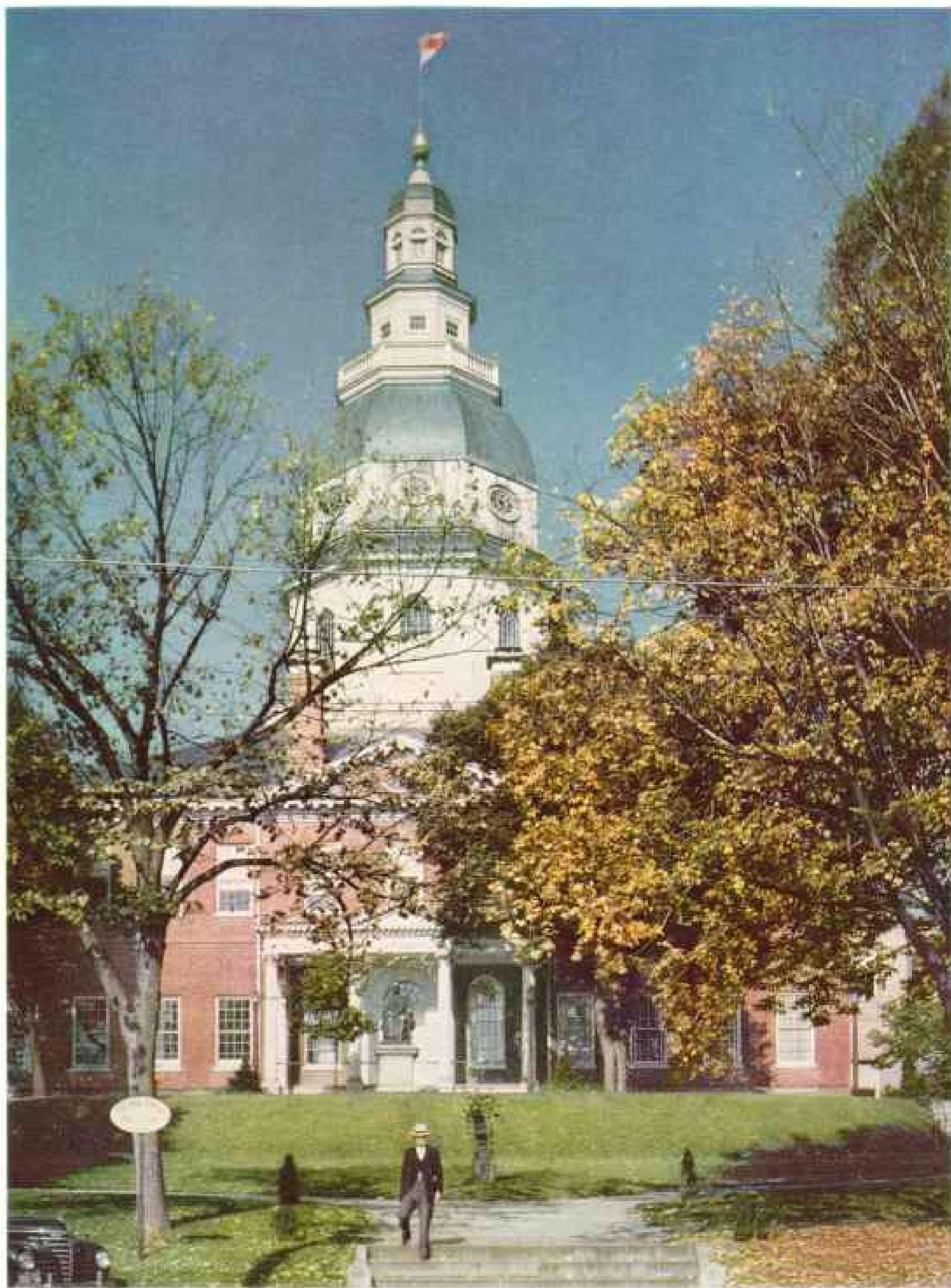
OYSTER SUPPERS Prepared at the shortest Notice, during the Winter Season, and dressed agreeable to the taste of Gentlemen, next door to the Playhouse (at Annapolis) . . . where PICKLED OYSTERS may likewise be put up in the best manner, for Gentlemen going to Sea, by the Public's most obedient humble servant, GEORGE WILLIS.

That is the first known printed advertisement of pickled Chesapeake oysters. Now, fresh oysters are iced and shipped all over the country, and have even been sent to Europe.

Well known as the oyster industry is, however, muskrats, thriving in Maryland marshlands, bring greater revenue.

The marshes and reaches of water in Maryland likewise provide a paradise of waterfowl for sportsmen (page 432).

Travel the Eastern Shore plains in the spring, and you see quantities of strawberries being picked and packed. In midsummer you see tomatoes—tomatoes on vines, tomatoes in

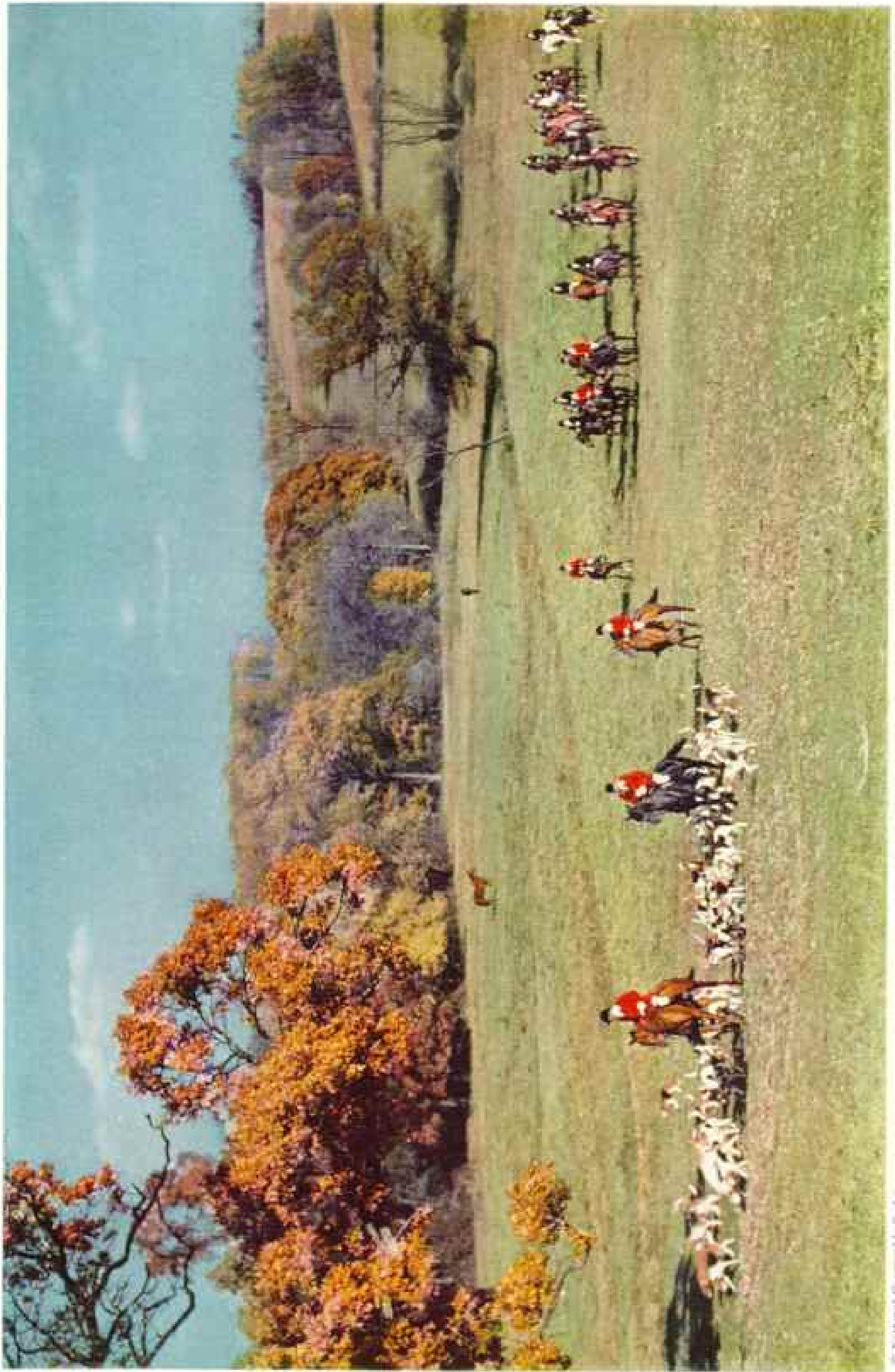


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Reproduction by W. Robert Moore

Maryland's Lawmakers Still Convene in the Colonial Capital at Annapolis

Here the infant Congress of the United States met in November, 1783. George Washington resigned his commission as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army in the Senate Chamber (right). Rinehart's statue of Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, who handed down the Dred Scott decision, stands before the entrance.



© National Geographic Society

"Yoicks! Yoicks!" Huntsmen Cry as the Hounds Trail the Fox Over the Maryland Countryside

The riders hail from the stone clubhouse of the Elkridge-Harford Hunt Club, on the Madonna road 20 miles north of Baltimore. To maintain hunting grounds, this club fences in farmland, pays farmers for chickens killed by foxes, and once a year, on "Farmer's Day," entertains all near-by landowners.

Photograph by R. Anthony Hyman



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"He Breezed Through the Half . . . !"

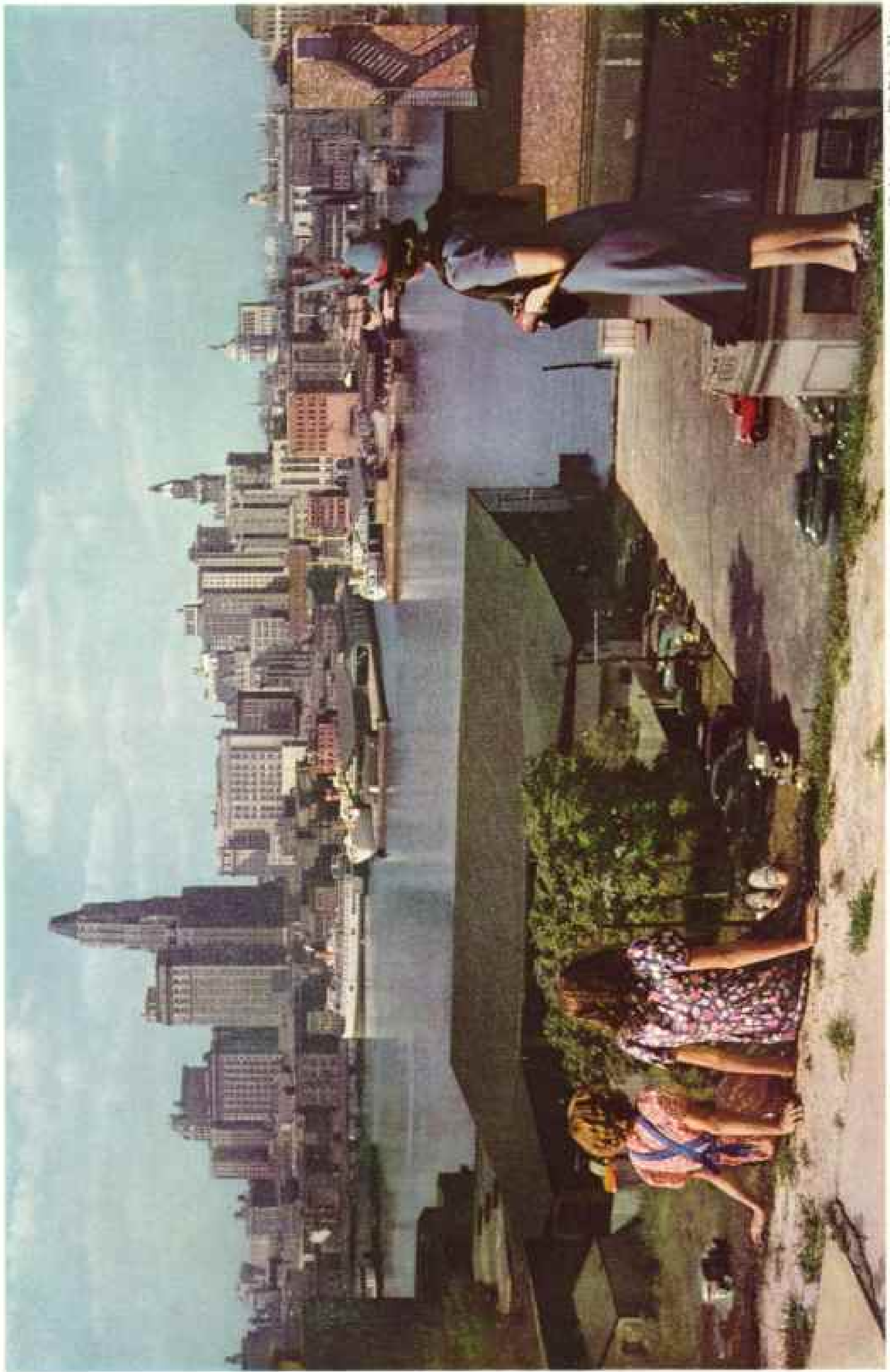
Jockeys discuss the daily workouts at Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farms, superb racing stables in Glyndon. They are in the "tack room," where saddles, blankets, and other riding equipment are kept.



Illustration by W. Robert Miller

Patently She Coaxes a Big Blue Crab to the Surface

From her vantage point at the tip of a Stimpson Bay jetty, the crabber lures her quarry with a chunk of beef or "dead chicken head." Gently she pulls the crab in close and then quickly scoops it up.



© National Geographic Society

Venerable Downtown Baltimore, Razed by Fire 37 Years Ago, Boasts a Modern Skyline

Viewed across the harbor from terraced Federal Hill, the skyscrapers seem to mass together at the edge of the Patapsco River estuary. Tallest is the Baltimore Trust Building. Outgoing and coastwise freighters, Chesapeake Bay produce boats, Eastern Shore ferries, and pleasure craft dock in the heart of the city.

Underbrush by W. Robert Means



© National Geographic Society

Badge of Respectability—Gleaming White Marble Steps

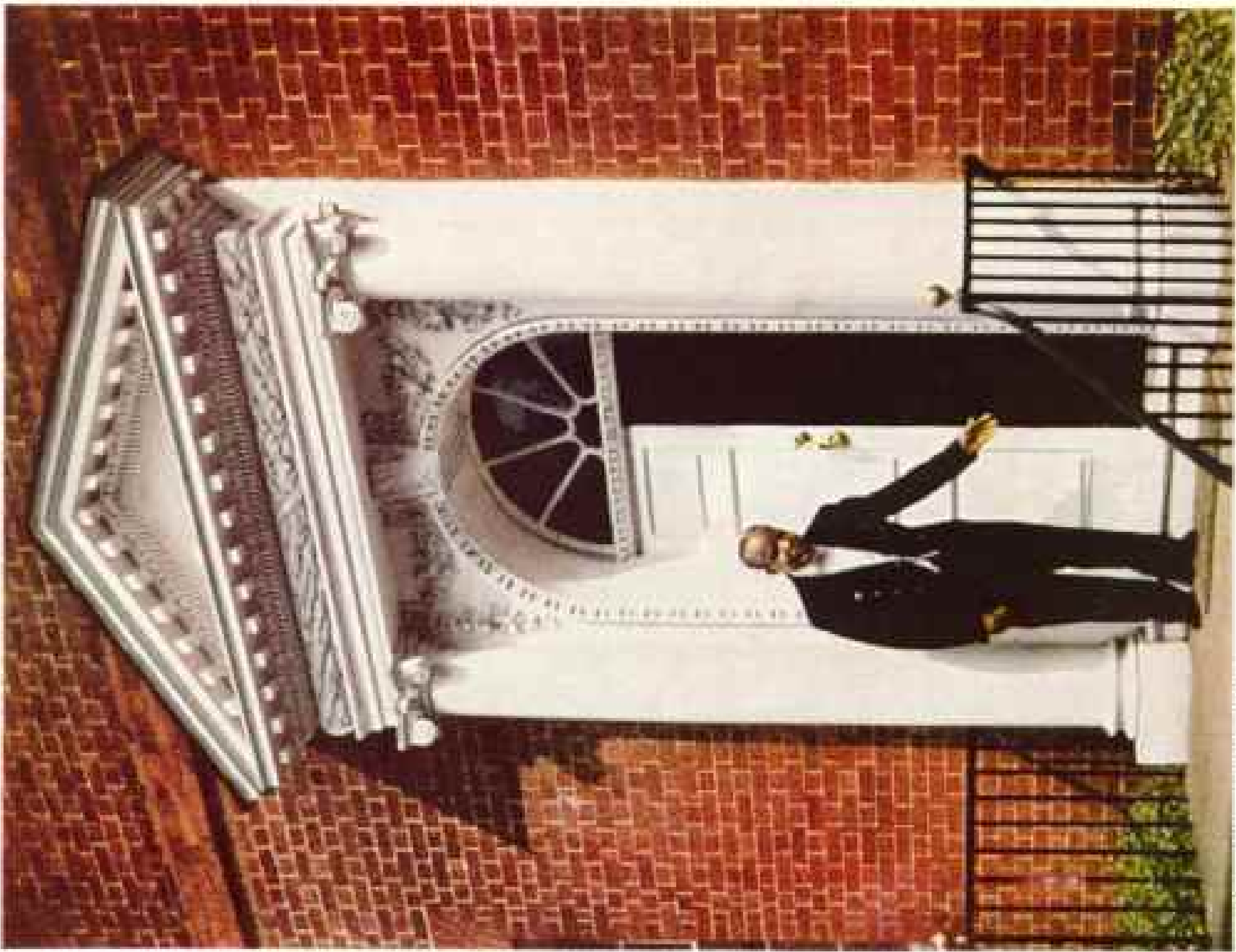
Miles of uniform brick dwellings flank Baltimore streets. Some rows are yellow, some red; some are severe, some ornate; but all have white steps, either just scrubbed or being scrubbed.



Illustration by W. Robert Mott

Goldfish from Lillypons Go to All the 48 States

Water lilies also flourish on the pools in this 100-acre tract near Frederick. One variety, lotus of the Nile, grows to a diameter of two feet. Lilly Potts, opera singer, mails her Christmas cards from Lillypons post office.



© National Geographic Society

Doorway to Gracious Living for 180 Years

When Matthias Hammond built the Hammond-Harwood House in Annapolis in 1770-74, his fiancée filled him, according to tradition, because he cared more for the splendid Georgian colonial mansion than he did for her.



Reproduction by W. Buford Moore

Francis Scott Key's Bride Descended This Old Staircase

The author of *The Star-Spangled Banner* married Mary Taylor Lloyd here in the Chase House at Annapolis, in 1802. The Georgian colonial mansion, designed by an English architect, was 53 years old then.



© National Geographic Society

Bahram, English Derby Winner and "War Refugee," Takes Up His Residence at Sagamore Farms

The eight-year-old thoroughbred recently was purchased in London for \$160,000 by a syndicate of United States sportsmen. The stallion belonged to the Aga Khan, Indian Muslim leader and famous sportsman. The Belgian steamer *Ville de Mons*, which brought the horse to New York, was torpedoed on its return voyage.

Illustration by W. Robert Mann



Little White Tom Rivals Big Bronze Gobbler in Drumstick Appeal

Students in the agricultural department at the University of Maryland are engrossed in developing a small turkey to meet the needs of the average family. Shorter legs and more compact bodies are the goal.



© National Geographic Society

Illustrations by D. Anthony Stewart

Bussy Has Front Teeth Only on Her Lower Jaw, Agricultural Students Learn

wagons and trucks, and baskets of tomatoes in mountainous piles beside canneries.

In most towns and even at wayside places local canning plants have been established. Cambridge, however, is the chief center.

I spent hours walking through the spic-and-span factories of the Phillips Packing Company located there, watching white-aproned women peeling and cleaning tomatoes. Swiftly the red fruit was whisked along on conveyors to cookers and cans, some to be converted to catsups and soups.

Men tended gleaming caldrons from which issued fragrant odors, while others manipulated capping machines. In season the company also cans corn, beans, and peas.

Crossing over to Salisbury, I passed through acres of cantaloupes. In the outskirts of town I was held up for a while in a long queue of carts, jalopies, trailers, and trucks bringing in cases of melons to the Salisbury Produce Exchange.

Here the cantaloupes were being auctioned off and loaded into huge wholesalers' trucks for transfer to Philadelphia, New York, and other centers.

Threading through busy streets and past the trim State Teachers' College, I headed for Ocean City.

Spawned on a sand strip and separated from the mainland by slender Sinepuxent Bay (page 411), Ocean City has grown into a popular seashore resort.

Some come to try their hand at marlin fishing off the famous "Jack Spot," a shoal 22 miles to the southeast. In 1939, the record year, 1,343 white marlin were boated.

Big Storm Was an Engineer

For years fishermen operating off Ocean City had no safe anchorage for their boats without traveling far down the coast. If only a channel could be cut into Sinepuxent Bay, they cried, then we would have a harbor.

Then came the heavy storm of August, 1933. Swiftly, efficiently, and with no fuss of budgets and such, it scooped a channel from the sand; now boatmen can ride into a haven just south of the resort. State authorities and the War Department have since dredged and built jetties to make the inlet permanent.

Turning my back on the sun, sand, and sea breezes, I crossed back to Chesapeake shores at Oxford, Easton, and Wye Mills to some of the old colonial residences.

All the way from the southern tip of land near Crisfield to Elkton, at the head of the Bay, manor houses dot the countryside. In recent years many northerners have come over here on the Eastern Shore and purchased

some of these historic homes. Talisman, belonging to Mr. Arthur H. Kudner, and the wide white-fenced acres owned by the late Walter P. Chrysler, are noteworthy examples of the rebuilt and refurbished estates.

The quiet little fishing town of Oxford, a busy port for colonial trade before some of its streets grew up to grass, has of late become a popular retreat for a number of literary men.

A colorful personality of Oxford, too, is "Miss Molly." Until she retired last June, her real name, Miss Mary W. Stewart, had appeared on Uncle Sam's official list of postmasters ever since President Rutherford B. Hayes gave her the appointment, March 4, 1877, to succeed her father, an appointee of Abraham Lincoln.

On a sizzling-hot summer noontime I paused under the giant oak at Wye Mills to cool off and meditate. On a sign by its base I read: Height cir. 95 feet; Base cir. 53 feet; Spread 165 feet; Age 400 years. To me, it seemed much older, larger, and more friendly than figures would suggest.

At Wye Mills one road leads north through gracious, mellow, and altogether-delightful old Chestertown and crosses the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, linking the two Bays at Chesapeake City.

Another highway branches left to Kent Island, with landings for ferries plying to Annapolis and Baltimore.

I drove down to the ferry and 45 minutes later landed at Annapolis.

Everyone in the United States knows of Annapolis, though some may be only vaguely aware that it is the capital of Maryland.

The comment of one Annapolis resident explains why: "Just the other day some out-of-state visitors stopped me right here by the Statehouse and asked the way to Annapolis. When I told them that they were in it, they said, 'Oh, we mean the Naval Academy.'"

It is true that the extensive Academy buildings, the tomb of John Paul Jones in the crypt of the chapel, and the activities of the "future admirals" of Uncle Sam's Navy claim most attention in the town.

In June Week, when mothers, fathers, and the "one and onlies" (girl friends) gather to attend the ceremonies of Presenting the Colors, Graduation, and numerous social events, Annapolis blossoms like a spring garden (pages 426, 427).*

Then, when midshipmen pack their sea bags and leave for summer cruise, Annapolis settles down to its centuries-old calm.

* See "Annapolis, Cradle of the Navy," by Lieut. Arthur A. Agerton, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1936.



Photograph by H. Rutime Bulliday

Loafing Along, Everything Set

In a light breeze, the log canoe *Mystery* here sails a match race in the Tred Avon River. Her narrow hull, hewn from tree trunks, her tall masts, and tremendous spread of canvas make her extremely tender. She must be balanced carefully by the crew, who climb out to windward on springboards when gusts blow. Square sails of silky lightness catch every zephyr. The mainsail and foresail are club rigged (page 429).

The Academy opened this year with an attendance of 2,600 midshipmen, largest since the World War. It was "June Week" in February, too, for nearly 400 senior midshipmen, because of the Navy speed-up plan. Just after their graduation, 700 Naval Reserves were brought here for training.

Remove a few electric-light poles and concrete sidewalks, and parts of Annapolis would seem little changed from colonial days. Many memories cluster about structures that date from a time when the town was one of the brightest and gayest in the infant Colonies.

Here are three houses associated with signers

of the Declaration of Independence. In one was born Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Living to the age of 95, he was the last survivor of those who signed that memorable document.

Another house, now incorporated into a hotel but retaining much of its original appearance, was built by William Paca. The third, a home today for elderly women, was built by Samuel Chase.

In other houses, old churches, and narrow English-named streets Annapolis retains much of its historic flavor. A huge tulip tree on St. John's College campus contributes its bit, for beneath its branches Washington and Lafayette conferred, and an earlier treaty was made here with the Susquehanna Indians.

Colossus Baltimore

After the intimate, quiet friendliness of Annapolis, Baltimore seems a busy colossus. And indeed it is. Few cities in the Union have its distinction of embracing about a half of the State's population. The 1940 census moved it to seventh place among the Nation's cities.

Two-thirds of all Maryland's industrial business is concentrated in the Baltimore area.

But it is no upstart industrial town. A year ago the Association of Commerce gave a dinner to inaugurate "The Century Honor Roll of Baltimore Business." Representatives from sixty-two business and industrial organizations attended.

One was the oldest steamship line in existence in the United States; another was linked with the famed clipper days when Baltimore-built craft helped give America its greatest merchant marine in history. A third, making wire products, boasts that wires of its manu-

facture carried the first telegraphic message between Washington and Baltimore.

Still another business is a descendant of the old Gas Light Company, which gave Baltimore the first gas lighting in America.

Attending, too, were members of firms that made the first umbrellas, the first sterling silverware, the first public railroad in the Nation, and a newspaper, the Baltimore American, which scored a historic "beat" in first publishing the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

Also represented was the Baltimore Sun, which has not missed a single issue in its 104 years. In Maryland "Sunpaper" has become a synonym for "newspaper." All three editions—morning, evening, and Sunday—circulate all over the State.

When the devastating fire gutted downtown Baltimore in 1904, the Sun rushed its copy to the presses of the Evening Star in Washington, D. C., where it was published for two months. Special trains carried the editions back to Baltimore for delivery at the normal time.

Gathered here were representatives from plants turning out textiles, bricks, copper, sugar, steel products, bichromates, seafood products, and hats.

The lithographic firm of A. Hoen and Company, Inc., was brought to Baltimore 106 years ago (page 436).

This firm made the illustrations for the Frémont expedition; the first map of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Herndon map of the Amazon; and it invented the method of map coloration first accepted and still used by the U. S. Geological Survey. Five million maps for your NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE roll off its presses annually.

Wandering through the plant, I commented upon the number of lithographic stones stored there.

"Yes, we have a whole quarry of them," replied one of the Hoens. "Some are of historic value. Yesterday we had a call for a map of Frederick made a century ago."

Down at Sparrows Point I visited the colossal tidewater plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company and



Photograph by Mrs. H. W. Peter

Straight as a Crow Flight Runs the Ritchie Memorial Highway

This dual-lane thoroughfare between Annapolis and Baltimore has one curveless stretch of 14 miles. Route 40 between Baltimore and Havre de Grace is similarly constructed.



Photograph by H. Hobbs Belliday

Mr. Coon Is Treed

With eyes glancing he looks down at his yelping pursuers. Soon he will be shaken from the branches and captured. Raccoons are found throughout Maryland but are particularly abundant in marsh areas around Chesapeake Bay. They are hunted only at night. A pelt is worth three to four dollars.

watched tons of white-hot steel being drawn from seething furnaces and poured into molds. At their ship-building plant, we walked among prefabricated pieces of ships that strewed the dockside.

"Practically every week a new ship slips down the skidways," remarked my guide (page 438).

Speeding Airplane Production

On Eastern Avenue, at Middle River, is the Glenn L. Martin plant where the Pacific air Clippers were designed and constructed.

When Mr. Martin saw a future for flying boats and moved to this tidewater site in 1929, he forecast a business employing 10,000 people. Today 17,000 are employed there!

To get skilled workmen, the company has sent its own men with blueprints and machines into the high schools and technical schools to give special courses to the students.

With 1,263,000 feet of floor space already in use, I saw 400,000 feet more under construction. When final plans are completed, the floor space will total 3,800,000 square feet and 40,000 people will be employed there (page 422).

Such, in part, is Baltimore's response to national defense.

As I walked down the aisles between clattering machines and passed assembly lines of sleek, high-powered Army bombers and huge Navy patrol flying boats, I asked what would happen when the national defense boom was over.

Mr. Martin has summed up the answer to my question in this wise: "War is but a step aside in the normal advance of civil aviation, a step which, tragic though it is, contributes a mighty impetus to the development of the commerce of the world.

"We are learning to carry heavy loads; the bomb loads of today will be the civilian loads of tomorrow. The end of the war will see such a resurgence in commercial aviation as the world has never known."

Wander down by the water front of Baltimore—there are 40 miles of deep-water frontage—and you glimpse a bit of the city's importance as a port.

Nature was kind to Maryland in giving her a harbor that is the most westerly of the northern ports (page 412). Chesapeake Bay cuts deeply into the land to provide this remarkable haven.

By rail Baltimore is more than a hundred miles nearer Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis than is New York.

In 1939 an aggregate of 23,600,000 tons of cargo was handled between ship hold and wharf.

Around the harbor are huge grain elevators where a carload of grain can be transferred to bin or ship's hold in the time it takes to read this page. On a coal-handling pier freight cars are lifted and turned over bodily to dump their contents into a ship's bunkers.

To this port comes copper for the world's largest smelting and refining works.

Here comes guano from Peru to be mixed with other products in huge fertilizer plants that manufacture 15 per cent of all commercial fertilizers used in the United States.

Visiting the McCormick plant overlooking the water front, I smelled odors of tea and spices that I knew during years in the Orient. In their store-rooms are bags, bales, and strange bundles filled with peppers from Zanzibar, ginger from China, cinnamon from Ceylon, mace from Java, vanilla beans from Mexico, cloves from Madagascar—spices from 33 foreign lands.

In other rooms I saw machines sewing up individual-cup bags of tea. Elsewhere men tended huge mixers making mayonnaise. In still another department I saw men compounding insect sprays and powders. They even raise their own flies to be sure that they



Photograph by H. Belden Hollyday

Putting Terrapins to Bed For the Winter

Costly delicacies now, these diamondbacks are kept in tidewater pens at Crisfield in summer. Once they were so plentiful in Maryland that seine fishermen found them a nuisance in their nets and slaves objected to eating them more than three times a week! Efforts are now being made to restock the marshes.

have healthy specimens upon which to try their potent concoctions!

Turn from a steel concern specializing only in stainless steel to the huge Western Electric plant making telephone and television cables (page 439); visit the gigantic industrial alcohol factory where whole shiploads of molasses are brewing in colossal vats; then see a concern turning out bottle caps by millions. Include also the world's largest bi-chromate factory, and you get a good idea of the volume and value of Baltimore's business.

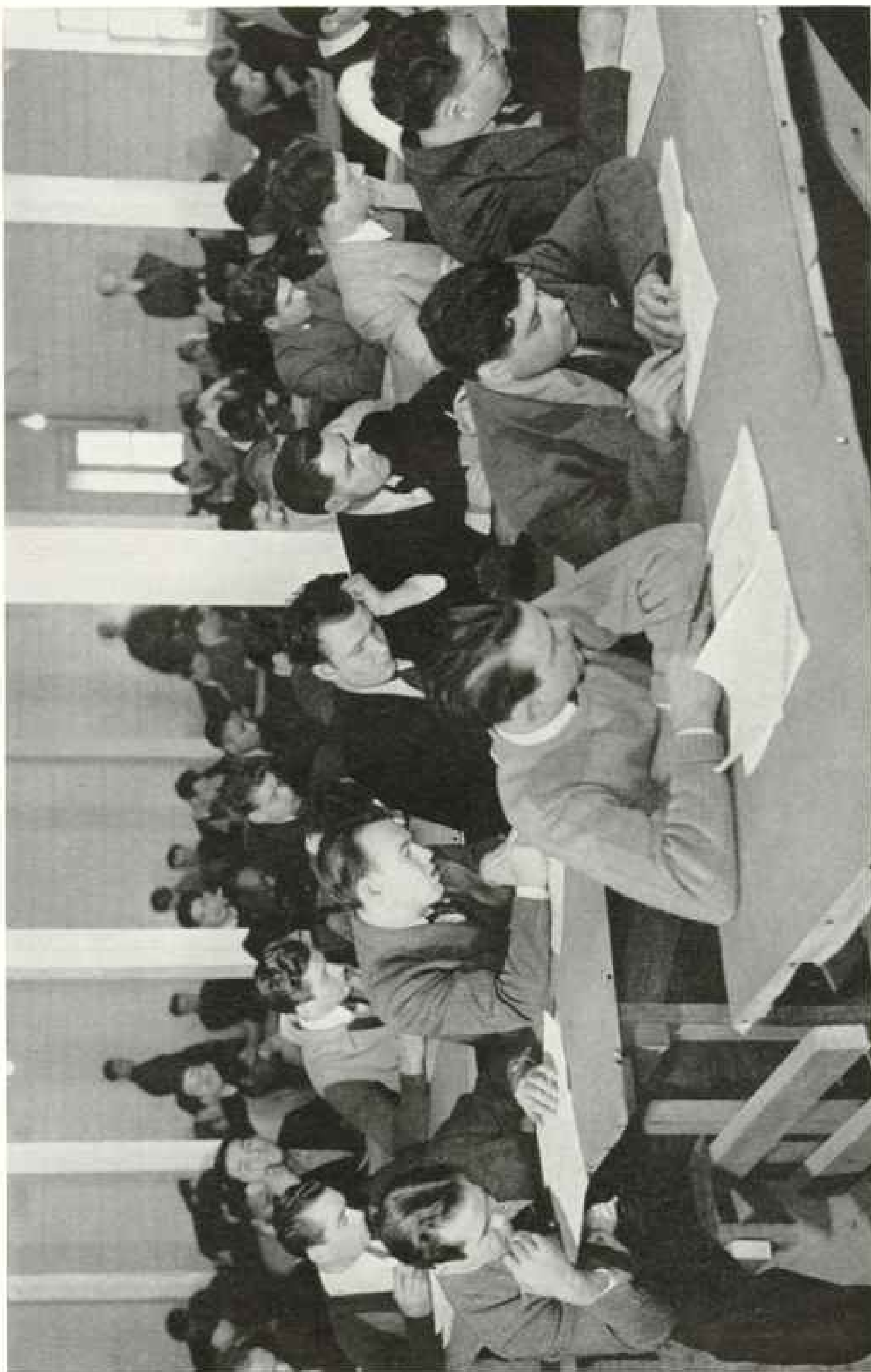
Out in the quiet residential section one day I saw a group of colonial brick buildings complete even to tennis courts, baseball diamond,



Photograph from the Glenn L. Martin Co.

On These Drafting Tables Begin Speedier Planes for National Defense

Here at the Glenn L. Martin Company plant, near Baltimore, the Chim and Philippine Clippers, "the aircraft that couldn't be built," were designed and constructed. Entering their sixth year of service, the two flying boats have tallied up more than three million miles. A new Navy patrol bomber and two types of Army bombers are in production in the rapidly expanding factory (page 420).



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

They're in the Army Now!

Rich man and poor man, all from America's democratic draft army, take an examination of 150 questions as they enter the reception center at Fort George G. Meade near Baltimore. From this test and from personal interviews Uncle Sam classifies and assigns recruits to the service where they are best fitted. In February, the 29th Division, made up of the National Guard of Maryland and near-by localities, moved into newly erected quarters at Fort Meade.

and gardens filled with flowers, which looked like some college institution. It had an auditorium seating 1,300 people, a large dining room and lounging rooms for both men and women, even a laundry.

"Few Booms; Few Bumps"

These scholastic-looking halls house the Maryland Casualty Company; its annual net insurance premiums make it a \$25,000,000 industry.

"Baltimore has such a diversified business, ranging from clothing through canned goods and chemical products to copper, iron, and other industries, that we always keep going," explained one civic leader. "We have few booms and few bumps."

Historical monuments, such as old Fort McHenry over whose batteries floated the Stars and Stripes that inspired Francis Scott Key to write the *Star-Spangled Banner*; the Flag House where that banner was made (p. 431); the Washington Monument; and the historic shot tower, are proud possessions of Baltimore.

So, too, are the wrought-iron porches and balcony rails on many old homes.

Though I knew well the corner of the churchyard where Edgar Allan Poe was buried, I set out to find the home where he stayed with his aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, down on Amity Street. At last I found it. The patina of Baltimore soot had been removed from the brick, and the house was being incorporated with new buildings in "Area H" of the Baltimore Housing Authority's new slum clearance!

The Legacy of Johns Hopkins

A name associated with Baltimore, from which he never ventured more than a few miles, and now known throughout the world, is that of Johns Hopkins. This Quaker son of Maryland amassed a large fortune as merchant-banker. He never married. He determined to found a great hospital and a great university, and divided his estate between them.

The University gave to American education the first graduate school where scholars were able to do advanced original research, possible before only in Europe.

Because the Hopkins fund was largely tied up in stock which for a time was passing through difficulties, the Medical School was last to be founded. A group of women agreed to contribute \$500,000, with the condition that women be allowed to take up medical courses on equal terms with men. Since its opening, 10 to 15 per cent of the students have been women.

How well the joint efforts of the Medical

School and Hospital have succeeded, the medical world can best attest.

Here rubber gloves were first used in operations, and silk as sutures. Mercurochrome and other mercury compounds as bacteria killers were discovered in its laboratories. Here, too, was found the bacillus that caused gas gangrene and also the one that caused fatal diarrhoea in children.

Its scientists proved cod-liver oil an effective aid in treating rickets; discovered adrenalin, which staunches the flow of blood in operations and spurs a weakened heart to action; found a treatment for tetany in children; and recently brought to this country and found new and safer uses for the much-publicized sulfanilamide.

Johns Hopkins doctors have likewise brought health to millions by originating new methods of surgery on the stomach, intestines, genito-urinary diseases of women, the prostate gland, and goiter.

These are but few of this glorious institution's achievements for the good of humanity. A list of only the outstanding discoveries and pioneer medical practices would fill at least four pages of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

In north Baltimore beautiful private homes snuggle in forested areas or stand apart in broad, spreading gardens.

One of the show places of the city is Sherwood Gardens in suburban Guilford. In May thousands of Baltimoreans will go there to see a dazzling array of 85,000 tulips, more than 4,000 azaleas, and myriad pansies. Dogwood, wistaria, flowering crab and cherry trees, and summer arbutus will form a fragrant backdrop for this lavish display (pages 441-448).

Aberdeen Proving Ground and Edgewood Arsenal, particularly busy now that national defense has gone into high gear, are just off Route 40. With the mobilization of armed forces, too, Fort Meade, south of Baltimore, has grown suddenly into the third or fourth largest community in Maryland (page 423).

Toward Western Maryland

Turning finally from the Baltimore area, I headed westward on Route 40. Here is the old National Pike (also known as the Cumberland Road and National Road), first to be built by the Government as a path to the undeveloped West. In 1818 it was completed as far as the Ohio.

Ellicott City was my first stop. Once this cliff-dweller town was Ellicott Mills, for in the narrow gorge of the Patapsco River the Quaker brothers Ellicott set up grist and flour mills in 1774. It was a bold venture; there



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Photograph by W. Robert Moore

Boat-minded Annapolis Crowds Her Spacious Yacht Basin with Pleasure Craft

Dome of the United States Naval Academy Chapel rises in background. In a crypt beneath it lies a coffin believed to contain the body of John Paul Jones, father of the U. S. Navy. The intrepid sea fighter was buried in Paris upon his death in 1792.



© National Geographic Society

Knighthood Flowers Again at a Maryland Tilting Tourney

With his lance, the Prince Frederick rider tries to transfix the small metal ring. Winning contestant chooses the tourney's "Queen of Love and Beauty."



Illustration by W. Robert Moore

A Lucky "Femme" Presents the Colors at the Naval Academy
 In a June Week ceremony, the best girl of the leader of the "color company" presents the Stars and Stripes and the regimental colors to his command.

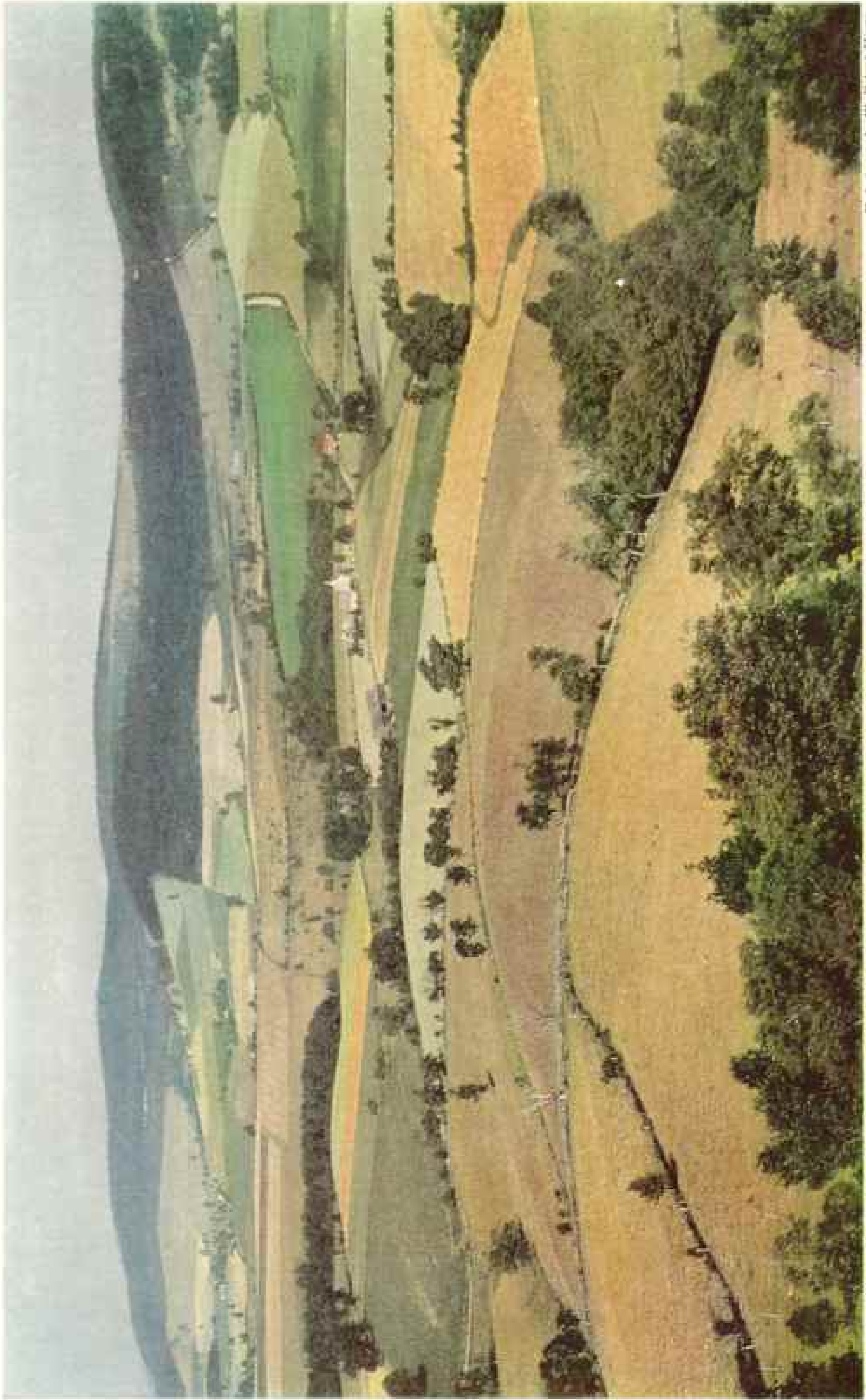


Illustration by W. Robert Moore

Graduation Day at Annapolis—Uncle Sam Welcomes 455 Young Ensigns into the Navy.

Secretary of the Navy Edson (now Governor of New Jersey) addresses the 1940 graduating class in Thompson Stadium, opposite Dahlgren Hall. In a few moments the young men will receive their diplomas and, with a mighty shout, will toss their midshipmen caps in the air.

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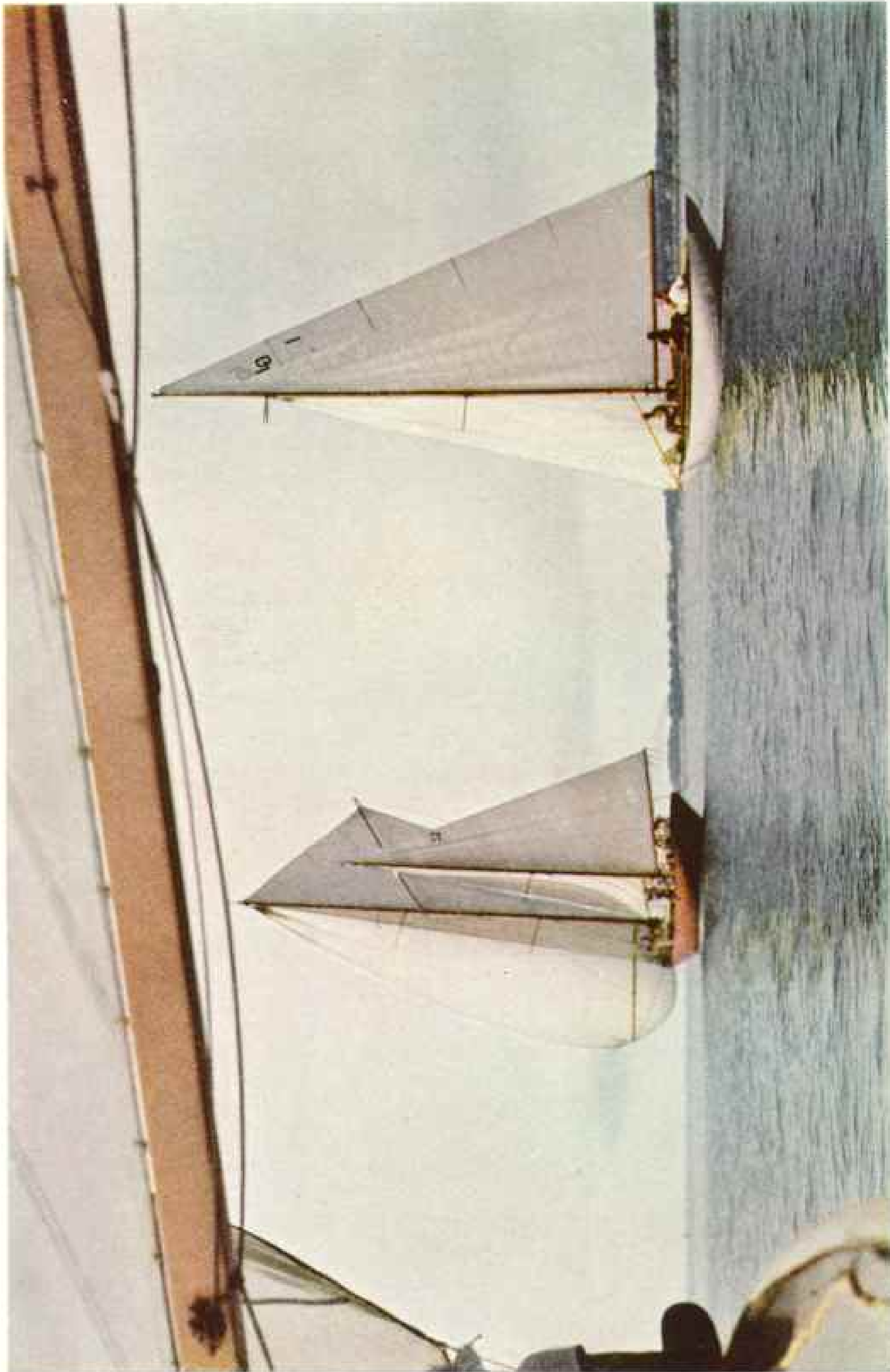


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Photographs by W. Robert Mann

Fields of Ripening Crops Cover a Rolling Maryland Countryside Like a Giant Patchwork Quilt

In the extreme northwestern corner of the State, on the road to Keyser, farms have replaced the cattle-grazing lands of an earlier day. Potatoes, hay, corn, and buckwheat are the chief crops. In colonial times buffalo roamed this pasture land. Bears, panthers, wolves, and deer were plentiful on the near-by ridges.

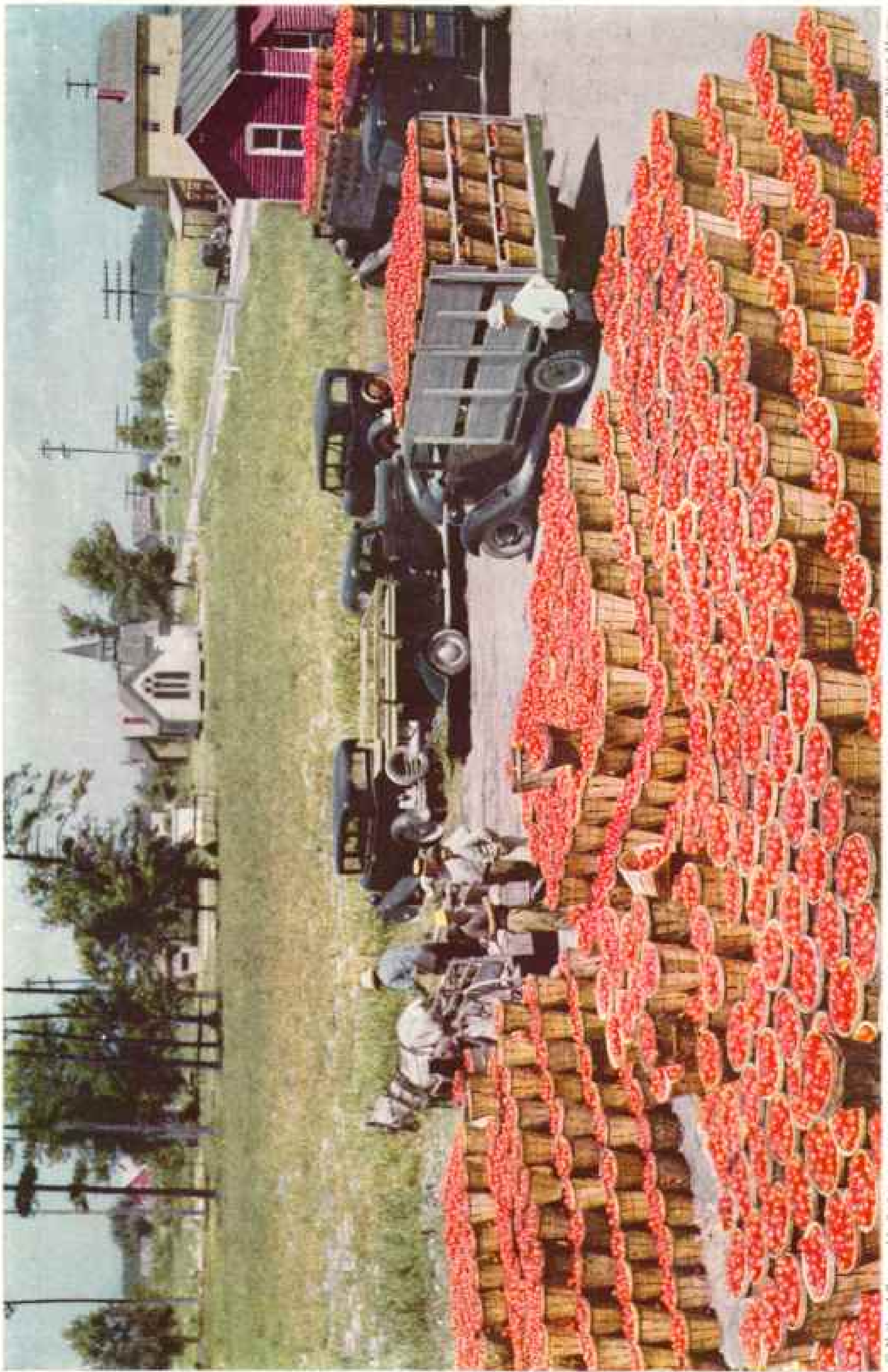


© National Geographic Society

Illustration by Melville Bell Grosvenor

All Kites Set, *Famarie* and *Night Cap* Draw Ahead in the 100-Mile Cedar Point Race Held by the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron

With its warm, rock-free waters, cool breezes, and good fishing, Chesapeake Bay is the happy hunting ground for millions of city folk of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. The lovely ketch *Famarie* (left) here approaches Sandy Point Light. She is manned by U. S. Navy officers and midshipmen.



© National Geographic Society

Tons of Luscious Eastern Shore Tomatoes Wait Their Turn to Go into Cans

Farmers near Crisfield stack their crops near one of the scores of canneries which dot the entire area. At near-by Cambridge is the vast all-year-round plant of the Phillips Packing Company, where 4,000 persons are employed at the height of the tomato season.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore



© National Geographic Society

Illustration by W. Herbert Moore

In Baltimore's "Flag House" Mrs. Mary Pickersgill Made the Emblem Which Inspired *The Star-Spangled Banner*

The huge flag, 30 x 42 feet, with 15 stars and 15 stripes, was too large for the home, so it was completed in a near-by brewery. Francis Scott Key saw it "by the dawn's early light" proudly waving over Fort McHenry. The original is in the Smithsonian Institution. At right are the Maryland State and Baltimore City flags.



Retriever by J. Burton Roberts

"Brownie," Chesapeake Bay Retriever, Brings in a Mallard Drake

The sportsman is Dr. George W. Hutchison, Secretary of the National Geographic Society, enjoying the hunting at Greenweigh on the Potomac River. The Chesapeake Bay retriever originated in the United States.



© National Geographic Society

Illustration by W. Robert Hays

Canners Deftly Pick and Pack Luscious Meat from Fresh-steamed Eastern Shore Crabs

wasn't a wheat field in the region. Gradually they succeeded in getting tobacco planters to grow grain and further established themselves by introducing the use of fertilizer.

The chief business in the town is still milling, but with a difference. The mills specialize in preparing doughnut mixtures and building doughnut machines that will bake anywhere from 10 dozen to 600 dozen an hour! The concern also makes griddle-cake compounds, piecrust preparations, and bran-muffin mixtures, which ought to make edible even the first cooking efforts of a young bride!

Ellicott City was also the first terminus of the infant Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

It is indeed a far cry from the tiny horse-cars that once rattled along this original 13-mile stretch of road to the sleek streamlined monsters that thunder over it today.

Picture a treadmill device on top of a car, or imagine a trainman lifting a sail to help boost the speed. Amusing, yes; but both of these means of locomotion were tried before the puffy little *Tom Thumb* steam engine was built and began making the trip at the then amazing speed of about 13 miles an hour!

History Can't Catch Up with a Poem

From Ellicott City I cruised over the roller-coaster hills covered with wheat and corn to Frederick, home town of Barbara Frietchie.

Some authorities argue that Stonewall Jackson never marched past her house. Whatever the facts, Whittier's poem has given her enduring fame, and thousands are attracted to her restored home and to her grave in Mount Olivet Cemetery, where also rests Francis Scott Key.

A simple tablet on the wall of Frederick's courtroom tells of an early contribution here to American colonial history. Twelve judges on November 23, 1765, repudiated the British Stamp Act a year before the uprising Colonies repealed the measure.

Here lived Roger Brooke Taney when he practiced law before becoming Chief Justice of the United States. It was he who wrote the Dred Scott decision. Here, too, was born William Tyler Page, author of *The American's Creed*.

Before continuing my westward pilgrimage, I turned north seeking a track—an old, old track—the track of a dinosaur! Footprints made eons ago along the Monocacy River are preserved in a sandstone slab at Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg.

Beside them crumbling iron furnaces by the Catoctin recreational area seem modern, though they produced 100 tons of shells for the Revolutionary Battle of Yorktown.

Detouring through the village of Detour, I wandered to Westminster. In fields roundabout I saw one of Maryland's unusual crops, wormseed. Among many uses for oil of *Chenopodium*, distilled from these medicinal plants, is the treatment of hookworm disease.

A sign in front of the Westminster post office reminds one that Carroll County was the first in the United States to have a complete R. F. D. mail service.

Conspicuous on a hilly campus is Western Maryland College, a pioneer coeducational institution south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Appropriately, it is supervised by the Methodist Church, for a few miles away, near New Windsor, Robert Strawbridge, earliest apostle of Methodism in Maryland, labored.

Roadside markers along the highway between Frederick and Hagerstown reveal how the War Between the States surged back and forth over Maryland. To the southwest of Middletown and Boonsboro are Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, and Antietam where came the awful foretaste of Gettysburg.

For more than half a century the M. P. Müller Organ Works in Hagerstown has been building pipe organs, large and small, for homes, schools, halls, and churches.

A large organ, built in parts so that it could be easily taken down and moved, was sent to England a few years ago for circuit concerts.

A rapidly expanding industry in Hagerstown is the Fairchild Aircraft Corporation. For several years the company has produced popular small planes. Now it is busy turning out hundreds of trim low-winged trainers for the United States Army. More than a thousand persons are employed in the plant.

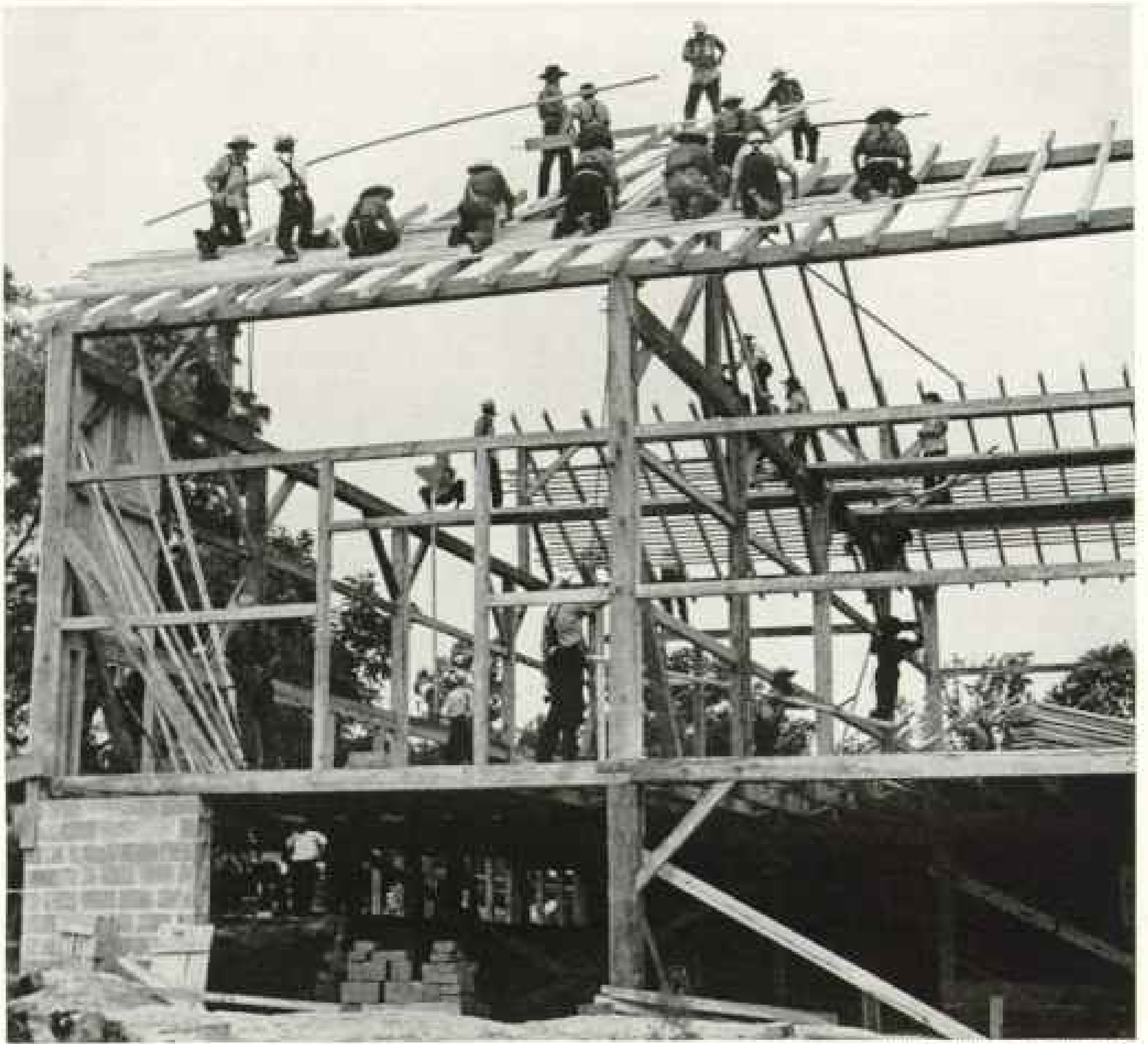
To meet increased demand for skilled workers in the Fairchild factory and other Hagerstown industries, the Board of Education of Washington County opened a new Industrial School in January this year. Here students are learning wood- and sheet-metal working, welding, and the operation of heavy machine tools.

In Narrowest Maryland

Westward from Hagerstown I traveled into the narrowing neck of the State. For miles apple, peach, and other fruit orchards flanked the highway.

At Hancock the looping Potomac River and the Mason-Dixon Line conspired to sever Maryland in two (map, page 404). In this conspiracy they have failed by a scant three miles. Beyond this slender corridor the State widens, narrows again at Cumberland, and finally spreads out into a large triangle.

As you drive through this region, however,



Photograph by Larry Murria, Jr.

Amish Volunteers Make Quick Work of Barn Building

It was raised on the first day, completed on the second, and ready for painting and occupancy on the third. The building swarmed with willing workmen from the Amish colony which recently moved to farms in southern Maryland, near Charlotte Hall, as well as friends and relatives from Pennsylvania.

you feel that much land has been crowded into the area, for you have to cross and twist among sharp folds of the Allegheny Mountains.

In mountain forests deer and other game wander, protected in some places by State game sanctuaries. A few miles beyond Hancock the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club maintains a 5,000-acre estate enclosed by a 9-foot wire fence. Here deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, and ducks are raised by special license. Its lakes and streams are also well stocked with bass and trout.

Tires Roll Out of Cumberland

Coming into Cumberland, I saw a large sign beside the highway, picturing automobile tires rolling out of the smoke from the Kelly-Springfield plant.

More than a million tires, besides tubes and other rubber accessories, are produced annually in this factory.

"In Cumberland we have a happy combination of power, water, transportation, and home labor," commented the manager. "Coal is near at hand in the mountains; we are only 150 miles from the seaboard; and we're within easy transportation range of our raw fabrics and our consumer distribution centers."

In truth, the story of Cumberland's growth is tied to transportation. In 1750 the Ohio Company, exploiting a land grant north of the Ohio, established a trading post here. From that beginning it became a fort guarding the path to the West.

Cumberland also became a key town on the old National Road, and through it rumbled



Photograph by A. Arthur Dodds

Here "Tea for Two" Means 21 Cups

Professional tasters at the McCormick Company, Baltimore, test tea samples for odor and for the taste of the brew. They suck the liquid into the mouth forcibly to atomize it against the throat. They do not swallow it, but expel it into a large cuspidor (right).

stagecoaches and supply wagons. The discovery of coal in the Alleghenies, arrival of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal contributed to its growth.

Today Cumberland is Maryland's second largest city, with a population of 40,000 persons.

The Pedestrian Gets a Break

A constant stream of motors passes through on Route 40, but it is a full-stop town. The community has seen to that, much to the despair of heavy-accelerator-footed tourists. When lights change, they pause on yellow in both directions at once, so that pedestrians can walk any direction they please at the intersections.

Picture thousands of spiders confined in three city blocks of buildings co-operatively engaged in spinning a wispy web strand long enough to encircle the earth every nine minutes. Picture their gossamer output caught up and twisted into thread, dipped into dyes, and then carried to other buildings to be converted into soft fabrics.

Change the spiders into tiny mechanical spinnerets, or jets having an opening of only one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, which exude cellulose acetate,* and you have a picture of the making of synthetic yarns at the Celanese plant, below Cumberland.

The Celanese Corporation of America is an

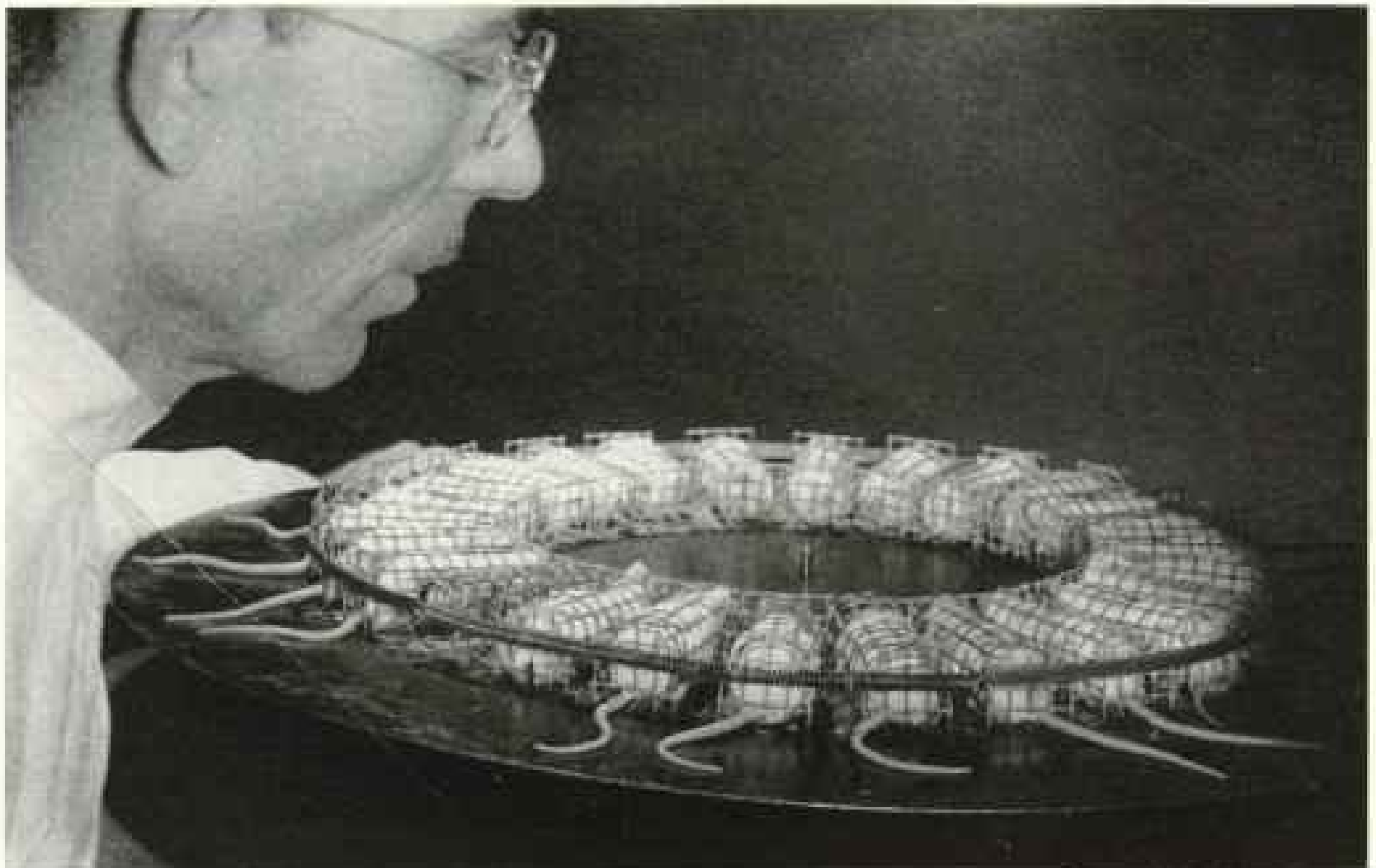
* See "Chemists Make a New World," by Frederick Simpich, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, November, 1939.



Photograph by Willard R. Colver

Infinite Pains and Months of Research Go into a National Geographic Society Map

When the drawings have been completed by The Society's Cartographic Staff working in Washington, they are sent to A. Hoen and Company in Baltimore to be engraved and printed. Highway routes are being tacked over the master drawing. Other sheets showing river courses and mountain hachures will be added later.



Photograph by Volkmar Wentzel

White Mice Get Ultraviolet-ray Treatments at the National Cancer Institute

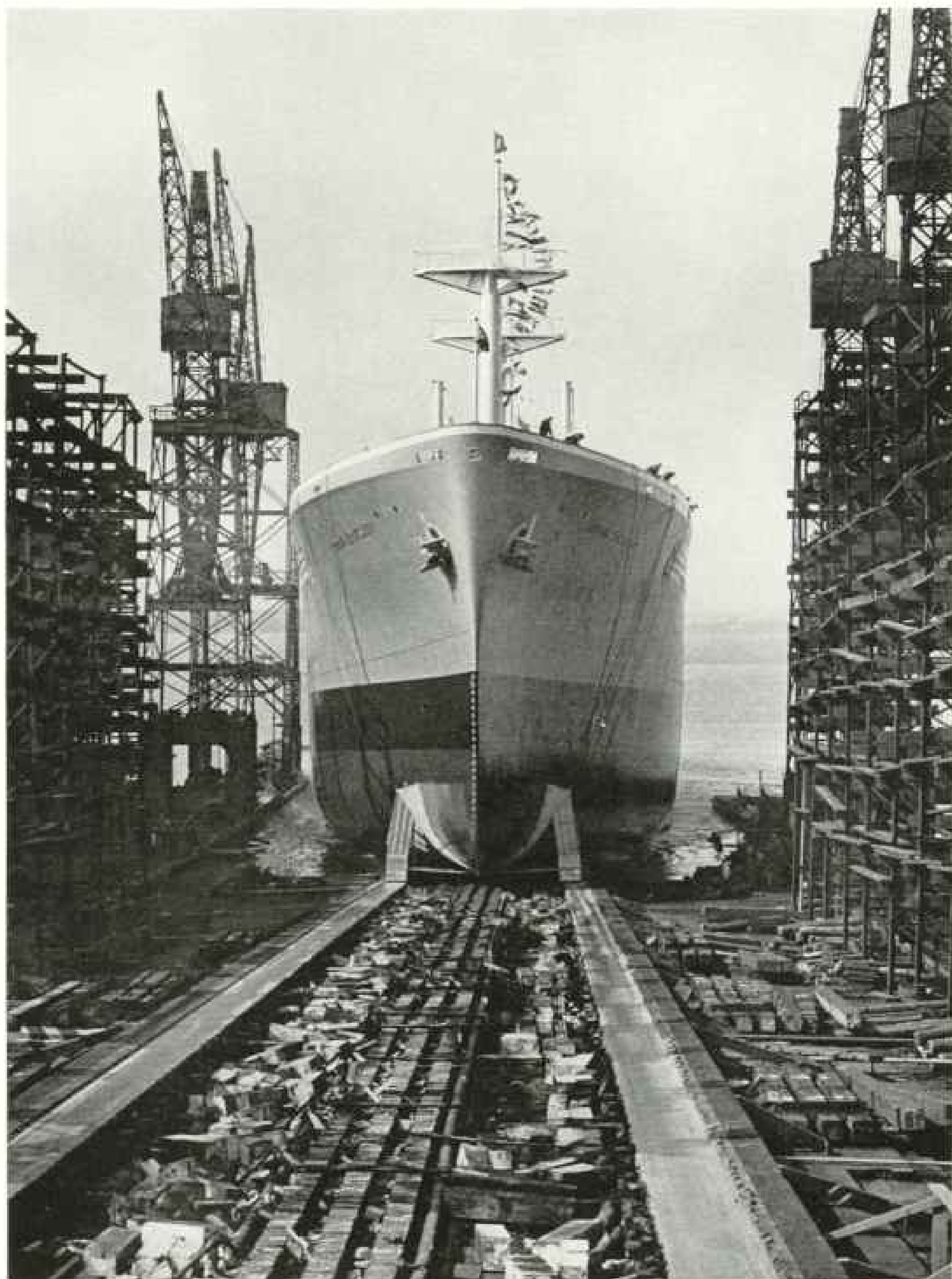
The table rotates beneath the lamps, exposing the mice evenly to the rays. Scientists thus study exact conditions which produce cellular changes of the skin, as overexposure to the light causes cancers to form on hair-free tails and ears. Many other experiments on the cause, cure, and prevention of disease are being conducted at the new buildings of the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland.



Photograph by Willard B. Cutler

"Come Unto Me"

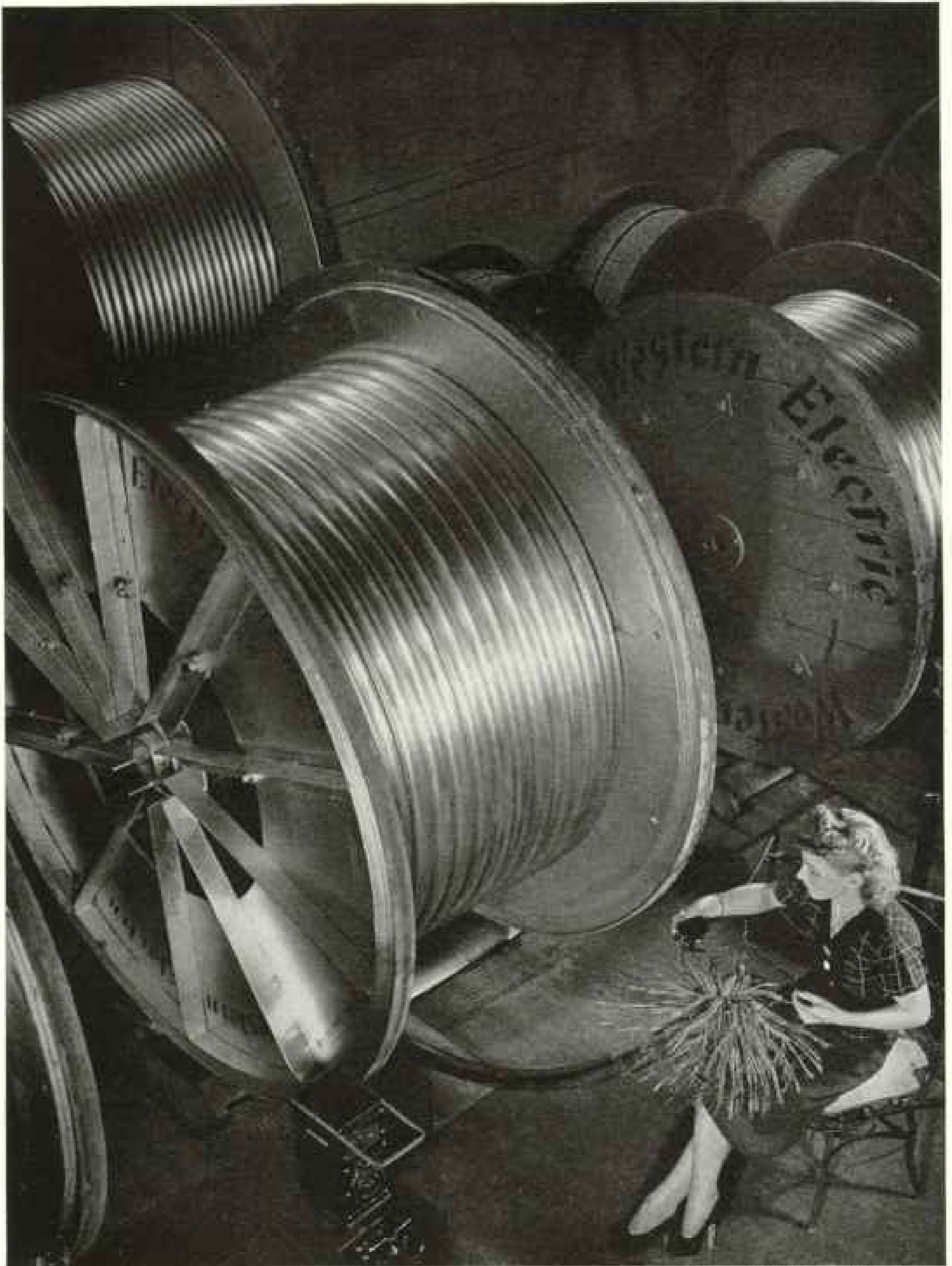
This heroic statue of the Great Healer standing within the entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore is cut from a single block of marble. It is an exact copy of the Christus in Copenhagen, Denmark, carved by Bertel Thorvaldsen, and was given to the hospital in 1896 by a Baltimorean, William W. Spence (page 424).



Photograph by A. Lelah Sanders

Its Christening Over, the "Robin Locksley" Slips into the Waters off Sparrows Point

Soon this combination cargo and passenger vessel will join America's expanding merchant marine. She will have a registry of 9,700 tons and a speed of $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Nearly every week a new ship is launched from the Bethlehem shipbuilding plant here in the Baltimore area (page 419).



Photograph by Edmund J. Mettler

One by One She Tests the 300 Pairs of Wires in a Telephone Cable

For each hundred pairs of wires an additional pair is added against possible breakage of a line. Some cables of this same size contain as many as 4,242 wires. They are insulated with different-colored threads for identification. Transmission cables for television also are manufactured in this Western Electric Company plant at Baltimore.

excellent example of a war industry turned to peacetime production. The plant was begun here in 1918 to manufacture noninflammable coating for airplane fabric.

When the war ended, the Cumberland factory was still uncompleted, but later was converted to produce yarns and finished textiles. Today it is Cumberland's largest industry, employing more than 10,000 persons.

"Every morning some sixty carloads of materials—cotton, coal, and chemicals—come into our yards," explained the manager of the plant. "And water. That's why we are here on the Potomac. We use from 40 to 60 million gallons of water a day, ten times as much as the whole city of Cumberland needs."

A Dam for the Potomac

During the summer months the Potomac sometimes drops to a low level, but that is soon to be remedied. Over on the Savage River, some 20 miles west of Cumberland, the Work Projects Administration is constructing a vast dam to regulate the flow of the Potomac.

Heading still westward, I passed through the constricted gap in the Alleghenies known as "the Narrows," and cruised up and down mountain ridges through Frostburg and Keyser. Big Savage, Meadow, and Negro Mountains lay athwart the highway.

At Keyser, Route 40 swerves north into Pennsylvania. My path turned south through Accident, crossed Deep Creek Lake, and ended a few miles beyond Oakland.

For sheer loveliness Deep Creek Lake, with its blue fingers spread among the hills, is difficult to surpass. It was created when the dam of the Youghiogheny Hydro-Electric Power Company was built in 1925.

Homes of summer residents now dot its 67 miles of shores. Fishing is excellent. To local fish stock have been added muskellunges from Canada, and Columbia Chinook salmon.

From the shadow of Backbone Mountain, highest and most remote corner of the State, I turned back to the Washington area.

Maryland is more intimately linked to the Nation's Capital than any other State, for she contributed all the soil upon which it has grown.

Today, homes, golf courses, play places, and Federal structures have spilled over the District of Columbia line and are spreading in an ever-widening arc into Maryland.

Among these national units are the National Institute of Health, Naval Model Testing Basin at Carderock, the U. S. Agricultural

Experimental Station (at Beltsville; page 407), and the great U. S. Naval Medical Center now being built at Bethesda (page 436).

At College Park, only a few miles beyond the District line, is the rapidly growing University of Maryland. Through energetic efforts of its president, Dr. H. C. Byrd, many new, well-equipped buildings have been erected.

In 1920, by an Act of the Maryland State Legislature, the University was founded by the merging of Maryland State College, here at College Park, and the University of Maryland in Baltimore, which included the Schools of Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Pharmacy, and Nursing.

The School of Dentistry is the oldest of its kind in the world; the Agricultural College was the second agricultural school of America.

In stock barns and laboratories I watched students gaining practical as well as theoretical knowledge in the breeding and care of cattle, horses, and swine. Milk from the dairy herd is taken to the University's own pasteurization plant and bottled for use in its own dining rooms. I also saw students making some into ice cream and cheeses.

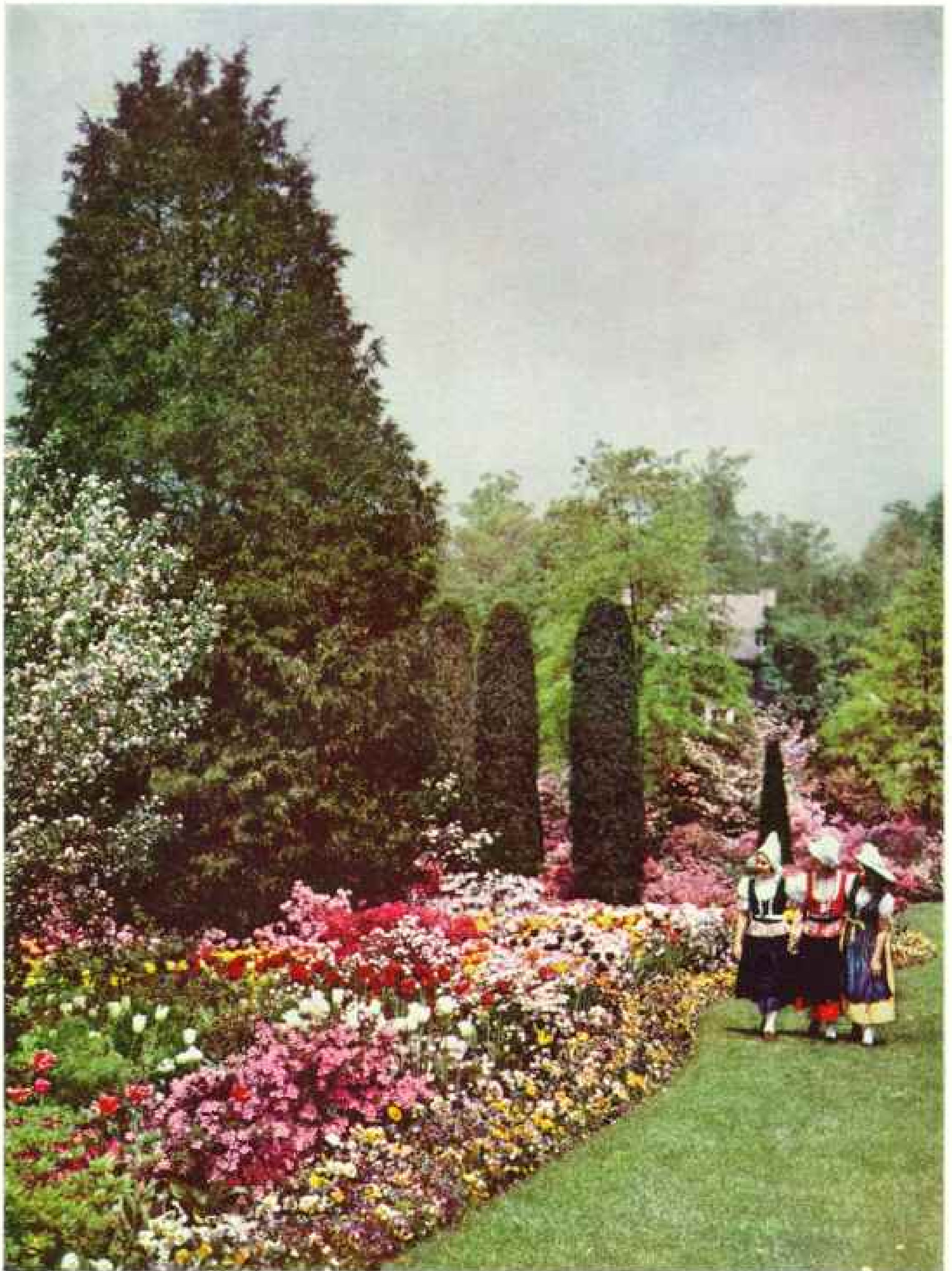
Streamlining the Turkey

In another building chickens cackled and turkeys strutted.

"Poultry-raising is the State's second largest agricultural industry, returning to the farmers well over \$15,000,000 a year," explained the director. "Consequently, we are doing research on nutrition aimed at a greater egg yield. We're also studying strains of birds best fitted for the broiler market. Some consume as much as three quarters of a pound less food in attaining a weight of three pounds at 12 weeks of age. That means profit to the producer."

With turkeys, too, I found them conducting careful experiments in breeding to produce a "streamlined" bird of weight and size best fitted to the ordinary housewife's oven and purse. A new method of boning and packing turkey meat so that it may be sold in small weights is also being perfected (page 416).

One could continue to expand the list of the problems that are being attacked in the many classrooms. But as I watched the keen-eyed students at work, I thought of the many men and women who in the past three centuries have contributed so richly to the history of the State and the Nation and knew that here, too, was a group that would add more luster to Maryland.



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Restoration by E. Anthony Stewart

Sherwood Gardens Welcome Spring with a Riot of Blooms

Tulips, azaleas, and pansies blanket the seven-acre estate of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sherwood, in Guilford, Baltimore suburb. Backdrops for this mixed bed are a flowering crab tree and tall red cedar (left), and three shaped junipers. Strollers, garbed in Dutch costume, are students from the Friends' School in Baltimore.

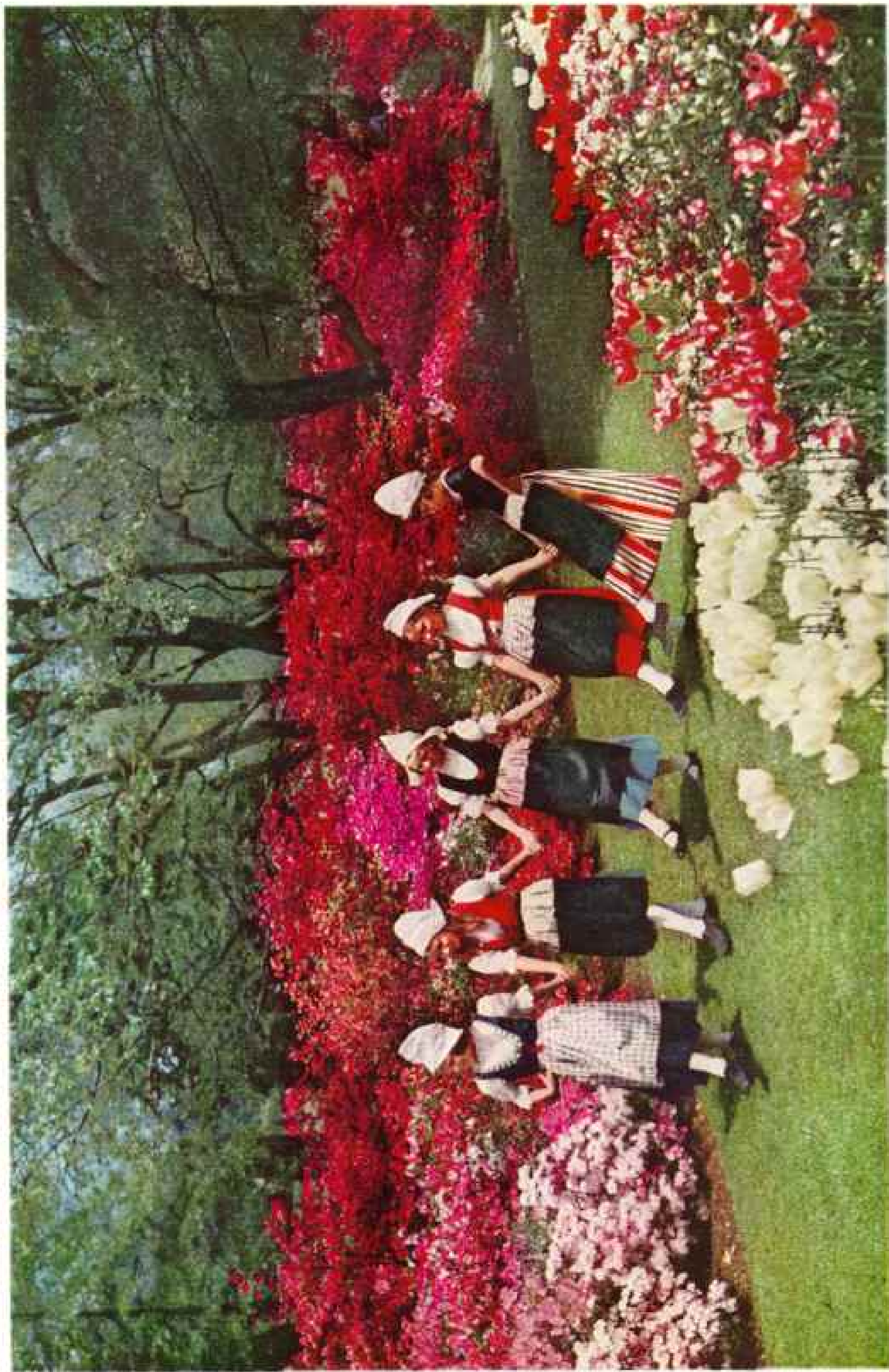


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Reproduction by H. Anthony Barnett

Tulip Specialists Came from the Netherlands to Help Design Sherwood Gardens' Floral Pageantry

On the estate grow 65,000 tulips, 4,000 azaleas, and myriad pansies. Behind the pink and white dogwood (left) a native white pine towers over the other trees.



© National Geographic Society

War in Europe May Mean No More Photographs Like This in a Generation

For ten years every tulip in Sherwood Gardens bloomed from prize first-year Netherlands bulbs. These pictures were made in May, 1940. The Netherlands bulb industry now faces extinction; imports are cut off, and the tulip fields have been plowed up to grow vegetables.

Photograph by H. Antoine Brerard



Kodachrome by Charles Martin

A Corner of the Netherlands Transplanted to Baltimore



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

Knee-deep in Tulips and Azaleas—Four "Queens of the May"



© National Geographic Society

Restroom by H. Anthony Stewart.

"Alice in Wonderland"—Beneath the Wistaria "Tree"

This familiar vine, named for Caspar Wistar, American anatomist, is brought into tree form by constant pruning and trimming. Usually the twiners are trained to cover porches, arbors, and small buildings. Racemes of pea-shaped flowers droop from blooming plants in May and again in August or September.



© National Geographic Society

With Studied Carelessness, Blooms in Sherwood Gardens Are Mussed to Show Their Beauty

This spring thousands of first-year tulip bulbs from expanding nurseries in Michigan and on the Pacific coast, supplemented by cottage tulips from England, will replace the Darwinia and Brevelera from the Netherlands, pictured here. In other beds, last year's bulbs have been replanted for the first time.

Restrooms by Charles Martin



© National Geographic Society

Fairyland Fantasy

The gay azalea shrub blooms from April to July. Some of the imported plants in Sherwood Gardens, unlike American varieties, are delightfully fragrant.



Reproduced by B. Anthony Stewart

Fair Flowers of Baltimore

They offshoots from prize "mother" bulbs were nurtured for a year or more in the Netherlands. When ready for their peak bloom, the new bulbs were exported.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by H. Anthony Stewart

Massed Blooms from Switzerland, the Orient, and the Netherlands

From rocky Alpine crags came the sprightly monkey-faced pansies. Homeland of many of the flaming azaleas is Japan. Other varieties, including the fragrant Ghent azalea, were imported from Europe. Tulip bulbs are from the land of dikes and windmills. Wistaria "tree" in background (page 445).

Rhodes, and Italy's Aegean Islands

BY DOROTHY HOSMER

"RHODES, Island of Roses," someone murmured. I saw a blank line of medieval city walls. Would they provide a refuge for me from war-torn Europe? And for how long?

Details of recent hectic weeks elbowed into mind: the flight from Copenhagen, mine fields of the Baltic, darkened armored German trains, a cross-city ride in blacked-out Berlin to catch the south-bound express.

Now, two and a half days out from Brindisi, our ship nosed into the harbor of Rhodes. The long walls, topped by a feather-duster palm and a few minarets, rolled back scroll-fashion to form St. Catherine's Gate.

But inside I did not find a dreaming land. After nearly four centuries of apathy under Turkish rule, Rhodes and others of the so-called Dodecanese Islands were occupied by Italy in the Italo-Turkish War of 1912. Their real awakening came about 1923 when their importance to the Fascist plan of empire was discovered.

A new life began. The name "Dodecanese" was changed. Since it comes from the Greek word "twelve," the Italians found it inappropriate. Their possessions off the coast of Asia Minor exclude Greek Icaria, one of the original Dodecanese, and include Rhodes, Lipso (Lisso), and Cos (Coo), which were not. Furthermore, there are not twelve but fourteen major islands, with innumerable islets and reefs. So they were officially named "Italian Islands of the Aegean" (map, page 451).

Quakes, Bombs, Shatter Islands' Quiet

There was more to see, therefore, than Rhodes alone. Soon I heard of other things. One island had more houses than families. On another modern medicine was born. The Book of Revelation was written on a third.

I learned, too, that the region was subject to earthquakes. In Rhodes later I felt tremors from the devastating Anatolian quakes.

More recently the airdromes and fortifications on some of the islands have felt another kind of shock—the blast of British bombs.

On these strategic rocky islands between Greece and Turkey lives a population about equal to that of Scranton, Pennsylvania—approximately 140,000 persons.

Though Italian subjects, they are strangely assorted. Italy classifies them according to religion. The large majority are Orthodox Christians, speaking a dialect of modern Greek.

Next in numbers are the Mohammedans of Cos and Rhodes, whose language is Anatolian Turkish. Besides these there are Spanish-speaking Jewish communities on the same two islands, and recently introduced Italian farmer families.

Street Chatter in Four Tongues

Chatter in the streets is in four tongues, and shop signs appear in one or another of four alphabets. With four religions, business was shut down on so many different days that distracted authorities finally set Sunday as the official day of rest.

Here and there I found someone who understood my native "American," but in the main I used the official tongue, Italian, interlarding it with a few phrases of the language appropriate to the occasion.

One's first impression of the islands is of jagged, barren coastlines, and interiors with stony, largely unfruitful soil.

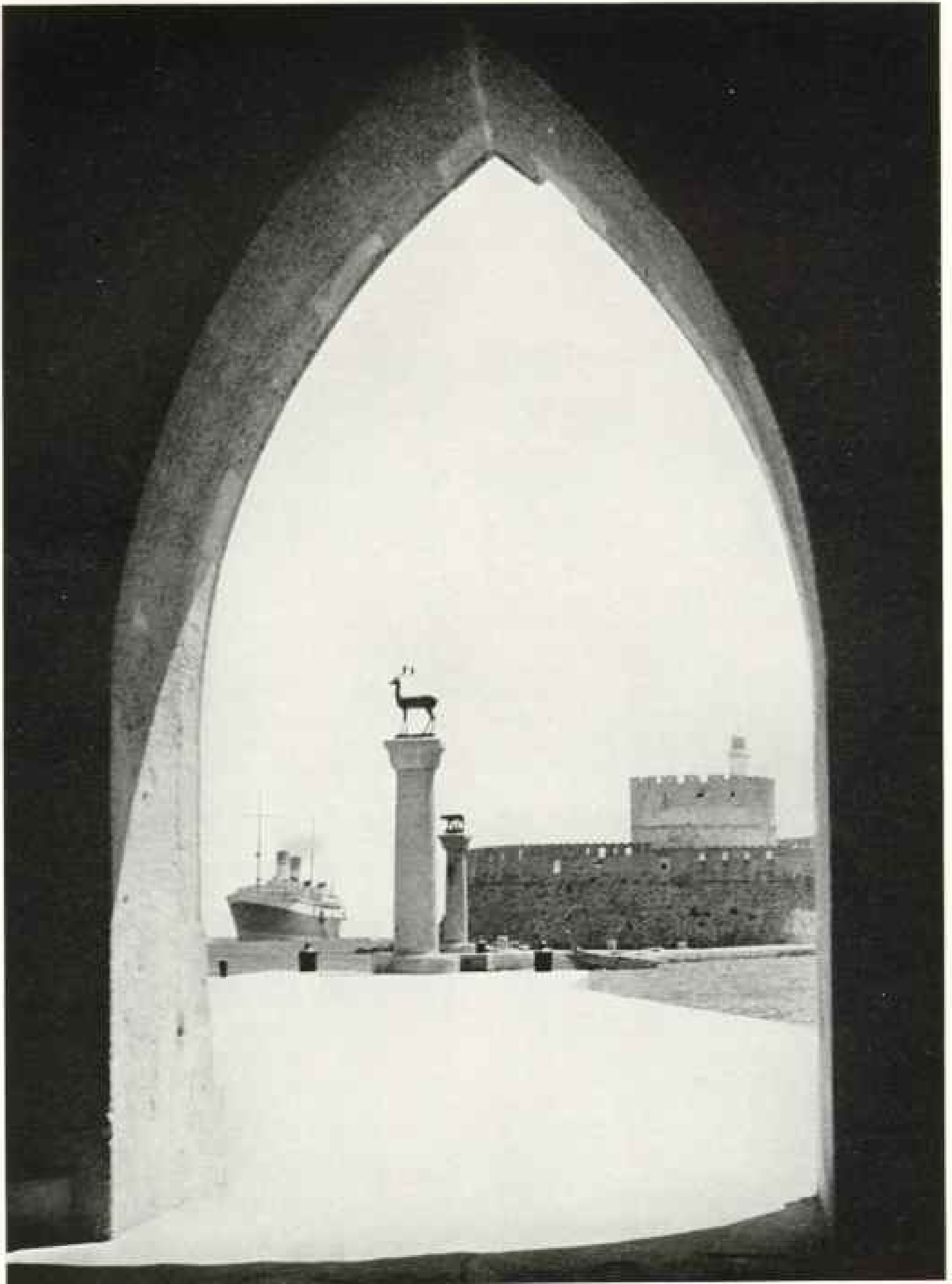
Centuries of meager living have taught the islanders frugality. The Orthodox population lives chiefly from the sea. The captain who owns his one-masted *caïque* or two-masted sailing vessel is representative.

I found Orthodox islanders also carrying on small trades and industries, while the Jewish population busied itself with commerce. The Mussulmans, aloof and conservative, live almost entirely from the land.

The age-old fishing industry suffices only for the smaller islands. Rhodes' scarcity of sea food was explained to me at the Marine Station. The island is the summit of a mountain range with undersea slopes so steep they have only a sparse submarine vegetation, and the sea floor itself is far below the living level of most fish. In fact, one of the Mediterranean's deepest spots, over 12,500 feet, is about 25 miles off Rhodes' eastern coast.

None of the islands is self-sustaining in food produce according to American standards, and in recent years international politics have brought to a standstill the once-flourishing trade with Anatolia.

The chief export is really the people. Many have migrated in the past decade or so: Jews to the United States, Mussulmans back to Anatolia, Greek Orthodox to the Americas, Egypt, and Australia. For example, of the 6,500 inhabitants of little Caso, most southerly of the group and lying in an almost direct line between British-



Photograph by L. V. Bushman

A Rhodian Archway Harmonizes Cruise Ship, Fort, and Animal Emblems

The antlered deer, symbol of Rhodes, and the Roman she-wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus, flank the entrance to Port Mandracchio on the Italian-ruled island (page 464). A modern lighthouse tops the medieval Tower of St. Nicholas at the spot where stood, many believe, the huge bronze sun-god Helios, Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Overthrown by the earthquake of 227 *n. c.*, the statue was sold as junk several hundred years later (page 480).

controlled Cyprus and Greek Crete (Krètè), 5,000 now live in Egypt.

All this whetting my interest, I decided to migrate a bit on my own, from the capital at Rhodes to the outlying islands.

"Wait until spring," I was advised. "You can't go now—the storms."

But I was determined. Through the centuries, in season and out, men had been sailing these seas in their cockleshell craft. Moreover, with the war, who knew when the mail would bring me the already familiar note, "Your consul urgently advises you to leave"?

One midnight I boarded the interisland boat *Fiume*, once private yacht of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, assassinated at Sarajevo. In my hand was a ticket to Castelrosso. This easternmost of the islands lies 80 miles from Rhodes, in the Levantine Sea.

The night was warm, with a stiff sirocco. The little *Fiume* rolled, then started to pitch.

"It begins, the *beccheggio*," a passenger remarked dourly, using the Italian word likening the pitch of a boat to a bird's pecking.

The sirocco died down toward dawn; then up sprang the healthful *ponente* (west) wind. Since Homeric times these incredibly swift changes have spelled trouble to anyone abroad on the Aegean. The tempestuousness of the winds has dispersed or wrecked many a fleet in the past and plays a role even in modern warfare, affecting operations of mosquito torpedo boats and the spotting of submarines beneath the Mediterranean's deep, clear waters.

An hour after sunup we were riding at



Italy's Aegean Outposts Are Far from Rome, Close to New British Bases on Crete

Occupied during the Italo-Turkish War of 1912, the Italian Islands of the Aegean carried Rome's influence close to Anatolia, the Greek Aegean isles, and Britain's life line, the Suez Canal. When the Fascist legions entered Greece on October 28, 1940, strategic Suda Bay on Crete was made available for British men-of-war and seaplanes. Thus Rhodes and its galaxy of smaller islands once known as the Dodecanese (page 449) have been cut off from Italy.

anchor on what seemed the stage of a classic theater. In a semicircle, tiers of white houses climbed against red-rocked hills. Nor were spectators missing. The *Fiume's* arrival was the weekly event and all the men and boys were strung along the quay. Not a girl of teen age was in sight (page 467).

Because of the nearness of the Turkish mainland, only a mile away, Castelrosso girls for centuries have been closed within their homes on reaching maidenhood and, except for



Photograph by Dorothy Heemer

Athena's Altar and a Castle of the Knights Once Occupied the Acropolis at Lindos

Strongest of the chain of knightly battlements which guarded the coast of Rhodes, this high-perched castle was being excavated and restored when the present war broke out (page 478). There is a tradition that St. Paul embarked at Lindos on his way to Rome. Driven from the Holy Land, the Knights of St. John made Rhodes their base for more than two centuries (1308-1522), before finding asylum in Malta.

one day each year, cannot appear in public until they are married. They attend church before sunrise. But at dawn on May Day they take their water jars to a cistern outside the city, while youths and men gather to watch. Not a word must pass the girls' lips as they carry this "mute water" of good omen for the household.

Despite having "more houses than families," Castelrosso boasts no hotel. One house on the quay had "Air France" painted across the façade. Sky passengers were once put up here for the night in emergencies. But with the war, Air France was closed.

I was taken to the Orthodox "lord mayor," who, after much consultation, led me to the home of Despina Ikonomi, a widow (page 462). Like other older women, she clung to the island costume. Her ears were pierced in three places; from them hung ancient coins on silken threads (page 466).

My bedding, after the Turkish fashion, was spread on the floor at night and whisked away in the morning. And every day at sunset my hostess came in to light the oil lamp suspended before an icon.

Mealtimes brought a crowd of daughters, granddaughters, and neighborhood girls. One fetched water from an enormous jar—rain is the island's only source. Others prepared cinnamon tea and fried octopus tentacles on the ever-present oil-burning primus, used because of the island's lack of wood or coal.

The rest asked endless questions about American life. Young Irini, spellbound, confided that her own secluded life was dull. Anthy laughed happily.

"In a month I go to Australia with my father. Then I, too, shall walk on the streets and go to weddings, and . . ." She subsided at the thought of so much freedom.

Inquiring about all the empty dwellings,



Photograph from *Governo delle Isole Egee*

Hotel, Sailboat, and Divers Pay Tribute to Rhodes' Splendid Climate

Warm in winter, cool in summer, the island is a peacetime resort for European sun-hunters.



Photograph by Laila Petloranu

Sea-smoothed Pebbles Pave the Way to Calitea's Royal Springs, an Ancient Spa

Health center since the days of Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, the waters of Calitea, in Rhodes, were known to Byzantine emperors and the Knights of the Crusades. Decorative walks, pebble-paved by Turkish specialists, now lead to the cavern whose healing waters are piped into a blue basin.



Photograph from Giovanni della Italia Egna

The Roads of Rhodes, Proverbially Rough, Are Now Smooth

Ponies, donkeys, and pedestrians outnumber motorcars on the island's 291 miles of modern highways. Between tall agaves like giant candelabra, two "children of the sun" here set out from Rhodes, the city. This highway leads to the airport and to the hilltop monastery of Mount Fileremo, with its famous icon, or continues to the village of Embona, "a drift of white cubes" (page 479).

I heard that each daughter must have a house as part of her dowry. At a daughter's birth the father begins to build. If funds are lacking, or if the girl dies or emigrates, the walls fall into ruin.

The steamboat accounts for other empty houses. Formerly Castelrosso's sailing ships did a prosperous trade, exchanging Anatolia's produce with that of Egypt. Also, from certain Anatolian woods the inhabitants manufactured a charcoal much sought after in Alexandria for narghiles, the oriental pipes in which tobacco is smoked through water. To-day this charcoal is manufactured on a very limited scale.

Curiously, Castelrossians count themselves 11,000, whereas fewer than 2,500 actually live on the island. But many return to be married or buried on native soil. As a "fellow American," I was invited to such a marriage. The bridegroom had traveled from

Brazil in search of a bride from among his people. Despite this touching sentiment, choosing the girl and concluding the negotiations were left to an uncle.

After the wedding banquet, the men alone, snapping handkerchiefs aloft, danced the complicated *sirtos*. In one corner a musician strummed a "tsimbal," a type of rudimentary piano. A twelve-year-old boy played a fiddle.

"Poor child," commiserated a guest. "His father is dead and he has six sisters towards whose dowries he must contribute. He works very hard."

She sighed as the boy brought forth a screech. "Yes; after all, it isn't an art; it's a business."

Only about four and one-half square miles in area, the inhabited part of Castelrosso is there before you in the palm of a hand. Above it stands the ruined red-stone castle which gave the island its name and near by lie gap-



Photograph by Dimitrie Hissari

Between Medieval Gun Emplacements, Building Stone Enters Amboise Gate

The wall to the right was defended by German knights, that to the left by French. Rhodes began modernizing its defenses in 1520, but fell to Suleiman's besieging army two years later. On May 4, 1912, the Italians occupied Rhodes, laid out a new quarter, and built modern fortifications on the island (page 476).

ing walls of more empty houses, destroyed by cannon trained on the castle from Anatolia during the World War.

Story of the Castle Ruins

Ruined castles of the Venetians or the Knights are a feature common to all the islands except holy Patmos. Their story is an adventurous one.

"When Byzantium's empire was divided among the Crusaders in the 13th century," I was told, "the Aegean archipelago fell to the lot of the Venetian Republic. It then had to conquer its share of the spoils.

"The Doges proclaimed that any citizen of Venice or an allied city who captured an island would possess it as hereditary fief, vassal of Venice. Soon numerous flotillas, commanded by sons of great families, set sail for the Aegean. Each burned to conquer a new kingdom.

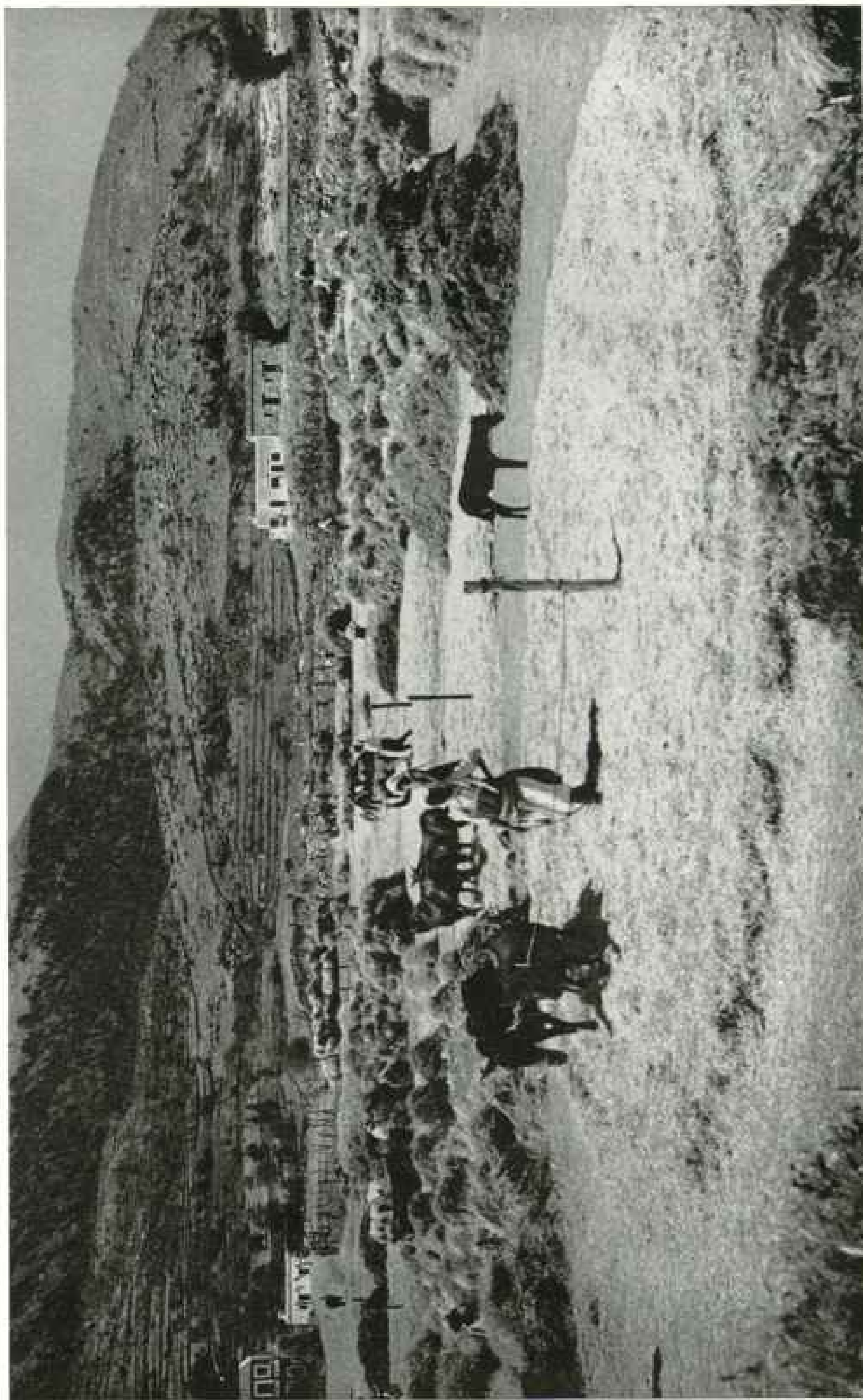
"The islands, abandoned by the Byzantine garrisons, put up no serious resistance: these

new masters would protect them against continual piracy. Twenty new dynasties were thus founded, and not an islet in this mosaic of isles uniting Europe and Asia was without its Venetian or Lombard baron."

Such was the history of Stampalia, an island now a military base on which I, as a foreigner, was not allowed to set foot (page 468). Farthest west of the main Italian group, with two extensive bays, it has a naturally protected coastline, with high steep slopes. It belonged to the Querini of Venice until the Turkish conquest in 1522.

Wooden Locks with Wooden Keys

The dress of Stampalia's women is colorful and complicated, with different styles for marriages, Sundays, weekdays, etc. The richest are worn by the twelve *nibfe*, descendants of twelve families brought here by the Querini. They have special privileges and places in church and at the dances.



Photograph from *Costume della Leste Egre*

At the Foot of Mount Attairo, Grain Is Threshed Under the Feet of Muzzled Animals

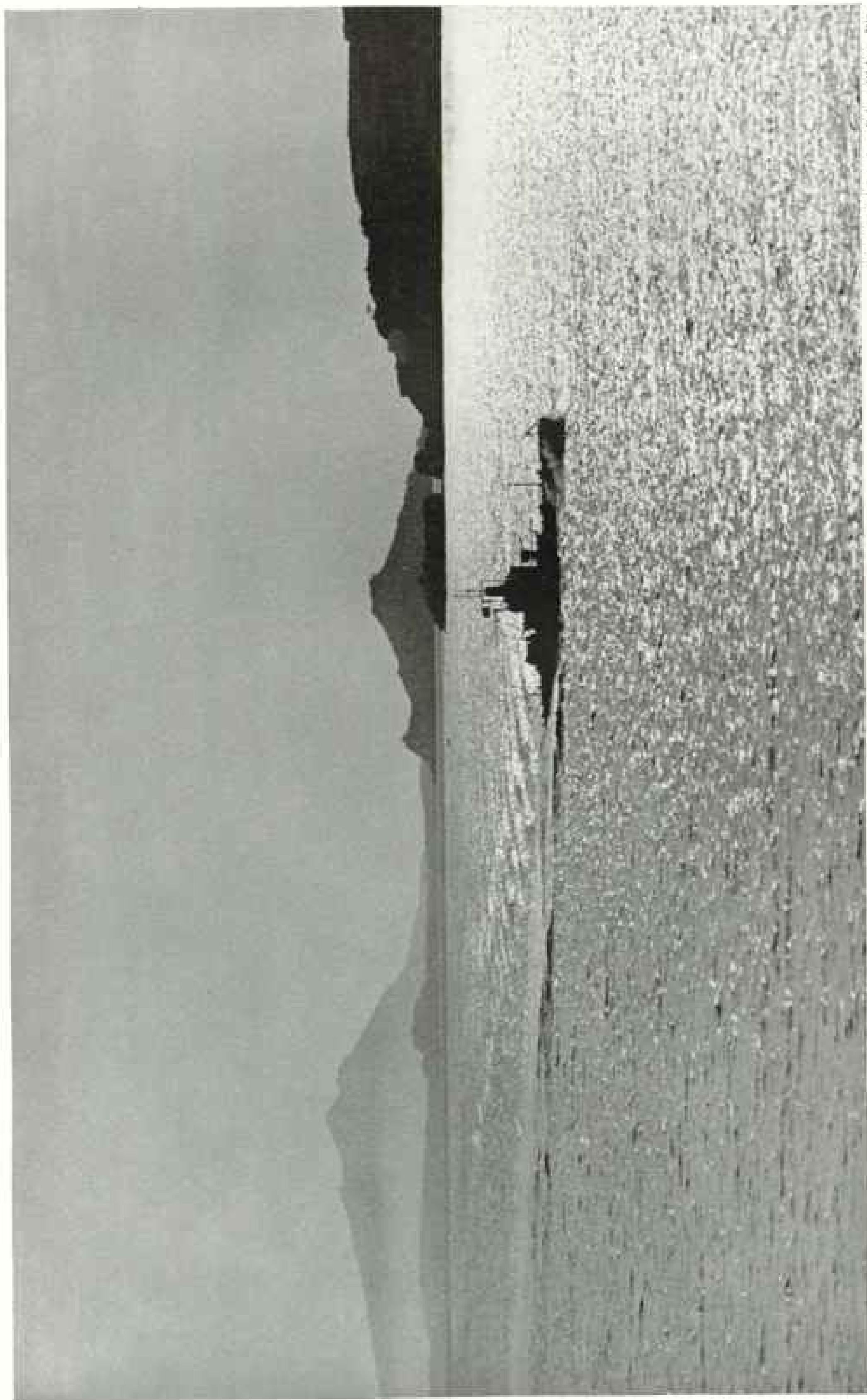
Fine motor roads lead southwestward from the city of Rhodes to Embona, where costumes and agricultural methods have survived from earlier days. Here threshing is not a quick mechanical rumble, but a patient pastoral jogtrot interrupted by picnic lunches and village dances under the blue Aegean sky (page 479).



Photograph from Governor's Office, Isparta, Turkey

Acres of Drying Apricots Perfume the Air of Rhodes

In late summer and early fall bright skies are the rule, and trays of fruit lie open to the sun. Ancient poets and physicians praised the climate in the Aegean islands.



Photograph by Andrea Bichardelli from Pia

An Italian Submarine Cuts the Aegean Sea Where Ancient Triremes Plowed the Waves

Poseidon is still the god of this island-studded sea where submarine and airplane carrier now weave their way. At Lerco, Italy has established a naval and air base on the landlocked bay of Porto Lago (page 470).



Photograph by Maximal Oren Williams

**Rhodian Pottery, Sponges, Lace, and Embroidery Are Favored
Souvenirs of the City of the Knights**



Photograph by Dorothy Hanner

**The Three Graces of Embona: Thrifty Island Folk Wear Old
Clothes 'Till They Fall Apart, But Smiles Are Gay**

The costumes of other islands date back one, two, even three thousand years. On Scarpanto (Carpathos), island second in size, the largest village is mountain-top Olimpo, reached by a 7-hour climb on muleback. The women of this pastoral people wear the Ionic chiton, a type of tunic.

Another Homeric relic in Olimpo is an ingenious wooden lock on house doors, closing with a wooden key.

A Sultan Set a Style

Perhaps the Turks influenced woman's dress the most. In numerous localities women still hide part of the face. And, until recently, those of Simi wore the Janissaries' red cassock, a privilege conceded by Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent because he liked the bread they made for him.

There are many festivities. The one drawing the biggest crowd is the pilgrimage to the Orthodox monastery of Panormiti on the island of Simi. Thousands of Simiotes living on other islands and other continents return to meet their townspeople.

I boarded one of the flag-bedecked caïques transporting pilgrims from Rhodes. Each person carried food, blankets, and in his hands long votive candles and the local cure for seasickness, a lemon.

For three days the otherwise deserted monastery was a thriving town. Turkish coffee and wine peddlers, the sausage man, the vendors of religious mementos—all did a good business. There was even an enterprising Simi barber who set up shop just within the gate. Being shaved while listening to the gossip is the only luxury known to many.

All day long there were services and processions. At night entire pilgrim families slept on wide shelves in one or another of the maze of rooms. As a foreign guest, I was lodged in a small cell with a bed.

The last evening musicians in the courtyard played chords on tsimbals (page 454) and modernized versions of the lyre. Someone began dancing the *sista*. Another joined, then a third, until well over a hundred were included, circle within circle. They then strung out into one long line and danced three times around the candle-glowing church.

Next morning I was taken to the town of Simi aboard a sponge boat. But this tubby little caïque, the *Pecaso!* Surely a man-sized wave would capsize it. Yet through centuries of experience it became second nature for Simiotes to build weather-worthy boats, including most of the light, swift ones of the Knights of Rhodes. Still today Simi builds craft for other islands (page 465).

The *Pecaso's* crew of five men, just returning from seven months of sponge fishing off the coast of Tripoli, initiated me into the secrets of their calling. All had relatives in America. Our sponge industry at Tarpon Springs, Florida, numbers divers from the islands of Simi, Calino, and Calchi.

"What will you do at home?" I asked one Calinote huddled over a narghile.

"Do! Music, *mastica*, more music," he replied.

I knew many squandered their earnings after their return, even to lighting cigarettes with 100-lire notes. Not that there is much to squander it on. The coffeehouse life includes it all: cards, rounds of resined wine and *mastica* (a liqueur flavored with gum mastic and aniseed), and the music of tsimbals and violin players who flock to Simi and Calino when sponge boats straggle homeward.

Anticipating the reaction after many months of rigorous living, the Italian Government safeguards the families by paying a certain percentage of their menfolk's earnings in monthly installments.

Of their hardships this diver said simply: "For six or seven months we don't set foot ashore. Until night we eat and drink nothing, not even water. What do we do? Smoke incessantly when not actually under water."

From a string on his wrist he removed a ring of some queer-looking substance and placed it atop the coals of his narghile.

"Sponge divers' specialty," he grinned. "A paste of powdered coal and raisin juice dried in the sun."

He mentioned the ways of fishing the sponges, which, I saw to my surprise, are naturally black.

Diving suits are used, but their disadvantage is the frequently resulting "bends." For a little added gain men stay down too long or go too deep, and paralysis sets in.

He Who Wooed Had to Dive

In Calino the use of a goggled mask is popular. Simiotes still sometimes dive with entirely naked bodies, as in antiquity. They go down with a net bag over the neck for the sponges and a rock under one arm to speed the dive (page 474). Formerly a Simi youth could not take a wife until he had fished a sponge at twenty fathoms.

In 1900 a Simi diver off the Peloponnesus came upon bronze and marble statues near the hull of an ancient ship. During the salvaging process one enormous statue rolled off the edge of a submarine precipice, nearly capsizing the small Greek torpedo boat which was hauling it up by cable. But most of the



Photograph by Dorothy Horner

"Candy for the Children" Brings the Crowds to a Castelrosso Wedding

Bride, groom, and photographer have their admirers, but the flower-wreathed tray of sugared almonds is the chief attraction for the youngsters.

statues were raised and are today in the National Museum at Athens.

Simi's atmosphere began with my first glimpse of trim yellow and white houses which cling like barnacles to the raw rock hills hemming in the harbor. The local life lies along the quay. Here little shops sell dried octopus, eau de cologne, salted olives, fish nets, and a sweet made of sesame oil and sugar. Here, too, I breakfasted on tea and squares of pressed sesame seeds in front of water-side coffeehouses; from within came noisy discussions.

These islanders love their coffeehouse conversation, particularly political, and pass long hours at it. How much more to the point those discussions must be today with the turn of events in Greece!

I remember with what an effort I got one man off the "situation" long enough for him to explain that the black banners I saw floating from house balconies, and on which were stitched huge white initials with a skull and crossbones effect, signaled the names of those who had died in the house during the year.



Work and Weather Set Skirt Lengths in Embona

In warm weather or at dirty tasks, skirts are furled in a hip shawl and petticoats appear. When evening coolness brings a village promenade or dance, bright-colored skirts are lowered and smoothed out.



Photographs by Dorothy Hornor

Turkish Coffee Drips Thickly into the Cup of Castelrosso Hospitality

In this simple island home lived the author (right). At the low wooden table with its copper tray she broke bread with her hostesses in velvet jackets. Black bread, water, and sweet coffee make up the fare.

I had to wait nearly a week before the *Fiume* carried me off from Simi. I sat out on deck, expecting to arrive at the holy island of Patmos in the morning. But all night long the *Fiume* seasawed from island to island, unloading supplies for the small garrisons, disgorging soldiers newly arrived from Italy.

Suddenly I missed the throb of the engine. A bell clanged. Ahead lay a dark mass.

"Piscopi," someone said. Piscopi is one of the few islands able to raise its own food and supply its own clothing. Its isolation enhanced by the leper colony it houses, it lacked even electricity. Instead, acetylene lamps flared in the dories which bobbed out into the roadstead to disembark the island's soldiers.

Later, off the port bow, appeared an island somehow different from the rest.

"This is Nisiro," the captain volunteered. "The entire island is a volcano. That cone, rising from its crater bed"—he pointed to a peak soaring darkly against the night—"is 2,267 feet high. It's still in a state of latent eruption. All these islands, you see, are really mountains sinking into the sea."

"That's where you're wrong," another officer joined in. "They are in the process of rising from the sea."

The discussion ended in a draw. No matter. Nisiro's volcano later provided me with some memorable hot baths near the ruins of Hippocrates' *thermae*.

On the Island of the *Revelation*

One after another the islands slipped behind us. Not until the following afternoon did we



Photograph by Maxmud Owen Williams

Bombs Have Supplanted Stone Cannon Balls at Rhodes

In 305 B. C. Demetrius I of Macedonia used crude war machines to hurl great rocks against the islanders. In 1480 the Turks fired 3,500 "great and mighty stones," such as these, against the walls in vain. The old projectiles recall the days of old when knights were bold—but had to flee from Rhodes.

reach the Icarian Sea and the island farthest north on my route.

Patmos (Patmo) is unique among the Italian Aegean possessions in that it was never a vassal state to the Knights or to Venice. The Turks also had respected its sanctity and that of its 852-year-old Orthodox Monastery of St. John. And all because an exile on 22 square miles of almost arid rock once wrote: "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos" (Rev. 1:9).

Buffeted by terrific gales, we made our landing after dark. In a few minutes I was perched sideways on a wooden saddle frame



Photograph by Dorothy Hammer

Like Sheep to Their Fold, Rhodes' Far-ranging Ships Return to the Mandracchio

Three harbors lie like slips along the sea front of Rhodes. Across this northernmost of the three is the neat new market, a babel of Italian, Turkish, Greek, and Jewish tongues. Before it, when mandarins, grapes, apricots, oranges, or melons are ripe, there is a string of fruit boats. Other ships are for fishing, sponge diving, or interisland traffic. The walled town of the Knights, a living museum of medieval life, raises its battlements to the left (pages 450, 455). The Mandracchio was the Knights' Harbor of the Galleys.

which looked and felt like several split-rail fences collapsing against each other at uncomfortable angles. Legs dangling in mid-air, I was hurried up the mountainside to the ring of donkey hoofs and the muleteer's cries. Thunder rolled. The sky glowed intermittently, revealing the medieval pile of the monastery above.

Hospitality for All—for Three Days

Arriving, we climbed flights of gigantic steps to an immense door on which the muleteer pounded. While I was still debating the wisdom of coming up after nightfall, a bar was drawn. The door creaked open. A bearded monk in wind-whipped robes led us by lantern light into a courtyard of white vaults and shadows.

A stairway, a labyrinth of corridors, another stairway. Here was the hostel for voyagers, atop the highest terrace. A sculptured plaque over the door read: "Receive the stranger, that ye yourself be not a stranger before God." Monastery rules permit three days and nights of free board and lodging. For longer sojourns, actual food expenses become the traveler's.

For two weeks I lived within this rambling monastic city. In my explorations I found seven churches scattered at different levels. Sometimes I was awakened by the two o'clock striking of the wooden *semandron*, a resonant summoning of the monks to prayer; or, in the deep of night, the faint sound of faraway chanting was borne on gusts of wind.



Photograph by Dorothy Horner

A Sponge Fleet Lines the Bay of Simi; Three of the Island's Ships Looked on the Walls of Homer's Troy

It takes stiff leg-work to climb from the quay to heights where, as one looks back, ruddy land and blue sea form a mosaic, inlaid with the yellow and white of island homes. Legendary Prometheus betrayed so much godlike knowledge to mankind that Zeus turned him into a simian, or monkey, confined to Simis, or Simi (page 460). Homer paid tribute to Nireus, Simi's handsome king, second only to Achilles in godliness.

Within the simplicity of whitewashed walls and big open fireplaces, a monk cooked and served the meals in the hostel. One culinary surprise was partridge en casserole. An old couple at the table said these birds were once plentiful in the islands and in Asia Minor. Few hunters could afford gunpowder, and the birds were run down on foot. If one kept after them, they became so exhausted they could be caught with the hand.

The Cave of St. John

The elderly woman remarked, "We think this is the meaning of I Samuel (26:20), in which Saul pursued David 'as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains.'"

Patmos' greatest glory is the cave where St.

John the Divine, exiled by Domitian, is believed to have written the Book of Revelation. Knowing this, the monk Christodoulos begged the Byzantine emperor Alexius Comnenus in 1088 to grant the then abandoned island for his monastery. The emperor consented. His Golden Bull in the monastery's world-famed library measures 15 feet by 16 inches and is signed in scarlet ink.

As at Mount Athos in Greece, one rule "defended" the island forever from women. But the rule was dropped, and, after centuries of fighting infidel corsairs, the monastery took on its present aspect of a fortress with village houses clustered around its base.

One afternoon I climbed down the mountain to where St. John had his apocalyptic vision.



Photograph by Donatig Rosner

Triple-pierced Ears Carry Vanity's Burden on Castelrosso

Antique coins dangle from silken threads. Famous in Aegean lore is this bright costume which women wear along the quay (page 451).

As I set out, I was reminded not to tarry too long, as thirty minutes after sunset the great monastery door closed for the night.

Halfway down was the cave of living rock; over it a chapel had been built, and around this a huge edifice, in bygone centuries a center of Orthodox theological learning.

A priest led me down flights of stairs to the cave. From here came the voice which cried, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen" (Rev. 14:8).

Tradition on Patmos, following the manuscript of a certain Prochorus, says John wrote not only his Book of Revelation but also his Gospel in this grotto.

Back on the high terrace of the monastery, I beheld a vast relief map of mountain peaks, seas, and islands, north to Greek Samos and Ikaria, east to Asia Minor, far south to Cos.

Near by lay Lisso, one of the smaller of the Italian islands, whose destiny has been linked with Patmos' ever since Lisso was ceded to the monks in 1089. The sole tie its inhabitants have with the outside world is the exportation of dried octopuses and squid.

Below me was Patmos itself. Scattered like seed were tiny white churches, of which the island has about as many as there are days on the calendar. Many of them are used as family chapels and sepulchers (page 472).

Life on the "Holy Isle"

On steep terraces oxen plowed for scanty harvests of grain, wine grapes, and tobacco. A smoke plume rose from a potter's kiln. Closer investigation found it still turning out its changeless amphorae and charcoal braziers. Of four medieval windmills, only one now



Shy Castelrosso Women Giggle When Surprised by a Camera

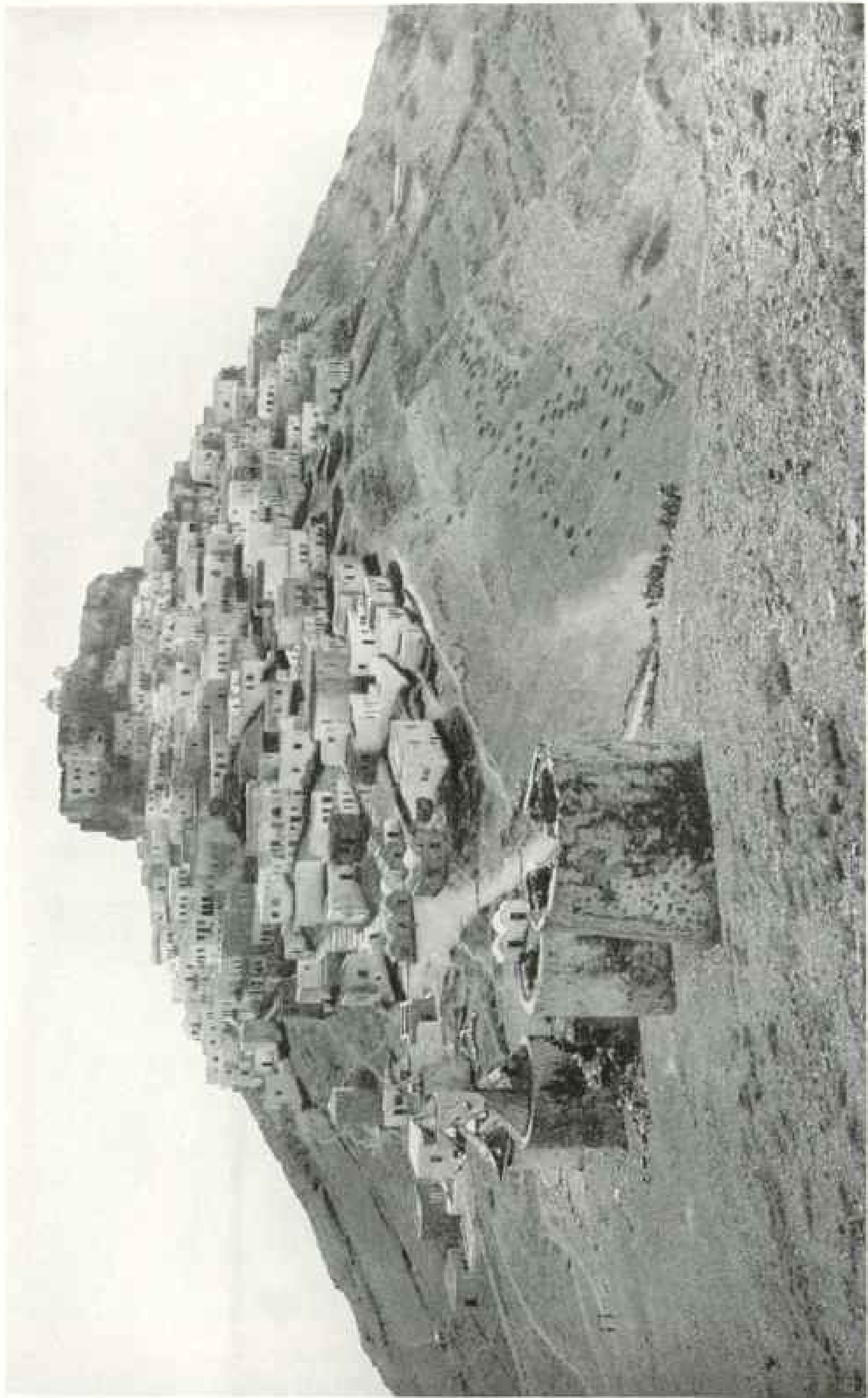
Before the war, Italy's most eastern island was a fueling stop on the French air route to the Orient; recently it became a radio listening post. It lies within swimming distance (about a mile) of Anatolia (page 451).



Photographs from Gazzetta dello Sport

"Sons of the Wolf" in Rhodes Take Their Role Seriously

They wear the Mussolini "M" and a metal cap-badge of Rome's mother wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus. The boys are trained to be members of the Fascist Party when they grow up.



Photograph from Giovanni della Porta's Diary

Old Windmills Line the Ridge Below Stampalia's High Castle of the Querini

Venice long defended the island against pirates and Barbarossa's fleet. When the Turks gained control, they found that most of the natives had fled. Over the entrance of this rock-perched castle is a chapel through whose floor beehives were dropped; the story goes, and invaders were stung into retreat. (page 455).



Photograph by Genshe Perella

Around an Antique Carpet, in Cloth of Gold, Monks of Patmos Follow Jesus' Example of Humility

As in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, the foot-washing ceremony is a feature of Easter Week on Patmos. With a silken handkerchief performed with lemon water, the leader makes the sign of the cross on the feet of his disciples. Just before his betrayal, Jesus said, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." St. John, who reported that event, was banished to rocky Patmos and there saw visions of the four horsemen of Conquest, War, Famine, and Death, followed by the vintage of the grapes of wrath and a new heaven and a new earth (page 463).



Photograph by Guido Perillo

An Easter Parade Crowds a Patmos Lane

On Good Friday, the symbolical sepulcher of Christ passes along the steep streets. Each islander carries it a few steps. Flowers strew the way and perfume and incense fill the air in the narrow passageways between cubelike whitewashed homes. Religious festivals and pilgrim arrivals are the chief breaks in the simple island life.

ground grain for Patmos' bread. A few fishing smacks dotted the harbor. I asked how Patmos' several hundred families could live.

"With trading days over, many look to the monastery," said Father Theophanis. "But we, too, have had our hard times. Nearly every family has relatives in America. The money they send keeps our people alive."

I wonder how, with the blockade, Patmotes are making out now.

When I left the monastery, little Theologia, the miller's daughter, came running with a last spray of basil, symbol of hospitality; and Father Theophanis called down from the gateway, "A good journey, and may blessings be on your land."

The motor-driven sailing boat *Calliope* was top-heavy with pilgrims bound for Calino's annual festival of the mandarins—Europe's tangerines. Untrue to her name, "The Beautiful-voiced," the *Calliope* started with an ear-splitting blast. But the siren was mightier than her little auxiliary engine. Several times it sputtered and died, causing a priest to remark philosophically—and prophetically—that his donkey also had a great bray and a way of stopping and going at the wrong time.

Lero a Naval and Air Base

Two and a half hours of roller-coaster navigation brought us to the island of Lero, a military base prohibited to visitors. After examining my passport, the Italian authorities allowed me to stretch my legs on the mole and even to sit in a dory beached alongside. Here I played some very unsolitary solitaire. A score of Leriotes and a vigilant gendarme watched with unflagging interest during our four hours in port.

With an exceedingly irregular coastline, Lero possesses the finest harbors of all the islands. Naval and air bases on the western deep-water harbor give it its forbidden character, while the eastern commercial harbor offers a fair picture of life on this smiling island, blessed with numerous springs and wells.

On the way from Brindisi to Rhodes, when we had cast anchor for an hour, Lero had appeared barren and sun-dried. Now, after weeks among rocky, almost sterile islands, it seemed a garden spot. After all, it does produce citrus fruits, wheat, barley, grapes, beans, carobs, olives, and tobacco, though in insufficient quantities for local needs.

In normal times the local economy profits also from Leriotes in Egypt who make of the island their summer resort. But not at this moment. As I write, the radio announces that British bombers have made a raid on the island's munitions depot.

Two and a half more hours out of Lero

brought us to the island of Calino.

"We go to Cos tomorrow," the *Calliope's* captain remarked as we docked. "You may leave your things on board."

"Tomorrow!" I exclaimed at this delay. "At what hour?"

"Oh, about noon," was the vague reply.

The Mandarin Festival

Time was plentiful and the mandarin festival at its height. Calino, third after Rhodes and Cos in population, was swarming with visitors. Ashore, a silent mandarin-chewing urchin appointed himself my guide and off we went.

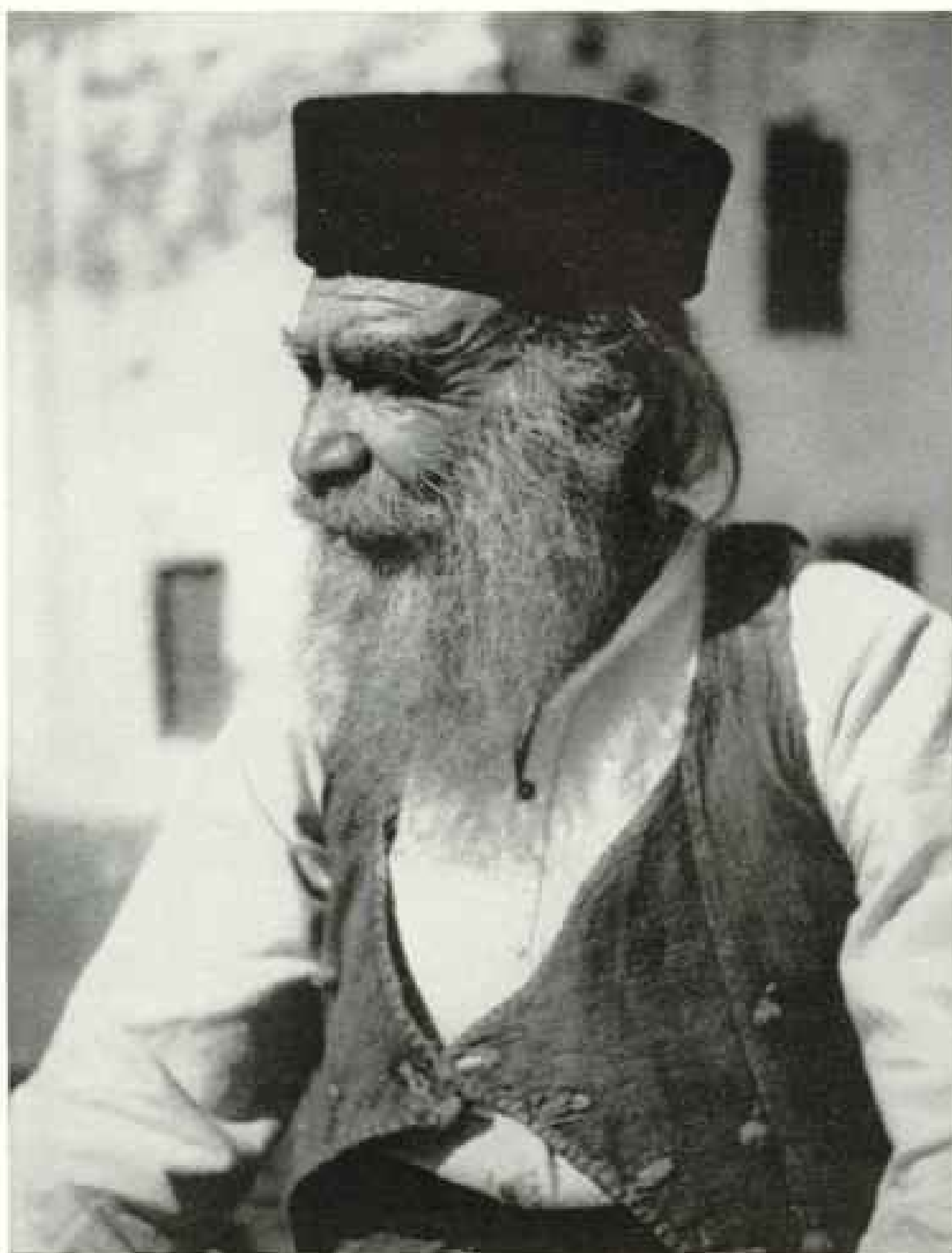
Each breeze from the palm-tufted valley brought us the teasing perfume from the groves. Everywhere pyramids of the delicious fruit were on sale. Mandarin growing has been promoted by the Italian Government and foreign outlets found until in importance the industry is surpassed only by sponge fishing.

A stony road led up the valley. It was a Maxfield Parrish day. On this winter afternoon a hot sun blazed on white walls, on the green and gold of groves. Beyond a sea of blue sprawled the Anatolian mountains, their lean crests feathered with snow.

Renting a Fig Tree

We climbed to Brustá, Calino's summer village. Here I found that for those lacking cottages it is an honorable custom to rent a fig tree, small or large, depending on the family's size. Hangings are draped from the branches.

Next morning my guide again awaited me. He nodded a wordless greeting, spat out a few mandarin seeds, and we set off for the quay, there to watch the men and women working sponges. The local varieties were



Photograph by Dorothy Horner

A Church Singer of Embona Wears a Cap of Black Velour

No boy soprano is this jolly old music master of a Rhodian village. His is the voice of experience, of local tradition, of joy and sorrow, expressed in song.

few, for the islands' sponge beds have long since been exhausted. Instead, sponges fished off the north coast of Africa are brought to Calino and Simi to be worked and marketed.

Strolling along, I suddenly heard a familiar ear-splitting blast. With a farewell toot the *Calliope* was sputtering out to sea. And with her went my luggage.

We ran to a mole end and gesticulated wildly. What with my impulse to swim after it and my urchin's undoubted fidelity, it seemed momentarily that anyone following our trail of mandarin peels all over the island would find it at an end here at the water's edge. But the *Calliope* didn't balk this time. She sailed on stubbornly.

"Missis! Oh, Missis!" An unshaven old man ran up.



Photograph by Dorothy Houser

Cross-tipped Igloos in a Snowless Land Are the Myriad Chapels on Patmos

Hundreds of shining chapels dot the volcanic slopes of Patmos, and garden patches fill the hollows. Buttressed against fierce gales and earthquakes, the buildings gleam like snowdrifts on the distant hills. The man wears a brown cap like a Scottish tam-o'-shanter and baggy Turkish trousers (page 463).

"The *Callope* gone. Your things Cos. The *Gatto* now go Cos," and he smiled.

The *Gatto* did "go Cos," but only after three hours of red tape. She was a cargo caique and had no license to carry passengers. Once again, however, an exception was made for the "Americana."

Birthplace of the Hippocratic Oath

In Cos, third largest of the islands, a recent earthquake worked wonders.

I landed believing the twisted plane tree of Hippocrates was its only present claim to fame. Legend tells that under it Hippocrates taught his disciples theories forming the basis of modern medicine (page 475). Young physicians still take the Hippocratic oath, high ethical code of the medical profession.

Soon I was off on a new quest.

"Cos has a great future," the proprietor of the Jasmine Hotel told me. "Our city will be a jewel of the Mediterranean."

"A great future." "Will be" a beautiful city. I thought one used only the past tense in speaking of Cos. But I followed my enthusiastic host to see.

The excellent beach was first; then the little port, like a sheepfold for small craft. Large boats and liners must anchor in the roadstead.

"Now for the houses being built for the working people," he exclaimed.

There were rows of them, each with three or four rooms, a courtyard, a tiny garden. Their colors were pastel, their lines simple. And the rent, \$1.50 a month, was lower than that of the old houses.

Recrossing the town, I noticed many half-fallen walls.

"The earthquake," he explained. "Cos before was a little walled city with medieval houses and largely a Mussulman population. Then in 1933 an earthquake shook the town to its foundations" (page 477).

Hot-Air Heating in Roman Times

I saw a feverish activity going on in the different fields of excavation the earthquake made possible. Civilizations revealed range from Byzantine down through Roman to Hellenistic and Hellenic, sometimes in strata no more than eight inches apart because of succeeding earthquakes and tidal waves. In



Photograph from Dorothy Blumer

Bearded Monk and Author Climb the Cobbled Path to the Cave Where the Islanders Believe St. John Wrote the *Revelation*

Far-visible from ship and plane are the glistening houses of Scala, chief port of rocky Patmos. The spirited pony on which the monk is riding is one of the two on the island. Most islanders walk or trust to sure-footed donkeys (page 463).

antiquity the city was noted for health-giving springs, luxurious baths, silks, marbles, and wines.

In the ruins of one house of the Roman era was a complete heating system. Hot air circulated under marble floors—"a system," the superintendent of excavations said, "based on the knowledge that marble is a good conductor of heat."

I spent much time in excavations of my own. Digging to my heart's content, I found pieces of painted amphorae and iridescent glass, a bubbled glass bottle top, buttons now green mold, and a chipped burned-clay oil lamp with a delicate leaf design.

The island had more to show me—a landscape with shimmering light effects and dusty-silver olive trees against bald mountains. And over excellent roads I cycled its full length, 28 miles to Céfaló, where troglodyte dwellings now serve as pigsties and stables. Along the rich coastal plain I passed Italian farms operated with government aid.

Contrasting with the natives' archaic working methods were tractors and other modern

implements and new villages planned on Italian models. Already are produced large quantities of wheat, barley, tobacco, olives, fruits, vegetables, silk, and honey, as well as an increasing number of cows, sheep, and pigs.

On leaving Cos' quiet port, our little boat entered a universe where all motion had stopped—not a breath of wind, not a ripple on the water. Fishing smacks with gay sails of rust and yellow were pinned down like butterflies in a showcase of glass.

"The *bonaccia*," said a man, using the local word for *bonaccia* (a calm), one of many nautical terms borrowed from the Venetians.

I saw in his eyes that fighting or waiting was all one to these islanders. Their destinies inextricably bound up with the sea, they love it all the more for the sacrifices it demands.

My many weeks as the lone foreign traveler in the Italian Aegean at an end, I returned to the capital of the islands.

On the way we sighted Calchi, an island of sponge fishers. Largest to the immediate west of Rhodes, six miles away, it was the third on which I was forbidden to land.



Photographs by Dorothy Hammer

Costume and Dance Recall Turkey's Four-century Occupation of the Island of Rhodes

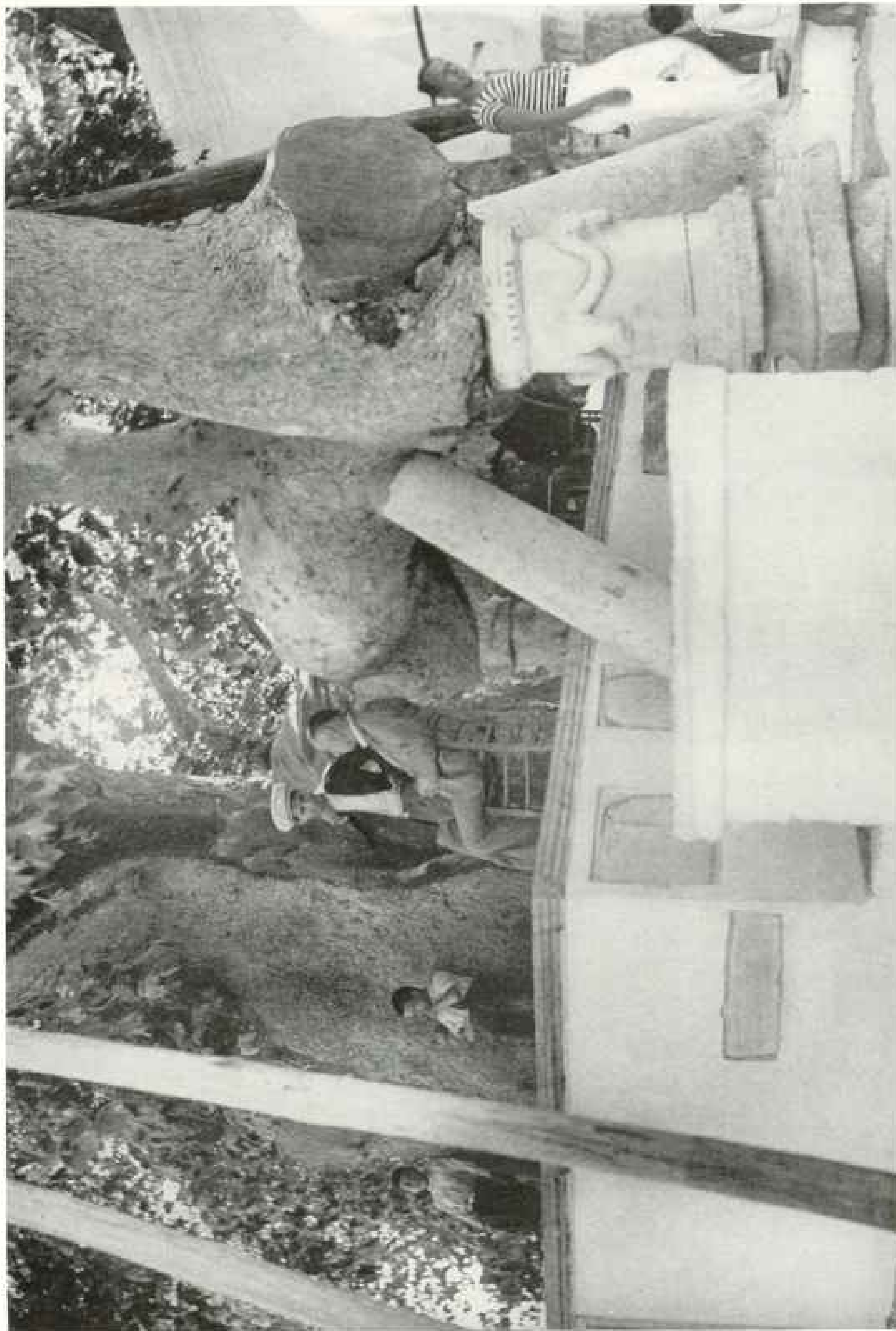
Sole remaining champion after a battle royal of dance, this Moslem wears full Turkish trousers and turban-docked fez. The few thousand Turks now living on Rhodes and Cos continue much the same life they lived under Ottoman rule.



Photograph from *Governor della Isola-Roma*

Weighted for Sinking and Streamlined for Speed, This Simi Sponge Diver Favors a Goggled Mask

Into the net bag the slimy black sponges are thrust. Delicious bread and fine sponges for his harem so softened Sultan Suleiman's heart that he granted to Simi the right of sponge fishing in all Ottoman waters (pages 460, 465).



Photograph by H. D. May (Dunedin)

Hippocrates, Father of Modern Medicine, May Have Sat Under This Ancient Plane Tree at Cos (Page 472)

As we entered the walled-in harbor of the Knights at Rhodes, we passed a refrigerator ship with meat from Italy riding at anchor outside. Despite its 250-mile coastline, Rhodes has no harbor for ships of heavy tonnage. Rather, its past and present importance is due to its geographic situation, commanding eastern Mediterranean routes.

Flying conditions are good and Rhodes' development as a commercial air base has gone ahead swiftly. Recently, however, military flying fields have been bombed by British planes. From the airport under Mount Fileremo, one can reach Athens in an hour and a half. Haifa, Palestine, is only a little farther.

Besides building up the island's commerce and tourist industry, the Government as early as 1923 proclaimed Rhodes "the advanced sentinel of Italian action in the Near East." With troops everywhere, the younger elements of the civilian population appeared proudly in the uniforms of their respective corps. Only Jews were excluded.

City Is a Medieval Museum

Rhodes' agriculture had also taken a spurt under the Government's ambitious program of making the islands self-supporting. With a rural population of some 20,000, she was producing a considerable part of her own normal consumption of wheat, oats, barley, tomatoes, and potatoes. Peacetime exports are principally tobacco and honey to Italy; grapes and apricots, mainly to Egypt, and excellent wines.

But not least of Rhodes' assets is her fame as one of the world's best-preserved medieval cities, a fame justified by vast parapets, towers, and walls, by Gothic stone houses.*

One day I received an important-looking letter with the Governor's seal. I was to appear at the reconstructed Palace of the Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes, later known as the Knights of Malta. Dr. Raffaello Romano would await me.

"An American is the first foreign visitor to set foot inside the completed castle," that dignitary remarked as we crossed the courtyard. "You must come to the official opening in a few months. Il Duce will be here."

But when the time came, Il Duce was sending out war bulletins and I was China-bound on a blacked-out French passenger ship.

Up a black marble stairway, Dr. Romano and I came to great halls where Grand Masters had received such illustrious refugees as Queen Charlotte of Cyprus and the bizarre Turkish prince, Zizim (Djem, or Jem).

Onyx windows and polychrome marbles were from Rhodes, marble statues from excavations at Cos. The Roman mosaics were brought

from the islands by pressing over them a canvas covered with glue and then ripping them up and laying them down again intact. The finest are in the apartment reserved for the King of Italy.

"Besides being the home of the Governor and the administrative seat," Dr. Romano explained, "the palace is the first royal residence outside the Realm."

After several hours of walking through numerous halls, subterranean passages and spiral staircases, we came to tiers of gardens with olive trees, palms, hibiscus, and climbing bougainvillea.

Here digging was going on. Underneath a small church of the Knights, the Governor had unearthed a Roman triumphal arch and below that a Greek temple—all in his own front yard.

Rhodes' attractions are not only historical. I rarely stepped from my lodgings in the old Bourg, quarter of the Walled City once reserved for civilians, without encountering something of interest. A ball of twine would have been handy in the labyrinth of these crooked ways. Here I watched tin- and silver-smiths, clog-, saddle-, and cabinetmakers, and saw the little shops of other artisans.

I watched, too, how wood was sold, with granite cannon balls used as weights. These balls are everywhere in the Walled City, lying about or pyramided in corners (page 463). Some are only a "palm" in diameter, others too big to get my arms around. During one siege the Turks hurled hundreds of thousands of them against the Knights.

Adventure was also to be found in food: cyclamen leaves stuffed with meat and boiled; saucers containing tidbits of meat and sea food served with *mastica*, the local anise liqueur; and in the spirit of research I sampled a broth of chopped pieces of the stomach of various animals.

"You Need a Fish in Your Mouth"

Yet my most interesting experiences in Rhodes concerned her confusion of peoples. Occasionally I strolled through the Jewish quarter on their Sabbath when everyone sat in the sunshine before the little houses. It wasn't hard to fall into conversation with these families, many of whose members have already emigrated to America. But their language was the Spanish of Cervantes and

*See, in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "Ageless Luster of Greece and Rhodes," 16 duotone illustrations by Arnold Genthe, April, 1938; "Souvenirs of Knighthood in Rhodes," 13 natural-color photographs by Luigi Pellerano, December, 1933; and "Historic Islands and Shores of the Aegean Sea," by Ernest L. Harris, September, 1915.



Photograph by Dorothy Hume

Earthquake at Cos Levelled the Mosque, Left the Minaret, and Favored the Archeologist

Cos owes much of its neatness to the earthquake of 1935 which razed the bazaar, thus making way for excavations which revealed the ancient forum. New homes, set in tiny gardens, have largely displaced the ruined quarter. Minaret and palm tree give a north African aspect to this Aegean island (page 472).

there were wide gaps between it and my stumbling high-school variety.

"You need a fish in your mouth," one old man said laughingly, explaining that when a child is tardy in learning to speak, one puts a little live fish in his mouth and tries to get him to bite off its head—no doubt a good exercise for vocal muscles.

Walking another day under "earthquake" arches which hold up the houses on the narrow streets, I saw a strange procession. Bare-foot porters were carrying the complete house furnishings of a Moslem fiancée to the home of her future husband. Doors and windows opened. Women's heads popped out to appraise the goods as they passed. Then the streets were again silent and deserted.

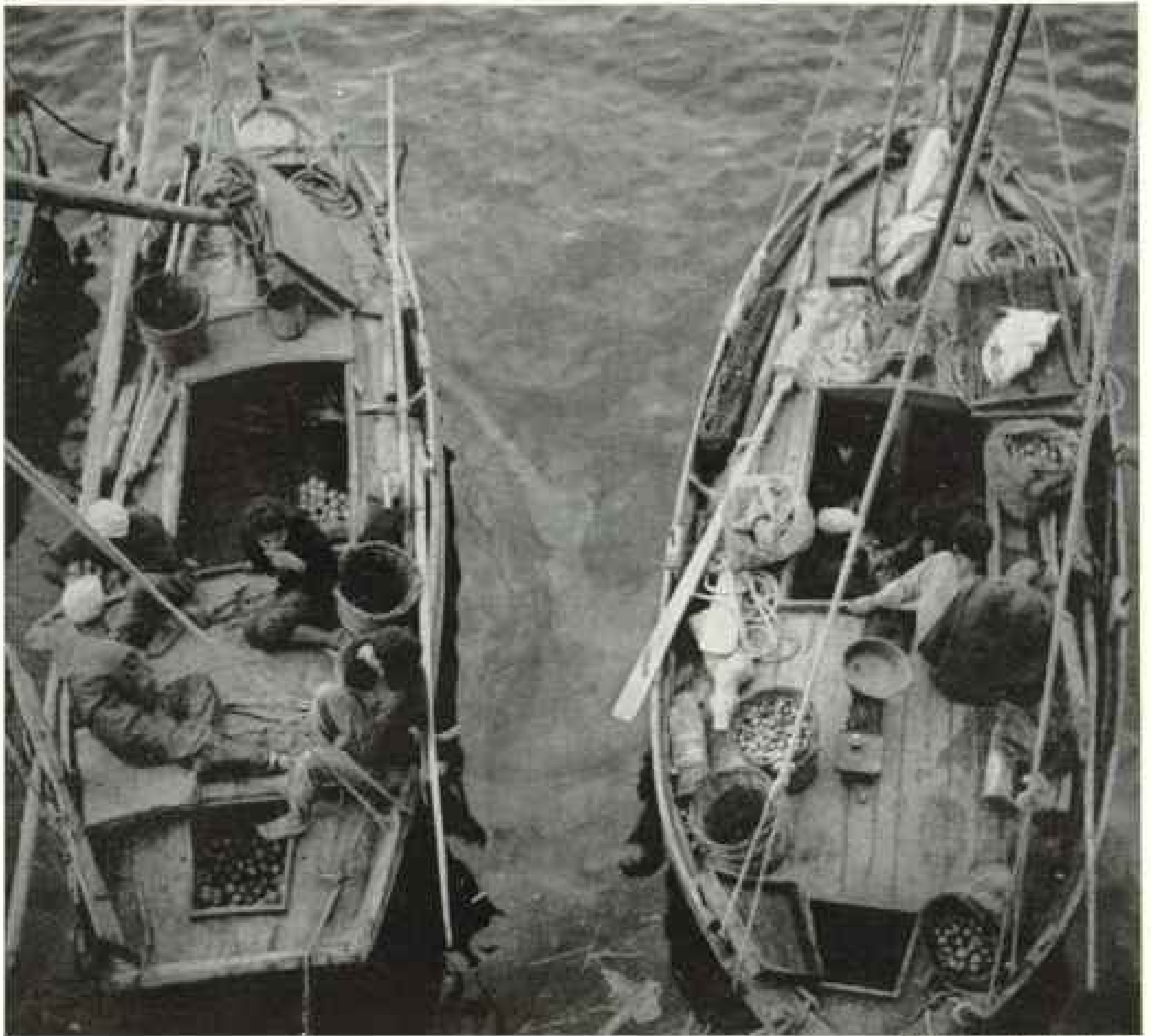
Another Moslem custom I saw in our household at the birth of a baby. A boy's birth entails special rites—but ours was a girl. Her very first day she was carried to the Turkish baths, bathed, and sprinkled with salt. During

a month of much wailing I was dubious about the wisdom of this. On the fortieth day, however, she was carried back to the baths, then anointed with almond oil, and this time sprinkled with sugar.

Neighborhood girls often made me friendly visits, bringing a spray of flowering lemon or a few asphodel. In making reciprocal calls, I found in the Orthodox homes looms where girls worked at knotted woolen Turkish carpets. Their families were postwar refugees from Anatolia. Whole corporations of these weavers came, bringing their looms, age-old designs, and the secrets of their colors.

Colorful lines of traffic afoot and on donkey-back still entered the gates of the Walled City. Several times I noticed villagers with one foot shoeless. Then once at Coschino Gate I watched a man remove one boot and give it to a companion. They deemed it too rustic to enter the city with both feet bare.

Such scenes, abetted by bicycle fever, drew



Photograph by Dorothea Horner

Two Floating Fruit Shops Serve the Pilgrim Isle

Patmos does not normally produce enough to feed its inhabitants and the many pilgrims who visit the revered Monastery of St. John. Mandarins, potatoes, and dried black figs are ferried in from near-by islands.

me to the island's interior, but not till I had secured special permission from the military authorities, who notified the gendarme stations along my route.

First I went to Lindo (Lindos). Situated on the eastern coast, it has the best protected small-ship harbor of the island and is second to the town of Rhodes in population. Here also lie the ruins of one of the strongest and most important of the castles which guarded the coastline at the time of the Knights (page 452).

Thirty-eight miles over a splendid asphalt road I cycled, past Italian villages with experimental agricultural fields and orchards, past Moslem towns with rustic minarets. The ride was a parade of the island's spare but exotic vegetation: St. John's bread, prickly pear, sesame, casuarina, tamarisk, and tere-

binth. Then came the Orthodox village of Arcangelo with orange, mandarin, and lemon groves whose lush greenery seemed an oasis in the naked hills.

At Lindos I visited a house which contained a fine collection of the so-called Lindos or Rhodes pottery.

Some of the most noted pieces are now in the Louvre collection. I understood why, seeing the exquisite decorative sense, the turquoise and cobalt blues, the tomato reds, the flower and puff-sailed galley designs. All are being reproduced in Rhodes' present-day ceramic works.

A Lively Castle

I found the pinnacled castle a lively one with men busy at restoration. Within the fortress walls wide marble stairs, temples, and



Photograph by Dorothy Hooper

A Cloth of Cos Stretches the Warp for Hand-woven Linens

The classic Fate spun the thread of life; this woman unrolls the smooth-spun yarn from whirling bobbins. Gossip goes with weaving on this sunny isle. Few women, thus happily engaged, would care to take the oath of their fellow islander, Hippocrates: "Whatever I see or hear in the course of my profession, I will never divulge."

columns of an ancient acropolis were taking form again. In the living rock was sculptured the sweeping prow of a trireme, exact representation of those sent from Lindos to the siege of Troy. Helen herself came to this acropolis and left as an offering a chalice modeled on her breast.

At sunrise I climbed the hill behind the village. The sea was calm. Castle and acropolis seemed suspended in air. The barren hills behind me, the jagged coast of Asia Minor, were luminous as in a mirage. This is the Aegean's secret. Its poverty and nudity are transformed into radiant beauty by the simple magic of lights and colors.

Another time I cycled to Embona, Orthodox mountain village. The road circled Mount Fileremo with its ruins of Ialysos. From here

came Pherenike who, despite the death penalty for women found at the Olympic games, accompanied her son, disguised as his trainer. When discovered, she was freed because of her family's Olympic honors; but thereafter all trainers at the games appeared nude.

Farther along I skirted Mount Profeta (Prophet's Mount) with its pine forests, deer reserve, and mountain hotel. Then up, up, to Embona, a drift of white cubes against bald-rocked 3,985-foot Mount Attairo, highest point on the island (page 456).

Native costumes blared against whitewashed stone houses in a trumpet of primary colors: yellow knee-high goatskin boots; red bands on women's blue tunics; men's blue trousers, cut knee-length but in the rear falling in deep folds for roominess when sitting on their heels.

It was Saturday. The air was fragrant with olive-wood fires and fresh bread, baked in great square ovens outdoors. Embona's staples are this good black bread, olives, and sheep's milk cheese.

Always Room on the "Bed Shelf"

The stranger has no lodging problem here. You simply ask two feet of space on the bed shelf, a wide platform taking up nearly half the one-room houses. On it members of the family stretch themselves like cod drying in a row, papa, mamma, and from the eldest down to the youngest. All are fully dressed. I slept at the end of such a line next to a plump three-year-old daughter. Tobacco, drying from the rafters, perfumed my dreams.

At three a hoarse bawl rent the silence of the night. It sounded like someone working a rusty pump. Every Embona home boasts a donkey. But the donkey's proverbial independence would not let him lose his individuality in a chorus. Each bided his turn, so that a chain of brays, differing only as distance mellowed their song, bridged the hours until dawn.

That morning I poked my head over many a low courtyard wall. Housewives greeted me with sprigs of basil. Once a child shyly offered this token. She then spat towards me, saying "Mashala." And her mother smiled approval! The village gendarme laughed when I mentioned this incident.

"An old man did that when I first came to Embona," he said. "I rushed him to headquarters, but soon found it was a friendly tradition. *Mashala*, you see, is an Arab-Turkish exclamation of admiration and respect."

After Denmark's freezing weather, it was a joy to be sea bathing at Rhodes in late winter. Often I floated face down in the clear water, scanning the bottom for treasures. Such is the effect of living on an island where relics are being brought to light every day. Who knows? Some archeologists still look for a trace of the Colossus of Rhodes on the sea floor. And near where I took my dips the prize piece of the Grand Master's Palace, the 4th-century Venus of the Sea, had been discovered in 1929.

When I sought other recreation, there were Calitea's thermal baths (page 453), and on the road driving out was Rhodes' 18-hole golf course. A badly aimed stroke has the best chance of netting a hole-in-one—in one of the many 2,000-year-old sepulchral chambers along the edge of the course.

Rhodes' new life was typified by the daily ceremony of raising and lowering the Italian

flag. A cannon boomed from Fort St. Nicholas's tower, and everyone throughout the town came to attention while a bugle sounded.

"In a new form, it is the banner of the Knights flying again over Rhodes," an Italian pointed out to me. "Amadeus V, Count of Savoy, an ancestor of Italy's Royal House, gave heroic aid to the Knights against the Turks in 1315, forcing them to raise the siege of Rhodes. The Order granted him their coat of arms, and thus the white cross was incorporated in the Italian flag."

The terminology of ancient Rome had also been adopted. Along the Harbor of the Galleys (page 464) was now the Italian Forum, with new public and administration buildings.

Eloquent also were bronze statues of Roman emperors, Mussolini's gift to Rhodes. They included Julius Caesar, captured by pirates on his way to the island; Augustus, who incorporated the Lex Rhodia as Roman maritime law; and Diocletian, who made Rhodes the capital of the "Province of the Islands."

Alma Mater of Emperors and Orators

Besides these emperors, Brutus, Cassius, Cato, and Cicero were students in Rhodes' renowned schools of rhetoric. And Nero talked of abdicating for a life of leisure on the island.

But just how did modern Italy come into possession of these isles in the Aegean?

Since the Italians had occupied them in the Italo-Turkish War, the 1912 Treaty of Lausanne agreed Italy should continue to hold them to guarantee the execution of the peace terms.

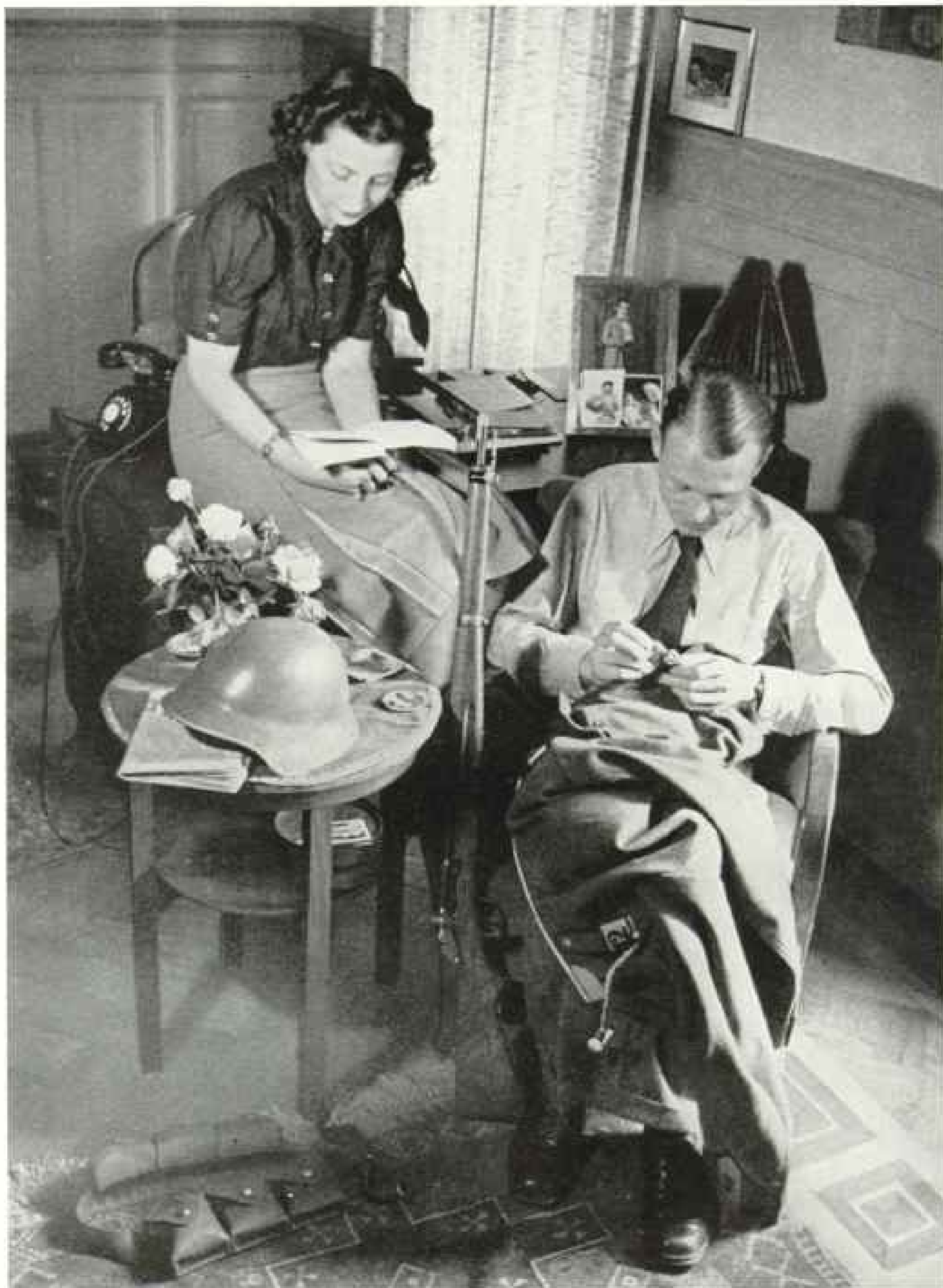
With the second Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, signed by the principal Allied Powers, Greece, and Turkey, Italian sovereignty became definite.

The importance of Anatolia appears often in Aegean negotiations. Geographically and economically, the islands are a part of Anatolia, which, it is never forgotten, was the home of King Midas. One native expressed it to me by calling Anatolia the islands' "opulent mother."

I recalled this when developments in the war forced me to seek another refuge. What was in store for Rhodes?

Aboard the ship at sundown, when violet lights flowed over town, sea, and Anatolia's snow-dusted peaks, I reflected that every beauty has its thorn. Rhodes' is her strategic position. But then, throughout her long history she has alternated between being the Island of Cannon Balls and the Island of Roses.

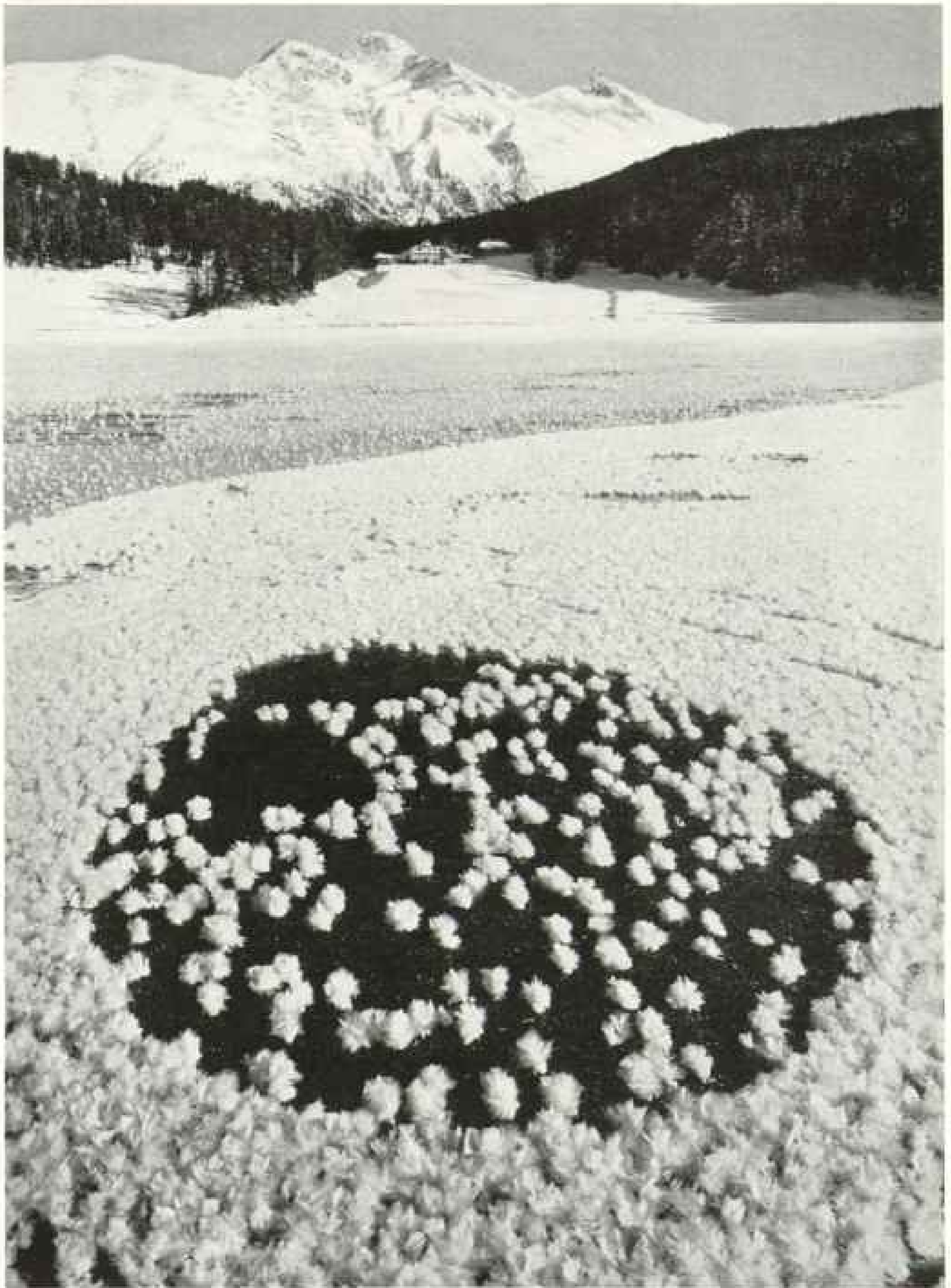
Swiss Cherish Their Ancient Liberties



Photograph by Schweizer Presse Vertrieh from Black Star

Swiss "Minutemen" Keep Their Guns at Home, Ready for Instant Action

Under his wife's supervision, this citizen soldier sews on a uniform button and inspects rifle, helmet, and cartridge bandoleer. Today half of Switzerland's available man power, about 250,000 men, is constantly mobilized. To avoid disrupting civil life, each man serves for two or three months, then is relieved for a similar period by another. In the spring of 1940, during the German drive on France, the entire military strength of the Nation was mobilized. Switzerland has no standing army in normal times.



Photograph by Albert Reiser

Feathery "Ice Flowers" Bloom on the Frozen Lake of St. Moritz

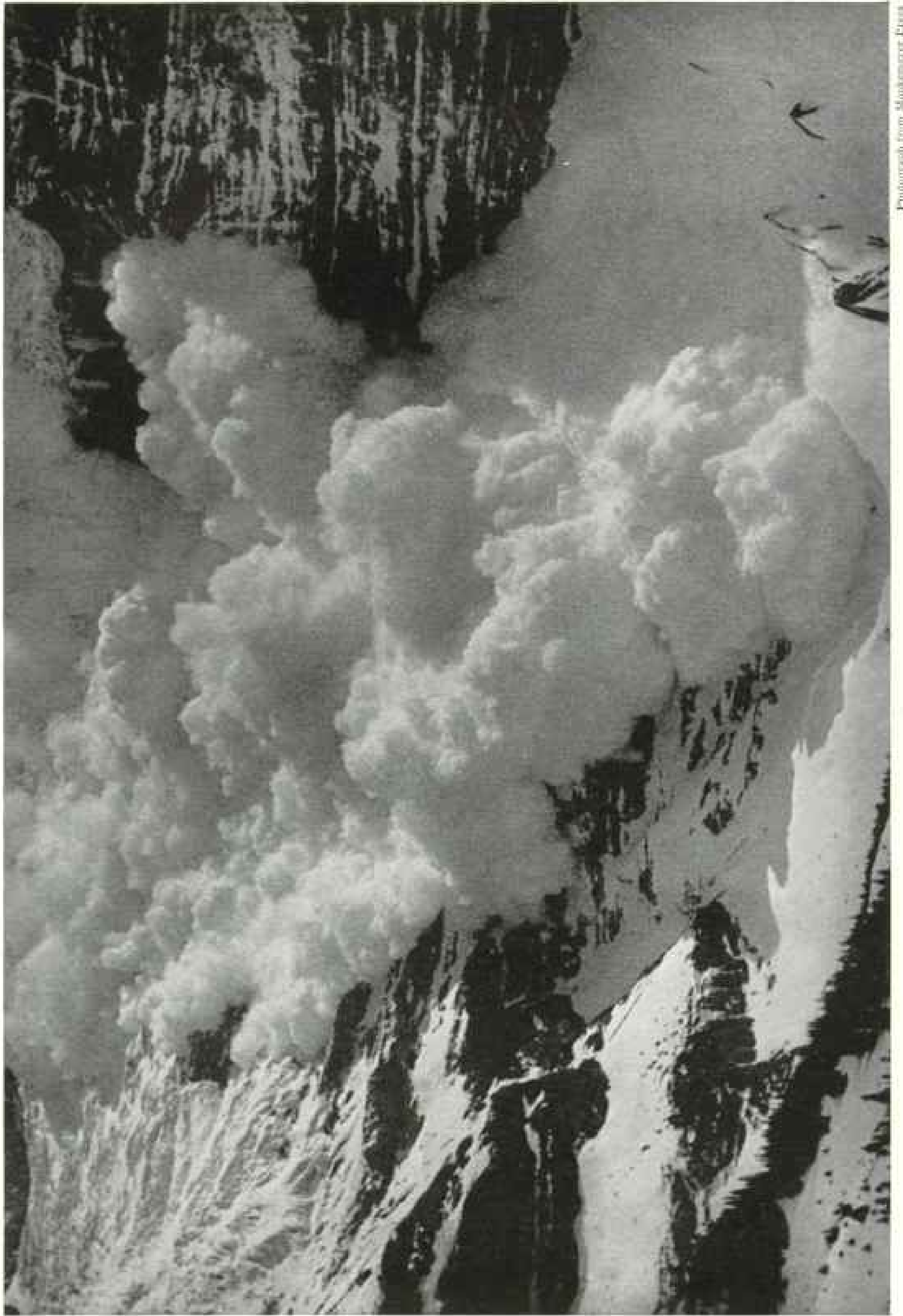
These exquisite "blossoms" appear on black, new ice after an intense cold snap. They are formed when vapor from open water drifts over near-by ice, the droplets freezing into ice crystals which build up delicate designs. Blockade has brought hardships to people of St. Moritz and other resort centers.



Photograph by Hans Steiner Reisinger from P.M.

Solid as the Rock of Gibraltar Stands the Snow-cowled Mönch (Monk)

Rising 13,468 feet, this peak in the Bernese Oberland towers above pastures and the clouds. Its massive bulk is pierced by a railroad which ascends almost to the top of the near-by Jungfrau, slightly higher. The Mönch can be climbed, though the trip is not easy.



Photograph from *Montagnes et Pines*

Spring Rains, Winds, Thunder, or Even a Shout May Start Masses of Snow Plunging on the Jungfrau



© Muerklinger from Muehlenstein

Weapons of War Save Skiers' Lives

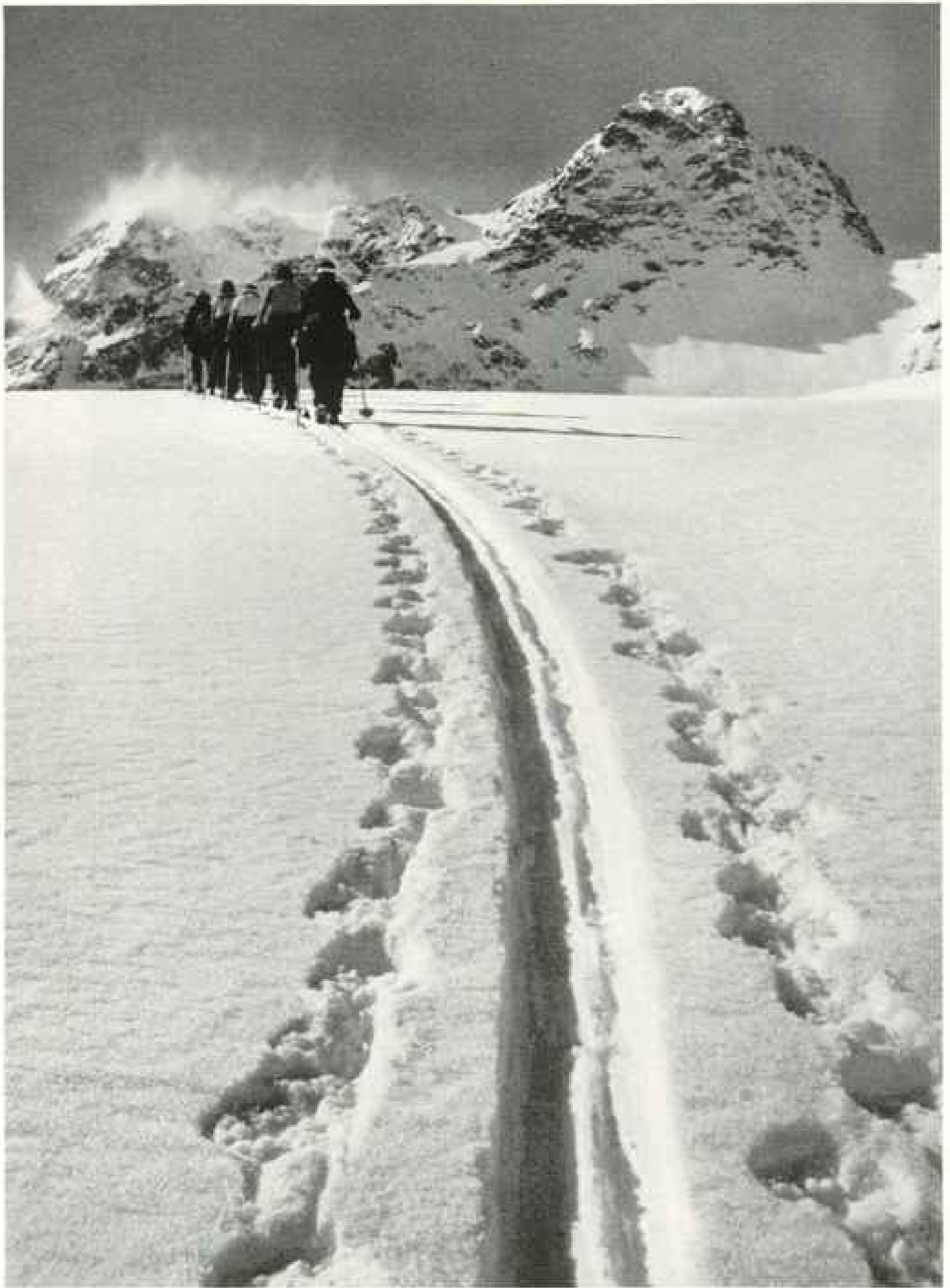
Overhanging masses of snow on the ridges above Paternum, near Davos, Switzerland, which might cause avalanches dangerous to skiers, are blasted down with projectiles shot from small mortars. Snow sometimes is brought down by explosives placed in boreholes.



© Muerklinger from Muehlenstein

Starting an Artificial Avalanche—for Safety

Snow loosened by explosives is started sliding downward by a mountaineer with a shovel on the crest of a ridge above Paternum. A rope prevents him from becoming part of the avalanche. Thus snow is cleared from the heights to protect skiers below.



Photograph by Mischlinger

Straight to the Top of the World This Ski Trail Seems to Lead

Five skiers make their way through silver crystal snow toward the summit of the Piz Kesch, 11,225 feet high, in the Grisons, largest of the Swiss Cantons. Wind blows a snow plume from the peak in the distance.



Jumping Off a Roof Is Fun When You Can Land in a Snow Bank!
Members of a sleighing party in the Sertig Valley take time out to "warm up."



Photograph by Steinhilber

"Bet You Can't Ski as Well as We Can!"

These little girls are on the practicing hill at Davos, a Swiss resort and winter sports center.



Photograph by Dana O'Brien

From Lake Constance, on the Swiss-German Border, Wooded Hills Slope Up to the Snow-clad Mountains of Appenzell
This region is part of the German-speaking section of Switzerland. Altenrhein airport lies by the lake (right); Säntis Peak (8,215 feet) on the horizon. Royal Air Force planes, flying at high altitude on their way to bomb north Italian industrial cities, take the short cut across the Alps.



Photograph by Helmut from Munksgaard.

"Old Man Winter" Goes Up in Smoke when Spring Comes to Zürich

A huge imitation snow man, the *Büggli*, is burned in the square before the Corso Theater on the shore of the Lake of Zürich at the festival of *Sechseläuten*. The word refers to the custom of ringing bells at 6 p. m. when the days lengthen in spring, as a signal to cease work and enjoy the remaining daylight.



© Meerkämper from Motzheimyer

In the Spring Swiss Dairy Farms Move Bodily to the Mountains

Led by the queen cow with her big bell tinkling, a herd is being driven to the high pastures on the Säntis slopes to spend the summer (page 488). In the wagon are utensils for milking and cheese making. In isolated upland huts cowherds stay alone all summer, living on bread and cheese. At the Hotel Rossfall an annual herdsman's ball takes place, and a "beauty contest" is held for cows.



Photograph by Meekinger from *Manhempfer*

Free Wine Cheers Cowherds Bound for Lonely Summer Pastures



Photograph by Reinhold Pfyfer Verzick from *Black Star*

Wheat Sunk Beneath the Waters May Be a Lifesaver Now

Huge casks holding reserve grain were submerged in lakes in experiments by the Swiss Government, in case the war should cut off food supplies. Switzerland normally imports about two-thirds of its wheat.



Photograph by Hans Fischer from Mauthausen

Swiss Mountaineers Like to Wrestle—When They Can Find a Spot Level Enough!

While friends and neighbors cheer them on, two contestants in a sawdust ring struggle for a "fall" at a local mountain festival in the Bernese Oberland.



© Montbinger from Montbinger

Some Swiss Cowbells Are Almost Cathedral-Size

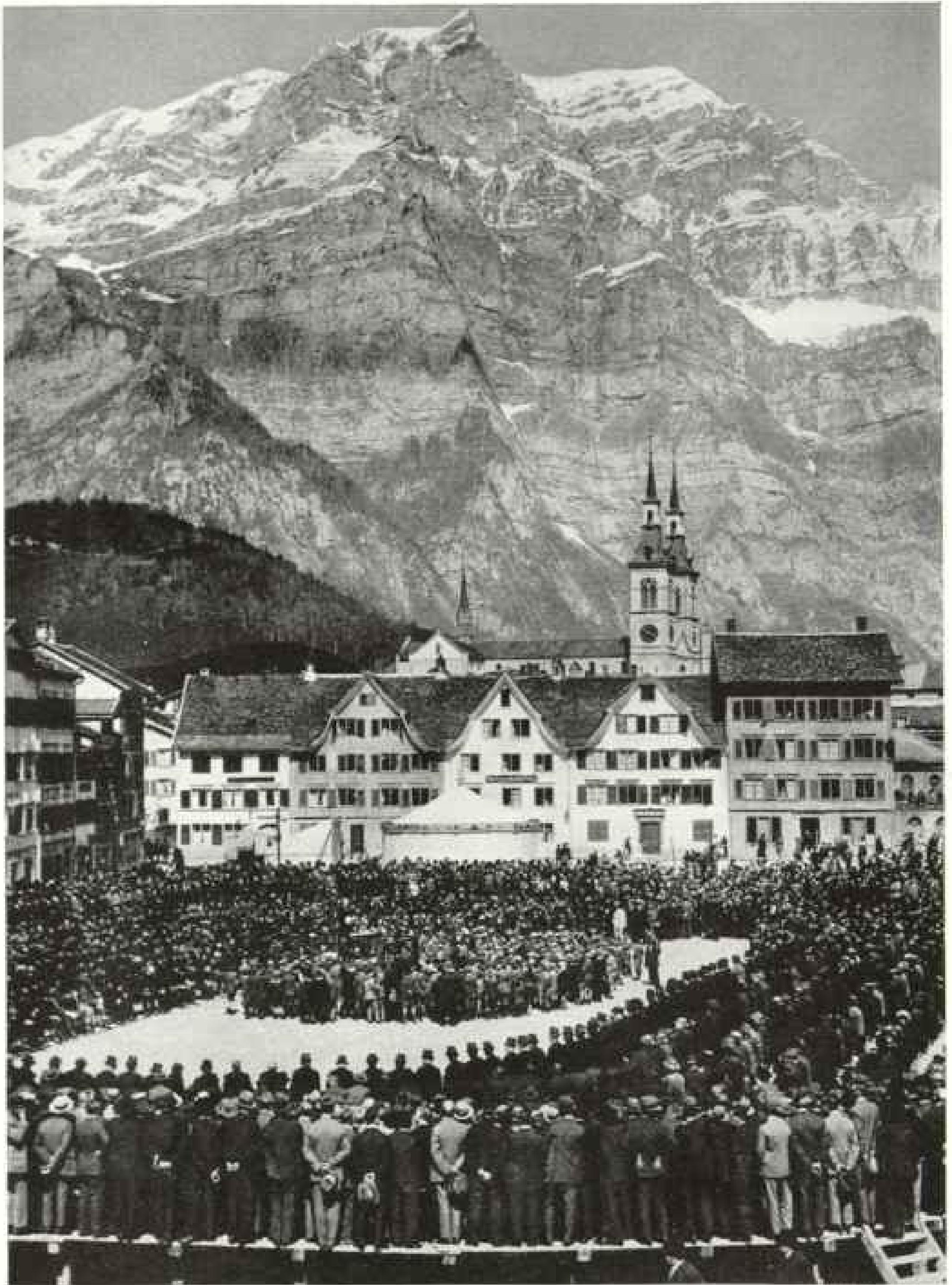
Each lead cow wears one of these hand-wrought bells, hung from her neck by an ornamental collar decorated with fur and embroidery. The cowherd uses a branch in place of a necktie and carries an elaborate watch fob.



Photograph by Montbinger from Montbinger

Maybe This Proves That Goats Relish Old Shoes!

Goats'-milk cheese is made for home use in the Canton of Appenzell. This peasant youth is milking the goat in an unusual position. More often the milker reaches between the animal's hind legs.



© International News

Giant Mountains Stand Guard Over Swiss Democracy

In several of the smaller Cantons, all male citizens of voting age are eligible for the annual open-air parliament, or Landsgemeinde, shown in session at Glarus. As in the New England town meeting, voters take part directly in making laws and electing officials. Some small Cantons have elected members of the same families to office for 500 or 600 years.



© International News

A Sword Symbolizes His Ancient Right to Vote and Bear Arms

The custom dates back to the days when only those entitled to vote were permitted to carry arms in peacetime. These men are voting by a show of hands.



© Bull from Three Lions

Modern Swiss Are Expert with the Traditional Crossbow

The weapon supposed to have been used by William Tell to shoot an apple off his son's head is popular today for training in marksmanship. The butt and trigger are like those of a rifle.



Photograph by Hans Böhler from *Europam*

Swiss Lawmakers Carry On a Tradition of 650 Years of Democracy

In the painting above the rostrum of the National Council at Bern is shown the formation of the original Swiss Confederation on the shore of Lake Lucerne A. D. 1291. The president, or speaker, of the Council (corresponding to the United States House of Representatives) sits in the center under the painting. Members of the Federal Council, or Cabinet, sit at either end of the second row. The Swiss Parliament also has an upper house, or Council of States, with two members from each of the 22 Cantons.

Everyday Life in Wartime England

BY HARVEY KLEMMER

SOMEHOW, under the stress of war, we are inclined to forget that the ordinary pursuits of life continue and, what is more, continue pretty much as in time of peace.

This is especially true in England today. Britain has been living in a state of war for 18 months. Thousands have been killed and wounded; hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed; the country is bombed almost nightly, and it is faced with the ever-present threat of invasion. Yet the people manage to keep going. Government and industry continue to function. Life goes on.

The thing that impresses me most about wartime England is the attitude of the people.* Their morale is magnificent. After the fall of France and the Low Countries, especially after the bombing of Rotterdam, some of us were afraid they would be unable to take it. They have been under intensive bombardment now for about six months.

Unless the Germans have something much worse than what they have used to date, the chances are that the civilians of England can go on indefinitely.

I think there was a brief period, at the very beginning of the Blitzkrieg, when the people might have cracked. I remember vividly the first terrible night (September 7, 1940). More than 300 persons were killed and some 1,400 seriously wounded. The East End of London was one vast inferno. Surely, we thought, human beings cannot stand such punishment.

Another night went by. Five hundred more were killed. The people stood fast. A week passed. . . . two weeks. By that time, in my opinion, the crisis was over.

The people adjusted themselves to the nightly attacks from the skies. They resisted the impulse to flee. They obeyed the Government's injunction to "stay put." It may well be that the fortitude of the ordinary people of London in the terrible nights of September will mean the difference between defeat and victory for the British Empire.

Civilians in "Front-line Trenches"

Today the citizens of London—and of the other cities of Britain as well—have adapted themselves to a way of life which is not much different from that endured by front-line soldiers of the last war.

Millions of them nightly go underground to seek such safety as there is from flying splinters. In the blackout, the people of Britain have joined the Piltown man. In

the daytime, however, life goes on more or less as usual.

We had an extremely heavy raid one night just before I left London late in January, 1941. Bombs came shrieking down at the rate of one a minute. A number of fires were started, and a good share of the City—London's financial district—was wiped out.

The crash of bombs and the glow of the fires gave us the feeling of living through some sort of medieval nightmare. Few got any sleep that night.

It was almost with dread that I opened my curtains in the morning. But there was no reason for dread, then. The sun was shining brightly. Traffic moved in Berkeley Square as usual. I noticed that an old street sweeper, with whom I had become acquainted, was on the job. The attendants in apartment houses stood on the sidewalk, resplendent in their various uniforms. Models and seamstresses tripped into the gown shop up the street. Large posters in a travel agency window advertised cruises to Australia.

In my own building the valets went about preparing breakfast and laying out clothes. When I went through the lobby, I noticed that one of the porters was very carefully shining the brass about the main entrance.

The difference between that morning and the experiences of the night before is symbolic, to me, of the two kinds of life that now exist in England.

Bridges Stand; Trains Run

One of the surprises of the Blitzkrieg has been the ability of public utilities to take punishment and still keep going. When I left London, late in January, every railway station was functioning more or less as in time of peace. The 20-odd bridges over the Thames were all open. Thousands of double-deck buses wound through the twisted streets just as they have done for the past thirty years. Although 150,000 people nightly crowded into the tubes to sleep, service was being maintained on all lines (pages 505, 507).

The ancient taxicabs of London, with their equally ancient drivers, continue to operate. They remain in the streets throughout the heaviest raids.

* For three years Mr. Klemmer, as an attaché of the United States Embassy in London, traveled extensively in the British Isles. Thus he had exceptional opportunity to observe the transition from peacetime to war-besieged England. He is author of *They'll Never Quit* (Wilfred Funk, Inc., publisher).



Photograph from *British Gasoline*

Early-rising "Nippies" Sleep in Their Own Restaurant Bombproof

Waitresses, whose nickname identifies them as employees of the large London chain of Lyons tea shops, must be on hand at the crack of dawn to serve breakfasts to customers who spent restless nights in the subway. So they sleep on the premises, with their uniforms hanging above their beds.



Photograph from *British Cuisine*

Youthful Guests Come to a Shelter Party Dressed as Nurses and Soldiers

Although they celebrate 30 feet underground, away from the din of bombs and antiaircraft fire, they hold a string of snappers to make a little noise of their own. This dugout is in southeast London.

At the beginning of the Blitz there was a bit of profiteering. Scotland Yard stepped in, and the usual peacetime fares are now in effect. Most passengers give a generous tip, however, which makes everybody happy and helps to keep these essential conveyances going on a 24-hour basis.

There have been occasional interruptions to the gas service in London, usually on a localized basis. Once in a great while the people have had to go around the block to get water. Generally speaking, however, the supply of water, gas, and electricity has not been seriously affected in the London area.

At the American Embassy, for example, I recall only one interruption to the supply of electricity. That resulted from a hit on a sub-power station in the vicinity. The current was off for just half a minute, the time required to change from one grid to another.

The telephone service, which was rather badly banged up at the beginning of the Blitz, is now back almost to normal. There are some restrictions on long-distance calls, but local calls are put through without undue delay (pages 521 and 527). The telephone

service in England has always been a bit slow. It is not appreciably slower since the war.

Telegrams, which in England are handled by the Post Office Department, can be sent as usual. Commuting husbands still wire their wives to meet the 5:48 from Victoria. You can still send—or could when I left late in January, 1941—"canned" greetings suitable for any occasion.

"Business as Usual"

The British Government has pursued a "business as usual" policy. Most of the stores are still open, and they seem to have generous supplies of merchandise. There has been a mild buying boom, since some people, fearful of possible shortage, lay in supplies of food and clothing.

You can still walk into a London store, order practically anything you wish, and tell the clerk to put it on your account. You will be asked to carry your purchase if it is a small one; the clerk will also forego the use of wrapping paper if feasible. Outside of that, shopping is not greatly different from what it was before the war.



Photograph from British Combines

All London's Slogan—"Business as Usual"

When windows are shattered by bomb fragments and shops are partially destroyed, proprietors vie with each other in devising original posters to proclaim their contempt for Nazi raids. A poster on one large damaged store read, "If you think this is bad, you should see my branch in Berlin!"

Critics of the Government have maintained that there has been too much "business as usual" in Britain and that people will have to make greater sacrifices than they have thus far if the war is to be won. The luxury trade is now being curtailed. No doubt, too, the Government will have to clamp down on many lines hitherto considered more as necessities than luxuries.

The policy of "business as usual," despite its obvious weaknesses, has not been altogether unwise. It has postponed the shock of going into a war economy. This will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect on morale in months to come.

The Germans have been doing without things for several years. The English are only now beginning to suffer the deprivations of war. That is a factor which will prove very important if the war drags on for a long time.

The food situation remains good (as I write), but serious sacrifices will probably have to be made before the war is over. The principal articles now being rationed are butter, sugar, tea, and meat.

The curtailment of tea is the most serious step from the standpoint of morale. The people of England will give up almost everything else, but there will be an awful rumpus if anything happens to their tea. Oranges, lemons, onions, and a few other unrationed items are getting scarce, but most food-stuffs can still be obtained in adequate quantities.

2,000 Items; Only 5 Rationed

One grocery chain advertises: "We carry 2,000 items in our stores; only 5 are rationed."

The truth of the matter is that most people are now eating more than they did in time of peace. I found this to be true of myself and noticed that it was also true of my friends. When you go into a restaurant and see a nice steak on a grill,



Photograph from British Consulate

A Youthful London Evacuee Undergoes Repairs in His Country Seat

He and the interested onlookers are a few of the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls moved from the city to comfortable rural homes (page 528). This group lives near Guildford, in Surrey, where danger from German air raids is much less than in the capital.

your immediate reaction is, "I think I'll have that. We shan't be getting steaks much longer; we might as well eat them while we can."

Persons eating in hotels and restaurants have not had to have ration books. The night clubs are running full blast. They serve any kind of game, wine, liqueurs—practically everything that a customer could possibly demand. One of the London newspapers has been complaining about this, and the Government is taking steps to equalize the distribution of food.

Farmers continue to till their fields. More than once I have seen some beefy Surreyman or a red-faced son of Sussex furrowing the gentle undulations of Mother England while German bombers droned overhead.

Every available acre must be made to yield. Nearly nine million people in London alone depend on imported food to keep them from starvation—a situation which is too dangerous for complacency.

Any landowner who does not produce food

according to the Government's satisfaction is likely to have his fields taken away and given to someone who will produce.

Cabbages Wanted; Not Strawberries

Here is a news note recently clipped from the London Times:

"ARTHUR ROE, a market gardener, of Moorland Road, Axbridge, Somerset, was fined £10 with £3 3s. costs at Axbridge yesterday for failing to cultivate land. It was stated that he had defied the Somerset War Executive Agricultural Committee's instructions by planting about a quarter of an acre with strawberry plants without permission.

"The committee had directed him to remove the plants, as strawberries were a luxury crop, and to substitute cabbages; but he ignored the order.

"On hearing the fine, Roe said that he would go to gaol. He was allowed a month to pay."

The fields of England are just as lush as



Photograph from British Columbia

From This Flaming London Building Firemen Rescued 100 Office Workers

Within a few moments after it had been struck by a Nazi incendiary bomb, this shipping firm headquarters was afire from roof to basement. An incendiary bomb drops on a cap which ignites the thermite core. The aluminum-magnesium alloy case melts from the intense heat of the thermite, which burns somewhat like a photographer's flashlight bulb. Freed from its case, the thermite spreads in all directions, penetrating to lower stories of buildings, and starts a big blaze. Many firemen have been killed when bombers have returned to the scene of fires.



London Office Workers Depend on Their Own Roof-top Plane Spotters

When general air raid alarms sound during business hours, many employees no longer speed to shelters, but grab binoculars and rush to the roofs to see which way the raiders are flying. Usually the spotters cannot see the high-flying planes, but trace their course by the white puffs of smoke from exploding anti-aircraft shells. If the raiders are flying away, or at an angle, the spotters give no signal. Should the white puffs show the planes approaching on a line with the building, then office forces are warned.



Photograph from Acme

Babies Sleep in Hammocks Slung Between the Rails in Aldwych Underground Station.

Some tracks, below the level of the Thames, lead into tubes beneath the river. Because a direct underwater hit by a bomb on these tubes could submerge an entire station, huge floodgates, which can be closed instantly, have been built at tunnel entrances.



Truck Drivers Help London Workers Reach Their Offices on Time

In the early days of intensive aerial attack last September, transport facilities often were disrupted, and horsecars, bicycles, and other makeshifts were adopted by thousands. Today communications are almost normal (page 497).



Photographs from British Columbia

A Cleanly Subway Sleeper Mops Up Her Own Platform Space

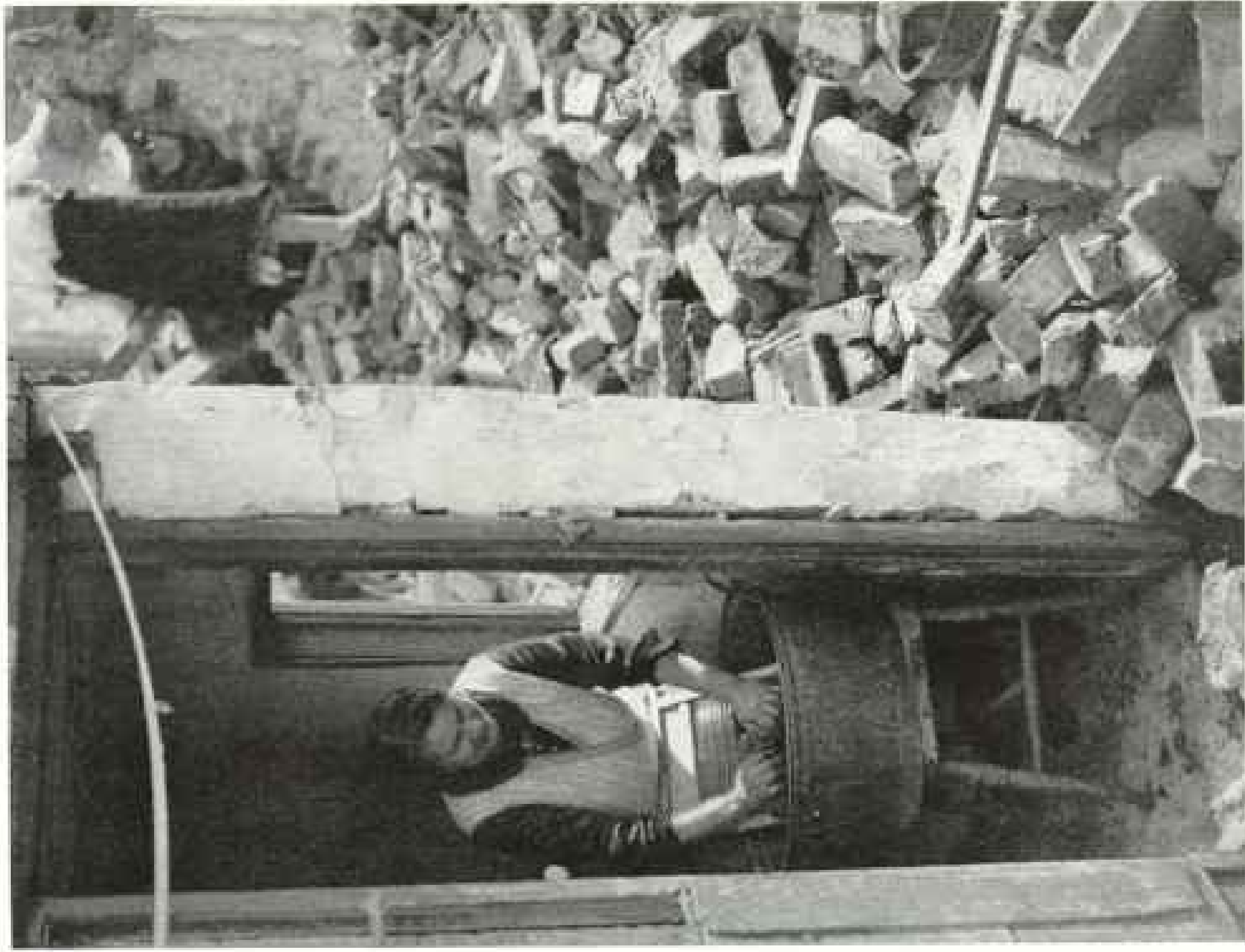
The friendly tube station porter encourages such cooperation, for not all the occupants of London underground railway shelters are so neat. When daylight comes, a vast amount of litter and rubbish must be removed.



Photograph from *Armed*

Tracks and Platforms Are Taken Over by Underground Sleepers in London's Aldwych Subway Station

The spur line of underground railway between Aldwych and Holborn, in the heart of the Capital, has been turned into an air raid shelter, and train service abandoned. About 150,000 Londoners sleep on subway platforms at night.



**Wash Day in the East End as Usual—In This New Kind of War
Women Are in "Front-line Trenches"**

Here the poorer folk of London carry on amid wreckage. So long as a building has a roof, it is considered habitable today. On a shattered kitchen a housewife cooking dinner hung out the familiar sign, "Business as Usual."



Photograph from British Columbia

**Bombing Fails to Stay London's Mailmen "from the Swift
Completion of Their Appointed Rounds"**

The quotation from Herodotus, widely used by the United States Post Office Department, applies with full force in wartime England. The scarlet letter box remained intact after night bombing in southeast London.



Photograph from International

Driven Underground by Nazi Bombs, Londoners Forget the Terror Above as They Listen to a Concert

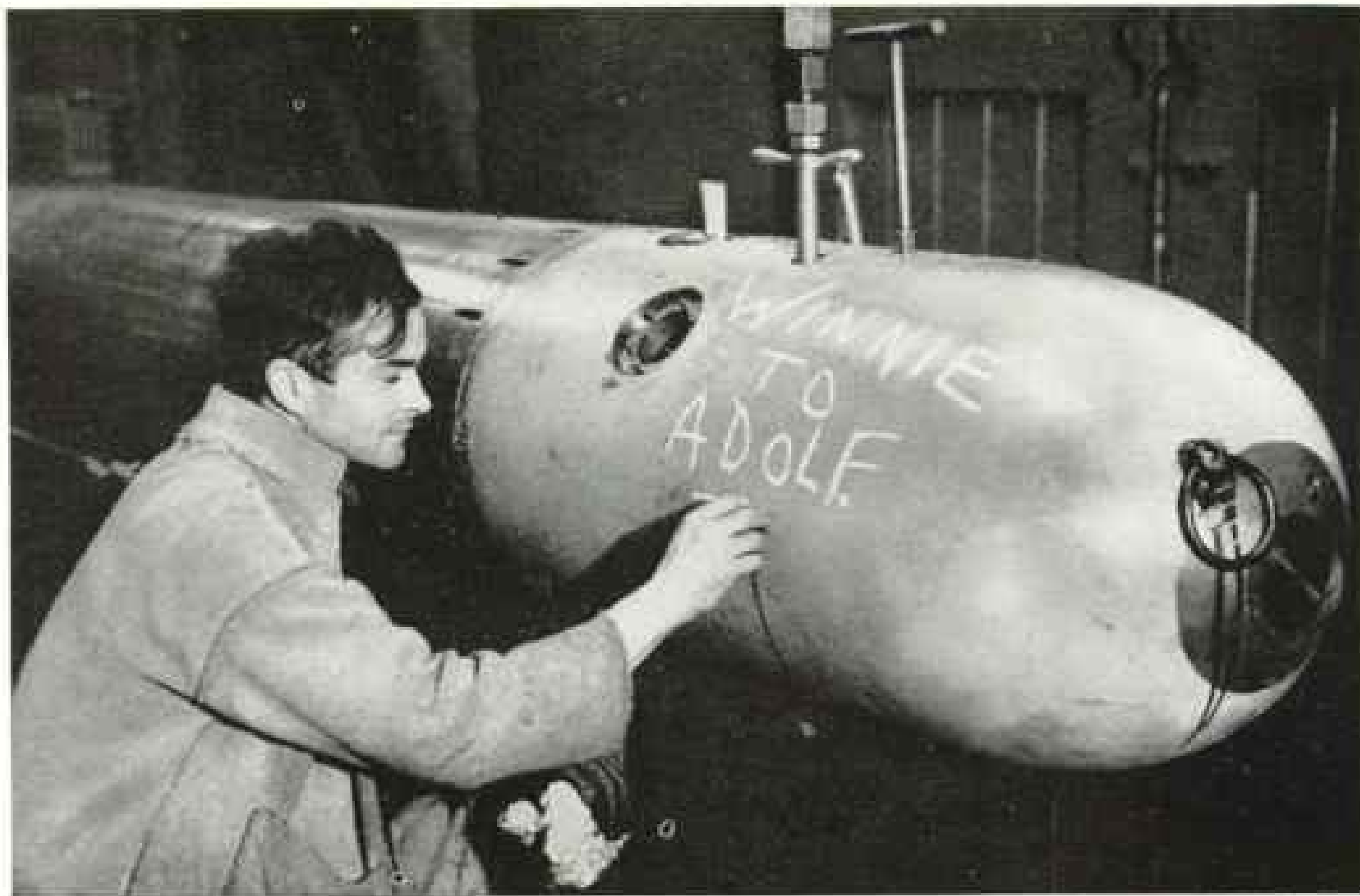
Onlookers at left are seated on the trucks in the Aldwych tube station. Entertainers, and behind them other spectators, stand on the subway platform. When bedtime comes, pillows and blankets will appear. Those unable to find a level place will sleep on escalator inclines.



Photograph from Agence

No Rationing of Eggs in London, But Prices Are High

Strictly fresh, first-quality English eggs cost four and a half cents apiece; Empire eggs, shipped in cold storage, are quoted at about three cents each. Most Londoners limit themselves to two or three eggs a week.



Photograph from British Columbia

British Humor Adds a Finishing Touch to a New Torpedo for the Navy

The workman letters the satiric message to Hitler in an Admiralty torpedo testing station "somewhere in England." "Winnie" is the popular nickname in the British Isles for Prime Minister Winston Churchill.



Photograph from British Camera

British Church Wedding, Wartime Style

The priest who performed the ceremony assists the Fustler and his bride over the debris to the exit. This Roman Catholic church in London is one of thirty demolished or badly shattered by Nazi bombs during the first two months of the German aerial Blitzkrieg. Statues, old stained glass, and several altars were wrecked.



Photograph from Hillall Collection

Bomb-wise Londoners Study the Map to Learn Where R. A. F. Flyers Struck Back
 With heavy arrows, the Ministry of Information indicates objectives of hundreds of air raids on the Continent. Wing chevron on the uniformed onlooker's shoulder shows he belongs to the R. A. F.

they ever were, but they are looking a bit different these days. Every field considered large enough to permit the landing of an enemy airplane has been covered with obstacles. Sometimes they set posts in the fields; sometimes they string wires over them. More often than not they cover them with tree trunks, farm machinery, and old automobiles.

Many a once-peaceful field is now bisected by a huge ditch designed to stop enemy tanks. Sometimes the ditches are supplemented with rows of concrete posts. In every field, from dusk until dawn, armed men prowl on the lookout for parachutists.

"Shelter Clothing" the Vogue

Fashions have not been abandoned in war-time England. There was a time, at the beginning of the war, when the military motif pre-

dominated. Lately, the designers have been turning to styles which help women forget the war.

A new science of design has been created in the production of "shelter clothing." The majority of women spending the night underground prefer to wear slacks.

Those who can afford to do so are likely to appear in soft, warm "shelter suits" built on the lines of the American "coveralls." These garments are ideal for sleeping in a deck chair or lying in a tin hut wherein cold drafts play at will and moisture may drip from the ceiling.

There has been much discussion about whether democracy is, or is not, dead in England. The disagreement, it seems to me, results largely from a difference in the definition of terms.



Photograph from British Combing

Prime Minister Churchill Inspects a Bomb Crater

Wherever the stout-hearted head of Britain's wartime Cabinet goes to see the effects of Nazi bombing in London, crowds gather to cheer him. To his familiar question, "Are you downhearted?" he never fails to receive a vociferous "No!"

If by democracy one means complete freedom of enterprise in business, then democracy certainly has been curtailed in England. If, on the other hand, one is referring to the political forms of democracy, the answer is that they have hardly been touched.

The British Government has practically unlimited powers over persons and property. It has requisitioned ships, hotels, factories, horses, automobiles, and has put tens of thousands of refugees in homes. So far, the Government's powers have not been invoked to any marked extent with regard to civil liberties. Parliament continues to function and, as is evident from the newspapers, is as much of a debating society as ever.

Hours are given over to discussion of such trivial subjects as how much money Gracie

Fields took out of the country, what Noel Coward is doing in Australia, and whether or not the authorities should substitute a bugle call for the air raid siren now in use.

Free Press Preserved

English justice has not been greatly affected, so far as I can see, by the war. The courts remain calm, imperturbable, and fair. Just before I left, there was a great to-do over the case of some auxiliary firemen who had picked up a handful of razor blades in a wrecked shop. Their attorney asked that they be tried for simple theft. The court held that what would be a simple theft in time of peace constituted looting in time of war. The men, accordingly, were bound over for trial as looters.

The English press remains untrammelled.



Photograph from British Consular

Asturian Miners, Spanish Civil War Veterans, Teach Bomb Hurling

They also instruct members of Britain's Home Guard in guerrilla warfare and street fighting at the training school in Hurlingham. One new device for such tactics is called the "Molotov cocktail"—a gallon jar, filled with gasoline and stopped with a cork, through which is passed a wicklike wisp of cotton. The "cocktail" is a formidable weapon when a Home Guard sets fire to the cotton with a match and then hurls the container at a foe.



They Name Their Iron Shack for a Luxurious London Hotel

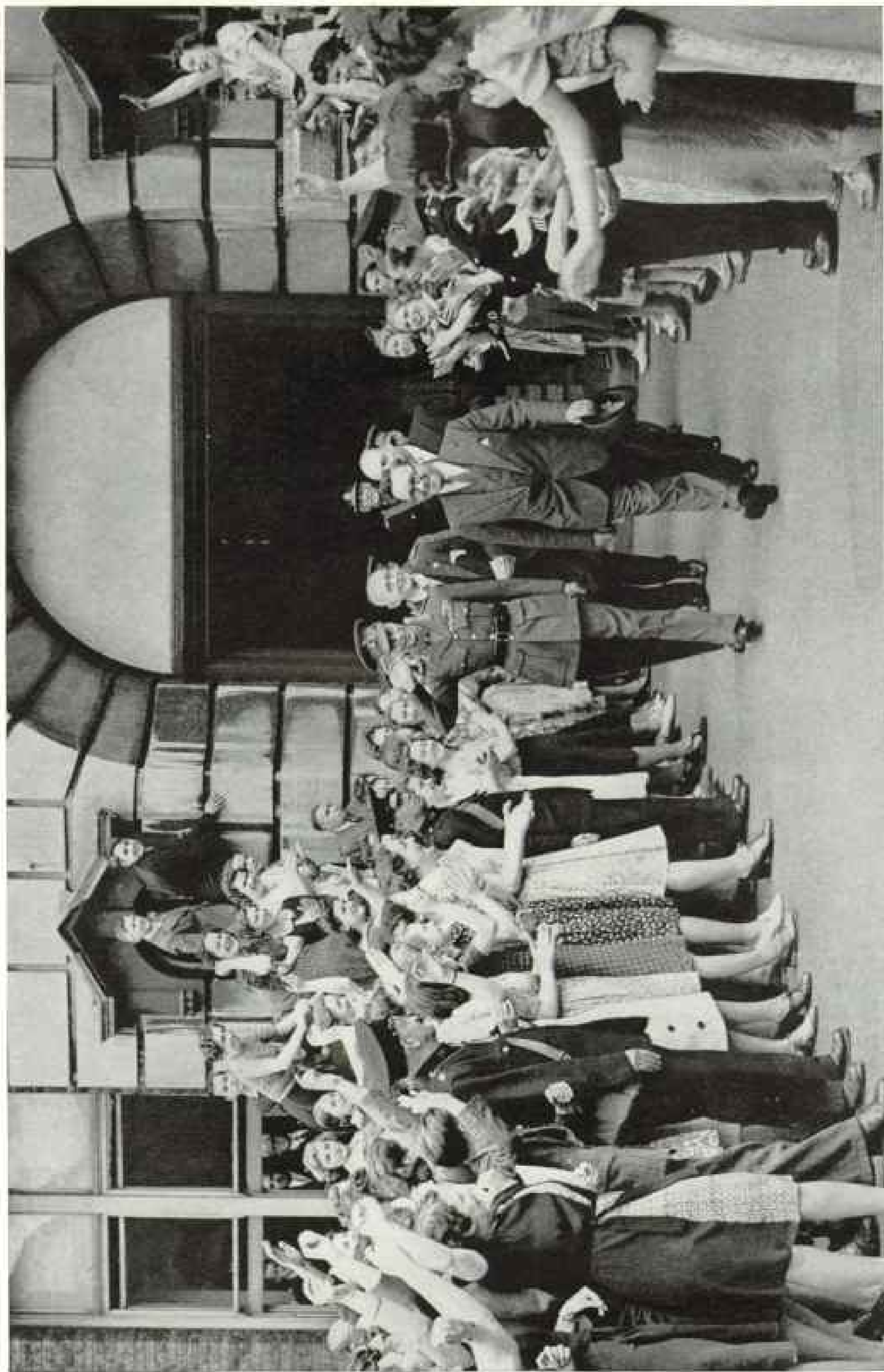
Somewhere in southern England, soldiers at this crude air raid precaution post have fun keeping up the pretense that they are in exclusive Park Lane.



Photographs from British Columbia

Air Wardens Practice on a Scale Model of Their Village

A post warden shows his assistants their duties during air raids on Harrow Weald. The realistic model is complete with buses, bus stops, beacons, prone pedestrians, and toy cars overturned.



Photograph from British Gazette

Girl Workers Cheer King George as He Leaves a Royal Ordnance Factory

Herbert Morrison, Minister of Supply, escorts His Majesty on the inspection trip. Frequent appearance of the King in all parts of the country helps British morale. The morning after the devastating air attack on Coventry, in November, he walked through the wreckage, encouraging the stricken populace.



Slightly Awkward, But Willing, Is the Feminine Barber

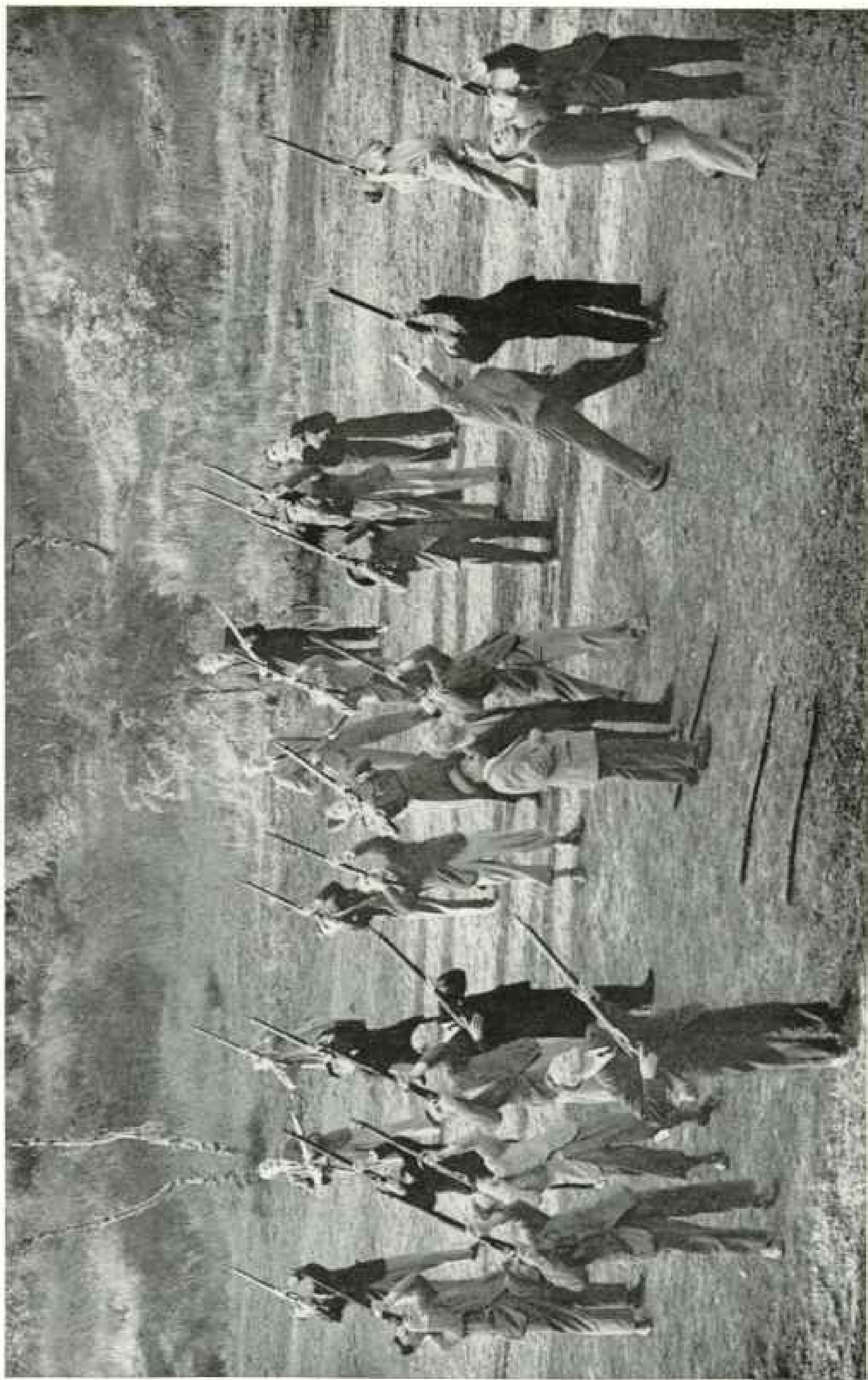
"Miss Jean" lathers a customer while "Miss Dorothy" clips another client's hair in a Gillingham, Kent, shop. Girls are taking the places of men called to the colors in Britain. Many proprietors of small shops have trained their wives and daughters to "barber" and thus hold the trade.



Photography from British Columbia

The Queen Cheers Civil Defense Workers in a Bombed Area

Each morning after Nazi raids she accompanies the King on tours of the devastated sections of London. Throughout the bombing, the royal standard has flown over Buckingham Palace, showing that Their Majesties continue to live in the heart of the metropolis, sharing danger with their subjects.



Photograph from British Campaign

Middle-aged Volunteers Organize a Reception Committee for Prospective Nazi Visitors from the Skies

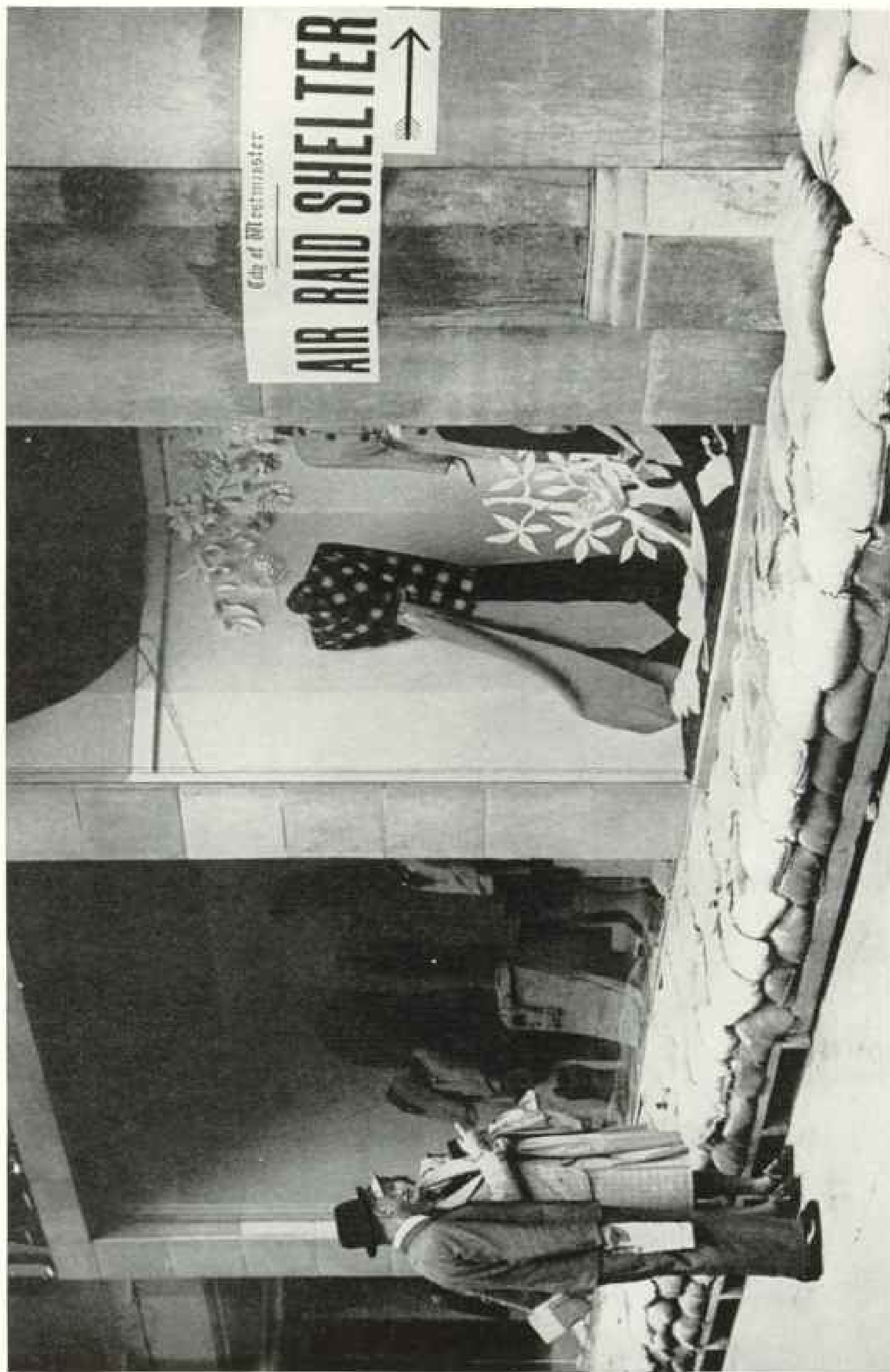
A famous gun expert gives free instruction in shooting. In one evening a tyro learns how to fire a rifle. Here at a gun club in Kent, clay pigeons are tossed 50 yards into the air and the gunners take turns shooting. Only one man fires at a time, but the entire class aims at each target. All over England, citizens are preparing to cope with invasion. Home Guards number 1,700,000. As one officer remarked, "Even the housewives have their trying patts ready."



Photograph from British Consulate

Brought Down by Antiaircraft Fire, a Nazi Bomber Demolishes Their Home

Unruffled, a retired schoolmaster and his wife survey the wreckage in a southeast suburb of London. Apparently, the bomber had dropped its load of explosives before it crashed, since the only devastation caused is in the immediate vicinity of the crash. When a plane with full racks of bombs is brought down, the resulting explosion may destroy an entire block.



Photograph from International

Sandbag Barriers Can't Keep London Girls from Window-shopping

Here in Westminster, fashionable West End location of many large department stores and specialty shops, huge air raid shelter signs and sidewalk barriers are taken as a matter of course. Both strollers carry gas masks.



Photograph from Internithouse

With the Dawn—Wreckage and the Morning Milk

"The noteworthy thing about this picture," writes the author, "is the fact that the milk is there. Even when the aerial Blitzkrieg hit London last September, milk delivery went on." The photograph was taken "somewhere near Dover" on a morning after the region had been bombed from the air and shelled by German long-range guns posted on French cliffs 21 miles away.



Photograph from British Columbia

A Pioneer Corps Man Rescues the Aspidistras

Thousands of English homes grow this potted plant. London has enrolled 5,000 salvage experts to save everything possible from ruins. They collect every bit of board or metal from wreckage and put it to military use. Bricks from shattered walls are cleaned and neatly stacked on sidewalks, then carted off to help build above-ground air raid shelters.



Photograph from International

"Suicide Squad" Engineers Remove a Time Bomb from a West London Street

Most spectacular achievement of a bomb disposal unit was the extrication of a one-ton explosive from a 76-foot hole near the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral. After 96 hours of frenzied labor, during which the bomb slipped from the tackle back into the hole three times, it was finally loaded on a truck and rushed to a marsh. Thirty minutes later the bomb exploded.

The newspapers naturally are prevented from publishing anything that might be valuable to the enemy in a military way, but there is no restriction on their right to criticize the Government. Some of the papers criticize so consistently and so vehemently that I sometimes wonder if they are not abusing their rights. A house divided against itself cannot stand—especially if it is surrounded by enemies. The British have leaned over backwards in their efforts to give the press a free rein.

Members of the British Union of Fascists were rounded up at the beginning of the war and about 1,000 were put in concentration

camps. This was done, according to the authorities, not so much because of the Fascist leanings of these people but because their organization was believed to have a hookup with Germany. Communists have not been greatly molested, although their newspapers were recently suppressed.

Education has been one of the major problems of the Blitzkrieg. The Government is trying hard to provide some sort of schooling, and it is estimated that a large majority of the children of England are still in school. There are about 135,000 children of school age still in London, under fire. In Dover, where



Photograph from *British Guide*

Telephone Cables Cross a London Bomb Crater on a Temporary Bridge

Keeping millions of wires straight is an almost incredible task, but seldom has there been a time when service has not been available even during severest air raids. Sometimes the shock of a blast alone "scrambles" hundreds of wires in a cable. Each one must be checked by the repairmen. "I never picked up a phone without getting my number," writes the author, who was in London during intensive bombing attacks in 1940.



Photograph from British Consulate

From a Cheerful Vender, Overnight Subway Guests Buy a Light Meal

At appointed hours the waitresses descend on the eighty underground stations where Londoners may spend the night. Sometimes a thousand girls with their ample baskets ride into a station on a train and provide meals for all who want them. The two-penny meal was instituted by the London Passenger Transport Board, which acts as an agent of the Government in administering the city's railways.

the people are menaced both by bombs and by shelling from the French coast, the schools are still open.

The outlook of British youth is no doubt being colored by the war.

"Oh to be in England," intoned a London schoolteacher. "Now, boys and girls, can anyone tell me who said that?"

"'Tiler!" screamed a little cockney.

Church Bells Silenced

The religious life of the country is not being neglected. Hundreds of churches have been destroyed, but clergymen manage to keep their congregations together. Apparently, their ordeals have made the English more devout than ever. People are summoned to church by letter and by word of mouth. The bells have been silenced by the Military. Bell ringers have been ordered not to ring them again except in case of invasion.

The Archbishop of Canterbury asked permission to use the bells on Christmas Day. The Military said they could not afford to take a chance. When the church bells of England next ring, instead of summoning people to worship, they will be calling the citizenry to man the beaches and the fields of Britain to repel invaders.

The health of the people of Britain has not suffered greatly in the war. The death rate is up, to be sure, but there have been no major epidemics. "Flu" has been quite prevalent, and almost everyone has had some sort of cold during the past winter. There is a great amount of hacking and coughing in the large shelters, where as many as 6,000 or 8,000 people may be crowded into a small area.

The doctors have been struggling with a new ailment dubbed "shelter throat." An American newspaperman, after visiting a London tube station in which 6,500 people were



Photograph from British Condition

Every Day 200 Londoners Lose Their Gas Masks

The Lost Property Office of the London Passenger Transport Board is jammed with masks left by passengers on trains, trams, and buses. The percentage is not high among the four million daily travelers, but the total number of masks awaiting claimants mounts rapidly. During the first few months of the war, daily loss was more than 500.

sleeping on the platforms, suggested that the subways should be known henceforth as the "bronchial tubes."

The lack of serious epidemics no doubt is due to the natural ability of the English to stand cold and dampness. I do not believe any other race of people could have come through this winter, living as the people have been living in England, without serious consequences to the national health.

Crime in England is down. This is a surprising development. It would seem that the blackout would be ideal for criminals, especially in view of the fact that perhaps a quarter of the shops in London have had their windows blown out. There has been some thievery from shops, but, on the whole, the authorities have the situation well in hand.

Morals, instead of degenerating in wartime England, are much better.

The officials explain it thus:

"There is not much room in a public shelter for romance."

Dining Out Is No More

The war has brought many changes to the social life of England. Dining out, that great ceremony of English life, has almost disappeared. People do not go out in the evening any more than they have to. It is too hard to get around in the dark streets. Besides, there is always the danger of bombs and that equally great danger—the possibility of being hit by splinters from antiaircraft shells. The result is that if somebody invites you in for dinner, you have a right to expect that he will also ask you to stay the night. That tends to cut dinner invitations to the vanishing point.

Many forms of evening entertainment have now been pushed back into the day. Theaters and most of the cinemas close at 7 p. m. When I left, they were offering Shakespeare during



Part of London's Army of 20,000, Which Clears Away Debris After Nazi Raids

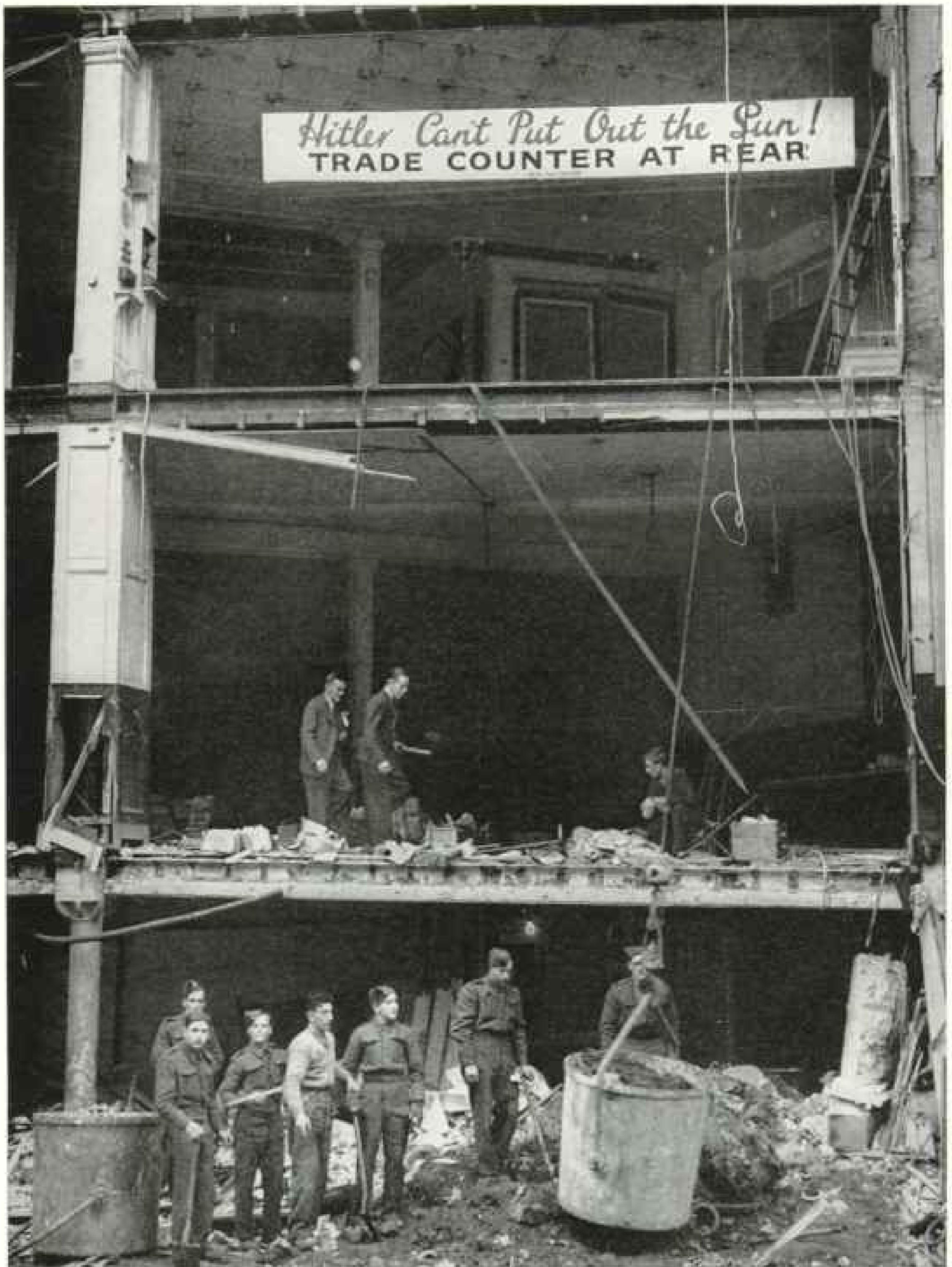
Shattered glass which the men are sweeping up is a major menace during an air attack. Often blasts hurl jagged pieces of plate glass windows for several blocks. They can inflict fatal wounds.



Photographs from British Canteen

British Soldiers Depend on Smiling "Fannies" for Their "Eleveneses"

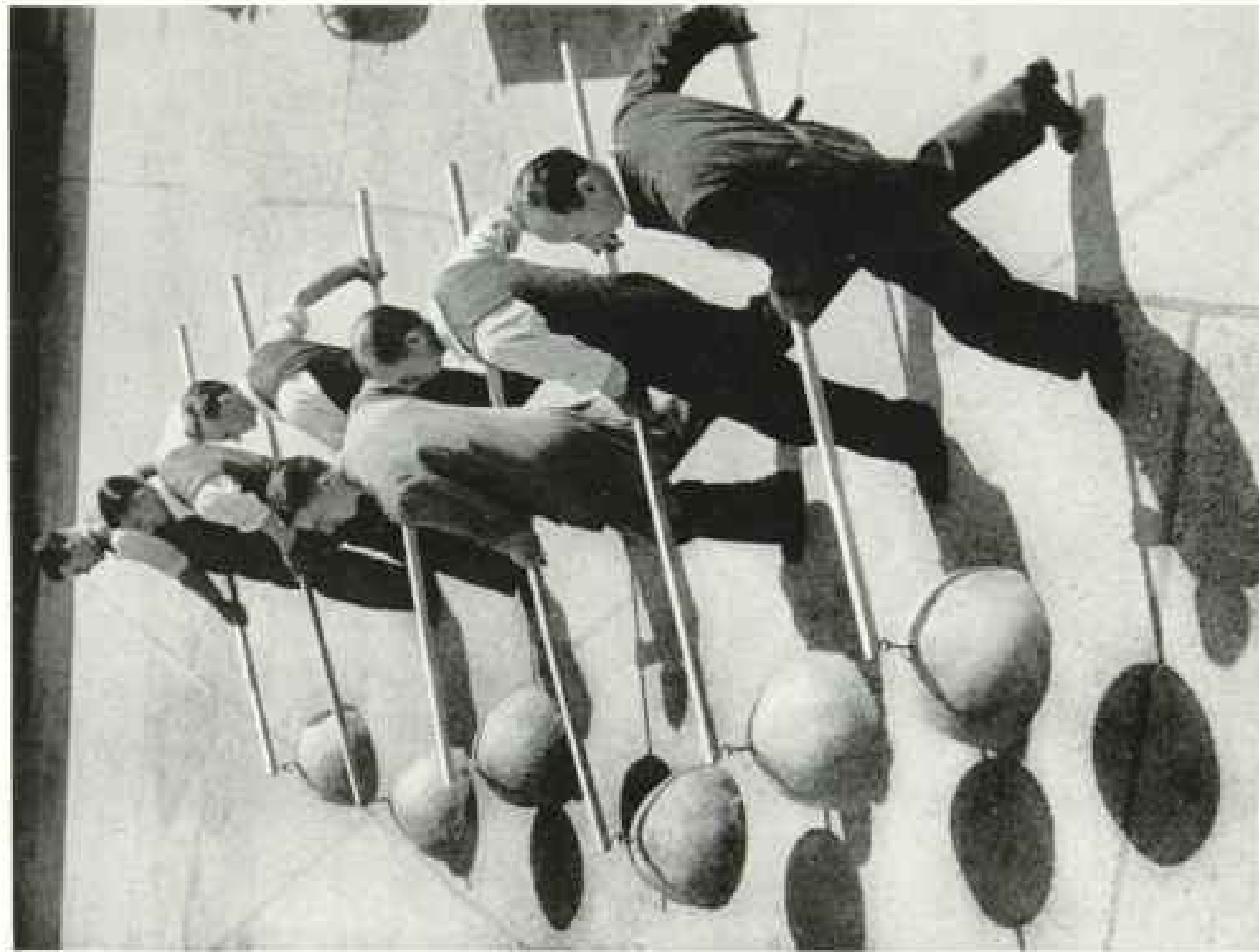
The sergeant (left) and her assistant are members of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry. Like scores of other units in the British Army, their nickname grew out of the initials of their organization. Tea and sandwiches, served at 11 a. m., are called "eleveneses" by the soldiers. The uniformed men and girl lined up at the canteen window belong to the motor transport section of the Southern Command Area.



Photograph from Bettlem Committee

Even Before Engineers Clear Up Bomb-raid Debris, Defiant Posters Appear

Many breezy signs which blossom on damaged London shops after a night of Blitzkrieg carry rude references to Hitler. The sign painters enjoy calling the Nazi dictator by his father's former name, Schicklgruber. One fashionable store, conservative to the last, announced "Business as Usual—Almost!"



Britain Designs Snuffers to Deal with the Incendiary Bomb

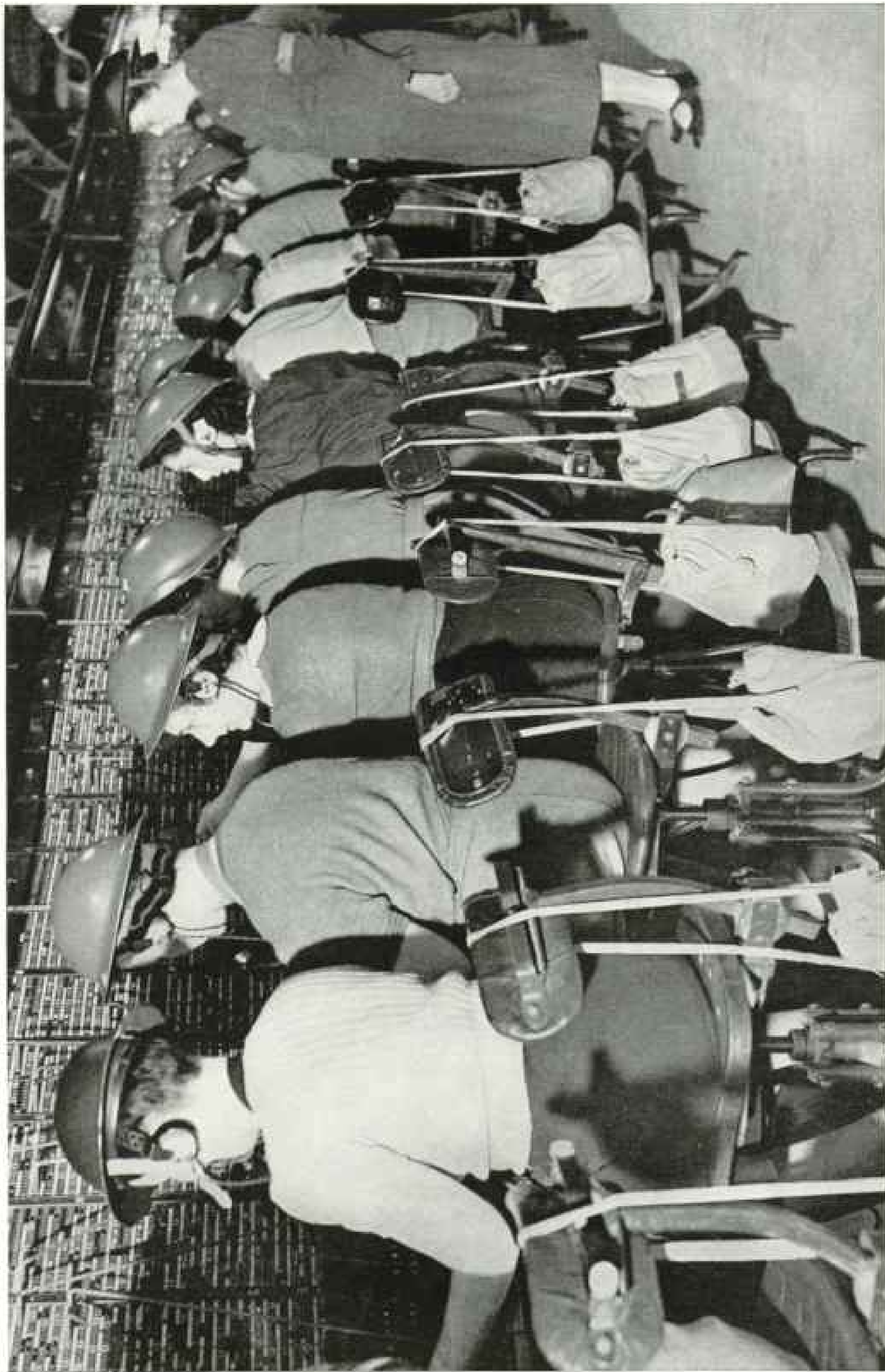
The dome-shaped, wire-meshed frame is sprayed inside and out with asbestos fiber. If air wardens can reach incendiary bombs within a few seconds and cover them, cutting off the air, they can snuff them out. Overcoats, trench helmets, buckets of sand, and many homely devices have been used.



Photographs from British Campaign

Babies Must Be Safe So Mothers Can Work with Peace of Mind

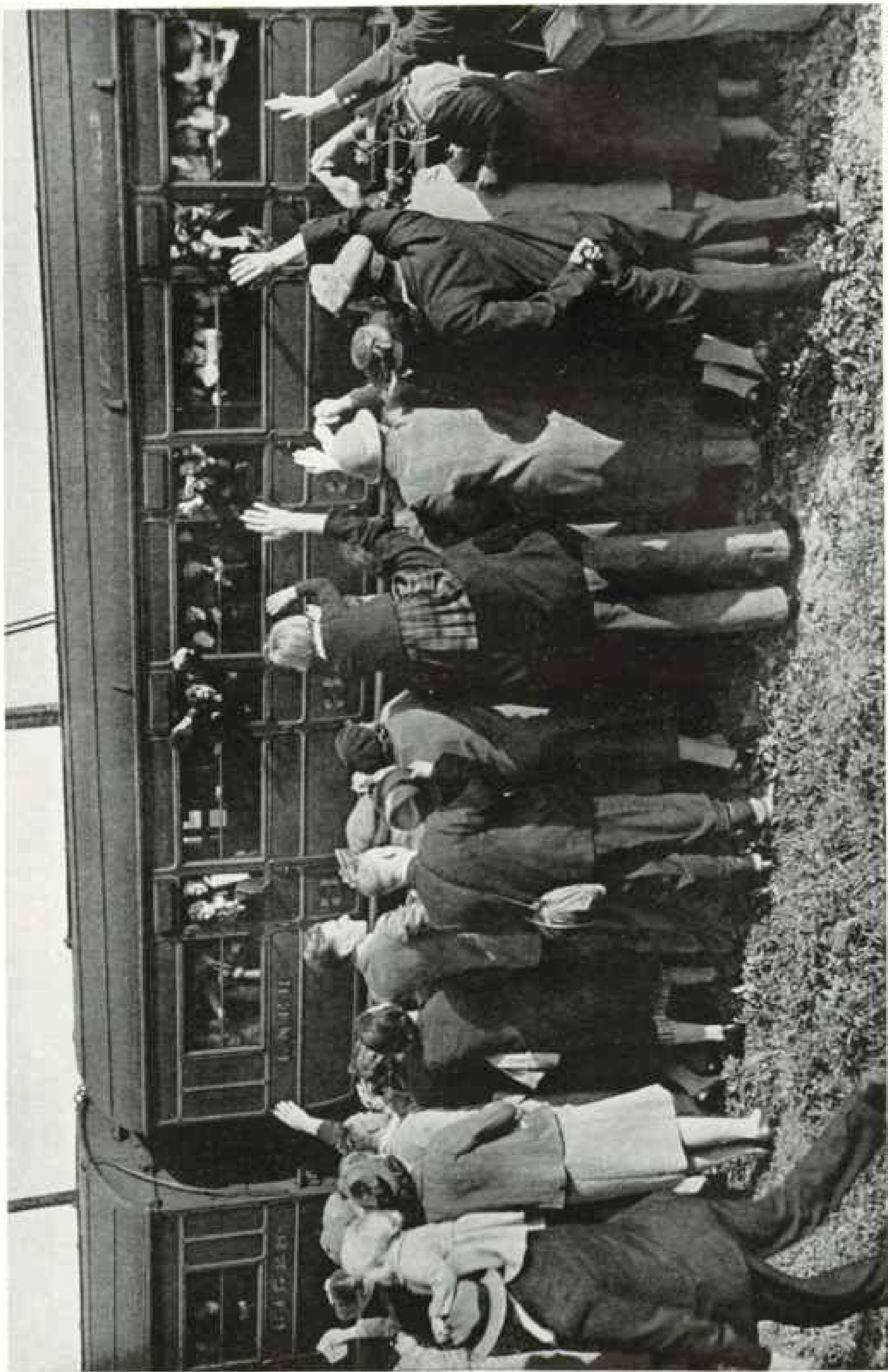
This nursery school at Slough cares for toddlers from two to five years old, whose mothers are employed in near-by munitions works. Mothers leave the children at the school at 7:30 a. m. and call for them at 6:30 p. m. When air raid alarms sound, a nurse marches the youngsters into a well-built shelter.



Photograph from British Guanine

Top-story Telephone Operators Rank Among the Bravest of All London Workers

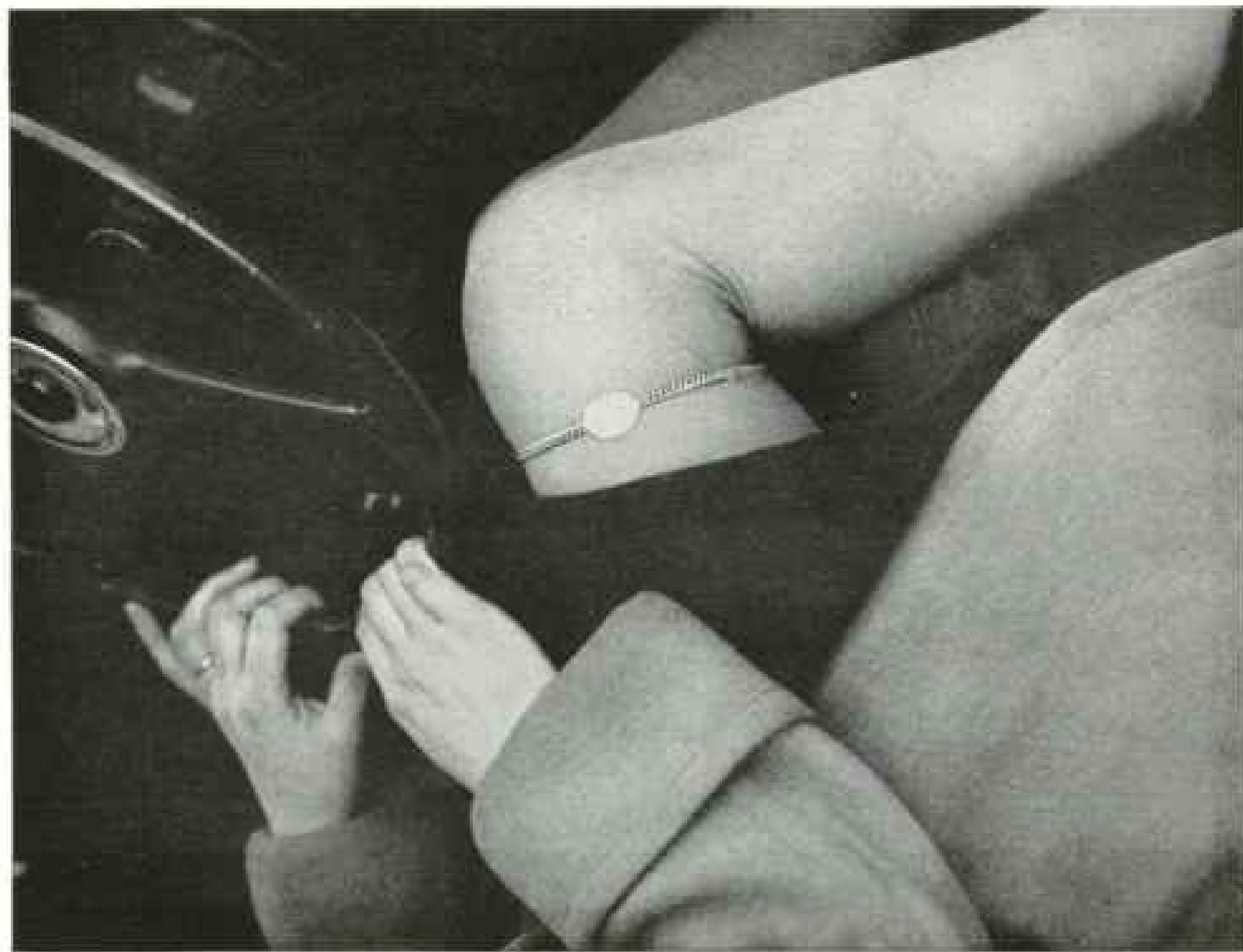
Switchboards nearly always are located on the highest floor in business houses. Because of air attacks, the three top floors of most London office buildings are vacant today, except for the switchboard force. Girls, sticking at their posts, wear steel helmets as protection against flying shell fragments.



Photograph from White World

London Parents Wave Farewell to a Trainload of Children Bound for the Country

Many times boys and girls have said goodbye at home, gathered in their schoolhouses, and left in a body for unannounced destinations. A week or so later their parents would receive postcards, supplied by the Government, reading, "Daddy and Mother, I am all right, I am at"



Wartime Efficiency—Garter and Identification Tag in One

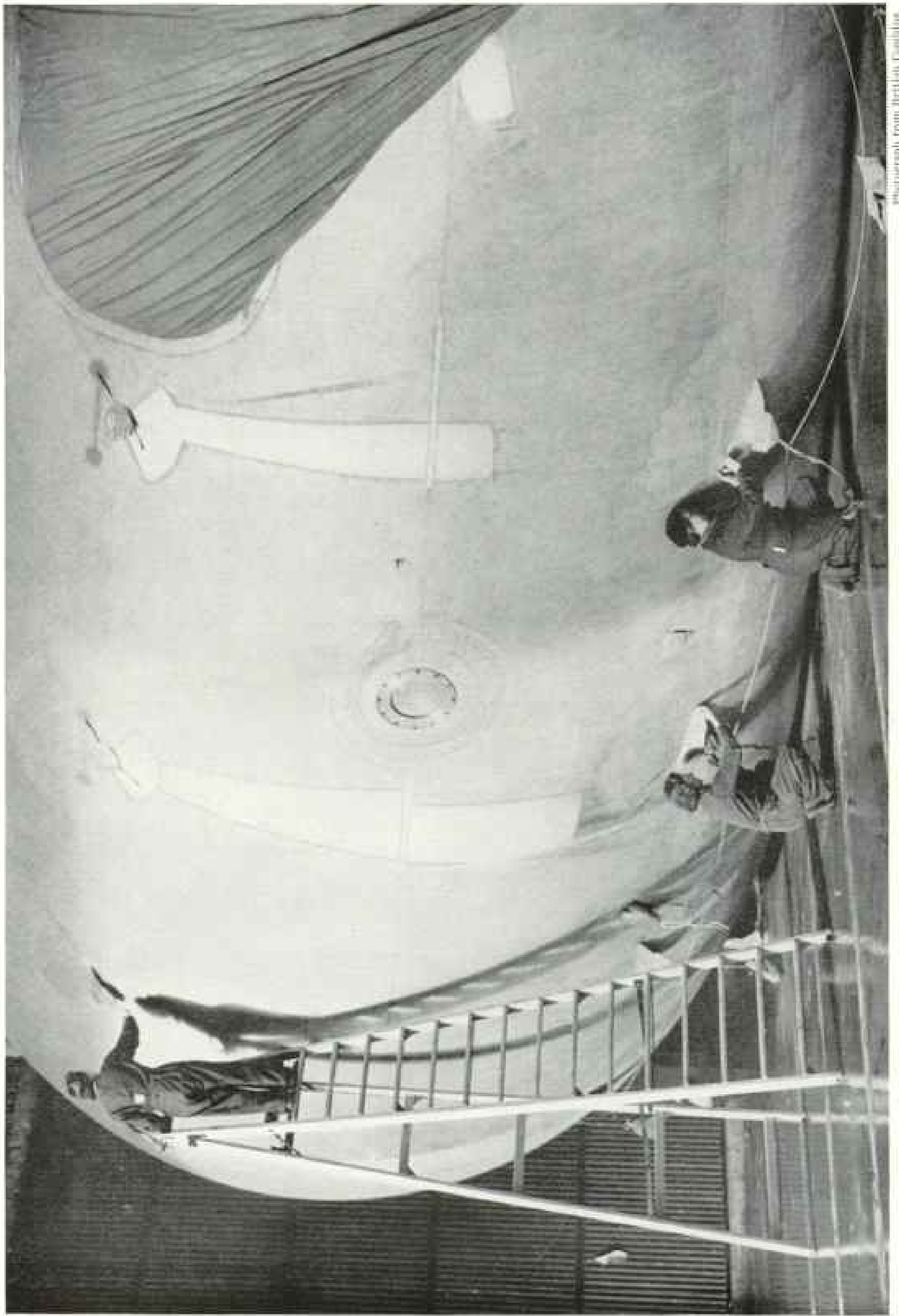
Men once considered the disks "missy," but, since the aerial Blitzkrieg, millions have been sold. The tags range in quality from cheap tin to gold and platinum. Some disks bear blood-typing records, so that in case of accident requiring transfusion a physician will know the kind of blood needed.



Photograms from British Consulate

"Thumbs Up!"—Britain's Universal Victory Sign

The smiling six-year-old's East End home has been bombed by the Nazis, and he is living temporarily at a central shelter. The famous "thumbs up" is a reversal of the old Roman Coliseum "thumbs down." Now its general meaning signifies a fighting and undaunted spirit.



Photograph from British Camille

Women's Auxiliary Air Force Workers (Wauafs) Do a Big Mending Job in a British Barrage Balloon Hospital



She Sorts Her Own Waste to Save Salvage Time
 Here in a Cheltenham street labeled cans enable housewives to cooperate in reclaiming all waste and wreckage.



They'll Roll Out the Barrel on "Victory Day"
 Neighbors help a Gloucestershire farmer fill a "special" cask at the conclusion of his annual cider-making.



"Clippies," London Calls the Girls Who Have Replaced Men as Bus Conductors. They take their nickname from the ticket holders, or clips, which they hold in their hands.



Photographs from British Consulate

"Holding the Bag! These London Gals Carry 'em!" Exclaimed an Admiring American

In yards and depots of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, 250 stalwart feminine porters substitute for men. Raw materials for war industry are rushed ahead of everything. Next in priority are munitions, troops and their equipment, perishable foodstuffs, and mass evacuations of people.



Photograph from British Committee

At "All Clear," Children Flock from an Air Raid Drill Like Bees from a Hive

In three minutes after an alarm, the 750 Southgate pupils can be sheltered in the line of concrete bombproofs on the edge of the schoolyard.

the lunch hour. The tea dance, which was popular during the last war, has come back. Some of the hotels are toying with the idea of morning dances.

Sports have not been abandoned. Racing has had to be curtailed, principally because of the requisitioning of many horses by the Army, and the difficulty of securing food for those that remain. Most of the other sports are being pursued with almost prewar fervor.

Golf Amid Time Bombs

Thousands of people still congregate at greyhound tracks and at soccer and rugby matches. Some of them have been machine-gunned, and some of them have been bombed, but the sporting instinct so far has proved stronger than the menace of the Luftwaffe.

A couple of American friends went out to

Highgate one Saturday to play golf. They found a notice in the clubhouse: "Time bombs on holes 3, 10, and 18."

Old men in tweeds played the course without concern. The aged lady in the bar was asked what she thought about the bombs.

"Oh!" she said, "I put covers on them. I was afraid my dog might mistake them for rabbit holes!"

The English refuse to get excited about anything, even a war. There is a tradition that Drake was playing a game of bowls at Plymouth when a courier brought news of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Drake finished his game, the story goes, then went out and polished off the Armada.

There is a bit of Drake in the attitude of the present-day Englishman. I found it almost macabre during a bombing to have an

announcer come on the air and proceed calmly with a reading of the cricket scores.

These British Broadcasting Corporation announcers, incidentally, are about the coolest cucumbers on earth; nothing ever seems to get them excited. Only once during three years in England have I heard one interrupt the smooth flow of a BBC announcement. That was when a bomb fell on the station while one of the announcers was giving the 9 o'clock news.

There was a loud "boom." The announcer paused for a fraction of a second; someone said in a low voice, "It's all right, it's all right"; the announcer finished the news, then an orchestra came on. The next day we learned that a bomb had come through the side of the station, destroying the gramophone library and killing several people.

They have a ditty which expresses in a few words the casual attitude of an Englishman toward danger:

I was playing golf when the Germans landed;
All our ships had gone away and all our men
were stranded;
And the thought of England's shame
Nearly put me off my game.

This doesn't mean that the English aren't patriotic. It means that they are excessively patriotic and take refuge in flimsy preoccupations to hide the real strength of their loyalty. English manners frown on exuberance and sentimentality. That applies to patriotism as well as to other emotions.

British labor is playing a major role in the direction of the war effort. Employees of many plants work 10 or 12 hours, but trade-union standards are respected. There have been rumblings of greater sacrifices to be demanded of labor, but thus far, at least, the position of the workers has not been seriously affected by the war.

Women Taking Over

Women are coming into their own in wartime England. Thousands are serving in the civil defense organizations. They go out in the heaviest raids and stand side by side with the men in the defense of the country.

Women also are being drawn rapidly into the industrial system. They are learning to make shells in munitions factories; they are driving trucks, collecting fares on buses and street-cars, sweeping chimneys, sowing crops, fighting fires, working in garages (pages 515, 524, 530, 532).

If the British succeed in their intention of putting some 4,000,000 out of 30,000,000 adults under arms, the women of England will be taking over a good share of the work of the country.

Since returning to America, I have been impressed, again and again, by the exaggerated notion which people have regarding the damage done by bombs in England.

News reports and newsreels naturally concern themselves with destruction; uninjured buildings, like law-abiding people, are not likely to be news. Many people apparently think that London is a shambles and that normal pursuits have all but disappeared from the face of England. This is not true.

You will see many damaged buildings in London, but for every such building you will see 40 or 50 which are (with the possible exception of broken glass and a few nicks from splinters) unscathed.

The British have never given out any figures on the amount of damage that has been done by the German bombers. It is my guess—and it is only a guess—that the damage to London does not exceed \$750,000,000 and that the damage to the country as a whole is probably not greater than \$1,000,000,000.

Factory production, which was curtailed during the first few weeks of the Blitz, is now moving steadily upward.

Production today is much greater than it was when the Germans began their all-out attacks. There have rarely been more than a few out of production at any one time.

Casualties, while heavy, have been much less than expected. The Government had more than 300,000 hospital beds ready for air raid victims. Thousands of coffins were prepared and graves were dug. The authorities were prepared to handle 30,000 casualties a day.

Fortunately, casualties have been only a fraction of this figure. They have averaged about 1,000 deaths a week and about half again as many seriously wounded.

The thing to remember about both casualties and property damage is that, although they may be heavy in themselves, they are to be considered in relation to the total population and the total resources of the country.

Therein lies the explanation of the ability both of the people and of the country's industrial system to withstand the hammering to which they have been subjected during the past six months.

The truest thing that can be said about wartime England is that "life goes on." The common, everyday, little affairs of living persist. Women raise their children and look after their men. Men hold down their jobs and help to defend their country. The institutions of community life endure.

Thus far, at least, the tenacity of ordinary life has proved greater than the menace of bombs in Britain.

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty-three 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 researches 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, *Raylor II*, ascended to the world altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took aloft in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.

The National Geographic Society-U. S. Navy Expedition camped on desert Canton Island in mid-Pacific and successfully photographed and observed the solar eclipse of 1937. The Society has taken part in many projects to increase knowledge of the sun.

The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in deep-sea explorations off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,025 feet was attained.

The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$75,000 was given by individual members, to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the forest 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.

We waited 21 years for a train ... and missed it!

HE WAS always a son to be proud of . . . the kind that makes parents feel maybe the human race is getting better. Since he was born we'd looked forward to the day he'd graduate from college.

And then when it came we missed half of it. My fault, too . . . my watch had and we got to the station three

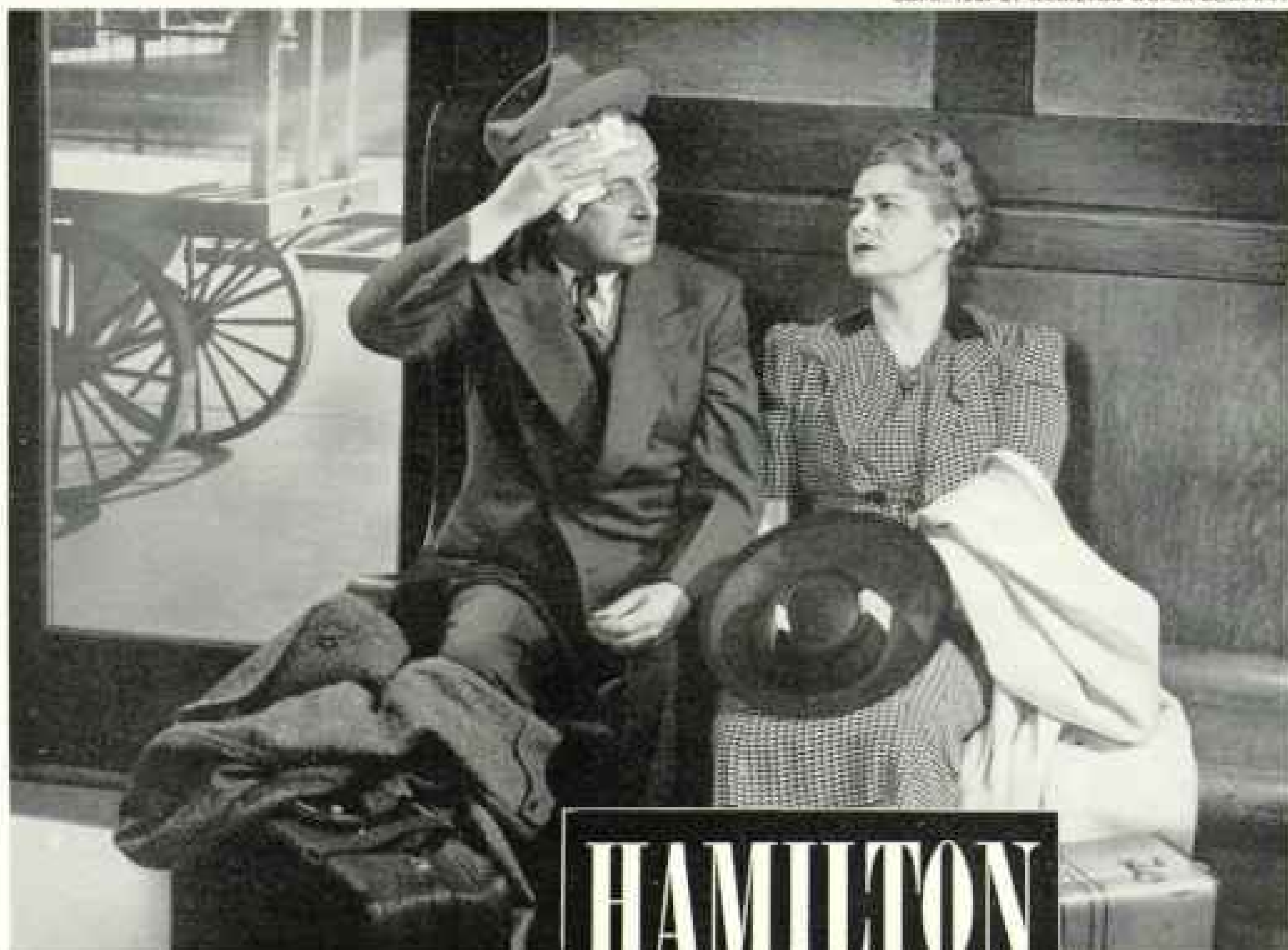
minutes after the train pulled out. I flared up . . . tried to blame the railroad. But the man at the gate wouldn't have it. "No, sir," he said. "The watches of 300,000 railroad men are regularly Time Inspected . . . they've got to tell the right time all the time! That's why so many of us carry Hamiltons."

Gave me something to think about. We were late to Bud's graduation . . . and I don't think his mother will ever quite forgive me. But I did go into a jewelry store and start Bud off for life with an accurate Hamilton!

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She came with an ache in her heart . . .
and bewilderment in her big brown eyes.

"Why have you come to live in our
house?" they asked her. "Why don't
you live with your Mummy?"



How could she answer the questions her
cousins asked with the innocent cruelty
of children? What could she do but
clutch her doll a little tighter . . .

Things had changed so since her
Daddy went away to the hospital . . .
and never came back. Suddenly there
was no money for the things that little
girls need. The pleasant white house on
Elm Street was gone. And there was no
place for a little girl in the single room
her Mummy lived in now.

So she came to live in her Auntie's
house . . . with bewilderment in her eyes
. . . and an ache in her heart that will
never quite go away.

In 1875, a little group of men set out
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Friendly Society . . . with the purpose
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"Best Buick Yet" is the popular way of referring to this 1941 line of buickies. And one of the best things about it is its sleek, new *Body by Fisher*—shown here on the Buick Special seven 4-door sedan Model 41. It is lower, longer, wider than ever—with new concealed running boards, a dome light that operates automatically when either front door is opened, your choice of two-tone or solid body colors. And remember:

Only the New 1941 Body by Fisher Has All These Features: New "Flairflow" streamlining with slanted windshield; double-curved back window; Domes hinged at front for greater safety; Crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation; Flooded Vision with stronger, closer Safety Plane Glass all around.

WITH spring comes the urge to take life easy, and that's something you certainly can do in a Body by Fisher. More than ever, this year, these superbly finished bodies offer a combination of roominess, sofa-softness of cushions, convenience of appointments that makes life easy indeed. And when you add new smartness of design, and the famed security of Unisteel Turret Top construction, it's easy to understand why people say, "Body by Fisher is the '41 guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.



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Room is built into the Buick LIMITED not as a matter of ostentatious

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...but a little Nail could stop it!

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B. F. GOODRICH MET THAT CHALLENGE with Seal-o-matic, the inner tube that "heals itself." You'd be amazed at the stories Seal-o-matic users tell. ★ *A 4-inch glass spike imbedded through tire and tube, and not even discovered until tires were changed at 41,000 miles.* ★ *A tree stump tearing away a foot of tire, and the bare tube holding up for miles to a service station.* With ordinary tubes, such experiences might have meant merely the nuisance of a "flat"—or, worse, the horror of a blow-out. But with B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matic Inner Tubes, these cars kept right on going!

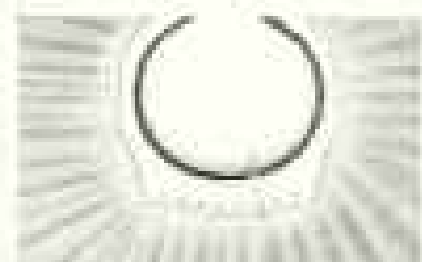
AND THE MONEY YOU SAVE! ★ *One owner claims 30% more tire mileage—says the same set of Seal-o-matics on 3 successive cars saved the cost of at least 6 tires.* ★ *A delivery fleet reports costly road delay eliminated, and tire mileage increased by more uniform pressure.* So . . . start saving! Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers offer a confidential credit plan—and special bargain "change-over" deals for new cars. See the nearest one.

★ Names and addresses furnished on request. Many more amazing experiences quoted in the latest Seal-o-matic booklet—ask for it!



GET **Seal-o-matic**
2-WAY SAFETY TUBES

Maximum protection against
blow-outs and flats both!



IT SEALS WITH NAIL IN—

Seal-o-matic lining of secret-formula rubber works almost as if it were alive. As nail goes in, this lining closes in to form a tight seal around it. With tire and tube pierced like this, cars have kept going hundreds of miles!



IT HEALS WITH NAIL OUT—

As object is withdrawn, "Self-Healing" lining works into hole—"heals" almost like the human body, only so fast the air hasn't time to escape. In World's Fair tests, one tube ripped by 2-inch spikes 189 times—still stood tight!

**HEALS EVEN BIG RIPS THAT
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Photo shows big knife-gash (A) "Self-Healed"! Note high polish of tube . . . black rubber, toughened—45% stronger than ordinary tubes . . . for extra blow-out protection—and made extra heat-resistant with Duramine—just like Goodrich Silvertown Tires. It's built pound, like a tire, but never sold flat to be blown up and weakened by stretching.

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FOR PASSENGER CARS—FOR LIGHT AND HEAVY TRUCKS

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Just a few delightful hours on a

swift, comfortable, safe train and you too can be standing where the great of history stood before. In the very rooms where they lived. On fields where they died to give us the freedom we have never cherished more highly than we do today.

Now is the time to visit the places you've always wanted to see. And you can cover so much more ground, see so much more, save time and energy for sightseeing, if you go by rail.



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Start from any place in the United States—circle from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from North to South with liberal stopovers for sightseeing and back to where you started—all for \$90 railroad fare in coaches, \$135 if you go Pullman (plus \$45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

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★ FOR TODAY'S good electrical refrigerators are as fine an example of mechanical perfection as human ingenuity, skill and science have produced. They're more than twice as efficient as refrigerators of ten years ago, yet cost about half as much—so little that almost every family can afford the best in modern refrigeration.

★ NATURALLY we'd like to see you buy a General Electric, for we believe it's the finest machine ever built. Of course, we're prejudiced—but be sure you look at a G-E before you make up your mind.

★ MAYBE we build the G-E Refrigerator so well because we have had a lot of experience

as the largest builder of electrical conveniences. We do know that we offer, in this refrigerator, features tested by time and a mechanism that's just about tops in the engineering world.

★ G-E WAS FIRST with an all-steel cabinet—first with the sealed mechanism—first with many other vital improvements. Its record for low cost, dependable service is unsurpassed. And according to recent surveys it is *preferred by more people than any other refrigerator!* We try hard to give people their money's worth and to keep our prices low. A General Electric is priced no higher than other good refrigerators—as little as \$114.95* buys a big 6 cu. ft. model. We believe G-E *actually costs less than any other refrigerator over the years!*

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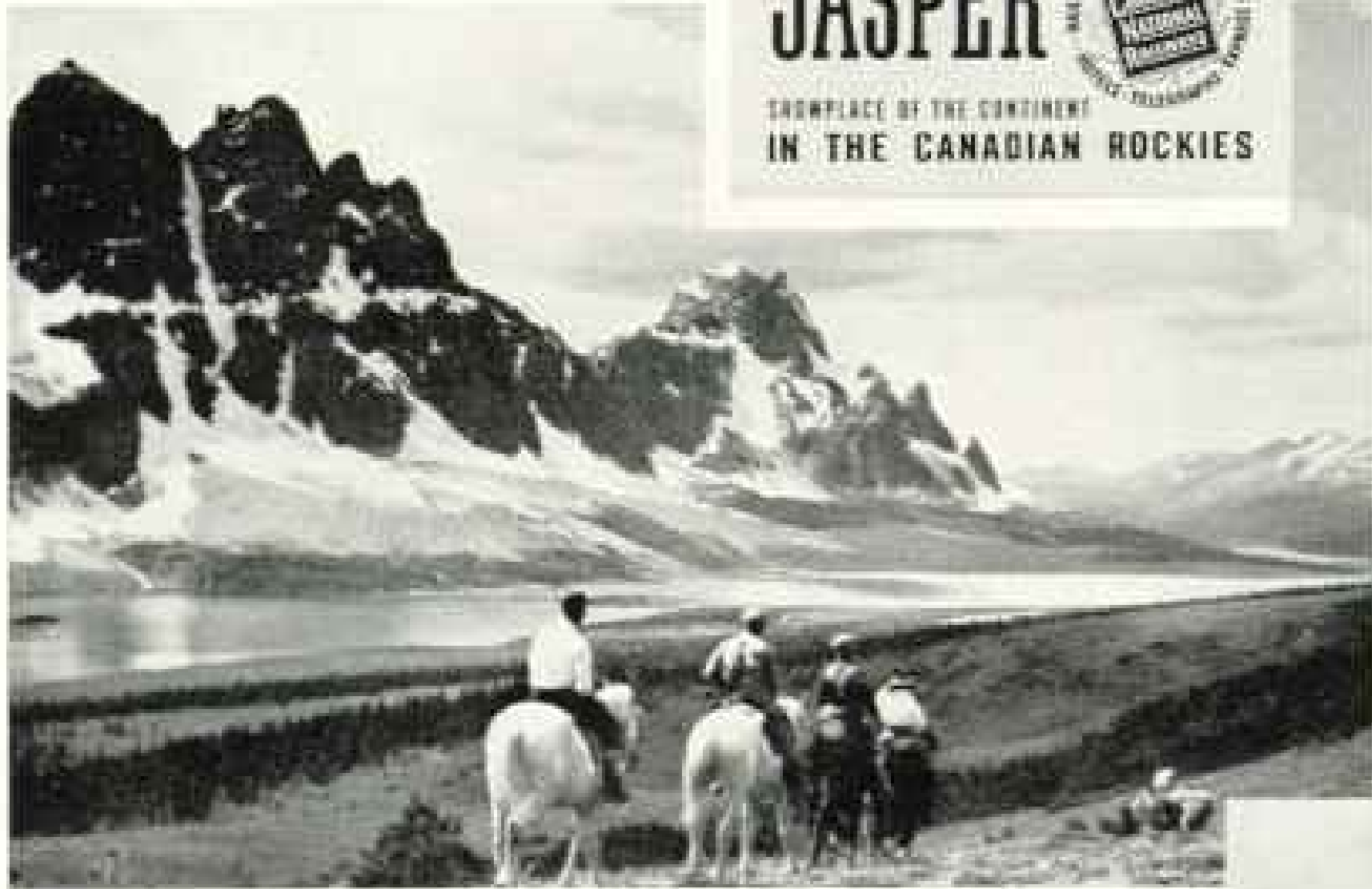
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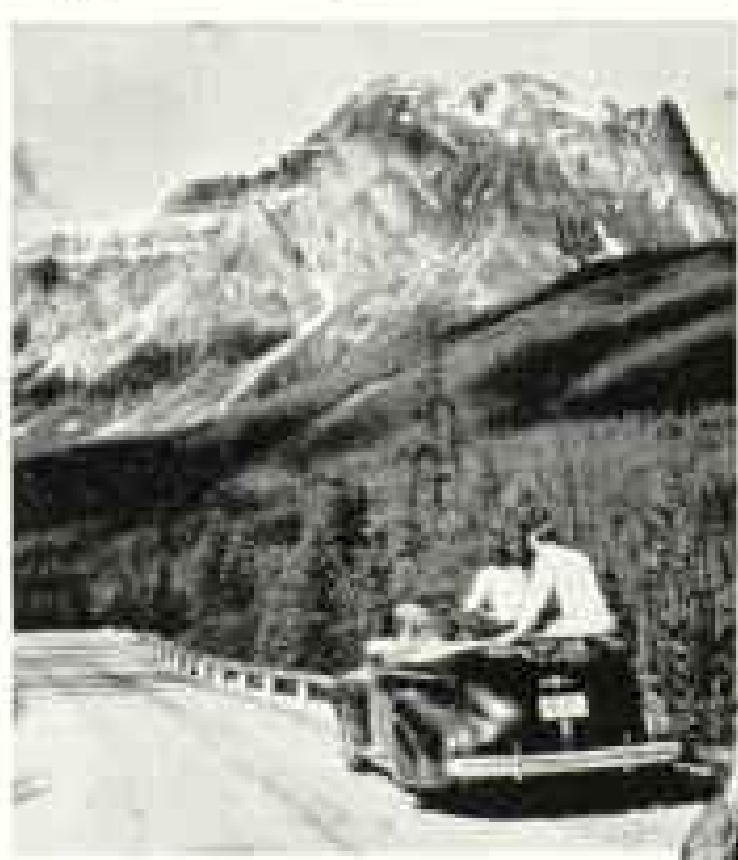
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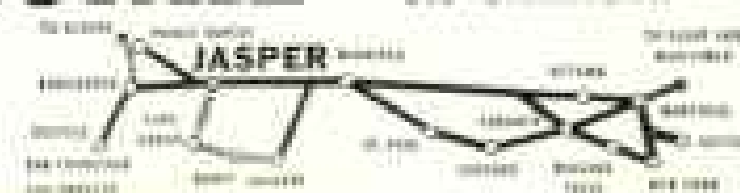
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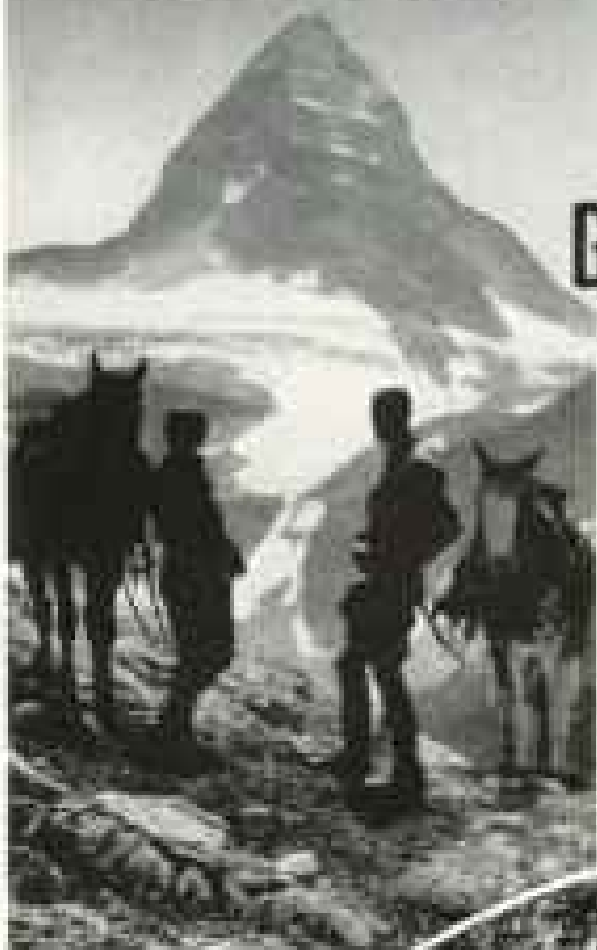
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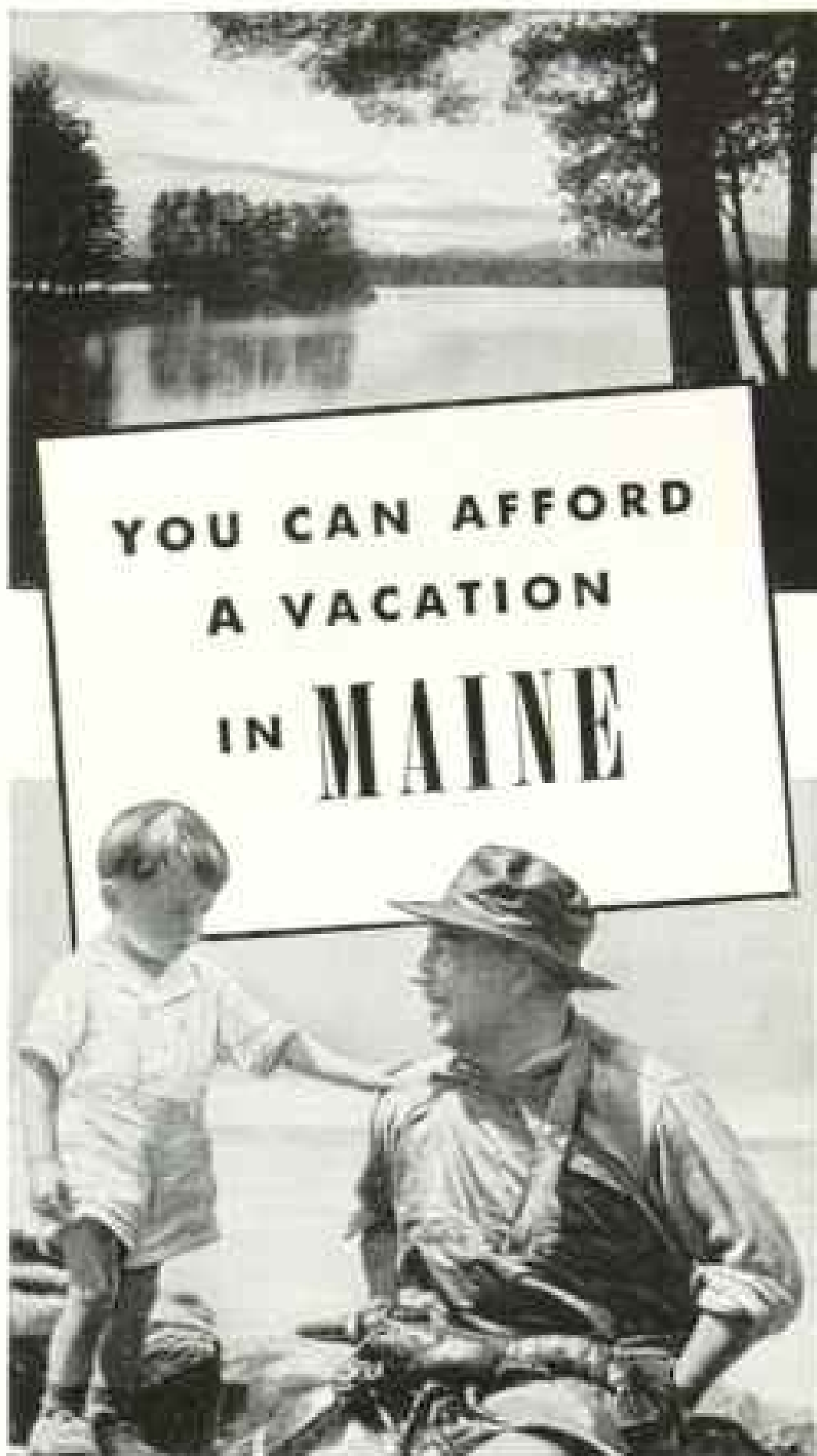
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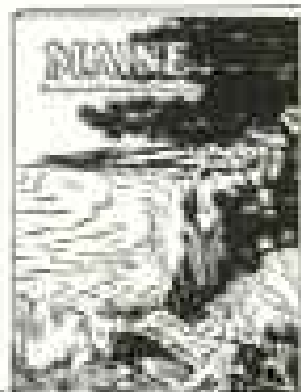
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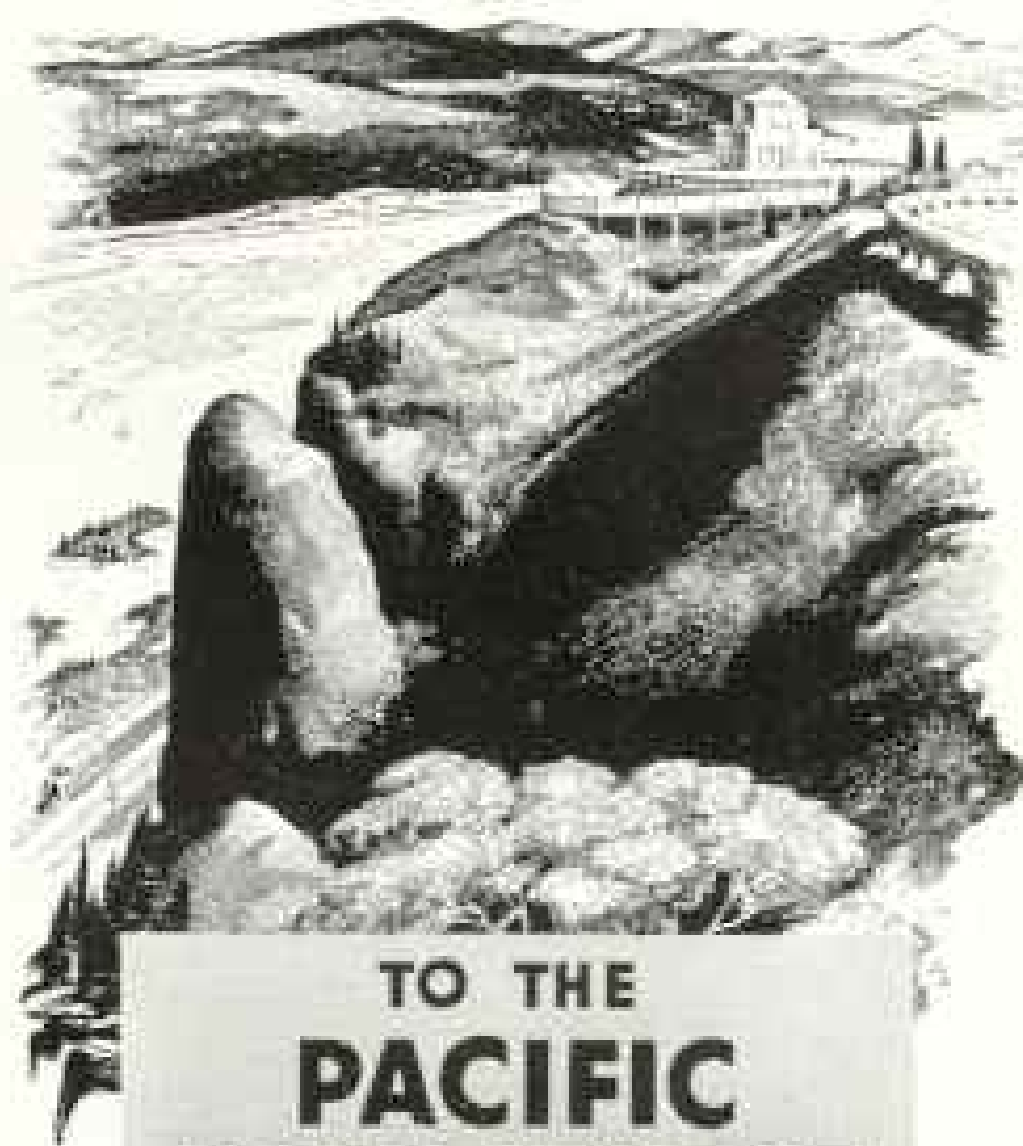
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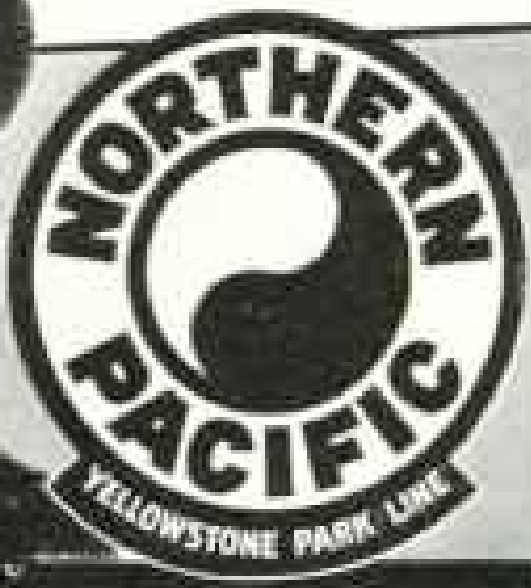
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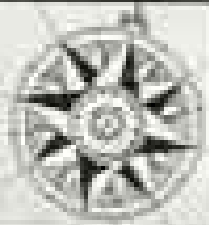
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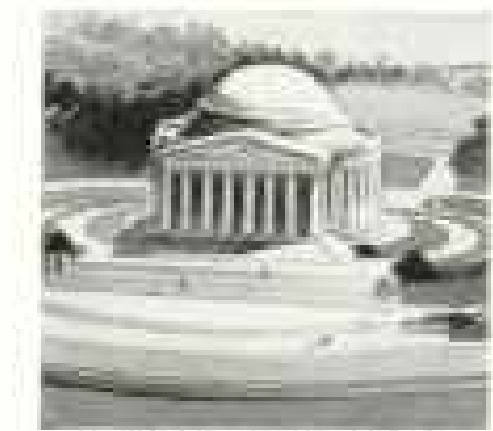
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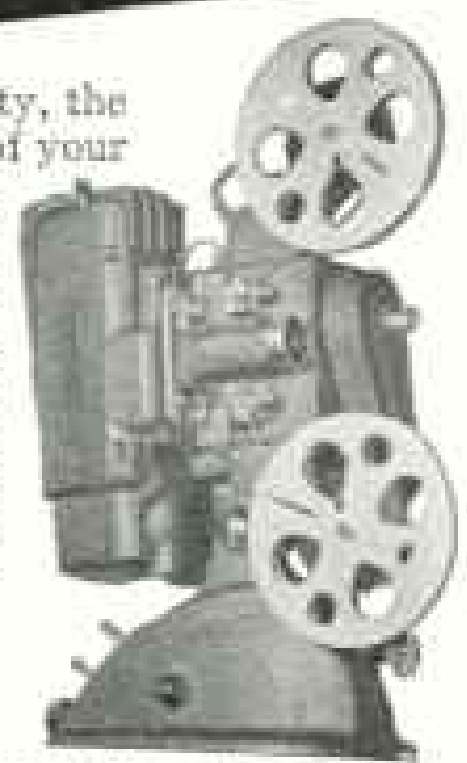
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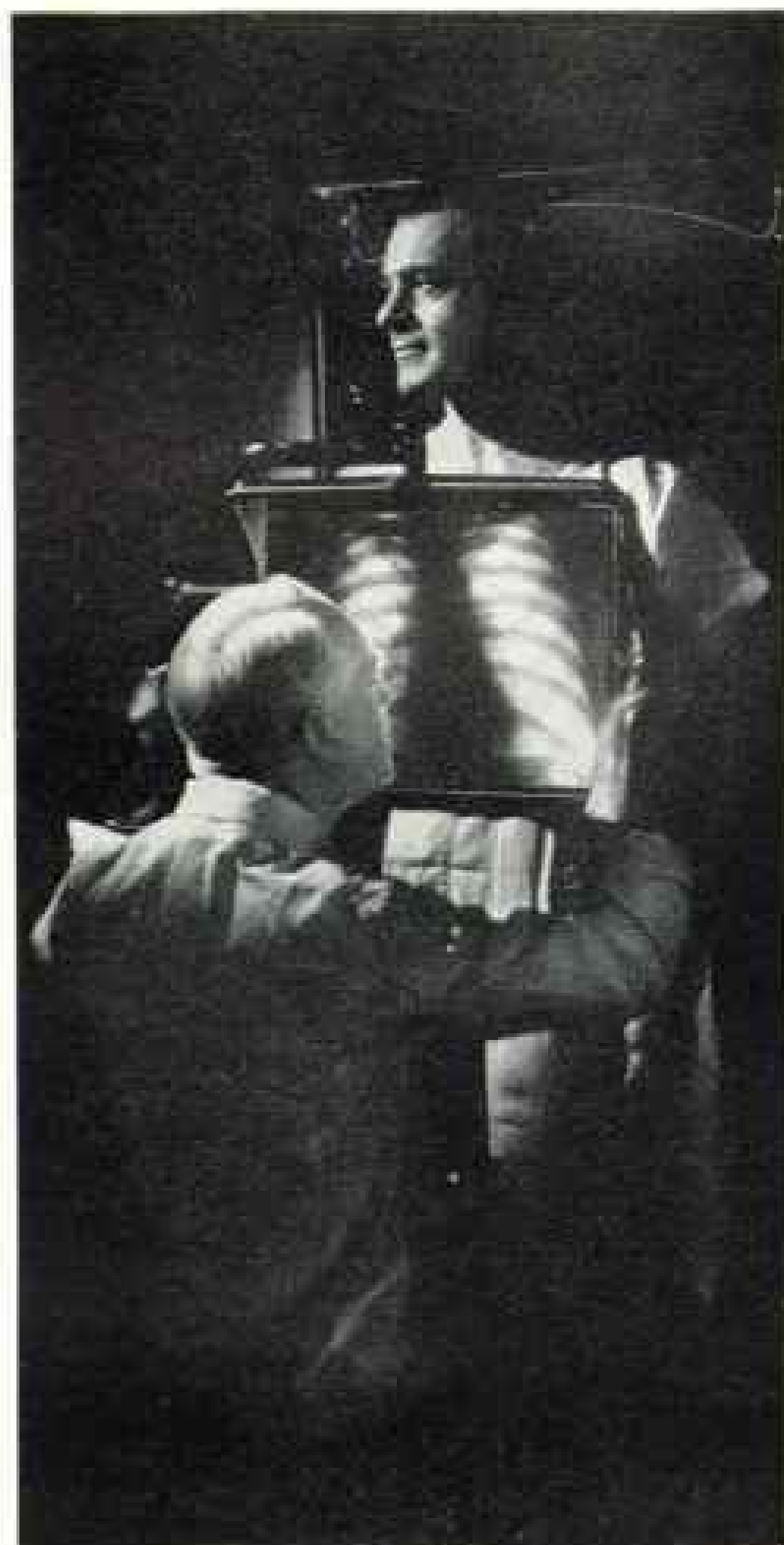
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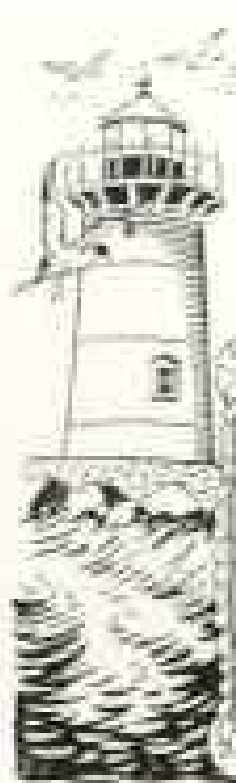
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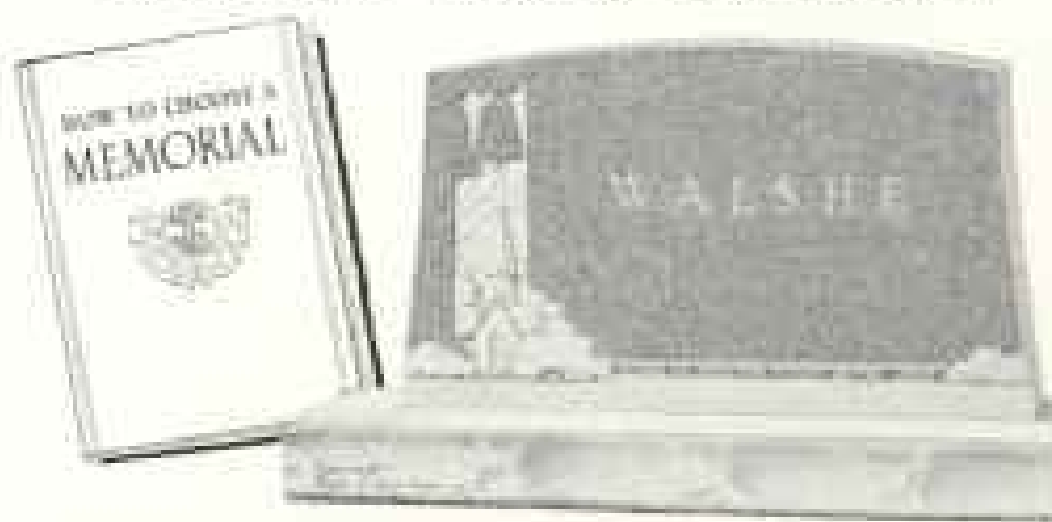
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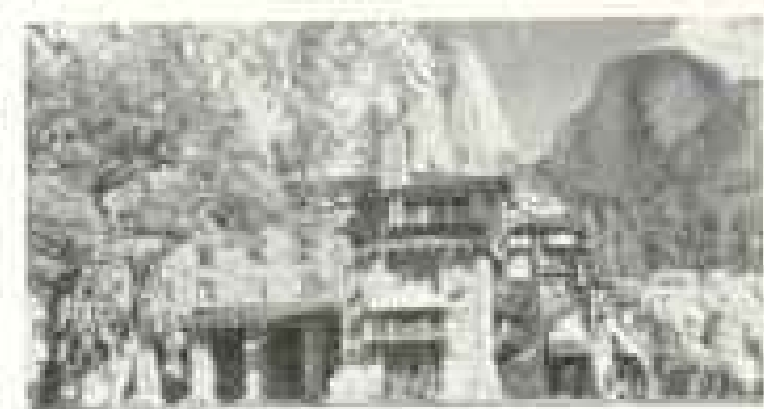
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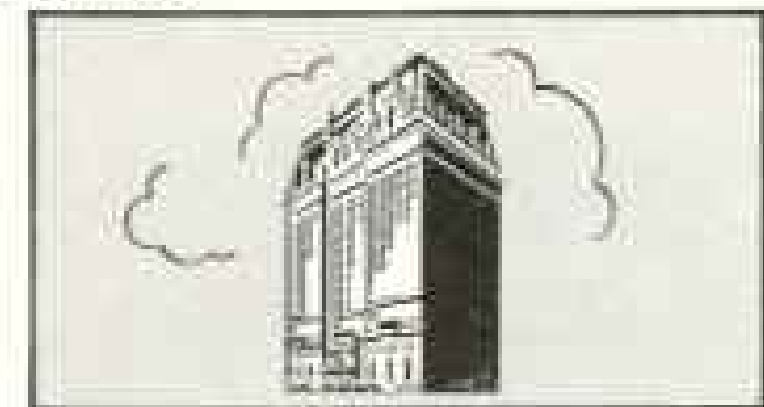
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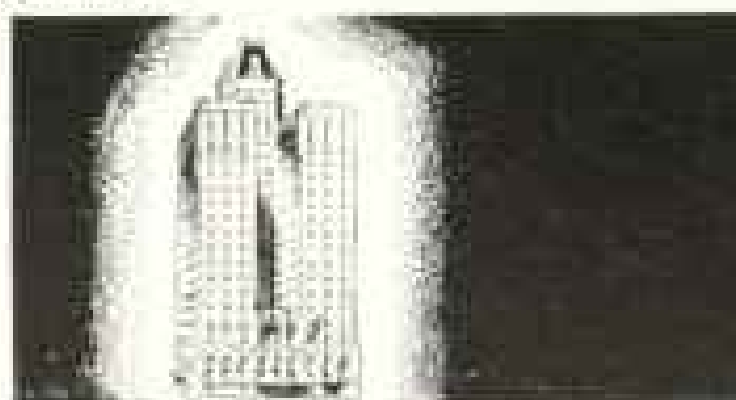
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