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APRIL, 1938

Special Map Supplement of Europe

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN FULL COLOR

Belgium—Europe in Miniature

With 34 Illustrations

DOUGLAS CHANDLER

Belgian Portraits

20 Natural Color Photographs

B. ANTHONY STEWART

Tweedsmuir Park: a Canadian Pilgrimage

With 24 Illustrations

THE LADY TWEEDSMUIR OF ELSFIELD

Ageless Luster of Greece and Rhodes

16 Illustrations in Duotone

ARNOLD GENTHE

Austrian August—and September

With 12 Illustrations

W. ROBERT MOORE

Kodachromes from a Candid Camera in Austria

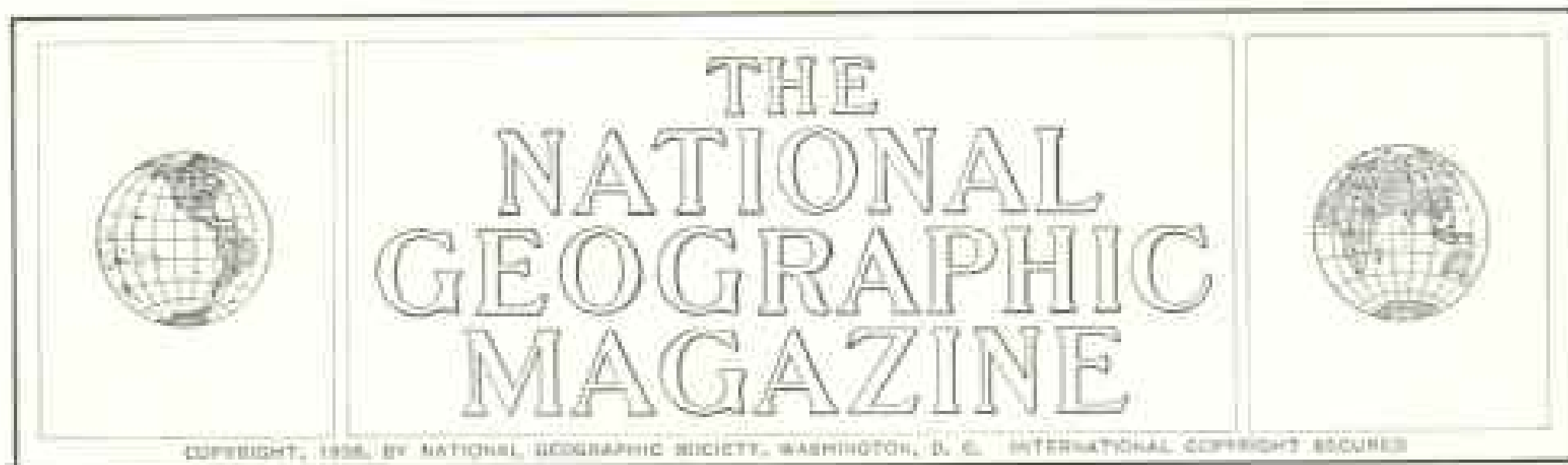
19 Natural Color Photographs

The Society's New Map of Europe and the
Mediterranean: 34 x 39 Inches, Ten Colors

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BELGIUM—EUROPE IN MINIATURE

BY DOUGLAS CHANDLER

BELGIUM might well adopt as its nickname "Little Europe." One finds here, in the land's topography, crops, racial mixtures, and multiplicity of industries, a laboratory model or microcosm of the western portion of the Continent.

To be sure, there is no Mont Blanc, but the Ardennes hills on a white winter's day offer a satisfactory small substitute. Neither the Meuse, the Sambre, nor the Lys could masquerade as a Danube or a Rhine, but in proportion to the general architecture of the country they seem most convincing moving-waters.

The mind and eye of the sojourner subtly adapt themselves to the fact that distances and heights here are all on a scaled-down basis. The same phenomenon is often experienced at a marionette show—the observer finds himself really believing that the miniature scene is life-size.

Even Belgium's weather cooperates in the Pan Europe tableau effect! Within the compass of one February forenoon I have seen a toy Alpine blizzard, a Côte d'Azur burst of sun-shot blue, a dissolution of "Scotch mist" in oilskin-defying rain, and a sullen meteorological compromise which would have caused a Bulgarian peasant to swear that "Spring's in the air today."

BUTTERFLY IN SHAPE, BUT NOT IN SPIRIT

Belgium's map, with its four frontiers and its forty miles of coast, forms an almost perfectly symmetrical butterfly design. One wing edges the North Sea, the other flutters against the central-western confines of Germany—with the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg executing a slight scallop from the wing's middle to its tip.*

Place a ruler on Paris and Kiel. Draw a heavy black line across Belgium and it forms the butterfly's body. Its tail is turned on the Netherlands, from which in 1830 it separated; its eyes are focused directly on Paris, fountainhead of Belgium's predominant speech and many phases of its culture.

Smaller than the State of Maryland, but with a population of more than eight million, Belgium stands out as Europe's most densely peopled country.

It is divided into nine provinces: West and East Flanders, Hainaut, Brabant, Antwerp, Namur, Liège, Limbourg, and Luxembourg—which must not be confused with that other Luxembourg, the little independent Grand Duchy.†

FLYERS HAVE TROUBLE STAYING INSIDE THE COUNTRY

The longest straightaway stretch within Belgium's borders is a mere 170 miles. With seven-league boots you could cross it in eight steps.

Student flyers at the military airports complain that, with the modern high-speed aircraft, they cannot get properly under way in any direction without the annoyance of zooming over a frontier and the possibility of earning a scolding from a neighboring government.

It is no trick at all to catch your own breakfast with a hook and line from the

* See the National Geographic Society's new Map of Europe and the Mediterranean, distributed to members as a special supplement to this issue of The Magazine.

† See "Grand Duchy of Luxembourg," by Maynard Owen Williams, in THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, November, 1924.



Photograph from Pictures, Inc.

BELGIUM'S RULER HONORS THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER HIS FATHER LED IN BATTLE

Last Armistice Day Leopold III, son of the nation's World War hero King Albert, placed a wreath on the tomb at the foot of the monument to National Unity (Colonne du Congrès). Atop this huge memorial column in Brussels stands the statue of King Leopold I, who was the nation's first ruler after it declared its independence from the Kingdom of the Netherlands in 1830. The present king, now 36 years old, succeeded to the throne in 1934 after his father had died as the result of a fall while mountain climbing. Queen Astrid, the young monarch's beloved wife, met a tragic death a year and a half later when the automobile which he was driving plunged from a Swiss road. Belgium's nameless warrior is one of more than 13,000 in that nation's small army who were killed or died of wounds and illness in the World War.

mile-and-a-half-long jetty at Zeebrugge, motor to Brussels in time for lunch, and wind up by dining on wild boar at the southern extremity of the Ardennes Forest, under the shadow of the First Crusade leader's fortress in the village of Bouillon. How do I know this is possible? I have done it!

CITY OF THE "CHICKEN EATERS"

During the first twenty-four hours of my sojourn in Brussels, I fell into that trap of superficial judgment common to newly arrived critics. "An imitation Paris," I scoffed.

But before my second sun had set behind the towering mass of the Palais de Justice, I realized the unfairness of the pronouncement. Brussels is, I believe, as individual as any city of Europe to one who has really made its acquaintance. It possesses spots of unsurpassable beauty, and yields ever-new secrets to the sympathetic seeker.

The residents of this overgrown village of the hidden River Senne are called by their provincial neighbors "Kieken-fretters." This is a Flemish word meaning "chicken eaters," and refers to a time when Brussels was famed for the predominance of poultry on its bill of fare.

As I took my first morning stroll through Brussels streets, I found myself reminded of Baltimore in one respect. Servant girls were scrubbing vestibules, steps, and sidewalks with a thoroughness that would have made any Monumental City housewife homesick.

My mind flashed to the French poet, Baudelaire, who once wrote:

"Each city, each country has its individual odor. Paris smells of sour vinegar; the Cape smells of sheep; certain tropic isles smell of roses, musk, or oil-of-cocoa. Russia smells of leather, Lyon of coal. . . . But Brussels smells of *black soap!* . . . The beds, the napkins, the sidewalks . . . black soap . . . national mania."

A ROCKEFELLER CENTER IN REVERSE

The Flanders plain is broken at Brussels into rolling hills. Nature was not content that the future capital should lie spread out on an uninspiring level. Like Rome, it was built on seven hills. There were seven founding families. And in the heyday of its walled splendor the city boasted seven gates.

Along the top of an eminence runs the Rue Royale, Brussels' Fifth Avenue, affording a sweeping view of the lower town.

In order that this outlook might not be obstructed in the vicinity of the Royal Palace, a regulation has long existed that at this point no building could be erected higher than the street level (page 401).

This has brought into being one of the world's unique architectural oddities, the new Palais des Beaux Arts, center of Brussels' musical and artistic life. This labyrinthine structure clings like a giant wasp nest to the side of the hill, *all at a level below the line of the Rue Royale*—a Rockefeller Center in reverse!

Sharing honors with the Beaux Arts as a focus of artistic culture is the Royal Conservatory near by. Here has just taken place the first of the quinquennial Eugène Ysaye Scholarship Competitions.

Ysaye, the violinist and composer who was born at Liège in 1858 and died in Brussels seven years ago, conceived of the creation of a great international competition to facilitate the careers of the outstanding young violin virtuosi of all countries. His idea has now flowered under the auspices of the Queen Elizabeth Musical Foundation, with contestants assembled from 21 nations.

BELGIANS CHEER THEIR YOUNG KING

Attending the inaugural gala concert in the hall of the Conservatory, I had my first sight of the King of the Belgians. Clad in his customary simple uniform, he sat in the royal box accompanied by the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

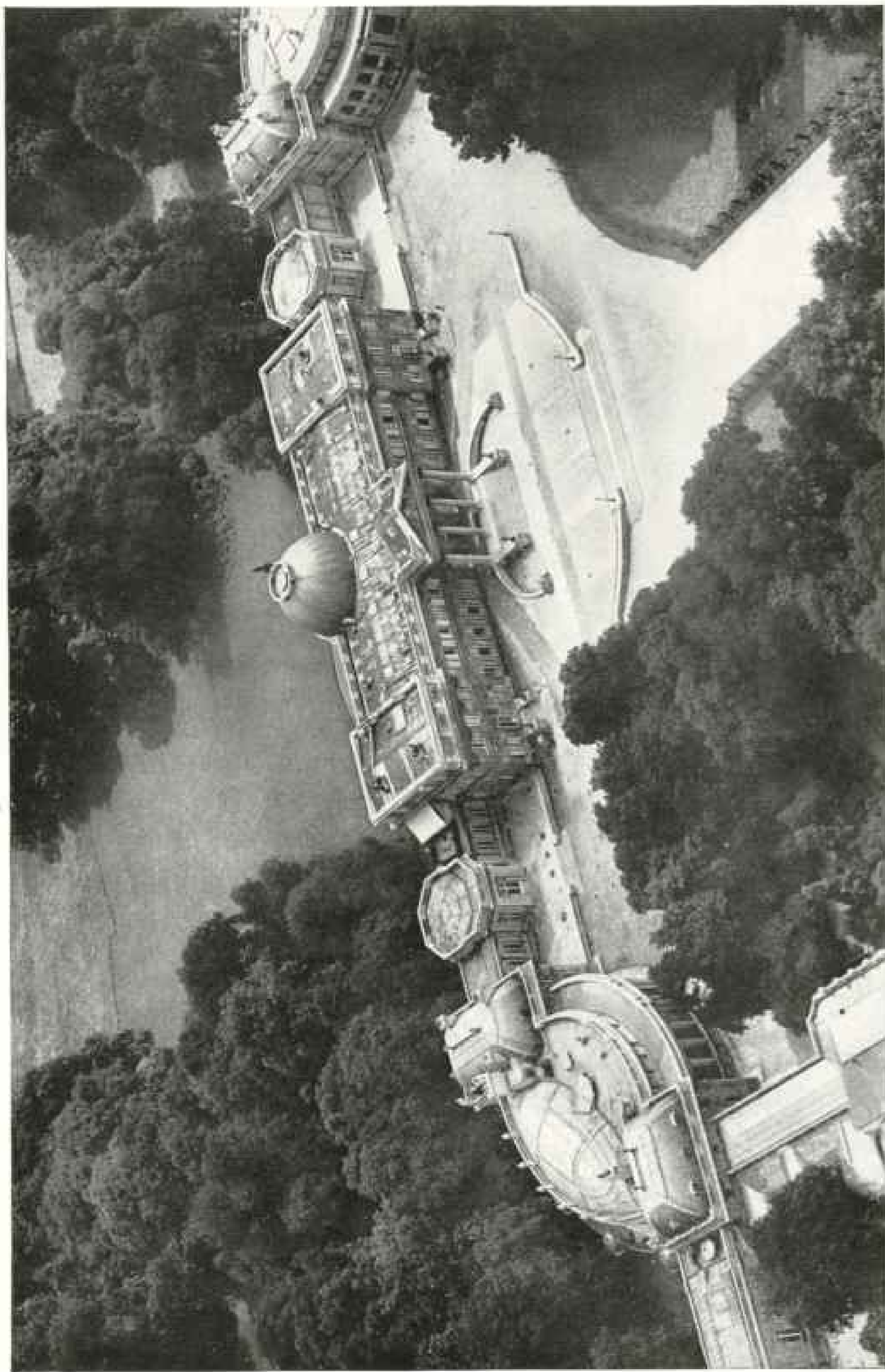
At the conclusion of an admirable symphonic program, the audience accorded to His Majesty an ovation which indicated movingly how beloved he is of his subjects: "Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

With great dignity the young monarch rose and bowed . . .

Greater Brussels, with 900,000 inhabitants, comprises fifteen contiguous suburbs or communes, each having its own burgo-master and municipal organization.

Only recently has there been cooperation among them, though they formed in reality one city. Great was the confusion before teamwork was agreed upon.

There is the incident of a conflagration in Solbusch: No fire-fighting apparatus from the neighboring communes could be



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MILES OF GLASS-COVERED WALKS, LINED WITH TREES FROM THE CONGO, ARE SET APART FOR THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Palm trees thrust their fronds skyward beneath the dome and orange trees flank the aisles in the huge summer palace at Laeken, a suburb of Brussels. It has been a favorite dwelling place of Belgian royalty for years.



FROM BRUSSELS PALACE (BEYOND) THE KING'S VIEW IS UNOBSTRUCTED, AS FACING BUILDINGS MUST NOT RISE ABOVE STREET LEVEL (P. 109)



Photographs by E. Anthony Stewart

FANCY NEEDLEWORK AND LACEMAKING ENGROSS THESE WOMEN WITHIN THE PROTECTING WALLS OF A GUEST BÉGUINAGE (PAGE 446)



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

HORS D'OEUVRES ARE ASSEMBLED LIKE AN EXHIBITION OF EDIBLE
STILL-LIFE PAINTINGS

Appetizers in astonishing quantity are banked on a large plateau of ice in the Taverne Royale at Brussels. Guests are besieged on arrival by waiters who insistently proffer numerous varieties of cold meat and fish. The Captain, writes the author, "pauses majestically beside our table . . . glides away leaving the conviction that you and I are fine fellows, brave trenchermen, honorable judges of the good earth's delicatessen."

employed. All had different types of equipment; the connections wouldn't fit.

In Ixelles a man was injured. Less than a block away stood a hospital; but because it lay in another commune the sufferer had to be transported to a distant clinic in his own bailiwick.

THE FLESHPOTS OF YESTERYEAR—AND
TODAY

To one who has lived in the Balkan and Central European countries, Brussels seems highly sophisticated in diet. The average citizen takes for granted a midday meal that an American would reserve for Thanksgiving Day.

Yet, compared with the Belgium of a hundred years ago, the menu of today seems but a light snack. Thackeray, in his "Little Travels and Road-side Sketches," sets down the items of a Brussels hotel meal:

"Green-pea soup; boiled salmon; crimped skate; patties; melon; carp, stewed with mushrooms and onions; roast-turkey; cauliflower and butter; fillets of venison *pique's*; stewed calf's ear; roast veal; roast lamb; rice pudding; Gruyere cheese, and about twenty-four cakes of different kinds."

He writes further: "Except for items 5, 13 and 14, I ate of it all. . . . What is the meaning of it? How is the stomach of man to be brought to receive all this quantity?"

If not the most distinguished, certainly two of the cheeriest eating places in Brussels are the restaurant of the Bon Marché (5,000 seating capacity, largest of its kind in Europe) and the Taverne Royale.

In the latter the American Club stages its fortnightly luncheons. What a gay place to perform that act called by some gloomy souls "digging your grave with your own teeth"!



Photograph by Acme

LIKE VISITORS FROM MARS ARE THESE MEN IN GAS MASKS AND FIRE SUITS,
TESTING AN ANTI-GAS CHAMBER

The grotesque attire was donned during a demonstration. Here the testers are carrying canary birds into a huge shelter, built in a Brussels bank, merely to try out the air. If the birds topple from their perches, the ventilating system is faulty. Within the room's heavy walls, hundreds of people may find refuge in event of an attack.

For all its medieval flavor, Belgium has caught the tempo of modern service. The big department-store chains, with branches in the larger cities, have a distinctly Wanamaker-Selfridge atmosphere. The owner of the Bon Marché, Baron Vaxelaire, has made a study of Yankee methods and applied them to his emporia (page 427).

A typical example of rapid-fire service occurred in a popular Brussels restaurant. Lunching there on a Saturday noon, I remarked to the hat boy that my supply of calling cards was exhausted.

"I will order them for you from our printer," he said, noting the spelling of my name.

A hundred of them were placed on my table before I had finished lunch . . .

"Come with me tonight and see something of the town."

The invitation was spoken over the phone with a pronouncedly New England accent

by the son of a prominent Belgian business man—educated at American private schools and "Boston Tech."

NATIVE DISHES AND SWEET CHARITY

In one of the very simple restaurants of the Rue Haute, we supped on *moules et frites* (mussels and fried potatoes), typical dish of the Brussels populace. We toiled manfully at a mountain of them heaped in a tureen.

To eat mussels correctly, one must employ the half of a shell as spoon. I, not knowing this, used my fork—shocking bad form!

Another native dish we sampled—tiny, earliest shoots of the hopvine. Only during the first spring days are they tender enough to be edible. Cooked and served as a salad with Hollandaise sauce, they taste like a cross between salsify, asparagus, and bamboo sprouts.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

CARNIVAL SPIRIT FILLS THE SUNDAY BIRD MARKET IN FRONT OF BRUSSELS' TOWN HALL.

In the Grand Place, canaries and pigeons of all descriptions are offered for sale from temporary stalls. The city's 15th-century Gothic Town Hall (Hôtel de Ville) is one of Belgium's most imposing civic structures (page 407). Surmounting the graceful spire is a statue of St. Michael wrestling with the Devil.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

TODAY THE LION OF WATERLOO BARES HIS FANGS TO SMILING FIELDS

For more than a century the giant figure, cast from captured French cannon, has overlooked the famous battlefield where the Duke of Wellington conquered Napoleon. The mound was raised by the Netherlands Government on the spot where the Duke of Orange was wounded. Through the years impromptu guides from near-by villages have become noted for their fanciful and imaginative accounts of the battle.

A later port of call on our nocturnal route was the "Etrier," a de luxe riding club at the edge of the Forest of Soignes.

Here was taking place a "Grand Gala" for the benefit of one of the charities founded by the late Queen Astrid.

The entertainment consisted of amateur riding as good as I have ever seen.

My host pointed out all the notables.

"That man seated beside General van den Bergen, Chief of Staff of the Belgian Army, is Monsieur Solvay of the great chemical fortune.

"It is he who founded this riding club, and made possible its construction by a gift of several million francs."

Horseback riding is especially alluring to the residents of Brussels because of the Forest of Soignes, a ten-thousand-acre

tract of wooded park land lying close to the city's gates. Age-old beeches cover its rolling hills (page 450).

SEEING BRUSSELS AFTER DARK

"I shall now take you to the 'Concert Noble,'" said my friend.

It proved to be an exclusive social club where another benefit was in progress. Ladies and gentlemen in the sadly unbecoming costumes of the tandem-riding eighties were dancing on a great polished, circular floor to the strains of two alternating orchestras.

"Is it not a superabundance that on the same night two 'grand galas' are taking place?" I inquired.

"Oh, that is nothing for Brussels," answered my friendly guide.



Photograph by Burton

ANKLE DEEP IN SAND, THE FENCER MEETS HIS FAIR OPPONENT'S THRUST WITH THE DIFFICULT "PARRYING PRIME"

Insecure footing makes the sport all the more exciting on the beach at Westende. If the girl is expert, her rival is in a ticklish situation, because his "first position" parry has opened up his defense, leaving him unprotected against another quick lunge.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

BRUSSELS' LITTLE MANIKIN NOW BOASTS A WARDROBE OF FORTY SUITS

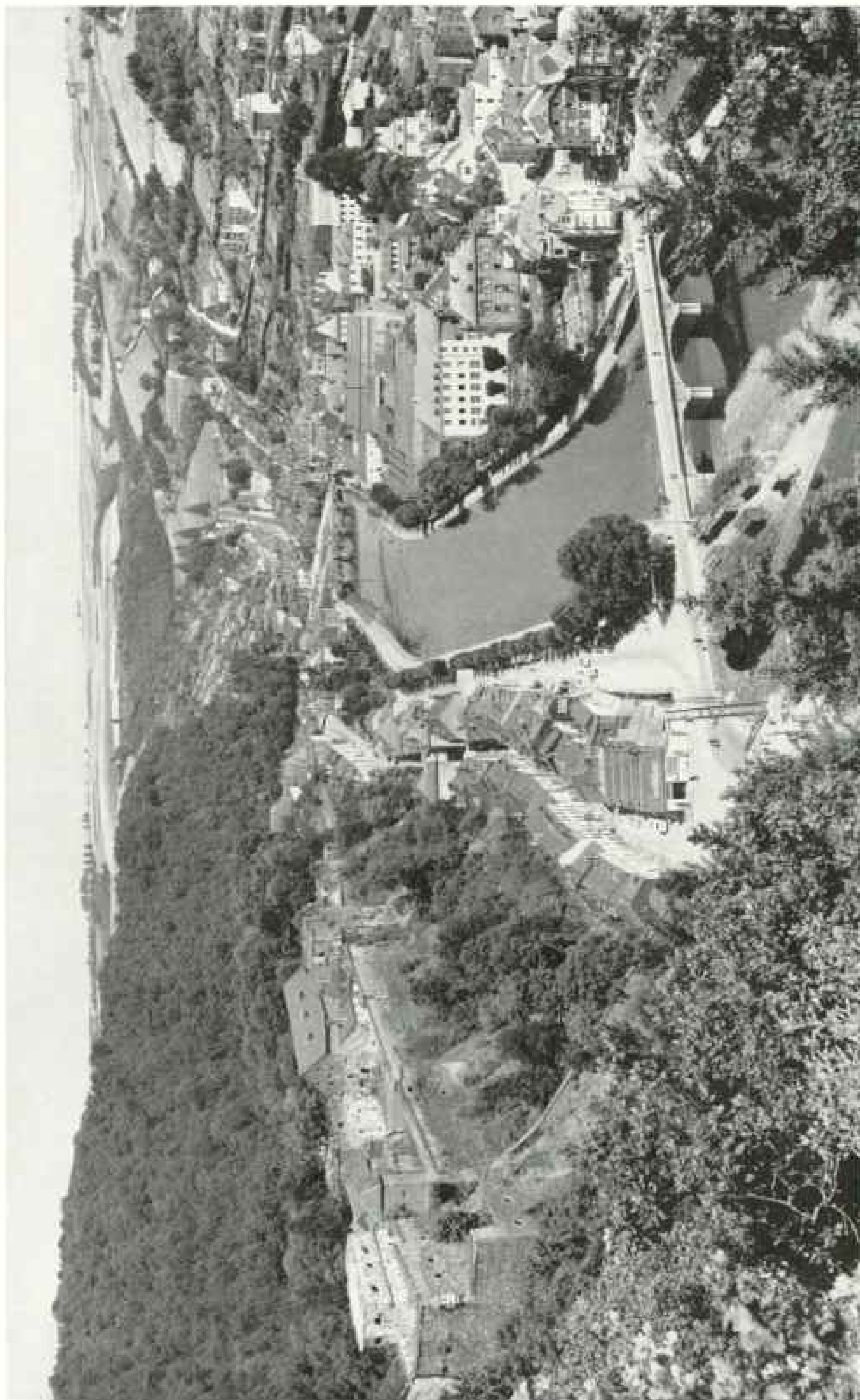
Garbed in the full-dress uniform of a modern Grenadier of the Belgian Army, a replica of the famous fountain statue stands in the Maison du Roi Museum (page 409). He is surrounded by apparel presented to him by celebrities. On the extreme left is the regalia of a Chevalier of St. Louis. The badge of the order, founded in 1693 by Louis XIV of France, is pinned on the coat. Next to it hangs a Chinese Manchu robe. To the right of the figure is the uniform of a French Chevalier in the reign of Louis XV and, next, the pink coat of a British Master of Hounds.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

SILK-HATTED GENTRY AWAIT THE FIRST STEP IN THE TYING OF THE BELGIAN
MARITAL KNOT

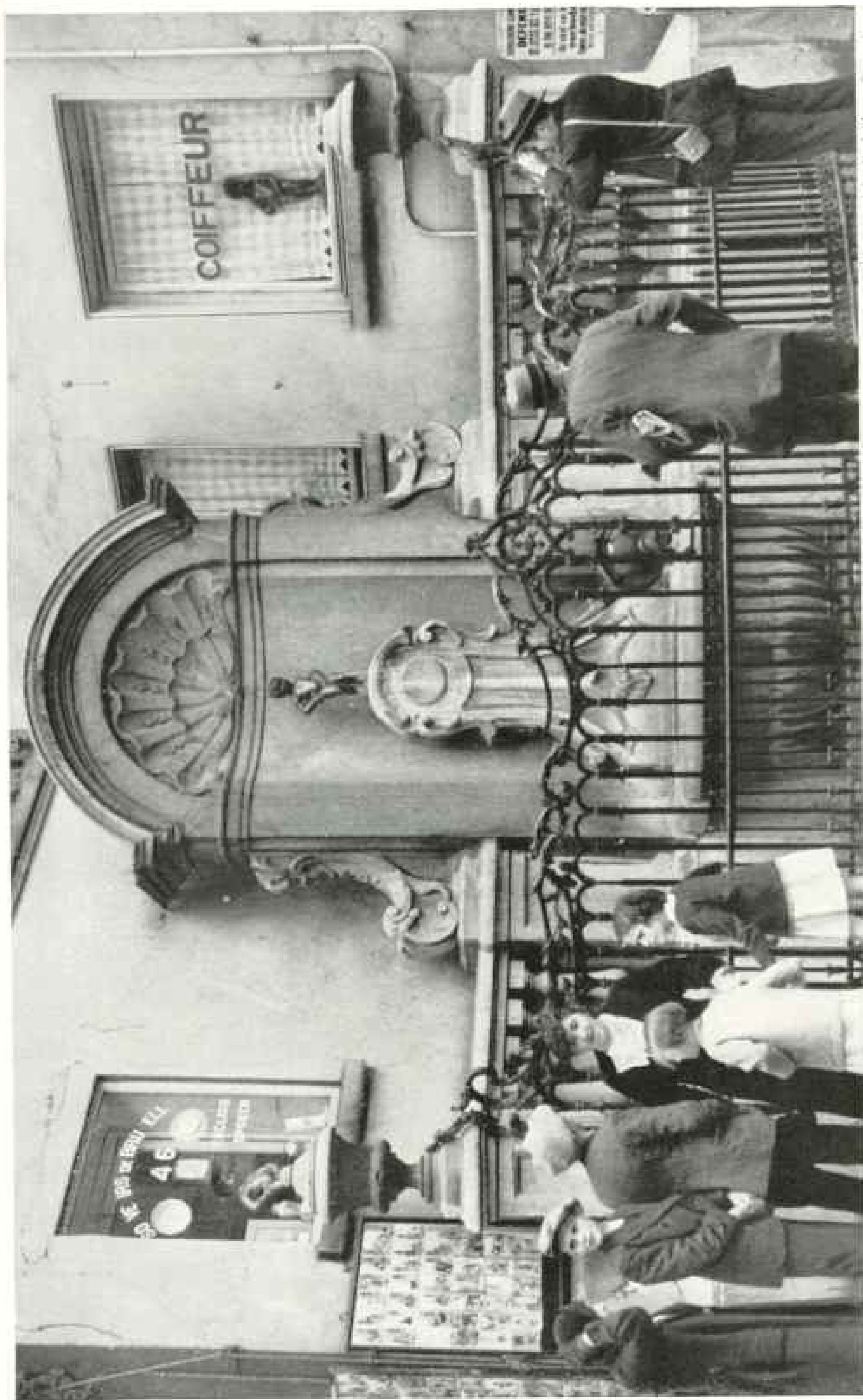
Bride and groom will arrive here at Brussels' Town Hall for the civil ceremony required by law. Usually this is followed by religious rites. The wedding party will enter by a street-level door, not using this staircase leading to the famous open gallery of the Gothic façade (page 404). Facing the Grand' Place in the background, where processions are held (page 423), rise the old gabled guild houses. Among them are the Halls of the Mercers, Skippers, Archers, Cabinetmakers and Coopers, Grease Merchants, and Bakers.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

GODFREY OF BOUILLON SACRIFICED HIS FEUDAL CASTLE ABOVE THE SMILING VALLEY OF THE SEMOIS TO LEAD THE FIRST CRUSADE

The radiant knight sold the ancestral fortress, left, to finance his march to Jerusalem more than 800 years ago. If the old Crusader could peer from its walls today, he would see a gasoline filling station in the street below. Godfrey may have fished in the placid river when he was a boy, for the townspeople of Bouillon have always been proud of their fine trout. Here the author was entertained by Albert Godart, champion fly-caster (page 412).



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

ON GALA OCCASIONS BRUSSELS' FAMOUS FOUNTAIN MAINTAIN DONS COSTUMES OF STATE

Some of the uniforms in the lavish wardrobe of this "most ancient citizen," as the townsfolk call him, were presented by emperors and kings. A favorite since the 15th century, the small statue has been spirited away from his fountain on occasion, amid much popular excitement. Once Louis XV of France made away with him. So great was the uproar that, to appease the populace, the haughty monarch invested the young man with the Cross of St. Michael and returned him dressed as a Chevalier (page 406). Replicas of the figure adorn shop windows in the vicinity.



Photograph by Severin Messiaen

CARILLON BELLS MUST RING TRUE TO THE PITCH OF THE
TUNING FORK

M. Michiels, owner of the bell foundry in Tournai, imparts the final tone. Slight thicknesses of metal are removed from the inner surfaces until the pitch corresponds exactly. Belgium is the birthplace of these tuneful bells (page 421).

"Hardly a day passes that one is not ballyhooed for some charitable purpose. Sometimes I wonder if we Belgians don't overdo sweet charity. . . . Now for a night club where one can have something stronger than wine after performing goodly works!"

Suiting the action to the word, he conducted me to "Noah's Ark."

For all the Belgian distinctiveness it possessed, we might have been in Detroit, Prague, or Capetown: slinky orchestra, futuristic decorations, smoke-drenched atmosphere devoid of air . . . and plenty of

latitude for enthusiastic drinking.

"Whisky-and-soda, sir?" asked the waiter.

PROHIBITION,
WITH A
DIFFERENCE

Since the war Belgium has had a form of partial prohibition.

Wine, beer, and the whole gamut of milder aperitifs are legally sold in cafés, restaurants, hotels.

Only strong spirits come under the ban, if offered for sale by drink or glass.

Hard liquor can be lawfully purveyed by the bottle in all stores which handle such commodities—but with the strange stipulation that not less than two bottles can be purchased at a time.

In circumventing the not-less-than-two-bottle law, a gleam of originality is shown.

Almost any store will sell a single bottle with the injunction that the guilty package be concealed in an overcoat pocket. But some of the more timid souls make a bottle-shaped dummy of scrunched-up paper and carefully wrap it up with the real bottle to give the semblance of a twin parcel.

Yet, despite such minor infractions, Belgium's prohibition is effective. Drunkenness is a rare sight in city or provinces.

A CAR FROM THE BLUE

"How are you preparing to see the rest of our little country, when, as, and if this

miserable period of downpour comes to an end?" inquired a Belgian diplomat at a luncheon at which I was guest.

"By means of your incomparable railroads," I replied in my nearest approach to a plenipotentiary-extraordinary manner.

"What! You have no *voiture*? Impossible! You cannot see Belgium without an automobile."

I modestly averred that writers do not always command these luxuries.

"But you have a car from this moment," said my enthusiastic table neighbor. "Mine is at your disposal for a fortnight while I make a trip to Paris."

It was thus that my cruising radius and flexibility of movement became suddenly augmented by the use of a powerful car of American make.

One is immediately struck with the predominance of U.S.-fabricated automobiles on Belgian streets. Big American concerns like General Motors and Ford have assembling plants at Antwerp.

THE ARDENNES—HOME OF WEREWOLF AND WILD BOAR

Coincidentally with my acquisition of the car came a temporary cessation of the Belgian cloud-curse. Triumphant, exulting in my freedom from schedule, I scoured the



© Douglas Chamberlain

STRAIGHT TO THE TARGET GOES THE BOLT FROM THE CROSSBOW

Expert are the Brussels enthusiasts who perpetuate this age-old sport. Feather-dart birds suspended from a rack atop a tower are the objectives. Forty francs is the prize for bringing down two "birds" with one shot. Archery is another popular pastime. The author was considerably surprised when he found he could not bend a longbow to its full limit. "It is all training," consolingly remarked one small, wiry master of the art (page 456).

hidden ways of city, suburb, and province, observing the daily habits of this industrious people from cockcrow to the putting out of the cat.

There is glamour in the very name "Ardenne," although to the casual visitor in the lowlands it may connote merely that strip of very red, fine-grained ham—*jambon d'Ardenne*—which, while awaiting your order, the Brussels waiter lays at your place as an earnest of savory things to come.

To the ancients, the Ardennes Forest was an uncanny wilderness of werewolves. Even to this day one hears eerie tales of the lupine goings on in the mountain fastnesses.

The Ardennes district, representing almost one-fourth of Belgium's area, consists principally of richly forested ridge and valley (page 424).

The great percentage of the trees are beech, with dwarf oak running a close second. The twigs of these trees in late winter take on a pinky-azure tint which imparts an effect of fairyland unreality to the sharply broken hill contours. Pines have been transplanted from the Scandinavian countries and intensively cultivated.

During many generations the Ardennes district sank to a point of almost negative crop production. In recent years, however, thanks to scientific chemical treatment of the soil, the fertility of the land has been enormously increased. Oats and potatoes are the principal crops.

Horse breeding also holds an important place. Sturdy Ardennes draft horses take first prizes in many international shows.

Near Rochefort are the Grottoes of Han, which need only a P. T. Barnum to give them rank as world wonders. At some period when the earth was young, they were hollowed out by the River Lesse, which here disappears and wanders underground. It is estimated that it takes the water of the river twelve hours to complete its subterranean course.

WHERE GODFREY OF BOUILLON LIVED UPON THE CLIFFS

"You may, if you wish it, have the room in which Napoleon III spent the night of September 3d, 1870, as a prisoner of war after his defeat at Sedan," announced the hotelkeeper at Bouillon (page 408).

From the windows of the room I could see, on the hill across the river, the frowning mass of that vast reconstructed fortress which local tradition says was founded in 732 by one "Turpin, Duke of Ardenne."

That later and more famous duke, Godfrey of Bouillon—a leader of the First Crusade and capturer of Jerusalem—was offered the kingship of the Holy Land, and, to the chagrin of his ambitious knights, refused it as incompatible with the doctrines of a follower of Christ.

My evening at Bouillon I spent in the

home of Albert Godart, internationally known champion fly-caster. Across the room his old father puffed at his pipe, filled with strong Semois tobacco.

Belgians are great smokers. The tobacco industry in general has grown to substantial proportions. Most of the leaf handled in Belgian factories is imported, however, as the home crop is neither large enough nor varied enough to meet the manufacturers' requirements.

There is no state monopoly as in most other European countries, and exported tobacco is free of excise duty.

The old man entertained me with legends of the district, told in a strong Walloon dialect and translated by his son into understandable French. Walloon bears about the same relation to the French language as the dialects of Bavaria and the Salzkammergut do to pure German.

A CHAMPION FLY-CASTER IN ACTION

On the following morning, in a downpour of rain, the champion caster gave me a demonstration. With a light trout rod he flicked the gut leader of his line to a point 175 feet distant on the river's surface.

"You have a compatriot who can cast a few feet farther than I," he said. "But the technique under American rules is not so exacting as ours. With you it is permitted to lay the line on the ground at the rear before the cast. Observe, sir, that I keep my line in the air!"

Excellent hunting and fishing are to be had in the Ardennes. Many sportsmen who live in Brussels and Antwerp have their shooting preserves in this region.

I sat chatting with the landlord of a hotel at Laroche. From a desk drawer he pulled a sheet of paper on which was written the official figures of the "take" for the hunting season of 1936: 106 wild boar, 32 stags, 15 young stags, 30 female red deer, 229 roebucks.

Grottoes, game, ham, horses, vacationists, and werewolf legends are not, however, the only resources of the Ardennes. The great center of the wool industry is near by in the Vesdre Valley, with Verviers holding first place.

When English competition killed the Flemish cloth industry, by an anomaly of fortune the business continued to thrive around Verviers. The secret of this region's salvation was the water of the Vesdre and the Gileppe Rivers. A peculiarly soft water

BELGIAN PORTRAITS

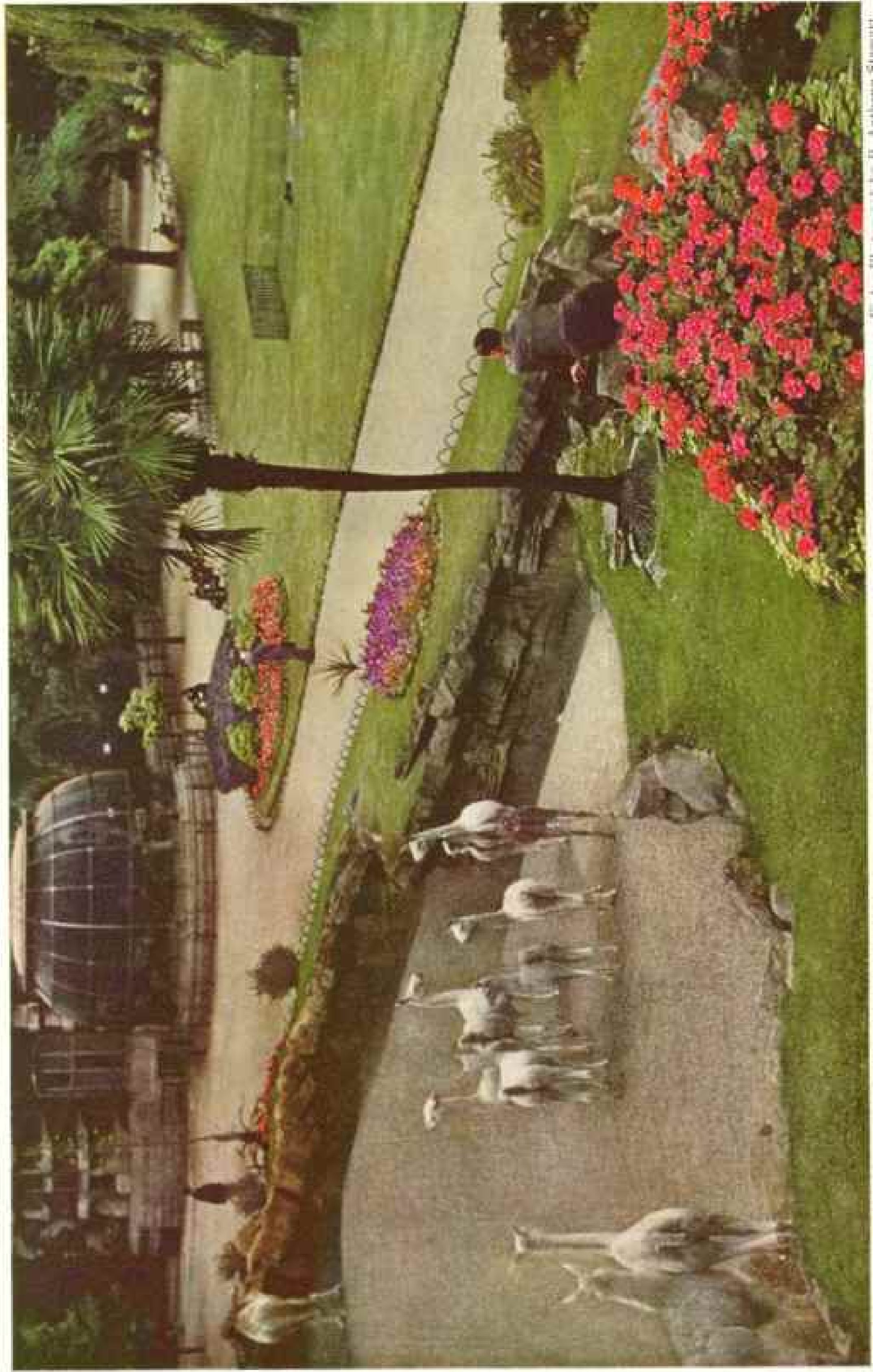


© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by R. Anthony Stewart

FAST-GROWING PLANTS SLOW UP OSTEND'S FLOWER CLOCK: SO GARDENERS MUST
NIP THE BUDS TWICE A WEEK

Yellowish hour numerals of artemisia are set in reddish beds of alternanthera to form this floral timepiece which attracts passers-by on Leopold Avenue. In the center background stands the Kursaal, which rivals the Casino of Monte Carlo as a fashionable rendezvous. Behind it pounds the North Sea, dotted with yachts and fishing boats. Near Britain's life line across the Strait of Dover during the World War, German-occupied Ostend became an important base for destroyers and submarines. Aerial bombardments and the bottling up of the harbor by the British in May, 1918, closed the port.



© National Geographic Society

ROCK LEDGES, INSTEAD OF BARS, KEEP PERUVIAN LLAMAS IN THEIR PLACE IN ANTWERP'S ZOO

These zoological gardens, founded in 1843, contain a valuable collection of more than 5,000 live specimens. Many, mercifully destroyed during the World War because of food shortage, have been replaced by gifts from the United States and other countries.

Finlay Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

BIG PURPLE GRAPES, THE SIZE OF PLUMS, BRING RICH PRIZES TO THE GROWERS OF HOEYLAERT

Carefully nursed in hothouses, the clusters are thinned out while they are small to let the luscious fruit grow to full size. Only bunches of specified size and weight are packed in baskets and shipped to London or Paris markets. Sunlight pouring through the glass roof is supplemented by heating; an uneven temperature even for one night may ruin a crop.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

TAPESTRY WEAVERS MUST HAVE WHAT IT TAKES—PATIENCE

In a week of steady work, a girl of Malines (Mechelen) may complete only a square foot of her woven picture. The weaver in the foreground binds together slits left in a finished tapestry. Behind her, another separates the warp threads of her loom to peek at the design, fastened beneath. Loose ends show she is working from the reverse side. Among famous sets of Belgian tapestries are *The Acts of the Apostles*, designed by Raphael in 1515, woven in Brussels, now preserved in the Vatican.

BELGIAN PORTRAITS



Finlay Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart.

GOATS AND KIDS ATTRACT THE CHILDREN—EVEN IN A ZOO

More than 500,000 people annually visit the menagerie of the Royal Zoological Society in Antwerp—the youngsters to ride elephants, camels, and ponies; the adults to hear concerts.



© National Geographic Society

Dufaycolor Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart.

"BOBI" LIES DOWN ON THE JOB IN ATH'S GRAND' PLACE MARKET

Not even a child may ride in a cart drawn by a single dog, according to police regulations. Other rules require that draft animals must be a certain height, and provided at home with pans of water and bedding (Plate XV).



© National Geographic Society

Defray color Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

A. MEMORIAL TO HER CIVILIAN MARTYRS RECALLS OSTEND'S PART IN THE WORLD WAR

Behind the monument in the Place Baudouin stands the Gothic Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was bombed by airplanes during the war. Bicycles are parked outside the sidewalk café, where the owners are breakfasting.



Finlay Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

A SOLEMN BELGIAN "PASSION PLAY" PROCESSION MARCHES THROUGH THE STREETS OF FURNES (VEURNE)

On the last Sunday of every July the people of this little village nesting among West Flanders sand dunes take part in a religious fete. Many Biblical characters are represented in costume. The procession was photographed by the National Geographic Society's staff representative in 1937, the tercentenary year. Hundreds of men and women penitents, garbed in black clothes, with hooded masks and often barefoot, walk in the procession, usually bearing heavy wooden crosses, but the one leading this group carries a sign saying, "The Entry to Jerusalem." Once Furnes was a prosperous barony, with 52 villages under its sway. Repeated invasions hundreds of years ago by the French and by the North Sea, whose sand dunes swallowed many hamlets, lessened the town's importance.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

FLOWER BEDS ON LAMP POLES REMOVE TEMPTATION FROM PICKERS IN LIÈGE.

Bench warmers sun themselves in the Place St. Lambert, on the site of a razed cathedral. Dubbed "the Birmingham of Belgium," Liège mines coal, produces zinc, and manufactures firearms and machinery. Upon the outbreak of the World War, the city's courageous resistance impeded the German invasion and gave the Allies valuable time to form their lines of defense.

is required for washing wool; these streams alone possessed that quality.

The last official census of production in this industry shows a total of 285 enterprises.

Additional industries represented in eastern Belgium are the paper mills of Malmédy and the chocolate factories, boot and shoe and leather-producing plants of Verviers. Leather is a patriarch among the trades; tanning pits dating from Roman times have been found here.

BELGIUM BOASTS THE ORIGINAL SPA

Spa (the original Spa from which that generic term is derived), whose gushing springs cured the jittered nerves and strengthened the hearts of ailing Roman warriors, is seeking a wider public. The Government has entrusted to Count van der Burch the task of modernizing Spa and its surrounding resorts.

The ex-Kaiser of Germany made his headquarters at Spa for a time during the World War. Not far from the town I visited the bombproof dugout where his august person was protected by untold tons of concrete. Two iron doors give admittance from opposite sides to a chamber large enough to contain fifty men.

This dugout and a few weed-entangled gun emplacements in the neighborhood of Ieper (Ypres) are (except for the monument, tablet, or other memorial emblem seen in every town and crossroads) the only tangible evidences I encountered in all Belgium to prove that less than twenty years ago the land was a vast battlefield.

THE TINTINNABULATION OF THE BELLS, BELLS, BELLS

"When his bells are sounding so that the entire tower seems to reverberate to the stars . . . that is the moment when the *carillonneur* feels his true thrill!"

It was Staf Nees who spoke. Handsome, red-bearded Monsieur Nees—a Fleming direct out of the frame of a Frans Hals or a Van Dyck—has succeeded the famous Jef Denyn (now pensioned) as official bell artist at Mechelen (Malines).*

At his side stood a young pupil who had traveled from Quebec to work under his tutelage (page 422).

In the wind-buffed little loft at the top

* See "Singing Towers of Holland and Belgium," by William Gorham Rice, in *THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE*, March, 1925.

of St. Rombold's cathedral tower, Professor Nees continued his demonstration at the keyboard of his instrument, strongly pressing the pegs with the sides of his clenched fists, feet stamping on the foot keys.

"The progressions from major to minor intervals (or vice versa) must be executed with great delicacy, or the bells fight an aerial combat, thus." And with a purposely harsh progression he set the upper air clashing with unfriendly overtones.

Malines's Monday evening summer carillon concerts are world-famed, and the delight of thousands of visitors who flock to this medieval city. At Tournai, not far distant, the bells are made (page 410).

VEGETABLE MARKETS GREET THE SUN

Belgian energy is too ebullient to allow its city dwellers to be morning stay-abeds. The streets and markets hum with early activity.

I visited the market which takes place twice a week under the flying buttresses of Brussels' Church of Sainte Marie, at nine o'clock of a spring morning. Already the largest of the limp brown rabbits, the juiciest of the fruits, and freshest of the vegetables had been packed into the baskets of shrewd Brabançonne housewives, and the market venders were beginning to look forward to lunch.

The regions around Brussels produce great quantities of vegetables from their truck gardens. Every afternoon a caravan of huge motor lorries pounds down the highroad to Paris, where they deliver their succulent loads in time for the opening of the morning markets.

A comparatively new industry is that of growing and shipping endives, called "chicory" by the Belgian. Endives are exported in quantity even to the United States.

PAMPERED GRAPES GROWN UNDER GLASS

With M. Liebrecht, editor of *Le Soir Illustré*, I rode out to see the grape culture under glass which clusters around the edges of the Forest of Soignes with its center in the village of Hoeylaert.

Walk into your local fruit shop which specializes in expensive luxuries. Buy yourself a bunch of those plum-size grapes, the kind that embellish bon-voyage baskets or the poor little rich girl's sickroom. The chances are strong that your bunch was grown in Hoeylaert or a near-by hamlet (Color Plate II).



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

FROM ALL THE WORLD COME STUDENTS TO THE FREE CARILLON SCHOOL
AT MECHELEN

Professor Staf Nees, successor to the famed Jef Denyn (page 421), instructs Ira Schroeder, carillonneur and professor of piano at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. About twenty pupils register annually for the three-year course. Advanced scholars are invited to give concerts from the belfry. American subscriptions to the Cardinal Mercier scholarship fund help maintain the institution.

As you eat the luscious purple globes, you must salute the Belgian grower and his infinite capacity for painstaking effort.

This thriving industry was established in 1865 by an enterprising Belgian named Felix Sohie. As a youngster his passion for plants was so strong that his parents shook their heads and said, "We'll never make anything better than a gardener out of that boy!"

Heartbreaking were the setbacks in the building up of his business: vines ravaged by a plant disease; a hailstorm that broke 176,000 of his millions of glass panes; an import tax of four cents a pound which killed his French market.

Sohie sought, and gained, a new market in England. Ultimately, as refrigeration processes were brought to greater perfection, he was able to ship to America.

Plenty of imitators entered the field. Today there are nearly 20,000 greenhouses

in the district—a fantastic sight, so many acres under glass! (Page 426.)

We witnessed the packing of the precious bunches, some weighing as much as four pounds. As tenderly as if they were packing live babies, the packers laid the bunches in their straw baskets, swaddled with cotton batting and tissue paper. Daily many cases are carried by airplane to England, so that Milord may have them fresh from the vine upon his breakfast table.

Belgium's grape crop is marketed entirely as fruit; there is practically no wine made in the country. Wines are imported principally from France, Luxembourg, and Germany.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The highroads of "Little Europe" are, alas, not free from the signs of the trademark age. Advertisements of drinks, marmalades, motorcars, typewriters—a multi-



Photograph by Burton

CHARLEMAGNE ORDERED THE FIRST FETE TO CELEBRATE THE FEATS OF THE
HORSE BAYARD

No relation to the Trojan horse of the *Iliad* is this giant figure, drawn in a procession in the Grand' Place at Brussels (page 407). The King of the Franks once took Bayard from his master, Rinaldo, who was in disfavor at court. The knight, disguised as a blind beggar, sought permission to mount the charger on the pretext that its supernatural power might restore his sight. Once in the saddle, Rinaldo announced he could see and the horse, recognizing his master, ran away with him. The king, amazed, proclaimed: "We must celebrate this with a procession, with crosses and banners, for it is a great miracle."

tude of familiar articles, among them many American brands—continuously make their bid for the motorist's eye.

By law all public notices must be posted in both French and Flemish. In public rooms, even "DÉFENSE DE FUMER" appears side by side with "NIET ROOKEN"—a twin reminder that smoking were perhaps better done elsewhere.

Every Brussels street is marked with its name in the two languages, presenting a very confusing effect to the eye of the newcomer.

POLITENESS ON A STREETCAR

In the cities of Belgium the streetcars come so frequently that they seem to form an almost continuous parade, like circus elephants, trunk to tail.

And as for the politeness of the conduc-

tors, not even in the heaviest evening rush do they neglect to thank each passenger as they take his fare. The "merci" is usually clipped to a "—ci," but that suffices when a smile accompanies it.

Supplementing the streetcar service, but not in great number, are the long, one-story, black-painted buses which glide smoothly through the streets.

Belgium takes good care of its cyclists' safety. All the main motor roads throughout the country are constructed with smooth tracks at the sides exclusively for their use. Along these narrow lanes pedal long lines of black-corduroy-clad workmen in the early mornings and late afternoons.

Before the end of 1939, I. N. R., the Belgian radio-broadcasting station, will be domiciled in its fine modern building, now under construction in Brussels.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

CYCLISTS GET OFF AND PUSH ON LONG GRADES IN THE WOODED ARDENNES WHERE JULIUS CAESAR'S LEGIONS TROD

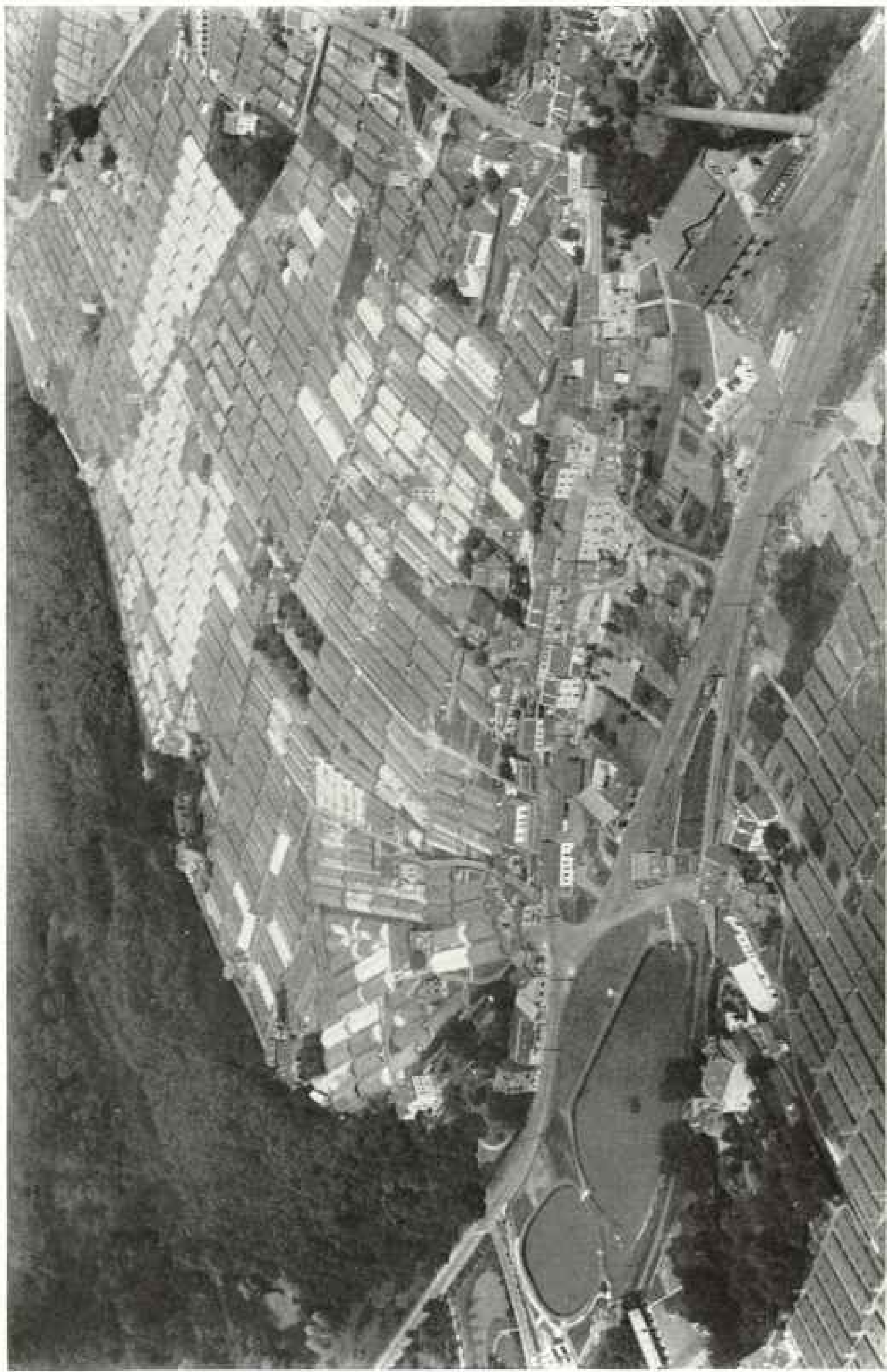
"Narrow roads winding uphill and down between rows of trees; villages of stone houses, wearing the semi-mourning of gray slate roofs; churches surmounted by needle-sharp gray steeples"—thus does the author picture this broad tableland that blankets southeastern Belgium and extends into Luxembourg, Germany, and France.



© Donald McLeish

ONCE A TARGET FOR LONGBOW AND HARQUEBUS, PORTE DE HAL IS THE LAST OF THE BRUSSELS GATES

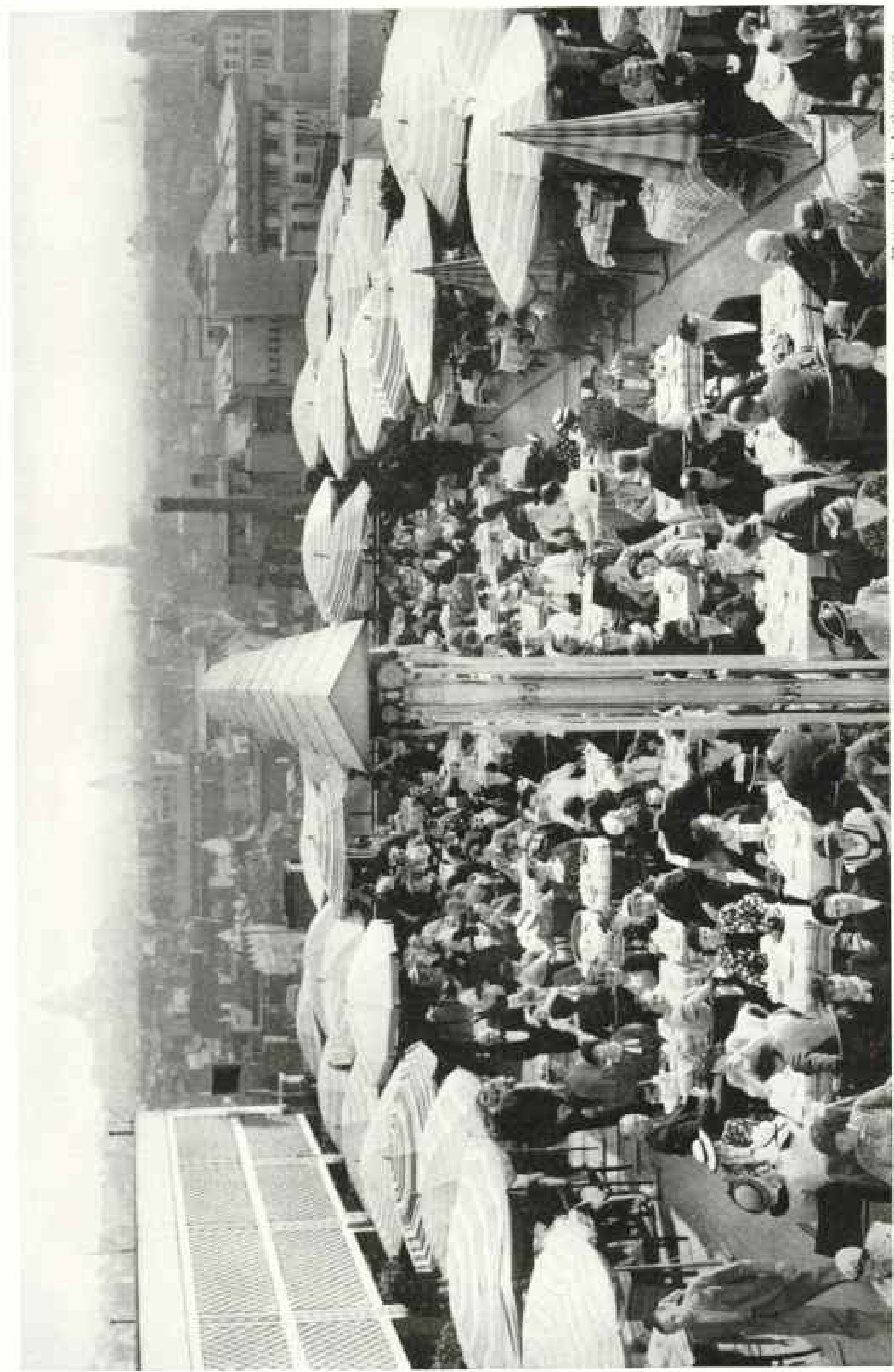
Prisoners of the Duke of Alva languished in its three chambers and tower during the Spanish "Reign of Terror" in the 16th century. Today it houses a collection of Medieval, Renaissance, and Napoleonic weapons. At right stands a pair of Belgian horses, some often weighing as much as 4 ton.



Photograph from Robert Schamp

THIRTY MILLION GLASS TARGETS FOR HAILSTONES CLING TO THE PROTECTING EDGE OF SOIGNES FOREST

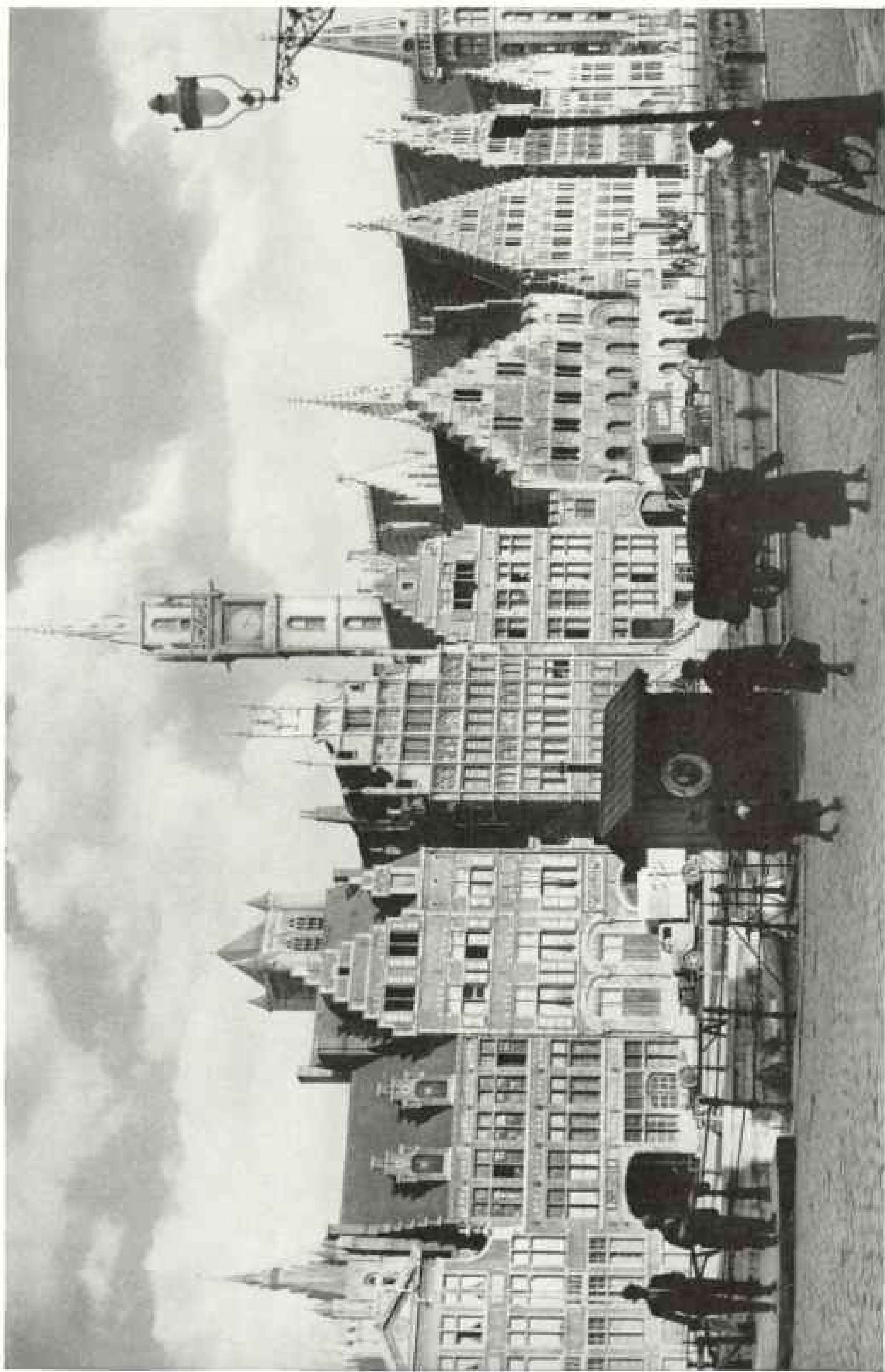
Greenhouses, row on row, cluster so thickly that from the air the village of Hoeybaert resembles a busy railroad yard with minny crowded trucks. Once a storm broke 170,000 panes. Fancy dessert grapes that grace bon-voyage baskets, Christmas dinner tables, and sick rooms grow in the thousands of hothouses (Color Plate III).



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

ON ITS SPACIOUS ROOF, BRUSSELS' LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE SERVES LUNCHEON TO ITS PATRONS

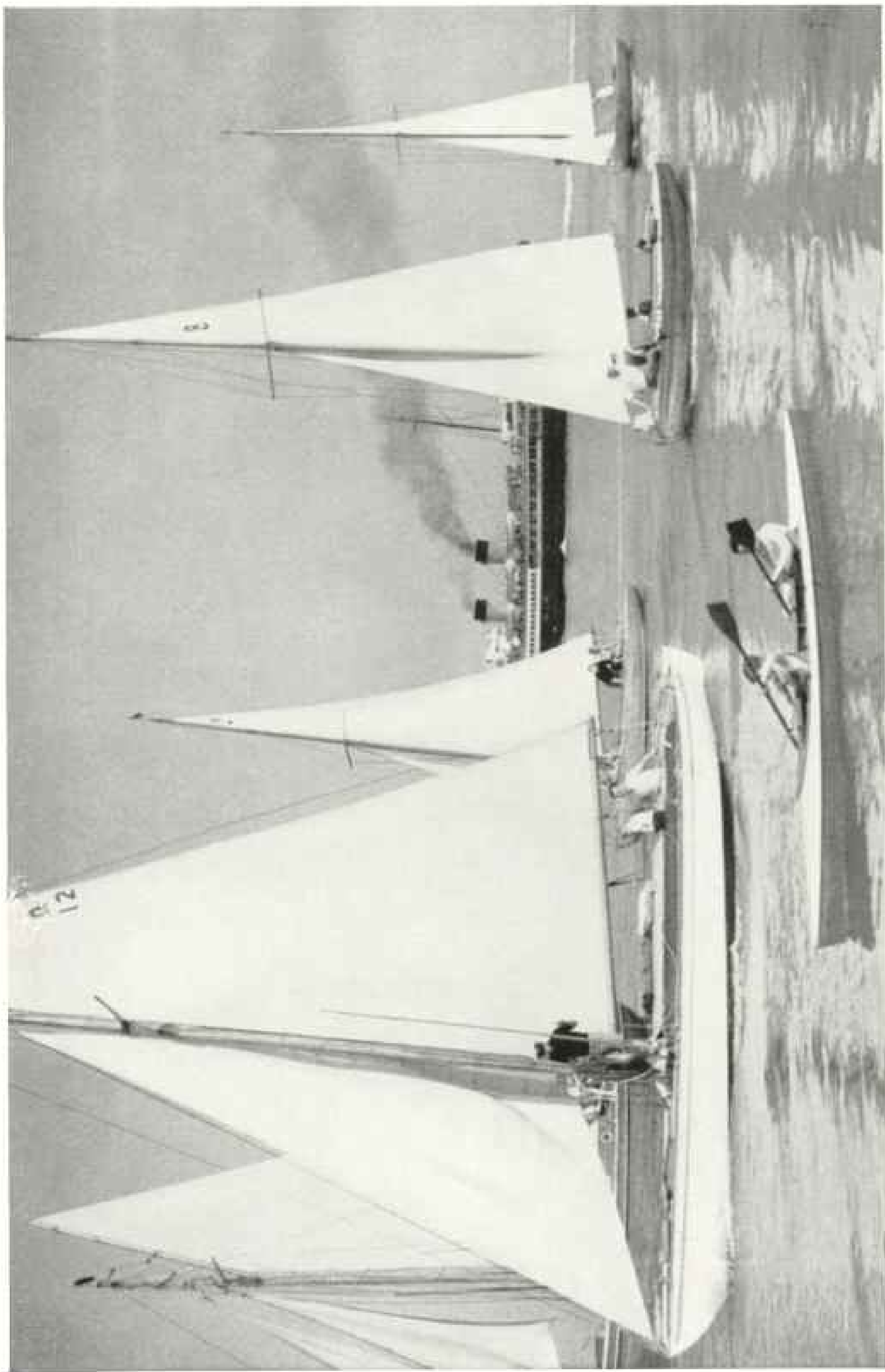
On pleasant days tables are so crowded that many customers must dine in the Bon Marche's large indoor restaurant. Outlined against the sky are the tower of the Palace of Justice (left) and, right center, the Town Hall (page 404).



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

OMIT TRUCKS AND MODERN CLOTHES AND THIS PICTURE COULD BE A BACKGROUND FOR A FLEMISH OLD MASTER'S CANVAS

Ghent's guild houses still stand along the bank of the Lys River. The Gothic House of Micians, erected in 1530, rises immediately to the left of the Bellry.



Photograph by CEP

THREADING HER WAY AMONG THE SAILBOATS OFF OSTEND BEACH, THE MAIL STEAMER PUTS OUT, BOUND FOR DOVER.

Chief seaport on the Belgian coast, Ostende (Ostend) also is one of the most favored bathing resorts in Europe (Color Plate 1). Pleasure boats dot the sea in its vicinity and the harbor is a center for about 250 fishing craft.



© Douglas Chandler

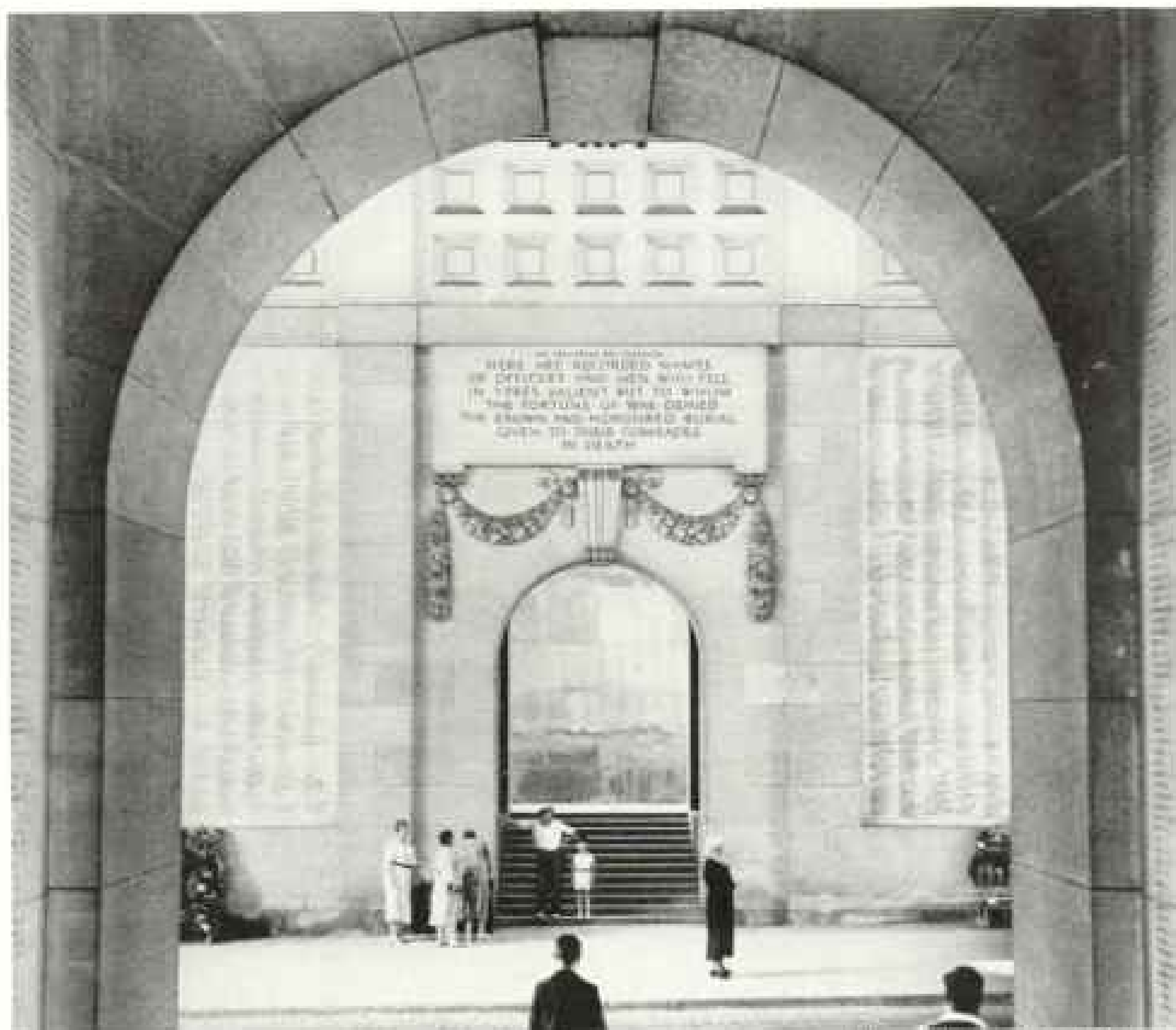
A BAKER'S MAN BRINGS FLEMISH HOUSEWIVES THEIR DAILY BREAD IN THE FAMILIAR, TWO-WHEELED, COVERED CART



Photograph from "Le Soir"

THIRTY BELGIANS CONVERT SUBTERRANEAN GROTTOES INTO MUSHROOM FARMS

Large-scale growing is conducted underground near the village of Folx-les-Caves in Brabant Province. Nearly all land capable of cultivation is given over to intensive farming even below the earth's surface.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

ENROLLED ON THE WALLS OF IEPER (YPRES) ARE THE NAMES OF MORE THAN 58,000 BRITISH WHOSE UNMARKED GRAVES DOT FLANDERS FIELDS

Silver bugles sound the last post every evening before the famous Menin Gate Memorial. English "Tommys" of the World War called this town "Wipers." Reduced to ruins in 1918, after four years of ceaseless bombardment, the city was rebuilt, like Verdun, on the original plan.

Belgium has 888,000 receiving sets. The Congo has but 850. Yet once a day a special program is broadcast on short wave to entertain the lonely colonial dwellers.

The International Broadcasting Union maintains in Brussels a control center which keeps a watchful eye over broadcasts and warns such stations as wander from their assigned wave lengths, a service of great importance.

One change—a sad one from the artistic standpoint—is the disappearance of the windmills from the local scene.

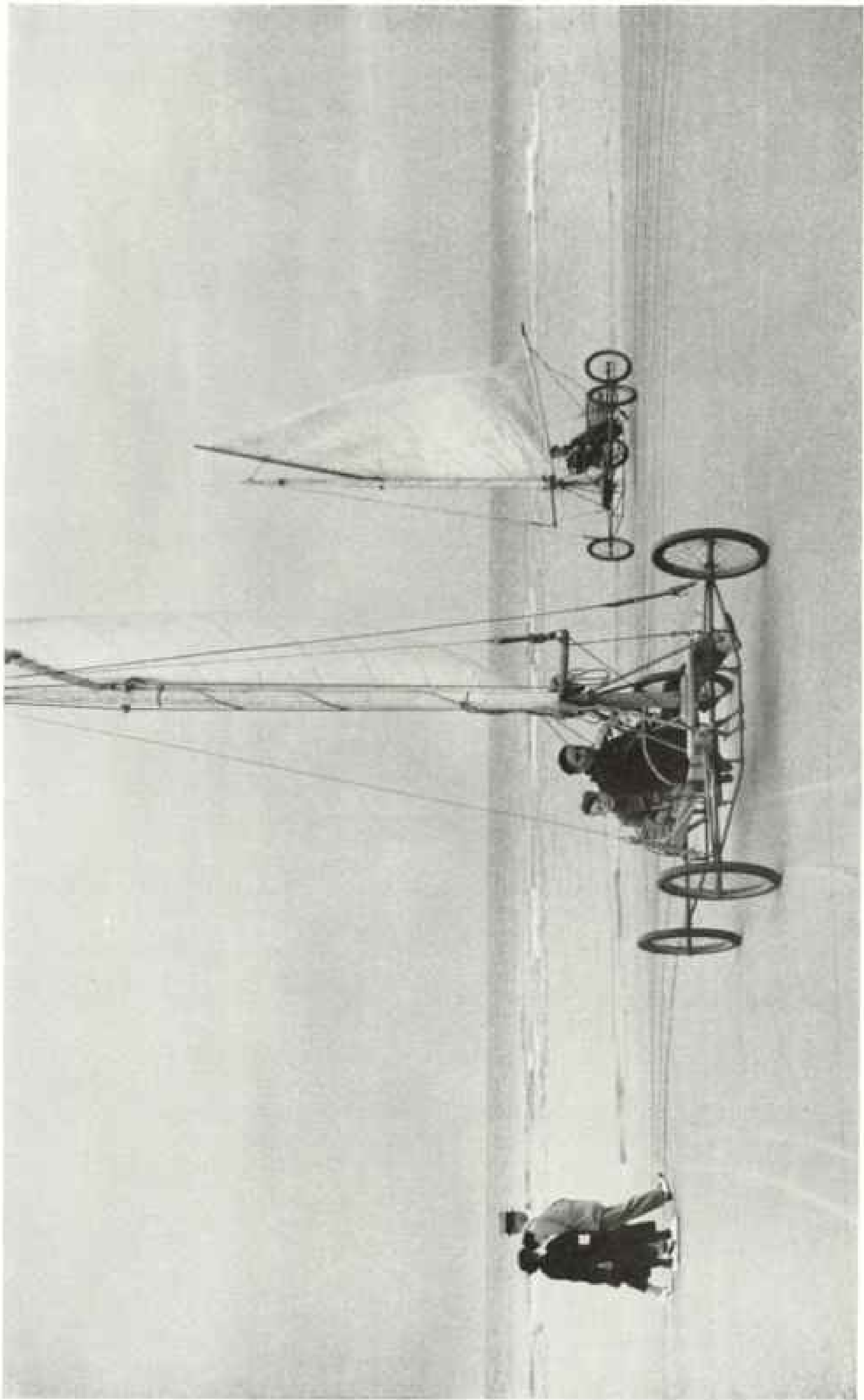
Modern machinery placed these charming objects in the discard; wind and tempest have contributed to their destruction. Don Quixote's revenge is well-nigh complete. I noticed only a scattered few, the aban-

doned remnant of the two thousand windmills which bravely brandished their arms in Belgium in 1830 when the land declared its independence.

THE SKILL OF BELGIAN ARTISANS

The guilds, as such, no longer exist, but the guild spirit is still abroad in the land. Pride in workmanship is an ineradicable component of the Belgian artisan's character (page 428).

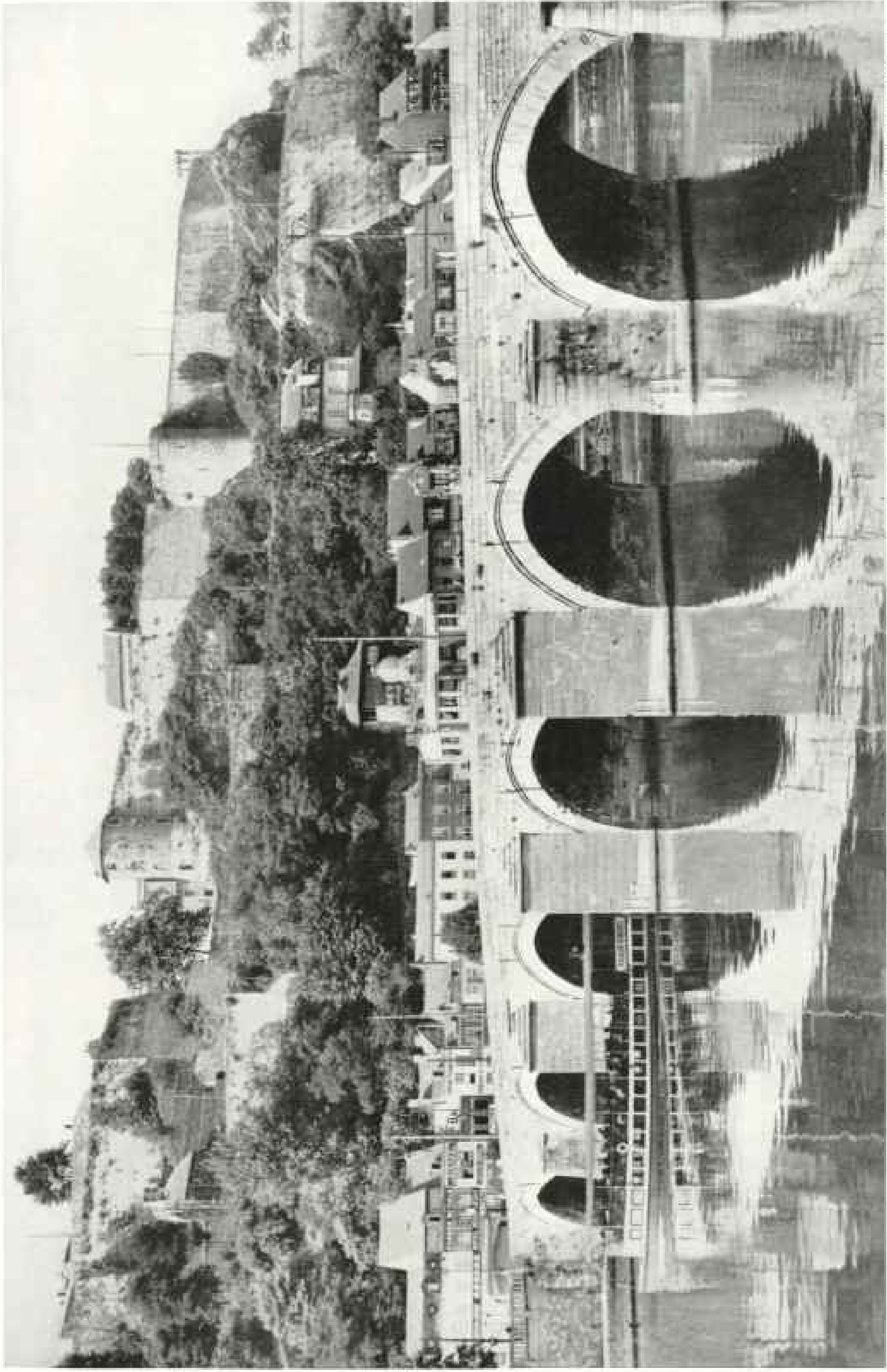
The destruction of Dinant in the war did not stamp out the initiative of its famous hammered-copper craft. Today, as in the 13th century, Dinant ateliers are noisy with the making of cleverly designed pots, pans, plaques, and sundry other articles from that ruddy metal which has given to the residents of the city the name of "Les



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart.

SAND YACHTS CAREEN MADLY WHEN THE WIND BLOWS FRESH ACROSS THE WIDE, FLAT BEACH AT DE PANNE

The grotesque, rubber-tired vehicles have smooth sailing on a stretch of sand 450 yards wide. Once an old fishing village, the town has become a seaside resort in recent years. King Albert made his home here during the World War and Elizabeth, his queen, served in a field hospital near by.



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

FLOWERS HAVE REPLACED CANNON IN NAMUR'S FAMED FORTRESS, OVERLOOKING THE STONE ARCHED BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE MEUSE

Of strategic importance since the days of the Romans, and object of numerous sieges, the citadel last played a part in warfare when the German army seized the town in 1914. Since then it has been converted into a park. The little river boat making its way upstream to Dinant has a low amblestack to clear bridge arches.



Photograph by CEP

A MODERN MERMAID FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR, GRACEFULLY CLEARING THE BAR

The sandy beach softens the force of the descent. Amateurs are enabled by the springboard to emulate circus acrobats and to exceed heights attained by Olympic high jumpers.

Copères"—Men of Copper (Color Plate XIV and page 449).

From a niche in the wall of each workshop the figure of Saint Eloi, patron saint of the metallurgists, looks down.

"Comrades of the craft," he seems to say, "I count on you to uphold the ancient traditions of your guild."

Famous also are the Dinant *couques*. In a New England kitchen these would be classified simply as fancy ginger cookies. Spicy-brown, crisp, they tumble out of scores of ovens, baked in the most fantastic shapes—hearts-and-flowers for the lovesick, goblins, animals, birds, every saint in the calendar. The patterns are molded by wooden forms of intricate carving, many of great antiquity (Color Plate XII).

HERE THE SAXOPHONE'S INVENTOR WAS BORN

Dinant, however, gave one gift to the world at large, its significance, good or evil, depending upon one's personal reaction to jazz. In this village was born Adolphe Sax (1814-1894), inventor of that instrument the saxophone, with its insinuating, swing-provoking voice. In a Brussels workshop

Sax perfected his demonic toy, later setting himself up in business in Paris.

Belgium as a whole has ever played an important rôle in instrument production. The Ruckers family of Antwerp built harpsichords in the 16th and 17th centuries, many of them embellished with decorations by the great Belgian painters of the period. Handel's favorite harpsichord, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, was the work of the Ruckers. Belgian organs also have enjoyed a widespread fame.

Carpet and tapestry weaving are being revived after having passed through a long period of slump. Saint Nikolaas, Ghent, Hamme, Kortrijk, Westerloo, Mechelen, and Brussels are the principal centers. The Crusades aided in the development of the industry here, as Belgian artificers learned new tricks from Saracen weavers (Color Plate IV).

The same single-track intensity that the Belgian brings to his job he also invests in his recreation after work or on holidays.

Incredibly simple are some of his amusements. He likes fishing competitions, canary-singing contests, crossbow shooting.



Photograph by Du Vinage from Black Star

FLAX FROM MANY LANDS COMES TO BELGIUM'S "GOLDEN RIVER" TO BE CURED

Plains of the glistening fiber stretch for miles along the banks of the sluggish Lys in West Flanders. The river water, combined with the climate and soil, help to make the flax prepared here the most valuable in the world. Enormous shipments from Ireland, Scandinavia, France, and other countries are "roasted" in the sun, then placed in crates and soaked thoroughly in the river. Afterwards the crop is wheeled back to the fields and tied up in cone fashion to dry.

It is a little hard to imagine the average Kansas City garageman, for example, employing his Sunday afternoons with a crowd of fellow workers shooting with an archaic crossbow at a tuft of feathers on a tower target. But in Belgium the crossbow enthusiast thinks his sport the most exciting of all contests (page 411). And this goes for the *tire-à-l'arc* (archery) fan, as well.

I spent a Sunday afternoon in Brussels sampling both sports. Great was my humiliation when I found that I could not bend to its full limit a bow some six feet in length with which one of the archers had just brought down two feather-dart birds at one shot (thereby winning forty francs).

"It is all training, monsieur," said this small, wiry expert of the bow. "Our muscles are trained to this sport from boyhood."

WHEN GIANTS WALK THE STREETS

On a certain feast day of the year, every Belgian town has its special procession of giants or other fantastic traditional figures. The best known of these are those of Antwerp, Lier, Tournai, Veurne, and Binche (Color Plate XV).

The costumes of the "Gilles de Binche," distinguished by enormously high head-dresses of ostrich feathers, are derived from descriptions of the Aztecs, brought back by Spanish soldiers during the period when the Netherlands lived under Spain's rule.*

The industrialization of Mons, lying at the edge of Le Borinage coal lands, has not sufficed to obliterate its folklore customs.

On the day of the Trinity, following a practice five centuries old, the Doudou, a most horrific monster, is brought forth from his lair in the museum of the Town Hall, and for the edification of crowds of the curious, assembled from miles around, is vanquished anew by Saint George.

And, to prove that such customs are not dying out, within the last generation the Doudou has reproduced the species—a dragonette, which, on the first Thursday of July, is annihilated by a junior Saint George, eight years old.

Side by side with all this buffoonery throbs the mechanized heart of the capital of the Walloon Province of Hainaut, a city of nearly thirty thousand. An endless stream of coal barges slips out through its

canals, workshops hum, brick chimneys belch forth their smoky oblations to the gods of industry.

HAVE YOU "SMELLED THE ONION"?

At Meirelbeke, a suburb of Ghent, even that inducer of crocodile tears, the humble onion, is made the subject every September of a large Kermess jubilee. The Grand Place is piled high with the irritant bulbs strung together.

Such appetizing dishes as stuffed onions, onions glacés, onions à la vinaigrette, onion soup—even onion tarts—are consumed by the revelers.

The expression for one who has attended the fair is that he has "smelled the onion"—which probably deserves its place in Mr. Woolcott's collection of classical understatements. . . .

Incongruous as it may seem in this motorized epoch, dogs are still widely used as traction animals in every Belgian province (Color Plate V).

The tax records of the nine provinces show a total of 685,619 dogs in all Belgium. Unfortunately the number under the "dogs of trade" classification is not shown, so we cannot figure the country's pulling strength in terms of dog-power.

A DOG'S LIFE MADE EASIER

There is, alas, no uniformity in the provincial regulations for canine traction, and some provinces have none whatever. Brabant has the most humane rules. I select a few articles from the regulations:

All dogs must be so harnessed as to permit them at each stop to lie down freely and rest the head upon the ground.

During all stops when rain or snow is falling, the conductor must place under the dog a piece of sacking or straw mat; and in very cold weather must protect the dog with a covering of oilcloth.

It is forbidden: to harness sick or infirm dogs, or mother dogs with young; for the conductor to sit in the cart, unless it be pulled by several dogs together; to attach a dog to a cart with any other species of animal; that the cart be conducted by a child of less than 14 years.

The dog must measure at the very least 20 inches at the height of the shoulder.

And a new ordinance forbids attaching dogs to the tricycle type of delivery cart, as the dog must always adapt his gait to the speed of pedal propulsion.

* See "In the Empire of the Aztecs," by Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1937.

BELGIAN PORTRAITS



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

ON PLACID LAKE OF LOVE, A BOATMAN ROWS WHERE FLEMISH CARRACKS ONCE SAILED

When Bruges (Brugge) was a leading member of the Hanseatic League, in the 13th and 14th centuries, Lac d'Amour (also Minnewater), then a harbor, mirrored the round hulls and bellying sails of many merchant ships. By 1490 the Zwyn River had silted up, and vessels were obliged to seek other ports. New canals have again connected the town with the sea. During the war Bruges was occupied by the Germans for four years, and many submarines were assembled here (Plate XI).



© National Geographic Society

Dufaycolor Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

GARDENERS OF GHEENT CULTIVATE BEGONIAS BY THE MILLION AND SHIP BULBS TO NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

Easily damaged by artificial heat, the flaming plants grow better outdoors than in greenhouses, where Belgians nurture azaleas, camellias, and palms. This garden is in Ghentbrugge, a suburb of "The City of Flowers." Ghent will hold its spectacular flower show this spring (Plate XIII). Perhaps the city's horticultural industries inspired Maurice Maeterlinck, born here in 1862, to study plants and insects and to write *The Life of the Bee*.



© National Geographic Society

MARKET FLOWERS FORM A TRIBUTE TO BELGIAN HEROES

Every day such Flemish grandmothers in sabots display their carnations, roses, and chrysanthemums in Brussels' cobbled Grand' Place, perhaps unmindful that the square once ran with blood. Here the Spanish executed many Belgians, including the Flemish martyrs, Counts Egmont and Horn.



Finlay Photographs by R. Anthony Stewart

JOLLY TABS SPIN YARNS ON THE ZEEBRUGGE QUAY

During the World War, German submarines, assembled at inland Bruges, crawled through a seven-mile canal to Zeebrugge, whence they set forth on North Sea raids. In a dramatic night action in April, 1918, the British Navy partially blocked this port by sinking two ships in it.



WILL THE CAKE EATERS SOON FEEL LIKE THEIR LITTLE SISTER?

Honey cakes are pressed in the shape of grapes, fish, or rabbits; sometimes into edible trays several feet in circumference, imprinted with a picture of Dinant, where they are made (Plate XIV). "Dinanderies," or copper and brass objects, have been ornamented by hand here since the Middle Ages.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by B. Anthony Stewart.

A LACEMAKER OF BRUGES FINDS IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

Seated in a doorway, she attracts the passer-by by her colorful costume and flying fingers, often making a sale of the lace. Throwing the bobbins rapidly back and forth, she twists the threads around each other and pins them to a pattern.

BELGIAN PORTRAITS



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart.

THE "HANGING GARDENS" OF OLD GHENT

Gutters, windowboxes, even sabots, hold roses and geraniums to the face of this sunny courtyard cottage beside the Quai aux Herbes. During April, thousands of visitors will pour into the town for its world-famous flower show, held every five years. Cobblestones of Ghent, like white doorsteps of Baltimore, are kept spick-and-span by frequent scrubbing. Because this city is the country's horticultural center (Plate X); it has been called "the Haarlem of Belgium." Two canals connecting with the North Sea make this inland manufacturing city virtually a seaport.



© National Geographic Society

Dufaycolor Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

FLANKING THE NOW PEACEFUL MEUSE, DINANT HAS KNOWN REPEATED TRAGEDY

The onion-shaped steeple of the Church of Notre Dame and many of the picturesque houses lining the Meuse have been completely rebuilt since the World War, when 670 of the town's inhabitants perished in a single attack. This recalls the tragedy of 1466 when Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, had 800 Dinant citizens bound in couples and drowned in the river, because the town joined forces with Louis XI of France.



© National Geographic Society

THE ANNUAL WEDDING OF THE GOLIATH GIANTS IS A "BIG AFFAIR" IN ATH

Dufaycolor Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

Children shriek when these giants dance and toddle down the street, bowing to the crowd. Inside each heavy figure walks a perspiring man who looks through the peephole. Since 1715 the fête's climax has been the wedding of Goliath, carrying club (center), to Mrs. Goliath (wearing orange blossoms). At the right is Samson, with broken column and jawbone. The crowned "Town of Ath, and the grinning Ambiorix complete the cortège.



VACATION MEANS OUTDOOR STUDY TO BOYS OF TOURNAI

A local school of arboriculture conducts summer courses which teach children how to care for hothouse fruits, flowers, and vegetables.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

"WHAT AM I BID FOR THESE FAT FISH?" DRONES THE AUCTIONEER

Ostend fishermen sell their catch by auction in the municipal fish market, one of Europe's largest. The auctioneer sets a high price for a lot of fish, then rapidly decreases it until a bidder shouts in Flemish dialect "Myn!" (mine) and claims the lot. Thus the market is known as the "Vischmyn" (my fish).

Quite the busiest man I know in Europe is the port lieutenant at Antwerp—an amazing fellow, busy in four different languages at once. Never hurried or confused, he spends his day at a battery of phones receiving reports of the myriad ships and barges.

"Allo, allo," he begins. Then a rapid conversation in French, German, English, or Flemish . . . ending always with "All right!"

PORT OF TEN THOUSAND SHIPS

Ten thousand seagoing vessels call yearly, handling a total of twenty million tons of merchandise. In addition are fifty thousand river craft.

Antwerp is the outlet for Belgium's heavy industry, its mining and agricultural products. Northern France, Alsace-Lorraine, the Rhineland, Westphalia, and Central Europe employ this gateway for a goodly percentage of their world commerce. Two hundred and forty shipping lines connect Antwerp with every port of the world.

My forenoon spent on a motorboat poking about the port's twenty-six and a half miles of dock front, conducted by one of the harbor master's assistants, only sufficed to arouse a great bewilderment as to the human possibility of making this titanic handling machine function.

Among other mechanical monsters I saw: 24 floating pneumatic grain elevators with a transshipping capacity of 200 to 300 tons per hour; a granary silo that holds almost a million bushels; more than 640 giant electric cranes, including one that juggles 150 tons like a billiard ball; cantilever bridges that snap open in 55 seconds; cold-storage chambers covering more than two acres, with room for enough frozen meat to gorge a carnivorous army. . . .

Sea gulls, tilting down the wind currents above the gray harbor's traffic-churned waters, mew and jeer at the torn shreds of carillon-jingle blown across from the noble Gothic tower of near-by Notre Dame Cathedral.

Underneath the harbor run two of Belgium's great modern engineering achievements—a pedestrian tunnel 1,870 feet long, and a vehicular tunnel of 6,922 feet. The inauguration of these tubes by King Albert in September, 1933, was the occasion of a great fête, participated in by the legendary Antwerp giants (Color Plate XV).

Another recent acquisition in which Antwerp takes just pride is its Institute of Tropical Medicine. I called on the director, Dr. Rodhain, and was shown marvels of modern laboratory equipment. Within these walls a splendid battle is being fought against malaria and other tropic maladies.

This city has passed through fat times and lean. Her one-time world supremacy was terminated when the Dutch closed the mouth of the Schelde. Napoleon reopened it; Holland was brought to terms. Today the ambitious civic government is laying plans for an increasingly important position among the earth's great ports.

One of busy Antwerp's leading industries, incidentally, is the highly skilled cutting of diamonds. Many a bride, in various parts of the world, wears a diamond cut in Antwerp.

PRECIOUS RADIUM FROM THE CONGO

Belgium still holds first place in radium production, with a yearly output in the neighborhood of 60 grams. Out of Katanga, Luiswishi, and Shinkolobwe in the Congo come the ores—pitchblende, kasolite, torbernite.

These rich minerals—yellow, orange, black, and green in color—are conveyed in sacks by rail from the mines over a thousand miles to the coast. Then comes the long voyage to Antwerp.*

The Oolen Refineries, which lie out on the Campine a few miles east of Antwerp, were constructed in 1922 by the General Metallurgic Society of Hoboken . . . Hoboken, Belgium, not New Jersey.

Here the laborious processes of extraction of the precious substance take place. The ratio of inert mass to usable element is twenty million to one. The refined radium is sent to Brussels, where, in the laboratories of the Union Minière de Haut Katanga, it is placed in needles or plaques and distributed for therapeutic use the world over.

Also from the Congo come cobalt, copper, gold, diamonds, palm oil, rubber, copal, sugar cane, coffee, cotton, and other products.

Such is the output of that distant tropic land, more than 77 times as large as its parent country, which was presented by Leopold II to his people. They tried in

* See "Keeping House on the Congo," by Ruth Q. McBride, in *THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE*, November, 1937.

every way to block their monarch's efforts at colonization . . . but ultimately he gave them the Congo as a keepsake.

MANY OLD FOLK SONGS SURVIVE

Sweet little *béguine*, if thou'lt dance with me,
The reward of an egg I promise thee!
Ah, no, sir, dancing is not allowed,—
Béguines' heads are in piety bowed.

Though the Flemings are by no means as musical as their Walloon compatriots, there is a wealth of charming material to be found among the peasants of East and West Flanders by the enterprising folk-song collector.

The oldsters sing of "John the Giant," "Marie on the Road to Furnes," "The King's Son," and a most beguiling ditty concerning "Daniel and the Venus of Re-naix." The song hits of New York and London have not as yet entirely supplanted these age-old melodies.

I visited *béguinages* in both Ghent and Brugge, and found the members of this quasi-conventual sisterhood readily communicative regarding their industrious lives, . . . but it never exactly occurred to me to ask one of them to dance with me!

From the shelters of their tree-shaded, walled-in quadrangles, they go forth to minister to the sick and needy, just as for many centuries. Within doors they occupy themselves with lacemaking, prayer, and, we may guess, gossip (page 401).

Before 1914 there were more than sixty thousand lacemakers in Belgium. Later came the world crisis, changes in women's fashions, and competition from machine-made imitations. It is estimated that there are at present ten thousand women engaged in the work. For the newcomers to the trade there are apprentice schools presided over by "mistress lacemakers."

The greater part of the lace output comes from six main centers, each with its own specialties. Turnhout is noted for "Paris Point," "Lille," and "Mechlin"; Kortrijk and Ypres (Ieper) for "Valenciennes"; Brugge for "Binche" and "Valenciennes"; Dendermonde and Aalst for "duchesse" lace.

BRUGGE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE

Italy, China, Indo-China, and the island of Cyprus are energetic competitors of Belgium in the cheaper lines of lace production, but do not seriously threaten her position in the industry.

Brugge has been called "the Belgian

Venice," yet this city, on which E. W. Korngold based his composition, *Die Tote Stadt* (The Dead City), is no more like Venice than is Stockholm. All three have canals—and there the resemblance ends.

And neither is this delectable Brugge "dead." On the day of my first visit a huge shipment of locomotives and railroad cars had glided out through the locks, destined for use in China. And what could have been more lustily vital than the stir of the Saturday morning market on the great expanse of the Place!

The sun, shining for a capricious moment through wind-driven clouds, slanted precious shafts of light around the belfry tower. Here was a rare chance for me. I rushed into the nearest store and begged the owner's permission to mount to his top story and snap a general view of the square.

He smilingly assented, accompanying me up four flights to an attic window under the gabled roof.

"I also am *amateur de photographie*," he announced. "And for fifteen years I have been a member of the National Geographic Society. See, here in this book-case."

There in handsome leather covers were bound volumes of *The Magazine* for the entire period.

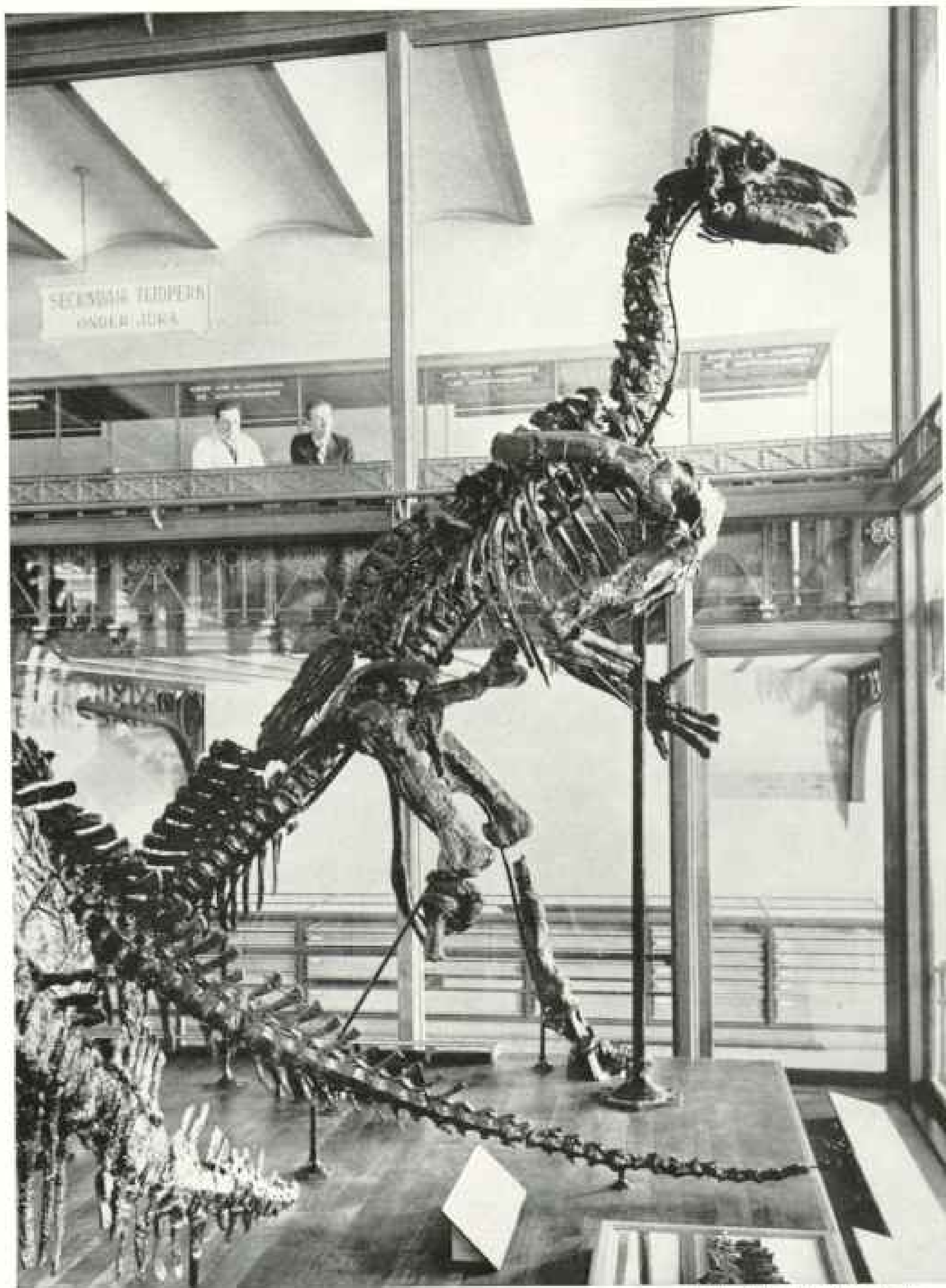
Later, as we sat in a café crowded with Flemish farmers who had sold their products in the market, my obliging acquaintance told me how the people of the city came by their unflattering nickname, "Brugsche Zotten," or "Fools of Bruges."

On the occasion of one of Charles V's visits to Brugge, he found himself so pleased with the reception accorded him that he offered to grant any request that the city fathers might make. Lacking a proper lunatic asylum, they decided to ask for one.

When informed of this, Charles is, by tradition, alleged to have said, "That is simple. I shall just build a wall around the entire city. I shall thus have created an insane asylum—for you're *all crazy!*" Hence the equivocal pseudonym.

To write of Belgium's patrimony from the prolific brushes of her Flemish masters, one needs a sabbatical year and the guarantee of volumes of space.

I galloped through the "art cities" with shameless speed. Memling, Van Dyck, Rubens, Breughel, and the vanguard of those lusty artists must, from their high



Photograph by D. Anthony Stewart

DEEP IN A COAL PIT, BELGIAN MINERS CAME UPON THIS IGUANODON GIANT.

Bones of enormous saurians, which roamed Europe millions of years ago, were found in a mine at Bernissart and carefully put together in the Natural History Museum at Brussels. From the gallery, 29 of these monsters can be seen, some standing on clumsy hind legs, others arranged in the recumbent positions in which they were found. Back in prehistoric days this big fellow moved on hind legs and tail much like a kangaroo. He is about 15 feet tall (page 449).



© Douglas Chandler

HOUSEWIVES TALK OVER TOWN AFFAIRS OF A SUNDAY IN BELGIUM'S
"BLACK COUNTRY"

King Leopold III told the author that Le Borinage, vast coal mining region southwest of Mons, was one of the nation's most baffling problems (page 450). Spoil heaps resembling the pyramids of Egypt rise behind the drab villages. Generation after generation clings to these bleak surroundings, for life there "seems to have an irresistible allure."

heaven of the elect, have viewed my progress with pained surprise.

Among the coast towns there is nothing that surpasses Zoute. Many conservative and distinguished Belgian families have their summer places there. Migratory birds love it and its near-by islands and make the region a regular port of call on their twice-yearly pilgrimages.

A GIFT FROM NEPTUNE

Zoute should have been given some such name as "Neptune's Gift" or "Atlantis Reclaimed," for not long ago all the wide-reaching sandy acres on which it stands lay deep under brine-blue ocean.

The family of Count Lippens, former Governor of the Congo, and for a time President of the Belgian Senate, a few generations ago acquired a strip of coast land. The deed to the property read that from a certain inland point it extended "to the sea."

Old Man Neptune decided to show his good will to the family of Lippens. Within a comparatively short time the sea had

receded a matter of miles toward the northwest, leaving an expanse of yellow, shining terra firma.

A DISCOVERY IN THE WILDS OF THE
CONGO MUSEUM

"There's a compatriot of yours working in the bird department," said the assistant curator of the Congo Museum in a suburb of Brussels as he led me through its treasure-filled halls.

The compatriot turned out to be Dr. James P. Chapin, an authority on Congo birds. He was aglow with enthusiasm.

"See what I have found!" he exclaimed, showing me two large mounted pheasants, short-tailed relatives of the true Asiatic peacocks.

He had come across these two old specimens in the Congo Museum, still unidentified, and recognized them as a brand-new bird from the Congo forest.

For twenty-three years he had been puzzled by a single wing-quill of this "Congo peacock," which he took from the hat of a native in the Ituri Forest.



Photograph by B. Anthony Stewart

DINANT'S COPPER MINES ARE ONLY "HOLES FOR DOGS" TODAY, YET ITS CHASED-METAL ART STILL THRIVES

Many years ago digging operations were abandoned and the pits have become burial places for animals. Craftsmanship in hand-hammered copper and brass flourished five centuries ago, when raw material was plentiful in the Province of Namur. Time and again the output of the famed *dinanderies* was halted by war and pillage, but the handicraft survived (page 431). The Belgian Congo now supplies the copper sheps, which have risen anew since the World War.

The Congo peacock was named *Aropavo congensis* by Chapin, and in the summer of 1937 he went back and made a successful search for it in the forests of the eastern Congo. In a fairly large region there it seems to be not at all uncommon.

In 1878, near the village of Bernissart, close to the French border of Belgium, some coal miners sank their picks into bits of material that seemed quite unlike coal. Scientists took from it one of the world's greatest single finds of prehistoric monsters.

Skeletons of iguanodons, crocodiles, and score upon score of other reptilian creatures were yielded by this hole, where they had been dumped by some cataclysm of nature.

The collection of 29 iguanodons, some standing on clumsy hind legs, heads house-high, others arranged in the attitudes in which they were found in the earth, are to be seen in the Royal Museum of Natural History at Brussels (page 447).

Facing this museum, across the green lawn of Leopold Park, stands the white marble Eastman Dental Clinic, shining

white as a new molar. Opened in 1933, it was a gift to the Belgian people from an American, the late Kodak manufacturer.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS TELLS OF HIS LAND

One April day I was granted an audience by King Leopold III. His Majesty lives principally in the Royal Palace at Laeken (page 400), but all audiences and other official routine matters take place at the Palace in Brussels (page 401).

At a few minutes before eleven I presented myself at the Palace and was met by the King's adjutant. After some ten minutes of conversation it was announced that His Majesty was ready to receive me. The adjutant led me into the audience chamber, bowed, and retired.

His Majesty rose from behind a flat-topped desk and greeted me with a warm handclasp. He was a slender, handsome, stern young man, in uniform without decorations.

Having requested me to be seated, His



Photograph by H. Anthony Stewart

CYCLE PATHS CRISSCROSS THE FOREST OF SOIGNES, BRUSSELS' CHIEF PARK

Belgians are avid wheelmen. They crowd the special tracks along the highways of a Sunday, many riding old-fashioned "bicycles built for two." This tract of 10,100 acres is a favorite rendezvous, with its lofty aisles formed by magnificent beeches.

Majesty put me at my ease, asking pertinent questions as to my impressions of his country. He spoke in English, without accent, his light voice tensely modulated.

He seemed particularly pleased to know that I had visited the coal regions of Le Borinage (page 446). I told him of my morning at the new coal fields in Limbourg Province, where I had seen model mining villages, the equal of any in Europe.

A KING'S CONCERN ABOUT HIS MINERS

"Le Borinage is one of Belgium's most baffling problems," he said. "Various experiments in resettlement have been attempted, always with disappointing results. Groups have been placed on fine agricultural land and given every help and inducement to a new adjustment. It doesn't work. Gradually they drift back to their 'black country,' just as the sailor returns to the sea. . . .

"To those who are bred to it for generations the mining life seems to have an irresistible allure. The Government is constantly studying other measures for the solution of this question."

Another subject of keen interest to King Leopold is the Albert Canal, a gigantic engineering project that will connect Liège directly with Antwerp, eliminating the manifold inconveniences of the present route which cuts in a curving course through a corner of the Netherlands, thus involving two frontier crossings.

One comes away from an audience with this young monarch deeply aware of the tragic event which occurred on a Swiss motor road in 1935.

Queen Astrid, that "smiling queen" out of the north, was profoundly loved by the Belgian people. Photographs of her with the King, with her children, alone, are exhibited in almost every store window in the land. Her name has become a legend.

I was presented by a Belgian friend, as a gift for my children, with a most charming little child's book with a cover illustration of haloed baby angels. It is entitled "Légende de la Reine Astrid."

In the sterling qualities of its rulers—and the sturdy self-reliance of its people—little Belgium has been favored out of all proportion to its size.

TWEEDSMUIR PARK: THE DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE

BY THE LADY TWEEDSMUIR OF ELSFIELD

THREE years ago I sat in the library of my home at Elsfeld watching a curtain of mist slowly blot out the wide landscape.

My life seemed to be completely settled in a happy groove.

I thought to myself that I should probably never travel much again, and certainly would never enter an airplane or wear trousers.

The Fates must have heard my self-communings, and, with their usual love of springing surprises upon rash human beings, they set to work to give me a share in a job which would cause me to travel many thousands of miles and spend a considerable time on pack horse and in canoes and seaplanes.

The scene changed from England to Canada and from Elsfeld to Ottawa; and then last summer I found myself journeying through Tweedsmuir Park, one of those vast spaces of wild country which the far-seeing Dominion and its Provinces are reserving for the future use of their citizens.*

A MOSAIC OF NOBLE LAKES

Tweedsmuir Park was established by the British Columbia Government as a reserve in March, 1936. It is a triangular piece of land, with its southern apex almost touching the Bella Coola River, and with an area of approximately three and a half million acres, or 5,400 square miles (maps, pages 452 and 454).

The park is for the most part a high tableland with an average altitude of between two and three thousand feet. Most of it is a mosaic of noble lakes—not muskegs, but limpid sheets of water fed from the snows of the hills. All the western side is the main chain of the Coast Mountains.

It shows no high summits, nothing more than from eight to nine thousand feet, but the mountains are most exquisitely configured, and as a piece of upland architecture it is comparable with the most beautiful parts of the Alps.

Towards the southern apex the moun-

* The author's husband, the noted writer John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, was appointed Governor-General of Canada by the British Crown on March 27, 1935, and took office at Ottawa on November 2 of that year.

tains increase in height to nearly 10,000 feet until the great trench of the Bella Coola Valley is reached. Here in what is called the Mackenzie Valley, where Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in his famous journey to the Pacific, first entered the park, is a superb piece of mountain scenery, and just beyond the southeastern borders lies the Rainbow range, which is also a most satisfying bit of mountain architecture.

The British Columbia Government selected well, for it chose a tract of country which contains in itself every variety of forest, lake, stream, plateau, and mountain scenery, and each variety is a perfect specimen of its kind.

The ranges of western Canada can provide many scenes of savage grandeur, but none of them, I think, comparable to Tweedsmuir Park for grace and beauty. There one is conscious of the amenities as well as the grimness of the wilds.

The park is still almost untouched by man, but it has already its place in history. Once it was in the hands of the Coast Indians, but two centuries ago they seem to have been driven out by the Carrier tribes of the central plateau. Today the few Indian encampments are all of Carriers until we reach the Coast tribes at Bella Coola.

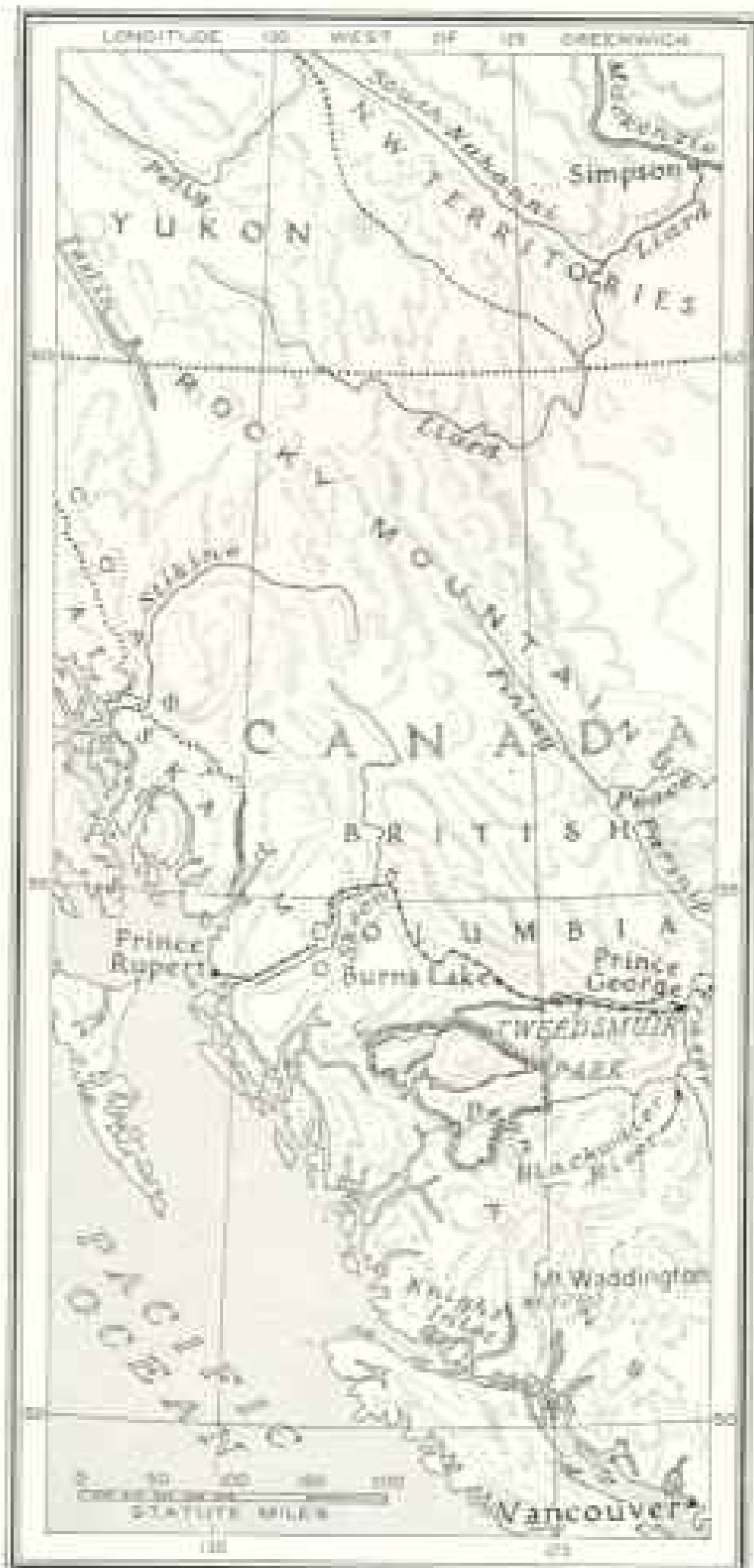
SOME EARLY EXPLORERS

The great episode in the park's history was, of course, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's journey to the Pacific, of which I shall have something to say later.

It was more than eighty years after Mackenzie before a white man again entered what is now the park. Then Charles Horetzky, in the summer of 1874, explored Dean Channel from the sea in his search for a route for a transcontinental railway.

Twenty years after Horetzky came Father A. G. Morice, a missionary from France, who explored the northern side of the park and provided the Government with the first data to prepare a map.

After Father Morice there seems to have been no visitor until Mr. Frank C. Swannell began his journeys in the summer of 1920. He was the first of the modern surveyors to place the whole region on the map of Canada.



Drawn by Ralph E. McAber

MYSTERY ENSHROUDS THE VAST REGION NORTH OF TWEEDSMUIR PARK

Tales of unexplored rivers and of daring trappers who never returned have filtered back from these wild stretches toward the Yukon (page 458). Vancouver lies 300 miles southeast of the preserve. To the northwest is Prince Rupert, from which Burns Lake, northern gateway to the park, can be reached by train.

Today the park can be entered from either the north or the south. If the latter route is chosen, a weekly steamer from Vancouver takes the traveler to Bella Coola up the magnificent coast line of British Columbia, where he will see the finest panoramas of fiords and mountains in the world. A motor drive of forty miles from Bella Coola by a good road will bring him to Stuie Lodge, where pack horses can be had to climb out of the valley into the park.

To my mind, however, the best entrance is from the north. For one coming from the east the route is by the Canadian National Railways from Edmonton by way of Jasper to the station at Burns Lake. From there a good motor road leads to Ootsa Lake and the beginning of the park. At Ootsa Lake all arrangements for guides, horses, and canoes can be made.

For the visitor from the south who aims at Burns Lake, there are two routes available. One is by steamer to Prince Rupert, the sea terminus of the Canadian National transcontinental line, and then by railway to Burns Lake.

This is a magnificent way of approach, for the traveler sees the whole superb coast line of British Columbia, and from Prince Rupert he will journey up the estuary of the Skeena, which, to my mind, is one of the finest fiords in the West.

If he prefers road travel, the route is up the Fraser River by the famous old Caribou Trail to Prince George, and then west to Burns Lake. It is a good, well-engineered gravel road, and the deep canyon of the Fraser is a sight well worth seeing.

Some day, no doubt, this will be the great Vancouver-Alaska highway, by which the motorist from the United States will be able to travel comfortably through the whole length of British Columbia to the United States' domain in the far north.

"MR. X" AND TERTULLIAN

On August 15 we left Burns Lake on a fine morning after a week of rain. The party consisted of the Governor-General (henceforth known as X), Mr. Shuldham Redfern (the private secretary), Mrs. Redfern, two A.D.C.'s—the Sailor and the Soldier—our youngest son Alastair, and Mrs. George Pape, my lady-in-waiting.

We were also accompanied by Mr. Wells Gray, the British Columbia Minister of Lands; Mr. Parsons, the Assistant Commissioner of the British Columbia Police; and the local Members of Parliament.

Our party was completed by a sparrow hawk, which we had acquired on the road and named Tertullian (William for short), dressed in an exquisite costume of speckled brown and blue. He was very young and very peaceful, and preferred sitting upon somebody's hat to any more orthodox form of perch.

The country between Burns Lake and the park is a charming mixture of wild and settled. We crossed Francois Lake, which

is almost seventy miles long and anywhere else but in Canada would be considered a notable sheet of water.

At various stopping places we were greeted by bands of school children, and at Francois Lake by a party of Babine Indians who made X one of their chiefs, under the title of "Chief of the Big Mountain."

At Ootsa Lake we reached the beginning of the park. There we embarked in boats on our journey to our base camp. Our boat was of the type of the old Hudson's Bay York boat, plus a "kicker."

All afternoon we chugged along in a stately procession, X and I in the first boat feeling rather like Antony and Cleopatra. The landscape had a lowland air, except that now and then a snow-topped mountain appeared in a gap, to the delight of X, who, as an old mountaineer, becomes slightly lunatic at the sight of the high snows.

The water was glassily calm, except where, in the Ootsa River, it was broken by small rapids. The spruce and jack pine on the shores, varied by meadows of wild hay, gave one the impression of traveling through the slightly over-wooded park of a great English country house.

There was little sign of life, except broods of young mallards that squattered away from the boats.



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

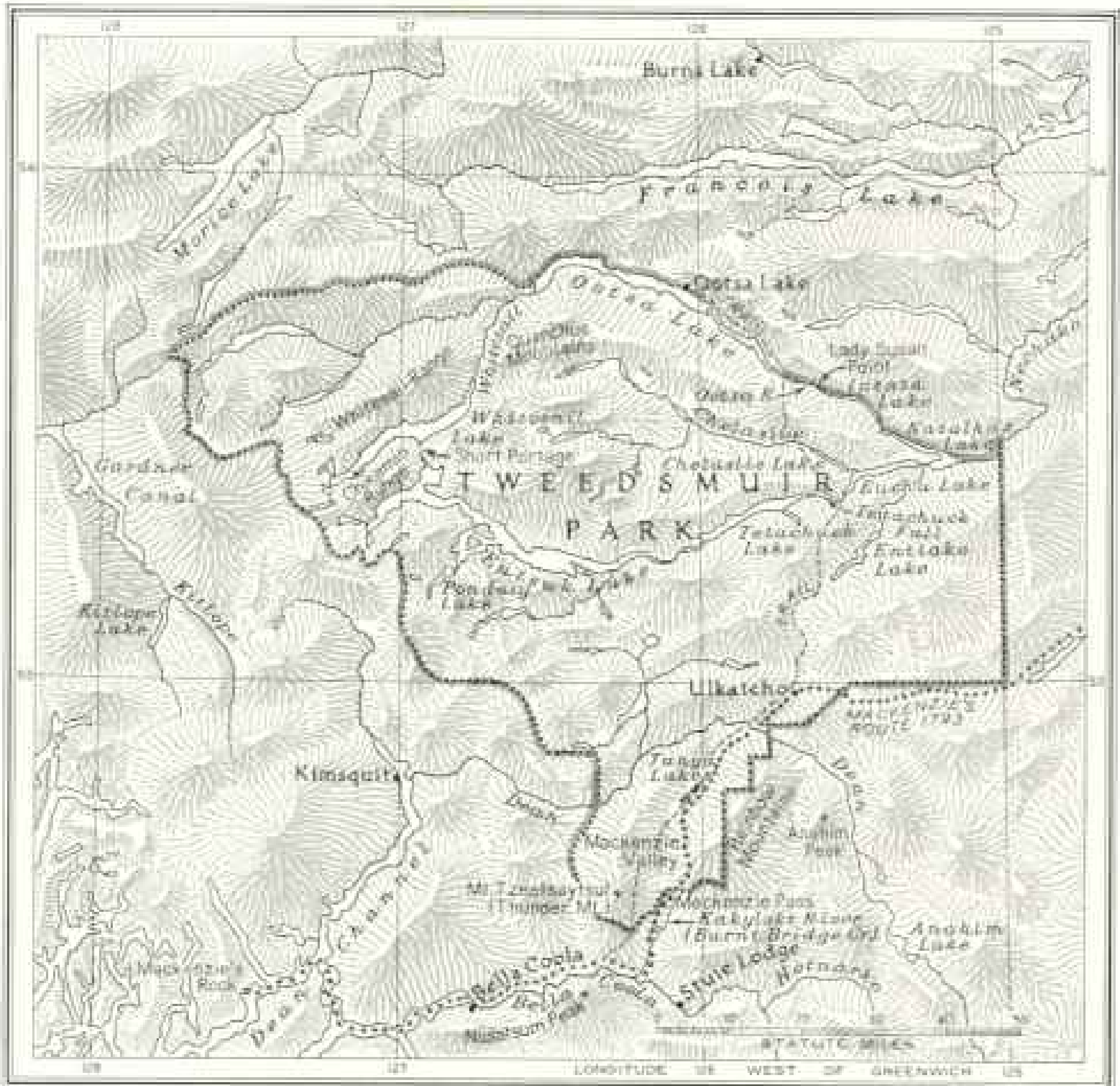
INDIANS COME TO A "POWWOW" WITH LORD TWEEDSMUIR

Members of the Babine and Takulli tribes dwell at Ootsa Lake in Tweedsmuir Park. They still hand down their old tribal legends and folklore, ascribing supernatural powers to many birds and animals in their mountains. At left is T. W. S. Parsons, Assistant Commissioner of the British Columbia Police.

Presently we rounded a corner of the river and on a headland saw a little township of tents, and a flag-pole from which fluttered the Governor-General's flag. Below, in the small bay, lay four seaplanes, looking as innocent as a taxi rank in Piccadilly.

CAMPING IN COMFORT

I should like to make my readers believe that we lay under the stars, bitten by mosquitoes and black flies, and molested by grizzlies and cougars, but the truth is that our camp, provided by the hospitable Brit-



Drawn by Ralph E. McAleer

TWEEDSMUIR PARK GIVES TO BRITISH COLUMBIA ANOTHER HUGE PUBLIC PLAYGROUND

Thirteen national scenic parks and five game preserves, as well as many provincial areas, have been set aside in Canada for the use of her citizens. This wild region, established by the Province in March, 1936, and named for the Governor-General, covers 5,400 square miles. It lies about 250 miles west of Jasper and 350 miles northwest of Banff, two of the Dominion's most famous national parks. Its western border coincides with the Coast Mountains, and its southern limit is about five miles north of the Bella Coola River.

ish Columbia Government, was the last word in comfort. We slept in sleeping bags laid on camp beds, and there was always hot water available; but, as usual in a tent, I at once began to lose everything, and spent much of my time ranging my "Mountie" bag and my "sausage" for lost articles.

I shall never forget those nights in my tent, when, before sinking into profound slumber, I kept picturing the many miles of mountain, forest, and snow field around me, and thought of Elsheld, like the tigers in the story, "very wee and far away."

I used to be awakened by the sound of conversation and wonder irritably why peo-

ple should sit around my tent so early in the morning, until I realized that water carries sound very far, and that the talk was really coming from distant lodges.

Still, like the Frenchman when he banged on the wall of his hotel bedroom after being kept awake half the night by girlish confidences in the adjoining room, I felt inclined to cry, "Young ladies! Young ladies! I am afraid of overhearing your secrets of the heart!"

They had honored me by calling the promontory on which the camp was laid Point Susan, so I really felt a proprietary interest in it.



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

PICNICKERS: LUNCH BESIDE THE OLD MACKENZIE TRAIL

Near the southern entrance to Tweedsmuir Park, on the way to Bella Coola, the expedition pauses where, a century and a half ago, the Scottish explorer risked his life among unfriendly Indians. From left to right are T. W. S. Parsons, Assistant Commissioner of the British Columbia Police; Mark Connelly; Lord Tweedsmuir; Mrs. A. S. Redfern; Lady Tweedsmuir, and Alastair Buchan, son of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir.

Each night a huge campfire was built on the headland, and most of us sat around it. The moon was nearly full, and beyond the glow of our fire the lake lay sleeping with its amber capes. It was the hour for good talk, and of that there was no lack.

In our company we had a wealth of experience which it would be hard to beat. There were officers of the British Columbia Police, who knew every corner of the Province; air pilots who had surveyed for months in the Northern Plains and had flown in all weathers in most parts of Canada, including the Arctic North; old-timers who could speak of the Caribou gold rush seventy years ago; neighboring ranchers who entered the country long before the days of roads and maps; civil servants who had seen greater change in their lifetime

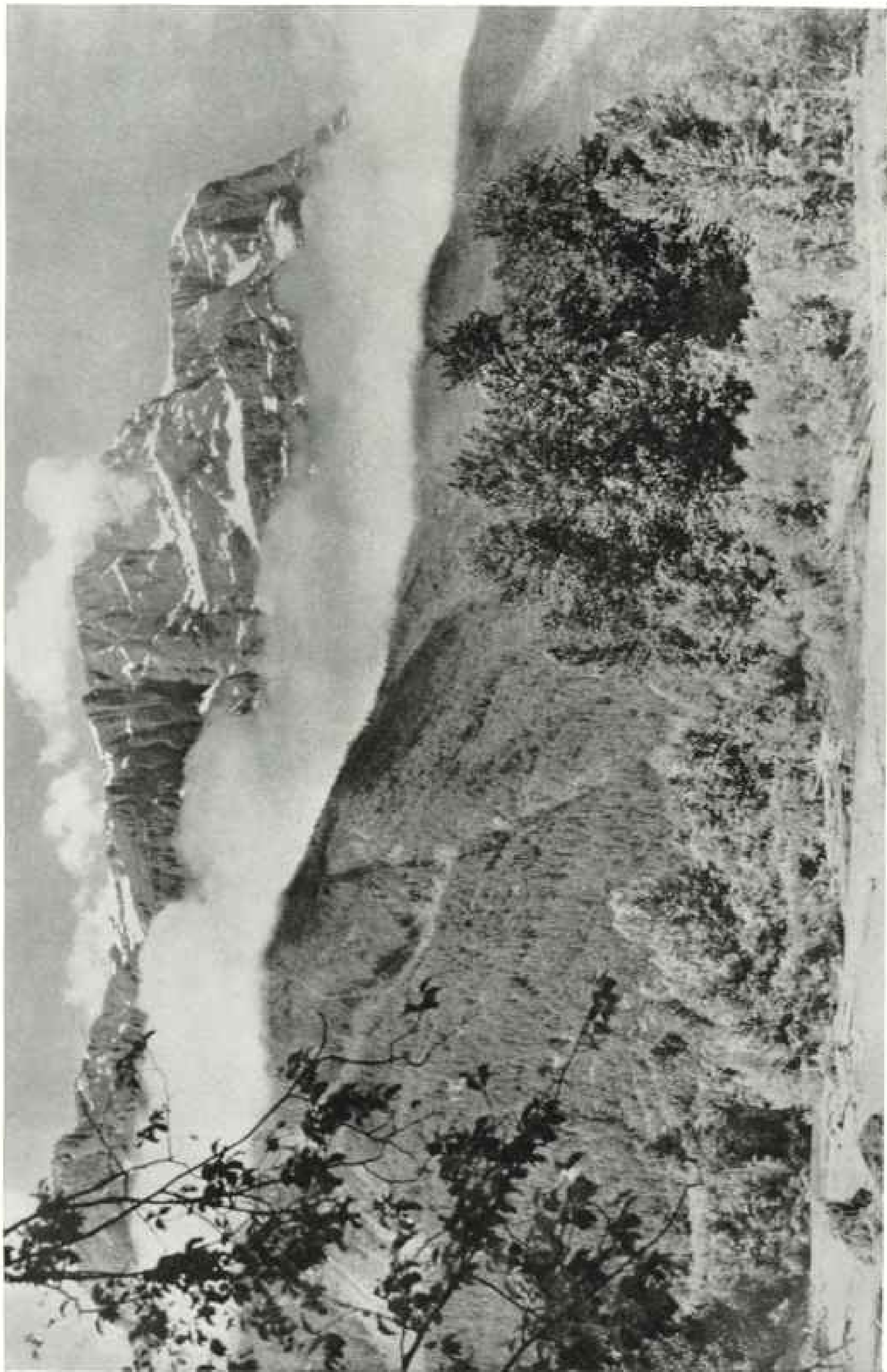
than their fathers had known in generations.

British Columbia is in a special sense a frontier province. We were close to the Pacific divide, and a hundred miles north of us was the height of land beyond which the streams run to the Arctic. Since it contains every variety of landscape and economic asset, its people have wide interests.

Moreover, they are dwellers on the Pacific shore, and the Province is a window from which Canada looks out to the confused and uncertain East. There is nothing parochial about the outlook of British Columbia.

THE FRONTIER OF THE UNKNOWN

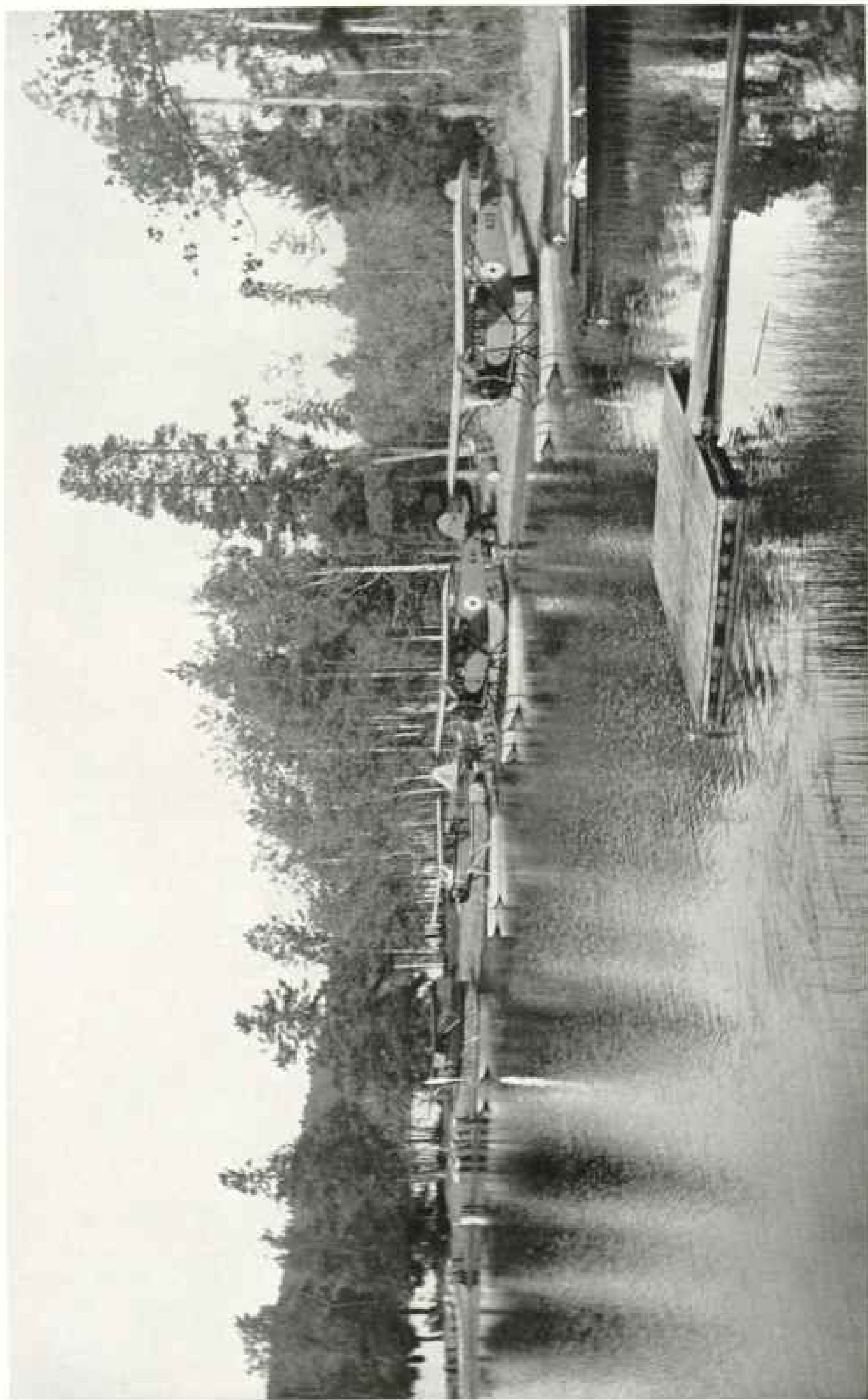
Such campfire talks tended always to turn towards the frontier of the unknown, for Canada still has a considerable frontier



Photograph from Lady Tweedsmuir.

⁴¹STUPENDOUS; ⁴²MACKENZIE CALLED THIS SNOW-MANTLED PEAK WHEN HE SAW IT NEARLY 150 YEARS AGO

First to journey across the upper half of North America to the Pacific coast, the intrepid Scot entered the present borders of Tweedsmuir Park on his way from near Lake Athabasca. Turning southward, he saw the mountain rising above the trench of the Bella Coola River.



Photograph by J. W. Smith

BULL MOOSE FED PEACEFULLY 200 YARDS AWAY AS SEAPLANES BERTIED ON CALM INTATA LAKE

For more than a week the expedition was based here, on the northeastern edge of Tweedsmuir Park. Many trips over impenetrable regions were made with the four Royal Canadian Air Force pilots. Old Indian trails were explored on horseback. Beavers were busy in many of the streams and caribou came close to camp.



Photograph by J. W. Smith

IN A LAND OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES, THE "GATEWAY" IS FORTY MILES FROM THE PARK

From Burns Lake, a railroad community on the transcontinental line, the party motored to Ootsa Lake, on the northern border of the preserve (page 452).

beyond which exact knowledge ceases.

We discussed, I remember, the secrets which still await discovery. X's fancy has been caught by a certain Rivière de l'Enfer, which is supposed to be somewhere far away in the hinterland of Quebec, and about which he is always trying to get news.

There was talk, too, of that tongue of forest land which runs far up into the Northern Plains on the Thelon River. For long that was only a legend, but now that the Thelon Game Sanctuary has been established we know something about it.

It was there that that almost legendary figure, John Hornby, and his two companions perished a few years ago. The diary of the last survivor, young Christian, has now been published—an extraordinary record of endurance and fortitude.

But the talk always drifted to the valley of the South Nahanni River, which is one of the mystery spots in the North (map, page 452).

There used to be a tale of a valley in the northern Rockies, where hot springs produced a kind of tropical vegetation, and

where, it was rumored, strange prehistoric beasts were still alive. This pleasing story has been disproved by Dr. Camsell's flight in 1935.

But the mystery of the South Nahanni remains. The river enters the Liard from the north about one hundred miles above Simpson. A gigantic waterfall makes exploration by boat impossible beyond a certain point.

WILDS INTO WHICH NINE MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED

For centuries apparently the upper valley was the scene of constant fighting between the Nahanni Indians and those of the Yukon, with the result that it was a no-man's-land, with no tribe in occupation. It has long been believed to be rich in minerals, but little has been done there in the way of prospecting.

In the last twenty years nine white men have entered it and have not returned, and no man knows what became of them! There was believed to be a kind of trail which led across the divide to the Pelly River in the Yukon, but of this there is no



Photograph by J. W. Smith

LORD AND LADY TWEEDSMUIR TAKE WING AT INTATA LAKE TO INSPECT THE NEW RESERVE

Their Excellencies board a Royal Canadian Air Force flying boat for a thrilling journey across mountain crests and down the valley of the turbulent Dean (page 456).

certain knowledge. The country is wholly unsurveyed.

Two things, however, seem to be certain. The first is that it is a paradise for northern fauna. Mr. Harry Snyder has explored part of it by air and established a camp in the upper reaches. There he has shot new varieties of mountain sheep, and found "the grizzly of the Barrens," many hundred miles out of its bailiwick.

Again, there is no doubt that the mountains reach a high elevation and that there are larger ice fields there than anywhere in the southern Rockies. Now that the air is the real highway of the North, the secrets of the South Nahanni may soon be unveiled.

EXPLORING THE PARK BY WATER, LAND, AND AIR

Our purpose was to explore the park from our base camp, for a mere traverse from north to south would have shown us very little of it. So from Point Susan we made daily expeditions by boat, seaplane, or pack horse.

There is no limit to the expeditions to be made in the park, in most of which the

traveler will have to do his own pioneering; but there are three major expeditions (map, page 454).

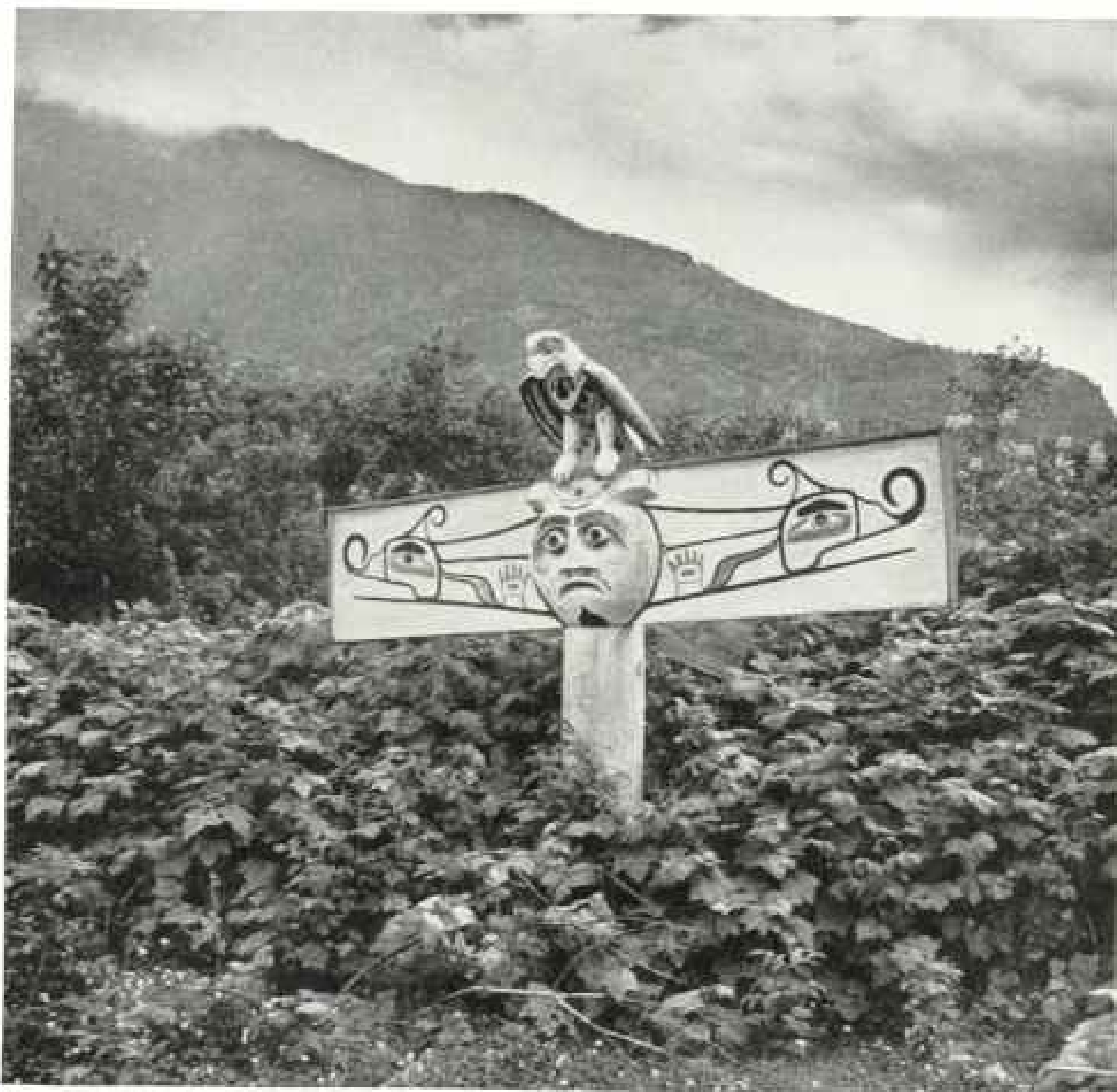
The first is the water route, which has been given the name of the Great Circle. By canoe or boat it is possible to make an easy circuit nearly two hundred miles in length.

Starting west of Ootsa Lake post office (Ootsa means "the way around"), the route follows the lake to its head, where the Whitesail River enters. Then come some fourteen miles of river where there are no difficulties except a few log jams.

We are now under the high mountains, the Whitesail Range to the west (page 467) and the Quanchus Mountains to the east. Whitesail Lake is a magnificent sheet of water which burrows its way into the heart of the hills.

About halfway up on the south shore the traveler leaves the lake, and after a short and easy portage reaches Eutsuk Lake, which continues for forty miles.

This is one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. On the west it throws out numerous fiords which are fed by the



Photograph by T. W. S. Parsons

AN EAGLE TOTEM BROODS OVER THE GRAVES OF BELLA COOLA INDIANS

Deity of the tribe, the bird once surmounted all its carvings, sometimes on lofty poles. These symbols of legendary exploits and family heritage once were common throughout the Northwest, but they are raised no more. Many old ones are found today in the Indian villages along the Skeena River, northwest of Tweedsmuir Park.

glaciers of the peaks, and it has superb shores of golden sand. One inlet on the south leads to a little lake, Pondosy (named after an early missionary), which is wholly enclosed by the mountains. All around it there is a lacework of other lakes, in most of which no angler has ever cast a fly.

LITTLE LAKES GLEAM, GEMLIKE,
WITH COLOR

The color of some of these tarns is unbelievable—every variety of green, from the deepest emerald to the palest jade; every shade of blue, from sapphire through aquamarine to what, in certain lights, is the purest turquoise. The shores are

clothed with jack pine, spruce, and balsam, above which alpine pastures lead to the rocks and snows.

There are no big glaciers, but a multitude of little stumpy ones in the high corries. The western ends of Whitesail and Eutsuk are only some thirty miles from the salt water of the Gardner Canal.

From the eastern end of Eutsuk a short stretch of river leads to Tetachuck Lake, whence, for some few miles, a boat must be lined down the rapids to Euchu Lake. Tetachuck means "sick water," but I saw nothing unwholesome in its limpid depths. A short riffle leads from Euchu to Natalkuz Lake, and then by way of Intata Lake and



Photograph by T. W. S. Parsons

THEY HAVE REAL "FISH STORIES" TO SWAP

Alastair Buchan, youngest son of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, stops in front of the Tetachuck Fall store with a string of fine rainbow trout. Game fighters that took the lure as soon as it was cast and then put up a stirring battle were pulled from streams never frequented before by anglers with rod and reel. Later, at Stuir Lodge, Alastair caught *the* fish of the trip, a 26-pound salmon.

a lovely stretch of the Ootsa River one returns to Ootsa Lake and the starting point. That is the chief trip by water.

THE PACK-HORSE ROUTE FOLLOWS AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL

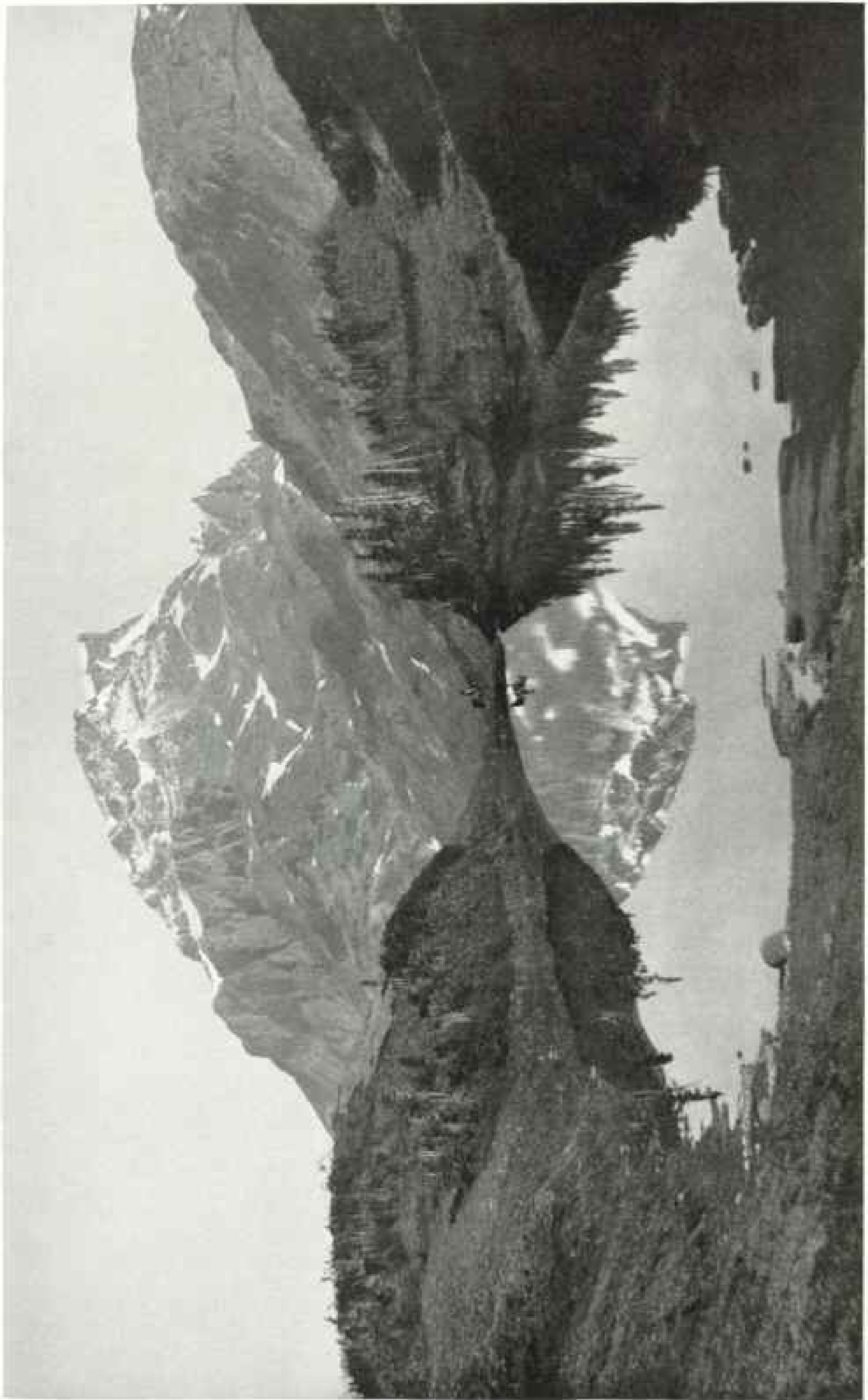
The main route by pack horse threads the park from north to south, being the old road of the northern Indians to the salt water and Bella Coola.

It starts from a point on the Ootsa River, crosses Chelaslie River, which enters Euchu Lake, and then, through an easy country of spruce and jack pine, skirts the western end of Entiako Lake until it crosses the divide and enters the upper valley of the Dean

River. It passes the Indian village of Ulkatcho, and continues across the Dean to the Tanya Lakes, where it enters the Mackenzie Valley.

To the east lie Anahim Peak and the fantastic summits of the Rainbow Mountains. To the west rises a wonderful peak which the Indians call the Thunder Mountain—the Himalayan Siniolchu in miniature, draped with hanging glaciers and resounding every summer day with icefalls (page 462). The Mackenzie Valley trail crosses the pass and enters the Bella Coola trench by way of Burnt Bridge Creek.

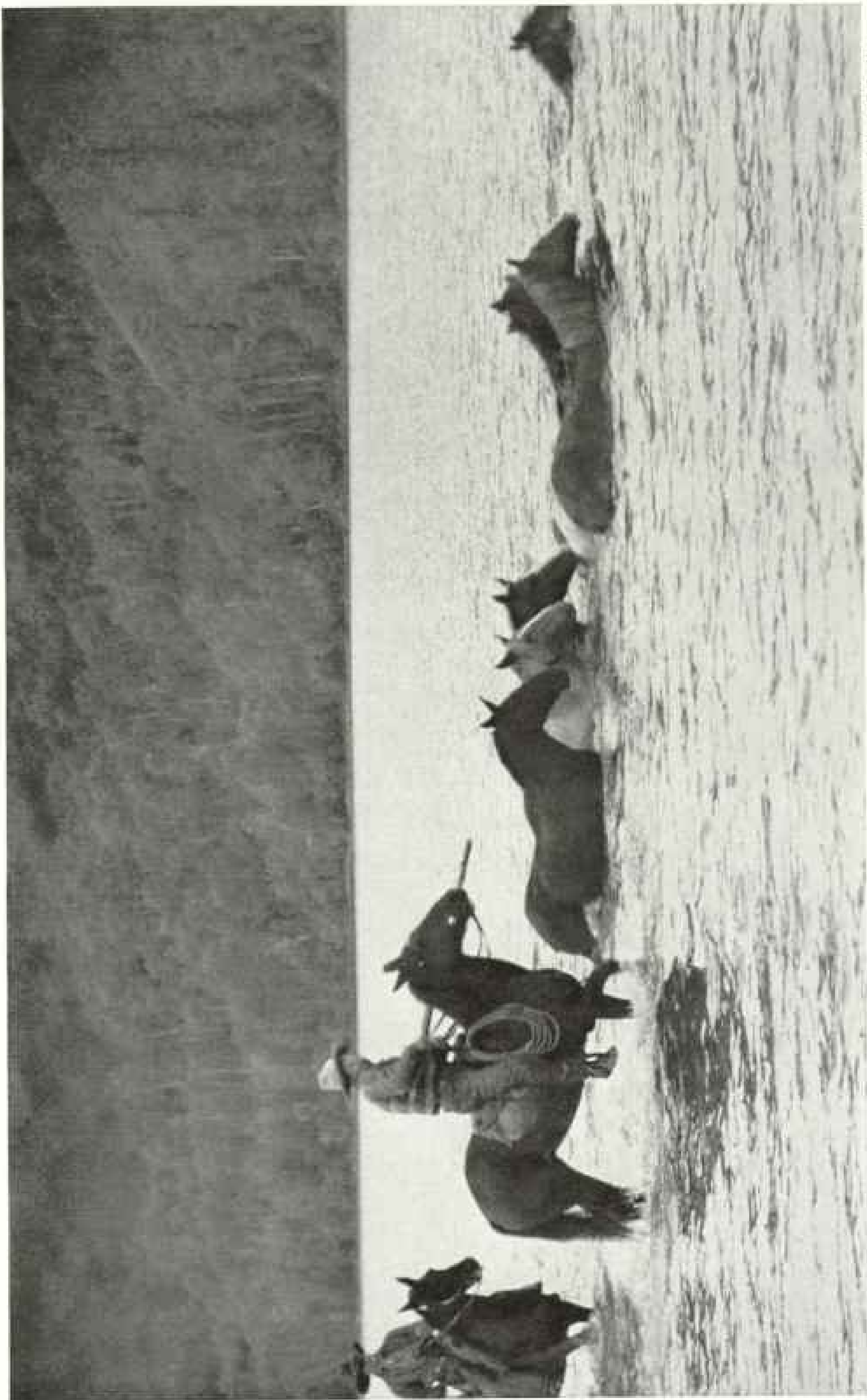
All the first part of this trail is easy, but the last part, though perfectly safe,



© C. E. Kogus

THUNDER MOUNTAIN, MIRRORED IN THE LAKE, PROTECTS WITHIN ITS GLACIERS THE DEITIES OF THE ALCATCHO INDIANS

Towering above the rim of the Bellin Coola Valley, this lofty peak is the center of the region's mythology. Near-by Nunatsum Peak is the Canadian Mount Ararat in tribal legend. Years ago, the story goes, a huge flood submerged everything except its crest, to which a canoe-load of survivors fled up. Constant sawing of wind and tide severed the rope, leaving them stranded. When the waters went down the Indians went down the Indians descended. A stone formation winding about the upper end of the crag today, according to the tale, is part of the piece of rope, now petrified.



Photograph by A. S. Badiern

PACK HORSES, SOON TO BE WHIRLED FAR DOWNSTREAM BY THE SWIFT CURRENT, START ACROSS THE STUBBORN OOTSA RIVER

Dark, impenetrable woods extend in unbroken line along the shore. Here the travelers also pushed their maddle horses across. They were following the old Indian trail that threads Tweedsmuir Park from north to south (page 461). Years ago it was one of the routes from the Bella Coola Valley up to the great summer hunting grounds about Ootsa Lake.



Photograph by T. W. S. Parsons.

INDIANS USE "THE GREAT ROCK" FOR AN AL FRESCO HOTEL

Members of the Tweedsmuir expedition inspect the huge monolith, a landmark in the Bella Coola Valley. Once it was of religious significance; now hunters sometimes sleep in its lee.

involves some precipitous scrambling. We had baddish weather for the first part, but I shall never forget some of the incidents.

A GRIZZLY BEAR'S REFRIGERATOR

At one place we found a circular hump on the ground where a grizzly had killed a moose and buried it in order to return and devour its prey at leisure—a primitive form of cold storage!

Swimming our saddle horses across the Ootsa River was a lively business. They were whirled down a long way by the current, their heads just above the gray-green water (page 463).

The young man who rode the leading horse was drenched to the skin, but he triumphantly produced a dry packet of cigarettes out of his hat on landing.

It was a wild and lovely picture—the low, cloudy sky, the dark, impenetrable

woods, and the horses' heads, like bodiless steeds from the Parthenon frieze, emerging from the cold and angry waters. All along the trail were regiments of tall, dark-blue delphiniums among the fireweed.

I was not very comfortable, for I was tightly wedged into a Mexican saddle and my horse was of such a pushing disposition that I nicknamed him after a well-known social climber in London.

The last part of the trail offers marvelous prospects. From the higher ground on a clear day the traveler sees in the south Mount Waddington and its brother giants hanging like ghosts in the heavens.

FIFTEEN TROUT IN AN HOUR

The third route, a considerable tour which virtually covers the whole park, is a combination of the two I have described. The traveler makes three-quarters of the



Photograph by T. W. S. Parsons

ON THE LAST LAP OF A GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE PACK FORDS THE DEAN

Crossing the turbulent stream, the expedition entered a country of broken, rocky hills in the southern end of Tweedsmuir Park. Higher they climbed, into the mountains, and then suddenly descended abruptly for five miles to the Bella Coola.

Great Circle by water, and at Euchu Lake, instead of turning backward, strikes south by the old trail to Bella Coola.

He will have every variety of scenery which British Columbia can offer. He will see the rolling hills of the tableland, where the forests are interspersed with meadows of wild hay. He will see the exquisitely molded Whitesail Range and the savage mountains of the Bella Coola entrance. He will see mountain lakes at their loveliest, and lakes that are almost lowland in character. He will see, too, an infinite variety of gin-clear rivers.

And if he has leisure and can prowl about outside the main route, he will have the pleasure of discovering new lakes and streams, on which no white man has ever plied his reel.

A word on the sport: Every river, lake,

and creek is full of rainbow trout, to most of which a man-made lure has never been presented. Almost any day, in any place, the angler can go out and in an hour get his limit of fifteen fish, sturdy beauties that fight as gamely as the Atlantic salmon (pages 461 and 471).

The average weight is about one pound, and the largest we landed was two and a half pounds; but in the western part of the park they have been caught with the fly up to nine pounds.

WILD ANIMALS ABOUND

All the fur-bearing animals of the West are plentiful, though the beaver is patchy. Among big game the only lack is the mountain sheep. There are quantities of mule deer and coast deer, goat, and moose; the cougar, coming up from the coast, has



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

EAGLES AT LAST MUST SHARE WITH MAN
AN AIR VIEW OF INTATA LAKE

One of the seaplanes of the Royal Canadian Air Force takes off from the base camp at the edge of Tweedsmuir Park (page 457). Mountains and lakes otherwise inaccessible were thus explored.

begun to appear in the woods; the lynx is plentiful; and in the mountains there are large herds of woodland caribou.

Black bears can be found anywhere, and all the higher altitudes are full of grizzlies; indeed, in the southern valleys approaching the Bella Coola, the grizzly is, I believe, as plentiful as anywhere in North America, so much so that it is in danger of becoming an actual nuisance.

So far, little hunting has been done in the park area, and when it is fully established it will, of course, be made a reserve for wild game. In no part of the country, I think, will it be possible for a traveler to see the wild life of Canada in a more varied form or at closer quarters.

On the climbing facilities I reproduce X's views as an old mountaineer. Most of the peaks, as I have said, are not lofty; but all the Whitesail Range is good rock and offers excellent rock climbing.

In the south, in the Bella Coola area, the mountains are higher and offer some interesting snow work, besides a variety of rock courses. The great magnet of mountaineers, the Mount Waddington group, is, of course, well to the south; but it is likely that, as the park develops, a road from Bella Coola to that range will be found easier than the present means of access from Knight Inlet.

AWAITING THE FLIGHT

At the end of our stay at Point Susan the weather broke, and for two days we kicked our heels in the tents. Happily there was excellent company to relieve the tedium. Then one morning it looked as if it were going to clear, and the wireless reports from Bella Coola were favorable.

I had made my first experiment in flying a few days before, and did not like it, for as soon as we rose from the water a horror of vertigo descended upon me and I got no value out of the magical scene. While we were waiting for the weather to clear for the flight back, I felt like someone sitting in a dentist's waiting room!

The first thing that happened when we started was that something went wrong with the plane and we had to go back to put it right. As soon as we rose, my wretched vertigo returned. I put my scarf against the window to shut out the landscape and absorbed myself in a novel called *And So—Victoria*. A horrid text from the *Book of Job* came into my mind: "Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

LIKE OCEAN BILLOWS ROLL THE CLOUD-CAPPED HEIGHTS OF WHITESAIL RANGE

"Sea of Mountains" was the epithet hurled disdainfully at British Columbia by early objectors to the Canadian transcontinental railroad. Today the phrase has been adopted with pride. Few white trappers or hunters have ventured over these slopes, in the northwestern corner of Tweedsmuir Park. They may be seen in all their grandeur from the air or from Whitesail River and Lake.



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

LORD TWEEDSMUIR SETS OUT TO LEARN THE LONG-KEPT SECRETS
OF A MOUNTAIN PARADISE

The Governor-General, followed by his son, Alastair Buchan, is about to board a Royal Canadian Air Force seaplane for a flight from Intata Lake.

to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance."

For the first three-quarters of an hour flying conditions were good. Then the whole landscape darkened, and the plane began to bump.

DARK MOUNTAINS DEAD AHEAD

I looked up and saw in front of me what appeared to be a mass of twisting gray cotton wool above a range of forbidding dark mountains. We made straight for these uninviting peaks, and I thought to myself, "The pilot has misjudged the altitude and we shall certainly crash!"

X, who is air-minded to the pitch of being light-minded, studied the map when he was not asleep. He is always looking for sanctuaries, as if some day he might be forced to be a fugitive from justice, and now he discovered the perfect one.

We looked into a cup on the top of a mountain perhaps 6,000 feet high. There was a lake, a half-moon of wild meadow, and behind it another half-moon of forest. It was a perfect situation for a house, and X pointed out that a dwelling there could be provisioned from the air and would be wholly secret, for unless a plane looked directly down upon it its whereabouts could not be discovered.

I am afraid this thought did not

comfort me, for I have no wish to dwell on a hilltop. We were in a narrow mountain valley, very high up, and almost brushing the sides, with glaciers all about us on intimate terms.

I could only hold my scarf between me and the window and resolutely keep my eyes on my book.

Presently X touched my arm and pointed downward, and below us I saw what looked like a tarnished silver ribbon lying between crumpled folds of gray-green velvet, and far beyond a gleam of something silvery. "The sea!" X bawled in my ear.

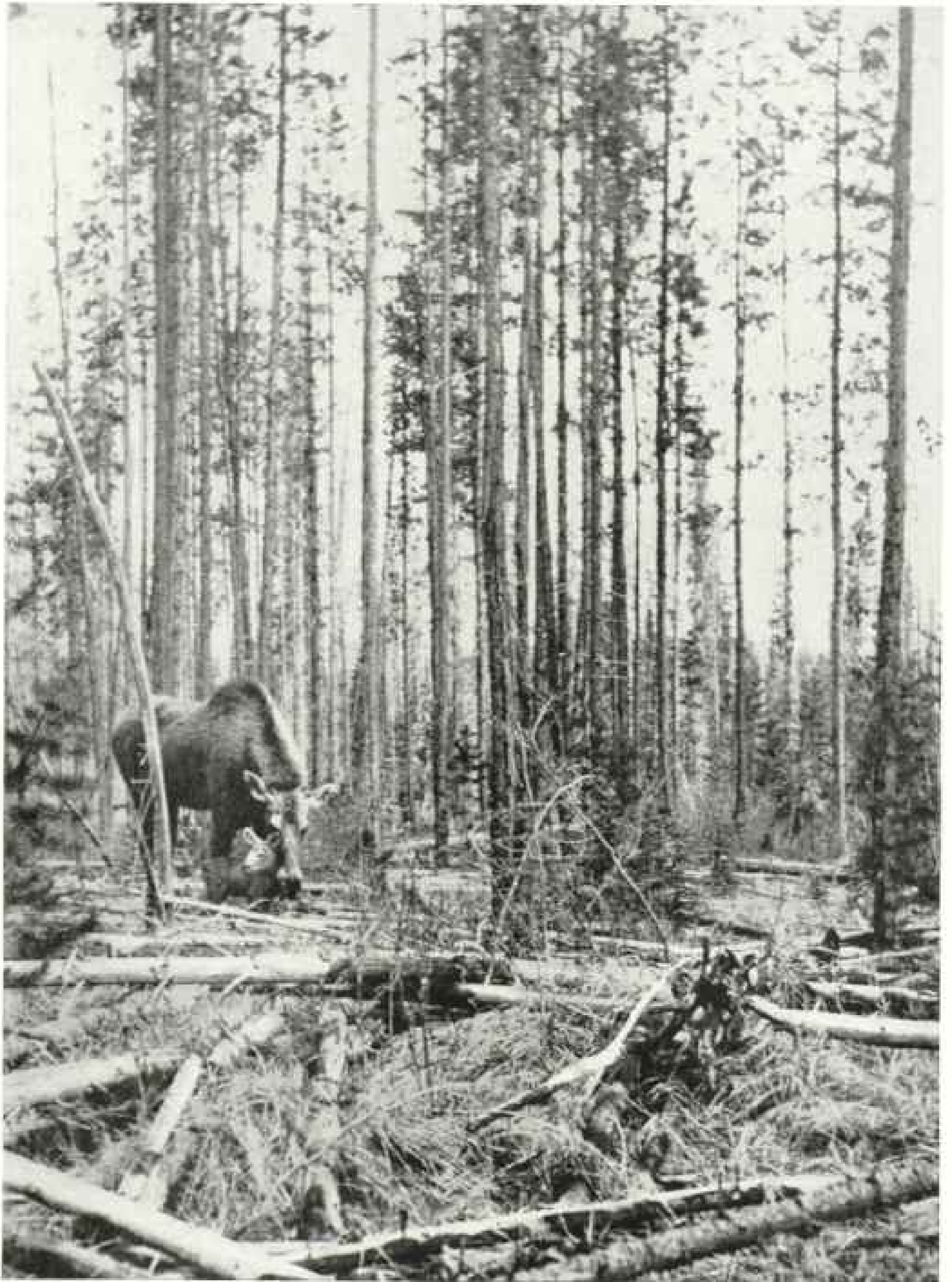
Our pilot slipped through the clouds into



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

HIGH IN THE CHIKAMIN RANGE, A SMALL GLACIER EDGES ITS WAY TOWARD WHITESAIL LAKE

A series of broad lakes nearly surrounds this rugged mountain group on the western side of Tweedsmuir Park. At the foot of its eastern slope, Whitesail is connected with Eutsak Lake by Short Portage, the only land link in the Great Circle tour of the park by water (page 459).



Photograph by J. L. McKay

DEEP IN THE CANADIAN WILDS, A MOOSE PROTECTS HER BABY CALF

Low-lying, swampy forests such as this, near the headwaters of the Kootenay River, in British Columbia, are their favorite summer haunts. Similar scenes also are common within Tweedsmuir Park. Few white hunters have penetrated far into its depths, but many are the tales of encounters with grizzlies and black bears that have come from sportsmen who have pushed up the valley of the Dean.



Photograph by A. S. Bellan

COOKING THE CATCH ON A LAKE SHORE WHERE MAN HAD NEVER CAST A FLY

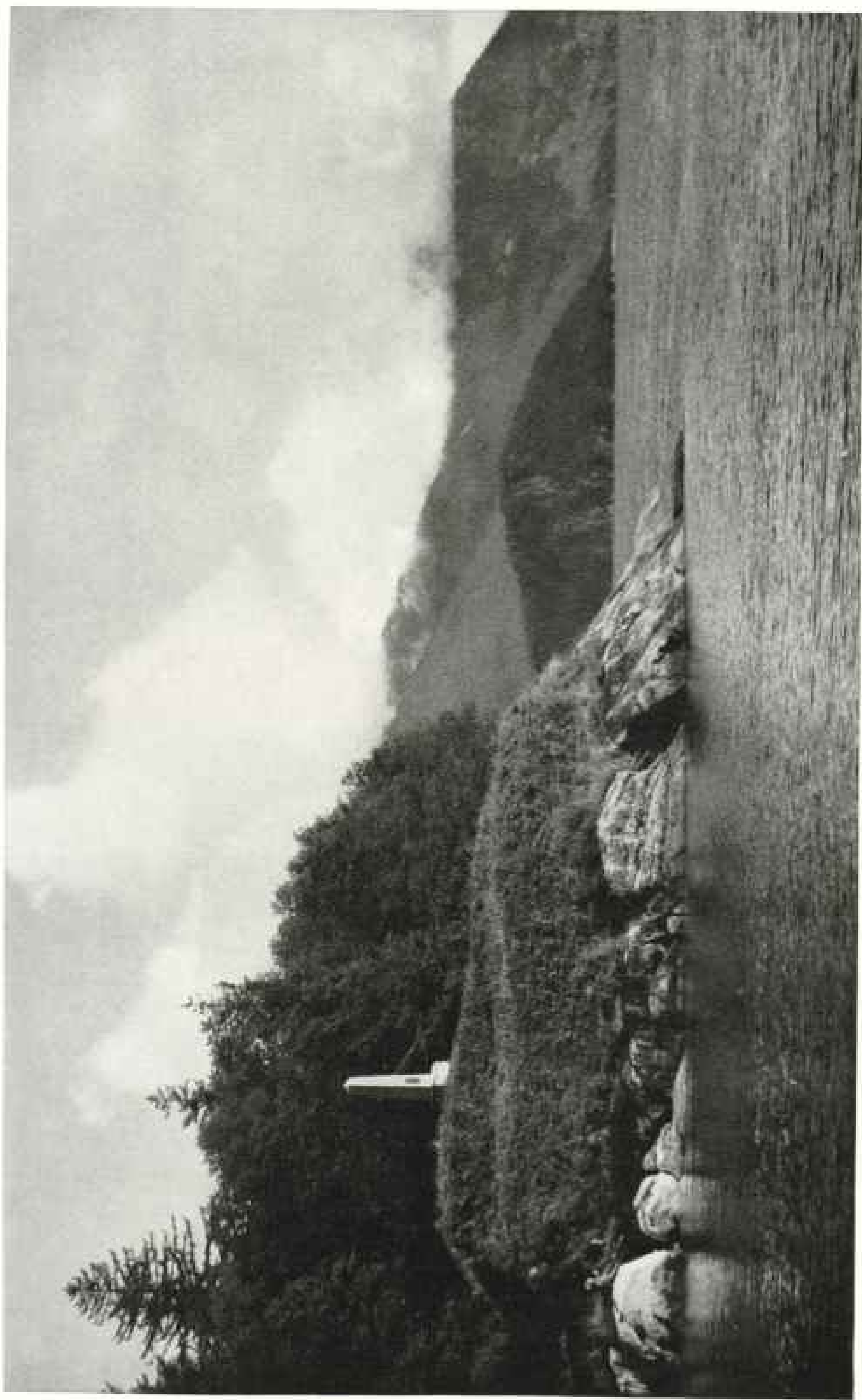
Rainbow trout, game as salmon, were so abundant that any angler in the party could hook his daily limit of fifteen within an hour (page 465).



Photograph by T. W. S. Parsons

WHO'S AFRAID?

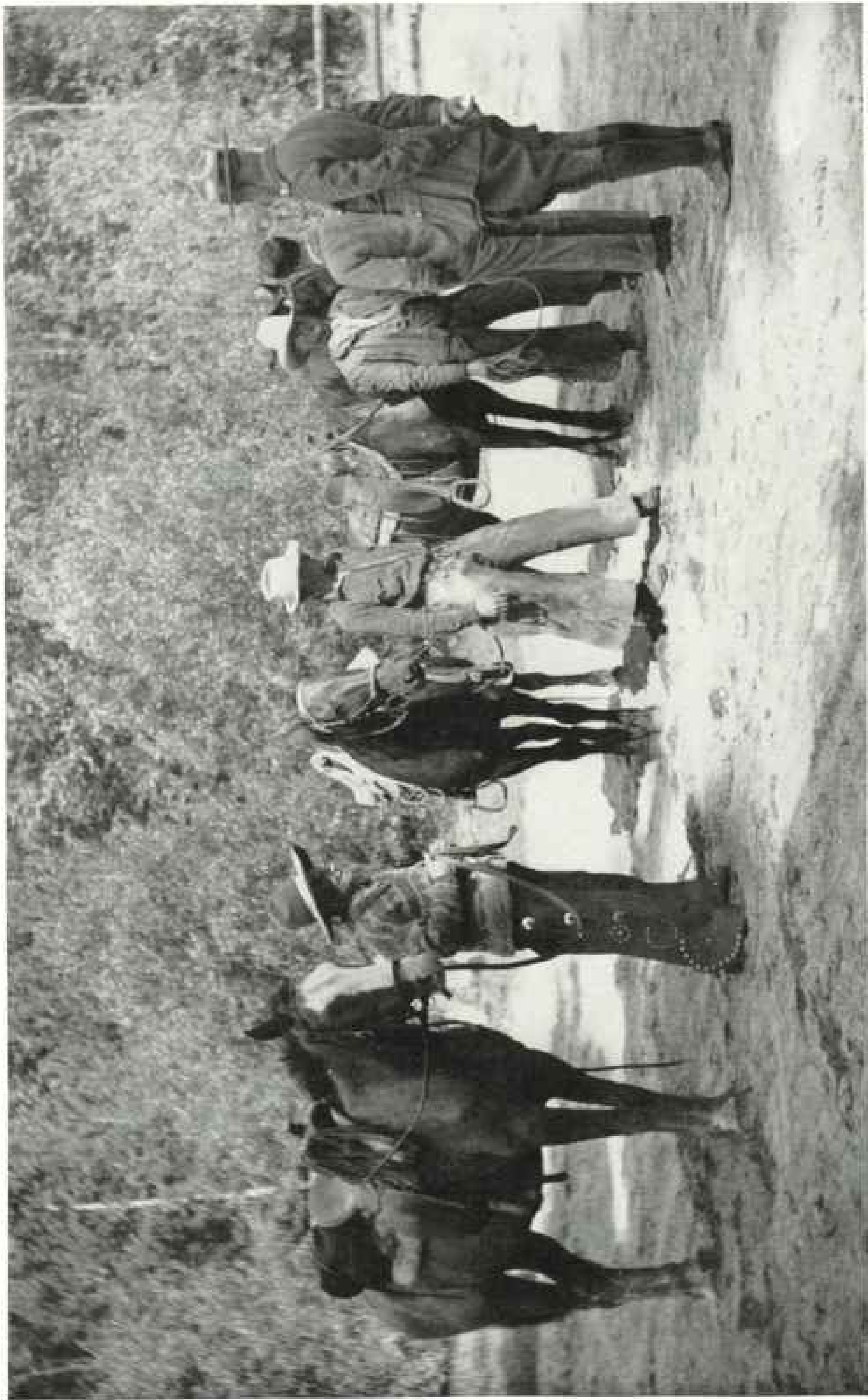
This tiny rufous hummingbird, one of three species which visit the woodlands of British Columbia in summer, perches calmly in Lady Tweedsmuir's palm. Its brilliant plumage glows in the sunlight like a burning coal. Red blossoms attract hummingbirds and, had this one's hostess been wearing an artificial flower on her hat, her guest doubtless would be flitting about her head.



© C. H. Kopas

WHERE MACKENZIE ENDED HIS EPIC JOURNEY TO THE COAST, CANADA HAS RAISED A SIMPLE MONUMENT.

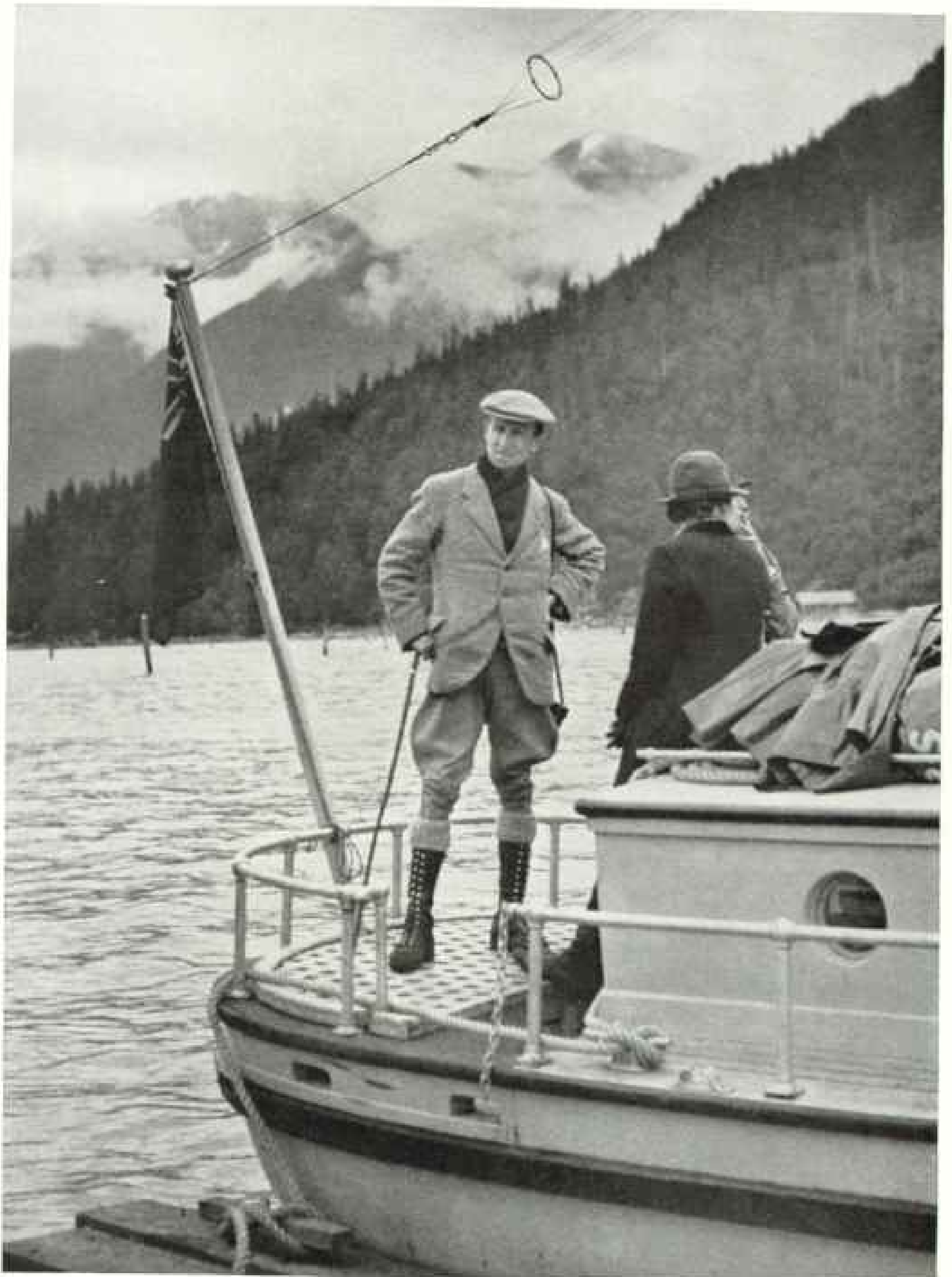
Here, surrounded by hostile Indians, the dauntless explorer and his party passed the night. In his own journal he wrote: "I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease, and inscribed, in large characters, on the southeast face of the rock on which we had slept last night, this brief memorial—'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety three.'" The inscription still may be read today (page 475).



Photograph by J. W. Smith

IN THE HEART OF THE GRIZZLY COUNTRY, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL SAYS GOOD-BYE TO THE PACK TRAINS.

At Studie Lodge (now known as Tweedsmuir Lodge) Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir ended their explorations after having followed Mackenzie's old trail most of the way up the valley. This outpost is an entrance to a wild hill and lake region, below the Rainbow Mountains, where big game is abundant.



Photograph by A. S. Redfern

JOURNEY'S END IN THE "LAND OF THE GOLDEN TWILIGHT, ON THE RIM OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN"

Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir go ashore at Bella Coola, an old settlement south of the park, from their seaplane in the river. They had just completed a flight over shimmering lakes hemmed in by snow-capped mountains the white man has never conquered. High over the western limits of Tweedsmuir Park they glimpsed the Pacific Ocean (page 468).

the lower Dean Valley. It was a very remarkable feat to get into a narrow gully and then sideslip down it. We turned left out of the gorge and came out above a great river which looked like green milk. Soon afterwards we reached the salt water, and, oh, blessed relief, taxied along it.

The Bella Coola people had been much worried about us, as they had no sooner sent the radio saying that the weather was fine, when the mist began to descend. It was a dangerous flight and a real test of skill, but the pilots were equal to it.

ON THE TRAIL OF MACKENZIE

At the deserted Indian village northeast of the Tanya Lakes, Mackenzie's route enters from the east, and the traveler by land to Bella Coola follows the trail of that intrepid Hebridean.*

X, who a month before had followed Mackenzie's trail to the Arctic under much more comfortable conditions than the original journey, was thrilled to find himself again in the tracks of that really great explorer.

Mackenzie's two famous journeys were both remarkable feats, but the second, I think, was the greater.

The journey to the Arctic required immense intellectual courage, for it meant facing 2,000 miles of the unknown. But he had an easy river to follow and no difficulties to meet, except that of coercing his Indians into the void.

But the Pacific venture three years later was another matter. Wisely he relied not upon Indians but upon Alexander Mackay, his Scottish colleague, and six French-Canadian voyageurs, the toughest breed obtainable for such a venture.

He wintered on the Peace River after a difficult journey up the canyon, where the stream cuts its way through the foothills of the Rockies.

In May, 1793, he started for the Pacific, being wisely inspired to follow, of the twin sources of the Peace, the Parsnip rather than the Finlay River. Had he chosen wrongly and attempted the Finlay, he would have been lost in that desperate tangle at the sources of the Liard, Fraser, Skeena, and Stikine.

The book which he wrote on his travels—

* See, in THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "On Mackenzie's Trail to the Polar Sea," by Amos Burg, August, 1931; and "Canada's Awakening North," by Lawrence W. Burpee, June, 1936.

Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, Through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans—is a classic in the literature of exploration. Napoleon had it translated into French and a few copies printed when he devised the extraordinary notion of rousing the Indians of the West and attacking the British Empire in Canada from the flank.

The physical difficulties of the upper reaches of the Parsnip were great, for often the current was very strong, too strong for paddles and too deep for poles, and owing to the closely forested banks it was impossible to use the line. For four miles, he records in one place, the canoe had to be hauled from branch to branch of the trees.

He crossed the ultimate divide by a chain of little lakes and came down into the Fraser Valley on the 18th day of June. Somehow he missed the entrance of the Nechako, which would have given him an easier route to the west. He realized that the Fraser was not the river he wanted, but he was fortunate enough to find Indians who told him of the Blackwater, which took him up to the central tableland.

He had enormous difficulties with the few guides he picked up, and, in order to prevent their running away, was compelled to sleep beside them—no pleasant task when their beaver-skin robes were alive with vermin and their bodies drenched with rancid fish oil.

In the Blackwater Valley the party had to back-pack in heavy rain, sometimes doing thirty miles a day carrying loads weighing close to a hundred pounds.

Finally he entered the valley of the Dean, and, turning south, saw the mountain which he called "Stupendous," beyond the Bella Coola trench (page 456).

At Friendly Village he knew that he was near the coast, for he found the Indians wearing articles of Spanish manufacture.

He had no way of knowing that Captain Vancouver's expedition was not far off; he missed it by only a week or two.

A week later he reached the rock which was the terminus of his journey (p. 472), and inscribed on it the famous legend—

Alex Mackenzie
From Canada
by land
22d July 1793

Mackenzie's performance was one of the outstanding feats in the history of exploration.

The Spaniards in the early sixteenth century had crossed the North American Continent in the narrower south, but Mackenzie was the first European who traveled over the broadest part from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In November, 1805, Lewis and Clark reached the mouth of the Columbia and looked at the Pacific, but Mackenzie had made a more difficult journey in far shorter time twelve years before them.

WHAT TO DO UPON ENCOUNTERING A GRIZZLY

At Bella Coola, strictly speaking, we had left the reserve, but it will always be the southern entrance to Tweedsmuir Park.

It is very like a Norwegian valley, and many of the settlers are Norwegians who came from Norway by way of the United States.

We drove up the Bella Coola River forty miles to Stuie Lodge, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, who were the first to explore Mount Waddington.

The whole valley is full of grizzlies, and much of the talk was about those unpleasant animals. Apparently, when you meet a grizzly the wise thing to do is to stand still, or at the worst to climb a tree. (It is well to remember, however, that while grizzlies cannot climb except as cubs, other bears can.)

It must take some fortitude to stand still and stare a grizzly out of countenance, but if you can do it he usually turns round and walks away.

SALMON COME TO SPAWN AND DIE

At Stuie Lodge we met the Prime Minister of British Columbia and the Federal Minister of Defence.

We watched the salmon that had come up from the sea to spawn and die, moving like dark shadows in the clear water below

the great peaks. Alastair caught a salmon of twenty-six pounds, with a head like a fish in a pantomime, which I believe is the only one ever taken by a rod from that river.

Presently we said good-bye to Stuie Lodge and drove down the valley, where X had to lay a wreath on a war memorial and attend a celebration by the Bella Coola Indians.

We crossed the river in a dugout canoe, which threatened to tip over at any moment. X was then made a chief under the title of "The Man from Above Who Has Come to Help Us," and the Indians danced the Thunderbird Dance, which they had danced for Alexander Mackenzie almost 150 years before.

It is the old story of Prometheus, but, though the masks were impressive, the spirit had gone out of it. It is not easy in these days for Indians to be traditional.

Our expedition was now at an end. A comfortable steamer took us to Prince Rupert, and five days in the train took us back to Ottawa.

AN UNSPOILED CORNER OF THE EARTH

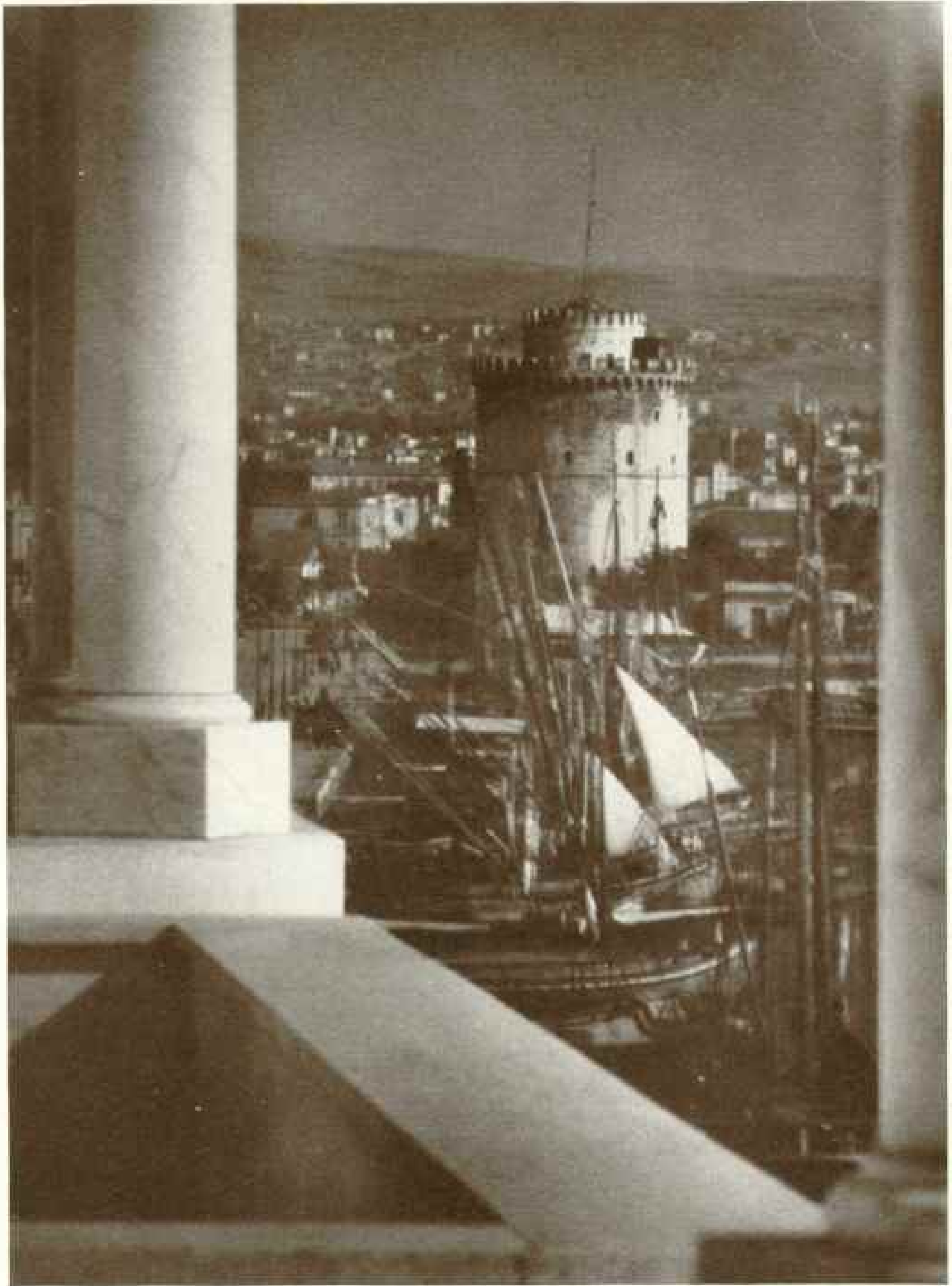
To those whose heart is in the kind of sport which involves skill and hardihood and loneliness, and who regard wild life as a sacred thing, and will never divulge the shy secrets of the wilds, the Tweedsmuir Park reserve is like the gift of a fairy godmother.

It is one of the few remaining earthly paradises for the sportsman and lover of nature. It is largely unexplored, and even unmapped.

I hope it will remain remote, though accessible to visitors, and with proper accommodations at a base like Point Susan. I shall always think of it as I saw it last summer and fall, a place exquisite and far away, where life still goes on as in the morning of the world.

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

Ageless Luster of Greece and Rhodes



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

NEW-CUT MARBLE FRAMES AN ANCIENT TOWER OF TRAGIC MEMORIES

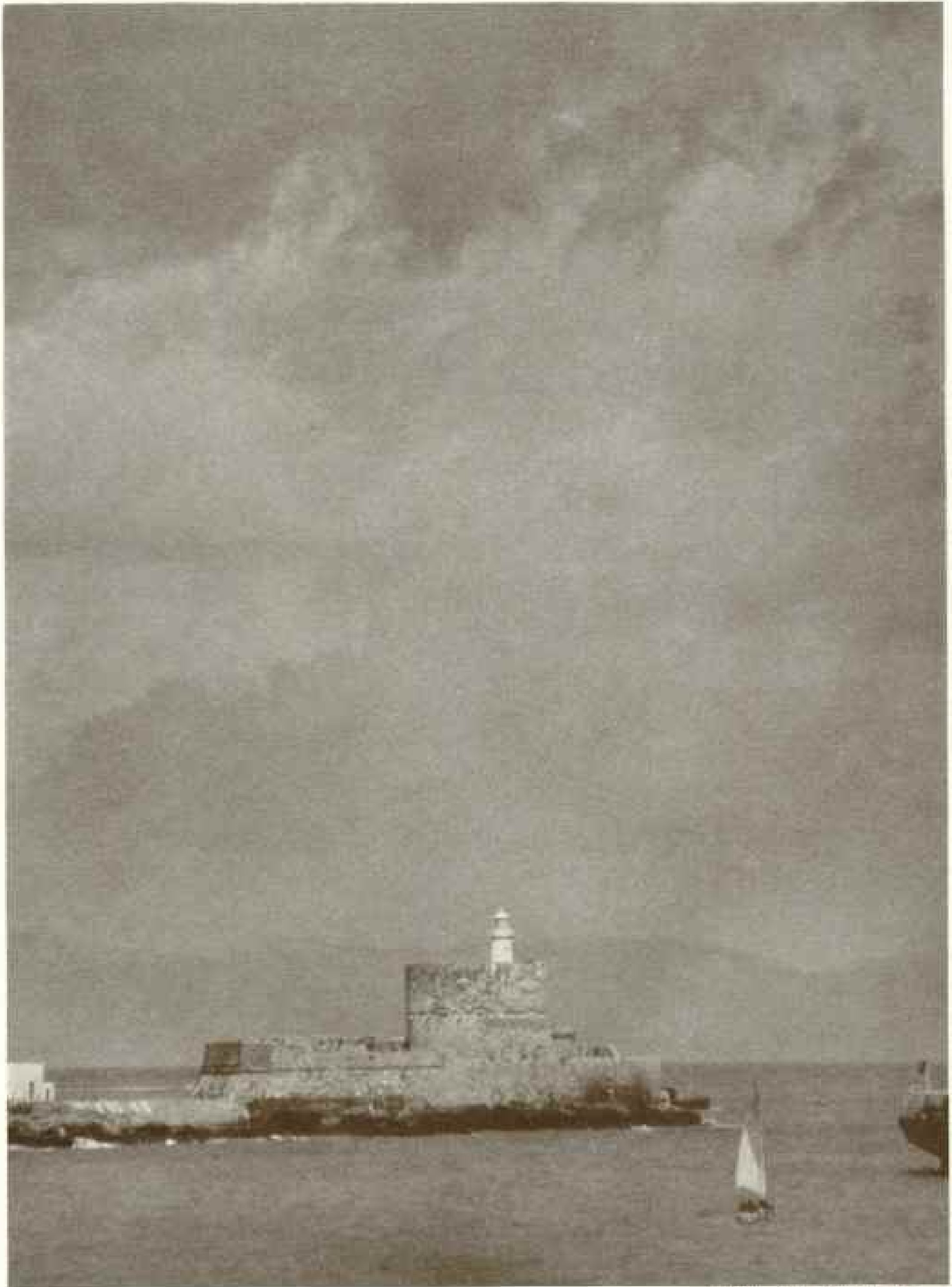
Almost windowless, the round White Tower in Salonika, Greece, was a black dungeon to prisoners immured there during Turkish domination of the city. Recently it was used as a Boy Scout headquarters! Crowding the shoreline lies the town whose early residents welcomed the exiled Cicero in 58 B. C. and, a century later, heard the preaching of the Apostle Paul. Half of Salonika was burned in 1917, a disaster which cleared the way for modernization of this chief city of Macedonia, northern Greece (page 485). Through the port's free zone passes much of the Balkans' trade.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

THUS MIGHT PENELOPE HAVE SPUN, DREAMING OF HER HUSBAND, FAR-WANDERING ODYSSEUS.

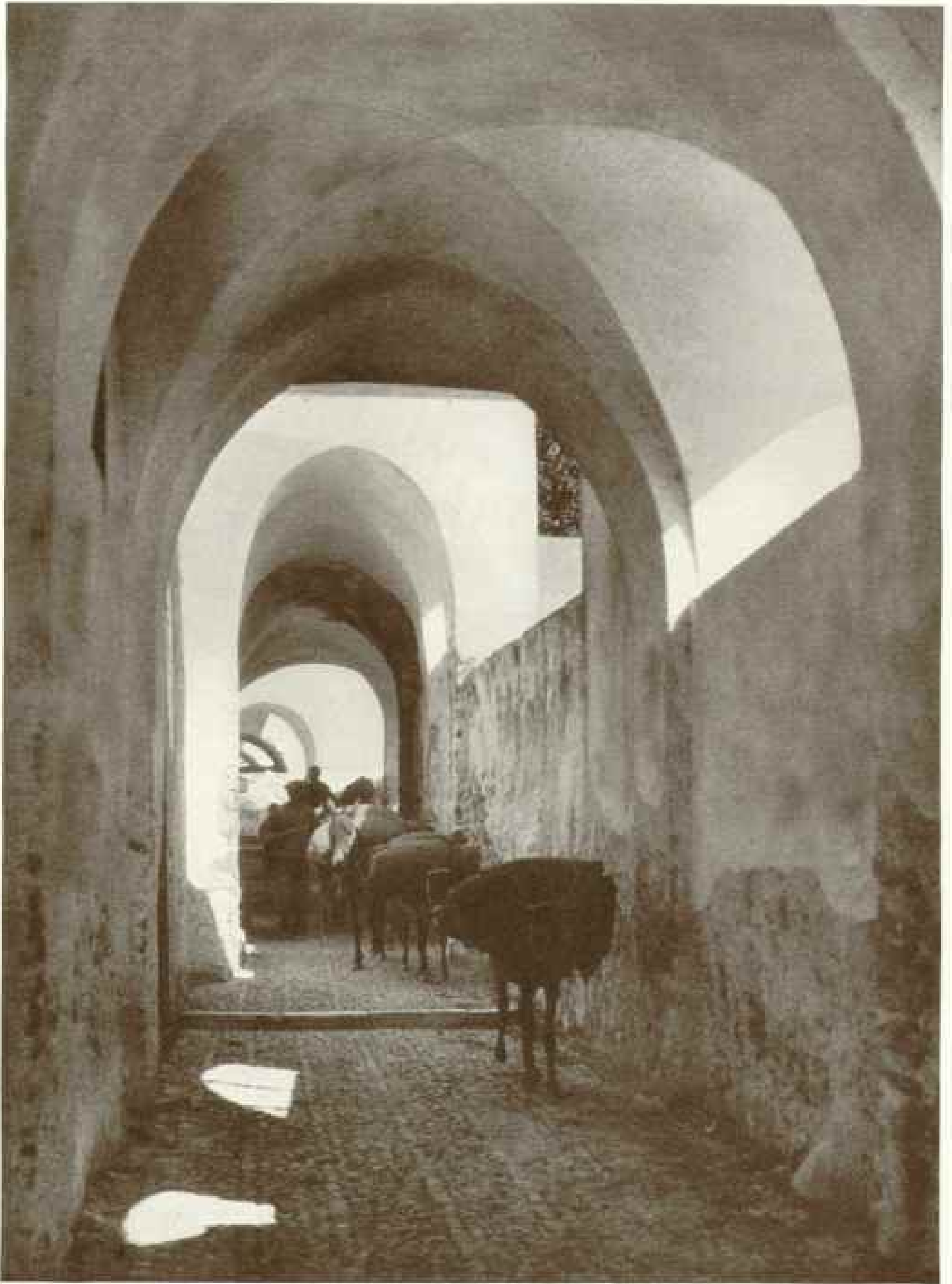
But this holiday-attired woman with distaff and spindle lives, not in Ithaca, but in Arákhova, a white town sprawled steeply on a southern spur of Mount Parnassus. Arákhovans are noted for their beauty and pure Greek dialect. Clinging to the mountain wall a few miles west of this village are the excavated ruins of classical Delphi, headquarters of the Grecian cult of Apollo, god of manly youth and beauty. There also was the seat of the ancient Delphic oracle, for centuries the counselor of kings, princes, and wise men.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

"STEER FOR THE COLOSSUS" WAS THE CRY OF OLD-TIME RHODIAN SAILORS.

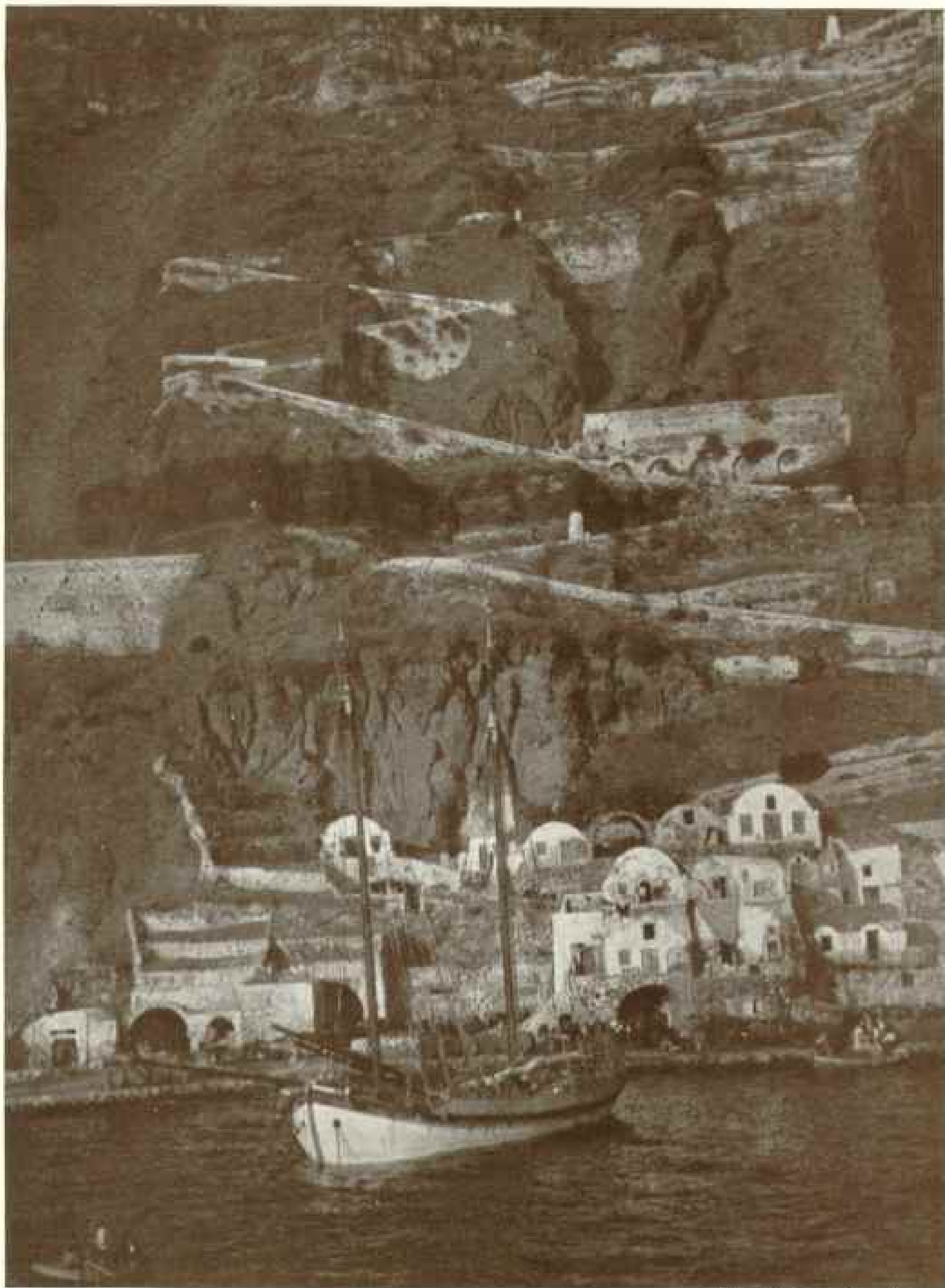
The medieval Tower of St. Nicholas and a modern lighthouse now occupy the harbor-mouth point where stood, many believe, the gigantic Colossus of Rhodes. This bronze statue of Apollo Helios, 105 feet high, was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Toppled by an earthquake about 224 B. C., it was demolished nine centuries later by Saracen conquerors. A dealer in old metal bought the pieces and, according to the story, used 980 camels to carry away the bronze! Beyond the fortress Asia Minor may be dimly seen.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

UP-AND-DOWN THĒRA HAS NO USE FOR WHEELS ON ITS STEEP STREETS

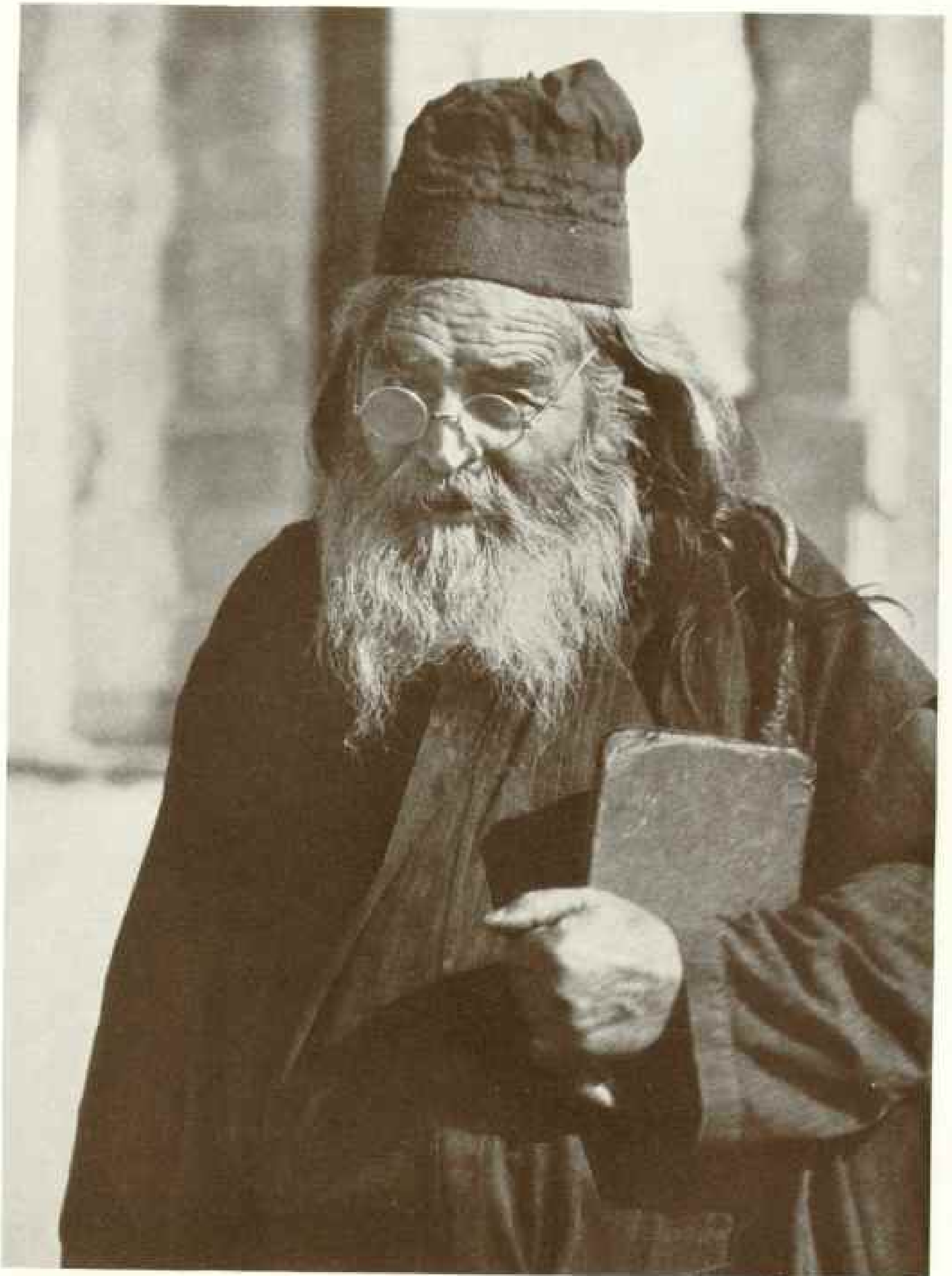
A donkey "freight train" wends slowly through a narrow road under whitewashed arches. Don Quixote would have had a field day on ThĒra—there are so many windmills! No trees grow on the island, also called Santorin, but delicious wines are made from grapes that thrive on the volcanic soil. Because of lack of timber, many houses have barrel-vault roofs of stone and cement.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

COBBLED SWITCHBACKS ZIGZAG FROM HARBOR TO CLIFF-TOP TOWN

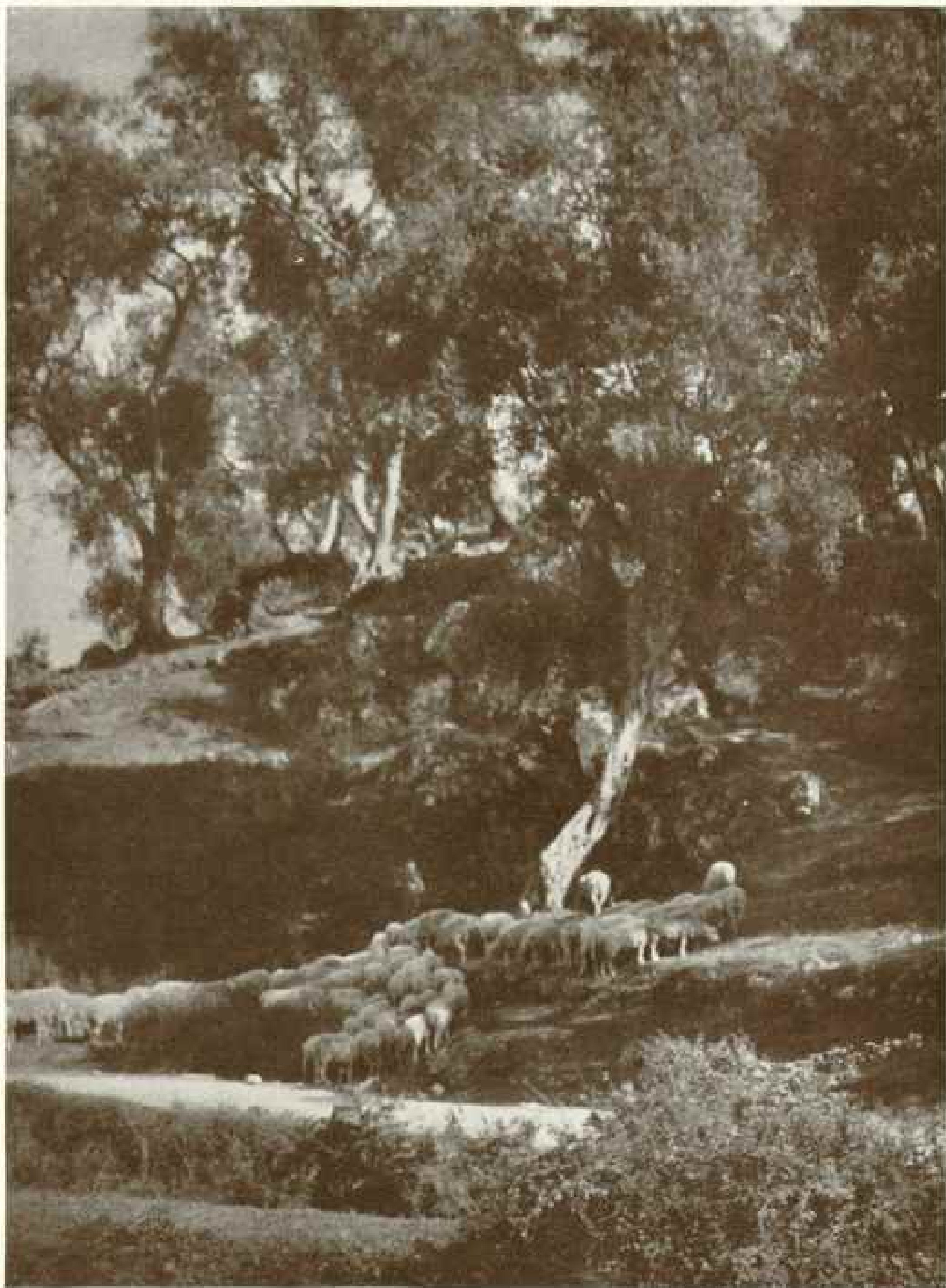
It's only 900 feet straight up to Théra, but many times that distance by donkeyback. The village perches on the brink of a still-active crater, now half filled by the sea. The original volcano must have "blown its head off" between 2000 and 1500 B. C. for buried ruins from that period have been found. Jets of flame, clouds of steam, and a hail of ashes accompanied an eruption in 1925-1926 when the sea boiled in the harbor.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

WHITE THE BEARD, WRINKLED THE BROW, BUT OLD EYES TWINKLE STILL

A kindly patriarch, he is one of several thousand monks living in 20 monasteries on Mount Athos. Some of the cloisters treasure priceless manuscripts of early date. Nothing female, not even a hen, is allowed on this most easterly "finger" extended from the "palm" of Macedonia's Khalkidike Peninsula. Ten centuries have changed life little in this "frozen medieval world."



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

SHEEP GRAZED IN OLIVE GROVES LIKE THIS WHEN PAUL PREACHED TO THE ATHENIANS

Dateless and idyllic, such a scene recalls all literature's debt to the bards of ancient Greece who first glorified pastoral life. Shepherds in modern Hellas still wear flowing tunics and carry wooden crooks. And shepherds' dogs still rage at the trespasser on chosen pastures. Much domestic wool goes into gay polychromatic carpets. In 1936 olive oil stood fourth in the list of Greece's exports.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

CENTURIES OF SUN HAVE RIPENED THE TAWNY GLORY OF THE PARTHENON

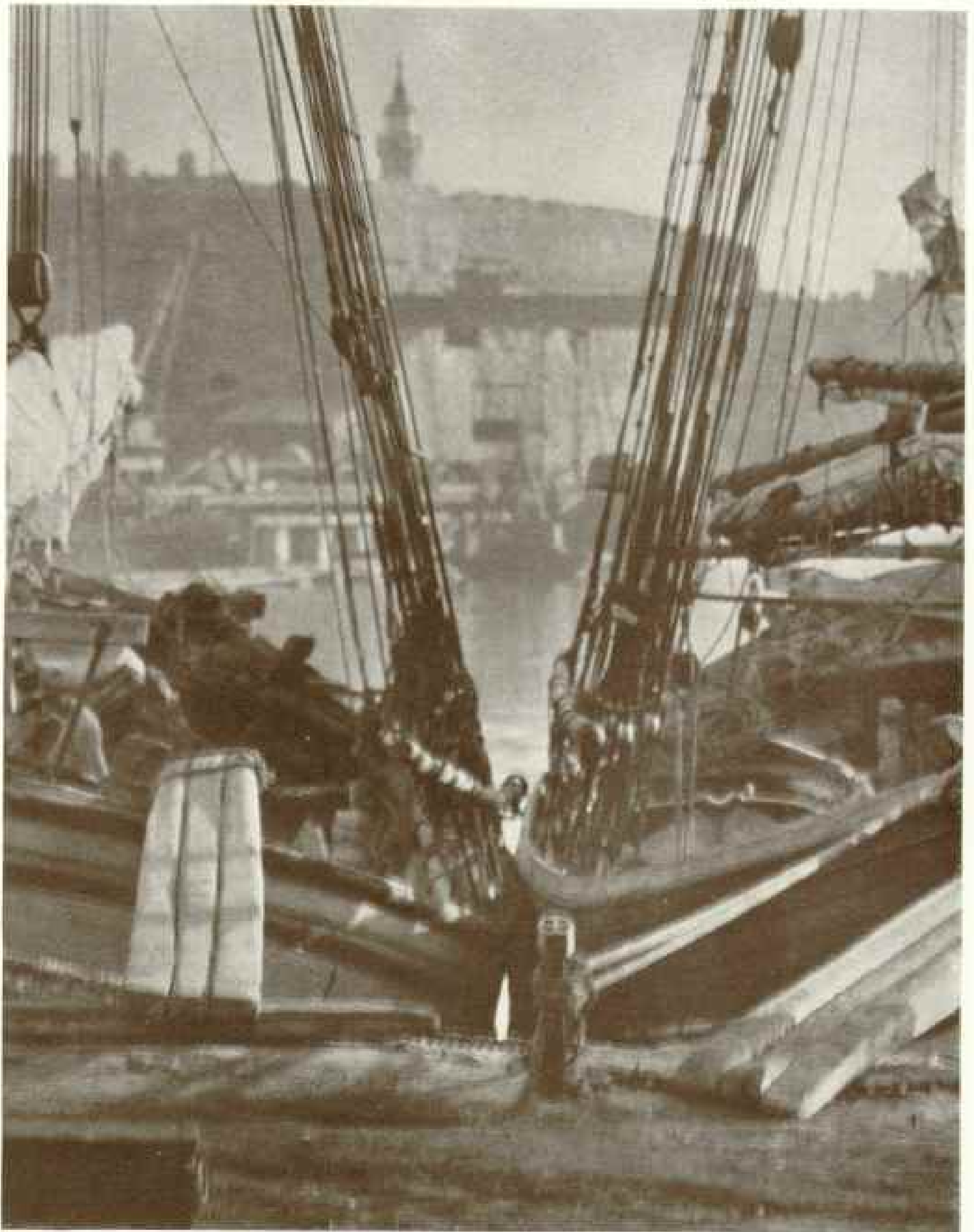
Battered, but still splendid in old age, the crowning temple of Periclean Athens is steadily being restored from ruins. Dedicated to Athena, the marble masterpiece of Doric architecture was built in the fifth century before Christ on the rocky Acropolis. In 1687 a Venetian shell ignited a Turkish powder magazine cached in the temple. The explosion toppled the central columns on the long sides. Today the fluted sections, like a giant's building blocks, are being set up again. Storm clouds swing low over distant Mount Lycabettus.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

REFUGEES' HOVELS SNUGGLE UNDER SALONIKA'S SOLID OLD WALLS

During the Greco-Turkish War of 1919-1922, and immediately after it, about 1,400,000 demoralized Greeks from Asia Minor poured into the Hellenic homeland in one of history's greatest mass migrations. Courageously Greece has striven, with foreign aid, to assimilate this horde. Today fewer refugees live in shacks like these, some built of gasoline cans filled with dirt, discarded crates, and scraps of tile and tin. American engineers have drained malarial swamps not far from this citadel to provide vast new areas of tillable land.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

FISHING CRAFT RUB SHOULDERS WHERE BOATS WERE BEACHED 3,000 YEARS AGO

Candia, midway along the north shore of Crete, Greece's largest island possession, preserves Venetian walls and Turkish minarets. At near-by Cnossus, Sir Arthur Evans has unearthed an ancient palace, now called the Palace of Minos, legendary son of Zeus. Other relics of pre-Greek civilizations have been found dating as far back as 3400 B. C. In Crete lived the mythical bull-headed, man-bodied Minotaur who ate human victims. To avenge the death of Minos's son, killed by the Athenians, seven youths and seven maidens of Athens were sacrificed to the monster every ninth year until at last young Theseus slew it.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

"BRING MY NEW ARMOR TO THIS DOOR—AND SEE THAT THE GAUNTLETS FIT!"

Standing in this Gothic doorway, a warrior might have given such an order to his armorer in Rhodes 500 years ago, when the Knights Hospitalers of Saint John of Jerusalem controlled the island. Fortifying the town with mighty walls, the Knights defended it against the Turks and offered refuge to pilgrims bound to and from the Holy Land. Various "tongues," or nationalities, had headquarters along the Street of the Knights. Finally, in December, 1522, the island fell to Soliman the Magnificent "and on Christmas morning muezzins climbed the campaniles of Christian churches to call the faithful to the worship of Allah."



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

NO PLATE GLASS HINDERS "WINDOW SHOPPING" IN THE BAZAARS OF RHODES:

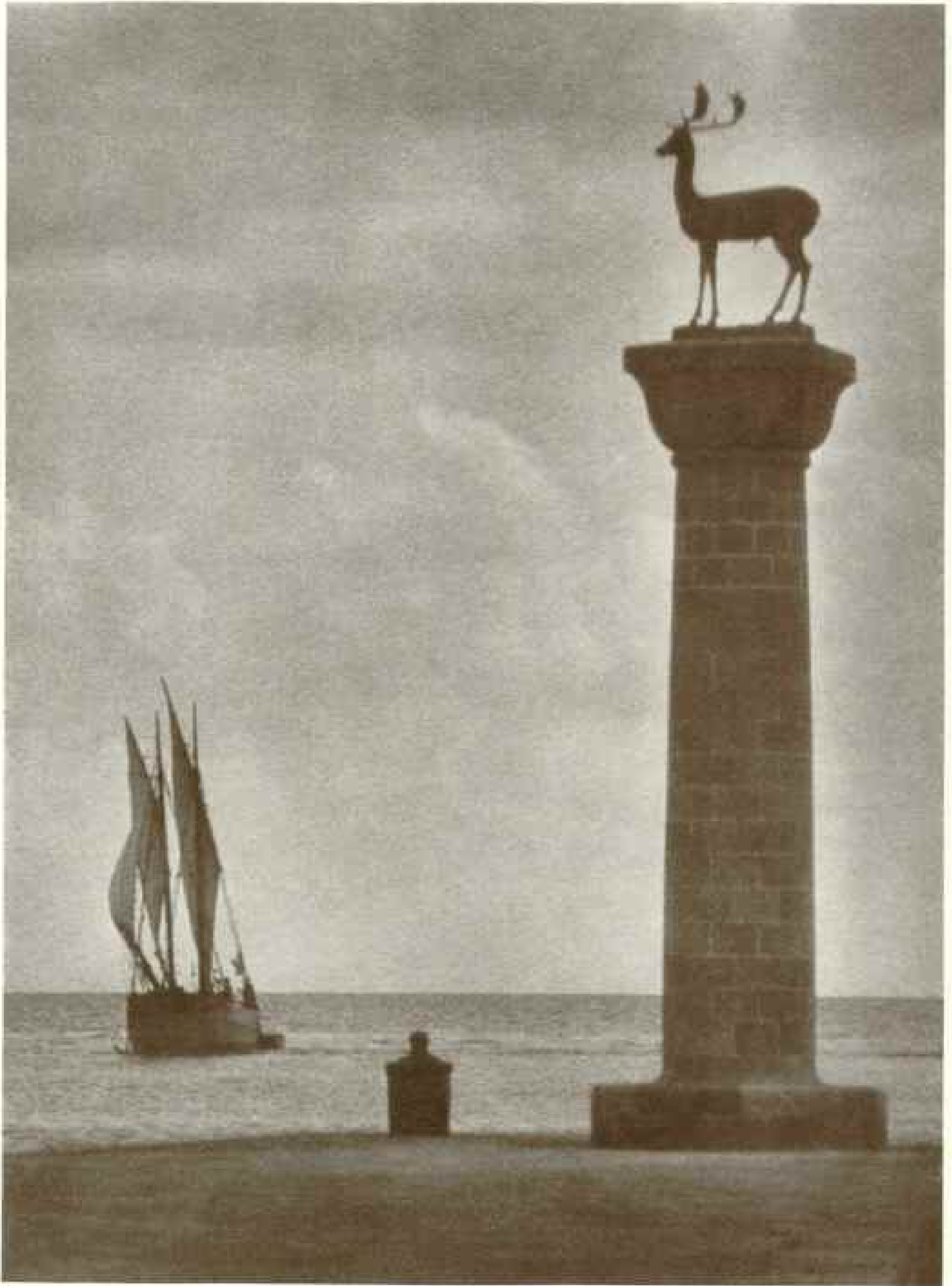
Blacksmiths and furniture dealers rub elbows with leather workers, goldsmiths, grocers, and potters. Awnings protect goods and customers from the persistent sun that ripens the island's grapes, figs, and oranges and brings to bloom hibiscus and purplish bougainvillea, yet rarely lifts the temperature above 50° or lets it fall below 50°. A white dome recalls Turkish supremacy here.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

CONTENT, SHE VIEWS "THE LAST OF LIFE, FOR WHICH THE FIRST WAS MADE"

Such a Greek peasant woman might have inspired Robert Browning's description of old age. In Greece woman's place is in the fields, as well as in the home. Shoulder to shoulder with the men, she reaps grain, harvests grapes, and shears sheep. Black bread, ripe olives, goat's-milk cheese, and resinated wine make up the common fare of these people.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

AN EMBLEMATIC DEER STANDS ATOP A RHODIAN "GATEPOST"

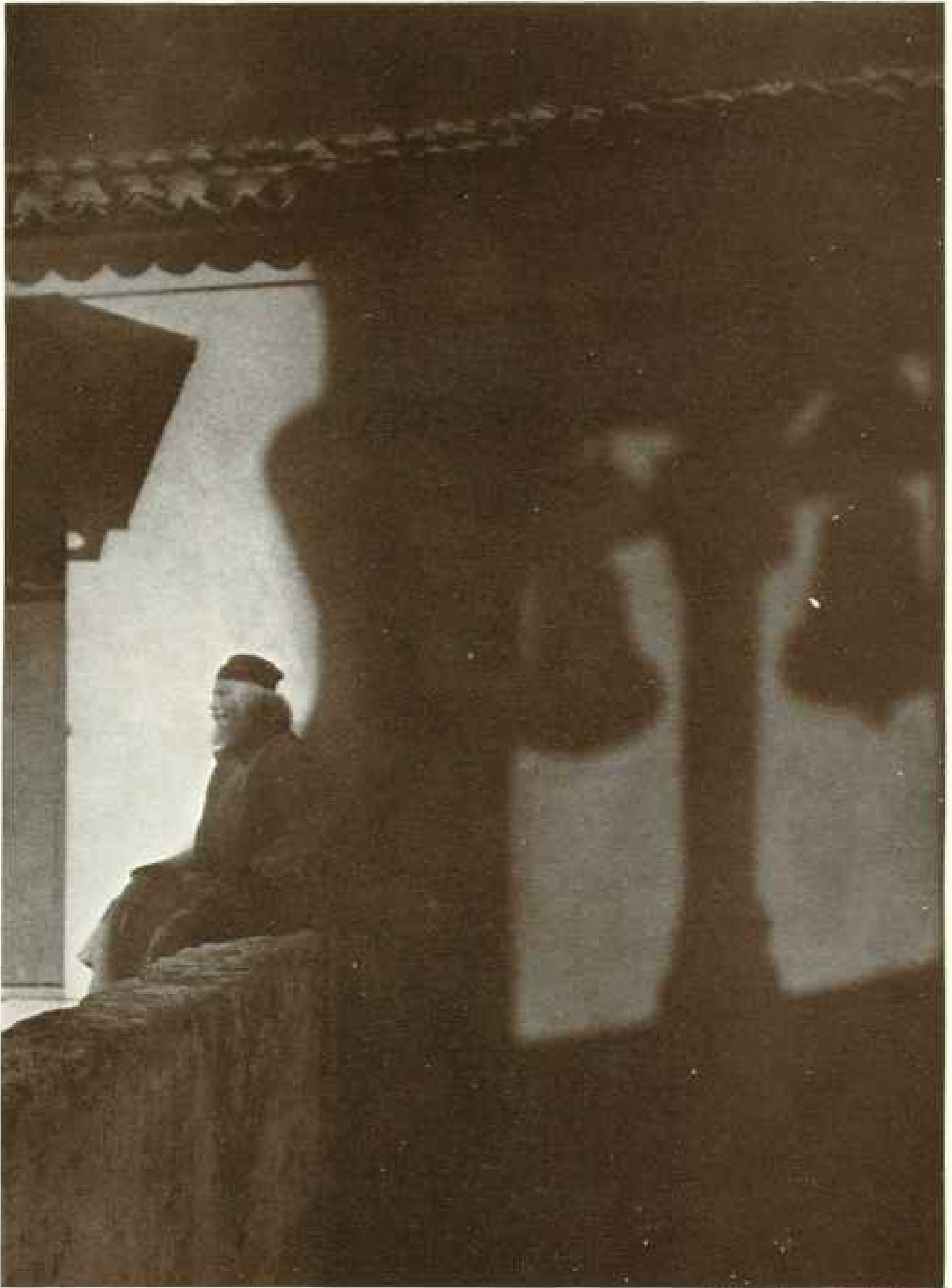
Symbol of the island, the antlered deer looks out from a harbor mole in the city of Rhodes. Across the entrance to the anchorage on a similar pedestal stands the Roman she-wolf, indicative of Italy's control of this "mother island" of the Dodecanese. Deer are still hunted in wilder mountain sections. The name of Rhodes is said to derive from the Greek word *rhodon*, meaning "rose," a flower "so abundant in Hellenic days that its scent could be perceived by mariners at sea."



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

HORDES OF "INFIDEL TURKS" ONCE STORMED ST. CATHERINE'S GATE.

Elegant bas-reliefs above the arch show figures of St. Catherine, St. Peter, and St. Paul. Today, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Italians pass through the portal. Greeks far outnumber other races in this cosmopolitan colony. Since taking over the island of Rhodes, the Italian Government has restored medieval sections with scrupulous care and designed new buildings in keeping with ancient structures (page 487). The city is surrounded by a ring of massive walls pierced by such gates as this.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

AN OLD MONK OF CORFU MEDITATES BY THE SHADOW OF THE MONASTERY BELLS

He sits in a secluded corner of the Convent of Palaeokastrizza on this Greek island opposite the heel of Italy's boot. Corfu's mild climate, pastoral scenery, and proximity to busy steamship lines make it popular as a resort. The tiny islet of Pontikonisi, near the capital city, is traditionally the Ship of Odysseus. It bore the hero home to Ithaca against the will of Poseidon, who turned it to stone in punishment.

AUSTRIAN AUGUST—AND SEPTEMBER

BY W. ROBERT MOORE

AUGUST in Vienna was hot. Those who could afford the time and money had gone to the mountains or to the lakes of the Salzkammergut and Carinthia. Week-enders shouldered rucksacks and hiked up toward the Semmering. Families on picnic strolled out into the Wiener Wald, that sylvan forest, reaching within a 30-minute tramcar ride from the city, where Strauss got the inspiration for his "Tales From the Vienna Woods."

Still others resorted to the baths in the city and along the Danube. All Vienna seemed to be frying or frolicking in the sun, while perspiring visitors marched through museums or sought out the room in the old Hofburg where rests the empty crown that the Imperial Hapsburgs once wore.

In the country men and women were cutting grain and turning freshly mown hay on their hill and valley farmlands. The melodious sound of cowbells echoed on the high mountain pastures. Often, on Sundays, there were village festivals.

In August and September I traveled more than 3,000 miles with a candid color camera, picturing Austria (see accompanying Color Plates).

A MOUNTAINEER AT THE WHEEL

Save for a narrow band bordering her eastern and northern frontiers, treaty-cropped Austria is almost entirely mountainous. The spurs of the Eastern Alps reach to the very outskirts of Vienna.

It happened that the chauffeur I engaged was an expert mountaineer, but most of our mountain climbing was done on wheels. For Austria, despite the handicap of a slender purse since the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire twenty years ago, has built and maintained an excellent system of roads, lacing her hills and valleys.

Herr Henne knew all of the highways and virtually every lake, mountain, and glacier in the country. He had climbed most of the difficult peaks. When not mountaineering he ran a taxi, and, in odd moments between both, carved beautifully fashioned wooden figures of deer and chamois with his pocket knife.

For a while we trailed history up the Danube, past Klosterneuburg Abbey to Krems and the Wachau. There, amid the bold hills that wall in the river, stand the

ruins of old Dürnstein Castle where Richard the Lionhearted was imprisoned, in 1193, after his return from the Crusades (p. 496).

At the siege of Acre, two years before, he had openly scorned Leopold of Austria. When he attempted to come back through Vienna in disguise, he was detected and promptly thrown into prison. Leopold imposed a tidy ransom—estimated at \$5,000,000—for his release.

The occupants of the castles of Spitz and Aggstein, a few miles upstream, were less subtle in their activities. They did not wait to be insulted to collect their fortunes. Instead, they used to stretch heavy chains across the river to stop merchant vessels and loot them of their cargoes.

Taking ways indeed had those robber barons, who relied on the protection of these fortress castles standing high on the cliffs above the water and backed by inaccessible hills.

From Melk, whose monastic tower rears like a beacon above the Danube, we turned southward into the forested mountains.

Beside many of the streams workmen were rolling logs down the slopes and tying them into rafts, preparatory to floating them down to the mills.

Farmers moved in sweeping rhythm with their scythes through fields of ripening grain. Women trailed behind, gathering up the loose straw from the swaths and binding it into bundles. On numerous grassy slopes stood regiments of shaggy haystacks, piled high on poles and racks in protection against the wet ground.

"Grüss Gott," called children waving pudgy hands as we passed flower-studded farmhouses.

"THE ARCHDUKE" SWINGS A SCYTHER

"We're sorry that the Archduke isn't here," apologized the schoolmaster one morning at tiny Oeblarn, "but he's out in the fields haying."

Unexpectedly, we had come upon the rehearsal of a royal romance in this village deep in the Enns Valley. The "archduke," like those of the cast who had gathered in hunting togs, gold-tinted court uniforms, and old silks, was a working man on week days. On the following Sunday, however, they would relive a scintillant bit of romantic neighborhood history (Plate XI).



Photograph by W. Robert Mount

YODLING IS SWEETER AFTER THE STEIN HAS GONE ROUND

Young musicians at an Ötz Tal inn wear the waist-length jackets, leather shorts, tooled and stitched suspenders, and patterned white socks which compose the man's festival attire in the Austrian Tyrol. Local variations are mostly in decorative details. While one drinks, deftly balancing the big mug on his wrist, a companion eyes apprehensively the fast-dropping level of the beer. Every Tyrolean valley has its band of musicians.

In years gone by the mountains in the region near Oeblarn were a favored hunting ground for royalty. About a century ago, while on one of his periodic visits, Archduke Johann caught a glimpse of the fair daughter of a local postmaster. Immediately he lost his heart to her, and soon after wooed and wed her in good old-fashioned story-book style.

However, it was not the manner of courtly Vienna for one of such high birth as he to marry a commoner. So thereafter he was barred from living in the Hofburg. But to the country he became a "friend of the people." On Sundays, in summer, Oeblarn residents re-enact the hunting scenes, the courtship, and the marriage, on a stage set up in the village square.

Westward from Oeblarn is the Salzkammergut—a land of lakes, forested moun-

tains, the glacier-ribbed Dachstein, and salt—which Florence Polk Holding has made familiar to GEOGRAPHIC readers.*

MUSIC LOVERS THRONG MOZART'S CITY

We arrived in Salzburg, its chief city, at the height of the summer festivals. So crowded was the town that we had difficulty getting rooms. Every seat was sold in the large open-air theater, carved in the side of the castle hill, where "Faust" was being played. I saw that dramatic production while standing in a rock-tunneled side entrance, through which Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, then Austria's Chancellor, inconspicuously entered and departed.

Here in the city where Mozart was born,

* See "The Salzkammergut, a Playground of Austria," by Florence Polk Holding, in THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for April, 1937.



Photograph by Kurt and Margot Lubinski

LET THE FESTIVAL WAIT!—"DAISY" WANTS A DRINK!

At a watering trough in an Ötztal village, holiday revelers pause to lead a cow to water. In rural Austria, costumes are donned on the slightest provocation. Village streets blossom with multihued skirts and headgear on Sundays, religious holidays, harvest feast days, and anniversaries. Jaunty hats, usually made of felt, are of many shapes and colors and may be decorated with cock-of-the-wood tail feathers, hawk wings, flowers, or chamouis-hair plumes.

I saw a marionette show depicting the composer's appearance at the age of six in the Court of the Kaiserin (page 498).

"Ah, I like Salzburg because it rains," the reciter made him say.

A ripple of knowing amusement passed through the audience, for at that moment Salzburg's notorious *Schnürlregen* (fine string rain) was drizzling outside. It might go on for days, though fortunately this time it lasted but two.

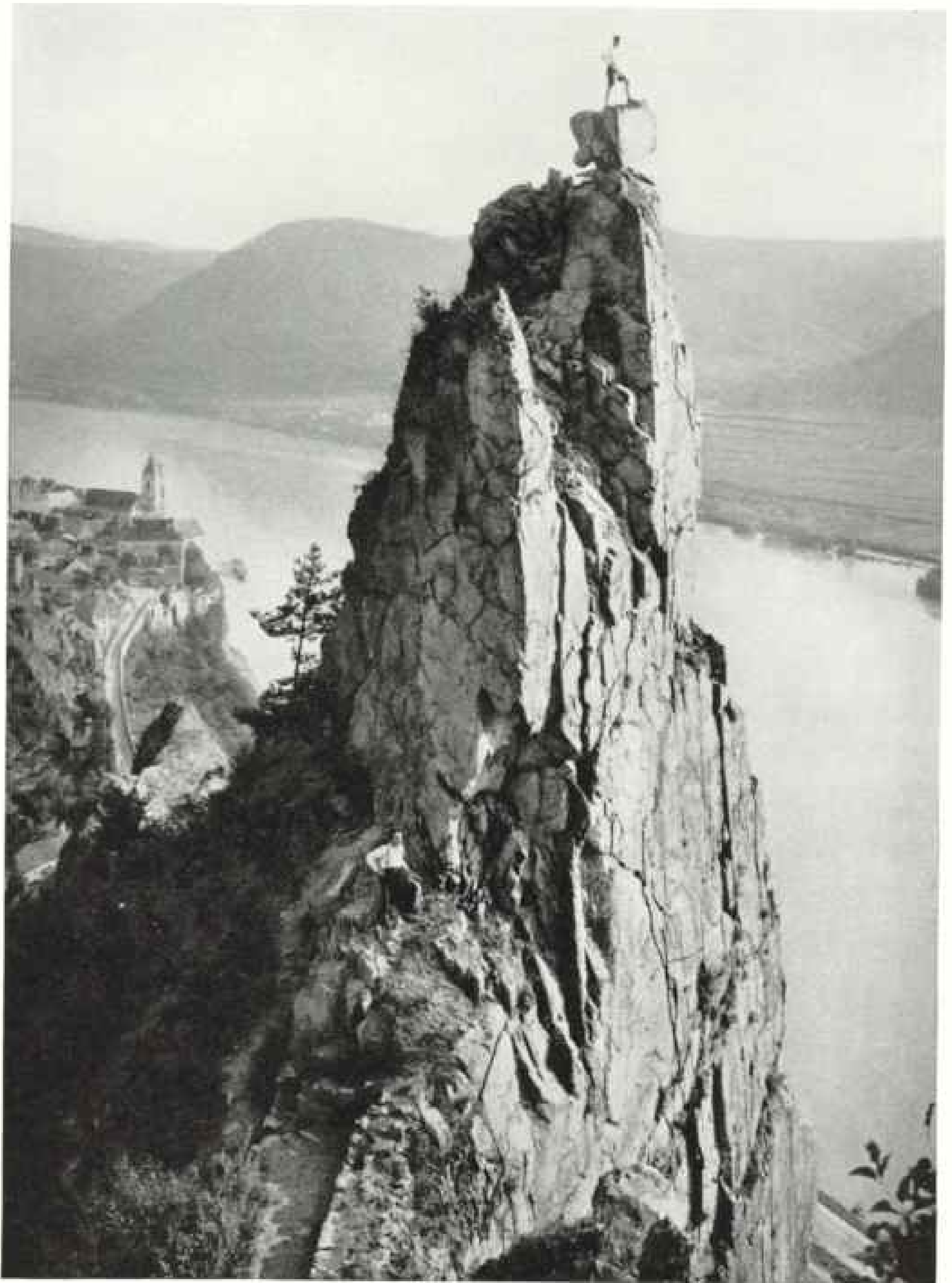
Backstage, I met the genial professor amidst the puppets that he made and operated. He was arranging the ballet skirts of "Anna Pavlova," who, in the next show, was to perform the dance of "The Dying Swan" (page 499).

In its presentation, four persons operate the 16 strings of this single figure to reproduce the grace and rhythm of the dance.

Late at night I sat over wine and a Bohemian dinner with the marionette master, his gracious wife, and a professor whose forebear had composed that ever appealing Christmas carol "Silent Night."

We talked marionettes, and exchanged Russian experiences, for he had been giving shows in Moscow while I was watching the eclipse of the sun out in Siberia. As we parted, "Auf Wiedersehen," said the puppet impresario. "I'll see you at the World's Fair at New York in 1939!"

Motoring southward along the Salzach from Salzburg we came to Bischofshofen. It was Sunday and most of the village had gathered at the local inn. Young men and women danced and marched under flowered hoops carried by other couples, as if in a May Day festival. Mothers and grandmothers sat in stiff starched black cos-



Photograph by August Lestner

TRIUMPHANT STANDS A CLIMBER ATOP A DIZZY PEAK BESIDE THE DANUBE

Beyond the village below lie the crumbling walls of Dürnstein Castle. There, in 1193, gallant Richard the Lionhearted, homeward-bound from the Crusades, was imprisoned by Leopold of Austria. Legend relates that the troubadour Blondel, searching for his master, wandered from castle to castle until Richard revealed his whereabouts by joining his friend in song. Leopold is said to have demanded a \$5,000,000 ransom for the hero's release (page 493).

tunes and bright scarfs. Many had tucked bunches of wild hill flowers on their hats and ample bosoms.

The elderly menfolk congregated in one end of the room and dipped mustaches in frothy beer. Everybody joined in singing when accordions and wailing guitars swung into an old folk tune. High excitement came only when several couples tried dancing on stilts.

Simple pleasures these, but thus does friendly village life flower warmly in quiet Austrian valleys.

"Grüss Gott" (God bless you) is their greeting. Say "Thank you" for a favor gratuitously rendered and immediately they reply "Bitte" (please).

HALF OF AUSTRIA IS LEFT-HAND DRIVE, THE OTHER HALF RIGHT

Midway between Bischofshofen and Zell am See the driver must reorient his brain processes from left to right. It has nothing to do with politics; it is just the rule of the road. Through western Salzburg, in Tyrol, Vorarlberg, and Carinthia Provinces, traffic keeps to the right side of the road; in eastern Austria it moves to the left.

At the warning barrier a road guard had flagged down a car with foreign license plates and was pasting inside the windshield a sketch map which cautioned the driver in four languages to take the proper side.

Our plates were Austrian, so we crossed over and passed on undisturbed.

Signs reading "Recht Fahren" (Drive right) or "Links Fahren" (Drive left) are posted at frequent intervals along the highways as constant reminders to motorists (page 527).

Austria plans at some future date to make the entire country uniform right drive, though it will entail heavy expense in large cities that have extensive tramcar lines.

NO ROOM IN THE INNS OF INNSBRUCK

As we journeyed toward Innsbruck, the song of the road became the squeak of windshield wiper and the whir of tires on wet asphalt. Diaphanous veils that had hung over the mountains were now wet blankets. It turned cold.

At Innsbruck the Inn River was a muddy torrent, its crest constantly creeping higher up the embankments.

"We have no rooms," said a hotel manager. "Try at the railway station."

"Some of our guests are sleeping in the bathrooms," said another. "Try at the railway station."

"Why the railway station?" I wondered, but went.

People stood shivering in long lines in front of an accommodation bureau while overworked men searched through much-revised lists and put in calls to hotels and lodging houses that still had vacancies. The heavy rains had driven these queues of vacationers and mountain climbers down from the hills.

For two days we visited museums, trod wet streets, lingered over meals in Innsbruck's old restaurants, and made photographs of the empty tomb of Emperor Maximilian in the Hofkirche.

This monarch, "last of the knights," had spent years poring over plans and superintending the casting of royal figures in bronze—including King Arthur and Theodoric the Ostrogoth—that were to surround him in his final sleep. Yet he died far from his beloved Tyrol, and was buried in a less pretentious tomb at Wiener Neustadt, his birthplace, nearly two hundred and fifty miles away.

Clock pendulums have swung slowly in this mellow capital of Tyrol. Were Maximilian to come back now after more than four and a half centuries, he would find the Goldene Dachl, or balcony from which he reviewed the festivities in the street below, still ready for him, its gilded copper "fish scale" tiles as bright as ever. The medieval balconies overhanging the narrow arcaded streets of the old town have changed hardly a whit.

Elaborate wrought-iron signs over inns and restaurants still beckon to guests and offer the same hospitality as they did to Goethe, the poet Heine, and early royal visitors. With a bit of luck one may even sleep in the same room at the Goldene Adler that Ferdinand and Philippine occupied in 1574!

Here, too, one can see the same window from which Andreas Hofer addressed his fellow Tyrolese in 1809 at the time he and his peasant soldiers hurled all their patriotic force against the Napoleonic troops and won enduring fame.

IN THE SHADOW OF IMMENSITY

Three days later the rain stopped. Clouds lifted higher and higher and finally ballooned into oblivion. As I watched them rise I recalled the story of the artist in Kitz-



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE BOY MOZART AGAIN PLAYS FOR THE EMPRESS

Nimble fingers animate a marionette taking the part of the 18th-century pianist, Wolfgang Mozart. In a concealed pit, a musician plays the same pieces which the artist rendered on his concert tour of European courts. The composer was born in Salzburg, where today the marionette theater produces several plays based on his life.

bübel who painted enormously high mountains, with the town dwarfed at their base.

"That's the way they *seem* to us living in their shadow," was his answer to criticism.

The mountains about Innsbruck need no such exaggeration. They tower to incredible heights above the city. The ends of the streets seem blocked by their walls. During the storm the high peaks had been covered with a deep fall of snow.

All Tyrol in the brilliant sunshine was a magic land, with crystal-crested blue para-

pets soaring skyward above the rounded green foothills. Narrow valleys lay between the ranges like streams of vivid green dye.

We had missed a festival in the Stubai Tal (valley), so I sought to temper my disappointment by getting a group of people to pose in the costumes they wear on such occasions.

HANS MISLAYS HIS TRUSTY SHORTS

One of the innkeepers at Neustift readily agreed to arrange a party for the afternoon, when I would return from the head of the valley where an ice-covered barrier separates Austria from Italy.

All but two of the group were waiting at the community playhouse when we arrived. Soon a young girl hurried up and breathlessly apol-

ogized for her brother: "Hans can't find his pants; he'll be along later!"

Hans came within a few moments, still wearing the well-worn chamois leather "shorts" that had been his everyday dress for years. To my camera they needed no apology. The waist-length jackets, leather pants, wide flowered suspenders, and jaunty hats, worn by the Tyrolean men, possess a singular holiday effect.

Indeed, their hats are often so elaborately decorated that the term "millinery" would be a more appropriate designation.

The Austrian men find nothing effeminate in sporting cock feathers, hawk wings, flowers, or a hussar-like plume of chamois hair on their headgear.

This latter ornament, which stands up like a shaving brush at the back of the hatband, is a badge of prowess gained in climbing over mountain crags to stalk and bring down the elusive chamois. To these hardy hunters it must bring smiles or scorn to see pleasure trippers wearing one that was "stalked" in the nearest hat shop.

Almost every valley in the mountainous folds of Tyrol and Vorarlberg once possessed its own individual costume; some have disappeared since highways have peddled sophistication from city to village. But in many places festival dress is still as characteristic as are the flat-roofed balconied homes in the country.

COLOR COMES FROM MILES AROUND

"Are you going to the festival on Sunday?" inquired an interested spectator one day when I was making some photographs in the Montafon Valley. "You should make good pictures there."

"What festival? Where?" I inquired.

"At Bregenz. Many of us are going from here."

On Sunday I was in Bregenz.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

A TOUCH OF LIPSTICK FIXES "ANNA PAVLOVA'S" MAKE-UP

Three assistants aid this Salzburg marionette master to pull the 16 strings which bring the puppet to graceful life. Most popular number is the dance of "The Dying Swan," specialty of the revered artist from whom the model gets its name (page 495). The professor makes all the figures as well as the furniture and settings for the stage.

While eating breakfast, I saw several women pass up the street wearing wide "halo" hats of gold, silver, and black, and flowing silk dresses. I snatched up my hat and color camera and dashed outside.

I need not have hurried, for throughout the forenoon crowds poured into town. Some came by bus; others by train. Steamers on the Lake of Constance (Boden See) brought hundreds of visitors from near-by German villages. By midday the streets looked like flowerbeds burst into bloom under the warming sunshine of spring.

Costumed groups from the Bregenzer Wald, Montafon, and the Klein Walser Tal of Vorarlberg; from Germany, Liechtenstein, and Switzerland—here was a league of Rhine Valley nations and a league of rainbow hues (Color Plates II, III, VII). Though the people live under four separate flags, such festivals perpetuate their kinship in language, customs, and dress.

In early afternoon, blaring trumpets and the rattle of drums transformed knots of visiting holiday-makers into orderly parade. Historical pageantry was mingled with holiday fun as they marched along the streets massed with thousands of onlookers. Out on the greensward of the lakeside park, competing groups whirled in spirited folk dances and sang ancient folk songs.

That evening red-and-gold-illuminated sailboats cut paths back and forth across the inky surface of the lake, while at intervals lights flared, etching sharply against the darkness groups of athletes posing like pieces of statuary in spectacular gymnastic pyramids.

Fireworks thundered and burned fiery trails into the sky, then finally wrote a flaming farewell to the festival.

GARLANDS CROWN THE HUMBLE COW

Back in the Ziller Tal, on our return journey across Austria, I chanced on an interesting rural custom. I was returning from a hike up a gorge above the village of Mayrhofen, when Herr Henne came racing up the hill like a chamois, shouting for me to hurry.

I had no chance to inquire what he wanted, for he turned and ran back toward the car. Then I heard the clanging of bells.

Round a bend in the road came a herd of cows, the horns of the lead animals garlanded with green pine twigs, ribbons, and flowers.

I adjusted lens aperture and shutter speeds as I ran, for here was the triumphal return of the cattle to the valley farmlands.

For months they had been grazing on the high hill pastures. Now that summer was merging into autumn, with heavy snows soon to follow, they were being brought back down to their winter quarters (Color Plates XIII and XV).

As tokens of gratitude that no harm had befallen the herd during its long sojourn in the mountains, the lead cows were gaudily decorated, for the policemanlike guard of

these intelligent beasts is largely responsible for the fact that none of the other animals has strayed. Sometimes they even use horns, if need be, to emphasize their leadership.

In the pastures the deep tones of their foot-long bells can always be heard in the midst of the lighter tinkling of the smaller bells worn by the others.

Goatherders also make a festive occasion out of their return to the villages. Some garland the goats, but others deck with streamers and flowers the small carts that are used in hauling the milk and cheese. To the men and boys who have spent months in the solitude of the high pastures, the home-coming must be a particularly happy event.

Of necessity, dairying and stock raising are major industries in this Alpine land. Less than six per cent of the area of Tyrol is arable; in Vorarlberg it is still smaller. Forests, however, cover considerable areas on the lower slopes of the mountains, and timbering is an added economic asset.

To mountain climbers and skiing enthusiasts this is a happy vacation land. Kitzbühel, in northeast Tyrol, is a favored summer resort and one of Austria's chief centers for winter sports. We passed through the town in that seasonal lull between warm-weather hiking and skis.

WHERE "SATAN" RUNS A SAWMILL

Beyond the stark limestone crags of the Kaiser Gebirge, and a few miles west of Kuifstein, is tiny Thiersee. The village is hardly more than a handful of houses scattered along the edge of a small sapphire lake; on the hillside a white church points a slender finger into the sky.

But here, on every Sunday during the summer months, from May until September, the villagers and farm folk of the countryside enact the story of Christ. Though not so well known as the Passion Play at Oberammergau, in near-by Bavaria, its presentation is no less effective.*

"Here comes the Christus now on his motorcycle," remarked my companion, as a bearded man in a long leather topcoat rode up to the inn.

"I'm sorry that I was delayed, but I went to see a house I am building," apologized quiet-spoken Alois Kaindl.

* See "Where Bible Characters Live Again," by Anton Lang, Jr., in *THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE* for December, 1935.

AUSTRIAN KODACHROMES FROM A CANDID CAMERA



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

SHIMMERING SNOW AND ICE CAP AUSTRIA'S ROOFTOP ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Above the Pasterren Glacier, seamed with crevices and pressure ridges, towers the country's loftiest peak, the Gross Glockner, 12,461 feet high. Visitors look down on the six-mile-long river of ice from a parking area on the recently built Gross Glockner highway. This broad road cuts north and south across the mountainous backbone of central Austria. It reaches an elevation of more than 8,400 feet and is blocked with snow many months of the year. The illustrations in this Austrian series are reproduced from natural-color films, little larger than postage stamps, made in the summer of 1937.



(1) National Geographic Society

WITH CHERRY "GRÜSS GOTTS" AND "GUTEN TAGS" BREGENZER HOSTS GREET GERMAN VISITORS ON THE LAKE CONSTANCE BOAT
Theirs will be a crowded day with a street-parade, folk songs and dances in the park, and an evening fireworks display on the lake.

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

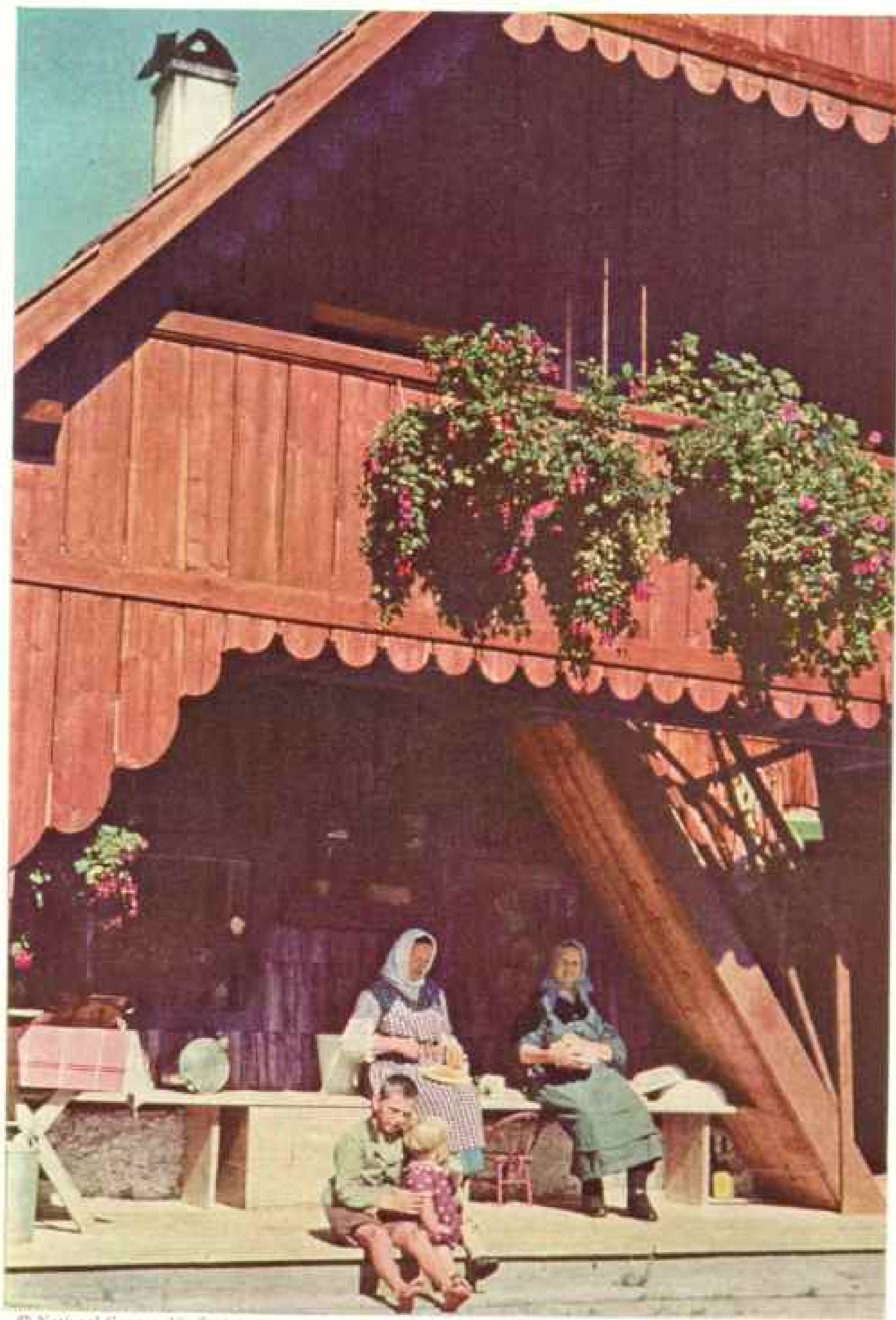


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Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

WHEN THE WOMEN OF BREGENZ GATHER FOR A SUNDAY FESTIVAL, THEIR BIG HATS, BLOOM AND SPARKLE IN THE SUN

Similar, but slightly narrower, are the headresses worn by the womenfolk from near-by German villages, who are welcomed as they step from the gangway of a Lake Constance steamer. Although costumes, customs, and tongue denote the kinship of the people in the vicinity of the eastern end of the lake, they live under different flags—those of Austria, Germany, Switzerland, and Liechtenstein.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

**BROTHER TENDS THE BABY WHILE MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER
PREPARE DINNER**

The wide porch underneath the balcony of the chalet affords an airy place to work in fair weather. Throughout the country, as at this farmhouse in Styria, windows and balconies are banked with colorful flowers in the summer months.

AUSTRIAN KODACHROMES FROM A CANDID CAMERA



"HALO" HATS OF GOLD, SILVER, AND BLACK FRAME BREGENZER SMILES
Their mothers and grandmothers once wore these same costumes, which were recently in style again when the cycle of feminine fashions favored "mutton-leg" sleeves.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photographs by W. Robert Moore

THE QUEST FOR EDELWEISS LURES HER TO THE EDGE OF A SHARP CLIFF

This woolly flower, literally the "noble white," grows on high Alpine slopes. Prized because of its scarcity, edelweiss is usually found in isolated places. Below this mountain, near the Gross Glockner (Plate I), stretches the verdant Moll Valley.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

VEGETABLE VENDERS AT HALL HAVE TIME FOR LEISURELY GOSSIP BETWEEN SALES

Their wares are cabbages, cauliflowers, giant cucumbers, and a few summer fruits. Numerous old houses along narrow side streets, and a 15th-century Gothic church and Town Hall, lend medieval flavor to this small Tyrolean town. Salt mines in the lower part of Hall and in the near-by mountains have operated for centuries.



© National Geographic Society

TODAY IT'S FESTIVAL COSTUME; TOMORROW SPORTS DRESS

Perhaps they'll be wearing "shorts" or bathing suits to go sailboating on the lake. Bregenz, on the shores of Lake Constance, is at the extreme western end of Austria and is capital of Vorarlberg Province.



Kodachrome Photographs by W. Robert Moore

IN VESTS BLUDENZ MEN ASSERT THEIR TASTE FOR COLOR

Otherwise their dark costumes would be eclipsed by the bright aprons and bodices worn by the womenfolk. This couple has just arrived in Bregenz for the holiday celebration (Plate II).



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

AUSTRIA'S VERSION OF THE VILLAGE PUMP

This tiny town of Vösendorf lies in the gorge of the Danube, known as the Wachau. Only a few miles away are the ruins of Dürnstein Castle, where Richard the Lionhearted was imprisoned in 1193, after his return from the Crusades. The sprig of evergreen, suspended from a pole (upper right), indicates that new wine, grown on hill vineyards near by, is for sale.

"You see, in daily life I am a carpenter, as was our Christ."

I watched the kindly expression and simple forceful gestures of this man whose part has shaped the pattern of his life.

"Our village has been giving the Passion Play for nearly a hundred and fifty years—ever since the French armies brought strife into Tyrol.

"Yes, people have asked us to play in other lands, but of course we didn't go. We have our work here; some of us are artisans, some farmers, foresters, and housewives.

"Satan' runs a sawmill down there," he added, with a sweep of his hand toward the lake.

When I first saw "Mary" she was weighing out beans in her grocery store.

Later I photographed both the Christus and Mary standing quietly beside the lake, and in doing so I visualized a similar scene that might have taken place on the shores of Galilee 19 centuries ago (page 513).

The present form of the play was written by the Abbot of St. Peter's in Salzburg. The accompanying music is the work of a professor at Klosterneuburg Abbey near Vienna.

Though the performers are peasants, un-schooled in dramatic art, they present the story with convincing reality. Frugality, hard work, and a deep religious faith have instilled dignity, humbleness, and sincerity into these people so that on the stage they live their parts, not play them.

A HIGHROAD HURDLES THE AUSTRIAN ALPS

"Tomorrow is going to be a good day for the Gross Glockner," commented Herr Henne as we rode down the Salzach Valley toward Zell am See.

Storm gods that had reared their angry heads over the range and spat at the valley had apparently become frightened at their own black shadows and retreated. The late afternoon sunshine was bringing a flush to the snowfields and barren peaks of the Hobe Tauern that form the rugged backbone of central Austria.

"I've been over the pass 29 times, and every time has been fair weather," added my wheelbound mountaineer. "I think my luck is going to hold."

I hoped so, too, for even this \$5,000,000 highway, hurdling the range and twisting past snowfields, glaciers, and the lofty Gross Glockner, would look much the same as any other in a rainstorm.

Previous to its completion in 1935, no motor road crossed this mountain barrier in the 100-mile span between Innsbruck and Radstadt. Boldly engineered, it is one of the highest routes in Europe and forms a direct thoroughfare across the narrow waistline of Austria (page 512).

As we drove up the Fuscher Ache toward the village of Ferleiten, darkness filled the valley; the last trace of pink Alpine glow faded from the peaks.

A woman, waving a lantern, flagged us down.

"We pay road toll here," said Herr Henne.

In return for our schillings we received a ticket and windshield label, without which no one can travel the Gross Glockner Strasse.

A few minutes later we sat down to a trout dinner at Ferleiten.

Dawn again brought a blush to the snows, and as the sun rose higher they turned dazzling white. Not a cloud rose in the sky.

"Fine weather this morning; best we've had in weeks," said the hotel manager as he bade us goodbye.

Herr Henne beamed. "The thirtieth crossing—for me the Gross Glockner *always* has fine weather!"

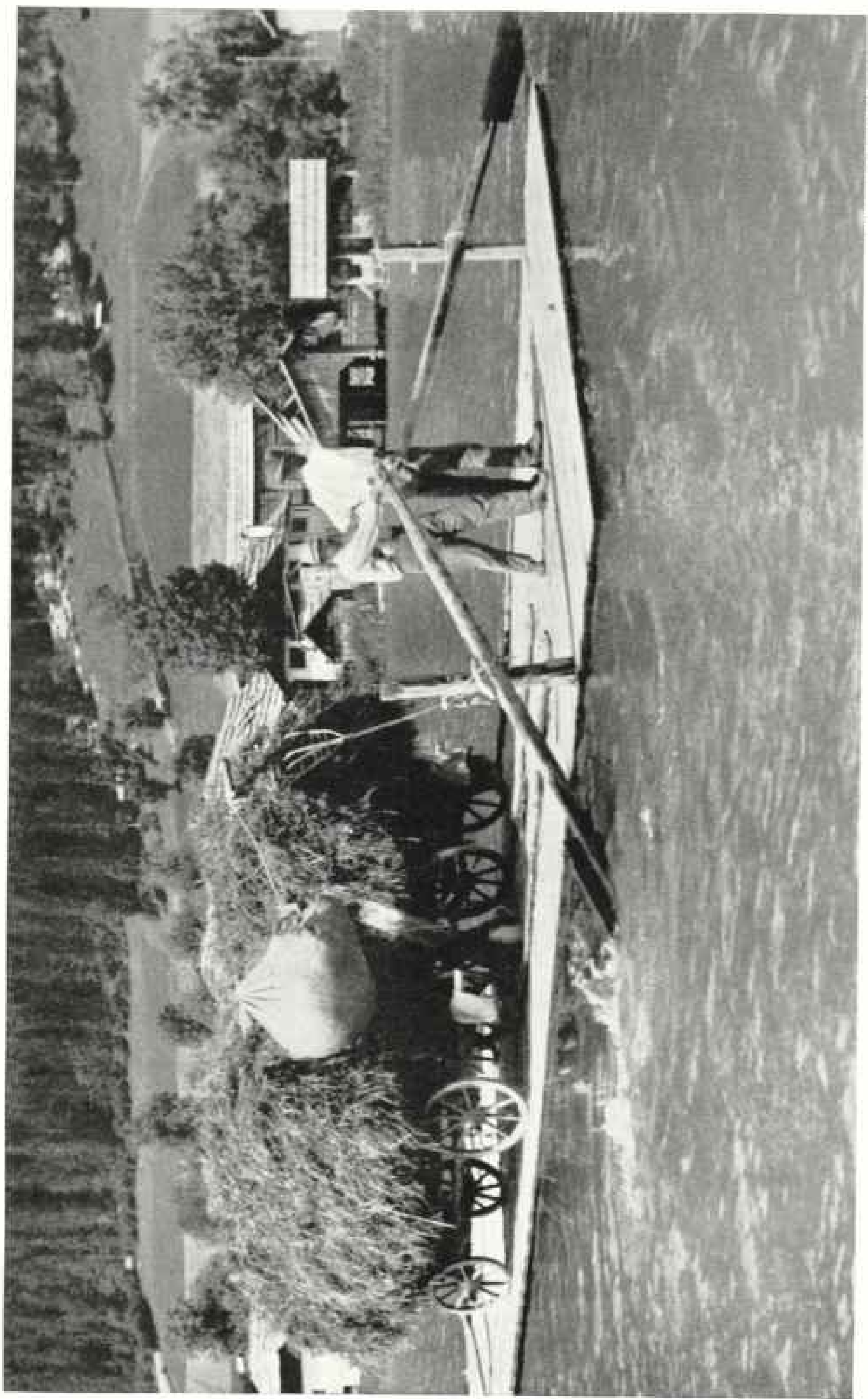
ICE SHEATHES THE STREPLE OF AUSTRIA

Outside the village the road immediately starts its dizzy winding ascent. The valley floor seemed to drop below almost as fast as the village fell away in the distance. Within a few miles it mounts above the timberline.

A widening range of snowfields and glaciers comes within one's compass as the road loops toward Edelweiss Spitze, at an elevation of almost 8,500 feet. From a parking square at its summit, the mountain road looks like a tangled thread, with one end trailing back down into the Fuscher Ache. In the other direction, by more twistings and turnings, it stretches toward the Hochtort Tunnel and vanishes from sight.

The Gross Glockner itself is concealed by nearer snow-capped crags.

We passed several flocks of sheep and cows grazing on the rough hill pastures. Just beyond the tunnel we climbed the rocky hills overlooking the green deep gash of the Möll Valley to hunt edelweiss (Color Plate V).



Photograph by Rudolf Jokat

WHERE ROADS ARE STEEP AND FEW, FARMERS TAKE TO THE LAKE AND RAFT HOME THEIR WAGONLOADS OF HYE

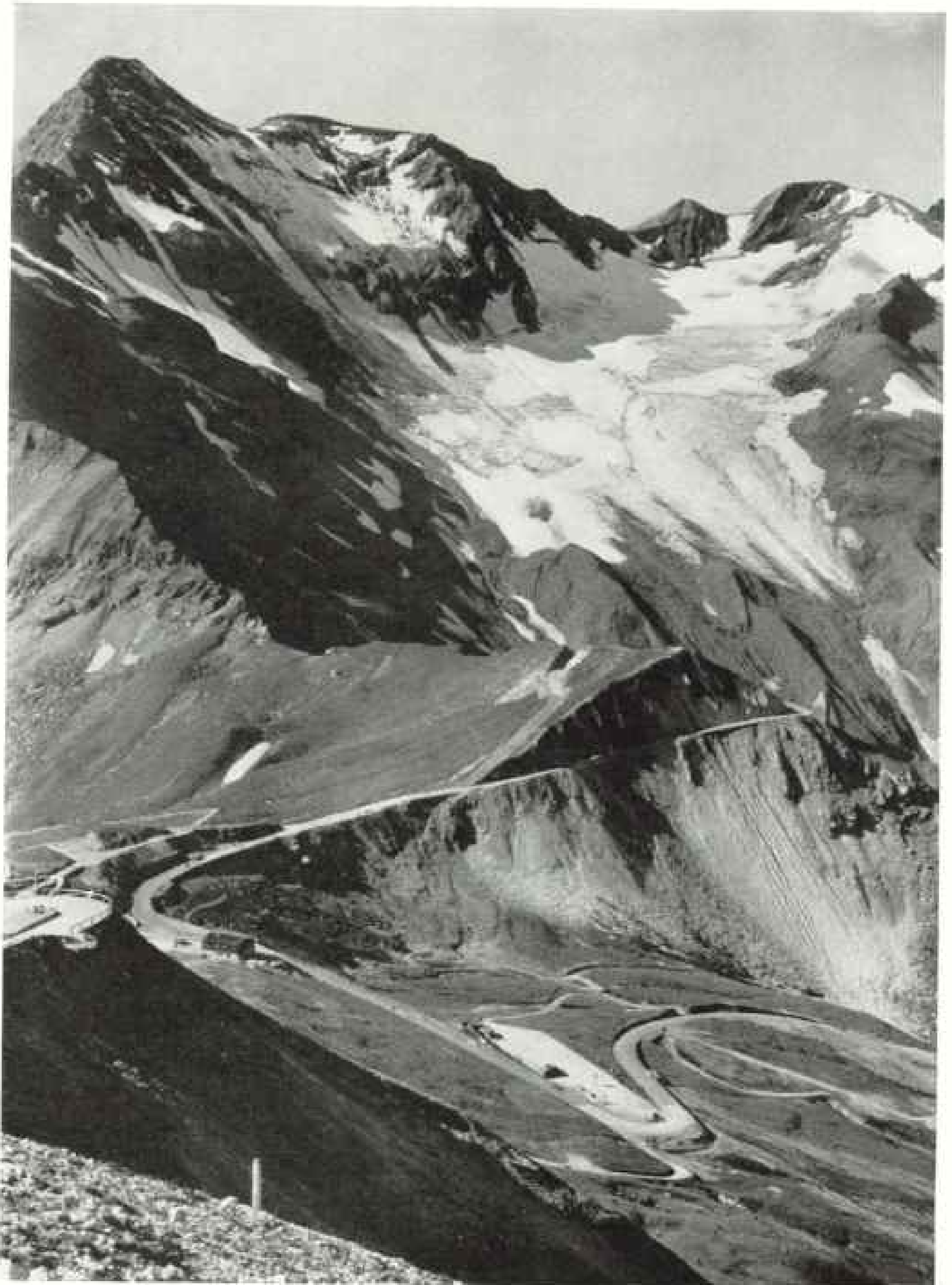
Despite the elevation of 3,053 feet, waters of the Weissen See are pleasant for bathing, partly because of submerged warm springs. Wooden cottages along the shores are often supported by piles driven into the shallows. Thousands of Viennese warm to the clear lakes of Carinthia, some within sight of perpetual snow and ice. Like an inland Riviera, this region offers good sailing, fishing, swimming, and sun bathing.



Photograph by Kurt and Margot Labinski

YOU REACH FOR YOUR DINNER OR GO HUNGRY AT A PINZGAU FARMHOUSE TABLE—WHERE MEALS ARE SERVED IN COMMON BOWLS.

Racke support two dishes—the upper one newly soured milk and the other a national favorite called "Germüdehn," made of fermented dough and eaten with the fingers.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

IN BOLD LOOPS, A NEW HIGHWAY HURDLES THE MOUNTAIN BACKBONE OF AUSTRIA

Snow fields and pressure ridges of the Brennkegel Glacier nestle between sheltering peaks. The view is from a vantage on the Edelweiss Spitze, reached by a spur road from the five-million-dollar Gross Glockner Alpine Highway. From a point near by may be seen 19 glaciers and 37 peaks more than 9,000 feet high. This cloud-touching route, opened in 1935, is named for the Gross Glockner, tallest of Austrian peaks. The mountain, 12,461 feet high, is visible from a point farther south along the road (Color Plate I).

"There's the Gross Glockner," said Herr Henne as we rounded another turn in the highway.

Rearing high above the valley, it drove a shimmering white wedge into the blue sky. This monarch of the Austrian Alps is 12,461 feet high. Past its base and its companion peaks extends the six-mile long river of ice, the Pasterzen Glacier, longest in the Eastern Alps (Color Plate I).

Near the end of the highway, engineers have built two large parking places. Cars and buses packed them almost to capacity. Hundreds of people scrambled down the cliff to walk on the seamed and pressure-ridged surface of the glacier. I got a glorious sunburn hiking on the ice.

Contrasts come quickly in Carinthia. From this lofty land of perpetual snow and ice, in the northwestern corner of the province, we dropped down to the warm lake district. Thousands of vacationers from Vienna were swimming, sunning themselves along the shores, and racing sailboats in regattas.

SOPHISTICATED FISH PREFER BREAD

Sitting for lunch one day in a courtyard beside the Millstätter See, I watched a group of men patiently fishing. They got



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

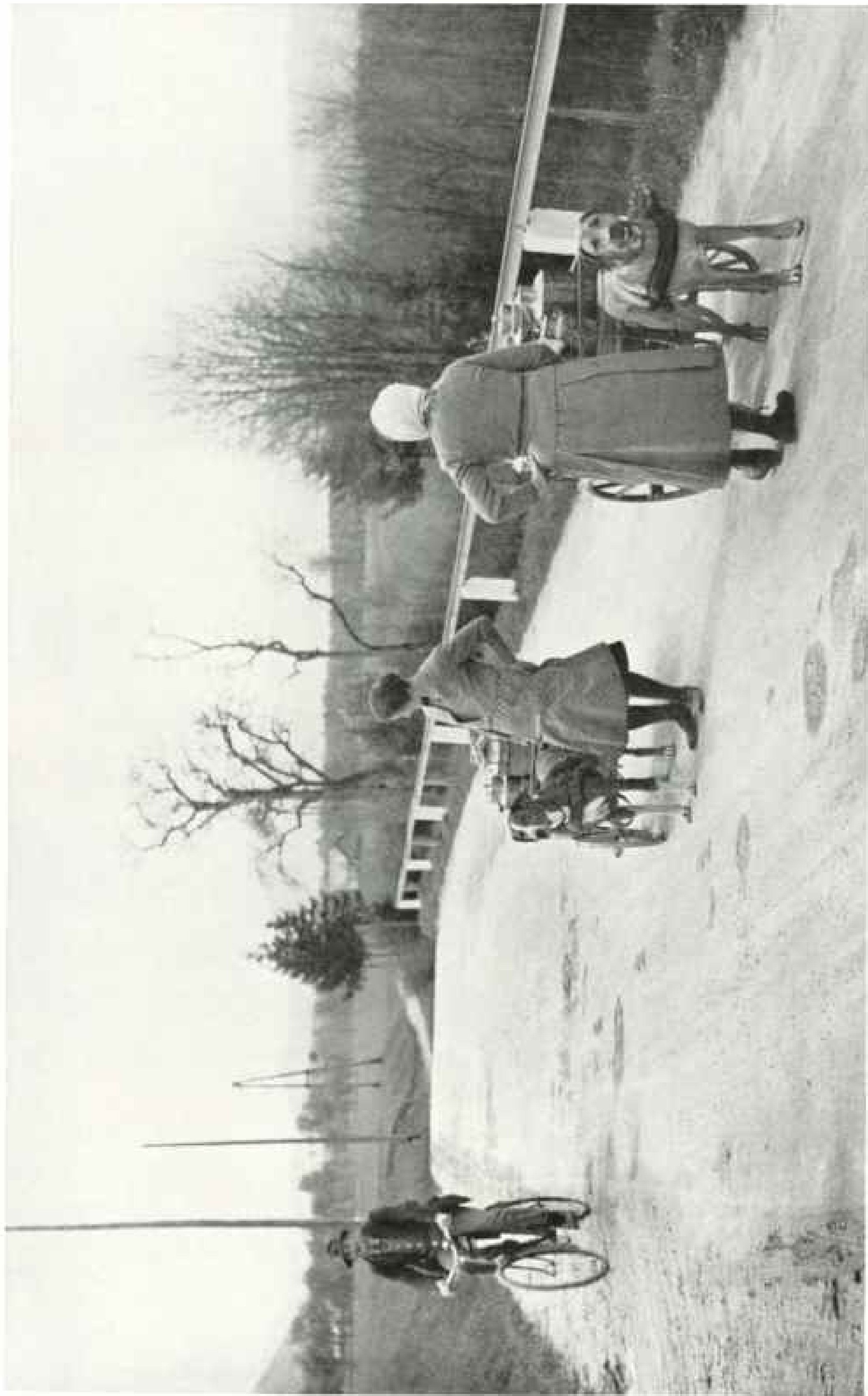
ANOTHER CARPENTER SCANS THE CALM WATERS OF ANOTHER "GALILEE"

In the little town of Thiersee on the shores of this lake of the same name is held a Passion Play similar to that of Oberammergau, in near-by Bavaria. The Christus plies the same trade as did Jesus of Nazareth 19 centuries ago; the modern Mary works in a grocery store. Every Sunday from May to September village and farmer folk re-enact the story of Christ's life and continue a tradition begun nearly 150 years ago (page 500).

not a bite. Yet I saw hundreds of fish swimming about in the clear water.

Just to see what would happen I tossed a few bits of bread into the water. Immediately there was a mad scramble for the crumbs. The anglers looked up scornfully, tossed their hooks nearer, but the sophisticated fish swam past their bait looking for more bread!

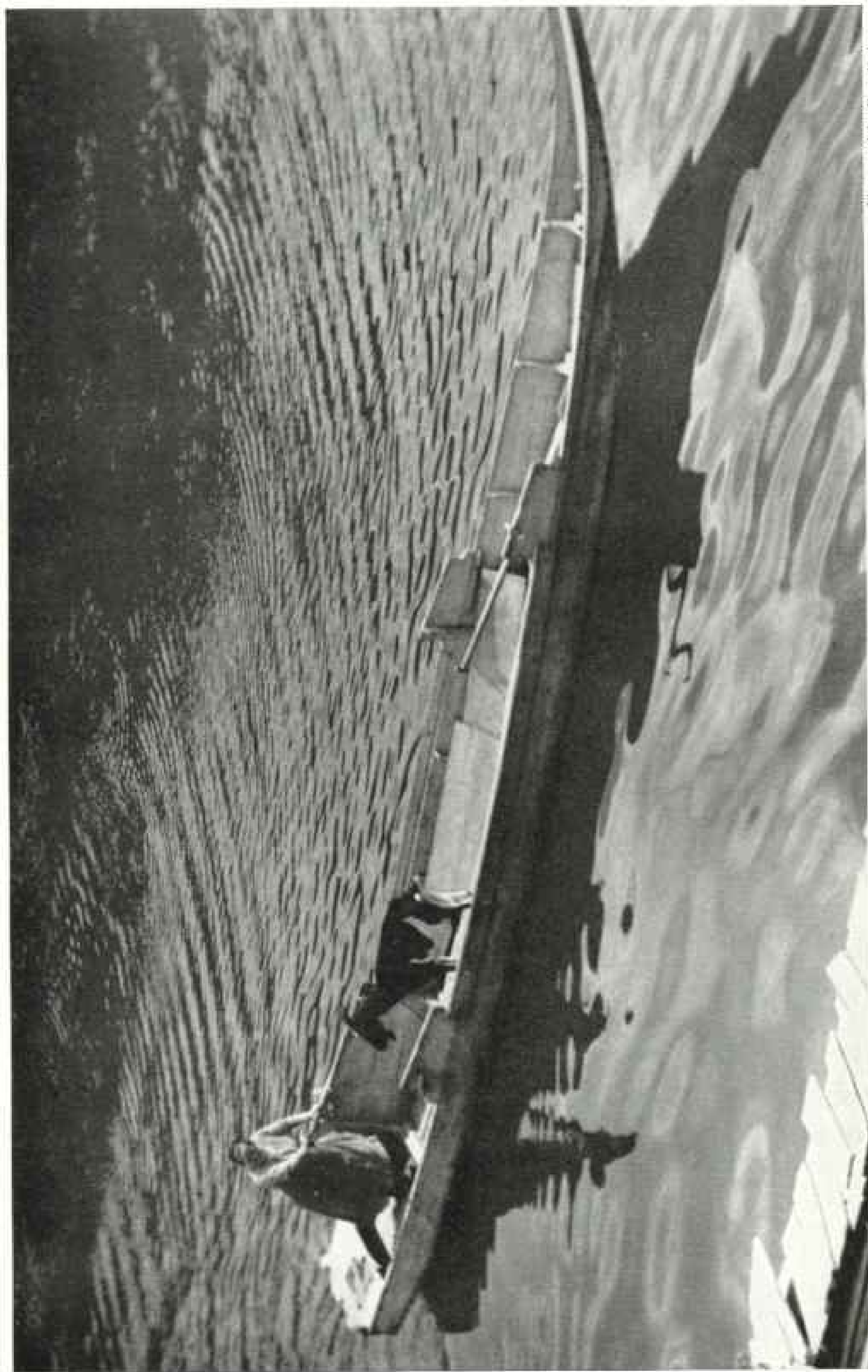
The Wörther See, largest and most popular of the Carinthia lakes, is one of the



Photograph by Melville Bell Grosvenor

"FRITZ" AND "PRINZ" EARN THEIR BONES HAULING MILK TO THE DAIRY IN GMDUNDEN

Dogcarts are common in Austria, and 50 are bicycles. Cattle raised in the mountainous central and western part of the country are exported chiefly for breeding. Dairying herds are concentrated in Lower Austria, from whence comes most of the milk and most used in Vienna, the capital.



Photograph by Erno Vachos

IN A GONDOLA-LIKE BOAT, A HOUSEWIFE AND HER GOAT GLIDE HOMEWARD ACROSS RIPPLED HALLSTÄTTER SEE

Mountains rise abruptly thousands of feet above the lake and make travel on the water quicker and easier than along the steep shores. The first Iron Age of Central and Western Europe and the Balkans is called the Hallstatt Epoch because artifacts from that period (900-400 B.C., approximately) were first identified in this region. Prehistoric salt mines give up tools, bits of clothing, and even bodies of ancient miners preserved by the mineral.

warmest bodies of water in Central Europe. In the summer its temperature sometimes goes above 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Part of its mildness is due to the fact that only a small amount of water flows in or out of its basin and it is protected by surrounding hills. Also it is partly fed by underground warm springs.

SHEINES TO THE PICTURE POSTCARD, AND ROCKET-BOUNE MAIL

At Klagenfurt I stopped for mail, and while there I solved a problem that had long puzzled me: Who invented the picture postcard? On a tablet fastened to the post office wall, Klagenfurt claims that it was the handiwork of one of her sons, Emmanuel Hermann, in 1869. He may also have been the first to scribble: "Having a fine time, wish you were here!"

So today do countless thousands of others who come to this delightful land of lakes.

Over near Graz, capital of Styria, another Austrian inaugurated an ultramodern method of carrying mail. On February 2, 1931, an inventor, Friedrich Schmiedl, successfully shot a rocket carrying 102 pieces of pay mail from a plateau to a village nearly two miles away.

So many experiments patterned after this pioneering feat have been conducted in various countries that a special catalogue listing rocket airmail stamps has been published.

IN THE "LAND OF CASTLES"

On our journey back toward Vienna I suggested that we detour into the Province of Burgenland.

"It's a land of bad roads," said Herr Henne, shaking his head.

Before we had completed the side trip I agreed that "detour" had been an appropriate term.

The Province is one of those anachronisms that grew out of the peace treaties of the World War. Though it had been part of Hungary for centuries, the territory was added to Austria because of the number of German-speaking people living there.

Burgenland means literally "Land of Castles," and many a hoary tower may still be seen.

In this rural region large numbers of pigs are raised.

Parts of the district are still strongly Hungarian in custom and dress. I had a letter of introduction to the village schoolmaster in Oslip, so we called on him to inquire about festival costumes. After hearing what I wanted he excused himself and disappeared.

Half an hour later he returned and said, "There's a group of 10 or 12 young people down the street dressing in their costumes now. Would you like to photograph them?"

I did. Soon I was in the midst of a Hungarian *csárdás* (Color Plates XII and XIII).

EXERCISE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER, TOO

Oblivious to my activities with the camera, the men, with bright scarfs tied about their waists, swung their partners round and round to the swiftly changing tempo of guitar, mandolin, and wheezy accordion. Heavy boots kicked up the dust of the courtyard, dresses and petticoats ballooned and swished. They were having a good time; so was I.

When I finished my pictures and they had paused for breath, I suggested that they might like some refreshments. Enthusiastic, they linked arms and started off to the tavern, singing as they went. This was an unanticipated addition to the impromptu merrymaking.

A few miles away we visited Germanic villages, where costumes are severe black, trimmed in white. Everywhere the low row houses of the villages were festooned with strings of drying corn, and the farmers were washing out barrels and tubs in preparation for the wine-harvesting season.

Back in Vienna the people had again settled down to the routine of their offices and again gathered at their favorite cafes. The opera and theater season had begun.

At the opposite end of the country, as I journeyed on the Arlberg route to Switzerland, the mosaic of farms lay green, gold, and brown. Here and there farmers were busy at autumn plowing. The crests of all the high mountains were heavy with snow, in some places dipping even below the timberline. A fall of three feet covered the Gross Glockner.

In two months I had seen quick striking contrasts in this mountainous land, which soon would become a rendezvous for devotees of winter sport.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

GERANIUMS CONVERT HUMBLE TYROLEAN COTTAGES INTO CHEERFUL HOMES

Besides filling balcony and window boxes with flowering plants, the housewife has also decorated the roadside crucifix. Perched on the mountain slopes and nestling in peaceful valleys are many such homes. Wooden shingles on flat peaked roofs are held in place by poles and heavy stones. The road into the secluded Deferegggen Tal of East Tyrol, west of Lienz, passes within a few feet of this door.



© National Geographic Society

Kielström's Photograph by W. Robert Moore

FROM QUIET GREEN VALLEYS ROCK CLIMBERS ASSAULT STEEP EASTIONS OF THE KAUSER GEBIRGE

"For experts only," "for those with steady heads," or "often dangerous on account of falling stones" warn guidebooks describing ascents in this region near Kautstein. Mountains reduce the Tyrol's arable land to only six per cent of its total area. Forests and rough hill pastures cover much of the rest. When snow lies deep on the land, farmers quarter their stock in stables under the family roof.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

IN THE TOWN HALL COURTYARD FOLK OF GELARN, STYRIA, REHEARSE A ROYAL ROMANCE FOR A FESTIVAL.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

SKIRTS AND APRONS SWIRL AS BURGENDLANDERS PIVOT IN A LIVELY HUNGARIAN FOLK DANCE IN OSLEP

"Oblivious to my antics with a camera," writes the photographer, "the men swing their partners round and round to this swifly changing tempo of guitar, mandolin, and wheezy accordion. I took pot shots standing up and lying on my stomach in the dusty courtyard. Rough boots kicked up dust, dresses and petticoats swished; they were having an altogether good time in a spontaneous dance. So was I."



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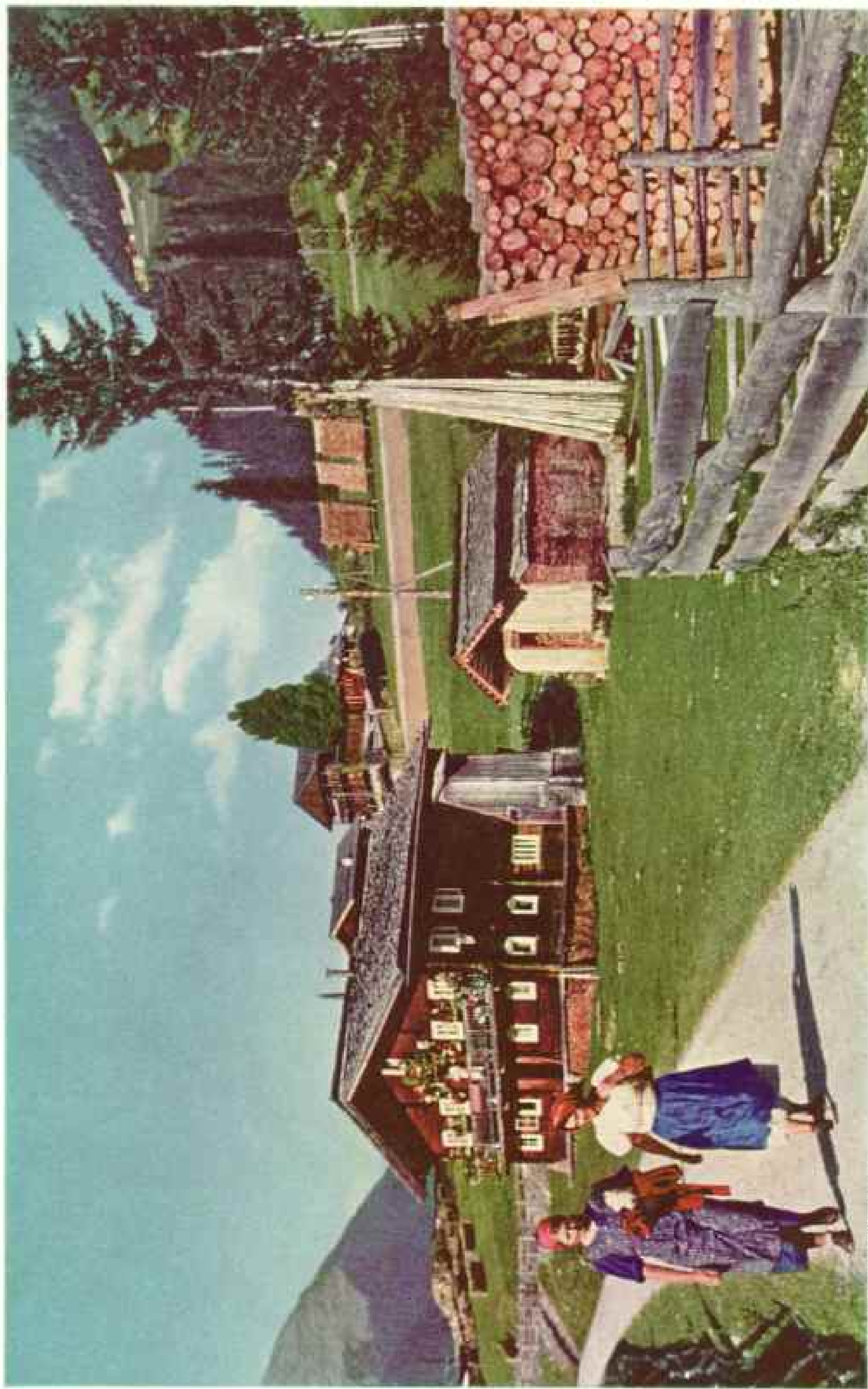
NO "BIG APPLE" THEIRS, BUT A STEP CENTURIES OLD
 There are not enough partners to go around, so two girls dance together. Pictures over, the author suggested refreshments. Excitedly the couples, locked arm in arm, went singing down the street to a restaurant in the tiny village of Osip, south of Vienna.



Kodachrome Photographs by W. Robert Moore.

BELLS CLANG, RIBBONS FLUTTER—IT'S HOME-COMING DAY

For months the cattle have grazed in mountain pastures. Now they return to their winter quarters at Mayrhofen. Evergreen boughs and streamers garland the heads of the lead cows as tokens of gratitude that no accident befell the herds (Plate XV).

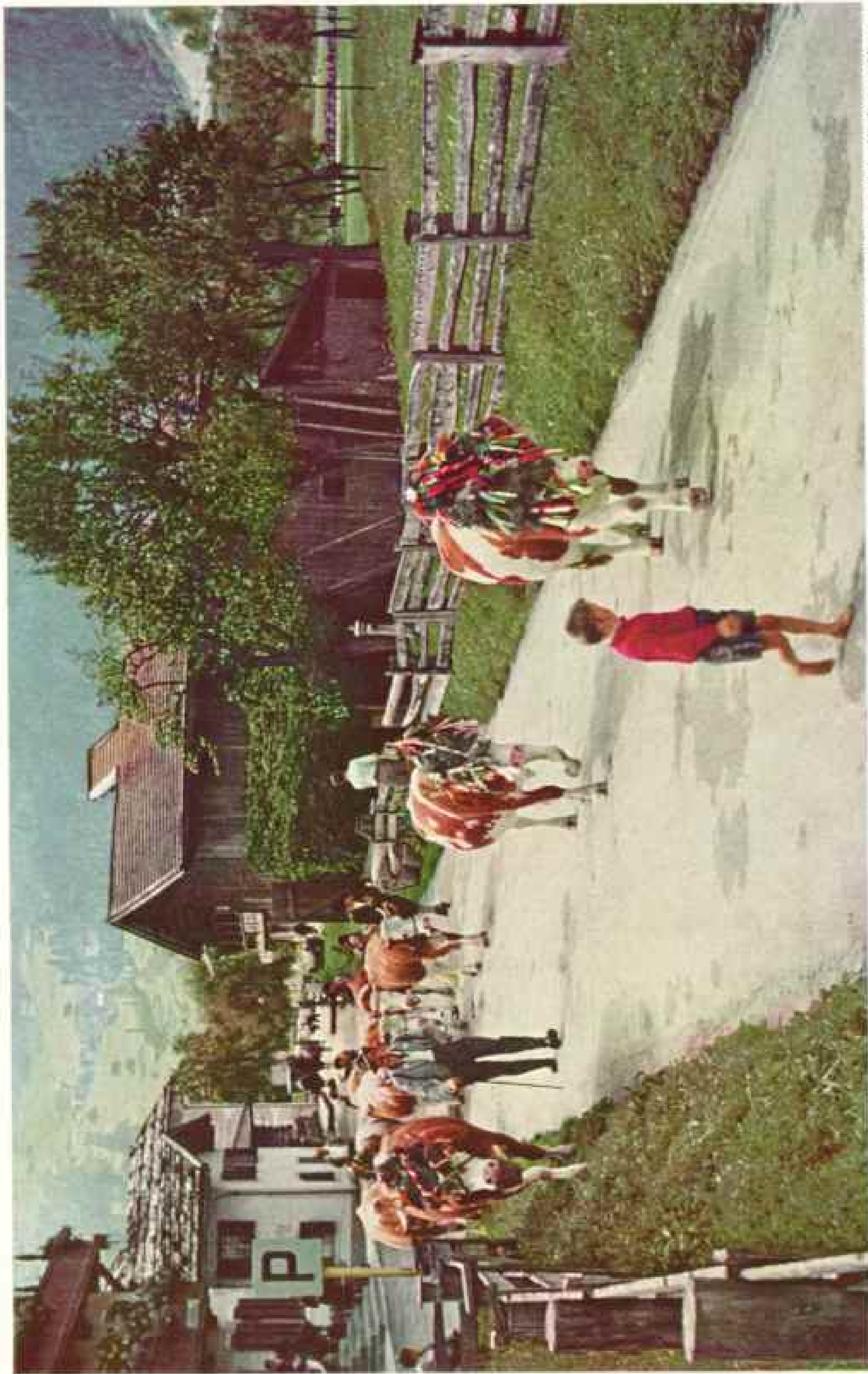


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FIREWOOD IS CUT AND CORDED; HARVESTED GRAIN HANGS ON RACKS TO DRY—ALL IS READY FOR EARLY WINTER.

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

Although the picture was made in September, three feet of snow had fallen on the highest peak, the Gross Glockner (Plate I). Elsewhere it had touched the timber line, but flowers were still blooming on these homes in Deferegggen Tal, East Tyrol (Plate IX). By ancient right the people may cut firewood for their needs despite State forest control.

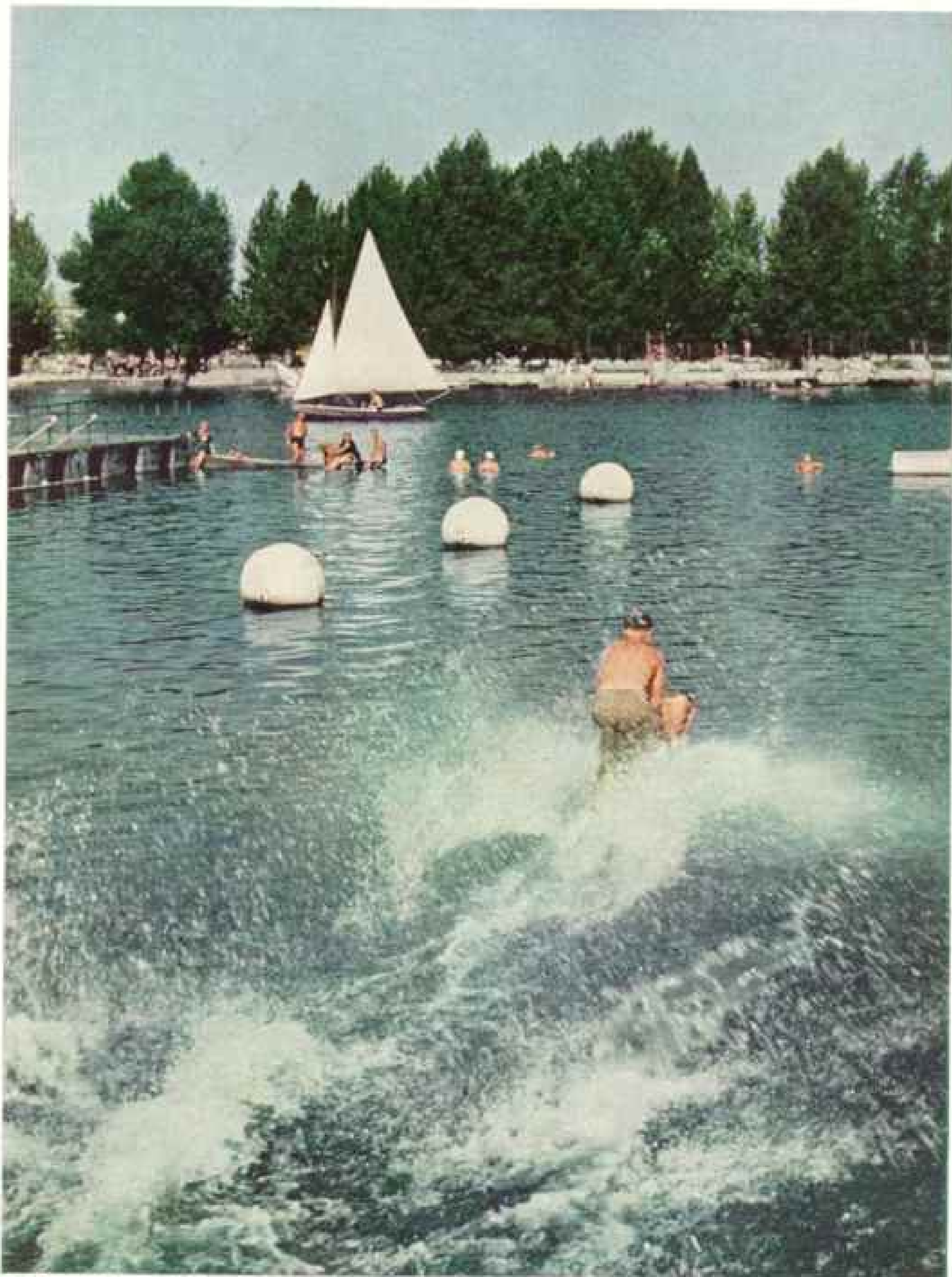


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SUMMER DAYS VERGE ONTO AUTUMN; HERDERS AND CATTLE WEND THEIR WAY HOMEWARD FROM THE HILLS

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Herbert Moore

During the winter months they will feed in the valley pastures and on the hay which farmers gleaned from the narrow fields around Mayrhofen, in the Ziller Tal. Because the hilly land in Tyrol and Vorarlberg is unsuited to farming, stock raising and dairying are the main occupations (Plate XIII).



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE "BLUE DANUBE" INTRIGUES BATHERS AS WELL AS WALTZERS!

In the suburbs of Vienna the main course of the muddy, swift-flowing river has been straightened and enclosed by dikes. The twisting old channel is now a calm—and blue—backwater, which forms a summer bathing and sailboating playground for workaday Viennese. Two bathers, one riding atop the other's shoulders, have just plunged down a steep inclined track, and tobogganed into the water on a wheeled wooden platform.

THE GEOGRAPHIC'S NEW MAP OF EUROPE AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY GILBERT GROSVENOR

President, National Geographic Society

TODAY as never before since the world conflict intelligent citizens everywhere are seeking a clear understanding of events taking place in the key continent—Europe—with its many tongues and varied cultures and its age-long record of "wars and rumors of wars."

"Germany Seizes Control in Austria" . . . "British Ship Sunk Near Barcelona by Two Bombers from Majorca" . . . "Insurgents Report Big Gain at Teruel"—such dispatches as these in the daily papers pose many a question for the inquiring mind; questions, often, which can best be answered with the aid of a good map. For geography is the handmaiden of history and a map is the essence of geography.

To meet in timely fashion, then, a very real need for comprehensive, up-to-date information, the National Geographic Society has prepared and publishes a new ten-color wall map of Europe and the Mediterranean. It goes forth to The Society's world-wide membership of 1,150,000 as a special supplement to this issue of THE GEOGRAPHIC.

NINE SQUARE FEET OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE

The new map, measuring 34 by 39 inches, compresses within its borders—as only maps can—an amazing amount of geographic knowledge. With its more than 9,000 place names, it forms an epitome of European geography, valuable to students, travelers, and all who view the constantly changing international scene.

This latest product of The Society's Cartographic Section represents a notable addition to the list of large map supplements which have been distributed to members in recent years: the Pacific, the United States, Asia, the Arctic; Mexico, West Indies, and Central America; Africa, the World, Canada, the Antarctic, the British Isles, and South America.

There is literally no limit to the uses to which these millions of maps are being put in every part of the world. They are found alike in the chancelleries of statesmen and in the homes of private citizens. They go with explorers and foreign correspondents—and they ride along in the glove compartment of the far-ranging family car.

More and more in this air-minded age THE GEOGRAPHIC'S maps are aiding the

aviator. When in February the United States Army's four-motored "flying fortress" planes made a record good-will flight from Langley Field, Virginia, to Lima, Peru, then across the Andes to Buenos Aires, each navigating officer used constantly The Society's latest maps of South America and the Caribbean.

EUROPE, LIKE THE SEA, IS NEVER STILL

In Europe nineteen and a half years have passed since the Armistice, and national boundaries are essentially unchanged from the lines laid down by the peace treaties with the exception of Austria.*

In fact this represents one of the longest periods of frozen frontiers in more than a hundred years of European history. For talk of war—and acts of war—in that crowded continent are nothing new. Generation after generation, Europe has known a dreary legacy of wars—in the Balkans, in western Europe, all over the map—reaching back for centuries. And the peace treaties which ended one war often planted the seeds for another—each usually worse than the one before because of the steady development of increasingly destructive armaments.

The most sweeping changes ever made in the map of Europe were those that followed the World War, and though the boundaries fixed by the Versailles Treaty and its companion documents still stand, there are signs of strain at many points. A study of the map helps to explain the economic and racial difficulties.

Once more German soldiers guard the Rhine, and in Central Europe German union with Austria has aroused apprehension on the part of Czechoslovakia. Among other turbulent spots are the Free City of Danzig, which was German before the war; and the Polish Corridor which gives Poland an outlet to the sea by turning East Prussia into an "island" of German territory.

In the Mediterranean the new Italy, with greatly strengthened air and naval bases, has aroused anxiety along the British life line to the East, via the Suez Canal.

The "civil war" in Spain, with its clash

* Most of the Map Supplements of Europe, which required many months in preparation and printing, were off the presses before Hitler entered Austria.

of conflicting ideologies and the active participation of nationals of various powers, has of course greatly increased the tension. Britain and France are in arms against "pirate submarines" and "pirate aircraft" and the French are worried lest a powerful Italian concentration at Spanish-Insurgent-held Majorca in the Balearic Islands be in a position to sever her communications with her African colonies.

As these and other places come into the news they may be easily located on the compact National Geographic map.

A ROLL CALL OF EUROPE'S MILLIONS

Europe, one-sixteenth of the world's land area, is home for one-quarter of all mankind. Some thirty-five nations rub elbows here in a space only one-fifth larger than the continental United States.

The following table gives the approximate area and population of each, from vast Soviet Russia—even the European portion of which is almost as big as all the rest of Europe together—down to the tiny, independent Vatican City which occupies 109 acres in the midst of Rome:

	<i>Square Miles</i>	<i>Population</i>
U. S. S. R. (in Europe)	2,320,000	136,000,000
France	213,000	41,900,000
Spain	193,000	24,800,000
Germany	182,000	67,100,000
Sweden	173,000	6,270,000
Poland	156,000	34,300,000
Finland	148,000	3,610,000
Norway	125,000	2,890,000
Italy	120,000	42,800,000
Romania	114,000	19,400,000
Yugoslavia	95,800	15,200,000
Great Britain	94,300	47,100,000
Czechoslovakia	54,200	15,200,000
Greece	50,300	6,840,000
Bulgaria	39,800	6,250,000
Iceland	39,700	109,000
Hungary	35,900	8,990,000
Portugal	34,400	6,840,000
Austria	32,400	6,760,000
Ireland	26,600	2,970,000
Latvia	25,500	1,960,000
Lithuania	21,600	2,500,000
Estonia	18,500	1,130,000
Denmark	16,600	3,720,000
Switzerland	15,900	4,160,000
Netherlands	13,500	8,560,000
Belgium	11,800	8,300,000
Albania	10,600	1,090,000
Turkey (in Europe)	9,270	1,270,000
Luxembourg	999	297,000
Danzig	754	407,000
Andorra	191	5,230
Liechtenstein	65	12,000
San Marino	38	13,900
Monaco (370 acres)	.578	22,260
Vatican City (109 acres)	.170	1,000

In a sense the map speaks more than 40 tongues. The name of every city, town,

and hamlet is spelled according to the official dictates of its country's language. Many important European cities, however, such as Roma, Wien, Moskva, and Warszawa, are better known to Americans by their Anglicized names—Rome, Vienna, Moscow, and Warsaw. So in these cases the Anglicized form is given in parentheses.

At the upper left side of the map is a list of the Anglicized names of the countries themselves with the national, or official, equivalent.

For instance, Soyuz Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik means exactly the same thing to Russians as the four letters U.S.S.R. mean to English-speaking people. Albania is officially Shqipëria.

Switzerland has no less than five native names. Helvetia, the name of a Roman colony which occupied what is now western Switzerland, is still used on Swiss postage stamps. Suisse, Schweiz, Svizzera, and Svizra, respectively French, German, Italian, and Romansh, are all used as the name of this little country of four languages.

Under the new Irish constitution, effective December 29, 1937, the Irish Free State is now officially known as Eire.

Once again the German border sweeps southwestward to embrace the Saar, one of Europe's most densely populated areas. From the ninth century until the Versailles Treaty this small area, lacking in natural boundaries but steadily growing in industrial importance, was constantly under German rule except for two short interruptions: 1680 to 1697 under Louis XIV, and 1793 to 1815 following the French Revolution. After the World War an international commission governed it until January, 1935. Then, by a ninety-percent majority, the people of that long-contested bit of Europe voted allegiance to Germany.

GEOGRAPHY IS NEVER STATIC

In 1847 a commission composed of British and Russians surveyed the boundary between Turkey and Iran (Persia). But not until 90 years later—in May, 1937—was a settlement effected. By one of these boundary changes the lower eastern slopes of Mount Ararat, resting place of Noah's Ark, have become Iranian soil.

Almost every square inch of the map is peppered with changes due to substitution of new names for old names in the eight years that have passed since The Society's last map of Europe was printed.

Ypres, scene of terrific battles in the World War, is now Ieper.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

AT THIS POINT IN AUSTRIA "RIGHT" BECOMES WRONG FOR THE MOTORIST

In the western part, lying between Germany and Italy, automobiles keep to the right, but in the eastern half they drive to the left—necessitating an abrupt shift in the motorist's mental processes (page 497). At this traffic "frontier" on the Pack Strasse, guards paste sketch maps on windshields of foreign cars, giving instructions in four languages. The sign says "Drive on the Left!" in six.

Nizhni Novgorod, Soviet city the size of Washington, D. C., has been renamed Gorki in honor of the Russian novelist Maxim Gorki.

In Poland three cities have been combined to make the new metropolis of Chorzow, and Miedzymorze, Poland's first port on the open sea, is being built from scratch on the Hela Peninsula.

Tel Aviv, Jewish refuge in Palestine, in the past two decades has grown from a town of two thousand to a city more populous than Albany, New York.

Bognor, favorite Channel resort of the late King George V, is now Bognor Regis in tribute to him.

Mussolinia and Fertilia, new cities of Sardinia, speak for themselves.

A SEA HAS VANISHED FROM THE EARTH

At precisely 1:02 p.m., May 28, 1932, the number of seas of the world was decreased by one! Brought about by the completion of a 20-mile dike between the North Sea and the Zuider Zee, this unusual geographic change was the first important step in the Netherlands' colossal plan to transform an arm of the North Sea about the size of the State of Rhode Island into

half a million acres of exceedingly fertile land and a body of fresh water larger than Lake Champlain.

The Society's map shows new IJsselmeer (IJssel Lake); the 20-mile dike that separates it from the North Sea and also serves as a railroad and highway artery to the north; and Wieringermeer, the first land to be reclaimed.

As the people of the Netherlands win their latest battle in a two-thousand-year war with the sea, more weight is added to the saying, "God made the world; we made Holland."

EUROPE'S LONGEST BRIDGE, IN DENMARK

The little Kingdom of Denmark (the State of Louisiana would make three of it in land area) has recently completed Europe's longest bridge. Linking the islands of Sjælland and Falster, this two-mile span replaces the train ferry across the Storström and lops an hour off Copenhagen-Berlin train time. In 1935 a smaller bridge joined the island of Fyn with the Jutland Peninsula. These bridges are of vital importance to Denmark whose area is one-third islands and two-thirds peninsula.

Black lines on the map indicate railways, and thereby hangs many a tale of spectacular engineering feats.

At least 1,700 years before Christ the wheel was used in Persia; yet today Iran (Persia) is one of the few countries not crisscrossed by railroads. A line between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf via Tehran, capital of Iran, has long been an Iranian dream, however, and it is now about to come true.

Starting south from the shores of the Caspian Sea, 85 feet below sea level, the tracks climb from Bandar Shah to an elevation of 6,900 feet where, through a tunnel almost two miles long, they pierce a high ridge of the Elburz Mountains. Thence they descend 3,000 feet to the high central plateau and Tehran. Similar barriers separate the plateau from the Persian Gulf.

The Society's map shows the present status of the line: completed from the Caspian Sea to Tehran and Qum, and from the Persian Gulf to a point about 30 miles from Sultanabad.

RAILS AND AIRLINES EVERYWHERE

Last year an important chapter of Sweden's century-long railroad building program was brought to a close with the completion of the Inlandsbanan (the Inland Railroad). Running from Lake Vänern in the south to Gällivare, north of the Arctic Circle, this line penetrates a region rich in timber, iron, and sulphates. It crosses rivers that now provide northern Sweden with hydroelectric power and countless other streams that can yield much more as the demand increases.

One can fly from ancient Greece to modern Germany, visit six capitals, glimpse eight countries, the Alps and the Carpathians, and follow the castle-lined Danube for 300 miles—all in one day between breakfast and dinner! Athens and Berlin are the terminals, Salonika, Sofia, Belgrade, Budapest, and Vienna are the way stations of this route that is only one thread of the spiderweb of airlines shown on the special airways inset of the map.*

Winging its way over bays, rivers, and mountains, hopping from island to peninsula where the train must go around or ferry, the airplane is at a distinct advan-

* Members wishing additional copies of the new Map of Europe and the Mediterranean may obtain them by writing the National Geographic Society's Washington, D. C., headquarters, at 50 cents, paper (unfolded); 75 cents, mounted on linen; index, 25 cents. Postage prepaid in United States and Possessions; for mailing elsewhere, add 25 cents per item.

tage in this continent whose shoreline nature has so gaily scalloped. Heaviest of all is the traffic between Paris and London, for, pitch and toss as they may, the rough waters of the English Channel cannot reach the air liner.

COMPLETE PICTURE OF "WORLD'S MOST INTERNATIONAL SEA"

On the border of the map is a table of shortest sailing distances between the ports of Europe and other important stops on the ship routes of the world.

It shows, for example, that the distance from London to Bombay via the Mediterranean Sea and the Suez Canal is 6,292 nautical miles. Britain's naval bases at Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, and Famagusta on Cyprus stand guard over this precious short cut to India which lops almost 4,500 nautical miles (the distance from San Francisco to Japan) off the old Cape of Good Hope route.

Six other countries—France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Turkey—maintain naval bases on the Mediterranean, for today, as in the dim past, it is man's most international sea.

Three continents, Europe, Africa, and Asia, bound this landlocked expanse of practically tideless salt water. Its history records the endless struggle of many races for possession of its sunny shores, which today are divided among almost 20 countries and colonies. To complete the picture of the Mediterranean, The Society has included in this map of Europe its entire Asiatic and African shores.

EUROPE IS THE EARTH'S BEST-MAPPED CONTINENT

Thirteen hundred years before Christ, Rameses II instigated a map survey of the fertile Nile Valley for tax and administrative purposes.

Today Europe—really a huge peninsula of Mother Asia—is the most completely surveyed and mapped continent. The British have made a large-scale map of their isles which shows within an accuracy of two feet such details as the actual shapes of houses, their driveways, backyard fish pools, even shade trees.

Comprehensive, The Society's new Map of Europe is designed by Mr. Bumstead on a scale of 1:6,000,000 on the azimuthal equidistant projection—which means that an inch on the map represents 94.7 miles and that every detail is in its correct direction and distance, according to scale, from a central point called the "pole of projection."

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty 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.

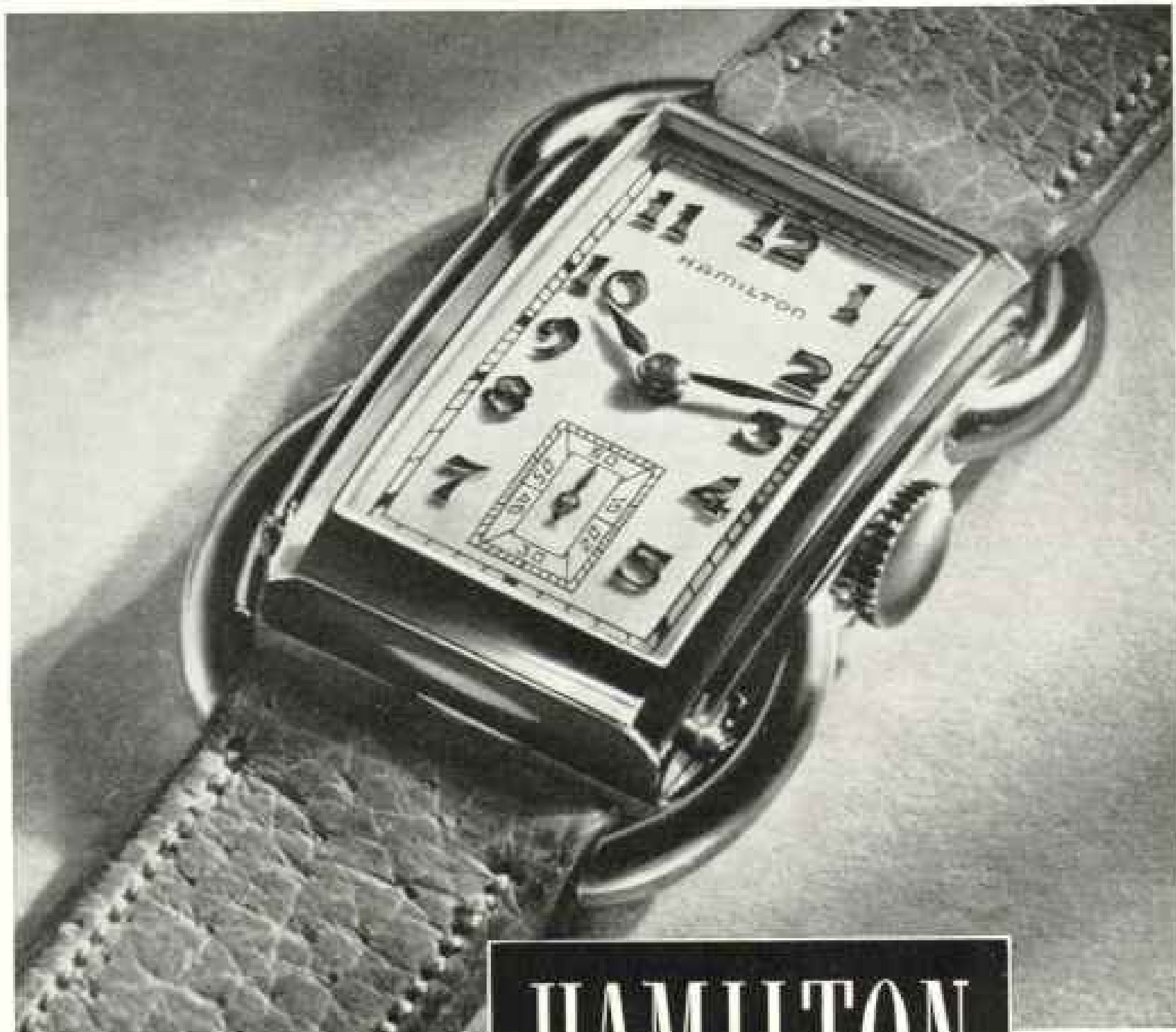
The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in a deep-sea exploration of undersea life off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,028 feet was attained August 15, 1934, enabling observations of hitherto unknown submarine creatures.

The Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, and contributed \$100,000 to Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expeditions.

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 in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park 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.

On November 11, 1935, in a flight sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, ascended to an officially recognized altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took aloft in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.



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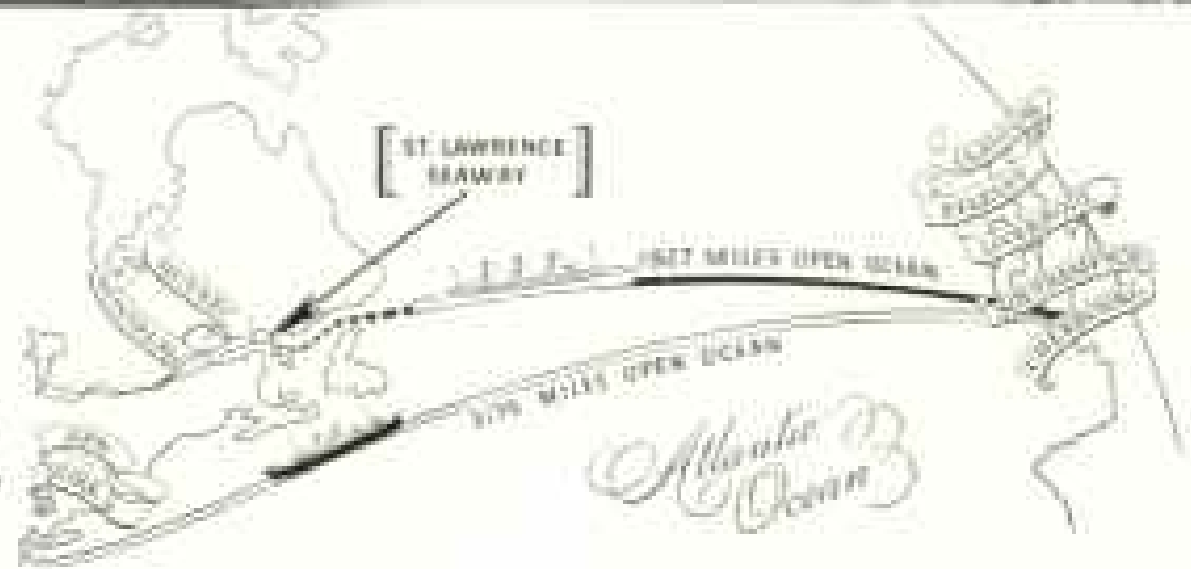
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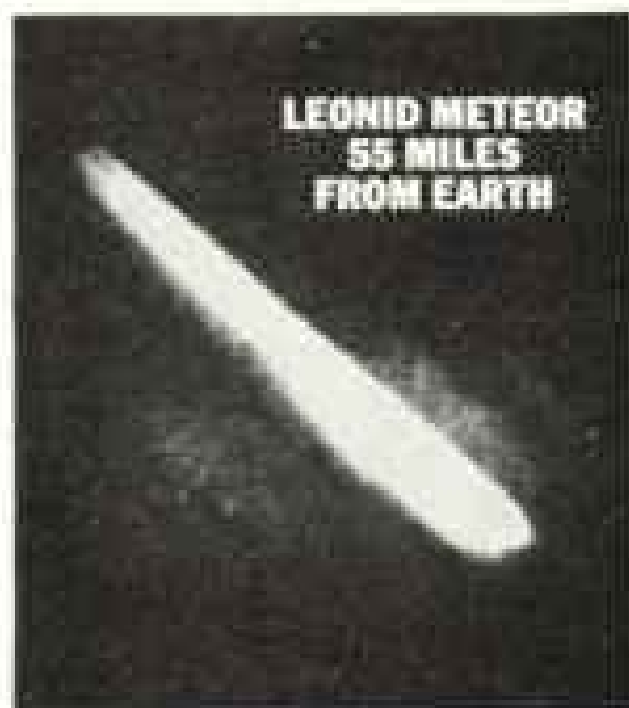


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2 4000-Year-Old Spearhead found in Egypt. Today, Plymouth scientists produce special alloys just as precisely as a pharmacist mixes drugs. Example: Plymouth's super-hard pistons.



3 This Electric Arc turns metal to vapor—shows all its elements! Plymouth's flexible, Arnolds steel springs resulted from such advanced metallurgy.



4 Bronze that's $\frac{1}{2}$ Pure Oil! Here's a Plymouth bushing made of marvelous Oilite. It looks like solid metal...but under pressure, oil oozes out! Plymouth had them first among low-priced cars.



5 Fine as a King's Sword is this steel crankshaft. It resists strain and vibration...has 4 main bearings...helps make Plymouth "smoothest."



6 Plymouth's All-Steel Body is formed into beautiful lines under pressure of 3 million lbs. The body is safer—and quieter.



7 "Meteor" Heat Makes Safer Bodies. This worker is welding a joint. Pouring in metals made Plymouth one of the first cars with a Safety-steel body!



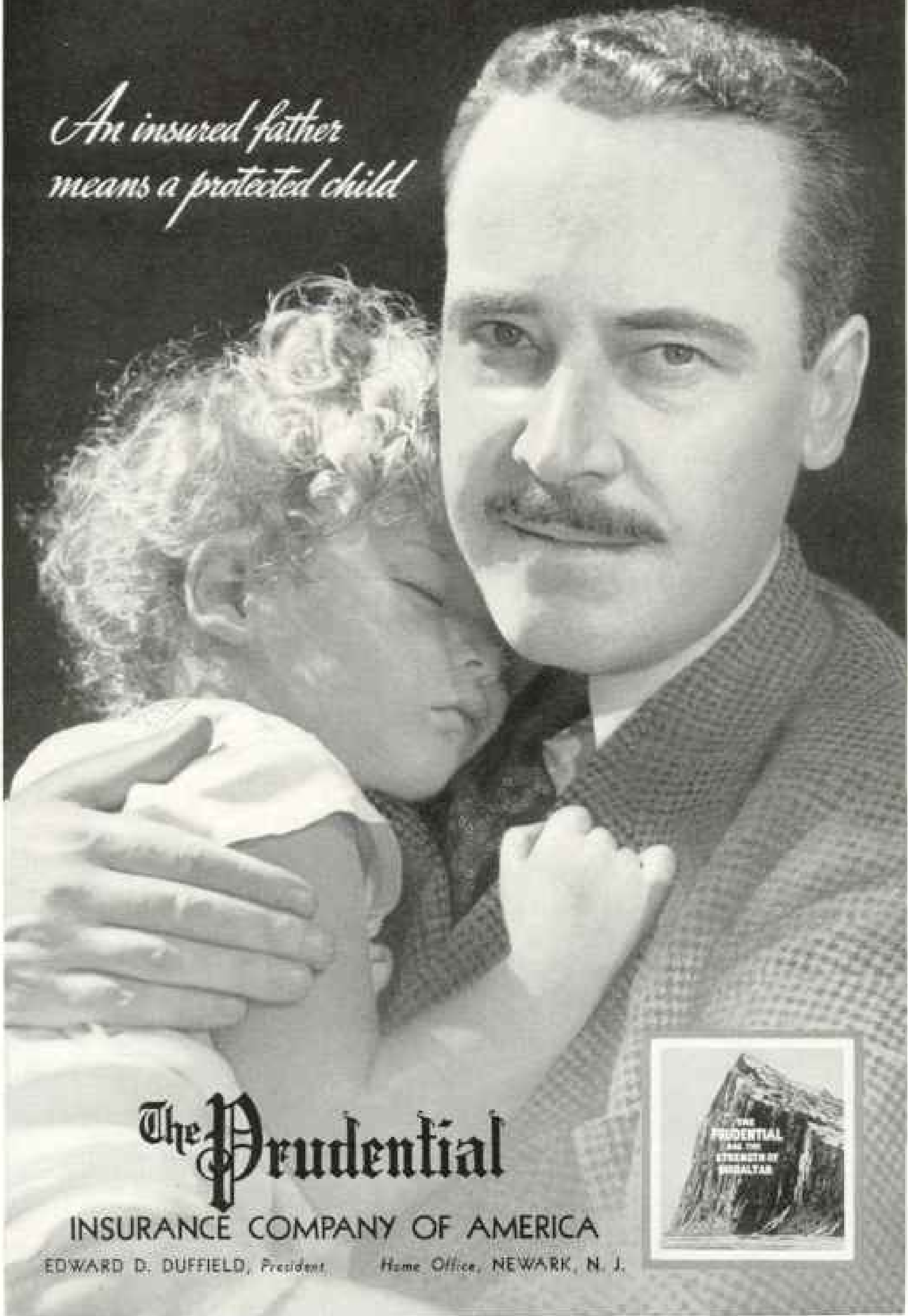
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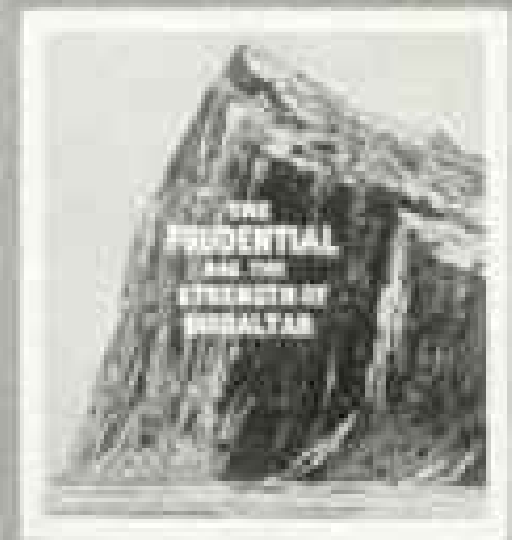


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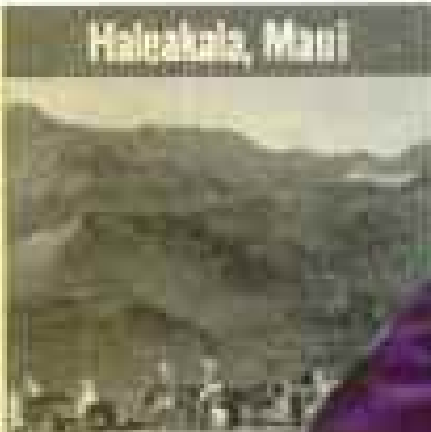
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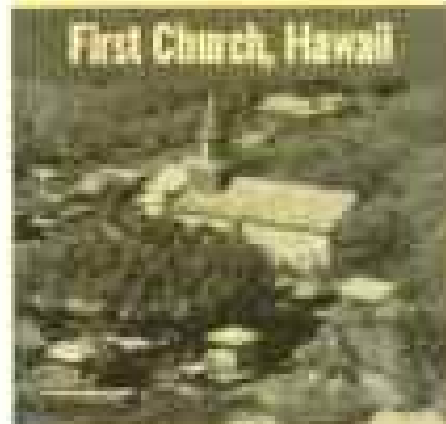
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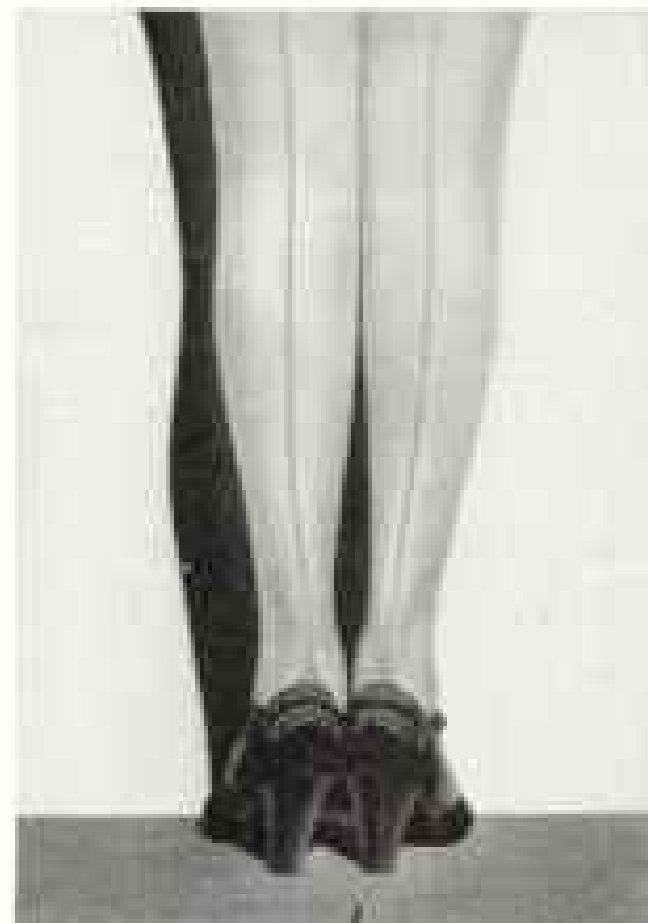
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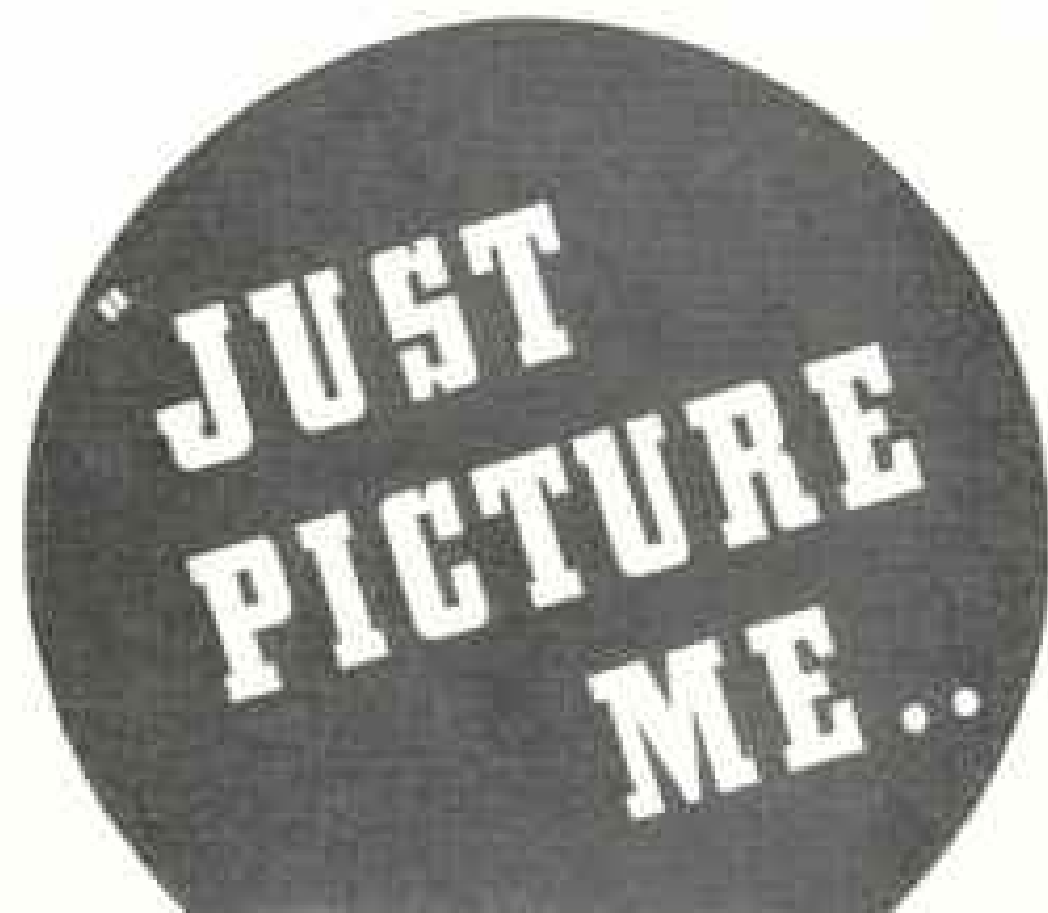
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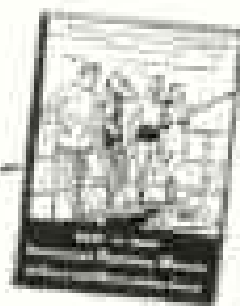
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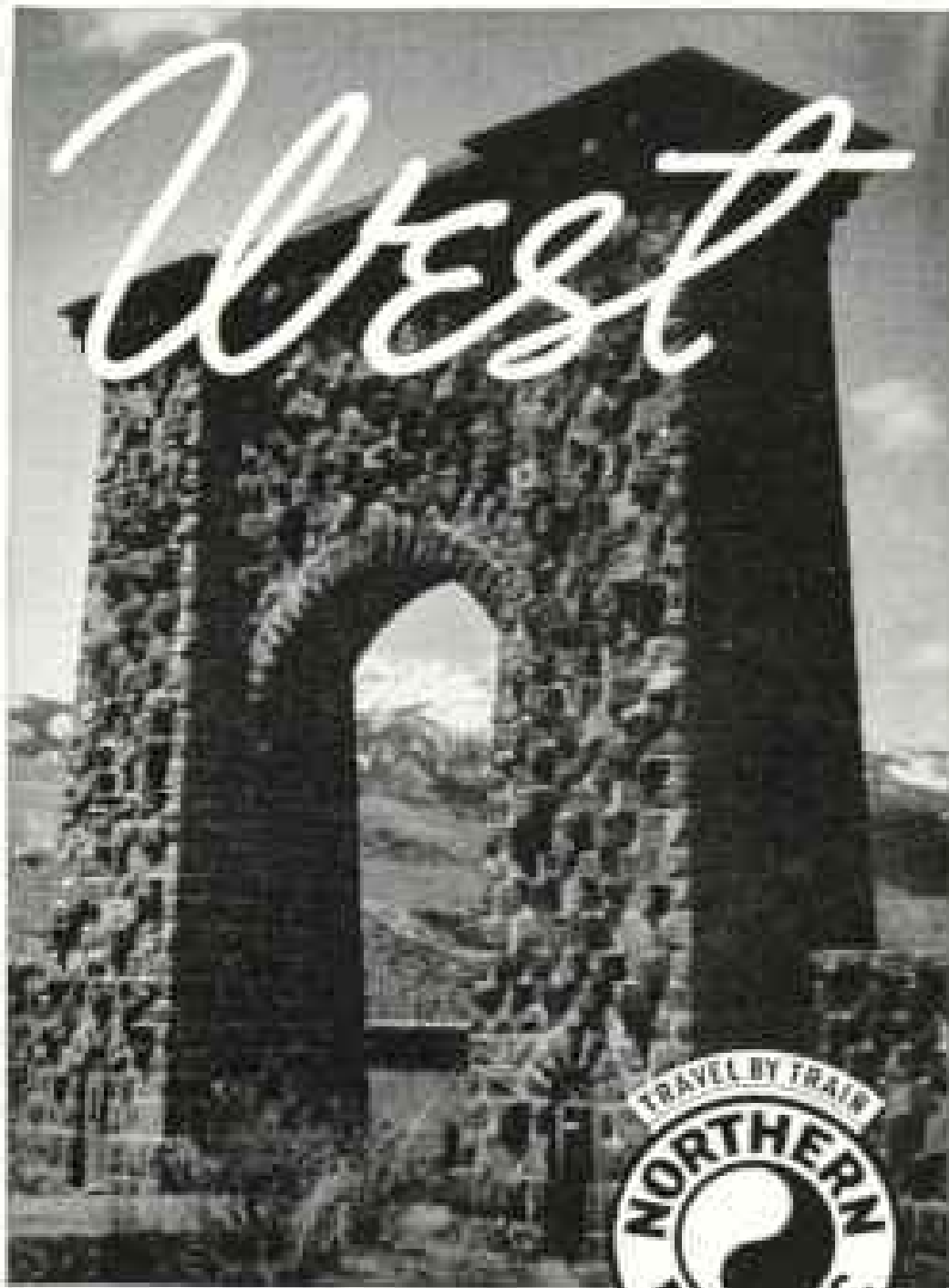
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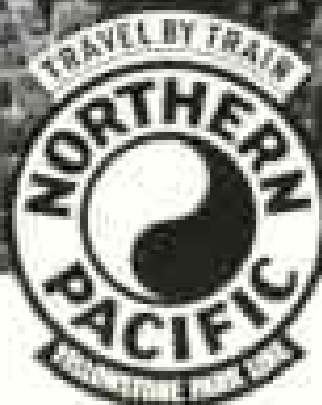


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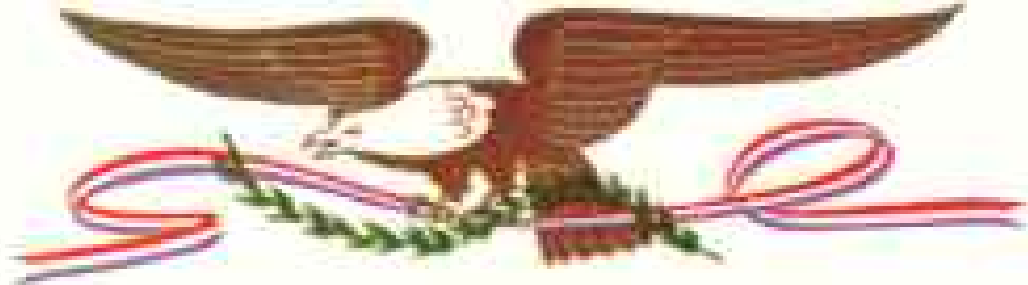


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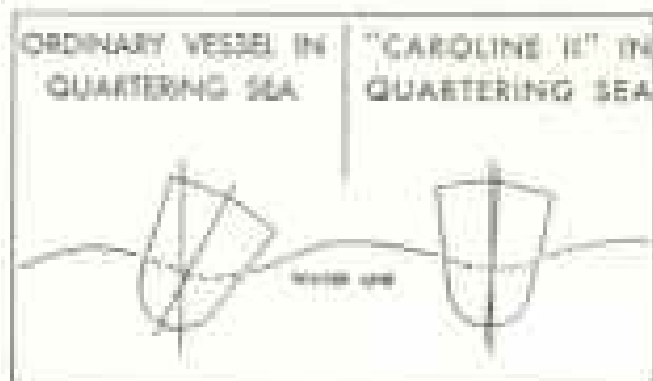
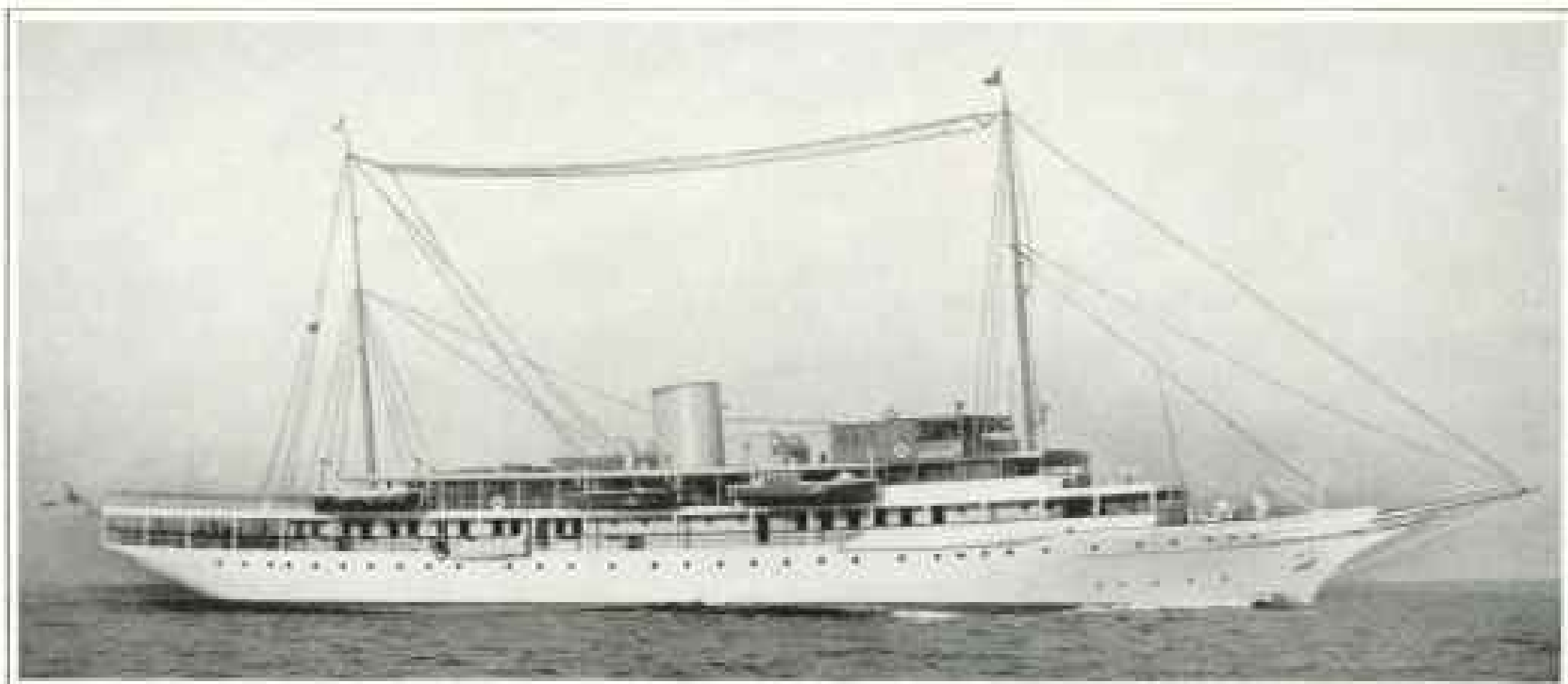
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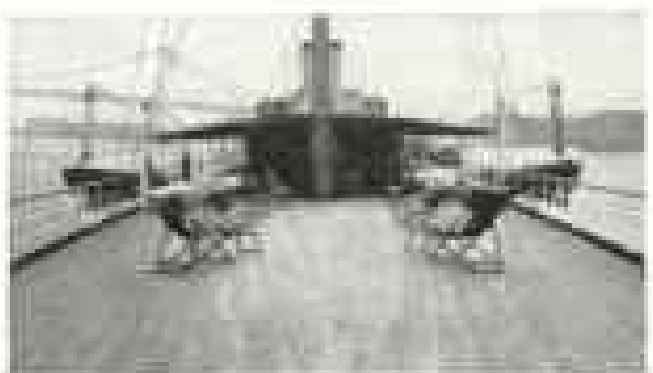
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In its early stages—and sometimes even when more advanced—tuberculosis may be totally unsuspected. Many older persons who really have tuberculosis think they suffer from nothing worse than a persistent "cough," "husky throat," "asthma," or a run-down condition. They do not realize that they may unknowingly spread the germs of tuberculosis among the people with whom they mingle freely. Children are in special danger.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary, but it is contagious and is communicated from one person to another. There is only one way to contract tuberculosis and that is through infection, directly or indirectly, from another case. That is why it is important to discover tuberculosis if it exists within the circle of a family—including the servants.

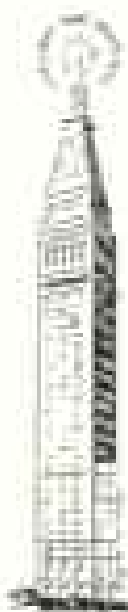
Has any member of your household one or more of the most frequent first symptoms of tuberculosis? These are—loss of weight without apparent reason—a cough that hangs on—fatigue—an unexplained feeling of tiredness, weakness, listlessness—pains in the chest. If anyone in your home has any of these symptoms, consult your doctor at once. Should he advise tuberculin tests or X-ray

chest examinations, don't wait. Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.

Not all the people in the first stages of tuberculosis show the early symptoms. This is especially true of younger persons. More than one-fourth of them reveal no symptoms until the disease has made unmistakable progress. Physical examinations occasionally lead the doctor to suspect the presence of early tuberculosis. If there is any doubt, X-ray pictures will tell whether or not the suspicion is correct.

Tuberculosis, in its first stages, can usually be stopped with proper treatment. Even in more advanced stages, with the aid of modern methods, thousands of persons are now being restored to health.

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This tread is actually a *road dryer*! Its never-ending spiral bars, acting like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep water from under the tire, force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

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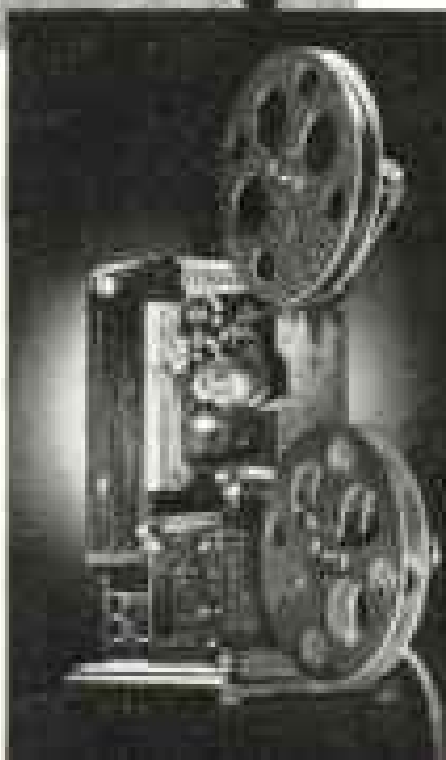
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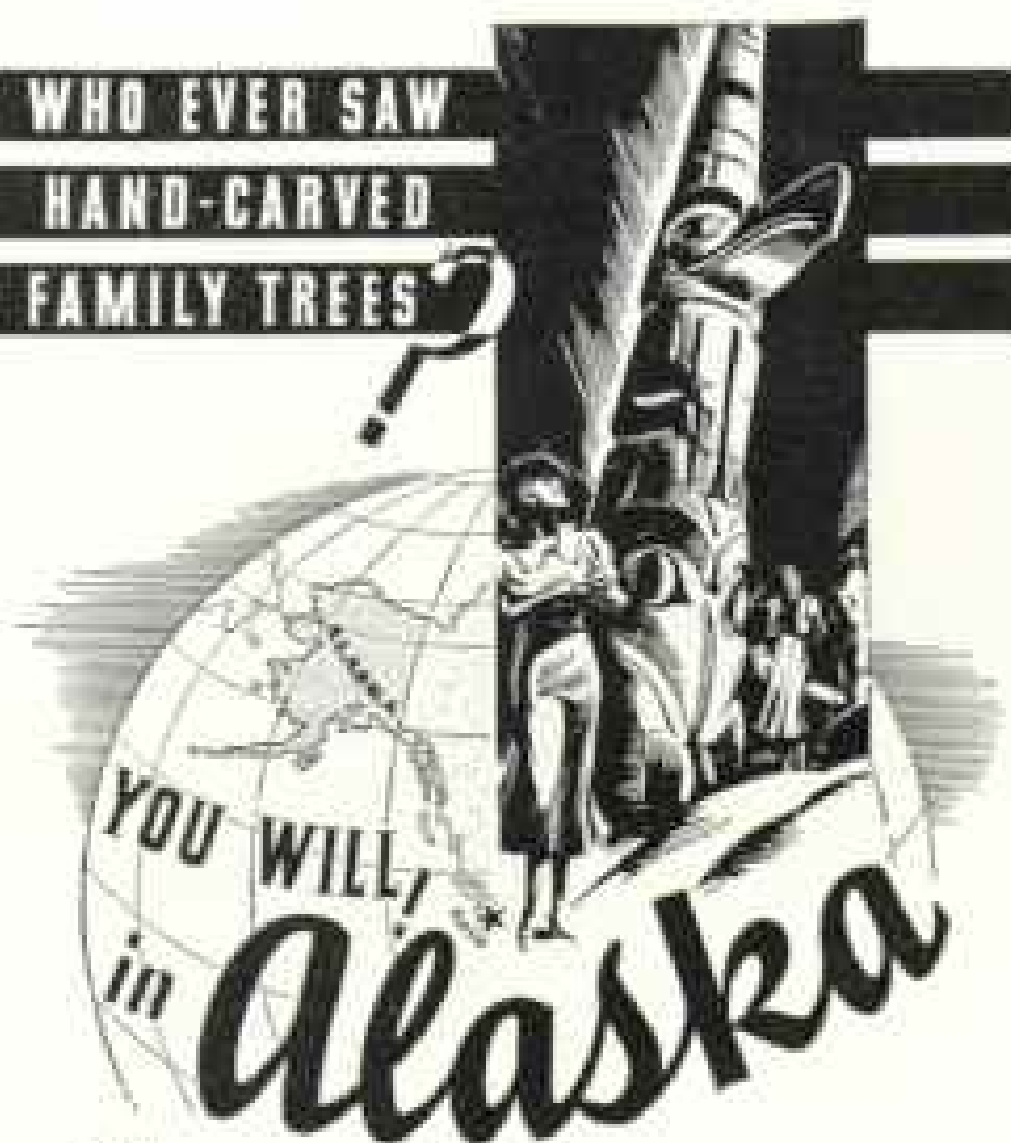
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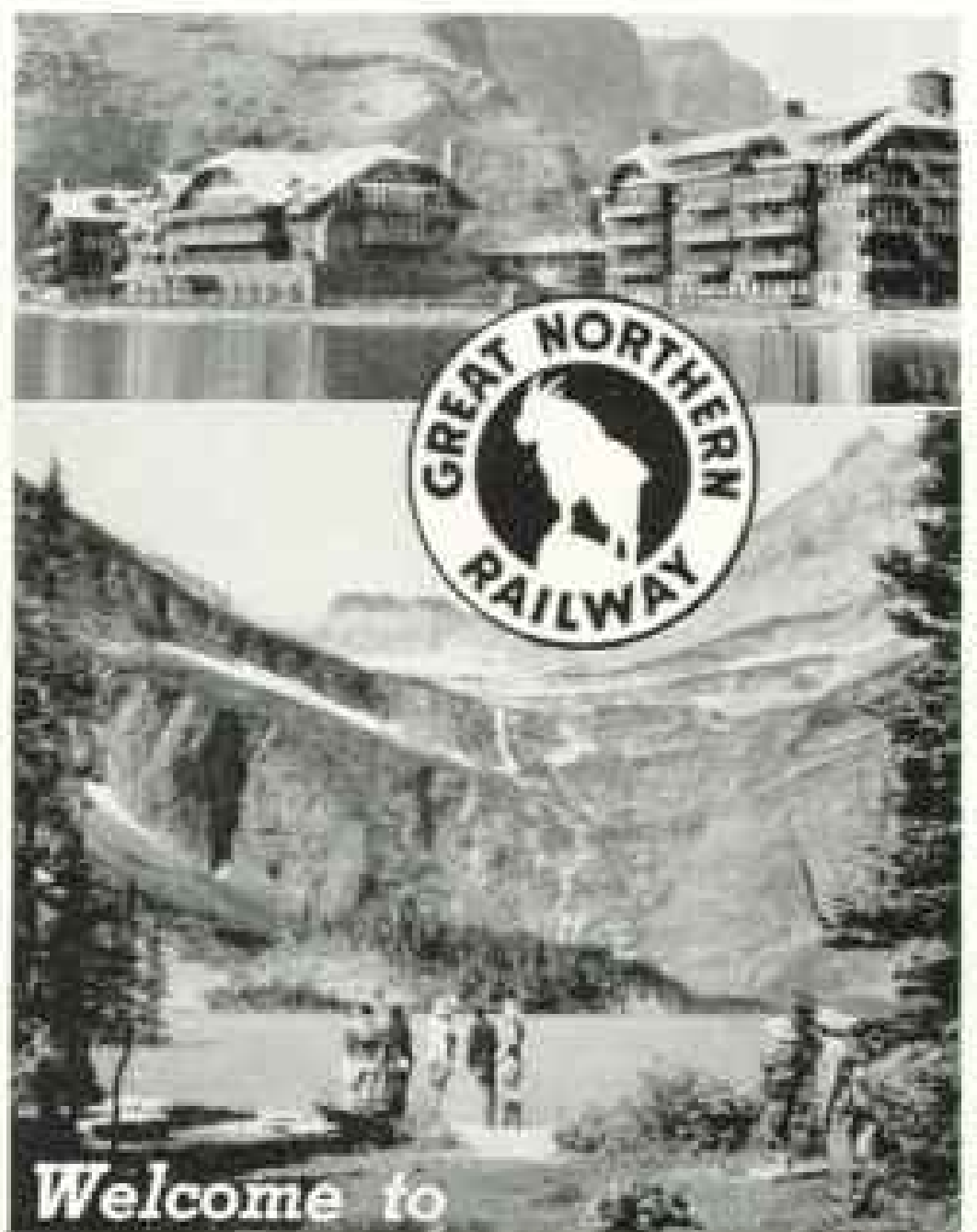
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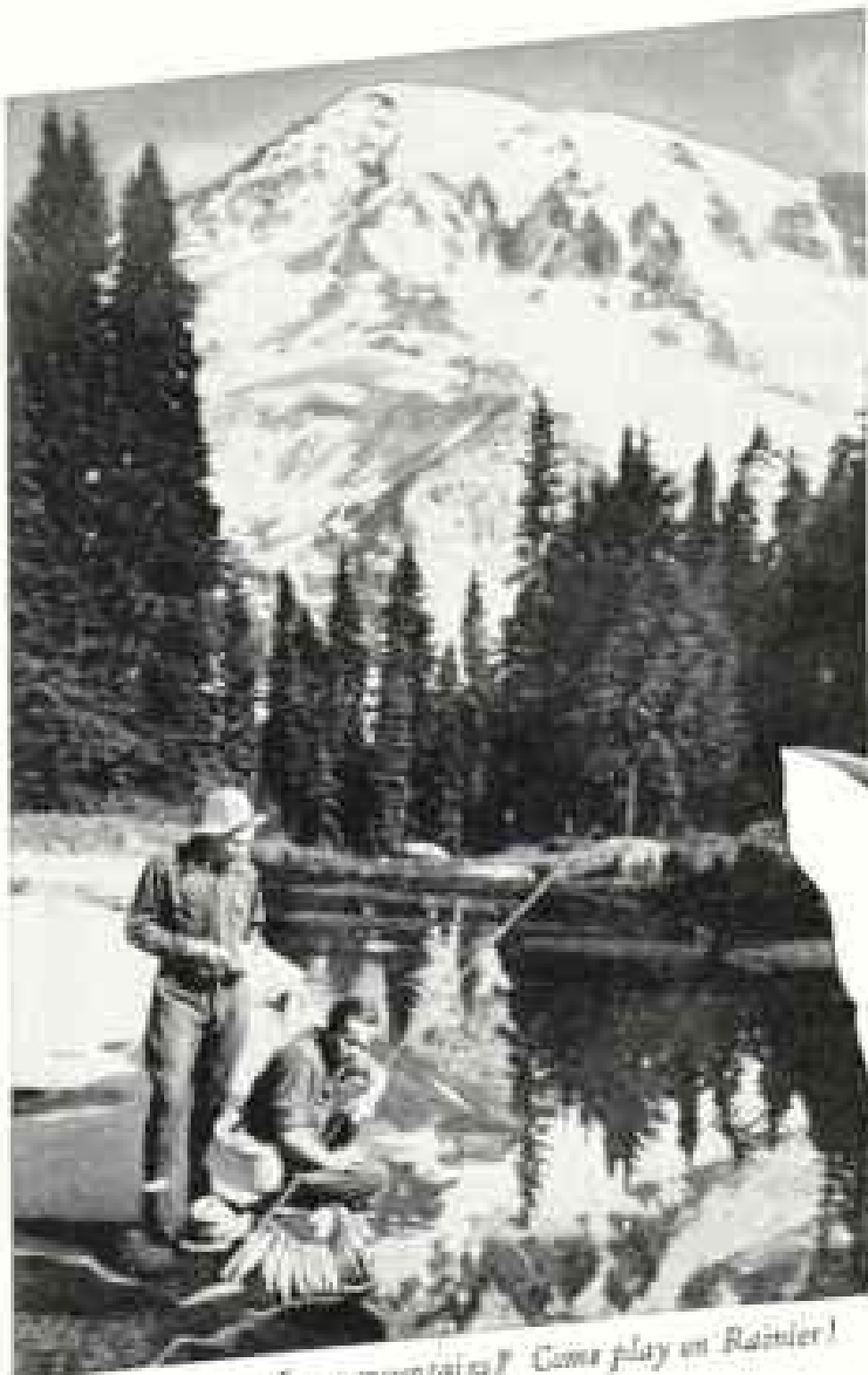
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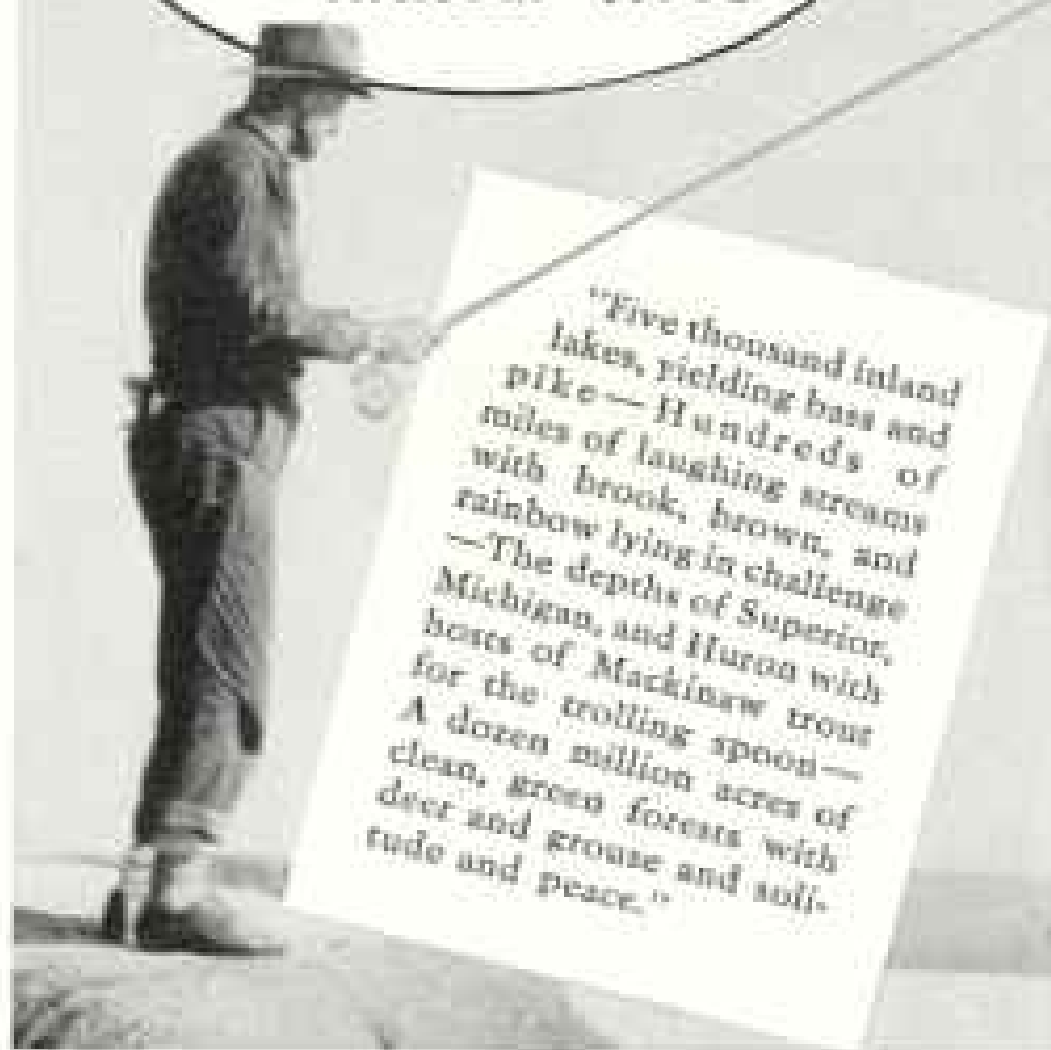
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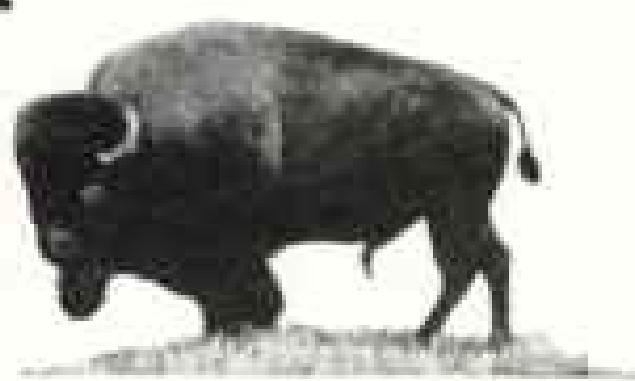
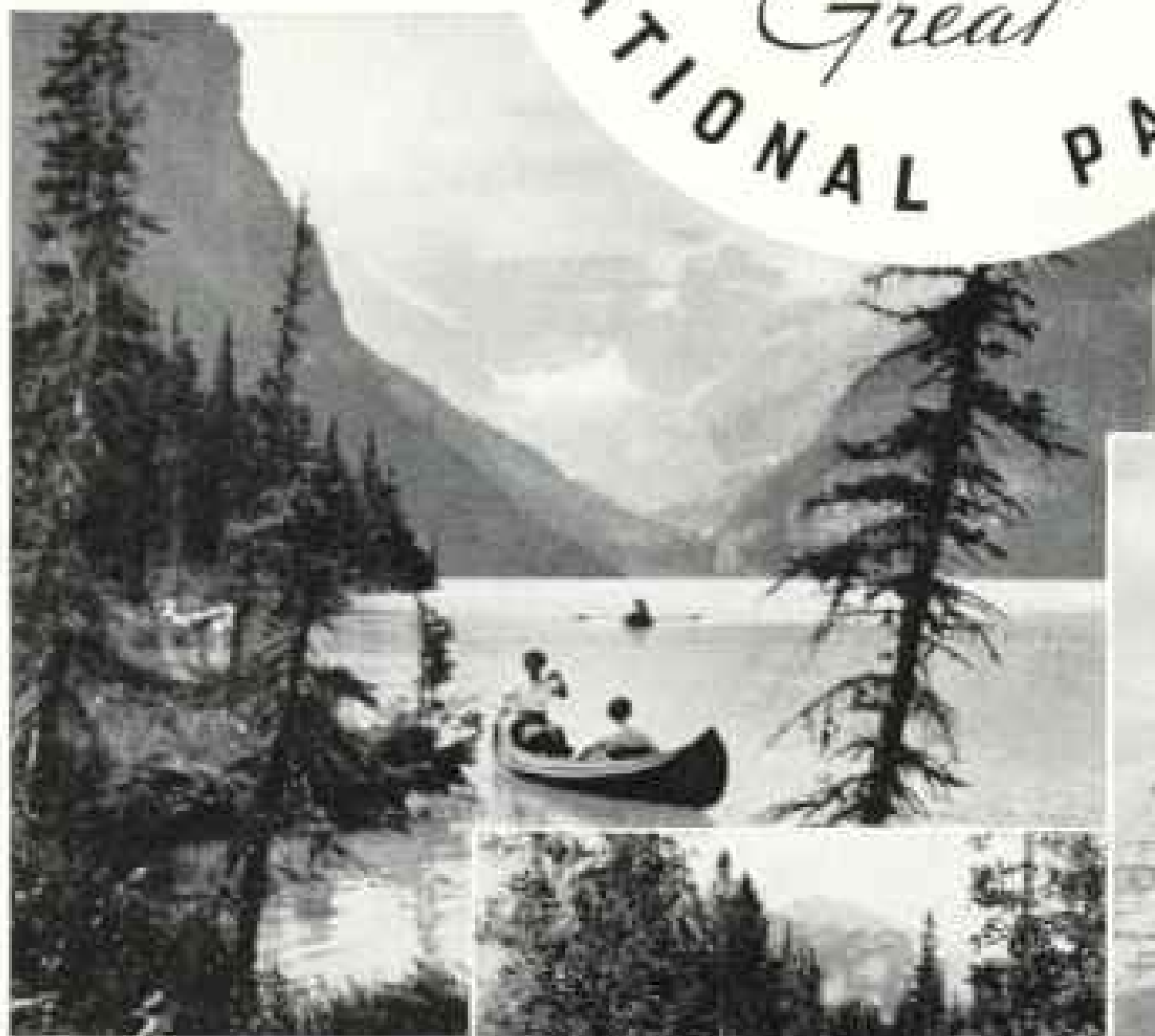
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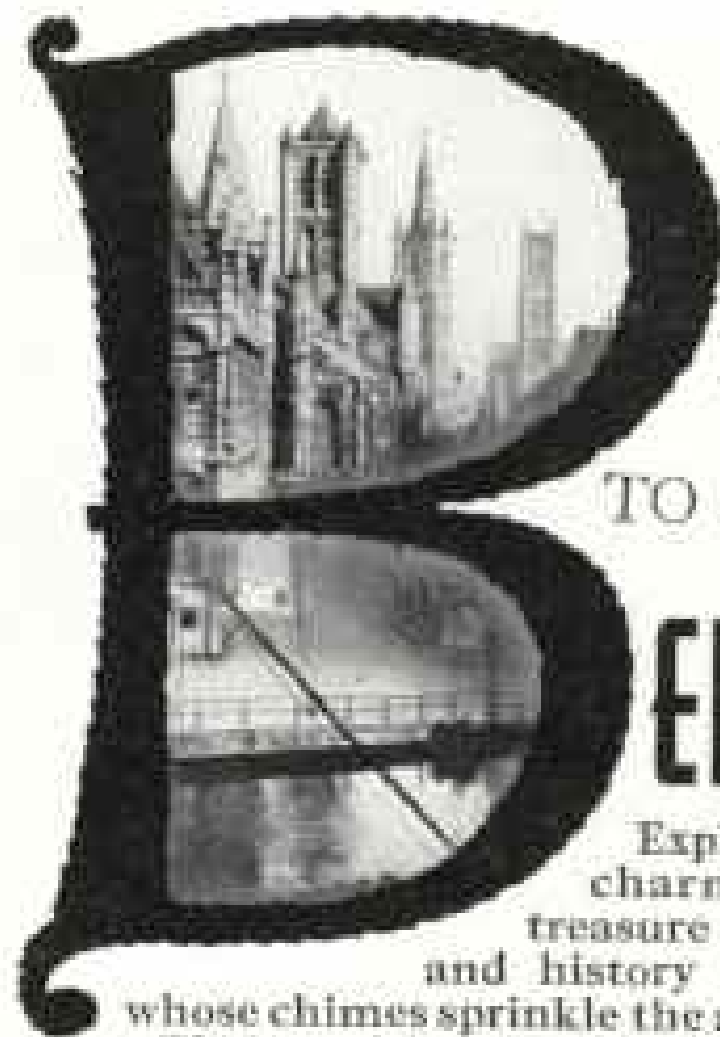
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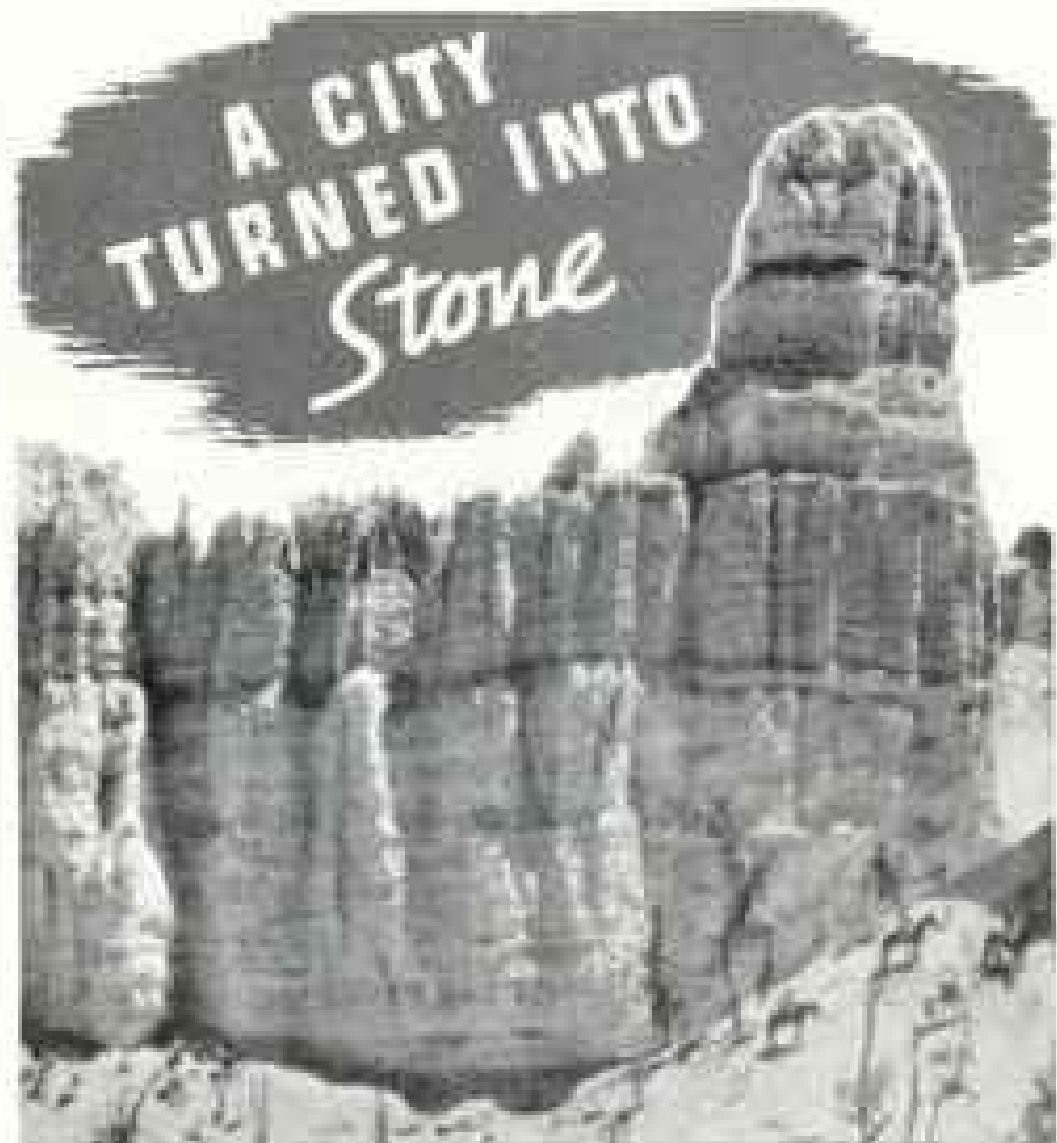
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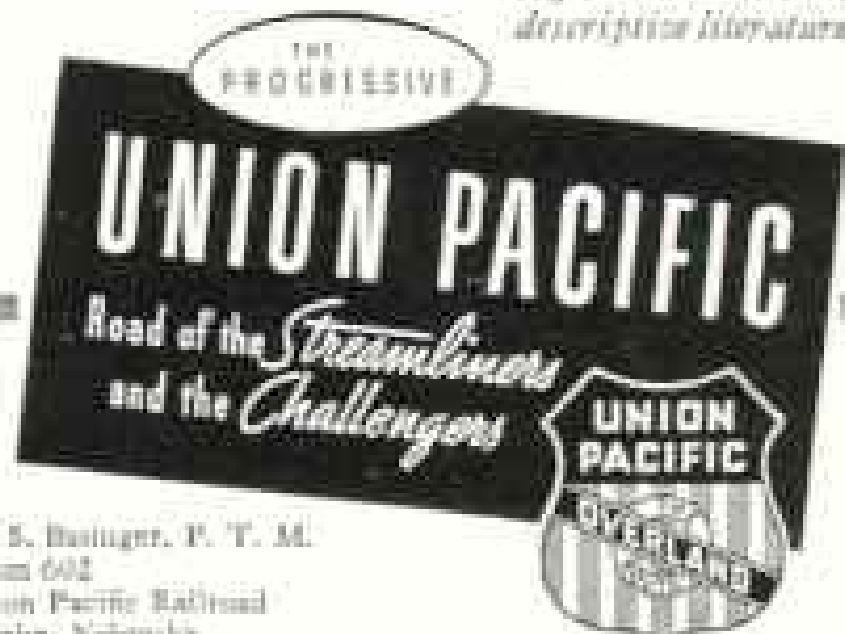
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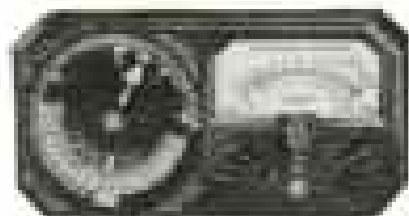
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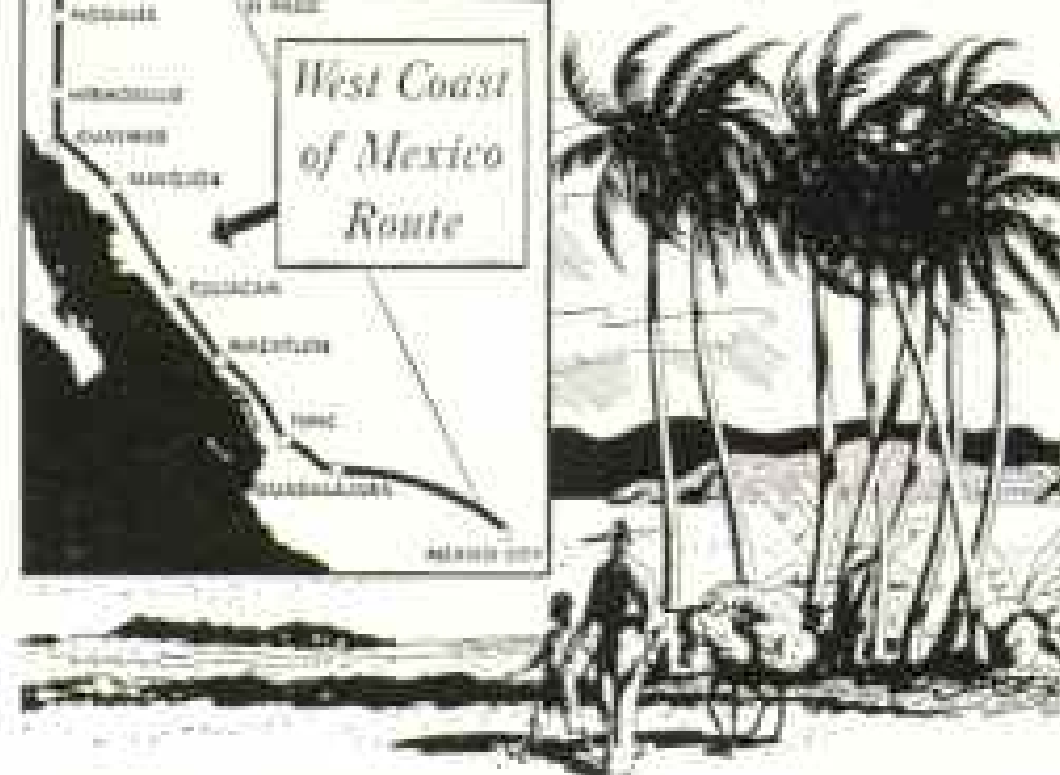
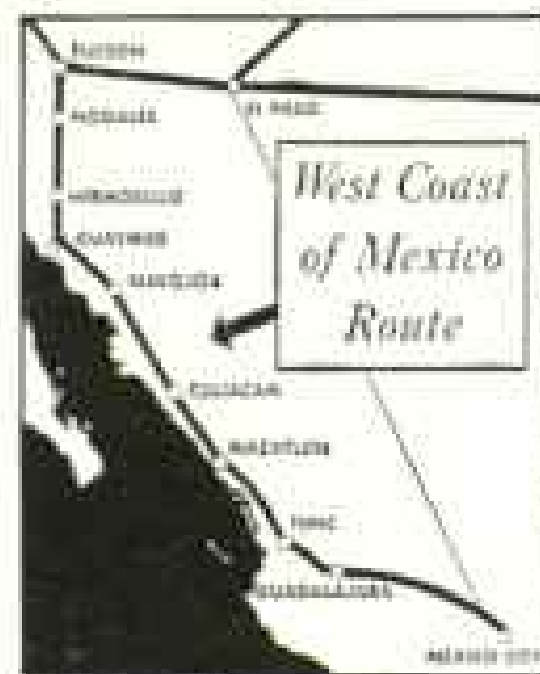
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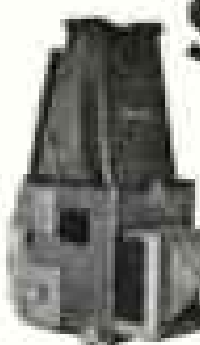
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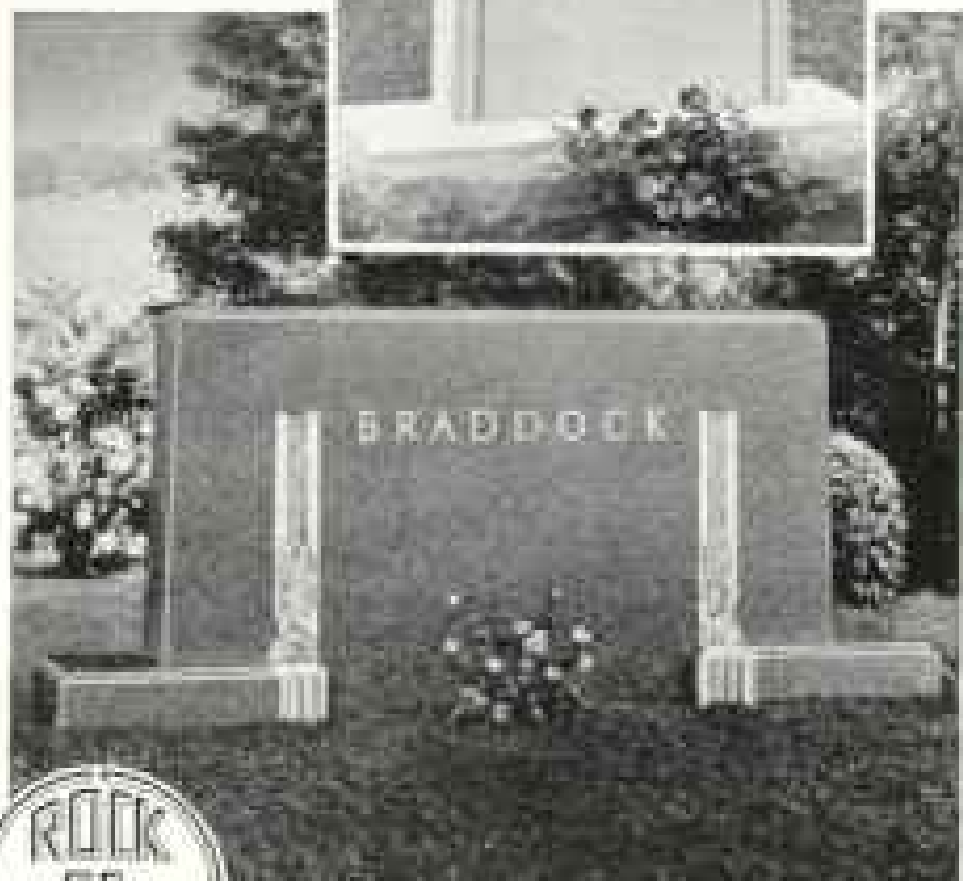
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Above: Universal style sectional bookcase. Several other styles are also available.
Left: Ardmore style solid end bookcase—shelves adjustable every half inch.

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KNOW THESE
THINGS?**



F

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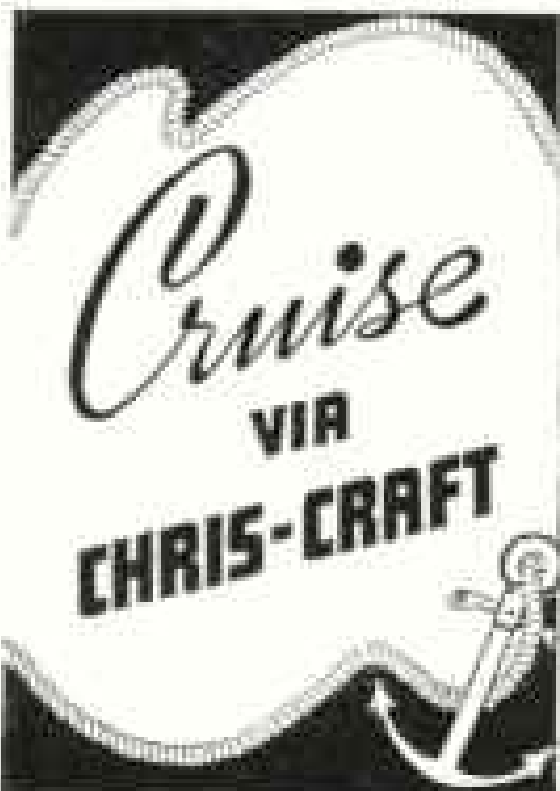


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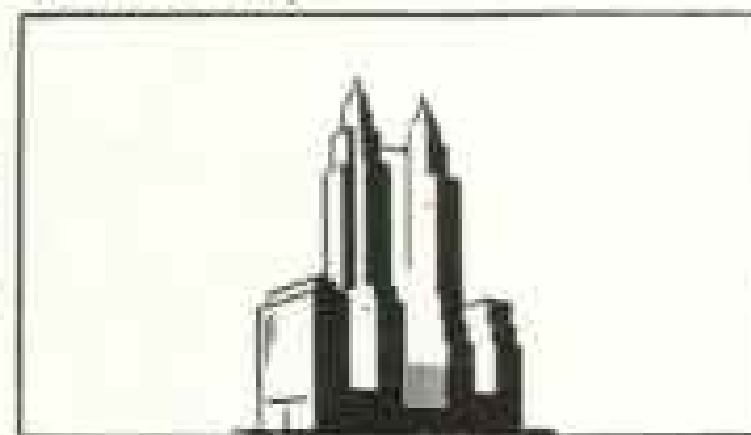
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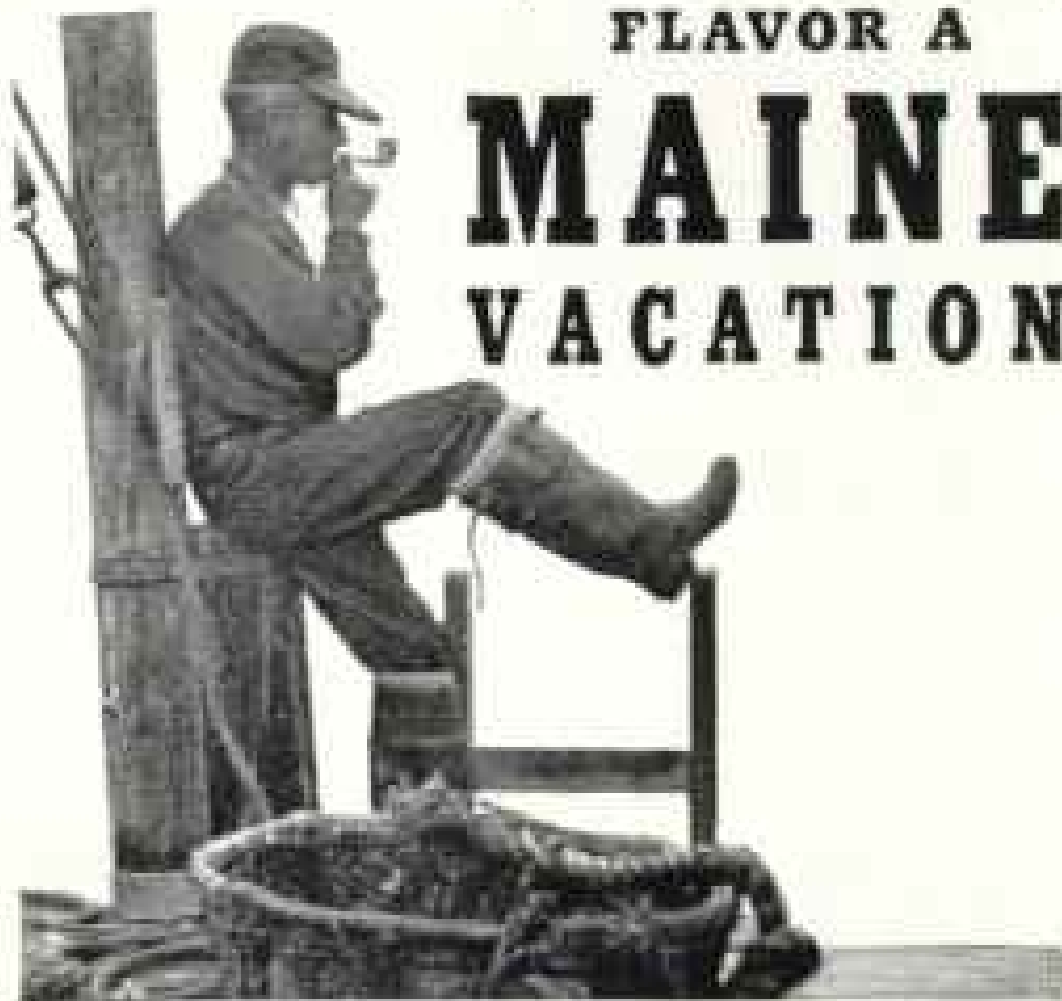
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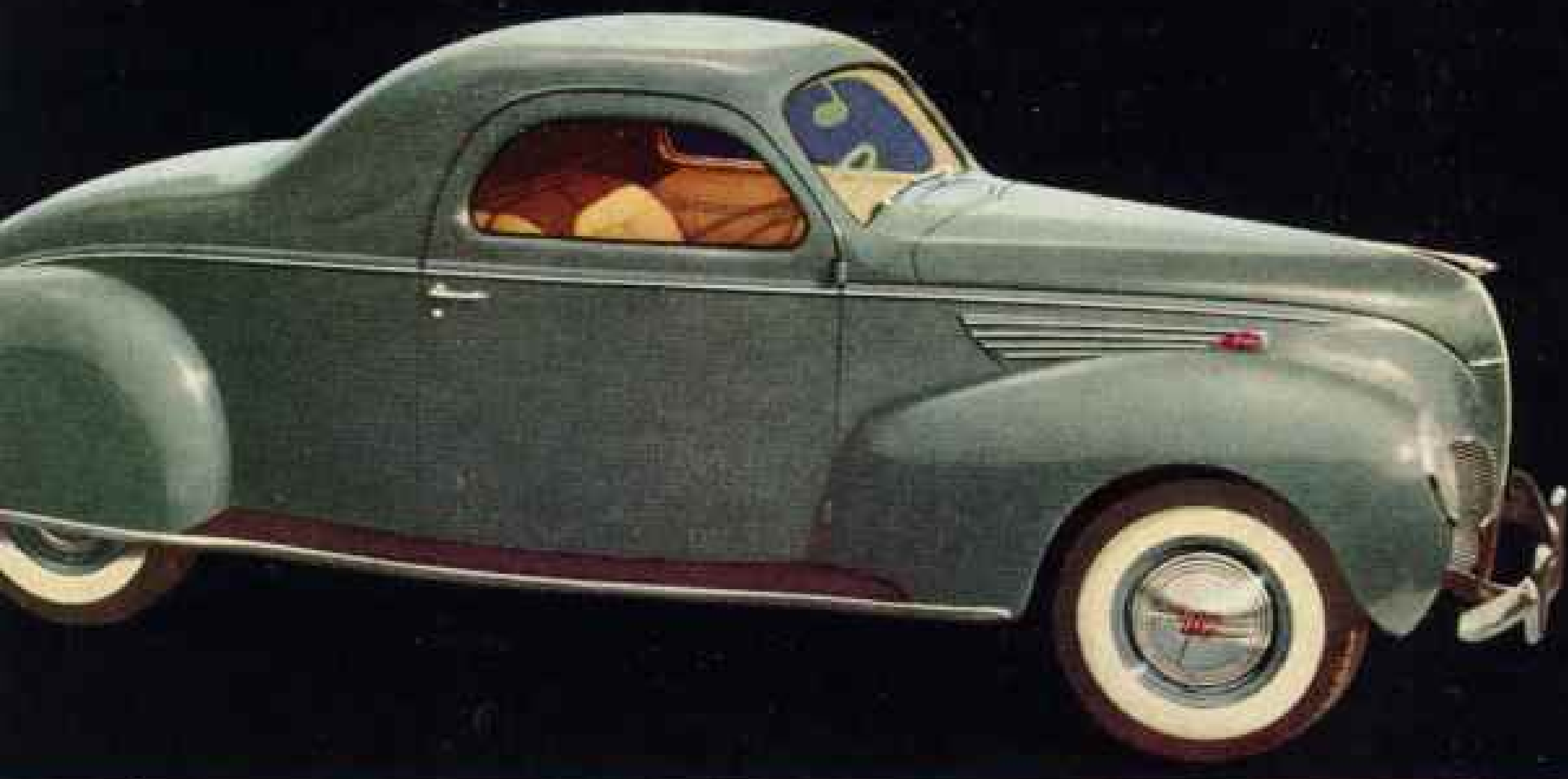
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