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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



# Kunming, Southwestern Gateway to China

By JOSEPH E. PASSANTINO *

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

I STOOD on Chin Pi Lu and watched a parade of life.

The ingenuities of the Chinese are many and varied. Their approach to everyday tasks often baffles the Western mind. Here on the main street of Kunming, Chinese terminus of the Stilwell Road † and of the U. S. Air Transport Command's famous "Hump" route over lofty mountains, was proof in abundance:

A shopkeeper squirted water into his melons with a hypodermic needle to increase their weight and price.

On children's clothing were quaint open seats and fronts, styled for quick action and the elimination of diapers (page 138).

A laborer swung a heavy sledge hammer with a flexible bamboo handle, gaining extra power with a minimum of force (page 142).

Outdoor washstands made their appearance each morning. They were equipped with hot water, soap, and towel, which you could use for only $50 in inflated Chinese currency.

Fishing birds perched on their carrying poles, en route to a new stream for business.

Coolies carried buckets of the city's night soil out to the farms.

## China's Military Beanstalk

Such is Kunming today, capital of Yunnan Province, military beanstalk city of China and southwestern gateway to the Nation by air; also its link with Calcutta, India, and Rangoon, Burma (map inset, page 172).

Five years ago few people would have predicted the meteoric rise of this primitive city in the destinies of wartime China. Though the boom brought on by the war may not continue, China's planners have faith in the postwar possibilities of Kunming.

A new hydroelectric plant, financed by the Bank of China, is planned. Others, out of the blueprint stage, are being built. New mines are being opened and light industry is springing up. Impact of modern war left an indelible imprint.

Here in simple squalor lived half a million busy Chinese, representing a cross section from every part of Free and Occupied China.‡

There were scholars from Peiping, bankers from Shanghai, merchants from Canton and Hong Kong, traders from coastal cities such as Swatow and Foochow (Minhow), and business men from Hankow, the great inland port on the Yangtze River.

Here, too, I saw Miao tribespeople in curious black dress. They are looked down upon by the Chinese and usually perform only menial tasks. French colonial troops, who had walked out of French Indochina, sauntered along smoking American cigarettes and talking rapidly between puffs. And then there were shy Lolo tribesmen from Sikang Province and the Tibetan border.

The "Westernized" Chinese made a strange contrast with the beggarly appearance of the native Kunming population. They said frankly

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† See "Stilwell Road—Land Route to China," by Nelson Grant Tayman, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1945.

‡ See "China Opens Her Wild West (Yunnan)," by Owen Lattimore, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, September, 1942; and "6,000 Miles over the Roads of Free China," by Josephine A. Brown, March, 1944.

**For Children's Trousers, It's Always Open Season in Kunming**

This little fellow is right in style as he stoops to clean a store entrance. Chinese children wear pants slit to the waist, front and back, saving time and diapers.

that they were just as amazed at the seaminess of western China as were American troops visiting the Orient for the first time.

This absence of understanding between eastern and western China is not due to a lack of interest on the part of the people, but because communications in China have been so poor. The country is big, the roads are few, the rolling stock pitifully inadequate. Telephone lines between east and west are undependable, and mail is painfully slow.

The nearest railroad to Kunming from eastern China reached a point about 300 miles away, in the Province of Kweichow. Students wonder whether it will ever be pushed farther inland.

One from the Gulf of Tonkin, to the south, has been partially dismantled. When the Japs cut this major lifeline in 1940, China became dependent upon the Burma Road.

### Geography Favors Air Transport

The Province of Yunnan is almost entirely mountainous. It is the southwesternmost province of China proper, bounded on the north by Sikang, on the east by Kweichow and Kwangsi Provinces, on the south by the treacherous country along the Indochina border, and on the west by the mighty mountains of Burma.

It is questionable whether a rail line to distant Kunming could ever be made to pay, for the geography of China favors air transport. China may skip the railroad age and concentrate instead on air lines and huge postwar cargo planes.

The importance of wartime Kunming as the unofficial military capital of Free China was as much attributable to its fine weather as to any other single factor. Without the blue, cloudless skies of Kunming plateau, the famed Air Transport Command would have been hard put to lift its 50,000-ton monthly quota over the Hump.*

The round-the-clock stream of supplies that huge transports set down on Kunming field not only helped keep China in the war but actually permitted the Chinese armies to carry on limited offensives against the Japs.

When ATC pilots lifted their big planes off the ground from bases in Assam Province, in northeastern India, for the treacherous 525-mile sky route over the Hump into China, they were practically assured that Kunming field would not be "closed in."

In contrast to the uncertain weather over

* See "American Wings Soar Around the World," by Donald H. Agnew and William A. Kinney, National Geographic Magazine, July, 1943.

**Feeding Noodles to Baby Is Great-grandmother's Slow and Slippery Job**

By patient use of chopsticks, the old one succeeds in getting all the precious food into the child's mouth. Baby's homemade cap is trimmed with embroidery and appliquéd designs.

the Hump, with its bitter cold forming dangerous ice formations on the wings and its violent 100-mile gales tossing the planes about like matchsticks, the "high ceiling" and tranquil sunshine of Kunming plateau gave welcome relief to tired crews and nervous passengers.

### Christmas Is Independence Day

December 25 each year is celebrated as Independence Day in Kunming, for it was on this day in 1914 that the Province of Yunnan announced its separation from the Chinese Empire. Every year since then, on Independence Day, the Chinese in Kunming have staged celebrations of such colossal size and intense fervor that people come from miles around to witness them.

Few celebrations in China, even during peacetime, can compare with Independence Day on Chin Pi Lu. The enormous crowds are closely packed across the thoroughfare. Traffic through the city is completely snarled. During the war it mattered not to the delirious Chinese that much of the traffic was convoys of food and ammunition moving toward the front.

As the huge man-borne monsters, so typical of Chinese celebrations, appear, Oriental bands blare forth shrill music, and the happy crowds help frighten away the evil spirits by lighting huge bunches of earsplitting firecrackers.

Important merchants along the main street hang a few thousand firecrackers above their stores. As the hated monsters approach, the firecrackers are set off. The resulting din, together with the dense smoke and acrid odor, stuns the monsters who, after a bitter struggle, "lose face" and back off as the crowds cheer.

From rooftops and windows, from crude stone steps and rickety balconies, Chinese jostle each other for a better look. Down in the street little boys and girls climb the flimsy swaying trees that line Chin Pi Lu and enjoy ringside seats at no extra cost.

This is the only day of the year which the industrious Chinese here celebrate so enthusiastically and completely, for such is the economic pressure, brought on by spiraling inflation, that there is little time in Kunming for anything but work.

### Two Mammoth Arches

To me the most unforgettable sight on Chin Pi Lu is two massive stone arches with their quaint architecture, impressive tiled roofs, and glittering Chinese lettering of gold leaf or painted gold.

Air Transport Command Official

**Amid Kunming's Older Buildings a Six-story Bank Stands Out Like an American Tower**

Backward Kunming, 2,000 years old, enjoys a Floridalike building boom. New mines, power plants, and industries spring up; Western architecture changes the skyline. Though the city accepts our material improvements, it rejects many of our customs. Disease-breeding alleys still resist all change (opposite page).

These huge structures, situated at the western end of the street, are another reminder to the Westerner of the Chinese flair for building the ornate and the pretentious. Their great mass seems to represent a kind of power which might be symbolic of the potential strength of the China of the future.

The arch of Pi Chih, the jade chicken of Chinese mythology, faces Pi Chih mountain from which it gets its name, while the arch of Chin Ma, the fabled golden horse of antiquity, faces and gets its name from Chin Ma mountain.

The main street derives its name from the first name of each arch, "Chin" and "Pi." The word *lu* in Chinese means "street."

Through the shadows cast by these arches swarms the restless, noisy traffic of busy Kunming (Plates III, X).

It is said that once each year, in October, the shadow of one arch, cast by the moon, and the shadow of the other, cast by the sun, will meet in the street at a point exactly midway between both arches. According to tradition, farmers call this the midautumn festival of the lunar calendar, and they believe that at this time of the year the moon over China is at its brightest.

### Red Cross Building Hub for GIs

Down toward the eastern end of the city, at the junction of the main street and "Circular" Road, rises an incongruous five-story "skyscraper" known as the Alliance Building. Here was housed during the war the most elaborate Red Cross installation in all China, Burma, or India—a mammoth extravaganza appropriately called the Town Club.

The complex social life of Kunming, with its pretty non-English-speaking girls and its hordes of non-Chinese-speaking GIs, revolved at a dizzy pace around this natural hub, and it is no military secret that the Town Club was perhaps the greatest single morale-building factor to be found in China. Here good food, good fellowship, music, entertainment, games, books, dancing, and Stateside atmosphere helped homesick GIs while away long, lonely evenings.

If you sank into one of the deep chairs and browsed through a good book while a hostess served you American coffee and doughnuts, or if you rested your head back and listened to recordings of the world's finest symphonic music as you blew smoke puffs toward the ceiling, you had a hard time believing you ever left home.

But as the evening ended and you stepped out into the street, this curious feeling was suddenly dispelled, for there is nothing in America that even vaguely resembles the colorful coolies in their cartwheel hats, the lumbering water buffaloes pulling heavy loads, or blue-trousered old women shambling along with bound feet.

Seldom has a city been so heavily exposed to Western ideas and paraphernalia and yet absorbed so little as has Kunming. The few modern buildings spotted carelessly throughout the city stick out incongruously among medieval moon gates, romantic pagodas, and curved roofs, but this functional Western architecture which is slowly changing the skyline has left unchanged the pathetic, disease-ridden squalor of Kunming's endless alleys and narrow, twisting streets.

It has often been written that there is no way to describe the odors of the Orient. Kunming has no sewage system and no plumbing, and often human excrement lies in cesspools for weeks, giving off sense-deadening odors and serving as a breeding ground for diseases.

In these abject surroundings Chinese children play and grow. When they are five years old, boys and girls alike build shoe-shine boxes and set up business on the main street, where they plead with GIs to have a shine.

No one in Kunming is sure just what the death rate from disease is, but numerous bodies are daily hauled through the streets on carrying poles, head and feet sticking out grotesquely from crude bamboo matting.

### Night Life in Kunming

Probably every American or European who came to Kunming inevitably made at least one visit to the United Nations Club. Like the temples of West Mountain (Plate I and pages 156, 160), the United Nations Club is practically a must for the visitor.

I chose a nice warm evening in the summer of 1944 for my debut into the cafe society of Kunming. After shining my shoes and donning my newest uniform, I drove downtown in a jeep.

When you drive through Kunming's narrow streets at night, the sensation is one of threading your way along, for humanity is everywhere. Many of the people are not yet accustomed to the "devil machines" that travel as if by magic.

When I reached the club, I found a parking lot almost filled with vehicles which were all of the same size, shape, and color as my own. I knew that GIs, under the stimulus of *ching pao* juice (page 144), might even mistake one house for another; so, to make sure my jeep wouldn't be driven away, I took the rotor out, pulled some of the wires from the distributor cap, and entered the club.

**A Flexible Bamboo Handle Adds Force to Sledge-hammer Blows**

This ingenious device requires practice and timing to achieve maximum striking power. The bamboo shaft is much longer than the conventional handle (right).

After paying a nominal entrance fee, I worked my way past a couple of MPs to the door of the main room where a group of GIs were trying to converse with three Chinese girls, who seemed very anxious to understand.

I went across the rather large, high-ceilinged room to the bar, ordered a glass of wine, and looked around. Just in front of me was the dance floor; to the right there were twenty or thirty tables at which GIs were seated with Chinese girls; and to the left was the orchestra stand. The orchestra consisted of six assorted musicians from three or four countries, and the music they made sounded like six different arrangements from three or four other worlds.

To the GIs, who had had one or two "short ones," and to the Chinese girls, who didn't understand American dancing anyhow, the music made little difference, but it did serve to provide a break from the monotony of drinking raw alcohol and ersatz Scotch.

Flirtations went on much as they would in America. GIs flirted from the bar, from the balcony built in horseshoe shape overlooking the main floor, across tables, and over one another's shoulders.

When a girl was especially pretty or charming, a GI often offered to take her home.

### One Street for Beggars, One for Banks

Kunming has a picturesque flower circle where blue-clad old women with leathery faces and gnarled hands sell flowers to sophisticated Chinese and flower-loving Americans and Europeans. There is also a street of beggars, where pitiful human beings with misshapen bodies and sunken cheeks and eyes manage somehow to live and beg.

There is a street of atonement, where people will crawl for blocks on their hands and knees, stopping every few yards to lift a prayer toward the skies. There are streets for pig auctions and for prostitutes; there is one for banks, and another called "rickshu row," where

**Cormorants Dive for Fish to Feed Their Masters and Themselves**

Perched on a sampan in the Kunming canal, these birds sight fish and give chase for 50 feet under water. Swallowing is prevented by a metal ring around the cormorant's throat. Choking, the bird seeks relief of its owner; he turns his pet upside down and shakes the fish free. On the seventh catch the ring is removed and the bird is allowed to eat its reward (page 160).

a ricksha can be hired at any hour of the day or night (page 158).

### Cameras Sold in "Thieves' Market"

And there is fantastic Thieves' Market where stolen gimcracks of every description are put on display to attract the passer-by. If he proves to be a solid citizen he will be shown a hot little item such as a Leica camera, or a radio, or a portable typewriter stolen from someone only the day before.

On "GI Street," so called because of the many GIs it attracted, are dozens of tiny shops crammed with Szechwan silks, Chengtu silver, Foochow lacquer, Tali marble, Burmese chops (seals), plus innumerable artificial products and souvenirs whose striking resemblance to the genuine often fools even the connoisseur.

More than one person has carefully examined the cork and seal of a bottle of Scotch, then paid $30 U. S. for it, without ever discovering that the original liquor was drained out via two small holes drilled in the bottom of the bottle and replaced with a more or less exact facsimile of Scotch, made locally.

On this street you could buy a bar of Lux or Palmolive soap for $2 U. S., a 10-cent lipstick for $2.50, a bottle of cheap nail polish for $4, and a carton of any brand of American cigarettes for $12. A good fountain pen may have cost $90 or more, a reasonably good watch over $200, and a German-made miniature camera around $500, all in U. S. currency.

With American products selling for such high prices, stealing became a major problem in Kunming. The average coolie could make six months' wages on the sale of a single tire, a drum of gas, or a few cases of food, and he could retire for life if he could get away with a U. S. Army jeep. But if the temptation to steal was great, the punishment was swift and sure. The thief knew beforehand that

if he was caught he could expect no trial, no counsel, no mercy, only ruthless punishment in its most elementary form.

The war and the sealing of the Burma Road for almost three years more than trebled the number of wine and liquor stores in Kunming.

Here bottles of unaged rice or grape wine, synthetic brandy, or raw ersatz Scotch were sold to thirsty, homesick men at prices beginning around $3,000 Chinese. The famous antipersonnel drink of Kunming, known as *ching pao* (air-raid) juice, sold for around $5,000 a bottle.

All of these drinks have a uniformly bad taste, a blinding potency, and a bitter aftereffect. But Chinese seldom drink except at meals, and you rarely see a drunken Chinese on the streets, for this sort of thing is frowned upon in Kunming.

Because of its unusual location in western China, in comparative proximity to French Indochina, Burma, and India, Kunming has had an interesting financial history. Until as recently as forty years ago there was no paper money of any kind in Kunming and few coins, the standard medium of barter being silver bullion.

In 1911 the first paper currency appeared on the streets in the form of Yunnan provincial notes, but shortly afterwards there began prolonged civil strife. This would have resulted in the overthrow of Yuan Shih-kai had he not died on June 6, 1916.

During the struggle the value of provincial currency declined steadily until in 1929 the exchange was ten provincial dollars for one dollar of national currency. From time to time gold coins have appeared in Kunming, but with the rapid rise in the price of gold, they quickly disappeared as crafty Chinese melted them down for resale as bullion.

### Black Market Accepts Gold Standard

For many years the piaster of Indochina was the only recognized foreign currency in Kunming, but with the opening of the Stilwell Road the rupee increased in importance. As war came to western China and American troops brought new wealth to Kunming, gold became the standard yardstick in the city's black markets.

During the war hundreds of money-changers walked the streets, and in the space of a single block it was not unusual for an American soldier to hear the familiar "Changee money?" ten times or more from as many different Chinese who carry on their trade openly and without fear.

These enterprising "hawkers" will usually either buy or sell American dollars or Indian rupees, and they quote you the hourly price in terms of Chinese currency as accurately as if they were reading from a ticker tape.

It was persistently rumored that a large percentage of the rupees and American dollars bought by the Chinese on the streets of Kunming found their way into the hands of the Japanese, who used the rupees for trading with Indian merchants and the American currency for paying off secret agents working in foreign countries.

Near the close of 1945, one American dollar brought 1,200 Chinese dollars, while only a year before the exchange was 180 to 1. Thus in the space of twelve months the cost of living index in Kunming went up almost 600 percent.

As in other parts of China, the heaviest impact of this runaway inflation was felt by the white-collar class—the government employees, bank clerks, university professors—whose pay increases lagged far behind skyrocketing prices. Ironically, the illiterate ricksha coolie became a man of means, for it was a common occurrence to see him pocket $5,000 or $6,000 for a day's work.

### Money Changing a Test of Nerves

I shall never forget my first experience in changing money. I had just arrived in Kunming, and the "locker room" lawyers informed me that the only way to exchange money was to deal direct, as the rates were much better.

With too much curiosity for my own good, and with 50 American dollars in my jeans, I shopped for money. The "lawyers" had told me they "were getting 200 to 1," so when the first money-changer offered me 180, I brushed him off. Around the corner I was approached by a wizened little character who offered 180 and went to 190 before I could even answer him. I also ignored him.

Before I had proceeded much farther, a tall, gaunt Chinese with narrow slits for eyes, a small beard, and a sickening grin, sidled up to me. As he brushed my side, he whispered softly, "Two hundred."

Here was my man at last. I took out my bankroll and started to count it. "No, no, no," he motioned, and beckoned me to follow him. I assumed he was worried at this display and wanted to go into some convenient store or alleyway. I followed.

We turned off Chin Pi Lu down a narrow winding street. After about fifty yards we turned into a stinking little alley barely three feet wide. I was plainly worried.

Occasionally the tall, gaunt character would look back over his shoulder to be sure I was


 Kodachrome by Joseph Passantino

**By His Ferocious Expression This Temple Guardian Is Supposed to Frighten Away Evil Spirits**

The ornate figure, about 20 feet high, stands watch at the entrance of a temple on Hsi Shan (West Mountain) across Lake Tien Chih from Kunming (Plates IV-V). A score of lavishly decorated temples and pagodas, lined with statues of the Buddha and various divinities, cluster on the steep sides of the mountain.



Kodachrome by Joseph Paronteau

**At the End of Stilwell Road, Kunming Welcomes the First Convoy to Travel a Wartime Lifeline from India**

U. S. soldiers and Chinese watch the arrival ceremonies on February 4, 1945. The 1,080-mile highway, built under tremendous difficulties, combined the Ledo Road and the reconstructed Burma Road. It was named for General Joseph W. Stilwell. For nearly three years southwestern China had been isolated except by air.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passantino

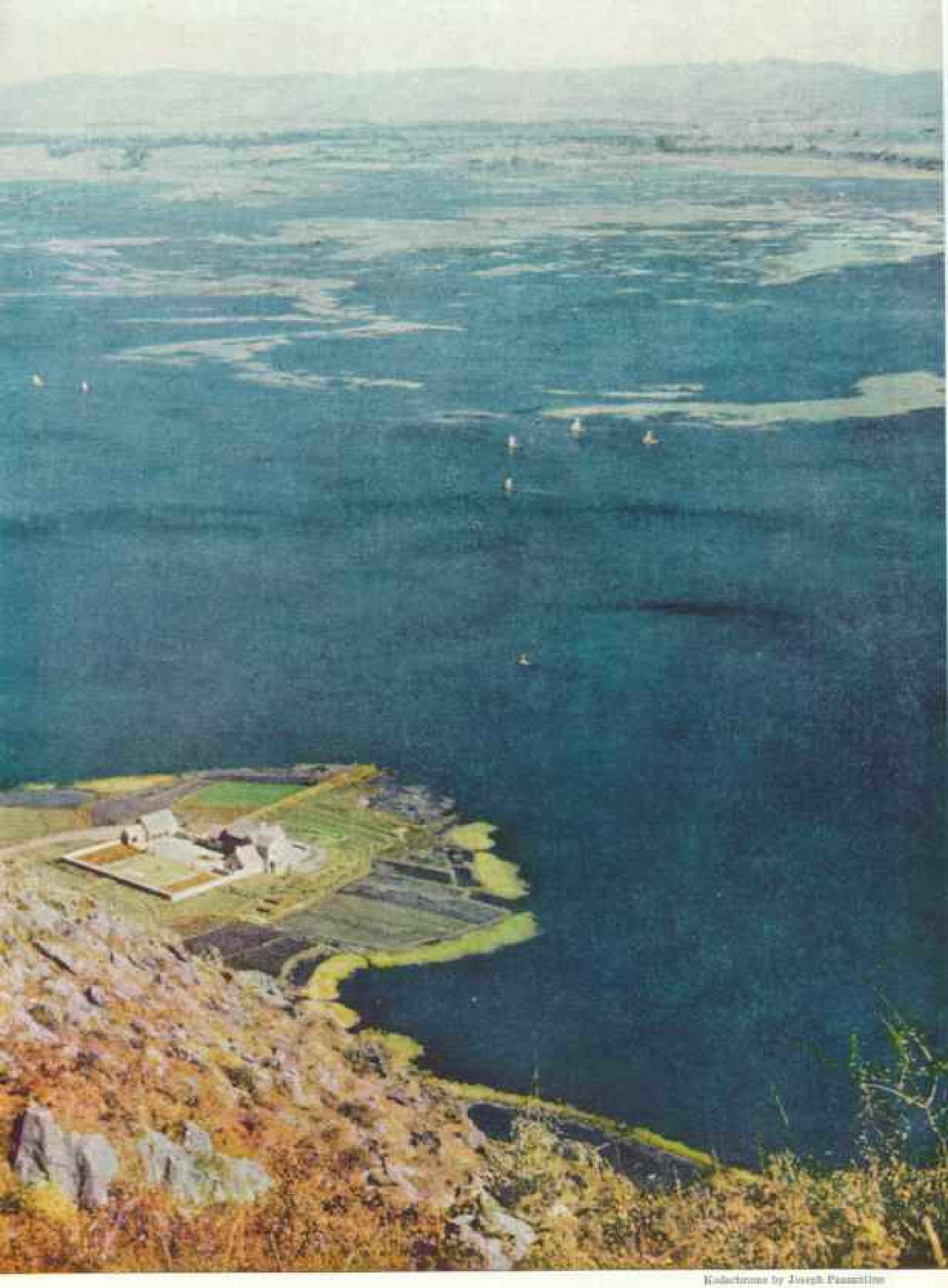
**Busy Streets Denote Kunming's Transformation from an Ancient, Remote Community to a Hustling Supply Center**

Through the old city gate in the background passes a steady procession of coolies, peasants, soldiers in padded cotton uniforms, and pack trains of Mongolian ponies. As wartime terminus of the land and air routes and an oil pipe line from India, Kunming became a boom town. Living costs skyrocketed.



**In an Amphitheater of Mountains, Kunming Lies on a Fertile Plain North of Lake Tien Chih**

The rocky slope of Hsi Shan in foreground towers above shimmering blue waters, where sampans sail nearly a mile and a quarter above sea level. The scenic basin is in the heart of Yunnan Province, far from the cosmopolitan China Coast. Marco Polo visited Kunming, the provincial capital, then called Yunnanfu.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passmore

**Rice Fields on the Lake Shore Surround a Camp for Convalescent American Troops**

A high-ranking Chinese general lent the establishment (foreground) to the U. S. Army. The location was ideal for recuperation because the Kunming area has a temperate, healthful climate, and its sunshine rivals that of California or Florida. Clear skies enabled U. S. planes crossing the "Hump" to land supplies regularly.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passarino

**Curiosity about the Camera Establishes a Quick Friendship Between Kunming Youngsters and a U. S. Army Lieutenant**

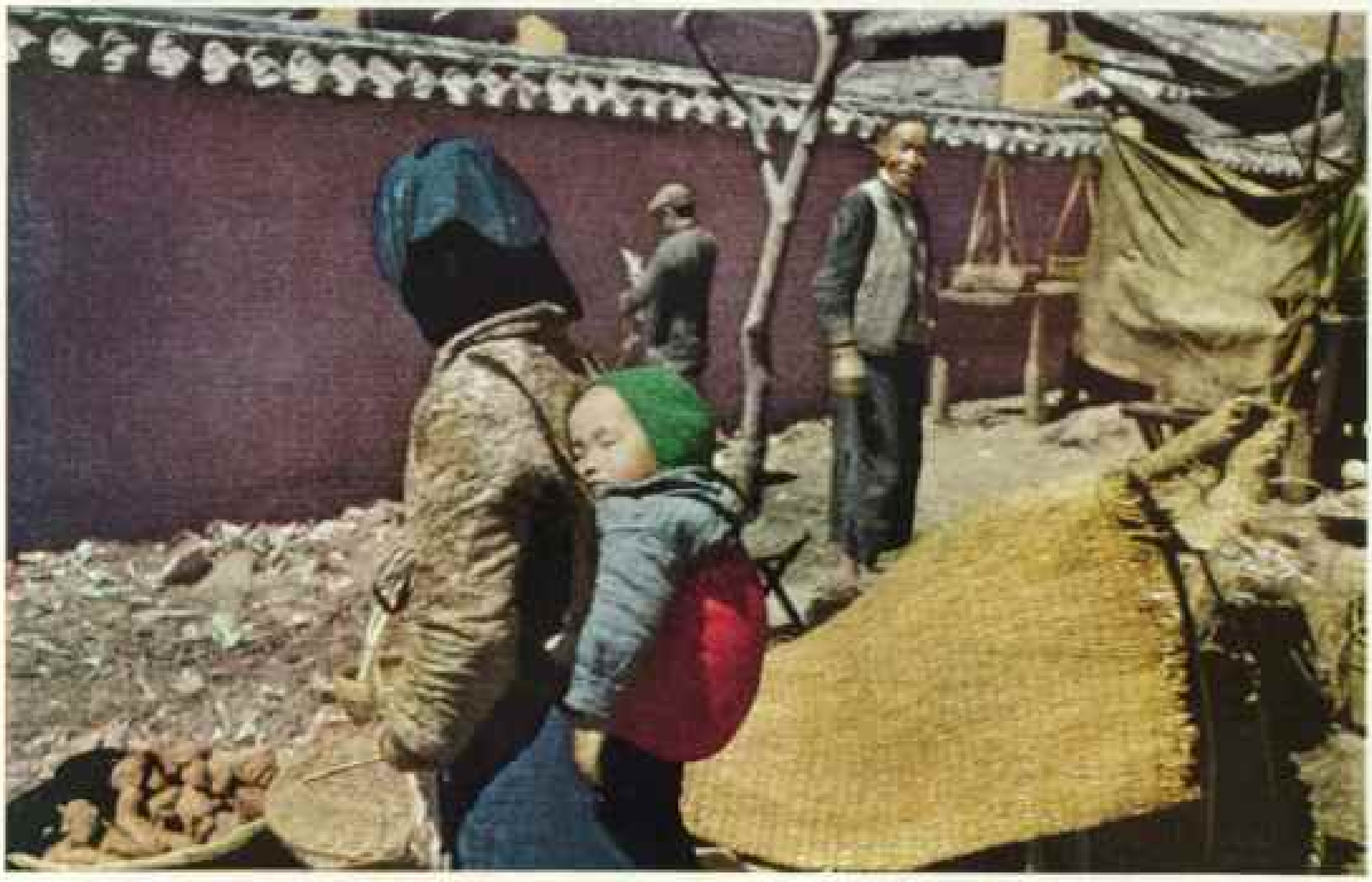
Fortunately the officer has a fair command of the Chinese language. "What is this?" he asks the boy opposite him as he points to the camera. "I don't know," replies the little fellow, whose companions press forward eagerly for a better view. Many Kunming children of his age had not seen a camera until U. S. troops arrived.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passarino

**Chinese Aerobats Demonstrate Their Strength with Feats Designed to Attract an Audience for the "Medicine Man"**

The performer on the ground holds aloft his two companions as well as a 200-pound weighted bar bell. When enough curious spectators have gathered, a merchant will appear at the table at right and declaim the healing powers of his herbs and medicines. Drugs from Yunnan Province are used throughout China.



**"Sleep, Baby, Sleep!"—But Baby Needs No Lullaby to Enjoy a Nap on Mother's Back**

A wide cloth sling holds the child in place as its mother walks along a Kunming alley. This is a common method of carrying Chinese babies. They do not seem to mind being jounced from side to side.

 Kodachromes by Joseph Pasqualino

**The Three R's Earn a Livelihood for Respected Chinese Scribes**

Before reading a letter for the coolie, this Kunming scribe, in traditional black gown and cap, pauses to sip tea. He and his fellows write and read letters for their illiterate countrymen. Some keep merchants' accounts.

still following, and always he would give me that same sick smile. The sight of his face made me cringe. I didn't like him.

At the end of the alley we came to a small open compound. We crossed it, went into a rather dilapidated two-story frame house, up one flight of stairs, and to the rear. Softly he opened a door and beckoned me to go in. By this time I was moving on nerve alone and I just couldn't say no, even though I felt like calling the whole deal off.

The room was small and very dark. Furniture consisted of one table, about six chairs, and off in a corner, a crude-looking safe. Four hawk-eyed Chinese with long coats and long fingernails sat around the table. They acknowledged my entrance with their eyes, but nothing was said. Somehow I got into a chair.

I assumed the thing to do was to take out my money again. All watched me carefully as I counted it before me. Then one of them withdrew to the safe, took out a package of money, and, coming around behind me, handed it to me over my shoulder. At this point I was ready to jump up and start swinging, but I held on just a little longer.

I looked back, thanked the man who had given me the package, rose slowly, and, bowing to everyone, backed toward the door. All the Chinese got up and bowed back to me. I forced a smile, then turned rather abruptly to go out and bumped into my tall, gaunt friend. He begged my pardon most profusely, stepped aside, and I went out. I didn't stop running until I reached the main street again.

### Kunming Center of Farming Area

For centuries the entire Province of Yunnan, including the more than mile-high city of Kunming, was considered a penal colony, and political despots and war lords found it convenient to banish their enemies to this remote part of China. Here barbarians, former criminals, and undesirables from all over China have waged a ceaseless struggle against the land, for the people are predominantly farmers.

Shabby Kunming is the natural hub of all this farming activity. Peasants from a hundred miles around make periodic junkets to the city on foot, leading pack trains of Mongolian ponies laden with food and handicrafts to be sold in the markets for the wildly fluctuating Chinese dollar.

Unlike the American farmer, the Yunnan tiller of the soil does not live on his farm but in a village in the center of a cluster of farms. This system of community farming has helped develop a simple culture of which the western Chinese might well be proud.

The typical Yunnan peasant owns a small piece of land which has been willed to him by his father and which, more often than not, is situated on the side of a steep hill. But this poses no great problem to the ingenious Chinese, who were among the world's first to become highly skilled in terraced farming.

Only recently have some of the Western countries realized the importance of terraced farming in reducing soil erosion and increasing the amount of land that could be brought under cultivation.*

The Chinese farmer is an expert in his field. He knows crops, fertilizer, soil, and plant diseases. He knows how to fight floods and locusts and the ravages of weather, but he has come by this knowledge so naturally that he never allows himself to think that he is as much a master at his trade as a great surgeon is in the field of medicine.

### Peasants Resigned, but Happy

These peasants have a simple philosophy. They have come to terms with life. They realize that life has been repeating itself in the same way for thousands of years, and that there is no reason to believe there will be any great changes in their lifetime. They do not expect to inherit a fortune overnight.

They are resigned to a lifetime of unending drudgery, but they are proud of their ability to work long hours. They are happy if they can produce good crops and good children, for crops are food and barter, and children are insurance for the future and a comfortable old age.

The Chinese farmer appreciates the value of education, but there is seldom money enough. Writing the Chinese language is difficult, and long before the child can hope to master it he is needed for work on the farm.

Yet, in spite of the economic pressure which hounds him continually, the Yunnan farmer is a happy individual. He has a keen sense of values and he appreciates a good joke. He shuns backslapping, and is always anxious to cooperate with action rather than with words. He believes in moderation in all things, he is devoted to his family, and he guards jealously the fine reputation he enjoys in his community.

These are the people who feed and keep alive the population of crowded Kunming. With the advent of American forces into this busy metropolis, the role of the farmer steadily increased in importance.

* See "China Fights Erosion with U. S. Aid," by Walter C. Lowdermilk, National Geographic Magazine, June, 1945; and "Exploring a Grass Wonderland of Wild West China," by Ray G. Johnson, June, 1944.

Local procurement saved valuable Hump tonnage needed for gas and ammunition to help fight Japan. It is to the eternal credit of the farmers of Yunnan that they have been able to meet the food demands of a population which quadrupled in the war years.

From the air, Kunming, like many other Chinese cities, seems to be the hub of concentric rings of varying shades of green countryside. The heaviest growth and the deepest shade of green is found nearest the city, because here Kunming's human excrement is more readily obtainable for use as fertilizer.

As the distance from the city increases, the price of fertilizer rises proportionately, the yield per acre drops, the countryside appears less green. Dotting the landscape at regular intervals are the small farming villages which are the backbone of the Province of Yunnan.

### Trucks Scar Stilwell Road

The many roads that lead into Kunming are uniformly poor. Even the Stilwell Road today shows the terrible wear caused by endless pounding from U. S. truck convoys. The dirt and gravel construction has little resistance to the ravages of weather. Alternate periods of heat and rain, together with heavy traffic, cause either deep pits or a general bumpiness which gave our Army Transportation Corps men the sensation of riding over a washboard.

Over these same roads moves also the medieval traffic of Yunnan—the stolid, clumsy water buffalo pulling rickety wooden-wheeled carts, the ill-shod Mongolian ponies laboring under heavy packs, and the sweating coolie bearing his load on ageless carrying poles and rhythmically shuffling along to the tune of an old song which he hums to himself.

Occasionally a Chinese truck, long since converted to burn coke instead of gasoline, will chug by with a load of vegetables or hay or salt. One of the most familiar sights in Yunnan is that of a Chinese truck parked by a roadside, half of its motor dismantled, as the driver searches for the root of the trouble.

These vehicles, ranging in age up to twenty years, are of original American manufacture, and their present grotesque appearance is the result of Chinese-made fenders, bodies, cabs, and the bizarre coke-burning system which spouts flame and smoke like a small locomotive (opposite page).

The Chinese who operate these trucks are not only expert drivers but mechanical wizards, for there are no roadside-repair stations in Yunnan. In spite of this technical skill, most drivers are poorly paid.

It is not uncommon to see a truckload of vegetables proceeding down the road with 20 or 30 passengers sitting atop the vegetables. The driver charges a small fare for this service and so manages to keep up with skyrocketing Kunming prices.

Another favorite practice on alcohol-burning vehicles is to shut the motor off on every downgrade and throw the vehicle out of gear. The fuel saved by this coasting method is sold by the driver at the end of his run, while the passengers light up cigarettes to calm their nerves after the hair-raising experience.

The bus system of Kunming consists of small pony-drawn wagons seating about nine persons (Plate XV). Often, to make room for an extra fare, the driver will dismount from the vehicle and run alongside his pony from one end of town to the other. These small primitive wagons have excellent rubber tires. When people in America were searching in vain for tires, this distant backward province in China had more than enough.

Before the Burma Road closed in 1942, a provincial war lord decreed that no bus would be permitted to operate without rubber tires. Bus owners scurried to buy tires and learned later that the war lord himself was importing the tires from Rangoon. Since these tires are subject to little weight and comparatively no friction, they last indefinitely. Even today, many tires look brand-new.

### Kunming Still Depends on Rickshas

But this bus system operates mainly along Chin Pi Lu. All lateral hauls are dependent upon the ageless rickshas of the Orient, capable of moving anything from housefurnishings and gimcracks to luscious-looking Chinese girls whose split skirts and bare thighs strain Western eyesight.

Many of the prostitutes of wide-open Kunming ride about the city in rickshas, casting anxious glances toward prospective customers. These girls are usually well dressed and well groomed. As often as not, they are unusually attractive to bewildered Occidentals, who will gaze after them unashamedly. Most Chinese men won't so much as notice any woman unless she is a friend or relative.

Many sophisticated Chinese consider all Westerners as barbarians, who have never taken the time to learn good manners, diplomacy, and decorum. Whether rich or poor, a Chinese has an unparalleled gracious modesty. He will let you talk on a subject for hours, even though he himself may be far better informed on it.


**A Coke-burning Truck Fumes at 20 Passengers Loading from Fender to Cab Top**

When its Chinese-made works get into full stride, the machine spouts flame and smoke like the legendary dragon. Passengers, glad to get any kind of ride, disregard the rattles, bumps, and gases. Other dilapidated trucks burn alcohol. To save fuel, the drivers coast downhill, and passengers hold on for dear life (page 154).

To my mind, this sense of propriety has been partly responsible for China's enormous resistance to change. While the barbaric Japanese and "uncultured" Westerners armed for global war, Chinese scholars discussed education and politics. Even today it is apparent that, although China accepts many ideas and material help from the West, she rejects certain of our customs and behavior.

The seriously overburdened transportation system that feeds Kunming is materially aided by thousands of houseboats and sampans, and a few junks, that ply busily between Kunming lake (Tien Chih) and the city itself. Connecting the lake and the city is the narrow, picturesque Kunming canal, a shallow, traffic-choked waterway that is equally busy day or night (Plate XI and page 157).

Perhaps nothing else so eloquently tells the story of China's pitiful transportation as the crude hand-powered craft which painfully crawl up and down this man-made artery.

From beautiful Kunming lake, whose shimmering brilliance on moonlit nights has guided numberless planes, both friendly and enemy, into the city (Plates IV and V), the restless boats start their long slow journey down the tree-lined canal, twisting and turning through a quaint valley studded with terraced rice fields.

**Mountain Steps Lead to Temples of the Western Cloud**

Some 8,000 feet high, West Mountain looks down on Kunming lake (Tien Chih). Some twenty temples hang precariously to its jagged sides. They house ancient art treasures and images of gods and demons. One guards rare books and documents salvaged from the Japanese invasion (page 100 and Plate I).

**This Driver's Cigarette Holder Curves Like His Bullock's Horns**

A wooden yoke across the shoulders is fastened by thongs to wagon shafts. A rope to the nose completes the harness. Bullocks move much of southwestern China's transportation. American "devil machines," moving as if by magic, are still a source of wonder in some remote areas (page 141).

**Passengers Gingerly Leave a Canalboat at Kunming. One False Step Means a Ducking, for the Gangplank Has No Rail**

To boys a traffic-choked Kunming canal is a swimming pool; to mothers, a washtub. Farm animals use it as a watering trough; their masters as an irrigation system (page 160). Entire families are born and live in its one-cabin houseboats. Sails on this boat are reed or bamboo mats.

**Chinese Prize Gasoline Drums for Bathtubs, Tanks, and Watering Troughs**

These containers, balanced on carrying poles, once held American aviation gasoline. With tops cut off, they will be put to an amazing variety of uses. Small leather caps are traditional wear for the carriers.

**A Glamour Girl Hires a Cab from "Ricksha Row"**

Some ricksha coolies earn $5,000 to $6,000 daily in inflated money (pages 144, 154). *Ricksha* is a contraction of the Japanese *jin-riki-sha*, literally "man-power-vehicle."

**A Farmer Twists a Pig's Ear to Keep It from Squirming**

Yunnan Province's pigs grow so fat they can hardly walk, and it is easier to carry them to Kunming than to prod them along the road. Trussed to carrying poles, they endure tortures. By squeezing an ear, the third carrier imagines he distracts the anguished animal. In China the American jeep (left) is worth a life-retirement pay to a thief (page 143).

When the wind is favorable, the coolie skipper and his wife raise tattered sails made of reed or bamboo matting. While Nature thus doubles for varicose-veined legs, a Chinese mother patiently picks unwelcome visitors out of her children's hair and the father looks on approvingly and drinks hot tea.

When there is no wind, the most common sight on the canal is that of an entire family sweating and straining as they force their heavily laden craft to move toward the city.

Father and son, equipped with long bamboo poles, operate from narrow runways on either side of the boat. Beginning at the front, they dig their poles into the mud of the shallow canal and walk with great effort, bent at an angle of 45°, to the back of the boat. Here they withdraw their poles, walk forward, and repeat the process.

Meanwhile, the mother operates a huge oar with all the grace and rhythm of a ballet dancer. Her little daughter is responsible for the crude but effective rudder which controls direction by balancing the power on either side.

### Boats Relieve Housing Shortage

The combination is not only tireless but amazingly efficient, and heavy loads of rock, coke, salt, gravel, and wood are hauled down to the city daily in this manner.*

In addition to their importance to the transportation system, these numerous little boats have helped relieve some of the acute housing problem in crowded Kunming. The tiny bamboo-covered cabins, completely open at one end, serve as kitchen, dining room, and bedroom for the whole family.

In this impossibly small space, which sometimes measures no more than 4 feet across by 6 feet in length, all of life's processes are carried on, for these wretched people have neither the means nor the time to maintain even the most meager shack on land.

The family is born and reared in this single-room cabin, and when the father dies the oldest son assumes control of the little boat and the modest business. He cares for his mother in her old age.

The still, moss-covered water of Kunming canal also serves numerous other purposes. In the summertime, skinny, naked Chinese boys frolic in it, while downstream a mother washes clothes and coolies fill buckets, for cooking water is at a premium in Kunming.

* See "Salt for China's Daily Rice," 11 ills., National Geographic Magazine, September, 1944.

The canal serves as a watering station for horses, pigs, and water buffaloes; as an irrigation system for the many paddy fields on either side; and as a ready source of water for the making of the crude mud and straw bricks of which about 90 percent of Kunming's homes are constructed.

Perhaps the most interesting and colorful sight on the canal is that of the fisherman with his quaint fishing birds (page 143). The appearance and antics of these sleek, oversized black cormorants never fail to attract a curious audience.

As the sampan is slowly maneuvered along, the sharp-eyed birds, fast swimmers under water, perch on the front end ready for business. When a fish is sighted, one or more of the birds will dive in and give chase under water for fifty feet or more, usually coming up with the quarry.

The birds of course would gulp the fish right down, but the fisherman is in business and he can't make profit this way. To ensure a livelihood for himself, he keeps a small brass ring at the base of each bird's neck so that, when a fish is swallowed, it can get no farther than the ring. With a fish stuck in its throat, the bird is in obvious distress. It waddles over to its master, who turns it upside down and shakes it over a basket until the still-live fish is disgorged.

The disgruntled bird then goes back to its work, but with undiminished interest. It seems to know that, on its seventh catch, its master will remove the metal ring and allow the fish to be swallowed.

### Temples of the Western Cloud

On the western fringe of picturesque Kunming plateau, surrounding the beautiful waters of Kunming lake, is mighty West Mountain. High up in these rugged peaks the Chinese of over ten centuries ago constructed the famous and beautiful temples of the Western Cloud.

This series, numbering twenty or more, hangs precipitously along the jagged mountain. The temples are accessible to each other only by endless stone steps and winding stone paths hacked out of the mountainside (page 156).

As the breathless visitor works his way along in the 8,000-foot altitude, he suddenly comes upon a flower-covered pool set in the midst of two or more golden-roofed temples before a densely wooded backdrop. The sense of studied fitness, of order, is most profound, for here the man-made has come to terms with Nature, and the compromise between the natural and the artificial is inspiring.

Throughout her long history China has produced great philosophers, exquisite paintings, lovely porcelain, and expert craftsmen, and among the temples of the Western Cloud can be found still further examples of their infinite patience and fine esthetic sense.

Many of the huge gold Buddhas are works of art, and the temples themselves, with their multicolored tilework, ornate doors, and carved granite columns, are silent testimony to the genius of the race (Plate I).

The familiar curved roofs on Chinese temples, pagodas, and arches are not only beautiful but functional, for they keep out the high, hot sun of summer and admit the low sun that shines during winter months.

To the Chinese, each of these stone, clay, and granite figures has a deep significance. Tablets set forth teachings of Buddha and Chinese philosophers.

Far up in a little wooded mountain gorge, amid a scattering of ancient pines, an inconspicuous two-story temple houses thousands upon thousands of rare books on medicine, science, mathematics, geopolitics, sociology, art, literature, and history. Here, too, are uncounted manuscripts, documents, and files, some printed on silk and bamboo, others on flimsy rice paper and porous newsprint.

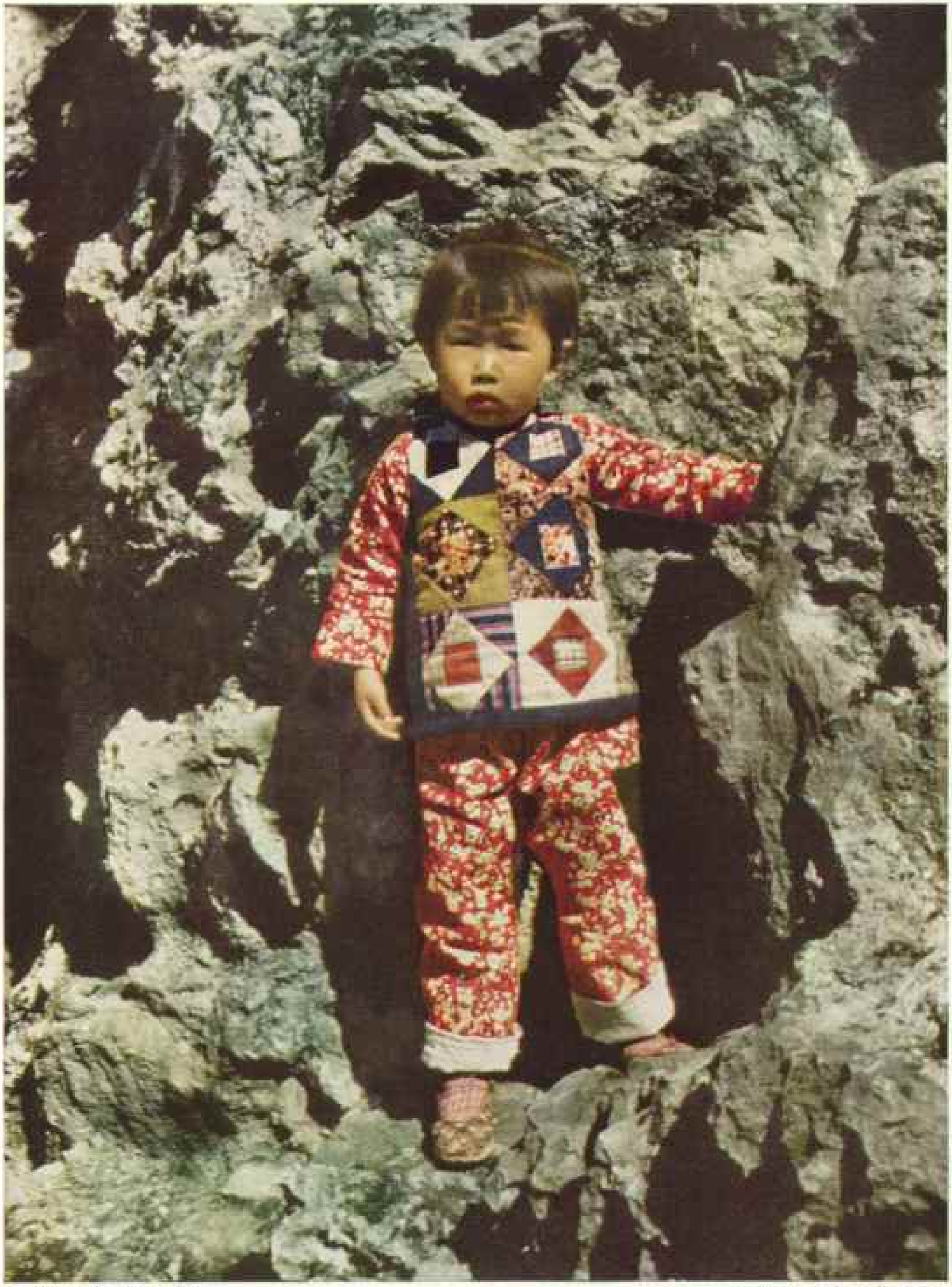
These educational treasures, salvaged from the great eastern universities overrun by the Japanese, were hauled thousands of miles across China by pony cart, river boat, and human carrier, to find haven in a stone-vaulted mountain temple 8,000 feet above the sea.

Here on neat, orderly shelves, which are cleaned and dusted regularly, lies endless knowledge, patiently waiting for scholars who once again will have time to avail themselves of this treasure-trove.

A long, steep gallery cut from solid rock leads to the highest point among the temples. At regular intervals small windows have been carved out of the stone, permitting visitors a sweeping view of beautiful Kunming lake and the surrounding countryside.

Legend tells that this entire gallery with its crude stone steps and quaint stone Buddhas is the work of a single monk who patiently labored at his task for nine years. Today many monks live at the temples, and their somber appearance as they worship their Buddhist god is a source of intense curiosity to endless streams of visitors.

Ironically, the Province of Yunnan, for all its medieval backwardness, holds perhaps more natural resources than any other province in China proper. Only lack of power and modern machinery has retarded the development of huge stores of tin, iron, coal, lead, and copper.



© National Geographic Society Kodachrome by Joseph Patterson

**Her Coat of Many Colors Resembles an American Grandmother's Patchwork Quilt**

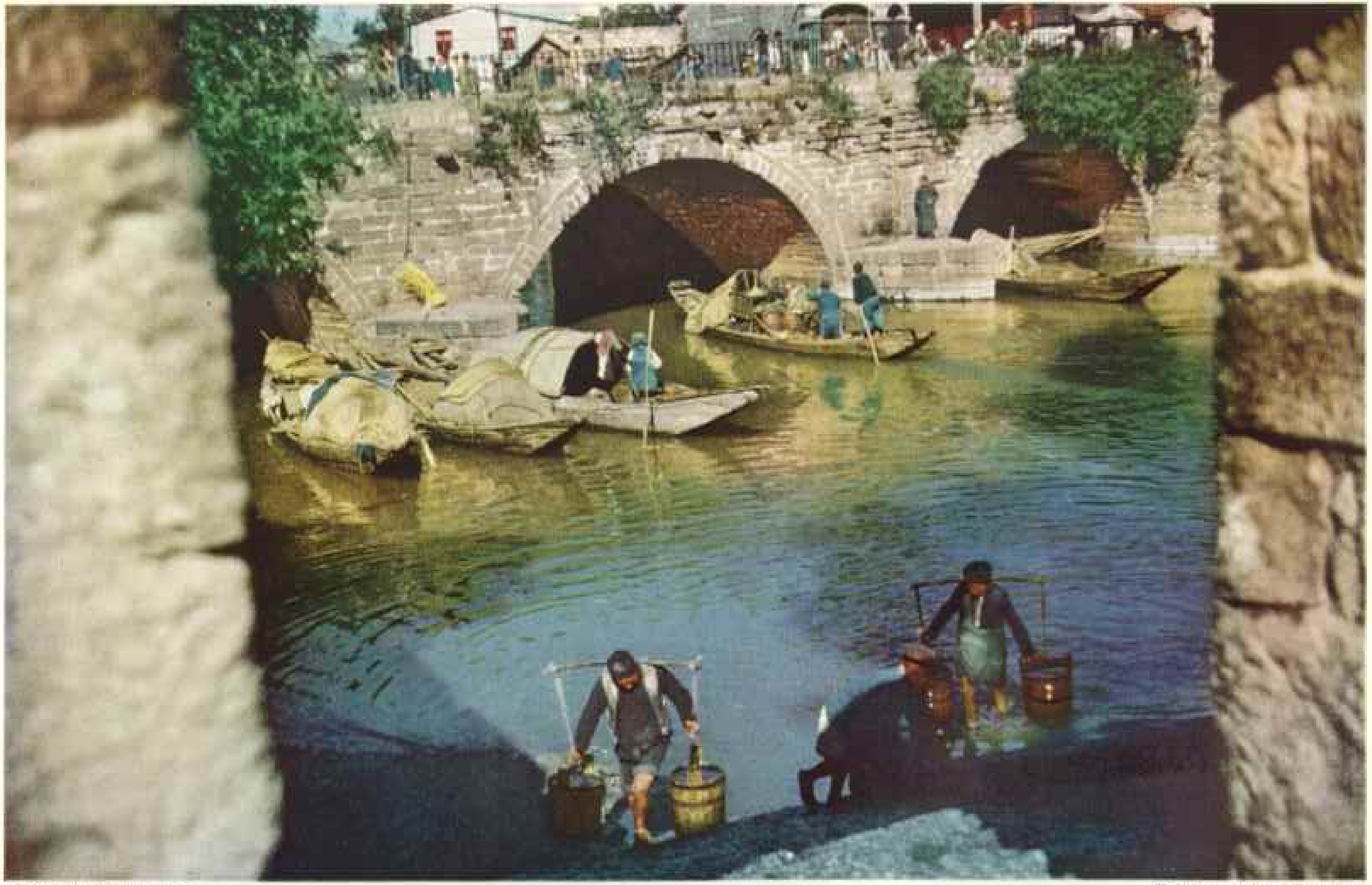
This sober-faced little girl was strolling with her parents through Ta Kuan Lo, Kunming's municipal park. When the author asked to photograph her, the parents obligingly lifted the child onto a rock formation. She did not object, for Chinese children obey their fathers and mothers, but her serious expression did not change.





**On Market Day Peasants Laden with Baskets of Produce Create a Traffic Jam on Chin Pi Lu, Kunming's Main Street**

Dressed in blue cotton tunics and trousers, men and women trudge as far as 50 miles to sell the produce of their small farms. U. S. Army jeeps make slow progress through the dense throng. Nearly four-fifths of the people of Yunnan Province earn their living by cultivating its fertile valleys and terraced mountainsides.







**Kunming's Canal Fulfills Many Functions: It Is a Traffic Route, Laundry, Swimming Pool, Fishing Spot, and Reservoir**

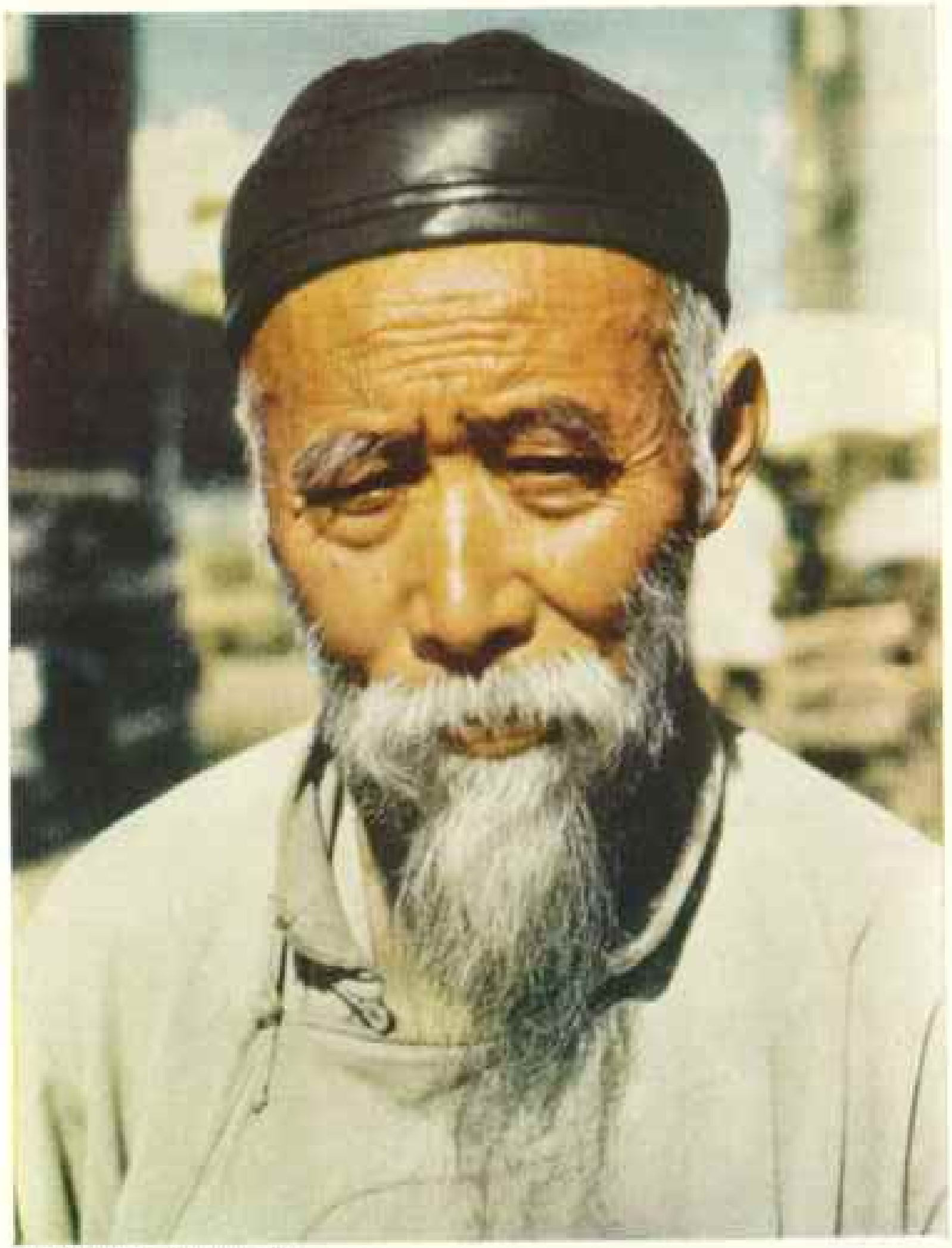
The tree-lined canal connects Kunming and Lake Tien Chih (Plates IV-V). In foreground coolies mount the stairs with yoked buckets filled with water for cooking. Heavily laden sampans, on which families sometimes spend their entire lives, move under the stone bridge which carries Chin Pi Lu across the stream.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passanise

**Charcoal Balls for Fuel Are Molded by Hand and Left to Dry at the Water's Edge**

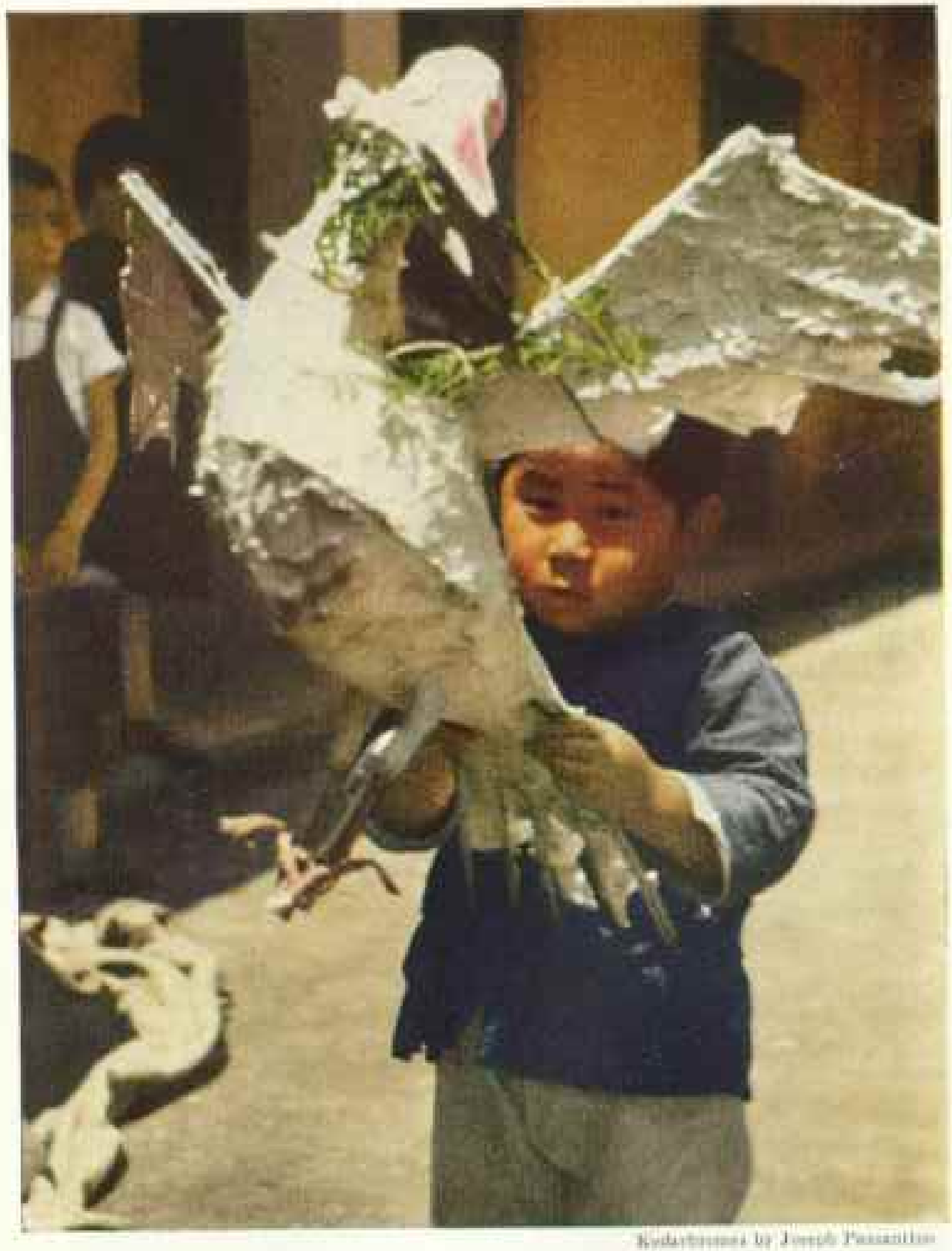
To keep teakettles simmering, powdered charcoal mixed with water and hardened in the sun is a convenient fuel. The balls burn slowly but have an offensive smoke. This "factory" is alongside its water supply, the Kunming canal (Plate XI). Back of the workers are their shacks of bamboo mats.





**Time Has Etched Lines on the Brow of a Kunming Merchant**

Business men of this type were found by the author to be keen, shrewd, and scrupulously honest. The Chinese delight in bargaining, and making a purchase may be a long and involved procedure. It is further complicated by the use of several kinds of money with rapidly fluctuating values.



Kodachromes by Joseph Passantino

**A Bird in the Hand Is Worth Much to Its Proud Owner**

The cautious little fellow maintains a firm grip on his paper and bamboo toy lest it surprise him and fly away on outstretched wings. Like most holiday toys, it is made of flimsy, perishable material. Many a Chinese child receives a new toy for the national festival inaugurating the New Year.



Kodachrome by Joseph Passantino

**Framed by Chinese Cabbage, a Kunming Girl Washes Her Hair Without the Aid of a Modern Beauty Parlor**

Her only equipment is a decorated enamel washbasin, but after the shampoo she may oil her hair to make it shine. Her long gown is cut in straight lines so that it does not cling to the body. This vegetable, used in Chinese cafes in the United States, is often called "celery cabbage."



Kodachrome by Joseph Passantino

**Like Straphangers in a New York Subway, Standees in a Crowded Bus Grasp a Rail to Steady Themselves**

Kunming's transportation system is strained because most buses are small, and ponies furnish the principal motive power. Sometimes the driver gives his seat to an extra passenger and walks beside his vehicle. The buses operate chiefly along Chin Fi Lu, the main street, leaving rickshas to take care of cross-town travel.

**This Whole Family Operates a Small Kunming "General Store"**

Often such shops are so crammed with merchandise that customers can't get inside and are served from the sidewalk. Wares range from toothpaste to ivory. The man at left is smoking a water pipe.



**"Peanuts! Peanuts! Fresh-roasted Peanuts"**

Surrounded by her children, a Kunming peanut vender waits on a customer at her sidewalk stand. The nuts are a favorite food of the Chinese. The bundle of feathers on a stick, lying on the box, is used to shoo flies.

# Across Tibet from India to China

By Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy, AUS

IN THE SPRING of 1942, when the war looked grimmer day by day to the Allies, and the Burma Road was lost, I was given the assignment of crossing Tibet from India to China. The venture, which was primarily to discover ways and routes of transporting supplies to China, was under the auspices of the Office of Strategic Services.

Given the choice of going alone or taking along a unit of personally picked men, I selected as my companion Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d,* who was then anchored to an Army Air Forces desk in Washington and was casting an eager eye around for overseas duty. The mission, I felt, would have a better chance of success if shared by two men. If one was lost, the other might get through.

### President Roosevelt Greets the Dalai Lama

Since Tibet proper is closed to all visitors, no permits to enter could be obtained in the United States. The best passport available for the trip was a letter from President Roosevelt to the Dalai Lama of Tibet. This we were to carry, together with the customary gifts to His Holiness and other officials in Lhasa (page 171).

On our departure from Washington by air in July, Col. (later Major General) "Wild Bill" Donovan, Director of OSS, bade us "Keep in touch if you can"—a hard task since radio equipment compact enough to carry on such a trip was not procurable at the time.

We carried 290 pounds of equipment, including vital instruments, cameras, film, etc., and 27 pounds each of personal belongings. In those days before the Air Transport Command was fully developed, bucket seats on planes were luxuries, and we slept on some of our cargo.

Arriving in Delhi, we reported to Lt. Gen. (now General) Joseph W. Stilwell, who was then China-Burma-India Theater commander. His rear echelon headquarters occupied only one wing of the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi, though it was the nucleus of the CBI forces.

In our negotiations with the Tibetans through the British Government offices in India, we were aided by Col. (later Brig. Gen.) Russell A. Osmun, USA; Capt. (later Lt. Col.) Charles Suydam Cutting, AUS, an ardent student of Tibet who had been to Lhasa twice in previous years;† and George R. Merrill, Secretary of the U. S. Mission at New Delhi.

The success of the negotiations was due in part also to the warm support and assistance of O. K. Caroe, Secretary of External Affairs of the Government of India; Sir Basil John Gould, Political Officer for Sikkim and British Representative for Bhutan and Tibet; and Frank Ludlow, Additional British Political Officer for the same region, who at the time was already in Lhasa (page 179).

While arrangements with Lhasa were under way by British wireless, Brooke and I prepared for the trip (map, page 172).

India was in turmoil. There was rioting in the streets of Delhi, and the city was declared out of bounds. Finally, however, we were given a jeep with permission to go wherever we wished, and we darted around old and New Delhi,‡ obtaining all needed supplies and equipment with the exception of a compact radio receiving set.

At the end of September, 1942, we were granted permission to proceed as far as Lhasa. Our prospects of going on from Lhasa to China looked exceedingly doubtful.

### "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's Best Wishes

Before our departure General Stilwell found time to call us in and bid us Godspeed in his perfect Chinese. Late at night we struggled into our compartment on a train swarming with Hindus and troops. Our quarters were so jammed with thirty-odd pieces of equipment, all packed in containers for pack-animal transport, that we had to sit on some of the cases. Luckily our train got through safely to Calcutta; the one behind us was derailed by rebels.

An overnight train took us on to Siliguri. There we were met by Sandup, a 29-year-old Tibetan who had studied in English schools in India and was one of the post managers of the Tibetan telephone and telegraph line between Lhasa and India. He was to be our Number 1 man and interpreter on the journey to Lhasa and during our stay there.

With our gear piled into some aging touring Fords, we started a 70-mile climb through the lush vegetation of the Himalayan foothills into the State of Sikkim. The road, though narrow, was fair, damage from washouts and

* Captain Dolan, a young explorer of note (page 221), returned with the author to the United States after the Tibetan assignment. He went back to China and died in the service of his country soon after V-J Day.

† See photographs by Col. Cutting, pages 185-196.

‡ See "New Delhi Goes Full Time," by Maynard Owen Williams, National Geographic Magazine, October, 1942.

Lt. Col. Ila Tolstoy

**Friendly Spirits Dispel Evil at Gyangtse Monastery**

Wearing weird costumes and masks, and brandishing horns of bone and brass to frighten away mischievous influences, grotesque dwarfs take part in a religious dance in the sacred enclosure (page 183).

slides being repaired constantly by gangs of Gurkha and Lepcha laborers, mostly women.

We wound precariously along steep hillsides where the slightest swerve would have dropped us hundreds of feet into canyon streams. Once we came to a bridge so tottering that Sandup suggested our walking across and letting the cars go over one at a time.

We were soon in the toylike city of Gangtok, capital of Sikkim, whose Maharaja is much interested in promoting the welfare of his people. Here we were guests in the charming English country house of Sir Basil John Gould. B. J., as we called him, had represented the British Government at the inauguration of the present Dalai Lama. Though now more than 60 years of age, he thinks nothing of making the 300-mile journey to Lhasa.

We found him deeply engaged in the preparation of a new type of English-Tibetan dictionary and working out new methods for learning the Tibetan language. He speaks Tibetan, Hindustani, and Lepcha dialects and can write in those languages. Brooke and I absorbed from this remarkable man all we could about the customs and people of the country into which we were going.

While we were staying with B. J., the Prime Minister of Bhutan, Rani Dorji, with his charming Tibetan wife, was also visiting him. Madam Dorji was translating some Tibetan poetry and old ballads into English.

While we were preparing for the trip to Lhasa, Rai Sahib Sonnam, British trade agent from Yatung, the first Tibetan town of any importance on our route, came to Gangtok and gave us valuable assistance. He helped us organize our outfit and advised us on customs, procedures, protocol, and the presentation of gifts to officials along the way and in Lhasa.

### Ready for the Trip to Forbidden Lhasa

We were fortunate in finding a cook who later on became our Number 1 man and an almost indispensable member of the party. Son of a Chinese father and Tibetan mother, he spoke enough English to act as our interpreter after Sandup left us. His name was Thami, which we changed immediately to Tommy (pages 182 and 214). Our other newly engaged boy was Lakhpa, a quiet, hard-working Lepcha about 26 years old.

With our party thus augmented to five, plus whatever transport men were driving the animals, we struck out in clear October weather. The first pack train we hired from the Maharaja of Sikkim, and Rani Dorji lent

Lt. Col. Ila Tolstoy

**To the Dalai Lama, President Roosevelt Sent His Photograph**

With the silver-framed picture went a letter in a cylindrical casket, a gold chronograph watch, and other gifts. The silver galleon (right center) was presented to His Holiness by the author and Captain Dolan.

us two of his fine riding mules as our mounts for the first part of the journey.

For three days, while we were winding up the side of a valley toward the top of a Himalayan pass, we could look back and see the little town of Gangtok with its palace on a knoll. Our overnight stops were at *dak* bungalows (Government resthouses).

Usually a day apart, these stretched on for 13 stages up to the city of Gyangtse. There was a keeper at each place, and although modern conveniences did not exist, the quarters were adequate and comfortable.

Nearing the summits, the road sometimes was only a trail so narrow that it was difficult to pass oncoming caravans burdened with bulging loads. Here and there slides made the trail almost impassable.

At 14,000 feet we sometimes felt the effect of the altitude and thin air and would wake up in the night gasping for breath. We found that propping ourselves in a semisitting position was best for sleeping. In the daytime it was difficult to walk any distance uphill without frequent stops and rests, and we soon got used to doing everything as if in slow motion.

The Natu La (13,500 feet), first pass over the Himalayas, was surprisingly easy and level, with a good wide stretch of road approaching it. It is rocky, bare of vegetation, and in October free of snow. There was a little snow on slopes near by.

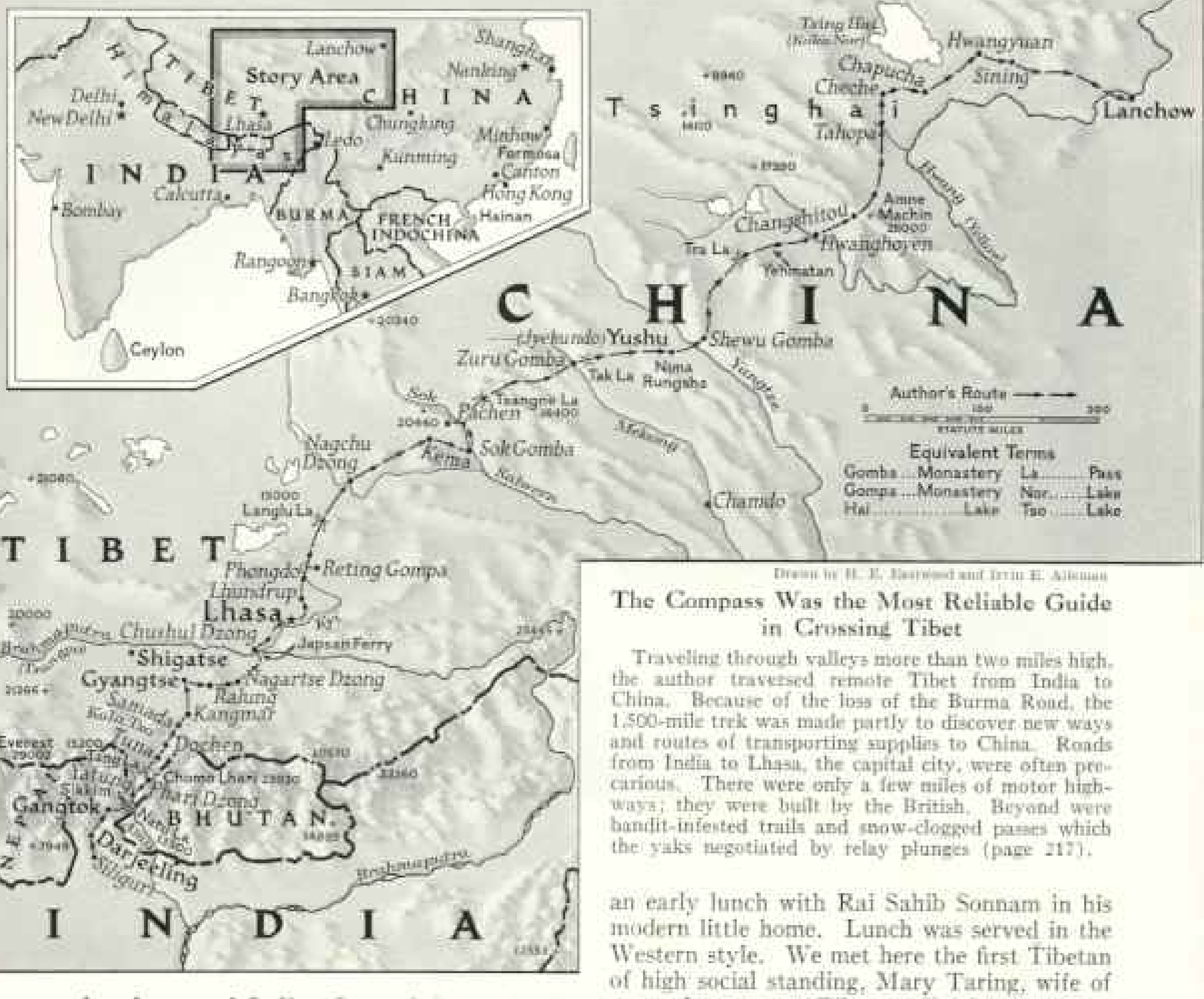
### First Glimpse of Mysterious Tibet

For a while we were in the clouds and could see neither behind nor ahead of us. Then the mists parted for a moment, allowing us to take our last look back at India and our first ahead into the thick, evergreen forests below us and the sea of ranges in the distance. We were looking down into mysterious Tibet.

Leaving Natu La, we dismounted to spare our horses and walked down into Tibet over old washed-out trails. Our path in the valley of the Amo led often along dry freshet courses. On the way we paused to have a cup of buttered tea (page 182) with the abbot of Kargyu Gompa (*gompa*, in Tibet, or *gomba*, in China, means "monastery"), the first small Tibetan monastery we encountered.

The headman of Yatung, on the Amo, met us with an escort about five miles from the city limits. Both our parties dismounted, and we performed the ceremony of exchanging scarfs, known as *kattaks* (page 208).

Rai Sahib Sonnam and several other acquaintances of the city greeted us just outside the town with military honors presented by a




Drawn by H. F. Raymond and Irvin E. Altman

**The Compass Was the Most Reliable Guide in Crossing Tibet**

Traveling through valleys more than two miles high, the author traversed remote Tibet from India to China. Because of the loss of the Burma Road, the 1,500-mile trek was made partly to discover new ways and routes of transporting supplies to China. Roads from India to Lhasa, the capital city, were often precarious. There were only a few miles of motor highways; they were built by the British. Beyond were bandit-infested trails and snow-clogged passes which the yaks negotiated by relay plunges (page 217).

detachment of Indian Sepoy infantry in the employ of the Indian Army. We were then escorted to our quarters in a bungalow truly palatial for that territory.

Yatung is one of the larger Tibetan cities, though it numbers probably not more than 1,500 to 2,000 people. For livelihood the people depend upon agriculture and trade with passing caravans.

### Tibetan Etiquette Complicated

As soon as we were settled, we were called upon by all the dignitaries of the city. They came with their servants, bringing gifts ranging from Tibetan carpets to yak butter and hen eggs. Our Number 1 man always knew when a caller was to arrive, and consequently we were prepared with the indispensable tea, and candies, cookies, and dried fruit.

The ceremonies of greeting varied with the importance of a caller. The more important he was, the farther away from the room we met him. We had to acquaint ourselves with the rules so as to know whether to greet a caller at the end of a room, at the door, in the yard, or at the front gate!

The day after our arrival in Yatung we had an early lunch with Rai Sahib Sonnam in his modern little home. Lunch was served in the Western style. We met here the first Tibetan of high social standing, Mary Taring, wife of a prominent young Tibetan official from Lhasa, and her two daughters (page 197). The younger girl was going to school in India, and the older was about to marry the son of Rani Dorji, Prime Minister of Bhutan (page 170). The Tarings later on became our great friends.

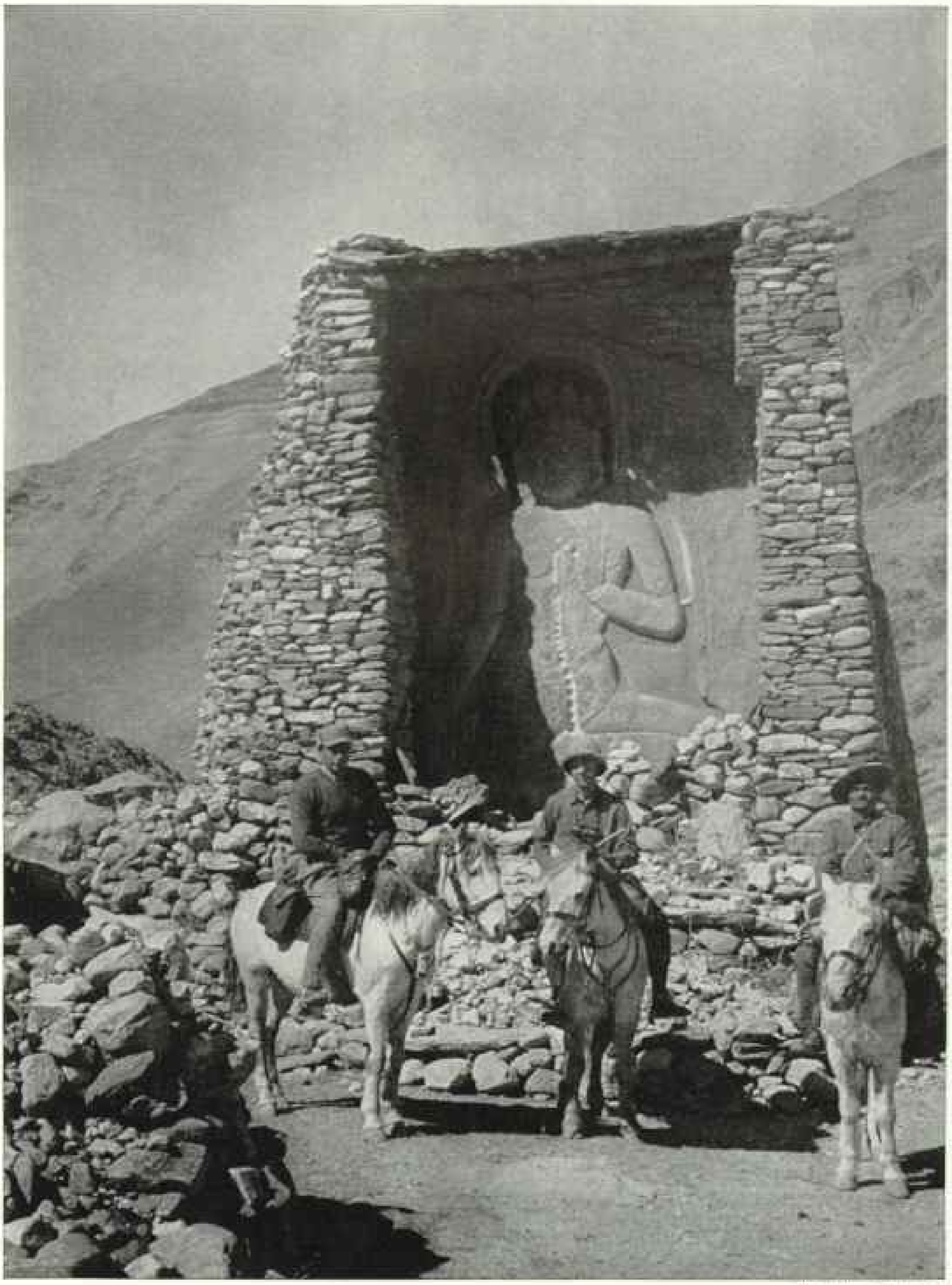
At that luncheon we also met Pangda Tsang, one of the two strong men in the Tibetan world of finance. He is a Yatung merchant, whose agency is scattered far and wide.

The next day we were invited to the first really Tibetan luncheon in the Tsangs' typical well-to-do Tibetan home. We rode out to the house with all our group, a thing that is always done, custom demanding that the host provide a good meal for the guest's retinue. Since we were considered high officials, we were expected to uphold the prestige of the United States.

Our three assistants and few pack animals made a show so unimpressive that we had to resort to the excuse that in wartime everything must be done simply and economically.

### A Tibetan Luncheon Party

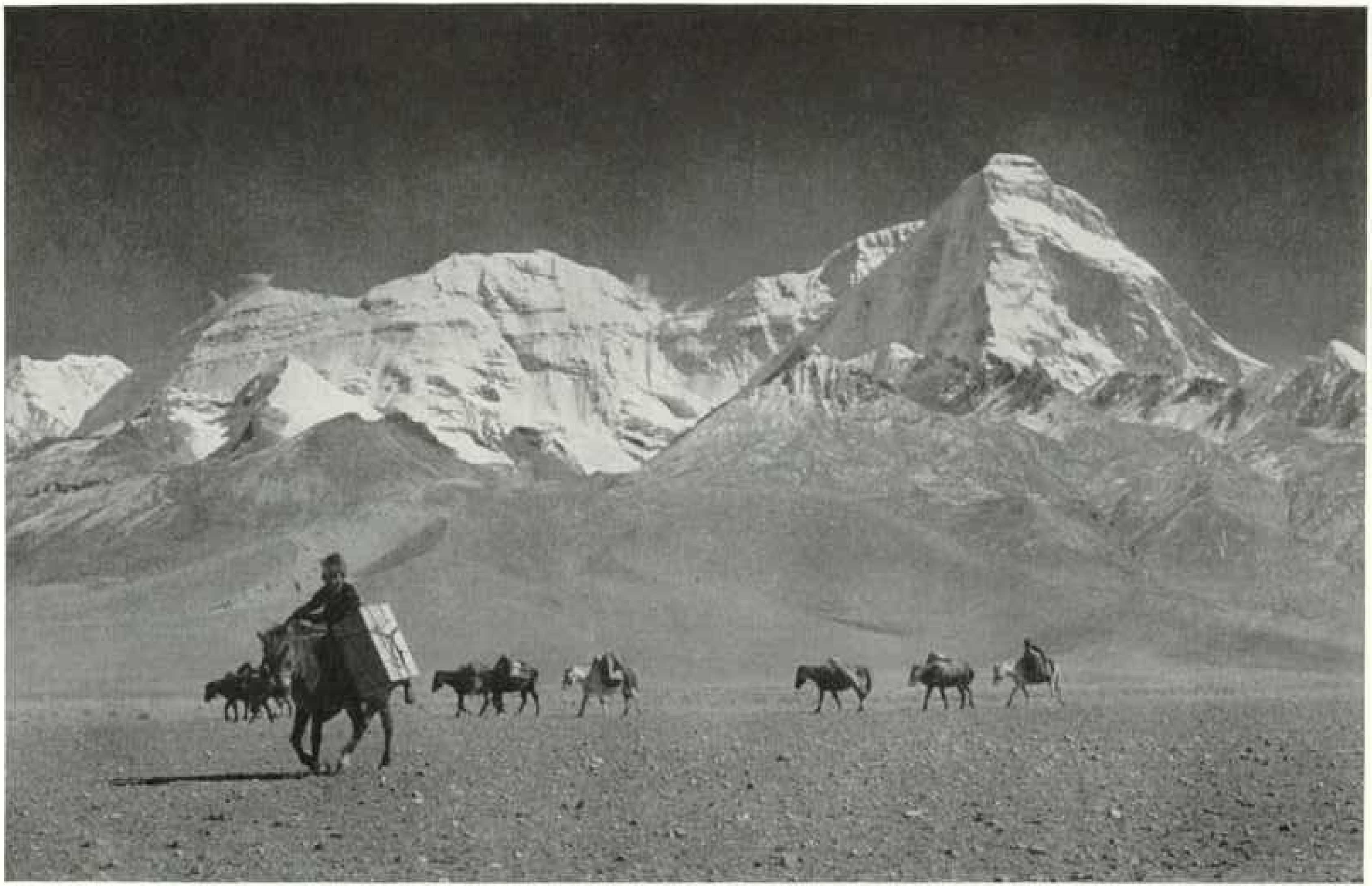
With a throng of Tibetan guests Pangda Tsang's luncheon party was a gay affair. The food, more than abundant, consisted of



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**The "Red Idol" Is Really Green—the Green Tara, Goddess of Mercy**

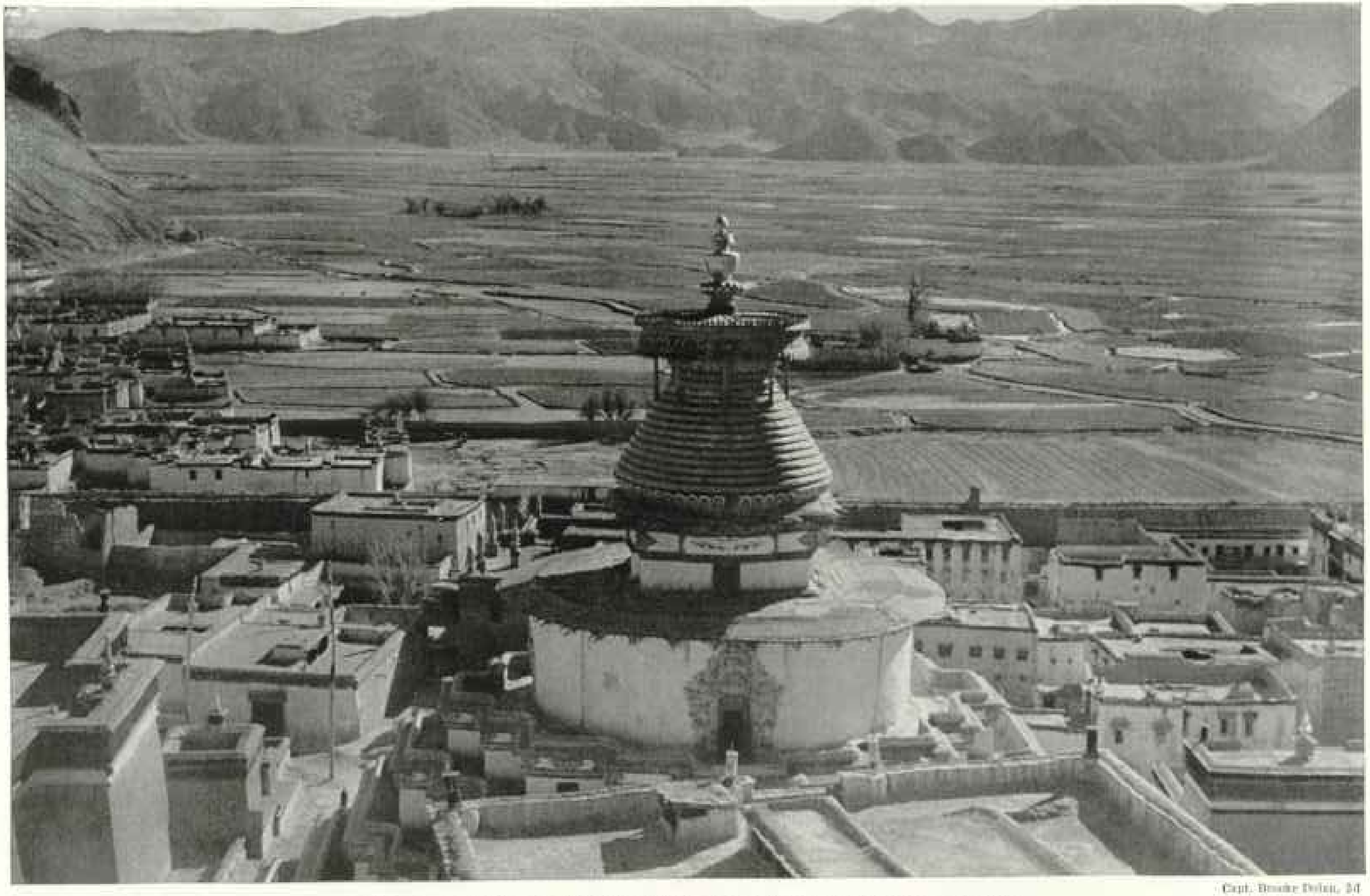
On the trail from Samada to Gyangtse, Lieutenant Colonel Tolstoy (left) and Captain Dolan, guided by a Sepoy, visited one of the famous Buddhist shrines. The figure is a bas-relief of heroic size carved on the face of a huge boulder and framed by a wall of small stones.



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**Across the Wind-swept Waste a Caravan Moves under the Shadow of Chomo Lhari**

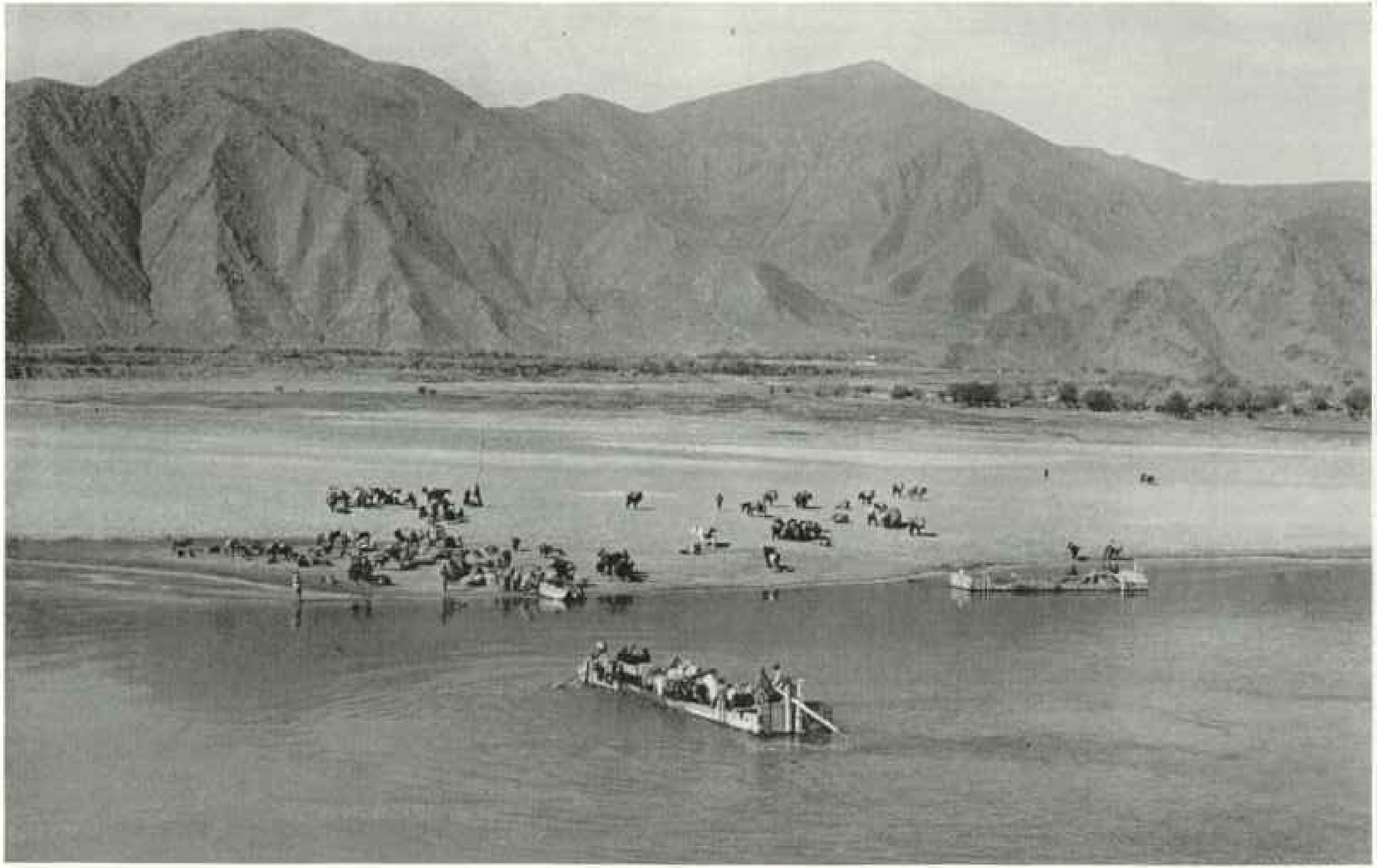
The name of the white mountain, translated into English, is "Queen of the Snow." For many miles the vast Tuna plain is a flat expanse of stony desert. Going is not particularly difficult here, but the weather is cold and storms are frequent (page 180).



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**A Famous Shrine in Tibet Is the Great *Chorten* of Nenning Gompa**

Built in the form of the sacred emblems used in Buddhist ritual, this edifice of many chambers is the show place of Gyangtse. The Americans stayed a month in this Tibetan city, an important place on the principal caravan route between India and Lhasa (page 182).



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

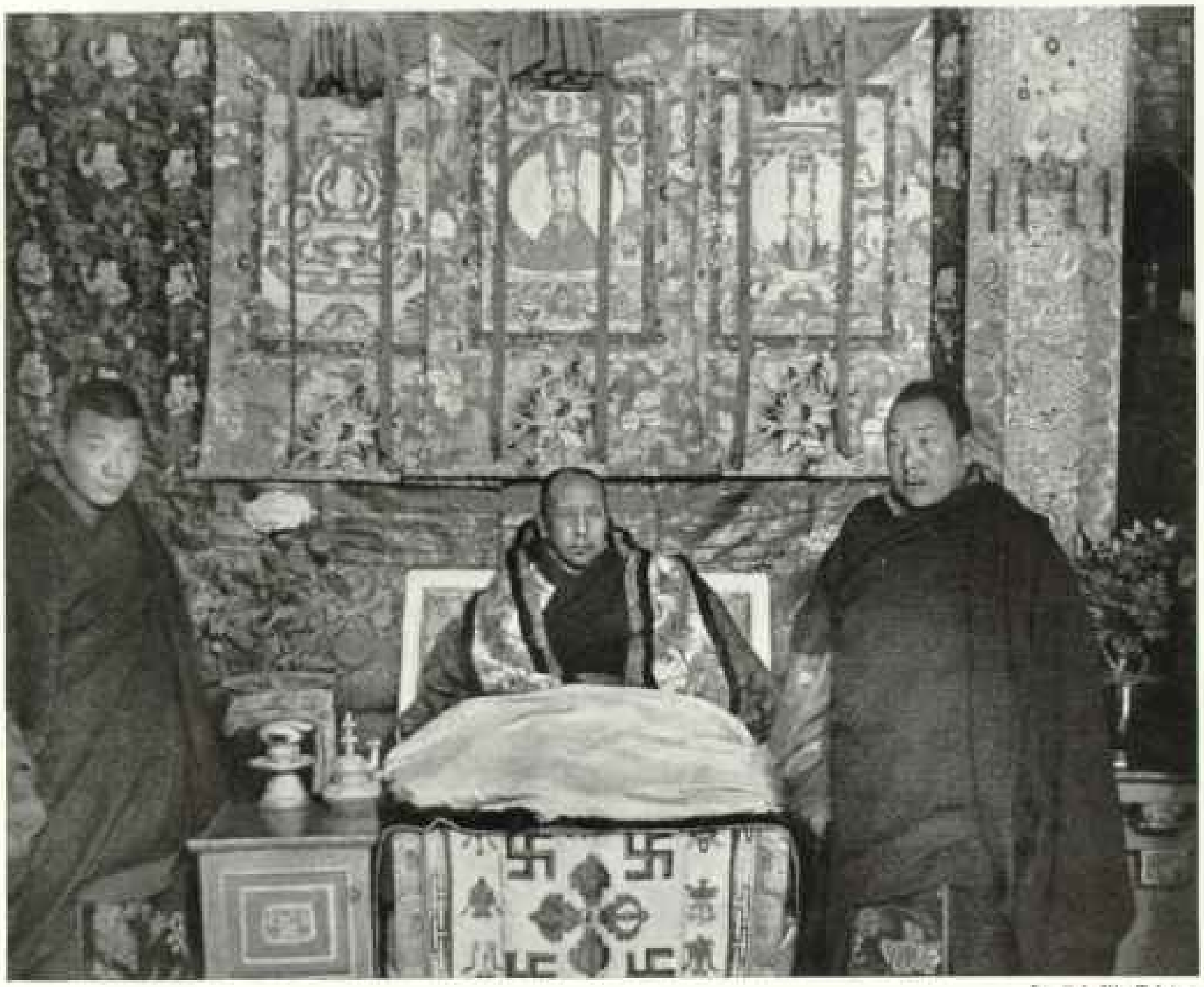
**In Winter, When the Brahmaputra Is Only 150 Yards Wide, Japsan Ferry Is Crossed on Flat-bottomed Barges**

These craft, each bearing a crudely carved good-luck horsehead at the prow, are large enough to accommodate 20 laden pack animals (page 197). During the summer floods the stream broadens to a half mile, covering the beach in the background. Traffic depends then on coracles, beetle-shaped boats made of yak hides stretched over frames of willow branches. They carry only small loads. In all Tibet we found only one modern bridge, that near Lhasa (page 199).

Lt. Col. Ella Tolstoy

**The Only Brass Band in Tibet Blared Welcome to the Americans**

This regimental band is part of the crack infantry regiment which acts as bodyguard to the Dalai Lama (page 200). The center of the flag is a rising sun, behind which extend red and blue rays. Under it is the Wheel of Life surmounted by jewels. On the sides are Tibetan lions.



Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

**Most Powerful Person in Tibet Is the Dalai Lama's Regent**

Ngwang Sungrab Thutob Galtsen has often requested permission to retire, but he is obliged to carry on during the minority of his chief. When the American officers were received in the throne room, they presented him with silver gifts about equal to those given the boy ruler (pages 199, 202, 208, 209).

Tibetan and Chinese delicacies, some of which had come from the coast of China before the war. We ate our meal with chopsticks, washing it down with many cups of tea and also with *chang*, the Tibetan national drink, made of lightly fermented barley.

We had regular Chinese shark-fin soup, some small ocean shrimp originally dried, transparent noodles made from pea flour, pickled vegetables (cabbage, cucumber, and a sort of cross between a chutney and a pickle), boiled rice, several dishes of cold and hot meat prepared in different ways, and round balls of dough stuffed with meat, fruit, or brown sugar and then boiled or steamed. These last had been pinched all around before steaming and stained with a red dye. The final course was a succulent noodle dish.

The soup dish and dessert were eaten in the middle of the meal. Dessert, served hot, was a syruplike jelly containing raisins and apricots.

Pangda Tsang asked us when the United States would again buy Tibetan wool. Before the war the bulk of Tibetan wool had been sold to the United States for manufacture of auto rugs, but the war had cut off the export and the Tibetans were temporarily without this important source of revenue. I referred the inquiry to Washington.

We soon realized that Tibetans who knew of the United States were interested in the outcome of the war and had a sympathetic feeling toward us. They had, however, great doubt as to our ability to defeat Japan, since at the time Japan was almost at their border.

### A Letter from the Dalai Lama's Court

In taking our leave from the party, we left, through our Number 1 man, the customary adequate tip for our host's chief servant. Several of Pangda Tsang's riders escorted us to our home. This was good etiquette on such occasions, for the more gaily -a guest

Lt. Col. Illia Tolstoy

**The Only Tibetan Member of the National Geographic Society Welcomes the Americans**

He is the Tsarong Shape, Minister of Finance in Lhasa (page 198). On his right is Captain Dolan, on his left Lieutenant Colonel Tolstoy. Frank Ludlow, Additional British Political Officer for Sikkim, Bhutan, and Tibet, stands behind the others. On a few informal occasions the author and his companion wore civilian clothing. Often on the march when an important meeting was in prospect, they would retire into the shelter of a hill and change into dress uniforms (page 197).

departs, the better proof to all the neighborhood that the entertainment was lavish.

While we were at Yatung, we received from Lhasa the Red Arrow Letter, a courtesy gesture from the Dalai Lama's court for traveling through the country.

This letter was a piece of red cotton cloth, about 16 inches wide and 2 feet long, to be carried in the bosom or on a staff by an outrider who would precede the party by one or two days. It stated that two American officers were en route to visit the Dalai Lama and requested the headmen of all the villages to supply them with accommodations and transport at a certain rate.

Given a military send-off with honors when we left Yatung, we proceeded up the valley toward the next town of Phari Dzong, several days' journey away.

We passed some scattered villages, their houses built of stone with shingled roofs, and went through little meadows of Li Ma Tang, the only flat grassland we had seen on the bottom of the valley. It was haying time. The villagers had their tents pitched in the meadows and were cutting the grass with scythes, then raking it to dry.

The trail was crowded with little donkeys and mules almost completely hidden under their loads of hay. Even old men and women were carrying enormous backloads.

### The Loftiest Post Office in the World

Our first panoramic view of the typical Tibetan town of Phari Dzong and the country around it was truly magnificent. Here we were greeted by the distinguished old administrator, who is also the abbot of the local monastery of 400 monks. We stayed in the compound of a Tibetan house that also served

Lt. Col. Ila Veltsig

**For the Three R's, Tibetan Boys Go to the Monasteries**

They are taught by the monks, who train them thoroughly for religious life. Naturally, the education they receive is rather one-sided, but it insures a high percentage of literacy in the country. All the pupils learn to read and write. Every family with sons gives at least one to the church.

as the post office for the Tibetans, supposedly the highest-situated post office in the world.

Some crops are grown in the country around Phari Dzong, and barley can be planted above a 15,000-foot altitude. In the plains and foothills we saw some of the first black tents of the nomads and herders, with their winter corrals and homes made out of yak dung and sod.

The weather was freezing, high winds sweeping across the plain with great velocity. Because the Himalayas catch almost all the precipitation from the south, this territory is virtually arid.

Our road climbed so high that the passes were hardly noticeable. They were nothing but rolling, saddlelike open stretches, adorned with the customary sacred *mani* stone piles and prayer flags and stone pillars.

On October 22 we crossed a pass of this type called Tang La, 15,200 feet, which is part of the great Himalayas, and entered into the approaches of the vast Tuna plain (page 174).

Along the road we kept meeting caravans, mostly mules, donkeys, and bullocks, loaded down with wool, marmot hides, and grain. Occasionally we ran into a party of armed merchants from some of the outlying districts of Tibet, all well clothed and mounted, some of them wearing gaily painted masks and goggles as a protection from dry wind, sand, and sun.

At a little place called Dochen we came upon one of the most beautiful panoramas we saw in Tibet, where the deep-blue waters of Ram Tso reflect for miles the Himalayan range beyond, with the vast mountain Chomo Lhari towering over it. There was a little ice along the shores of the mirror-calm lake. Thousands of bar-headed geese lined the shore, and flocks of ruddy sheldrakes, or Brahmany ducks, were filling the air with a moaning cry.

In that region the natives had few horses, and our transport consisted entirely of bullocks, often tended by women or young boys.

### A Sportsman's Paradise, but Closed

Where the salty Kala Tso without outlet is slowly receding, there is considerable crop raising, and we watched the native farmers at work in their fields. Taking Sandup and a native with me, I climbed a 2,000-foot promontory in search of Tibetan bighorns (*Ovis ammon hodgsoni*). Five rams, one with a magnificent head, paused less than 100 yards from our place of vantage!

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

*Mani* Stones, Deposited by Travelers, Mark Tibetan Highways and Passes

Inscribed with Buddhism's mystic formula, *Om mani padme hum*—O! the jewel in the lotus, Amen!—they line routes near religious landmarks. Some piles are ten feet high and hundreds of yards long. Many offerings are elaborately carved and painted. Among them are decorated yak horns and skulls.

Unfortunately for my huntsman's desires, it is against the Tibetan religion and the wish of the Dalai Lama to kill wild game. I had to be satisfied with a rather long-view photograph of the animals.

The next day we crossed the Kala plain, its little tufts of grass reminiscent of some parts of our West. Brooke and I were tempted again when we began running into kiang, the wild ass of Asia, and gazelles.

In the little village of Samada great fall activities were in progress. Manure was carried to the fields in baskets on pack animals, neatly deposited on the soil, and covered up with dirt to prevent it from being blown away.

Knee-deep in barley and peas, domestic animals were being driven round and round threshing floors. Here and there the grain was being hand-winnowed, and along a stream women and children were washing peas in brass cauldrons and woven baskets.

In the afternoon we visited the village of the Porus people, nearest caste counterpart in Tibet to the Untouchables of India, though without doubt much happier than the lowest-caste Hindus. Several families of them lived in semi-cave houses on a hillside a mile or so from the main village. These people, though they till the soil, gain their primary livelihood by disposing of the dead and butchering cattle for the other villagers.

In Tibet people are not usually buried. The Porus carry bodies to a hilltop where, with the skill of a surgeon, they cut them into portions small enough to be devoured by vultures. The Porus are paid for this task and also inherit certain silver decorations from the dead. Those we saw were well bedecked in silver.

Some cattle herders or nomads came down into the village to trade. Magnificent specimens of manhood, they were clothed only in sheepskin *chupas* (capelike coats) and trousers. They wore no hats, but had long braids wound about their heads. Apparently the weather in the 12,000-foot valley was too hot for them! They wore their chupas with one arm slipped out, exposing half their bodies above the waist (page 183).

### A Telephone in the Cloudlands

We stopped overnight at the Kangmar dak bungalow where there is a telephone station. Occasionally one can communicate with either Gangtok or Gyangtse from there, and rarely with Lhasa. This telephone operates spasmodically. Sometimes it is silent for two or

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

**"Tommy" and Shamba Make Tea in a Churn**

These two accompanied Lieutenant Colonel Tolstoy and Captain Dolan on their trip (pages 170, 214). Mascot of the party was "Miss Tick," a Tibetan terrier of a rare monastery breed (page 207). To make Tibetan buttered tea, boil a handful of leaves and add a piece of yak butter as large as your fist, a tablespoonful of soda, and a handful of salt. Churn the mixture and serve scalding hot.

three weeks at a stretch when some brigand gets away with a span or two of the wire. If an offender is caught, the punishment is severe, usually the chopping off of one hand.

Our Number 1 man, Sandup, had his home station here, and we met his young wife and two-year-old baby daughter. In the yard of the bungalow a few potted plants added a touch of charm.

That night while we were finishing supper, Sandup approached us with troubled countenance. He was anxious to take his wife and baby along with us to Lhasa. As a rule, women of Asia are good travelers, and nomad women follow their men, doing work under all conditions. We did not hesitate to grant the requested permission. Sandup's wife was a great help to us all on the trip to Lhasa, and the baby girl became our mascot.

A few miles farther on, an ancient monastery perches above the 16,000-foot elevation. I gave our pack animals a day of rest and, taking Sandup with me as interpreter, went on ponyback to the place. The abbot, a stalwart man under middle age, told me I was the first white man to visit the monastery.

### Captain Dolan Falls Ill

At Gyangtse, an important town and the last British trade and mail post, we were met by Maj. R. Gloyne, acting British trade agent, Lt. C. Finch, and Dr. G. H. F. Humphries, with a colorful honor guard. The guardsmen were of a Sepoy infantry detachment mounted on fine matched white Mongolian ponies. They carried British colors. With the British officials were Rai Sahib Wangdi, a Tibetan kingpin in the trade agency, and many other Tibetan city officials.

Very unfortunately, on the second day in Gyangtse, Captain Dolan was stricken with pneumonia. We gave him sulfa treatment, which arrested the progress of the illness immediately, but because of the high altitude and extremely cold weather his recovery was not so rapid as we hoped. For that reason, we were glad that Dr. Humphries was allowed to travel with us to Lhasa.

We stayed in Gyangtse for a month. Two or three times we were fortunate enough to make telephone connections with Mr. Ludlow

in Lhasa and discuss with him certain phases of the journey from Gyangtse and the arrival in the Sacred City.

Some of our mail caught up with us there, and the radio of the Agency gave us daily the rather grim news of the outside world.

The British, with their love of sports, had carried that phase of their life into this part of Tibet. The Agency's Tibetan employees had a good soccer team, playing against the men of the Sepoy detachment and the British commanding personnel.

Played at an altitude of 13,000 feet, the games were amazingly fast. Almost without exception they were won by the Tibetans, who not only were fine physical specimens but were accustomed from childhood to rarefied air. Major Gloyne and I made an attempt to play, but soon found that the only positions we could handle were those of goalkeepers.

I undertook the job of giving cavalry drills and training to the newly arrived Sepoys. Every morning we went through a couple of hours in the saddle, sometimes even knocking a polo ball around. To my long experience as a horseman and my skill in caring for saddle animals I attribute the ease with which I made friends with the horse-loving Tibetans.

In the heart of the city is located one of the large and important monasteries of Tibet, Nenning Gompa, in front of which is a gigantic *chorten*, or shrine, of unique design and beauty, famous all over Tibet (page 175). Inside, it contains 80 chambers filled with Buddhist idols and paintings of many types and sizes. It is adorned with gilded religious figures and ornaments.

Lt. Col. Ella Tolstoy

**The Nomad David's Sling Is Deadly up to 50 Yards**

Made of horsehair and wool, the weapon is strong and pliant. With it an adept can kill a wolf or a man. This young hillsman wears the *chupa*, sheepskin coat, with the hair next to his body. His right arm is out of the sleeve to cool off.

Gyangtse is situated in a fertile valley criss-crossed with irrigation ditches which our Mongolian ponies took in their stride during our cross-country rides. It is one of the key cities of Tibet, and through it passes all the trade from the east to India and northwest Tibet.

The Agency compound had electric power, generated by a windmill. A few electric-light bulbs made it quite modern, enticing us to later evenings and long conversations with our Tibetan and British friends.

### On the Last Lap to Lhasa

The month passed quickly, and on December 4, after a military review of the detachment and numerous calls from high Tibetan

officials, we rode out with Major Gloyne and his honor guard toward Lhasa. They escorted us a short distance before turning back; but Dr. Humphries stayed with us. Due for return to India after long service in Gyangtse, he readily obtained permission to visit the Forbidden City. The Anglo-Indian doctor amused us and all the Tibetans by riding, instead of a horse, the smallest mule he could find.

The court of the Dalai Lama had sent two soldiers, a sergeant and a private, to escort us to Lhasa. With pronged rifle across his back and a large silver prayer box slung from one shoulder, the sergeant rode ahead, usually on the best pony he could requisition from the village. His mount was bedecked with ornaments and bells. Had there been any bandits, they would certainly have heard our approach well ahead of time.

### When Caravans Meet

By always preceding us, the sergeant added a great air of dignity to our procession, sometimes roughly making approaching caravans get off the road to allow us more room to pass.

Tibetan custom rules that if a traveler sees what might be a more important caravan approaching, he stops within a few hundred yards, gets off the road, dismounts, takes off his hat, and stands while the party passes by. The party, in turn, must greet the dismounted travelers most politely.

Somehow, after leaving Gyangtse, we had the feeling of getting deeper into the real Tibet where the influence of the outside world is negligible. The trails had been worn through the centuries by caravans carrying merchandise from northeast China and India. Although we had to cross several more passes on our way, the terrain was not difficult.

We were meeting more caravans, now mostly of yaks, carrying barley, salt, and wool. It was easy to see that they had been on the trail for months. From this point on we stayed in Tibetan houses, which often were vacated by their occupants for our overnight use.

The headman and owner of the house usually would bustle about and try to make us comfortable, constantly bowing, bringing up the thumbs, sticking out the tongue and hissing—Tibetan ways of showing respect.

The higher the station of the person addressed, and the lower the station of the one who addresses, the lower the latter must bow, the more he is to stick out his tongue, and the more constant must become the hissing, done with quick little intakes of breath. After a while we got used to this and almost did it ourselves. Although we resorted to saluting as an official or any other form of greeting, we often found ourselves bowing while saluting.

In the little village of Ralung at the base of the Ningohi Kangshar mountain, we stayed in the large house of a Tibetan nobleman.

Curtainlike pieces of cloth with little cutouts to admit light were the typical Tibetan substitutes for window glass. The only heat came from charcoal burners, which used yak chips for fuel instead of charcoal. These burners were lighted outside and brought in glowing hot. We got the sensation of heat by sitting almost on top of the burner.

By keeping all our clothes on indoors, we managed to make the entries in our log; then, undressing as quickly as possible, we got into our sleeping bags for the night. The yak chips used in the poorer houses are burned right in the room, which consequently is filled with an almost suffocating smoke.

From Ralung we toiled up to Karo La, altitude 16,000 feet, one of the most dangerous passes because of frequent snowfalls.

The animals were tired from the long, tedious climb, and we paused overnight beyond the pass in a Tibetan mail stage shack. It was a windy and bitterly cold night. All of us huddled into a tiny windowless room, filled with the smoke of burning yak chips, while the animals were huddled together outside in a small yard.

Sandup's wife and baby daughter amazed me by their indifference to the discomfort of the trail. I never heard the baby cry, and she was sick only once—then, I think, from some of our candies. She would ride usually either in the arms of her mother or in the saddle in front of another rider.

From Karo La we descended to Yamdrok Tso, near which is situated the small but important town of Nagartse Dzong, with its striking hillside fort guarding the narrows of the valley.

### The "Diamond Sow," a 5-year-old Abbess

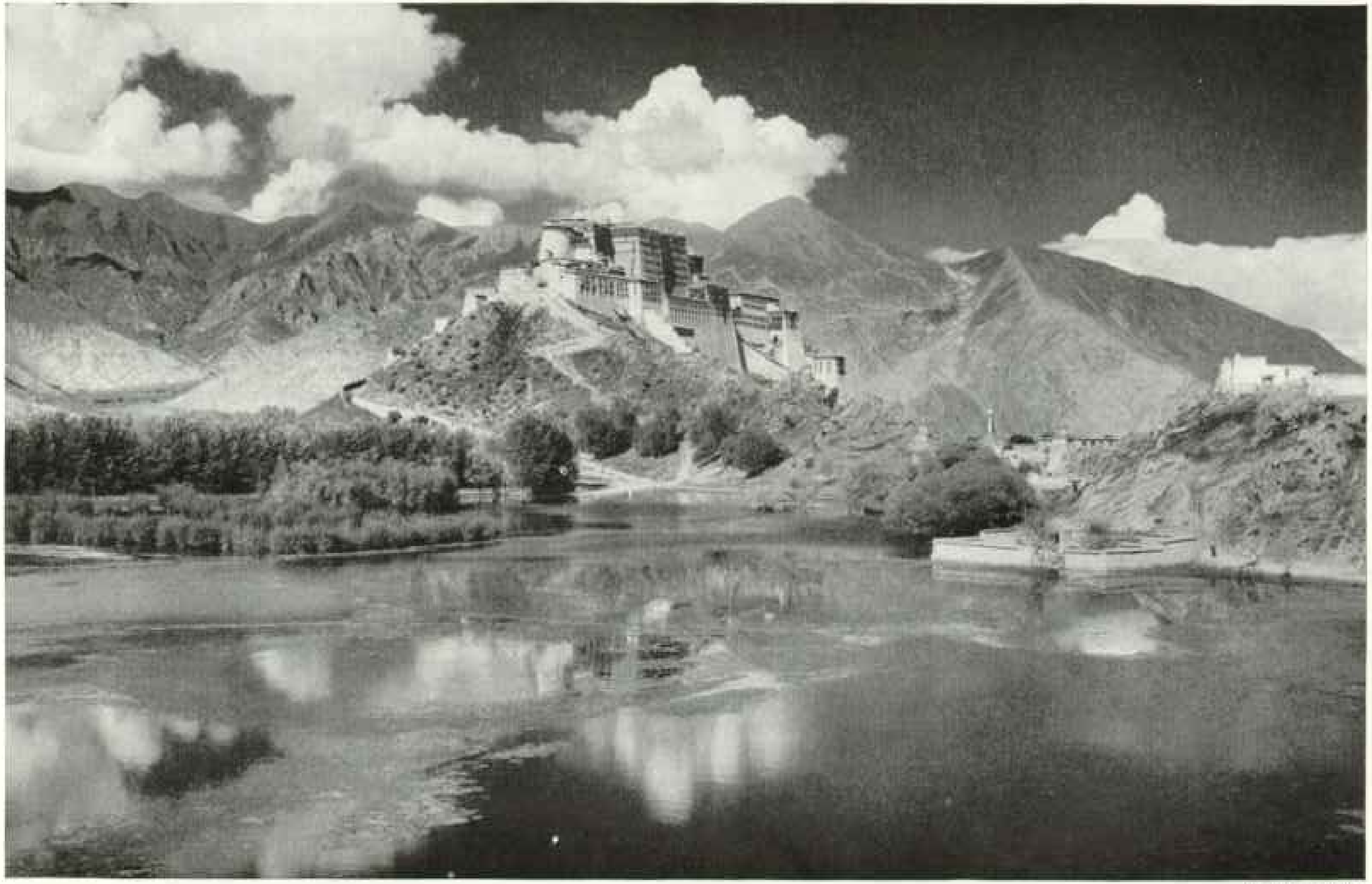
We remained in Nagartse Dzong an extra day to visit the famous Samden Gompa, which is headed by an abbess known as the "Diamond Sow." She is abbess over male monks.

The first Diamond Sow abbess dates from 1717, when the monastery was besieged by a band of Mongols. It was a nunnery then. After a long siege the abbess is said to have opened the gates at the monastery yard, turning all her nuns into sows at the same time. The Mongols were so impressed with the miracle that they laid down their arms and retreated. The museum room of the monastery contains large quantities of those weapons.

C. Burdam Cutting

**A Gilded Image's Enigmatic Glance Expresses the Mystery of Religion in Tibet**

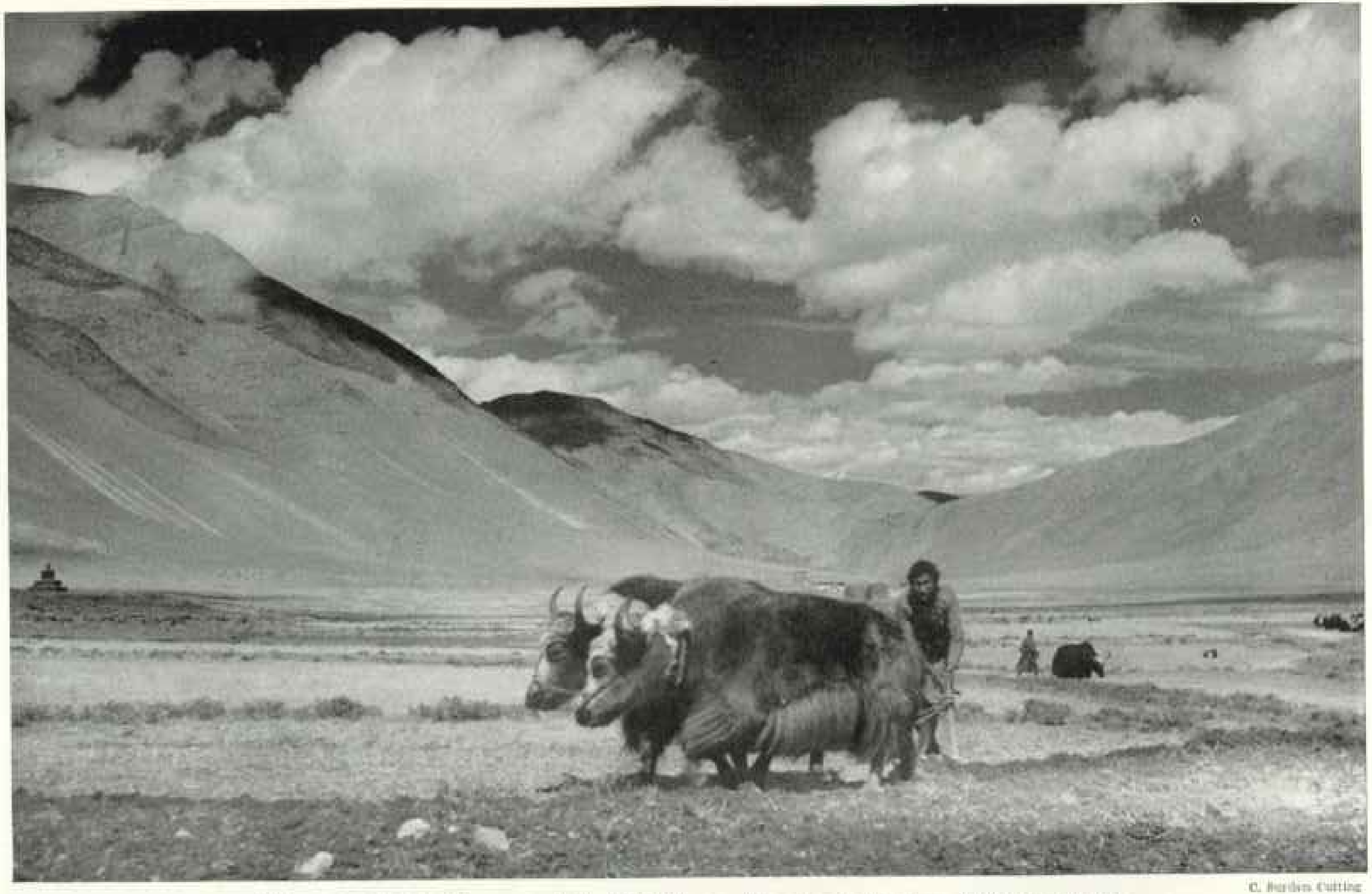
Little-known Tibet supports some 3,000,000 people, and one out of every six or eight is a priest. Their Grand Lamas guide a theocratic government. Religion dictates art forms, which follow medieval conventions. This 10-foot head, seen near Shigatse, represents a saint of Buddhism, which in Tibet is known as Lamaism.



E. Burton Cutting

**Potala Hill, Mirrored in a Pond, Gleams Like a Fairyland Castle in the Clouds**

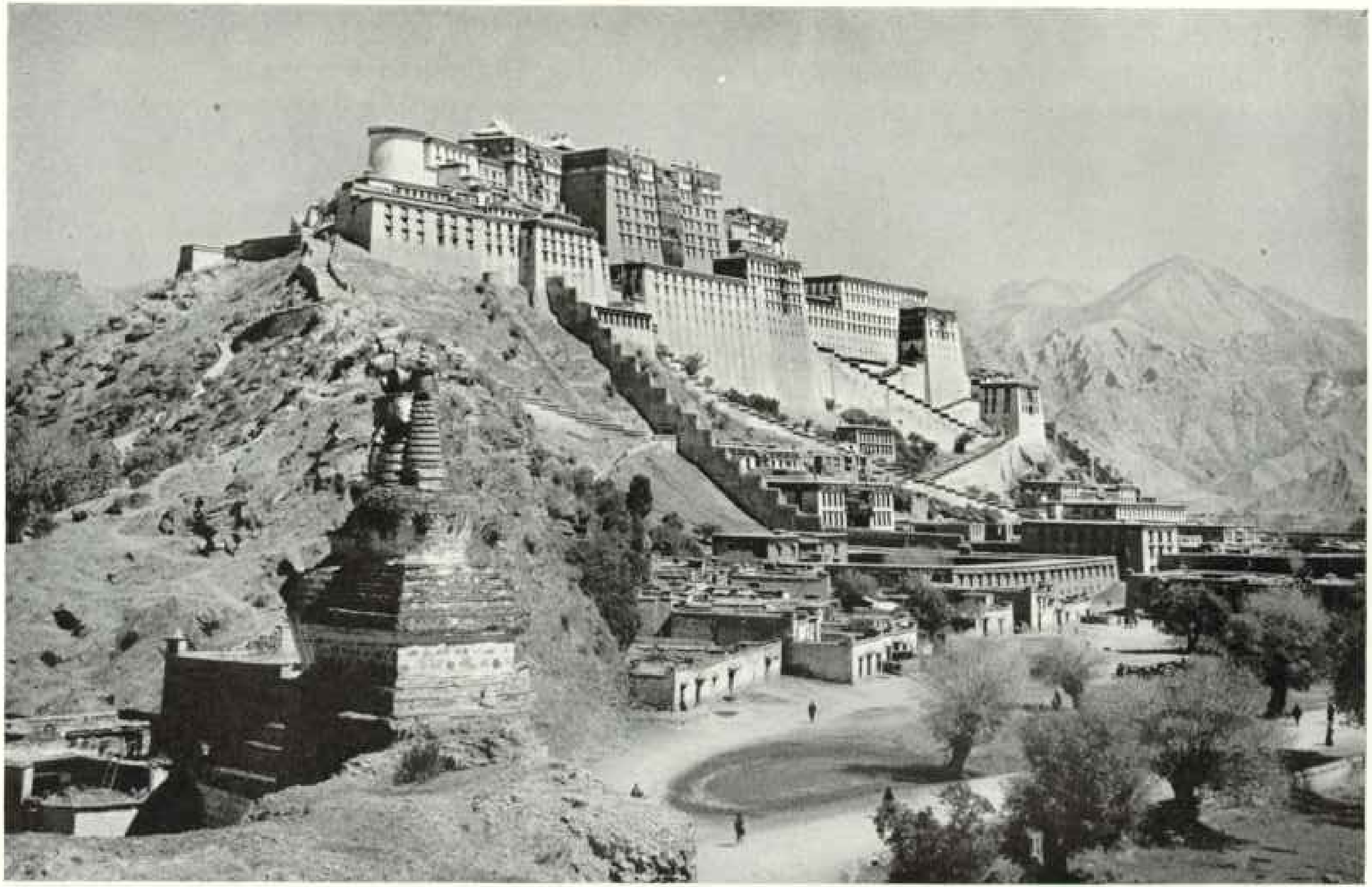
Here at Lhasa dwells the Dalai Lama, supreme pontiff of Lamaism. His palace's stupendous façade is 440 feet high and 900 feet long. From his private spring, walled in on the right, the Dalai Lama allowed the Tolstoy party to take its drinking water. Rains have swollen the pond; usually it is a puddle (pages 188, 196).



© Burton Cutting

**Tibetans and Yaks, Partners of the High Places, Plow for Barley in a 13,000-foot Valley**

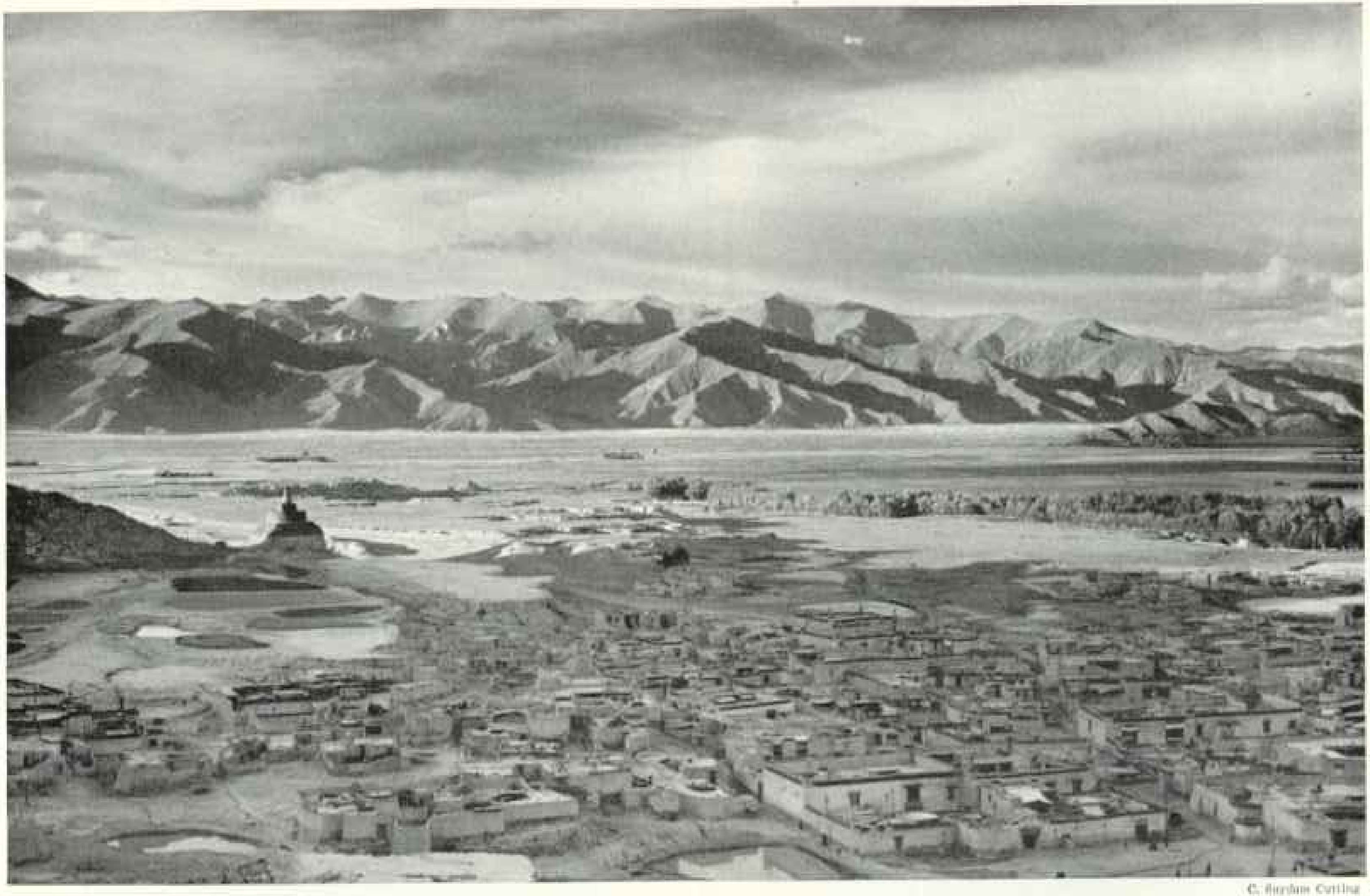
The thick-coated yak is a cousin of the American bison. Tibetans eat the yak's flesh, milk, and butter. They make its hide into ropes, tents, and boats, and export its tail to India as a fly whisk. It surprises them that other countries can get along without their indispensable pack carrier.



C. Purdon Cutting

**Centuries Ago a Dream Turned to Stone and Lhasa Called It the Potala**

Small structures on the roof are tombs of deceased Dalai Lamas. Their successor's central living quarters are painted maroon; the wings are whitewashed. This imposing front makes the interior seem plain and disappointing. *Chortens* (left) stand at the West Gate of Lhasa, Lamaism's Mecca.



C. Burnham Cutting

**Tibet's Second City, 12,850-foot Shigatse, Looks Up at Its 20,000-foot Wall, the Himalayas**

These heights turned aside even the Mongols. The weary traveler learns to move as if in slow motion. Unconquered Everest is only 150 miles away. Shigatse, a trade and monastic center, sits in the valley of the Tsangpo, which India calls the Brahmaputra. A *chorten*, or shrine, stands on the left.

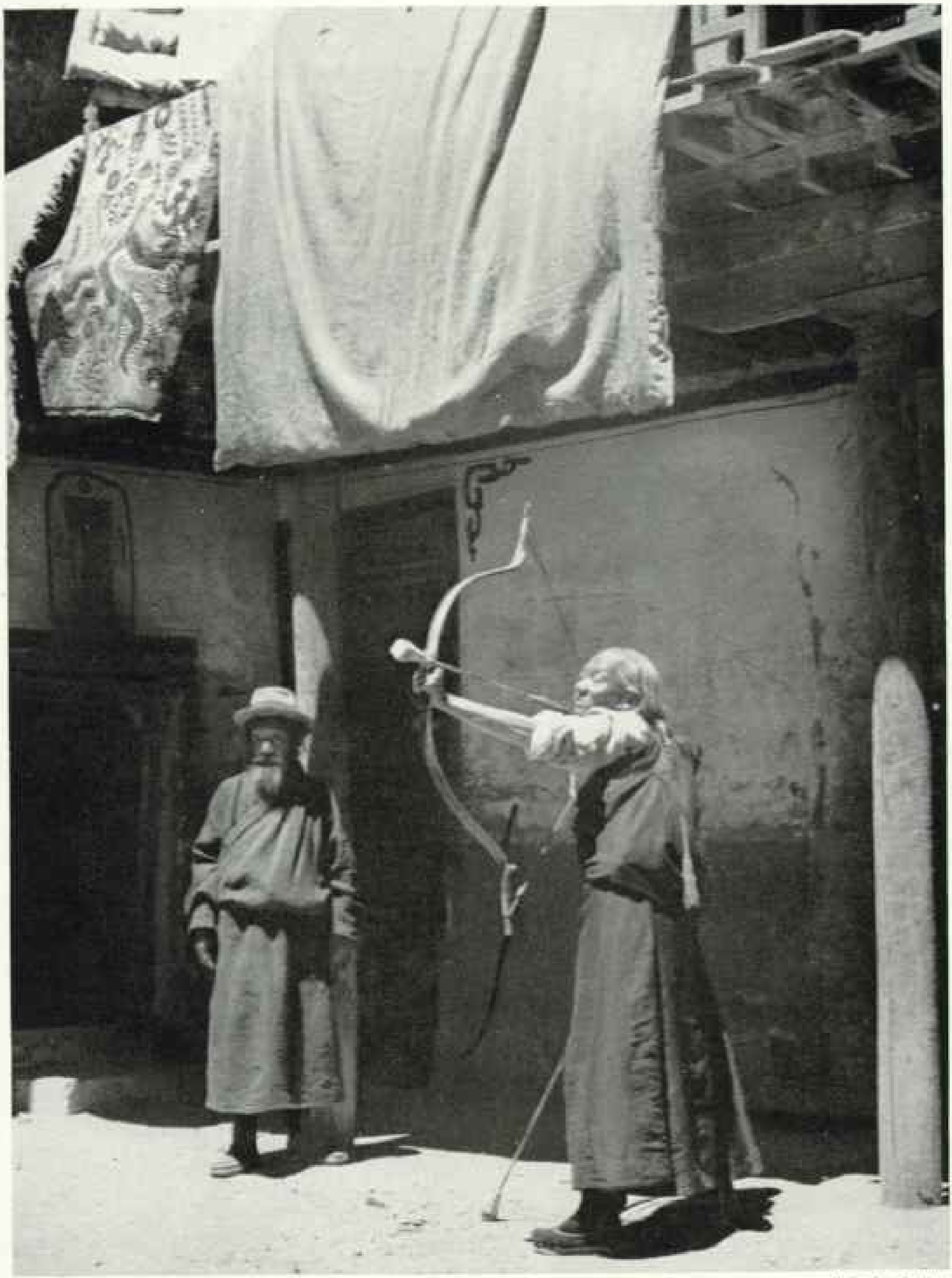
**A Lhasa Artist Paints the Life Story of the Late Dalai Lama**

Like other Tibetan officials, he wears one long, jeweled earring. He works on a portrayal for a Dalai Lama's tomb in the Potala. His colors are delicate; one blue is that of kingfishers' wingtips.

C. Suydam Cutting

**Nobility's Children Wear Eastern Silks and Western Hats to a Party in Lhasa**

Feudal Tibet's nobles own large estates and rule their tenants with a judge's powers. Commoners address them with an "honorific" vocabulary. Western dress is now taboo.



C. Sydney Gutling

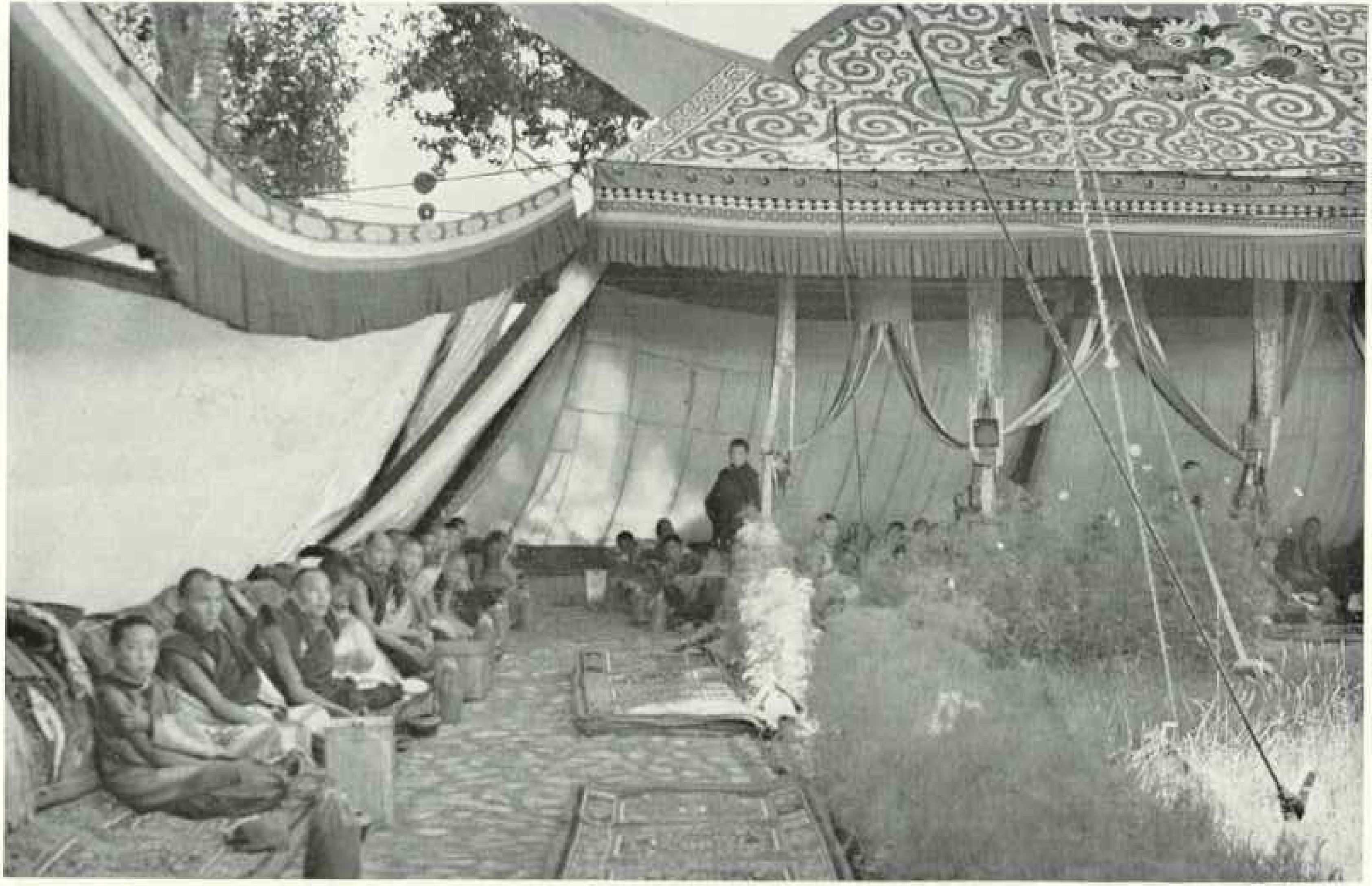
**A Musical Arrow Pleases the Tibetan Ear by Whistling on Its Flight**

Tibetans anticipated the Germans' screaming dive bombers. Their blunt wooden arrowheads, when perforated, hum like whistling tops. Archery contests often follow garden parties. Distance seekers use sharp arrows. This archer practices in a park at Shigatse.

Milling, Jostling Monks Overflow the Court of a High-ranking Lama—Shigatse

C. Jordan Cutting

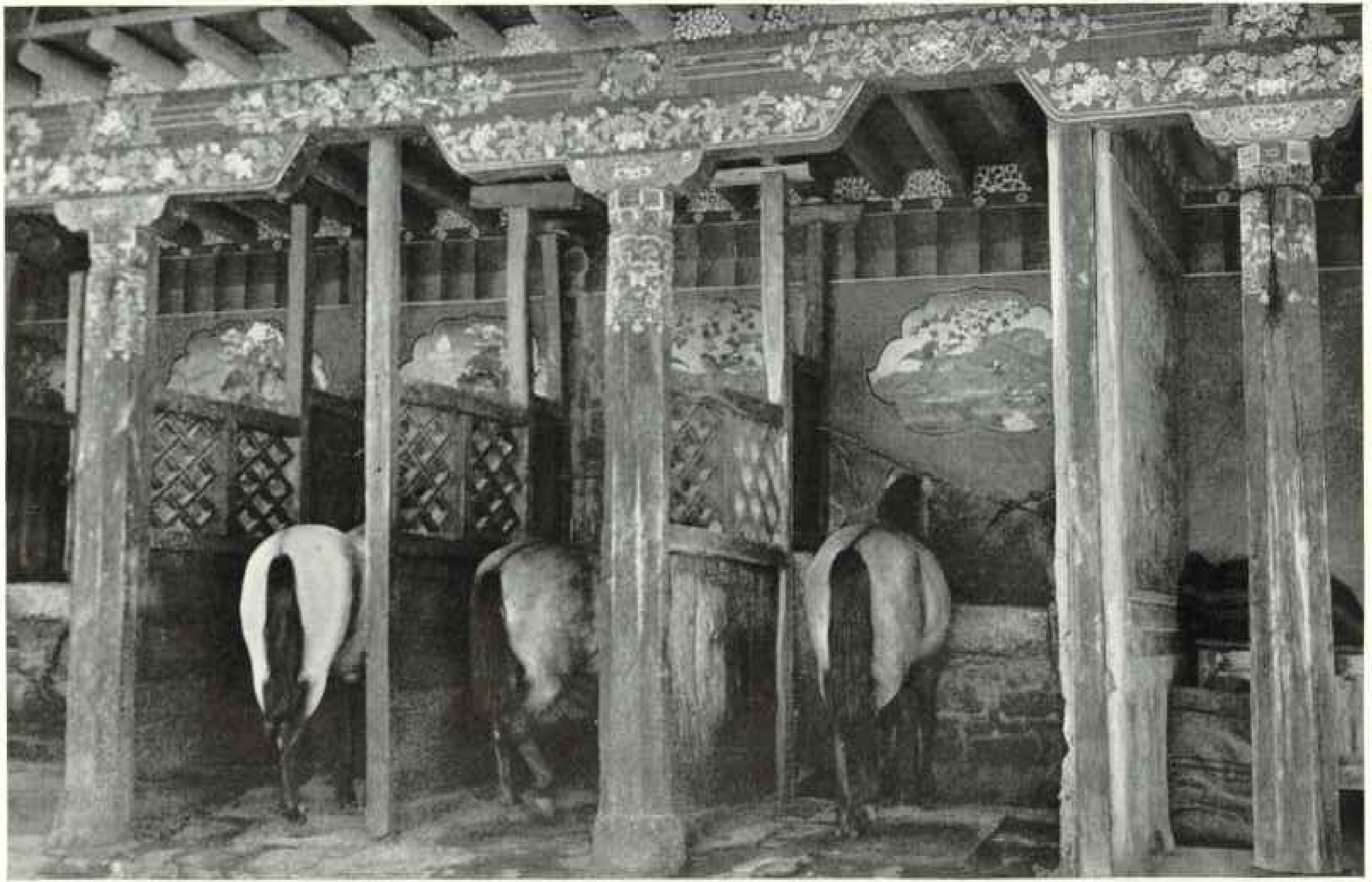
Their Headgear Suggests the Romans' Crested Helmets. Servants Stand on the Gallery



C. Bertram Cutting

**Each Summer the Lamas Go on a Brief Vacation. These Men Camp Out at Lhasa Beneath a Tent of Appliquéd Design**

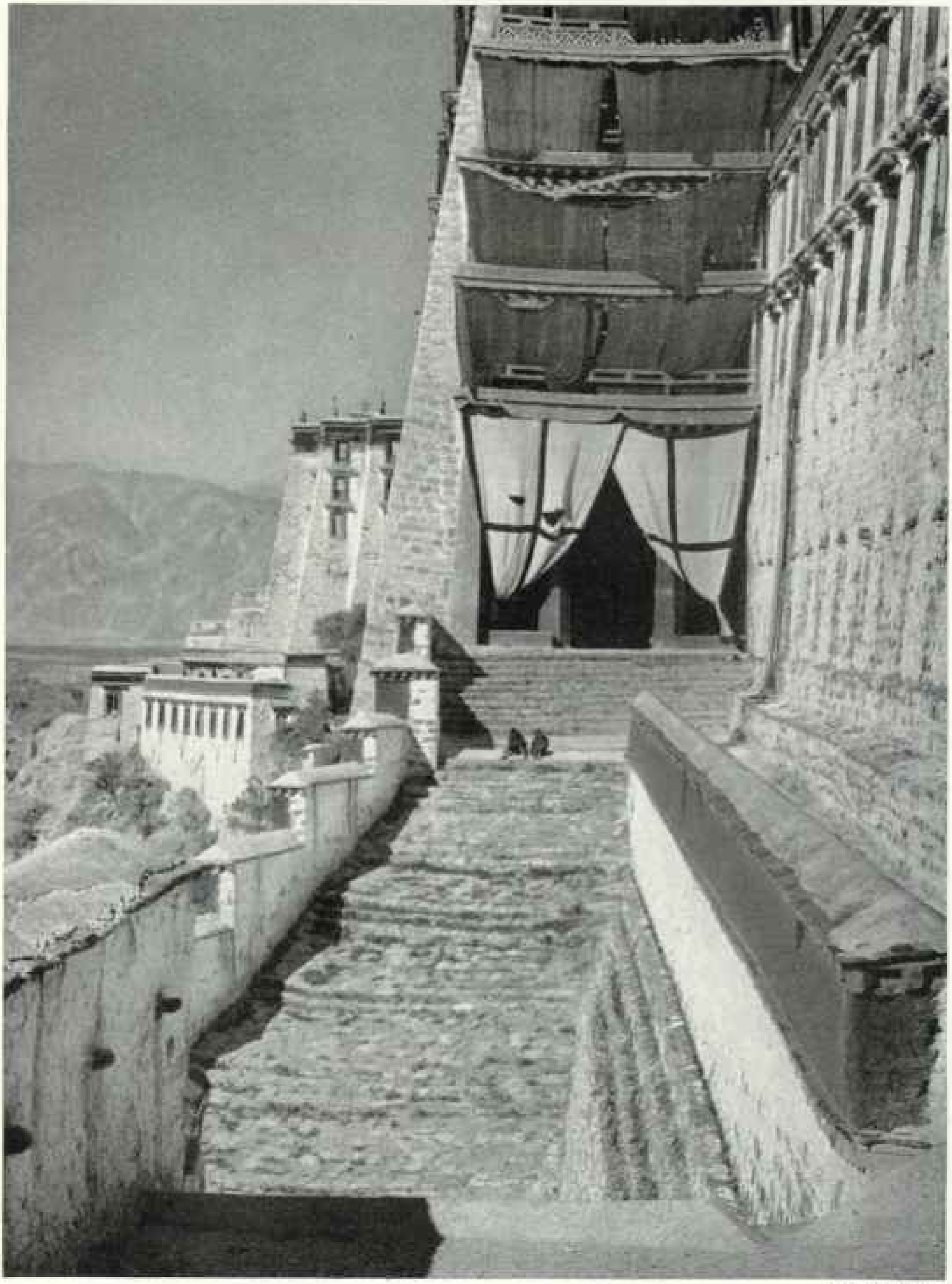
They are educated to memorize the Buddhist scriptures. Others are trained as dancers, painters, cooks, or farmers. Their rituals, rosaries, censers, monastic dress, and cloistered lives remind travelers of Roman Catholic practices. The similarity, however, is superficial.



C. Bigelow Cutting

**Pampered Ponies of the Dalai Lama Have a Lacquered Picture Gallery for Stables at the Summer Palace in Lhasa**

Tibetans are enthusiastic horsemen. Their pacers are esteemed for their comfortable gait. During the New Year's festival ponies race without jockeys. Released miles outside Lhasa, they are shooed in by grooms riding in relays. Crowds line the course and urge them on.



C. Suydam Cutting

**A Breath-taking Flight of Steps Leads to the Potala's Main Entrance**

Yak-hair curtains protect doors from the sun. Walls slope inward; setbacks anticipate the skyscraper's. Gun slots below the windows (lower left) are nests for wild ducks. They take their young to a pond before they learn to fly; just how, no one has discovered. In this palace the Dalai Lama received President Roosevelt's gifts.

The abbess at the time of our visit was five years old. She received us sitting cross-legged on her throne with her lay female attendant and her ecclesiastical court monks. Her well-proportioned and chiseled face was stern with a grown-up expression. At no time could I notice any mannerisms of a child.

We presented scarfs directly to her, and the gifts and money donations for the monastery were brought in as usual. We in turn were presented with two fragments of a sacred kattak and some magic seeds wrapped up in Tibetan paper with prayers.

A good Tibetan places these objects in his prayer box, which at home is kept in the religious corner found in every Tibetan house, no matter how poor, and on a journey is carried slung across the shoulder. The Tibetans believe that some strong medicine contained in these prayer boxes will divert a bullet.

Brooke impressed even the monks with his knowledge of the images, which he recognized at a glance. I explained that he was a student of the Buddhist religion. Thereafter, this fact became known wherever he went and gained for our party a scholastic and religious respect.

Lt. Col. Ila Tolstoy

**Jigme Taring Serves Tea Between Cavalry Events**

Sitting in a ceremonial tent in Lhasa, he sips buttered tea. This young man, who became a warm friend of the American officers, studied in an English school in India and speaks perfect English. His wife, Mary, took charge of getting winter clothing for the author and Captain Dolan (page 172).

### Well-to-do Tibetans Wear Fine Raiment

At Japsan Ferry, by which we crossed the Brahmaputra (page 176), we met the first well-to-do Tibetan family on the march. They were mounted on fine mules bedecked with rug blankets and ornamented tack, with large red woolen tassels hanging from their breastplates. A child was held in the saddle by an arrangement of high wooden crosstrees on pommel and cantle.

The family was dressed in fine silk robes adorned with furs, and wore fur hats in a cut-off conical shape embroidered with gold thread. All the servants wore the same type of colored robes and were well armed with rifles and Mauser pistols.

I was often asked if we were traveling in uniform. Most of our clothing which we wore every day was of the combat type, but we carried with us blouses, riding breeches, and boots, which we made a point to wear for official calls and for certain arrivals and departures at the more important points. Several times we had to fight high winds behind some hill a few miles outside a village while we changed into our best.

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

**The Dalai Lama's Tibetan Name Is Jeisum Jampel Ngawang Lobzang Yishey Tenzing Gyatso**

At the time of the author's visit he was only 10 years old. He is now 14 (page 208). Because of his youth, his affairs are administered by a Regent, Ngwang Sungrab Thutoh Galtsen (page 178).

At a small village called Chushul Dzong the headman informed us that the famous Tsarong Shape, a Cabinet Minister, had offered us the use of his small overnight cottage. It was a gracious Tibetan building, with several modern conveniences.

In the big reception room we were astonished to find the walls covered with National Geographic Society maps of the world. Later we learned that Tsarong Shape, whose full name is Namgang Dasan Damdu, is the only Tibetan member of The Society (page 179). We saw much of him in Lhasa.

### Dalai Lama's Escort Meets the Party

Twenty-five miles out of Lhasa we were met by an escort sent out from the court of the Dalai Lama to greet us. It was headed by a powerfully built, fine-looking young monk, Kusho Yonton Singhi, who was to become our guide and inseparable adviser during our stay in the city of mystery.

He presented us with a warm letter of welcome and greetings from the joint Foreign Ministers of Tibet (page 201), and with the usual scarfs. Knowing our animals were tired, the Ministers had sent two fresh ponies for Brooke and me. It was a pleasure to ride the excellent Mongolian pacer, the kind that in Tibet only wealthy men can afford.

By Tibetan custom horsemen walk down steep hills, but from the moment Kusho joined us, we were not obliged to dismount. One of Kusho's outriders would halt at the top of each steep place, give his horse into charge of someone else, and lead our mounts carefully down the trail. We began to feel as if we were precious china dolls.

At noon we rode up to several gaily decorated Tibetan tents, where we had tea with our guide. The next day we woke up early and rode off briskly with an unmistakable feeling of excitement. Our first goal was near.

Entering the valley of Lhasa, we rode along

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

**From the Nachung Oracle the Regent Learns What Will Happen Next Year**

The Dalai Lama's representative sits on a throne, his back to the camera, while the State augur, in a trance, makes predictions and gives advice for the twelve months following the February New Year ceremonies. According to Tibetan belief, consultation with the soothsayer, who has his abode about six miles from Lhasa, is indispensable to the welfare of the country (pages 202, 213).

the Kyi, which flows through the city. We crossed its tributary on Tibet's only modern steel bridge. On a concrete foundation, the bridge was built several years ago by Tsarong without the help of foreign engineers. The feat was remarkable in that all the pieces of steel had to be brought from India over the Himalayas by coolies, as the girders were too heavy for pack animals to carry.

Somewhere within the last four miles of Lhasa we knew a delegation waited to receive us, and one of our men rode ahead to herald our approach. The greeters, thus notified, rode out to meet us a couple of hundred yards from the place where they had been stationed. When about 100 feet apart, our parties dismounted and greeted each other.

The welcoming delegation was composed of the city magistrate of Lhasa, representing the city; Frank Ludlow, Additional British Political Officer for Sikkim, Bhutan, and Tibet, with H. Fox, Esquire, his assistant and wireless operator; the British Mission doctor, Rai Sahib Bo, who was a Bhutanese by birth; chief British Mission clerk, Minghyu (page 208); Dr. Kung Ching-tsung, chief of the Chinese Mission, with several members of his staff; the Bhutanese representatives; the Nepalese representatives, whose honor guard of soldiers was lined up a few miles away; and the Ladakhi representatives.

### The Higher the Seat, the Greater the Man

Greetings were in strict Western fashion. After the introductions our entire cavalcade rode on to a small roadside park where several decorated Tibetan tents had been set up for the occasion. We were welcomed at the gate by the officers representing the court of the Dalai Lama. Most important among them were George Tsarong (Tsarong Se Dabul Namgyal), son of the Tsarong Shape, and

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**Gyalwa Chamba, the Loving One, Is a 20-foot Gilded Copper Idol**

The Buddhist image is seated in the European fashion. The figure is in the Suk Lhakang, a very large, very old, very sacred temple in the middle of the city of Lhasa. Tibetan monks believe that after many eons this deity will come out of the west to save mankind.

Dege Se, a royal prince before the Chinese took over his domain and now representative of the Foreign Office (page 212).

Escorted into the central tent, we were given the seats of honor behind a little table laden with the usual dried fruits, candies, etc. Our hosts, in order of rank and position, sat down to our right and left, on hassocks of diminishing heights. The farther away from us the lower the seats became, until, as the line passed out the entrance of the tent, overflow guests were sitting on the open ground on flat cushions. There were tables only a few inches high in front of all guests.

Buttered tea was poured from large, silver-ornamented copper teapots, and the ceremonial rice was served. In front of each person was placed a Chinese rice bowl with the rice patted in a high mound.

We took a few grains of this rice with our fingers, threw some of it over our shoulders for the appeasement of spirits, and swallowed the few remaining grains. The rice bowls were then taken away, and the representatives of the court gave us letters of welcome and scarfs on behalf of every branch of the court.

This part of the ceremony over, we rode through the little wooded parks that surround Lhasa. To our right a large part of Lhasa's population was congregated on small grass mounds. On the left was lined up a detachment of the honor guard of the famous Tibetan Trapchi regiment, which serves as the bodyguard to the Dalai Lama.

We were surprised and our horses startled by a sudden outburst of stirring military music from a brass band, the only band of occidental instruments in Tibet (page 177). Presumably the instruments had been taken from a Chinese army in 1911.

### Under the Windows of the Dalai Lama

The magnificent flag of Tibet stood out in its brilliant colors, showing the sun and two Lions of Tibet facing each other, holding the

Wheel of Life under the Precious Gems.

Dismounting, we reviewed the detachment of soldiers, smart-looking in their practical native uniforms, and shook hands with their commanding officer. We then proceeded to the attractive Tibetan house of our host, Mr. Ludlow, just outside the West Gate of Lhasa, from where we could see the walls of the Potala topped by the Dalai Lama's personal quarters (pages 186, 188).*

Several members of the welcoming party joined us for tea at Mr. Ludlow's residence. After tea we settled down in cozy Tibetan rooms, specially decorated for us by the court of the Dalai Lama, the floors solidly covered with Tibetan rugs and comfortable Tibetan couches. Mr. Fox proudly showed us his model Diesel plant which supplied the house with electricity and enabled him to make radio contact as far as Indiana, U. S. A.

From that day we lived for weeks by a schedule. There was a definite procedure for whom to see, when, and in what order. During our first few days in Lhasa we received official calls from Dr. Kung, Chinese representative, who had been in the Chinese diplomatic service in Europe and could speak French and some English; and from the joint Foreign Ministers. These last were Surkhang Dsasa, a genial Tibetan nobleman who in younger days had traveled into India and China, and a gracious elderly monk, the Ta Lama, named Yongon Dsasa.

From our first meeting Brooke and I liked the Foreign Ministers and soon became fast friends with them. We had to deal through them with His Holiness's court; thus we were with them often throughout our stay.

Among our other callers were representatives of Nepal, Bhutan, and Ladakh. A Major Bista of Nepal was a highly educated

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

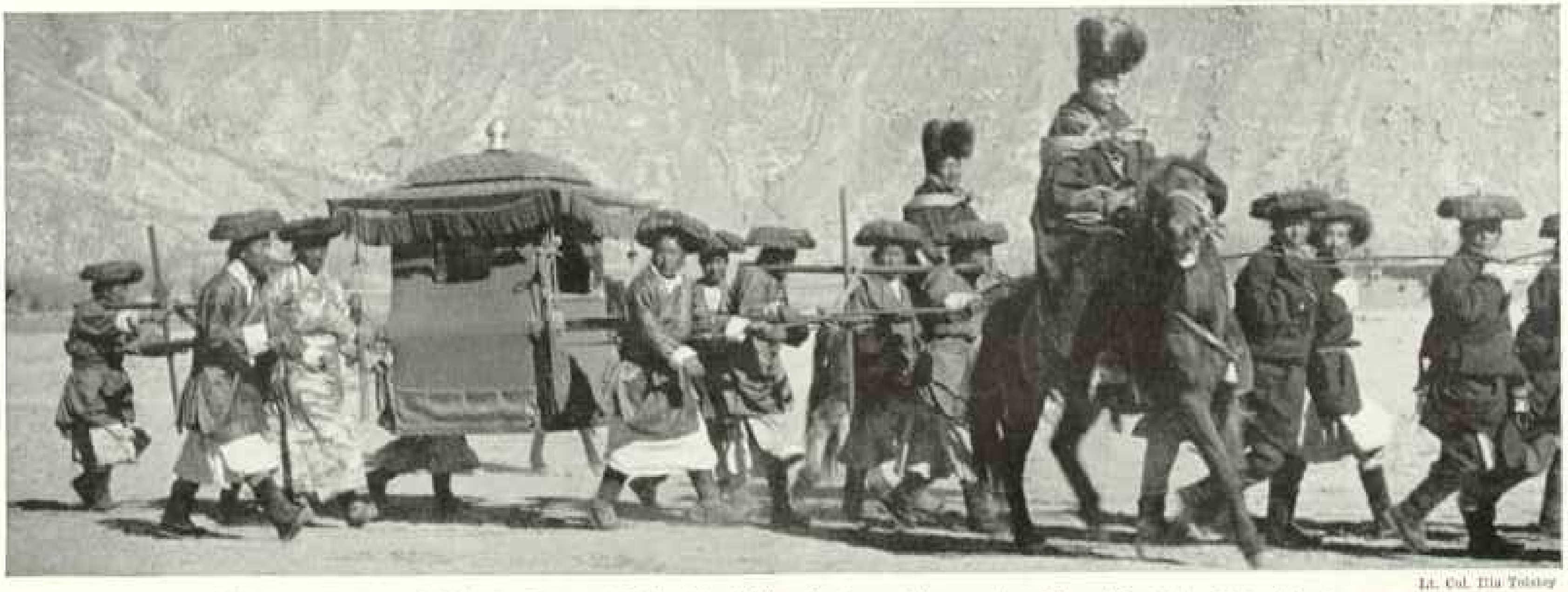
**Kay Penkhang's Ceremonial Dress Gleams with Gold and Jewels**

This daughter of a wealthy Lhasa family (page 203) dons her costliest raiment to take part in the February festival which ushers in the New Year (page 213). All Tibetans must wear special attire during the days of celebration. Her costume is worth about $15,000.

* See, in the National Geographic Magazine, "World's Strangest Capital (Lhasa)," by John Claude White, March, 1916, and "Most Extraordinary City in the World," by Shao-ching H. Chuan, October, 1912.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 3d

Riding Full Tilt, the Tibetan Cavalryman Must Hit the Target with a Bullet from His Matchlock Rifle



Lt. Col. Ella Tolstoy

With an Escort of 200, the Regent Rides Six Miles Back to Lhasa after Consulting the State Oracle

Lt. Col. Ila Talley

**From Near and Far, Goods Come to the Courtyard of Penkhang Palace**

To the home of a wealthy Tibetan official, wood has been brought from many miles south of Lhasa. A caravan is unloading barley and peas grown on hill tracts.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**A Short, Steep Pass Leads from the Phanbo Valley into That of Lhundrup**

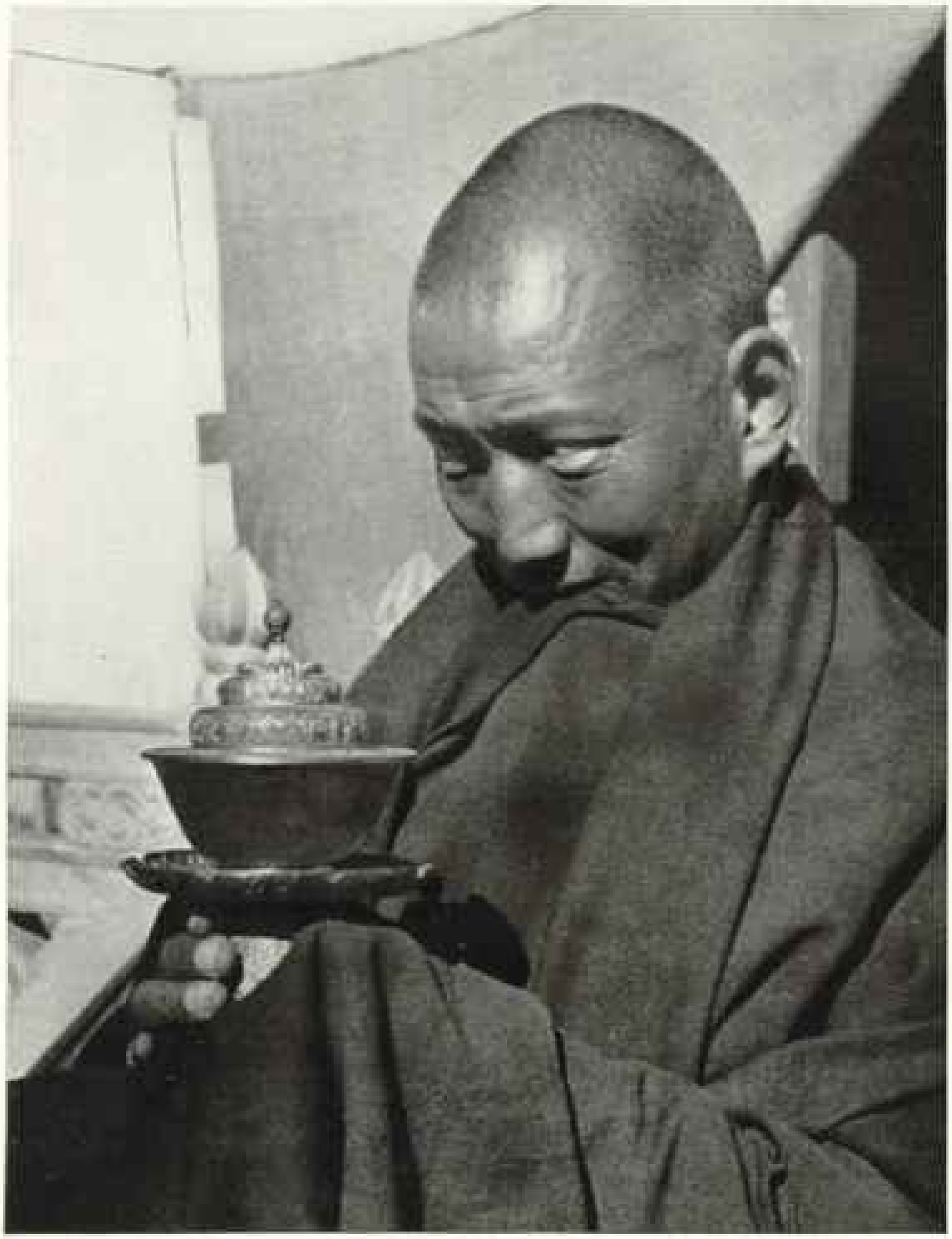
Terrain like this was the regular thing a few days north of Lhasa. There has been so little travel in the area that the author and his party traversed hundreds of miles by compass. Reliable trail maps were unobtainable. One the author saw showed a 21,000-foot mountain range that did not exist.

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

On April 24, 1943, the Party Fought Blizzards and Waist-deep Snow to the Great North Plain

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy and Capt. Brooke Dolan Bid Formal Farewell to Jyekundo (Yushu); Lamas from Monastery Form Honor Guard



Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

**Lest Profane Breath Sully the Sacred Jade Cup**

The priest who served the Dalai Lama with ceremonial tea covered his mouth with his robe so that he did not breathe on the precious vessel (page 213). Its cover and stand are gold.

man and had a remarkable library in his home. These visitors were followed by Tibetan lay and ecclesiastical officials and lay dignitaries, some coming in official and some in private capacity.

Each person brought, or sent by servants, customary arrival gifts such as wheat, barley, flour, rice, meat, live sheep, butter, and eggs. As official guests we were also furnished firewood, feed for the ponies, and some provisions for all our group for a month's time.

### The Dalai Lama Grants Audience

In accordance with Tibetan custom, we were not to call upon any officials until after His Holiness, the Dalai Lama, had granted us an audience. A few days after our arrival we were informed by the Tibetan Foreign Office that the audience would be at 9:20 on the morning of December 20. That date was selected as the most auspicious for the Dalai Lama, a highly important factor in all of his undertakings.

Early that day we rode out toward the Potala in a sizable cavalcade with all our men, the monk guide and his assistants dressed up in their finery.

The Potala is situated on a hill, and the Dalai Lama's throne room is on the very top (page 186). Usually visitors must make a long and tedious climb up the broad steps of the palace. We, however, were extended a great courtesy, being allowed to ride along a narrow path up the mountain to the back of the palace, where we left our horses. Then we were escorted through the courtyards and long labyrinths of the Potala building to a small, unpretentious waiting room.

Here we were joined by the representatives of the Foreign Office, a few other dignitaries, and a charming young Tibetan official named Changnopa, whom everybody called Ringang. Ringang had studied at Rugby and spoke beautiful English. After tea had been served, we rehearsed the procedure for greeting the Dalai Lama, the Tibetans explaining to us some of the fine points of etiquette. A monk entered soon and announced that we were to proceed to the throne room.

Escorted by a stately procession of monks, we ascended to the roof of the Potala, above which rose the single room used for receptions. On both sides in front of the entrance were seated rows of high monk dignitaries, and in the background were crowds of lesser monks and some laymen and pilgrims who were to

**"Miss Tick," Canine Mascot, Rode in Captain Dolan's Saddlebag**

When she joined the party, she was only five months old. She made the rough journey unscathed and accompanied her master to the United States. Here she was killed by an automobile.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**Gift of Tsarong Dsasa Was Baran, a Huge, Savage Tibetan Mastiff**

The big dog was so vicious that only the author and Captain Dolan could make friends with him. At the start, his feet were too tender for travel on the ice and rocky trails, and at times he had to be carried in a basket.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**To Minghu, Chief Clerk of the British Mission, a Servant Offers Barley**

This is a gesture of good will, and the recipient acknowledges the courtesy by placing over the neck of the donor the scarf with which the gift was presented. Throughout the stay in Lhasa, the author and his party were involved constantly in similar formalities.

be given a blessing by the Dalai Lama after our reception.

We stood in line for a few moments until the heavy curtain was drawn from the entrance, then walked into the richly decorated throne room. Rows of monks and lay officials were standing along the walls, but the central portion of the room remained open. Directly in front of us stood the Dalai Lama's throne, a square, flat-topped seat about four feet high and four feet wide, with a straight back.

His Holiness was seated cross-legged, a high-peaked yellow hat on his head. We were immediately impressed by his young but stern face and not at all frail constitution. His cheeks were healthily pink (page 198).

A few feet away to his right, on a similar but lower throne, sat the dignified Regent of Tibet (page 178). Until the Dalai Lama becomes of age at eighteen, the Regent assumes his duties and is the highest authority in Tibet, ecclesiastical or civil.

Still farther away to the Regent's right was seated the Dalai Lama's father, a layman, dressed in rich robes and hat. Ruddy and youthful in appearance, and wearing a neat little down-turned mustache, he presented a contrast to the ecclesiastical dignitaries.

### Delivery of the Historic Letter

As we stepped inside the threshold of the throne room, we saluted. Our hats were kept on throughout the entire ceremony. We then walked up to the throne of the Dalai Lama and, standing before him, saluted again. A monk came up and laid a presentation scarf across my outstretched hands, then placed a bread-and-butter offering upon the scarf. Bowing, I presented the offering to the Dalai Lama, who took it into his hands and passed it over to a monk on his right.

This procedure was repeated as a monk placed in turn upon the scarf I held an image of Buddha, a religious book, and a chorten.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 3d

**Changpa Nomad Women of Northern Tibet Carry Their Fortune in Their Hair**

In the three coiffures are 108 braids, adorned with Chinese silver coins and ornaments with turquoise. From the wealth and jewelry displayed, one can determine the social status of the wearer. The wife of a chieftain stands in the center. Her sister is on the left, and her daughter on the right.

These objects I passed on to the Dalai Lama.

Meanwhile, Captain Dolan, standing to my right, had been holding the casket containing President Roosevelt's letter to the Dalai Lama. He now passed it to me, placing it on the scarf. In the same manner I presented the casket to the Dalai Lama. So far as we could learn, this was the first time in history that direct communication had been made by a President of the United States with the Dalai Lama of Tibet.

I then laid the scarf across the throne in front of His Holiness, saluted, and proceeded to the throne of the Regent at my left.

Captain Dolan stepped up to the throne of the Dalai Lama, a scarf over his hands, and presented to His Holiness a photograph of President Roosevelt (page 171). He then saluted and joined me in front of the Regent's throne.

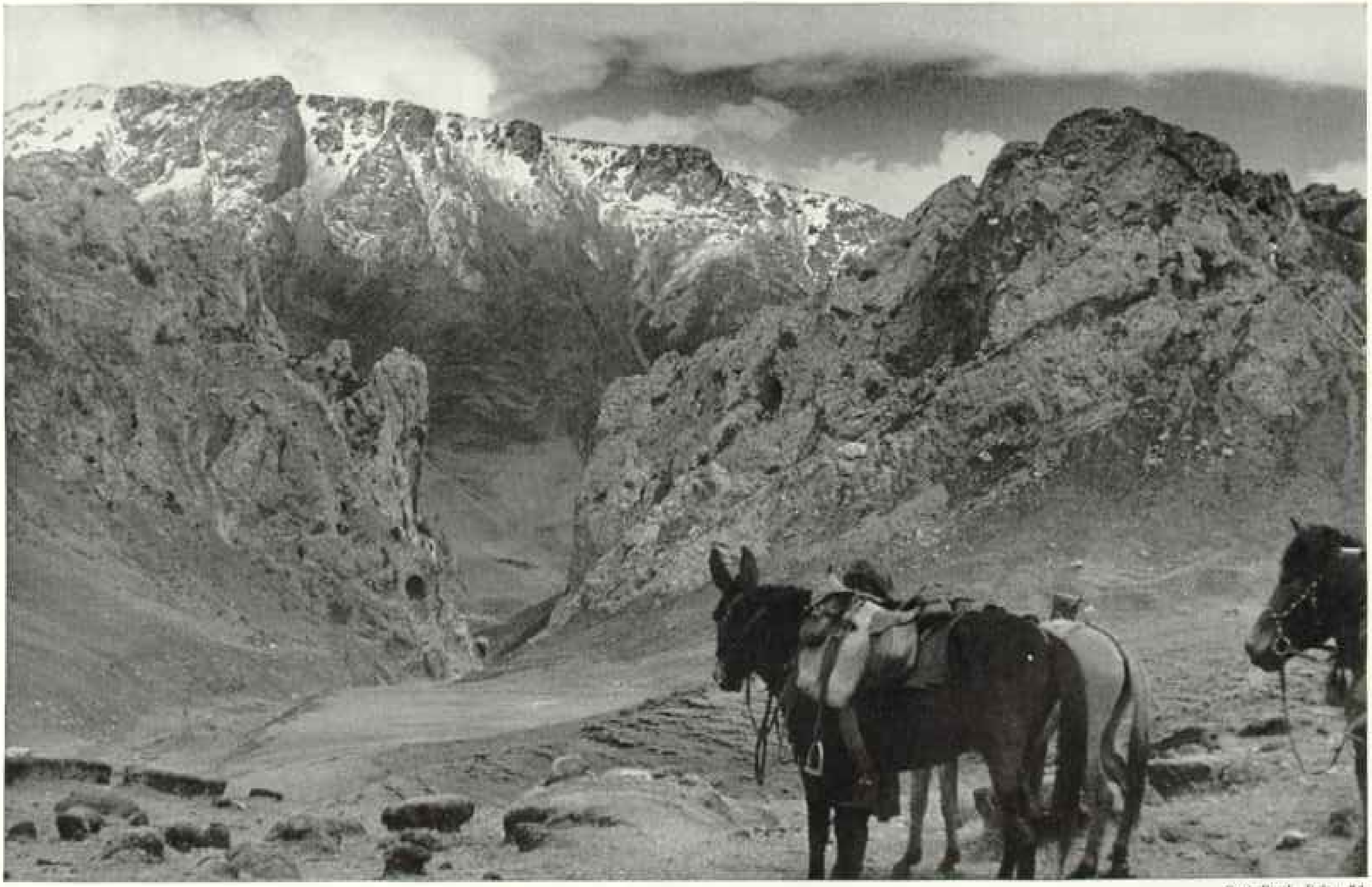
At this point our servants presented the gift of President Roosevelt, a gold chronographic watch, to the major-domo standing away from the throne. This functionary accepted it in behalf of the Dalai Lama, together with the personal gift Captain Dolan and I had brought, a silver ship.

Saluting the Regent, I bestowed upon him gifts similar to those presented to the Dalai Lama: an image of Buddha, a religious book, a chorten, and objects of silver. After placing the presentation scarf across the Regent's hands, I passed on to the throne of the Dalai Lama's father.

### The Exchange of Scarfs

Brooke also saluted the Regent, presented him with a scarf, and joined me at the left. The father of the Dalai Lama was saluted in turn and honored with scarfs by us both. No gifts were presented to the father on this occasion, but were given at a later date.

The presentation of gifts and scarfs accomplished, we returned to the right-hand side of



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**Between Tak La and Jyekundo Is a Gate Through Which the Szechung Shung Breaks into the Tsagu Shung Valley**

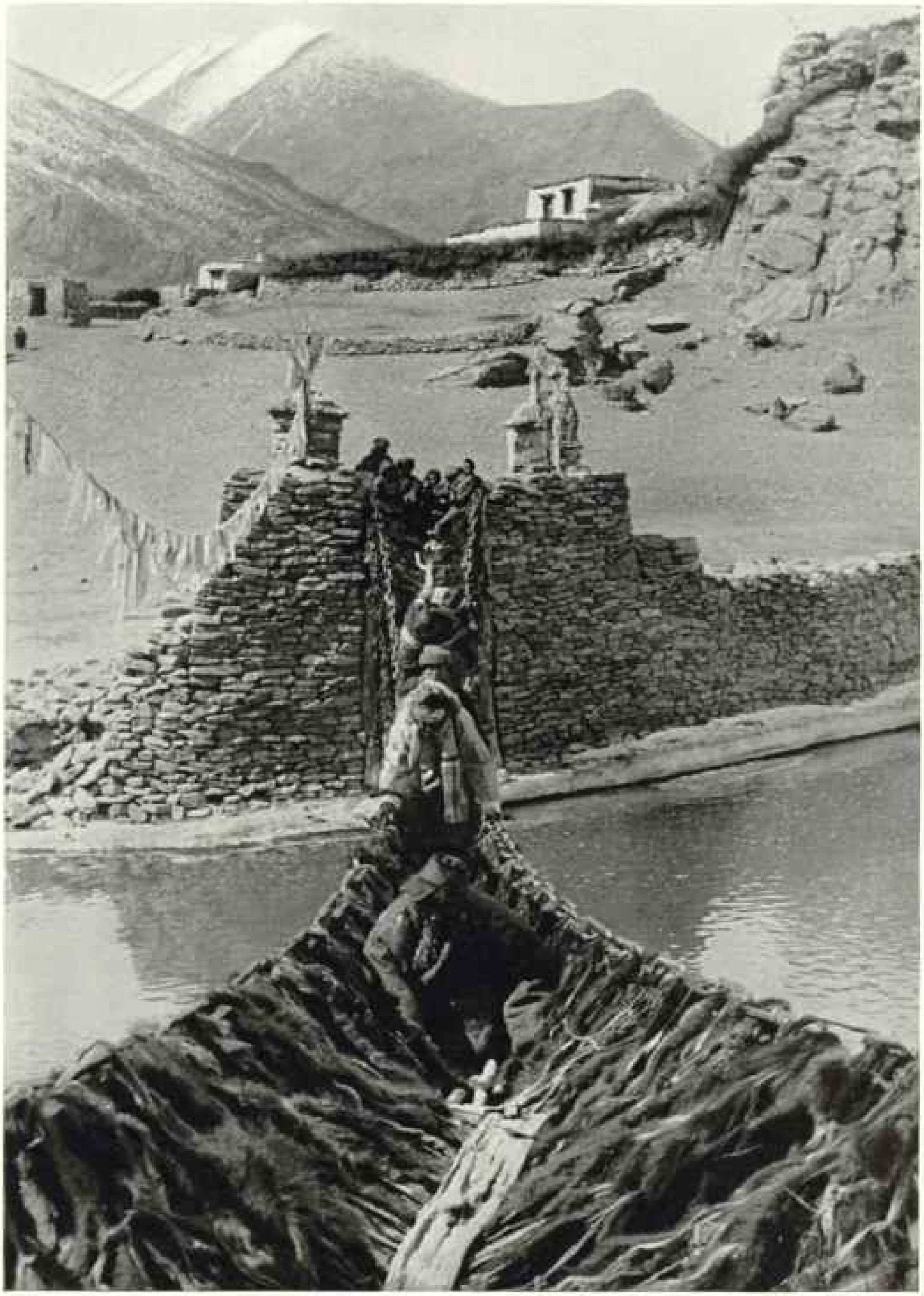
The "trail," hardly worthy of the name, is narrow and uneven as it winds among rough limestone crags. In case of attempted invasion, a small band of defenders could hold at bay here an army of foot soldiers. The author and his party traveled for many miles over this sort of terrain.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

Caravans on the March Pitch Camp in the Middle of the Afternoon and Have Tea, the First Meal since Early Dawn

Lt. Col. Ilia Tolstoy

To the Yellow River Ferry Landing at Lanchow, Watermelons Are Floated on Rafts of Inflated Sheepskins and Cowhides



Lt. Col. Ella Teleky

**Dege Se Brings His Family Across a Cable Bridge Lined with Yak Hides**

During high levels of the upper Kyi River in summer, loads are carried over this precarious contraption at Phongdo, and yaks and ponies are made to swim the river. The Dege Se caravan was elaborately equipped (page 214). The prayer flags safeguard the bridge from evil spirits.

the room, where we sat on a long, low cushion placed near the center. A low table was set in front of us. From the far corner of the room came a monk bearing a pot of tea (page 206). He stopped before the Dalai Lama, joining another monk kneeling in front of the throne, who reached into his robe and pulled out a silver cup into which a little tea was poured. This monk then tasted the tea to insure its being satisfactory.

We were then served tea and rice. Although we were offered three cups of tea, we drank only two, leaving the third untasted as custom dictates. We ate a bit of the rice and threw a few grains over our shoulders.

While we were thus occupied, our retinue of servants proceeded to the Dalai Lama's throne and presented scarfs which a monk, standing by the side of His Holiness, accepted on his lord's behalf. The Dalai Lama then blessed them by touching their heads with a holy wand. They paid the same respects to the Regent and the Dalai Lama's father.

The servants were followed by a chain of monks and other people specially admitted to the throne room. These also presented scarfs and bowed before the throne to receive the blessing of His Holiness.

When the procession to the throne had ceased, the Dalai Lama addressed us through an interpreter, inquiring about the health of the President of the United States. I stood up to answer his query, then again sat down.

After a time a staid monk stood beside the throne and announced in a deep voice, "The reception is over." We left the throne chamber, followed by our servants and the rest of the spectators.

Upon the close of the official reception in the throne room, we returned to the waiting room of the Potala, presently to be ushered into the private chamber of the Dalai Lama. He was sitting on a small, low couch, with a table before him holding religious objects. Beside His Holiness sat the Regent on a similar couch. We were seated on chairs directly in front of them.

Ringang accompanied us. He acted as interpreter in the ensuing conversation, which continued in an informal vein for about a half hour. The private audience was then ended, and we left the Potala.

### A Round of Courtesy Calls

The next few weeks we devoted to making calls upon all the ecclesiastical and lay officials in the order of their rank and position, and presenting them with gifts. We also called on the Dalai Lama's family. There followed a round of dinners, luncheons, and teas exchanged in both official and unofficial capacity.

We visited the Oracle, a rather remarkable middle-aged man, who has his own small monastery a few miles outside Lhasa (page 199).* A short journey took us to the two largest monasteries in the world, Drepung and Sera, both near the city.

All the foreign representatives entertained us hospitably, and Dr. Kung had the pupils of his Chinese school turned out to greet us. These little children are of mixed Chinese and Tibetan parentage, and the school is provided by the Chinese Government.

The only other lay school in Tibet is conducted by a monk who is a radio operator. His pupils are children of nobility and lay officials in Lhasa.

Deke Lingka, headquarters of the British Mission, in which we lived, was next to the famous Holy Walk which stretches for seven miles around the Potala grounds.

Along that walk we could see pilgrims from all Tibet circumambulating the Potala, some by prostrating themselves along the walk, getting up and stepping the length of their bodies, then prostrating themselves again. Thus they measured their way around the Potala like inchworms.

### Tibetan New Year Begins in February

As the New Year holidays approached, the stream of pilgrims increased daily.

The first month of the Tibetan year begins in early February. It is celebrated by a series of religious and historical ceremonies, all of which we attended upon the invitation of the *Kashag*, or Grand Council, which furnished us with special seats and gave a luncheon and entertainment for us at each function.

At the time of the New Year the city and its administration were taken over by monks from the near-by monasteries. All day throngs of them kept pouring into Lhasa. Caravans with goods from India and northern Tibet arrived daily, and tents were pitched in the parks and fields around the city.

Traveling sorcerers and bands of dancers roamed the city, entertaining on the streets and in the homes of the wealthy. Women wore magnificent dresses and the Lhasa style of three-pronged headdresses covered with seed pearls and semiprecious stones (page 201). Had they appeared on the streets not dressed in holiday costume, the monks most likely would have sent them home.

There were pageants by soldiers in 15th-century armor who went through sham battles

* See "Sungmas, the Living Oracles of the Tibetan Church," by Joseph F. Rock, National Geographic Magazine, October, 1935.

Capt. Rhodes Dobson, 2d

Thami (Tommy), Cook and Interpreter, Was Fond of Children

At first the young daughter of Prince Dege Se was a little dubious about strangers, but she soon cheered up. The author's party traveled with the child's parents on the trail between Lhasa and Tsangpo La.

and dances depicting battles of days gone by (pages 202, 220). Magnificent religious dances performed in the courtyard of the Potala by monks in grotesque masks portrayed the lamas of the church ridding the people of evil spirits (page 170).

Most of the festivities began early in the morning and lasted throughout the day. Wielding large willow sticks, the provost monks had difficulty maintaining order and keeping the public from blocking the way of the processions in the narrow streets.

At the end of the month, when the New Year's ceremonies were almost over, permission was granted us by the Tibetan Government to proceed to China.

Since further communication with the outside world would be impossible until we reached China, and since we faced dangerous unknown terrain, peril of bandits, and hazards of passes likely to be snow-blocked, we took great care in outfitting ourselves for the journey. Two of our men, who were returning to India, had to be replaced.

Mr. Fox, the British radio operator, had just received some small American commercial radio receiving sets which he had ordered from the United States over a year before. He was kind enough to let us have one, and we carried it with us all the way to China. This little radio kept us informed of the events of the world and astonished many nomads along the way.

We usually could get London once a day and at times Chungking and India. Occasionally we got San Francisco. Tokyo we could get at any time—a fact which sometimes embarrassed us when Tibetans wanted to hear the United States.

After awaiting an auspicious date to depart, we started out from Lhasa about the middle of March, our caravans leading the way. Near the northern outskirts of the city we were given a military send-off by an honor guard and were served ceremonial tea and rice in specially erected tents. From there a large group of our friends and officials rode with us to the estate of a nobleman, where we were given a luncheon.

### Scarfs Serve as Leis Do in Hawaii

After the luncheon, according to Tibetan custom, we were accompanied to the gate. There our friends placed scarfs over our heads. This was done by everyone, including even our servants, just as leis are placed around the necks of travelers leaving Hawaii. By the time the last person had bidden us farewell,

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**In the Dalai Lama's Private Zoo Are Kept Fine Specimens of Tibetan Wild Life**

The animal on the left is a Prejevalsky's deer, that on the right a two-year-old bharal (blue sheep) ram. Throughout their journey the party were amazed by the abundance of game. The herds are protected in regions controlled by the monasteries, but elsewhere they have suffered (pages 181, 221).

our necks were bundled in more than 200 of those scarfs.

Following the custom further, we got on our horses, still wearing the kattaks, and rode the rest of the day with them on. For the remainder of the trip each of us carried at least one scarf around his neck.

Both Brooke and I felt a moment of sadness at leaving our friends behind, and we could see sincere emotion on their faces.

Concerned about our safety in bandit territory, the Tibetan Government detailed a sergeant and five soldiers to accompany us as far as we wished to take them. We took them as escort only through Tibet proper. The Chinese representative informed us that we would be met at the border by a detachment of Chinese soldiers. They never showed up.

### Sandup Bids the Party Good-bye

Our boy Sandup and his wife had to return to India. Since he had been our interpreter, we felt that losing him weakened our outfit in that respect. We had only our cook, Tommy, to replace him.

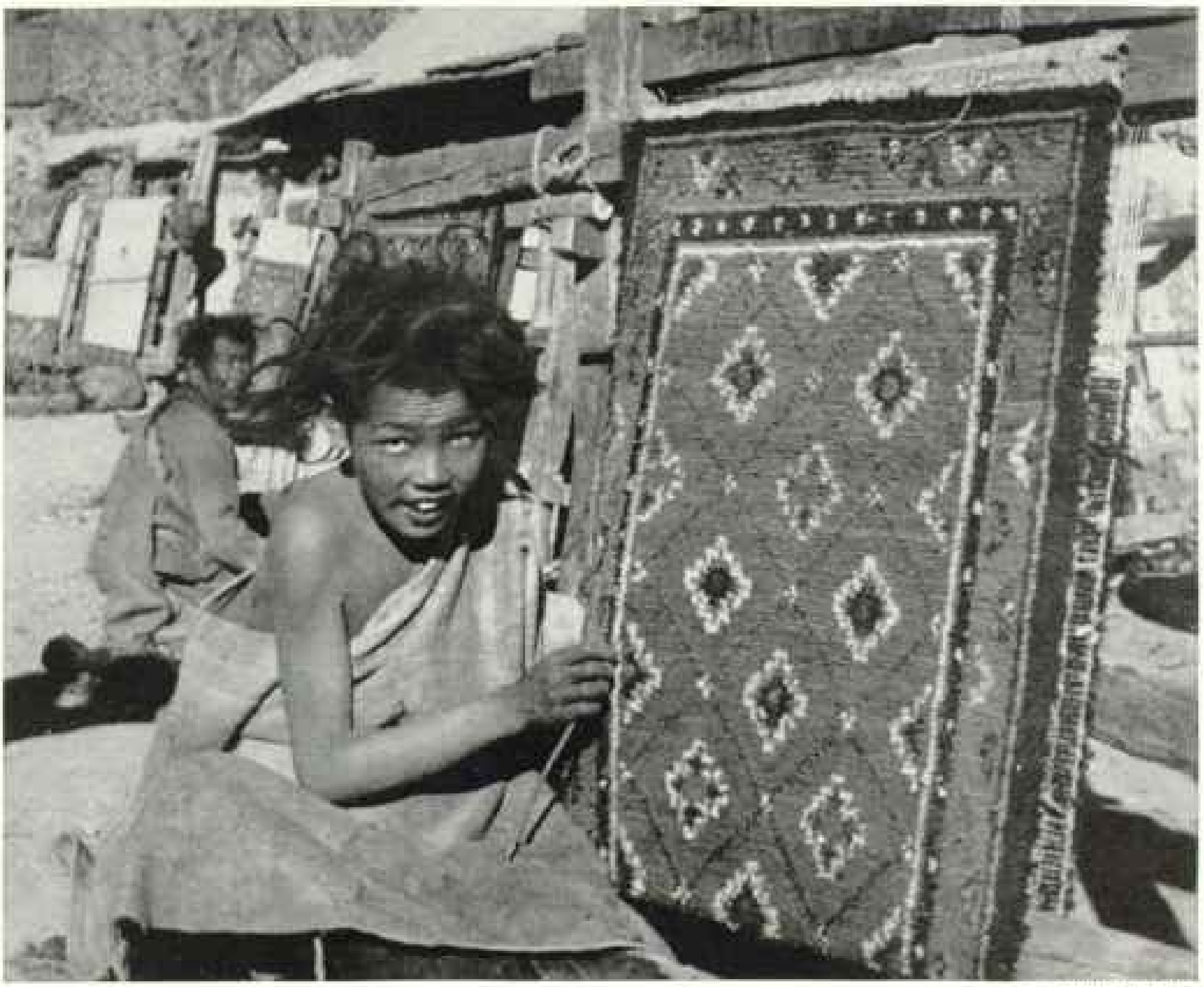
Tommy became our Number 1 man and Lakhpa was promoted a step. We found a young Tibetan named Punzo to act as camp boy and a young monk to look after the ponies. This monk was going in our direction also and was delighted to work his way through. He changed his monk's robes to a simple Tibetan civilian garb.

All the servants had to be given proper clothes and bedding for the trip, and their family affairs had to be carefully worked out before departure.

After the first few days we approached the wide, valleylike stretches of the Tibetan northern steppes, or plateaus. On the way up to and down the passes the streams were frozen, often with thick ice bridges over dried stream beds.

We carried peas and considerable grain, especially barley, and as much as we could of barley straw, for it was necessary to maintain our fine animals in good condition through the bitter stretch of northern uplands where neither straw nor grain was grown or available. Since it was March, the last year's grass was either grazed down or worthless after the winter snows.

On March 23 we crossed the upper Kyi near Phongdo. The men crossed on a crude suspension chain bridge lined with yak hides (page 212), and the animals forded the



Lt. Col. Ella Tolstoy

**On His Estate Near Gyangtse the Dalai Lama's High Steward Has a Rug Factory**

The weaver in the foreground is a 13-year-old boy. To complete a piece of this size, about 3 by 4 feet, he will work a month. Some of the dyes are made of native herbs and earth pigments, and some are imported from India. The strands are sheep wool. For his labor the worker receives no pay—merely food, lodging, and clothing, as is the custom on big estates.

stream, which was low at that time of year.

We left our trail for half a day's ride to Reting Gompa, the seat of the ex-Regent of Tibet, a very high religious personage. Before leaving Lhasa, we had exchanged greetings and gifts with the ex-Regent by means of messengers, and he had invited us to stop with him on the way north.

Our poor Lakhpa fell ill here, and after we got him well we had to leave him behind to return to Gyangtse. In his place we found a simple Tibetan boy.

The ex-Regent was a great lover of horses and without a doubt had the best stable of imported Mongolian pacers in Tibet. Some of his ponies came from as far away as Urga (Ulan Bator), Outer Mongolia.

He had one remarkable animal, a cross between a Mongolian pony and a wild ass, or kiang. This type of mule has almost as great endurance and ability to live off the country as the wild ass. It is much larger and stronger than the ordinary mule and has the advantage of hoofs shaped like those of a horse.

On April 3 we crossed the divide of Langlu La. It is 15,000 feet high and separates the waters of the Brahmaputra and the upper Salween. Within another two days we reached Nagchu Dzong, administrative capital of northern Tibet. Here we were met by the commissioner, Tsarong's son-in-law, a few other city officials, and an honor guard detachment.

We picked up at Nagchu Dzong some additional supplies we had sent ahead. After a three-day rest we set off again.

### Hit by the First Snowstorm

Two days out of Nagchu Dzong we hit our first snowstorm. The going became difficult, since the snow had covered some of the dangerous spots. It was remarkable how our animals sensed and avoided the hazards.

For the first time we encountered a caravan carrying tea from China (page 211). It had left Jyekundo (Yushu) four months previously with 1,000 yaks and 25 ponies. Only 700 yaks and 15 ponies survived, for the winter was extremely severe. The drivers were brewing tea in the lee of the stacked-up loads of tea, while the yaks were grazing in the hills.

About April 13 we came to Kema, where a nomad chieftain had been notified of our arrival. He received us with great honor by setting up guest tents, at the end of which had been erected two pillars of loosely piled stones. On the top of them burning yak chips and brush threw off heavy columns of smoke.

From these pillars stones were laid out in a line as if marking the approach to the camp. This is a customary gesture toward ranking visitors, and it certainly added a little air of importance to our modest outfit.

When the Dalai Lama travels across Tibet, the natives lay similar stones along both sides of the road for many miles at a stretch and individually bring along small containers in which they burn brush and incense while he passes by.

That justice is rigorously upheld in that part of the country was attested by an occasional gallows fashioned of a flimsy pole, from which was suspended the head of a horse thief or bandit. Rumors of banditry were becoming more prevalent, and by now our outfit was well whipped up for defense in any emergency.

The road became quite difficult and the terrain cut up with steep banks of mud and snow. Some of the streams were only partly frozen, and the animals kept breaking through the ice. Snow fell intermittently. Whenever the sun was in, we could feel the bitter cold and wind through our Tibetan fur robes.

### A Precarious Suspension Bridge

A few miles beyond Sok Gomba we crossed the first suspension bridge over the Sok River. This bridge was nothing but two chains over which was drawn a matting of saplings, with no railing or support along its sides. As the animals passed over it, the bridge swerved and shook like a ribbon in midair, 250 feet above the gorge.

One man led each animal by the head and another held the tail. The yaks and the more stubborn of the other animals had to ford the cold water a couple of miles downstream. Even some of our native men crossed that bridge on all fours.

We saw the first spring plowing being done in the Sok Valley. In this region yaks were used for that purpose.

On April 19 we reached Pachen, where we remained for a few days. Some miles beyond was the Tsangne La, which leads into Tsinghai Province. The Chinese representative in Lhasa had told us we would be met at the pass by a detachment of Chinese soldiers, but runners we sent ahead returned to say that no Chinese were anywhere in sight and that none of the nomads had seen any Chinese in that region for a couple of years.

At this point we sent our Tibetan escort back to Lhasa and proceeded with our small group from one nomad camp to the other, trusting in Tibetan gods and keeping alert.

The administrative jurisdiction of the Dalai Lama ends at this point, and beyond, for over 200 miles to Jyekundo, bandits and feuding nomad clans prey on the transports.

With the help of a nomad chief on the Tibetan side we finally were able to gather drivers and animals to take us across. However, they refused to proceed until we had hired at least 25 more men with rifles.

On April 23 we parted with the accommodating baron of the Pachen nomads, who had assisted us in procuring the transport, and began climbing the border range of Tsangne La, more than 16,000 feet high. The higher we went, the deeper the snow became. This pass is seldom open in January, February, and March (page 205).

At that high altitude, carrying full loads, the yaks had a system for getting through heavy snow. The leading animal would lunge through the drifts until it was winded. Then it would lie down while the next yak in line came up to make a few more lunges. When the second, too, became exhausted, the third yak passed the first two. This process continued until the animals eventually reached solid ground.

After a blizzard had subsided, we could see from the top of the pass the vast, forbidding-looking wastes of the northern uplands, with a few snow-capped ranges in the distance. The temperature was below freezing, and the ceaseless winds were the strongest yet encountered.

### Birthplace of Great Rivers of Asia

We dropped into this vast area and next day were riding along the mountains which served as a divide for the headwaters of the Salween, Yangtze, and Mekong.

We were now traveling over the territory from which many of the great rivers of Asia start.* On April 30 we again began to encounter ranges of cut-up terrain. Two days

* See "Through the Great River Trenches of Asia (Yangtze, Mekong, and Salween)," by Joseph F. Rock, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, August, 1926.

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**Clad in Felt Coats, Ngoloks Keep Dry while Pitching Camp in the Rain**

These wild and rugged people, renowned for their fierceness in battle, are thoroughly at home on the trail, driving their yak caravans across the desolate highlands. They wear matted wool garments which are virtually waterproof. On the trail from Jyekundo to Sining, Lieutenant Colonel Tolstoy's party saw many of them. Some were engaged for transport (page 221).

later we reached the encampment of a nomad chieftain who furnished us with transport for the next six days, together with some men, most of whom were armed only with slings. Those boys were extremely accurate with these weapons, even up to 60 yards, and could kill a dog or a man with them easily (page 183).

Our only interpreter now was Tommy (page 214), and he with his limited Chinese and English had a hard time understanding the natives, who spoke a different Tibetan dialect.

One day we were surrounded by men on horseback, who rode around us at a great distance out of range. We let out a few machine-gun bursts in the direction we were heading, and the riders disappeared from our path. One night our mastiff caught a bandit spy near the camp. We turned the fellow over to the chieftain the next day.

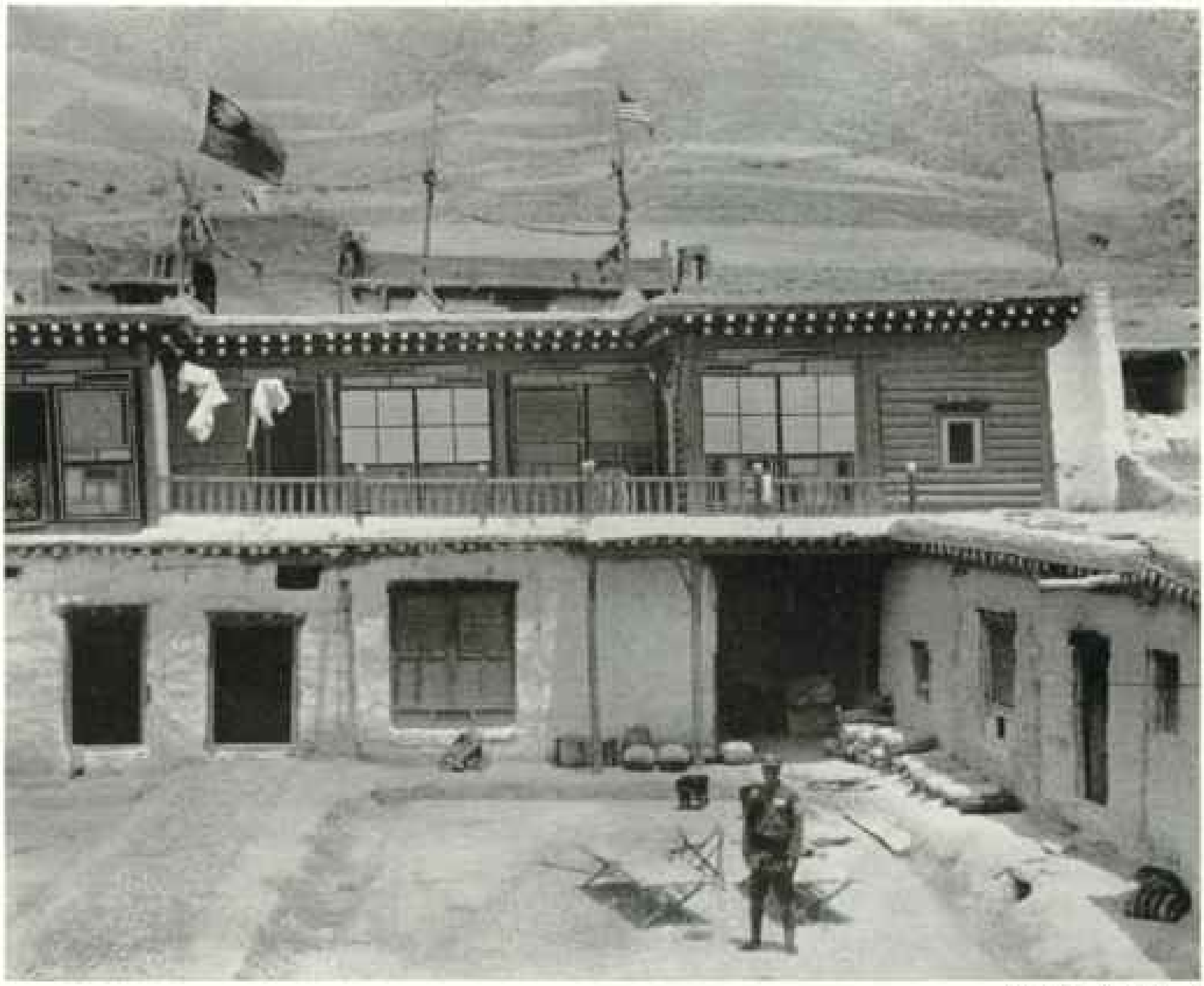
Often one chieftain would tell us that another one was a bandit. In a few cases we had to resort to keeping a close watch on a chieftain and his men while they were traveling with us.

### Fording the Mekong River

On May 6 we forded the Mekong River, which, though rather wide, was shallow. We camped at an attractive little monastery called Zuru Gomba. Unmolested by the monks, large flocks of blue sheep, or bharals, ranged the hills (page 215). Here we watched a remarkable feat by a Tibetan hound. The dog actually ran down and hamstrung a full-grown gazelle.

At all times we tried to send ahead an outrider to notify the next chieftain of our coming and need of transport. In one instance we had a Tibetan monk write out an important-looking document ordering a chieftain to provide us with transport.

On May 10 we passed the beautiful valley



Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**In Jyekundo the American Officers Were Quartered in a Tibetan House**

The place was exceedingly comfortable after the rigors of the journey over unknown territory. The party were now in Tsinghai Province, in what was formerly Tibetan territory, and found most of the villages similar to those they had passed through in Tibet proper.

and plain of Nima Rungsha where hundreds of wild asses and gazelles were grazing. The mountain slopes were thickly forested, and we saw musk deer jumping high through the underbrush. Riding along a stream, we jumped a small flock of Lhasa stag, also known as Prejevalsky's deer (page 215).

### An Outpost of Chinese Mohammedan Soldiers

In this territory travelers often lost their horses and mules. The animals ran away to join wild ass herds. For that reason we kept bells on all our stock while they were resting or running loose. The noise of the bells frightened away the wild asses.

On May 12 we came upon the first outpost of Chinese Mohammedan soldiers, who were grazing their transport animals in the fertile valley. Maj. Ma Ying-hsiang, their leader, told us that his commanding general in Jyekundo had been notified by Gen. Ma Pu-fang, Governor of Tsinghai Province, that Chungking expected our arrival there and that he had been on the lookout for us, searching for some time along the different passes. He was relieved that we finally had arrived safely.

After 56 days on the road from Lhasa, we halted for two days to clean up and rest before appearing in Jyekundo. We understood that Gen. Ma Pu-lang was to give us an elaborate reception.

On May 15 we rode into the outskirts of Jyekundo. The commanding general, his staff, and the town's officials greeted us. A detachment of cavalry was lined up along the side of the road, and farther on monks of the local monastery were out with their band.

A holiday was proclaimed in the city, flags and banners were displayed, and all the people turned out to greet us. Whenever we approached a native sitting in the street, he would rise in welcome.

We were escorted into a comfortable

Lt. Col. Ella Tolstoy

**The Lhasa Cavalryman, Clad in Chain Mail for a Pageant, Is Armed with Bow and Arrow**

His headdress ornament is patterned after the eye of a peacock feather, and his horse's neck and hindquarters are covered with leather armor studded with brass. In drill he performs remarkable equestrian feats, driving missiles into a target while riding at a gallop (page 202).

Tibetan house by our host, the General. Here we were really settled in style, with big Chinese beds made up with brand-new silk quilts, servants and a cook to attend us, and two armed guards to watch the gate. In all this customary Chinese hospitality we relaxed and forgot the worries of the trail.

There was a wireless from Jyekundo to Sining, and we asked the General to send a message to Chungking via Sining to notify General Stilwell's headquarters of our safe arrival.

The General told us he had instructions to facilitate the procurement of our transport and escort to Sining. In a few days our four faithful Tibetans were ready to start back to Lhasa and the Indian border, this time via the southern route through Chando.

### The Pack Animals Swim the Yangtze

When we left Jyekundo, we were escorted for several miles by the General, his staff, and an honor guard (page 205). It was only a short journey from Jyekundo to the Yangtze River, which was a hundred yards or more wide at that point and rather swift. We swam the animals across and ferried the equipment on rafts floated on blown-up skin bags.

On June 1 we camped near Shewu Gomba, which perches on the side of a mountain. The country became more and more swampy in the lower parts of the valleys and plains, and our animals bogged down frequently (page 222).

On June 3 a heavy snowstorm caught us and made traveling difficult for several days. The climate of this section of the country is severe, snow sometimes falling even in midsummer. The ranges are farther apart, and the valleylike plains bear better grass than elsewhere. Because the numerous rivers are broad, many of them were difficult for the animals to swim. We had to stop sometimes and kill sheep to make blown-up skins for our rafts.

Though we were now traversing country where the wild yak once was numerous, we saw none of these animals. The introduction of automatic rifles by Chinese Mohammedan troops had exterminated the herds. Day after day we passed horned skulls.

On June 7 we neared the Tra La between the Yangtze and Yellow (Hwang) River headwaters. We came across as many as nine bears in one day. This bear appeared very close to our grizzly in size and coloring. Captain Dolan shot one, and we preserved its skull and hide.

There were signs of the great Asiatic bighorn sheep, and on a few occasions we got away for short hunts off the trail. A group of nine rams was the largest I spied. Crossing the Yehmatan plains with their almost impenetrable swamps, we camped for three nights virtually in water. Even at night without their loads, the animals bogged down.

Reaching Gamoh Nor, a large freshwater lake situated near the Chinese military outpost of Hwanghoyen, we crossed the Yellow River not many miles from its source.

This country was familiar to Captain Dolan, for in 1935 he had taken an expedition there to collect mammals for the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

### Floods Make River Crossing Difficult

Beyond Changshitou our helpers and escort were Ngoloks. These people, taller and more rugged than central Tibetans, are known as the fiercest tribe in this area (page 218).

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**For Headquarters, the Moslem Colonel Used a Mongol Yurt**

The commander of the Chinese Army camp and supply fort at Hwanghoyen greeted the explorers in friendly manner when they reached this outpost in Tsinghai Province on June 11. Though summer was at hand, there were still snow and ice on the trails.

On June 17 we came to the Ta River, on the far side of which was the old Chinese fort of Tahopa. A downpour in the morning had swelled the river to about 300 feet in width, and it was exceptionally swift. It took a day and a half to cross our animals and supplies on rafts.

The Tahopa fort was known to have telegraph and telephone communication, but we found both out of commission. In the summer-

Capt. Brooke Dolan, 2d

**In Tsinghai Province, China, the Going Is Treacherous**

Tussocks of fairly solid turf are interspersed with bog holes which trap unwary pack animals. Here one of the ponies has wandered off the turf and is floundering in a swamp pit (page 220).

time several trucks manage to get up to the fort over the hard turf. At the time of our visit, however, motor traffic was out of the question.

On June 21 we approached the west end of Koko Nor (Tsing Hai), where we were met by the Chinese Mohammedan garrison commander of Cheche. Here and there were signs of fields that had been under cultivation in previous years. Our yak transport gave way to bullocks of yellow Mongolian cattle.

The night of June 25 we rested in another Chinese fort, Chupucha, where we met a large detachment of Mohammedan cavalry on their way to Jyekundo. They were wearing white-felt robes made for warmth as well as for shedding the frequent rains of that region.

Skirting a considerable stretch of desert not unlike the arid sands found in Arizona, we passed over several dunes which the winds keep moving from place to place.

For some time now we had felt the approach of spring, and every day we saw more and more wild flowers. We soon rode through solid expanses of wild iris.

We arrived in the Chinese city of Hwang-yuan on the 89th day of travel and, proceeding along the cultivated valleys and through small Chinese villages, soon were within a day's march of Sining. The last ten miles we rode in a car sent out for us by the Governor of Tsinghai.

### First Place of Call a Turkish Bath

The most memorable occurrence in Sining, outside of a visit with the Governor, was our visit to the Turkish bath, which we made our very first place of call in the city.

From Sining we hired a truck and drove on to Lanchow (page 211) over a fairly good road. There, awaiting us, was our mail, which had been sent up by plane from Chungking to the compound of American missionaries. We reported our safe arrival to General Stilwell by telegram, and a few days later received his telegram of congratulations and orders to report to Chungking.*

* For additional articles in the National Geographic Magazine on Tibet and the China-Tibet borderland, see: "Life Among the People of Eastern Tibet," by Dr. A. L. Shelton, September, 1921; "Climbing Mighty Minya Konka," by Richard L. Burdsall and Terris Moore, May, 1943; "Exploring a Grass Wonderland of Wild West China," by Ray G. Johnson, June, 1944; and, by Joseph F. Rock, "Glories of the Minya Konka," October, 1930; "Seeking the Mountains of Mystery," February, 1930; "Experiences of a Lone Geographer," September, 1925; and "Life Among the Lamas of Choni," November, 1928.

# Yanks at Westminster

By Capt. Leonard David Gammans

*Member of Parliament of the United Kingdom*

*With Illustrations by Staff Photographer B. Anthony Stewart*

SOON after the United States came into the war, I spent a week at the great British naval base of Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands. Anchored here was an aircraft carrier of the U. S. Navy. I met the captain ashore, and he persuaded me to come aboard his ship and address his men, on the promise of being given a large dish of ice cream, which I had not seen for two years.

I spoke to more than a thousand officers and men on the flight deck and somewhat rashly invited them to look me up in the House of Commons if ever they came to London.

Some months later, as I was sitting in the Chamber of the House, one of the attendants whispered in my ear that the "whole American Navy" was in the lobby asking to see me. When I went out, there were my friends from the aircraft carrier, asking me to fulfill my promise to take them around the House of Commons.

### Came to See, Learn, Compare

This was only the first of the many hundreds of parties of American soldiers and sailors I have shown around.* It has been a most interesting experience, and I can only hope that they enjoyed it as much as I did.

They were of all types. Some were men who were just doing a tour of London and had included the House of Commons. Others obviously had a knowledge of English history and wanted to see the place where much of it had been made (page 224).

Then there was that small but select band of men who had studied constitutional law and history and were anxious to learn in what way British democracy differed from their own.

Most of the parties I took around consisted of about 25 men. Generally they were Americans, but I remember one Saturday afternoon when a party of 30 included six Canadians, four Australians, two New Zealanders, two turbaned soldiers of the Indian Army, a Pole, a Frenchman, and a Norwegian.

Two of the GIs addressed the Pole in his own language, to the surprise of their companions. This was in the early part of 1944, when the vast Allied Army of many races was gathering in England preparing for the invasion of D Day.

The way two million American boys managed to crowd into the small space of Great Britain during that year is a tribute to the adaptability and the essential good manners of the youth of the United States.

The British were pleased to welcome them in their homes, but it was a tight squeeze. This led to the music hall joke, "I heard an Englishman speak in Grosvenor Square."

The vast array of buildings which houses the British Parliament is known as the Palace of Westminster (Plate IV). It is, in fact, a royal palace and comes under the charge of the Lord Great Chamberlain, one of the oldest hereditary offices under the Crown.

From the days before the Norman Conquest down to Henry VIII, the King lived in a palace on this site. For many centuries Parliament had no fixed home. It was summoned by the King to various places, and sessions of Parliament were held in Lincoln, York, Oxford, and other cities of the Kingdom, but this inconvenient practice came to an end with the Tudor kings. Since that time Parliament has been housed on this historic site on the banks of the Thames.

The fact that it is still a royal palace gives the Members of Parliament one curious privilege. The building is not subject to any licensing laws, and while the House is in session Members can get a drink at times which would be impossible outside.

The old Palace was frequently badly damaged by fire and was largely destroyed in 1834. Luckily, three of its most historic and beautiful parts survived that fire: Westminster Hall, the Crypt Chapel, and the Cloisters.

### Building Older Than English Language

Westminster Hall is probably the most historic building in England. It was built by William Rufus in 1097 and is, in fact, older than the English language. It adjoins New Palace Yard, so named in 1094 to differentiate it from Old Palace Yard.

The building was restored in 1394 by Richard II, who put on the famous wooden roof. This roof, however, had to be completely restored more than 20 years ago when it was attacked by the deathwatch beetle.

* See "When GI Joes Took London," by Maj. Frederick Simpich, Jr., National Geographic Magazine, September, 1944.

**Sight-seeing Yanks Bombard the Author with Questions about Parliament**

Capt. L. D. Gammans, upon visiting a U. S. aircraft carrier, "spoke to over a thousand officers and men and somewhat rashly invited them to look me up in the House of Commons. . . . Some months later an attendant whispered that the 'whole American Navy' was in the lobby asking to see me. . . . There were my friends from the carrier, grinning all over" (page 223). Later groups, as here, were Army men. "Elizabeth Commissions Raleigh to Sail for America" hangs in St. Stephen's Hall (Plate XIII and page 225).

The original oaks for the roof came from a forest in Sussex, and some of the timber used in the restoration came from the same estate, the age of the trees being such that they must have been standing when the original timber was cut in 1394. It needs restoration badly today because much damage was done by incendiary bombs during World War II.

Westminster Hall can in very truth be said to enshrine the history of England. It was here that Simon de Montfort called together his famous Parliament of 1265. Charles I was tried within its walls before being beheaded in Whitehall. Many coronation feasts have been held here. At one feast in the days of Henry III no fewer than 30,000 dishes were served.

Into Westminster Hall, too, used to ride the King's Champion attended by two peers. Flinging down his gauntlet, he would issue a challenge to anyone who might question the King's right to the Crown.

Many famous State trials have taken place in Westminster Hall, such as those of Sir William Wallace, 1305; Guy Fawkes in 1606; and Warren Hastings, which lasted more than seven years. In more recent times Westminster Hall has witnessed the famous meeting between the English and American Bar Associations, and just before World War II the President of France, M. Albert Lebrun, addressed both Houses of Parliament.

Two English sovereigns have here lain in state. During the bitterly cold days of January, 1936, more than 700,000 people filed silently by the coffin of George V.

### Chapel Once Stable and Coal Cellar

The Crypt Chapel dates from 1292. It has had a somewhat checkered history. Cromwell is reputed to have stabled his horses

there. It was then used at different times as a coal cellar and as a Speaker's dining room. It was later restored and is today one of the most beautiful little chapels in the world.

Members of Parliament have the right to be married in the Crypt Chapel and to have their children christened there (Plates VI, VII). It has no pews or permanent seats except a stone bench running along the wall. Seats are of course a comparatively modern introduction into churches; in the Middle Ages worshipers either stood or knelt. It was only the aged or infirm who were expected to use the seats along the side. This is the origin of the expression, "The weakest goes to the wall."

The Cloisters, built for the use of the canons of St. Stephen's Chapel, were one of the last ecclesiastical buildings completed before the Reformation. It is now used as a Members' cloakroom and has a magnificent fan-vaulted roof.

After the fire of 1834, a New Palace of Westminster was built. It is an example of modern Gothic architecture, and the historic Westminster Hall has been most happily incorporated into it.

At one end of New Palace stands the famous clock tower of Big Ben, whose chimes were heard over the British Broadcasting Corporation during World War II (Plates I and XVI and pages 229, 250).

### New Palace Has 1,100 Rooms

The present Palace of Westminster is an immense building covering more than eight acres, with two miles of passages, 100 staircases, and more than 1,100 rooms. It contains, or rather did contain until the House of Commons was destroyed in 1941, the two chambers in which the Lords and Commons met; also St. Stephen's Hall, formerly St. Stephen's Chapel, in which the House of Commons sat for nearly 300 years (Plate XIII); the Royal Gallery, scene of so many historic occasions during the past century; the dining rooms, libraries, and offices.

When the House of Commons chamber was hit by a bomb in May, 1941, the Commons met for a time in Church House, Westminster, at the back of Westminster Abbey, but the House of Lords generously vacated their own chamber in favor of the Commons and moved to a temporary chamber in the King's Robing Room (Plate XV).

Both Houses also moved to Church House for a short time in the summer of 1944 when the attacks of flying bombs were at their height.

Both the House of Commons and the House of Lords are oblong chambers in which the Government sits on the Speaker's right and the Opposition on his left, with a clear space between them.

One of the oddities about the House of Commons which always strikes visitors is that there are more than 600 Members, but seats for only about 400 of them.

When the plans for the new House of Commons were being discussed in 1943, much argument took place as to whether this arrangement should continue. At first sight it seems odd that a third of the Members should have nowhere to sit; but, on the other hand, except for debates on special occasions it is seldom that all the Members are present, and a vast chamber which would be necessary to seat all of them would lose much of the intimacy of cut-and-thrust debate for which the House of Commons has always been noted.

It seems almost certain, therefore, that the new House of Commons when it is erected will still be approximately the same size. Except by courtesy, no Member is allotted any particular seat. A Member who wishes to reserve a place for himself must write his name on a card and put it before prayers on the seat he wishes to occupy; then he must be present at prayers or his right to the seat lapses.

I could never make my American visitors understand the point of building a chamber which could seat only two-thirds of its Members. A boy from New York put it picturesquely in the words, "What's the sense of electing a man to Parliament if you don't give the guy anywhere to sit when he gets there?"

### The Question Hour

Perhaps the feature of the House of Commons of greatest interest to the American visitor is Question Hour, because there is no parallel to it in the United States Congress.

Question Hour means that any Member of Parliament can put down a question to a Minister concerning his Department, and the Minister has to come to the House of Commons and answer it. Questions may be answered either orally or in writing, as the Member who asks the question desires.

The Minister may prepare his answer with the aid of the officials in his own Department, but he must be willing to answer extempore any supplementary question which the Member who asked the question or any other Member may put to him. Many a Minister has lost his reputation and eventually his office because he was unable to defend his administration before the critical scrutiny of the House of Commons.

Topical Press Agency, Ltd.

**King and Queen Ride Past the Houses of Parliament. War-weary London Welcomes the Return of Pageantry**

On a damp August 15, 1945, scaffolded Victoria Tower admitted the royal couple to open the newly elected Parliament. Homeward bound, they pass Cromwell's statue and Westminster Hall. Their carriage, usually gilded, is austere. Horse Guards, normally in full regalia, dress in wartime khaki.

**London Looks at Commons' Ruins and Remembers the Bombs, Flak, Flares, and Fires**

The House of Commons' chamber was struck during a five-hour moonlight blitz May 10, 1941. Though the air-raid menace endured four years more, the M. P.'s refused to leave London. A start has been made on building their new home. Its completion will take at least five years.

Question Hour is a wonderful means of making the Executive directly responsible to the Legislature and responsive to public opinion. A question may be put down on some matter of foreign or domestic policy which affects the Nation as a whole, or it may also be asked of the affairs of some humble person for whom a Member is trying to get justice from the Government.

During the war on a particular day I had two questions on the Order Paper. One of them was to the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, on British policy with regard to French North Africa. As it so happened, the very next question on the paper was one addressed to the Minister of Pensions about a widow in my constituency whose husband had died as a result of a bomb injury and who had not received a pension.

She considered that she was suffering from an injustice, and so did I, and as I was unable to put the matter right by correspondence, I called upon the Minister before the whole House of Commons to give reasons why he had denied her a pension.

Nothing could be more flexible or democratic than the institution of parliamentary questions, nor could there be any greater safeguard for the liberty of the individual.

### Business under Three Main Heads

After Question Hour there is normally a debate. Roughly speaking, parliamentary business can be divided under three main heads.

First of all, there is the ordinary business of carrying on the Nation. Once a year each Minister has to present his estimates of expenditure for the coming year to the House of Commons, be prepared to defend his record for the past year, and listen to any criticism and advice which the House may offer him. Once a year, too, the Budget, which is really an account of the Nation's finances, is laid before the House, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer explains how he proposes to meet it by taxation.

The second main division comprises new legislation which the Government is bringing forward. At each general election the different parties lay their programs before the electorate. They say to the electors, "If you return us to power, we will bring in bills to do this, that, and the other." In recent months, for example, the Socialist Government has been introducing various measures for the nationalization of industry for which they claim that their majority at the 1945 election gave them a mandate. These bills are discussed both in principle, in what is called the second reading, and later on in detail in the committee stage.

But there is another type of debate as well, and that is when a motion, which may take the form of a motion for adjournment, is moved. This does not mean that the House adjourns in the sense that it ceases to sit, but that ordinary business is suspended and some question of special interest is discussed. For example, it may be a debate on foreign affairs, colonial affairs, demobilization, or some subject of particular import at the time.

### The First Commoner of the Land

One of the greatest and most honorable offices to which any British subject can attain is that of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He is also a Member of the House of Commons. His selection is somewhat hard on his constituents, because as Speaker he must divest himself of all party allegiance and cease to perform many of the duties for which his constituents have chosen him.

It has been said, facetiously, that the Speaker is so called because he is the only man who does not speak. That is true in the ordinary sense, but there was a time when Parliament was fighting for its rights and liberties against the Stuart kings, and the Speaker was in very truth the mouthpiece of the House of Commons and the defender of its ancient privileges.

Because of this history, a curious ceremony takes place when the Speaker is elected at the beginning of each new Parliament. His name is proposed by one Member and seconded by another, and if the House is in agreement the Speaker Elect is led by his proposer and seconder from his place on the benches of the House of Commons to the Speaker's chair. By long-established tradition he is supposed to show a certain amount of reluctance and is hustled along apparently unwillingly.

This gesture is not merely a token of his sense of unworthiness of such a high office, but also because in days long ago the Speaker of the House of Commons ran considerable risks from tyrannical kings and for that reason the position was not greatly coveted.

The Speaker is the first Commoner in the land. He is the only man except the King who is allowed to hold an official levee. He lives in the Palace of Westminster and on his retirement from office is almost invariably made a member of the House of Lords.

The Speaker has to decide which Member shall next address the House. When one Member has finished speaking and sits down, all those who wish to address the House stand up and the Speaker has to decide which of them shall be called. This is referred to as "catching the Speaker's eye."

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**London's Faithful Counselor, the 23-foot Clock, Gets a Monumental Face Brushing**

For some 85 years the clock has kept almost perfect time. Its endurance symbolizes the strength of Parliament and Empire. A rat's nest, a mislaid hammer, or a painter's ladder has stopped it occasionally. Four dials overlook the city. Each minute hand is 14 feet long; each hour hand, 9 feet (Plates I and XVI and page 230).

**In London the Carving of Gargoyles Remains a Living Art**

This fabulous monster with wings, claws, and fangs will sit in a niche on the exterior of Westminster Palace. It will displace an earlier one whose features of soft stone have taken a beating from the elements. Parliament keeps a staff of masons working on such replacements.

A tradition of the British House of Commons is that the views of minority parties shall be heard and in fact given greater weight than their numbers in the House could legitimately demand. The Speaker is the guardian of minorities, and one of the reasons why Parliament has retained the respect of British people is the knowledge that before any measure becomes law every possible viewpoint for or against it can be expressed.

In Britain all adults, male and female, over the age of 21 have a vote. One section of the community is disenfranchised, and that is members of the House of Lords. Nor are they allowed to become members of the House of Commons. Neither are clergymen of the Church of England or the Church of Rome.

The candidate who offers himself for election need not reside in the constituency which he aspires to represent. In a vast country like the United States, with its wide divergencies in outlook and in problems, local knowledge is obviously more necessary than in a small, compact, and homogeneous political unit like Great Britain.

The British system has, however, one advantage which most American visitors appreciate, namely, that under it a Member of Parliament may feel free to take a view unpopular with his constituents when he considers it right to do so, knowing that if he fails to secure re-election he can still offer himself somewhere else.

### Some Electors May Vote Twice

Although women have had the vote and have been eligible for membership in the House of Commons since 1919, in no Parliament since that time have women Members formed more than about 5 percent of the total.

In certain circumstances an elector may have more than one vote. For example, owners of businesses whose premises are situated outside the constituency in which they live may also vote in the constituency where they do business. Graduates of British universities have a second vote as well. They can vote for university candidates who represent the university, quite apart from the town or city in which it is located.

The City of London, too, which played such a great part in the early struggles of Parliament against the Stuart kings, still sends two Members to the House of Commons elected by the freemen of the City of London, who in

addition have votes in the particular constituency in which they may be living.

Every British Member of Parliament may view with envy the salary and emoluments of his American counterpart. At present a Member is paid £1,000 per annum ($4,000), and his only other perquisite is free railway travel between Westminster and his constituency.

All further expenses he has to meet himself; for example, other traveling, all postage, stationery, telegrams, and telephone calls. He has no office and no secretarial assistance provided for him. One oddity which strikes the American visitor is to see Members of Parliament interviewing constituents or dictating letters to their secretaries in the drafty corridors of the Palace of Westminster (Plate III).

### Quaint Customs Recall History of Parliament

American visitors are always interested in the old customs, practices, and traditions of the British Parliament. All of them take us back to some great episode in English history connected with the long fight to establish parliamentary democracy. For example, there is only one man in the world who cannot listen to a debate in the House of Commons, and that is the King. This dates back to the days when Charles I forced his way into the Commons and tried to arrest five of its Members.

A curious ceremony takes place when a bill is finally passed through the Commons and the Lords and has received the King's signature. It is then sent back to the House of Lords, where the Royal Assent is normally signified, not by the King in person, but by three Lords Commissioners acting on his behalf.

This ceremony is performed in the House of Lords and not in the House of Commons. The Commoners are summoned to come to the Lords by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, a very old office. As Black Rod reaches the Commons, the door is slammed in his face, and he has to knock and receive permission before he can enter.

This act denotes that the Commons of England can express their opinions without fear or favor, untrammeled by the presence of the King or of his officers.

Freedom of speech is perhaps the most treasured British freedom of all. It explains one of the most famous "sights" of London, the "orators" in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons.

I discovered that this essentially British institution was of greater interest to American GIs than almost anything else in London. Here on Sundays and on summer evenings can be heard people letting off steam on every subject from Trotskyite communism to anti-Semitism, and from extreme religious bigotry to a gentleman who preaches that the earth is flat.

Provided they do not go beyond the bounds of decency, almost anything may be said at Hyde Park to a tolerant and slightly bored crowd who wander from one oratorical pitch to another as part of their promenade.

A GI told me that he and a friend drove up in a jeep and stopped for a moment to see what was going on. A long-haired gentleman, standing on his little rostrum, was breathing fire and brimstone on society generally. He first wanted to abolish the King and the Royal Family as "decadent remnants of an outworn feudalism." He then told the crowd what he thought of the House of Lords, "the gilded popinjays in coronets and ermine."

No one took the slightest notice of either statement. He then proceeded to air his views of the police, "the paid hirelings of a capitalist slavery."

A London bobby who was standing by started to walk towards the crowd, and one GI turned to the other and said, "Now we shall see some fun. He's going to pinch the guy." But the policeman came up to the two GIs and said, "Please turn off your engine, the poor chap can't make himself heard." It is this freedom of speech which is symbolized in the traditions of Parliament.

### Bowing to an Empty Chair

A visitor to the House of Commons is always astounded to see Members bowing to the Speaker's chair even when he is not in it. Before the Reformation, England was a Roman Catholic country. An altar and a crucifix are supposed to have stood behind the Speaker's chair, and the chair in St. Stephen's Chapel stood on the site of the high altar.

Members also bow to the mace, which must rest upon the table of the House of Commons before the House can legally carry on its business. The mace seems to be a symbol of authority in democratic assemblies all over the world. The present mace of the House of Commons is a "new" one; it dates only from 1660, because Cromwell ran off with the old mace and it has never been found.

The new mace has lost 22 ounces in weight since 1660. No one seems to know what has happened to it; it may have been lost by rubbing, or more possibly was incorrectly weighed in the first instance.

I shall always remember a Friday afternoon when I was entertaining some American naval

officers at tea in the House. Suddenly a policeman came into the room and shouted out some words. One of the officers asked, "What did he say?" I replied, "He said, 'Who goes home?' "

This phrase is always used when the House rises for the day. It takes us back to the time when the environs of Westminster were infested by robbers and thieves, and half a dozen Members, preceded by a linkboy with a torch, would decide to go home together for their mutual protection.

There is, too, the famous carpet. A strip of carpet with two lines on it lies in front of the bottom benches on each side of the House. If a Member in the exuberance of his oratory chanced to put a foot outside the outer line of the carpet, all his fellow Members would cry, "Order! order," until he put it back.

Many centuries ago Members brought their swords into the chamber, and occasionally when passions became aroused an attempt might be made to draw swords and cross them with an opponent opposite.

The House got tired of the brawling, and it was decided that swords must be left in the cloakroom, where to this very day thongs to hold the swords are provided for the Members. So long as the Member remains within the line on the carpet he cannot reach his political opponent opposite.

### "Mr. Speaker, I Spy Strangers!"

Only in comparatively recent times have the proceedings of Parliament been reported, and the House still jealously guards its rights to refuse the admission of all strangers if it so desires.

During the war it was necessary on occasion to hold secret sessions. The Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, would rise and say, "Mr. Speaker, I spy strangers." The galleries were then cleared of the press and visitors, and the House went into secret session.

A Member who thinks the time has come to turn on the electric light makes his views known by saying, "Mr. Speaker, I call for candles."

Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, illustrates the British habit of treating cherished institutions with a certain levity. In 1605 Guy Fawkes tried to blow up Parliament with some barrels of gunpowder. He has been referred to facetiously as "the last man who went to Parliament with the right ideas." At the last moment the plot was discovered and Guy Fawkes was hanged.

Even today, before Parliament meets for each session the cellars are solemnly searched by the Yeomen of the Guard, or the "Beefeaters" as they are called, wearing their historic red uniforms with ruffs and curious hats. Carrying lanterns and pikes, they solemnly search the Palace of Westminster for a modern Guy Fawkes.

Members of Parliament are entitled to have the traffic held up for them in the vicinity of Westminster as a sign that nothing must stand between the Member and his obligation to do his duty in the House of Commons. Members are also free from arrest on a civil suit so long as they remain within the Palace of Westminster, and they cannot be sued for slander for anything they may say in debate.

### A Clue to British Character

In theory no Member of Parliament can resign. If he wishes to do so, he must apply for "the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds." The reason is that, except for Ministers, no Member can hold an office of profit under the Crown, and although the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds has no meaning today, it is still regarded as an office of profit. By accepting it a Member automatically vacates his seat.

These old customs and traditions of the House of Commons provide a clue to British character. We are an old nation and proud of our history, although on the whole we are woefully ignorant of it. The British have never esteemed something new merely because it is new. They like their traditions and retain them, provided that by so doing progress is not impeded.

This love of tradition has its practical uses. In 1940 after the fall of France when Great Britain and the Empire stood alone, the outside world did not give us a one-to-ten chance of survival. But in Britain itself never was there the faintest belief that we could be defeated. Unconsciously the British people were drawing on the deep roots of their long history. They had not been invaded since 1066, and whatever might be the odds against them they were quite convinced that somehow or other they would triumph in the end.

Parliament consists of the King, the Lords, and the Commons. No bill can become law until it has been passed by both Houses and signed by the King. The last sovereign to refuse to sign a bill was Queen Anne, but under the British Constitution the consent of the King is still required.

The House of Lords numbers more than 700 peers of different ranks. First are the peers of royal blood; that is, the two brothers of the present King, the Dukes of Gloucester and Windsor, and their young nephew, the Duke of Kent.



Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

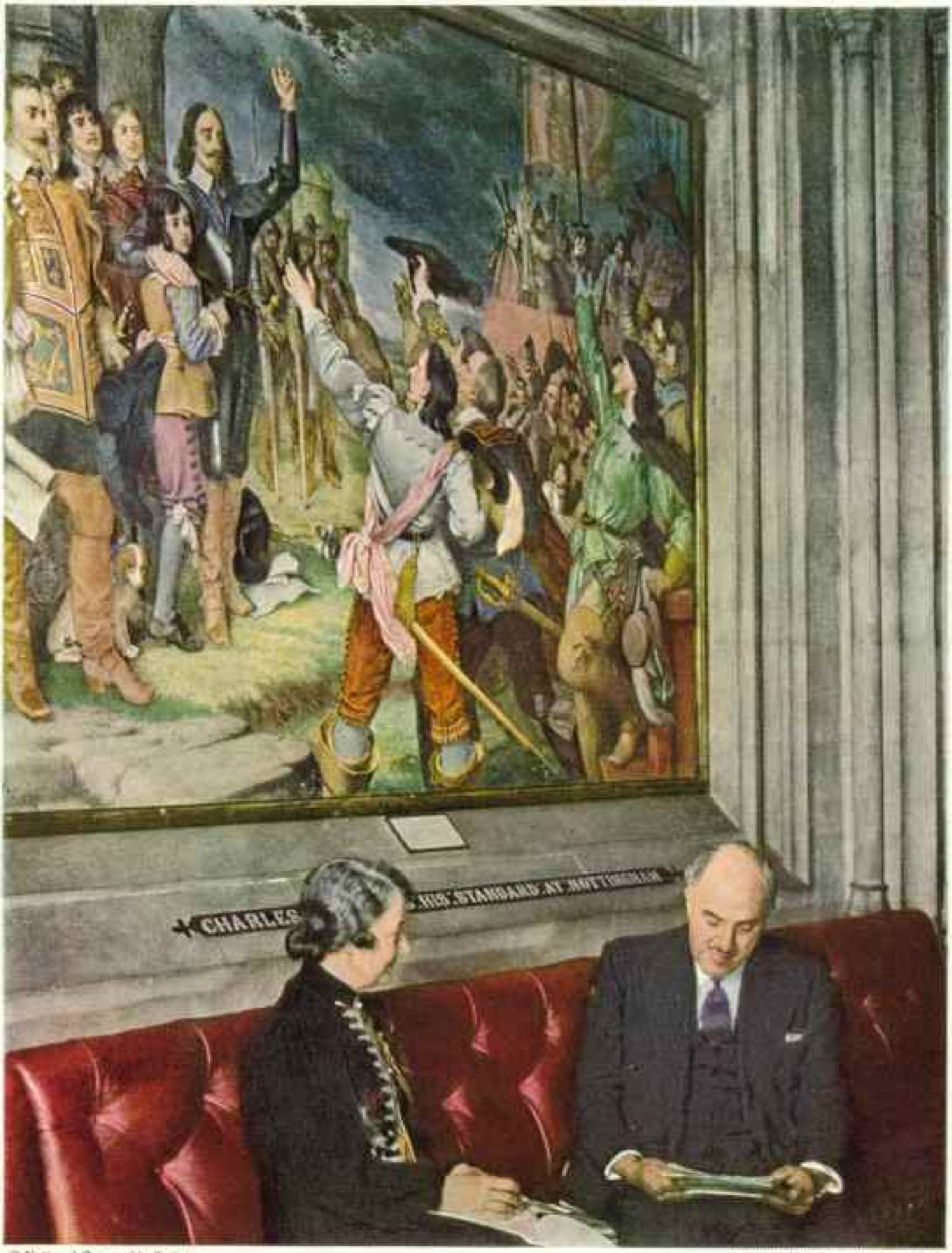
**Parliament, Which Broke the Power of Kings, Still Meets in a Royal Palace**

Londoners watch Members of Parliament enter New Palace Yard—*new* since 1094. They know this agglomeration of buildings, some new, some old, as the Houses of Parliament. Its formal name is the Palace of Westminster. Kings lived on this site before the Norman Conquest; they retain title to it.

 Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**Glittering Thrones, Royalty's Seats and Symbols, Get Repairs Like Ordinary Chairs**

On state openings of Parliament the King occupies the throne on the left, which is slightly higher than the Queen's. As the King may not enter the House of Commons—a prohibition stemming from the day Charles I forced his way in, seeking to arrest five members—the royal thrones customarily stand in the House of Lords. When Commons, bombed out of its own chamber in 1941, borrowed the Lords' undamaged chamber, the thrones were removed to the basement, where they are here seen. Both bear the Royal Arms.






Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**Members of Parliament Lack Private Offices; They Work in Drafty Corridors**

Like other M.P.'s, Capt. L. D. Gammans, the author (right), must pay his secretary out of his salary of some $4,000 a year. American Congressmen's $10,000 a year appears munificent to their British counterparts. "Charles I Raising His Standard at Nottingham" hangs in the Peers' Corridor. The King's defiant act (in 1642) inaugurated the Civil War. This conflict cost Charles his head, made Oliver Cromwell Protector, and established Parliament's supremacy over monarchs.



Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

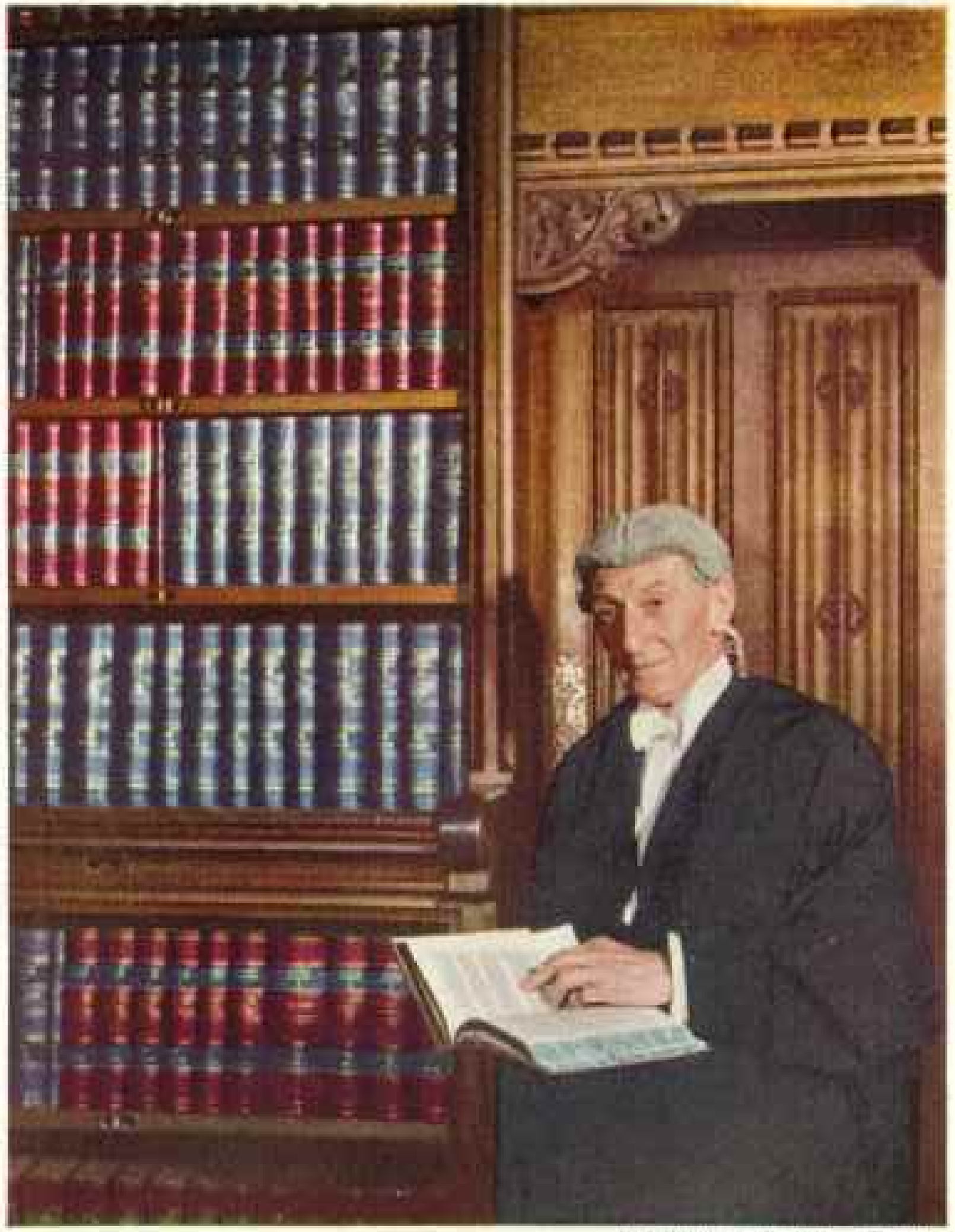
**Westminster Palace Fronts 940 Feet of the Thames; 100 Staircases and Two Miles of Halls Link Four Floors and 1,100 Rooms**

Victoria Tower (left), central spire, and Clock Tower cap a structure replacing fire losses of 1834. When a homeless Parliament considered moving from the Thames, the Duke of Wellington championed the river as a defense against mobs. Queen Victoria opened the new palace in 1852. Invasion barges lie peacefully at anchor.

© National Geographic Society

**Mace-bearer of the Lords Wears Court Dress**

This mace is the symbol of royal power; therefore, it is covered when the King in person enters the Lords' chamber. Commons' "new" mace has mysteriously lost 22 ounces since the 1660's.



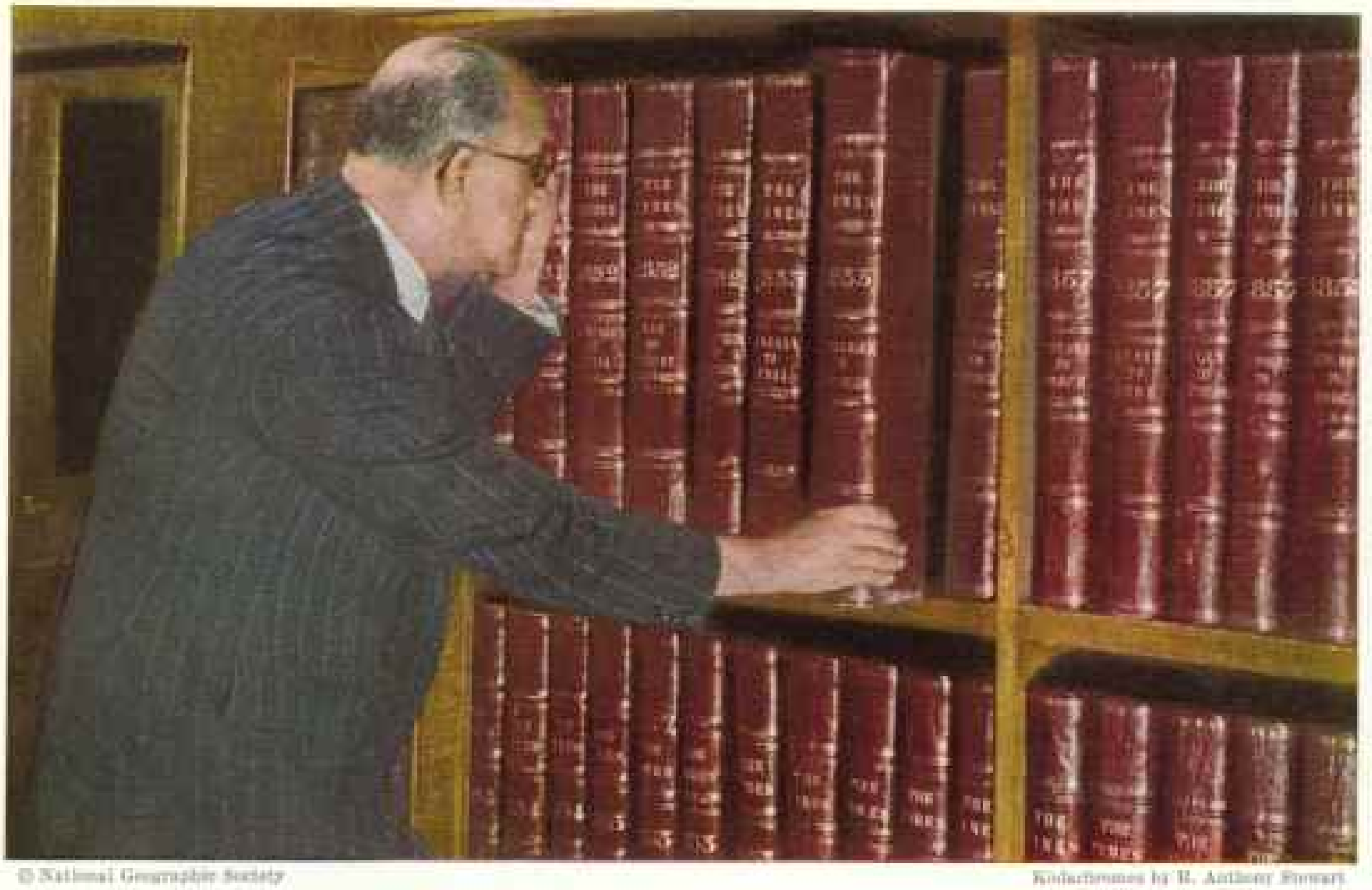
Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart

**Clerk of the Parliaments Is Robed and Wigged**

After the King has signed a statute, Sir Henry Badeley rises, bows, and announces in Norman French: "*Le Roi le veult*" (the King wills it). This procedure harks back to the Conquest.

**Twenty Pieces of Silver Crown Judas; a Space-saving Artist Omitted the Other Ten**

Jesus' betrayer decorates the Crypt Chapel, a low-vaulted structure completed in 1327 and surviving the 1834 fire. At various times it has been used as a stable and coal cellar (Plate VII).

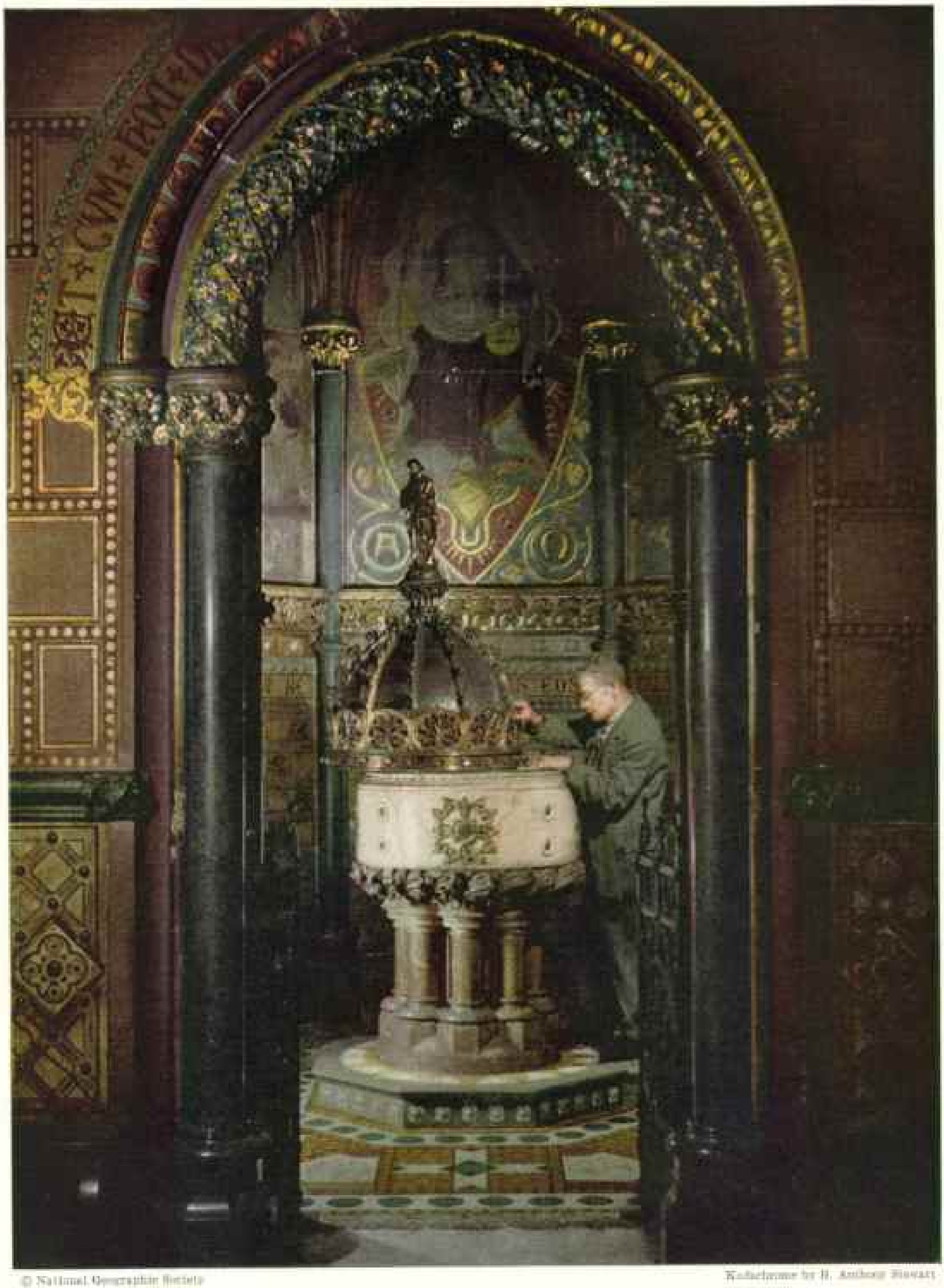




Kodachromes by R. Anthony Stewart

**An Assistant Librarian Gets an 1853 File of the *Times* for a Peer**

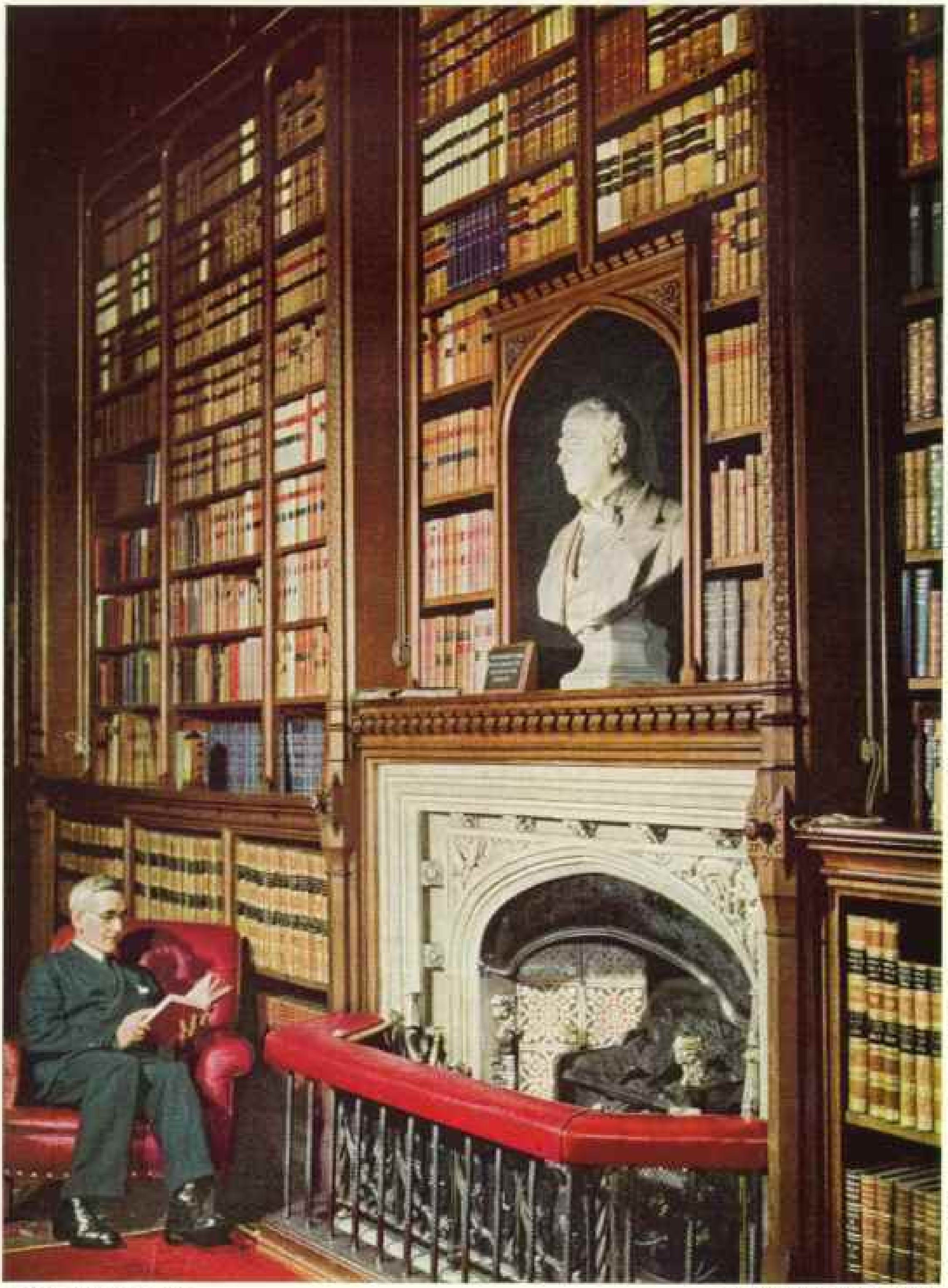
Both the Commons' and the Peers' libraries receive all important British dailies, but the *Times* of London is the only one regularly bound and preserved. Files go back to 1797.



 Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**M.P.'s May Have Their Children Christened at the Alabaster Font in the Crypt**

An attempt was made in 1924 to take the privilege from non-Anglican members, but ecclesiastical jurisdiction was overruled. Steps to the chapel are noteworthy because a suffragette hid there 48 hours to escape the census of 1910. She was duly counted as a resident of Westminster Palace.



 Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**Peers' Library Wears an Air of Quiet, Comfort, and Learning**

Here is preserved the death warrant of Charles I. Volumes on law and government fill the oak shelves. The bust represents the 15th Earl of Derby, a famous Foreign Secretary; the 12th Earl gave his name to the horse race. Lords' color scheme is bright red (Plate III); Commons' is green.

© National Geographic Society Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**Robes and Full-bottomed Wig Attire the Lord Chancellor to Receive the King**

For years William Allen Jowitt sat in Commons as a Labor member. Upon Labor's victory in 1945 he was raised to the peerage. In the Lords, where he is a member of the current Government, Lord Jowitt is presiding officer and head of the Judiciary. He occupies, not a chair or dais, but the Woolsack (Plate XV).




**War of the Roses Is Portrayed in Flowery Legend**

Red roses represent Lancaster; white roses, York. These two houses fought for the 15th-century throne. Their long conflict, weakening the barons, enabled the Tudors to establish a strong central government.


Kodachromes by B. Anthony Stewart

**Tudor and Cabot Chart England's Overseas Empire**

Henry VII sent John Cabot, Columbus's contemporary and fellow Genoese, questing for a direct route to Asia. England's claims to North America were based on Cabot's discoveries in 1497-8.



Reproduced by H. Armour Stewart

Britain Honors America's Founding Fathers. *Mayflower* and Pilgrims Hang in the Peers' Corridor



Kodachrome by R. Anthony Stewart

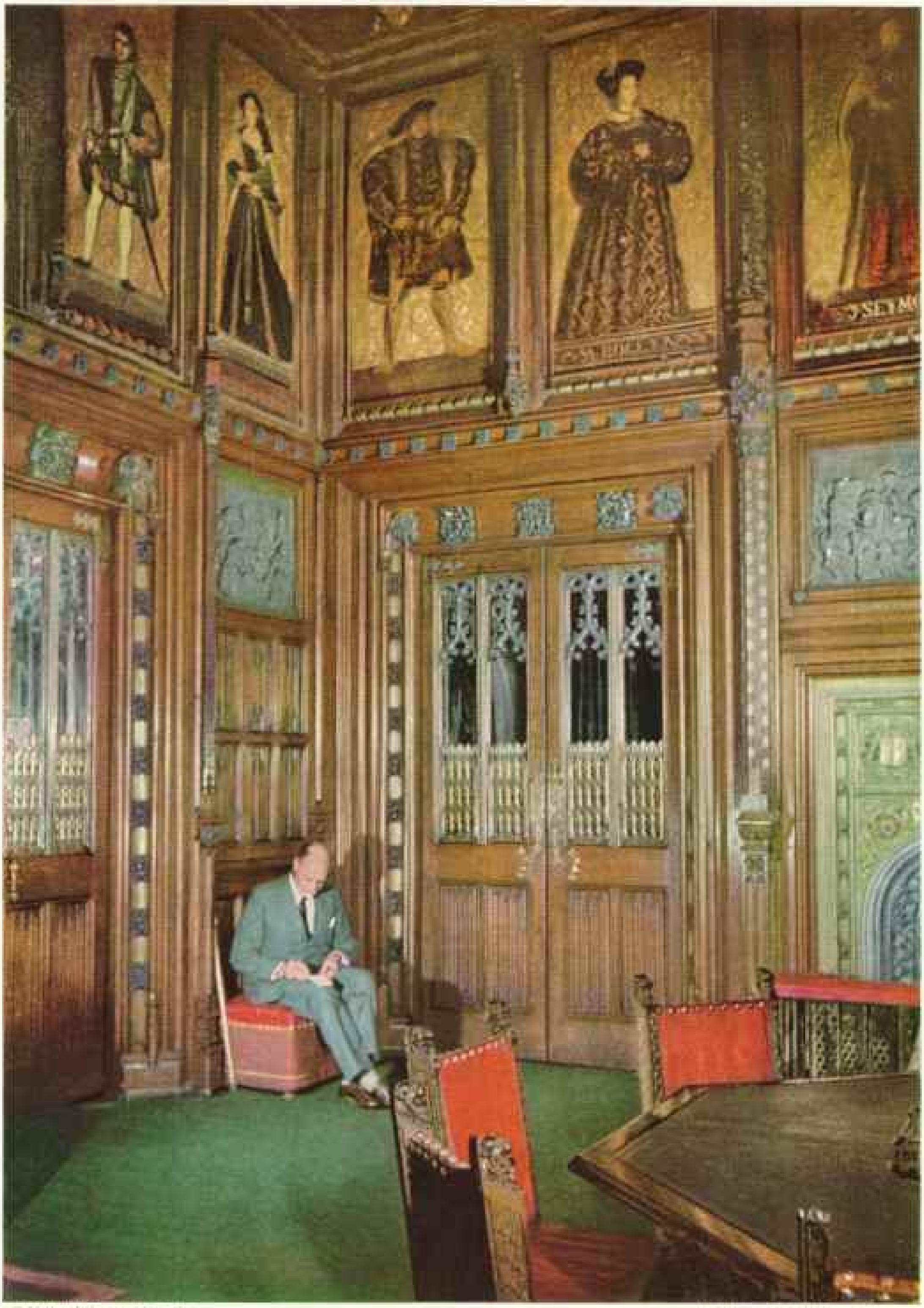
**Up Goes Union Jack on Victoria Tower, Proclaiming "Parliament Is in Session"**

Night sessions are signaled by a light in the Clock Tower (left). When its long blackout was ended in April, 1945, London knew the war was about over. Charing Cross Railway Bridge is the more distant Thames span. The other is a blitz-emergency structure which, fortunately, did not have to be used.

 Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**"Sorry, but You Can't Come In Without a Permit," a Bobby Tells Weekday Visitors**

A remarkable memory for faces helps the policeman outside St. Stephen's Hall. After an election he must recognize hundreds of new Members and not refuse them admission, as he does casual visitors. Windowpanes still show bomb damage. British lion and Scottish unicorn are supporters of the Royal Arms.





Kodachrome by R. Anthony Stewart

**Henry VIII and His Numerous Wives Form a Picture Gallery in the Prince's Chamber**

In ordinary times the Peers assemble in this room before going into the House of Lords through the door on the left. The door below Henry and Anne Boleyn leads to a corridor which M.P.'s now use as a division lobby. Into such a lobby all Members favoring one side of a question line up for a vote.



Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**U. S. Army Nurse and Commando Tour the King's Robing Room, Where the Lords Now Meet**

Since the room serves as an emergency chamber, the thrones are temporary substitutes for those in Plate II. Woolsack, a red cushion (foreground), seats the Lord Chancellor (Plate IX). Since the Middle Ages it has reminded the Government of the wool trade's importance. A tapestry bears the Royal Arms.

 Kodachrome by B. Anthony Stewart

**Holiday-makers Stroll the Thames-side; Parliament's in the Country for the Week End**

Clock Tower houses Big Ben, the bell that strikes the London hours. Boadicea, a British queen, is honored by the monument. When London was a Roman camp around the year 60, she led a revolt against Nero and almost annihilated his Ninth Legion. Defeated in a desperate battle, Boadicea took poison.

Next come the Lords Spiritual, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury and 24 bishops.

The order of peerage is as follows: dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons. All these lay peerages are hereditary, but under the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876 seven Law Lords who are life peers are appointed for their legal knowledge and experience.

### Limitations of the House of Lords

The House of Lords is not an elected assembly. Since 1911 its powers have been greatly restricted. It cannot amend any bill which concerns money. For many centuries the House of Commons has insisted that supply and taxation are its own prerogative.

Over other bills, too, the Lords retain only a limited power; they may reject a bill, but once it has passed thrice through the House of Commons, on the third rejection by the Lords the bill goes automatically over their heads to the King, provided that two years have elapsed since the bill was first introduced into the Commons.

It can therefore be said definitely that the House of Lords cannot impede any legislation for which the House of Commons has been given a direct mandate by the people.

Curiously, as the Lords have lost their power their prestige has increased. Many of their members are men who have been raised to the peerage as a reward for meritorious service in Great Britain and the Empire. Since they are not responsible to the whims of an electorate, they can afford to express their opinions with complete freedom, and generally the debates in the Lords reach a very high standard of knowledge and statesmanship.

The question is often asked, "Why not abolish the Lords, or at any rate reform them?" Logically, that is a sound viewpoint, but the British have never been particularly good at logic. Their approach to most problems is, rather, "Does it work?" If it does, why tamper with it?

The House of Lords performs one other ancient function. It is not only a legislative body, but has been since the earliest days of English history a judicial body as well. It is the final court of appeal for the whole system of British justice. An appeal lies to the House of Lords from any Court of Appeal in England, the Court of Session in Scotland, or the Court of Appeal in Northern Ireland.

The judgment delivered is a judgment of the Lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament assembled, but the court which hears the case consists only of the Lords of Appeal, who have been mentioned above. The other peers do not attend.

One member of the House of Lords whose duties are difficult to explain to visitors is the Lord Chancellor (Plate IX). He performs three functions. In one sense he is the Speaker of the House of Lords, but he does not possess the same powers as the Speaker of the House of Commons in keeping order and in regulating debates. In this capacity he does not sit in a chair or on a dais but on the Woolsack, a square, red, raised cushion which is supposed to be stuffed with wool.

The Woolsack dates back to the days when the prosperity of England very largely depended upon the export of wool to northern Europe, where it was made up into cloth. To remind the Government of the importance of the wool trade, it was decided to seat the Lord Chancellor on a sack of wool, and he has sat there ever since (Plate XV).

When I explained this to a boy from Virginia, he remarked, "If the principle were applied to Virginia, our Lord Chancellor, if we had one, would have to sit on a sack of tobacco!"

The Lord Chancellor is also a Member of the Government, and if he wishes to address the House in that capacity he moves two paces away from his Woolsack before he starts to speak, because the Woolsack is "outside" the House.

His third function is that of being head of the Judiciary, and in that capacity he is responsible for the appointment of judges and other judicial officers and generally presides over the House of Lords when it is sitting as a court of appeal.

The appointment of the Lord Chancellor represents the last example of religious intolerance in the British Constitution. He cannot be a Roman Catholic or a Jew but must be a Protestant.

### Norman French Used in Ceremony

There is one delightful ceremonial when the Lord Chancellor, with two other Lords Commissioners acting on behalf of the King, announces to the Lords and the Commons, who have been specially summoned for the purpose, that the King has signed a bill and that it has become law.

The Clerk of the Crown and the Clerk of the Parliaments rise from their places at the table. The former reads out the title of the bill. The latter bows to the Lords Commissioners as representing the Sovereign and, turning to the assembled Commons, uses the old Norman French phrase, "Le Roy le veult" (the King wills it), or, in the case of a money bill, the phrase, "Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le

**Big Ben's Metal Tongue Prepares to Speak the Hour upon the 13½-ton Bell**

By radio Big Ben frequently roared a world-wide challenge to Hitler. Its unamplified voice is heard and loved by most of London. A few complain that it sounds "raucous," the result of a flaw in casting in 1858. By comparison, the smaller quarter-hour chimes (left) seem mellow. A spiral staircase of 374 steps leads to Ben's domain in the Clock Tower (Plates I and XVI and page 229).

veult" (the King thanks his good subjects, accepts their generosity, and so wills it). The use of this old Norman French takes us straight back to William, Duke of Normandy, and 1066.

### British, American Constitutions Compared

We are seeing in these troubled postwar years that, although the British and Americans are in general agreement as to what constitutes democracy, some countries of Europe use the word for governments which, by our standards, are either pure autocracies or else dominated by one party.

Democracy in the British and American sense means free elections, secret ballots, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of conscience. It also means in practice that the views of minorities have a chance to be heard, that the Judiciary is independent of both the Legislature and the Executive, and that all legislation aims at securing the maximum assent of the peoples affected by it.

Nevertheless, within this general agreement of the meaning of democracy there can be wide divergencies in forms of constitution and in actual practice.

There are three main differences between the British and American Constitutions. First, the British Constitution is a completely constituent body and does not divide its powers into Federal and State as in the United States. It can make laws on any subject. The American Constitution owes its form, of course, not only to the size of the country, with its very divergent problems, but also to the fact that after the War of Independence each State was jealous of its rights and privileges.

Suggestions have been made that both Scotland and Wales should have their own Parliaments to deal with local questions, and that the Parliament at Westminster should become a real imperial assembly in the sense that it represent the British Empire as well as the people of Great Britain herself.

The second difference is that we have no written constitution at all. There is no Supreme Court to decide the legality of any particular Legislative act and, as has already been seen, the House of Lords has very little power to act as a constitutional safeguard.

The absence of a written constitution means that the House of Commons could do almost anything. A government of the Left might abolish the King or give away the British Empire. A government of the Right could repeal the Habeas Corpus Act or take away the power of the trades unions.

A House of Commons elected on the most moderate "ticket" could bring in the most revolutionary measures without any constitutional hindrances.

What, then, are the safeguards? There are none, except the good sense of the British people and the conviction that no Parliament, however so minded, would dare to legislate in defiance of the wishes of the majority of the British people.

The third great difference is that there is no clear division in Britain, as in the United States, between the Executive and the Legislature. The Executive sits in the House of Commons and must be a member of it or of the House of Lords.

The clear division in the United States between the Executive and the Legislature finds its origin in history. The framers of the American Constitution had before their eyes the examples of George III and Louis XIV, and were determined to impose constitutional safeguards against such powers as they exercised.

The limitations of the power of the Executive of the United States are not fully understood in Great Britain, notably the fact that in the United States treaties must be approved by a two-thirds majority of the Senate. At the end of World War I the principle of the League of Nations secured a majority of the Senate but not a two-thirds majority.

Any British Prime Minister attending an international conference can on the spot pledge his country to any agreed action. If on his return to Westminster he is not immediately disowned by Parliament, that agreement becomes binding on his Government and by long-standing convention generally on subsequent Governments as well.

In the United States the Senate may refuse to ratify an action taken by the President.

Under the British Constitution the Prime Minister can always appeal over the heads of the House of Commons to the country by asking the King to dissolve Parliament and demanding a General Election. The Opposition parties, unlike the American Senate under similar circumstances, know full well that they may find themselves called upon to provide a solution for the very problem for which they have refused assent, and that imposes a sense of realism which is of the utmost value.

### The Statute of Westminster

No reference to Westminster would be complete without explaining the Statute of Westminster, a landmark in British constitutional development as important as the Magna Carta, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill of Rights. This dates from 1931 and defines the relationship of the countries of the British Empire to each other and to Great Britain.

Great Britain is an imperial power in the sense that it has extended its boundaries far beyond its original narrow confines.

It has never forgotten the lesson of the American Revolution. The British came to realize that their vast agglomeration of overseas territories could not be centrally ruled from London, and for the past century British imperial policy has been directed towards an increasing measure of self-government within each constituent part.

Even before the last war, the great Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa were completely self-governing in internal affairs, and to all intents and purposes equally independent in their foreign relations. They came into World War I by the side of Great Britain only because their democratically elected Parliaments decided that they should do so. It was, however, felt between the two wars that the constitutional position should be regularized by some formal declaration, and a statement which became known as the Statute of Westminster was drawn up.

It contained one terse sentence which is worth quoting: "The British self-governing Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or foreign affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."*

Perhaps the best proof of the real meaning of this historic document is that in World War II southern Ireland (Eire) remained neutral.

The Statute of Westminster has, however, become more than a charter which defines the position of the self-governing Dominions. By implication it has become the pattern of the status to which the nonself-governing countries of the Empire hope to attain.

It was this status which was offered to India under the Cripps Declaration, when it was made perfectly clear that self-government under the Statute of Westminster carries with it the explicit right to walk out of the British Commonwealth altogether if any country so desires.

### A Ladder of Self-government

This clear declaration of British policy is inadequately appreciated in the United States. In my experience, most Americans do not know what a large measure of self-government is enjoyed even by the smaller units of the Empire. To give but two noteworthy examples, both Ceylon and Jamaica have adopted universal franchise from the age of 21 for men and women and, except for defense and foreign policy, are now responsible for their own affairs.

The British Empire is like a ladder. The goal at the top is complete self-government. Some parts of the Empire, such as the great Dominions, have long since reached it, while other countries are on different rungs of the ladder according to the stage of their economic development and the political aptitude and experience of their peoples.

It is never easy for a visitor to any country to appreciate fully its politics and their inner meaning.

At a dinner in London a short time ago I was seated between two very intelligent American officers who had been in England for nearly three years.

My neighbor on my right was firmly of the opinion that the victory of the Labor Government at the recent election, and also the previous adoption, in large part, by Great Britain of the Beveridge plan of social security, meant that Great Britain had gone Communist and henceforth could be regarded as practically a satellite of Russia.

Turning from this gloomy tale to my neighbor on my left, I was asked why it was that a people so sensible and level-headed as the British could allow themselves to be ruled by dukes and earls and an effete body like the House of Lords, tolerate an established Church, and generally be held down by an outworn aristocracy.

It is quite obvious that both these young men could not be right. The truth, of course, is that Great Britain is working out her economic and political salvation in her own way, guided by an innate political sense born of wide experience and springing from a long history. The British people are suspicious of general principles and prefer to tackle each problem as it comes along without much regard for logic.

One thing can, however, be said with complete certainty. The British Parliament has emerged from the war with its dignity and its reputation enhanced, more firmly established than ever in the esteem and confidence of the British people.†

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "British Commonwealth of Nations," by Eric Underwood, April, 1943; and "United States and the British Empire," by Leonard David Gammans, May, 1945.

† For additional articles on London in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, see: "London Wins the Battle," by Marquis W. Childs, August, 1945; "As London Toils and Spins," by Frederick Simpich, January, 1937; "Along London's Coronation Route," by Maynard Owen Williams, May, 1937; "Some Forgotten Corners of London," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, February, 1932; "London from a Bus Top," by Herbert Corey, May, 1926; "Vagabonding in England," by John McWilliams, March, 1934; "Everyday Life in Wartime England," by Harvey Klemmer, April, 1941.

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# Down Mexico's Río Balsas

By John W. Webber

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

ALONG the much-traveled Camino Real from Mexico City to Acapulco we looked down on the mystery river of Balsas, which flows for several hundred little-known miles through the low Hot Country to the Pacific Ocean.

Some of the waters under the bridge once fell as snow on age-old volcanic peaks long extinct, along the so-called Belt of Fire; some flow from the still-steaming cone of Popocatepetl; and part come from the cool heights on which nestles the town of artists and silversmiths, Taxco.

Indians who inhabit the scattered villages are descended from aboriginal tribes and show traces of customs practiced before Cortés came.

### The Lure of a Name on a Map

What captivated me most, however, was the designation on some maps of a vast, mountainous tract known as *Región Inexplorada*.

For some time I had been enjoying the bracing mountain climate at Taxco when Peter, an English artist, suggested that we spend a few weeks drifting down the Balsas in a flat-bottomed boat.

In 1944 I had explored the nearer, better-known parts of the river with my Mexican friend, Enrique, and two Indian boatmen. We had covered only about a hundred miles, and now I welcomed the opportunity to travel much farther, into country which is avoided by upland Mexicans because of the heat and pestilence.

I was loath to leave Taxco. I had become attached to its narrow curved streets paved in patterns with multicolored stones, the old houses, the high retaining walls with gardens above and below them, and the venerable churches, some of them little used now except during the annual fiesta of their particular saint (Plate I).

Handicraft products are sold in attractive shops near the main plaza, and here visitors buy the distinctive silver jewelry based on antique Indian designs.

Part of the Río Balsas is not far from Taxco (map, page 254). The village of Balsas, the head of navigation, can be reached from Iguala by railroad or by mountain trails, but no vehicular road leads there. Balsas is the terminus of the line, and the train which crawls in every evening crosses a trestle and stops abruptly on the other bank of the river.

Peter and I decided that we should start within two days. It was January, the cool dry season. Each day the sun would beat down hotter on the tropical river. One of the larger settlements in the lower valley is aptly named Infiernillo (Little Hell).

Moreover, in a week the moon would be full, and we wished to take advantage of it. I remembered from my former short trip that the river can be navigated by moonlight except where there are dangerous rapids and hidden rocks.

Drifting along by daylight had been pleasant and interesting, but my keenest recollections were of the late twilight hours when the sun had set over the desert mountains and the dark rippled water twinkled with reflections of the moon. Carlos, one of the Mexican boys, constantly wore new dark glasses, of which he was very proud, insisting that the brilliancy of the moonlight blinded him!

### Traveling Light, on a Raft

Peter, having lived some years in Mexico, had excellent ideas on what we should take for clothing and supplies. He suggested a change of clothing, two or three emergency medicines, flashlights, toilet articles, and a little food. We also needed serapes to wrap around ourselves at night before going to sleep on the wooden deck.

As Peter is an artist, he would naturally take his sketching equipment, of minimum weight, and although he is an Englishman, educated at Eton, he did not even mention taking the proverbial dinner clothes.

We did not know how far downstream we could travel, nor where we could leave the Río Balsas. Our maps showed several red lines, indicating trails, which approached the lower river. One line was of double width and crossed the river. It was evidently an important trade route leading from the *tierra caliente* (Hot Country) toward the city of Pátzcuaro and, what was still better, toward the new volcano Paricutín which, less than two years before, had spurted up from a Tarascan Indian's cornfield.*

We noted that the name of the settlement where this trail crossed the Río Balsas, apparently by ferry, was Las Balsas. So, accord-

* See "Paricutín, the Cornfield That Grew a Volcano," by James A. Green, National Geographic Magazine, February, 1944.


**Rio Balsas Cuts Through Mexico's Little-known "Hot Country"**

The stream crosses Guerrero and enters the Pacific between Guerrero and Michoacán. Its name is attributed both to primitive Indian rafts made of gourds, called *balsas*, and to broad pools between rapids, also called *balsas*. The travelers carried no thermometers, but estimated the temperature at 100° F. in the middle of the river, and much higher ashore. The river is bridged at only two points in its 426-mile length—Mexcala and Balsas village.

ing to the map, our route down the Rio Balsas from the village of Balsas would terminate a week or so later, if luck favored us, at a settlement named Las Balsas, the best point on the lower river from which we could return.

The recurrence of the word "balsas" interested us. The name of the Rio de las Balsas, usually abbreviated now to Rio Balsas, is variously attributed to the rafts (*balsas*) which the Indians made from gourds called *balsas*, or from the broad pools between rapids, also called *balsas*.

Someone laughingly suggested that we christen our expedition "Balsas on the Balsas of the Balsas from Balsas to Las Balsas"—"Rafts on the Lagoons of the Balsas River from the village of Balsas to Las Balsas."

### Tailor Doubles in Scissors

For two days Peter and I assembled our supplies and bought food to piece out what we could purchase from the Indians in the river settlements.

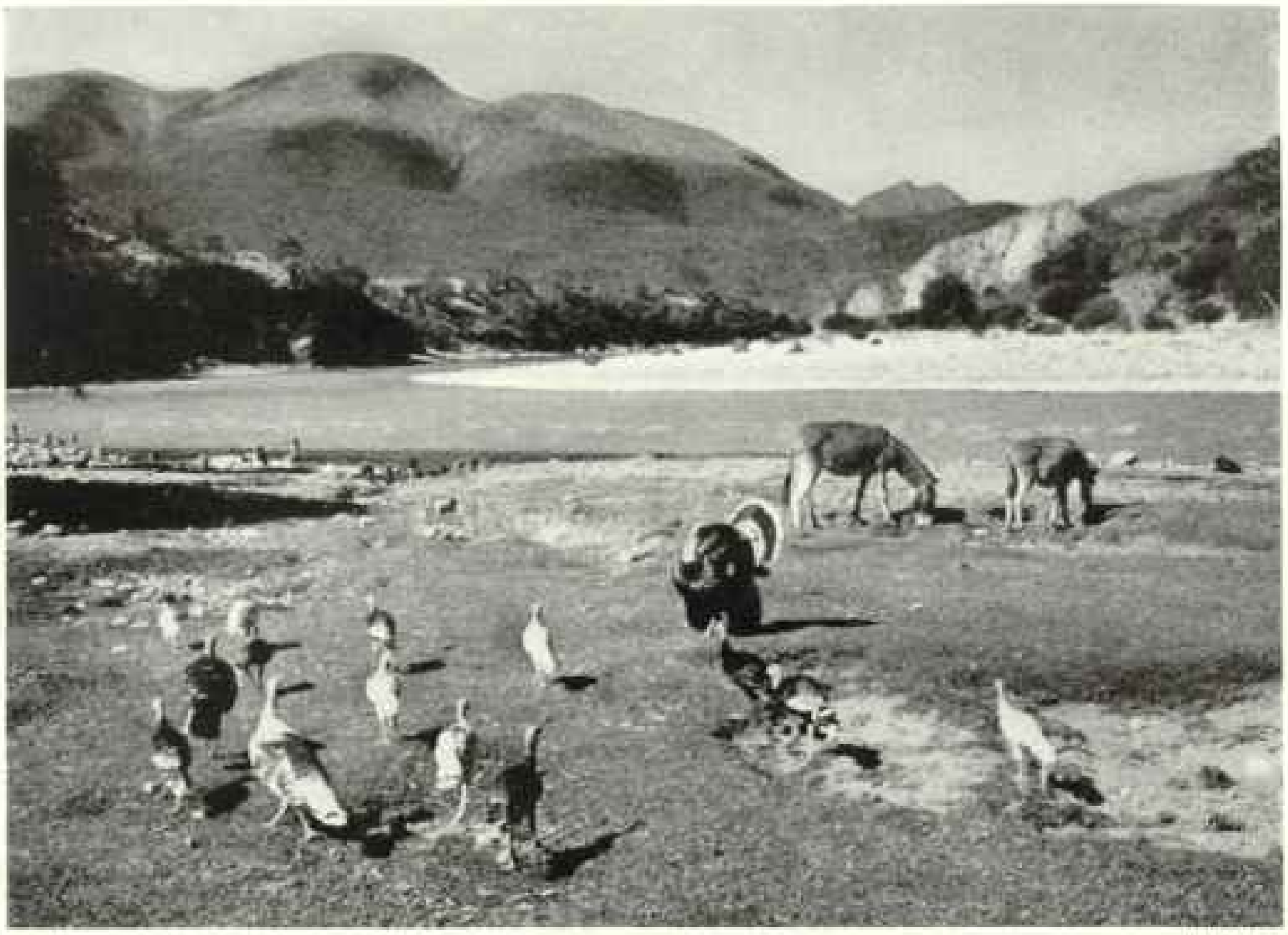
Our greatest treasure was a five-gallon carboy of pure Taxco water. This we guarded carefully, especially when it was being carried on the shoulders of the Indians.

Just before leaving, I called on the tailor for some minor repairs to my clothing and for a quick haircut. Being skillful with the scissors, he pursues both occupations.

We drove to Iguala to catch the one daily train to the village of Balsas. As we passed through the main plaza, we noticed that Taxco was recovering from the recent fiesta in honor of its patron saint, Santa Prisca.

We were glad to see that the noisy merry-go-rounds and the marionette tents were being removed from the open space around the park in the plaza, which is always crowded even without these obstructions. Now that they were gone, we could get a better view of the elaborate pink-sandstone façade of the famous Churrigueresque church.

Iguala is much lower than Taxco and consequently warmer. We went immediately to the station, since the train was due. No one but a Mexican will believe that it is better



Ralph Arm

**Turkeys and Burros Feed Beside a Bend in the Upper Balsas**

Scenes like this are common in the Balsas Valley, where farming and the raising of livestock and poultry are the principal occupations. Leading crops are corn, rice, beans, and sesame, the latter yielding cooking oil and fertilizer. In near-by ruins archeologists have found stone idols and carved jade of an unidentified period (page 269). The area once produced much gold, silver, and copper, but mining has declined in recent years.

to sit comfortably on the terrace of the hotel at Iguala sipping cool drinks till the engine is heard pulling in at the station half a mile away and then take a taxi. That allows ample time.

Once this train departed only an hour late, and most of the surprised passengers were left on the platform, complaining bitterly.

For three hours Peter and I sat contentedly watching the Indians around us till the train pulled in. Then we boarded it, and an hour later, after several false starts, the engine got up steam and we were on our way. It was after ten o'clock when we got off at Balsas, just before the train crossed the bridge to the other bank.

### Entering the Hot Country

We looked down on the dark, glistening river where we were to live for several days. Some boys took our luggage, and we gave our carboy of drinking water to the largest and strongest one. Had it not been for the moonlight, the village would have been almost completely dark. Although there were adequate lighting fixtures and bulbs, there was no current, because the Ford motor which supplied it had been out of order a few years.

We were now in the tierra caliente, but the night was cool, and the little hotel was clean. Over each of our beds was a neatly folded sheet and a thin blanket, also folded. The mosquito net which hung from the ceiling was not needed during the dry season.

That evening we consulted Don Pedro, proprietor of a small *cantina*, or bar, a man of excellent character who had helped Enrique and me the previous year. He promised that by early morning reliable men would go to our hotel to make arrangements.

Don Pedro also told us of a señora who could be persuaded to give us a good supper even at that late hour. Fortunately, she lived on the same side of the river.

The señora prepared an excellent light supper for us: chicken legs, *frijoles* (beans), coffee, and of course tortillas. During the meal her sons told us something of the river traffic.

The *barcos*, flat-bottomed boats 25 feet long by 8 feet wide, do not make trips down the river as often as formerly. Some of the old

mines are not being worked, and a new road being built from Iguala to Pungarabato, an important river town 65 miles away, can already be used in the dry season.

Also, transportation by the new burro track which follows the river bank downstream from Balsas is cheaper than by water, for the barcos, which once carried all the freight, have to be hauled upstream again—a long, fatiguing journey against the strong current.

Everyone agreed, however, that we could probably hire a barco and men to take us as far as Coyuca, two or three days downstream. Beyond Coyuca, that was different. The river was unknown and dangerous. They told of a terrible *salto* (waterfall).

We were awakened before daylight and found outside our door two chilly Indians wrapped in serapes which covered even their heads and gave them a sinister aspect in the half light. They had come to tell us that one of them, León, had a barco, a fine one, in which he and three other boatmen could take us as far as Coyuca in three days.

Beyond Coyuca? No, that was impossible; had we not heard of the waterfall? The barco would be dashed to pieces. No, the lower river was impossible. But to Coyuca, yes. And the barco was a good one.

Then came the question of price, and the bargaining. Eventually Peter politely suggested a compromise and clinched the bargain at 300 pesos, half paid in advance and half after we had arrived at Coyuca.

We were now all happy. The sun had risen, the figures had uncovered their heads and no longer looked like bandits. They were our friends, and we were going together for some days through remote country.

### All Aboard the *Tampico*

After a substantial breakfast, Don Pedro accompanied us across the railroad trestle to the other side of the river, followed by two boys carrying our luggage and the carboy of Taxco water. On the way we bought a large papaya, some oranges, limes, and miniature bananas.

Then we proceeded to the neat barco, which León showed us with great pride. On the stern was painted its name, *Tampico*. The awning, to shield us from the hot noonday sun, was adequate, and the flooring looked as if it would make as comfortable a bed as boards usually do.

León was the captain, and as his head assistant he had brought an older man with a small gray beard, who went by the nickname of Pancho. He was an old river hand and was familiar with every bend and with all the rapids. He was the first person who encouraged us in our plans of continuing downstream beyond Coyuca.

To complete the crew were two boys in their upper teens, Odilón and Jesús, dressed in spotless white starched trousers and clean white shirts hanging loose over pink undershirts.

### Crew's Finery Outshines "Employers"

All four men were fine Indian types, with possibly some mixture of Spanish blood. Each of them had a splendid sombrero, and each wore a three-cornered black cloth purse suspended in front by a tape around the waist. With all this finery about us, Peter and I felt very humble. Also their handsome bronze color made our tanned skin look almost pallid.

Our boatmen embraced their families; there were kisses and tears. We shook hands with Don Pedro, and at precisely 10 o'clock León cast off. The *Tampico* was caught in the strong current. From the shore came calls of "Adiós, adiós," as friends waved good-bye.

León and Pancho sat side by side on the small triangular deck built across the bow, steering with long sweeps, or oars. Each oar was attached to the gunwale by a leather thong wrapped around the oar as far as the blade, apparently for strength.

The men were always alert, since the current in this part of the river is strong and the river bed is rock-strewn. But the physical work is not great, for the current carries the boat along at good speed, and ordinary rowing is not necessary. The barco had no rudder or helm; when the men steered from the stern they used an oar.

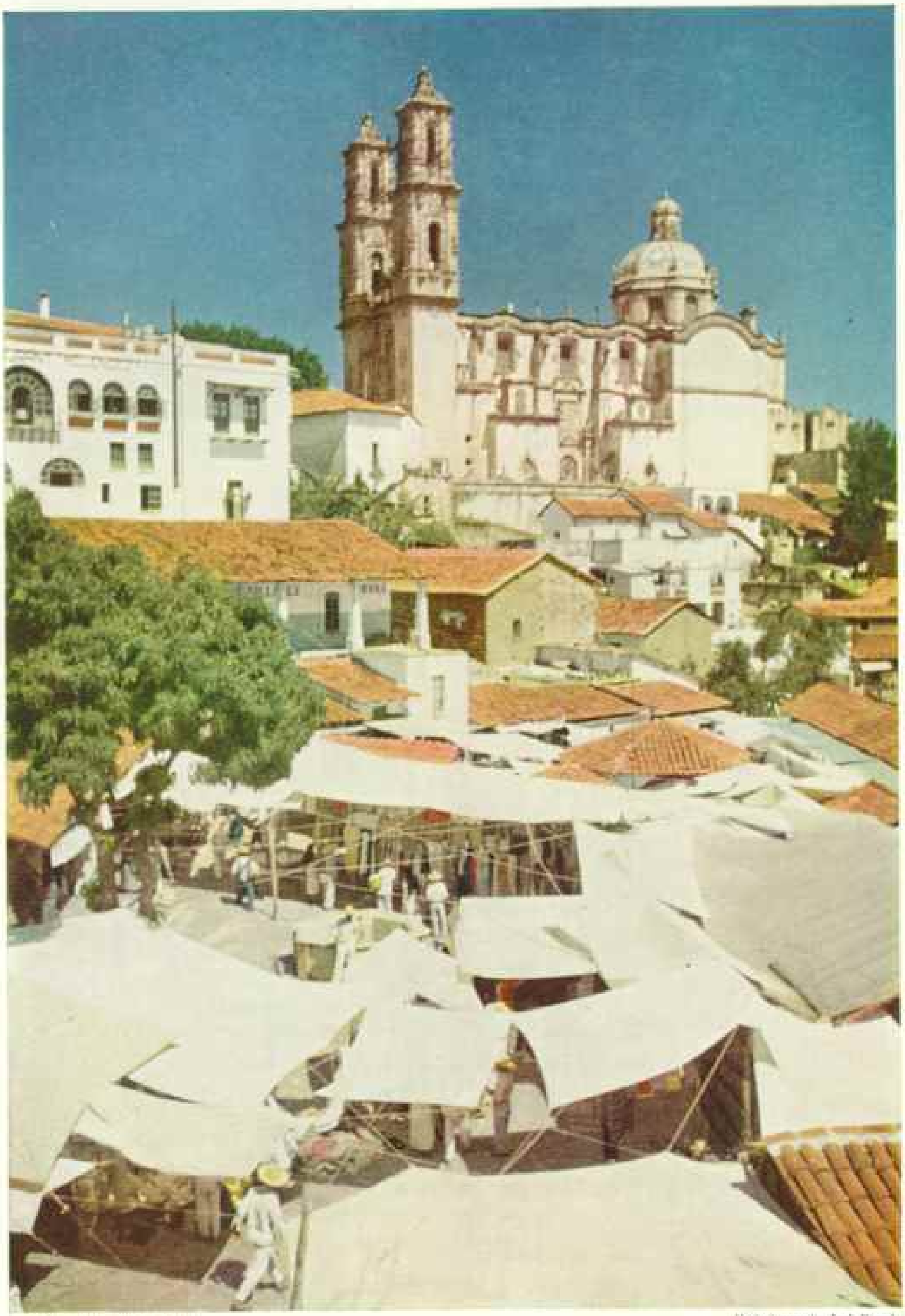
Along the banks green trees grew luxuriantly, and in some level places we saw melons, corn, beans, onions, and other vegetables. Except for this fertile strip, however, the land was like a desert. Barren hills rose close at hand. Now and then we caught a glimpse of the rugged massif in the direction of Taxco.

Sometimes, when we could get a long view downstream, we would see distant blue ranges.

Soon we heard rapids ahead, but León and Pancho steered us dexterously through the rough water. Later, Odilón stripped, dived into the river, and swam rapidly toward shore. He was to deliver a message, Pancho explained. Our trip provided one of the rare opportunities for communication between Balsas and the inhabitants of this lonely region.

As we sat in the boat fighting off the tiny flies, which were thick that day and that day only, we wondered how Odilón would ever again catch our barco, which was rushing ahead in the swift current.

But just then we rounded a point and saw

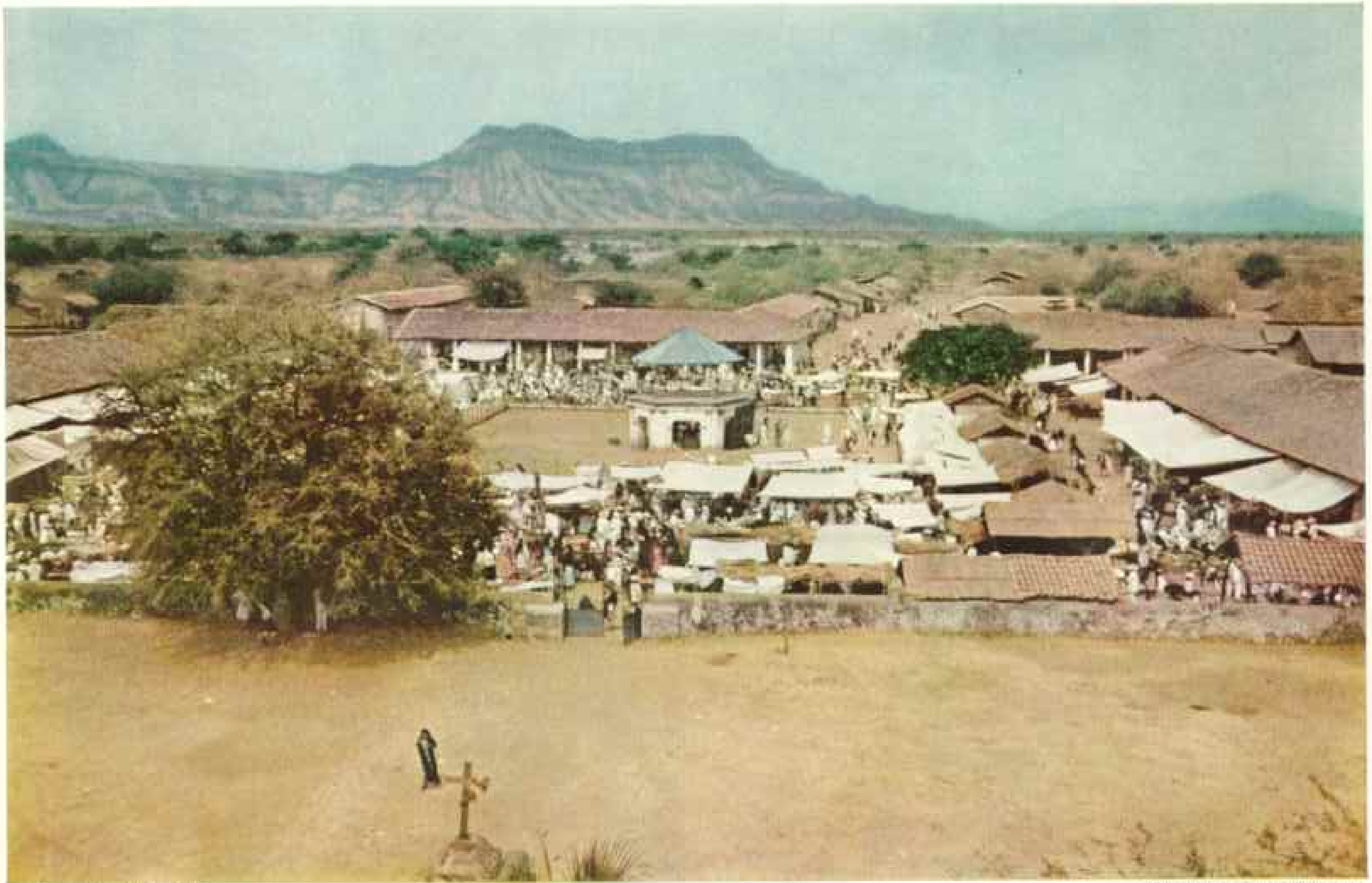




Kodachrome by Jack Breed

**From Taxco, City of Artists and Silversmiths, Started the Balsas River Expedition**

Hernán Cortés established this Mexican town. Its famous church rises beyond the market place above.





Kodachrome by Kenneth Segerstrom

**Balsas River Voyagers Find Hospitality in the Shade of Tlapehuala's Market-place Awnings**

Here the author and companions spent a night on their journey through the hot country. The river, hidden by trees in the view above, flows between the village and the distant mountain. Handsome sombreros made here are called "Tlapehuelas" and are prized throughout Guerrero and neighboring Michoacan (Plate V).



Kodachrome by Kenneth Stevenson

**Sunday Is Market Day in Tlapehuala—Everything but the Scavenging Pig Is for Sale**

Rebozos (shawls) shield the women from the fierce sun. Flat-crowned hats worn by some of the men are "Tlapehualas"; the man at extreme left wears the conventional sombrero. Sesame oil, used for cooking, and cascalote bark, which yields tannic acid, are chief products of the region.

Kodachrome by John W. Webber

The Balsas Winds Through Parched Country So Hot that Few Upland Mexicans Ever Visit It



Kodachrome by Kenneth Rzerutrom

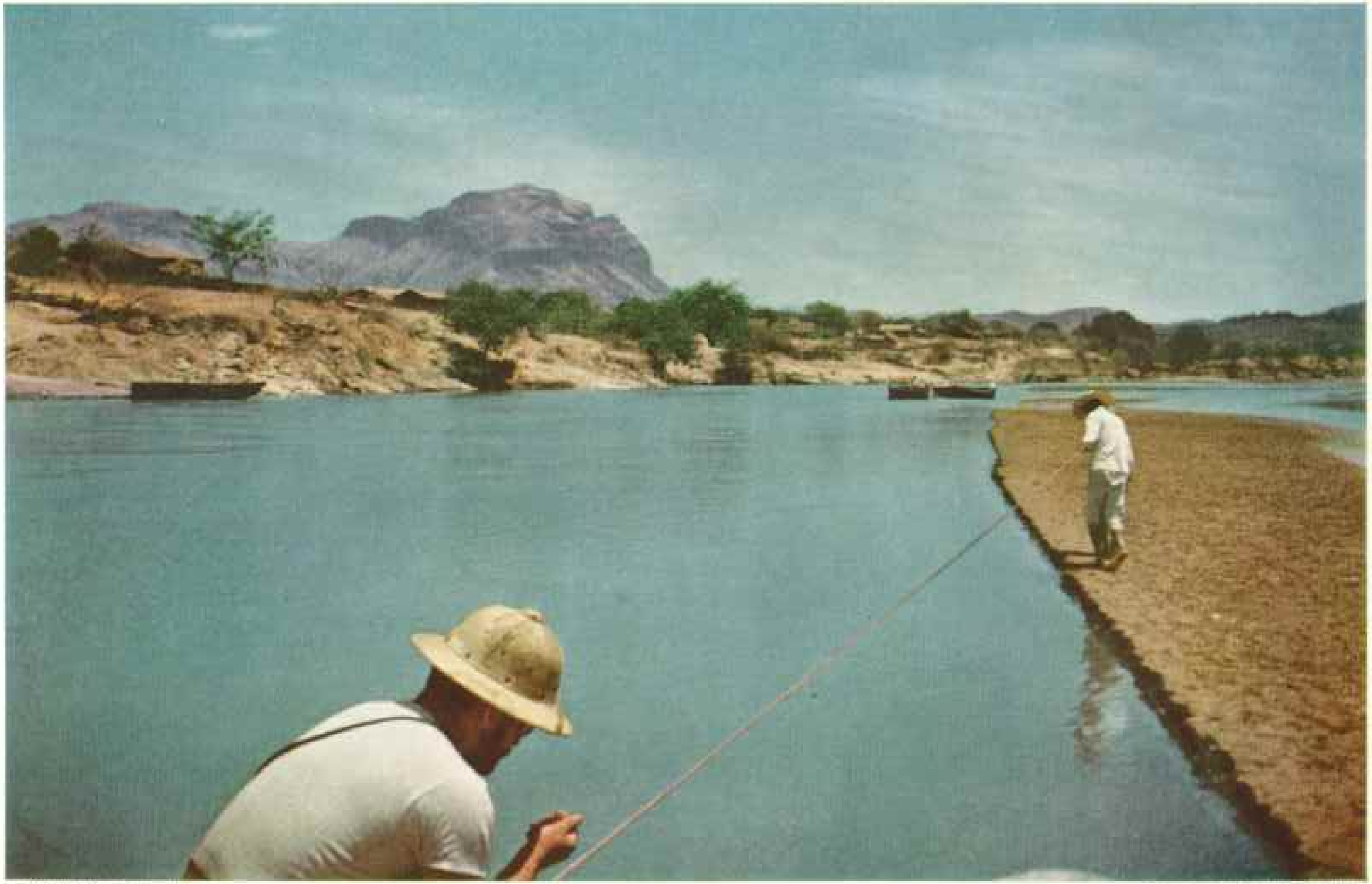
For a Few Centavos, Juan and Juanita May Ride a Carrousel in Ajuchitlán's Market Place





**Holy Week Celebrants Wend Their Way Through Tlapehuala's Sun-drenched Vegetable Market**

Climaxing the religious festival, a mounted figure representing Evil is chased by men carrying the long poles trimmed with colored paper. The poles are paraded in triumph while trading goes on. Besides their distinctive hats, Tlapehuala men wear, under their shirts, purses similar to the Scottish sporran.





Kodachrome by Kenneth Segerstrom

**Past the "Mountain of the Eagle" the Balsas Winds on Its 426-mile Course to the Pacific**

At several points like this, travelers cross the river by ferry. The barefoot men at right pull a boat to a landing. A rail trestle at Balsas village, head of navigation south of Taxco, and a highway span at Mexcala are the only bridges. Ruins of a pre-Aztec city were found atop the peak rising in the distance.



Kodachrome by John W. Wehner

**With a Push and a Pull, an Unwilling Donkey Goes Aboard a Balsas River Ferry**

Here at Las Balsas the author ended his seven-day journey. Below this point the Balsas becomes shallow and rocky. Flat-bottomed boats steered by strong Indian oarsmen shoot the rapids at hair-raising speed. Whole pigs or other animals are cooked in caldrons like the one in foreground.

 Kodachrome by John W. Webber

**Shooting the Balsas Rapids Requires Expert Oarsmen**

Pancho and Inocente were Mr. Webber's boatmen for the latter half of his journey. After delivering the author at his destination, they sold their 25-foot craft and walked home, a trip of several days. Sometimes six men must handle the long sweeps to negotiate shallow, rocky stretches of the Balsas near Coyuca.

that he had cut across and was swimming toward us with powerful strokes. A moment later he climbed aboard; then he and Jesús (whom we all called Chucho) took the sweeps from the older men and steered the *Tampico*.

Soon we picked up two Mexicans from a party who were riding along the shore on burros. They were delighted at the chance of sprawling comfortably under the awning instead of sitting in the hard saddles under the hot sun. Though they were taciturn, we gathered that they were selling semimiraculous patent medicine to the credulous Indians back in the hills.

While Odilón and Chucho steered, the two older men rested, always alert for the sound of rapids ahead. The boys laughed and joked, told of their adventures and their girls, and frequently sang. Their repertoire was not varied. Every hour or so they repeated a song about "Unfaithful Woman." The melody was pleasant, but my Spanish was inadequate to catch the words. Probably it is just as well.

Sometimes they saw iguanas on the cliffs along the bank, and talked excitedly. Iguanas are good eating, they hinted. But we had no rifles. Then they would sing once more about Unfaithful Woman.

Peter and I swam now and then, letting ourselves off the stern and keeping fairly close to the barco so that we could climb aboard quickly in case of rapids.

After supper we stopped at a deserted spot where a path led up the bank. It was the landing place, Pancho told us, for the village of Tetela del Río, a mile inland, where his sister was living. While he paid her a brief call, Peter and I walked along the path, enjoying the moonlight in the clear air of the dry season.

By nine we had spread our serapes and pillows in the stern, and soon Peter wrapped his long, slender form in his serape for the night. The two boys manned the oars, and León and Pancho lay in the bow. Before long I also wrapped myself up and stretched out on the hard wooden floor of the boat, my head resting on my pillow, my body on my hipbone. I lay there for a long time without sleeping, perhaps because the moonlit scene was so entrancing.

During the night the men and boys spelled each other at the oars, and the boys occasionally called for assistance when they saw dark rocks ahead in the swift current. Once when I woke it had suddenly become cold. I was glad to stick my feet and legs into the warm gunny sack in which we had brought our serapes and pillows.

When I next opened my eyes it was nearly dawn. Ahead rose a high mountain, purple in the morning light. According to the boatmen, it was called the "Mountain of the Eagle," one of the landmarks of the river which can be seen for long distances (Plate VI). It seemed fairly close, and yet I remembered from my previous trip that this peak was only a day or so from Coyuca.

When Peter awoke, stretched himself, and looked at the bleak, pale mountain beyond the fertile banks of the river, he agreed with me that we should not again continue traveling all night. We were missing too much.

### A Plaza That Has Never Seen an Auto

For some hours we drifted with the current, drawing closer to the great mountain and curving around its base. Then we saw the tower of the church at the town of San Miguel Totolapan, important because it is the center for the large area to the south and west where there are many isolated Indian settlements. As is usual in churches in this region, the nave is long and bare.

Only burro trails come into the town, but several miles beyond the other bank a motor road is now under construction.

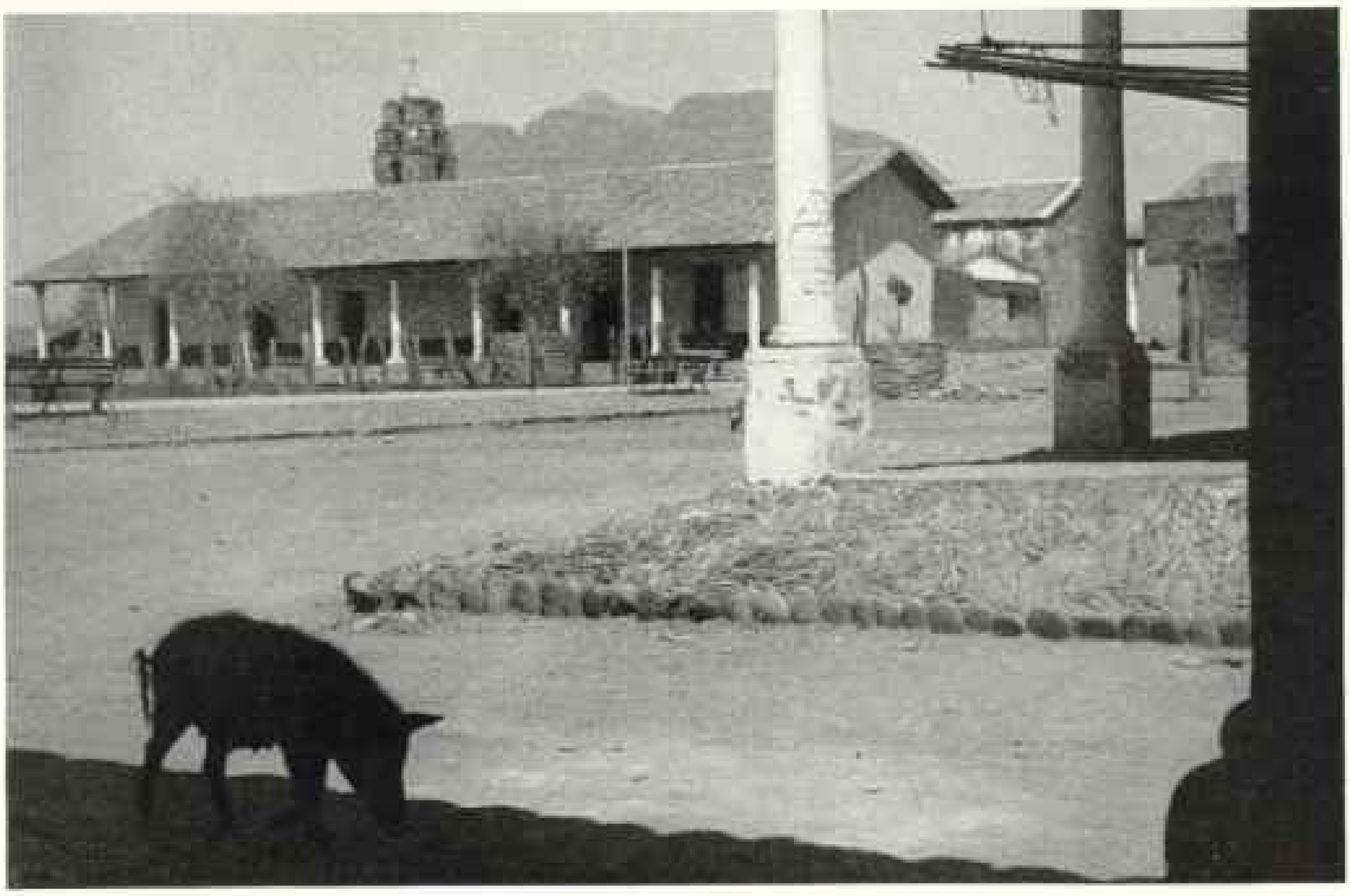
Little traffic now enters San Miguel by way of the river. No automobile has ever been driven into the plaza (page 266). Still, it is a busy place, especially early in the morning on market day.

The plaza is large—a vast expanse of dust, with a small flower garden and scattered trees, fenced to protect them from the burros. On all four sides are arcades, under which Indian women sell their wares.

Here we heard the familiar slapping sound of women making tortillas. Sitting down at a small table, we ordered the usual meal of eggs scrambled with tomatoes and onions, but with the chili omitted. Although we both liked the piquant taste of chili when employed in moderation, we had learned that in the tierra caliente it is used so lavishly that we were happier if it was left out completely.

We noticed that a large part of the population had discolored spots on their hands and feet and on other parts of their bodies, too. Some faces were marked by the same dark patches alternating with areas of an unnatural white. Many natives of the Balsas Valley suffer from this tropical malady, the pinta. It rarely is seen in the near-by high country where the temperature is cool.

How pinta is spread seems not to be definitely known. Indians, seeing the scaly appearance of the skin, blame the alligators in the river. Malaria also exists, and many people have both afflictions.



**San Miguel Totolapan's Market Place Has Never Seen an Automobile**

At high noon, the *siesta* period, a scavenging pig is the only sign of life in the center of this Balsas Valley village. During market hours, however, the plaza is a busy place. From near-by settlements come Indians driving burros laden with vegetables and pottery. On all four sides of the square above are arcades under which women sell their wares (page 265).

One of the men in the town asked Peter whether there was a war at present. When told that there was, the man asked who was fighting. "You are," Peter explained. "Mexico is one of the allied nations at war with Germany and Japan." The man said, "Si, si, I remember now." San Miguel is a long way from the outside world, and little news comes to it.

By noon we were back on the Balsas, drifting around the base of the Mountain of the Eagle. Before long, at the place where the clear Rio Ajuchitlán flows into the Balsas, we watched women washing clothes. Each group had a little tent or awning as protection against the sun (page 270).

For some miles there were few habitations on the left bank, but eventually one of the boatmen, seeing a man and a woman working near a thatched hut, drummed on the deck to attract their attention. He then called out, asking whether they knew a certain Maria Concepción Chávez. No, they had never heard of her.

A few miles farther on we saw a family cultivating their corn patch. Again the boatmen signaled and inquired. This time came a quick response. Yes, they knew Maria Concepción; she lived a league distant, more or less, back in the mountains.

"If you see her, please tell her that her brother has died in Balsas, and that they are going to raise the cross for him next Saturday. Muchas gracias. Adiós."

Thus news was transmitted.

### The Town of the Sombreros

Our next stop was on the right bank at the town of Tlapehuala, where the handsome sombreros popular through that part of Mexico are made. Indians from far and near were already arriving for the market which opened next morning, and when many of them returned home after their sales had been made, they would be proudly wearing their new hats from Tlapehuala (Plates II, III, and V).

We floated along for a couple of hours in the calm, broad river and spent the night near the landing place for the town of Pungarabato.

Next morning before sunrise we were once more in the current. Odilón and Chucho were singing gaily, perhaps because it was the last day of their outward voyage.

It was now Friday, and ever since leaving Balsas Wednesday morning we had been traveling through the State of Guerrero. Now

the river would form the boundary between Guerrero and Michoacán, the mountainous State where centuries ago the Tarascans successfully defied the Aztecs, only to be later subdued by the Spaniards. In Michoacán you still hear the Tarascan language spoken in the villages.

The sun was well up when we beached at Coyuca, a large town four hours distant by horseback from some important gold mines. Coyuca is also a distributing center, Pancho told us, for *ajonjolí*, a plant which grows profusely in the tierra caliente (page 271).

Leaving León to guard the *Tampico*, we climbed the river bank and with the two boys as guides walked a dusty half mile to the plaza. Pancho went in search of a barco to take us down the lower river.

Eventually Pancho appeared, bringing with him an Indian who owned a barco. The trip was so long, they explained, and the current so powerful that if he took his boat he and his men could not haul it back: consequently, he would have to sell it down the river at a loss. Still, he might arrange to take us.

His price? No, that was more than we could pay.

### Aboard Another Barco—the "Hope"

He went away, but soon his nephew, Inocente, offered to take us at a lower price in his barco, the *Esperanza* (Hope).

Peter's knowledge of Spanish and his pleasant manner completed the deal to everybody's satisfaction. Then we all called at the branch office of the National Bank of Mexico, a corner in the general store, where I presented a letter of introduction to the manager and learned from him that Inocente was reliable.

To our delight, Pancho, the experienced riverman who had come with us from Balsas, agreed to continue as assistant to the new captain.

While Inocente and Pancho were cleaning the *Esperanza* and getting ready, Peter and I returned to the hotel for a good lunch, served outdoors, with children and dogs playing around us.

Then shortly after noon we bought a papaya, some bread, and cans of tuna, which we carried down to the river. There we found the *Esperanza*, which, as Pancho had said, was not a fine barco like the *Tampico*, but was safe. Naturally, he explained, they could not send their best boat down to Las Balsas where it would be sold.

The whole craft looked rather dilapidated. The flooring was uneven, and here and there the short floor boards had a tendency to slip through, so that we would have to sleep on an irregular surface.

This part of the river is 300 feet wide, perhaps more, and consequently it is shallow. While we were waiting for the boatmen to complete their preparations, Peter and I swam, washed clothes, and rested. The heat was intense.

The three boatmen who were now leaving came to bid us goodbye, happy at the little gifts we had made them. Next morning they would start pulling the *Tampico* back against the current to Balsas, many days of strenuous work.

Inocente, our new captain, had sprained his left hand, so that his arm was in a sling; but he knew the river and steered expertly. Neither he nor Pancho was talkative, and as the boat floated along we missed the chatter of the boys (Plate VIII).

Sometimes we saw a hut, and usually there was a corn patch near it, so placed that the owners could easily water it from the river. Occasionally there were fruit trees, mostly plum or mango, neither of which was in season. We passed a village and identified it on the map as Los Alacranes, the Scorpions. The name did not lure us, and we passed on.

Where the river is rapid, fish weirs had been built, but until we reached Las Balsas we did not see a single fish. To the south the high range of the Cumbres de la Tentación shimmered in pastel tones across the hot plain. To the southwest was a Región Inexplorada.

The moon was now full, but we could not travel all night, as we had only two boatmen; so we tied up at some place which they considered safe. That first night on the *Esperanza* we both slept well, although at first the uneven deck seemed difficult.

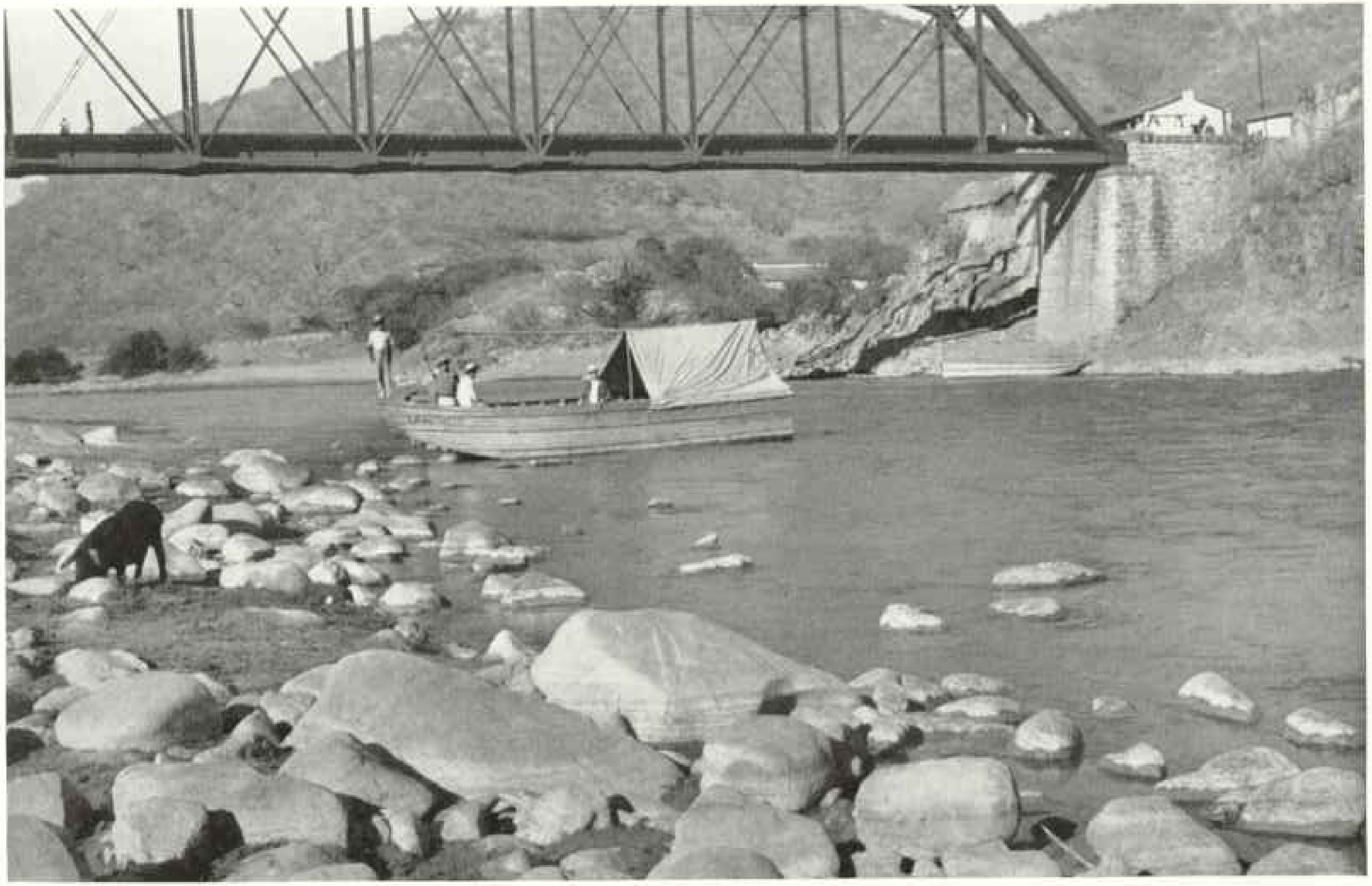
Before dawn I heard voices and saw a group of naked men walking and wading along the shore, carrying all of their clothing in bundles on their heads. For two hours I saw no other sign of human life.

### Look Out for "Alligators"!

I was poised on the stern, ready to dive in for my morning swim, when Pancho called, cautioning me to look out for caymans, the near relatives of our own southern alligators.

"See those black heads in the water over there? Those are caymans." The oblong heads soon disappeared under the surface. "They are afraid of men," he continued, "but, all the same, you had better stay close to the barco."

After that I did not enjoy my swim as much as before.



**Under a Railroad Bridge the Author's Boat and Crew Wait to Start down the Balsas River**

A branch of the National Railways of Mexico ends abruptly after crossing this span at the village of Balsas. The original plan was to continue the line southwestward to the Pacific. The village is on both sides of the river, and the bridge is "Main Street."

Toward noon, Pancho said, we would reach Zirándaro. The morning was warmer than any previous day. For a distance the river was broad and calm like a lake. This was one of the lagoons which they call *balsas*.

Then came rapids, and the men showed their skill in maneuvering through the white water. On each side, beyond the fertile banks, the country was desert-dry and would remain so for many weeks until the rains came.

Zirándaro is on the left bank; from it two main burro trails lead back through the parched hills of the Región Inexplorada. Pancho escorted Peter and me to the house of a señora, who prepared lunch for us. During the long process of making the fire and patting tortillas we went to the market and found some tiny, delicious bananas, oranges, and bread to take back to the barco.

While we were eating the scrambled eggs, jerked beef, and tea made from orange leaves, the señora's husband, finding that Peter was something of an archeologist, showed us a carved rock found in the fields near by. He told us that a few hours down the river, in the village of Santiago, was an important monument, probably ancient Tarascan. He also showed us a fossilized sea shell, found near Zirándaro.

Late that afternoon we reached the desolate, tumble-down group of buildings called Santiago, on the right bank of the river, in Michoacán. The long, towerless church looked like a warehouse. The arcades which surrounded the broad dusty plaza were falling, and where shops had formerly served the community there was now nothing to buy.

Standing in the center of that bare piece of ground was a square column of stone higher than a man and covered with carving so worn by time that the symbols were difficult to distinguish. However, Peter deciphered some of the markings. He showed me human heads cut on each side, and observed that one of them was upside down. It is possible, Peter said, that the stone marks an important Tarascan date of antiquity.

### Sketching by Flashlight

Not far below Santiago we heard the sound of rapids ahead. The sun had set, but the moon had not yet risen, so the boatmen decided to tie up at the bank. They soon built a little fire and toasted tortillas by throwing them on the hot ashes.

Peter sketched the pleasant scene by the light of his flashlight. That night when we "went to bed" the deck seemed even more comfortable, and neither of us woke till the men shoved off by the light of the moon when dawn had scarcely tinged the east.

The river had narrowed and was rushing between high mountains in a small canyon. After that the water was calm again. The quiet Inocente now sang in a low voice, Pancho joining in occasionally.

In the early-morning glow before sunrise we landed. Some Indians with burros loaded with coconuts from the coast passed us, following a trail along the bank, and we bought a few, paying several times the New York City price.

Food was scarce along this part of the river. At San Jerónimo, where we stopped for lunch, a woman sent children scurrying to all the neighbors to collect eight eggs for our omelet, but succeeded in finding only six.

That evening we tied up at a village shown on our map as an important place, but it consisted of only three huts and could not supply even one egg.

Rapids were not numerous, but in one place the fall was so abrupt that we had to stand on the shore and let the barco down with a rope, striving to keep it off the rocks.

### Invitation to Baptize a Baby

Once a solitary woman near a grass hut called to us. She had seen Peter and me and wanted us to land and baptize her baby. After due consideration we decided that we were not qualified, and Pancho told her so politely, much to her disappointment.

Pancho asked some men on shore the name of a settlement we were passing. They told us it was called "Old Hacienda." The whole place seemed almost deserted. Many large estates, Pancho said, which once produced good crops and supported large numbers of workers when run as single tracts of land, could not now support the Indians to whom the Government had given the land after dividing it into small pieces. The new owners in many cases had abandoned their land and moved away.

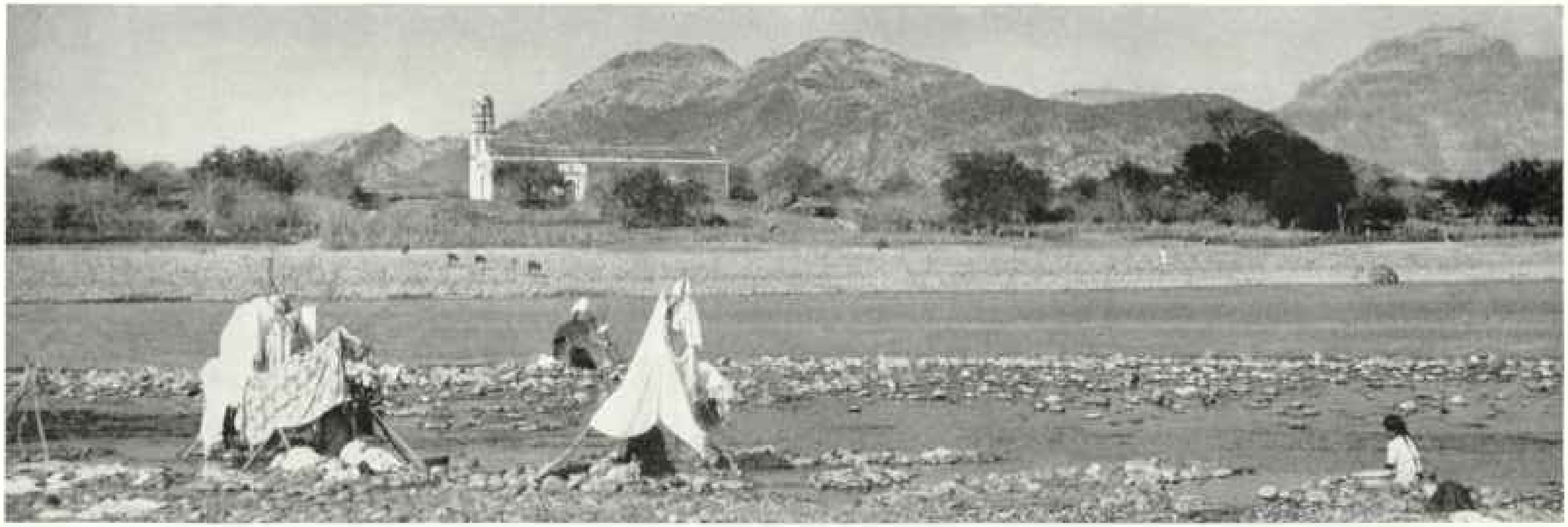
Toward midday we signaled two men cultivating their corn patch near some neatly thatched huts. They replied that the name of the settlement was El Tamarindo. Yes, they had eggs, and the womenfolk would gladly prepare a lunch for us.

This was one of those times we enjoyed so much, settling down with a family for a couple of hours, talking to them, and observing their simple way of living. Their little farm was comparatively prosperous, and the fruit trees must have yielded a good crop of plums in season.

Hens were free to wander where they chose, and pigs had slightly less liberty. Children played underfoot. Children and grownups

**Dry Season on the Balsas, in Mexico's Hottest Region, Leaves Broad, Rock-strewn Beaches**

These men and burros continue their journey after ferrying the river near Coyuca in the boats drawn up at left. On the opposite shore is cultivated land.



**Women Wash Their Clothes in Clear Waters of the Río Ajuchitlán, a Tributary of the Balsas**

Drying laundry draped on poles also serves as shelter from the sun. Across the river is Ajuchitlán village, with the barnlike church typical of the region.

looked healthy, and I saw no sign of pinta (page 265). In that respect El Tamarindo was unique.

Late that afternoon a strong wind sprang up, and the men took down the awning. Even then the *Esperanza* made no headway, so we tied up near a cultivated piece of ground. The soil was so dried that what had once been mud was now caked and split nearly a foot deep. Evidently the family watered it from the river with buckets. Some beans and melon vines were growing, but not thriving.

We walked to the huts and found that the people seemed very poor. After we returned to the barco a man came down with his two naked little sons, and they all watched Peter making coffee on the alcohol stove. We gave them pieces of coconut meat, which they relished. Later, when it was dark, the man returned bringing us some hot cakes, so hot that they burnt our fingers.

### A Good Deed Raises a Question

We went to sleep early that night, but toward morning I was awakened by the sound of low voices. The man had returned once more and was talking excitedly to Pancho, Inocente, and Peter, telling them that his wife was having a baby and that they were greatly in need of alcohol. Could we let them have a little?

Now, alcohol, next to our Taxco water, was our most precious possession; but Peter, without a moment's hesitation, poured out half of ours and presented it politely to the man. It was our one good deed of the trip, and we hope that it helped the woman.

Next morning as we drifted downriver, Peter suddenly asked, "What do you suppose they did with that alcohol? It was not suitable for just any medical purpose, and if any of them drank it they may have been poisoned." But by then we were many miles downstream, too late for any warning.

It was our seventh day on the river. In the distance were mountains, faintly purple. As it grew lighter, we saw every few miles a tiny patch of rice, a plot of corn and beans, and perhaps a little thatched hut. The corn had been planted in October or November. For many weeks no rain had fallen, and the dry soil had been inadequately watered by hand. Onions seemed to be doing well, and there were some sweet potatoes and melons.

To the west we saw a large flat mountain, with three summits of equal height like mesas and with sides steeper than those of a volcano. To the north, in Michoacán, were many cones. I wondered whether one of them was not the famous Jorullo which burst forth from level farmland in 1759, just as Paracutin did in 1943. Jorullo had been visited by Alexander von Humboldt in 1803, and he considered it one of the rare privileges of his life to be able to inspect a volcano which had come to life only 44 years before.

At one point, if my maps were accurate, we must have passed within 30 miles of Jorullo, and one cone resembled pictures I had seen of it. None of the Indians, however, could tell me the names of any of the peaks.

Shortly before noon that day we saw broad level beaches on each side of the river, with huts on the low bluffs beyond. The boatmen called out to us excitedly. We had sighted Las Balsas.

As we watched we saw a barco, similar to ours, carrying burros across the broad stream from Guerrero to Michoacán, on their way from the tierra caliente to the cool highlands in the north.

Instead of going immediately to the north bank, where the trail from the city of Pátzcuaro comes in, we landed on the south bank near the storage sheds which form the center of the village.

Pancho learned that trucks came down nearly every day in that season over the rough cart road to the beach on the north bank, and that passengers, if any, were allowed to ride on top of the load. On the south bank, however, all transportation was by burro, and heavily laden trains of these animals frequently arrived, crossed the ferry, and continued the long climb up into the cool country.

As soon as we landed, we inquired about our chances of leaving by truck. If the delay might be several days, we preferred to hire burros and ride slowly northward toward Pátzcuaro and the railroad. We were assured that it would be wise to wait; late in the afternoon or in the early evening trucks often appeared on the other shore. There men unloaded them, ferried the supplies for the Hot Country across, and picked up the grain waiting in the storehouse.

### Oil from Sesame Seeds

"The trucks will come soon," he said, "because we have a large supply of ajonjolí here. They need it in the mills at Ario, a town in the mountains, where they press the oil from the seeds." We inquired more about this plant. "*Ajonjolí*," he told us, "is an Indian word. In Spain it calls itself 'sesame.'"

While waiting, we walked to the restaurant, a rough terrace roofed with sesame stalks, in front of a hut where the family slept. From there we enjoyed long vistas up and down the

blue river and toward the mountain ranges.

Our host pointed to the north at what appeared to be a mass of cumulus clouds and informed us that we were looking at smoke from Paricutin.

We heard women grinding corn in their *metates* (curved grinding stones), patting tortillas, and rekindling the fire in the big outdoor stove. We caught the pleasant odor of cooking and soon sat down to an excellent fish caught in the Río Balsas.

Chickens and dogs arrived looking for food, then a huge hog and a fat sow. These animals were allowed to wander about at will, the only exception being the bedroom, which was protected by a threshold too high for the pigs to climb over.

All this time we kept looking at the opposite bank, hoping to see a truck. Trains of burros came from the south, bringing loads which were put into the storehouse. Other burros, still loaded, were ferried across the river on their way north.

When our meal was finished, Peter and I returned to the *Esperanza* to wait. Two prospective purchasers from the village conversed with Inocente over its value.

While we hoped that Inocente would get a good price, we were not anxious that he should sell it at once, as we preferred to stay in the cool barco till the truck arrived.

The next morning, the last day of January, we were still waiting for the truck. At the restaurant, our host assured us it would appear at any moment. A group of Indians, picturesque in big sombreros, were leaving with rifles to hunt caymans and urged us to join them.

"Perhaps we should," said Peter, "because to some people our trip will seem without an object unless we kill something."

Just then Inocente joined us. He had sold the *Esperanza*, for 100 pesos.

"What will you and Pancho do now?" we asked him.

"Walk home," he said. "It will take only four or five days over the trails to Coyuca and a few days more to Balsas." They had been good companions, and when they had thrown their serapes across their shoulders and were off, we knew we would miss them.

Peter and I planned resignedly to spend the night in Las Balsas. Perhaps we might have to wait several days. Now that the heat of the day had passed, we started for a walk, but had scarcely left when we heard the far-off toot of a horn. Running back to the landing, we saw on the other bank a large truck. Men were rapidly unloading it and putting the cases into the ferry.

When the truck driver had arrived at our side of the river, he assured us that we could ride with him as far as Ario, where we could make good connection with the bus for Pátzcuaro. The moment he could get the cargo loaded he would start.

He did not have to wait long for the fifty bags of sesame seed which he was to carry north, and we all ferried to the other bank. When we looked back at the village, candles and flares were being lighted. We watched the soft reflection in the river.

As soon as the bags had been thrown on board, the driver told us to climb on top with a group of soldiers.

### Sesame Seed as Ballast

I had expected that the truck ride into the mountains over the rough cart road would be uncomfortable, but the bags of sesame seed seemed luxuriantly soft after the deck of the barco, and the jolting of the truck must have lulled me to sleep. I was vaguely conscious of the moonrise and of seeing high peaks and deep gorges.

Once the soldiers climbed out, cut over a hill in search of game, and joined us later, exuberant at their success. Also I remember opening my eyes and seeing a procession of Indians carrying flares through the woods; it was a wake, the soldiers said.

About 5 o'clock the driver roused us, saying that we had arrived in the plaza of Ario and that our bus would leave there at 8. The truck would continue to the mill to deliver the sesame.

Peter and I climbed down, paid our fares, and collected our luggage. A few Indians were strolling around the plaza, but the little inns had not yet taken off their shutters.

Putting our serapes around us, we settled down on a park bench, flattering ourselves that we looked like Indians from the tierra caliente. But of course they would have had magnificent sombreros instead of our somewhat ordinary hats and would have been insulted at the comparison.

During the night we had climbed the southern slope of the volcanic highlands and were now in the cool country.

We had passed many cones that had been extinct for thousands of years; now we were approaching the newly born Paricutin, the ashes of which were being carried high into the air before falling to earth. Part of this ash would later be washed away by streams in which eventually it would mix with silt from distant Popocatepetl and from the slopes near Taxco, all uniting finally to build up the delta of the Río Balsas.

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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## ORGANIZED FOR "THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE"

To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty-eight 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 The Magazine uses, generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys constantly being made, The Society has sponsored more than 100 scientific expeditions, some of which required years of field work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions have pushed back the historic horizons of the southwestern United States to a period nearly eight centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. By dating the ruins of the vast communal dwellings in that region, The Society's researches solved secrets that had puzzled historians for three hundred years.

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*and after breakfast, too!*

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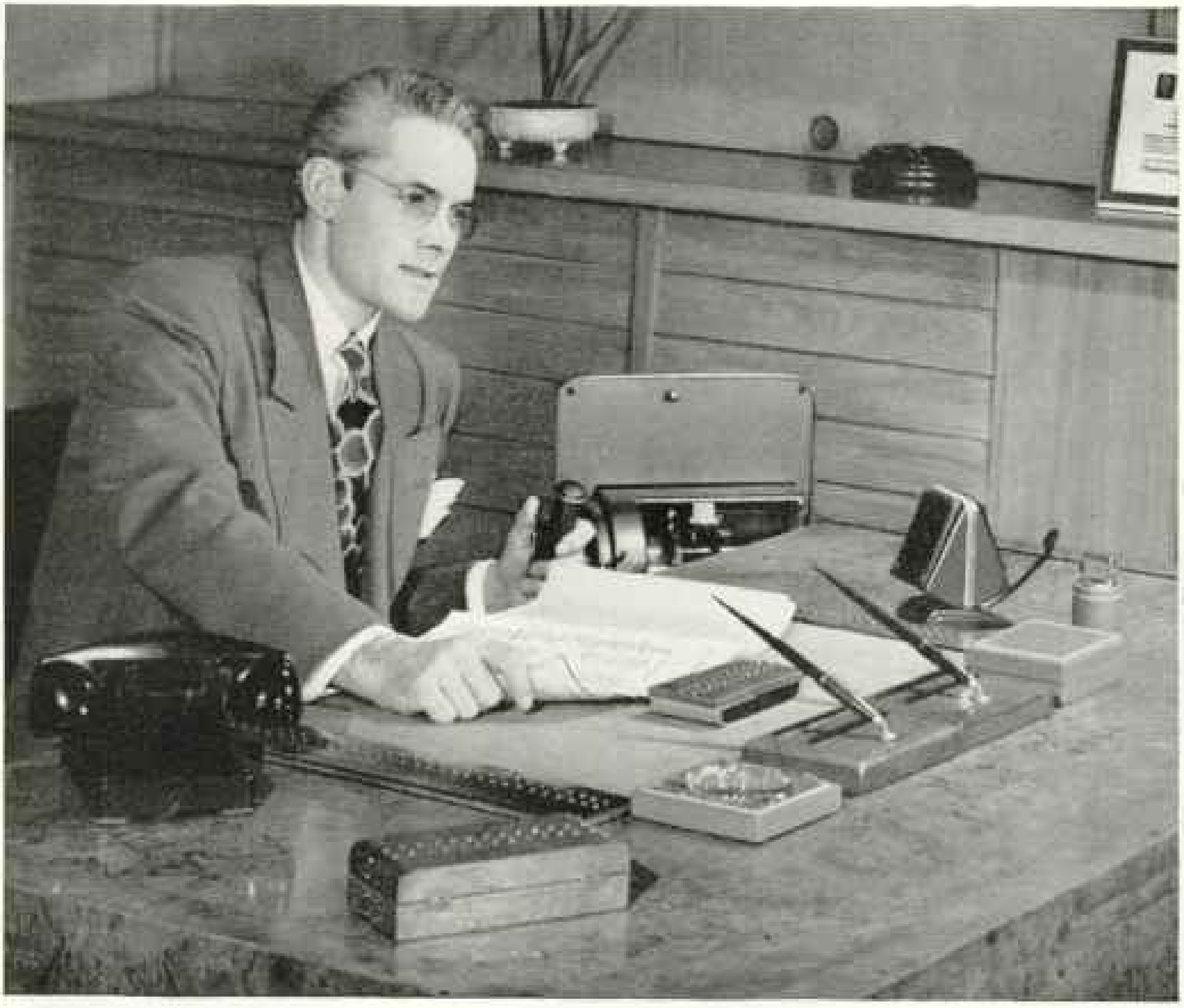

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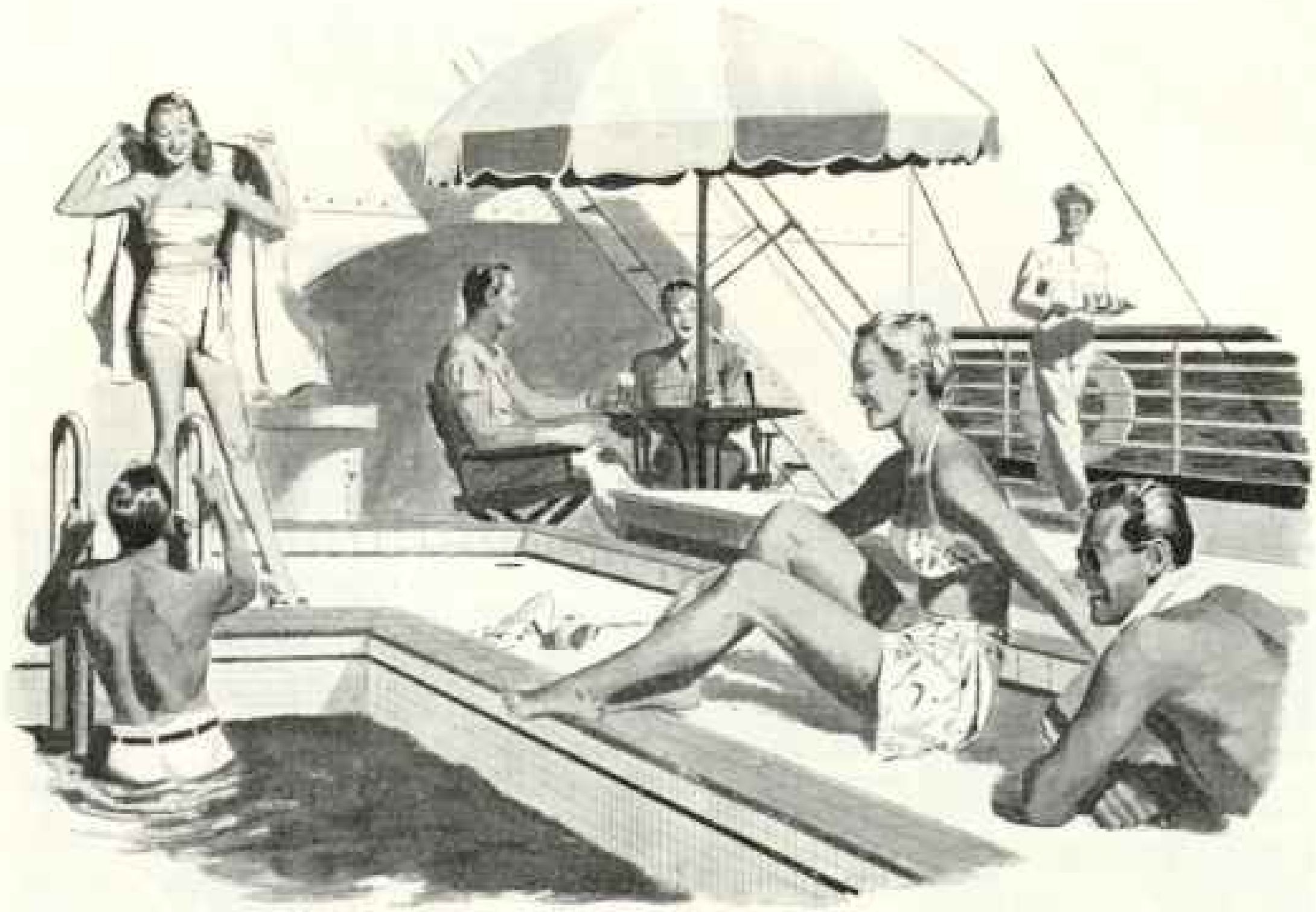

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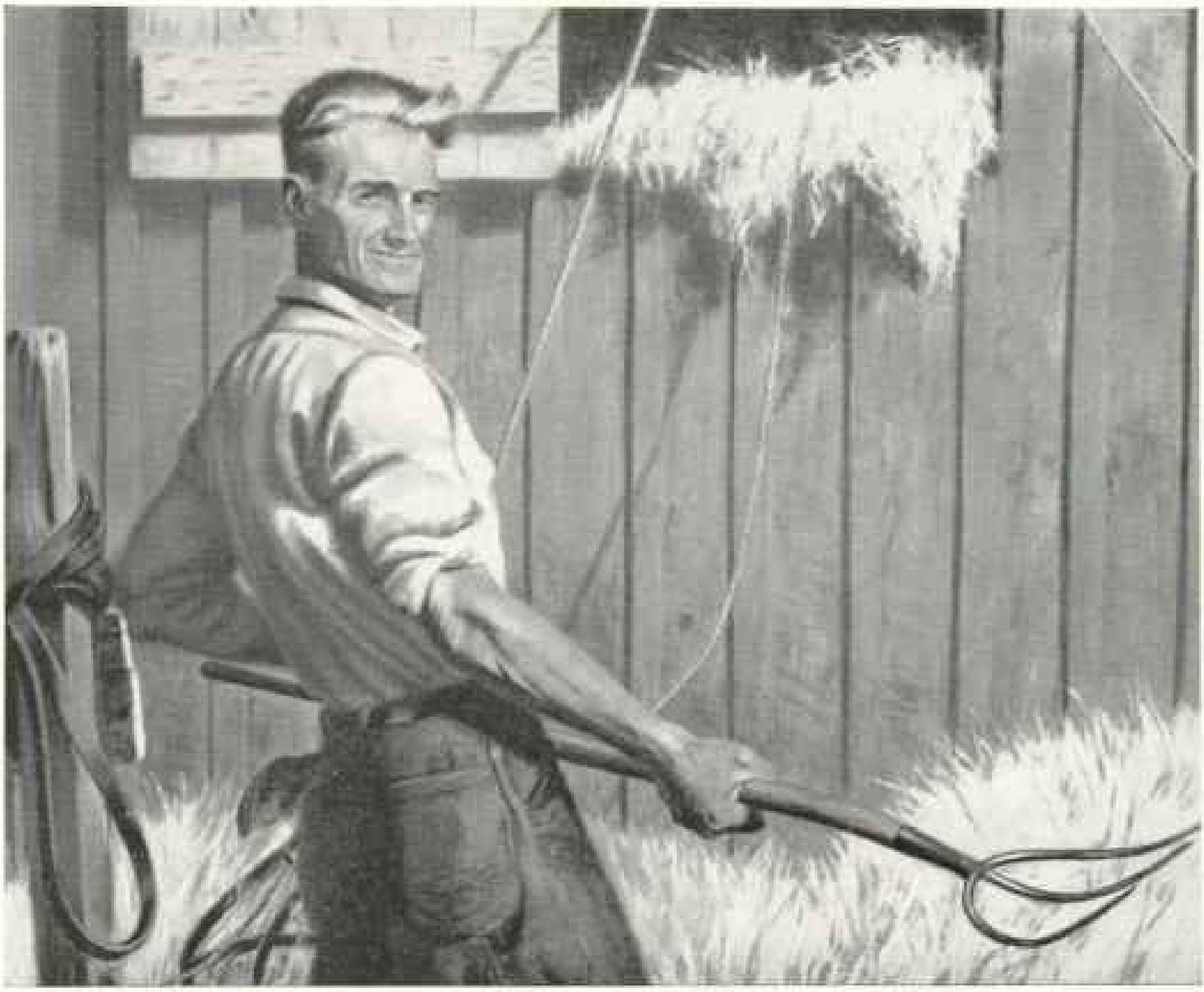

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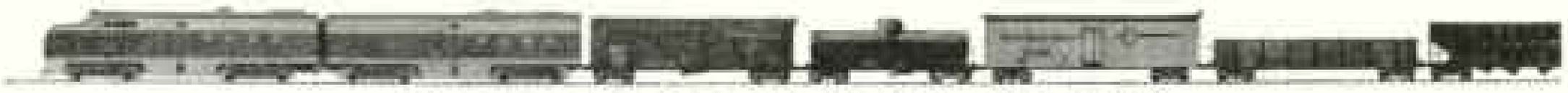

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Actual color photograph of New 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-door Sedan

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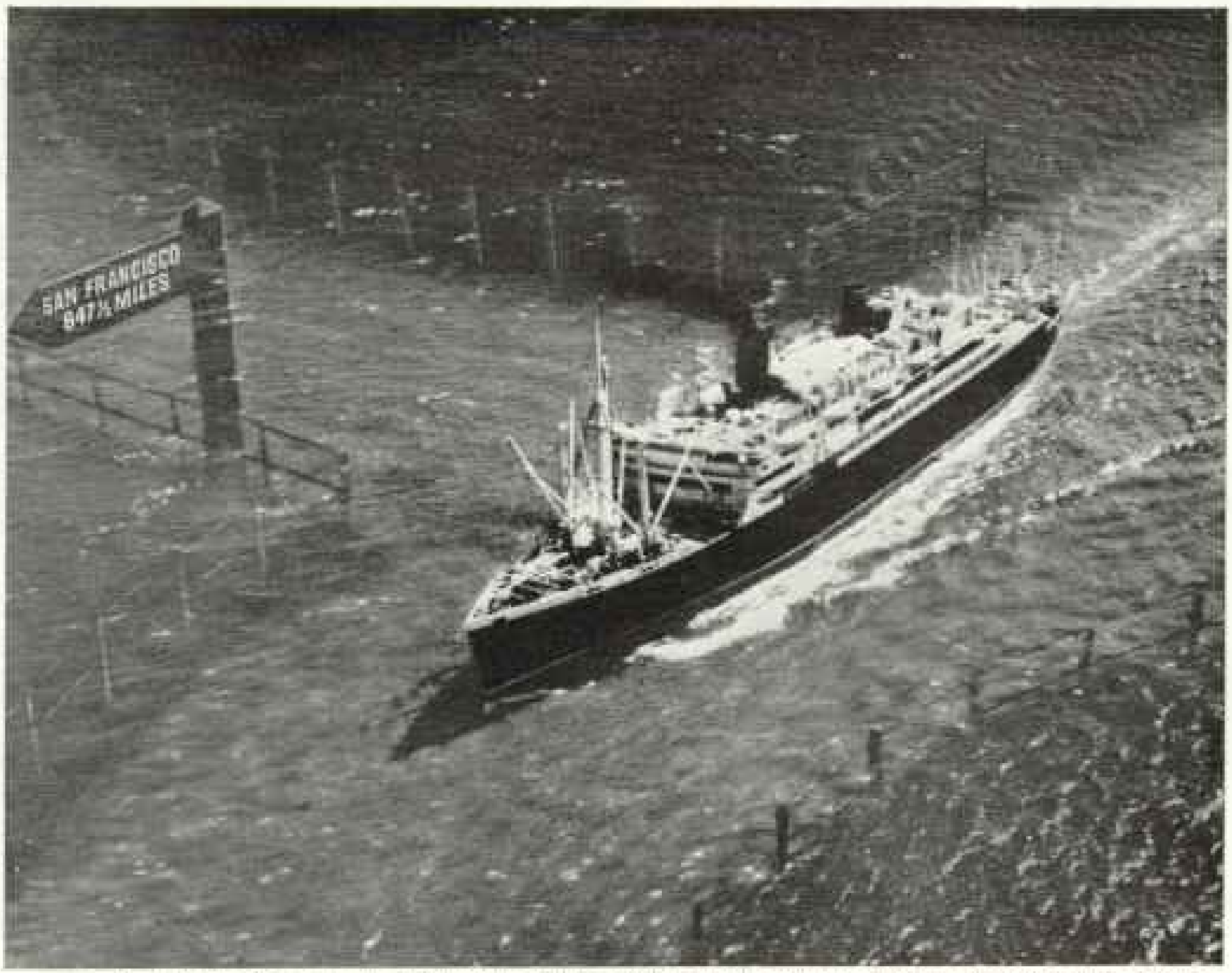


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Skylac, for example, was created specifically to keep taut the plane's vital control surfaces . . . rudders, ailerons, elevators . . . and to protect them against driving rain, hot sun, ice, wind, wear, mildew and quick changes in temperature and humidity. Already Skylac protection is "standard equipment" aboard modern airliners . . . like this American Airlines Flagship.

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis 4. *District Offices:* Akron, Birmingham, Boston, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dayton, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Springfield, Toronto.

Skylac protects the fabric lined cabin interior of modern planes, too. Although fabric has not been considered a serious fire hazard in aircraft, safety conscious airlines like to know that Skylac does not support combustion.

SKYLAC: Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Hard-Going Service:** Simulated wood finishes for steel golf club shafts are a proved and popular application of Monsanto special-purpose lacquers . . . and an indication of wide usages.

**Extra Beauty:** Gleaming and serviceable finishes for molded plastics are other accomplishments of Monsanto lacquers. You can use lower cost molding materials, get higher class products.

**Best Dressed Packages:** Lacquers (clear or with metallic or colored pigments) for decorative papers and fancy boxes, heat-sealing lacquers for moisture-resistant packages of cellophane.

**Smart for Style:** Fashion, too, gets a valuable assist from special lacquers . . . for the new synthetic patent leather shoes, bags and costumery that stays soft, won't crack, won't peel.

**What's YOUR problem?**

Our belief is that only a fraction of the service potentials of special-purpose lacquers have been uncovered. If you believe that a lacquer might better decorate your product, protect it, seal it . . . or sell it . . . ask Monsanto for details on lacquer—any of the hundreds of Monsanto Chemicals.

MONSANTO
CHEMICALS for PLASTICS

SERVING INDUSTRY . . . WHICH SERVES MANKIND

# *The cheer that made The Milwaukee famous*

A WAITER who enjoys getting your favorite dishes just right, and also takes time to point out the "Sleeping Giant" . . . a friendly porter who is actively interested in your comfort . . . a conductor who shares the lore of thirty years on the line—these typify the spirit and service that contribute to your contentment on Milwaukee Road trains.

If you enjoy beautiful scenery, why you're headed right into it on Milwaukee routes west and northwest. You see—from ground level—woodland lakes and mountain streams, great cities and cattle towns. The miles you travel are a running story of America.

A ticket on one of the big orange colored trains of The Milwaukee is a guarantee of happy traveling. See your nearest Milwaukee Road ticket agent today about that vacation trip west, or write to F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, 710 Union Station, Chicago 6, Illinois.

**VACATIONLANDS**

Northwoods of Wisconsin, Upper Michigan and Minnesota

Black Hills of South Dakota

Yellowstone and Montana Dude Ranches

Spokane's lakes and "Inland Empire"

Washington's Mt. Rainier and the Puget Sound country

***HIAWATHAS AND OLYMPIAN SERVICE***

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# THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

*Direct from Chicago to the Pacific Northwest*

# Which way will these twigs incline?

Remember that old saying, "As the twig is bent . . ."? It applies just as truly to the children of Europe and Asia as it does to those right here. They can grow to strong, good citizenship. Or, warped in mind and body, embittered by constant hunger—*listen to another Hitler a few years from now!*

What *you* do in this critical hour will help decide their future. So won't you back up in every *possible* way our promise to send food?

That means sharing your table, so long as the need is pressing. Surely, you'll continue to salvage fats, serve potatoes, save flour. Put up your vegetable crop, so you can give more to the Emergency Food Collection.

While we may scrimp, each of us will still eat *well*. There's abundant nourishment at your market. There's milk—and many other dairy products—to lend meals high health value.

Of course, you'll take as much care not to *waste* milk as you will to conserve other things. Because it's nature's most nearly perfect food, milk is precious, too. Make every drop work for your family's well-being. *We'll* work, now as always, to keep it wholesome and pure.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

# The day choice came back . . .

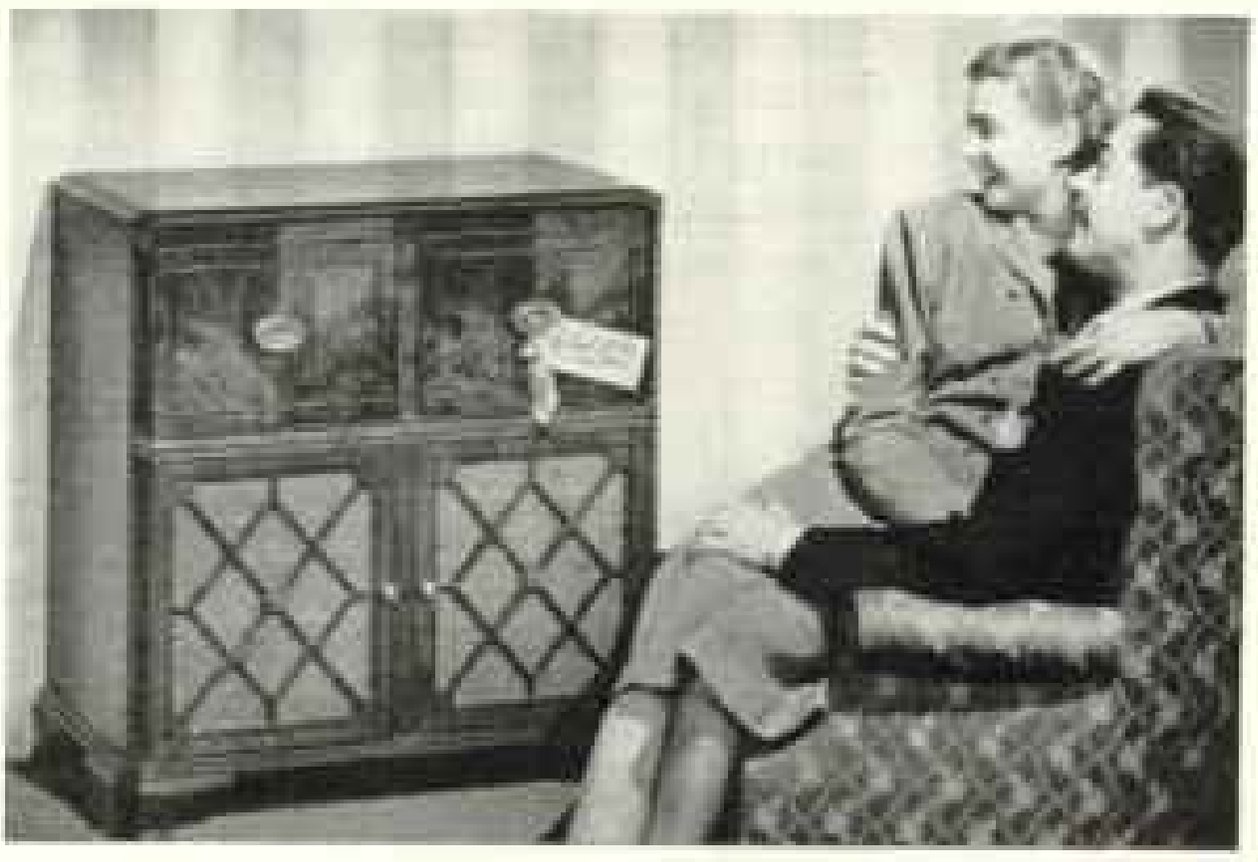
**1.** Suddenly the idea shone in Bob's eyes like a birthday candle. This year he could make Carol's birthday the happiest day of all!

**2.** For years they'd both wanted a Stromberg-Carlson. And now Bob discovers that this year you can choose again. There is the beautiful, perfectly proportioned "Hepplewhite" . . . *complete* FM . . . superb standard broadcast and record reproduction . . . generous record storage space . . . engineered for Stromberg-Carlson wire recorder . . .

**3.** Carol would thrill, Bob knew, to the delightful Dynatomic . . . just one of the smart table radios where Stromberg-Carlson achieves amazing "big radio" quality.

**4.** And there's much of tomorrow in the "New World" . . . Bob marveled at the speed, the quiet and the gentleness with which the changer operates...beautiful cabinetry...And tone that is breathtaking.

**5.** And here is the climax of this happy birthday story . . . for Bob finally chose the gracious "18th Century," one of the Stromberg-Carlson radio phonographs in which tradition meets tomorrow. Better see your authorized dealer and make your choice from among the finest Stromberg-Carlsons ever made. You'll find that Stromberg-Carlson today offers more people more for their money than ever before. Yes . . . today you can really *choose* again!



*For the main radio in your home . . .*

there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

*Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Television • Sound Equipment and Industrial Systems • Telephones, Switchboards & Intercommunication Systems*

# THEY GO HAND IN HAND . . .

# *Comfort* AND *Safety*

Yes, and this glorious summer holiday season the great East-West fleet of the Pennsylvania Railroad offers even more than that! More deep, restful reclining seats in air-conditioned coaches. More sleeping cars, more accommodations. New fast post-war schedules between New York, Philadelphia, Washington and the Midwest—in fact, all along the line. And, as a final climax, coast-to-coast sleeping car service without change . . . go West on luxurious streamliners over a choice of famous scenic routes!

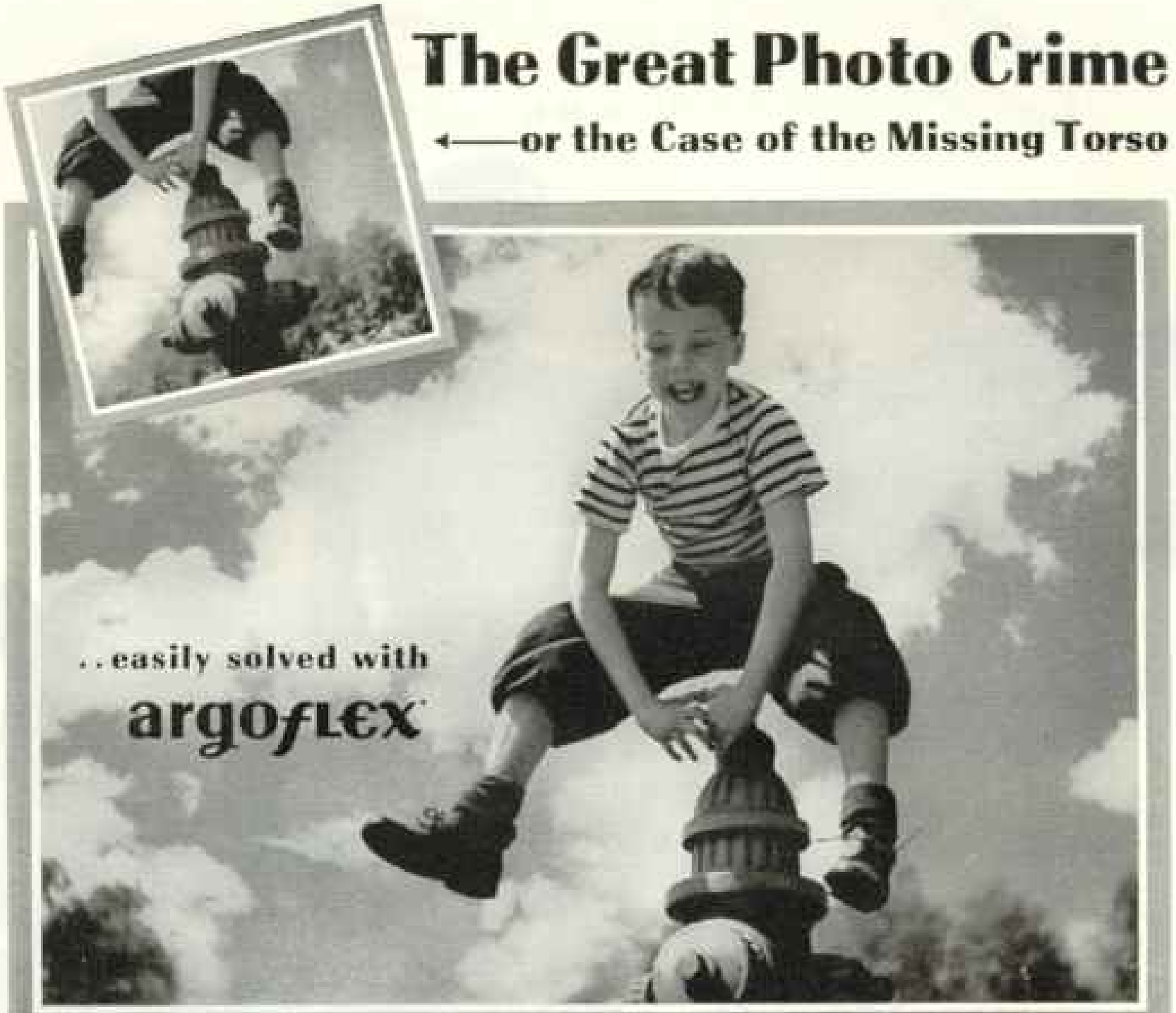
**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

*1846* *1946*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS

# The Great Photo Crime

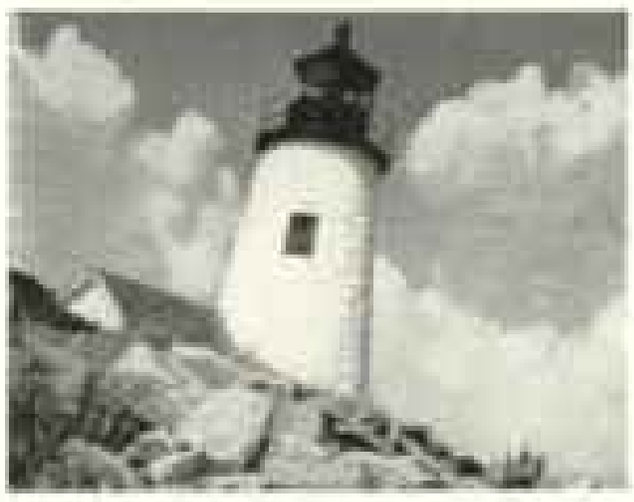
## ←—or the Case of the Missing Torso




**Elementary**—the way Model E Argoflex shows you how to get *all* the evidence. And avoid accidental cropping of your pictures.

For the successful solution of your picture problem, the Argoflex method offers the simplest way yet devised for taking better pictures. You'll find two-fold economy in the precision built camera. First cost of this precision built camera is low. And, when 12 exposures give you 12 *good* pictures—that's real operating economy.

**And Now—Coated Lens!** Your Model E Argoflex is now available with coated lens. This Argus coating method lets through vastly more light than can be transmitted by uncoated lenses. Your coated lens banishes "ghost" images, and flare. There's new fun in picture taking, waiting for you now at your camera dealer's. See the twin-lens Argoflex—today. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**Argoflex Prevents Tilting**—Your Argoflex viewfinder with synchronized focusing ring shows you the framed picture before you take it.

**Argoflex Perfects Focusing**—When you focus the image in your Argoflex viewfinder, you see the *sharp* picture—before you take it.


## America's First Twin-Lens Camera

*Here is Chicago's first railroad station and first train ever operated over Chicago's first railroad, the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company. The strap rail over which the "Pioneer" made its first trip October 25, 1848, went only ten miles west—but from this trailblazer start eventually grew the present Chicago and North Western.*

# PIONEERING NEW TRAILS IN RAILROADING

It's a far cry from early Galena and Chicago Railroad days, when the president of the line spy-glassed the tracks for the train's approach—to the great Chicago and North Western Railway system of today.

Like other progressive roads, the North Western pioneered many things. It was the first line built on the present Overland Route, first with permanent railway post-office service, first with Pullman sleepers going west.

Quick to see the advantages in new motive power, this line turned to General Motors Diesel locomotives a full decade ago. They power its famous "400" fleet and the jointly owned Streamliners to the Pacific Coast.

Here, as for 85 major rail lines and heavy industries, GM Diesels have opened new frontiers in de luxe passenger travel, and set amazing new records in the faster, more efficient hauling of freight.

When *whole lines* are 100% GM Diesel, then you'll really see how much their smooth operation, sustained high speed, consistent on-time schedules and low-operating-and-maintenance costs* mean to railroading and to the nation.

When that day comes, commerce, passengers and the railroads themselves will indeed be far into the great new era of modern transportation.

**GM Diesels often operate a million miles in high-speed passenger service before being withdrawn for major overhaul.*

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION
LA GRANGE, ILL.
GENERAL MOTORS


## "Many Happy Returns"

For many happy returns — in pleasure, in recreation and in health — plan a Florida vacation this fall. You will find autumn in Florida delightful — bright sunshiny days, star-studded nights, with the palms and pines still wearing their springtime green. Here's the perfect setting for the enjoyment of Florida's endless variety of exciting sports and attractions, or for complete rest and relaxation. Accommodations are more plentiful, transportation easier to arrange. Have fun this fall in Florida.


Your fall trip to Florida can be far more than a sound investment in health and recreation. There may be "many happy returns" for you in the opportunities Florida has for business, industry, agriculture and happier living. Look into these other profitable features of Florida this fall. Meanwhile, get a preview of the pleasures that await you — mail coupon today for free illustrated booklet.

# FLORIDA

## THE SUNSHINE STATE

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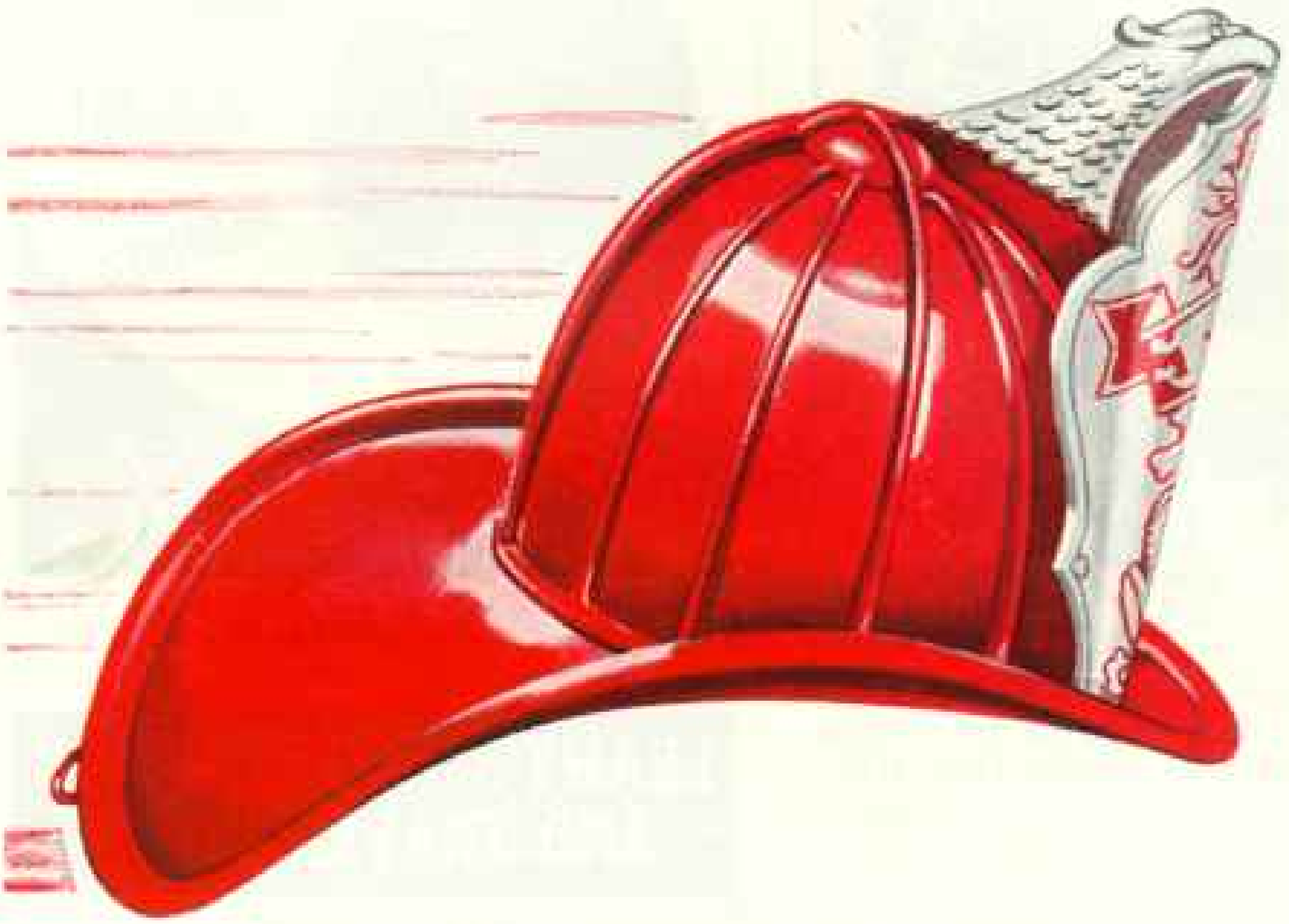
*Ray-Ban lenses ground to your prescription are available through optometrists and opticians.*

BAUSCH & LOMB

"Never . . . was so much owed by so many to so few"

"Elementary, my dear Watson"

"I shall return"



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*where you get . . .*

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HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

# Measurably—"51" is the world's most wanted pen


Today more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen.

New surveys in America and 19 foreign countries give added proof of this preference. For example, American pen dealers by a margin of 3.37 to 1, name Parker the most-wanted pen. Actually more-wanted than all other makes combined.

We suggest you ask again for a "51". You'll see its point start instantly, glide soundlessly.

And what smoothness! That's because the "51" is tipped with a ball of micro-polished Osmiridium.

Then, as you write—*magic. The words dry as you write!* For the "51" alone is designed for satisfactory use with remarkable Parker "51" Ink.

Instantly, you realize why this pen—made to precision standards—cannot be hurried out.

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"

*The Roosevelt, New York*

# HILTON HOTELS

## across the nation

To retain every worth-while feature and service of a hotel that carries a proud name . . . and to add to it the advantages of sound group organization . . . these are the aims of the HILTON organization. More and more the HILTON name gains acceptance as symbolic of the highest ideals in hotel operation.

**HILTON hotels**

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**Bellone MONO-PAC**


There are more Bellone One-Unit Hearing Aids in use than all others combined! Learn Why!

Hardly larger than a deck of cards. Ever-level full tones from powerful button-small X-Cell which out-performs units 5 times its size. Wafer-thin—comfort-cure style design. Rush coupon for FREE Hearing Booklet.

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Without obligation, tell me how I can enjoy better hearing with the new, smaller Bellone Mono-Pac.

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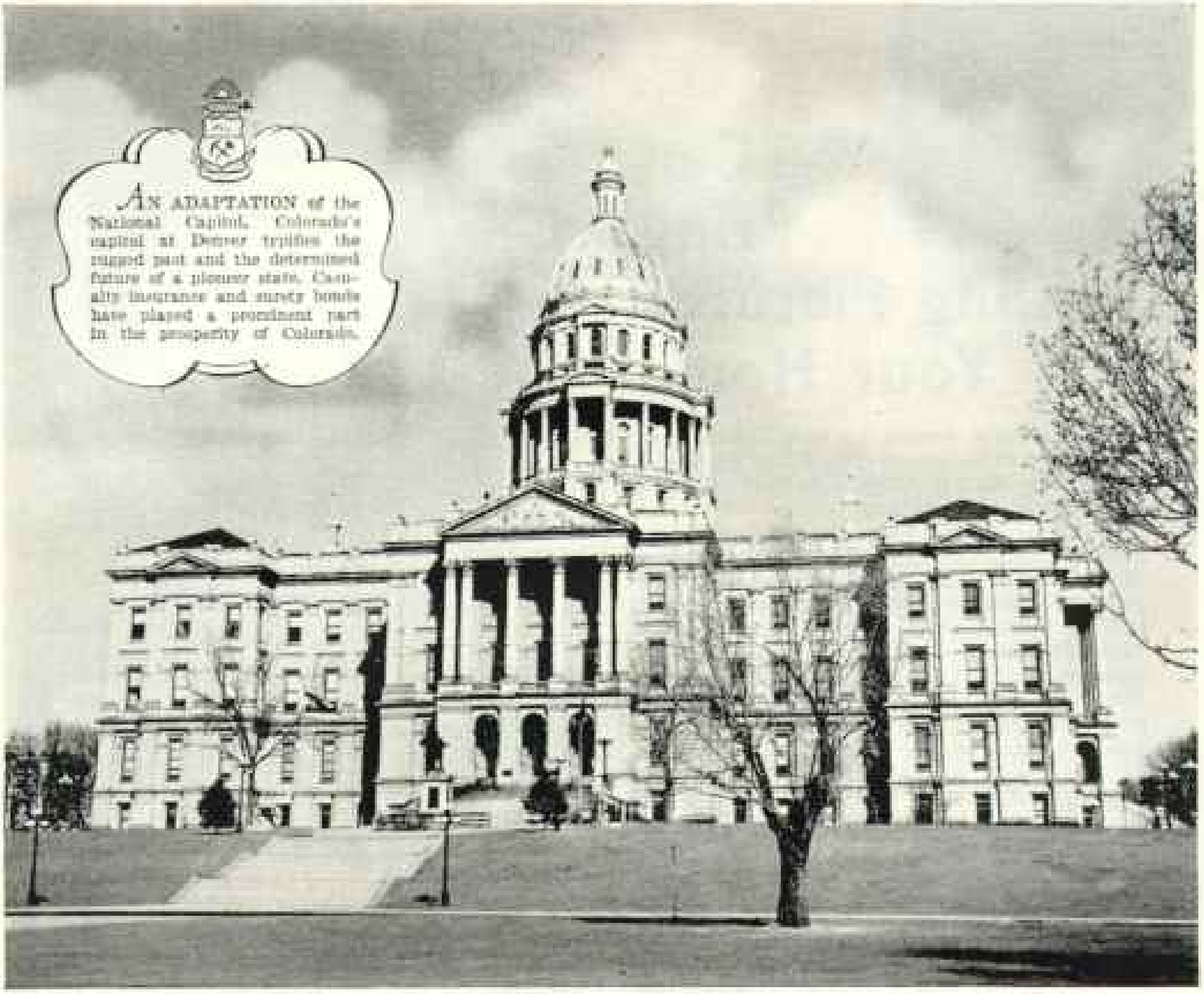
# SALUTE TO THE CENTENNIAL STATE




## *Colorado Stands for Abundance!*

Rich in minerals, abounding in crops, Colorado is a land of plenty. From its mines come huge quantities of gold, silver, coal, zinc, molybdenum and vanadium. Fertile valleys yield sugar beets, wheat, corn, barley, oats, fruit and vegetables. Rich grazing lands support herds of sheep and cattle. And, with scenic grandeur and an enviable climate, the Highest State ranks high as a vacationland. ¶ In Colorado, as in every state, U. S. F. & G. safeguards business and the individual, writing practically all forms of fidelity and surety bonds and casualty insurance policies.

**Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer**

U.S.F.&G. FIFTIETH YEAR 1896 1946

**U.S.F.&G.**

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# You Can Bring Talking Pictures into Your Home

**With the New Ampro 16 mm. Sound Projector.** You can see and hear what you want when you want it — through this remarkable new low-cost Amprosound "Premier 10." Right in your own living room — you can put on professional quality performances — with brilliant clear pictures and superb tone quality. Ampro's centralized control system and many unusual features make it easy to set up quickly — simple to operate. Large libraries of 16 mm. sound films assure you a continuous series of dramatic, entertaining, musical and educational programs.

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Special Ampro features include: Simplified Threading System, Centralized Controls, Triple Claw Movement, Centralized Oiling System, Quick Set-up, Quiet Operation — and many other exclusive advantages. Write today for specifications, prices, full details.

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*In gold or steel.*
*The supply of these watches is limited.*

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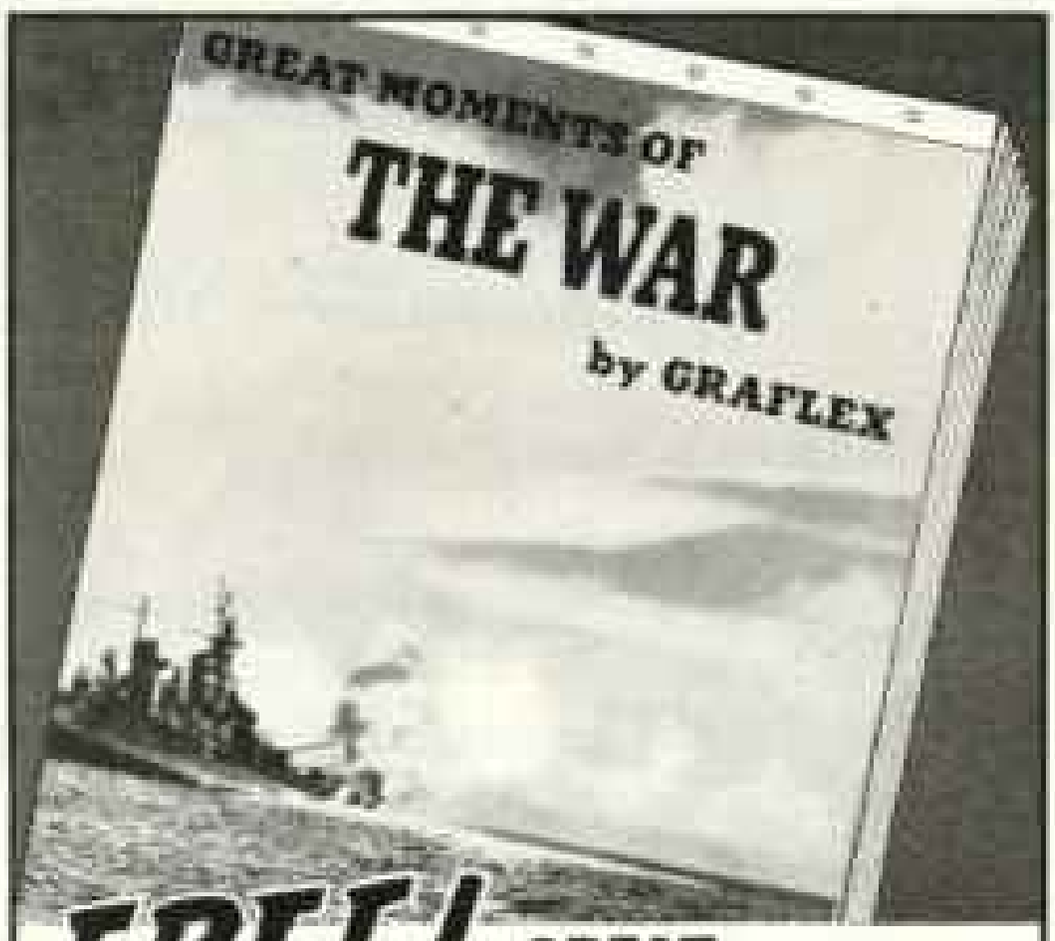


**FREE!** GREAT WAR PICTURES

SEE the Marines attacking Iwo Jima — the mighty Missouri firing a salvo! These exciting pictures are only part of this thrilling war picture booklet. Ask your local GRAFLEX Dealer for a FREE copy, or send 10¢, to cover handling, to Room 81, GRAFLEX, Inc., Rochester 8, N. Y.

**GRAFLEX, INC.**

VISIT Graflex Information Centers — At 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y., and 3045 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

# Blood Pressure, like steam

pressure  in a boiler, goes up and down, so don't worry if yours is temporarily high,  particularly during periods of stress. However, if it frequently gets *above normal, or stays there,* the heart  must work harder and ultimately may be impaired. The blood vessels are also put under greater strain which may affect eyes,  brain, kidneys, and other organs.

**When caught in time, high blood pressure may be controlled or possibly eliminated.**

If an elevation of the blood pressure develops, periodic medical examinations will detect it in the early stages and permit your doctor to advise measures which may keep it in check.

Medical scientists are continuing to study new methods to combat high blood pressure. Some authorities believe the kidneys play a vital part in certain high blood pressure cases and that these patients may be helped through special diets and limitation of liquids. New surgical techniques at times have proved effective for selected cases. Psychotherapy is another method under consideration. There also is hope that new drugs may be developed which will be helpful.

One hundred and forty eight life insurance companies have formed the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. This group is making grants to help finance research projects relating to diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

*To learn more about high blood pressure, its effect upon your heart, and how to guard against it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 86-N, "Protecting Your Heart."*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

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# *Enchanted Hours*

## —with an instrument worthy of the world's greatest music.

There's electronic magic in the Musaphonic. Now you'll hear recorded music as the composer and artist hoped that you might hear it. Delicate shadings—rich bass—shimmering overtones—the full natural color of every voice and instrument recreated in dewy freshness.

### Reproducer is a Melody Magnet

As though by magic the sensational new G-E Electronic Reproducer brings you all the tones recorded in the original performance. On an electronic wave it recreates them in all their pristine beauty. Even on familiar records you'll hear rare artistry and rich harmonies that you never heard before. Gone forever is the old-fashioned needle . . . and with it the noise, the wear, and the peril to your valued records.

### Natural Color Tone Radio

All that's new in radio is yours in the Musaphonic. Unequalled reception of standard radio—and the miracle of General Electric FM with its natural color tone, and its virtual freedom from static, fading and station interference.

### Beautiful Period Cabinets

Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and the finest modern designers inspired the Musaphonic's magnificent period cabinets. Skilled craftsmen have fashioned these masterpieces from mahogany and walnut of rare and beautiful graining to add new beauty and new charm to the most gracious home.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

178-64

RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS


# America's Friendliest Neighborhood Club . . . Admission 5¢

Not far from you right now is a neighborhood branch of America's friendliest club—the soda fountain. There folks get to know each other better. There's always something going on in the friendly exchange at the soda fountain. Over an ice-cold Coca-Cola you'll hear ball games won by proxy, elections fought in chummy booths. It's the place where everybody can good-naturedly air their opinions, parade their pet peeves, and tell their favorite stories. Drop in and enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coke. A nickel will let you in on the proceedings.


Coke = Coca-Cola

# Make Movies

## of vacation fun...in living color ...for your own home screen

Movies are simple as snapshots with Ciné-Kodak. And much less expensive than most people think . . . whether you make your movies in magnificent full-color Kodachrome, or in crisp black-and-white. One roll of film will get a whole week end—in action, in color—with no additional cost for finishing.

***Complete movie service***—Kodak, and Kodak alone, gives you all the equipment and service needed for best results: *Ciné-Kodak*, world's most popular home movie camera; *Ciné-Kodak Film*, finished without extra charge in any of Kodak's world-wide chain of processing laboratories; and *Kodascope*, the projector that shows your movies simply and brilliantly. Teammates, all.

Ask your Kodak dealer all about home movies with Ciné-Kodak. Ask him also for Kodak's new free booklet, "Time to Make Movies Again." Or write Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N.Y.

## Home movies the Ciné-Kodak way

**Kodak**

# This modest check is touched with Magic!

YOU WRITE this modest check just like any other. Then suddenly you realize that the check is touched with magic.

You find that it has bought you comfort and safety you couldn't get in any other way—brought back happiness you have long been missing.

This magic check is the one you hand to your eye consultant in return for better vision. Small payment for all the benefits of his great scientific knowledge and his conscientious guardianship of your eyes!

If you do not have a regular eye consultant, why not select one now—Ophthalmologist or Optometrist. This, plus the professional skill of the dispensing Optician, will keep your sight at top efficiency. The cost is so moderate that these vital services are within the means of all.

Should you need bifocals it may be that Univis Bifocal Lenses will be prescribed. These are the lenses with the exclusive, almost invisible *straight-top* reading segment which we have spent 20 years in perfecting. We firmly believe that this segment gives a sharper image, a larger field of vision and greater bifocal comfort. Thousands of Optometrists and Ophthalmologists share our belief, but if yours prescribes another type, accept his judgment. *He* knows *your* eyes!

There are more than 30,000 eye consultants in America. Choose one of them to watch over your eyes. Go to him for a thorough examination at least once every two years.

Straight-Top Segment
UNIVIS

*Life looks brighter through*

**Univis** *Bifocals*

*And Trifocals*

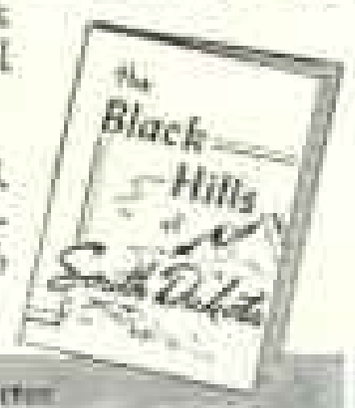
UNIVIS



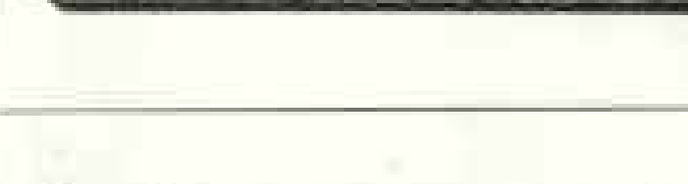
# *South Dakota* Awaits You!

Vacation in the quiet restfulness of the cool Black Hills. Pine clad peaks, lush green valleys, and all outdoor sports will make this vacation interestingly different. Enjoy the many unique wonders of the scenic Black Hills, now at the peak of their breath-taking beauty. Cool evenings. No mosquitoes.

THIS COLORFUL FREE FOLDER *is a passbook to fun and high adventure as you plan your tour of South Dakota. Send for it today!*




A. H. Purdow, Publicity Director
SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION
PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA

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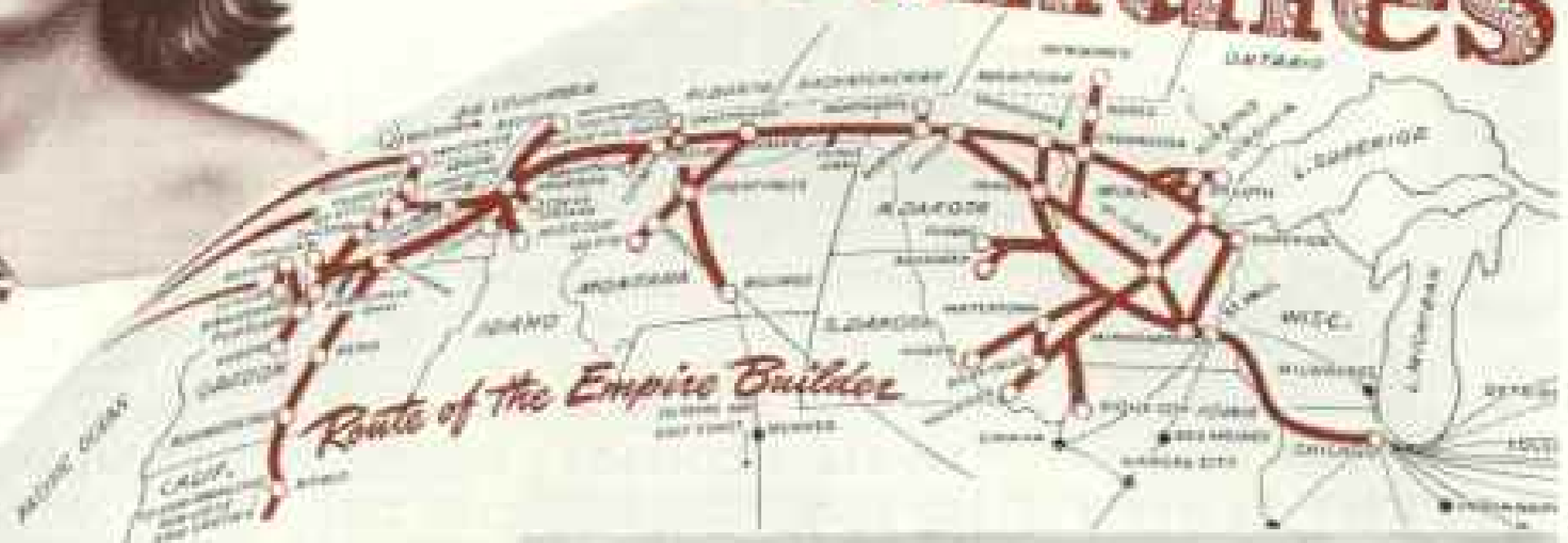
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

# . . . serves gateways to the East Indies




**Java, Sumatra, Borneo and other islands of the East Indies will play an important part in future international trade.** They contain a major portion of the world's rubber, tin, oil and other raw materials.

Normal production cannot be resumed until areas devastated during the war are rebuilt. Great Northern Railway's Foreign Department is informed that many hundred million dollars will be spent to do this job.

It will require huge quantities of machinery and supplies—many of which will be bought in the U. S. A.

Much future commerce with the East Indies will flow through ports of the Pacific Northwest and California. These gateways to the Orient are served with dependable transportation by Great Northern Railway, an "old hand" in Pacific trade.

Consult: H. G. DOW, Vice President, Foreign Department, 233 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y., G. F. HARDY, Gen. Freight Traffic Manager, 175 East 4th Street, St. Paul 1, Minn., W. R. DALE, Foreign Freight Agent, 4th Avenue and Union Street, Seattle 1, Wash., R. W. TRAYNOR, Import and Export Agent, 105 West Adams Street, Chicago 3, Illinois, or Great Northern freight traffic representatives in more than 50 cities in the United States and Canada.

*Jinrikishas and American automobiles meet in the shopping district of Medan, a city of over 75,000 population in Sumatra—a major island of the East Indies. Sumatra exports rubber, oil, coffee, tea, spices and other valuable commodities.*

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

*Between Great Lakes, Pacific Northwest and California Ports*

## JOHN BROWN UNIVERSITY
(And Academy) Co-Educational
SILOAM SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

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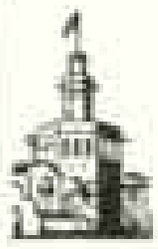

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