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CONTENTS

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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

EUROPE'S NEWEST KINGDOM

After Centuries of Struggle, Albania at Last Enjoys an Era of Peace and Stability

BY MELVILLE CHATER

AUTHOR OF "DALMATIAN DAYS," "SKIRTING THE SHORES OF SURRIEH," "HISTORY'S GREATEST TREK," ETC., ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

"BUT why on horseback?" queried the Albanian consul, handing us back our visaéd passport.

"Well," we began, "as Albania has no railways—"

"But consider! It has an estimated area of 17,374 miles—room for quite a long horseback trip. Now, why not by motor car?"

We gasped feebly. Albania by motor car? What a shattering of tradition! "At sunset I reined in my horse to gaze across the sublime mountainous prospect." Such is the Byronic phrase of early travelers in the homeland of Scanderbeg and Ali Pasha. "By horseback through high Albania"—such is the usual theme of latter-day wayfarers in that country. And so, not unreasonably, we had envisaged Albania as one solid mass of engineer-defying mountains, populated by wild, quick-shooting tribesmen. Yet here was that peppy consul indicating 700 miles of highway on a governmental road map and reminding two romance-seeking Americans that "Time is money" and "Gas is the thing!"

We said we would see. We did see.

ALBANIA LEAPED FROM MEDIEVALISM TO MODERNISM

A week later we were climbing by rail over the Macedonian uplands to the border town of Florina. Thence a motor car bore us across a joyously green, luxuriant mountain spur and down into a big plain.

"But Albania," we asked the chauffeur, while vainly scanning the horizon for impassable mountain peaks, "when does it begin?"

"You're in it," he replied, indicating the fertile plain.

What we beheld was a vast granary whose yellow maize, billowing to the breeze, lay outstretched like the calm expanse of an inland sea—a "sea" ringed about by high hills, lavender-hued in the sunset. Yonder lay the town of Korça (Koritsa), with green groves and gleaming minarets. Across this rural picture, so different from the rugged land of our imaginings, zigzagged a well-made highway, where a convoy of big motor trucks moved upon their task of transporting mail and freight from one end of Albania to the other.

Ruinous war creates, at least, roads. When in 1918 the big guns' thunder died away Albania, which had been at once a battlefield and a military corridor, found that she had accumulated the nucleus of a well-engineered road system and a knowledge of motor transport. Thus, instead of having slowly evolved through the steam age and into the gasoline era, like the rest of Europe, she has leaped from medievalism to modernism, from horses to horsepower, in a decade.

Photograph by Melville Chater

WAR CREATES, AT LEAST, ROADS

As a result of the World War, when road engineering and automotive transport transformed the country, Albania advanced from horses to horsepower within a decade. The view shown represents a section of Albania's coastal highway near Vlona.

To-day her Government spends $200,000 annually in augmenting those war-born highways. The Albanian lowlander is being stirred to road-consciousness by a law which makes him personally responsible, either in labor or money, for the upkeep of 20 feet. He was awakened, like Rip Van Winkle, to behold mail, or perishables, or building material being whisked smartly over the land.

KORÇA SHOWS ALBANIA IN TRANSITION

Profound social changes confront him—him and the traveler. "I reined in my horse" is by way of being junked in favor of "I shut off the motor."

Korça, which falls with Scutari, Tirana, and Gjinokastra (Argyro-Castro) into the first-line category of native towns numbering from 32,000 to 12,000 people, presents an interesting picture of Albania in transition. Modern buildings rise over ancient, cobbled alleys, and fortresslike property walls which guard occasionally glimpsed flower gardens, charming family retreats, somewhat in the Eastern style. Hay mountains, rolling along on ox-drawn wains, block Main Street, to the despair of yelling chauffeurs.

The Moslem quarter is orientally decorous with black-veiled women. The Christian quarter is decorative with Europe's

knee-high skirts, flesh-tint stockings, and bobbed heads.

Here is progressiveness in the form of an athletics instructor, the local representative of a countrywide system. And here is hidebound conservatism in the form of Albanian mammas, who regard any sport played in running shorts and followed by a cold shower as a sure road to early death.

Then there is the story of the draining of Lake Maliqi. A nascent and ambitious government, wishing to reclaim thousands of acres of cultivatable land, sold the concession to a company. Its foreign engineers cut sluices, and the first dredging machine ever seen in Albania was set up.

Now, some generations before, the lake had been created by torrents which had rushed down the hills, submerging several Tosk villages. One of these days, so said local Tosk tradition, Lake Maliqi would recede, yielding back to grandsons the sub-lacustrine acres of their grandsires.

Miraculously, as it were, Lake Maliqi now receded, revealing to the astonished Tosk peasants' gaze their long-lost chimney pots and ancestral lands. With cries of thanksgiving, they rushed upon the scene and started agriculture.

It is superfluous to depict their confusion upon learning that progress and not Providence had worked the miracle; that the lake bottom now belonged to a Company—whatever that might be—and that they were actually trespassing on their own ancestral acres. That's all. But, should you ever visit the Lake Maliqi region, don't praise land reclamation to the local Tosks unless you want to be mobbed.

Korça becomes transfigured every market day. Thither troop several thousand peasants, each attired in the colorful costume of his native village. They have ridden or walked for a day over the mountains, hoping to sell a few measures of grain, a sheep, a horse, at the busy mart.

The horse market, Albania's largest, is closely packed with stamping beasts and gesticulating men. Every trick or test known to a county-fair horse deal is to be witnessed here. Many is the tryout to ascertain whether "He'll stand without hitchin'" indicates horse sense or just chronic balkiness (see page 135).

Drawn by James M. Darley

THE LAND OF THE MEN OF THE EAGLE

The world is more familiar with Albania to-day than when the historian Gibbon wrote of it as "a country within sight of Italy, which is less known than the interior of America." Yet much remains to be learned of its 17,000 square miles of wild, romantic mountains and fertile plains; of its mineral resources; its time-mellowed towns; and its 830,000 people, particularly the little-known mountaineers. A peculiarity of the Albanian language is that it provides both an indefinite and a definite form for place names. The definite article is expressed by altering the termination. Thus Shkodër, Shkumbi (indefinite) may also be written Shkodra, Shkumbini (definite), the latter form being preferred.

AN ALBANIAN "NICK CARTER"

Among advanced civilizations an automobile thief may possibly get a jail sentence. In more primitive Albania, where social conditions often recall those of the pioneer West, horse stealing means sudden death. And so deals in Albanian horse markets are concluded under the eye of a civic official, who issues to the

Photograph by Alice Schalek

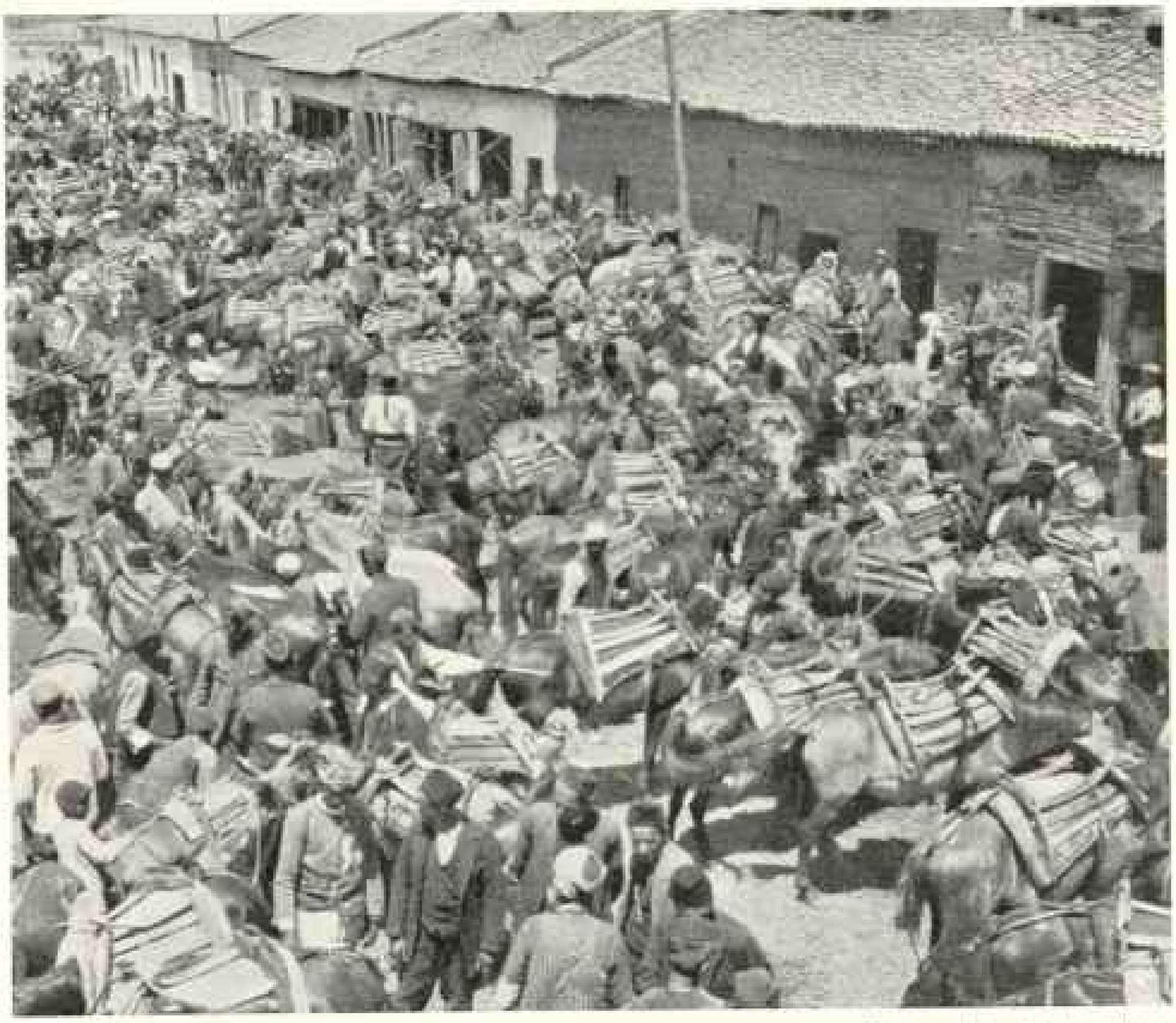
LOUNGERS AND WORKERS OF THE BEST SEAPORT IN ALBANIA

Vlona (Valona) nestles in gardens and olive groves among the mountains a mile or more from the Adriatic. It gave its name to valonia, a tanning material obtained from the acorns gathered in the neighboring oak woods.

Photograph by Melville Chater

THE BREAD CURB DURING A DULL HOUR IN THE MARKET

Modern buildings and private mansions, some of them built by native sons who returned prosperous from the United States, rise over ancient cobbled alleys and fortlike walls inclosing gardens; automobiles speed past lumbering oxcarts blocking Main Street.



Photograph by Melville Chater

KORÇA'S HORSE MARKET IS THE LARGEST IN ALBANIA

A lively scene of stamping beasts saddled with wooden slats, and of gesticulating men who use every trick or test known to a county-fair horse deal, is presented in this market. Men ride down from the mountains with a load, sell the load and sometimes the horse, and then tramp home. In the Middle Ages many European armies used horses of Albanian breed, and the country's famed light cavalry won numerous battles for the Nation's hero, Scanderbeg.

purchaser a certificate which attests to his *bona fide* "buy."

In due course a recommended chauffeur with a light-type car drew up at our door. Korça's minarets dropped behind, its wide plain was crossed, and now we found ourselves threading a narrow, cliff-browed gully. "Bad bandit place!" chirped our American-Albanian chauffeur. "Know whattamean, bandits?"

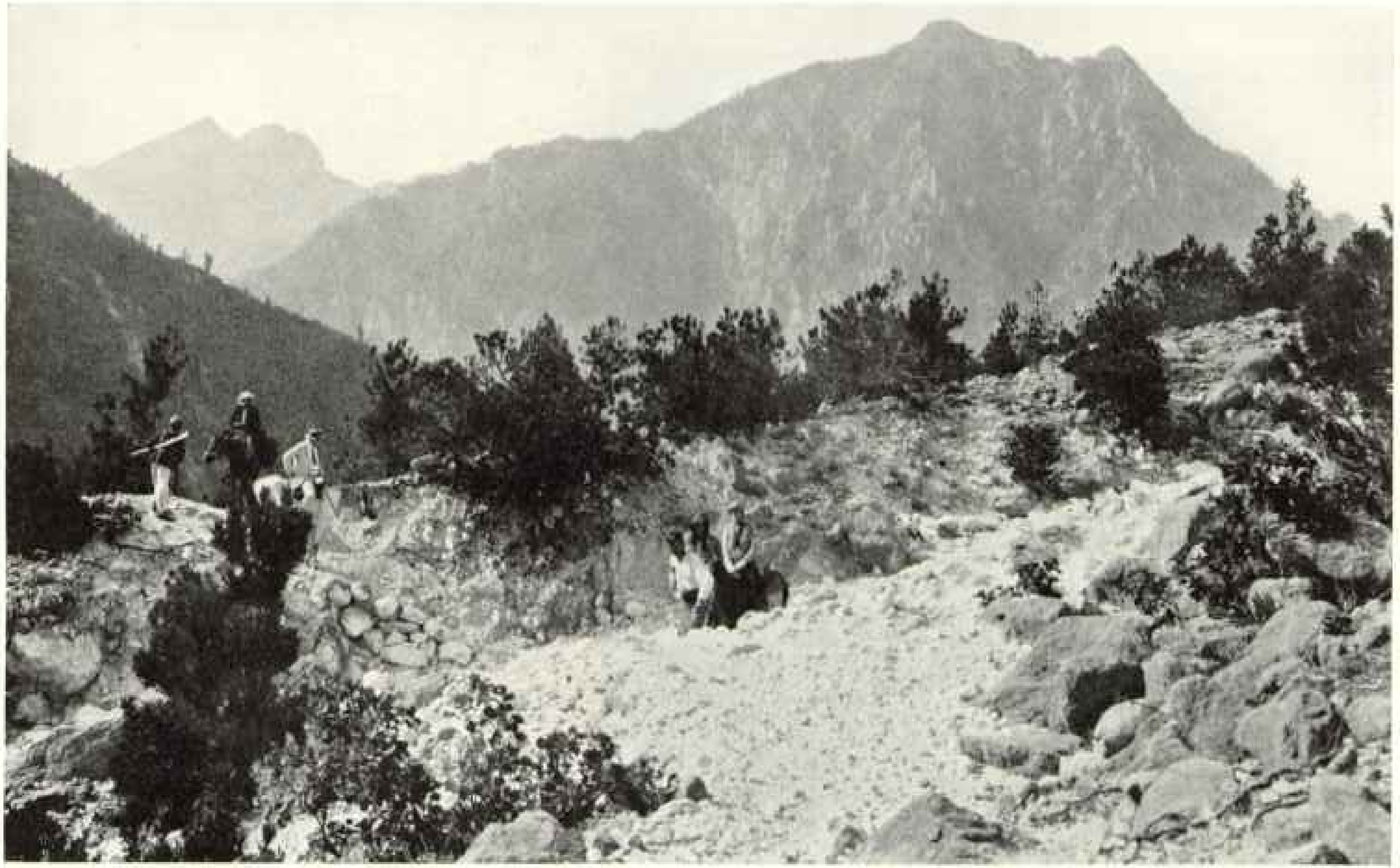
We said we knew. An hour later we entered a second, sinister-looking defile. "Bad holdup place!" caroled our chauffeur. "Know whattamean, holdup?" And, with forced jauntiness, we admitted our familiarity with the word.

That cheery youth continued to indicate the site of bygone ambushes; or where Government troops had cleaned up marauding bands. It was at Erseka, where we halted to watch nomad Vlachs donkeying hillward at the close of market day, that I asked him his name. Turning a beady eye upon us, the youth announced without ostentation:

"I'm Nick Carter."

Could it be? Were we traveling under such distinguished protection? But how came hair-trigger Nick, of our boyish days, to be of Albanian origin? Explanations followed.

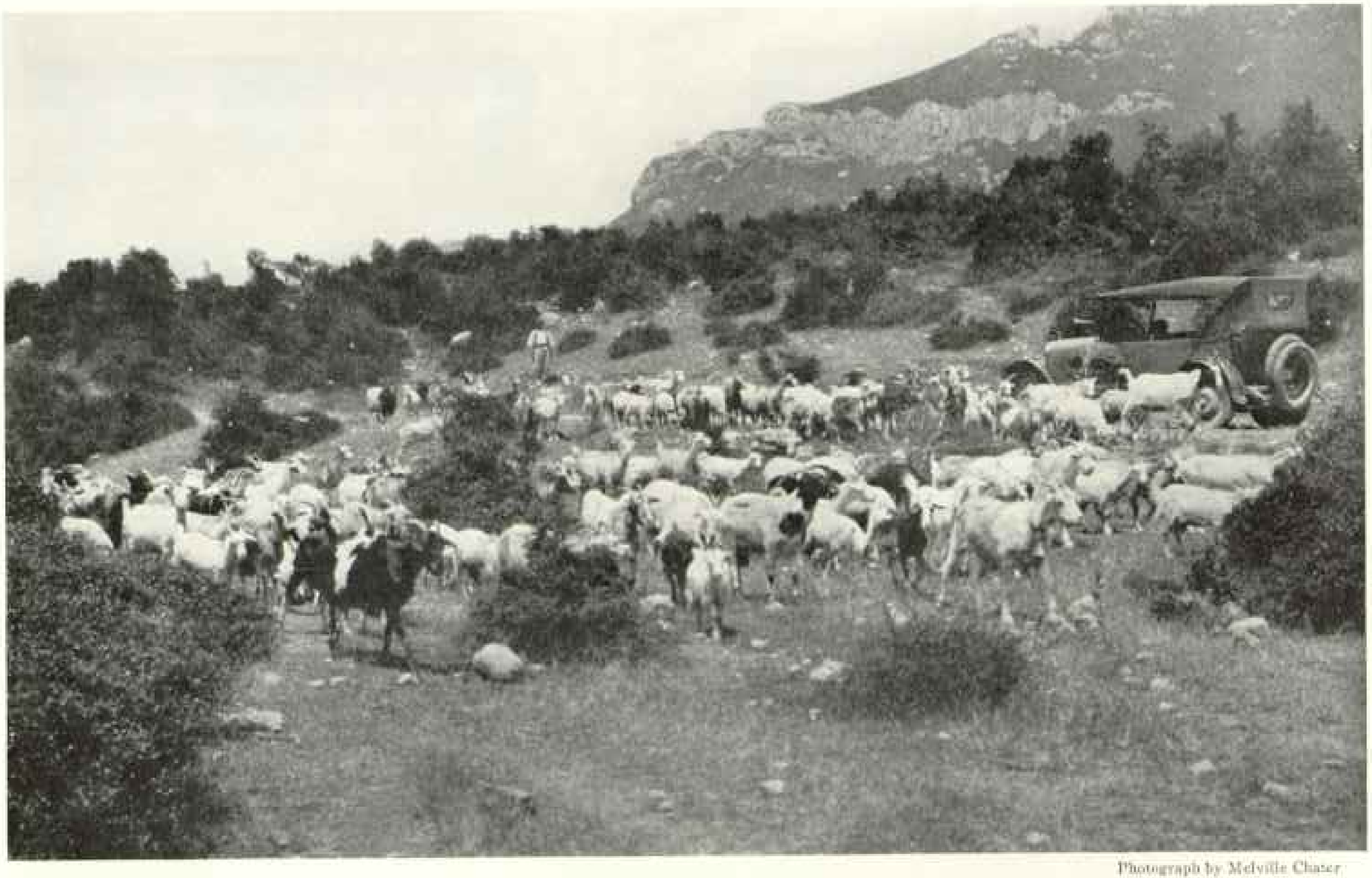
Some ten years back our chauffeur had been dumped into a New York public school. When his teacher learned that his name was Querraxhin Nexhdet, she urged upon his immigrant parents that, in the



Photograph by Melville Chater

ALONG THE BANDIT-INFESTED TRAIL

The summit in the background is a notorious bandit nest. The Americans, with the captain of their guard, are emerging from the heat-smitten Shala Valley. Now and then a signal whistle would bring vigilant gendarmes' heads, like those of Roderick Dhu's clansmen, popping up from hiding places (see text, page 181).



Photograph by Melville Chater

A CENTRAL ALBANIAN FLOCK STALLS THE AUTHOR'S CAR

Albania, so often written of as a preponderatingly mountainous country, possesses ample plains, where flocks constitute the livelihood of its pastoral folk. Racially speaking, the Shkumbini River divides Albania into two peoples—the Ghegs to the north and the Tosks to the south.

Photograph by Melville Chater

WAYSIDE WELLS ARE COMMON IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

Since the summer heat is intense, the water is drawn only at dawn or at dusk. At these hours long lines of women shouldering water kegs file through the narrow village streets.

© Mevi La Vay

BURDEN-BEARERS OF ELBASANI

The heavy labor performed by Albanian women is offset by their traditionally high status in home life and at law. Formerly called Albanopolis by Norman conquerors of the 11th century, Elbasani may thus have contributed its country's modern name.

interests of spelling reform if nothing else, something really ought to be done about it. So the father adopted Carter as a family surname, and the public-school children didn't fail to tack on the rest. "Nicholas Carter" showed on our chauffeur's first papers, although the unimaginative issuance clerk had failed to add "of Dead Man's Gulch."

As Leskoviku neared, great snow-streaked barriers began piling themselves against the clouds, cutting off the outside world and threatening to engulf us in an Alpinelike cul-de-sac. It was a threat often repeated, yet always eluded during ten days' motoring between mountain passes and across expanding plains.

Photograph by Merl La Voy

"IF I HAD A DONKEY THAT WOULDN'T GO——"

In Albania, as in certain other lands, the donkey's "ca' canny" tactics are combated by a pendulumlike swinging of the rider's legs to keep the beast in motion. Albania's rapid adoption of motor transport has not ousted this humble carrier of the poorer classes.

A MOUNTAIN COMPLEX WHICH DEFIES DESCRIPTION

Albania's mountain complex defies adequate description. To say that the Dalmatian Alpine system prolongs itself into southward-stretching ranges that form three of Albania's boundaries, and that this small kingdom, not as large as New Hampshire and Vermont together, contains numerous mountain chains, is to indicate the veriest elements of her topography.

Yet it is an "open-and-shut" country, to borrow the native name for a certain rug pattern. This consists of rows of diamond-shaped diagrams, end to end, running across the fabric. In likening it to Albania's topography, the diamonds may be said to represent her "open" spaces, while the touching apexes represent the almost "shut" defiles through which one journeys from luxuriant plain to plain.

On our second day out we struck the course of the Viosa River, where, under beetling crags, it rushes along between Greece and Albania. Two sentries, posted at either end of the bridge, the one under the Greek national colors, the other under the red and black-eagle-surcharged flag that derives from Scanderbeg's battle banner, were doing their best to appear frigidly unfraternizing. But a box of cigarettes changed all that, and they were soon arguing as to our best vantage point for photographs, Greece or Albania.

An hour or so later the tortuous gorge widened magnificently, as our car took hairpin curves around the rocky profiles

Photograph by Melville Chater

"PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD"—A TOSK PASTORAL

Thus piped the ancient Persian, Greek, and Roman, the later Breton, German, Calabrian, and Celt. Historically a call to war, to chivalry, to love, the bagpipe's skirl is still heard where the Tosk shepherd tends his flock in southern Albania.

overhanging that profound abyss. Green and lush, it was a veritable Alpine valley, threaded by a silver rivulet which sprang from far overhead among snow-creviced peaks.

"THE SONS OF THE EAGLE"

As we reined in our—I mean, as we shut off our motor, a monster eagle rose from the roadside and soared against the blue sky canopy of his remote mountain realm. Now, handclasps had welcomed us to Albania, but it was that kingly bird which made us feel that we were truly in ancient Shkūperia, the Land of the Men of the Eagle.

If some ancient Greek or Roman tourist had exclaimed, "So this is Albania!" the Shkūpetars wouldn't have known what country he was talking about. Approximately nine centuries ago some foreigner, possibly finding "Shkūperia" an awkward mouthful, expanded "alp" or "alb" into "Albania," as a name descriptive of the country's white or snowy uplands.

The Shkūpetars' name for themselves goes back to the misty emergence of Balkan mountain tribes. As *shkep* is the native word for "rock," the name may possibly imply "rock-dwellers," or "highlanders." But Albanian tradition, based on Plutarch, offers a livelier derivation. The Greek biographer relates that when the Epirote king, Pyrrhus, was likened by his troops to an eagle, the monarch gracefully rejoined that they were his arrows which he used while soaring.

Thus ancient is the conception of the Eagle and Arrows, a device which, thousands of years later, was to appear on the consular arms of the United States. At any rate, the Epirotes seized on King Pyrrhus's compliment and proudly dubbed themselves the Shkūpetare, or Sons of the Eagle.

Modern Albanians will tell you that they represent the most ancient race in southeastern Europe. Indeed, their language and tribal customs suggest remote origins.

Photograph by Meri La Voy

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR IN CENTRAL ALBANIA

In 1893 some country-fair "roundabout" contraption inspired G. W. G. Ferris to build Chicago's mammoth wheel, which accommodated more than 1,000 passengers. Here, decades later, its primitive prototype is seen thrilling the youth of modern Albania.

They are probably the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, who in turn derived from the Pelasgic root race, of which we catch echoes in Greek literature.

Until archeology throws more side lights on the Albanian language, philological opinions thereon must differ. These claim variously that a third of Albanian words are of Pelasgic origin; that the language descends from the ancient Illyrian and had no kinship with Greek; that it is the most ancient tongue in Europe and is the mother of Latin and Greek.

Whatever Plato and Herodotus would have thought of the last statement, they both recorded that the Greeks borrowed their divinities from the Pelasgians. And, according to some philologists, that view is supported by the fact that "Zeus," "Nemesis," and "Rhea" derive from the Shkiperian *zee* (voice), *neme* (malediction), and *rhea* (cloud).

Albania is an acorn of the Illyrian oak. Like some great tree, that ancient kingdom spread its shadow over Epirus, northwestern Macedonia, and much of what is now Jugoslavia. It gradually decayed under the onslaughts of Macedonian Philip and of his famous son, Alexander. Then, about the time that Rome had made good on her war slogan of "Delenda est Carthago," she turned her attention to transadriatic conquest and Illyria was split into three imperial dependencies.

Following the division of the Empire, Illyria fell to the Goths, and later to the southward-sweeping Bulgars. Thus pressed back, the Illyrian, Epirote, and Macedonian clans consolidated themselves in what modern geography knows as Albania. Nothing remained of the Illyrian oak but its Albanian acorn.

By Prēmeti, Klisyra (Klisura), and Tepelena, and past crumbled fortresses which are associated with the memory of that tough old Turk-fighter, Ali Pasha, we came to a sunset view of Gjinokastra. Along the hilltop and down the V-shaped valley, its white roofs stretch like snows smuggling in mountain-side crevices. Its bazaar, with its tiny, open-faced shops and medley of characters—the patriarchal Baba, the cigarette-seller asleep on his counter, the illiteracy-serving town crier with bell and yell, the draped and cowled figures which, while suggesting medieval lepers, are really only Mohammedan ladies in white—all this renders Gjinokastra one of the most colorful of Tosk towns.

THE TRAVELER SLEEPS WHERE AND IF HE CAN

Albanian inns have not progressed much beyond, say, those of the Deadwood Coach era. Often you avoid the inn and just sleep where you can—if you can. At Gjinokastra we sought out a hill-perching, cypress-encircled *tekke*—that is, a Moslem monastery—and threw ourselves upon the traditional hospitality of the Bektashite dervishes.

Due to Turkey's centuries of local sway, southern and central Albania are still preponderatingly Moslem. Because the priests of the early Christian church in Albania would not preach in the common tongue, her people were but nominally Christianized; hence they readily adopted an Islam which promised political protection. More than two-thirds of Albania's 833,000 people are Mohammedans, while the balance adheres to the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic communions.

Nothing could have been more charming than our reception by the Bektashites' superior. Cross-legged on rich rugs, in a long, cool room whose chasteness was unmarred by any furniture, sat the green-turbaned, white-robed realization of benign hospitality, silver-bearded, twinkly-eyed Baba Suleiman, his amber beads in one hand, his Koran in the other.

Salaams, compliments, coffee. A hump-backed, huge-nosed servitor, straight out of the Arabian Nights, who advanced, bowing at intervals, whenever the Baba called, "Yahu!" (O brother!). We conversed at length concerning religious tolerance and the truths common to all faiths. And he spoke to us this deep saying: "It is only what man believes he has found that divides the world's religions. It is the still-unfound, for which we all search, that makes mankind one."

There followed supper, eaten from a great copper tray, around which we grouped ourselves on the rug. Then the Arabian Nights servitor ushered us by candlelight to two ceremoniously prepared couches. Whether the "four angels round my bed" were Mohammedan or Christian, they brought two travel-weary mortals sweet

MEN OF THE EAGLE IN THEIR MOUNTAIN EYRIE

© National Geographic Society Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Fellerano

HOUSE-TERRACED HILLSIDES OVERLOOK BERATI'S FERTILE VALLEY

Although Roman, Byzantine, Norman and Turk successively occupied Albania, their hill-fortresses are to-day bleared ruins, while its people remain singularly unchanged. Byron compared the Albanians to the equally tenacious Highlanders of Scotland.

Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

TIRANA'S SALES EXHIBIT AND ART GALLERY IN ONE

By utilizing a wayside wall for his stock in trade, this merchant incidentally fulfills the Moslem conception of rugs as art expressions to be hung like paintings. Because of the Koran's strictures, Near Eastern art developed as geometrical design.

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

COSTUMES DERIVED FROM MILLENNIUMS PAST

The woman's sleeveless, hauberklike jacket, stiff with gold embroidery, represents Albania's ornamental survival of early scale armor. The *fustanella*, or pleated kilt, worn by men, is a relic of Greek and Roman times.

Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

A BAZAAR AS LONG AS THE TOWN ITSELF

The elongated bazaar of Kruja (Kroia) reminded an American visitor of "a 40-story department store lying flat." Butcher, baker, candlestick maker, not to mention cobbler, confectioner, barkeeper, rugmaker and tobacconist, all inhabit these forty or so houses, whose frontages face inward along a cobbled alley.

A HALT DURING THEIR TWENTY-MILE TRAMP

For such hardy types as these a long walk to market, and home again with a shouldered sack of meal, is nothing unusual. These two have bread and cheese in the hand-woven bag and their knitting to keep them busy.

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

Though for fineries she outshines her mate, it is noticeable that the proverbial plainness of dress of Western bridegrooms does not apply to costume-loving Albania. Once wedded, the lady will be privileged to stain her eyelashes, rouge her lips, and henna her nails and palms.

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

WHERE SKIRTS END IN TROUSERS AND TROUSERS RESEMBLE SKIRTS

Many a Western dress style is adapted from long-established modes in distant lands. Though the girl on the extreme left probably never heard of the "bouffant" skirt, the distended hip line of her wide garment closely resembles that style. As for the man at the right, a casual glance might convict him of wearing skirts instead of super-spacious trousers that require no pressing or creasing.

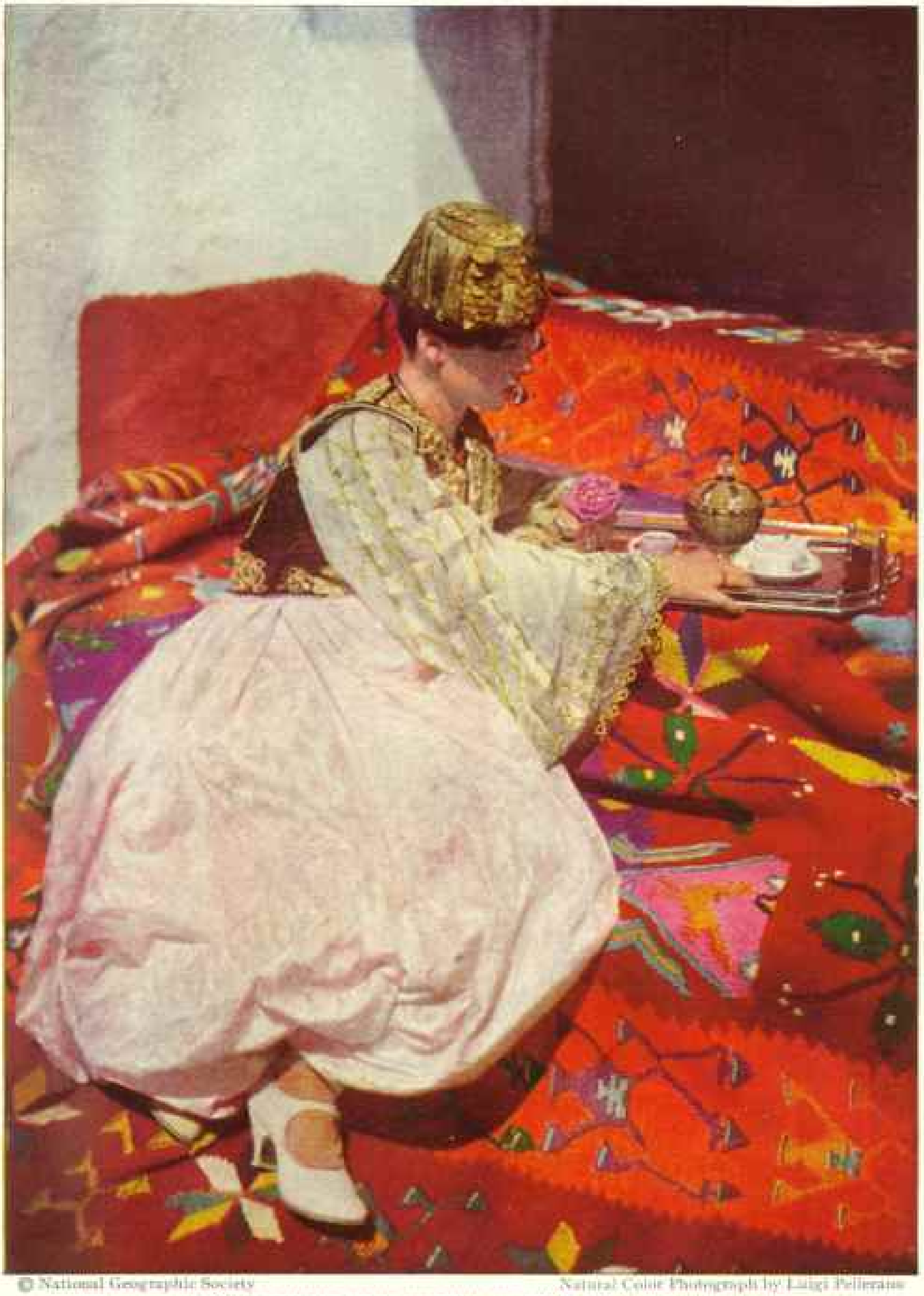
A CHIEF OF THE "MEN OF THE EAGLE"

He is a *baryaktar*, one of the patriarchal heads of his land's ancient clan system. According to tradition, Shkūperia, the native name for Albania, signifies, "The Land of the Men of the Eagle."

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

GEOGRAPHY IS REVEALED BY COSTUME

This type of Albanian dress, characterized by neck-slit and embroidered bands, tells one that Dalmatia and Hercegovina—where a similar garment is worn—are not far distant.



© National Geographic Society Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

SWEETMEATS AND COFFEE SIGNIFY "WELCOME!"

Instead of afternoon tea, in Albania the guest is given a lump of *lookoum* (Turkish delight), a spoonful of conserve, and a very sweet demi-tasse. Sometimes the gold coins worn on the person are *caf-nazi*, a special issue formerly struck by Turkey's sultans in payment for mosque construction.

sleep amid the monastic peace of their surroundings.

Next morning we found that no remuneration was expected. Hospitality and tolerance center the Bektashites' code of simple pieties. "It is evil to be full when others are empty," runs one of their sayings. And again: "It is evil to boast self-righteousness, denying the good in others."

The Baba gave us his blessing. Then we left him in contemplation, lifting up his eyes to the hills. Somehow an old Bible verse stirred within us. Hebrew psalmist and Mohammedan monk—are they, in their searchings, so very far apart?

That day we skirted intensifying tracts of olive groves terraced on the hillsides, down which we motored seaward. When almost within view of Saranda (Santi Quaranta) we encountered a rustic bower, sheathed entirely in leaves and perched 15 feet in air on sapling stilts. We ventured up its ladder, much to the surprise of the lonely watchman who inhabited the leaf house. It was his job, he explained in accents contracted long ago in some Massachusetts shoe factory, to watch over the olive-clad valley from this airy nest (181).

SIX YEARS IN JAIL FOR BEING "RUDE"

Then he grew confidential, saying that it was a safe retreat for one who had just been released from jail. "You see," he confessed, "I got six years for being rude to a man."

"Six years for being rude!" we ejaculated.

"Yes," said the leaf-dweller simply, "for being rude, with a knife. And, now that I'm out, his widow's brother wants to get rude with me!"

Northward along the Adriatic, between the ports of Saranda and Vlona (Valona), runs a road of arresting interest and beauty. High over the sea, it zigzags around cliff profiles throughout 100 miles of olive groves, pine woods, sandy beach strips—outstretched panoramas as seen from an airplane. Now we half-circled some perfect port site which awaited commerce to redeem it from sheer nature. Now we halted for wayside lunch amid the gnarled olive trees of some red-roofed village, somnolent under July noontide, with the Adriatic far below us, pale blue, inert, lacking even the "painted ship" that lay in doldrums "upon a painted ocean."

At last came longed-for sunset; the massing of parched humanity around roadside springs; the filling of kegs; and the "water-line" of scores of women, the kegs strapped across their shoulders, ascending to their hill villages.

We climbed the outposts of Himara's (Khimara) coast-skirting range, only to find ourselves at the base of its rugged promontory, Mount Glossa, the Acroceraunia of the ancients. Now, Himara was the classic Chimæra, and certainly the horrendous, fire-exhaling monster thus named in Greek fable had nothing on our car as it snorted smokily up the countless hairpin turns laid by war-time engineers.

At last we achieved the summit. Beyond, we coasted down through cool pine woods and out upon a seashore drive that brought us to Vlona.

WATER IS WEALTH IN ALBANIA

In two more days we made Berati and Elbasani. The mountains had distanced, yielding to scenes of unbroken plain land, dotted with cattle, bowered with fruit trees, and crossed by two small but active rivers—a refreshing sight.

Assuredly water is wealth in Albania. She has but two navigable rivers, and these are only partially and seasonally so. Wasted torrents from the mountains in winter and bone-dry stream beds in summer—these are the extremes in the water problem of a country where the creation of storage lakes would be an economic boon.

We had just been ferried across a river and were proceeding on our way when a youth appeared in mid-road and gave us the "Stop" signal. Unceremoniously he demanded that we convey him to Berati, some four hours distant.

"Why?" we asked him, for he could have had a free ride in any passing oxcart. "Is your case urgent?"

"Why?" he echoed haughtily. "I am the son of a bey—that's why!"

Nick Carter yelled something at him, then stepped on the gas. Later he confessed, grinning: "I just told that fresh guy how *you* are the son of President of U. S. A.!"

Such was our first contact with a social caste, privileged and powerful, which has survived the centuries of Turkish rule in Albania.

WOMEN CARRY THEIR FAIR SHARE OF THE DOMESTIC BURDEN

Lest the sight of these animated haycocks suggests that the Albanian woman is exploited, it may be mentioned that man's work and woman's work are fairly apportioned in this primitive, industrious country, where each family must produce its own living necessities.

Photographs by Merl La Voy

POTENTIAL HARNESS FOR ALBANIA'S EQUINE "HORSEPOWER"

Home-tanned with valonia obtained from home-grown acorns (see, also, illustration, page 134). Albanian rawhides represent a substantial industry in a land of riders.

Photograph by O. M. Salisbury

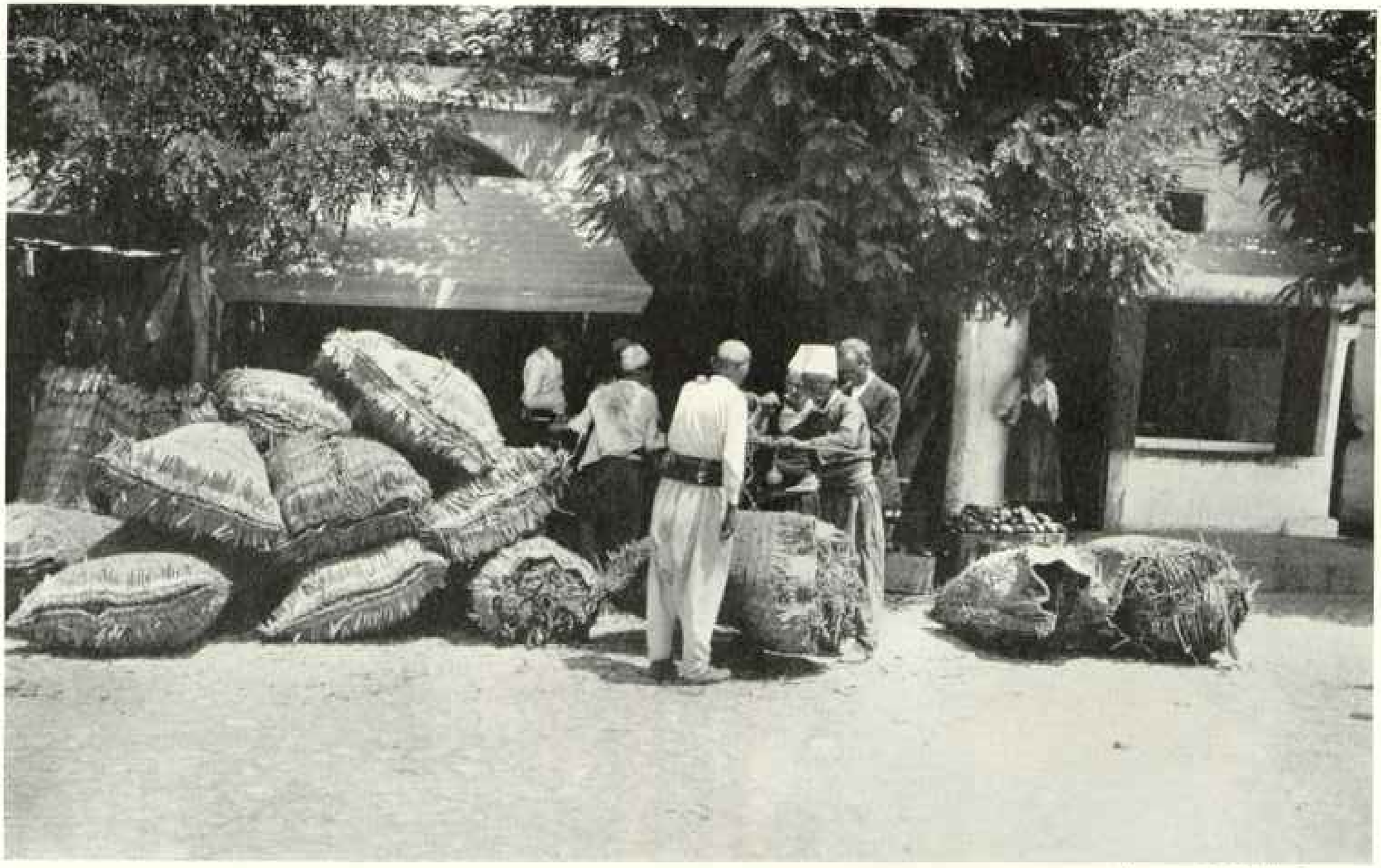
WHEN THE MARRIAGEABLE GIRL'S HOPES BECOME REALIZATIONS

She is bearing to the bride's house the highly decorated *dauti*, which eclipses the traditional "hope chest" in that it is a realization chest. It contains the gifts of the groom's family: dresses, ornaments, coffee, and—befitting symbol of the honeymoon—a big loaf of sugar.

Photograph by Melville Chater

ALBANIA'S "COVERED WAGON"

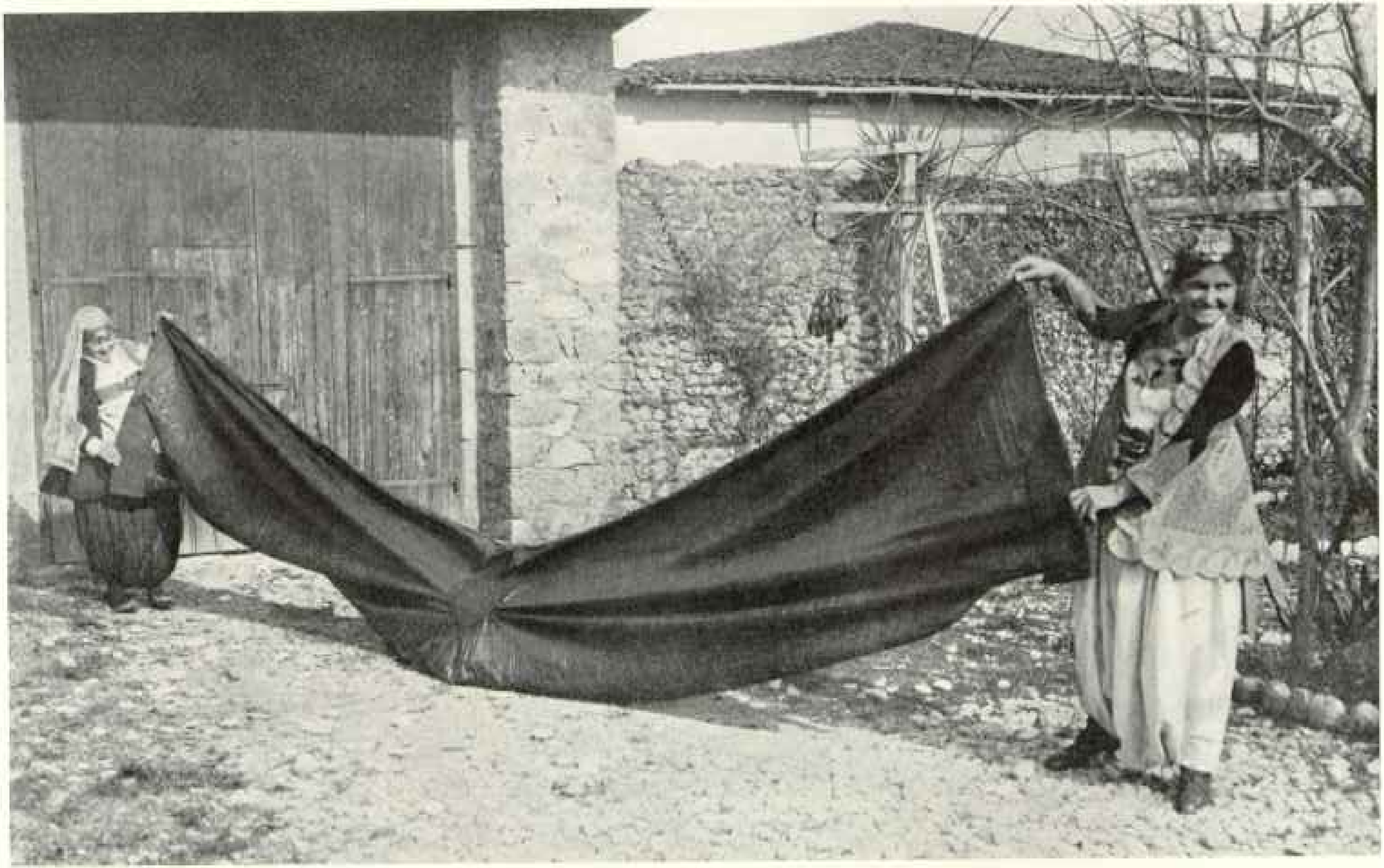
In some rural sections only a large-wheeled cart of such massive construction can survive on the rough back-country trails.



Photograph by Melville Chater

WEIGHING TOBACCO AT TIRANA TO ASCERTAIN TAX PAYMENTS TO THE STATE

One of the few forms of machinery introduced into Albania is the cigarette-making machine. The tobacco of Elbasani and Scutari is much esteemed among this nation of cigarette smokers.



NINETY SQUARE FEET OF CLOTH MAKES ONLY ONE PAIR OF TROUSERS IN ALBANIA

These women are not, as might be imagined, planning a pair of portières, but assuring themselves that this material will be ample for a pair of mamma's trousers. One might hazard that in time mamma will cut them down to clothe her six small children.

Photograph from Phillip Adams

FROM TIRANA'S MINARET MOSLEMS PROCLAIM ZOG, A CLAN LEADER, KING (SEE, ALSO, OPPOSITE PAGE)

The Porte's Albanian policy involved the elevating of local chiefs as beys or pashas and endowing them with hereditary fiefs in exchange for military service. "Bey" is equivalent to lieutenant colonel; "pasha" means, literally, "the Shah's foot," while the horse's tail which these dignitaries wielded, scepterlike, conveyed the Turkish conception of that animal as the symbol of power, the "horsepower" of a pregasoline age. A "pasha of three tails" was as distinguished an individual as the fellow of whom one said enviously, not so many years back, "He owns a 6-cylinder car!"

Not easily uprootable is a feudal land system which has operated in Albania, as in some other Balkan States, for many centuries. The fertile plains of central Albania still constitute rich beyliks, while freehold land is mostly confined to less desirable regions.

Berati lies outstretched on its several hills, under the midsummer snows of Mount Tomori. Elbasani peers from among fruit groves and irrigated gardens. Not factory chimneys but minarets, here as everywhere, cut the skylines of Albania's towns. Her sons, back from America, chafe for the advent of industrialism among a population almost wholly agricultural, whose every household produces and works its own wool, flax, and leather.

If Islam's ban on statues is ever lifted in Albania, I hope some one will nominate for marbled immortality one Theodore of Elbasani. Poignant were Albania's early struggles to achieve a written language. True, some early Christian fathers had timorously translated the "Imitatio Christi" into the common tongue. But Master Theodore was a real go-getter. Having learned of a strange invention which, according to their inclinations, men accredited diversely to God and to the Devil, he departed for Venice to investigate the rumor. When he reappeared in Albania, his baggage consisted of certain small caskets containing—. But what was it, indeed, that he guarded so jealously and that weighed so heavily? "Gold!" whispered his muleteers. "Venetian ducats!" Accordingly, they slew Master Theodore and rifled his caskets.

Not gold, but countless bits of base metal, met their gaze. Curses! But hold! What strange characters on those tiny wedges? Conjurations, assuredly! Dealings with the Devil! The superstitious gang fled, leaving Theodore, his throat cut, surrounded by—printers' pi. Thus befell the introduction of type into Albania.

A RIVER DIVIDES ALBANIA'S TWO PEOPLES

From Elbasani westward to Durëssi (Durazzo) we followed the course of the Shkumbini (see map, p. 133), that natural dividing line between Albania's two peoples, the Ghegs to the north thereof, the Tosks to the south. Now, Strabo writes of the Illyrians and the Epirotes as living, respectively, to northward and to southward of a boundary that practically corresponds to the Shkumbini's course; hence it is reasonable to infer that the Ghegs descend from the former and the Tosks from the latter.

Contrasts in speech and characteristics, as between northerners and southerners, are to be found in most countries. Mountains breed one kind of man, plains another. Whatever differences in dialect and character exist between Gheg and Tosk, these are certainly less referable to a remote genealogy than to existent topographical conditions. The differences as between Scotsman and Englishman offer a perhaps not too strained comparison to those distinguishing Albania's two peoples.

It is the Via Egnatia that Strabo names as the Tosk-Gheg boundary, and it was over that Roman military route to Asia that we motored from Elbasani to sea-set Durëssi, the Dyrrachium of Rome's heyday. Many a little Illyrian boy who beheld her splendid legions on the march grew up to serve in the Prætorian Guard. One such native youngster, named Diocletian, little thought that he would one day wear the imperial purple. Yet another of Illyria's embryo emperors, small Constantine, destined to be named "the Great," may have yelled "Here they come!" as the legions swung through his home town of Nish, now the Serbian Nis.

Cyclopean structures have been unearthed near Gjinokastra, Greek remains have been excavated at Himara, Pojani (Apollonia), and near Saranda; but the tale of the Roman period, when togaed

Wide World Photograph

KING ZOG OF ALBANIA

His Majesty came to the throne in 1928, when Albania changed its form of government from a republic to a monarchy. He heads a nation of more than 800,000 subjects.

Photograph by Franz Bergaleta

BERATI'S CITADEL CROWNS THE UPPER TOWN

To the modern seeker for the unusual along geographic byways, this old stronghold serves as a colorful reminder of Albania's turbulent past, when now Sicily and Naples, now Turkey, Austria, and Italy, flung their banners from its walls (see, also, Color Plate I).

senators summered at Dyrrachium and scholars wrote home their impressions of "our new Illyrian provinces," still lies underground along the deep-buried cobbles of Via Egnatia.

BAZAAR GOSSIP TRAVELS FAST

It was somewhere on the Roman Road that we settled ourselves for lunch beneath a spreading fig tree, under which sat a silver-bearded Baba. But there was much dust, so we reloaded everything and motored ahead in search of a better spot. As we departed, I beheld the old man interrupt his prayers to regard us with a wondering stare.

In a land of bazaars and bazaar gossip, news travels fast. At Durëssi next morning, we heard at second hand the Baba's account of us. It ran about as follows:

"I had reposed myself, O brother, under the great fig tree, five hours from the city. An automobile, with a little American flag, drew up. Certain travelers alighted. They produced eggs, cheese, cold meats, sardines, melons, an amazing amount of food, for their midday meal. As it was the hour for prayer, I withdrew somewhat and prostrated myself.

"Now, I swear by the weight of this stone that not three minutes had passed before I perceived, between prostrations, that the travelers had gobbled down everything and were departing. Of such exceeding swiftness, O brother, is the American repast (I know, for I have a grandson in Seh-lem-nass) that they call it 'quick-lunch!'"

TIRANA IS WESTERNIZING HERSELF

From welcome sea breezes at Durëssi we turned back into the sweltering interior for a glimpse of Tirana, the kingdom's capital. Indeed, it would have been but a glimpse and away again, for the last struggle over the last available cot in the last hotel was over, had not American hospitality opened its doors, revealing in the way of cuisine, hot baths, clean beds, familiar periodicals, old song records, such blessed home touches as one wouldn't expect in remote Albania.

Photograph by Franz Bespaleta

A BRIDGE OF MANY ARCHES SPANS THE OSUM AT BERATI

Only two of Albania's rivers are navigable, their descent from mountains to sea being too swift. The Osum waters a fertile region of the south, where the olive and the fig tree, the vine and the tobacco plant, flourish (see, also, text, page 156).

Tirana reveals a picture of Albania Westernizing herself. Broad, electric-lit streets neighbor fascinatingly hodgepodge bazaar alleys. A line of brand-new taxis, a row of pack mules, and a string of modern motor lorries throng the same square. Baggy-pantalooned Mohammedan chauffeurs have discarded their olden wand of office, the donkey-prodding stick, to wrestle instead with the tire pump. Far over the heads of an unheeding crowd, who are imbibing European drinks and discussing European trade, the lone muezzin calls to prayer; but it is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

Not yet has this small-scale kingdom achieved a favorable trade balance. Its exports—dairy products, grain, hides, wool, asphalt, charcoal — total annually about $2,500,000. On the other hand, its import values in sugar, cotton and woolen fabrics, mineral oils, and machinery approximate double that amount. How offset the difference? The mountains are believed to be rich in minerals—gold, iron, coal, copper, and others—but the country has never been geologically surveyed. Oil talk and the actual production of oil in paying quantities and of requisite quality are in inverse ratio to each other.

"Money talks." Cash remittances of some $300,000 a year, sent by Albanians in the United States, constitute striking proof to the recipients thereof that what their country needs is industries. Almost oppressive is the reiterated tale of "No work here. I was five years in America. Wish I could get back there!"

Trying to get to America assumes, on occasion, an almost vocational aspect. "My uncle has been trying to get to America for eight years," one Albanian told us naïvely, "and he hasn't done a stroke of work during that time."

YOUNG ALBANIA WANTS AN EDUCATION

Such are some of the economic problems of a youthful kingdom whose independence was recognized in 1912, temporarily mislaid during the World War, and reaffirmed in 1920. In 1928 the republic became a kingdom.

Photograph by Franz Ilespalieu

THE SPIRES OF KAVAJA

Albania says "crooked-stick" plowing must go. To improve cattle breeds and introduce scientific farming, an Albanian-American school of agriculture was founded recently in this fertile Kavaja district near Durèssi (Durazzo). Eventually it will be taken over as a governmental institution.

Photograph by Melville Chater

THE MUEZZIN CALLS, BUT TIRANA SEEMS DEAF TO HIS SUMMONS

Far over the heads of an unheeding crowd, which imbibes European drinks and discusses European trade, the muezzin calls to prayer. It is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, for the capital is busy Westernizing itself. The man at the left is the muezzin of Tirana's principal mosque.

Photograph by Melville Chater

OCCIDENTAL INFLUENCE IS INVADING ALBANIA'S CAPITAL

Electric-lit thoroughfares intersect hodgepodge bazaar alleys, taxis and mule teams throng the same square, and baggy-pantaloonèd chauffeurs are discarding the donkey-prodding stick for the tire pump. Tirana was chosen as the Albanian capital because it lies about midway between north and south.

One thing is certain: Its Government stands squarely behind Young Albania's determination to be educated. Something like 600 primary and continuation schools, not to mention technical schools conducted by American and other foreign organizations, are in being.

The need is only too obvious. When an Albanian civic official politely hands you back, because he cannot read it, a typed letter in his own tongue, one might be excused for registering amazement. Conversely, when another civic official replaces hard labor with compulsory ABC classes in jails, one registers prolonged applause.

Our final lap, from Tirana to Shkodra (Scutari), took us through the quaint hill town of Kruja (Kroia), with its ruined citadel, its covered bazaar streets, and its hillside alive with fantastically costumed mountain folk who thought it no hardship to travel all night to insure arriving in time for the local market day.

They were Christian Ghegs. The women were unveiled and were frankly unaffrighted by the presence of an American he-man. Rather it was the he-man who longed to retire behind a veil that would shelter him and his camera from their rampant curiosity.

Photograph by Melville Chater

THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER WILL EVENTUALLY LOSE HIS JOB

Education languished under the Turkish régime, when instruction in the Albanian tongue was prohibited. In addition, the lack of an Albanian literature retarded the spread of education. To-day the Nation is making determined onslaughts on illiteracy (see, also, Color Plate XXI).

Is "Gheg" derived from the Greek *gigas* (giant), as some say? It seemed to us a reasonable derivation as we regarded those tall, lean, long-striding mountaineers with rifles slung over their shoulders. They wore white, baggy trousers, white shirts, rawhide sandals, and the white skullcap (tarboosh) that completed this rather Pierrotlike costume. Occasionally one noted the black, pompon-embellished "Scanderbeg jacket," which, says tradition, is worn in memory of Albania's long-dead, Turk-fighting hero.

SCANDERBEG, "THE DRAGON OF ALBANIA"

Kruja's crumbled fortifications serve, better than any statue, to perpetuate the memory of George Castriota, adoringly known to every Albanian as Scanderbeg (see Color Plate XIII).

Early in the 15th century he and his three brothers were sent to Constantinople as hostages. George, then but a youngster, was received into the sultan's household. In due course he was renamed Iskander Bey, was given a cavalry command, and became one of the ruler's most brilliant officers. But, as events proved, he remained an Albanian at heart.

Some 30 years later, upon the defeat of the Turks by the Hungarians, Scanderbeg unexpectedly marched on Kruja, ousted its Turkish garrison by strategy, seized its fortress, and turned Albanian patriot.

In 24 years of leadership he fought 13 campaigns, remaining undefeated by Turkish armies that, on occasion, numbered 200,000, and wielded artillery throwing stone shot of 1,300 pounds. When he died, at the age of 64, leaving a fame that still thrills every Albanian heart, the Turks actually turned his bones into courage-giving amulets.

Of somber beauty is the old ballad that tells of Scanderbeg's wayside encounter with Death. "To-day," says the grisly one, "Kismet hath appointed for thine end." Undaunted, the hero accepts the summons, then addresses his little son: "Unprotected flower, descend to the shore where grows a cypress sad. Fasten my horse thereto, unfold my banner, and therefrom hang my

Photograph by Meril La Voy

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER THEY GO

Like the Mother Goose character with "bells on her toes," the Balkan gypsy and his music are inseparable. In Albania his emotional violin strains contrast strongly with the national ballads of prowess, sung in monotonous recitative to mandolin or flute.

sword. So, when the north wind shall blow furiously, the steed will neigh, the sword will clang, and the enemy, hearing, will retreat, thinking on death."

Scanderbeg's deeds live in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," while the figure of that other Albanian warrior, Ali Pasha, glows on the pages of "Childe Harold." Byron visited him in 1810, after he had made himself virtual master of Albania, Epirus, and Thessaly. He aimed at, and almost achieved, the complete liberation of these provinces; but, in an evil hour, beguiled by promises of immunity, he surrendered. Pie-crust promises! Yet, although the old warrior's head soon adorned the Seraglio's gates, his deeds lived on, inspiring a fettered Greece to rise.

THE PORK LINE DIVIDES CHRISTIAN GHEG AND MOSLEM TOSK

We had left Kruja well behind when a strolling pig served to reveal the fact that we were crossing the pork line which, gastronomically speaking, divides the Christian Ghegs from the Moslem Tosks. Moreover, our proximity to the northern tribes of vendetta and ambush was manifest in that the invariably armed passers-by always traveled in couples, and that the stone house walls, strictly eschewing windows, were dotted with many square loopholes (see Color Plate XVI).

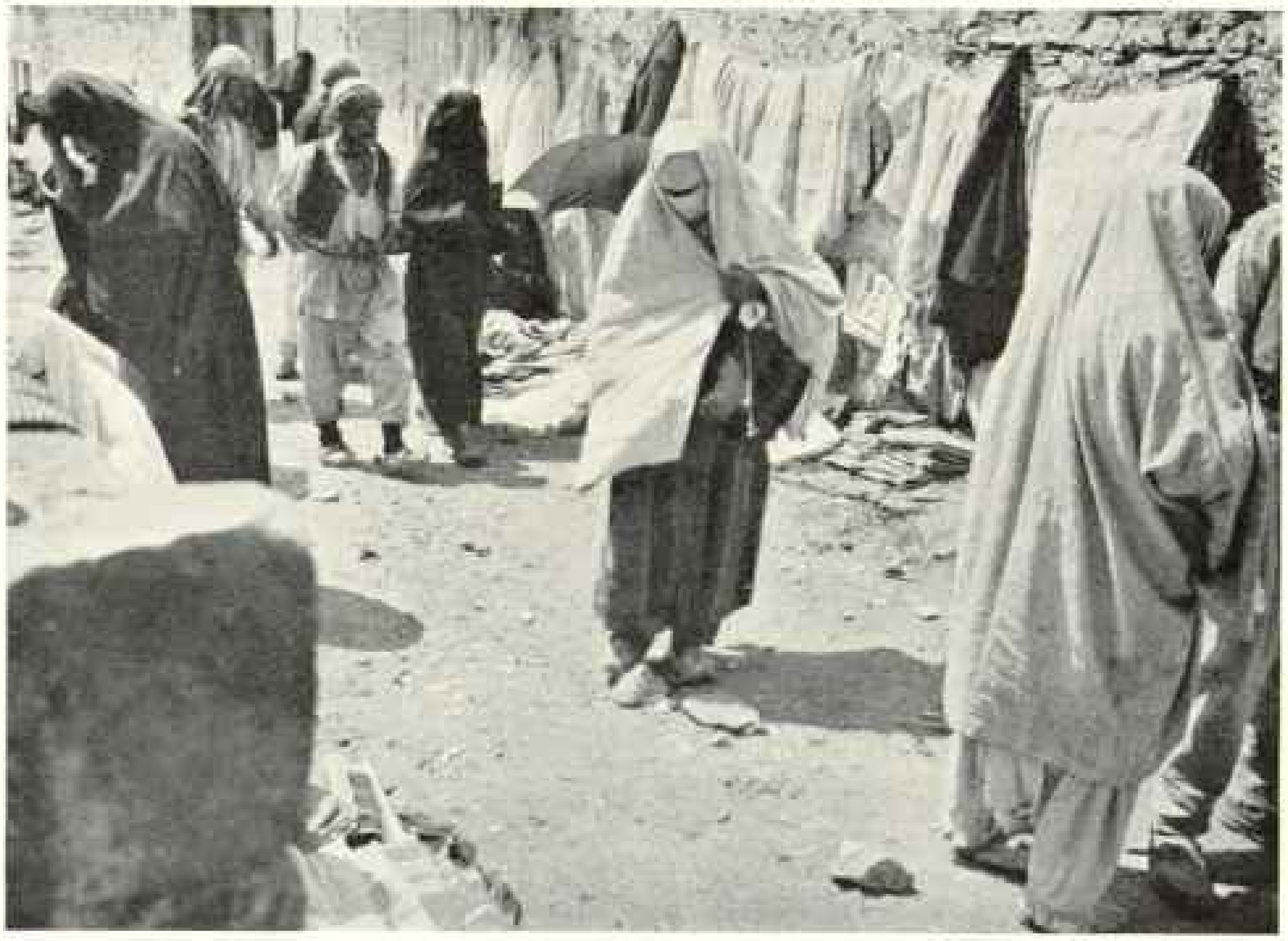
At Leshi (Alessio) we struck the Drini's waters, traversed a green, well-ordered farm region, skirted the looming mountains, and descended into Old Scutari (see Color Plate XII).

It was market day. What a scene! Surely no such colorful concentration of mountain types, their costumes and their handicraft, exists elsewhere in Europe. To cover it a photographer should have at least four hands and two brains. An autochrome man would babble with sheer delight.

Here one sees multitudes of men dressed in what are nothing less than the medieval

ALBANIAN SUNDAY COSTUMES ARE GALA AFFAIRS

Long red trousers and richly embroidered jackets adorn Scutari's women. "Their principal industry is costume-making," wrote a 19th-century traveler concerning the Albanians. "The material often disappears completely under the gold embroidery."



Photograph by Melville Chater

"WINDOW SHOPPING" AT SCUTARI'S BAZAAR

The central figure, peering through the narrow slit of her face wrappings, reveals herself as not so different essentially from her Western sister who surveys coveted fineries in shop windows.

ONE OF ALBANIA'S 30,000 WORKERS IN THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY

The man at the right is an American citizen who has returned to his native Tosk hill town. His wife (left) wears the distinctive costume of the community. Albanians in the United States center in New England and the Middle West.

Photographs by Melville Chater

TIRES THAT ARE USED BUT STILL USEFUL

Although any one of these tires may have done its 20,000 miles, it is destined to do thousands more in the form of cut-up sections fashioned into peasants' sandals.

trunk hose, whose wearers of old used to shout, "Ho, varlet, do up my points!" The black Scanderbeg jacket and white skullcap lend their jaunty contrast to white, august robes and turbans that might hail from Damascus (see Color Plate XXI).

The women are belted, or rather corseted, with metal "zones," or with a red rope, wound like a top cord around the body from hips to breast. One has only to watch them shouldering sacks of meal or kegs of water to comprehend the use of these formidable "corsets." And endlessly they spin, whether walking, bargaining, or weight-carrying, from wool matted on a 3-foot distaff, somewhat like a banjo neck, which projects from the belt at the left thigh.

There is also fancy belting for gentlemen. Yonder stands a man wielding a long, yellow-striped coil of something which wriggles along the ground as he draws one end of it around his waist. You are invaded by circus memories of "the bee-utiful snake charmer, who will wind the King of Pythons around her vitals!" Then you draw closer and discover that it is only a mountaineer trying on his new 15-foot sash.

Circuses? The big top was never more kaleidoscopic in interest than a Scutari bazaar. Where do used automobile tires go? Ask yonder humpback who sits carving mountaineers' sandal soles out of rubber that reveals the pattern of familiar "treads." How in the name of handicraft was yonder big cheese firkin fashioned? Why, it is simply a section of tree trunk hollowed out by dint of a month's labor, and the mountaineer manufacturer thereof will sell it for $1.50.

And why this intensive chitchat among groups gathered under trees or in queer little dives where one's fruit-sirup drink is cooled with mountain snows? Know that Scutari bazaar day brings a gathering of the clans, a social event for which the clansman will journey three days from the peaks of the Malcia e Madhe.

HORSES ARE HIRED TO REACH THE GREAT MOUNTAIN LAND

And last, what of the pretty girl, seated idly by the well, in gorgeous, gold-braided cuirass and coin necklace? No need to ask what she is marketing! What she wears are matrimonial window dressings to catch the eye of some youth whose tribe is on good terms with hers.

Our glimpse of Scutari bazaar fairly impelled us to behold the Albanian mountaineer on his native heath. Accordingly, we left motor cars behind, hired horses, a guide, and an interpreter; then set out for that seldom-visited and frequently hazardous region, the Malcia e Madhe, or Great Mountain Land.

At the village of Shkreli we left the plain and wound slowly upward toward distant mountain profiles that zigzagged across the skyline like some gigantic fever chart. Six hours later we reached the church at Boga, where several hundred clansmen and clanswomen were attending service. That "Trust to de Lawd an' check yo' razor at de church do'" had here been paralleled in principle was indicated by the scores of rifles that were neatly parked beside the sacred edifice.

Out they swarmed, those magnificent, half-savage representatives of the Kastrati and Klementi tribes. To the native eye, costume distinctions "place" an Albanian tribesman as infallibly as varying kilt and tartan distinguish a Scottish Highlander. The Boga costumes were in convict stripes, broad black on white, the men wearing trunk hose and tarbooshes, the women wearing curious, bell-shaped skirts that swayed to the walk.

An imposing man approached our guides, themselves tribesmen of the Hoti and Dukajin clans, and gave them the mountaineer's greeting by laying his cheek against each of theirs in turn. Then he explained that he was the local *baryaktar*, and that automatically our party was under his protection (see, also, Color Plate VII).

To-day still, as throughout centuries past, the Albanian clan is divided into the *mahala* (group of related houses), which is subdivided into house units, each ruled by the lord of the house. Supreme over the tribe is the baryaktar (banner bearer).

And to-day, still, there endures the Albanian clansman's law of hospitality toward strangers; for it has become a law rather than a custom by reason of a curious responsibility devolving upon the clan. If, for instance, we had been ambushed and killed while in the baryaktar's territory, it might have involved him, as a

MEN OF THE EAGLE IN THEIR MOUNTAIN EYRIE

EVEN ALBANIA'S WOODENWARE IS COLORFUL

Gay wooden candlesticks and cigarette holders, the latter a yard long, are this sidewalk merchant's stock in trade. Albanian manufactures are almost exclusively homemade and for home consumption.

© National Geographic Society. Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Fillerano

ALBANIAN GIRLS STILL DANCE ON THE GREEN

Mixed dancing is tabu here. Men perform the so-called "Pyrrhic" dance. These girls, clad in styles peculiar to Shkodra (Scutari) execute a shuffle-and-leap figure while waving handkerchiefs.

Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

GREEN VALLEYS LIE BETWEEN ALPINE PEAKS

Approaching from Korça's plains through the valley of the Viosa River, one gets a foretaste of the highlands' snowclad peaks. Formerly a fastness accessible only by horseback, Albania has now a road system which permits motor travel through the greater part of its strikingly diversified regions.

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellarano

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS" ARE THE HERITAGE OF THESE VARYING TYPES

Rich and poor—this trio of Shkodra (Scutari) ladies, and this humble Mirdite mountaineer—are equal when it comes to receiving high respect whether at home or at law. For centuries the Albanian woman has enjoyed by immemorial custom a legal status such as Western womanhood has battled for in modern times.

National Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

ST. PAUL MAY HAVE VIEWED OLD SCUTARI'S LANDSCAPE

Commanding wide plains and ringed by lofty mountains, Old Scutari, as distinct from the modern town, was anciently the capital of Illyria's kings. A millennium before that land became known as Albania, St. Paul visited it, according to his words: "Round about unto Illyricum I have fully preached."

Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

A LONE STRONGHOLD COMMEMORATES ALBANIA'S GREAT PATRIOT

Only this Tower of Scanderbeg remains of what Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," thus wrote: "The White Castle, Ak Hissar, the city Croia called." In the 15th century Scanderbeg deserted from the Sultan's service, seized the castle of Kruja (Kroia) and launched a lifelong struggle for Albanian liberty.

National Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

CLASSIC COSTUMES OF HILLTOWN AND PLAIN

Gjinokastra (Argyro-Castro) is represented on the left, Scutari on the right. Both towns are of hoar antiquity. A local movement is on foot to insure the perpetuation of Albania's classic costumes by making them the correct dress at official functions.

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

WOMEN WHOSE PRESENCE PROTECTS THE TRAVELER

Such is the high respect paid woman in Albania that she affords for travelers in its wilder regions a surer safeguard than rifles. A man who would molest a woman or anyone in her party is deemed a coward. The mountaineers have a saying that the hand that has shot a woman is unfit for anything in the world.

WHERE A MAN'S HOUSE IS HIS STRONGHOLD

High walls and a windowless ground floor illustrate the Albanian principle of safety first. In the wilder regions of the vendetta these upstairs windows would become mere loopholes for rifle fire.

 Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

TRIBESMEN WHO MAKE STAUNCH FRIENDS YET MERCILESS FOES

The Malissori, or highlanders, combine patriarchal hospitality with rigid adherence to the vendetta, or blood-debt. Under certain circumstances their women may bear arms and assume male prerogatives.

matter of honor, in the *gyak*, or vendetta, with our murderers. Hence a clan's tender care of your safety while you are in its demesne. It is as if a policeman lifted his traffic-arresting hand and steered you through the danger zone.

We made light of possible bandits, but it simply got us nowhere. The baryaktar, George, and Pete were all agreed that we must have an armed guard.

George was our interpreter; at least we called him that out of sheer desperation, upon learning that his given name was Ndot; but Pete was just Pete. They had called him that in some Kentucky mountain town ten years before. How Pete loved to reminisce of those happy days when he had made $5,000 in a quick-lunch enterprise. (Subsequently he had lost it all, and was now a ragged muleteer.) And how, in his doglike way, he yearned for Kentucky and hash-slinging once more! His happiest moments on the march were when, for our amusement, he would yell up at some mountain peak, "One hamburg sandwich! Two eggs easy! Coffee on the side!"

"Pete," we asked, "are there really bandits about?"

"A hell much!" he earnestly affirmed.

"And are there bedbugs about?"

When the word was explained to Pete, he asseverated, "No sir! No begbuds in Malcia e Madhe!"

But it turned out reversely. We were attacked nightly—but never by bandits.

THE CODE YELL IS THE MOUNTAINEER'S "WIRELESS"

Long before sump we left Boga, accompanied by a guard eight rifles strong. They were tall, powerful fellows of a certain semisavage magnificence, and had been recruited into the gendarmerie, in accordance with the Government's policy of reforming bad men by putting them on the payroll. Half of them marched ahead of us, exploring the rocky, forested trail. Occasionally those who remained with us gave the mountaineer's yell to answering gendarmes who were hidden somewhere among the surrounding summits (178).

This yell, the mountaineer's "wireless," is so effectively relayed from peak to peak that local news can be transmitted within a few hours across a region that took us a week to traverse. Lulash, one of our guards, explained that the yell is always in brief code. "How are you?" for example, means "A stranger has arrived." He said that the mountaineer's yell, its inflected sound, if not its actual words, is distinguishable at three miles in an airline.

Other travelers, Christian and Moslem, joined us *en route* until our party had augmented to a dozen horses and as many rifles. One rider, apparently a fine specimen of bandolier-belted manhood, was tattooed on the right arm, according to the still common practice which Herodotus recorded of the ancient Illyrians. Pete pointed to the tattooed individual and said, "She's a man-woman. No be married, not never."

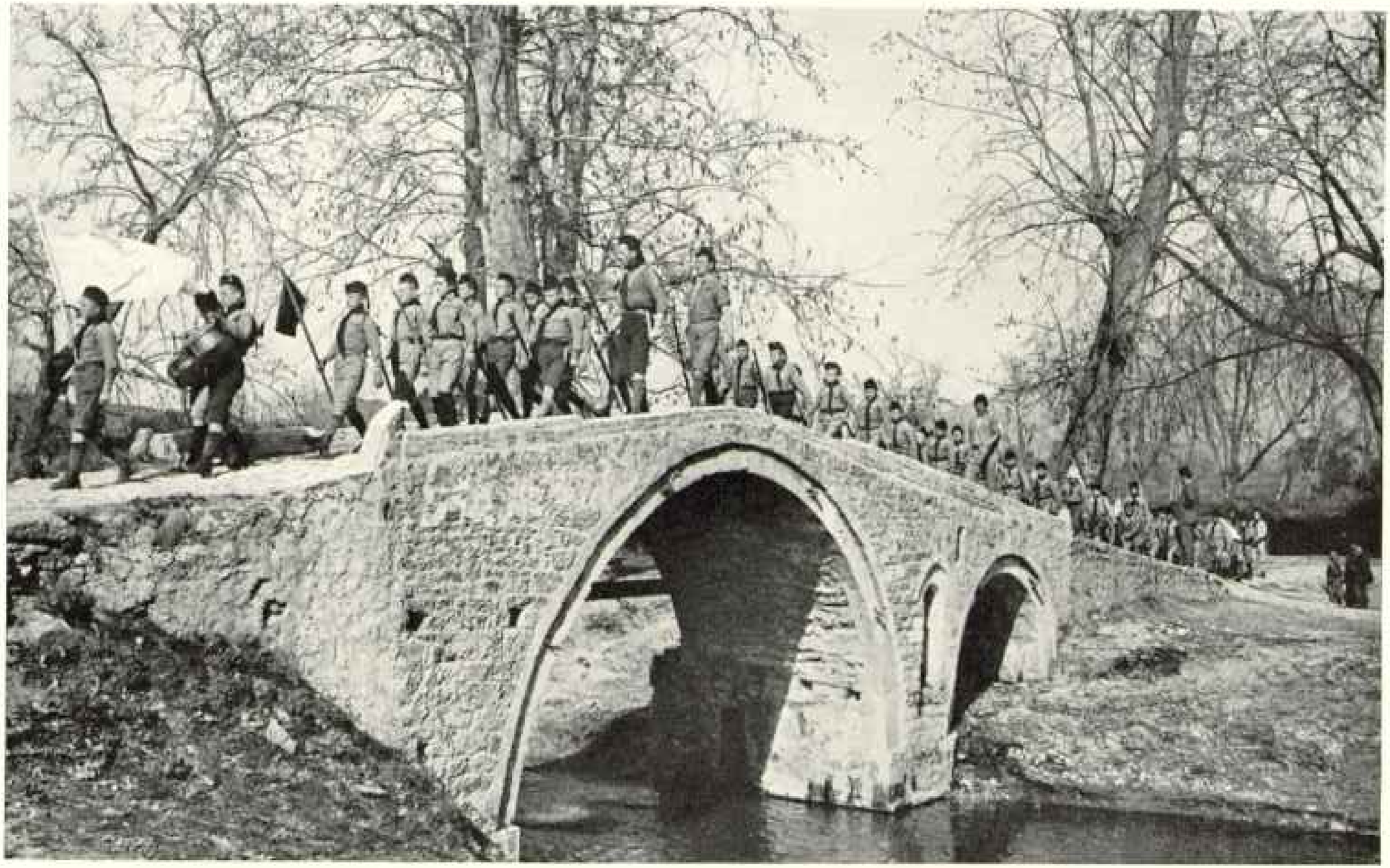
This curious statement was our introduction to a Malcia e Madhe custom that must be centuries old, perhaps as old as the Amazons.

Childhood betrothal, with earnest money deposited on the future bride, is common among the Malissori (highlanders). Of such importance do they hold the principle of male descent that, as late as the 18th century, cohabitation did not necessarily culminate in marriage until a male child had been born.

If, at maturity, the purchased woman defaults the contract, she must remove the stigma on the man by vowing herself to perpetual virginity. Thereafter she may become a "man," bearing arms, wearing male attire, and, if she has no brothers, inheriting her father's lands, which must, however, revert to some collateral male line at her death.

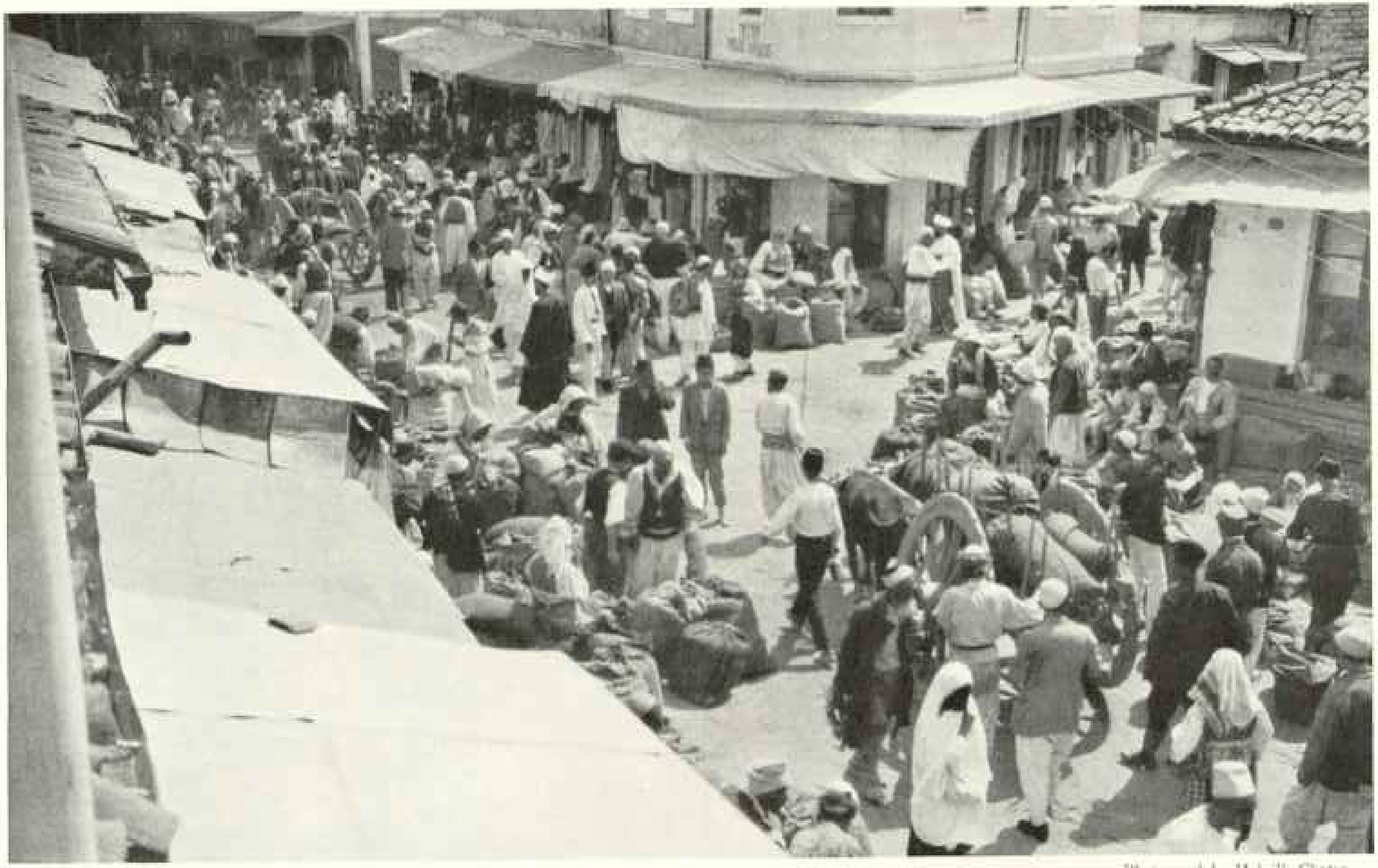
Our party gained the divide separating the eastern and western flanks of the range which marked the tribal boundary of our guards. After much laying of cheek on cheek, they left us, having marched seven hours, without any remuneration from us, on the principle of protecting their clan from blood responsibility. Afoot, we took the broken trail, that drops dizzily from an altitude of 8,000 feet, into the green, mountain-walled valley of snow-crowned Shala.

We were now in the country of the Dukajin, one of the seven groups that constitute the Malissori. Pete, himself a Dukajin, uttered a barbaric, home-coming yell which culminated for our especial edification in: "Ham an' beans! Brown bread on the side!" He did not, however, pilot



BOY SCOUTS OF TIRANA PARADE WITH FLAGS AND MUSIC

This world-wide organization for boys has found favor in Albania, with a program of character-building, nature study, campcraft, and woodcraft.



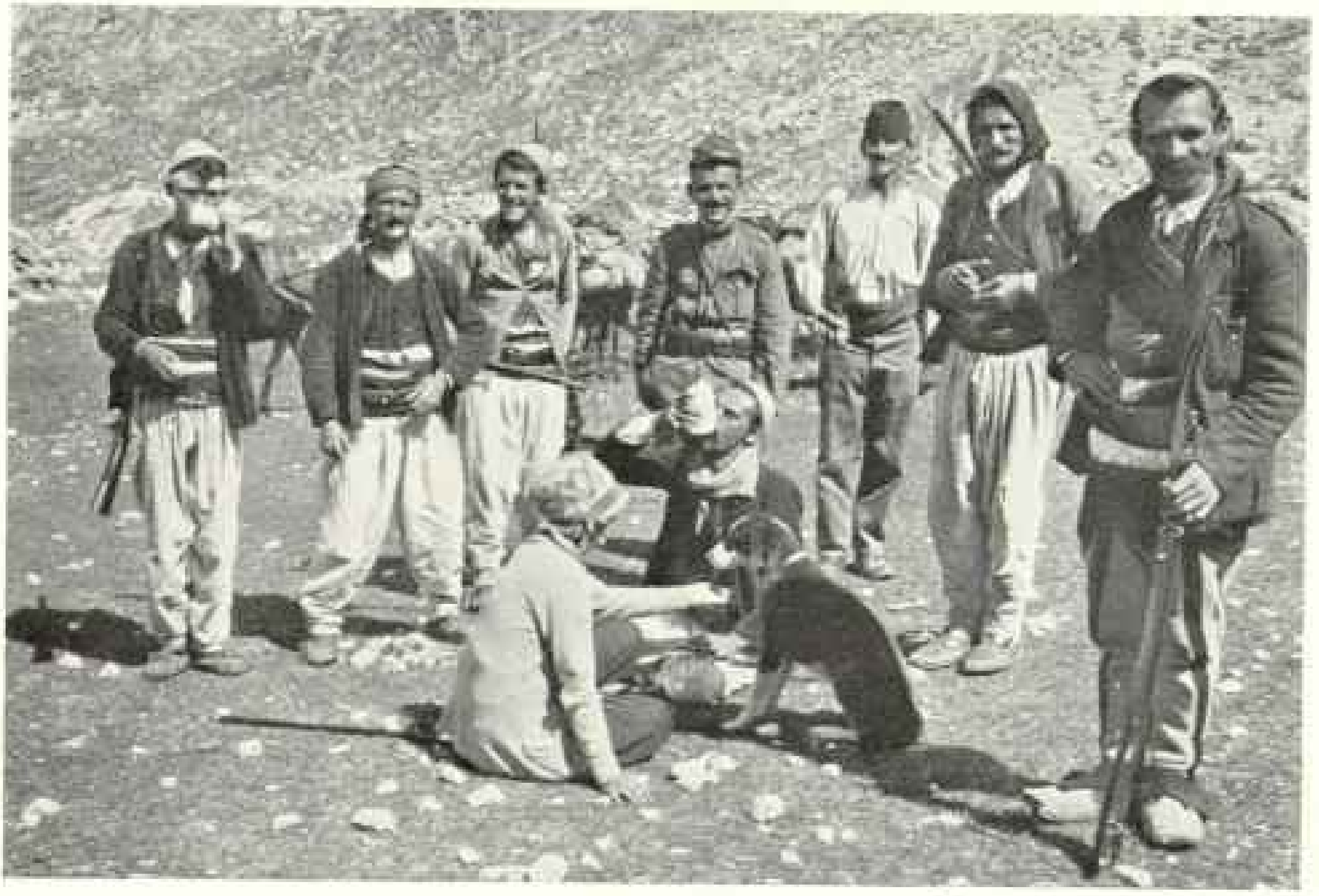
Photograph by Melville Chater

AN ALBANIAN CORNER IN GRAIN

Scutari is the regional market for Albania's highlanders, and grain is their biggest purchase there. To hike three days down the mountains and return shouldering a 50-pound grain sack is no great feat for the Albanian mountaineer or his wife (see, also, text, page 182).

A LITTLE FAGOT-GATHERER

This mountaineer child of the Shala region wears a home-woven woolen skirt, which sheds the rain and sways bell-like as she walks. Children of her age are not uncommonly betrothed, the contracting parties being from different villages—a custom adopted to prevent inbreeding.



Photographs by Melville Chater

EIGHT FRIENDLY RIFLES OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN LAND

By fiat of a local chief, the author was not permitted to proceed through the mountains without a volunteer guard, thus insuring the regional clan against blood responsibility. After toiling seven hours up the waterless divide, the guards quenched their thirst with snow.

us to the delicacies mentioned, but to a thick-walled, loophole-provided stone house, where we were offered bread, soup, cheese, and pallets for the night.

A "GODFATHER OF THE HAIR"

Pete afterward explained that our host was his "godfather of the hair." Like the early Illyrians, the Malissori practice headshaving. At the initial ceremony, which occurs when the child is two years old, the godfather wields the scissors. If the child is a Christian, four locks are sheared, so as to leave a cross on the skull. If he is a Mohammedan, three locks are sheared, leaving a triangle.

Within an hour we were seated on the ground with the local baryaktar and his rifle-toting braves, answering polite but firm inquiries concerning ourselves and proffering friendship-cementing cigarettes.

Photograph by L. F. Harlow

OBLIGING THE CAMERAMAN

These two Scutari children are intensely curious as to just why the photographer has snapped them. The answer is that they offered an unusual opportunity, Albanian children being carefully guarded and seldom seen on the street.

Clan-proud, reserved, yet staunch to the death, are Albania's highlanders. Proud with good reason are the Dukajin, for from their clan sprang the great lawgiver, Lek Dukajini, whose code has ruled the land, especially its mountain section, ever since the Middle Ages. Indeed, some scholars regard Lek as a restater of preëxisting laws that may have originated during the dim beginnings of Albanian tribal life.

Transcending governmental codes and the Ten Commandments stands the unwritten Canon of Lek. It is based on the *lex talionis*, and pivots on the principles of patriarchy and of man as master. Strictly interpreted, it endows him with the right to kill his wife or children. Not twenty years back an Albanian mountaineer avenged his wife's infidelity by shooting her with the bullet that her brother had given him as a proof of his permission.

THE VENDETTA IS STRICTLY ENFORCED AMONG THE MALISSORI

Though the Canon's primitive justice and the Malissori's vendetta code may seem barbarous to us, they must be viewed as survivals of the long centuries when Turkish official laxity rendered it almost impossible to apprehend or punish wrongdoers.

Photograph by L. P. Harlong

THE ALBANIAN BRIDE'S DRESS IS HEAVY WITH GOLD PIECES

Being scrubbed, manicured with henna, and having one's hair and eyebrows dyed black—such is the prelude to dressing an Albanian bride. Last, the matrons ornament the girl's bodice with gold coins, handed down from generation to generation for bridal embellishment.

As unabsorbable and individual as the Scottish Highlanders, this truly remarkable mountain breed has virtually remained self-governing throughout the ebb and flow of surrounding empires. While conservatism may seem an odd term to apply to these quick-shooting clansmen, the truth is that the Malissori act according to the hidebound traditions of an age-old past.

Take the vendetta. To this day social ostracism faces the clansman who sticks at exacting the blood debt owed his family. On the other hand, if he shot his man while the latter was accompanied by a woman or a child, or during a solemnly confirmed *bessa* (temporary truce), his name would become a hissing and a scorn. Once the deed is done, the avenger spreads it broadcast that his honor is cleansed. If pursued, he may claim food and shelter for 24 hours in any household. Its members are bound to defend him or to escort him to a place of safety.

It is even related how, not so long ago, the settling of a family blood debt devolved upon a priest, and how he did his duty as he saw it, and later read the burial service over his victim.

The Canon of Lek, as administered by a full council of clan elders, represents one of the most primitive forms of jury trial that has survived the general adoption of written law. The plaintiff appoints the jurors, whose unanimous agreement is necessary for acquittal. Should all but one of them vote "not guilty," that one is replaced by two others. The elders

Photograph by Melville Chater

PICKETING A WEST COAST OLIVE ORCHARD

The olive branch, symbol of peace, occasions shots when thieves invade the orchard. The Albanian watchman, who inhabits this bower on stilts, said he would gladly exchange his lonely job for his former employment in a Massachusetts shoe factory (see text, page 151).

may inflict neither death nor imprisonment on the convicted man, but only fine him or order his property burned.

For three days we descended the lovely Shala Valley, whose aquamarine-hued stream—now bowlder-choked, now expanding into suspected trout pools—gurgled thirst-slaking promises, offsetting myriads of locusts that shrilled at a parching world. Ahead marched our guard of seven Shala clansmen. Occasionally they trained their rifles on some known bandit nest among the rocks until we had passed by. One of them enlivened our march through that furnacelike, horsefly-infested region by eliciting a kind of bagpipe drone from his rustic fife. Old-time travel writers would doubtless have described the tune as "a plaintive air." It really wasn't plaintive when one learned the words. The ditty ran thus:

> "I hid behind the big rock. My brother's murderer passed. The notched bullet sped. Honor was avenged!"

Every few hours our guard would halt, their captain would emit a shrill whistle. And thereat—as eerie a sight as the up-popping of the Highlanders' heads at Roderick Dhu's signal—turbaned tar-booshes and rifles would peer forth from the brush, and our guard would be relieved by gendarmes of the local post.

What of those bandits of whom we never caught a trace except for some rick burning and fusillade firing one night on a mountain opposite our camp? They are recruited, so Lulash said, from fugitive

avengers, or half-starved looters, or from those Balkan border gangs who hire themselves out to create international "incidents."

A HOT LAND AND A HUNGRY ONE

Not only was it a hot land; it was a hungry one. We stopped at mountain villages where there were not ten loaves of bread, where the people were living on watered goat's milk while awaiting the next harvest.

Once, while sharing the scanty viands of some local priest, we asked if it were true that fish weighing up to 40 pounds had been dynamited in the river. Our host lifted shocked hands at the mention of such a barbarous practice. Now, we had noticed in his cupboard certain linen strips—he explained that they were for shot wounds—and other things of quite an unclerical nature. Recalling King Richard's experience in Friar Tuck's cell, we set forth our one, our cherished, bottle of old cordial. It went the rounds until the good priest grew cheery, even confidential.

Accompanying us on our way as far as the river bank, he produced those linen strips, together with some explosive, and manufactured a neat little bomb. I blush to record that, as a result of the throwing thereof, and despite our objections, we lunched that day on mountain trout—solid food was scarce.

We left the lovely Shala, climbed farther up into beech-forested mountains, then descended into a heat-seared region where the only sound was that of locusts mocking the dumb, dried-up streams. Here the flow or cessation of some tiny rill spelled life or death to an entire village. Near Shoshi gushed one memorable spring whose waters, which were diverted every 12 hours to feed 30 truck patches in rotation, represented all that stood between as many families and the terrible specter, Thirst.

What with the blistering heat, the scanty rations, and nightly tossings on insect-infested floors, we grew low-spirited at times. But, just when our brains seemed to sizzle like eggs in a pan, our water carrier, Pete—that ragged, ever-grinning Gunga Din—would hearten us with his weird, American-spiced jargon:

"You see that little hill, over there?" (It must have been half a mile high.) "Well, we go uptown there, then along about 20 blocks, then we go downtown on other side where Pete know one damn fine soda fountain." (He meant a spring.) "Hi-i-it! Lem'-meringue pie! Ice' coffee up!"

WATER AT LAST!

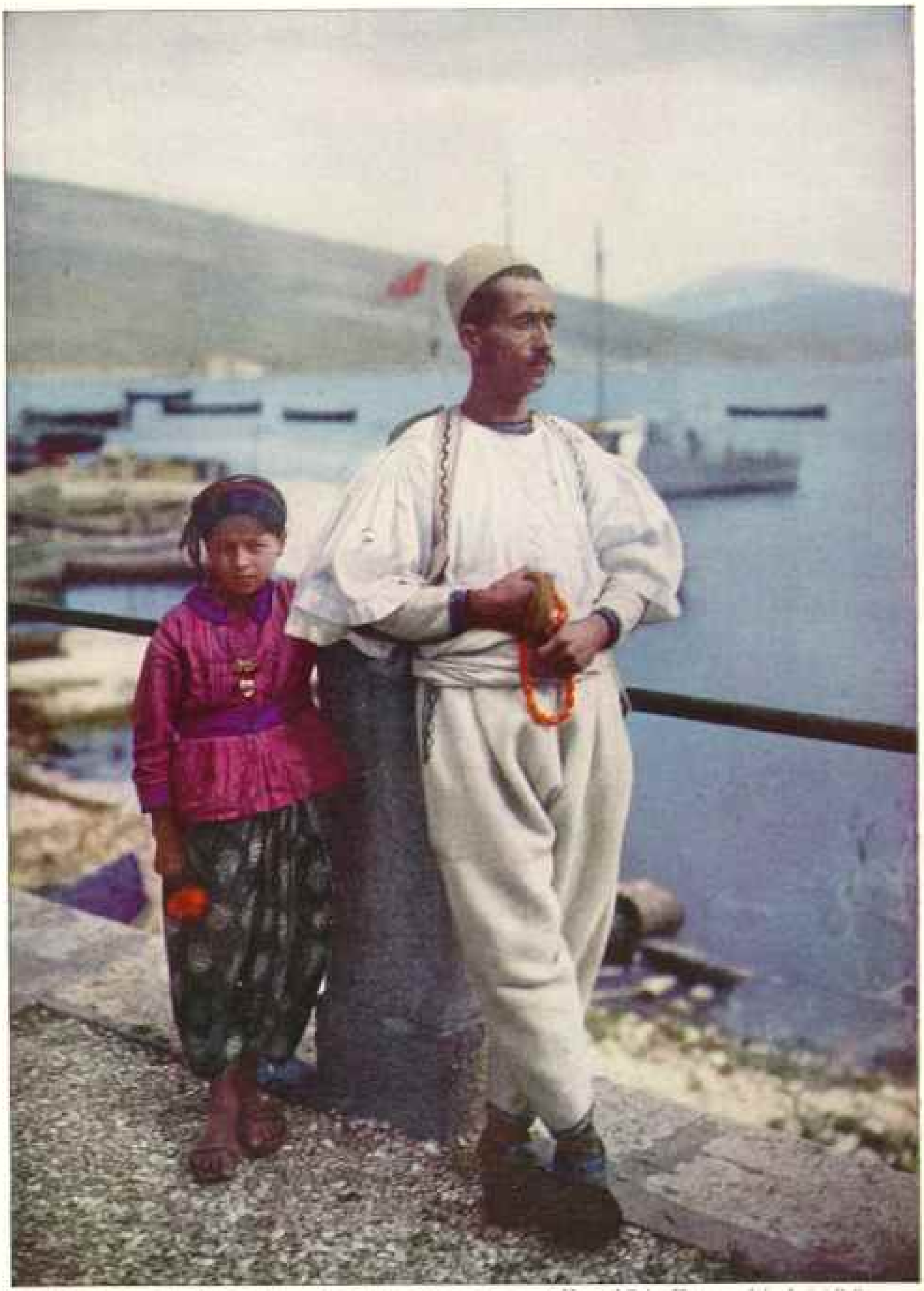
From Shoshi southward the trail to Scutari drops for some 4,000 feet through the pass of Guri i Kuq. Lower and lower we sank through its wild solitudes, meeting only an occasional wayfarer, some woman on a three-day march to her famished village, with 50 pounds of grain on her back. Ours was a descent of five hours over a rubble-heaped trail before we sighted, near Prekali, the long-awaited gleam of the Kiri River.

Water at last! We leaped from our horses, tossed off our clothes, and fairly wallowed in the twilit stream.

There followed one day more, eight hours of parched passage between the hills of the ever-winding, ever-diminishing Kiri, to where baked sands sucked its last drop dry. Finally we gained Scutari's military outpost. We dismounted and bade good-bye to our men and our horses.

Pete gave us the cheek-to-cheek greeting as tenderly as a woman; then turned his face to the wall—our good old ever-grinning Gunga Din—and fairly sobbed his heart out; and thereat we Americans knew that he discerned in us some vague tie with his happy, hash-slinging past in old Kentucky.

We climbed into a waiting motor car and drove off. I think we were all rather silent for a while. Maybe Pete's nostalgia had communicated to us, wanderers in remote Albania, an echo of that immortal refrain about where the heart is turning ever and where the old folks stay.



 Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

GYPSIES IN ALBANIAN GUISE

Even in racially compact Albania are found the omnipresent Romany people. But the lure of the land's costumes has transformed this pair from "raggle-taggle gypsies" into a general resemblance, albeit dusky-skinned, to the Tosks, or southern Albanians.

A RUG CURB MARKET IN CENTRAL ALBANIA

Because of centuries of Turkish occupation, Albania developed the weaving of rugs, which are, however, of native design (see also Color Plate II).

Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

BARGAIN DAY FOR PIECE GOODS

But every day is bargain day in Albania. Fixed prices are nonexistent. Saleswoman and shopper seesaw up and down from the original offer with equally keen enjoyment.

MEN OF THE EAGLE IN THEIR MOUNTAIN EYRIE

LITTLE ALBANIANS WEAR THEIR NATION'S COLORS

Somewhat as the usage of the Fascist salute patriotically unifies Italy's school children, so all Albanian pupils wear red blouses.

© National Geographic Society Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

THE ROYAL GUARD AT ALBANIA'S CAPITAL

Tirana, capital of King Zogu, celebrates in its guards' red uniform. Albania's red-and-black flag is derived from the battle banner of Scanderbeg, the Nation's historic hero.

HARDY MEN OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

That in primitive Albania the individual does not degenerate under town influences is evident in these virile types of Tirana. There, electric-lit thoroughfares abutting on hodgepodge alleys, and taxis jammed among mule teams, present a picture of Albania Westernizing herself.

 Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

STERN ORIENTAL CONVENTION RULES THESE GIRLS

Among the Mirdites, a Christian mountain people of northern Albania, the code of social morals is of Draconian severity. When out of doors a Mirdite girl may not, without loss of reputation, speak to any man not a relative.

YOUTH ON WHICH ALBANIA BASES HER FUTURE

To-day illiteracy is combated by some 600 primary and continuation schools, while technical training has been introduced by American and other overseas institutions. Indeed, adult law-breakers are sometimes taught their Albanian A-B-C's while in jail.

 Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

INQUISITIVE BYSTANDERS ARE THE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHER'S BANE

They are wondering why the man with the camera should snap so everyday a figure—to them—as the seated mountaineer, clad in the traditional Scanderbeg jacket, and with his cartridge-belt as an essential adjunct.

RICH HANDWORK SEEN IN THE STREETS OF LESHI (ALESSIO)

The nearest market for the Mirdite highlanders has its weekly gala scene when hand-embroidered jackets, aprons and saddlebags are brought to town. The wares' beauty speaks for itself, the seller rarely soliciting custom.

 Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

ISLAM'S MONASTERIES BORDER ON THE ADRIATIC

Dervishes of the Bektashite unorthodox order have for their local head the Baba (father) standing fifth from the left. Albania's early Christian leaders would not preach in the common tongue of the country, and many natives adopted Islam because it offered political protection.

MEN OF THE EAGLE IN THEIR MOUNTAIN EYRIE

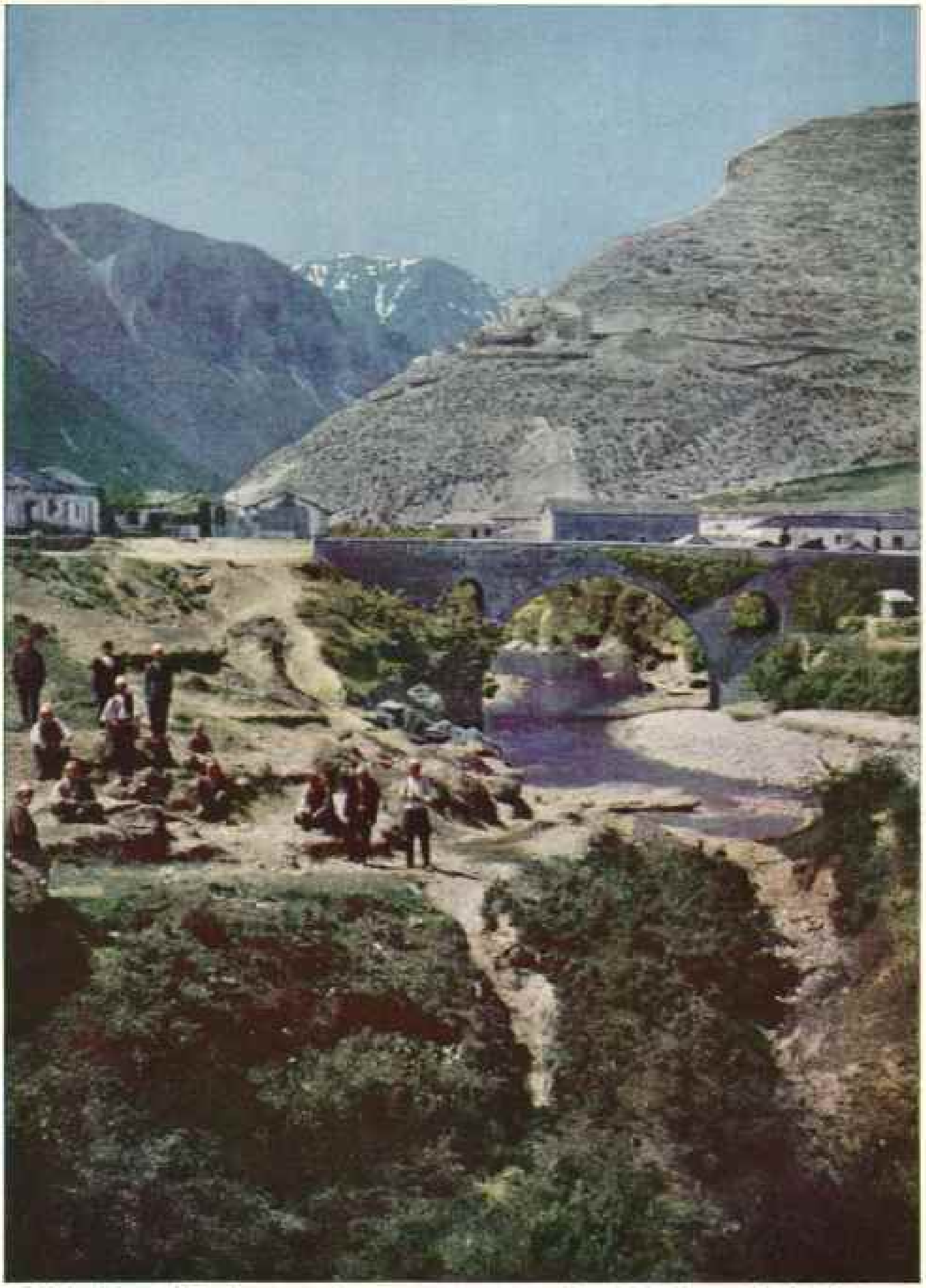
A "PECULIAR PEOPLE" OF ALBANIA'S HILLS

These nomadic Vlachs, of whom perhaps 100,000 are scattered through the country, formerly lived in Rumania. They and their herds trek annually from mountain to sea and vice versa, in pursuit of seasonal grazing.

 Natural Color Photographs by Luigi Pellerano

THEIR CLOTHES INDICATE THEIR HOME TOWNS

Albania's widely diverse costumes are to a native as telltale, concerning the wearer's home region, as are the plaids of Scottish clans. But unvarying is the capacious sash—sometimes 15 feet long—which affords convenient stowage for cigarettes, daggers and revolvers.



 Natural Color Photograph by Luigi Pellerano

HERE ROME ONCE HELD BARBARIAN HOSTS IN CHECK

The gorge of Klisyra (Klisura) forms a natural gateway between Macedonia's plains and the Adriatic. Ancient Illyria, from which descended Albania, constituted an eastward bulwark against the barbarians, who here went down to defeat before the Roman legions.

ROUNDING THE HORN IN A WINDJAMMER

By A. J. Villiers

Author of "Falmouth for Orders" and "By Way of Cape Horn"

THE number of ships that round Cape Horn now is few and becoming steadily fewer. Steamers have no need to go that way. If they are coming from Australia to Europe, Suez and Good Hope are shorter and kinder routes. If they are bound from or to New Zealand, there is Panama. If they are outward or homeward bound in the West Coast trade, Panama Canal, too, is much more convenient, even for the far southern port of Valparaiso. In the unusual event of a steamer passing to the south of the American Continent—say, on passage from Buenos Aires to Talcahuano—nine times out of ten she will use the Magellan passage or, failing that (for visibility is often bad there and currents treacherous), she will pass between Tierra del Fuego and the small island the southern tip of which is the dreaded Horn.

Even sailing ships avoid Cape Horn now, when they can. It is a regular thing for the guano barks, coming up from Guañape, Lobos, and Santa Rosa for Jacksonville, Wilmington, or Falmouth for orders, to pass through the Canal instead of using the old highway to the south and doubling the Horn. Indeed, in the grain race of 1930 one sailer from Australia, the Swedish four-masted bark *C. B. Pedersen*, actually made her way into the Atlantic by way of Panama instead of the Horn—an entirely unprecedented experience that would make a thousand old shellbacks turn in their graves.

NITRATE BARKS STILL ROUND THE HORN

But there still remains a small coterie of wind ships regularly using the Cape Horn road. There are the German nitrate-carriers, the big four-masters of the Hamburg Laeisz Line—*Padua*, *Passat*, *Parma*, *Pritzall*, *Pamir*, and *Peking*—all splendid, upstanding, four-masted barks—powerful, clean-lined, speedy, and economical. They remain in commission to carry nitrate from German mines in Chile to German factories on the Elbe. They are manned largely by boys who must see service in deep-water, square-rigged ships before their country will allow them to sit for examination as officers. They are well found and make good voyages; some of them are comparatively new ships. Two have been built since the World War; one of them, the *Padua*, as late as 1925. They carry no auxiliary engines of any kind. One of them, the full-rigged ship *Pinnas*, was lost in 1929.

These Germans, with the sailers of the Finnish fleet and one or two Swedes, just about comprise the whole of the world's seagoing, square-rigged ships. America still has one or two; but, except for the four-masted *Monongahela*, which I saw in Port Adelaide in January, 1928, when she was discharging a cargo of lumber there, and the full-rigged ship *Tusitala*, which is a more or less regular user of the Panama Canal, I don't think any are still in commission.

THE SAILING SHIP'S LAST HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

The majority of the square-riggers still rounding the Horn are in the grain trade from Australia. This is the last happy hunting ground of the big sailing ship, which has been steadily ousted from every other trade it ever enjoyed, even the carrying of Peruvian guano. When Australian wheat harvests are heavy and steamers are inclined to ask high freights because of the difficulty of getting outward cargoes, the sailer still has a chance of sneaking an odd cargo here and there.

She is prepared to accept a much lower rate of freight than the steamer. She will go to any outlandish port and register no objections to spending six weeks or more over loading. She will discharge her own ballast at her own expense. She does not mind sailing halfway round the world in ballast if only there is the chance of a cargo at the end of it, and she carries her wheat well and delivers it in good condition.

She has the added advantage, sometimes, of bringing something of a gamble to her charterers. She may load on a falling market and set out with her wheat worth shillings below a payable price. She takes months on her voyage, providing good free warehousing on the way, and sometimes has the luck to arrive in time

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

THE ROUTE OF THE FULL-RIGGED SHIP "GRACE HARWAR"

From Wallaroo, Australia, the Finnish three-master, laden with wheat, sailed across the South Pacific, around Cape Horn, and across the Atlantic, finally reaching her destination in the British Isles in 138 days—days of tragedy and indescribable suffering.

to take advantage of an upward trend of which there was no sign when she left.

For this reason, shippers still like to take an odd gamble with a sailing ship, particularly in recent seasons, when wheat prices have been so dull that the grower's main hope lies in some unforeseen upward trend when "bottom has been touched."

The Swedish four-masted bark *Beatrice* in 1930 was chartered to bring home wool from Melbourne to London—a trade which throughout this century had been religiously the exclusive right of the steamer—simply because she provided long warehousing by the duration of her voyage, and there was a chance that prices would rise while she was on her way.

She was 110 days on the passage, and her charterers had the satisfaction of clearing better prices for the wool they sent in her than they obtained for any they had sent in steamers. The steamers had discharged their wool on a falling market months earlier; the *Beatrice* arrived to find stocks lower and prices slightly higher. As her freight rate was lower than the steamer's, her chartering was profitable to the wool owners.

But against the lower freight rate has to be offset the tendency on the part of underwriters—natural, perhaps—to charge a higher premium for the insurance of sailing ships' cargoes.

NO CLIPPER-SHIP RACES TO-DAY

Since the World War a few sailing ships have been able annually to obtain wheat charters from Australia to the English Channel for orders. Since they all leave about the same time, and since their scarcity brings them to the notice of the press and of the public, their sailings have come to be known as "races," though they are not really anything of the kind. Some of these ships are in no fit condition to race; some of them never were. They are not proud clipper ships, built to run fleetly before the gale and to carry steerageway

© A. J. Villiers

A RARE STUDY OF DETAIL IN A FULL-RIGGED WINDJAMMER

From flying jib to flag astern, from steering wheel to the tops of her masts, this unusual picture of the *Grace Harwar* under full sail records in striking outline the beautiful rig of this disappearing type. The sails on the mainmast are: mainsail, lower and upper maintopsails, lower and upper main-topgallantsails, and the royal.

NOSING THROUGH THE HAZE ALONG THE COASTS OF NEW ZEALAND

Up forward, in "the eyes of the ship." The man beyond the anchor, wearing the white cap, is Ronald Walker, newspaper reporter and companion of the author, who was accidentally killed by a falling spar while working aloft (see text, page 212).

THE CREW OF THE "GRACE HARWAR"

Skipper K. G. Svensson is in cap and white uniform. The personnel included a Frenchman, a Londoner, and four Australians; the remainder were Finns. The average age was 19 years.

© A. J. Villiers

LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE POOP

This is what the helmsman sees from his station at the wheel. It is his duty, in addition to steering, to keep an eye on the rigging and the men aloft. Many a life has been saved by the quick thinking of a helmsman.

© A. J. Villiers

A STEADY KEEL IN A STEADY BREEZE

Looking aft from the bowsprit, a comfortable perch in balmy weather, but a very wet one in a blow. Sailors are working on the maze of ropes, sheets, and lines which clutter the forecastle.

© A. J. Villiers

IT TAKES MUCH POWER TO HEAVE UP A BIG SAIL, HEAVY WITH RAIN

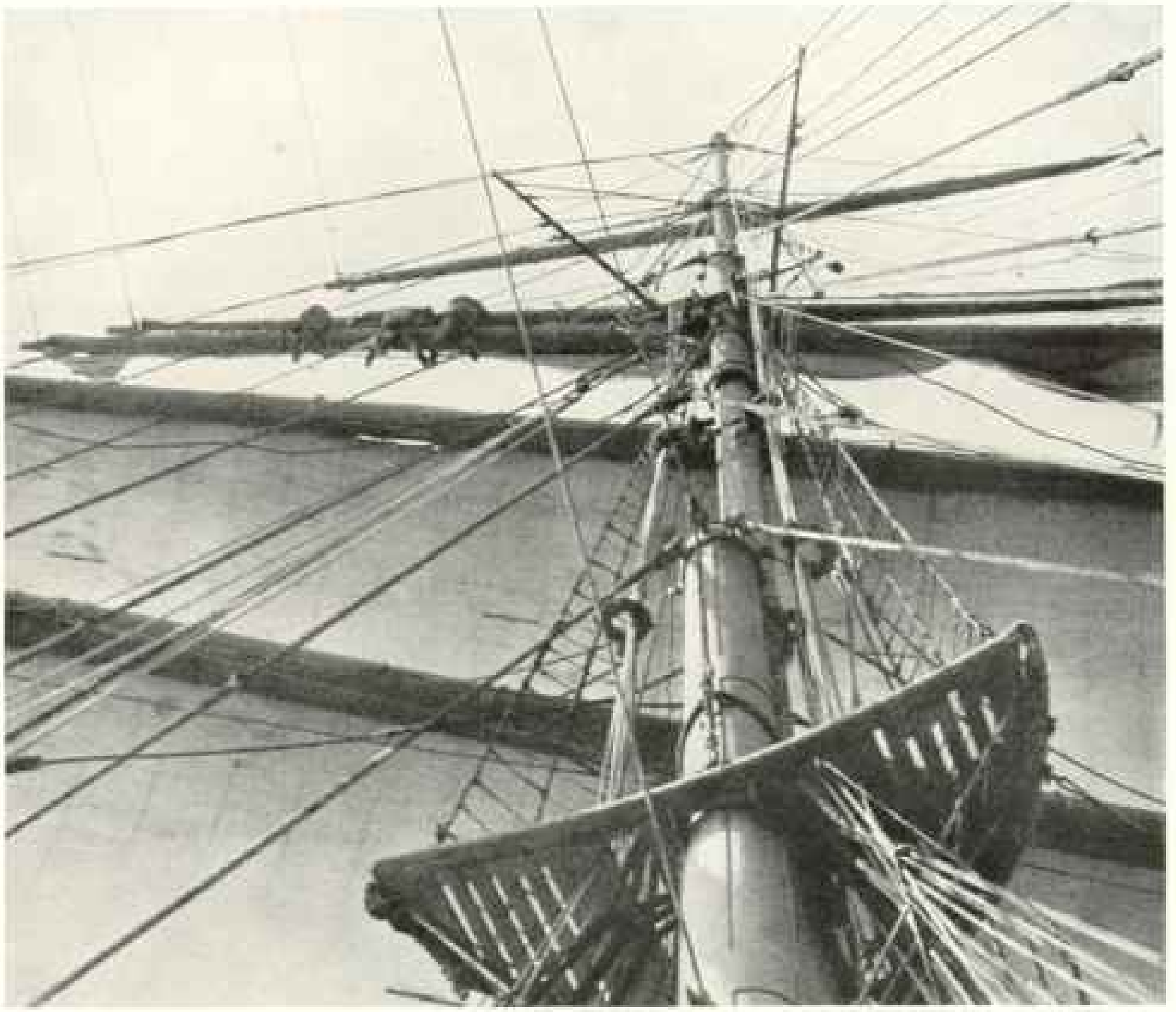
Straining like animals on a treadmill, the men wind a giant halyard on a capstan to hoist a main-topsail yard. With six such capstans and one rusty hand winch, they worked the *Grace Harwar*. On some sailing ships steam winches do this hard work.

through doldrum calms. They are great cargo-carrying steel wagons, wall-sided and heavy lined, with bluff bows and heavy sterns, oversparred and undermanned. They make rare visits to dry docks, since dry-docking costs money and must be a luxury to them. They run upon the borderline, with crews of inexperienced boys; their gear is old; sometimes their plates leak a little, here and there, and they are badly off for sails.

Their masters cannot hold to their sail when strong wind comes, because they know that if they do not shorten down in time, the chances are that they will not be able to shorten down at all. A few lost sails mean a spoilt voyage. Canvas is expensive in these expensive times. The loss of a No. 1 storm canvas topsail in a big four-masted bark cannot be written off at less than $1,500. Food is expensive, especially in Australia; port charges send sea captains to an early grave. Wharf laborers are refractory; tugboats grossly overcharge poor sailing ships, which are helpless in their hands. The boy crews, though they may be cheap, are apt to melt away in attractive ports and are difficult to replace. Real sailors are scarce; in any case, they will not go in sailing ships.

VAGABOND SHIPS OF SAIL

There are still a few ships which are able to give good accounts of themselves, and generally do—the Finnish four-masted bark *Herzogin Cecilie*, which was formerly a Norddeutscher Lloyd training ship; the Swedish four-masted bark *Be-*



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LOOKING UP AT MEN WORKING ON A LOWER TOPGALLANTSAIL

This vertical view shows how the different parts of a mast are stepped in place, as it rises, and how it supports sails, shrouds, stays, backstays, yards, braces, clew lines, buntlines, ratlines, halyards, and all the maze of lines, canvas, and spars that rig a ship.

trice, formerly the Clydesider *Routenburn;* the ex-Englishman *Archibald Russell*, and the old Dundee-built *Larchhill*—but the bulk of the ships progress slowly over great waters and are content if they come to port at all, without racing.

They are more concerned with the safe delivery of their cargoes and the return to their homes of all those who set out to sea in them than with spectacular and thrilling holding on of sail in heavy gales and forcing the ship in short tacks against head winds. They sail leisurely, and would not run more than nine knots if a gale blew right behind them on a sea of perfect calm, if such a thing were possible. They steer badly and their great back-breaking sails and yards are extremely difficult to handle in anything of a breeze.

They accept their wheat gratefully and are glad of any cargoes. They spend months, and even years, sailing round the seven seas in ballast, hunting for charters they rarely get. If ever they chance upon a charter, they are not fools enough to throw away good money on blown-out sails. Let newspapers rave about the "race" and fools ashore lay bets; they wander placidly and slowly on.

FINNS AND SWEDES SHARE AUSTRALIA'S GRAIN TRADE

There are, perhaps, about 20 big sailing ships eligible for the grain trade. Thirteen are owned by one man, Capt. Gustaf Erikson, of the sleepy little Alvenanmaa (Aland) port of Maarianhamina—a strange place to be the last home of the

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BENDING THE MAIN ROYAL (SEE, ALSO, ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

This remarkable picture shows the men securing the loftiest of all the sails.

deep-water sailer. Captain Erikson has largely built up his fleet since the World War, and now he owns the four-masted barks *Herzogin Cecilie, Archibald Russell, Hougomont, Pommern, Ponape, Viking, Olivebank, Lawhill,* and *Melbourne;* the barks *Killoran, Penang,* and *Winterhude,* and the full-rigged ship *Grace Harwar*—nine four-masted barks, three barks, and a full-rigged ship! Outside of Finland, few people know such a sailing-ship fleet still exists.

It would not exist if it were not for the Australian grain trade. Ninety per cent of the ships chartered are from the Erikson fleet. There are only three others to be considered—the Swedish training barks *C. B. Pedersen* and *Beatrice* and the little Finnish schoolship *Favell.* Denmark had the big five-master *Köbenhavn,* but she is lost; England had (in Canada's name) the four-masted bark *Garthpool, Lawhill's* full sister, but now she is gone, and the race is left to the Finns and the Swedes.

A REAL RACE FOR ONCE

I sailed in the grain race of 1928 and again in 1929. In 1928 I was an A. B. in the big *Herzogin Cecilie.* We sailed from the little South Australian port of Port Lincoln on the same day as the Swede *Beatrice.* For once, there was a real race.

The *Beatrice's* people were sure they would win. We knew they had a chance, but did not think much of it.

We made for the Horn before the great west winds, passing to the far south of Tasmania and New Zealand. We were lucky and rounded the Horn after 33 days, despite the fact that we were 16 days out before clearing Campbell Island, off the south of New Zealand. From there we ran round the Horn in 17 days, which was famous sailing.

AUTHOR AND COMPANION STAKE THEIR ALL FOR A PICTURE RECORD OF THE SEA

We crossed the Line on the 68th day, having seen nothing of the *Beatrice.* We were off the Azores on the 90th day, and came ramping into Falmouth Bay six days later. Had anything been seen of the *Beatrice?* we demanded of the pilot before the anchor was down, fearful of his answer.

"No," he said. We had won!

Poor *Beatrice* did not come in until nearly three weeks later. She had gone the Good Hope way, making across the Indian Ocean in the tail of the southeast trades and round the cape in the Agulhas Current, thinking that she might make a quicker passage that way. But she failed. Really, the chances of a faster passage Good Hope way than the Horn were about even, but luck was on the *Herzogin Cecilie's* side that voyage and she won. *Beatrice* was delayed for weeks in light Atlantic trades, where only a few days before we had had strong wind.

I left the *Herzogin Cecilie* and remained in England a while. Then I went back to Australia and, together with a young reporter-photographer friend, conceived the idea of once more rounding the Horn to get a cinema record of it while the chance remained. It was a stirring opportunity which no film-producing corporation seemed inclined to tackle. We kept our ideas to ourselves, thinking that if we sought to interest some great film concern they would be more inclined to charter a ship and send some expert cameramen and a gang of scene-shifters and whatnot out to sea for a week or two, rather than to commission us to go after the real thing in our own way.

We had spent a lifetime looking at bad sea films, at impossible and ridiculous ship pictures that showed anguished heroines and dashing heroes aboard all sorts of ships except any that ever sailed; at so-called sea classics made by cameramen and directors the real sea would have drowned. If this picture was to be made as we wanted it made, we had to make it ourselves We got what money we could, which was very little; we resigned our jobs, sold our homes, and went across to the little South Australian grain port of Wallaroo and there we shipped before the mast of the Finnish ship *Grace Harwar*, for her passage round the Horn to the English Channel for orders, scupper-deep with grain.

© A. J. Villiers

ON THE MAIN ROYAL, ONLY THE FOOTROPE BETWEEN SAFETY AND DEATH

ONE OF THE LAST FULL-RIGGERS TO ROUND THE HORN

We went aboard late at night, with our cameras and film in our sea bags, but saying nothing to anybody of our intentions. We signed as sailors, to do the ship's work. We considered, then, that it was not the

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ON THE MAINYARD, TAKING IN THE MAINSAIL IN A BLOW

One false move here, one careless slip of the foot, and it's one more man lost at sea. In a heavy blow men crawl out on the lurching mainyard to take in sail (see, also, illustration, page 211).

A VIEW FROM THE BOWSPRIT, AS THE SHIP SAILED STEADILY IN SOUTHEAST TRADES

Trade winds blow from tropic belts of high pressure, being felt to about 35° north and to about 28° south. At sea, with no land mass to interfere, these winds are very regular. The term "trade" comes from the old word "tread," for course or direction.

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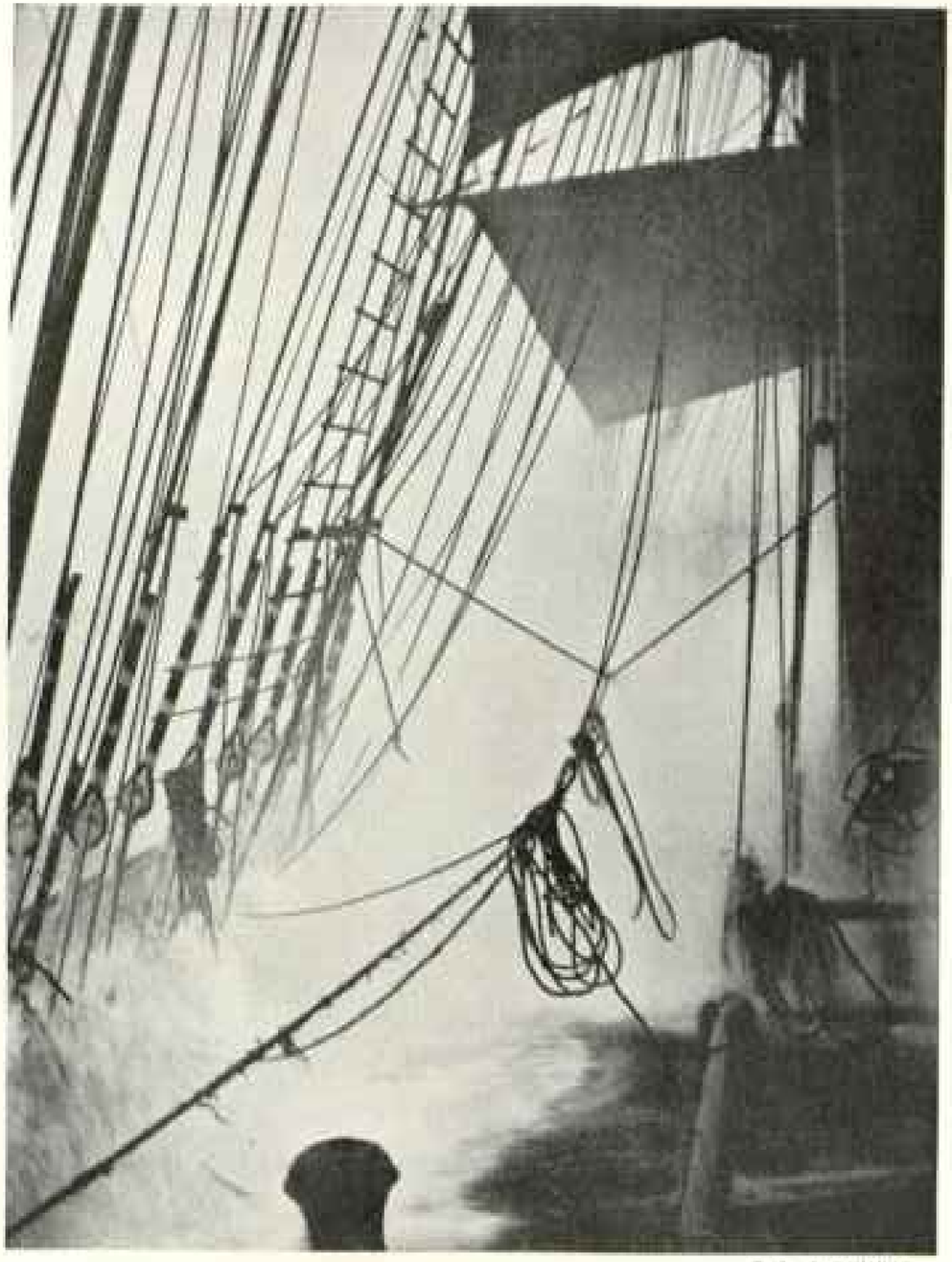
BLOW, WIND, BLOW!

The power which drives a sailing ship forward is visible here. Billowing out from its yard-arm and tethered by the foresheet and tack, is the huge foresail. Above is the lower fore-topsail, and at right part of the main-topmast-staysail. The network of lines in the lower foreground are the lower shrouds, stays, and backstays, which support the foremast.



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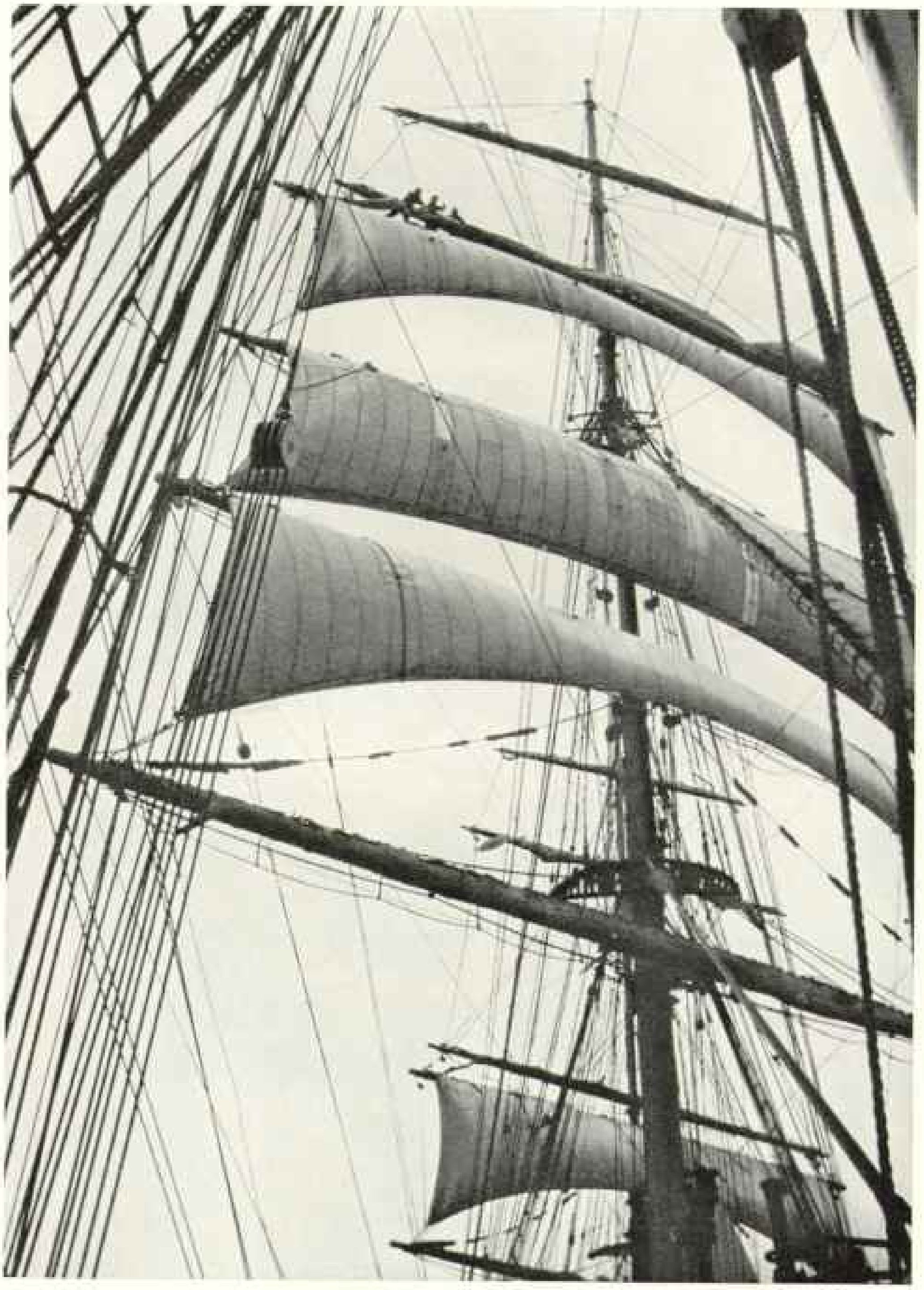
NO SHIPS EVER ROUND CAPE HORN WITH DRY DECKS

To reach England quickly, sailing ships from Australia, seeking the strong westerly winds of high south latitudes, steer for Cape Horn. But what a passage, around the Horn! Rain, snow, squalls, and storms have doomed so many ships here that sailors never make this passage without solemn thoughts of their many brothers who sleep under the restless waves.

RUNNING PAST THE HORN (SEE TEXT, PAGES 218-222)

The strong push of wind-power against big, bellying sails drives the heavy vessel forward through rolling seas. Like a drawing, this cross-section of a ship's rig, with mast, shrouds, sails, halyards, braces, clew lines, and buntlines, may puzzle the landlubber; but all is familiar to good sailors.



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MAKING FAST THE MAIN UPPER TOPGALLANTSAIL, GETTING READY FOR A BLOW

With the weather instinct of a wild goose, plus the barometer's aid, the experienced skipper knows when a storm is brewing. To save loss or damage of canvas, or the risk of being dismasted, he orders all necessary sail furled before the wind strikes.

ship's business what else we might intend to do. We knew about the conservatism of sailing-ship masters, and feared that if we opened our mouths about this film, other able seamen might be found and we should lose our job. There also was the possibility of the captain cabling to his owner and raising the question of film rights and such things. It is the film producers' own fault that there exists a world-wide impression that the outpouring of gold unlimited is a necessity, and even a pastime, to anyone concerned with the making of "pictures"; but we were not ordinary film producers and we had no gold.

So we joined the ship and did our work with the others and said nothing. In the course of time the *Grace Harwar* sailed. She was a lovely full-rigged ship, of 1,760 tons, ideal for our purpose. She was Clyde-built, more than forty years old; she had an open wheel and none of those labor-saving devices—brace winches, halyard winches, and the like—of later days. She was a genuine sister of the Horn of forty years ago—one of the last, if not the very last, full-rigger actually to round the Horn. There are a few other full-rigged ships (*Tusitala* is one; the Swedish *Af Chapman* and the German *Grossherzogin Elisabeth* are others), but they do not go that way. They stay in kinder seas and never venture toward the Roaring Forties and the graybeards of the Far South.

In Wallaroo we discharged the *Grace Harwar's* ballast, which she had brought down from Wilmington, North Carolina, after discharging a cargo of Peruvian guano there, toward the end of 1928. The ballast out, we took the wheat in. Half the crew ran away and others were shipped in their stead. We took aboard, from the police, a curious Swedish-speaking West Indian negro who had deserted the Erikson bark *Penang* not long before. He was a prohibited immigrant in Australia, being black, and to avoid a $500 fine we had to take him with us out of the country. He had been cook in the *Penang*. We had our own cook, and the negro was merely to be a passenger.

OFF ON A VOYAGE OF SUFFERING AND CALAMITY

The grain loaded, the hatches battened down and breakwaters built up on them, the sails bent and the gear all clear, the negro aboard, the water tanks full and our food aboard, the lifeboats lashed down and the wheel gear oiled, we dropped our moorings and put out to sea. That was on April 17, 1929. It was not until September 3, 138 days later, that we arrived at our destination. In the interval one of us was killed; a second went out of his mind; a third went overboard. We were short of food and the ship leaked. We tried to make for Cape Town in distress and could not. We saw black albatrosses and endured indescribable suffering off the Horn in the dead of winter.

We might have known these things would happen. We had thirteen in our crew—thirteen hands before the mast. I don't remember that we noticed it in Wallaroo, before we left. We remembered about it well enough afterward.

A MOTLEY CREW OF YOUNGSTERS MANNED THE SHIP

We had a Frenchman, a Londoner, four Australians, and the rest were Finns—Swedish-speaking Finns, mostly from the Åland Islands, where the ship belonged. Only two of the crew had been round the Horn before, the Londoner and I.

The Londoner and I had been in more ships under the Finn flag than any of the Finns aboard. He had sailed in *Olivebank*; I in *Lawhill* and *Herzogin Cecilie*. The Finns were all first-voyage boys, some deserters from other ships, two or three members of the original crew who had joined the *Grace Harwar* in Swansea nearly two years before. The average age of our crew was about 19. Three had never been to sea before.

But they were all fine boys and settled down manfully. They were strong and willing, which is a lot. There was an entire absence of that old bickering spirit which was so evident in sail's heyday, when every forecastle had its boss, its bloodshed, and its undercurrent of cliques and jealousies. We had no fight the whole voyage. I have not seen a fight in a Finnish ship.

We began the voyage well. We knew that it was coming on winter then and prayed for a quick run to the Horn. The Horn is bad enough in summer, and we did not want to prolong our passage of the west winds getting there. In six days we passed to the south of Tasmania. That was good. We had a strong west wind

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THE PORT WATCH ON THE "GRACE HARWAR"

Not on ocean liners, not in the United States Navy itself, can many men now be found with the skill and training to work a sailing ship—or even understand the old-time words of command.

the whole time, with a big sea. It was piercingly cold and the little *Grace Harwar* was inclined to throw the sea about her decks a lot.

We blew out a sail or two. The first night out the mizzen-topgallantsail blew out of its boltropes, and we set no sail upon that yard thereafter because the ship had none. There was no square topgallantsail fit to stand down there. The mizzen-topgallant yard had to go bare until a new sail was cut and sewn. That took some time.

We did not mind the cold. We did not mind the ceaseless wet at the cold wheel, the seas that slopped over us at brace and buntline, the teeth-chattering peril of the work aloft. We laughed at the big seas and thought it a joke when a larger one than usual fell aboard with a shock that made the whole ship tremble and threatened to do her serious damage. What did we care, while the wind was fair and we came quickly toward Cape Horn?

From Wallaroo to Cape Horn is, roughly speaking, about 6,000 miles. If we ran nine knots before the strong west winds, we should make it in 30 days—say, 35 or 38, allowing for some spells of lesser winds and maybe some days hove to, when there was too much wind to use. We went that way, as all sailing ships do, in the hope of getting strong west winds, in order that if we had to suffer acute discomfort, and cold and wet, and ceaseless work, at least it would not last long and we should be quickly round. The sailing ship does not mind strong wind, so long as it is fair. We had nothing to fear from westerly gales, which would help us on; it was wind from the east we feared.

STORM-LASHED IN THE WINTRY TASMAN SEA

The wind came from the east. It hauled around to southeast and hurled itself upon us with all the sting of the Antarctic ice, in its frigid and unwelcoming blast. We could do nothing with the strong east wind. We shortened down and hove to. This was in the southern waters of the Tasman Sea, between Tasmania and New Zealand, across which we had been making to pass to the south of New Zealand on our way to the Horn. The Tasman Sea is storm-

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IN BAD WEATHER, OFF CAPE HORN, THE SHIP SPRUNG A LEAK

Then came the back-breaking toil of men at the hand pumps; than which the sea knows no more tiresome or disheartening task. On steamers, machines do this work; on windjammers, sailors must either pump or sink.

lashed and furious in winter time. We knew that, but we expected at least that we would have west wind.

The wind refused flatly to go back toward any point west. We held on, giving the ship the full mainsail in the hope that it would hold her head up a little, decrease her leeway, and give us some longitude toward Cape Horn. The newcomers to the sea were sick and utterly fed up with it. They wondered why, if once one ship had sailed that road and met with such conditions, any others were ever foolhardy enough to follow after.

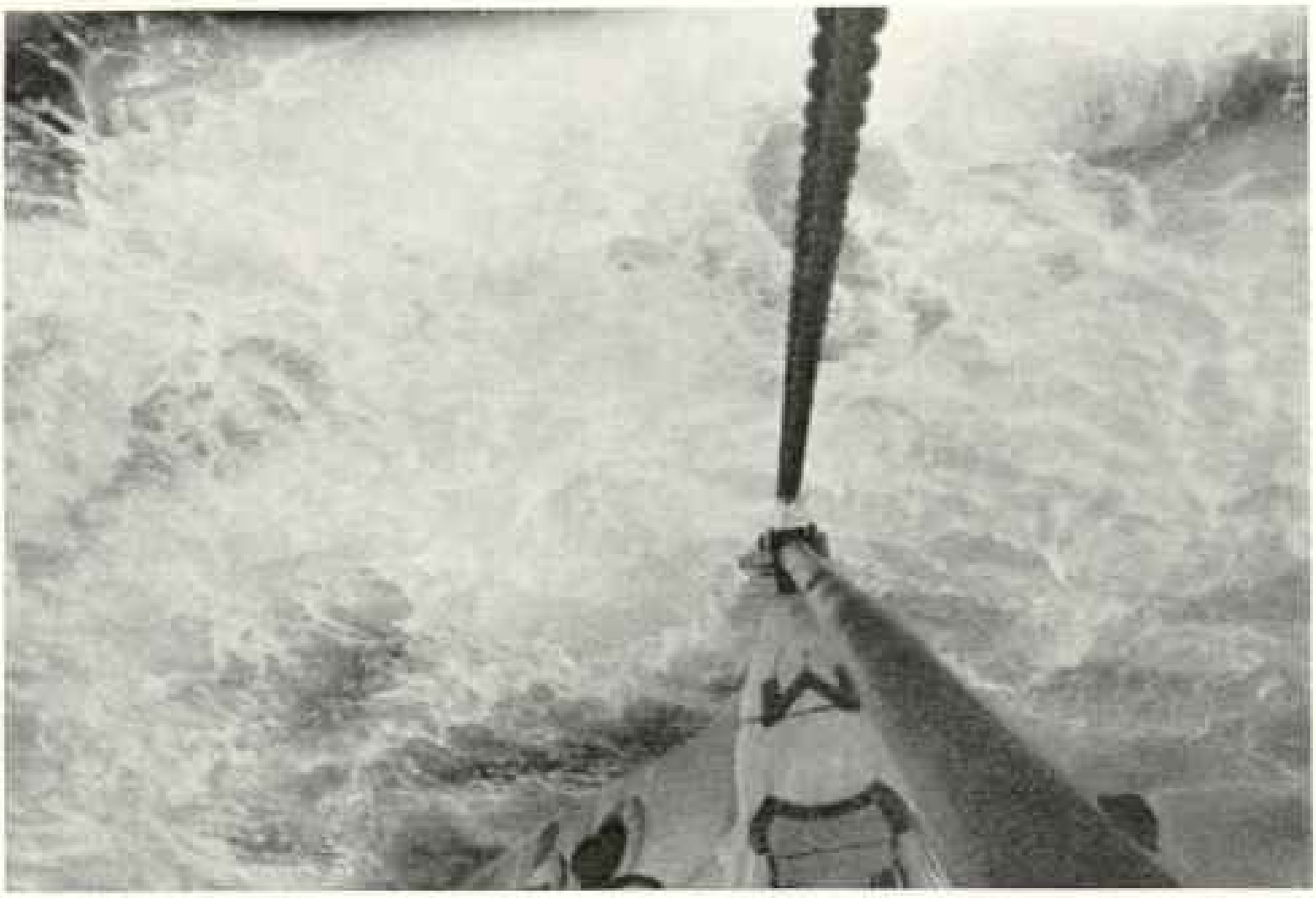
The sea froze where it touched the steel of the bulwarks; one of our pigs was drowned; the rain and the sleet froze into the serving of the footropes.

We tried our best to beat those easterly winds, hoping always they would stop, believing that the Wind God would take pity on us and at least let us come to the Horn, no matter what torment he wrecked on us on the way. But it was not fair to delay us so, with this accursed east wind.

The east wind continued, with no slightest sign of ever giving up. Gale succeeded gale. Constantly the open decks of the old full-rigger were awash; one had to look lively to the lifelines going to the wheel. At night the lookout man could not go on the forecastle head, for the seas came over there green, and if he had gone there he would have been drowned. We began to notice how short-handed we were, with six in one watch and seven in the other.

In the end, Captain Svensson got fed up with the east wind and put up the helm to run for Cook Strait, that separates the two islands of New Zealand, intending to pass through that way into the South Pacific beyond, if the east wind would not allow us to pass south of that Dominion. We reached Cook Strait after three weeks at sea, and then it fell calm and we could not get through.

Four days we lay there, wallowing stagnantly, with Mount Egmont on the one hand and the rocky northern shores of the south island on the other. We were about to up helm and stand on northward to pass right round the northern extremity of New Zealand, when a west wind came at last and saw us through.



AN EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CUTWATER, SHOWING THE GURGLING FOAM AS THE GOOD SHIP RUNS

The "cutwater" is the curve of the ship's prow where it splits the waves with "a bone in its teeth." Out on the bowsprit, over the bobstay, is a favorite perch for youngsters at sea. Turn this picture upside down and you see the cutwater of the ship.

HEY-HO AT THE MAIN BRACES

Though posed like stage sailors singing a Russian boat song, these men are hard at work, their hands raw and sore from long toil with salt-soaked lines. Of all the braces, the main brace requires the greatest pulling power.

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PENDULUMLIKE AGAINST A GRAY SKY, THE TALL MAST SWINGS BACK AND FORTH AS THE SHIP ROLLS

Blown-out sails, ripped and shredded by winds, must be replaced. When storms threaten, the careful skipper seeks to get these highest sails, or "kites," safely furled. Here the men are making fast sails that were blown out in a storm.

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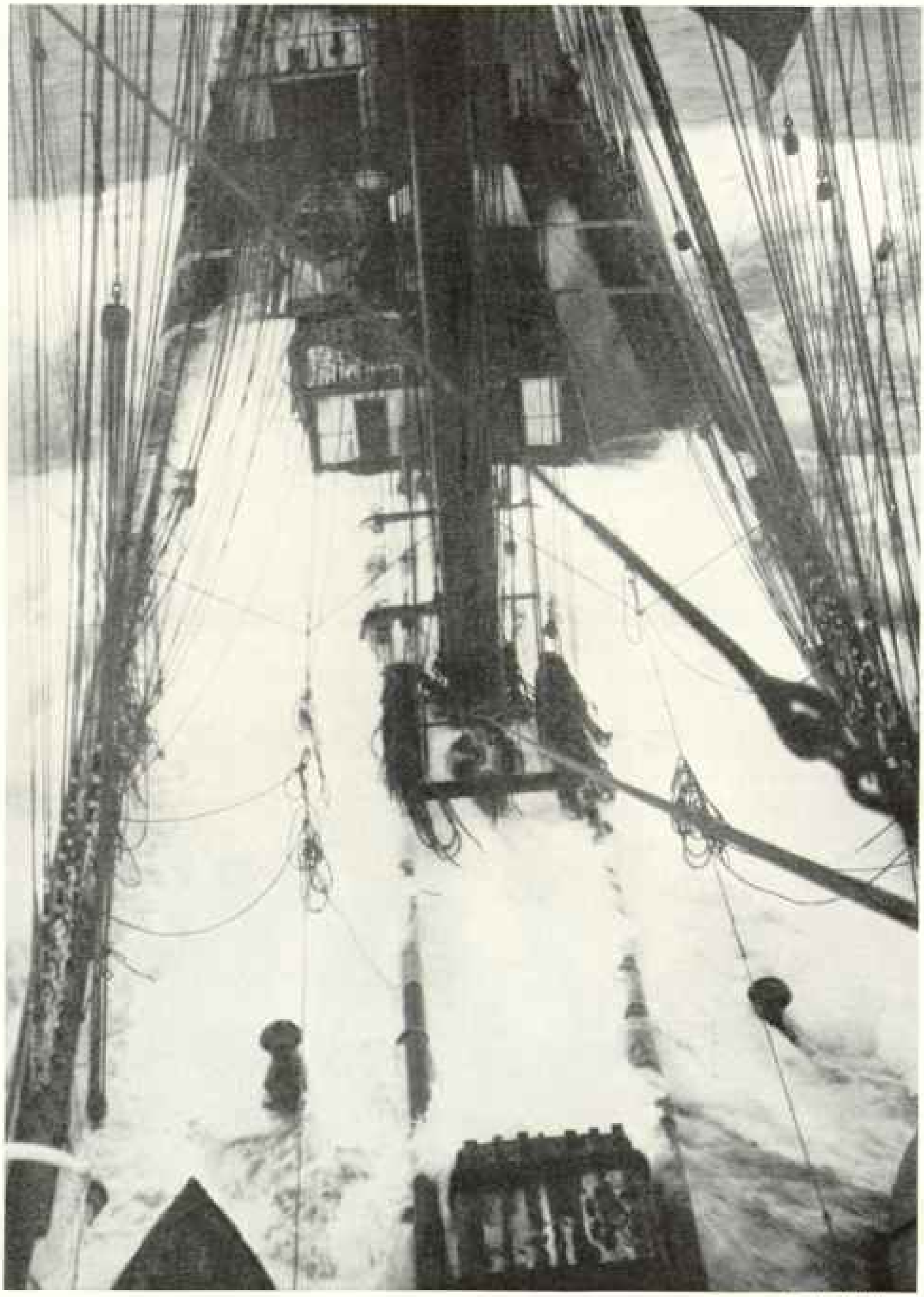
BENDING A TROPIC LOWER TOPGALLANTSAIL

Sails are made of canvas, which is woven of flax, hemp, or cotton. In regions of ice and snow, flaxen sails are more easily handled than cotton or hempen canvas. Better-equipped ships carry an extra "suit" of sails.



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A HEAVY SEA BREAKING OVER THE SHIP, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE CROSS-JACK ARM

Sea water, running waist-deep across the decks in rough weather, has washed many a man overboard. For safety, life lines are often rigged in times of heavy blows, as shown in this picture. Men grasp these in making their way about the decks.

We saw the lights of Wellington, capital of New Zealand, and reported the ship all well. The west wind kept with us for a day or two and saw us clear of the Chatham Islands. We began to think it meant to stay, and that we would come to the Horn without further undue misery.

COLD MISERY IN A SODDEN GALE

But then the wind faltered and stopped again. When it returned it was from the east, with fog and rain and gale in miserable succession. Day succeeded day in sodden gale and cold misery. We went out to so many alternate watches on deck, hoping that while we slept the wind had changed, and were disappointed, that we gave up hoping any more. We accepted what was in store for us with sullen indifference.

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BLOWING HARD

Wind whips the clothing from the backs of the watch, who are out on the mainyard furling the sail.

Oilskins were long since useless; there was no dry spot in the ship, nor dry rag. The hutch of a forecastle was washed out time and time again by great seas that swept joyously through the inefficient doors. When the forecastle doors were shut, the atmosphere was stifling. When they were open, the sea swept in. We kept them shut, preferring to die of suffocation rather than exposure.

There was often no warm food. The seas put the galley fire out, and because the water stormed so incessantly across the main deck, where the fresh-water pump was, we could not work the inefficient pump for fear of mingling salt water with the fresh, and went thirsty. We were cold, wet through, and hungry. There is no heating system in a full-rigged ship. The very cockroaches and the bugs in the bunks retired from active service and might all have died, for all we saw of them.

DIARY REVEALS AGONY OF MIND AND BODY

I give an extract or two from the diary of poor Ronald Walker, my reporter friend, scrupulously kept until the day he died, the better to describe this section of the voyage. He brought new eyes to it and a new mind. I had been that way before and had described it before, and did not see it with the same freshness.

"May 16, 29 days out," he wrote. "Looking back, those 29 days seem an interminable age. Many strange things have happened in them. . . . Frenchman

and I were sent aloft to make fast the fore upper topgallantsail this morning, in a hard squall which showed every sign of developing into a real Cape Horn snorter. We climbed into the shrouds at 6 a. m., in pitch darkness. It was raining steadily and big seas were coming aboard. The wind had a cold sting in it which gradually froze us to the marrow, in spite of heavy clothing, oilskins, and sea boots.

"We were up there for nearly two hours, while a cold and cheerless dawn broke over the wind-torn sea, and we fought with the sodden sails until the work became a pain and a purgatory. The rain persistently drove at us, making our caps sodden and our oilskins sodden; the cold water trickled down through crevices which nothing but water could find. Our fingers were stiff and blue with the cold and red with blood from tears with the jagged wire gear. . . .

"At first we shivered when an icy finger of water found its way down our backs or up a sleeve, but soon we were so wet and so cold we ceased to care. Get wet and stay wet is the best policy for sailing ships. The greatest agony of mind comes when you change into comparative dry, only to know with horrible certainty that as soon as you go on deck again everything will be sodden through and through once more. . . .

"May 19, 32 days. You stand a miserable lookout on the forecastle head for hours, with plenty of time for thought, but the antidote for depression lies just behind you, towering into the darkness, sweeping on and on along the rolling road, heaving or stumbling as she meets a sea, rushing on again and on, indomitable, insuperable as fate.

A LIQUID MOUNTAIN OF MENACE

"Great seas come up to meet the ship, thrusting at her, shouldering one another to get at her, like footballers in a mad footer 'scrum.' Up and up they heave, gathering for the blow. You turn to watch them. The wind howls in your face and the sea spits at you spitefully, driving its spray above and around. A great sea, a liquid mountain of menace, hangs poised above the ship. Up, up, it leaps, shouldering its smaller children aside, the splendid crest whitening where it breaks, lending a touch of color like the plume of a warrior's helmet.

"Down, down, sinks the ship, shuddering already at the impending blow. A hundred lesser blows she has avoided; this mighty one she cannot beat. She writhes like a living thing, in fear and trembling. She heels over heavily; she hovers frighteningly. . . .

"The stars shoot suddenly past the spars—not so bad with them out—careering madly across the sky. The ship receives the blow full, staggering at the impact. A tremor runs through the laboring hull. . . .

"But the shattered sea crest has met its match. The warrior's plume has dropped; the ship rises again, tumbling hundreds of tons of roaring, fighting water from her gushing wash ports. The sea sweeps her furiously end to end, murderously intent upon human prey. Balked of that, it shifts whatever is movable and snarls and hisses at the hatch breakwaters, maddeningly intent upon breaking them down. . . .

"But the ship wins. Under her load of hundreds of tons of seething water, she rolls on, recovering her poise, steadying herself to meet the next onslaught, and the next, and the next after that. For forty years and more now she has been doing that. Beautiful and game old ship! . . ."

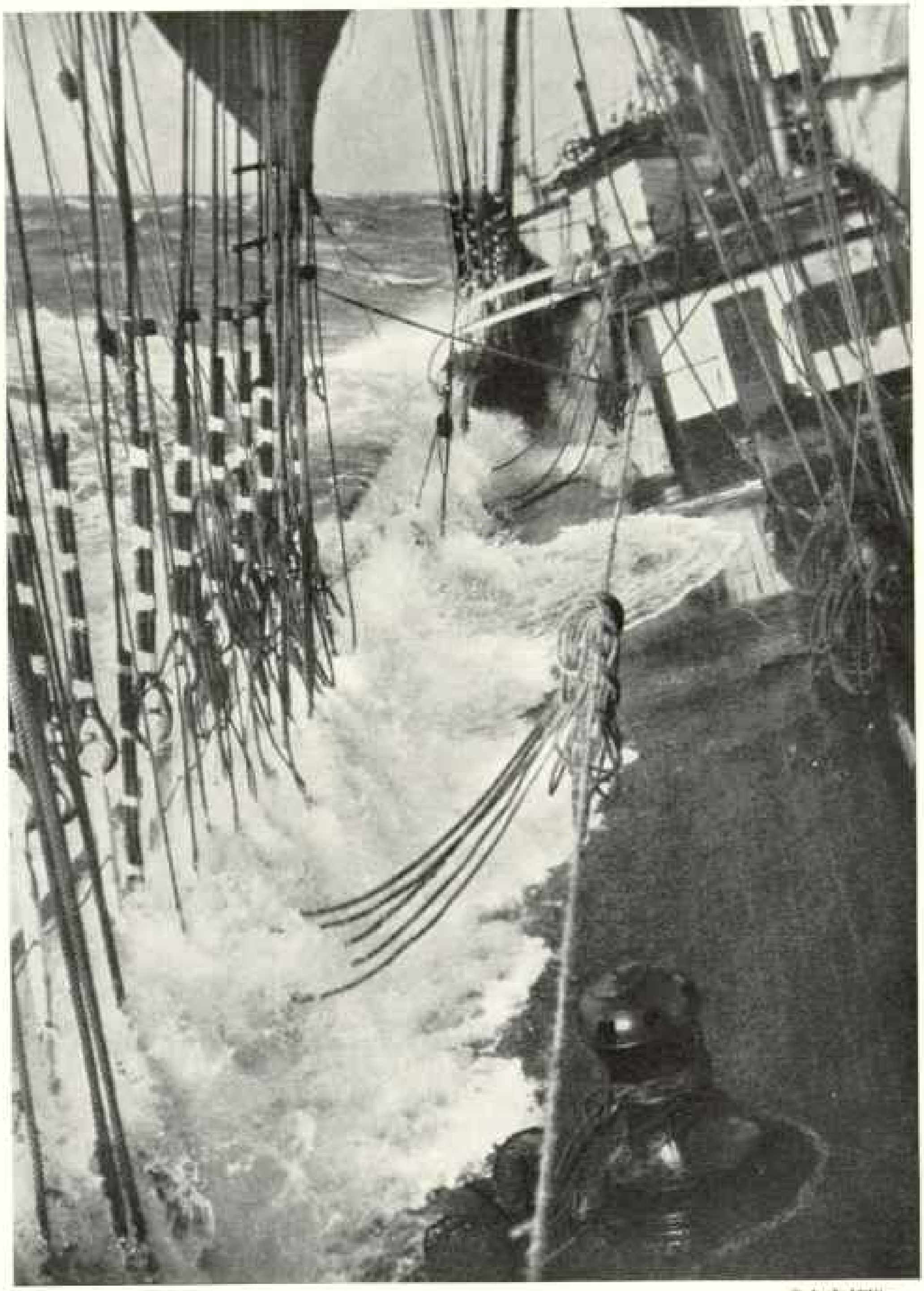
ONE LIFE FOR CAPE HORN

On the 38th day Walker was killed at his work in the rigging.

It was very simple. Just one of those ordinary everyday accidents that nine hundred times kill nobody and on the 901st wreak vengeance on some innocent for their previous failings.

We were setting the fore upper topgallantsail, which had not been loosed since its getting in, described in his diary. The wind, which for so long had been from something east, had at last something of west in it, and we were giving the ship a little more sail to help her on—not that the fore upper topgallantsail would make much difference, really, but the psychological effect was not to be scorned.

Walker, with a small boy named Finla, went up to loose the sail. It was a little after 4 o'clock in the morning, the worst time of the day. We had so few in a watch that it was bad to send two men into the rigging; but there were reasons for that. We had coffee at 5:30, and the tradition of the sea is, that if there is any work



A LIGHT SEA COMING OVER, WITH THE LEE RAIL UNDER

Heeled over before a stiff wind, the ship runs easily, although waves break constantly over her leeward rail. With her cargo or ballast well trimmed, her hatches fast, and adequate sail set, she shakes off these tons of water, as might a giant duck, and drives ahead.

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TO THIS WHEEL THE HELMSMAN WAS OFTEN LASHED IN ROUGH WEATHER, LEST HE GO OVERBOARD

Behind the wheel is the ship's bell, which through the lonely watches of forty years has struck the hours on the *Grace Harwar*. From the rail drags the log line. The Finnish flag flies at halfmast for a sailor killed by a falling yard (see text, page 212).

afoot and it is not finished before the coffee bells, then whatever time is taken up with finishing the work is lost. The coffee hour is not extended merely because some of it has been given up to the ship's work. A good mate will see that his watch receives its coffee time unbroken.

That was why our second mate sent both Walker and young Finila to loose the fore upper topgallant that fateful morning. It was very securely made fast with many gaskets to stand against the Cape Horn gale. Since it had been made fast it had become sodden with rain and the canvas had swollen. Ice had formed in the gaskets, and any sailor knows it may take an hour to get a sail loose in such conditions. With the two of them at it, they managed in half an hour, and then we on deck—five of us with the second mate—began the painful process of heaving the yard aloft by the capstan (see, also, page 196).

When it was halfway up, the second mate saw that a gasket was foul on the weather clew. The sail would not hoist properly. He yelled aloft to Walker, through the rain, to go out on the lower topgallant yard to clear the gasket. Walker went and cleared it. He called down to us that everything was clear. We began to heave again. The halyards carried away and the yard came tumbling down.

It fell on Walker, beneath it, and killed him there.

We did not know that he was dead when we rushed up the mast and found him unconscious between the yards. We thought he was merely senseless. There was no sign of wound, save for some blood oozing slowly from his mouth.

It never occurred to us that he was dead; we were too much concerned with bringing him to and getting him to the deck that we might see the extent of his injuries and what we could do about them. I tried to bring him to with cold water that had been brought from the deck. I did not know how hopeless it was. We wanted to restore him to his senses in order that he might help us with the difficult task of getting him, from high on that swaying mast, to the deck. It was not easy to bring a

WORKING THE CROSS-JACK BRACE WITH DECKS AWASH

Despite his top-boots and oilskins, the sailor is soaked through in rough weather. Though he may snatch an hour to dry his clothes when off watch, he's no sooner back on duty than he's wet again (see text, page 212).

NEPTUNE HOLDS COURT AS THE SHIP CROSSES THE EQUATOR

Like neophytes in some fraternity initiation, those who sail over "the Line" for the first time must perform certain rites. The custom is known on ships of all flags. After the ceremony and horseplay, the initiates are ducked in a tank of water. The *Grace Harwar* on the Line.

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NEARING THE EQUATOR, IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, THE AUTHOR PUT OFF IN A LIFEBOAT TO PHOTOGRAPH THE SHIP

senseless body down that slippery and pitching rigging.

But he did not come to. We rigged a gantline and lowered him down, gently, carefully.

When we got to the bottom, Captain Svensson took one look.

"He is dead," he said.

LAST RITES FOR A SHIPMATE

Dead! The shock was stunning. We did not, could not, believe it. Nowhere is the awfulness of death more painfully apparent than at sea. Ashore there are diversions; one forgets. There are other people to see, other people to talk to. One is not missed so much. But at sea, in a full-rigged ship, there is only the one little band, and always the wind moans in the rigging and the sea rolls on. When one is gone, no one comes to take his place; there are no diversions; nothing happens to deaden sorrow and make up for the loss of the one who is gone.

We buried him from the poop next day, with the Finnish ensign at half-mast and the crew white-faced and deeply moved. I do not know of anything more moving than sea burial—not the committal of some poor corpse of steerage passenger from high on the steamship's promenade deck, in the dead of night, lest the saloon passengers be put off their dancing for a moment, but the last sad rites over a shipmate's bier in a Cape Horn windjammer.

We all had known him so well. At sea, like that, you see the utmost "innards" of a man—what he is made of. No subterfuges, no pretense of city life, no masking of real intents and real character, will pass here; you see all. We knew poor Walker and we liked him well. And this was his end!

The captain read some prayers; we sang Swedish and English hymns. There was a short address. The ship was hove to, sadly wallowing, with the moan of the wind in her rigging now quieted by her deadened way, the surly wash of the sea about her decks now softened. We carried him to the rail, tilted the hatch; there was a dull "plop" and it was over.

We put the ship before the wind again and sailed on.

COMING OVER GREEN!

This is not so bad as it looks. Though she ships tons of water, on her next roll she shakes it off, only to roll again and take another.

Photograph by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor

THE THRILLING SPECTACLE OF A FULL-RIGGED SHIP AT SEA

Seldom, indeed, with sailing ships vanishing so fast, may ocean-liner passengers enjoy this splendid vision of a bygone day. The *Grace Harwar*, encountered by happy chance, and photographed at sea.

It was the 57th day before we came to the Horn. It was June then. We had a gale from the west, and though the sea ran huge and the cold was almost overpowering, the old ship ran on and we were glad.

CAPE HORN!

We wanted to come round the Horn now more quickly than ever, that we might forget something of the tragedy of the other side of it. Death is a worrying thing at sea, especially when its cause is bad gear that might have killed another of us. At the wheel, on the lonely lookout, aloft on the yards, sleeping in the wet, cold forecastle, we remembered the one who had died, turned the details of that tragedy over and over in our minds until it was not good for us longer to remain in that saddening belt of the wild ocean. A boy screamed in his sleep; he had dreamed of Walker's wraith coming in the forecastle to call us.

The ship began to leak in the height of a gale; the pumps jambed; the water seeped in, and we could do nothing about it. Through a night of storm and snow-squall fury we were huddled on the poop, not certain that the ship would live to see the morning (see page 207).

MAN OVERBOARD!

The next day one of the boys was swept overboard by a big sea, and there were no falls rove off in the lifeboats to try to save him. What could we do? Many had gone like that, and the wind ships could only run on.

Photograph by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor

A LINER OVERHAULS THE "GRACE HARWAR" IN MID-ATLANTIC

In May, 1930, months after the author's voyage on the *Grace Harwar*, she was spoken by the S. S. *Augustus*, eastbound, some 600 miles out of Gibraltar (see, also, illustration, page 218).

But the wind was a little quieter then. We did not run on, though it seemed futile to try to save him. We jammed the wheel hard down and brought her, shivering and groaning, into the wind. We rove off new ropes into the lifeboat tackle blocks with mad speed. One of us was aloft in the mizzen-top, seeing where the floating figure had gone. It was coming on nightfall then, with rain squalls and gale in the offing. We saw he had grasped a life buoy flung to him, and still lived. But for how long?

We got the boat over and six volunteers quickly leaped into it, the mate in charge. Nobody was asked to go; nobody hung back.

We dropped astern and the boat seemed a futile thing, rising and falling in the big seas. It was queer to see the green bottom of the old ship, when we rose on a crest, lifted almost bodily from the swirling water. When we dropped in a trough her royal yards swept wild arcs through the gray sky, and we saw little else. Soon we could not see her at all, when the boat sank deep in the valleys between the big seas. We had no idea where the boy was. We could not see him. How could we? We could see nothing there, not even the ship. Maybe it was madness to look.

A SEA MIRACLE

We pulled this way and that, hopelessly; yet we could not go back. It began to rain heavily. None of us had oilskins. Frenchman was in his underpants, just as he had come from his bunk. (It was our watch below.) Sjöberg, from Helsinki, had been laid up with neuralgia. But now he pulled

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DOWN TO LOWER TOPS'LS

The *Grace Harwar* scudding before the gale, with the fair-weather sails furled. From the dizzy height of the fore-topgallant mast (see illustration, page 204) the vessel seems like a slim yacht.

© A. J. Villiers

A VIEW AFT FROM THE WEATHER FORE-YARDARM

The mainsail is here taut, bellied out; the boat davits and boats are secured for sea. Note the chafing gear on the foreshroud, which protects it against yards when braced sharp up.

"LAND HO!" "WHERE AWAY? . . ." "BROAD ON THE STARBOARD BOW, SIR." THE "GRACE HARWAR" MAKES HER DESTINATION AT LAST

Towing into the Firth of Clyde for Glasgow, the famous island, Ailsa Craig, comes into view. Now ready for port, all the ship's brass or "brightwork" is shined, her decks holystoned, her paintwork clean, rigging taut, fair-weather sails bent and set, and yards squared by lifts and braces.

at his oar, coatless, wet through, hungry and tired, yet not noticing any of those things and intent only on the saving of this second life. We did not want to lose one more. One was enough to give to Cape Horn—more than enough.

The mate, at the steering oar in the stern sheets, swept the sea with his sharp eyes, this way and that. There was a chance we would not find the ship again, if the squall came down heavily and shut her out. That had happened with the Swedish bark *Staut*, in much the same circumstances. She put out a boat to save a man fallen into the sea from the main yard, and a squall came down and she lost everybody—man overboard, those who went to rescue him, boat, and everything. We remembered that. There was nothing in the boat to sustain life. We had thrown the water cask and the bread barrels out to lighten her.

Then, in the last moment of light, we saw him. It was a sea miracle, if ever there was one. He was on the crest of a sea, only three seas away from us! We had been on the point of giving up. We lay to heartily and soon had the boy back aboard. We pulled him in over the stern and went back to the ship, which had been watching us and now ran slowly downwind toward us. The boy was unconscious and nearly frozen to death, but he lived. He was among the lucky ones.

ROUND CAPE HORN—AT LAST!

A few days afterward we were around the Horn, and immediately the temperature rose about 20 degrees and our spirits with it. In reality we ran into a nasty snowstorm off the Falkland Islands, which was every bit as bad as anything the Pacific side of the Horn had given us, but we were in the Atlantic now and did not mind.

Blow on, old gale! We did not mind. We knew that we should quickly come to warmer latitudes and southeast trades, and so to the Line, the northeast trades, the Azores, and home. But we did not count upon too much just now.

We took advantage of the Cape Horn currents to pass between the Falklands and the mainland of South America, which is an unusual way for sailing ships. Once past the Horn, we made good progress. It seemed that the Pacific had wreaked the ocean's wrath on us and delivered us to the Atlantic with the gruff greeting: "Here, these dogs have had enough. Treat them well."

THE SECOND MATE GOES MAD

We were glad, and, as the days and the weeks slipped by, came a little to forget what had happened earlier in the voyage. But the sea was not done with us yet.

The second mate went mad with awful suddenness. We had no warning of it. We did not expect anything like that. We knew that he had worried much over Walker's death, since he was officer of the watch. But it was not his fault. It was not anyone's fault. It was just one of those terrible, inexplicable things that are always happening, yet never seem to remove from this earth persons that might well be done without.

In the forecastle we worried much, too, but we had each other for company. There is no one more lonely than the sailing ship's officers. We carried only two—first mate and second. They rarely were company for each other, for when one had the deck the other slept.

The captain, as is the sailor's style, kept himself to himself and spoke to the sailmaker for company. The mates led lonely lives, finding what companionship they could in their own minds. The result was that when something came to unhinge the mind of our second mate, there was none to see how perilously near he was to breaking down. Nobody noticed until it was too late.

We had an awful time with him. About that I would rather have little to say. It was not his fault, poor devil. We were all very sorry for him. We had to keep constant watch on him for the rest of the voyage lest he do himself harm. He tried to kill himself three times. It was very worrying. We tried to make for Cape Town to put him aboard some steamer we should see there in the shipping lanes, but the wind changed and we could not make Cape Town. We saw no other ships. We were 104 days at sea before we saw the sign of a steamer, and then it was only a smudge of smoke on the horizon. The sailing ship goes her own way about the world, far from the shipping lanes and away from the busy routes of the steamers. She may see other sailing ships, but rarely, until she reaches the shipping lanes of the North Atlantic, anything of steamers.

We found the southeast trades in 30 degrees south and stood up for the Line. Now the days were pleasant and the sun shone, and flying fish leaped in fear from the bone of foam under our forefoot. Bonito came and played about and we saw some whales. One whale stayed with us for three days. He was not frightened. We had no screw nor honking engines to frighten him away. He played about us merrily, and, when I tried to photograph him, blew his spray on the lens.

On the 100th day we came to the Line. Here it fell calm and we made little progress. We were lucky, though. Once I spent three weeks in the Atlantic doldrums in a big four-master bound from Melbourne to St. Nazaire. In the *Grace Harwar* we were becalmed only four days, which was nothing. Then the wind came again and we sneaked slowly on.

By then the ship was very foul. Her top speed, with a strong wind, was little more than seven knots, though really she is a well-lined vessel, capable of twelve knots and more in favorable conditions. But she had not been in a dry dock for more than two years and her bottom was very foul. She had lain long months at anchorages on West Coast ports and at Lüderitz Bay, in South West Africa. There are no places worse for fouling ships, and fouled ships cannot sail.

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JOURNEY'S END

The *Grace Harwar* drops her mudhook in Cobh (Queenstown) harbor.

THE EMERGENCY PIG FAILS THE CREW

Another worry now beset us. We were short of food. We had never had too much. Now, as the days passed, each took with it the last of some item or other of our small sea stock. Now it was the last rice, now the last margarine, the last sugar, the last bully beef, the last peas. We had little but rather bad potatoes, black, sugarless and milkless coffee, and bread. There was a small pig which we had been keeping to kill in the last emergency. We killed it in the northeast trades, only to find that it was diseased and could not be eaten. Maddening discovery! We ate a little, risking it, and were violently ill. Still we would not throw the bad carcass into the sea. We put it in a cask beneath the forecastle head, fearful of throwing it overboard lest we be left with nothing at all.

It was now imperative that we should see a steamer quickly and get some food. We saw no steamers for a week, though we were creeping steadily into the North Atlantic, their stronghold. Then we saw a few—a big passenger steamer, going down to Buenos Aires, in the early morning mist. I do not believe a soul aboard that ship saw us. She was a long way off and she did not come closer. We saw others later and ran up signal flags asking them to stop. They took no notice. They could not see our signal flags lying stagnant in the calm. We had no other means of trying to attract their attention.

It was not until we had been over four months at sea that we received some food. It was on the night of the 123d day at sea when the Scots steamer *Orangeleaf*, bound in ballast from Invergordon to Trinidad, came into sight. We signaled her with a flash lamp the captain had and she stopped, telling us to put out a boat and come across. We put out the boat and pulled over about half a mile of greasily heaving sea to where she was, hove to.

Being a Scotchman, she did not have much food to spare. Being a Scotchman,

© A. J. Villiers

BOUND FOR HOME AND THE END OF HER SAILING DAYS

The *Grace Harwar* now lies at anchor in her home port, in the Aland Islands, awaiting an upward trend in freight rates or a good offer from the break-up yards—the forlorn end, after more than forty years at sea.

she gave us all she had. The name of the *Orangeleaf* was blessed among us.

She gave us cases of bully beef, half a cow from her refrigerator, a case of milk, flour, and fresh vegetables, together with a sack of sugar and some other things. She gave us tobacco, but it was real strong sea stuff, plugs, and our young boys were too young to be used to such stuff and could not smoke it. That is a pretty good illustration of the difference between the present-day sailing ships and the old.

JOURNEY'S END

A day or two after meeting the *Orangeleaf* we came past the Azores, still with winds that were sometimes good and sometimes baffling. Fifteen days after that meeting we lay at anchor in Cobh (Queenstown) harbor, Ireland. I was never more pleased to come to a voyage end in my life.

At last I could send a cable to poor Walker's parents and let them know their son was dead. He had been dead three months and more then—100 days—and they did not know anything about it. But the newspapers got the story to Australia quicker than I could, and the first his parents knew of it was a grim paragraph in a paper.

From Cobh we towed round to Glasgow, and there I left. No one in the ship went back in her. Another crew of young boys came across from Finland, sent by the owner there, and with them a young man as master who had been together with me in the *Lawhill*, as able seaman, eight years before.

The grain was discharged, the ship went down to the Bristol Channel and loaded coal for La Guaira, in Venezuela. She reached that port after a wild passage of some 45 days, intending then to go on through Panama to Peru for guano, or across the South Atlantic, and so to Australia, for grain.

But world freight markets collapsed, and all that she could do was to return again to Maarianhamina in ballast (see pictures, pages 218-219), there to lay up at anchorage with only a watchman aboard, to await an upward trend in Australian grain freights or a good offer from the break-up yards—and the end.

THE MANDATE OF CAMEROUN

A Vast African Territory Ruled by Petty Sultans Under French Sway

By John W. Vandercook

Author of "Black Majesty" and "The Fools' Parade"

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THERE is one difficulty about Cameroun: however you spell it, you can be authoritatively contradicted. The trouble has an ancient origin. At some time during the 15th century a Portuguese navigator, while fishing at the mouth of a river, in latitude 4° north, on the West Coast of Africa, drew up a quantity of shrimps, the Portuguese word for which is *camarões*. Straightway he named the region.

Though the gentleman was clearly of defective mentality (anyone who can anchor off the 13,370-foot pile of the great Mount Cameroons, one of the grandest spectacles in the world, and merely scream "Shrimps!" could be nothing else), the title stuck. Later the British called it Cameroons. The Germans changed it to Kamerun. Now the French hold to Cameroun; and since the area under French mandate is about five times as large as that under British mandate, one may as well give in to them.

Cameroun is a vast territory that lies at the inner corner of the Gulf of Guinea, just where West Africa becomes Equatorial Africa. It touches the sea for a distance of about 125 miles, and then fans out gigantically to reach the Sahara to the north, the Oubangui River to the east, and Gabon colony at its lower boundary.

It is a gorgeous country. My wife and I traveled continuously there for nearly half a year, and I know no better way to describe it than as and how we saw it.

The steamer, passing through the 10-mile channel between the huge guardian masses of the island of Fernando Po on one side and Mount Cameroons on the other, turns eastward into the mouth of a broad estuary. To the south stretches an endless vista of low mangrove swamp. On the left, 60 miles away, is the mountain, its peak rarely visible in so humid a climate.

In midstream, to the annoyance of the captain, is the wreckage of two German ships deliberately sunk at the beginning of the World War to obstruct the passage.

After several slow miles upstream—we arrived before daybreak and the temperature was already over 90°—Douala, the "big town," becomes visible. It lies on a flat-topped, not very lofty, promontory and continues behind the promontory along a glaring beach and hilly ridge. The effect, especially after a month at sea, is charming.

The big house of the chief of the local administrative division of the mandate appears white, elegant, and richly shaded in the foreground.

Behind the mansion, up and down the hill, are other sturdy, pretty stucco residences, mango, palm, and breadfruit trees overhanging them; and, of course, along the water front are the inevitable and inevitably ugly trading "factories," their galvanized iron roofs shimmering in the violence of the sun.

THE PRETTIEST AND PLAINEST OF WEST AFRICAN CITIES

On closer examination Douala proves at once the prettiest and the plainest of West African cities. It is a question of neighborhood. On the palm of the flat Douala promontory the Germans established an exclusive white residential quarter, complete with parks, bandstand, and double or quadruple lines of trees on every street. Along the wrist and forearm, to continue the metaphor, they planned a native and trading section which could continue inland upriver as far as it liked, incorporating as it grew the existing villages of Akwa, Deido, New Bell, New Akwa, and New Deido. (In time these town names threaten to become repetitious.)

This arrangement, substantially, has kept up, though the French Government has made no effort to enforce it. The section immediately around the park, enlivened by the presence of several cafés, is the best

AN AFRICAN HAIRDRESSER UNDERTAKES A BIG TASK

This matron is the wife of a Buea chieftain in the British Cameroons. Some of the ingredients used in preparing a smart hairdressing are mud, rancid butter, and essences of various kinds.

MRS. VANDERCOOK PACIFIES A FRETFUL BABY GORILLA

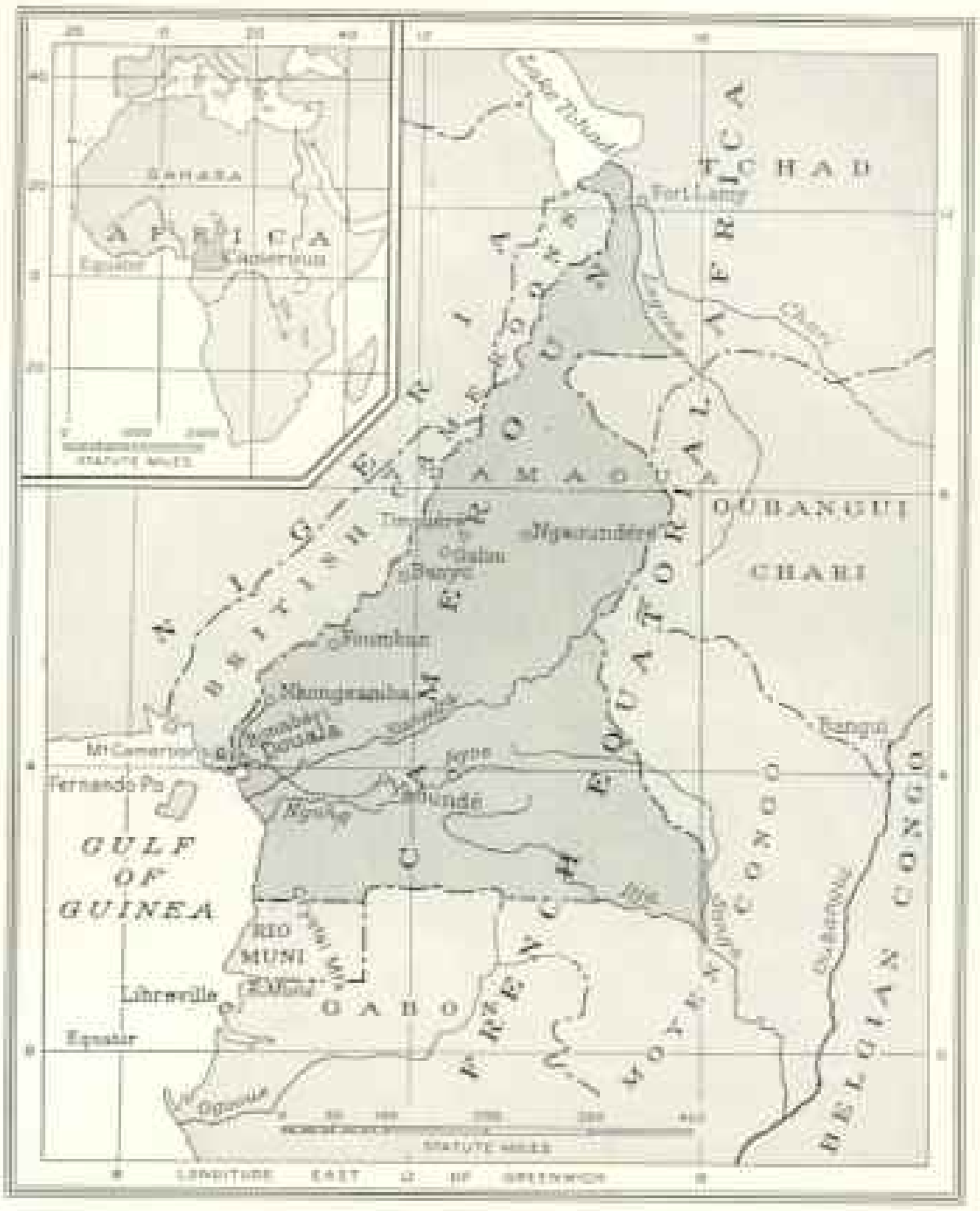
The young ape was as delicate and helpless as a human baby and had to be fed on body-temperature milk until nearly a year old. The more highly developed an animal species, the longer is its period of helpless infancy. The gorilla, in this respect, ranks next to man.

MOUNT ETINDE, BRITISH CAMEROONS

At the foot of this eminence a fine botanical garden was established in the days of the German régime. Beyond, but shrouded in a mantle of cloud, the loftier Mount Cameroons rises 13,370 feet. This view is from Victoria Beach.

JUNGLE PRESSES IN ON THE IRON HORSE'S PATH

Railroad building offers unusual difficulties in the Cameroun, but the future prosperity of the country depends largely on the development of rapid and reliable transportation. Two railways, with a combined length of nearly 300 miles, penetrate the interior from Douala.



Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

THE FRENCH MANDATE OF CAMEROUN

As one of the prizes of the World War, the French gained in Cameroun alone, embracing both the mandated region and that now included in French Equatorial Africa, a territory larger than France itself.

shaded, most serenely quiet and lovely bit of town on the coast.

For the rest—for the miles of deep, hot sand along the river's edge, the innumerable hideous stores and warehouses, the noisy recklessness of dilapidated auto trucks and even more dilapidated native laborers—one can say little that is kind. It is commercially flourishing and trade is growing, at least. It is the one logical outlet for the produce of the entire interior, and the harbor is excellent. In thirty years the population has grown from negligibility to over 25,000, more than 1,000 of whom are Europeans.

Douala will never be proud of its climate. In the dry season it is hot, breathless beyond belief. A temperature of 80° is absolutely chilly. And in the rainy season one sloshes about in high boots and a raincoat through an almost continual downpour, which, mysteriously, does little to modify the temperature. The average annual rainfall here is more than 13 feet, and at one place on the seacoast the precipitation reaches the phenomenal figure of 36 feet.

TWO RAILWAYS PIERCE THE INTERIOR

The two Cameroun railways center at Douala. One runs due north for 100 miles to the terminal town of Nkongsamba. The other, which has no connection with the first, goes eastward for 190 miles, to the new administrative capital, Yaoundé. One may escape by either. We chose the Chemin de Fer du Nord.

To reach the terminus, one crosses the Douala River to the village of Bonabéri.

The daily train, following the ignoble custom of civilization, leaves at a fiendishly early hour, an hour when the fleecy dawn mists lie on the river, permeate one's clothes, and unglue the labels from the baggage. Passengers of both colors intensely dislike each other, as is natural before breakfast, and embarkation is accompanied by profanity in something over thirty languages.

One bumps, shoves, and at last settles moodily for what should be a ten-hour journey (an average speed of ten miles per hour), but which has been known to take double the time. The black station master, who carries an official rawhide whip for purposes of moral suasion, screams wildly, makes tremendous passes

HER HAT IS AN IMPORTED MODEL

Such a headpiece is not common in Cameroun, the style being an importation from Nigeria. Women selling meal or other food products are frequently seen along the roadside. A street merchant of Douala, chief port of the French Mandate of Cameroun.

at unoffending natives who chance to get in his way, and the train moves off.

The engine burns wood, frequently such trifles as ebony and mahogany, and the rain of blazing sparks makes it incumbent upon the passengers to remain close within the carriages.

Almost at once, however, the multiplicity and grandeur of Cameroun become manifest, and one can no longer be dull.

All the way to Nkongsamba the line climbs upward, slowly for three-quarters of the distance, then sheerly. For the first six hours the route lies through the region of the great equatorial forest (see illustration, page 227).

At either side of the narrow cut rear up the mighty, regimented trees. The tops, flaring flat and wide to take the sun, are often 200 feet above the ground. Some of the trunks are four feet through and all are wrapped and tangled in vines that make a continuous, eternal pattern. Bushes, weeds, ferns the size of apple trees, choke the ground. Everything is green, superbly living in immortal summer.

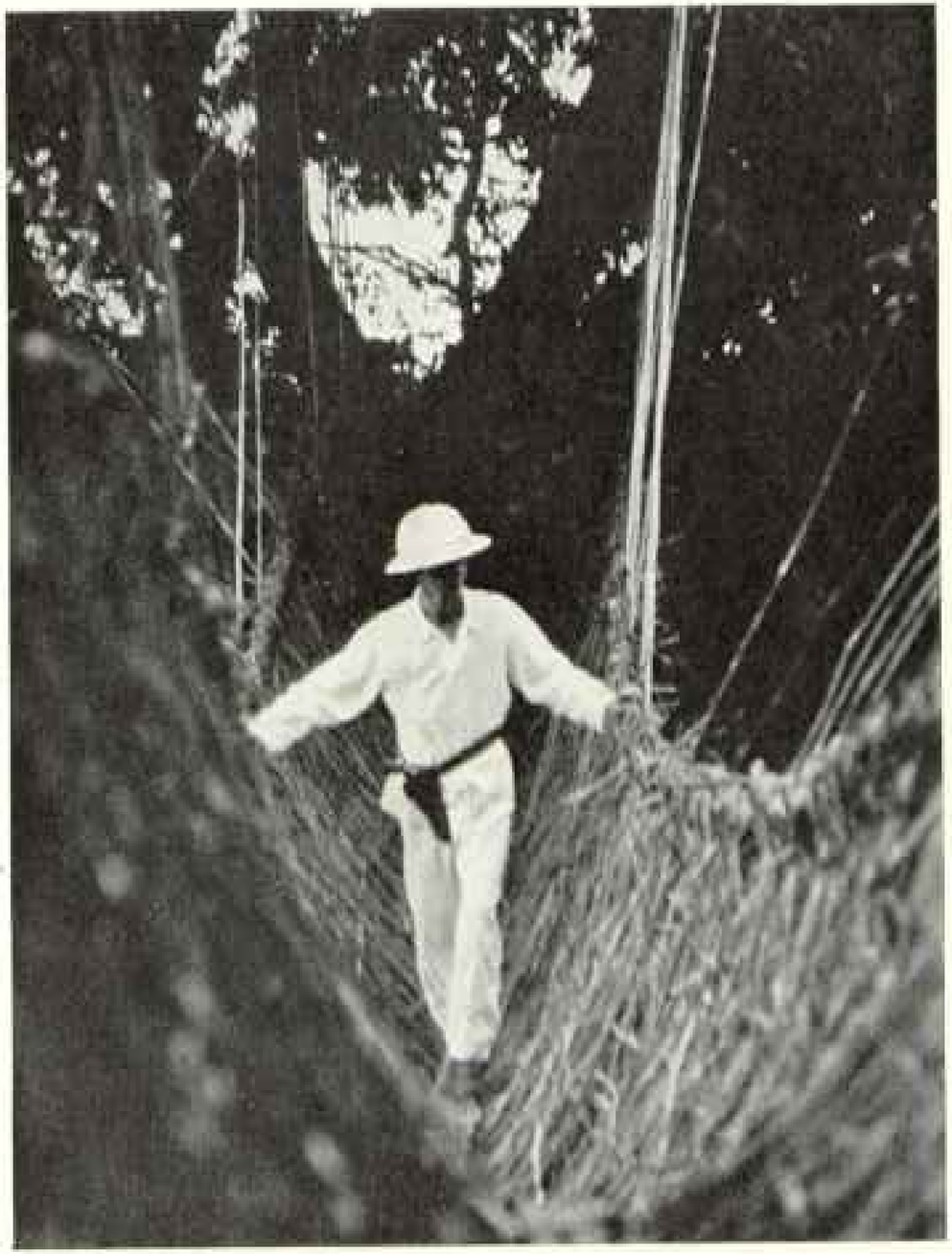
Occasionally the forest breaks and the train passes plantations of tobacco (certain grades of Cameroun wrapper sell for $2.50 a pound wholesale), banana, palm oil, and cacao. Less frequently, there are native villages of half a dozen ramshackle

A CAMEROUN PLANTER AND HIS DRILL

This ape and its more spectacular relative, the mandrill, are confined to West Africa and are found in the largest groups in sections of the Cameroun. The drill has a disposition as ugly as its face.

A DRUMMER BOY OF DOUALA

Not only are these instruments used to stimulate dancers and warriors, but also as an effective means of communication. Messages may be sent to great distances by this means. However, the code is carefully guarded.

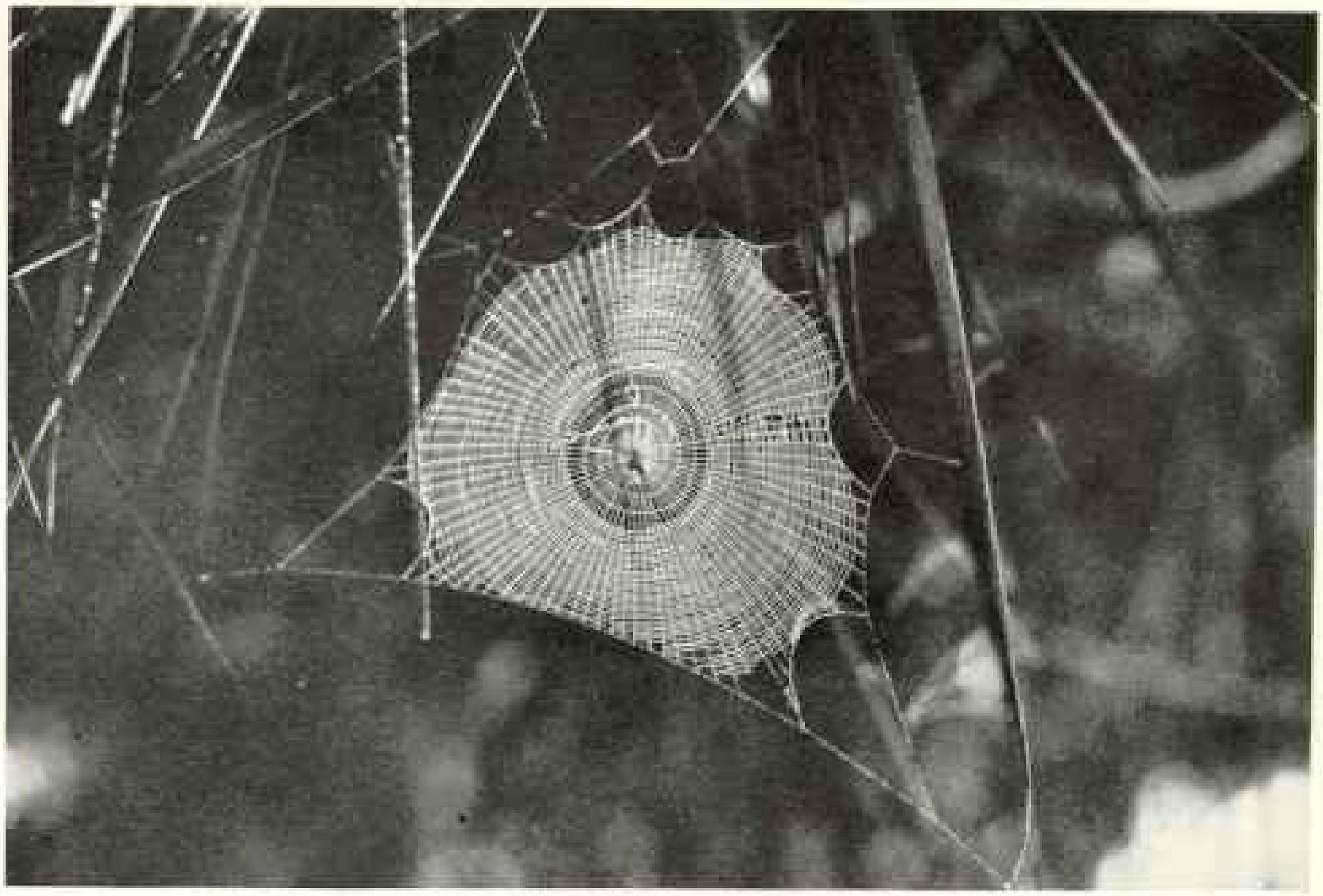


THE AUTHOR CROSSES AN AIRY LIANA BRIDGE

The design of these bridges and their method of construction are of great antiquity. They will carry a distributed load of upward of a ton, but they creak dangerously if even two men come very close together on them.

RIVER TRANSPORT IN CAMEROUN

When an unbridged stream was reached, two stalwart black boys mule-took to get the author across dry. On another occasion, when the water was higher, five natives were employed (see text, page 250).

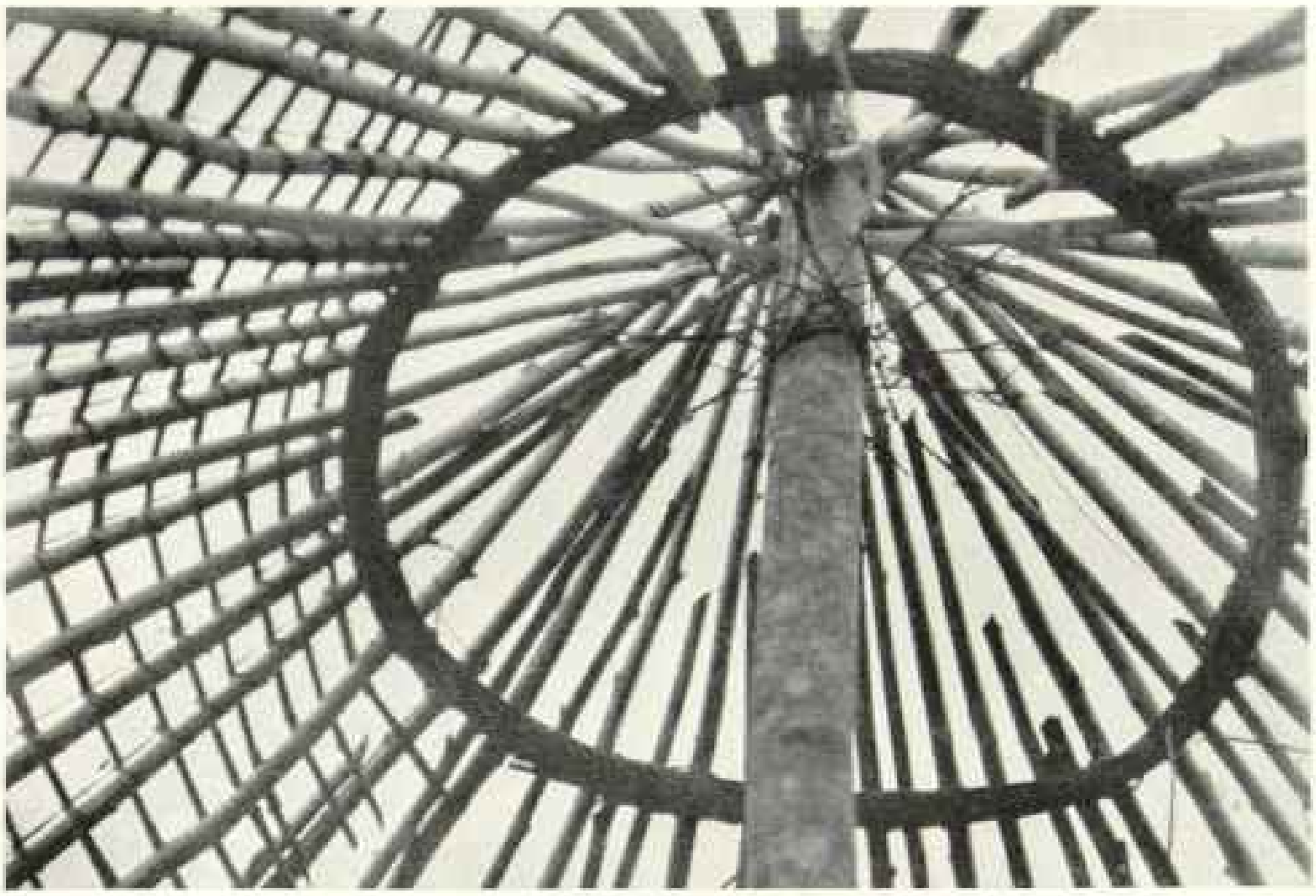


SPIDERS WEAVE A MAGIC SPELL

At daybreak, after a dewy night, the rising sun picks out thousands upon thousands of sparkling gold and silver webs strung everywhere in the pale-green grass of the mountain valleys. In 15 minutes the incomparable sight is gone—the dew having evaporated, the webs are invisible.

EIGHT POUNDS OF NETTING PROTECTED THE AUTHOR FROM INSECT PESTS

The contrivance inclosed the whole hammock as a safeguard against mosquitoes, carriers of malaria and yellow-fever germs. The tsetse fly, carrier of sleeping sickness, is also found in low-lying parts of Cameroun (see, also, text, page 259).

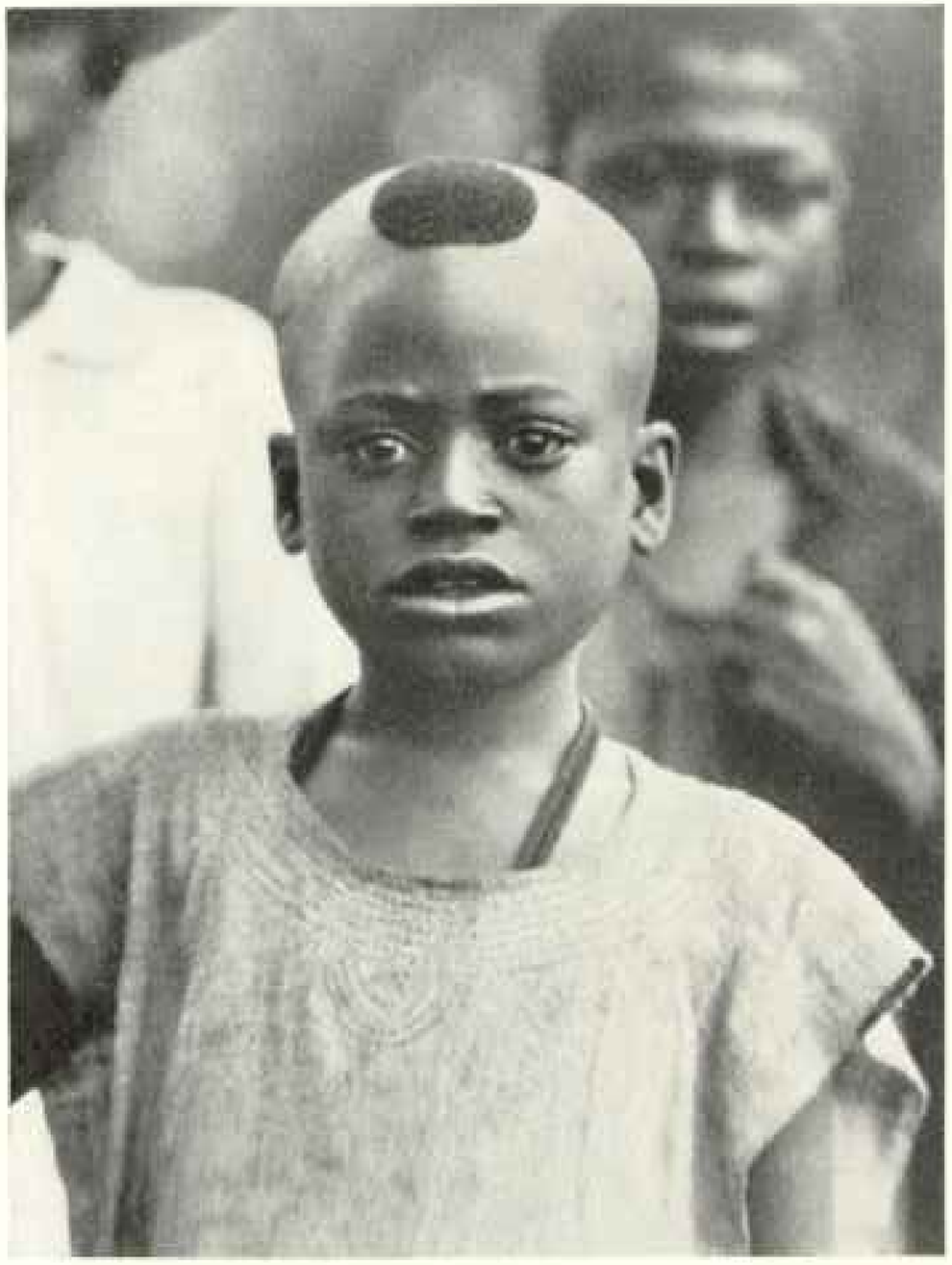


FRAMEWORK OF THE ROOF OF A CONICAL WEST AFRICAN HUT

The poles are sometimes laced together on the ground and then set upon mud walls, but more often they are built up around a center pole. Great bunches of tall plateau grass provide the waterproof cover for this framework (see below).

MUD AND THATCH SHELTER THE VISITOR TO A CAMEROUN VILLAGE

There are no restbouses in the smaller places, and when a visiting party arrives some obliging citizen simply vacates his premises, leaving a clean and absolutely empty hut to the traveler. The house beneath this thatch is circular and about 16 feet in diameter.



PROUD OF HIS POMPON

Barbers of Foumban take pride in clipping or shaving patterns in their clients' hair. Spots, diagonals, channels, etc., are favorite designs, and the operation is frequently performed before a giggling group of onlookers.

THIS CARVING DECORATES A FOUMBAN GATEPOST

Twins and the mother of twins are objects of unusual interest to the primitive sculptor. Most African carving is, however, decorative rather than symbolic.

A MASK OF WOOD COVERED WITH HAMMERED SHEET COPPER

It has taken the combined efforts of the Sultan and the French Administrator to keep the few remaining native smiths of Cameroun at work in Foumban. There are few minerals in the Cameroun, but bulk copper and bronze were formerly imported from other tribes and worked at Foumban. The mask is about 150 years old.

A TROUBADOUR OF FOUMBAN

To European ears all elaborate African music, especially that of stringed instruments, is displeasing. The quieter, more personal, songs and their accompaniment have, however, haunting and charming melodies. It is a curious fact that whites find it almost impossible to recall or to repeat even the simplest African musical refrains.

A MUSEUM OF TRIBAL ANTIQUITIES IS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF FOUMBAN

Sultan Njoya (see illustration, page 239) is a student and patron of the arts and sciences. His collection here, in the heart of Africa, is probably without parallel.

thatched "long houses" of the Bantu type, and now and then larger towns with the ubiquitous corrugated iron "factory" in evidence.

Then, on higher ground, the train begins to go through open clearings, stretches of lush, rolling meadowland of a sort unimaginable in ordinary tropical "bush." The trees begin to dwindle, the vegetation thins down and becomes more orderly. At a few miles from Nkongsamba there is no more jungle, only what a northerner would accurately call "woods." The equatorial forest, in less than 100 miles and, more importantly, with 3,000 feet of altitude, has been forced out. One may go from Nkongsamba north to Spitsbergen and not meet it again.

STRANGE TRIBE USES RED CLAY AS SOLE ADORNMENT

From Nkongsamba an auto road goes 137 miles north and a little east to the native city of Foumban. It is one of the most lovely roads, speaking strictly from the standpoint of scenery, *not* roadbed, I know.

One is on an immense plateau in a year-round climate like the American spring. The tropical sun, without losing its welcome ardor, has lost heat. From the top of one of the many rises, one may look in all directions over the rolling, grass-covered plains until the picture fades into the suggestion of remote blue ranges.

Dominating the mood of the view is that sense of utter solitude one feels so powerfully in central Africa, of timelessness and emptiness. The rare villages are inhabited by the Grassfield people, a little-studied tribe whose most striking characteristic is a complete absence of clothes of any kind.

It is presumed that this group, one of the most primitive on the continent, is a comparatively recent occupant of the region; that it represents the remnant of a tribe displaced during the years of the Fulah slave raids from some friendlier forest region.

HUMAN JAWBONES PROVIDE UNIQUE DECORATIONS FOR THIS CALABASH BOTTLE

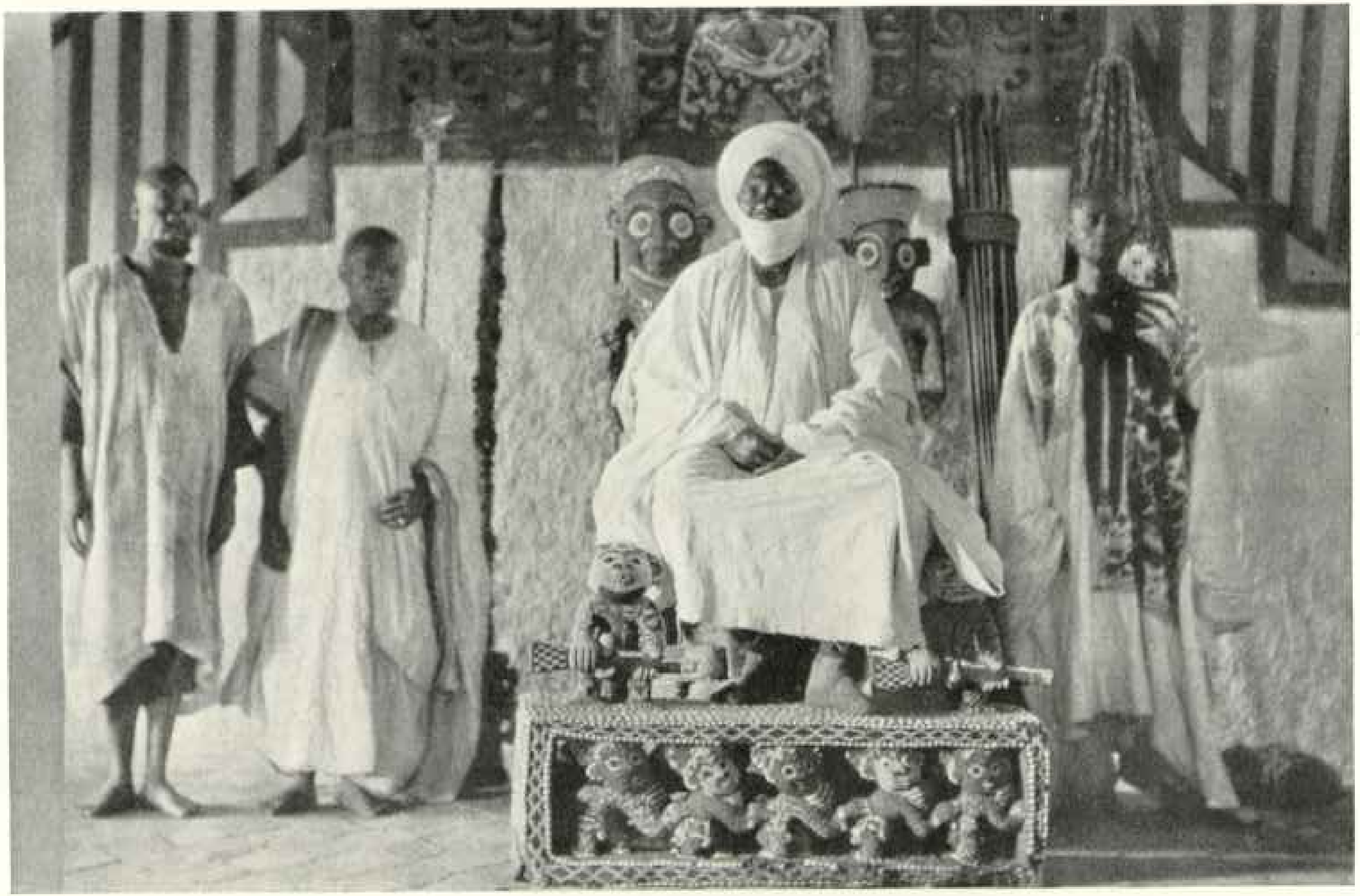
Enemies killed in battle many years ago by the grandfather of the present Sultan of Foumban supplied these raw materials. The figure at the right is a wooden likeness of a favorite wife, the wood almost covered with trade beads. The top surface of the seat is made of cowrie shells.

ONCE A WEEK ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY AROUND FOUMBAN COME INTO THE CITY

They are fond of forming processions and marching through the streets with drums beating and banners flying.

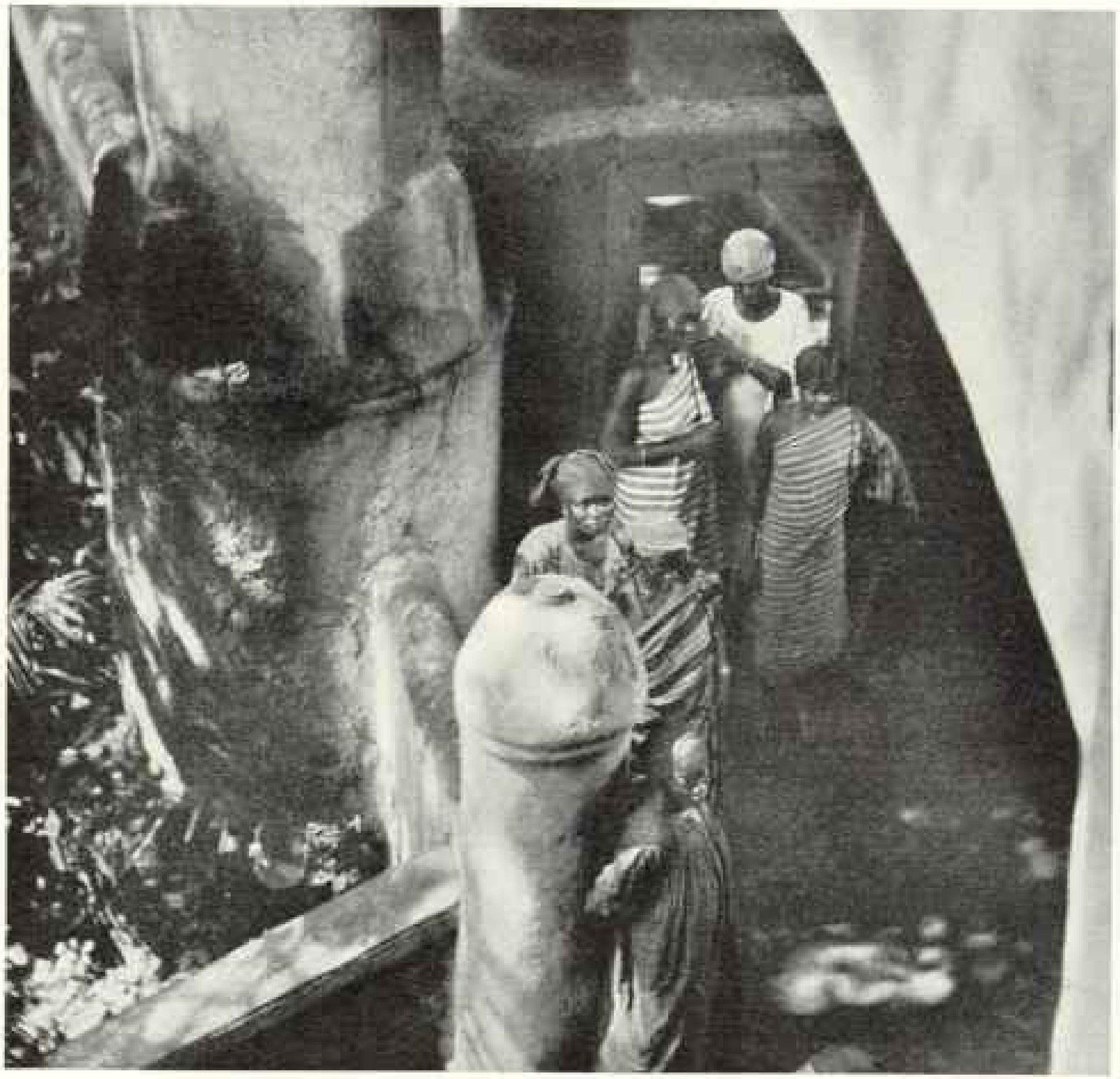
NJOYA'S MEN EXHIBIT THEIR SUPERB HORSEMANSHIP

The Sultan of Foumban has no regular standing army. However, all *n'gi*, or subchiefs, and their male relatives ride and bear arms, and they are subject to call by Njoya. He could assemble 200 mounted soldiers very quickly. Note a man near the center of the picture being run down by a rider at full gallop. He was only slightly injured (see, also, text, page 244).



NJOYA, OVERLORD OF FOUMBAN, ON HIS BEAD-DECORATED THRONE

The carved, beard-covered figures behind the Sultan represent aboriginal chiefs, their right hands cupped around their chins. This, among the northern Cameroun natives, is a salute of honor, possibly derived from the fact that the conquerors from the desert (slave raiders chiefly) were bearded—a phenomenon which produced this gesture of surprise among the beardless aborigines.



THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE AT FOUMBAN

The mud-floored rooms of the harem of Njoya occupy an extensive wing of the palace and provide accommodations for several hundred women. The ruler has more than 200 wives, and the number is being continually augmented.

The women have a striking fashion of smearing themselves, as an aid to the complexion, with bright red clay (which might suggest a riverside origin), and the whole tribe has a curious bovine habit, when one of the rare autos comes along, of racing for long distances in front of the car instead of simply stepping aside.

FOUMBAN IS SURROUNDED BY TRENCH FORTIFICATIONS

After a tiring day's drive in a bumpy truck, Foumban is astonishing, so complete is its contrast with what has gone before. The city stands upon a hill and is surrounded by an elaborate system of ancient trench fortifications dating from the years of the Fulah raiders. The trees, which have been planted along every street, give it a wooded effect wholly absent among the neighboring grass meadows. One has an immediate impression of order, prosperity, civilization.

Many of the houses of Foumban are of sun-dried brick and are roofed with native tiles or grass thatch. The compound fences are neatly constructed. The market, made of brick and tile, is modern in type and perfectly clean. At the center of the town is an imposing three-story structure set in the midst of elaborate gardens.

It is the palace of Njoya, Sultan of the Bamoum and overlord of Foumban. Everything—order, bricks, and garden—is

A BAMOUM SINGER BROADCASTS

A great variety of musical instruments, particularly drums, harps, and mandolins, of all shapes, sizes, and tones, is to be found in Cameroun. There are also seed rattles made of gourds, some with the seeds inside, others with them strung outside. A special, very soft music is made by striking stones with little flat cups.

indigenous. Foumban existed when the white man was no more than a myth. Even now outside influences have touched it only slightly.

WHEN THE SULTAN RECEIVES HIS MANY CHIEFS

The Sultan and the majority of his people are Mohammedans. In accordance with the curious rule that people of the African deserts and prairies readily adopted Mohammedanism, and that the people of the African forests almost invariably did not, the Bamoum scarcely recall a time when their life was not strongly influenced by the Arabic belief.

In the center of the town, facing the Sultan's palace, is the mosque, a frame building of strongly Moorish type, even to the vertical stripes of red and white paint. Here, every Friday, the élite of the Bamoum gather.

The many *n'gi*, or subchiefs, of the tribe, some of whom exert far more real power than the Sultan himself, come in from their districts, bringing with them a string of dependents. They make a striking picture. Nearly all aristocrats of the Cameroun plateau ride horseback and dress in immense flowing robes covered with bright embroidery. Some swathe their heads in white or blue turbans; others wear the characteristic floppy straw hat of the Fulah cattle herders. All have an air of faintly contemptuous majesty.

They, the rulers, they fondly think, are the pure-blood conquerors from the north, and therefore the superiors of the indigenous peoples with whom they have merged. As a matter of fact, little trace of the Arab strain remains, certainly so far south as Foumban. The Bamoum, except for unusual stature and the occasional appearance of an isolated straight-featured type, are distinctly negroid.

The n'gi, when they come to town, are followed, according to their rank, by greater or less entourages. Several male members of his family usually accompany the n'gi, also mounted. The horses are

ON THE PLATEAU, BOUND FOR BANYO

Although there are unfertile patches here and there, most of this land will grow pineapples and strawberries side by side. Potatoes take only six weeks to mature. The air and temperature suggest some lovely, silent valley of the North Temperate Zone in springtime.

richly caparisoned in red and green leather. The men carry elaborate spears, with shafts of hardwood and tips of silver or native bronze. Behind comes an inconspicuous rabble of wives, usually well laden with produce for sale at the week-end market, and several depressed-looking burros, not quite as heavily laden as the women.

SOUNDS, SIGHTS, AND SMELLS OF FOUMBAN'S TEEMING MARKET

While the ceremony at the mosque is in session the women and burros sit respectfully about outside. When the men come out, Foumban stirs with unaccustomed activity, an activity which continues until the country people stray away home late the following day.

All sorts of produce are spread out in the market. There are leather boots, scabbards, and decorated harness; superb pieces of Bamoum embroidery; rolls of homespun cotton cloth; carved wooden household articles of every description.

Hardly less picturesque is the food market. First of all, there are thousands of ears of fine Indian corn. It grows everywhere on the plateau and is quite the best I have ever eaten. More special delicacies range all the way from roasted termites' eggs to crocodile steaks, things of considerably less interest to a white traveler.

A TOWER BUILT BY THE GERMANS WHEN THE COLONY WAS BEING SUBDUED

Sturdy resistance by the natives was encountered when Germany first assumed control, some 40 years ago, of the 305,000 square miles of territory which she called Kamerun. This stronghold commanded the extensive, thinly populated Yoko district, east of Banyo. For the last 20 years there has been no native uprising against European rule.

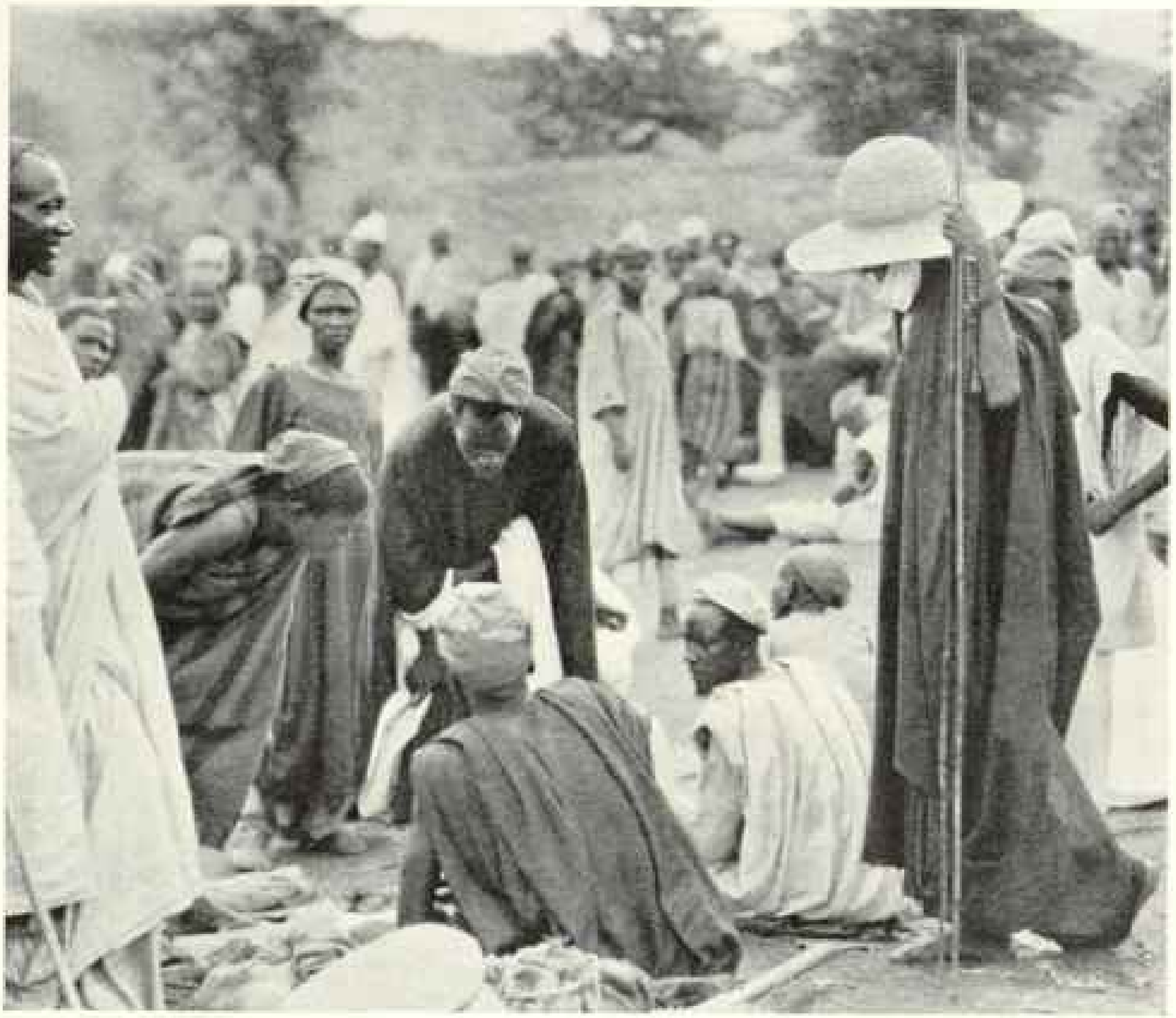
More than a thousand people attend the market. The sounds, sights, and smells of vigorous native trading give an impression of thriving, continuing African life such as one rarely senses among the less developed forest types, particularly among the dreary, half-invalid creatures of the jungle of southern Cameroun. The favorable climate, the mixture of types, and, above all, the remoteness of the corruptive influences of white civilization clearly show their effect.

By Sunday morning the peasants have for the most part gone away, their produce sold or favorably exchanged. The aristocrats, however, remain. At the slightest provocation they will arrange a parade, a sham war, anything to vary the monotony of isolated tribal life.

Even the presence of white strangers, for whom the rulers of the plateau have great toleration but very scant respect, will serve for an excuse.

THRILLING CHARGE OF HORSEMEN IS CLIMAX OF FOUMBAN'S PLAY

One Sunday noon the word went forth that a "play" had been arranged. The eight whites then in Foumban, only three of whom resided there permanently, sat



FULAH HERDERS COME TO MARKET

They feel their calling places them in a superior caste, but when they have become chiefs or courtiers they do not work at it. The wide straw hat (foreground) marks a true herder from the district north of Banyo. When he has acquired affluence, he will lay it aside.

with Sultan Njoya in chairs at one end of the town square. The riders, musicians, singers, standard-bearers, and buffoons made ready at the other.

The "play," running true to the type of innumerable similar displays that take place in the larger towns of the high prairie, began with an orderly procession of all the unmounted men. Drums, fifes, horns of many kinds, and stringed instruments came in the first rank, playing warlike refrains. Before them danced, somersaulted, and grimaced several clowns, royal jesters attached to the Sultan's court in much the same position held by the court jesters of medieval Europe (see page 249). Standard-bearers and a rabble of singers brought up the rear.

The end of the square reached, the marchers formed irregular lines at either side, and, spears and standards lifted, shouted greeting to the horsemen who followed.

The square of Foumban is narrow and a little more than 300 yards long. It was midafternoon of a golden tropical summer. The vividly green trees that skirted the plaza and the bright red earth peculiar to the Foumban district made a perfect setting. The horsemen numbered more than 100 and each was gowned in flowing robes embroidered in every imaginable bright color. All carried either spears or long flintlock rifles lifted menacingly above their heads.

There was a great shout, and from the distance the spurred horses bore down upon us at full gallop. The dust, the flash-

SUNBEAMS PENETRATE THE DAWN MISTS OF THE HIGH COUNTRY

At daybreak, in almost all seasons, the earth is blanketed with a heavy mist, but this dissipates with great rapidity and an hour after sunrise is gone completely.

ing spears, the wild cries, and the blazing colors made a thrilling sight (page 238).

In another instant we small, helpless whites in our chairs were cold with terror, for the charge neither turned nor abated. There was no time to move.

When less than six feet away, each man shouted, stood up in his stirrups, and reined in. Every horse rose up on its hind legs, forefeet kicking in our very faces, pirouetted, and the line swept away at the right angle. The cruel Hausa bit, an iron circle that rings the horse's tongue and holds in its upper side a sharp prong that gouges the animal's flesh when the rein is pulled, had proved its effectiveness.

For the remainder of the afternoon variations of the same performance continued—sometimes 50 men, sometimes only two or three of the best. Nothing so clearly indicates the desert origin of the ruling class as this passionate enthusiasm for spectacular riding, an enthusiasm almost universal on the Cameroun plateau.

Later in the afternoon the "play" took the form of a series of weird traditional dances performed in masks. These masks, a fine collection of which may be seen in the private museum of Sultan Njoya, are of copper or wood or a combination of the two materials. Many, though deliberately grotesque, show rare sculptural ability. Some are enormous, some ridiculously small; others have the shape of animals' heads—horses, baboons, crocodiles, etc.

SULTAN NJOYA AS A PATRON OF SCIENCE

One of the most unusual things in Foumban is the museum of Sultan Njoya. But Njoya, a magnificent, six-foot, black chief-

THE SULTAN OF TINGUÉRÉ HOLDS COURT

This prince, unlike most sultans of the plateau, seems to be of pure, aboriginal negro blood and is somewhat dominated by his Fulah advisers (seated on the ground). The author gave him, as an amusing present, a rubber balloon in the shape of a devil that squealed when the air came out. He was immensely pleased with it, but, at a contemptuous frown from his adviser, looked sad and put it away. He is a technical vassal of the Sultan of Ngaoundéré.

tain, with the smile of a nice baby, is an unusual man. He is himself, for one thing, the inventor of one of the only two* written alphabets known to have been produced in Negro Africa—a phonetic alphabet which apparently has nothing in common with any other on the earth; and if there is another black chief who, on his own, has founded a museum of tribal antiquities, I don't know of him (see illustrations, pages 236 and 237).

The museum occupies a long room at the top of the palace. It contains a collection of carving, bronzes, spears, beadwork, brass jewelry, embroideries, and textiles for which the curator of any ethnological museum would give an arm.

Njoya has gathered the things because he admires them and because he takes pride in every tradition of his people. In other words, civilization has not penetrated with its teaching that all things not manufactured in Europe are therefore contemptible. It must be added that the French Government Resident at Foumban, M. Quer, devotedly and charmingly upholds Njoya in his point of view.

* The other is the Vai language of northern Liberia.

TREKKING IN THE CAMEROUN

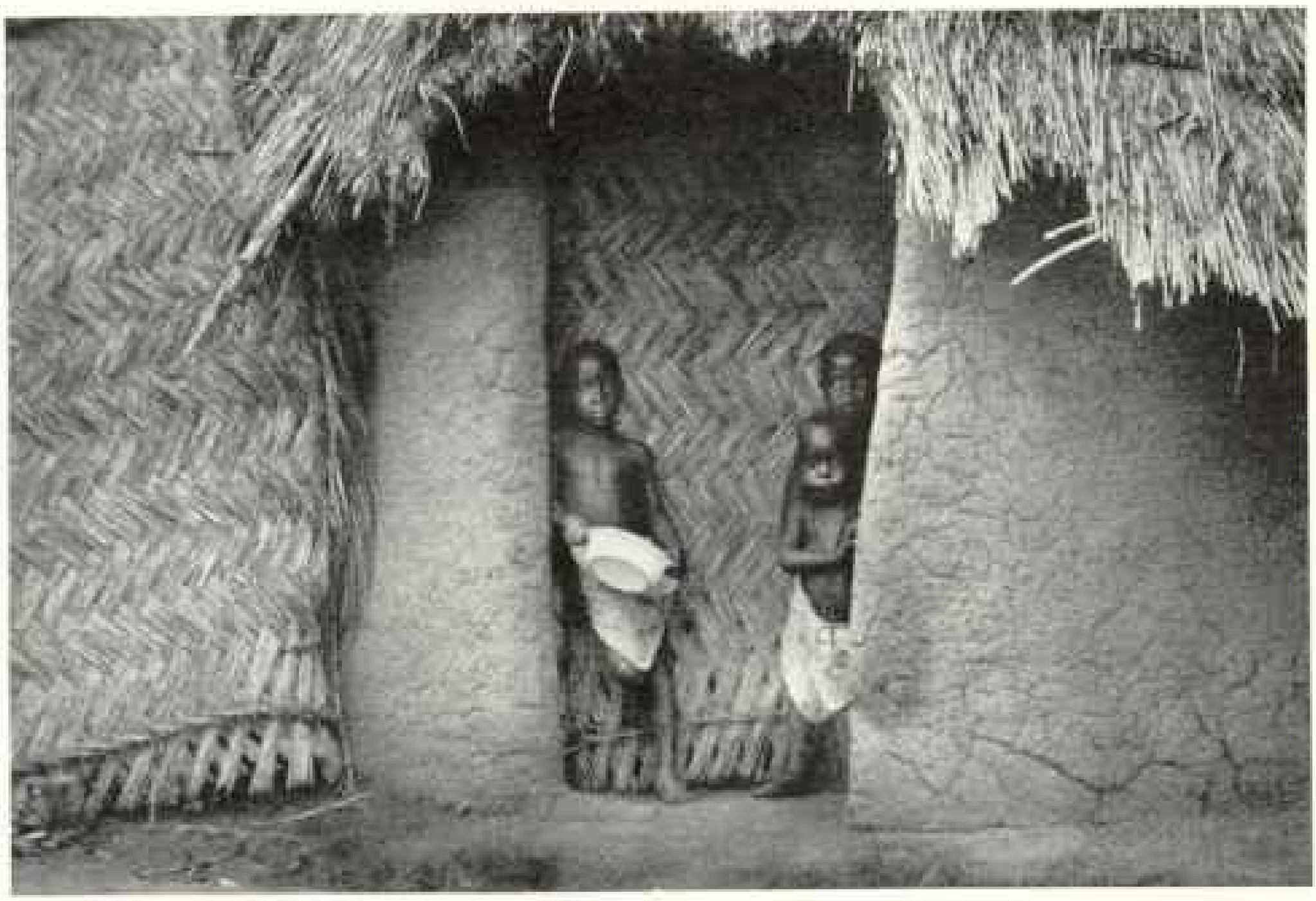
Beyond Foumban, if one wants to go beyond, there is but one way of traveling—on foot.

The narrow trails weave mysteriously through the vast desolation of the plains and the lonely mountains of the north, and, if one is curious, one follows them.

To describe one day is fairly to describe a hundred like it, for there is undeniable monotony to foot travel on the plateau of the Adamaoua highlands.

Everything, of course, with the single exception of food, must be carried, and everything carried must be packed in waterproof loads each weighing as close to 60 pounds, the legal head load for an African porter, as possible.

We had 12 loads and therefore took 12 men. They were hired at each large town



A YOUTHFUL TRIO OF TINGUÉRÉ

The only school in this town is a Mohammedan Koran class. Africans generally are extraordinarily gentle and affectionate toward children.

to go with us to the next large town, perhaps 200 miles away. They were of all ages from 16 to 65, walked tirelessly their 20 to 30 miles a day, and received the superb remuneration of ten cents per diem, food (cost one and a half cents a day), except in the case of a traveler as recklessly generous as myself, *not* included. They considered it, in spite of the fact that they had to walk that trifle of 200 miles home again, a profitable picnic.

All Africans seem instinctively to awake a little after 5 a. m., when it is still quite dark; so, do what they will, near-by Nordics get up then, too.

We would hastily dress—for the information of possible journeyers, the faultless costume for an African trek is shoes, gaiters, and a suit of light-weight pajamas—and hastily gulp boiling tea, served with dankly cold pieces of cornmeal bread. Then we would pack up everything, close and strap the boxes, turn them over to the waiting porters, and set out.

In general, a white walks faster, though far less steadily, than an African; so we would take the lead.

The path, a beaten dirt track from a foot to six feet wide, is clear and has no rivals and no forks. It is impossible to stray from it. Behind would come the 12 laden men, walking in perfect rhythm, usually singing, close together, the loads balanced easily on their skulls.

By 6 the sun is up and by 7, in equatorial latitudes, it is full day. The mists rise from the grass. Sometimes, and the same types of country persist over an incredibly vast expanse of the Cameroun highlands, the trail climbs a hill, and one may look out over immense regions of rolling prairie that, at the horizon, rises to an indistinct range of hills. It is as if one kept forever in the center of a huge bowl, the rims of which stay ghostly constant.

Now and again the path descends into a little wood in a lowland. Down in these groves there are the songs of birds, the breath and whir of living things.

Butterflies of every size, every color, every combination of colors, flutter among the trees, poise on the moist black earth, and waft away. A dozen varieties of highly indignant long-tailed monkeys perform

MOTHER BALANCES BASKET AND WATERPOT ON HER HEAD

Among the Bamoun lower classes garments generally are as scarce as this picture would indicate. The aristocrats wear quantities of clothing.

WHEN THE SULTAN OF TINGUÉRÉ TRAVELS IN STATE

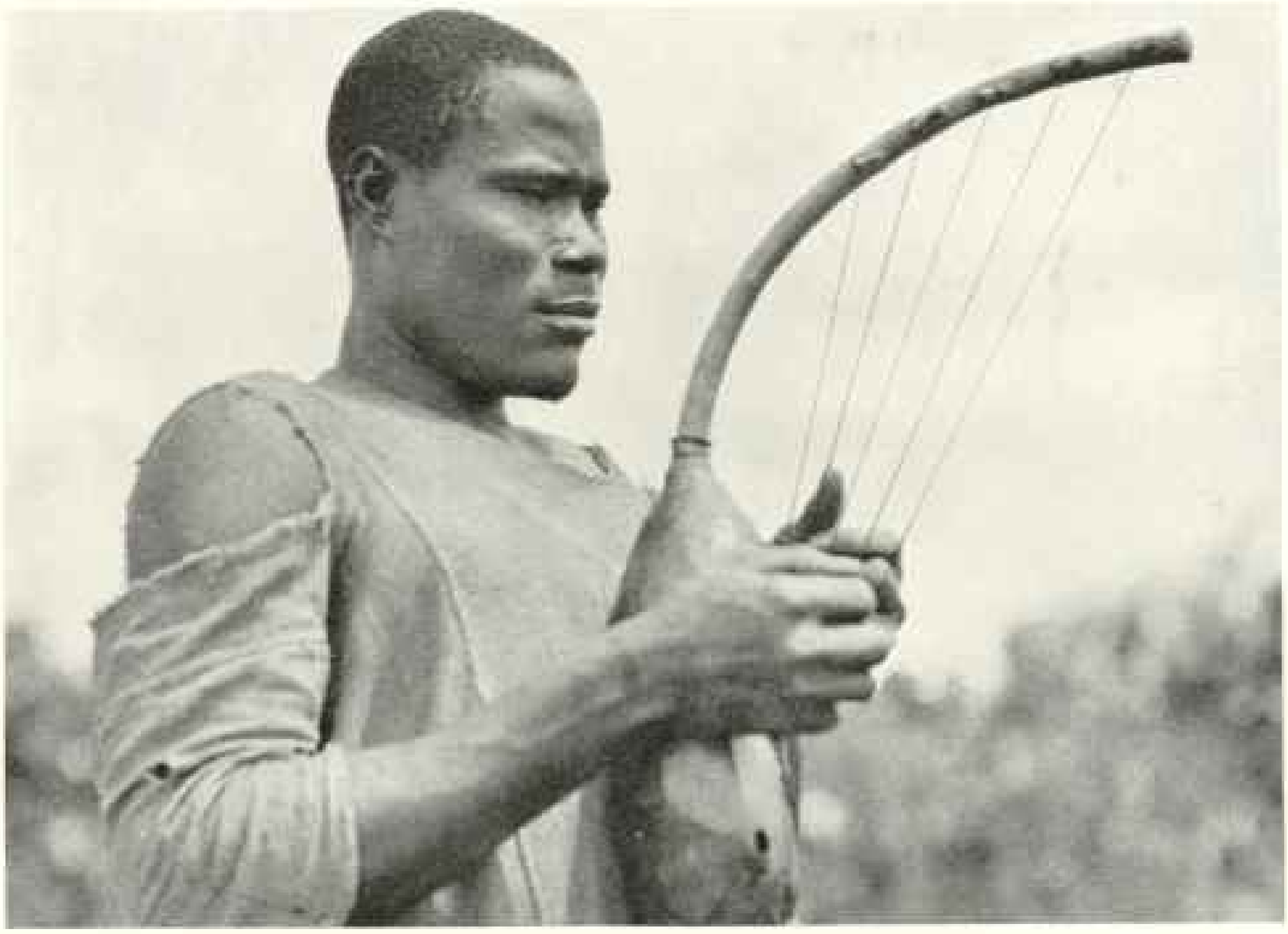
His green umbrella, kept constantly revolving above his head, is an insignia denoting a descendant of the Prophet.

THE LADY OF CENTRAL CAMEROUN IS IN STYLE IF HER COIFFURE IS CORRECT

Her hair is carefully dressed with ashes and meat fat (see, also, illustration, page 226).

HE TRIES TO PRESERVE THE GOOD HUMOR OF THE LORD OF NGAOUNDÉRÉ

Like a jester at a medieval court, this man is permitted a certain comic disrespect to the Sultan which would be dangerous for others to dare.



HE DRAWS HAUNTING MUSIC FROM PRIMITIVE HARP STRINGS

An aborigine of central Africa goes to the sounds of Nature for musical motifs. Bird songs at dawn, or the rush and ripple of a stream flowing over rocks give him a theme upon which to elaborate. The instrument is of zebu skin and piassaba fibers.

acrobatic feats among the vines and branches, leap indignantly up and down in plain sight, filled with fury that their privacy has been invaded.

It is warmer in these wooded bottoms. But one might easily rest on an old dead log beside one of the clear brooks, bask in the warm silence, and forget, most easily forget, forever to go away. That is the quality. It is for instants of quiet beauty, for the sense of everlastingness, that one travels so very far.

CROSSING RIVERS SEATED ON HUMAN HEADS

In the rainy season, which, unhappily, was the time we chose, there is the serious problem of crossing the innumerable streams. After a characteristic downpour, a tiny rivulet may rise 12 feet and become a raging torrent. The rough pole bridges which native travelers put down are frequently carried away. Even the marvelous "monkey bridges," great trenchlike spans of woven vine that are built wherever big trees abut a river crossing, sometimes do not survive. One is reduced to wading.

If it is possible to find a ford where no depth is greater than up to the smallest man's nostrils, all is well. The porters cross first, deposit the loads on the opposite bank, and then come back for the white contingent (see page 231).

It is a rare and wondrous sight to see an adult man sitting on a black skull, each hand and each foot entrusted to a different porter, being carried across the surface of a river by what from a distance appears to be only five entirely detached, rather scared-looking negro craniums.

If the river is just that extra fatal inch too deep, of course one merely sits down and looks at it until it goes down sufficiently—possibly a matter of many days.

Everywhere there is the pale-green grass, varying in height from eighteen inches to six feet, and occasional stunted trees that look like apple trees. Parkland, the deliberately landscaped appearance of an informal estate in particularly good

taste, is the perfect descriptive word.

It is a lonely path. Sometimes whole days pass without meeting a single traveler. Near the larger villages one comes upon tiny roadside markets, simply half a dozen women with their babies, who sit by the roadside with food to sell. Their customers, one must understand, are native travelers. A market woman could wait perhaps a year from one white customer to the next.

Now and then (and this, after one experience, is a thing with which one could well dispense) the caravan meets a cattle herder, accompanied by anywhere from a dozen to five thousand head of the long-horned zebu, the partly domesticated cattle which represents the chief source of wealth of the grassland sultans. Then one simply climbs the nearest tree or starts for a brand-new destination somewhere else.

These cattle are purchased by a European company and driven by extraordinarily circuitous routes, in order to avoid the low river bottoms infested by the deadly tsetse fly, down to Douala.

VULTURES PERFORM A USEFUL OFFICE IN TINGUÉRÉ

Cameroun native villages are well kept, and these brown-feathered birds, which subsist chiefly on dead animals, help to keep them so. They are quite tame and pay little attention to men.

PRACTICALLY NO GAME IS VISIBLE

In only one particular is the plateau disappointing—in the scarcity, except for the zebu herds, of *visible* game. Animals are there, but one doesn't, unless extraordinarily fortunate, see them. Every early morning the path is muddied with the treads of lions, leopards, hyenas, and sometimes the great anubis baboons; but they have vanished with the coming of day. Vanishing, one must remember, is extraordinarily easy where there is six-foot-high grass. A lion could, perhaps does, survey the passer-by six feet from the path's edge and be perfectly concealed.

With the exception of two great herds of baboons, which I pursued, quite useless, with the camera until they tired of my society and chased me away, we saw, then, nothing.

At each day's end the caravan stops at a little village, perhaps the first encountered in 20 miles. The headman places an empty thatched hut at the itinerant's disposal, hammocks are hung, the first meal of the day, preferably a Gargantuan one, is prepared and eaten, and by 7:30 the tiny

NATIVES "FERRY" A HORSE ACROSS A RIVER

The streams of Cameroun are so irregular and so swift that canoes are used only as ferries on the plateau.

AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE

The horse and his owner are much relieved that the passage has been made safely, in spite of swift currents and crocodiles.

FOREST NATIVES FISHING IN A SHALLOW STREAM

In addition to fishing with basket nets, the natives obtain much finny food by shooting from the banks with bow and arrows.

microcosm of the caravan, in that empty, lovely land, is sound asleep.

Days run into weeks, weeks merge imperceptibly to months, and the little line of marching men creeps slowly on. It is the most depressing consideration that one may have in Africa, to realize that what a train can do in half an hour an auto can do in an hour and a man can do in a day!

Our particular route took us at length, and after sojourns in the larger native centers of Banyo, Galim, and Tinguéré, to the city of Ngaoundéré—by foot a goodly way, on a map appallingly little.

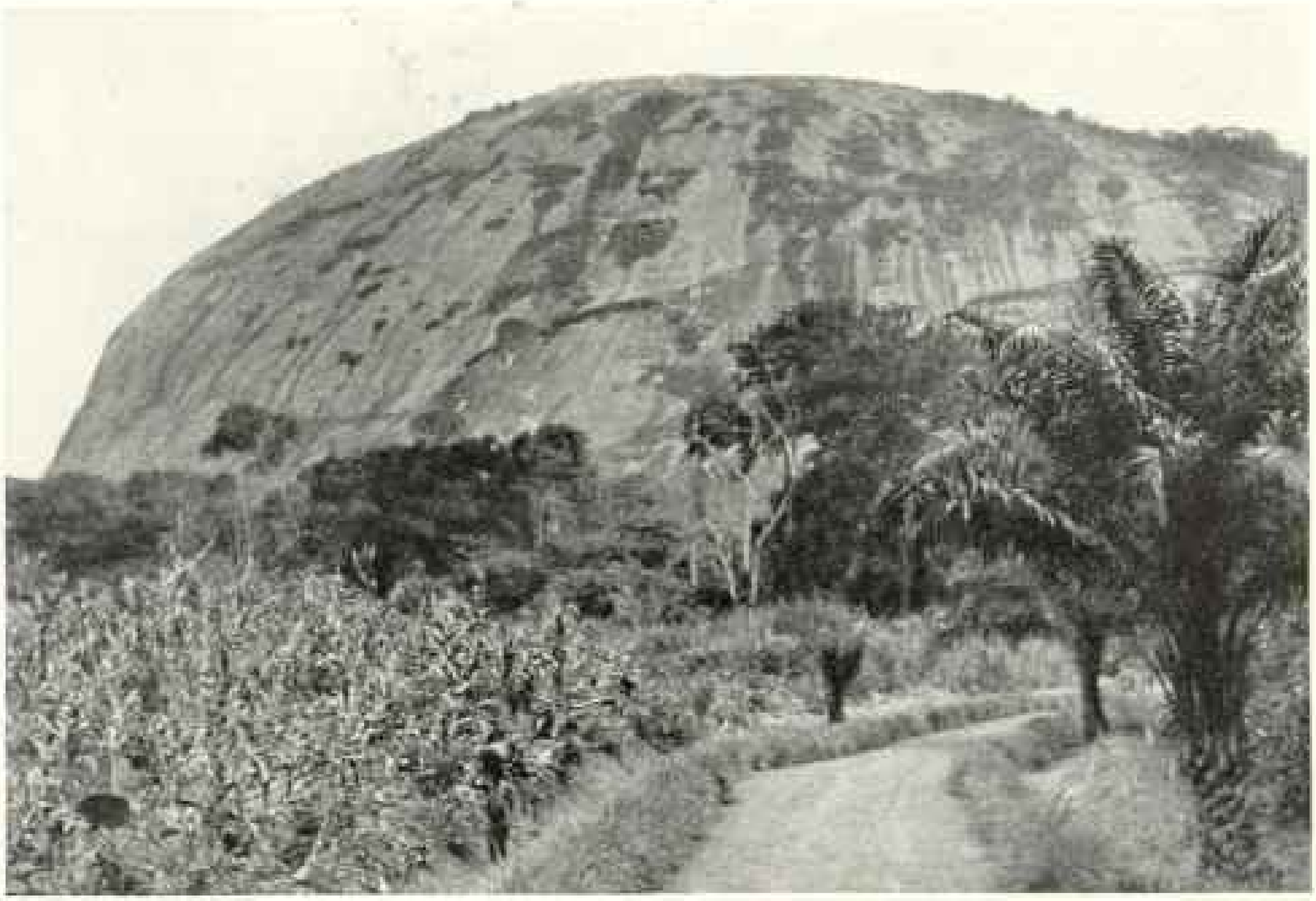
Ngaoundéré is the largest wholly native city in Cameroun, and, in spite of its isolated position, unlike the others, it is served by a new automobile road recently put through, chiefly for military purposes, by the French Government.

On broadly general lines, the towns of the plateau are like Foumban. Even at Ngaoundéré, far larger though it is, the difference is merely one of degree. The market, instead of being a weekly, is a daily event. The Sultan, instead of having half a dozen musicians at his service, has an orchestra of more than 100, several instruments playing continuously from dawn until late at night. Instead of wearing woven cotton robes, he wears, on state occasions, white velvet encrusted with gold; and while Njoya of Foumban can summon 200 horsemen, accouterments and retinues complete, Sultan Ngaoundéré could mobilize many thousand.

AN 11-DAY WALK TO BORROW A MONKEY WRENCH

When one speaks of an automobile route in Africa, the auditor is apt to sigh regretfully because of the commonplace, unromantic changes it has brought about. Imaginative souls faintly picture hot-dog stands and filling stations. The road from Ngaoundéré 500 miles due south to Yaoundé is indeed wide, well designed, and capable of bearing motor traffic; but the "spoiling" influence it has had upon the districts through which it cuts is negligible.

At Ngaoundéré we waited 12 days before a car appeared. On the long, four-day journey we met one other machine.



INDIAN CORN GROWS IN THE SHADOW OF A GRANITE MOUNTAIN ON THE YOKO ROAD, EAST OF BANYO

Maize is the basic diet of the Cameroun plateau. Rock formations like this mass of granite occur without warning on the rolling grass uplands.

WOMEN AND SLAVES WALK WHEN A FAMILY HITS THE TRAIL

At times a party will travel for two weeks over irregular and dangerous country to attend the great market at Ngaoundéré. Usually, though, there is also some personal reason, such as a marriage or a council between subchiefs, which attracts them.

ROAD WORKERS OF THE NGAOUNDÉRÉ TRIBE WILLINGLY LEND A HAND WHEN THE ENGINE FAILS

These are docile, hard-working people. Money has little interest for them, for they raise their own necessities.

LOW PRICES PREVAIL IN THE MARKET AT NGAOUNDÉRÉ

Formerly all transactions were exchanges in kind, but in recent years barter has given way to sale, and French coins of the smallest denominations—5-, 10-, and 50-centime pieces—are freely used. A laborer's wage for a day is only four cents.

AN ENTRANCE TO THE FIVE-ACRE PALACE COMPOUND AT NGAOUNDÉRÉ

Thatch roofs leak terribly after the dry season, but when they have been rained on for several days they thicken sufficiently to be waterproof until the next drought. Mud huts are much cooler than any European design of house in the same country.

MARKET WOMEN DISPLAY THEIR WARES

Ngaoundéré is an important center of Cameroun life, and sometimes as many as 4,000 people will attend its market on a single day. The woman at the left is offering corn meal for sale; her companion, tufts of wild cotton. Peanuts, zebu meat, entrails, chickens, baskets, calabash bowls, and long, narrow strips of native cotton cloth may be bought at these markets.

A SPEAR SALUTE SIGNALS THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN OF NGAOUNDÉRÉ

While such homage is intended only for great personages, native exuberance sometimes goes to such lengths that the spears are raised in salute to almost anyone, apparently just for the fun of it.

THEY COME OF MUSICAL FAMILIES

Their fathers are musicians at the court of the Sultan of Ngaoundéré and the boys, following the family tradition, are trumpeters in the royal service. The instruments they are playing are very curious double trumpets, covered and uncovered by the two palms to vary note and volume (see, also, illustrations, pages 235, 241, and 250).

THE ERA OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY HAS NOT YET DAWNED IN CAMEROUN

Cultivation methods are crude, no animals or plows being used. Hoes are of various shapes, and since, as in this district, the ground is soft from continual tillage, they suffice. The peasants live under a flexible and not too burdensome system of serfdom, whereby they share their produce with a chief or headman in exchange for his protection.

A man I know had a breakdown, once upon a time, midway of the road, and *walked eleven days to borrow a monkey wrench!*

The road surveyors have ignored all considerations save those of economy, which first of all means the avoidance of rivers. There are not half a dozen native towns in its whole length. Though the rare and underpopulated tribes near by are being encouraged to bring their villages bodily to the edge of the road, any change will come slowly.

Perhaps, some time later on, the surplus white population of Europe will discover the Cameroun plateau. It is, beyond question, the perfect type of a promised land. It is a region where a white man could do manual labor well if ever the superstition of the sun-helmet is exploded and it is shown that even the softest white skull is not instantly shattered by a bit of warm, extraordinarily nonactinic sun. Every fruit and vegetable from strawberries to peaches, from corn to bananas, could be grown in profusion. Sooner or later, the plateau will be a market garden of the world.

But for the present there is only the quiet grandeur of an immensity of grass and sunlight and serene, far hills.

CAPITAL OF CAMEROUN IS A BOOM TOWN

Yaoundé is a boom town. The French Government, largely because the high officials found the humid heat of Douala unbearable, changed the capital in 1921. The business of making a prosperous city came later, still goes on. Every encouragement has been given to traders.

Yaoundé is the hub of a road system that every month becomes more elaborate. Though it lies within the belt of the great forest, its immediate site is sufficiently elevated to insure an agreeable year-round climate. So, literally, its present peace is quite destroyed by the sound of hammering and sawing. Everyone is building and, due to official restrictions, building well.

M. Marchand, the Governor, or, since Cameroun is a mandate, "M. le Commissaire de la République au Cameroun," presides over this rapid radiation of European influence and commerce. The

A SEWING MACHINE AROUSES UNBOUNDED ADMIRATION

This tailor of Yaoundé, capital of Cameroun, finds plenty to do among the town natives, who have abandoned the nude state of their country brethren and adopted the white man's clothes.

Cameroun administration is divorced from Paris politics; so M. Marchand has held his post uninterruptedly since the formation of the mandate.

INTO THE GREAT GORILLA JUNGLE

The half of Cameroun south of Yaoundé is quite as interesting and fully as valuable commercially as the region of the plains, but it is a type of country more familiar to casual students of tropical geography. It is, generally speaking, all jungle. The low swamps of the southeastern section toward the Oubangui River and the rocky beginnings of the Crystal Mountains, near the frontier of Spanish Rio Muni, are the only exceptions, and doubtful exceptions at that.

It is the great gorilla jungle—a hot, insanely, menacingly verdant territory cut by many rivers, in its very nature almost impassable. The part of it farthest inland, that still appears as a blank on large-scale maps, is reputed vaguely to be the home of the only great herds of elephants that survive upon the continent. Tribes of pygmies who are almost completely unknown live there.

Still more romantic imaginations report the continued existence, in so untroubled a place, of reptilian monsters that, according to all the rules, should have vanished from the earth half a dozen million years ago. Possibly so, possibly not. It's an agreeable speculation.

To descend from the unknown to the known, it is a country extraordinarily rich in valuable woods, in palm oil, and in native rubber—things worthy of the growing attention of business pioneers, some of whom have indeed been active for many years.

THE BLACK SHADOW OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

The forest people are less promising. All the tribes live on a plane infinitely below their northern neighbors. The Bantu long house, a connected string of tenements made of leaf wattle and wispy thatch, are the rule, and it is a rare sight to see one that looks less than ages old. The roof bends and breaks, every line is uneven, the walls are porous, the yards are littered—everything seems shabbily appropriate to the vague-eyed, listless

tribesmen who call this sad disorder home.

Most of these people have little energy—of course, it is terrifically hot—and far from striking mentalities. But, and this the colonial is apt to forget, these forest people, the vast majority of them, are sick. Yaws, malaria, rickets, elephantiasis, or dengue, is in the blood of nearly every one. And, above all, sleeping sickness.

At the suggestion of Governor Marchand we drove 100 miles from Yaoundé to Ayos, center of the vitally important work that is being done to combat that most terrible of African maladies.

To appreciate the importance of the Ayos hospital, which comprises the entire settlement, one must realize the full terror of the plague.

Sleeping sickness, *trypanosomiasis*—not to be confused with the totally different disease of the temperate zones misnamed "sleeping sickness"—is a parasitic ailment carried by infected tsetse flies. These flies inhabit the neighborhood of many rivers and streams in Equatorial Africa. The ordinary course of the disease runs about three years. It is painful in the early stages and wasting at the end, the final stages being accompanied by a variety of symptoms, the tendency to fall into continual deep sleeps being the most distinctive.

Some "third-stage" patients become incredibly thin—I have literally seen the shape of the spine marking the front of the abdomen. In other instances, for reasons not clearly understood, a patient may become puffily fat.

The extent of the destructiveness of the disease will never be exactly known; certainly it has taken a million lives in the last fifty years. The record of a recent survey made near Ayos gives the picture in little. Of 47,500 people visited by the French doctors, 26,780 were dying. In another section near by, the average of cases was 80 per cent; in two special towns, 97 per cent. In the natural course of events, all these were doomed.

But, thanks to Ayos, as the center of a therapeutic crusade which is extending through all the Cameroun forest, the natural course of events is being checked.

Dr. Jamot, a physician of world-wide prominence for the work he has done for many years in the study and combat of the disease, is in charge.

A CRUSADE OF VAST IMPORT

At Ayos a dozen hospitals have already been built and more are being constructed. There are modern laboratories and comfortable houses for the eminent physicians and bacteriologists who are devoting—and risking—their lives for the work. In time every human being in Cameroun will be examined and every sick person treated with tryparsamide, an extraordinarily effective new medicine developed by Dr. Louise Pearce of the Rockefeller Institute.

This crusade against sleeping sickness is justly looked upon by the Cameroun Government as the primary thing. All other developments, educational, commercial, etc., are secondary. But, since the effort is so great and since it is a scientific possibility, though not a very likely one, that the disease can be wholly exterminated, there is infinite hope for the future.

The resources are there and the world wills that they be developed. No colony on the West African coast has more varied possibilities. It is logical to think that what is now so little known will become eventually commonplace.

INDEX FOR JULY–DECEMBER, 1930, VOLUME READY

Index for Volume LVIII (July–December, 1930) of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE will be mailed upon request to members who preserve their copies and bind them as works of reference.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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

ORGANIZED FOR "THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE"

TO carry out the purposes for which it was founded forty-three years ago the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine monthly. All receipts are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by addressed return envelope and postage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Filmo Cameras range from $92 to $468.50; Filmo Projectors from $138 to $281; complete outfits to $1183. Outfit shown here is $361 with case.

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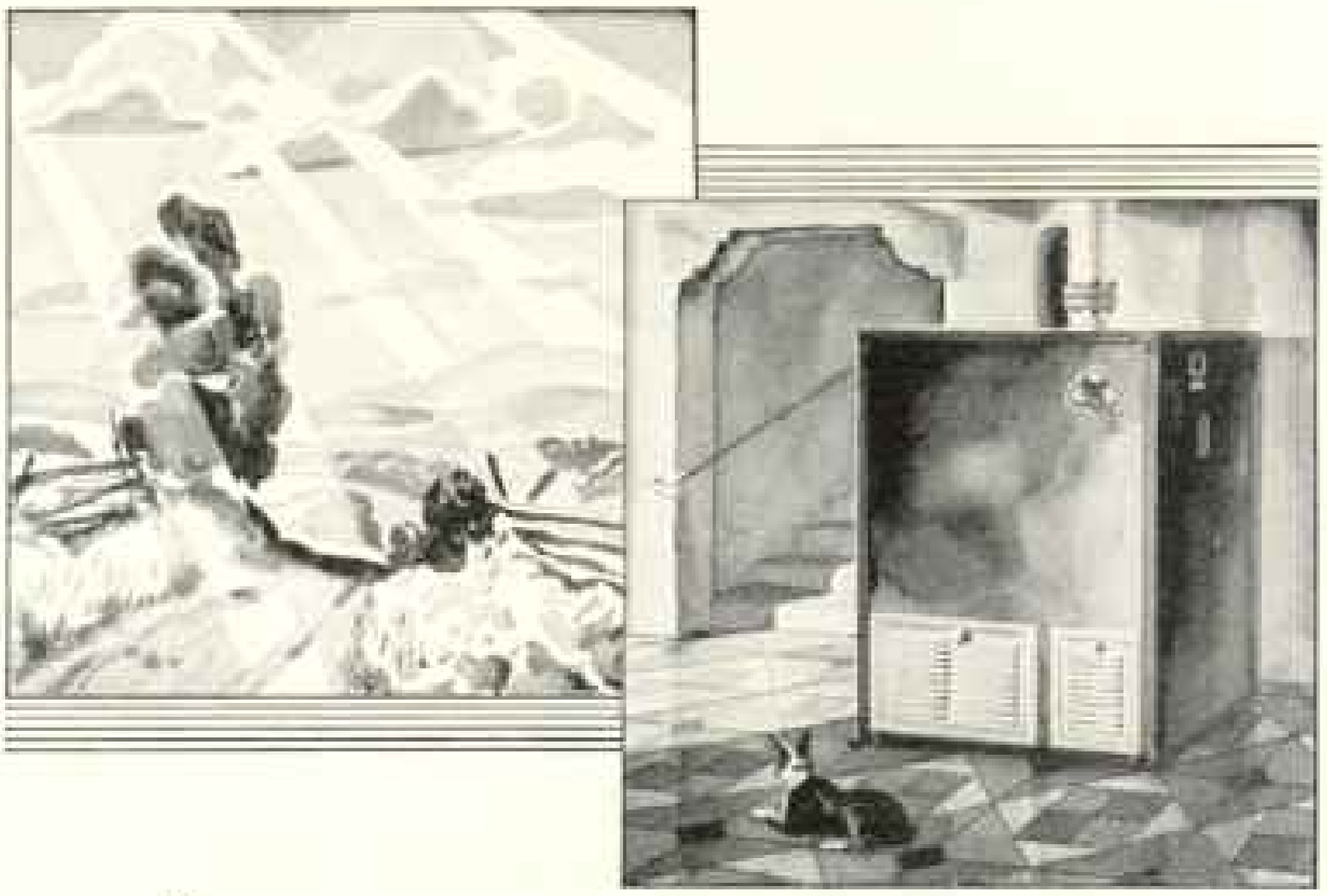

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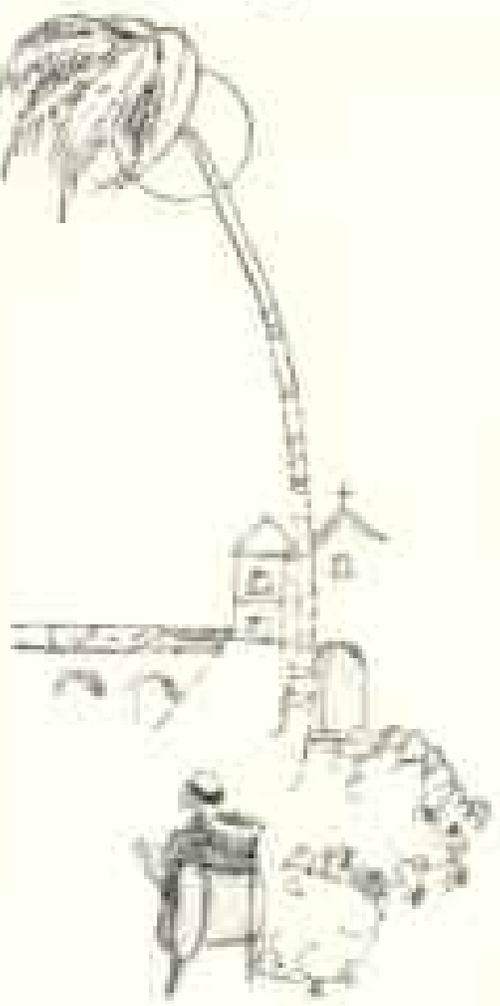

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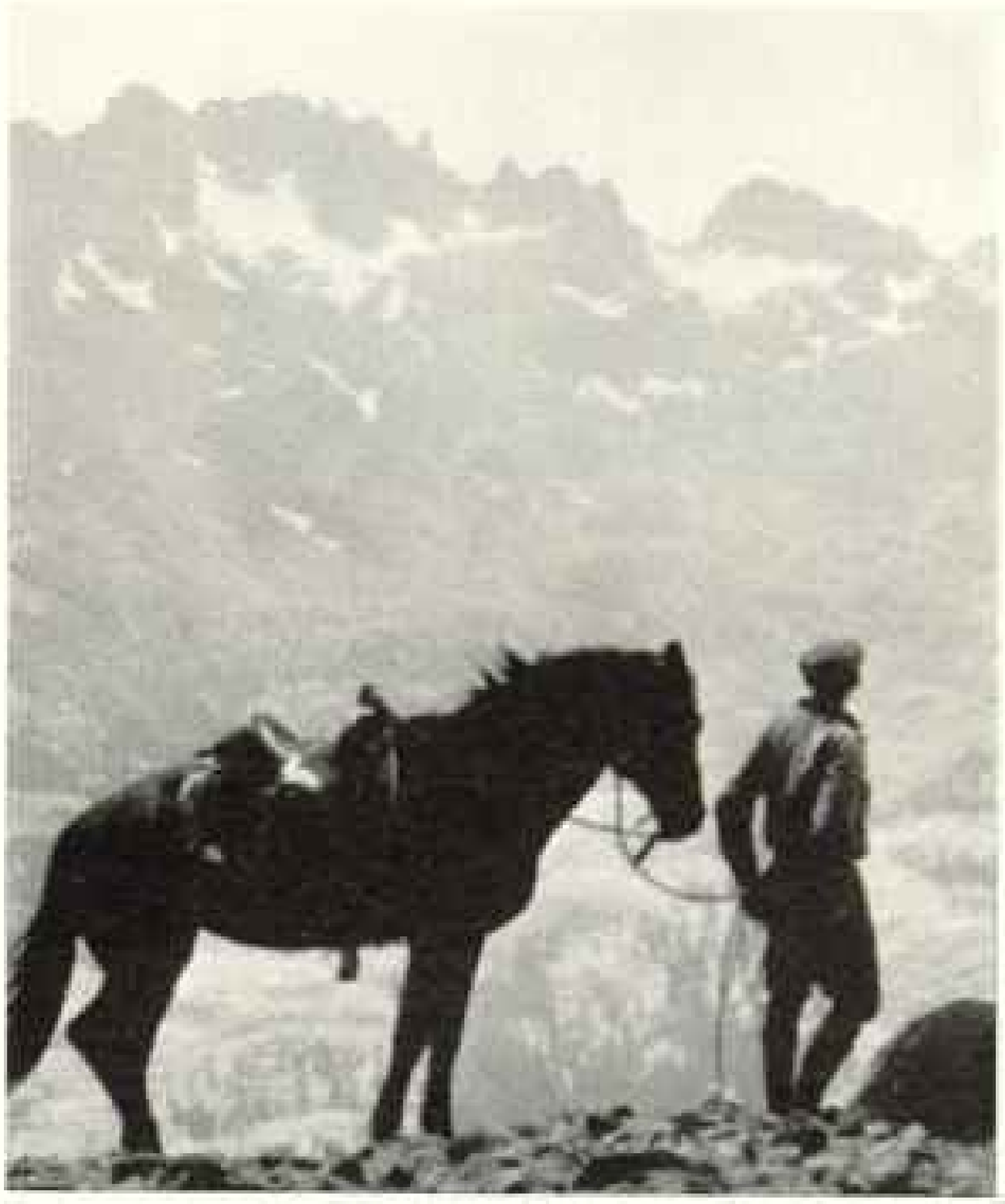

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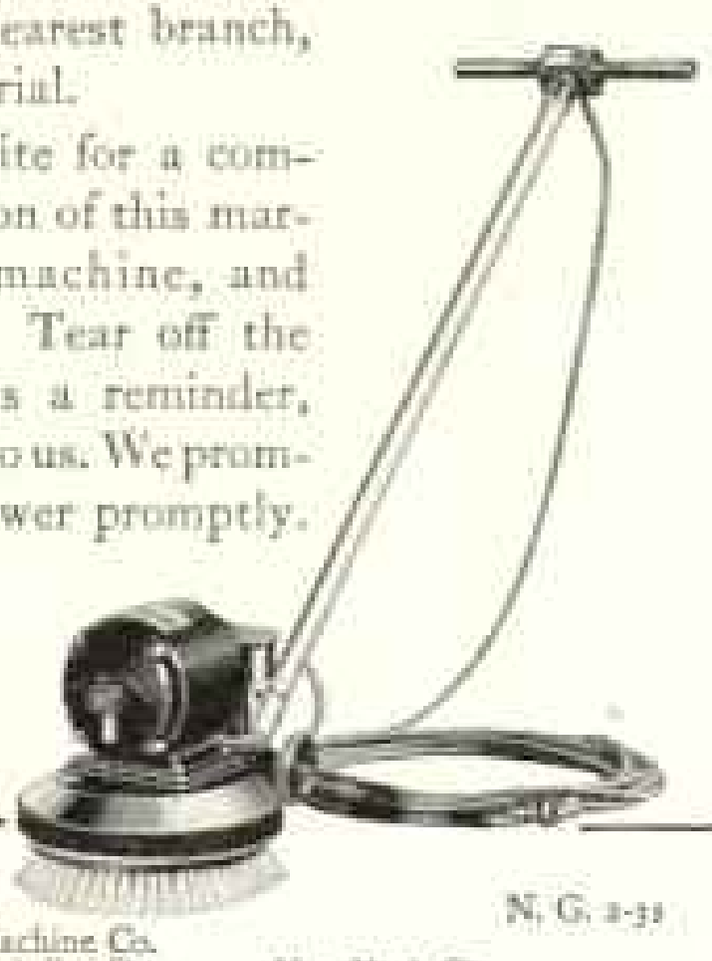

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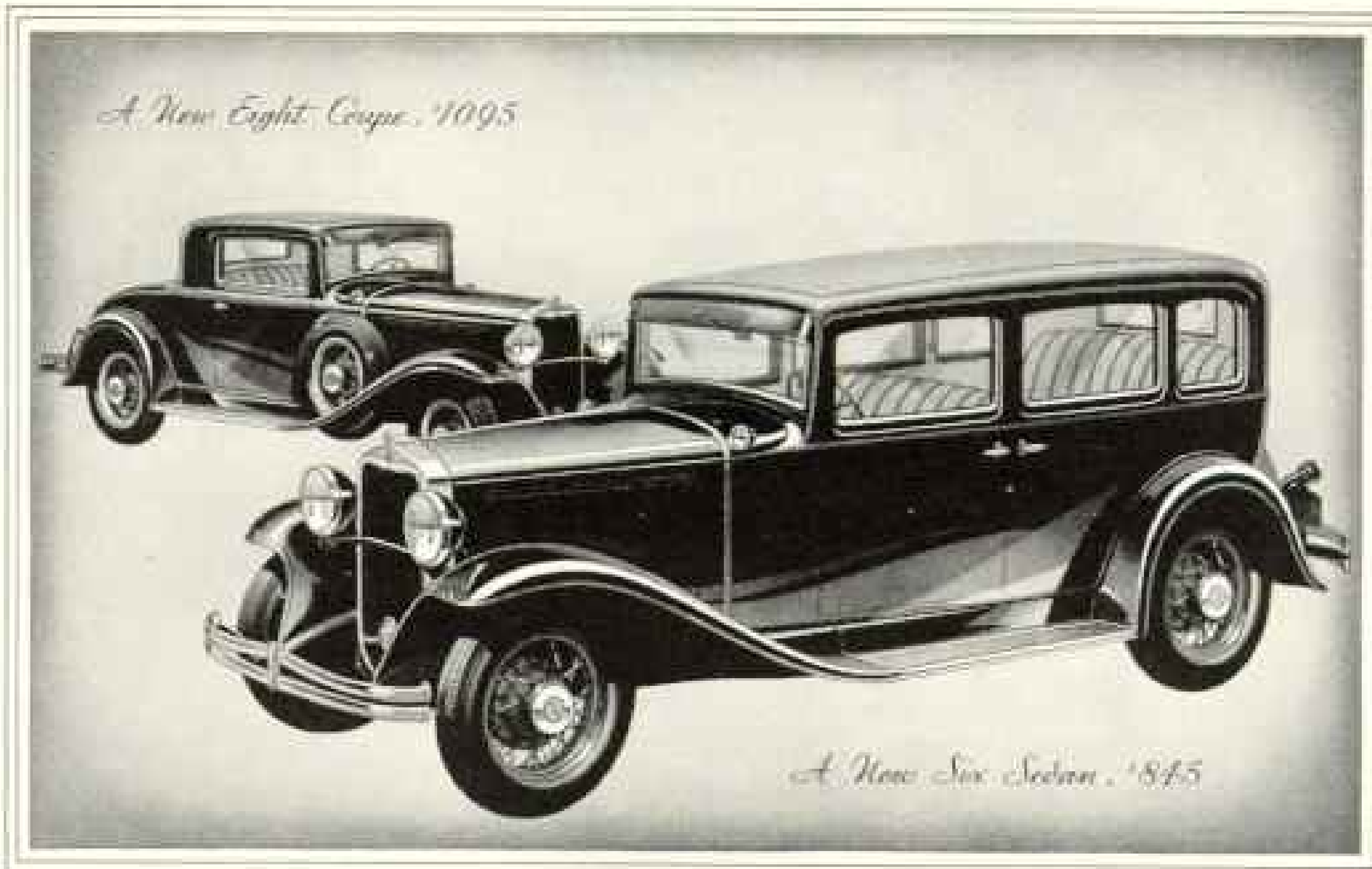

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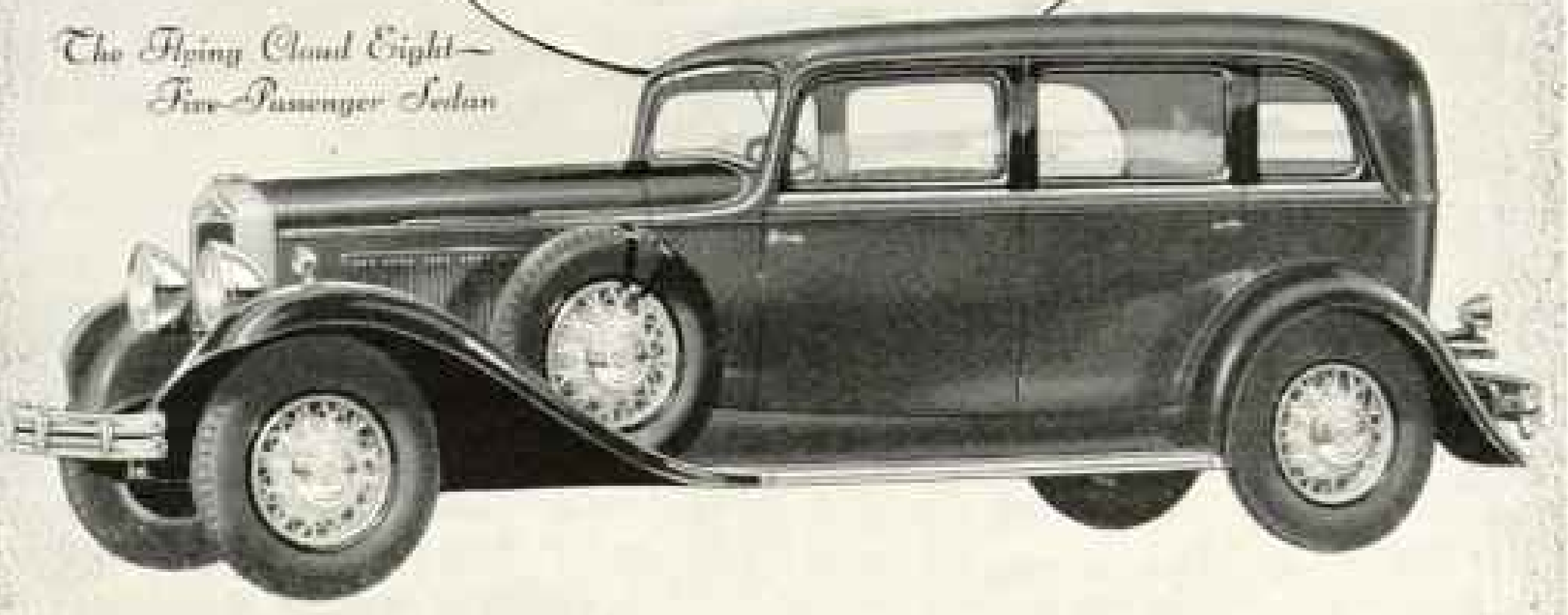

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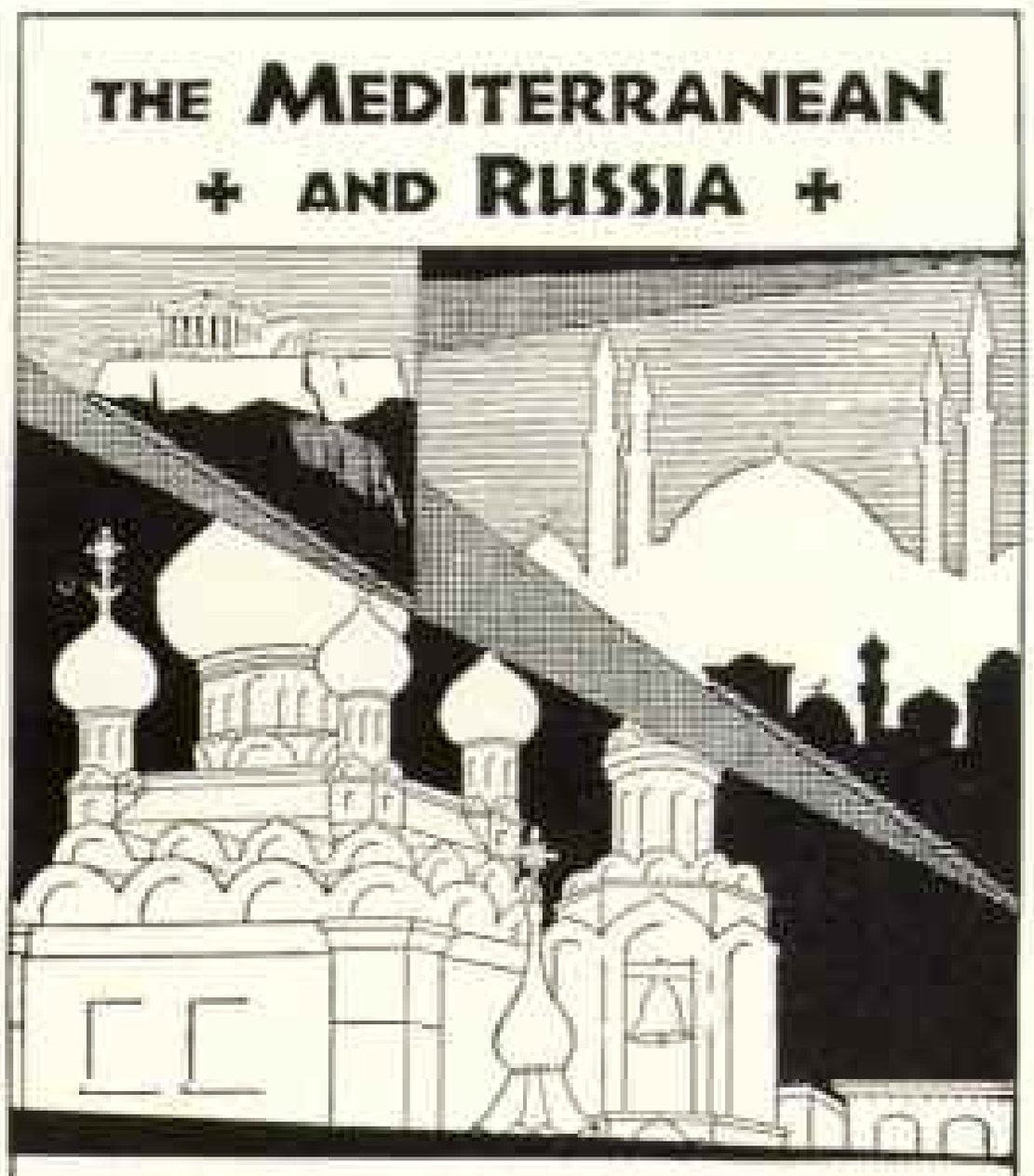

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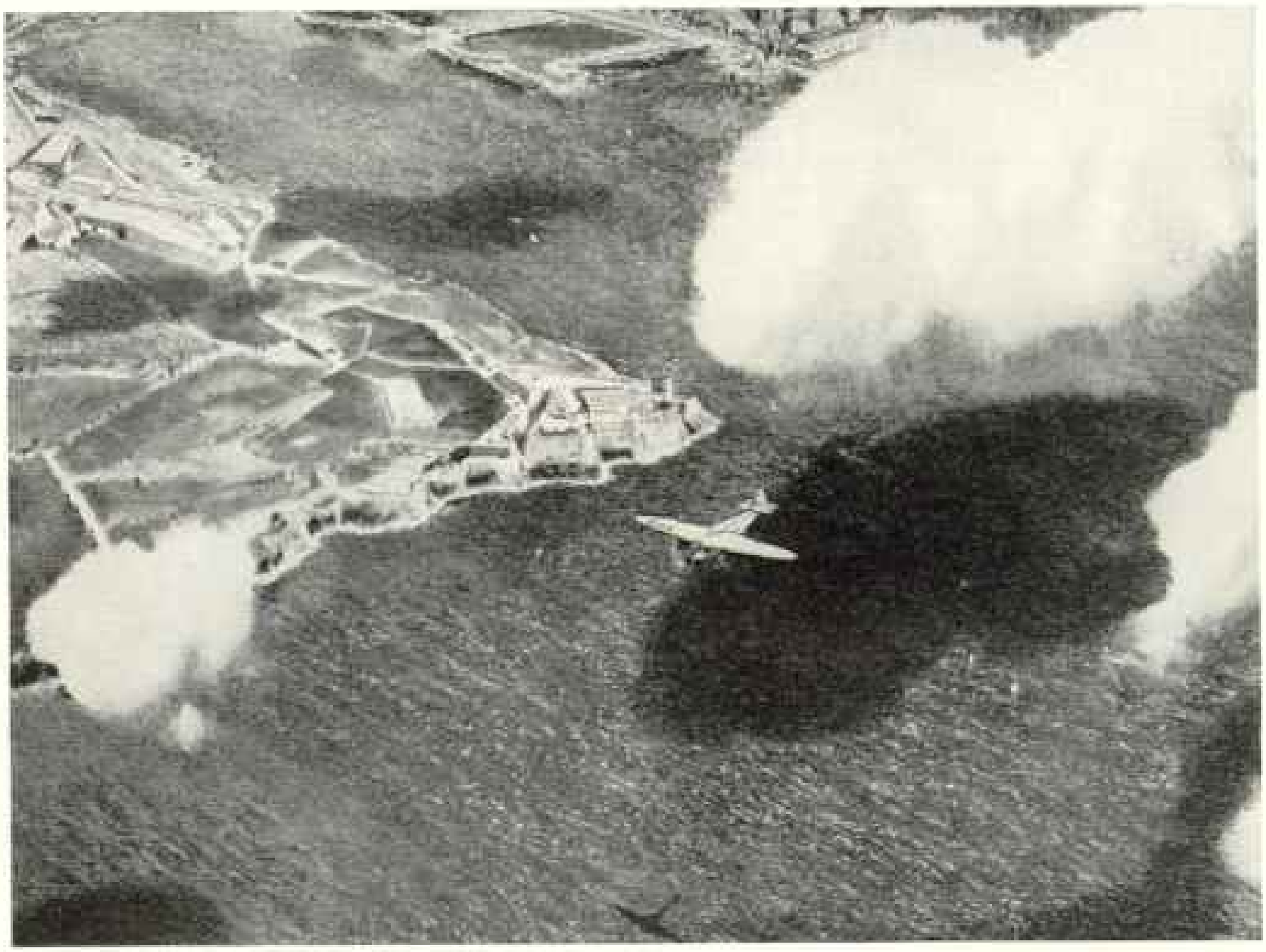

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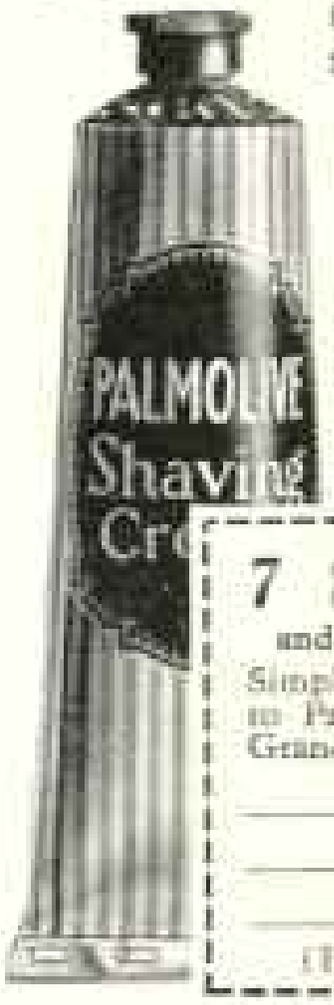

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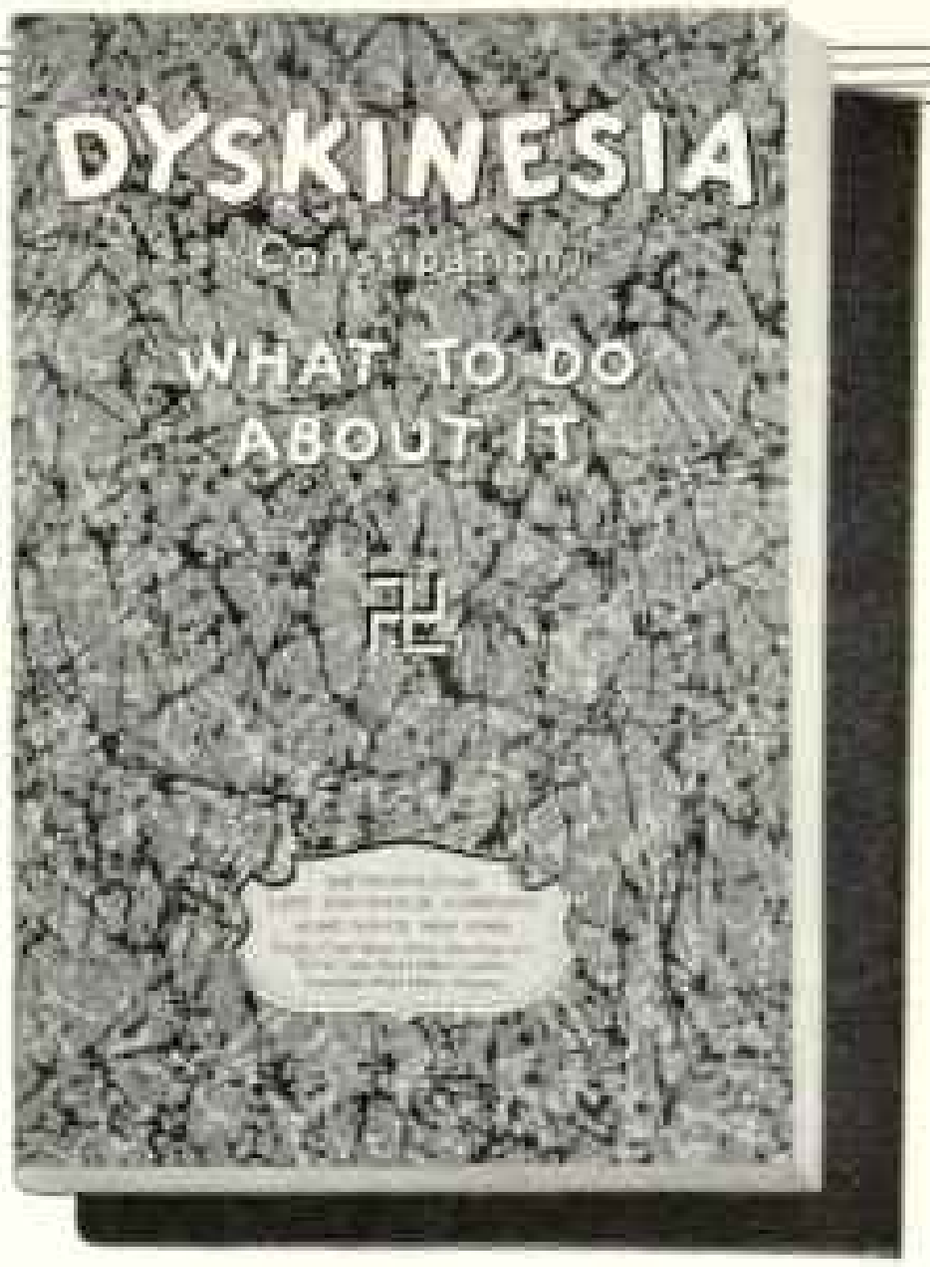


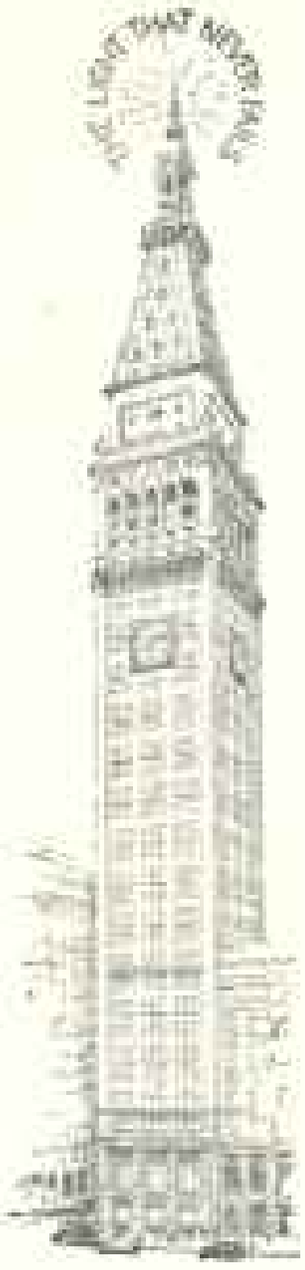
IF MISERY loves company, the person who has Dyskinesia [dis-kin-ées-ia] may be interested in learning from his family doctor that at least one in every three of his adult patients suffers from the same ailment. But he can take a good deal more comfort in knowing that Dyskinesia not only can be prevented but it can be cured—without resort to drugs.

Continued dependence on laxatives and cathartics, taken to relieve Dyskinesia, may be dangerous. They may bring temporary relief while causing great damage as time goes on.

Doctors attribute many serious troubles to Dyskinesia—colds, sick headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic inflammation of the intestines, in addition to "below-par-ness" in general. They also suspect it is responsible for certain disturbances of the gall-bladder, or of the kidneys, and for other disease conditions frequently associated with old age.

Just as improper diet, incorrect health habits, lack of needed exercise, rest and fresh air will cause Dyskinesia, proper diet, correct health habits and exercise will cure it, even when chronic.

Take no medicine for it unless advised by your doctor. Send coupon for the booklet, "Dyskinesia", which describes diet, living habits and exercise necessary to overcome constipation. Mailed free upon request.



What to do about it

Send this coupon today

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Please mail without cost to me a copy of the booklet, "Dyskinesia," which tells how to avoid and how to overcome intestinal sluggishness

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Adds to sentiment a reason;
Not just "reason" in the abstract
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Such as Saint and Cupid stand for
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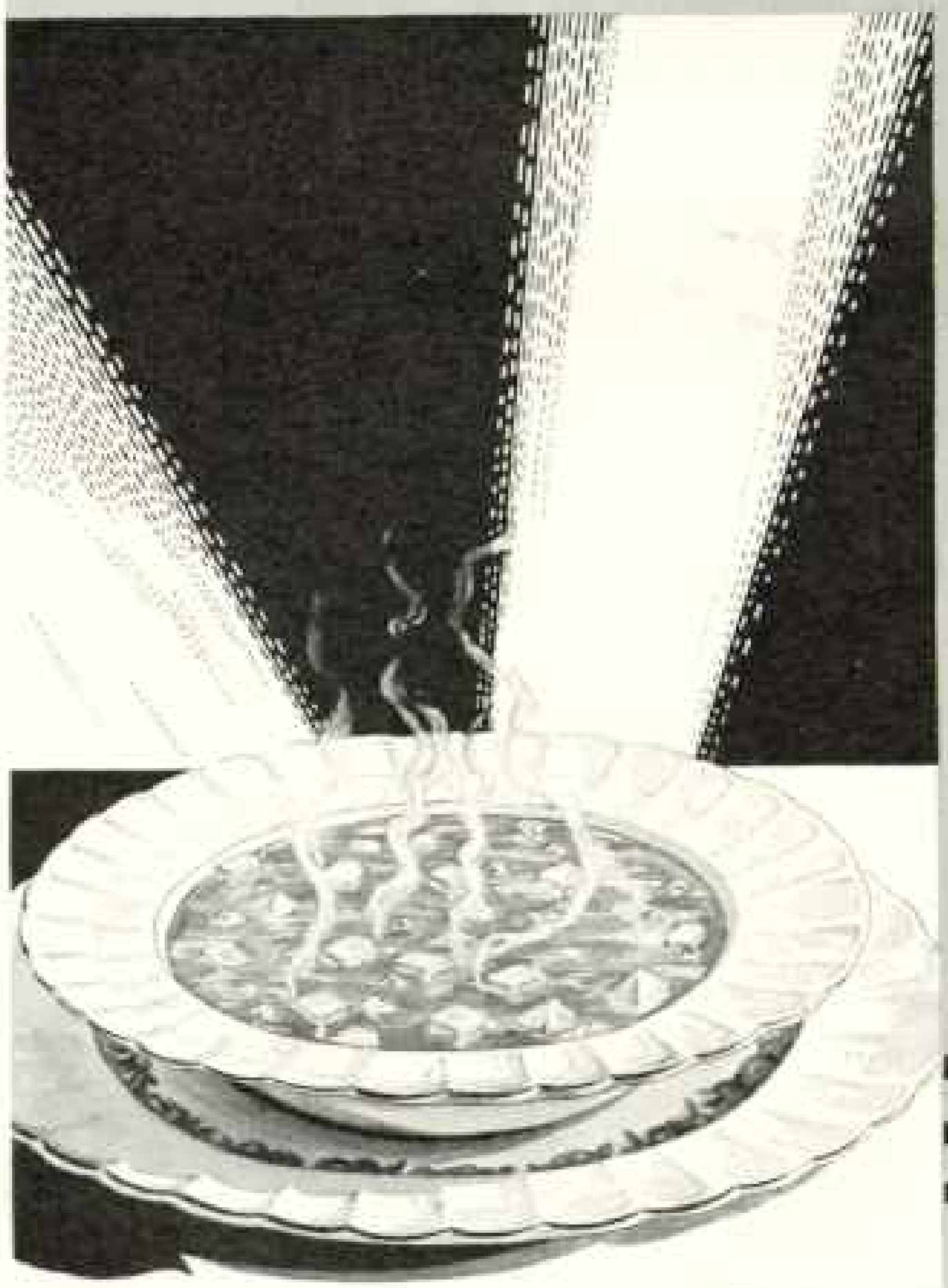

Appetites are apt to be temperamental at luncheon-time. It's so hard to know what will please, unless you serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It never fails to tempt. Its hearty nourishment never fails to satisfy.

Fifteen different vegetables in one soup! Already cooked. On your table in next to no time. An ideal luncheon. And it's but one of the 21 famous Campbell's Soups. 12 cents a can.

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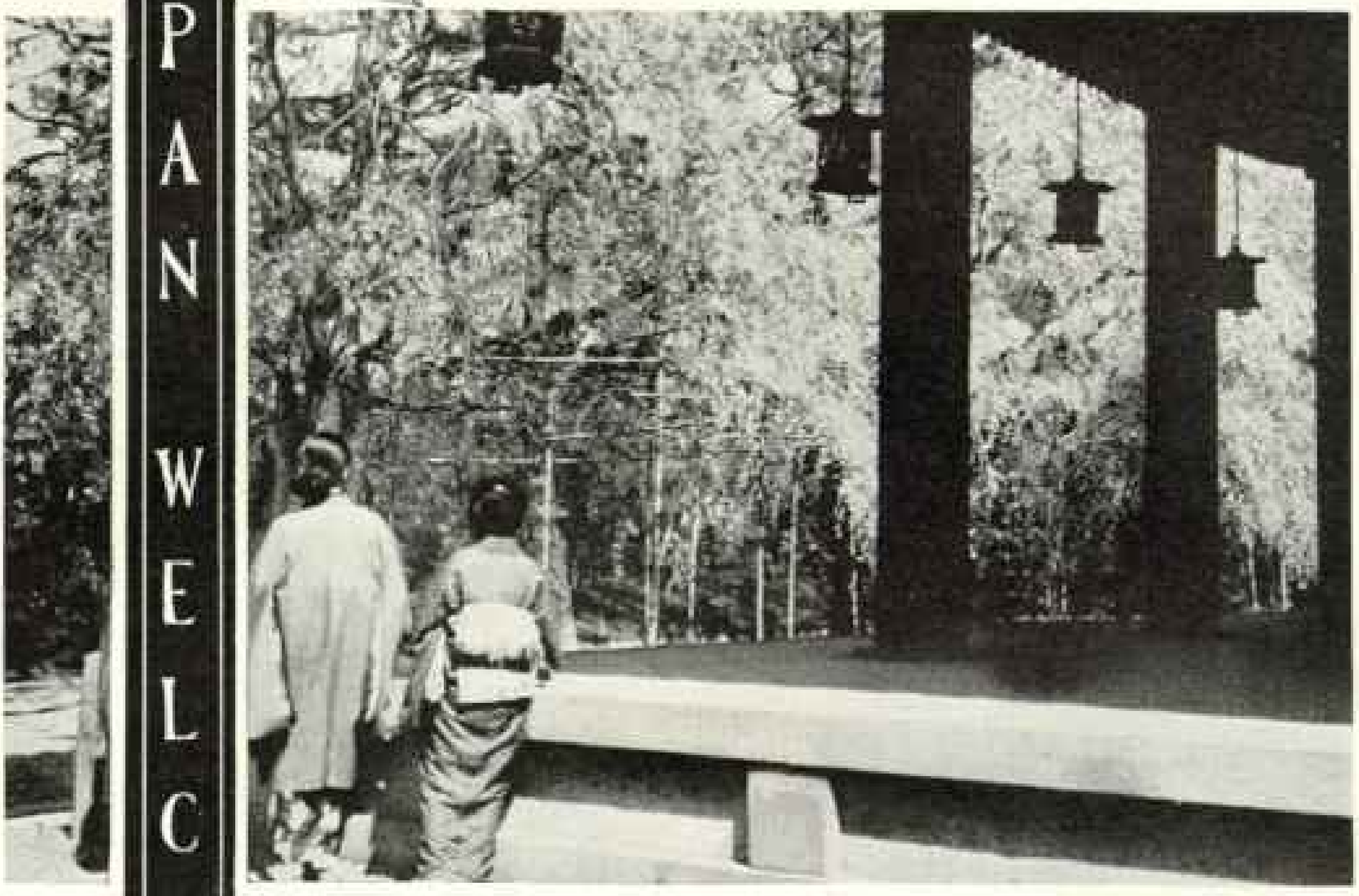

YOU'VE always wanted to see Japan, but you thought it too distant, too expensive . . . Because you didn't know the Japan Tourist Bureau and its work in this country in connection with the tourist agents and transportation companies.

It plans trips for millionaires . . . yes, but it gives just as much attention to the teacher, the student, the inquiring mind tied to a slim purse. For instance, one of the itineraries in its booklet "Specimen Tours" covers a good part of Japan in as little as ten days. First, Yokohama, its street life, its bazaars by motor car . . . Then, Tokyo—everything from Asakusa Park to the Imperial Palace . . . Nikko, where the Sacred Bridge flares like blood against the Cryptomerias—Lake Chuzenji, lovely Miyanoshita and a marvelous 100-mile motor trip to the foot of Mt. Fuji.

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The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau. Write for "Specimen Tours" and other booklets.

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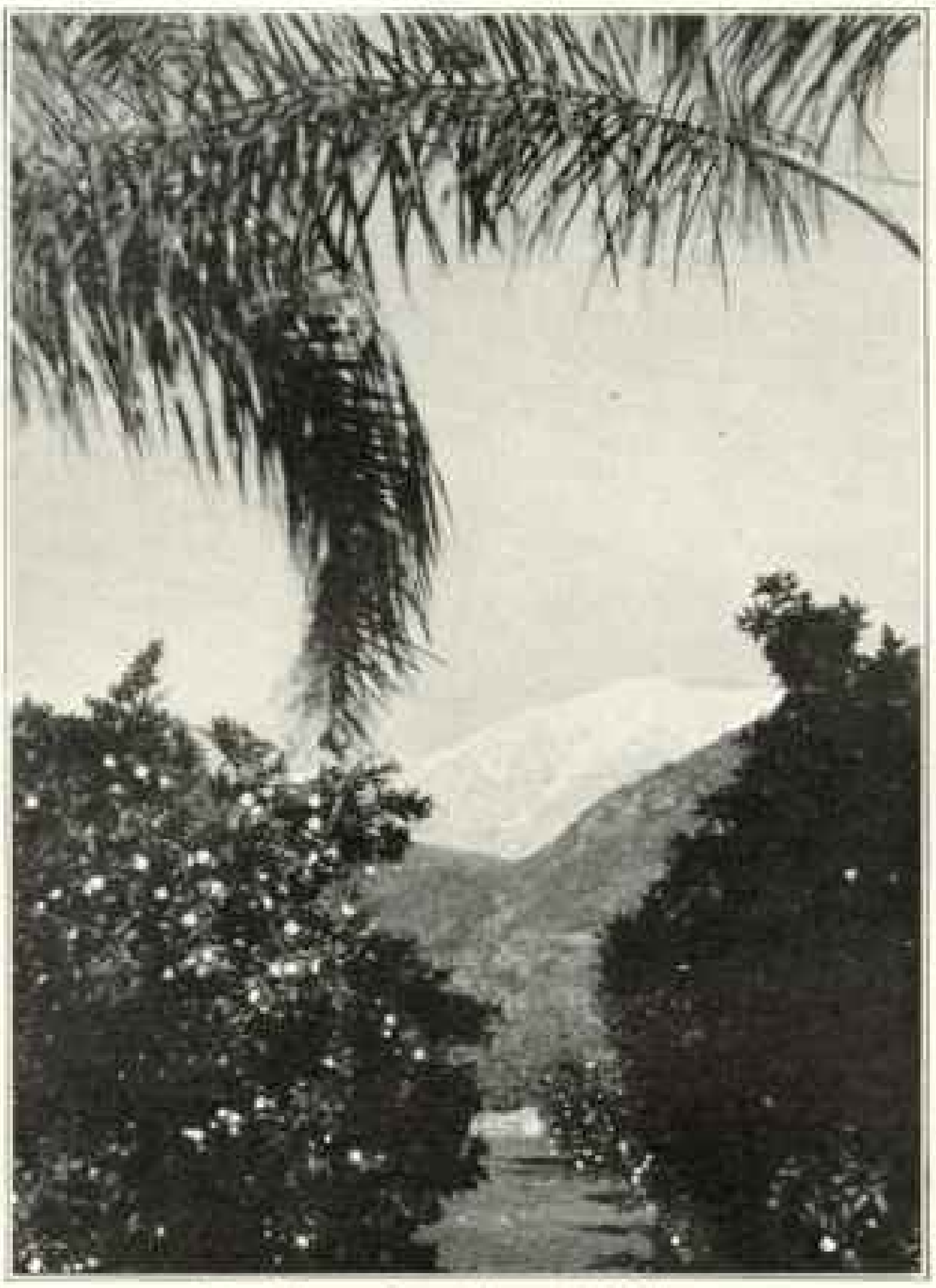

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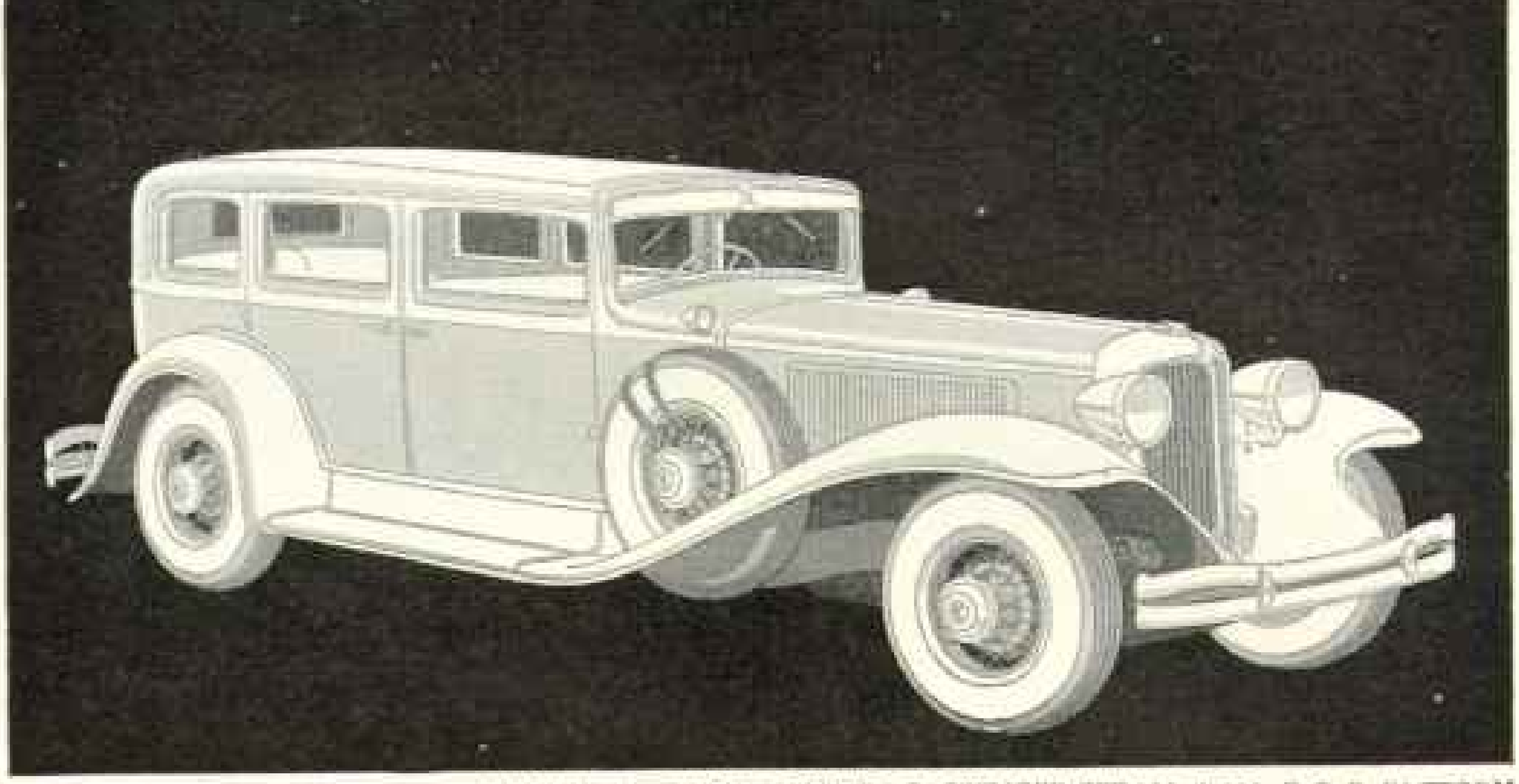

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DUAL HIGH GEARS . . .

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Two distinctly different high gears for distinctly different uses—one "high" for sprinting ahead of everything in traffic and for quiet, easy speed up any hill, another "high" for the wide open spaces.

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Dual High performance gives the new Chrysler Straight Eights a tremendous advantage. Makes them invincible in getaway. Makes them incomparably faster in picking up speed. Makes them smoother and more flexible at *all* speeds.

The new Chrysler Straight Eights are styled with a distinguished grace and smartness. An extremely low center of gravity serves to enhance beauty as well as to increase safety by the better balance of low-swung weight.

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CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*5-Pass. Sedan $2745; Close Coupled Sedan $2845; 7-Pass. Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHT, *bodies designed by LeBaron—Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3373. F. O. B. Factory.*

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IT hasn't taken people long to discover that any pump marked with the Ethyl emblem sells *something more* than gasoline. More car owners now ask for Ethyl Gasoline than for any other motor fuel.

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For instance: A recent count on Route 20 between Troy, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., showed a total of 1219 gasoline pumps—of which 355 were Ethyl pumps. This is 10% more than for the next largest selling gasoline.

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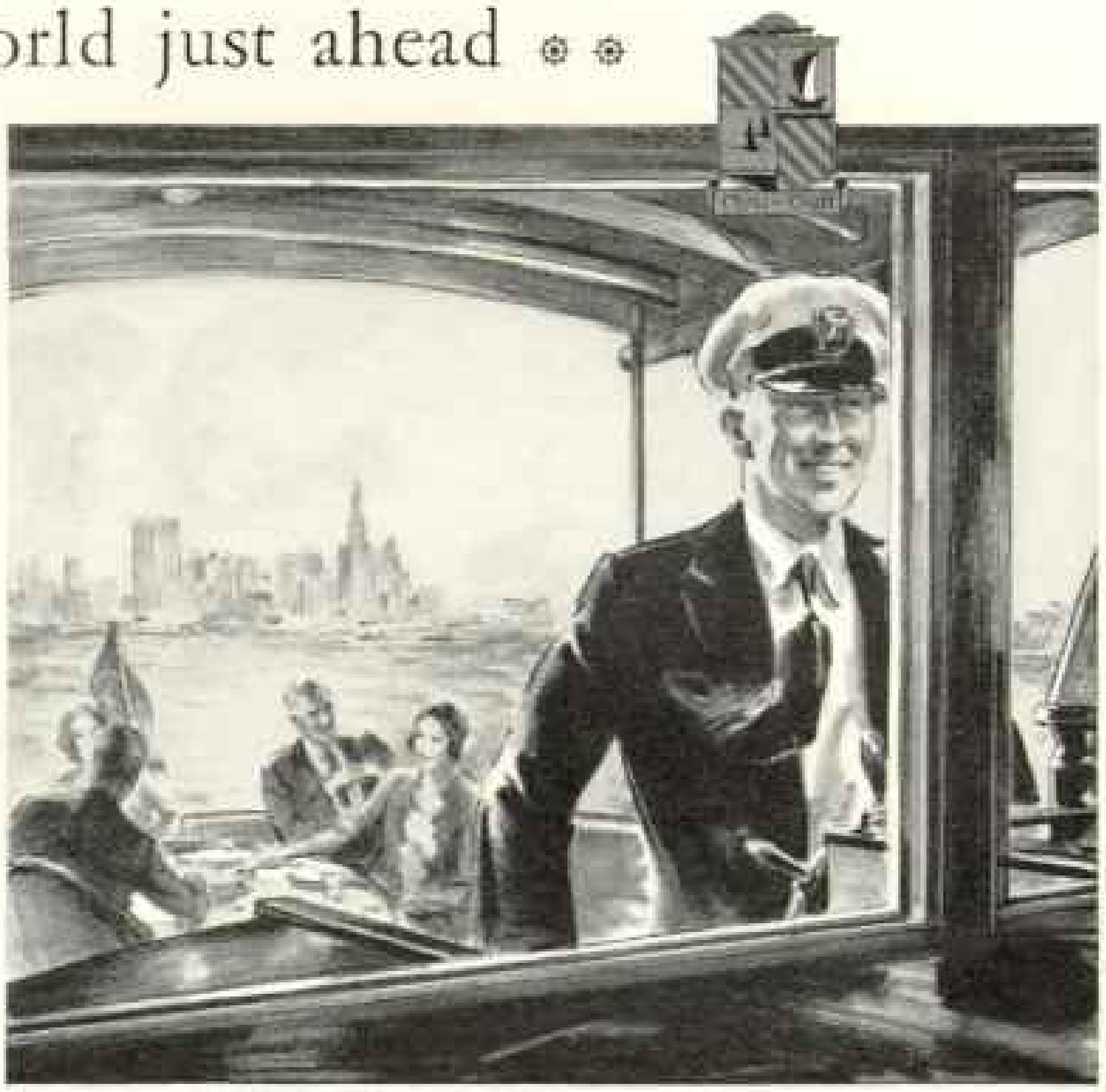
The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

The city lies behind ⚙ ⚙ ⚙
A new world just ahead ⚙ ⚙



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GULF COAST *and* NEW ORLEANS

or en route to California . .

Follow the route shown on the map, and you will follow the track of spring. On the Gulf Coast, wisteria hangs lavender blossoms against a background of purple and grey, azalea flames for miles along the roads and in gardens, roses bloom, and pine tree and flower blossom scent the air. Lively men and women take part in all outdoor sports—golf on velvet greens, tennis on elastic courts, swimming in glass-enclosed pools or, on the warmer days, in the Gulf of Mexico, sailing and fishing, riding and hiking—for it's spring, and the weather makes you want to do things.

Over in New Orleans the season's at its height. Mardi Gras is almost here (February 17th this year), and a city that can revert to childhood for a day is making preparations for costumes and floats and surprises. The races are on, tourists are thronging streets, tasting delectable foods in world-famed restaurants, peeking in through heavy doors at jewels of courtyards, murmuring over landmarks of French and Spanish eras. Mocking birds sing, and again you know it's spring, no matter what the weather man up North says.

If you are a winter vacationist en route to California, follow the path of spring along the Gulf Coast, through New Orleans, and on through southern Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. You can enjoy liberal stop-over privileges on the Gulf Coast and at New Orleans that will allow you to take part in sports and Mardi Gras

revelries. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad runs two all-Pullman passenger trains daily to the Gulf Coast and New Orleans; from New York and the East, the "Crescent Limited"; from the Central North, "The Pan-American"; and other splendid trains. Write W. I. Lightfoot, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Room 453C, 9th and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for information about schedules, stop-over privileges, and literature on things to see and do on the Gulf Coast and at New Orleans.

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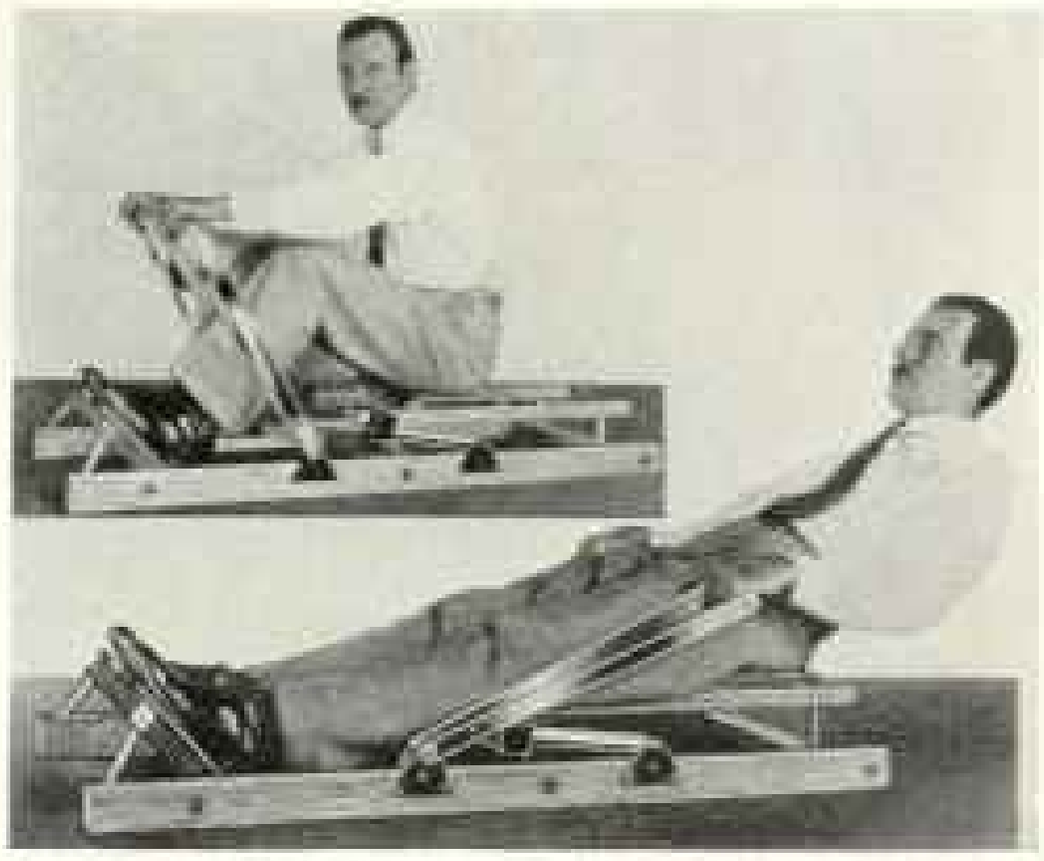

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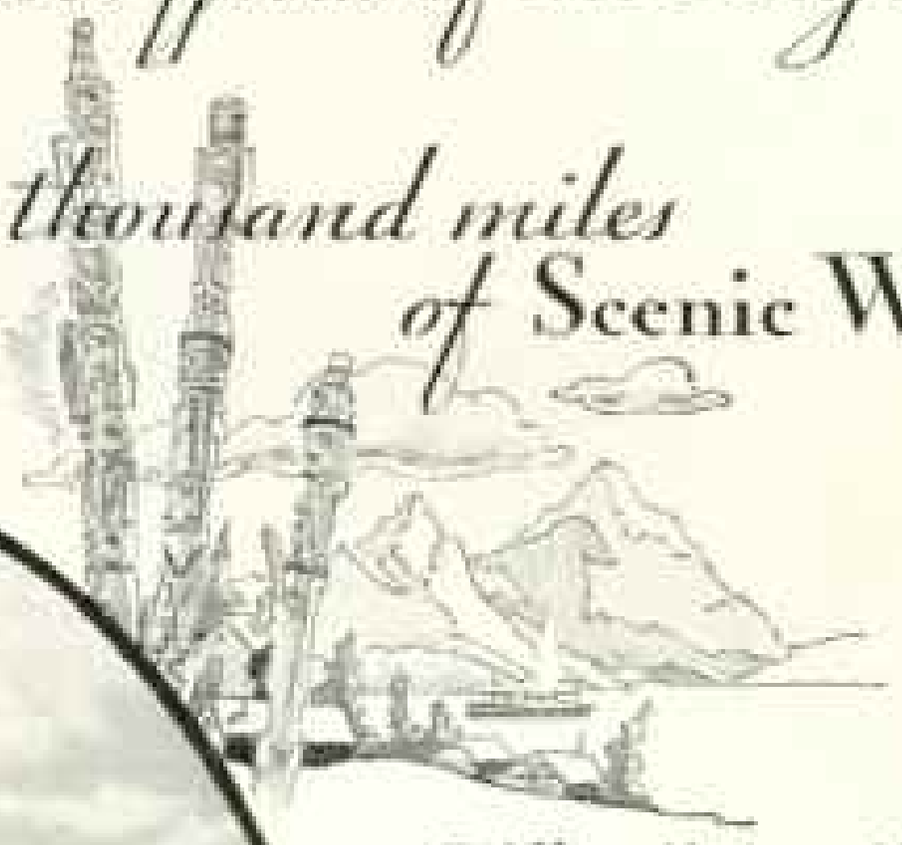

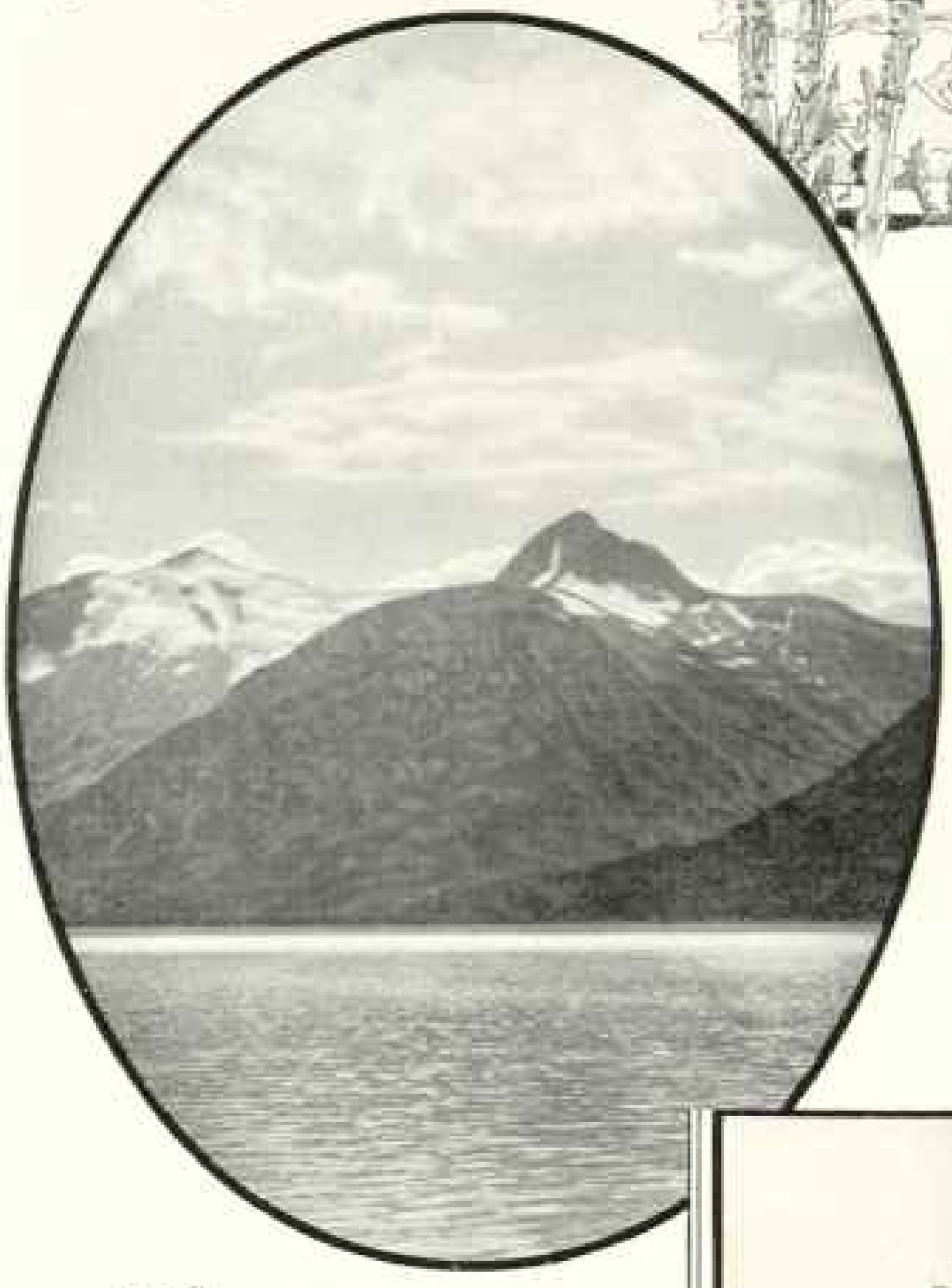

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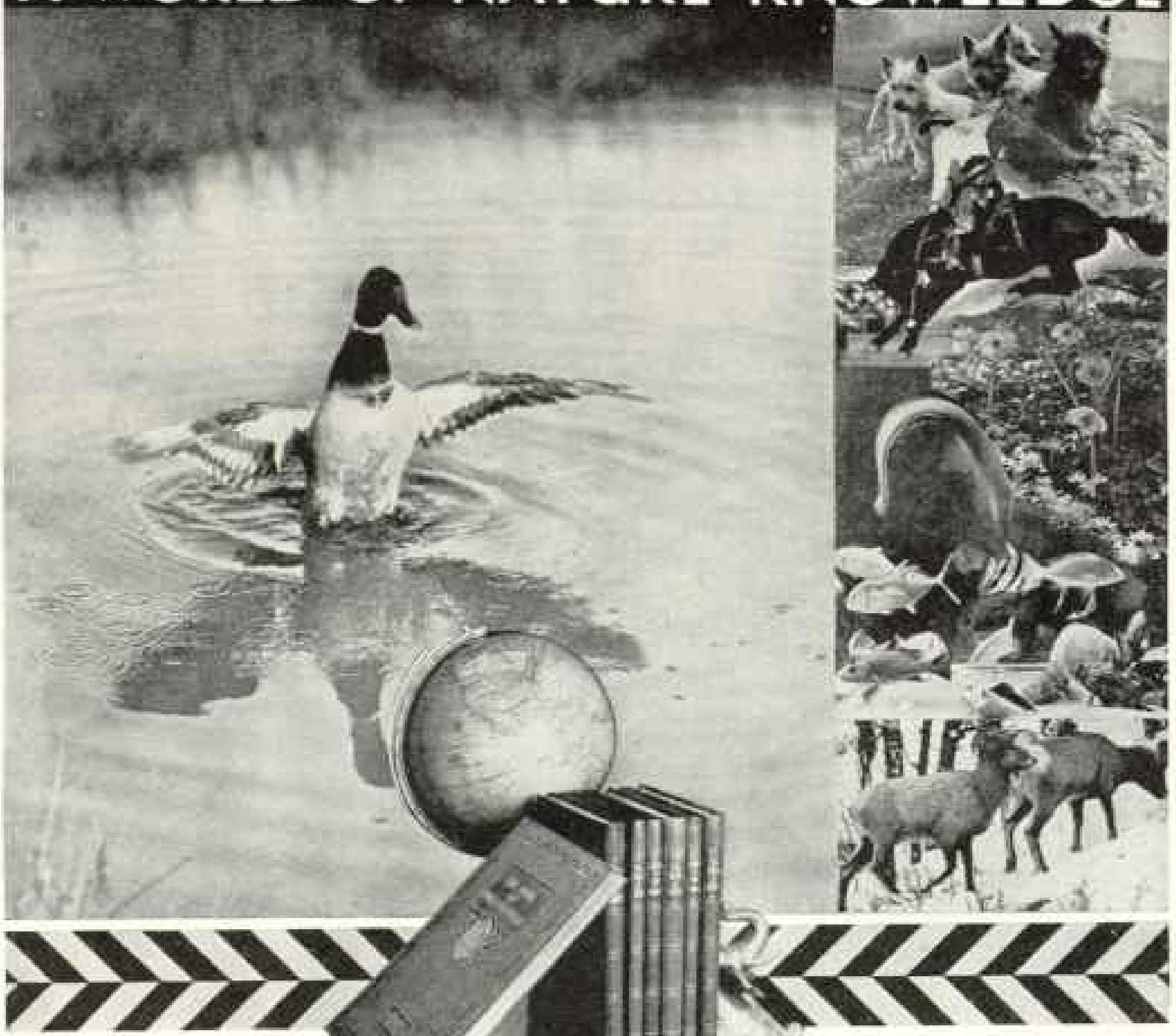

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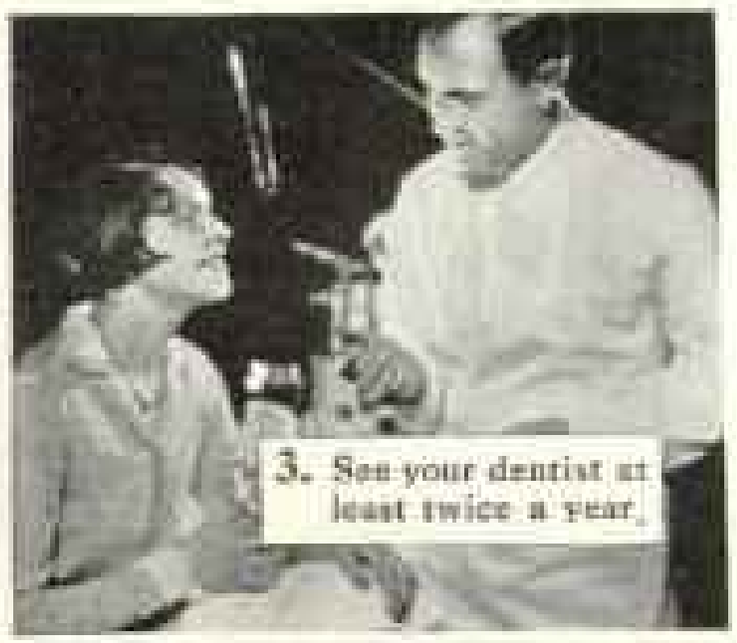

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Third, in building up resistance to disease. The maintenance of youthful health is the primary concern of every mother. The sunshine vitamin not only builds strong bones but helps to build strong constitutions. This is of especial concern to mothers during the winter months, when the sunlight contains only a very small amount of the normal beneficial ultra-violet found in summer sunlight.

For these three reasons every mother is vitally interested in Vitamin D. "How best to provide my children and myself with this sunshine vitamin?" is her first question.

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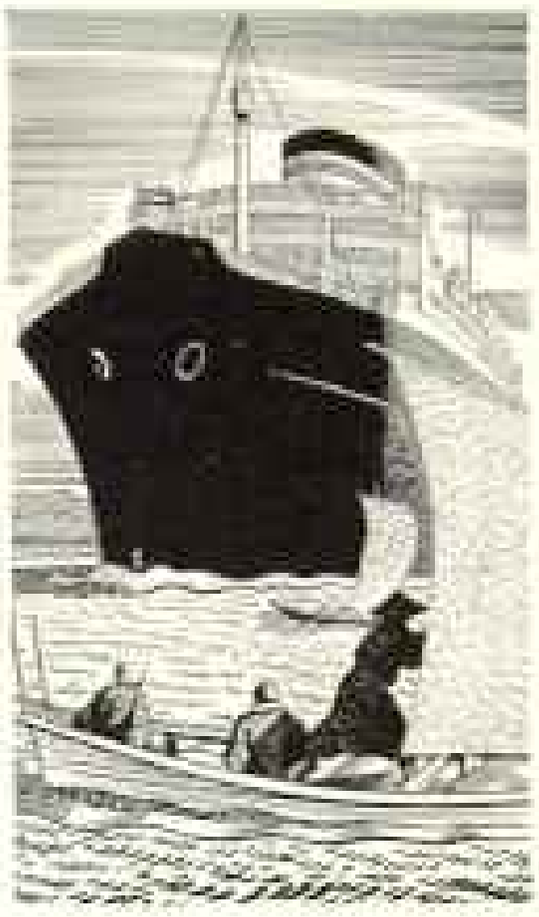

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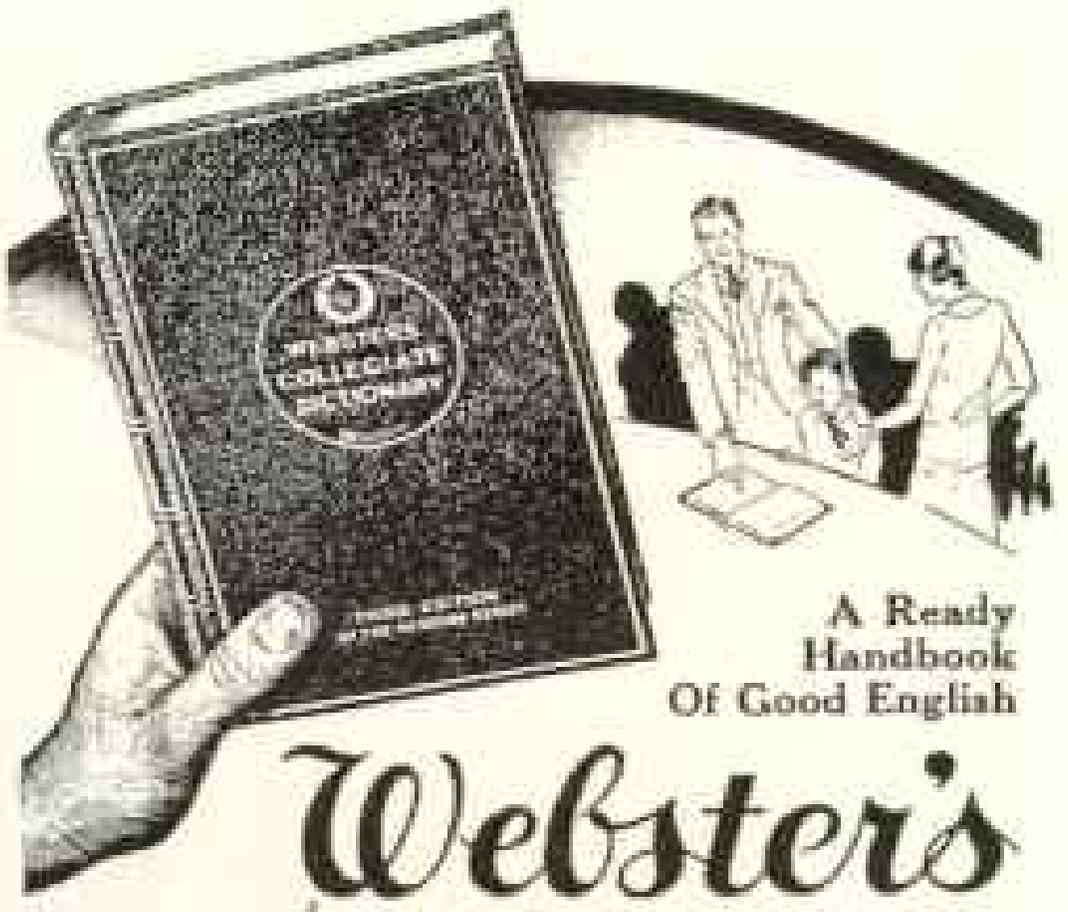

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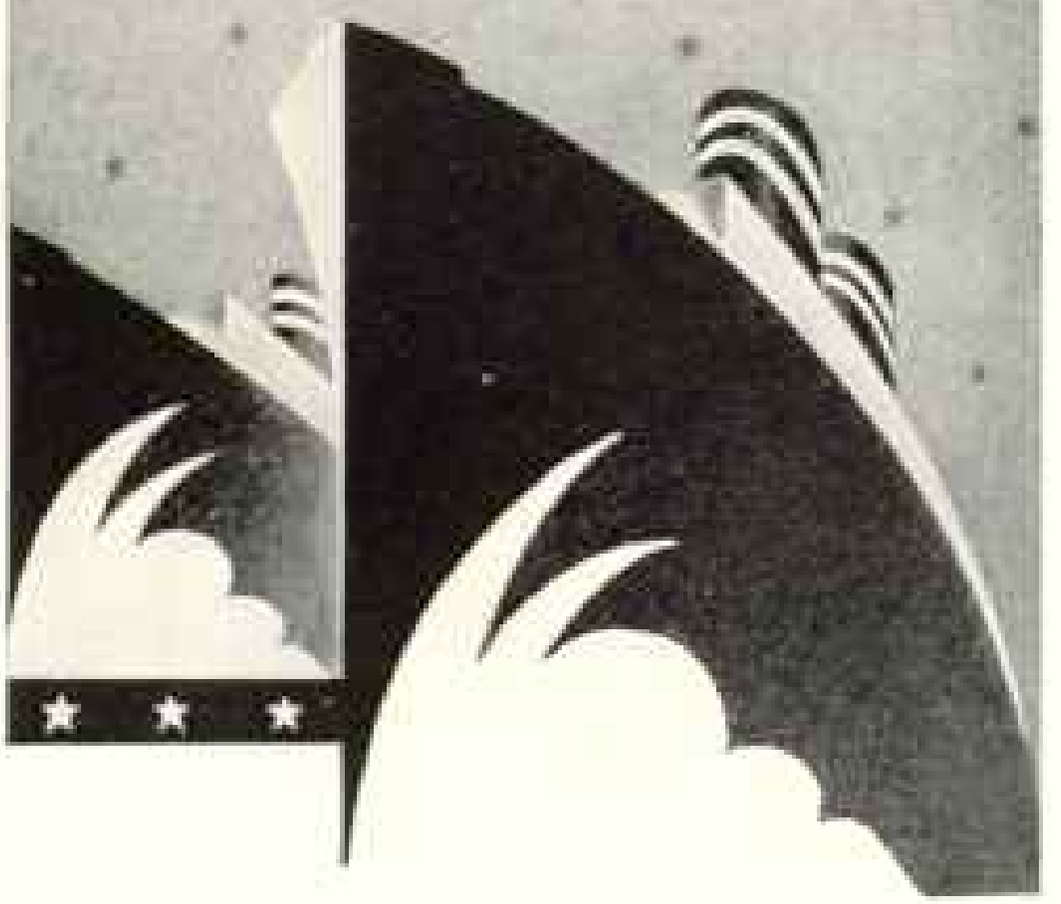

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Dept. 312, 220 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
Founded 1855

Please send me free descriptive literature on the T/N One Piece Water Closet. I am interested in ☐ REMODELING ☐ NEW HOME

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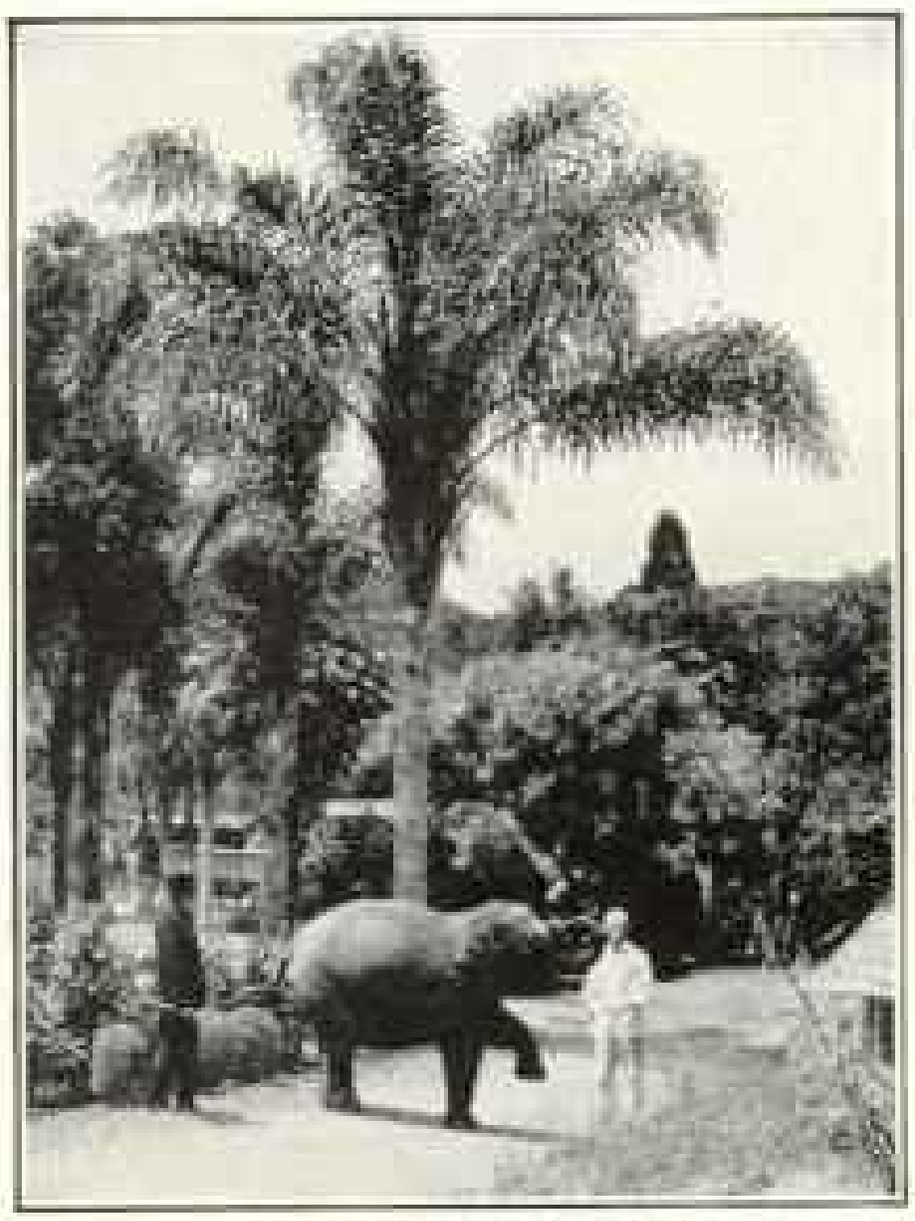
Plumber's Name _____



In Mitchell Park, Durban

SOUTH AFRICA

Golden Days— Starry Nights!

WINTER—and you long for sunny lands, genial climes! Connoisseurs of travel joys are turning toward South Africa, where floods of sunshine, blue skies, and an exhilarating atmosphere fill one with fresh zest for all outdoor sports—and your eyes may feast on a wealth of wonders such as only Africa offers.

Where else can you see Victoria Falls? The charming, historic Cape Peninsula? Mines that yield more than half the world's gold? Famed Kimberley, whose sparkling gems bedeck the fair ones of earth? The Bantu with his primitive kraal, unique tribal ceremonies, his witch doctors and war dances?

You will stand in awe at the tomb of Rhodes, on a granite hill of the Matopos, as you ponder the colossal dreams of the empire builder. Zimbabwe—supposed source of Solomon's gold—will recall the fascinating tales of Rider Haggard. And you may span the centuries with curious speculation on Africa's early cave dwellers as you examine the rock paintings of ancient Bushmen.

13,000 miles of modern railroads, with de luxe express trains, splendid motor highways, and excellent hotels, minister to your every comfort and convenience.

Full information and Booklet OD-1 will be gladly supplied by the Director

South Africa Travel Bureau

11 Broadway *New York City*

2-1937

Screens, too, have gone modern

Rolscreens obviate the unsightliness and inconveniences of old-fashioned, wide-framed screens. Installed permanently, they require no annual putting up and taking down. *They roll up and down, like a window shade.* Window washing and access to flower boxes or casement latches are simplified. No gathered dirt to soil breeze-blown drapes. Thoroughly insect-tight. Made of special "AlumiteA" wire-cloth that will far outlive their TEN-YEAR GUARANTEE. Write for booklet giving complete information. Rolscreen Company, 921 Main Street, Pella, Iowa.

Rolscreens

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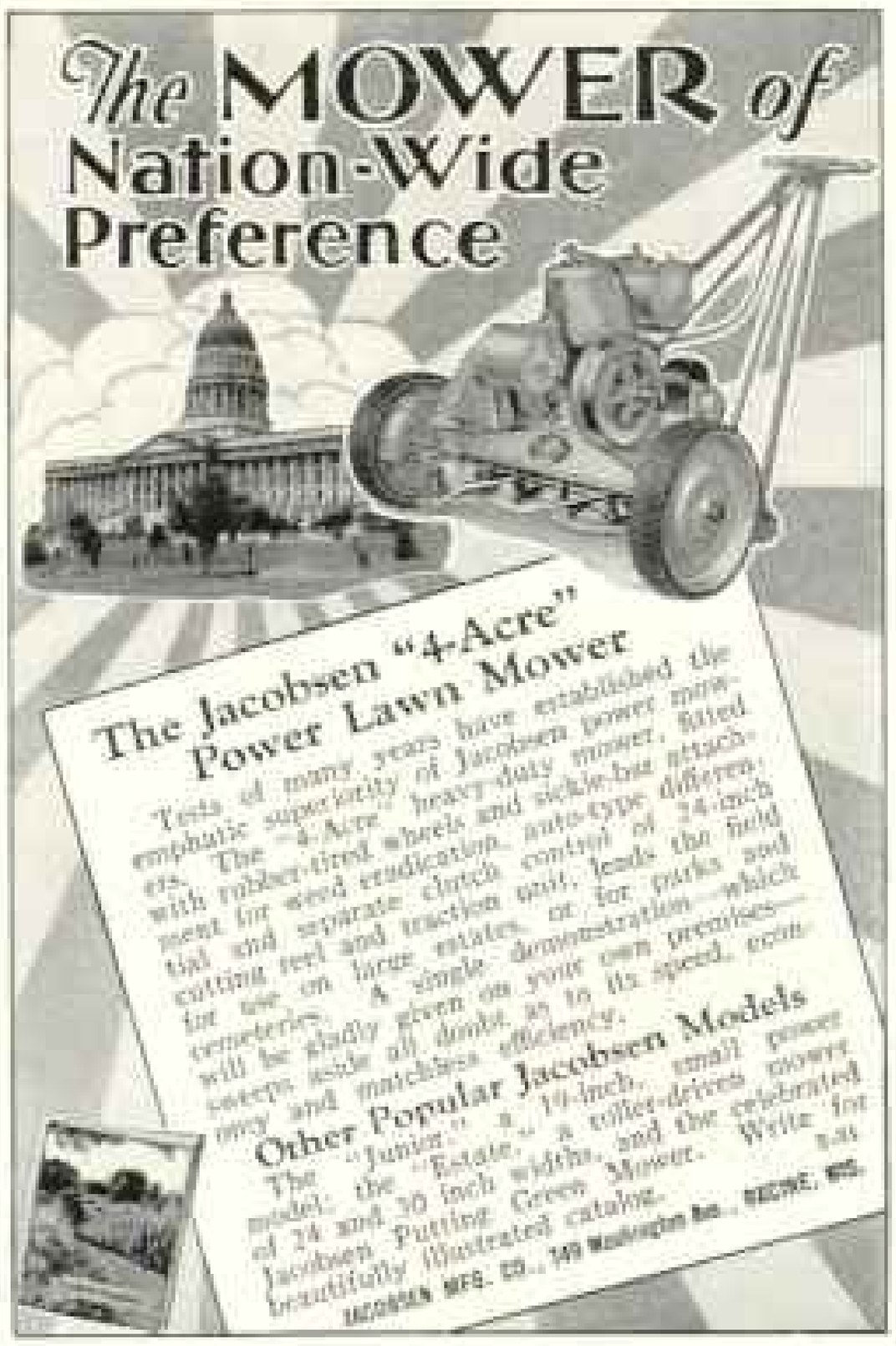
OF PELLA, IOWA



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CHAMBERLIN
weather strips and IN-DOR-SEALS

Drafts! Whether door drafts or window drafts they're heat-wasting and cold breeding nuisances...costly nuisances. Stop them now . . . once and for all. Enjoy a more comfortable, cozier, healthier home . . . a home that you can heat evenly and economically in *every* nook and corner . . . without having to burn extra fuel. Let Chamberlin . . . the world's largest weather strip manufacturer . . . weather strip your home. Remember that nearly 50% of the present heating season is still before you . . . so act now.

CUT FUEL BILLS 20% TO 40%

Chamberlin Weather Strips will save enough fuel to pay for themselves within 2 to 5 years. And these savings continue undiminished *for the life of your building.*

INSTALLED BY EXPERTS

Skilled Chamberlin mechanics install Chamberlin Weather Strips. Whatever the weather, there is no interference with your comfort while they are working. Only Chamberlin with its 100 factory branches gives a nation-wide, expert, factory-direct-to-consumer service.

LOW COST—EASY TO PAY

Bear in mind that Chamberlin Weather Strips are really an investment and they can be purchased on convenient terms. *Telephone your local Chamberlin branch, or mail coupon.*

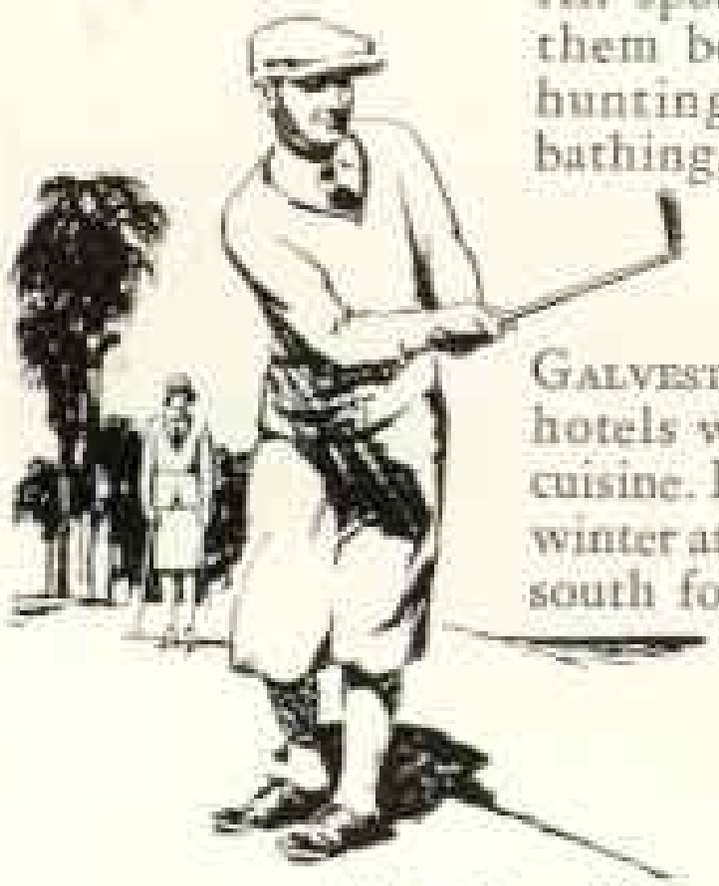
CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 - THE STANDARD

Mail today

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP COMPANY, INC., Detroit, Michigan.
Send Booklet "Better Homes and Weather Strips"—
and FREE estimate for_____ doors_____ windows.

Mr. _____
Mrs.
Address _____ PC406

Play all winter long under a warm southern sun on TREASURE ISLE . . . . .



All sports as you like them best. Golfing, hunting, fishing, surf bathing, boating . . you follow your whim of the moment in GALVESTON. Fine beach hotels with excellent cuisine. For a delightful winter at low cost, head south for *Treasure Isle.*

Write Dept. NG-2, Chamber of Commerce, Galveston, Tex., for beautiful descriptive booklet of joys in store for you.

GALVESTON
. . . . . ON THE GULF

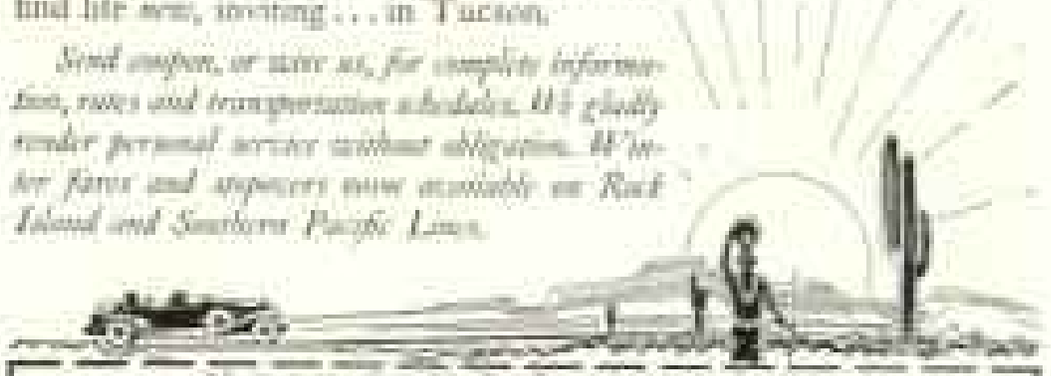
LIVE
where winter's smile is sunniest

Trade months of cold for warm, bright sunshine—come this year to Tucson. New energy awaits you!

Play every day—golf—tennis...polo—or you can fish, hike, motor. Nearby are cattlelands, pueblos, ranches, mountains, missions, Mexico.

And in the city is every modern metropolitan attraction: parks, theatres, smart hotels and shops . . . schools second in rank in the United States. Each day of every year you'll find life new, inviting . . . in Tucson.

Send coupon, or write us, for complete information, rates and transportation schedules. We gladly render personal service without obligation. Winter fares and stopovers now available on Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines.



Advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Commission

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

1004 C Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"

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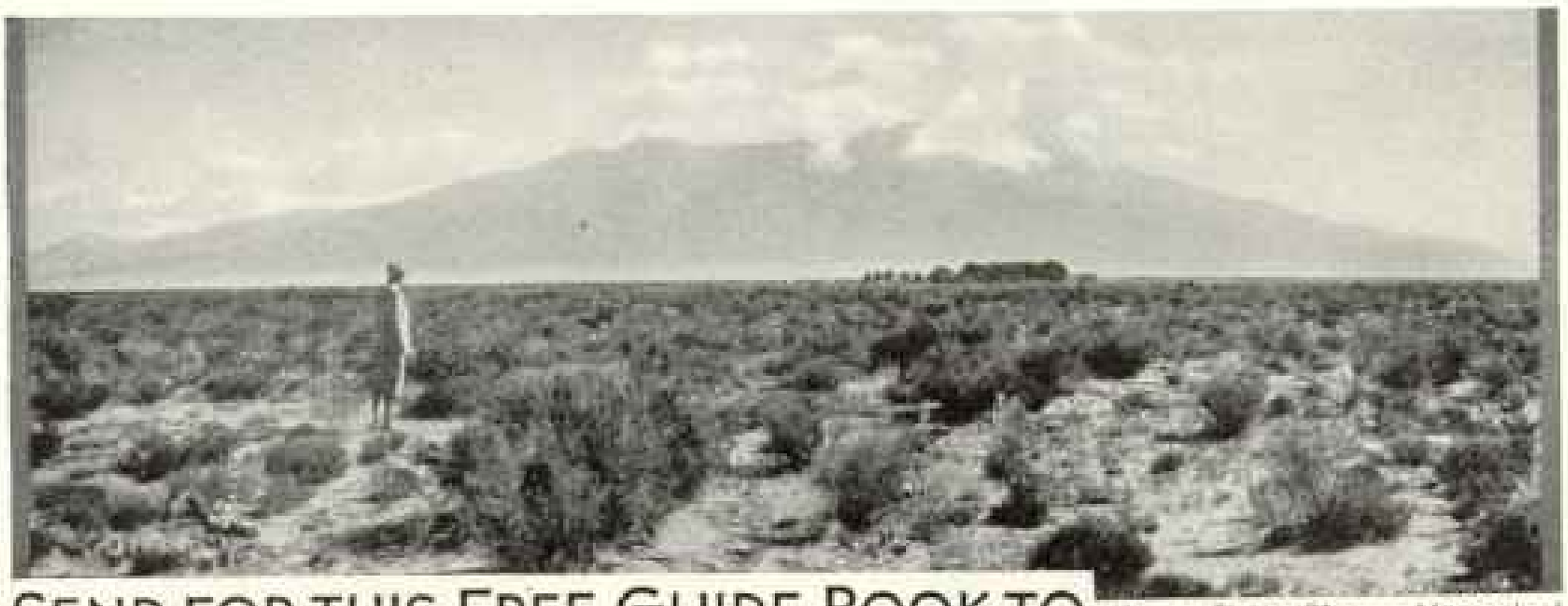
Address _____



Above: Sierra Blanca, Monarch of the Sangre de Christo Range, from San Luis Valley. Below: Few Meats Are as Delicious as Colorado Lamb.

SEND FOR THIS FREE GUIDE BOOK TO SUNSHINE, VITAMINS, FUN & GLORY!

Fascinations of every kind greet you on every hand in Colorado. Such scenery, such sunshine, such novelty, such joyous recreations you find nowhere else. Whether you wish to visit the amazing and fantastic scenic marvels, in almost bewildering variety, or to spend quiet, balmy days amid restful, inspiring beauty, Colorado is truly "the playground of the Republic."

You will enjoy reading the frank, entertaining discussion of Colorado life and Colorado attractions, and seeing the dozens of thrilling photographs (more than a score in natural colors) in the 44-page "Colorful Colorado" booklet, which the coupon on this page will bring you.

COLORADO

COLORADO

Above: Thousands of Fantastic Trees Are Found at Timberline.
Below: Highway to Mesa Verde Nat'l Park

Send the coupon today—and follow it out to Colorado as soon as you can. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado offers you a joyous, low-cost vacation at any time of year. When you come, note the opportunities, the living advantages to be found in this great playground.

Get Colorado fruits and vegetables from your grocer. You will note the richer "sunshine and vitamins" flavor

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION
881 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Send me the free book, "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground," illustrated with natural-color photographs.

Name_____

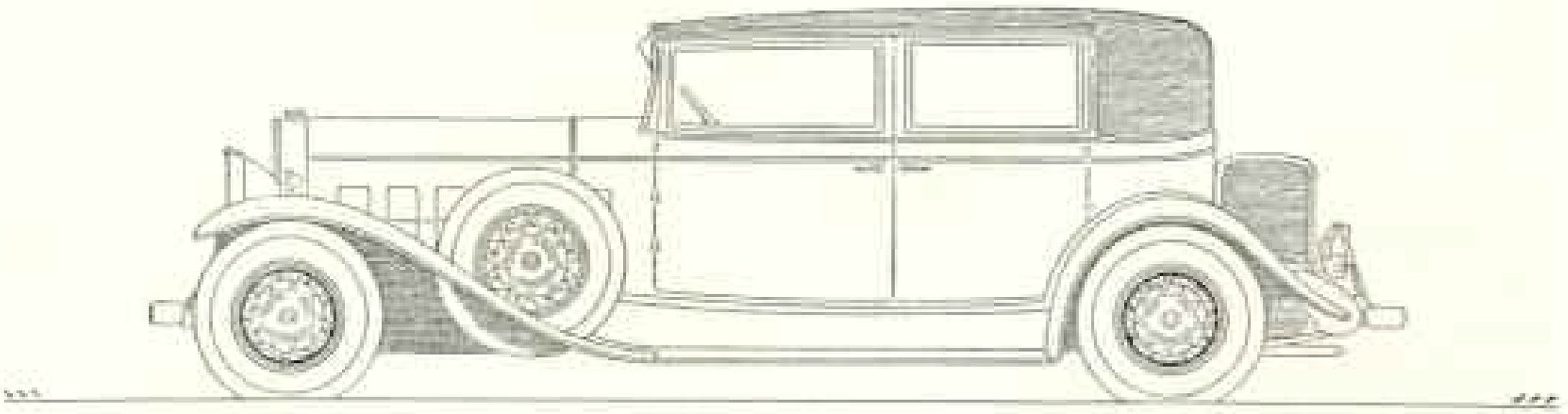
Address_____

SHARING in the fullest measure those basic engineering advancements out of which were born the Cadillac V-12 and the V-16—the new Cadillac V-8 offers an entirely new conception of the possibilities of eight-cylinder design. Nowhere is its performance excelled, save in its brothers, the V-12 and the V-16. Yet this finest of V-8 Cadillacs is offered at deeply lowered prices.

Priced from $2695 to $3795, f. o. b. Detroit

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Division of General Motors

Cadillac V-8



The 5-passenger Town Sedan, with travel trunk, is one of the most popular of the new V-8 models. Coachwork by Fisher and Fleetwood

Wouldn't it be wonderful

IF THERE WERE A BETTER WAY THAN *scrubbing* LINOLEUM?

THERE IS!

• Follow it just once—this method—and you're through forever with hard labor on floors!

• This special blended wax—Johnson's Liquid Wax—isn't only a beautiful polish—it's a labor-saving method! Easier for you—better for linoleum. It must be—or all linoleum manufacturers wouldn't urge you to follow it. Here's how you handle spots without scrubbing or strong cleansers:

• A little of the golden wax on a clean rag . . . go over the spot . . . that's all. The soil comes up instantly. The scientific "cleaner" contained in the wax loosens the dirt and then evaporates. A fresh protective film of wax is deposited. So that actually whenever you clean a spot, you renew the wax finish at the same time.

• But there's better news yet! Instead of scrubbing or mopping the whole floor once a week—as a general maintenance measure—here you wax it only once a month. By machine if you want to! You can rent a Johnson polisher from your dealer, who will deliver and call for it—for a nominal charge.

• Treated this way—your linoleum will last practically forever. Not simply be serviceable—but fresh, serene, and "new." And the real joy is—you won't have to do *half* as much work on it.

• **FURNITURE, TOO**—and woodwork—Dusting furniture and cleaning woodwork are both cut way down when you use this special blended wax for maintenance. Saves its cost many, many times in preventing unnecessary wear and depreciation.

Send 10c for 25c trial can

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. NOI, Racine, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Please send a 25 cent can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Enclosed is 10 cents to defray part of cost and postage.

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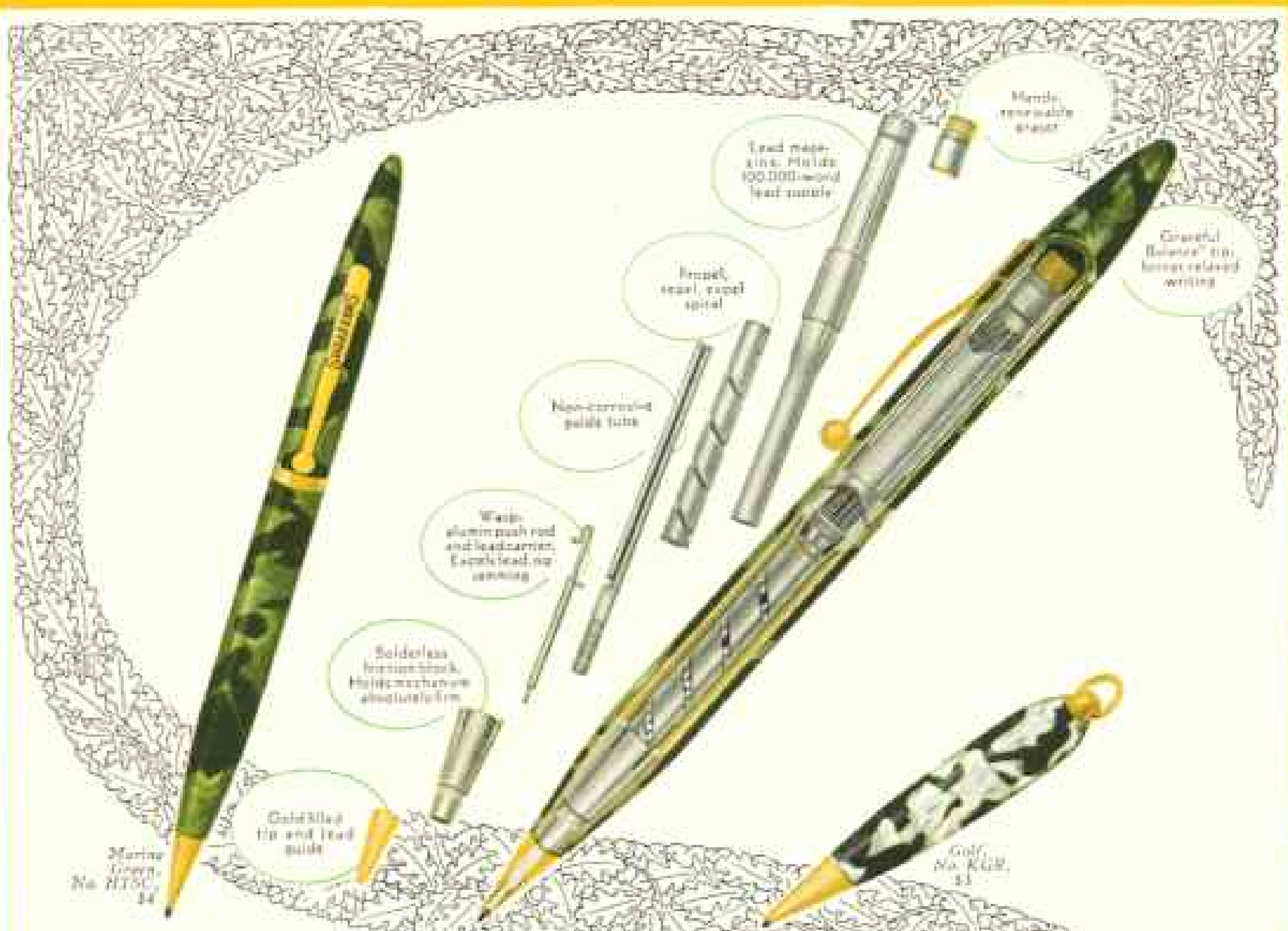
PLEASE PRINT

JOHNSON'S WAX • FOR HOMES AND AUTOMOBILES • IN PASTE AND LIQUID FORM

PRESS OF JUDD & DETWEILER, INC
WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Balance° pencil—beautiful, rugged, precise—is Sheaffer's alone

Lay aside your old flat-top pencil and rest a Sheaffer's Balance° pencil in your hand. You'll find that it rides your fingers seemingly without weight. Examine its mechanism—there is a distinct reason why it is the world's outstanding pencil. Wherever there is friction, Sheaffer uses non-corrosive Waspalumin, whose tensile strength is extraordinary and whose cost is several times the cost of materials used in ordinary pencils. This is the reason why Sheaffer outlives—and outsells—all others.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's: do not be deceived! All pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De-Luxe, $10; Ladies', $9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, $7 up. Pencils, $5. Others lower.

18 sticks Special HB Blue Cap Leads, blacker, smoother, stronger, 15c

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Buy fresh, long-lasting Blue Cap Leads —many colors—from this case at dealers'