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The Churchill I Knew

By General of the Army
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

I am deeply honored by the opportunity NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC has given me to introduce the tribute which, in these pages, is paid to the memory of Sir Winston Churchill. — D.D.E.

WHEN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL died on January 24, 1965, full of years and honors, the entire world quickened with emotions of grief and of pride. Grief for his passing; pride in this champion who had so gallantly upheld freedom in its darkest hour.

To me, and to the millions of Americans who closed ranks with their British comrades in the mighty battles of World War II, Winston Churchill typified the valor and stamina of his great nation. When he became Prime Minister in 1940, Britain reeled on the brink of defeat. But Churchill never flinched.

"You ask, What is our aim?" he cried. "I can answer in one word: Victory—victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be. . . ."

With unequalled eloquence and indomitable will, he rallied his people. In their desperate plight he gave them morale—and in warfare morale is everything.

My long and valued friendship with Sir Winston began in June of 1942 when I met him in Washington. The bastion of Tobruk in North Africa had just fallen; since the British themselves had made Tobruk a symbol of resistance, its surren-

Former President Eisenhower recently completed *Waging Peace, 1956-1961*, the second and final volume of *The White House Years*, to be published this fall by Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. Volume I, *Mandate for Change, 1953-1956*, appeared in 1963.



WIDE WORLD

WHITE HOUSE FAREWELL: President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower bid Sir Winston Churchill goodbye at the close of his last visit to Washington, in 1959. "My relations with your President . . . have lasted twelve years of war and peace, and never have I felt them more high and comforting," said Churchill of Eisenhower on an earlier visit in 1954.

AS PRIME MINISTER of Great Britain, Sir Winston Churchill fought tyranny with words that sang like the Psalms and with deeds that defied surrender. "He was the embodiment of all that was best of the British Empire . . . a man of great courage, indomitable will," said General Eisenhower, a personal friend and wartime comrade. The President painted this striking picture from a photograph of a portrait by London artist Arthur Pan. The Eisenhowers gave it to the U. S. Army's Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C., where it now hangs.



der was calamitous. Yet, on that grim day when the fortunes of the Allies lay at low ebb, the Prime Minister spoke only of the ultimate victory.

In the best sense of the term, Sir Winston was a Victorian. Although he was a realist on the subject of modern weaponry, he often nostalgically recalled his days as a subaltern in the horse cavalry. He was passionately devoted to the concept of the British Empire and its Commonwealth of Nations. He believed in Britain's responsibility to the peoples that had come beneath her sway—to prepare them honestly and soundly and well for independence within the Commonwealth. To this day, the chief bulwark of every former British colony is its efficient, incorruptible civil service—a Victorian legacy.

Sir Winston often spoke to me with pride of his American heritage, and I am certain that this link with the New World made him acutely conscious of the common goals of the English-speaking peoples. As he once expressed it: "My mother was American and my ancestors were officers in Washington's army. I am myself an English-speaking union."

He often quoted from American literature. I will always remember one incident while Sir Winston was dining with a group of Americans during a tour of staging camps in England before D-Day. Someone used the expression, "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head." Without a moment's hesitation, the Prime Minister recited



Whittier's long poem "Barbara Frietchie"—source of the line—in its entirety.

Throughout the war years, Sir Winston worked tirelessly to cement the British-American alliance. Although the interests of our respective nations sometimes clashed, all differences were resolved without rancor. Speaking of Churchill, President Roosevelt once told me with emotion, "No one could have a better or sturdier ally than that old Tory."

He could and did subordinate his deep-felt convictions to the good of our mutual cause. In 1944, for example, he and several of his staff bitterly opposed the Allied invasion of southern France. This operation, originally christened Anvil, was renamed Dragoon—a change heartily approved by Sir Winston because, as he later said, he had been "dragooned" into it. He preferred a stab through the Balkans by way of Europe's "soft underbelly."

Characteristically, the Prime Minister fought the plan with all his considerable tenacity until the final second. Then, just as characteristically, he flew off to the Mediterranean to observe the landing from the deck of a destroyer, working with might and main to ensure its success.

That staunch ally, later to become our honorary and honored fellow citizen, possessed the greatest gift of all—charity. He loathed Hitler and his henchmen, but he always differentiated between these evil conspirators and the mass of the



Dwight D. Eisenhower Winston Churchill

COURTESY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER LIBRARY, ARMYTC, 140044

DRAWING A HEAD, Churchill tests a new American carbine, the M-1, at the 1944 camp of the U. S. 9th Division in England. He fires with Generals Eisenhower and Omar N. Bradley. During World War II, the Prime Minister often carried his own pistol.

German people. Toward the end of the war, he took sharp issue with Stalin's suggestion of massive vengeance.

His long life spanned careers as it spanned eras. By turn he was statesman, soldier, journalist, novelist, historian, bricklayer, artist. And to all his vocations he brought the Churchillian flair. He loved words. He loved color and form. He loved the turbulence of politics. But above all he loved justice. Therein lay his greatness.

On that gray and moving winter day when his soul was committed to the hands of God amid stately pageantry, I knelt in St. Paul's Cathedral. Around me were old flags, old shields, old prayers—all the evidence of Britain's long continuity. And I wondered if we in the United States, with our devotion to the new at the expense of the old, to the future at the expense of the past, are not forsaking something precious. For only a nation steeped in history and pride could produce a Churchill.

In writing his monumental account of World War II, Sir Winston offered as the Moral of the Work:

IN WAR: RESOLUTION
 IN DEFEAT: DEFIANCE
 IN VICTORY: MAGNANIMITY
 IN PEACE: GOOD WILL

Here, in his own words, is the measure not only of England's finest hour but of the man who shaped it. I can find no more fitting epitaph for my old friend. * * *





WARTIME BRAIN TRUST: Churchill and fighting chiefs of Great Britain and the United States discuss plans for the 1943 invasion of Italy at General Eisenhower's North African headquarters in Algiers. From left: Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary; Gen. Sir Alan F. Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur W. Tedder, Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Air Command; Adm. Sir Andrew B. Cunningham, Naval Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean; Gen. Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, Deputy Commander of Allied Forces in North Africa; Gen. George C. Marshall, U. S. Army Chief of Staff; Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, Commander of the British Eighth Army; and General Eisenhower, Commander of Allied Forces in North Africa. At the end of the war in Europe, in May, 1945, Churchill cabled President Harry S. Truman and expressed his admiration for "the firm, farsighted, and illuminating character and qualities of General of the Army Eisenhower."



“Be Ye Men of Valour”

By HOWARD LA FAY

National Geographic Senior Staff

HE WAS A MIDDLE-AGED SCOT and his name was Hugh. He had taken three days of vacation to come down from Edinburgh for the funeral, and now we huddled together in the slow, frozen queue winding toward Westminster Hall. Inside, beyond the statues of Cromwell and Richard Coeur de Lion, Sir Winston Churchill lay in state.

The Earl Marshal of England had prescribed the order of Sir Winston's funeral, on January 30, with an eye to London landmarks closely associated with his life and career.

For five hours Hugh and I shuffled slowly, foot by cold, tedious foot, toward the hall. And he told me why he'd come.

“I was a subaltern at Dunkirk, and the Nazis kicked my unit to death. We left everything behind when we got out; some of my men didn't even have boots. They dumped us along the roads near Dover, and all of us were scared and dazed, and the memory of the Panzers could set us screaming at night. Then he got on the wireless and said we'd fight on the beaches and in the towns and that we'd never surrender. And I cried when I heard him. I'm not ashamed to say it. And I thought to hell with the Panzers, WE'RE GOING TO WIN!”

Inside Westminster Hall, beneath wooden arches that blazon the ceiling like a Gothic dream, the catafalque of Sir Winston Churchill stood in solemn splendor. In the end, fittingly enough, he lay within earshot of the House of Commons, the focal point of his life for more than half a century. In that great arena of

“**N**EVER GIVE IN, never give in, never, never, never, never. . . . Never yield to force.” In war and peace, Churchill blazed with defiance, stoked by wit and wisdom. Here, while inspecting coast defenses in July, 1940, he stares out toward Germany, then girding for invasion of Britain.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM



democracy, he had scaled the dizzyest heights and tasted the bitterest dregs.

Little came easily to him in his early days. His first election campaign brought him a resounding defeat. Although his speeches in the Commons will live as long as the English language, he suffered paradoxically enough from a vocal defect: He lisped.

The story goes that in his youth Churchill called upon a doctor. "Cure the impediment in my speech, please," he asked. "I can't be haunted by the idea that I must avoid every word beginning with an 's.'"

Following the advice of the specialist, he declaimed aloud whenever he was alone. But Churchill's lisp never entirely disappeared. And his major speeches were the products of

constant refinement, rewriting, and rehearsal.

Like his brilliant, erratic father, Lord Randolph Churchill—a Member of Parliament who had fought vehemently for the cause of the workingman during the Victorian era—Winston was no slave to party policy. Twice in his long political career he switched loyalties. In 1904 he abandoned the Conservatives for the Liberal Party; in 1924 he returned to the Tory fold. His early speeches marked him as a radical in the solid Edwardian world of empire and assured dividends.

"I am not one of those," he cried, "who say that everybody should be equal, but what I do say is that no one should have anything unless everybody has something."

In 1904, as Churchill addressed the House



"**A**T BLenheim I took two very important decisions: to be born and to marry." Although he never lived at Blenheim Palace, Sir Winston frequently visited the ancestral home. A grateful Queen Anne presented the estate to John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough (above), for defeating the French at Blenheim, Bavaria, in 1704, and crushing the ambitions of Louis XIV to rule Europe. "Marlborough's victorious sword," never tarnished by defeat, filled Churchill's thoughts. As a boy he arranged his toy soldiers in battle formations in the vast halls. Later he scoured dusty boxes of stored documents to write a definitive biography of his forebear.



on free trade, his fellow Tories stalked out of the chamber, leaving him standing almost alone. Thirty-two years later, when he rose to the defense of King Edward VIII on the eve of that monarch's abdication, his colleagues howled him down. *The Times* termed it "the most striking rebuff of modern Parliamentary history."

But Churchill was no stranger to the savageries of political debate. He denounced one opponent as "a sheep in sheep's clothing." Another he dismissed as "a squalid nuisance."

Through most of the 1930's, when no party really wanted him, Churchill rose again and again to challenge the complacency of successive governments. Like an irascible Jeremiah, he warned of growing German might. And,

like Jeremiah, he was reviled—when he was not ignored. But no scorn could silence the indomitable backbencher.

As early as March, 1934—little more than a year after Hitler's accession to power—Churchill told the House: "Germany is arming fast, and no one is going to stop her. . . . I dread the day when the means of threatening the heart of the British Empire should pass into the hands of the present rulers of Germany. . . . I dread that day, but it is not, perhaps, far distant."

A year later, he urged an air-defense program, predicting that, in event of war, "attempts will be made to burn down London."

In October, 1938, he attacked the infamous Munich pact that sacrificed Czechoslovakia

SECTION OF SCREEN (LEFT) AT ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SANDHURST; EXTRACHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER BATES LITTLEWELL © N.G.P.





to Hitler for the illusory promise of "peace in our time," saying, "We have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat. . . . And do not suppose that this is the end. This is only the beginning of the reckoning. This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigour, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

Within a year, Nazi aggressions—ceaseless and savage—finally drove England to war. Churchill emerged from the political wasteland to become First Lord of the Admiralty, the post he had held in World War I.

Twenty-five years later, after the smashing victory over Nazism and after two terms as Prime Minister, Winston Churchill—self-styled "child of the House of Commons"—finished his final term. In the parlance of the House, he "went home" for the last time on a July day in 1964.

The old, tired, sick man rose from his green leather bench. Two colleagues helped him to the door, where a wheelchair waited. At the threshold, as custom demands, he halted. Thrusting away his escorts, he turned. All but collapsing, he managed the traditional bow to the Speaker. He had done it first 63 years before, in a year when Victoria reigned.

EIGHT MEN of the Grenadier Guards carried Sir Winston Churchill out of Westminster Hall at 9:35 a.m. The Union Jack on his coffin was a vivid splash of color in the chill, overcast day. The Royal Navy gun party that would draw him through the streets of London—past the places that his life had touched—stood uncovered, heads bowed.

Then, as the first cannon boomed, the cortege began its slow, stately march. The gun carriage rolled through Parliament Square, where St. Margaret's, parish church of the Houses of Parliament, occupies one corner. Both Samuel Pepys and John Milton were married in this church.

And, on September 12, 1908, so was Winston Churchill, Member of Parliament for

Dundee and President of the Board of Trade in the Liberal Cabinet. He had met Clementine Hozier, a 23-year-old girl of striking beauty,



"TO ME he seemed to own the key to everything . . . worth having," wrote Winston of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. "But if ever I began to show the slightest idea of comradeship, he was immediately offended." Lord Randolph, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1886, died at 45.



"MY MOTHER . . . shone for me like the Evening Star. I loved her dearly—but at a distance." For Winston, here seen at age two with Lady Churchill: "My nurse was my confidante."

"THIS MIGHTY HOUSE": Blenheim's Second State Room blazes with tapestries of the great duke's siege of Bouchain, in France. To Blenheim Lord Randolph Churchill brought his bride, the American heiress Jennie Jerome (right), after their marriage in 1874.

EXHIBIT BY SALES LITTLEFIELD
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PRINT OF HARROW SCHOOL, ENGLAND (OPPOSITE) BY BETS LITTLEHALL © N.Y.S.

“THIS INTERLUDE of school makes a sombre grey patch upon the chart of my journey . . . an unending spell of worries that did not then seem petty . . .” wrote Churchill (at top of picture with Harrow schoolmates and a master in 1892). His teachers thought him at once precocious and backward, reading books beyond his years, yet stubbornly refusing to absorb subjects that did not interest him. A broad-minded headmaster at Harrow overlooked a blank Latin examination and admitted the incorrigible 13½-year-old.

Placed in the lowest form, where “we were considered such dunces that we could learn only English,” Sir Winston mastered the language. But he himself remembered, “Except in Fencing . . . I had achieved no distinction . . . It is not pleasant to feel oneself so completely outclassed and left behind at the very beginning of the race.” The race continues: A present-day Harrow scholar in straw boater runs to class (opposite).

On his third attempt Churchill qualified for a cavalry cadetship at Sandhurst. Military science appealed to him, and he graduated eighth in a class of 150. Thereafter, “I searched the world for some scene of adventure or excitement.”

while campaigning for his seat. An event of the first social magnitude, their wedding attracted some 800 guests. King Edward VII sent a gift. And the bridegroom, in his own words, “lived happily ever afterwards.”

By that time Winston Churchill had gained a world-wide reputation as author, lecturer, soldier, journalist, and politician. He had been born into one of England’s foremost families, rather unexpectedly to be sure, during a ball on November 30, 1874, at Blenheim Palace. His American mother, the former Jennie Jerome, had hurried from the dance floor to a nearby cloakroom to give birth to a tiny premature boy.

Young Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill grew up amid the trappings of wealth and empire. His father and mother moved among great captains and great statesmen. The boy paid frequent visits to Blenheim Palace, home of his grandfather, seventh Duke of Marlborough. Queen Anne had presented the

estate to Churchill’s ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, in gratitude for victories over the French armies of Louis XIV in the War of the Spanish Succession. There the little boy played with tin soldiers among replicas of banners that flew at the battles of Ramillies in Belgium and Malplaquet in France.

Despite his golden background, Winston’s future did not appear promising. His dancing teacher called him “the naughtiest small boy in the world.” At St. James’s School, and later at Harrow, he was a scholastic failure.

Mathematics mystified him; classics bored him. Of his four and a half years at Harrow, he wrote, “By being so long in the lowest form I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. They all went on to learn Latin and Greek and splendid things like that. But I was taught English. . . . I learned it thoroughly. Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing.”





"HOURS CRAWL like paralytic centipedes." A defiant prisoner in the Boer War, November 18, 1899, journalist Churchill (right) stands in Pretoria, Transvaal, capital of Africa's Boer republic.

£ 25. —

(vijf en twintig pond stg)
beloening uitzloofs voor
de sub-Commissaris van Wijk V
voor den Speciaal-Comstabel
dezer wijk, die de onthulde
Krygsgevangene
Churchill
levend of dood te dage kent
aflevert.

Namens de sub-Commissaris
 Wijk V
De Haas
 etc.

Translation.

£ 25

(Twenty-five Pounds stg) REWARD is offered by the Sub-Commissioner of the 5th division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war

CHURCHILL,

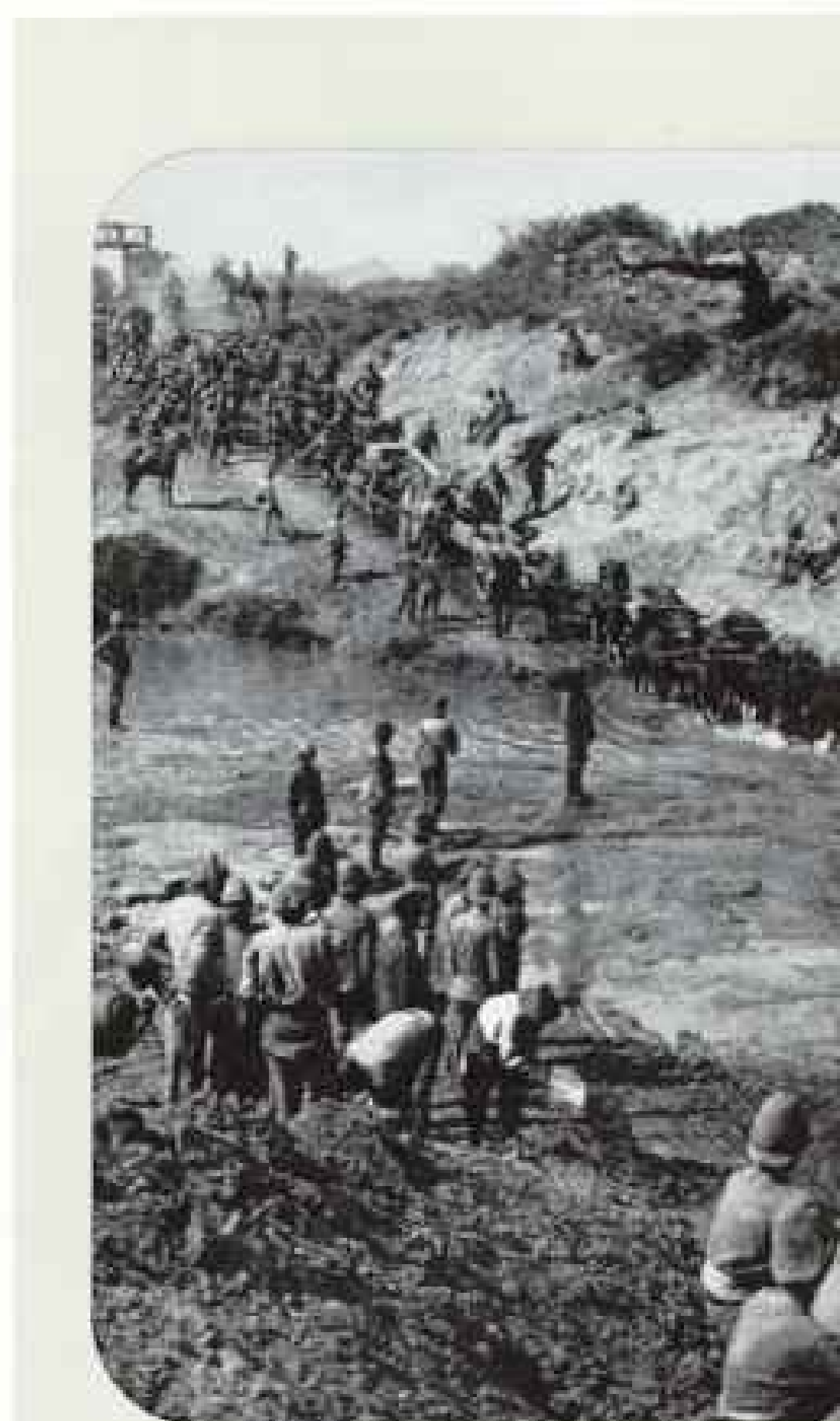
dead or alive to this office.

For the Sub-Commissioner of the 5th division,
 (Signed) LOCK-DE-HAAS Sec.

NOTE: No reward offered for the arrest of Edward Churchill at his escape from Pretoria, passed on the Government Order of Pretoria, issued in England by the Hon. Army Secretary, and is now the property of H. E. Arthur.

COURTESY BLENHEIM PALACE

"WE THOUGHT of nothing else but freedom. . . ." On December 12, 1899, Churchill climbed a wall and began a bold and lonely escape, unaware of posters offering a £25 reward for his capture, dead or alive.



On one occasion, while still firmly entrenched in the lowest form, young Winston astounded the school. He won a prize for faultlessly reciting 1,200 lines of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Leaving Harrow, he managed to pass the entrance examination for the Royal Military College at Sandhurst—on the third try. Once he was commissioned as a cavalry officer, his career bordered on the fantastic. A World War II British general told me how deeply influenced his own youth had been by Churchill:

"War was different in the Victorian and Edwardian eras, and most young officers were mad for active duty. We spent our time seeking opportunities. Churchill always seemed to find them. The rest of us could only read of his adventures and try to emulate him."

The young subaltern sailed to Cuba in 1895 to observe the war between the Spanish Army and Cuban rebels: "Suddenly, close at hand, almost in our faces it seemed, a ragged volley rang out... The horse immediately behind

me—not my horse—gave a bound... The bullet had struck between his ribs, the blood dripped on the ground, and there was a circle of dark red on his bright chestnut coat... I could not help reflecting that the bullet... had certainly passed within a foot of my head. So at any rate I had been 'under fire.' That was something."

In 1897, he fought rebellious tribesmen on the North-West Frontier of India with the Malakand Field Force. Later, during Lord Kitchener's expedition into the Sudan, Churchill joined the Twenty-first Lancers to ride in one of the world's last classic cavalry charges, at Omdurman in 1898:

"The collision was now very near. I saw immediately before me, not ten yards away, the two blue men who lay in my path. They were perhaps a couple of yards apart. I rode at the interval between them. They both fired. I passed through the smoke conscious that I was unhurt. The trooper immediately behind me was killed at this place and at this

"**B**ULLETS, sucking to right and left, seemed to miss only by inches," Churchill described the Boer ambush that resulted in his capture: The British Army (below, left), its guns dragged by oxen, slogs toward Pretoria, May, 1900. Smoking artillery (right) scatters Boer units. By war's end in 1902, clashes between British regulars and Dutch-descended farmers had cost nearly 30,000 lives.

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (BELOW); IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM (OPPOSITE, ABOVE)



moment. . . . As I straightened myself in the saddle, I saw before me another figure with uplifted sword. I raised my pistol and fired. So close were we that the pistol itself actually struck him. Man and sword disappeared below and behind me."

But within a year, the dashing officer forsook the army to make his way in politics. At the moment of his marriage in 1908, with several impressive sessions in the House of Commons and seven successful books behind him, he stood poised on the brink of a dazzling future. But the memory of his father, who had fallen into political obscurity at the age

of 38, haunted him. In one of his most unprophetic utterances, he said, "I must hurry. We Churchills damp off after the age of 40."

TO THE SOMBER STRAINS of Handel's "Dead March," the cortege entered Parliament Street and passed on into Whitehall. Spectators, silent and grave, jammed the sidewalks before the government buildings. Among them, bearing the flags of their countries, stood hundreds of veterans of the European resistance movements—French, Belgians, Dutch, Danes, Norwegians.

As the gun carriage passed to the left of the



Cenotaph—the simple white memorial to the British dead of two World Wars—the graying survivors of the Resistance dipped their flags to the man whose defiant voice had brought them hope through aching years of Nazi occupation. Just beyond the Cenotaph, the procession passed a narrow side street where two lights burned before a brick house. It was Downing Street; the house, No. 10.

When he finally came to power, Winston Churchill had reached the compulsory retirement age in most industries—65. As he drove along The Mall to Buckingham Palace

to receive the King's commission as Prime Minister, the British Empire stood at bay. Norway and Denmark had already fallen to Nazi arms; the Wehrmacht was poised to swallow up Belgium and the Netherlands; France awaited the first Panzer thrusts.

What did Churchill feel when confronted by crumbling fronts, lost battles, dwindling hopes? "I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial."

STRAUSSER (LEFT); AND © NATIONAL MAGAZINE CO., LTD., COURTESY BIG AND PEN CLUB



"POLITICS is not a game. It is an earnest business." The cartoon above, in the English *Vanity Fair* of September 27, 1900, shows Churchill, a candidate for the House of Commons, standing confidently on the threshold of public life. Its caption was prophetic: "He can write and he can fight. . . . He is ambitious; he means to get on, and he loves his country. But he can hardly be the slave of any Party." Four days later, the constituency of Oldham elected the 25-year-old Boer War hero, then a Conservative.

He became a Liberal in 1904. Here, standing for re-election in 1908, he speaks to a packed crowd from the top of a car in Manchester. Defeated, he shortly won in Dundee.

His first speech to the Commons painted England's plight in all its bleak reality. "I have nothing to offer," he concluded, "but blood, toil, tears and sweat." (NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC readers can hear Churchill himself speaking these historic words on the record accompanying this issue, facing page 198.)

To the people gathered by their radios, he quoted from First Maccabees of the Apocrypha: "Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valour, and be in readiness for the conflict; for it is better for us to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of our nation..."

thirteenth and last paragraph declared that, nonetheless, the fighting spirit of the British forces and people might well counterbalance the material and numerical advantages of the enemy.

"You see, gentlemen," said Churchill, waving the gloomy report before his Ministers, "the Chiefs of Staff are optimistic!"

In his unheeded years as a backbencher, he had castigated the government as "decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, solid for fluidity, all-powerful to be impotent." That ended when



RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

"I HAVE ALWAYS FELT the keenest pity for prisoners." As Home Secretary, Churchill introduced many humane reforms into British prisons. In full court regalia, above, he rides from Buckingham Palace, March 2, 1911.

"His speeches set the whole kingdom on fire," said Lord Ismay, the Prime Minister's Chief of Staff and closest associate throughout the war. "He absolutely refused to admit the possibility of defeat. He believed passionately in victory, *if you deserved it.*"

Churchill had directed the British Chiefs of Staff to advise him on the prospects of ultimate victory in the event of the fall of France. The first twelve paragraphs of their report indicated the overwhelming superiority of the Germans in men, guns, and aircraft. The

he took office. Memoranda emerged from 10 Downing Street in a steady stream, often headed "Action this day." He deplored the state of guardsmen's buttons, and he prayed the Admiralty to inform him of strategy in the Channel. He inveighed against superfluous committees, urged military bands to play in the streets, prodded aircraft production, decreed unrelenting attack wherever possible.

His ministerial hand plucked up a former army officer, P. C. S. Hobart, whose superiors had retired him for expounding advanced

ideas on tank warfare. Churchill raised him from a corporal in the Home Guard to major general in the British Army. To officers who objected, he growled, "The Army is not a club." Later, Hobart's brilliant handling of a specialized tank division in the Normandy invasion won him a knighthood.

Meanwhile, crisis succeeded crisis. First came Dunkirk. German armor, slashing through the Low Countries, isolated 250,000 of Britain's finest troops, together with several French Army corps. In desperation they fought their way to the coast at Dunkirk. The Royal Navy prepared evacuation plans.

"How would you feel if you were told that we could save as many as 50,000?" Churchill asked Ismay.

"I'd close with it, sir," the general responded unhesitatingly.

"I think I would too," said Churchill.

Ransacking shipyards, the navy managed to send 1,000 motley vessels, ranging from a cruiser to lifeboats and small private yachts, on the cross-Channel shuttle. In the end, they saved 338,000 men—and England.

Then came the agonizing collapse of France. Reeling before the Nazi onslaught, the demoralized French called upon their aged World War I hero, Marshal Philippe Pétain, to sue for a separate peace. Five times Churchill flew to France to embolden Britain's failing ally. He promised every soldier and aircraft that England could spare; he even proposed a union of the two nations. Nothing availed. France surrendered.

One defiant general, Charles de Gaulle, chose to continue the struggle. In Churchill's words, the airplane that brought him to England carried "the honour of France."

Faced with the prospect of the French Navy—fourth most powerful in the world—falling into Nazi hands, the Prime Minister made "a hateful decision, the most unnatural and painful in which I have ever been concerned." In a series of attacks, the Royal Navy disabled or neutralized the major warships of Britain's erstwhile ally.

Although more than a thousand French sailors died under British gunfire, the French people—already enveloped in the lowering night of Nazism—understood. And when Churchill told them on the radio in his execrable French, "*dormez bien... l'aube viendra*" (sleep well... the dawn will come), they believed him.

Menaced by invasion, Britons prepared to defend their coasts. In speech after speech the Prime Minister drew upon the lofty cadences



"GERMANY CLANKED OBSTINATELY... towards the crater," Churchill said of the decade before World War I. In British Army uniform, with Gen. Bruce Hamilton and Mrs. Churchill, he watches maneuvers at Aldershot in 1910. During the war Churchill, below, walks in Whitehall with Prime Minister David Lloyd George.

TOP (BELOW) AND BOTTOM





“WE ARE NOW COMMITTED to one of the greatest amphibious enterprises of history,” wrote Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1915, describing Britain’s daring plan to capture Constantinople via the Dardanelles. Hordes of troops land and dig in at Gallipoli: “A great army,” Churchill described it, “hanging on by its eyelids to a rocky beach. . . .” Initial British sea assaults demoralized Turkish defenders; a train stood ready to evacuate the Sultan and his suite from Constantinople. But British inexperience—ships’ bombardment supporting the landings was inadequate—permitted the Turks to rally and, eventually, to win.

“I am finished,” said Churchill, as he left the Admiralty and soon afterward reported to the Western Front (above) to command an infantry battalion. But lessons learned at Gallipoli enabled Allied forces to develop the art of sea-borne assault that brought victories from Normandy to Okinawa and crushed the Axis in World War II.

of the English language to arouse his countrymen to glorious defiance. “There was a white glow,” he wrote, “overpowering, sublime, which ran through our island from end to end.”

Words were weapons, but almost the only weapons. The Prime Minister visited the undermanned, under-gunned defenses along the Dover coast. At one point, the commander of a raw, untrained battalion solicited his advice: “Sir, we have only six rounds of antitank ammunition per antitank rifle. Should we use one round for training or save all six for the Germans?”

History fails to record Churchill’s answer.

A gray-haired, motherly schoolteacher heard Churchill on the radio and put a carving knife in her purse against the day of invasion. “I thought I’d get at least one German before they did me in,” she said. A grim motto, “You can take one with you,” swept the island.

Through the terror-ridden nights of the aerial Blitz, hollow-eyed Britons crouched sleepless in tunnels and subways and hastily fashioned shelters. Nightly an average of 200 German bombers loosed their lethal burden upon London; fire bombs convulsed Bristol and





IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM (ARROW) AND RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY





THE (COLONY) AND RETURN



Birmingham and Liverpool; the Luftwaffe leveled Coventry and Portsmouth.

But always there was Churchill, inspecting ruins, visiting troops, rallying his people with soaring speeches. "He gave you a kind of exaltation," one of his wartime aides recalled. "He made you feel that you were taking part in something great and memorable."

Churchill's working day, like the man himself, was unique. He remained in bed through most of the morning, using an armchairlike back rest, while he dealt with problems that had accumulated through the night. He rose for lunch, but midafternoon found him back in bed for a solid nap. He would then work through the night until 2:30 or 3 a.m.

"These hours were an enormous trial," Lord Ismay told me, "particularly to staff officers who had to begin their day at 7 or 8 in the morning. If, at 1 or 2 a.m., you ostentatiously looked at your watch, he would say, 'You may go to bed if you choose. I at least will stay here and do my duty.' Then, at 3, he would look at you accusingly and say, 'How could you have kept me up so late!'"

"He thought in terms of history all the time," Ismay continued. "He felt that the light of history played upon all that we did, and he acted accordingly."

General Eisenhower remembers one striking example of this pervading sense of history. "When the Axis overran Greece in 1940," he told me, "Churchill sent troops to aid the Greeks, even though he feared it was a foredoomed cause. He explained that at all costs Britain had to uphold her reputation for fidelity to allies. 'In honor we can do no less,' he said to me, and 'I believe the future will demonstrate its correctness.'"

Germany invaded Russia in June, 1941. Churchill, an unwavering enemy of the Soviet state since its birth, welcomed Britain's new ally. "If Hitler invaded Hell," he said, "I would make at least a favourable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor at the end of that same year brought the United States into the war. To Churchill this represented the decisive event of the entire struggle; the immense resources of the United States assured an Allied victory. "After seventeen months of lonely fighting," he wrote, "... we had won the war. England would live."

But not without further calamities. Hong Kong and Singapore fell to the Japanese; Nazi U-boats took a rising toll of British convoys; in a single afternoon, Japanese aircraft sank two of the Royal Navy's mightiest ships.

With the coming of 1943, the long pattern of defeat began to tail off; then came the victories, singly and slowly at first, that flowered into mighty Anglo-American combined operations: Torch, that doomed the Axis in North Africa; Husky, that overwhelmed Sicily; Avalanche, that drove Italy out of the conflict.

June of 1944 brought the climax of the war in the West: Overlord flung 326,000 men in six days onto the exploding beaches of Normandy (pages 188-89). Only the intervention of King George VI kept the Prime Minister from accompanying the invading armies.

But Winston Churchill looked beyond the mounting victories. Earlier than any other statesman, he foresaw the postwar threat of

PHOTO ASSOCIATION



"I WAS NOT ONLY an easy, but a fast swimmer, having represented my House at Harrow, when our team defeated all comers." Here Churchill strides up the beach at Deauville, France, in 1922. An exuberant sportsman, he hunted, played polo until he was more than 50, and rode to hounds on the eve of his 74th birthday.

"WE WORKED TOGETHER without a single misunderstanding," Churchill wrote of his World War I collaboration with American leaders. In Hyde Park (opposite, upper) he walks between Gen. John J. Pershing and Ambassador John W. Davis. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, whom Churchill championed during the abdication crisis in 1936, appears at left. As Secretary of State for War in 1919 (opposite, below), Churchill inspects troops with Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.



“HAPPY ARE THE PAINTERS, for they shall not be lonely,” Churchill wrote. He began painting in 1915 and so perfected his artistry that famed British artist Sir Oswald Birley once remarked: “If Sir Winston had given the time to art that he has given to politics, he would have been by all odds the world’s greatest painter.” Here Churchill works at his beloved Marrakech, Morocco, after World War II.

“Winter Sunshine, Chartwell,” right, a painting of his home in Kent, won first prize in an amateur exhibition about 1925. Churchill reveled in his hobby. “When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting . . .”

Soviet power. Unsuccessfully he urged an invasion to keep the Balkans free of Russia. Despite the disapproval of his allies, he threw British troops into newly free Greece where, in a bloody struggle, they routed Communist guerrillas bent upon seizing control.

Germany surrendered on May 7, 1945. “Weary and worn,” wrote Churchill, “impoverished but undaunted and now triumphant, we had a moment that was sublime. We gave thanks to God for the noblest of all His blessings, the sense that we had done our duty.”

In July of the same year, while the Potsdam Conference met, the British electorate turned Churchill out of office by voting against the



Conservatives. He would return to 10 Downing Street to guide Britain’s affairs from 1951 to 1955, but his defeat in 1945 came as a bitter disappointment. Still, he relinquished power without a murmur, and his farewell message thanked his countrymen “for the unflinching, unswerving support which they have given me during my task, and for the many expressions of kindness which they have shown towards their servant.”

TROOPS LINED the funeral route. As the solemn procession advanced up Whitehall, each man held his rifle muzzle-down, with hands enfolding the butt.



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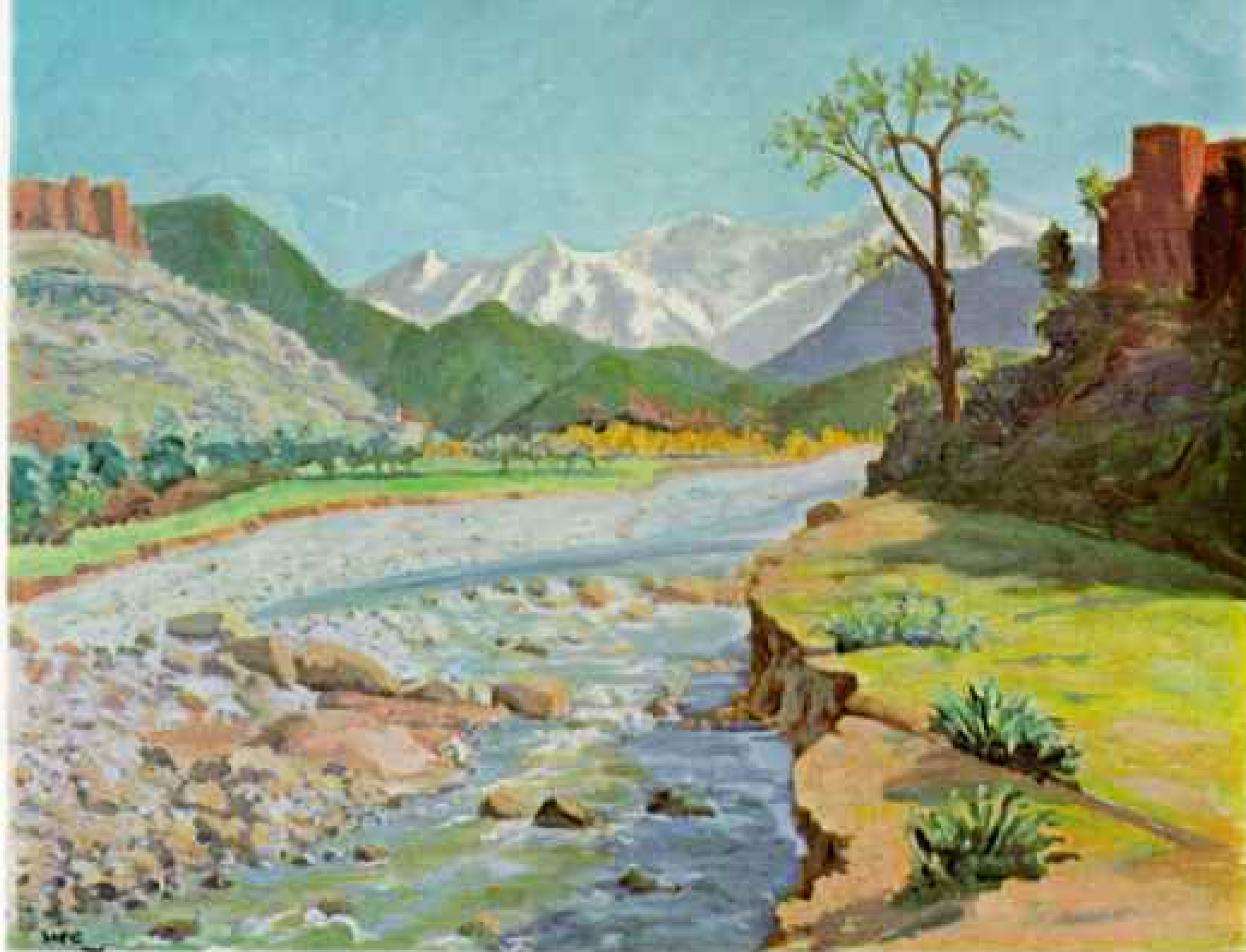
Every head was bent. Then, in response to barked commands, hands slammed explosively on rifles and the troops snapped to present arms as the sailors drew the coffin past a drab building with two stone sea horses guarding the entrance—the Admiralty.

When Winston Churchill—an ambitious, brilliant soldier-turned-politician—became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911 at the age of 36, he inherited an obsolescent navy. Thoroughly alive to the threat of a restive Germany athirst for colonies and power, the young First Lord wrenched the Royal Navy from the 19th century into the 20th. In the

face of violent opposition, he converted major vessels from coal to oil. He provided new battleships with 15-inch guns, giving them the greatest range and power on the seas.

On his own initiative, Churchill mobilized the Royal Navy on August 1, 1914. Three days later, war exploded throughout Europe. Britain's fleets were at sea, ready for action.

As World War I degenerated into the systematic slaughter of trench warfare, the energetic First Lord sought to circumvent the bloody stalemate. With the aid of technical advisers, he devised a "landship," an armored vehicle that would run on caterpillar treads. Although in 1915 he authorized building 18



“VALLEY OF THE OURIKA AND ATLAS MOUNTAINS” in North Africa, a painting Churchill gave to General Eisenhower, hangs this summer on loan at the New York World’s Fair.



“I GOT INTO my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence—which is a noble thing.” This was Churchill, the lover of the English language, whose words could overwhelm with the rolling thunder of a cannonade or cut with rapier sharpness.

Here he works at his stand-up desk at Chartwell while writing his monumental *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. His personal banner hangs from the rafters of his study (opposite). A copy of the room stands in the Churchill Pavilion at the New York World’s Fair. Sponsored by People to People, Inc., the exhibit holds 34 of Sir Winston’s paintings—one of the largest showings of his work—a draft of the Atlantic Charter amended in his own hand, other documents, photographs, and letters.

In his years out of office following World War II, Churchill at Chartwell worked on his six-volume *The Second World War*, dictating torrents of words to secretaries laboring in relays.

such vehicles, hostile bureaucrats cut total production to one. This single landship, however, became the parent of the armored behemoths that crunched over German defenses in 1918, helping drive Gen. Erich Ludendorff to request an armistice.

Churchill's contemporaries called his bizarre vehicles "Winston's Folly." History remembers them as tanks.

Late in 1914, the Russians—pressed hard by the Germans in the west and the Turks in the south—requested that their British allies move against Turkey. Within the Admiralty, a plan formed. A naval sweep through the

Dardanelles, ending in the capture of Constantinople, would open a sea route to Russia, draw the vital anti-Turkish states of the Balkans into the war on the Allied side, and enable Britain to strike at Austria-Hungary through that troubled corner of Europe.

The First Lord supported the idea enthusiastically. "Through the narrows of the Dardanelles," he said, "and across the ridges of the Gallipoli Peninsula lie some of the shortest paths to triumphant peace."

There was no precedent for so large and complex an amphibious operation as the British landing at Gallipoli. No military staff

JOHN R. LEVIER, PRODUCER, "THE FIRST LORD," A FILM BASED ON CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS





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of the time could cope with its manifold problems. Close coordination among sea, land, and air forces simply did not exist. And yet, in one of history's most haunting might-have-beens, Gallipoli almost succeeded (pages 172-3).

Before the harsh, confused ten-month campaign ended, the British and French had lost six battleships and suffered 250,000 casualties. But indecision and delay dogged every move. The navy never made a truly determined attempt to fight its way to Constantinople; the army committed its brigades in niggardly and haphazard fashion. Even so, the Turkish General Staff admitted after the war that on several occasions the invaders had come within a single well-pressed attack of victory.

The Gallipoli campaign ended with ignominious evacuation. A general came from London to assess the situation. He counseled immediate withdrawal. As Churchill wrote acidly, "He came, he saw, he capitulated."

The failure at Gallipoli spelled failure for Winston Churchill. He alone had supported the campaign with unswerving faith. The full blame, therefore, descended upon him. The government fell, and he was relegated to a minor cabinet post.

"I am finished," he told a friend. As he left the Admiralty in disgrace, his sole comfort lay in the words of Lord Kitchener, "There is one thing at any rate they cannot take from you. The Fleet was ready."

The debacle at Gallipoli shadowed Churchill's life for more than a decade. During the 1920's, the cry "What about the Dardanelles?" greeted him wherever he spoke. Ironically, no strategist now questions the wisdom of the ill-starred operation. Churchill's plan had failed not in the conception, but in the execution.

Resigning his government post, the former First Lord went to France. There, with distinction, he commanded a battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Once a general reprimanded him for having his headquarters in an area exposed to enemy fire. "It's positively dangerous," sputtered the officer.

"Sir," replied Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill, "it is a very dangerous war."

Twenty-four years after being driven from the Admiralty, Churchill returned as another holocaust swept across Europe. The navy, which he had served so well, had not forgotten him. A delighted signal flashed from the Admiralty to all ships: "Winston is back."

"THE CULTIVATION of a hobby... a policy of first importance to a public man." Churchill tiles the roof of a cottage he helped build at Chartwell (opposite). During his long period out of power, he took up bricklaying as a serious pastime.

"FROM THE OUTSET I was deeply interested in the air and vividly conscious of the changes which it must bring to every form of war." Britain's national survival later hinged on the air power Churchill worked so hard to develop. He took flying instruction, but gave it up after a crash in 1919, though all his life he continued to fly frequently as a passenger. Here he leaves a plane in 1939 during an inspection of No. 615 Auxiliary Squadron, of which he was Honorary Air Commodore.



FOR PHOTOS

THE BLACK-DRAPED DRUMS throbbed and the feet of the marchers scuffed the pavement in slow, measured pace as the procession curved into Trafalgar Square. The figure of Nelson, high on its 145-foot column, dominated the scattered statues of kings and generals and admirals who had won lands beyond the seas for England. The names on the buildings—Canada House, Uganda House, South Africa House, Malaysia House—rang with the echo of empire.

The man on the gun carriage had shared in old campaigns and old glories. He merited a place among the heroes. And one day he might also merit a place in the long, low building that stretches across Trafalgar Square's northern edge—the National Gallery.

Winston Churchill, man of many talents and master of most, added still another following his dismissal from the Admiralty in 1915. The soft English summer drew him to Surrey on weekends. After toying with his children's paintbox, he bought himself an elaborate set of paints. One morning he sat in the sun before a virgin canvas. Carefully, hesitantly, he made a tiny daub of blue where the

sky would be. Then he stopped, overwhelmed by the challenge of the empty canvas.

Unexpectedly, the wife of the well-known artist Sir John Lavery came by. "Painting!" she exclaimed. "But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush—the big one."

Churchill watched as she slashed the canvas with broad strokes of blue. "The spell was broken," he wrote. "The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since."

In 1921, under the pseudonym of Charles Morin, he exhibited five landscapes in Paris. Four sold promptly at £30 each. In 1947, the Royal Academy accepted two of his works, submitted under the name Mr. Winter.

Two years later, one of his finest efforts, "The Blue Sitting Room, Trent Park," was sold for charity. A Brazilian bought it for £1,310, declaring he would have bid £13,000 if necessary. The Royal Academy named Churchill an Honorary Academician Extraordinary—an unprecedented tribute.

In 48 years with brush and canvas, Churchill completed more than 500 paintings. To the end, he did it purely for pleasure.



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“MY CONTACTS with His Majesty’s Government became more frequent and intimate with the mounting of the crisis.” Grim-faced and thoughtful, Churchill leaves a conference with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain on September 10, 1938.

“Just to paint is great fun,” he proclaimed in a short, bright book called *Painting as a Pastime*. “The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing.”

Above all, the gifted Sunday artist doted on glowing pigments. “I cannot pretend to feel impartial about the colours,” he wrote. “I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject.”

THREADING through the Strand, the procession wheeled past the church of St. Clement Danes, known in happier

times through the gay little nursery rhyme:

Oranges and lemons

Say the bells of St. Clement’s . . .

But now St. Clement’s is a monument to battle. Gutted by Luftwaffe bombs in 1941, it was reconsecrated 17 years later as the Church of the Royal Air Force. A panel lists 56 battle honors won by the RAF in World War II.

In the stunned aftermath of the French surrender in 1940, England stood alone, short of guns and aircraft. The new Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, addressed the nation: “I expect that the battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilisation. Upon it depends our own British life, and the long continuity of our institutions and our Empire. . . Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. . . Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, ‘This was their finest hour.’”

On July 2, German Gen. Wilhelm Keitel signed a directive: “The Fuehrer and Supreme Commander has decided . . . that a landing in England is possible, provided that air superiority can be attained. . .”

From their newly captured airfields in France, the fighters and bombers of the Luftwaffe stormed across southern England. As high summer deepened into autumn, the contrails of the world’s first decisive air battle latticed the blue British skies.

Daily the heavy bombers, Dorniers and Heinkels, roared up the Thames estuary in successive waves, and daily the Hurricanes and Spitfires swarmed up the sky to meet them, harassing the bigger airplanes like enraged wasps.

“God,” one pilot recalls, “how I loved that Hurricane! It was like a flying gun platform!” Flaming tracers scorched the heavens, aircraft exploded into dying comets, parachutes drifted down through the bright air like random, unseasonal snowflakes.

As loudspeakers all across the Reich blared a popular march of that year, “*Bomben auf Engelland*”—“Bombs on England”—the aerial war mounted. The odds against the Royal Air Force were enormous. German aircraft outnumbered British aircraft by almost four to one. Yet in July the RAF shot down 164 enemy planes at a cost of 58 of their own. In August, they destroyed 662 German aircraft, losing 360. In September, they shot down 582, with a loss of 361.

Group Capt. Douglas Bader, who had lost both legs in a flying accident in 1931, rejoined the RAF in 1939 and fought in the Battle of Britain. "Of course the odds were heavy," he told me. "But odds make no difference when you fight over your own country."

From dawn to dusk, the fighter pilots stood at readiness. Most flew an average of three sorties a day; some flew as many as seven. By desperately juggling men and machines, the RAF Fighter Command managed to meet each enemy onslaught head on.

"Actually, it was easier on us than it was for the people on the ground," Bader recalls. "They watched their houses burn and their families die and just carried on. We at least were in the sky having a go at the Germans.

"Above all, it was an exhilarating period. We had purpose and pride. And Churchill gave them to us. We all waited for his voice on the radio. Everybody, in the air as well as on the ground, relied on this one man."

Throughout that tragic season Churchill—wearing a zippered siren suit—was everywhere. Day by day he followed in the wake of the bombers, striding through the rubble, puffing his cigar, heartening the newly homeless by thrusting up his fingers in the famous V-for-victory gesture. Lord Ismay recalled one such episode:

"The docks in East London had been heavily raided one night. One bomb had hit an air-raid shelter, killing 40 people inside. Winston's advisers were somewhat apprehensive

"THIS IS ONLY the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup. . . ." Churchill assailed the "peace in our time" agreement at Munich in 1938, signed by Chamberlain (left), French Premier Edouard Daladier, Adolf Hitler, and Benito Mussolini. Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italy's Foreign Minister, stands at right. Said Churchill of the negotiations, which gave Czechoslovakia's Sudetenland to Germany, "The belief that security can be obtained by throwing a small state to the wolves is a fatal delusion."

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“LET US . . . brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, ‘This was their finest hour.’” Thus Churchill rallied his people soon after becoming Prime Minister, May 10, 1940. Seven months later he visits bomb-smashed Manchester (above).

More than 40,000 British civilians died in the first year of attacks, but a fistful of pilots saved England by cracking the German air arm. “It did not matter where the blow struck,” Churchill wrote, “the nation was as sound as the sea is salt.”



“ST. PAUL’S CATHEDRAL was only saved by heroic exertions” in the holocaust of the Blitz. The landmark, built by Sir Christopher Wren, endured. In a two-month period, London suffered 57 nights of battering. The city, wrote Churchill, “was like some huge prehistoric animal . . . mangled and bleeding . . . yet preserving its life . . .” Left, he watches for bombers with his daughter Mary, an officer in an anti-aircraft battery.



ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS (ROCK); GETTY IMAGES (OPPOSITE UPPER); ANS VIA

about his visiting this area, since the dockers, a rough lot, might easily become abusive over the inadequacy of their shelters.

"But the Prime Minister insisted upon going, so we went. A large crowd had gathered around the ruins of the shelter, watching the bodies being removed. As we approached, one man looked up and shouted, 'Good old Winnie, we thought you'd come!' Another called out, 'We can take it. You give it back to them!'

"When we finally turned away," Lord Ismay said, "I overheard one woman say to another, 'You see, he really cares. He's crying.'

"Another time our train arrived in Bristol during a mammoth all-night air raid. The city was literally smashed. The 'all clear' sounded at dawn, and Winston made the rounds of the ruined areas. I remember arriving with him at a collection center, where bodies were brought for identification. An old woman was sitting in a corner, weeping bitterly. She had lost absolutely everything in the raid—her home, her family, everything. Suddenly she recognized Winston. What happened next was almost blasphemous. Her eyes lit up and she began to cheer."

One raid on London destroyed the House of

Commons. A bomb smashed the kitchen of 10 Downing Street while Churchill dined in a neighboring room. Another scored a direct hit on Monkey Hill at the London Zoo. The BBC duly reported the event on its newscast. The announcer added: "The morale of the monkeys remains high."

The critical moment in the Battle of Britain came on a Sunday afternoon in mid-September. With his wife, the Prime Minister drove from his official country residence, Chequers, to the underground Operations Room of Number 11 Group, Fighter Command, at Uxbridge. Air Vice-Marshal Keith R. Park, commanding this group charged with the defense of southern England, informed him that all was quiet. Churchill took a seat overlooking the huge map table and electrified wall charts that flashed the course of enemy action and the disposition of Park's 25 available squadrons.

Soon a report crackled that "40 plus" German aircraft were swooping in from Dieppe. Disks on the map traced their progress. Other reports began to pour in: 40 plus planes here . . . 60 plus there . . . even one formation of 80 plus. The disks multiplied as wave after wave of enemy aircraft thundered across the Channel.

Park hurled his squadrons into the air, carefully countering each threat in turn. Soon red lights showed that all 25 were engaged. He called for reinforcements from Stanmore, to the north. Three squadrons could be spared. They too roared into action. Still the German bombers poured in from France. By then the British fighters were running on the last of their fuel, firing the last of their ammunition.

"What other reserves have we?" Churchill asked.

"There are none," the air vice-marshal said simply.

Silence descended on the room. Of that moment, Churchill wrote: "The odds were great; our margins small; the stakes infinite."

Then, almost miraculously, the disks on the map table began to shift eastward. The German aerial flotillas, mauled by the desperate Royal Air Force squadrons, had had enough. They were peeling off, heading back across the Channel. With the skies cleared of the enemy, the exhausted English fighters fluttered back to earth.

A month earlier, in an address to Parliament, Churchill had already summed up the debt owed by all free men to the valiant pilots of the RAF. "Never in the field of human conflict," he said, "was so much owed by so many to so few."

THE FIRST ARRIVALS had claimed their places along the funeral route the night before. They came with sweaters and blankets and vacuum flasks of hot tea. At first there was laughter and merriment and a sense of solidarity. But by 3 in the morning all the fun, like the hot tea, had drained away.

A girl sat swathed in a blanket at Ludgate Circus. Her eyes blinked wearily behind her glasses as I asked, "Why didn't you stay home? You'd be warm and comfortable now, and tomorrow you'd see more of the funeral on television than you'll ever see from here."

Her lips formed a stiff, half-frozen smile. She said, "That really wouldn't be paying tribute to Sir Winston, would it?"

I saw her again in the morning. Tears of pride and sorrow brimmed in her eyes as she watched the cortege—a crescendo of drums and brass and national grandeur—march toward her out of Fleet Street.

I HAVE NOTHING to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." Before the House of Commons, Churchill thus made his historic call for fortitude in 1940 (record, opposite page 198). One year later, he stands bleakly amid the bomb-shattered timbers of the legislative chamber. "It was . . . lucky that when the Chamber was blown to pieces . . . it was by night and not by day, when empty and not full," noted the Prime Minister. Commons moved to other quarters and continued its work uninterrupted.





“THE LIBERATING ASSAULT fell upon the coast of France.” D-Day, June 6, 1944, launched 156,000 men against Normandy; most stormed ashore from an armada of 5,000 ships that covered a 60-mile arc from Cherbourg Peninsula to the Orne River. Here Americans pour onto Omaha Beach.

For the first time in living memory, newspapermen on Fleet Street wore black ties. They did it to mourn a former colleague who became Prime Minister.

Winston Churchill knew Fleet Street well. Despite his glittering background, he had to earn his own living through most of his life. At various times he wrote for the *Daily Graphic*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *News of the World*. From 1931 to 1935, his articles appeared in newspapers throughout Great Britain and the United States, as well as in 16 European nations. So prodigious was his

output that he hired a battery of secretaries and dictated to them tirelessly. “I lived in fact from mouth to hand,” he said.

Churchill’s most amazing journalistic exploit—one that made him a national hero and catapulted him into a political career—occurred during the Boer War. In 1899 the hardy Boers who had settled South Africa mounted a guerrilla campaign to drive British forces out of the Transvaal. The *Morning Post* immediately dispatched Churchill to report the conflict. The newspaper guaranteed him complete freedom of movement and



U.S. COAST GUARD

Mined obstacles spike the sand; from cliff-top bunkers, German guns rake the landing parties. In history's greatest amphibious operation, the U.S. won Omaha and Utah Beaches; British and Canadians secured Juno, Gold, and Sword. But D-Day claimed 10,000 Allied casualties.

opinion, paying all expenses plus a salary of £250 a month; "higher, I think," recorded Churchill, "than any previously paid in British journalism to war correspondents."

Barely two weeks after arriving in South Africa, Churchill joined an armored train reconnoitering Boer territory. A striking force—the Boers first used both the name and the concept of "commando" tactics—ambushed the train. Churchill was captured and imprisoned in a school at Pretoria (page 166).

The following month he escaped. "Now or never!" he wrote. "I stood on a ledge, seized

the top of the wall... and drew myself up. Twice I let myself down again in sickly hesitation, and then with a third resolve scrambled up and over. My waistcoat got entangled with the ornamental metal-work on the top. I had to pause for an appreciable moment to extricate myself... Then I lowered myself lightly down into the adjoining garden and crouched among the shrubs. I was free!"

He traveled cross-country afoot—"My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition"—and stole a ride on a freight train.

“THESE OFFICES were far below the level of the Thames . . . care had to be taken that those in them were not trapped by an inrush of water.” Churchill often visited the Map Room in London’s War Room complex, now preserved by the government.

“LONG have we looked forward to the day when British and American troops would enter again the fields of France, and, regardless of loss and sacrifice, drive the foe before them from towns and cities famous in history,” said Churchill to the House of Commons. Here he talks with soldiers of the British Second Army after the invasion of Normandy. Behind Churchill walks General Montgomery, over-all land force commander of the assault.

Finally he stumbled across a compatriot who smuggled him over the border into Portuguese East Africa, now Mozambique. From there he sailed back to Durban, where he received a hero’s welcome.

“Whirled along on the shoulders of the crowd, I was carried to the steps of the town hall, where nothing would content them but a speech, which after a becoming reluctance I was induced to deliver.”

Only one aspect of the entire dramatic episode irked Churchill. The Boers had offered a £25 reward for his capture, dead or alive. He felt that it should have been at least £50.

In 1926, in the face of a general strike that idled presses throughout England, Churchill—then Chancellor of the Exchequer—recruited volunteers to publish a daily newspaper, the *British Gazette*. He turned out a first issue of 230,000 copies; his seventh and



next-to-last issue sold 2,209,000 copies—the most meteoric rise in publishing history. Once when a press broke down, he imperiously called upon the Royal Navy to fix it.

Churchill's feeling for words permeated every activity. During World War II, he substituted the title Home Guard for the cumbersome Local Defence Volunteers. When the government proposed to set up Communal Feeding Centres, he objected violently to the term, "an odious expression, suggestive of Communism and the workhouse," and substituted British Restaurants, saying, "Everybody associates the word 'restaurant' with a good meal, and they may as well have the name if they cannot get anything else."

"Writing a book," he once said, "is an adventure. To begin with, it is a toy, an amusement; then it becomes a mistress, and then a master, and then a tyrant." He underwent

this literary tyranny some two dozen times in his life. He produced biographies of his father and of his illustrious ancestor Marlborough. His mastery of the language won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953; the citation termed him a "Caesar who also has the gift of wielding Cicero's stylus."

As a historian he possessed an incalculable advantage over his political foes. He voiced it best in the course of a sprightly dispute in the House of Commons: "For my part, I consider that it will be found much better by all Parties to leave the past to history, especially as I propose to write that history myself."

A *EAST WIND* fluttered the flag on the coffin as the marchers mounted Ludgate Hill toward St. Paul's Cathedral—a massive symphony in stone, its undaunted dome proudly piercing the dull sky.

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Just inside the entrance of the cathedral, the honorary pallbearers—companions of the time of glory—sat in silence, waiting. Some of the old, great men had not seen one another for years. But no one spoke.

The doors of the cathedral of war and empire swung open. The coffin came down the center aisle, past the statuary honoring fallen heroes, past the tombs of the Duke of Wellington and "Chinese" Gordon, past the chapels

where old battle flags hang dusty and still in the gloom. Early in the service, a booming chord on the organ led into one of Churchill's favorites, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The voices of the choir swelled like clarions on the line, "He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat. . . ."

It almost seemed that Julia Ward Howe had written her mighty anthem with Winston



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

“NO MORE LET US FALTER! From Malta to Yalta! Let nobody alter!” Churchill displayed his wit in a cable to President Roosevelt about travel routes to Yalta. This conference with Soviet Premier Stalin in February, 1945 (left), was the last time the three men met. Roosevelt died on April 12. An advocate of face-to-face discussions, the Prime Minister had sailed for Washington within a week of Pearl Harbor in 1941. His daughter Mary bade him farewell (above). Last wartime conclave, with President Harry S. Truman and Stalin, occurred at Potsdam in July, 1945 (below). Churchill’s party lost the election during this conference. “A blessing in disguise,” said Mrs. Churchill. Her husband replied: “At the moment it seems quite effectively disguised.”



U. S. NAVY (ABOVE AND LEFT)

Churchill in mind. But, in any case, the American hymn belonged in St. Paul’s on that day. For Britain was burying a Prime Minister whose forefathers had borne arms in the ragged ranks of the Continental Army.

Churchill’s American roots struck deep. His maternal grandmother descended from Puritan settlers in New England. His grandfather, Leonard Jerome—a flamboyant, high-living Wall Street speculator—had bought

control of a Rochester, New York, newspaper to editorialize against slavery. Jerome later became part owner of the *New York Times*.

Dark of hair and eye, Churchill’s mother, Jennie Jerome, dazzled the Victorian world. “Radiant, translucent, intense . . .” observed an admirer. “More of the panther than of the woman in her look, but with a cultivated intelligence unknown to the jungle.” Lord Randolph Churchill met her during the regatta at



KEYSTONE (TOP) AND IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM



"MY HATE had died with their surrender," Churchill wrote of his visit to Berlin in July, 1945. He sat triumphant on the symbol of a detested foe—a broken chair from the bunker where Hitler died. Magnanimous in victory, Churchill was affected by the exhausted face of the beaten German nation. He walked through a crowd in front of the shattered Chancellery. "They all began to cheer . . . and I was much moved by their demonstrations, and also by their haggard looks and threadbare clothes."

Cowes in 1873. Within 72 hours he proposed.

"My mother," Churchill wrote, "always seemed to me a fairy princess: a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power. . . . She shone for me like the Evening Star. I loved her dearly—but at a distance."

He often visited the graves of his mother and father beside St. Martin's Church in Bladon. One such pilgrimage came in the autumn of 1941, during the most hopeless phase of the war. The police allowed no one to accompany the Prime Minister inside the churchyard. But Mrs. Lyn Edwards, headmistress of Bladon School, happened to be at her window overlooking the small cemetery. She told me what she saw.

Churchill placed a wreath of yellow gladioli before each tombstone. Then he knelt at his mother's grave. For ten minutes he spoke to the little earthen mound as though, somehow, Lady Randolph Churchill of the dark, flashing beauty could hear him. As he talked, tears rolled down his face.

Finally he rose and wiped his eyes. Bracing himself, he jammed on his hat, lit a cigar, and passed through the gates of the churchyard toward the waiting throng. As he came out,

he gave his defiant "V" sign, and once again became the swaggering statesman who promised victory at all costs.

Winston Churchill's love for his mother's homeland was deep and sincere. Throughout his life, he spared no pains to further Anglo-American friendship. To him, the Lend Lease legislation of 1941 stood as "the most unsordid act in the history of any nation."

Six times he traversed the Atlantic to confer with President Roosevelt—and always with the Churchillian flair. "We would have lifeboat drill the first day out," Lord Ismay recalls, "and Winston would insist that the lifeboat assigned to him be heavily armed. I think he secretly wanted to battle a U-boat."

From the first meeting of the President and the Prime Minister at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, in 1941, came the Atlantic Charter, a statement of war aims that later served as cornerstone of the United Nations.

We are indebted to the *Daily Telegraph*, London, and Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; to Odhams Books Limited, London, and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; to Messrs. Cassell & Company Limited and Messrs. George G. Harrap & Company Limited for permission to quote excerpts from the writings, the speeches, and the War Memoirs of the late Sir Winston S. Churchill.

OFFICIAL WAR MUSEUM

"THE GENERAL and I walked together, followed by a concourse of the leading figures of French public life. . . ." Churchill once called Charles de Gaulle "the man of destiny." Here they march victorious along the Champs Elysées during the Prime Minister's first visit to liberated Paris, on November 11, 1944, the 26th anniversary of the end of World War I.

"THIS IS YOUR VICTORY! It is the victory of the cause of freedom in every land." The day: May 8, 1945. The Nazi terror has ended; Churchill addresses 50,000 of his countrymen in Whitehall.

But a few days later he struck a somber note: "I must warn you . . . that there is still a lot to do, and that you must be prepared for further efforts of mind and body and further sacrifices to great causes. . . ."





“FAMOUS have been the reigns of our Queens,” Churchill said on the accession of Elizabeth II to the throne. He had known her all her life, and she was the sixth monarch he had served. On April 4, 1955, the day before his final retirement as Prime Minister, Sir Winston entertained Elizabeth at a farewell dinner at No. 10 Downing Street. Beside him to greet the radiant Queen stood Lady Churchill, his beloved “Clemmie.” He met the vivacious Clementine Hozier in 1908, married her the same year, and “lived happily ever afterwards”—56 years.

“WE MUST AIM at nothing less than the union of Europe as a whole,” Churchill told the Congress of Europe at The Hague in 1948. “After all, Europe has only to arise and stand in her own majesty, faithfulness and virtue, to confront all forms of tyranny, ancient or modern...” The responding ovation (right) brought tears to his eyes.

Three times he addressed Congress—an unprecedented privilege for a foreigner. Once he commented that, had his father rather than his mother been American, “I might have got here on my own” (record, page 198).

At Fulton, Missouri, in March, 1946—a scant year after the war—the old prophet, now turned out of office, sounded the tocsin on the growing threat of the Soviet Union. “From Stettin in the Baltic,” said Churchill, “to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent...”

The American people returned the docty warrior’s affection and respect in full measure.* By vote of both Houses of Congress, Winston Churchill became an honorary citizen of the United States. President John F. Kennedy signed the proclamation on April 9, 1963. “By adding his name to our rolls,” said

*This past June, Alaska honored Sir Winston by giving a 15,638-foot peak in the Wrangell Mountains the name of Mount Churchill.



BETH RADIN FINEG HILTON PICTURE LIBRARY

the President, "we mean to honor him—but his acceptance honors us far more. For no statement or proclamation can enrich his name now—the name Sir Winston Churchill is already legend."

THE PIPERS WAITED on Tower Hill; their tartans and their greens rivaled the rainbow. As the coffin advanced toward the Thames, the drums beat their hollow cadence and the war pipes—wailing high and tragic—seemed to weep for all the world.

They bore him past the old, mottled Tower of London where his ancestor, Marlborough, had once been imprisoned by royal caprice. Bosun's whistles piped him aboard the launch Havengore. Then, as cannon boomed and the Royal Marine Band smashed into "Rule, Britannia!" God's great Englishman went down to the sea for the last time.

It ended where it had begun almost a cen-

tury before. He lies with his mother and father, and from his grave in the churchyard at Bladon you can see his birthplace, Blenheim Palace. The graveside service lasted only five minutes. After the final prayer, Lady Churchill bowed her head in silence. Then the family filed out. Each man bowed to the grave as he passed; each woman curtsied.

Later came flowers to blanket the fresh-turned earth (page 223). Amid those from presidents and royalty, a spray of red roses, tulips, and carnations bore the poignant inscription, "To my darling Winston, Clemmie."

But the most touching tribute lay back in London. I found it in the dusk at the base of the Cenotaph—a cheap bouquet of daffodils wilted by the damp cold, grimy with the city's soot. A war widow had placed it there with a handwritten note: "To Winston L. Spencer Churchill to whom this island and the world owes so much. In sorrow and with deepest gratitude we thank you sir." ❁ ❁ ❁



WALL WALKER LABORATORY AND BRITISH WAR OFFICE

The sound of living history

“HE MOBILIZED the English language and sent it into battle,” said the late President John F. Kennedy, referring to Sir Winston Churchill’s decisive World War II role in rallying the forces of freedom.

The phonograph record opposite (pages 198A-B) marks a publishing milestone; with it NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC now brings you the magnificent words of Winston Churchill, the words that called his countrymen and the world to greatness. His well-remembered voice rings out once more against the stirring background of his own funeral—the somber marches, the booming guns, the swelling hymns, the skirling pipes. And the voice of his old friend Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower speaks a final noble tribute.

Among the excerpts from Sir Winston’s speeches, several

were recorded at the moment of delivery. Others, such as his poignant closing words, he later committed to tape.

Your Society commissioned Jack Clink of Capital Film Laboratories, Inc., to fly to London to capture the pomp and pageantry of Sir Winston Churchill’s funeral. NBC news correspondent David Brinkley then edited the finished recording and provided the dramatic narration.

The 4,650,000 records distributed with this issue of the GEOGRAPHIC stand as a technical triumph in preserving high-quality sound on durable vinyl flexible enough to bind into the magazine. The record adds a rich new medium to color photography and the written word for portraying life, scenery, and the sounds of the world.

This record, together with 73 pages of text and photographs, completes a truly three-dimensional portrait of Sir Winston Churchill. I sincerely hope that members will find it a living archive of a great man and a great era.—THE EDITOR

“IF MY FATHER had been American and my mother British . . . I might have got here on my own.” Churchill tells a joint meeting of the United States Congress on December 26, 1941. The words come alive on the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC record.

“ENGLAND . . . some chicken; some neck,” Britain’s Prime Minister says on the floor of Canada’s Parliament four days later. What did he mean? Your record will explain.

INSTRUCTIONS

To remove record, hold magazine firmly with left hand and grasp vinyl sheet in upper right-hand corner with right thumb and forefinger; pull vinyl until it separates from top staple. In the same way, free record from bottom staple. Pull away excess plastic at the perforations to make the record square.

On automatic phonographs, play the record on “Manual” setting. Handle it carefully to avoid creases. If it slips, tape it down at two corners on the turntable or onto a conventional record. If you still have trouble, check the operation of your phonograph with a standard disc. Be sure your turntable is level.

This record contains excerpts from *Winston S. Churchill, His Memoirs and His Speeches, 1918-1945*, a series of recordings made under exclusive license from Sir Winston Churchill and distributed by London Records, Inc., of New York, a subsidiary of The Decca Record Company Ltd., London, England.





The Final Tribute

THEY CALLED IT A FUNERAL. But it was also, in truth, a triumph—the spectacle of a nation, a family of nations, not bowed in grief but standing, taller than life, in proud salute to the memory of a man.

They called it a funeral. And kings and queens, princes, prime ministers, and presidents came to pay their respects beneath the dome of a noble cathedral. Yet it was also a soaring celebration in recognition of the heights the human spirit can attain at its finest flowering.

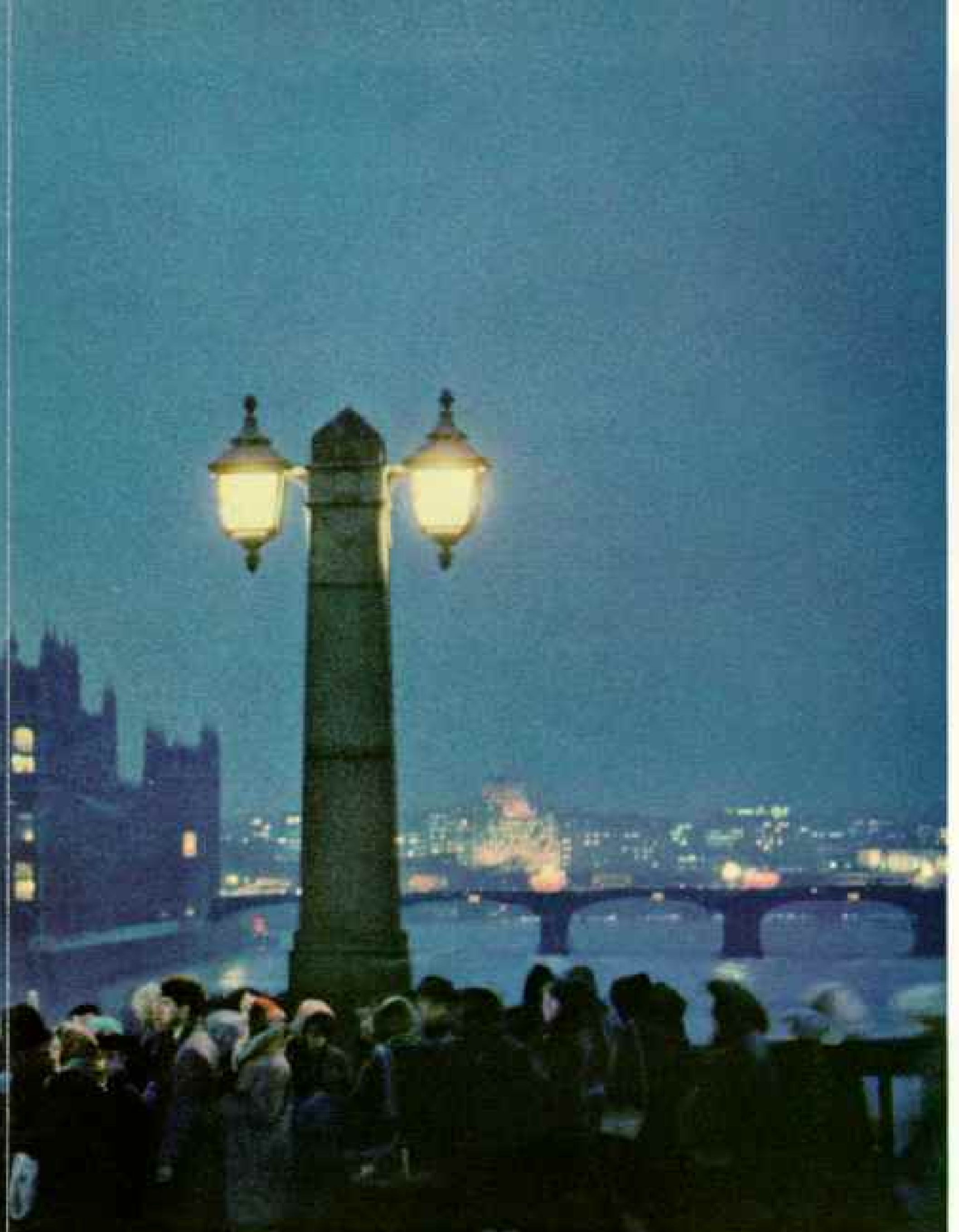
They called it a funeral. But few dramas have ever unfolded with such perfection. Thousands played out their faultless roles on the stage of a great city, and history itself served as narrator. Men marched, their faces a discipline of dignity. Bands played the somber, majestic themes that man has composed to commemorate death. Guns boomed 90 times for his 90 years. Gallant flags bowed. Time itself seemed to stop as Big Ben stood silent.

The rites for Sir Winston Churchill carried no burden of tragedy. If there was sadness, it was for the passing of an age where one man, in himself, could fire the free world to do battle for its own greatness. And if there were tears, they were shed in watching the mists of death cover the mirror of a personality where men had seen themselves ennobled.

Text by CAROLYN BENNETT PATTERSON

National Geographic Assistant Editor



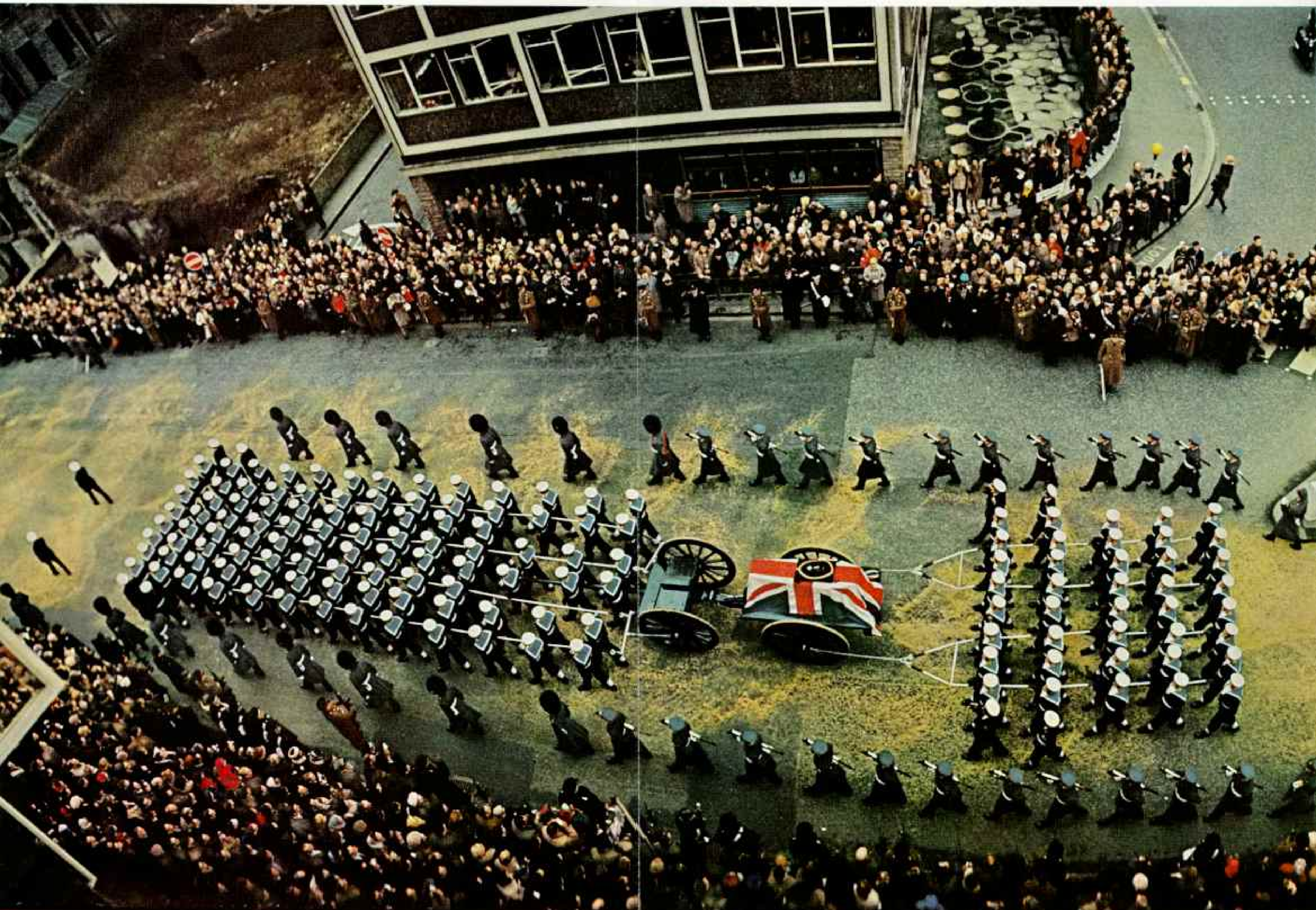


ESTABLISHED BY GERRY GRANOW (ABOVE); AND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS JAMES P. BLAIR (BELOW, LEFT) AND E. ANTHONY STEWART © N.G.S.

WESTMINSTER lifts its tower beside the misty Thames as a river of mourners flows slowly toward the great hall (opposite) to pay homage at the bier of Sir Winston. In the stream: an old veteran, proud with decorations of World Wars I and II, sad-eyed matrons, and young women and men, their faces touched with rare solemnity. Night falls.

Heads bowed in reverence, Royal Marine officers stand a watch of honor at the catafalque. The Union Flag covers the casket. For centuries the scene of coronation banquets, Westminster Hall now honors the mystery of death with an awesome hush. Four thousand people an hour passed this way during the three days of Churchill's lying in state, from January 27 to the early hours of January 30. And, at the far door, every eye turned for a last look of farewell.





BITTER COLD AND GRAY, January 30, 1965, matches in mood the order for the day: the state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill. Wheels of the gun carriage, never before used to honor a

commoner, grate on sanded streets as the Royal Navy gun crew in slow march pulls the "Former Naval Person"—Churchill's name for himself. The bearer party of Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards



and a Royal Air Force escort flank the sailors. Male members of Sir Winston's family walk before the Town Coach loaned by Queen Elizabeth to carry his wife and daughters. And on the curbs

stand the people, many banked 20 deep along the three-mile route. Some 3,500 members of Britain's armed forces line the processional way, snapping to a rigid present arms as the carriage nears.



Houses of Parliament

10 Downing Street

Westminster Hall

WHITEHALL



- 1 Metropolitan Mounted Police
- 2 Royal Air Force Bands
- 3 Battle of Britain Aircrews—"The Few"
- 4 RAF Detachment
- 5 Royal Sussex Detachment
- 6 Essex Detachment
- 7 299 Regt. Royal Artillery
- 8 Honourable Artillery Company
- 9 Royal Military Academy
- 10 Foot Guard Bands
- 11 Welsh Guards
- 12 Irish Guards
- 13 Scots Guards
- 14 Coldstream Guards
- 15 Grenadier Guards
- 16 Royal Marine Bands
- 17 Royal Marine Forces Volunteer Reserve
- 18 Royal Marines
- 19 Royal Naval Reserve
- 20 Royal Navy

THE PROCESSION: The Mother of Parliaments sees her famous son depart for the last time as Churchill's flag-draped casket on its gun carriage moves amid the scenes where he made history: No. 10 Downing Street, his home as Prime Minister; Admiralty Arch and Trafalgar Square, reminiscent of his service to the Royal Navy; Fleet Street, which proudly counted him a journalist; St. Paul's, the very symbol of Britain's will to survive in World War II; and the Tower, its Union Jack fluttering at half-staff. Even military units of the procession, smart as paint and precise as automatons, echo the toy soldiers that Sir Winston loved to marshal in boyhood games.



St. Paul's Cathedral

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Admiralty Arch

Nelson Column

WHITEHALL

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

STRAND

- 21 Drum Horse and State Trumpeters Household Cavalry
- 22 First Detachment Household Cavalry
- 23 Foot Guard Bands
- 24 Chiefs of Staff
- 25 Insignia and Banner Bearers
- 26 Chief of Staff London District
- 27 Brigade Major and
- 28 Major General Household Brigade
- 29 Earl Marshal
- 30 Royal Naval Gun Crews (Bearer Party not shown)
- 31 Gun Carriage
- 32 RAF Escort
- 33 Family Mourners
- 34 Carriages for Mourners
- 35 Second Detachment Household Cavalry

- 36 Royal Artillery Band
- 37 Metropolitan Police Band
- 38 Police Contingent
- 39 Fire Services Contingent

- 40 Civil Defence Contingent
- 41 British Legion
- 42 Metropolitan Police Rear Escort

Guns in St. James's Park salute the years of Churchill's life.



ENTACHEMENT BY W. EDWARD HOOPER, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © H.B.S.

Sir Winston Churchill's Funeral Procession



The Tower

CANNON STREET

EASTCHEAP

GREAT TOWER STREET



THROUGHOUT the long night before the funeral they huddled together like refugees, those who had come to claim a spot on sidewalks near St. Paul's Cathedral. Many, wrapped in blankets against the biting wind, felt a sense of homelessness at the loss of the man who had given shelter to their souls. Many were young, college students down from Oxford and Cambridge, and children with their parents. But the old came, too, testing anew an endurance shown in the Blitz.



DRAPED in black, Royal Marine drums in slow roll (left) hit at the heart like its own beat. Drum horse (above) leads brilliant-caped State Trumpeters, who ride with eyes downcast. Coldstream



EXTRACTS BY BOB MCCOLLICH (BELOW, RIGHT) AND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS JOSEPH A. BOHERSCHTEL (OPPOSITE, R.), ANTHONY STEWART (OPPOSITE, UPPER), AND ROBERT J. SICKS © N.G.A.



Guards, in red-plumed black bearskins, and an Irish Guardsman (blue plume), march with rifles reversed, the carriage of mourning. Churchill, who delighted in the rich ceremonies of British tradi-

tion, would have applauded his funeral's pomp and pageantry. Ten bands filled London's streets with echoing dirges, in response to Sir Winston's hope "to have plenty of bands and soldiers."



IN MEASURED slow time, sailors march as if feeling their way through darkness. Here the procession moves up Whitehall. Big Ben looms on the skyline.

Face in the crowd (below), one of the multitude who stood to watch the procession, reflects the sad pride of a people's farewell to the man acclaimed "the greatest Englishman."



OFFICERS of the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, Churchill's own regiment, bear his medals and honors: *first cushion, right*, Order of St. Olav, Norway; *second*, Order of Star of Nepal; *third*, Order of Elephant, Denmark, Great Britain's Orders of Merit and Companions of Honour, Order of Netherlands Lion, and military decorations from India, Italy, Spain, Cuba, the United States, the Sudan, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, and France; and *fourth*, Crown of Oak of Luxembourg, Order of Leopold of Belgium, and Grand Sash of the High Order of Sayyid Mohammed Bin Ali al Senussi, given by a North African tribe that scouted for Britain in World War II.

White plumes waving from burnished helmets, the Life Guards of the Household Cavalry wheel round a turn.





SLOWLY, SLOWLY the body of Sir Winston moves up the broad steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, "parish church of the British Empire" (above). Inside, it comes to rest in a place of honor beneath the soaring dome (opposite). And here the mighty of the earth assemble. Representatives of more than 110 nations include six monarchs, five presidents, and fifteen prime ministers. Chief Justice Earl Warren, seen arriving below at center with Ambassador David K. E. Bruce at right and Chief of Protocol Lloyd N. Hand at left, heads the United States delegation.

The service begins (following pages). All face the bier, set amid six massive candlesticks used

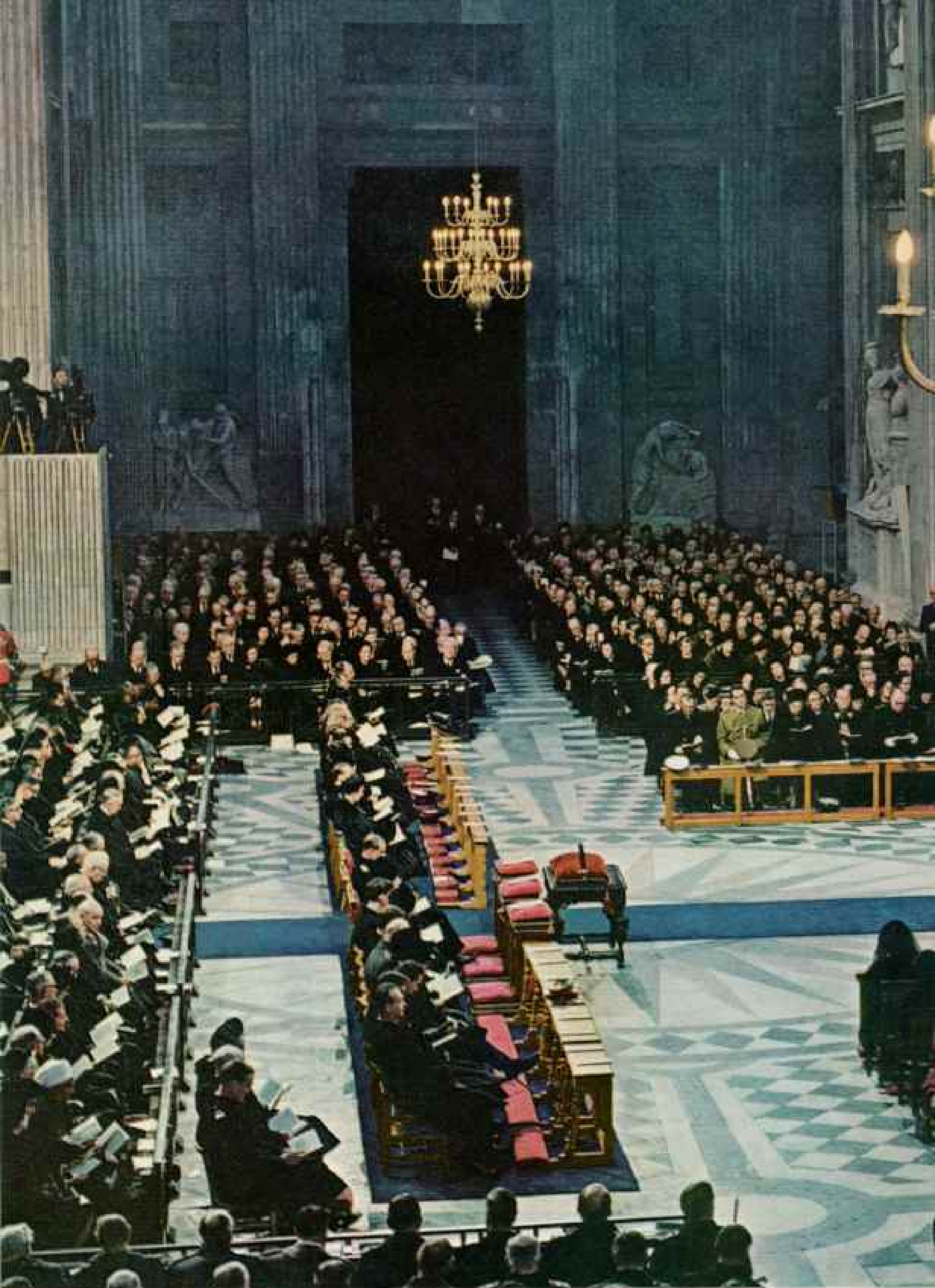
for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852. The insignia of Sir Winston's Order of the Garter rest on the flag-mantled casket.

"Who would true valour see, Let him come hither," sing choir and congregation. The Dean speaks: "Brethren, we are assembled here . . . on the occasion of the burial of a great man who has rendered memorable service to his country and to the cause of freedom. . . ." Strains of America's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" sound: "Mine eyes have seen the glory. . ." At the end, a trumpet in the Whispering Gallery peals the heart-catching notes of the "Last Post," and a cavalry trumpeter answers with "Reveille."

ENTRANCED BY LARRY CERNAN (OPPOSITE) AND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS DECKMAN BENTLEY (OPPOSITE) AND JOSEPH J. BERNSTEIN (TO R. L. F.)

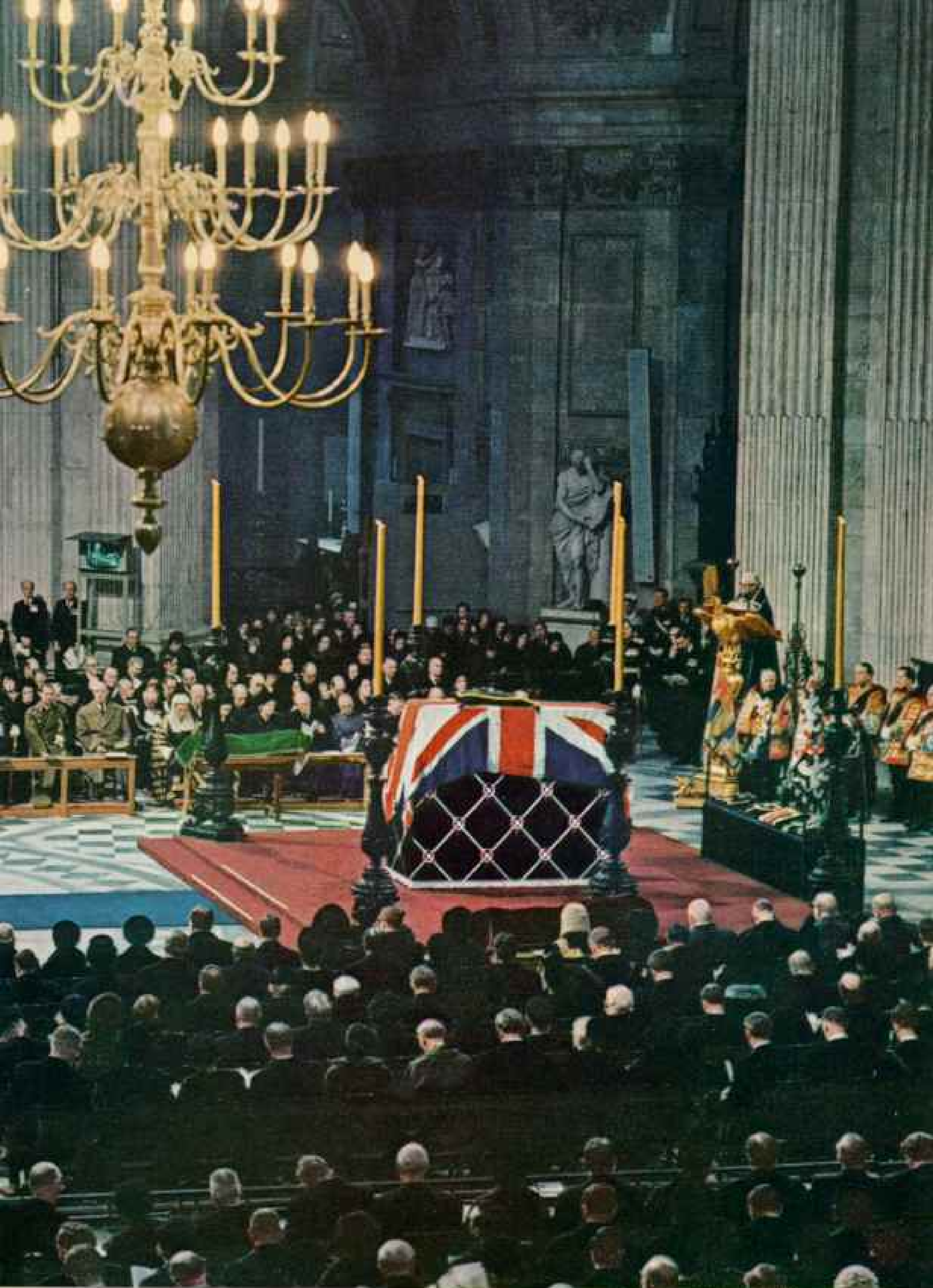






214 **I**N EQUALITY OF MOURNING, all sit together. Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Queen Mother take chairs before three raised

red cushions. Chief Justice Warren sits just behind. High-ranking foreign visitors, facing the catafalque at far center, include President De Gaulle



of France, to the left of the bewigged Speaker of the House of Commons, and General Eisenhower, behind at right. Churchill family, with Lady

Churchill on aisle, occupies the front row, foreground. TV sets show BBC's broadcast, as the Archdeacon of London reads at the lectern.



THE PRECIOUS BURDEN leaves the cathedral, borne on shoulders and arms of stalwart Grenadier Guards, all more than 6 feet 2 inches tall. Their cheeks press the casket reverently. Colour Sergeant Walter Williams leads the way, his face and bearing a study in resolution.

The Old Warrior takes the last salute and bowed-head homage from his long-time comrades, now honorary pallbearers: Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer (far left), Mr. Harold Macmillan (left, center), Lord Ismay (right, saluting), and Lord Normanbrook, Secretary of the Cabinet, 1947-62. Other pallbearers, unseen: Sir Robert Menzies, Lord Bridges, Field Marshal Viscount Slim, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal of Hungerford, the Earl of Avon (Anthony Eden), Earl Attlee, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, and Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma.

Black-veiled Lady Churchill, wearing 79 years like a blessing, watches the casket leave the steps of St. Paul's. With her stand her son Randolph (right), daughters Mary (center) and Sarah, and Christopher Soames, Mary's husband.



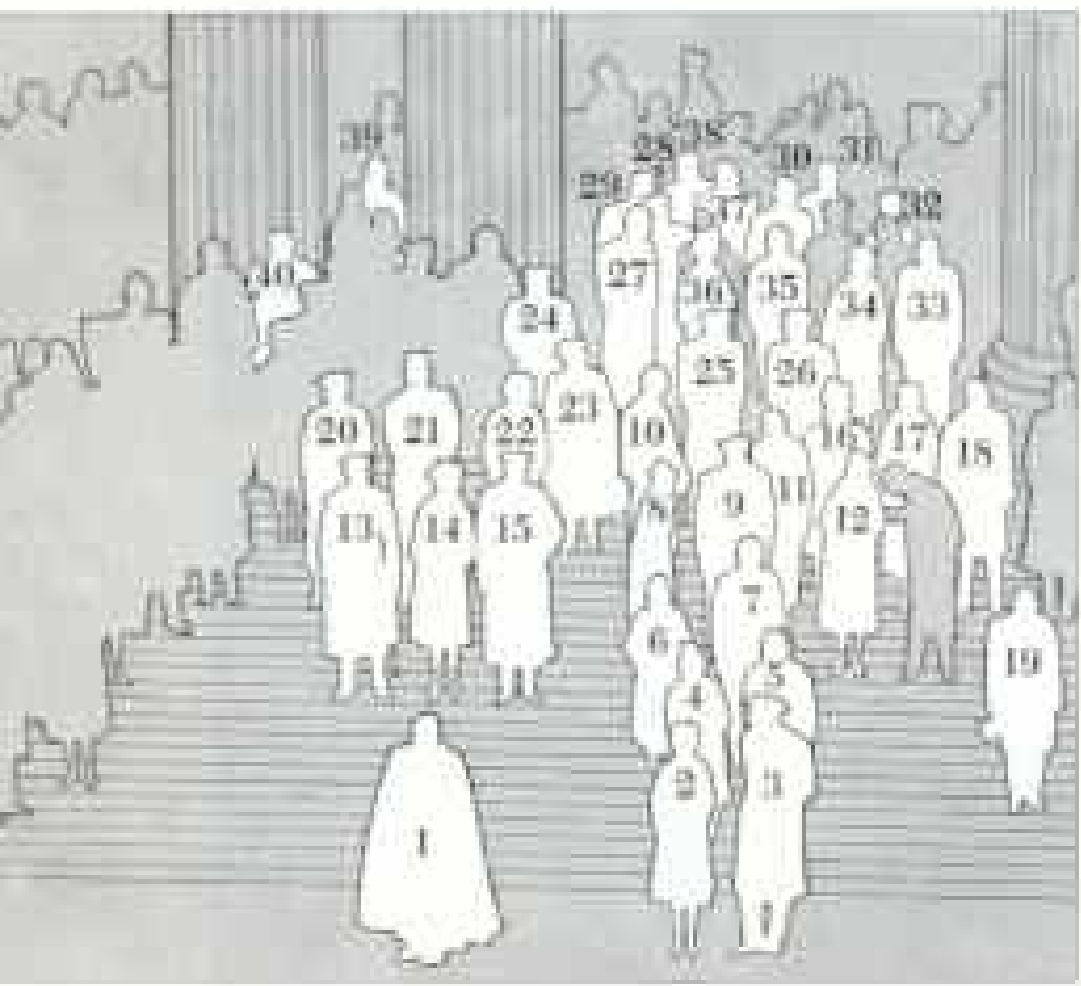


ENTOURNÉ PAR HOWARD GRUNEN (DROITE) AND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JOSEPH A. SCHERZEL © N.G.S.





HER MAJESTY Queen Elizabeth II bids farewell. For her lifelong friend she broke all precedent, becoming Britain's first reigning monarch to attend the funeral of a commoner, and waiving her right to enter the cathedral last.



1 Lord Mayor of London, 2 Queen Elizabeth, 3 Prince Philip, 4 the Queen Mother, 5 Prince Charles, 6 Princess Margaret, 7 Lord Snowdon, 8 the Duchess and 9 Duke of Gloucester, 10 Prince William, 11 Prince Richard, 12 the Princess Royal, 13 Prince Michael, 14 Princess Marina, 15 the Duke and 16

Duchess of Kent, 17 Princess Alexandra and her husband 18 Mr. Angus Ogilvy, 19 President Zalman Shazar, Israel, 20 Grand Duke Jean, Luxembourg, 21 President Charles de Gaulle, France, 22 Queen Juliana and 23 Prince Bernhard, the Netherlands, 24 Crown Prince Asfaw Wossen, Ethiopia, 25 King



ESTABLISHED BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS ELEANOR BENTLEY AND JOSEPH E. SCHERER (OPPOSITE) © N.G.P.

Frederik, Denmark, 26 King Baudouin, Belgium, 27 Ambassador Aleksandr Soldatov and 28 Marshal Ivan Konev, U.S.S.R., 29 Prime Minister Lester Pearson, Canada, 30 Chief Justice Warren, 31 Ambassador Bruce, 32 Vice President Oginga Odinga, Kenya. British officials: 33 Prime Minister Harold Wilson

and 34 Mrs. Wilson, 35 Leader of the Opposition Sir Alec Douglas-Home and 36 Lady Douglas-Home, 37 Leader of the Liberal Party Jo Grimond, 38 Lord President of the Council Herbert Bowden, 39 Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, 40 Minister of Economic Affairs George Brown.





THE CORTEGE moves toward the Tower of London (left) and Tower Pier on the Thames (below), where Churchill's body goes aboard a Port of London Authority launch, *Havengore*. Just before, 60 kilted pipers filled the air with high, skirling laments.

General Eisenhower waits to speak over BBC from St. Paul's (above): "Upon the mighty Thames, a great avenue of history, move at this moment to their final resting place the mortal

remains of Sir Winston Churchill. He was a great maker of history, but his work done, the record closed, we can almost hear him, with the poet, say:

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

[*And may there be no moaning of the bar,*

When I put out to sea...]

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark...!"

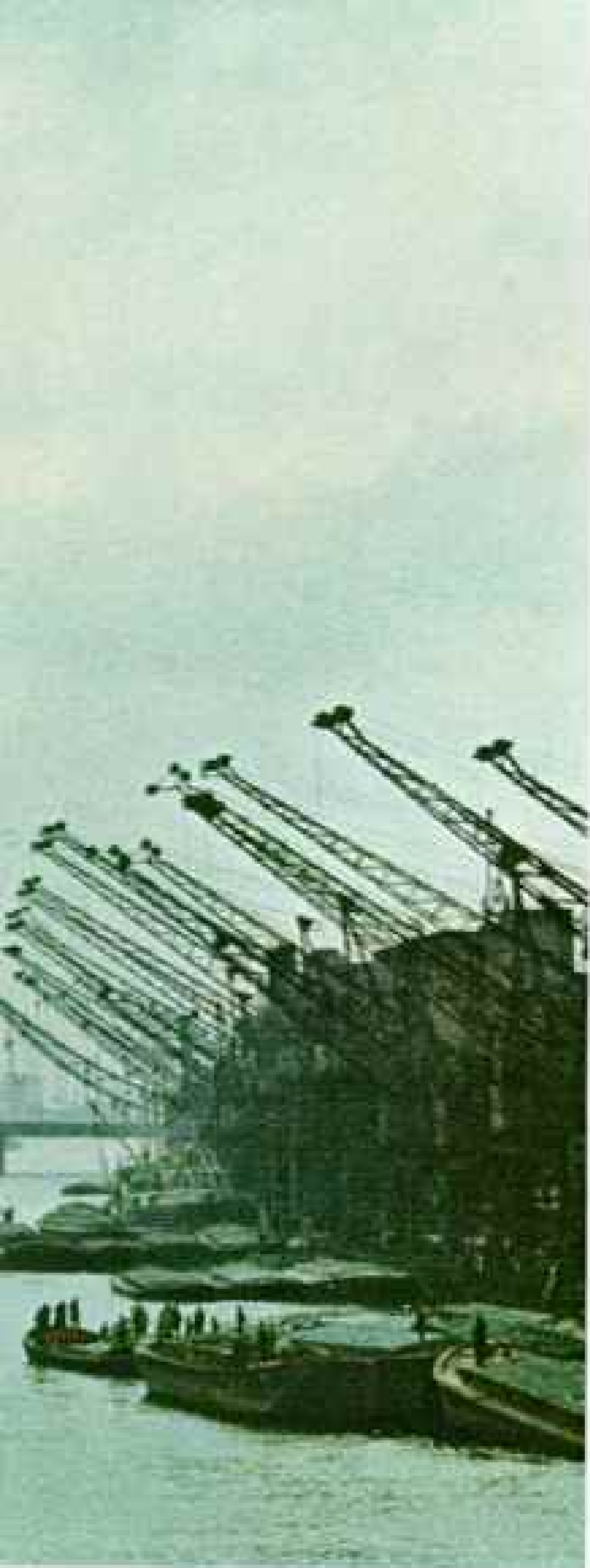
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EXHIBITION BY ROBERT E. SILKA (ARVIZ); BLACK STAR (EXLOR); AND SAJCO LITSEMALES © W.A.S.





DOCK CRANES along the Thames, as if imbued with a kind of creaking, ponderous life of their own, dip in homage as the *Haven-gore* rides the high tide upstream from Tower Bridge. The booms bow in remembrance of Churchill's World War II visits to bombed docks. RAF Lightning jets soar overhead in tribute to the man who called on the world to applaud "the few"—those fighter pilots who defeated the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain.

And to the hedgerows and fields of Oxfordshire (left), to the village churchyard at Bladon, goes the body of Sir Winston Churchill. Police and villagers line the way, but the interment is private, and only the family attends the graveside service.

BESIDE his mother and father, only a mile from his birthplace at Blenheim Palace and but a step from the church at Bladon that he knew as a boy, Sir Winston comes to silence and stillness at last. Among the flowers covering his grave lies a bouquet from the Queen with a card in her handwriting: "From the Nation and the Commonwealth in grateful remembrance, Elizabeth R." And a bouquet of red flowers—"To my darling Winston, Clemmie."

Another offering, a small cluster of violets and snowdrops, bears the inscription in childish scrawl, "For our beloved Grandpapa, from his loving grandchildren." All five Soames youngsters signed their names, including Rupert, who at six could only print the letters.







AND NOW THE GUNS and pipes are stilled. Marching men march on other ground. Music of bands and wail of pipers sound on the ear only as echoes. The Union Jack, here at half-staff before St. Paul's Cathedral, once again flutters from the top of its flagpole.

Now Sir Winston Churchill can be seen by men only in portraits. Sitting for the distinguished Canadian photographer Yousuf Karsh, he wears the Order of Merit around his neck and the Star of the Garter beneath a row of medals; his bell, the gift of Colonial Williamsburg.

Now Churchill is history. But he left the world a heritage of hope that death cannot dim or time drain away.

"If the human race," he said, "wishes to have a prolonged and indefinite period of material prosperity, they have only got to behave in a peaceful and helpful way towards one another, and science will do for them all that they wish and more than they can dream. . . ."

"Nothing is final. Change is unceasing and it is likely that mankind has a lot more to learn before it comes to its journey's end. . . ."

"We might even find ourselves in a few years moving along a smooth causeway of peace and plenty instead of roaming around on the rim of Hell. . . . Thus we may by patience, courage, and in orderly progression reach the shelter of a calmer and kindlier age."

And then, at last, his words of benediction: "Withhold no sacrifice, grudge no toil, seek no sordid gain, fear no foe. All will be well. . . ." THE END





*Plainest of
Pennsylvania's Plain People:*

AMISH FOLK

By RICHARD GEHMAN

Photographs by WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

WHEN I WAS A BOY in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, my parents used to take me to visit my great-grandparents in their old white frame farmhouse near Beartown, in the heart of the Pennsylvania-Dutch country. Some fine mornings I would run across the fields to the farm of an Amish family, to play with their children and sometimes ride on the long wagons and "help" harvest wheat, corn, and tobacco.

It seemed to me then that the Amish lived in another world, and so it still seems. Not long ago I drove back to Lancaster County for a visit, and again I felt a sense of wonder at the way the Amish—and to a lesser degree their neighbors, the Mennonites and the Brethren, or Dunkers—have managed to resist the encroachments of modern civilization.

The Amish comprise a sect of the original Mennonite movement, a part of the Reformation. The movement started in 1525 in Switzerland and later took the name of a onetime Roman Catholic priest, Menno Simons, who joined the group in 1636. Mennonites and Amish—the latter an offshoot sect named for its founder, Jacob Amman—began coming from Switzerland and Germany into Pennsylvania near the beginning of the 1700's. They came seeking freedom to worship as they pleased, and to preserve their own ways of life. Many of them still are living much as their forebears did 250 years ago.*

This became apparent as soon as my car entered Lancaster County on Route 340, part of the old pike that runs due west from Phila-

delphia to Lancaster city (map, next page). The countryside bordering Route 340 is a 25-mile stretch of pastoral serenity; the land is sometimes flat and sometimes rolling, patchworked here and there with plots of brambly woodland. Yet it seems more open, more untouched than scenery in other parts of the country. It always comes as a little shock to me to realize that this is because there are few telephone or power-line poles on the back roads of Lancaster County.

Bible and Custom Shape Amish Life

"Electricity is not in the Bible," said an Old Order Amishman to me (like many others, he asked me not to mention his name), "and so we have not the use of it."

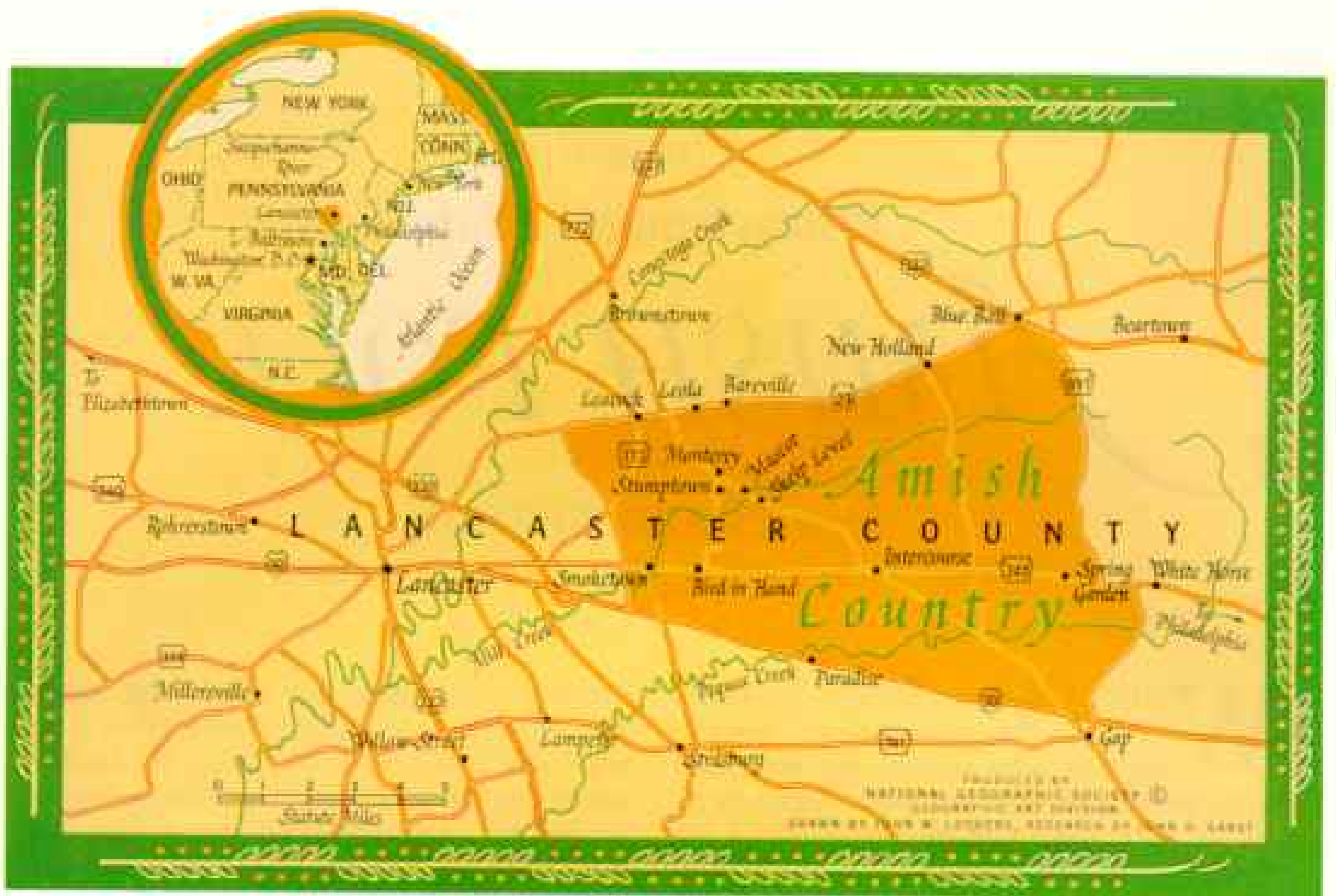
This means, of course, that these Amish do not have telephones in their homes—although they will use those in other people's homes, or public ones, in emergencies.

"I used a telephone once when my wife was having a baby in the middle of the night, to call the doctor," another Amishman said. "And once, when my buggy horse was sick, I walked to Paradise from my farm and took a taxi into Lancaster." He never has felt quite right about either act.

Automobiles and tractors also have long been resisted by the more conservative Amish. Most use only horse-drawn vehicles and farm implements. As one Amish bishop explained, "A tractor gets the work done more quickly,

*See "In the Pennsylvania-Dutch Country," by Elmer C. Stauffer, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, July, 1941.

Warm brown eyes reflect the gentle heritage of an Amish boy, who caresses a pet guinea pig raised on his father's farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. An offshoot of the Mennonites, the Amish take their name from Jacob Amman, a Swiss, who founded the sect in 1693. As did their ancestors, these Plain People live by the Bible and close to the land, many of them rejecting such modern inventions as automobiles, electric lights, and telephones.



Hatchet-shaped heart of Lancaster County supports 5,500 of the Nation's 50,000 Amish. Their farms, nearly self-sufficient, blanket the fertile countryside around such towns as Mascot, Bird in Hand, Paradise, and Blue Ball.

Grin and beard wreath the face of an Amishman at a horse auction in New Holland, Pennsylvania. Serious about his work and his religion, he takes delight in sales where a good animal, a piece of farm equipment, or a household item may be had at a bargain price.



but horses and the love of hard work keep us nearer to God.”

In recent decades some sects have relaxed their ban on gasoline engines, but usually for jobs that horses or mules cannot do—belt-driving such machinery as milk coolers and wood saws, for example. Most Old Order Amish still eschew electricity, though a farmer may eavesdrop on broadcasts of produce prices or weather reports on a transistor radio he has allowed a non-Amish hired hand to bring into the barn.

Strict church rules do not keep the Amish from being among the best farmers in the land. Amish and Mennonites were practicing soil conservation and crop rotation long before there were county agricultural agents.

Even after such helpful public handymen came into being, the Amish refused their aid, as they refuse all forms of public welfare.

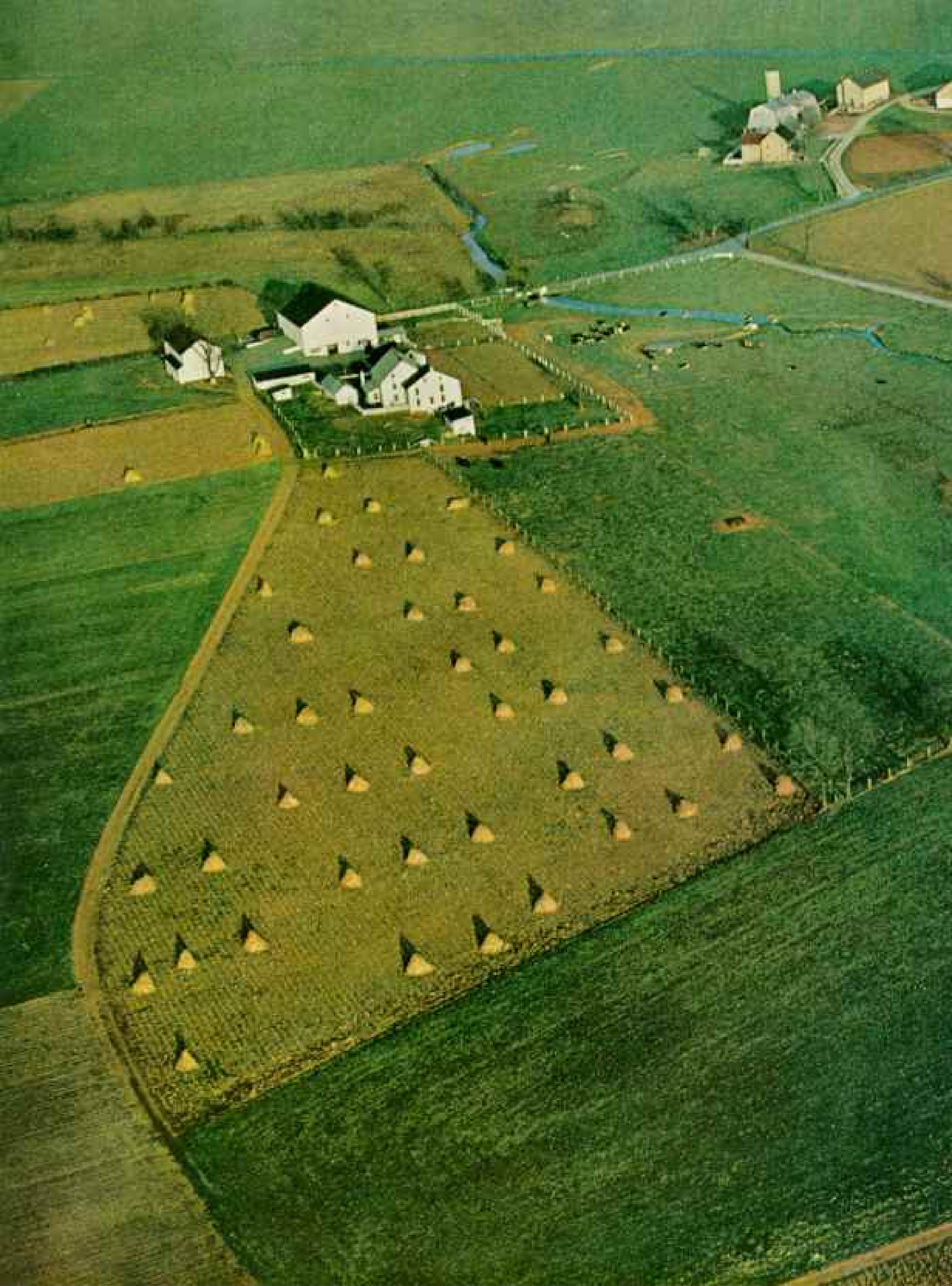
“We take care of our own,” one Amishman said, not so much with pride as with finality.

They take care of their land, as well. Lancaster farmland is among the richest in the country; the county calls itself the “Garden Spot of America.” In the village of Intercourse a real estate man, Gordon Kling, told me, “The price per acre around here is between \$800 and \$1,200, market rate. But an Amishman will not sell a farm to an outsider if he can help it. He will pass it on to one of his own, at considerably less than market price.

Handsome trotter whisks a courting buggy over a country lane. At about 16, a young man receives an open buggy from his father to carry his girl home from the Sunday evening hymn sing or to go calling in courtship. Amish couples usually marry in November, when work on the farms is at a minimum. The bride and groom then travel about, visiting relatives and friends for several months and collecting practical wedding presents such as dishes, furniture, and tools.

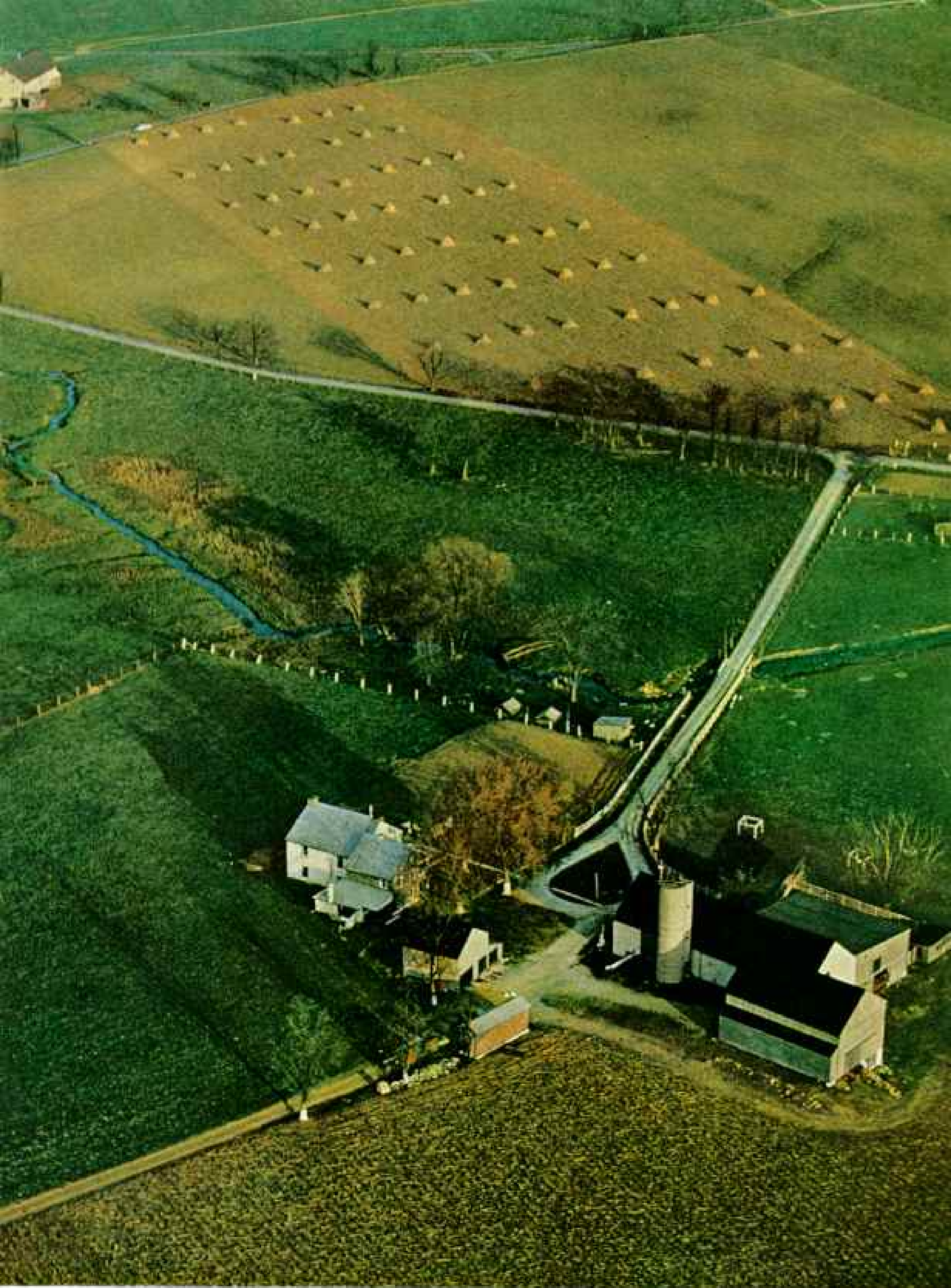
ENTRANCE (OPPOSITE) AND FISHHOLE BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD © N.C.T.





*Therefore the Lord God sent him forth
from the garden of Eden,
to till the ground. . . .* GENESIS 3:23

Green pastureland and harvested cornfields, patterned by neatly spaced shocks, surround sturdy farmhouses and barns in a scene unmarked by



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM ALBERT HARRIS © N.E.S.

power poles and lines. Herd of cows grazes beside a meandering stream. Striving to obey God's injunction to labor on the land and make it fruitful,

the Amishman nurtures the soil. And the soil repays in kind. Yield per acre in Amish country is among the highest in the United States.

"But if he gets a chance to buy a non-Amish farm," Mr. Kling said, "he'll cheerfully pay up to \$1,200 an acre. Seventy-five percent of the land in our township is Amish-owned. Between 1952 and the start of 1965, I've sold 12 farms owned by non-Amish to Amishmen, all at market prices."

Prosperous Heart of the "Dutch" Country

These brief conversations took place as I made my first swing of this trip through the most densely settled Amish country, an irregular trapezoidal area on the map, roughly bounded on the east by Route 897, on the north by Route 23, on the west by an unnumbered road that cuts across Route 772, and on the south by Route 30 (map, page 228).

"Around 5,500 Amish live in that section," I was told by Ira D. Landis, a Mennonite

preacher and historian. "That includes more than half the Amish in Lancaster County." There are other Amish settlements in central and western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and 19 other states, and communities in Canada, Germany, and British Honduras.

"It would be hard to tell exactly how many Amish there are in the world," said Mr. Landis. "Even in Lancaster County the records show only that we have about 18,000 Mennonites. Perhaps another 8,000 are Amish."

Several old friends in Lancaster had referred me to Mr. Landis as the man to see "if you want to know all about the 'Plain People.'" Amish and Mennonites are called "Plain People" because their dress is so simple and, by modern standards, undecorated.

I found Mr. Landis on the second morning of my visit in the microfilm room of the



Reins around his waist, Melvin Stoltzfus guides his mule-drawn cultivator along the arrow-straight rows of his tobacco field. Homemade straw hat shields his face from the sun. Amish raise Broadleaf tobacco, used for cigar filler, as a main cash crop. Men smoke cigars or pipes, but relatively few smoke cigarettes.

Cushion of clover softens the metal seat of a farm machine. Early proponents of crop rotation, Amish farmers soon learned the value of red clover in revitalizing the land. They cut the legume for cattle fodder or plow it under to enrich the soil further.



ENTACHROME (FOCUS) AND KODACHROME © N.G.S.

County Courthouse; painstakingly copying names off old deeds to add to his genealogical records of pioneer families.

A robust man in his mid-60's, his face crossed with those gentle wrinkles of tranquility that are characteristic of members of his faith, Mr. Landis explained the differences among the many Mennonite and Amish sects.

Plain People Split Into Many Groups

"A good many people call them all Pennsylvania Dutch," he said, "but that is not correct. 'Pennsylvania Dutch' was a term given by early settlers to those who came from Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. The word 'Dutch'—from 'Deutsch'—was used loosely. But not all settlers who came from those countries were Plain. The language, Pennsylvania Dutch, was an outgrowth of Palatinate German. Today it is used mainly among the Amish and some Mennonites. It still has no complete dictionary and a scant literature."

The Amish separated from the Mennonites originally, the preacher went on, because of a disagreement over the *meidung*, or the shunning—a disciplinary measure which over the years had been relaxed.

"Menno Simons had taught that if a member sinned or violated church rules, he would be expelled or excommunicated. From then on none of the others should have anything to do with him. If it was a husband, his wife was not allowed to sleep in the same bed or eat at the same table. Jacob Amman wanted these rules strictly enforced, and so he and his people left the Mennonite Church."

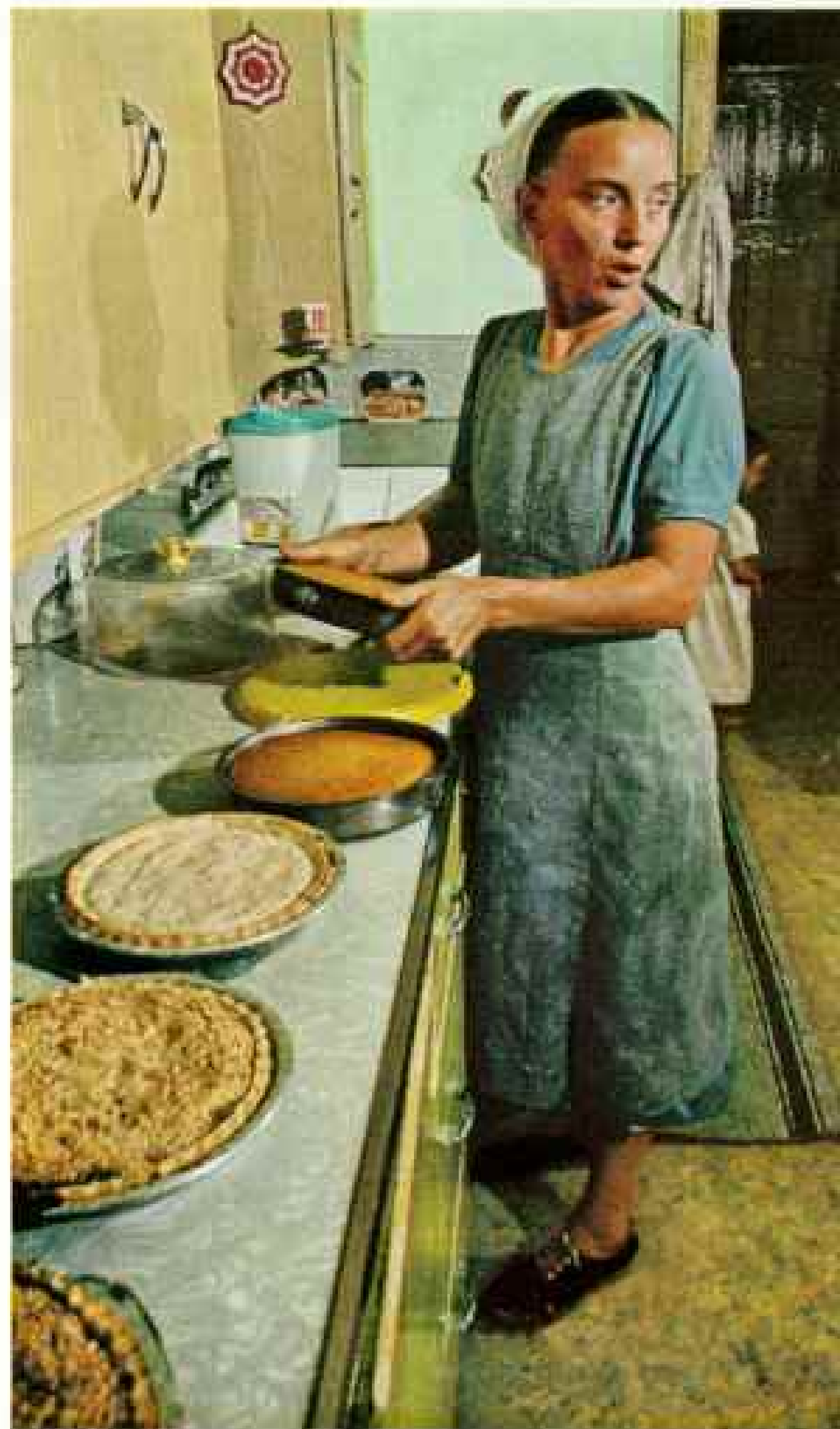
The Old Order Amish still enforce the rules, Mr. Landis continued. Several years ago a young Amishman who lived at Skelp Level took a job picking chickens at another hamlet, Monterey. He bought a car to go to his work. He was excommunicated.

There are still a number of different Plain sects in Lancaster County. One, the Brethren, has long practiced immersion in baptizing, and therefore became known as Dunkers, or Dunkards. Another, but historically unrelated,

sect that settled near the Susquehanna River gained the name River Brethren; former President Dwight D. Eisenhower's grandfather was a member of this group.

"There were many, many smaller groups," Mr. Landis said. One group split because its minister stood up to preach; previously, by custom, he had sat at a table. To those who left, his standing up meant that he was taking on "prideful" ways.

Another group moved off from its parent congregation because one woman was incensed at a number of young men who, instead of refusing military service as conscientious objectors in World War II, had chosen to serve in noncombatant posts. No Mennonite sect members are permitted to bear arms. Amishmen grow beards after they marry, but they will not grow mustaches or



Rich desserts for a hungry family: Mrs. Stoltzfus prepares cakes, mince pie, and shoo-fly pie, a famous Pennsylvania Dutch treat of sugar and molasses poured into a flaky shell and covered with crumbs made of flour, butter, sugar, and spices. Other Amish delights include cracker pudding and *schnitz-um-gnepp*, a concoction of dried apple slices and dumplings.



Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. . . . PSALMS 128:3

Amish households are seldom without children; the average family has eight youngsters. After dinner, Melvin Stoltzfus jounces his youngest son in the large kitchen, where families spend most housebound hours. His daughter playfully tugs on her brother's suspenders.

Young Barbara, another daughter (left), meticulously stays within the lines of her coloring book. Amish make most toys but may buy simple items such as this. Barbara wears her hair braided and pinned at the back of the neck. After baptism in her teens, she will wear it in a bun covered with a white prayer cap, for the Bible says "women adorn themselves with modest apparel . . . not with broided hair. . . ." (I Timothy 2:9).

Eight Stoltzfuses, including a baby in its mother's lap, join in the midday meal (right). Pressure lamp provides light in the evening. Flowers and ivy frame a wind-up clock "just for pretty."



WODACHOWSKI © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

wear buttons on their jackets or vests—such ornaments were worn by the military in the old country.

Yet another group that left the parent body in the 1940's, because of some minor difference, consisted mainly of a bishop, a preacher, a deacon, and the families of those three.

When I asked Mr. Landis why there were so many fusses, he smiled and said, "I always say only *good wood will split*."

Generally speaking, the Mennonites have adopted more modern ways than the Amish. Most can drive automobiles, although some of them paint the bumpers and all chrome trimmings black, so as not to be considered prideful; the latter are called "Black Bumper" Mennonites (page 241). They also can wear buttons on all their clothing (the Old Order Amish use only hooks and eyes on their vests and jackets). The Mennonites, in fact, dress

pretty much as they please, but the women still cling to the jumperlike long dress and the prayer cap. Amish, on the other hand, maintain the styles they were wearing in the days of Amman, at the end of the 17th century.

Amish Barely Permit Photographs

After I said goodbye to Mr. Landis, I went for another drive down through the Amish area—through the larger towns, such as Paradise, Leacock, Leola, Bareville, New Holland, and Blue Ball, and on into the back country's twisted roads, passing through such hamlets as White Horse, Spring Garden, Bird in Hand, Stumptown, Mascot, and Skelp Level.

Every few miles I would pass an Amishman's boxlike buggy (pages 252-3). The driver, usually a burly man with a thick beard, invariably kept his eyes straight ahead or averted them as my car passed.

Amish believe that to pose for a photograph—a “graven image”—is sinful; they remain wary of the tourists with cameras who flock to the county in summer. (After gentle persuasion, the Amish pictured on these pages permitted photographer William Allard to use his camera among them as they went about their normal activities. None except children, however, would pose.)

Farmer Offers Guarded Welcome

I headed for the Amish farm that adjoined what once had been my great-grandparents' property, but I passed it twice because the name on the mailbox was not Zook, the name of the family I used to know, but Stoltzfus. There are many Stoltzfuses in that section. (Mr. Allard photographed an entirely different Stoltzfus family, for example.)

Amish intermarry as a matter of custom to keep the sect together. Other common names include Fisher, Beiler, Lapp, King, Glick, Lantz, Esh, and Smucker (or Smoker).

“Mr. Zook is passed away,” said Mr. Stoltzfus, after I had parked my car and walked up to his house. “I am his son-in-law.”

And he waited for me to speak, but without asking what I wanted. He was holding a broken leather harness in one hand. This was in spring, too early to begin his plowing. He was busy with repairs and mending.

When I told him that I had played on this farm as a boy, his manner became warmer, but when I told him I was a writer, his reserve returned. He was a brawny man of about 40, with arms like legs of lamb. He was wearing a wide-brimmed flat hat, a gray pullover shirt made of thick denim, and heavy twill pants.

“So many people are always coming, asking questions,” he said. “We wish they would leave us alone, once.” (Many Amishmen end their sentences with the word “once,” for no reason I can explain. Mr. Stoltzfus' “w” in “wish” was almost, but not quite, a “v.”)

But he seemed to think that he was being inhospitable, adding, “Did you know my wife? Mr. Zook's daughter, she was?” And he told me her name. “Come—we see her.”

Mrs. Stoltzfus, a plump, pretty woman of approximately her husband's age, was wearing a bright green dress and a full purple apron that fell to her ankles. She was standing near a small white frame chicken coop with a wire-fenced yard in front of it, throwing grain to about forty Rhode Island Reds. To my delight, she said she remembered me, “From ven you used to come over, once,” and at that her husband warmed again.

“These are the eatin' chickens,” Mr. Stoltzfus said. “The layers are up in the barn.” He motioned toward a huge white building set on old stone foundations. “That barn must be new to you, eh? The old Zook barn burned down two years ago. We had a raising then.”

Fancy scooters carry Plain boys after school. Amish lads love to race over the asphalt on home-made scooters, but decoration such as this is rare. Button-down suspenders hold up “barn-door britches,” similar to sailor's pants.

Easter-egg colors brighten everyday garb of Amish women bringing refreshments to a barn-raising (following pages). In bare feet or brogans, they walk from nearby farms to make their contribution to this holiday of hard work and good food. Two of them haul a milk can filled with peppermint water; others carry baked goods and drinking glasses. More than 300 men, women, and children sat down at noon, feasting on dozens of dishes prepared by friends and neighbors.





Swarming like bees, Amishmen clamber over the framework of a new barn at Mascot, Pennsylvania. Like their pioneer forebears, they came from miles around to help their neighbor, whose barn caught fire and burned to the ground. Lightning destroys many barns in the Dutch country; Amish believe lightning rods run counter to God's will. Prior to the day of the actual barn-raising, a contractor laid the foundation, and some



of the more skilled local carpenters cut beams and rafters. Up before dawn to tend to their own chores, the men arrived at the site about 7 a.m. Then, under more than 150 pairs of hands, the building rose like magic. Young and old do their part: Boys scurry about carrying tools and nails, and older men keep a supply of siding planks available. By nightfall the barn stood complete, except for stalls and other interior work.

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EXTRAHOME BY WILLIAM ALBERT HILAND © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY





Barn-raising is another old Amish and Mennonite custom. When a farmer's barn burns or becomes too old or too small, his neighbors agree upon a day for building a new one. The wagons arrive through the gray dawn, loaded with lumber and tools. A hundred men or more turn up (preceding pages). While one group makes up floor beams and rafters, another cuts planks for the walls. The rafters and beams are fastened together with hickory pegs.

"Oh, we had a time," Mr. Stoltzfus told me. "It took us two days because this one is so big. But it will last a long, long time."

Springhouse Serves as Refrigerator

In the barnyard were three Guernsey cows. "They give us enough milk for our family, and enough left over to make *schmierkase*," Mr. Stoltzfus said, referring to the dry, crumbly cheese, rather like cottage cheese, so prized in the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

He and his family, he went on, are all but self-sufficient. He raises pigs, butchers them, smokes some of the meat, and either sells the rest or trades it with neighbors.

Near the chicken coop was a small mound

of grassy earth with a little wooden door set in a bank, framed in stone. This was Mr. Stoltzfus' "refrigerator"—his springhouse, in which his wife keeps butter and milk and eggs and all other foods that require cooling. There was no plumbing in the house, although there was a pump, for cooking and washing, in the kitchen. Near the springhouse was another grassy mound—the root cellar, in which potatoes, turnips, parsnips, apples, and squashes are stored over the winter.

Mr. Stoltzfus said he had to get on with his harness-mending, and his wife had to go in the house to see to supper.

"Will you stay with us?" he asked, and I accepted eagerly. Then he sat down on a bench outside the barn and set to work with a thick needle and leather thongs.

"This is good harness," he said. "It was my grandfather's. Someday it will be my boy's."

"My oldest is 18. He will be marrying soon, I think." He motioned across the fields. "Over there I will build my son's house. That is our way. When a boy gets married, his father gives him land and a house, if he can."

The boy, he said, was the first of eight children. "And my family is not done yet." The



EXTRECHOWNEY AND HUBACHOWNE (BELOW) © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Amish affinity with animals starts at an early age. A little girl stands unafraid beside two huge draft horses that might frighten a city-bred child.

Mama helps out at haying time. Knowing hands guide two mules and a horse over the new-mown hay. Gasoline engine runs the hay conditioner, which crushes the stalks to speed up the drying process, but animals must provide pulling power, according to Old Order Amish belief.

Colonial gristmill still grinds grain to flour. Built in 1760, the mill has been in the Ressler family since 1865. Franklin Ressler (in cap) examines winter wheat brought in by a "Black Bumper" Mennonite. Permitted automobiles, the Black Bumpers paint all ornamental chrome on their cars black.



Plain People raise "the Lord's families"—big ones, often a dozen or more children.

We went into the barn, where the farmer hung the mended harness on a spike. The barn was immaculate inside.

"The young ones help out," he said, and sounded pleased. "They sweep and pitch hay, make the stalls clean for the horses and cows."

He led the way to a pump and trough in the barnyard.

"Yes, well, we wash up for supper, once," he said. He bent and splashed clear, cold water on his face. His handkerchief, a huge bandanna, served him as a face towel, and he wiped his hands on his pants.

Stove Occupies "Fire Corner"

The house was much the same as I remembered it from boyhood. There were no upholstered chairs; they were all straight-backed wooden ones, except for a large old rocker near the "fire corner," an alcove at one end of the room. There stood a black cast-iron range, a wood-burner that supplied most of the heat for the first floor. Simple white muslin curtains hung at the windows; house plants in jars and tin cans lined the sills. The Amish never waste anything.

"We have no garbage get-rid-of problem, and no junk," Mr. Stoltzfus said. "The food we don't eat we give the pigs, the chickens, or the cats. And the wife uses the tin cans for her plants. She is a good one with the plants."

Mrs. Stoltzfus smiled shyly. She was carrying a huge black kettle to the table, and behind her the two older daughters were ladling vegetables into serving bowls.

My nose told me what was coming, and I felt a sweeping nostalgia: The pot contained *bot boi*, which in Lancaster County has been Americanized into "pot pie," a dish that is not a pie at all, but a rich stew of chicken, potatoes, carrots, and sometimes turnips and peas, with strips and squares of egg noodle swimming in the broth. Along with it came mealy lima beans that Mrs. Stoltzfus had dried the preceding fall, and a huge side dish of dill pickles and preserved watermelon rind.

Incessant spiel of an auctioneer stirs bidding on a mule at the New Holland Sales Stables. Dealers bring horses and mules from distant states to this auction, held each Monday. Bearded Amishmen, who shun mustaches as too reminiscent of military fashion in 18th-century Europe, critically eye animals for farm or buggy use. A slight lift of the chin, a wink, or a raised finger enters a bid.

My host and I ate alone. His wife and children had eaten earlier, and the oldest boy had already hitched up his sulkylike carriage to drive to Smoketown to see his bride-to-be.

Amish courtship has changed little since the Plain People first came to America. From the time they are about 16, young people go to Sunday evening hymn sings, often held in barns. If a lad is attracted to a girl and feels that his sentiments are reciprocated, he will



go courting—usually at night and with great pretense at secrecy. He will meet his girl by flashing a light or tossing a pebble at her window, and they will sit in her kitchen or go riding in his buggy (page 229), all “secretly”—although her family knows perfectly well what is going on.

When finally the young man wants to ask for her hand, he goes to his father or to an intermediary, such as a deacon of the church,

who in turn goes to see the girl’s father. November is the marrying season in Amish country. Old Order Amish weddings are held in the homes, as the church services are, but other orders of Amish and most Mennonites and Brethren hold them in churches.

The ceremonies would strike an outsider as fearfully long and solemn; they sometimes last more than three hours. They begin with the bishop of the church instructing the couple



PLAIN CLOTHING



Catering to area tradition, Hager's of Lancaster maintains a Plain clothing department for Amish and Mennonite customers. Mennonites buy ready-to-wear dresses and suits; the Amish, who make most of their own clothes, usually buy yard goods.

in private on the responsibilities of marriage, continue with hymn singing (Amish hymns closely resemble Gregorian chant), and go on to a sermon by the bishop, who usually draws extensively from the Book of Tobit of the Apocrypha. Finally the vows are exchanged.

"Then comes the feast," Mr. Stoltzfus said. "Ach, *what* a feast!"

It is not uncommon, he said, for the bride's family to feed 200 guests on several kinds of soup; on turkey, chicken, duck, pork, beef, and sausage; on as many as a dozen different vegetables; and on at least 25 desserts.

After the feast the men retire to discuss crops and neighborhood gossip, while the women wash the dishes and clean up. The younger boys go out in the barnyard for games of tag, "corner ball," or horseshoes. The young women go for a walk with the bride, if the weather is fine.

Toward evening a group of young bachelors will suddenly pounce upon the groom, carry him to the barnyard, and throw him over the fence into the arms of the married men, symbolizing his transition from bache-

STYLING BY WILLIAM ALBERT BULLARD © S.A.S.



Styles two centuries apart: Bonneted Amish women chat with an "English" friend, as they call non-Amish, in front of a "gay" dress shop. Young boys wait patiently beside a shopping bag for the women to finish visiting. Because

lorhood to matrimony. At the same time, young married women lightly toss the bride over a broomstick.

The day after my visit with the Stoltzfus family, I stopped by the law office of Samuel Wenger in Lancaster.

A strong-featured Mennonite of some 50 years, Mr. Wenger wears lapels on his coats and a bow tie ("My church does not have restrictions on dress; it's optional," he told me). As a Mennonite, he is one of the few attorneys whom members of the Plain sects will trust.

"Not that they need a lawyer often," Mr. Wenger said. "Amish will not sue, and if *they* are sued, they will not contest the suit. They're particularly careful to stay out of trouble."

Amish Resist Turn-signal Law

Trouble, nevertheless, occasionally visits the Amish.

"Unless it is absolutely necessary," Mr. Wenger told me, "many Plain People will not comply with laws that violate their beliefs."

One such law, in 1962, required them to install turn signals on their buggies. But elec-



buttons symbolize the military to these peace-loving people, Amish women secure their black capes and aprons with straight pins; men fasten suit coats and vests with hooks and eyes.

Juicy apples and ripe cherries fill the counter of the Kauffman Fruit Farms stall in Lancaster's Central Market, open every Tuesday and Friday. Thirsty visitors refresh themselves with fresh cider pressed from apples grown in the Kauffman orchards near Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania.

trical turn signals, in the Old Order Amish view, run counter to the will of God.

Some Amishmen refused to comply and were arrested by the State Police and fined. Some hung red kerosene-fueled lanterns on the sides of their buggies, but one red-bearded holdout in the Leacock area told me, "I chust don't drive at night any more, yet."

For more than ten years, the Amish have been fighting to be free of Social Security restrictions. "We take care of ourselves—we do not need the state," my friend from Leacock Township said.

Amish dislike traveling, but in July, 1962, a group of them felt so strongly about Social Security that they took a train to Washington to lobby in favor of a bill that was to exempt them. It was passed by the Senate, but died in a House-Senate conference.

"Mark my word," said Samuel Wenger, "they are planning to bring it up again." And bring it up they did.

The 1965 Social Security bill—which included the new program of medical care for the aged—likewise contained an exemption

for the Amish and other religious groups opposed to insurance plans.

Also, Mr. Wenger added, the "school problem" will come up again. Pennsylvania requires education to the age of 17, with certain exceptions; the Amish feel this to be excessive.

County School Superintendent Harry K. Gerlach, in his Lancaster office, told me with some weariness, "The Amish problem we always have with us."

One reason the Amish began to establish their own schools was to conform with the compulsory education laws. In the past, many Amish families had been pulling children out of public school at the age of 14. Many were arrested for it; when fined, some refused to pay, saying it was against their religion to pay, and went to jail for short terms.

Presently the local school boards and the Amish effected a compromise. A "three-hour" program was instituted.

"This permits the Amishman to take his child out of school at 14, if past the eighth grade, to be trained at home in farm work or domestic chores—provided he goes to school

Life moves at horse pace in Amish country. Motorists whizzing over the highways keep a wary eye for the trim buggies pulled by high-stepping trotters and pacers. Rear curtain, raised for ventilation, opens a picture window on the passing landscape for children (right). Amish business keeps the village blacksmith's forge red hot and his anvil clanging. Housewife pays for her newly shod horse (below).



for three hours a week," Superintendent Gerlach said. "The trouble is, as we see it, the home training is sketchy."

An Amish cabinetmaker in his shop near Intercourse disagreed. Surrounded by fragments of straight-backed chairs and chests, he put down his hammer and chisel and said, "The training our *kinders* get at home is training for the lives they will lead. All their upbringing is training for the day when they will have families of their own. When we give them gifts, we give housework things to the girls—aprons and linens and suchlike—and tools and farm articles, harness and so, to the boys."

Generally speaking, most Plain sects are progressive in attitude toward education. They maintain several colleges in the United States, including Elizabethtown College in Lancaster County. About twenty-five years ago the Lancaster Conference of Mennonites

established a high school a few miles east of Lancaster. One afternoon I drove out there for a talk with Noah Good, the dean.

"We have 530 with us now," Mr. Good said. He was wearing a black lapel-less suit but no necktie. "They come from all over Lancaster County and from other parts of Pennsylvania, as well as from Maryland, Delaware, Georgia, West Virginia, New York, and Ontario. Their parents want them to get proper church training with their secular studies."

A bell rang, and masses of students broke out onto the campus. Through the window I could not see much difference between their appearance and that of the students at McCaskey High, the public school in Lancaster, except for the net prayer caps of the girls. Scarcely a boy was in Plain garb.

"The dress is up to them," the dean told me, "but in their studies they must take four



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units of standard high-school subjects and at least half a unit of Bible study. However, we encourage them to take more Bible than that."

He shook his head when I asked him if all the students go into religious work.

"No. Over the years only about 30 percent have heard the call for service," he said. "But the important thing to us is that they are getting a basis in religious studies."

Folk Dancing Preferred to Rock 'n' Roll

The young people to whom I spoke all seemed healthy, happy, and on the whole better disciplined and more polite than many other high-school students I've met. They told me that they often go to movies, and that their homes have electricity and telephones. But it must be remembered that these children are mainly Mennonites.

"Sure, we listen to the Beatles' records on

the radio, and other jazz and rock-'n'-roll music," one 15-year-old lad told me. "But we hardly ever dance, except for folk dancing. Mostly we like folk music better, too."

I spoke to about twenty teen-agers. All said they planned to remain in their churches, and I had the feeling they meant it. Most Mennonite churches give their members more latitude than the Amish.

"Because the Amish are so strict," said one boy, "I believe more of their young people feel more and more like busting out."

Throughout the county, Plain People support and operate 44 elementary parochial schools, I was told by Superintendent Gerlach. Most of these schools are one-roomers, each holding about thirty students in grades one through eight.

One afternoon I visited such a school, taught by a pretty girl of about twenty-five.



Foot-tapping music from a mandolin resounds over a battery-powered amplifier at a Saturday-night hoedown. More than 200 liberal Amish young people gather in a lantern-lighted barn near New Holland to square-dance. Like their parents and grandparents before them, they whirl over the rough barn floor to "Skip to My Lou," "O-Hi-O," and "The Needle's Eye."

Whir of wheels and girlish laughter break the stillness of a summer evening. Spick-and-span in their Sunday best, Amish lads lend strong arms to pull their roller-skating friends down a quiet road in Lancaster County.



Earnest at play as well as at work, Amish children vie for a point in a volleyball game during recess at the Leacock Township Elementary School in Intercourse. Flag flies at half-staff in memory of the late President John F. Kennedy.

Mighty swat sends the ball flying. Farm boys excel at baseball, a favorite sport. At recess or on Sunday afternoon, boys and girls choose up sides for an impromptu game. Adults play another game called *Mosch Balle*, or corner ball. Four men stand at the corners of a square and throw a hard rubber ball at one or more men in the center. Getting hit or missing the target sends a player out of the game.



ENTHUSIASM OPPOSITE, UPPER LEFT, AND ABANDONMENT © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Though not a member of a Plain sect, she answered my questions somewhat apprehensively; the bishop might disapprove if he learned she had been talking to an outsider.

"I was hired by the local Amish board that supports this school," she said. She gestured around the neat little room, heated by a wood-burning stove. "We have 28 pupils here. Seventeen of them—would you believe it?—are named Stoltzfus."

On one side stood small desks, about 24 inches high, for the lower grades; the bigger girls and boys sat on the other side.

"While one class is reciting, the rest do their studies," the teacher explained. "Or some of the brighter ones listen to higher grades."

"A one-room school has no place in progressive educational theory," she went on, "but you know, sometimes I think it's better. Our first-graders, for the most part, can't speak anything but Pennsylvania Dutch when they first come. The older children help teach them to read and write English. They help in other ways, too."

"I think a school like this, with everybody in the same room, gives them a sense of community responsibility that they wouldn't get in a bigger school."

Later that day, an Amish bishop said, "Yes, that is true. Also, it holds our people together. If the kinder go to a public school, they learn the 'gay' ways. Soon some of them may leave the church."

And a deacon of their church said, "They do not understand us, the gay people. They do not know that we believe that once we are gone, we are *all*." He meant, of course, "all gone," the end of the Amish sects.

Tourists Flock to Plain Country

The end is not at all apparent, however, despite a popular notion that Amish numbers are shrinking. Actually, since 1900 their numbers in the United States have grown steadily, from less than 10,000 to close to 50,000 today, according to recent studies by John A. Hostetler, a leading authority on the Plain People.

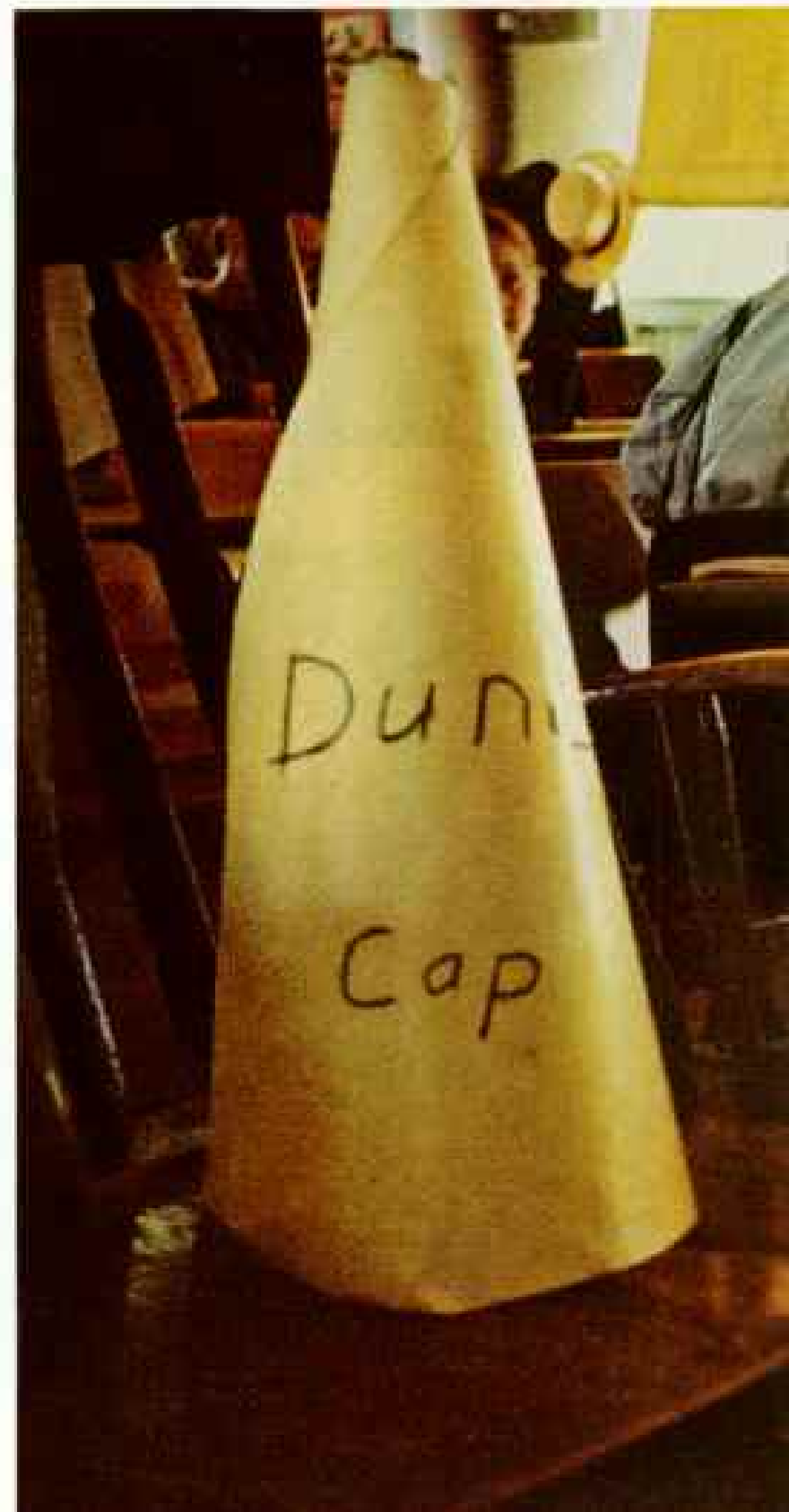
Large families account for this growth. Seldom, if ever, does an outsider join the Amish faith. A non-Amishman might want to marry into it, but an Amish boy or girl would almost never take up with an outsider, without risking excommunication or some other severe punishment, such as being made to do without a horse for a year, or being denied the privilege of venturing off the farm.

Conversions to the freer Mennonite sects, however, are on the rise. The Mennonite

*Still sits the school-house by the road . . .
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!*

John Greenleaf Whittier's "In School-Days" lives again in this one-room Pennsylvania schoolhouse. Students come to class at the summons of a bell atop the Stumptown School. Hand pump outside serves as the water fountain.

Twenty-nine Amish children and one Old Order Mennonite, in grades one through eight, share the classroom. Faces as bright as the sunbeams that light them reflect eagerness to learn. The dunce cap seldom sits on a student's head. Amish believe education beyond the eighth grade unnecessary, holding with the Bible that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (1 Corinthians 3:19). Destined to be farmers and housewives, children receive their most valuable training on the land and in the home.





INTRODUCING (BELOW) AND WOODCHOPPER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Central Committee, an umbrellalike organization sheltering 15 different church sects or agencies, carries on an active relief and service program, not only in the United States but in India, South America, Africa, Japan, Europe, and Puerto Rico. The committee acts as a clearinghouse for conscientious objectors, helping them find voluntary-service posts, and maintains four mental hospitals.

To the distress of most Mennonites and Amish, local entrepreneurs discovered about fifteen years ago that the Plain People could be profitable. First they began selling "Amish" souvenirs: potholders embroidered with hex signs (purely ornamental designs seldom used by the Amish) and gimcrack dolls, towels, and trivets.

Then they began opening "typical Amish farms" to tourists. The part of Route 30 that runs through Plain People country looks like

a midway. AMISH STUFF, the signs shriek. SHOO-FLY PIE (a kind of crumb cake favored in the section). VISIT THE AMISH FARM AND HOUSE! DUTCH POTTERY! HEX JEWELRY!

"The main roads now have the air of a honky-tonk," one Chamber of Commerce official in Lancaster said to me, despairingly.

Yet some local residents, like real estate man Gordon Kling, feel that the commercialization is not all bad. "It does teach outsiders that there are still people who live in the old ways and customs," Kling said.

Plain Folk Live "Close to the Lord"

The Plain People are resisting the outsiders as best they can. Roadside signs, of groups other than the Amish, proclaim: JESUS SAVES, and NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION—GO TO CHURCH. Keeping the sects intact is still uppermost in the minds of most of the Plain

*But the land, whither ye go
to possess it, is a land of hills
and valleys, and drinketh
water of the rain of heaven.*

DEUTERONOMY 11:11

Bare branches spread crooked fingers against a rain- and mist-soaked sky; the rich brown earth drinks its fill on a chill November day.

Snug inside a buggy, Amish folk head for home and the warmth of hearth and family affection. Amid the noise and tension of the modern age, the soft-spoken, devout people hold fast to their island of serenity.



People, but many realize that it grows increasingly difficult each year. Most of them have adopted a philosophical attitude.

One day as I was wandering through Central Market in Lancaster, one of the city-operated halls where the country people bring their produce, meat, and flowers to sell each week, I stopped by the stand of a Mennonite lady named Elizabeth Lefever.

She was a placid-faced, yet somehow sprightly, grandmother. Her severe, middle-parted hair, drawn back into a bun covered by the prayer cap, gave her a stern look that was not at all congruous with her sweetly amiable disposition.

"I've been at this stand for 46 years," she said. "We used to come in to Lancaster from our farm back against Millersville by horse and buggy. We left at 4 a.m. to get here at 6. Once we raised vegetables, but now I bring

these." She pointed to boxes of shelled black walnuts, and the dried apples known as "schnitz," and jars of pickled cantaloupe and watermelon rind.

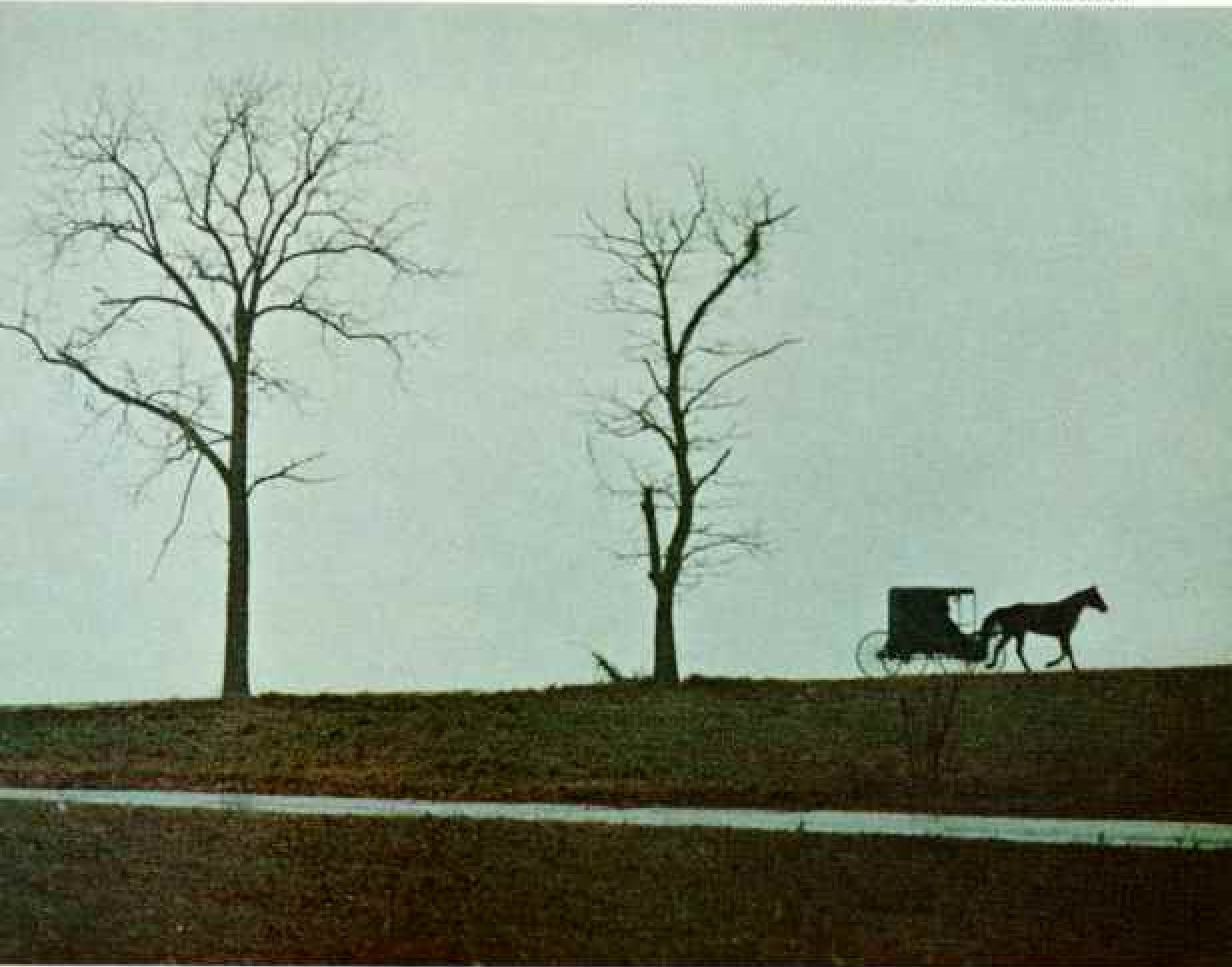
"I have eleven children and more than forty grandchildren," Mrs. Lefever said. "No, not all my children have stayed in the church. Two have gone out of it—but they are still in other churches.

"You have your belief, and you want your children to share it," she said. And then, unwittingly, she summed up the position of most of the Plain People of Lancaster County.

"But I don't believe that only those who have my belief are the ones who will enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The important thing is to worship God. As long as I know the ones who went away from my church still are living close to the Lord in ways of their own, I can be happy."

THE END

ENTAILMENTS BY WILLIAM ALBERT HILLARD © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Journey Into

PART ONE: THE NORTHERN HALF

Earth's mightiest

THE BEDOUIN, moonlight glinting on his rifle, reined his horse on the ridge above us. Helen drew close to me, and from the shadowed side of our Land-Rover we watched the mysterious rider.

This was our first night stop in the Great Rift Valley, that vast system of ruptures in the earth's face that slashes across the Near East and Africa (maps, pages 260-61). Our campsite in southern Syria lay uncomfortably near the old bandit-plagued caravan route between Damascus and the Red Sea.

I searched my mind for the proper greeting and hoped my newly learned Arabic would be intelligible. "*As-salaam 'alaikum*," I called—"Peace be with you."

Silence. How long it seemed as we waited, like centuries of travelers before us, to be reassured or warned by the reply. Then: "*Wa-'alaikum as-salaam*"—"To you, peace"—and the Bedouin faded into the darkness.

We relaxed, then started again as a blast of martial music rose above the receding hoofbeats. A new voice, that of our visitor's transistor radio, pulsed through the night.

Rift Cradles Seas and Lakes

We rigged our bunks and crawled into our sleeping bags, but sleep was as elusive as the moon shadows playing on the sands. It was a primeval night, the kind that unfetters the mind and leads it through time and space.

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RIDING A SEA OF SAND, the authors' Land-Rover crosses the Nubian Desert in Sudan. Chiseled mountain wall of the Great Rift Valley looms in the distance. The Schreiders journeyed 20,000 miles along this geological cleft through the Near East and Africa.

SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

the Great Rift

valley links Bible Lands with living sites of earliest man

Article and photographs by HELEN and FRANK SCHREIDER

National Geographic Foreign Staff

Here, I thought, was the world when the Rift was born, not gently and steadily as the erosion-carved Grand Canyon, but with intermittent swelling and cracking, faulting and settling—a process that began hundreds of millions of years ago and continues today. As earth's crust cracked under internal stresses, great blocks between parallel faults collapsed, leaving mile-high ridges and deep-cleft valleys. The valleys flooded to form the Sea of Galilee, the Dead and Red Seas, and East Africa's arc of huge lakes.

Along the rims of the sunken rift, volcanic upheavals further changed the face of the land; then erosion set in, and so disguised the harsh, sheer lines of the Rift that only

a geologist can define the limits of this greatest of world valley systems.

The gash spans a fifth of earth's circumference and is, in places, more than 50 miles wide. From Bible Lands in the north it reaches deep into Africa, where fossils of earliest man have been found.

In the October wind coursing through our camp, we fancied we could hear *Homo habilis*, the tool-maker, fashioning his stone implements 1,750,000 years ago in Olduvai Gorge.* We heard Joshua's trumpets at the wall of Jericho, Moses sighing as he viewed

*Melvin M. Payne described the discovery of *Homo habilis* in "The Leakeys of Africa: Family in Search of Prehistoric Man," *Geographic*, February, 1965.



the Promised Land from Jordan's Mount Nebo, and the armies of Alexander clanking through Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. We heard Jesus and Mohammed preaching peace, Saladin and Lawrence shouting war, Livingston urging brotherhood. From Syria to Mozambique the Great Rift rang with voices, but as we dozed, it seemed that the new voices—radio and television—spoke loudest of all.

Electronics Leaps Borders and Centuries

"Communications can create a unity of thought as nothing else can today," Wissam Ezzedine had told us as we began our journey in Lebanon. Wissam, a founder of the Compagnie Libanaise de Télévision, waved toward Beirut's multihued cityscape.

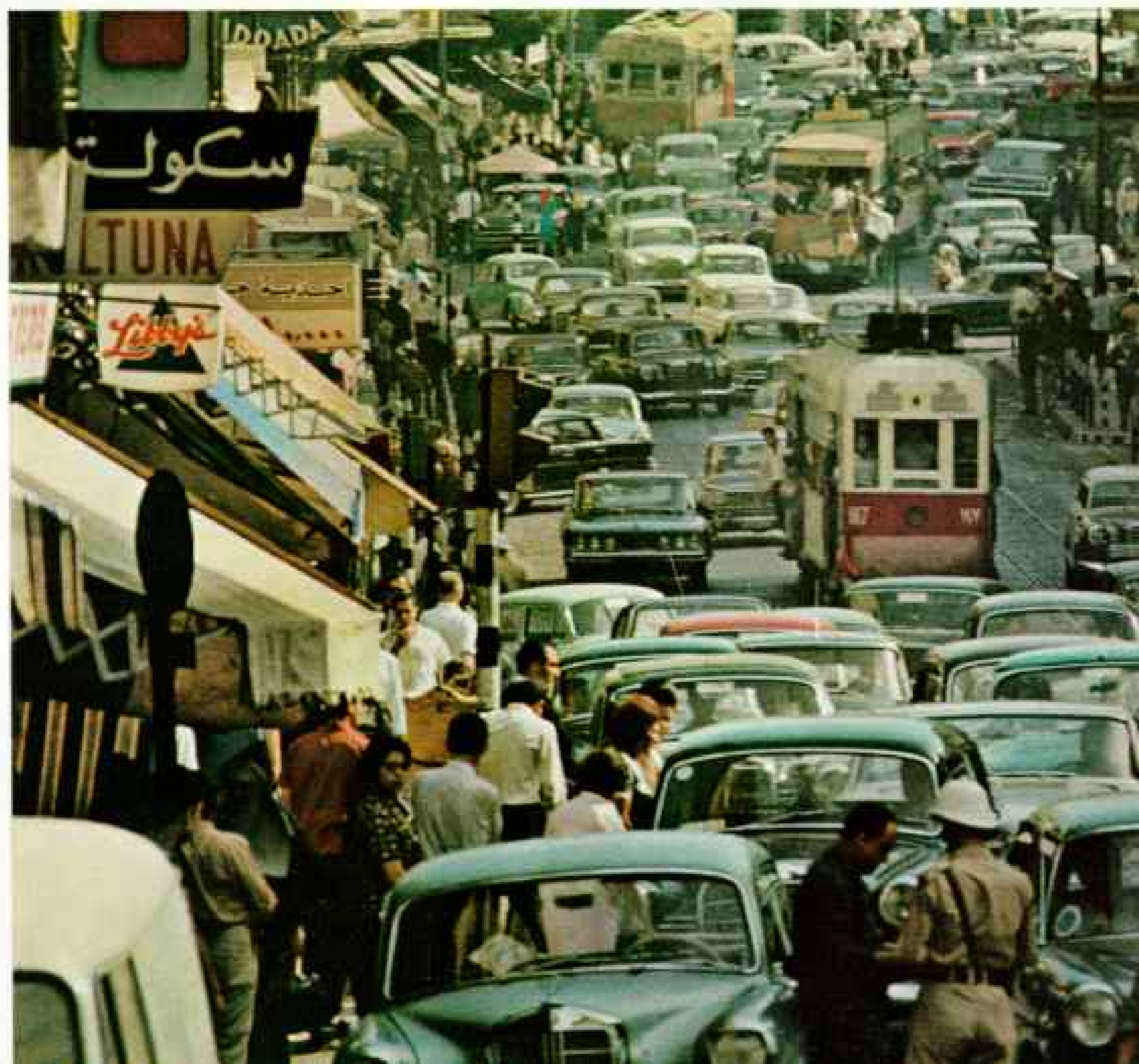
"Almost every Arab has access to a radio. And now we have television—130,000 sets in Lebanon alone. We're expanding our facilities; already we blanket most of the Near East. Arabs are awakening. We have to catch up with the centuries."

"Let's not catch up all at once," Helen pleaded as Wissam's Ferrari careered through Beirut's narrow streets, dodging donkeys and limousines with equal nonchalance.

We raced past well-stocked shops where women in veils jostled women in slacks. In coffeehouses men in tarbooshes and baggy trousers fingered prayer beads and puffed yard-high hubble-bubbles. On terraces down the street men in Homburgs sipped cocktails and read the financial report.

A neon cross flashed beside a mosque—Lebanon is half Christian, half Moslem. High on a hill a new casino sparkled with light, while a Paris revue inside lured visitors—Lebanon is the playground and banking center of the Near East.* With energetic people, 90 percent literate, and with scores of newspapers, four universities, a stable economy, and a government elected by its citizens, Lebanon seems well on its way to catching up.

*See "Young-old Lebanon Lives by Trade," by Thomas J. Abercrombie, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, April, 1958.



Curbside tailor plies his trade in an open-air Beirut market. He and two customers wear red Turkish tarbooshes. Another combines baggy Turkish trousers, Western-style jacket, and Bedouin kaffiyeh.

Honking horns replace the bleat of sheep that only a few years ago bumped to market along the Rue Weygand in Beirut, Lebanon's capital. The city flourished as a Phoenician seaport: as early as 1100 B.C. its roving sailors, descendants of the Canaanites, had opened trade routes to Europe. They sailed out into the Atlantic and perhaps reached the British Isles. Today as then, Beirut bustles as a prosperous and progressive mercantile center. Cars jam its streets (foreshortened here by telephoto lens) and shoppers overflow stores that bulge with duty-free merchandise. Arabic, French, and English signs advertise the wares.



Veils are "out," bikinis "in," as a tradition-breaking younger generation sun-bathes on the beach near Beirut. By night, young people flock to *discothèques* to listen and dance to latest recordings by European and American stars.



Towering tiara of steel and glass, Beirut's newest residential section crowns a promontory above the Mediterranean. Restaurants overlook Pigeons' Grotto in foreground. Venerable black-ringed lighthouse, tucked amid modern apartments at left, guides shipping along the cliff-girt coast. Sarcophagi found during excavation for new buildings



link the metropolis to the Romans. Emperor Justinian himself termed Beirut the "mother and nurse of the laws." The city housed the most noted law school outside Italy until an earthquake toppled it in the 6th century A.D. In the same era, avows a Lebanese legend, St. George slew the dragon that threatened a fair maiden near Beirut.



"Ever since the Phoenicians, we've been a nation of traders," a prosperous silk dealer said. "We're the middlemen between East and West. We must stay on good terms with both."

"But we're exporters too. We export men. More Lebanese live abroad than here in Lebanon. Sooner or later they return, bringing back Western ideas."

Lebanon's official population of 2,150,000, he went on to explain, counts some 1,200,000 registered Lebanese living in other countries.

Lebanese Girls Take to Bikinis

Western ideas are not all the Lebanese bring back. At a beach party, Helen wore a modest one-piece swimsuit in deference to the Moslem propriety of the other guests. She took one look at her bikini-clad companions (page 257), then whispered to me, "I feel like a bloomer girl."

Wissam laughed when Helen mentioned this. "But don't be misled," he advised. "No matter how we dress here in Lebanon, we're still Arabs, and we think like Arabs."

In his apartment overlooking the Mediterranean, he introduced us to his friends—lawyers, businessmen, journalists, and their wives—the women with high-piled hair and low-cut gowns, the men elegantly tailored. We munched lamb kebabs, grape leaves rolled around ground meat and rice, and great disks of soft bread that we tore into pieces and dipped in yoghurt or pastes made of ground sesame or spiced eggplant. The music was Latin, the language French, English, and Arabic, the conversation politics.

"We read your U. S. papers," said a journalist. "We travel in your country, talk to your people. We hear how Israel makes the desert bloom. But we hear nothing of Arab achievement. Why not see for yourselves what we are doing?"

We went to see what the Arabs are doing, at Syria's Ghab reclamation project. Here the Great Rift narrows to a canyon guarded by crumbling

The Authors: Helen and Frank Schreider traveled for eight months in the Great Rift, from Syria to Mozambique. Here Mrs. Schreider cooks dinner along the trail. Frank Schreider adjusts a movie camera to film the temple of Egypt's Queen Hatshepsut near Luxor. For nearly a decade, the Schreiders have experienced brushes with danger to gather material for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC articles, including: "East From Bali by Seagoing Jeep to Timor," August, 1962; "Indonesia, the Young and Troubled Island Nation," May, 1961; and "From the Hair of Siva," October, 1960, their account of a journey along India's Ganges River by amphibious jeep. The Schreiders have written two books about their travels: *20,000 Miles South*—about a trip the length of the Americas—and *The Drums of Tonkin*, on their Indonesian adventures.

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Gate to the Great Rift opened for the authors in Beirut. Red arrows trace the trip into Syria and Jordan, their back track north because of the Arab-Israeli dispute, and their route from Cairo along the Red Sea, part of the Rift.

1:50,000
STATUTE MILES
Elevations and soundings in feet
PUBLISHED BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY ©
RESEARCH BY GEORGE W. BRIDGES

Mediterranean Sea

U. A. R. (EGYPT)

SUDAN

ETHIOPIA

SAUDI ARABIA

YEMEN

SYRIA

ISRAEL

SYRIA

JORDAN

Alexandria

El Giza

El Faiyum

Biba

Maghagha

Asyut

El Manshah

Girga

El Kharga

Isna

Idfu

Kom Ombo

Aswan

Wadi Halfa

Delgo

El Cataract

Karna

Dongola

4th Cataract

Mirowe

5th Cataract

Omdurman

Khartoum

White Nile Dam?

Ed Dueim

El Obeid

Tyre

Haifa

Tel Aviv - Jaffa

Jerusalem

Gaza

Ismailiya

Eilat

Agaba

Bur Safaga

Qusur

Umm Rus

W. Wajh

Halab

Muhammad Goli

Abu Hamed

Port Sudan

Sunkin

Tokar

Karora

Sidi

Sala

Nakfa

Maman

Kassala

Sabderat

Umm Hager

Gedaref

Gallabat

Metemma

Beirut

Tripoli

Hama

Damascus

Amman

Tabuk

Tayma

Yanbu

Jidda

Mecca

Al Qunfudhat

Qafat Binhat

Khartis Musinat

Asa Sa'ud

Sadab

Mansama

Asmara

Decamere

Umm Hager

Aksam

Abi Addi

Makale

Gondar

Zabid

Ibb

Ta'izz

Crater

Aden Protectorate

Crater

Crater

Beirut

Sidon

Tyre

Acre

Safad

Tiberias

Nazareth

Afula

Edrei

Amman

Jerusalem

Bethlehem

Hebron

Gaza

Ashqelon

Beer Sheva

Al Karak

Amman

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forts (pages 268-9). Between these forts and others scattered hundreds of miles along the Rift, the Crusaders could relay a message by sun or smoke in minutes.* Until recently, the valley below was a disease-ridden swamp.

"A basalt formation used to dam the Orontes River here," Ali Ahmad, a young Syrian engineer, explained. "We blasted the rock and dug drainage canals. Soon we'll have nearly 100,000 acres planted in food crops and cotton. Already family income is up from the equivalent of fifty to more than a thousand U.S. dollars a year."

Expanded educational and medical services are planned for the Ghab's 24,000 residents. People are applying for land there that will not be ready for years. The message of hope travels faster than the flash of sun on a Crusader's mirror.

The Great Rift south of the Ghab runs

through Lebanon's fertile Bekaa Valley. We drove between parallel mountain ranges, their crests capped with snow, their slopes all but shorn of the famed cedars that built Solomon's temples, the galleys of Hiram of Tyre, the sun boats of the Pharaohs. The Bekaa, with its vines and grains, has felt the feet of conquerors from Ramesses II and Nebuchadnezzar to the Ottomans and the French. But in all the Bekaa, the greatest prize is Baalbek.

Baalbek Survives Quakes and Conquerors

"Masterpiece of the Roman Empire . . . columns more than 60 feet high . . . among the tallest in the world . . . stone brought from Egypt . . ." A guide droned the statistics.

But statistics could not describe those towering columns the Romans raised to Jupiter,

*The "Crusader Road to Jerusalem" was retraced by Franc Sbot for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1963.



Beirut's newest hotel, the Phoenicia features heated swimming pool, nightclubs, and a penthouse lounge overlooking the sea. American architect Edward Durell Stone designed the 325-room hotel to help house Beirut's half-million yearly visitors.



those altars honoring Venus, that vaulted temple where Bacchus smiled on the revels of nymphs and satyrs. Here, before the Romans, Greeks worshiped at their City of the Sun, Heliopolis; before them, Phoenicians sacrificed to Baal. Despite earthquakes and depredations of Saracens, Crusaders, Mongols, and Turks, Baalbek still stands, most grandiose of Roman shrines (following pages).

In nearby fields tractors plowed fertilizer into red earth. Belled donkeys led flocks of dye-marked sheep home from pasture. Men in fezzes, pantaloons, and black boots, legacy of four centuries of Turkish rule, labored over cabbages, grape vines, and squash.

An icy drizzle drove us back to our hotel, haunted by the last sound we heard—a widow's wail in Arabic under a time-scarred Crusaders' cross carved on a stone inside the Roman temple of Bacchus.

The same freezing rain followed us south as far as Belfort, once a Crusaders' fort, now a Lebanese garrison. Its commandant was adamant: "Only United Nations representatives may cross from Lebanon into Israel."

We explained that we were following the Great Rift, and beyond lay the Sea of Galilee, which was part of it.

"Even if the Israelis let you in," the officer said, "no Arab country would let you back."

Israel is bordered by Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and Egypt. The Rift runs through all of them. Now we had to accept what we had really known all along—that we would have to bypass Israel. Still, we wanted at least a glimpse of Galilee. We studied our maps. Even though the sea lies entirely inside Israel, along a short strip Syria comes to within a few feet of its shore. Perhaps from Damascus...

Damascus! The "street which is called

Television in three languages—Arabic, French, and English—caters to Beirut's diverse cultures. Floodlights bathe these actors in a Beirut studio. Lebanon now has 130,000 TV sets, one for every eight inhabitants of the country.

Pulsating to the beat of drums, a belly dancer performs in the Phoenicia's Le Pion Rouge club.

BE: STAFF/PHOTOS (BELOW AND RIGHT); AND: EDUARDHORN © N.Y.C.





Skeleton of splendor: Most imposing of Roman temple ruins, Baalbek still casts stark shadows amid poplar trees in the high Bekaa Valley, northeast of Beirut.

The sanctuary rose in the first century A.D., archeologists now believe, when bountiful Bekaa grew grain for its Roman masters. Only six of the Temple of Jupiter's 54 columns still stand, but at 62 feet they rank among the world's tallest.

Corinthian colonnade towers over visitors at Baalbek's Temple of Bacchus (left and above, right). Roman builders poured lead into square holes to lock together the massive stone sections. Desert tribesmen later stole the lead for bullets. An earthquake tipped the leaning column.



ARCHITECTURE BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHNEIDER © N.Y.C.

Straight," where Paul was baptized. The wall where he was lowered to escape the Romans. The dark *sugs* where spears of sunlight pierce little shops selling brassware, brocade, and mother-of-pearl inlay (next page). The coils of fried sweets, cookies of green pistachio, fragrance of incense and roasting lamb. Black-robed women with filmy scarlet veils. The romance is still there.

But now high heels click beneath the robes. Radios and electric shavers have appeared in the market place. And television antennas have sprouted in place of the old *cheval-de-frise*, spiked defensive works atop the wall.

Signs in the old city proclaim in English "Photography Permitted." But Syria was once a French protectorate, and apparently few people read English. Our cameras drew howls of protest. Outside the walls no signs are necessary. Syrians take pride in their new

Damascus of glass and concrete that is devouring the old.

"We're spending a lot on civic improvement," declared Hassan, our Ministry of Information escort. "But the biggest share of our national budget goes for education. Damascus University is one of the few in the Near East that teach all their subjects—even medicine and science—in Arabic."

Taboos and Turmoil Still Survive

Hassan introduced us to the principal of a new primary school. Helen offered her hand, just as every Arab woman we had met had done to us. The principal recoiled.

"I couldn't shake hands with a woman," he protested. "I'm going to pray in the mosque."

An embarrassed Hassan later explained: "The Koran says a man must go to prayer with pure body and mind. The orthodox



element interprets the holy book most rigidly. I think their views are holding Syria back. It's one of our big problems."

Syria had other problems that week: an attempted coup, a cabinet shake-up, trouble on the Israeli border. Our permit to visit Galilee was canceled. With a sigh of resignation, we headed our Land-Rover toward Jordan.

Race for a Royal Appointment

High on a hill above Jordan's capital at 'Ammān, Uriah was killed after David, coveting Uriah's wife Bathsheba, ordered him to the "forefront of the hottest battle" (page 273). On a hotel terrace below, Helen and I paced nervously; on another hill 11 miles away, in

Daret Alkhair (House of Blessing), Jordan's King Hussein awaited us—and we were already half an hour late.

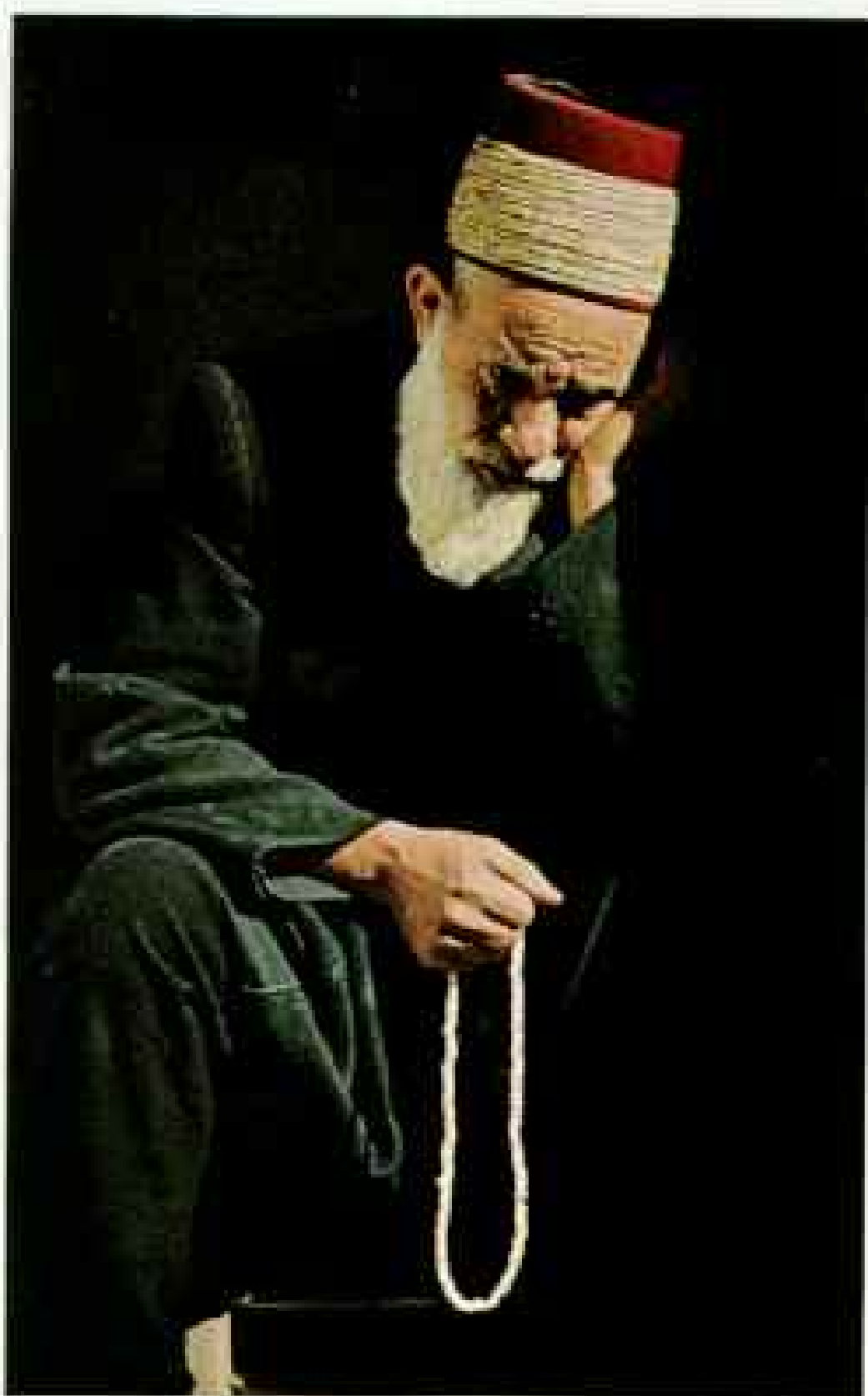
We leaped into the king's official green station wagon when it called for us.

"Where to?" the driver asked calmly.

"To Daret Alkhair," we chorused, not so calmly. "And you're half an hour late. We have an appointment with King Hussein."

The driver quivered. "Appointment? King Hussein? Half an hour late?"

The car quivered. We quivered. And so did everything within earshot of the blasting horn and squealing tires. 'Ammān's seven hills blurred past. Businessmen in Western dress, long-robed Bedouins, red-crested



"Praise be to God," Damascus elder counts prayer beads that recall the 99 Islamic names that express the attributes of God. His *laffe*-wrapped tarboosh marks him as a dignitary of the Moslem faith.

Syrian supermarket, the Hamidiieh Bazaar in Damascus offers merchandise ranging from shoes and silks to jewelry and antiques. Tiny stalls line the sides of the alleylike arcade, shaded by an arched roof. Shoppers in knee-length skirts and high heels contrast with a passing man who wears the traditional kaffiyeh of the desert dweller.

Like passing shadows, Syrian women in dark robes and veils slip by a garish movie poster. Arabic script advertises Egypt's *The Red Sheik*.





Citadel of the Crusaders, the Syrian village of Apamea overlooks the Ghab Valley. By rechanneling the flood-prone Orontes River, engineers converted 155 square miles

soldiers of the Jordan Arab Army—all fled like quail before the car carrying the flag of the Hashemite Kingdom.

Guards presented rifles, a gate opened, we screeched to a stop. We tumbled out of the car—and almost bumped into the King and his English-born wife, Princess Muna, waiting on the steps of the royal residence. I started to apologize, but Helen beat me to it:

“I think we drove as fast as they say you do, Your Majesty.”

King Hussein laughed. “Oh, I don’t race any more, except in go-carts. My ministers say it’s too dangerous.”

But Jordan’s amiable 29-year-old King has little time even for go-carting now. He is too busy inaugurating new roads, factories, schools, and irrigation projects. His 12-year

reign has tripled the country’s gross national product and doubled its per capita income.*

While the King bounced Prince Abdullah on his knee and Princess Muna sat casually on a hassock nearby, we chatted about plans for Jordan (page 272). Time for the prince’s nap was our signal to leave.

Helicopter Offers a Glimpse of Galilee

“You should see the East Ghor Canal,” suggested the King as he accompanied us to the car. “It’s our biggest hope. And it runs right through the Great Rift Valley. My helicopter will take you there.”

We circled north of ‘Ammān, over rugged

*His Majesty King Hussein described Jordan’s mid-century progress in “Holy Land, My Country,” NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1964.



REPRODUCTION BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHREIBER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

of malaria-plagued marsh into rich fields of wheat, barley, cotton, and fruits. The ambitious project promises to raise the standard of living for tens of thousands of Syrians.

brown desert and the well-preserved Roman city of Jarash, then along the Yarmūk River that feeds East Ghor. Just north of the canal's entrance, we saw an expanse of blue.

"The Sea of Galilee," our pilot shouted over the motor's roar.

"Closer! Can we go closer?" I shouted back.

"Can't! Guns down there! That's occupied Palestine—or Israel, as you call it. Technically, we're still at war."

We dipped down into the Jordan Valley, part of the Great Rift, then turned south along the Jordan River, a brown snake bordered by strips of green (pages 274-5). Nearby the East Ghor Canal fed Yarmūk waters to two million acres of thirsty soil that may receive only seven inches of rain in a good year. Cereals, vegetables, and fruit formed

islands of green in the white alkaline land.

The pilot circled an area where the Jordan bisected particularly green farmland.

"Can you tell any difference?" he asked. I couldn't. The pilot grinned.

"That's Israel over there and Jordan on this side. We Arabs are good farmers, too."

Unfortunately, only a tenth of Jordan's land is arable. The rest, most of the territory east of the Jordan, is desert, home of the nomadic Bedouin.⁴

With Mohammed Murshed, a young Arab on leave from his Department of Antiquities job at Petra, we drove into the desert from 'Ammān to visit a Bedouin camp. A few

⁴This high, harsh land, "The Other Side of Jordan," gave GEOGRAPHIC staff man Luis Marden its hospitality and adventure for his article in December, 1964.

goat-hair tents, each with its flock of sheep, goats, and camels, peppered the sands.

We stopped at one of the larger tents. A tethered camel looked smug, as a Bedouin struggled with a less-cooperative steed.

"And I just put in a new battery," the Arab sheik complained, slamming down the hood of his American-made sedan.

But not even a balky engine can interfere with Arab hospitality, and soon the tent resounded with the thump of mortar and pestle crushing fresh coffee. We sat on satin pillows on the rug-covered sand while the sheik, as is custom, prepared the brew himself—a ritual

as elaborate as a Japanese tea ceremony. Adding cardamom, then boiling water, he decanted the liquid into progressively smaller coffeepots, until it was the color and consistency of strong Italian espresso. More a gesture than a beverage, it was served without sugar in handleless cups much like oversize thimbles.

All the while we heard giggles from the other end of the tent, and beneath a partition we saw bare feet operating the treadle of a sewing machine. But there was not a woman in sight. I thought what a fine photograph a Bedouin woman at a sewing machine would make. But we had been in Arab lands long

enough to know that it would be unthinkable rude to ask about the sheik's wives. Etiquette demanded that the sheik be equally disinterested in my wife. So it came as a surprise when he suggested that I photograph him with Helen beside his car.

"Splendid idea," I replied. "And then, I'd like a picture of your wife." My host could hardly refuse, and his wife was delighted to sit for our cameras (page 276).

On another trip, we steered the Land-Rover along a broad new highway that crossed the

Fluttering hands of Aqaba housewives flatten dough. A disk of bread clings to the inside of the oven wall where it cooks.

Heavy eye shadow of kohl, powdered antimony, beautifies as well as protects eyes from the sun's glare. This girl's chin tattoo serves as a permanent beauty mark.

Beehive houses of sun-dried clay huddle near the Ghab Valley. Villagers crowd their homes together to save precious acres for crops. Lacking timbers for flat roofs, builders adopted the conical style.



Great Rift between 'Ammān and Jerusalem. Our car's altimeter began to slide—2,800 feet at 'Ammān; 1,000 feet as we dropped over the hills and slanted down the walls of the Rift. The needle quivered at zero, then moved into the blank area beyond the scale.

Real Estate Booms on Dead Sea Shore

In minutes we had plummeted to the lowest point on earth, the Dead Sea, 1,296 feet below sea level—a weird, pale-yellow place, spotted with salt marshes (page 275). A desolate, forbidding land. Little wonder the Essenes thought their secret safe when they hid their Dead Sea Scrolls here 2,000 years ago.[†]

But change comes with the new highway. A modern resort hotel now stands at the head of the Dead Sea. Neighboring real estate has tripled in value. Deep wells water new farms that checker the gray desert. This natural hothouse, the Jordan Valley, is fast becoming the biggest producer of off-season fruits and vegetables for the winter tables of Europe.

We followed the Jordan upstream from where it empties into the Dead Sea to where it winds gently through a grove of tama-

risks. A band of Greek pilgrims arrived. They bathed, were blessed by a bearded patriarch, and left. We lingered. Christians revere this as the site where Jesus was baptized, and our eyes cherished the view. But even here rose the specter of the Arab-Israeli conflict.[‡]

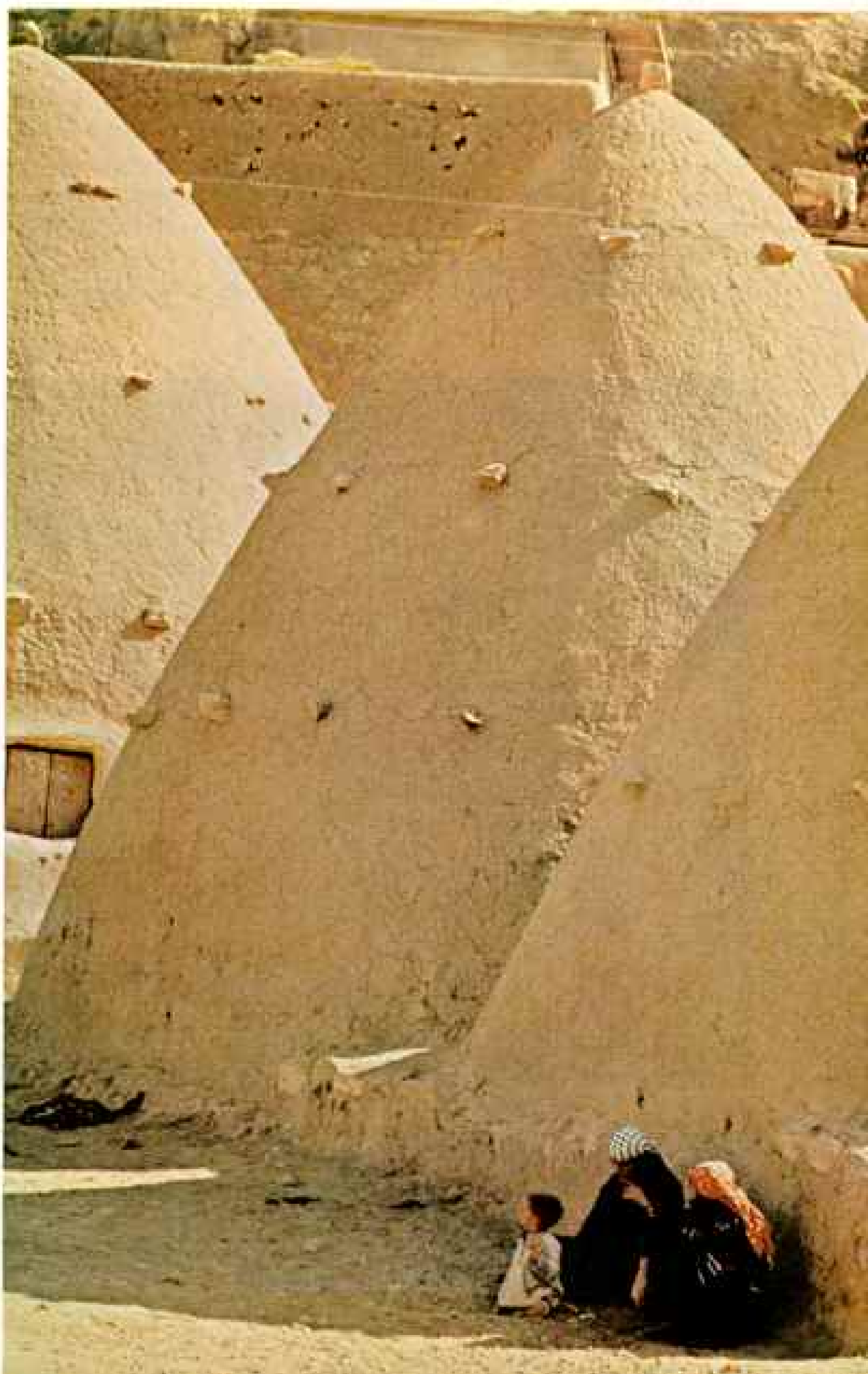
"Look well," a voice intruded. "The Jordan may not be here much longer," the old priest said, with considerable exaggeration. "The river flows out of the Sea of Galilee in Israel."

[†]The story of "The Men Who Hid the Dead Sea Scrolls" was told by A. Douglas Tushingham in *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC*, December, 1958.

[‡]Assistant Editor John Scofield wrote of "Israel—Land of Promise," in the March, 1965, *GEOGRAPHIC*.



SPRACHRE (LEFT) AND BOGCHROME (R) W. E. I.



The Israelis have announced a plan to divert Jordan water to irrigate the Negev."

In nearby Jericho, earth's most ancient town—dating from 7000 B.C., perhaps earlier—we met Mohammed Murshed again. He ushered us into his family's adobe home. "*Ahlan wa-sahlan*," said his parents. "Welcome."

We sat in the largest of the three rooms, on embroidered pillows on the floor. Prayer rugs from Mecca decorated the whitewashed walls. Grapevines overhung the open door. Beyond were the bananas, oranges, papayas, and grain that Mohammed's family had cultivated for generations. From a charcoal brazier came the spicy aroma of *makloubeh*, the Palestinian dish of eggplant, lamb, rice, and pine nuts.

Barbed Wire Divides the Holy City

A neighbor joined us after dinner as we peeled large juicy oranges.

"You should taste the oranges of Jaffa," he said nostalgically. "I have not eaten them for 16 years, since I left Palestine."

The Arabs uprooted from Israel yearn for their birthplace.

"We haven't forgotten our homeland," said an old man in a refugee camp near Jericho.

"And we won't let our children forget. We won't be resettled. There are 600,000 of us here in Jordan—another half a million in Syria and Lebanon. Someday we'll go back."

Jerusalem, a city as divided as Berlin, lies 3,700 feet above the Dead Sea, near the eroded western edge of the Great Rift. The new part is Israel's; the old walled enclosure, Jordan's; the area between, a no man's land of war rubble, sandbagged gun emplacements, and tangles of barbed wire.*

From the Mount of Olives we looked down on the domes and spires, mosques and churches of the city that was built by David, glorified by Solomon, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. In Jerusalem, ravaged and rebuilt in turn by Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Crusaders, and Saracens, only scattered stones remain of the city that witnessed Christ's triumphant entry and later his tragic march to Calvary. And yet an aura of sanctity prevails.

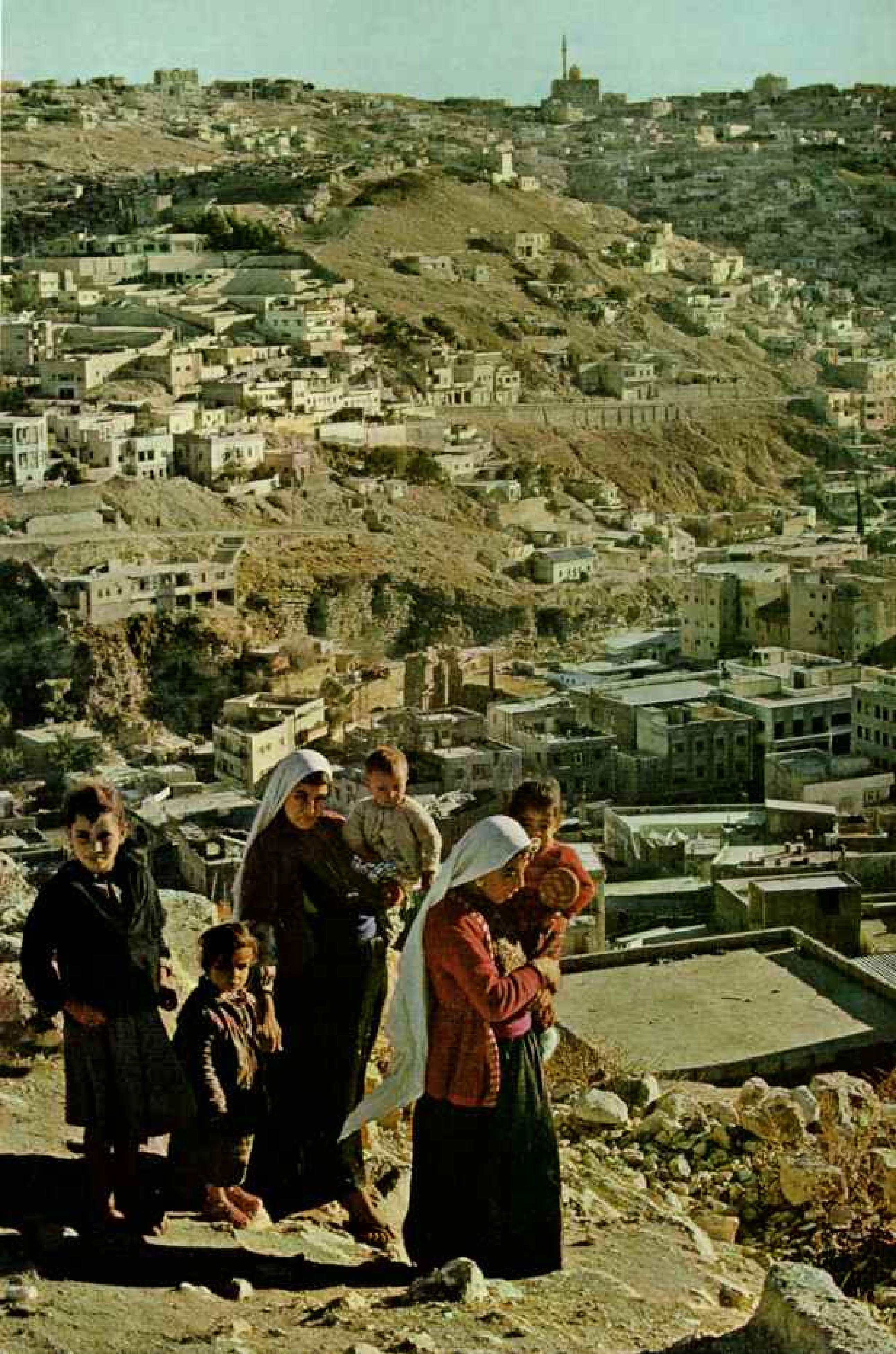
Sacred alike to Moslems, Christians, and Jews, its narrow lanes echo the dark browns, grays, and blacks of the many sects and monastic orders that live here side by side.

*See "Jerusalem, the Divided City," by John Scofield, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, April, 1959.



At his home, Daret Alkhair, Jordan's English-educated King Hussein joins Princess Muna, their son Prince Abdullah, and their Labrador retriever Lucky. The King's 18-year-old brother, Crown Prince Hassan (center), talks with a cousin, Raad Hussein, who serves as His Majesty's secretary.

Children of the displaced, youngsters of families from Palestine wander the heights of Amman, Jordan's capital. The area has received 200,000 refugees since 1948. Tradition says this is the hill where the embattled Uriah died, sent there by David, who coveted Uriah's wife Bathsheba.



We walked the Via Dolorosa, the Way of Sorrows, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Moslem gatekeeper, in his hereditary role, passed us through, and we entered the dim, incense-laden sanctum, smoky with the flicker of a thousand candles, rumbling with the litanies of half a dozen sects, the atmosphere heavy with the grief of Golgotha.

But this was not a time of grief; it was the day before Christmas. So we turned to Bethlehem, a few miles away to the south. Where was the simple manger, the grotto, the obscure place where Christ was born?

"In there," someone said, "in the Church of the Nativity." He pointed to the massive walled church, built at the time of Constan-

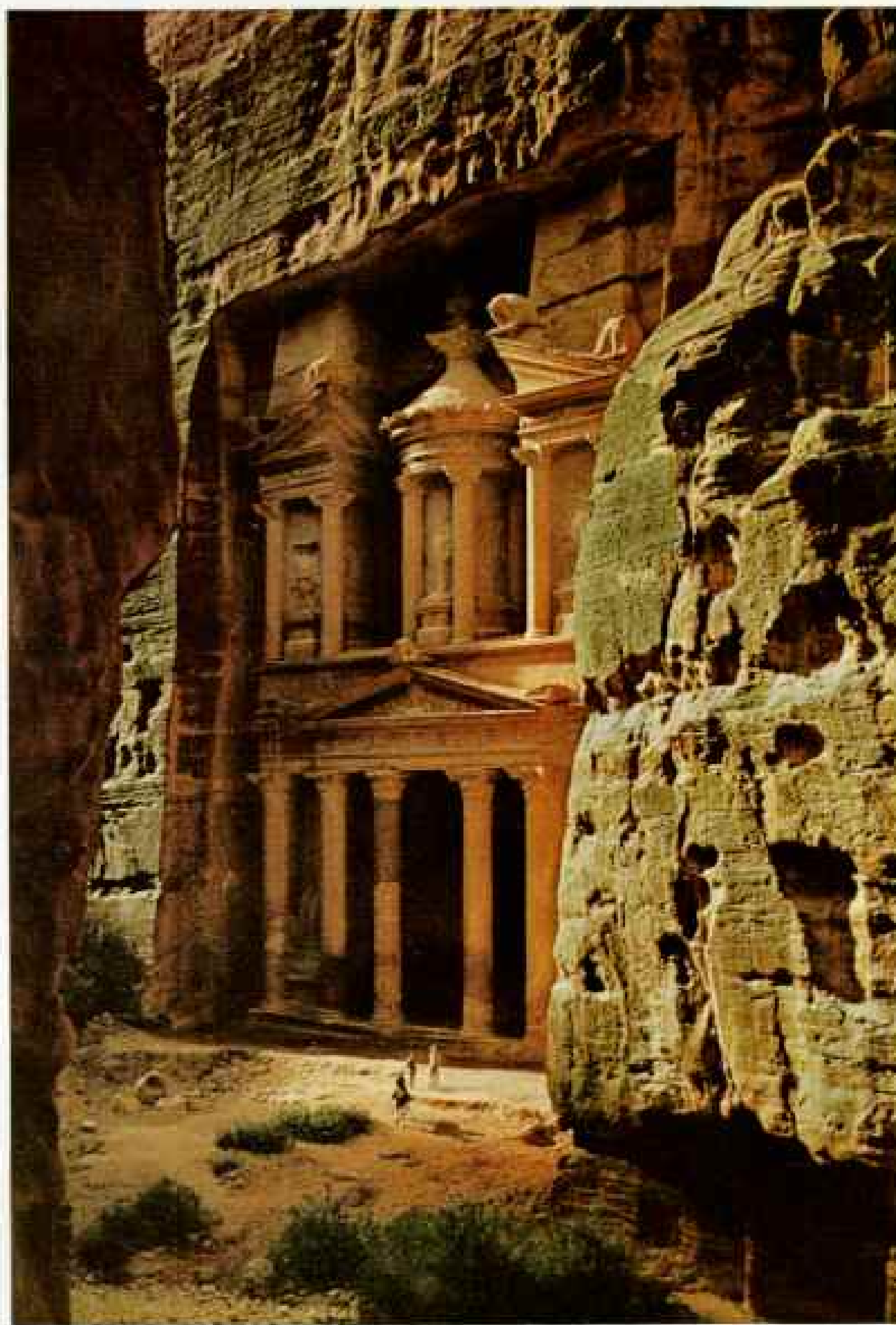
tine, in the 4th century A.D., destroyed in the 6th century, and later rebuilt by Justinian.

Threading the Eye of the Needle, the main entrance so small only a child can enter upright, we joined a solemn throng of pilgrims like ourselves. We accepted candles from a bearded priest and descended the narrow stairs to the grotto.

Christmas Eve in Bethlehem

For a long time we sat there, far back in a corner, shunning the circle of light cast by the candles and the jeweled oil lamps. The last of the pilgrims shuffled out. I rose to follow, but Helen touched my arm.

An old, old woman, a woman of Bethlehem,



limped painfully down the stairs. Her black dress was mantled in white, her head crowned with a tall white cone. She lit a candle and prayed before the silver star in the floor that marks Christ's birthplace (page 278).

For us, this moment was the silent night, the night of the Magi.²⁹

South of the Dead Sea, the Great Rift Valley forms a rounded trough that narrows to the Gulf of Aqaba, then broadens again into the Red Sea. Wild, dry country it is, as lifeless today as when trains of camels carried frankincense and myrrh from Yemen to Damascus;

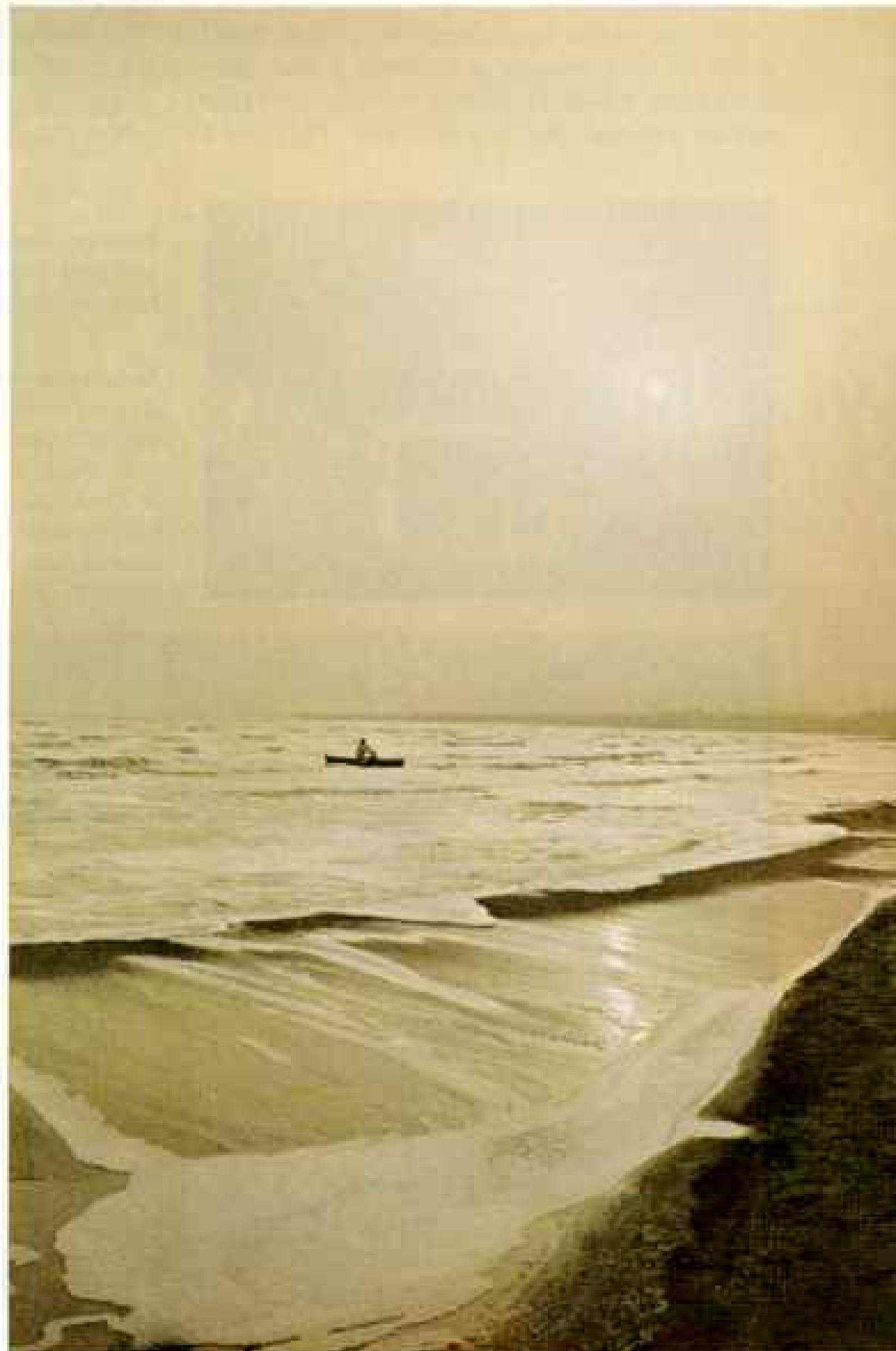
²⁹In "Pilgrims Follow the Christmas Star," Maynard Owen Williams wrote of Bethlehem in *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC*, December, 1952.

Columned Treasury of Petra, dating from Roman times, was carved from sandstone cliffs as a temple or tomb. Nabateans occupied the easily defended site in the 4th century B.C. Even earlier, Joshua told (24:4) of God's bequest of these hills to the Edomites: "I have given unto Esau mount Seir...."

Jordan's green thumb, the fertile valley of the twisting Jordan River feeds more than half the country's 2,000,000 people.

Earth's lowest spot, the Dead Sea contains so much salt that only the strongest wind whips up its sluggish surface. Sand- and vapor-filled air dims a lone boatman.

ESCALADERIES BY NELLY AND FRANK SCHEFFLER © W.A.S.



as forbidding as when the Nabateans, at the time of Christ, preyed on the caravans and lavished the booty on their capital at Petra (page 274). Lost for more than 600 years, this tomb-city came to light again only in 1812.

A black ribbon of asphalt now traces the old caravan route. But we still felt a tingle of expectation as we neared Petra, along the eastern rim of the Great Rift.

Flash Floods Make Siq Passage Risky

A light rain sprinkled us as we entered the Siq, the twisting, flood-scoured canyon leading into Petra—a passage so narrow that a few men could hold off an army until starved into submission.

We felt vague apprehension; a flash flood could fill that passage in seconds. It was only sprinkling when 24 French tourists and two guides entered the Siq recently. Only two

lived to see the temples, tombs, and palaces carved like cameos in the red cliffs at its end.*

Mohammed Murshed, our friend from 'Ammān and Jericho, was back at his job of restoring the old Roman amphitheater. Time has left Petra's free-standing main Roman temple in rubble. Better preserved are the columns, plinths, and capitals carved from living rock to adorn hand-hewn caves which have served, at different times, as tombs for the dead and homes for the living.

With Mohammed we climbed worn steps to explore the Great High Place, with its altars for sacrifice. We beamed our flashlights into dark tombs where an occasional glimmer of white betrayed powdery bones.

A Bedouin hailed Mohammed, showing him a Nabatean cup of terra cotta almost as

*"Petra, Rose-red Citadel of Biblical Edom," by David S. Boyer, appeared in the December, 1955, *GEOGRAPHIC*.



Foot-powered sewing machine eases work for a sheik's wife near 'Ammān. She hems brocade outside her desert tent.

New luxuries for desert living: Ford sedan replaces the camel of a Bedouin chieftain. His guest tunes a transistor radio. Yet tent, sheep, and hospitality remain precious to these nomadic tribesmen, reclining on pillows atop Oriental rugs. Brass coffee pots, poured one to another, produce a strong, blackish desert brew.





PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Feast of boiled rice and mutton heaps a tray for hungry members of Jordan's Desert Police. Bedouin in white keffiyehs prepared the *mansaf*. With their guests they dig in, using only their right hands as custom demands. The bandoleered Camel Corpsmen guard against smugglers and help maintain peace among the tribes.

thin as eggshell china. "A fine piece," Mohammed proclaimed. "Some of our best artifacts are brought in by the Bedouins. It was a Bedouin who discovered the Dead Sea Scrolls."

"But where do they live?" we asked.

"In the tombs. Come, I'll show you."

Through the dusk we followed Mohammed to a dark hole in a grotesquely eroded cliff. A fire burned on the cave floor; the air was thick with its smoke. A young Bedouin answered Mohammed's "As-salaam 'alaikum." Pillows were brought, rugs unrolled, tea served. A month-old goat left the flock at the back of the cave and nuzzled Helen. She pulled it into her lap, and it lay there as docile as a pet dog.

Across the canyon, other caves peered by day like vacant eye sockets in the face of the cliff. Now, with fires sputtering in many of them, the cliff seemed like a sky sprinkled with stars.

Could it have been so different 2,000 years ago? Perhaps the Bedouin, sitting cross-

legged beside me with a rifle across his knees, would have held a lance. Instead of two lone travelers, we might have been members of a caravan in ancient times enjoying the protection bought with our tolls. And in the morning we, too, would head south along the caravan trail to Aqaba.

The Gulf of Aqaba, with the Red Sea to the south, forms a watery extension of the Great Rift Valley that separates the Near East from Africa. We drove along Aqaba's sandy shop-lined street to the new port, Jordan's only access to the sea. One ship off-loaded grain and machinery; another took on phosphates, one of the country's principal exports.

Barbed Wire Turns Back Travelers

A few miles away, on the Israeli side of the gulf, other ships berthed at Eilat, a new town that exists because ships trading with Israel are denied use of the Suez Canal. We stared past Eilat at the craggy hills of Egypt's Sinai Peninsula. Beyond lay Suez and our intended

Flickering tapers and silver lamps in Bethlehem's Grotto of the Nativity light a starlike emblem on the traditional birthplace of Christ. Reverent pilgrim praying by the shrine wears a shawl-draped *shatweh*, or hat, whose style predates the Crusades.

RODCHENKO © NATURAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



route along the Red Sea coast of Egypt, Sudan, and Ethiopia.

Ever since the Exodus, men have crossed the Sinai. It was a pilgrimage route to Mecca. Camel caravans once made the trek regularly. Even today a trail leads to Suez, but we could not reach it. Neither Jordan nor Egypt permits traffic with Israel; barbed wire (above), gun emplacements, and land mines on both sides of the narrow wedge of Israeli territory say unmistakably, "No Trespassing."

Only by ship could we reach Egypt, and neither of two vessels at Aqaba was headed there. With a last look at the warm yellow desert, the clear water rainbowed with coral and flashing fish, the mountains that gave up their copper for Solomon, we turned north again for Beirut and a thousand-mile detour to bypass a 6½-mile political barrier that blocked our way far more than the Rift itself.

It was Ramadan when we arrived in Cairo: Ramadan, the month of fasting observed by all Islam. From sunrise to sunset no Moslem touched food, water, or tobacco. Office hours were short, tempers shorter, hampering our preparations for the journey south.

By week's end, though, gasoline had been trucked ahead to Quseir, on Egypt's Red Sea coast, where we would top our tanks for the 600-mile desert trip to Port Sudan. We stocked the Land-Rover with canned food and extra water. But Sudan still withheld two vital documents: visas and a motoring permit, both applied for months earlier in Washington. At the Sudanese Embassy in Cairo we again filled out the required forms. Thereafter our daily inquiries brought only a smiling "Perhaps tomorrow. This is Ramadan, you know."

Each afternoon when the offices closed, Helen and I strolled the palm-fringed esplanade



beside the Nile. We looked deep into the brown waters, here as placid as an old man contemplating a long and eventful life. Months later and 3,000 miles upstream we would see the Nile in its youth, raging through a cleft at Uganda's Murchison Falls.

Pageant of Light Recalls Egypt's Glory

The Nile imparts a magic to Cairo that pervades the whole city, but we felt it most at the *Son et Lumière* pageant on the plain of Giza (following pages).

It was a dark night, and cold. Dust devils whirled across the desert. Startlingly, a gold light spread like dawn across the face of a great crouching figure, and a hollow, recorded voice pierced the silence.

"I have seen all of the suns men can remember. I received many names, but the name which has remained with me is . . . Sphinx.

Barbed wire on a beach at Aqaba, Jordan's Red Sea gateway, checks infiltration across the closed border with Israel, which lies not far behind the camera. Mountains slope into Saudi Arabia at far right.

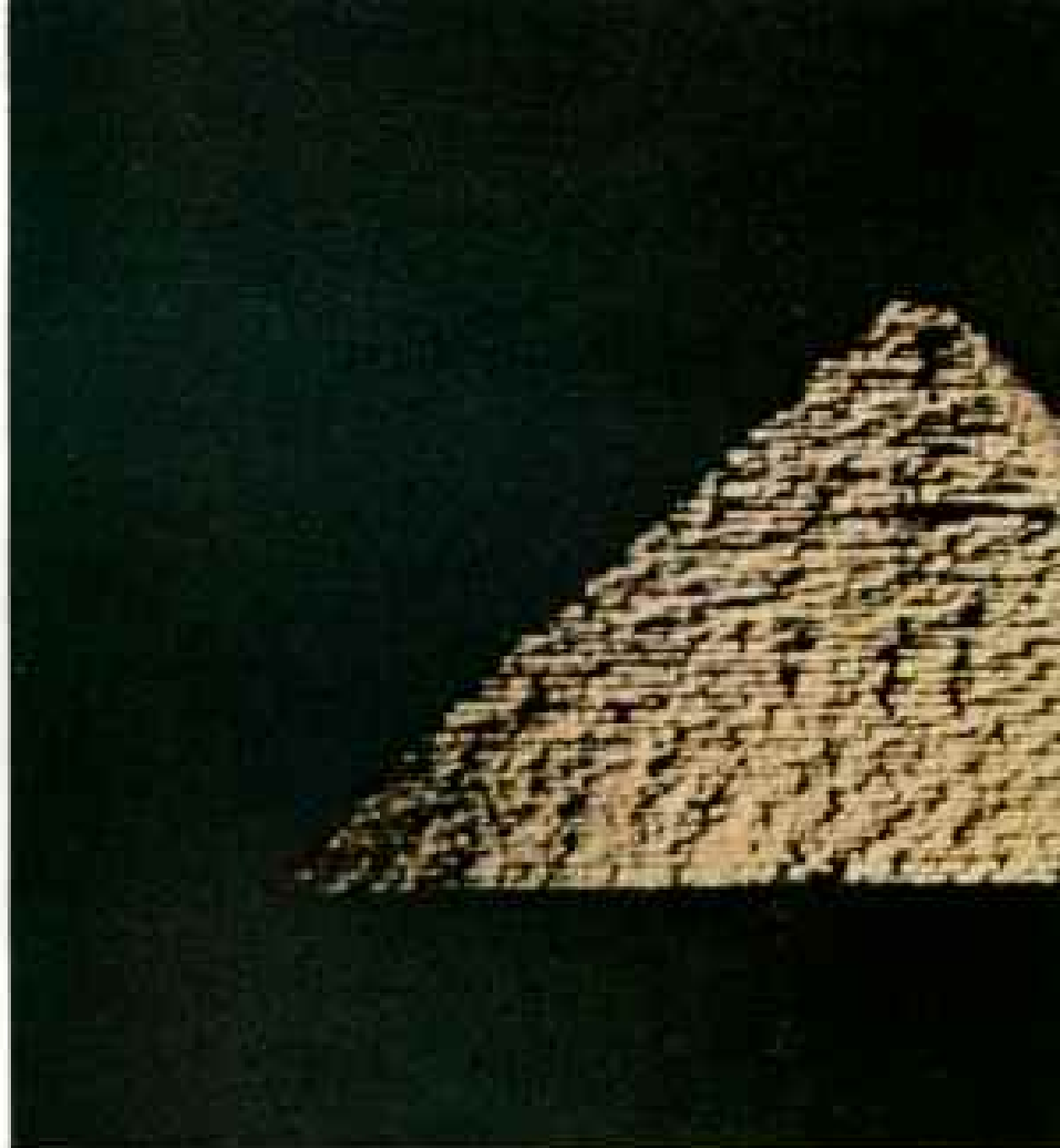
Close to the Nile I watch over the plateau of Giza, over all its monuments. . . ."

Each pyramid in turn, Cheops, Chephren, Mycerinus, caught that golden light. We heard the chant of laborers as they erected these monuments to the glory of their masters. We heard of the beauty of Nefertiti, of the treasure of Tutankhamun.⁶ Then the clash of swords, the rumble of chariots, the echo of cannon fire as Egypt's tide rose and fell during centuries of war. Through it all the pale triangular tombs seemed to float above the

⁶In "Tutankhamun's Golden Throne," by Christiane Desroches Noblecourt, October, 1963, the *GEOGRAPHIC* displayed this fabulous treasure in full color.

Glowing like ghosts afloat in the night, Cheops's Pyramid and the Sphinx dominate the plain of Giza near Cairo. Illumination paints them during a one-hour "Sound and Light" show that unfolds 45 centuries of Egyptian history.

Confetti of lights flecks Cairo, named after the planet Mars—El Qāhira in Arabic. Autos thread Al Tahrir Bridge, and the timeless Nile shimmers below a waterside casino. Pyramids of Giza, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, break the golden-edged horizon. Apartment skyscraper at left dominates a section of luxury hotels and busy shops. Arab and Coptic cultures still thrive in medieval mosques and palaces at the heart of Egypt's capital.



desert, omnipresent, enduring: the pyramids, where "men thought death was vanquished."

The month of fasting ended, three days of feasting began, and a jubilant mood swept like a fresh breeze through Cairo's narrow streets. But still we had no visas or motoring permit to enter the Sudan.

"After the feast, perhaps," said the still-smiling Sudan officials. "We will cable you in Luxor." So we quit Cairo and headed toward the Eastern Desert. We crossed the Biblical land of Goshen, rich now with cotton, green with rice and castor bean.

Southward we turned, along the Suez Canal, now under Egyptian control and busier than ever (pages 284-5). At its southern terminus, the town of Suez, a few palms raise dust-covered fronds and camels plod in weary rivalry with trucks. From Suez to Port Sudan, nearly 1,000 miles, little green would intrude on the landscape of blue sea and beige desert.

Luxor Road Threads Lonely Vistas

Most of the way to Luxor we drove a black-top road. Sand blows across it from beaches white as flour. To the west rise nude mountains with peaks reaching almost 7,000 feet.

It is an incongruous road, like a pretty girl dressed for a ball that has been called off. It seems to have no place to go. It winds close to the coast between sea and mountains. For hours there is nothing. Then a tiny settlement appears, a scattering of adobe houses around a powdery talc mine, or an oil field with spindly derricks and rocking-beam pumps doing push-ups like monstrous grasshoppers in the desert.

At intervals we passed a fishing village or





HO ENTACHORRE (ABOVE) BY GILBERT M. CHOISEMIN AND KUDACHORRE BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHUBERT © A. J. S.

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vestige of an ancient port for caravans that once wound their way to the Nile through passes in the mountains. We followed one of those passes inland toward Luxor. Once over the mountains, the road twisted between harsh, jagged crags, then opened onto a desert rippled with dunes.

Suddenly we were in the Nile Valley again. There was no transition; it was as if a curtain had been opened, separating the hot, chalky desert and a cool world of acacias, eucalyptus, and date palms. And people: 95 percent of Egypt's 28 million live along the Nile.*

Woman Pharaoh Spread Egypt's Fame

At Luxor we stayed in a new hotel that rises incongruously beside a columned temple near the river. Around us lay the site of ancient Thebes, described in Homer's *Iliad* as a city "where the treasure-houses are stored fullest—Thebes of the hundred gates."

The gates are gone now, and the treasure has been stolen by grave robbers or moved to museums across the world. But the temple of Queen Hatshepsut still held a special treasure for us. It stands in the Valley of the Kings, across the river from Luxor, and its walls tell of an ancient expedition in the Great Rift.

When Queen Hatshepsut came to the throne about 1500 B.C., destined to be Egypt's greatest woman Pharaoh, she launched an expedition to the limits of the then-known world, the fabled Land of Punt.

The worn bas-reliefs dimly reveal each stage of the journey: the five royal galleys setting forth; the ships paced by fish as they sailed the Red Sea; the welcome to Punt by the fat queen and her woolly-haired warriors; the triumphant return with live apes and monkeys, with myrrh and myrrh trees, cinnamon wood, ivory, and gold, and with natives and their children, the like of which Egypt had seldom seen.

Where was Punt? Scholars disagree. Perhaps as far away as Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia. More likely in Ethiopia or Somalia. Certainly it lay somewhere along the Rift Valley.

Back at the hotel we received a telephone call from the American Consul in Cairo: "Good news. We've heard from Khartoum. Your visas came through. Authorization num-

ber 341. Good luck, and be careful." He was referring to a previous warning from Khartoum that bandits were raiding along the Sudan-Ethiopian border.

That same afternoon we received a cablegram from the Sudan Consulate in Cairo: "Motoring Permit Number 869 granted. . . ."

Incredulously we read and reread the rest of the message. It directed us to enter the Sudan by the Nile at Wadi Halfa and have our visas issued there, "if convenient." The route prescribed lay far from the Great Rift; it meant another detour of more than a thousand miles.

But our gasoline waited on the Red Sea coast at Quseir; we decided to take a chance and drive the rest of the Rift in Egypt, skirting the Red Sea coast to the Sudan frontier. If we then had to cut inland to the Nile—well, so be it!

By midmorning next day we were in Quseir. Dust from a phosphate plant powdered the yellow clay houses huddled along alley-width streets. Children romped beside a tumble-down fort built by the French when Napoleon ruled Egypt. Only a few mounds on the outskirts of town testified to Quseir's greatness in the days of the Ptolemies, when it was a major Red Sea port and its mines supplied gold for the tombs of the Pharaohs.

Quseir Makes Fresh Water From the Sea

An Arab merchant had our gasoline. With our main tank, two jerry cans mounted on the bumper, and seven five-gallon tins stacked inside, we had almost 70 gallons, ample for the 600-mile trip to Port Sudan.

We stocked up on water at the desalting plant, Quseir's only source. At a small shop we found eggs, oranges, and bananas to supplement our canned goods (page 285). With Helen sandwiched between fuel and food, we headed south toward the Nubian Desert.

When we left Quseir, our plans seemed clear. Our maps showed paved road for another 100 miles, then a trail for almost two hundred miles across the desert to Halaib, the Sudan border post. It was deserted, waterless country, but we had a well-stocked four-

*See "Yankee Cruises the Storied Nile," by Irving and Electa Johnson, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, May, 1965.

Barefoot and bejeweled, a Bedouin mother wraps her child in the long cloak that wards off the desert's daytime heat and nighttime cold. The woman gave precious water to the authors on the road to Luxor, Egypt, in return for fruit and cookies.



wheel-drive vehicle, and it was not the first time we had ventured into remote areas. And if the border officials turned us back, there was still time to catch one of the regular passenger and freight boats up the Nile to the Sudan border station at Wadi Halfa.*

For a while the road hugged the coast, curving between the sea and salt-white sand dunes. Blue crabs specked with yellow scuttled like huge spiders before the waves. At noon, little black-and-white larks hopped brazenly about the Land-Rover, quarreling over crumbs from our canned pumpernickel.

Desert Road Simply Disappears

Near the end of the pavement we turned away from the sea, toward the mountains that jutted from the desert like dorsal fins on some stranded sea monster. The road degenerated into a trail—then into a senseless doodle of tire prints wandering over the desert. It

crossed sand-filled gullies where we used four-wheel drive and the lowest gear. It followed scarred river beds that seemed to have known no water since the Great Flood of the Bible.

The air was parched, oppressive. The wind caught the sand clouds churning in our wake and hurled them after us. Even with the windows closed, dust fogged the air inside and perspiration cut vertical stripes of white through the brown film on our faces.

On the second day out of Quseir, the trail disappeared entirely at the edge of a stretch of desert as endless, lonely, and featureless as the sea. Like hounds on a scent, we drove in circles trying to find a mark, a tire print that would lead us to Halaib. Nothing. Wind-blown sands had completely erased the trail.

*Wadi Halfa, long the Sudan's northern gate, began going under water in April, 1965, as a vast new lake of the Nile backed up behind the Aswan High Dam. For the story of this project, see NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, October, 1965.



KEDDCH/PHOTOS © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Last-minute marketing: Helen Schreider bargains for fresh oranges in Quseir, Egypt, final stop before a 600-mile journey across the Nubian wasteland to Port Sudan.

Maritime short cut, the Suez Canal carries the Greek tanker *Pelion* through the desert. By custom, the ship flies Egypt's flag in the 100-mile channel. Fifty vessels a day ply the waterway, guarded constantly by Egyptian soldiers.

Sun-bleached camel bones, marking an old caravan route across Egypt's Eastern Desert, helped the authors find their way after they became lost in a sandstorm (following pages).



We tried to retrace our own tracks, but they, too, had vanished. I checked the speedometer, but the dials had recorded all our circling in search of the trail. How far had we come? How far was it to Halaib? With a shock, we realized we were lost.

Maps cannot convey the immensity of Africa. Flying over it or sailing along its coast gives some idea. But not until we penetrated it by land did we comprehend Africa's magnitude. Somewhere I had read that Sudan is as large as all the United States east of the

have been chiseled from desert sandstone.

When it was cool enough, I serviced the Land-Rover, changed its dust-thickened oil, cleaned its caked air filter, measured our fuel.

I knew we should turn back. Somewhere to the north lay the paved road, security, the Nile steamer. We had a compass; surely we could find our way.

To the south lay only uncertainty. Even if we found Halaib, the officials might not let us pass. But that quiet challenging voice that speaks to everyone at one time or another



Mississippi River. But even that comparison paled as we stood there alone in the desert.

Suddenly Africa's size became an emotion rather than something physical—a feeling engendered by thoughts of early explorers who measured distances by weeks and months of travel. Suddenly the desert, before so innocuous, appeared the "wilderness of scorching sand and glowing rocks" that British-born Samuel Baker, seeking the source of the White Nile, described a century ago.

Point of No Return Draws Near

We made camp that night under a thorn tree; its branches quaked as a kite angrily left its nest of twigs. A goat-size gazelle stood very still only yards away. Except for its eyes, which flickered this way and that, it might

urged us to push on—at least to that point of no return where we would have only enough fuel to retrace our route.

Next morning we headed south again. In places the desert was as hard as a salt flat, and we followed a compass course. Much of the time we were churning through sand and clawing over rocks, consuming gasoline at an alarming rate. We covered 175 miles before we made camp. I estimated we could travel another 50 miles. If we did not reach Halaib by then, we would be forced to turn back.

The following day the going was even grimmer. Mountains crowded in toward our course, and we traced the bed of a long-dead river through the desert again. Ostriches fled before us, feathered bustles bobbing as powerful legs propelled them across the sand.

Then the country became greener; patches of tiny yellow flowers appeared. We passed goats, a tent, a nomadic herder, then a whole line of camels ridden by men who might have been Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies, their hair wild as Medusa's, studded with forked scalp-scratchers of bone or wood. They wore toga-like garments, and slung across their backs were long hooked swords.

I thought of Sir Richard F. Burton's century-old description of the nomads of this area: "You may measure their ideas of honour,

trip back across the desert. The sergeant opened his record book. I started to explain why we had no visa in our passports.

"Sign here," he interrupted. "There are no immigration officials at Halaib. You can check in at Port Sudan."

Smile Wins Over Skepticism

The terrain south of Halaib, just as wild as to the north, at least offered us a well-defined trail. The next morning we reported promptly to the Immigration Officer at Port Sudan.

"We drove in circles trying to pick up the track, but in vain. We were lost," remembers Frank Schreider. Sand-caked windows of the Land-Rover forced the couple to stop during a 30-minute windstorm. "We had heard of people being buried in such squalls," Frank says. "The trail disappeared, so we crossed much of the desert by compass navigation. Temperature in the cab at times reached 120 degrees."

Stinging sand whips the robes of village women as they scurry to shelter before the onslaught of a blow near Port Sudan.



SCREIDER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

by the fact that women are murdered in cold blood. . . ." I stepped harder on the throttle, and was relieved to see, a few miles farther on, the masts of a radio antenna projecting into the desert sky.

We had given no serious thought to what we would say when we reached Halaib. We had heard that there was only one Sudanese policeman there, and we felt confident that we could persuade him to let us pass. Our confidence slipped when we encountered a large and efficient-looking military garrison.

In minutes we were inundated by soldiers in smart blue uniforms. But they were all smiles and shouts. They gestured excitedly, first at us and then towards Egypt. I followed the sergeant to his office.

Already I was anticipating that tortuous

He seemed less than pleased to see us. "We are always advised of anyone arriving by car," he said, thumbing through our passports. "Where are your visas?" I gave him the number, explaining we had received authorization by telephone in Luxor.

Immigration frowned.

"And your motoring permit. I suppose you received that by telephone, too?"

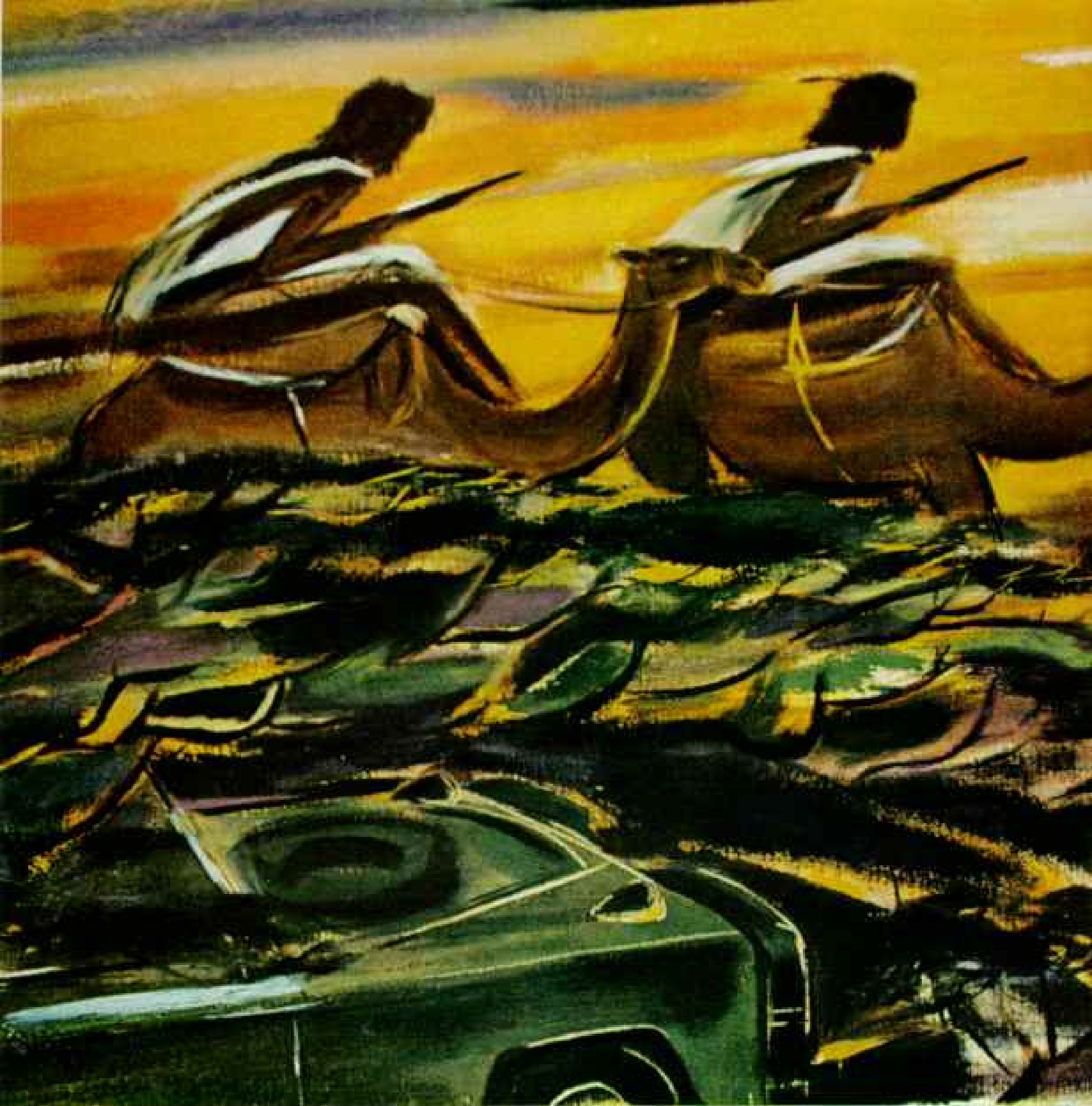
"Oh, no," Helen said brightly, "we received that by cable. It's number 869."

Immigration was not convinced. "May I see the cable, please?"

Suddenly his eyes flashed like headlights in a dark tunnel.

"Aha. It says here you must come via Wadi Halfa."

"But it also says 'if convenient,'" Helen



countered. She smiled persuasively. "And really . . . it wasn't at all convenient."

Immigration softened. He stamped our passports and let us go.

Port Sudan is a sprawling English-built town with wide streets and parks, an oasis of order surrounded by a wilderness of wooden shacks.

At the wharves, ships exchanged cargoes of grain and machinery for bales of Sudan-produced cotton and hides. There was little to remind us of the turbulent past.

But ample evidence remained at Suakin, an hour's drive to the south. Once a major center of slave trade, the ruined shell of the old town stands on a spit of land almost sur-

rounded by salt marshes. Crumbled towers turn empty windows toward the desert, as if still watching for the long lines of captives from the interior with their burdens of ostrich feathers and gold and elephant tusks—all to be crammed into Arab dhows or Portuguese caravels, bound for the markets of Egypt, Arabia, India, and the East.

Suakin Becomes a Ghost Port

Though the slave trade was suppressed in the Sudan in the late 1800's, Suakin still served as chief port until Port Sudan supplanted it after 1905 with a harbor larger and more suited to modern ships. Then the old city withered and died, to stand all but abandoned



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today, except as it serves nomadic tribesmen and Moslem pilgrims bound for Mecca.

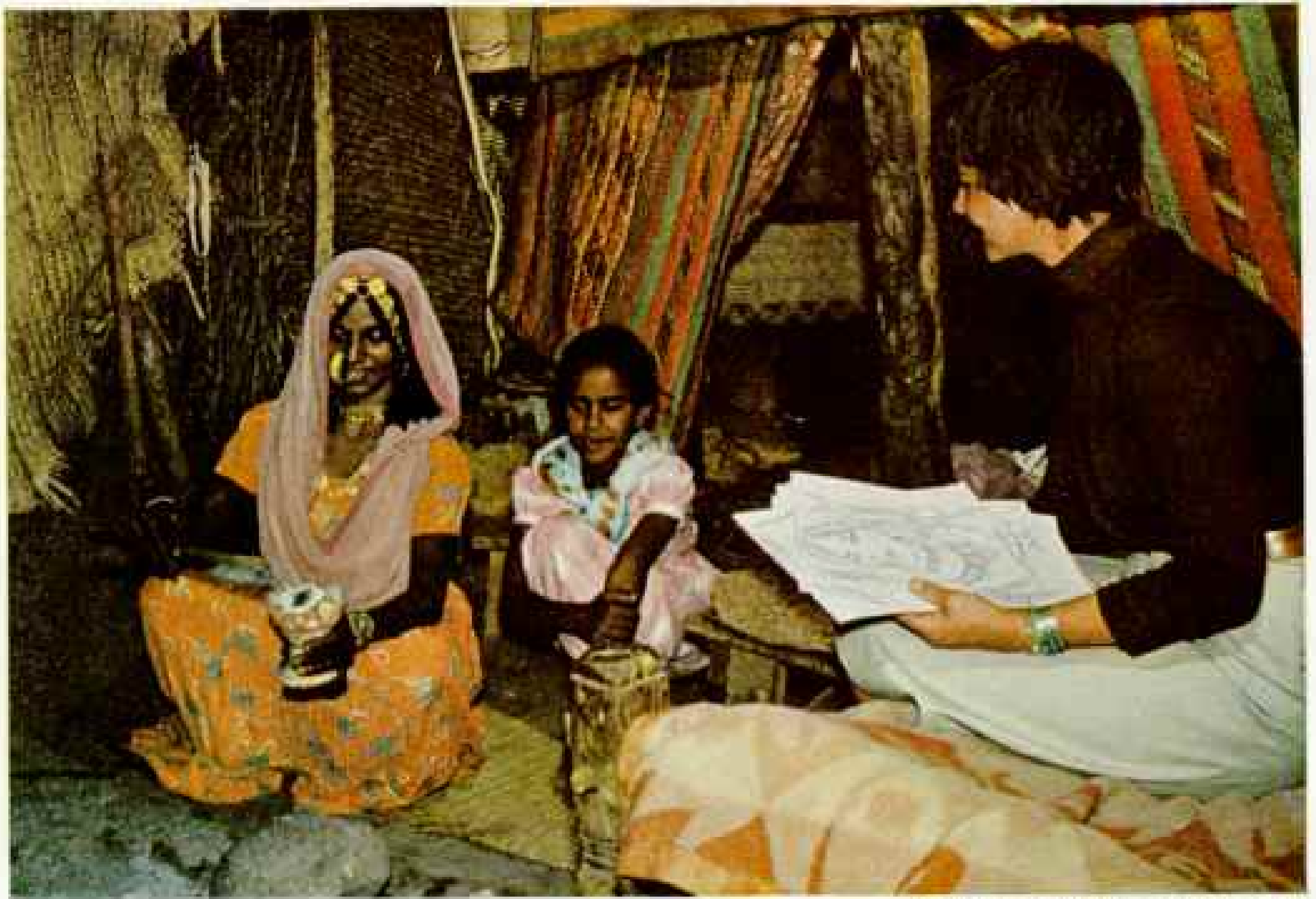
At the old market, camels still stamp and scream as they did before the British put down the slave trade, and Lord Kitchener led his expedition up the Nile to Khartoum to avenge the death of General Gordon at the hands of the rebellious Sudanese.

There is still a touch of India—which traded with Suakin for centuries—in the women's sarilike robes, ablaze with raw colors. There is a touch of Arabia, too, in the tall Sudanese merchant leaning in his shop doorway, his skin glistening blue-black against gold-piped robe, pantaloons, and turban. And there is something of primeval Africa in the

Guns at the ready, camels loping, nomadic bandits slip past the concealed Land-Rover in this painting by Helen Schreider. "Called *shiftas*, the well-armed marauders will hold up anyone who comes along, even diplomats," she recalls.

Forewarned, the Schreiders camped in the camouflaged safety of thorn thickets. Near the end of their safari, at the border of Ethiopia, they learned that *shiftas* had struck nearby, killing six policemen.

From Suakin the authors turned off known trails. Their route along the Red Sea coast, to their knowledge, had not been traveled for five months.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Resplendent Eritrean hostess inspires a sketch by Helen Schreider. Adorned with jewelry of beaten gold, part of her dowry, the housewife prepares incense on the mat-covered earth floor of her home in Nakfa, Eritrea. As a sign of welcome, she greeted the Schreiders by rubbing perfumed oil on Helen's arms.

groups of dark men who stand stork-legged, idly fingering their swords.

Suakin marked the transition in our journey into the Great Rift. To the north lay the Arab world. To the south lay Eritrea, once an Italian colony, now a part of Ethiopia. There the Rift turns away from the sea to penetrate the heart of Africa (map, page 260).

But between Suakin and our destination in Eritrea lay 300 miles of country as inhospitable as in slaving days, an area where raiding and banditry are still a way of life.

We covered those miles as quickly as possible. Three sweltering days and two uneasy nights later we checked into a small bougainvillea-clouded hotel in Keren at the edge of Eritrea's wine country.

Arrivederci to the Arab World

"Did you see the *shiftas*, the bandits?" questioned the Italian concierge. "Last night they killed six policemen in a village near the Sudan border."

Later, in our room, as we watched the afternoon sun slant through slits in the shutters, breathed the thick aroma of garlic, and heard "*Arrivederci Roma*" from the concierge's

phonograph, we recalled anxious moments. Only two nights before, a band of lean, quiet men—the *shiftas*?—some with rifles, some with spears, all with hair jutting wildly in mud-daubed spirals, had passed a few yards from our concealed camp (pages 288-9).

In the cool, thin air of Keren, after we had dined on spaghetti and a bottle of wine, the Arab world seemed a planet away. But it still lay as close as our transistor radio.

We listened to the Voice of America newscast: Arab leaders in Cairo berate Israel's diversion of the Jordan; a military coup overthrows the government in Syria; an attempted coup in Lebanon; civil war in Yemen. We tuned in Radio Moscow, Radio Cairo, Radio Israel. Each presented a different version of the same news.

We thought again of Wissam Ezzedine four months earlier in Beirut: "Communications can create a unity of thought as nothing else can." We wondered.

All through the Great Rift Valley, this new electronic voice preaches many things in many tongues. Would it crumble those old walls of prejudice and misunderstanding? Or would it build new walls higher than the old?

NATIONAL
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THE FUNERAL OF

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

LONDON, JANUARY 30, 1965
WITH EXCERPTS FROM HIS SPEECHES

NARRATED BY
DAVID BRINKLEY

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**NATIONAL
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SIDE
2

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COVER: Prime Minister Winston Churchill flashes his V-for-Victory in Washington, D. C., 1953 (pages 153-225).

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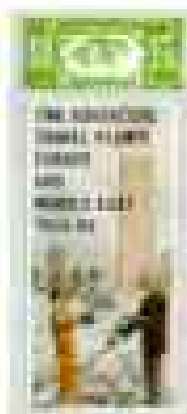
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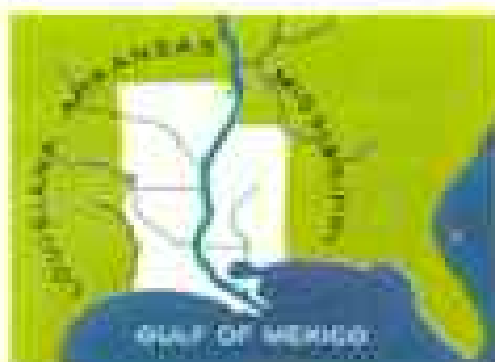
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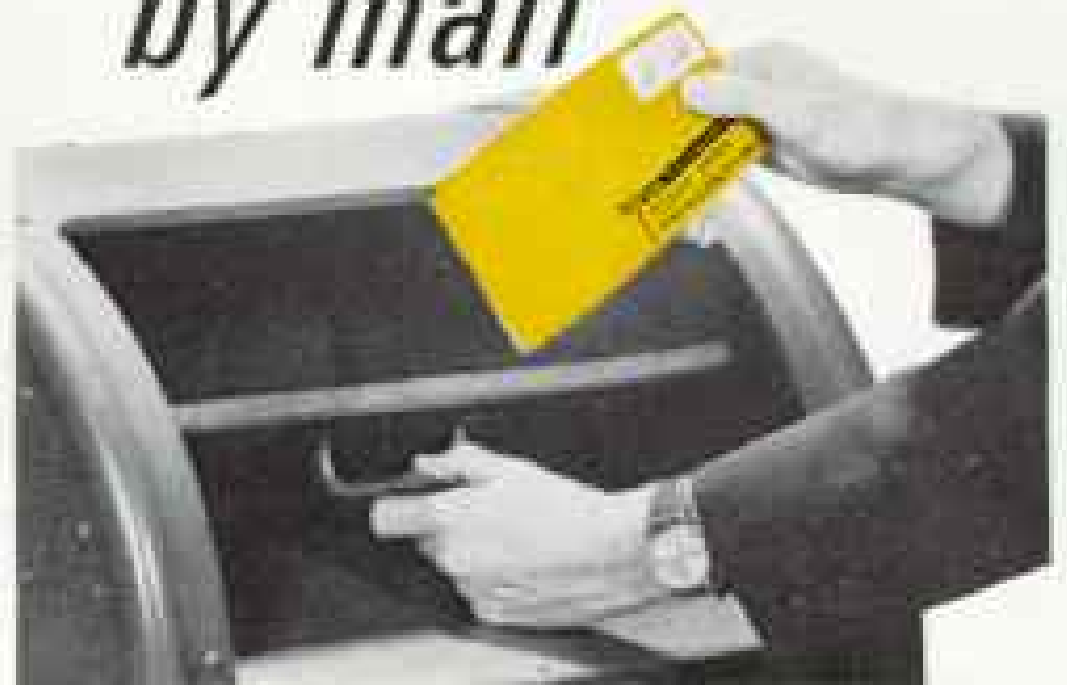
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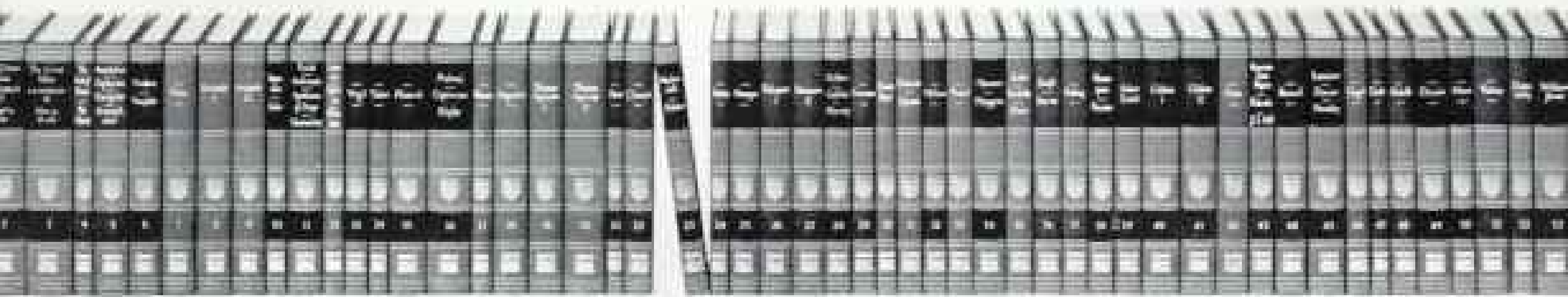


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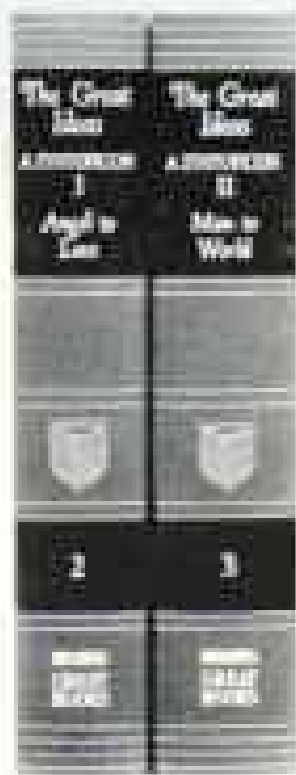


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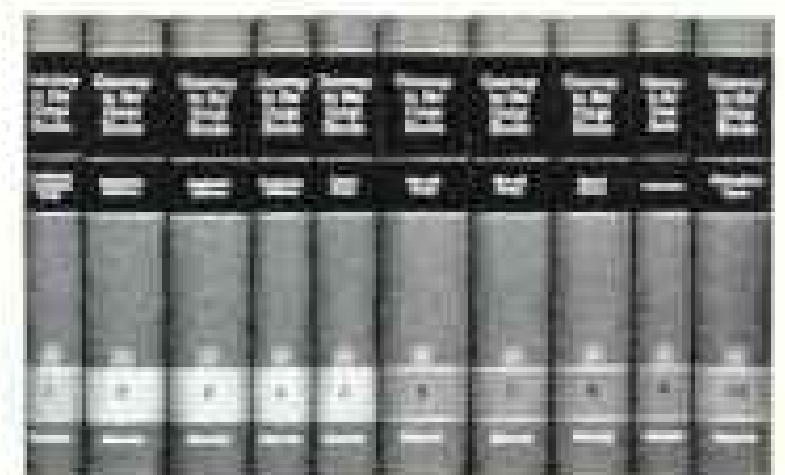
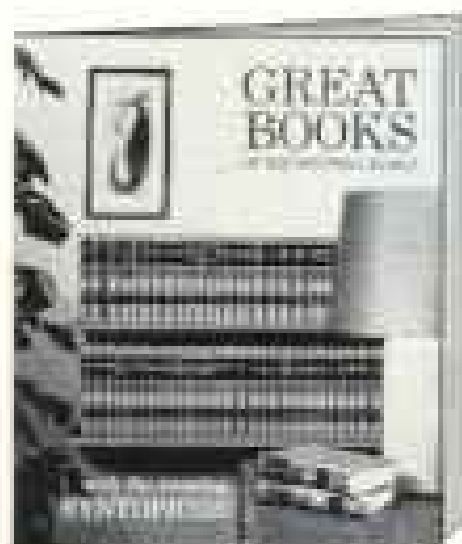
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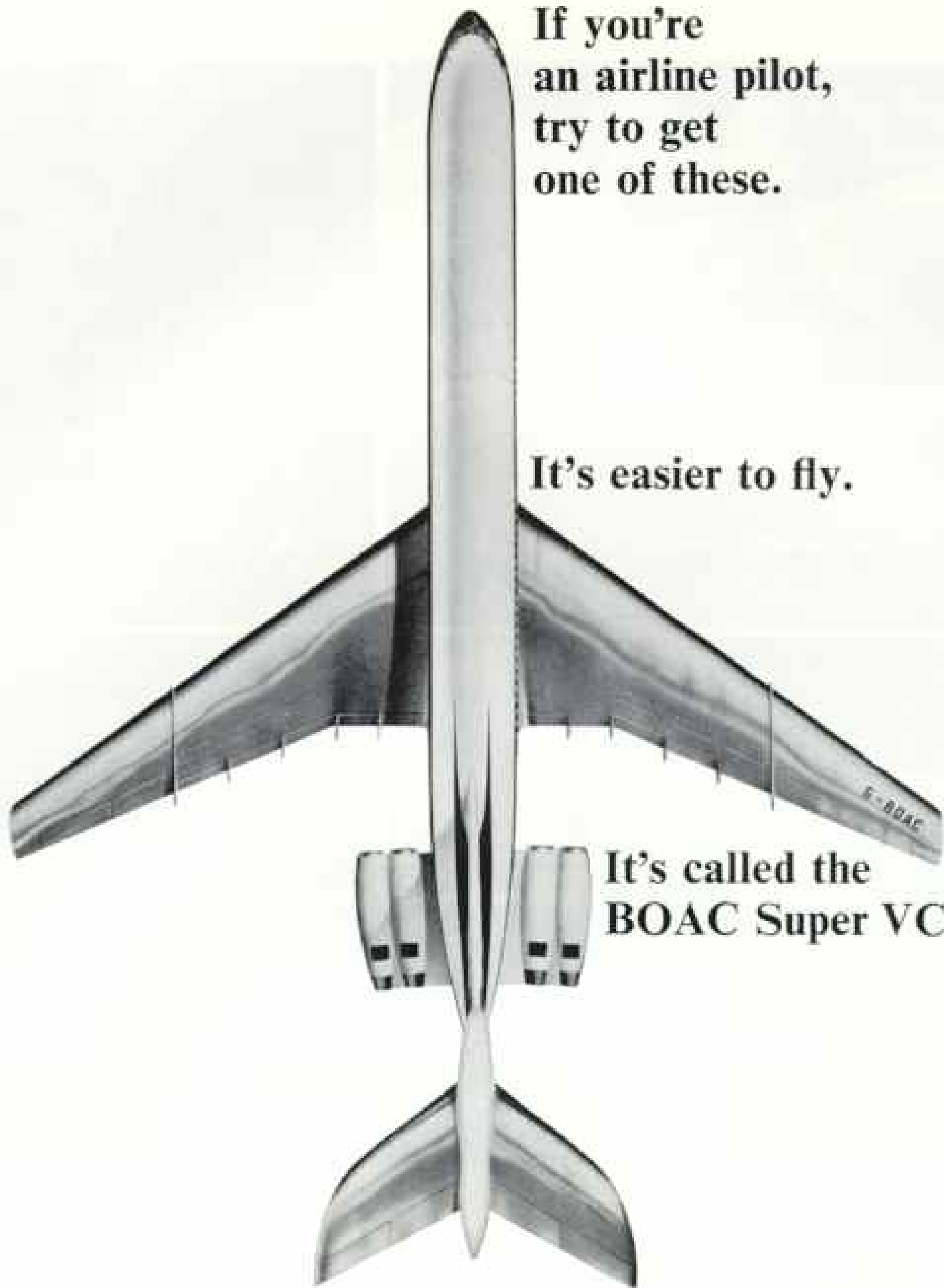


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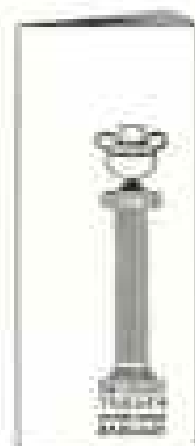
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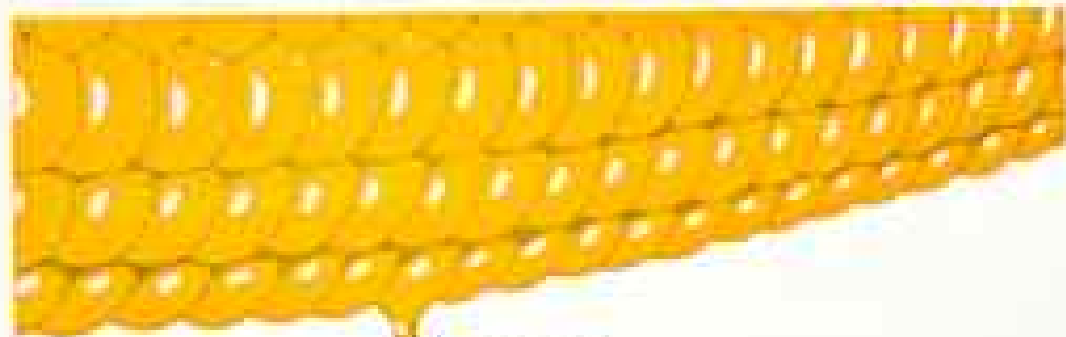
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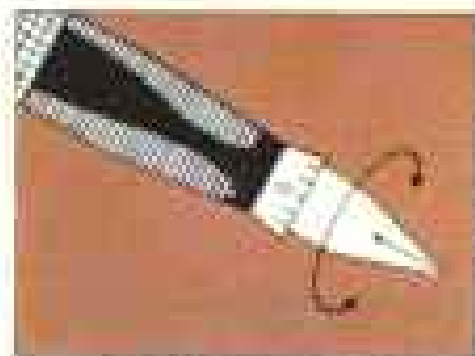


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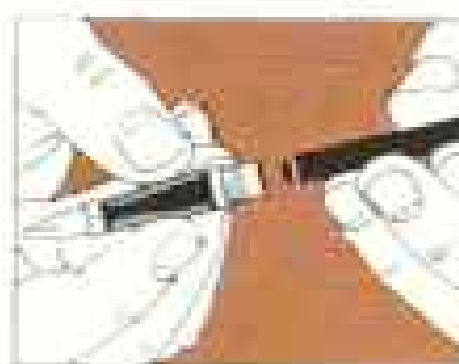
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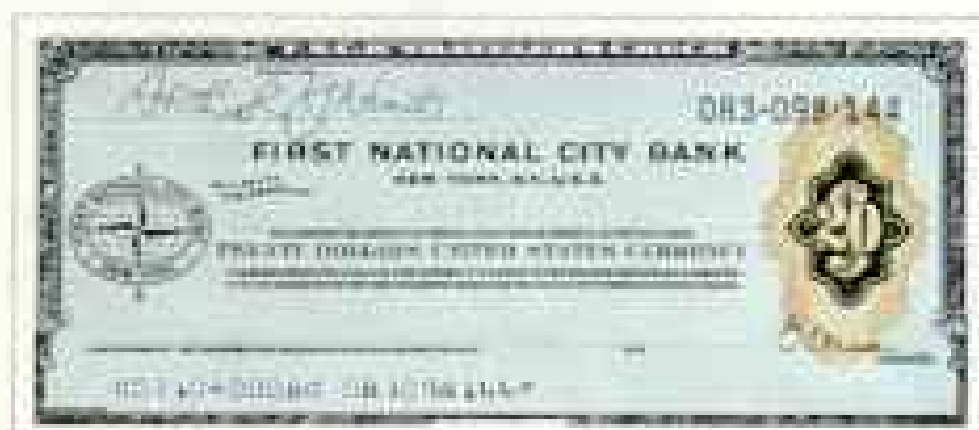
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ANKYLOSAURUS—ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Immunizations

Perhaps you think of them as "yesterday's diseases," but epidemics of diphtheria, whooping cough, polio, and smallpox can occur again—if immunizations are neglected.

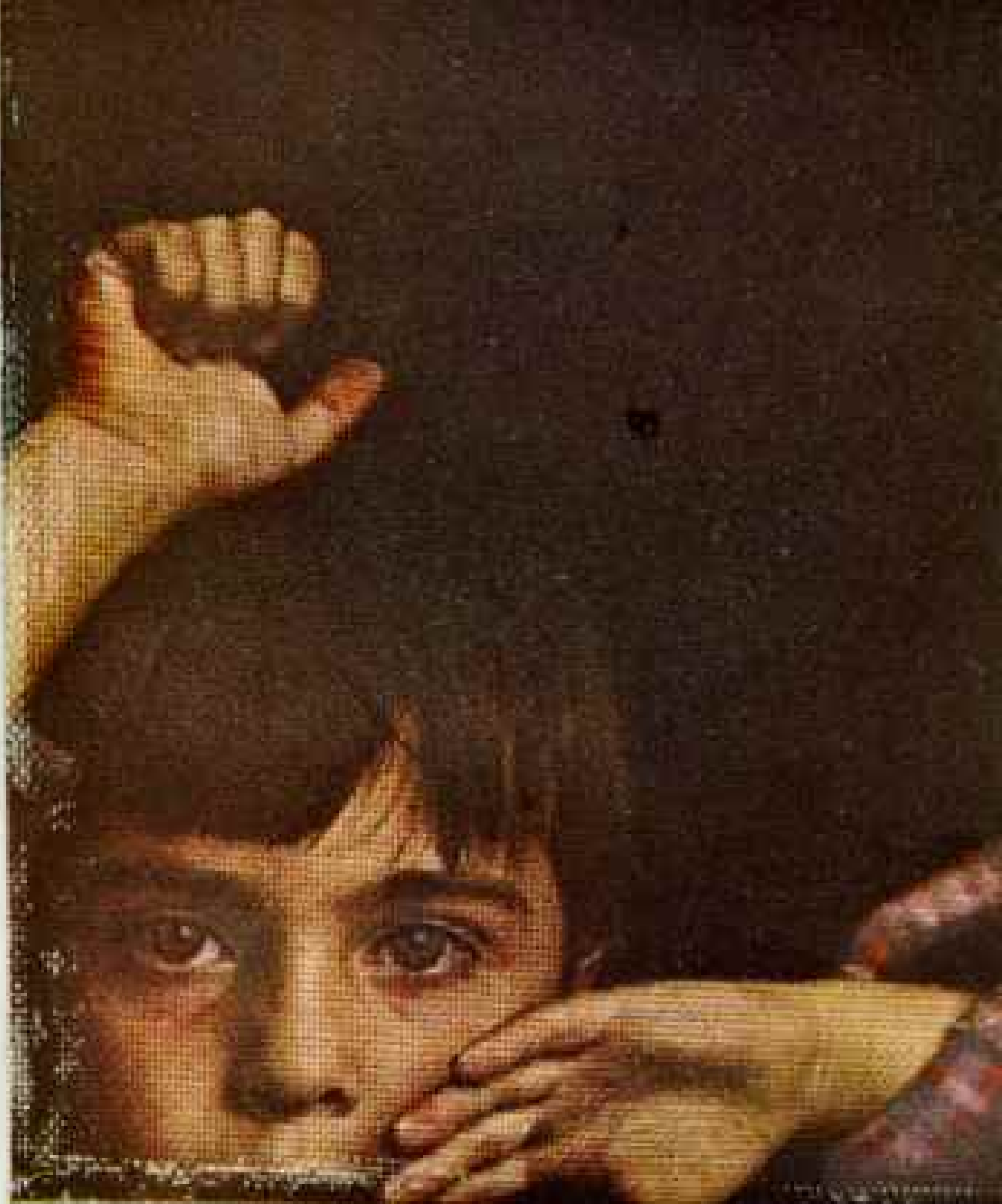
Shockingly large numbers of children and adults have had no immunizations, or have failed to get "booster doses."

Nowadays, immunizations take less time and trouble. For example, separate series of injections used to be needed against whooping cough, diphtheria, and tetanus. Today, a combined vaccine provides protection against these diseases.

Parke-Davis is a leading developer and producer of vaccines and other medicines for prevention of diseases.

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