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Map of Japan and Adjacent Regions
of Asia and the Pacific Ocean

Japan and the Pacific

With 29 Illustrations and 17 Island Maps

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With 20 Illustrations and Map

ETHEL CHAMBERLAIN PORTER

Thirty-two Pages of Illustrations in Color

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Japan and the Pacific

By JOSEPH C. GREW

Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, formerly United States Ambassador to Japan

A FEW years ago, while we were still in Tokyo, a colleague of mine told me this story.

His Japanese chauffeur telephoned one morning that he was ill. His employer waited for several days and then, fearing that the illness might be serious, he and his wife called at the chauffeur's house to inquire about him and to express their sympathy. In any Western country such a gesture would be regarded as considerate and appropriate.

The chauffeur's wife appeared to be embarrassed by the call and murmured that her husband was quite well.

The next day my colleague saw his chauffeur driving the car of the Minister of a foreign country. He sought out another Japanese who knew the chauffeur and inquired what the trouble was.

The Japanese replied, "Your chauffeur found a better position with a higher salary, but he knew that if he simply gave you notice in order to take a new position, it would cause you to lose face. He therefore very considerately told you that he was ill. If you had left things thus, all would have been well, but when you called at his house to ask about his health, the shoe was on the other foot; it was the chauffeur who lost face, and of course he is now very angry with you. There is nothing more to be done."

Is it surprising that we Westerners find difficulty in understanding the mentality and logic of the Japanese?

During my stay in Tokyo an American business man who had lived in Japan for some forty years, representing a prominent American firm, was called home by his company.

"Now, Mr. So-and-so," said the president

of his firm, "please tell us what Japan is going to do."

"I don't know," replied the agent.

"What?" thundered the president. "After we have paid your salary for forty years to represent us in Japan, you have the face to tell us you don't know?"

"No," said the agent, "I don't know. But ask any of the tourists; they'll tell you!"

The Japanese dress as we do, and in many respects they live and act as we do, especially in their modern business and industrial life. But they don't think as we do, and nothing can be more misleading than to try to measure by Western yardsticks the mentality of the average Japanese and his reaction to any given set of circumstances.

We who have lived in Japan for 10, or 20, or even 40 years, know at least how comparatively little we really do know of the thinking processes of the Japanese.

Geographic Setting of Japan

But before considering more intimately the character of the Japanese people, let us first examine the geographic setting and material sources of power with which Nature and their own hard efforts have endowed them.

Japan has one of the prime essentials of war in a fine communications system. The Japanese islands are linked by the sea itself, and are close enough to one another for each to give support to the others. The islands of the Japanese Empire proper are extended by the Kurils toward the Aleutians, and by the Loochoos (Nansei Islands), Formosa (Taiwan), and the mandated islands to the Equator.

Recently the Japanese armed forces have occupied almost all of Indonesia and a great



Alfred T. Palmer

How Goes the War on the China Front Today?

Workmen in Kobe look at a map outside a newreel theater before entering to see battle-line pictures. The Japanese Government blankets the country with propaganda through its radio, newspapers of enormous circulation, and motion pictures. For years Japan has produced many movies.

part of the South Pacific. In all that area the Japanese have internal sea communications.

Their port facilities are excellent. They include some of the finest harbors in the world, together with an ample number of smaller ports and bases. The Inland Sea of Japan is a Mediterranean in itself. Bays and estuaries with land-based air protection or artillery protection accommodate friendly ships while excluding all possible enemies.

Throughout these waters, an immense fleet of seagoing craft is mobilized for war—all the way from picturesque but efficient fishing boats to modern superdreadnoughts of great size and fire power. The Japanese mercantile marine was one of the finest in the world.

Japan has a large, modern shipbuilding capacity where both coal- and Diesel-powered passenger ships and freighters were and are produced in large numbers. There is nothing inefficient about these ships.

All the Japanese liners which competed

with Britain, with Norway, and with us for the freighting of the world are now mobilized behind the Imperial Japanese Fleet. The British and American merchant fleets must serve all the United Nations, including the whole British Empire. The Japanese merchant fleet serves only the Japanese.

Navy Efficient and Concentrated

The Imperial Japanese Navy is an efficient instrument. Today Japan is at war with both Britain and the United States. Each of us separately has a navy larger than Japan's; but we have problems in the Seven Seas; the two of us together cannot, at this moment, reoccupy the vast areas in the Pacific that are held by the Japanese Navy. We cannot at present even cut them off from the Netherlands Indies, and cutting Japan from the mainland of Asia is still a faraway goal.

Over and above the power of Japan at sea, this enemy Empire is well provided with land

communications. Excellent railways cover the great islands of Japan.

When a National Geographic Society staff writer visited Japan, he engaged an automobile to tour the central island of Honshu. Japanese officials expressed great surprise.

"Why travel by car when we have such excellent railway service?" they protested.

In those days you could set your watch by the passing trains. Once when a train was 20 minutes late three officials apologized to the American passenger.

Two important islands have been linked by an undersea railway tunnel between Shimonoseki and Moji. The railways of Korea (Chosen), of China, of Indochina, of Thailand, and of Malaya are at the disposal of the Japanese.

Only the resistance offered by the ill-equipped but heroic armies of Chiang Kai-shek has kept Japan from realizing the dream of a Korea-to-Singapore land transport system which would parallel the sea routes she already patrols.

The vitals of the cities of Japan are modern: the telephone, radio, electric power, and other facilities are good.

The cities have been built to face earthquake. The houses will burn easily, but their fire fighters are intensively trained and efficient, and, in any case, their houses will be all the easier to replace.

The Japanese have lived in anticipation of catastrophe and fire. No blitzkrieg can compare with an erupting volcano, or with the ruptured earth. Japan has built her cities to withstand shock, fire, concussion.

These cities are fed. Japan has her own rice, her own garden agriculture, and her own fisheries.

With strong communications, modern defenses, well-prepared cities, and food, Japan is further reinforced by all the other apparatus of modern industrialism and totalitarianism. Her government is traditional and authoritative. It fits the habits of the people, and has their unqualified loyalty.

This government is as offensively up-to-date as the economic Germany of Goering or the propaganda Germany of Goebbels. Dictatorial but suave, the government pervades all public and private life. The Japanese Government is further supported by a propaganda machine which has full radio, press, and motion-picture coverage of the country.

Apart from these initial assets, let us consider a few of the further outstanding assets which the Japanese have acquired through military aggression during the past decade, especially since 1941.



Native from Black Star.

"Here's Where I Live"

A native youngster points to the map of Karafuto, Japan's portion of Sakhalin Island. The northern half belongs to Soviet Russia. Main industry here is herring fishing. Forests yield timber, and large areas are suitable for agriculture.



Torakichi Mijima

The Samurai Live Again in Miniature in This National Foundation Day Parade

Youngsters dress in the costumes common to the age of military feudalism, from the 12th to the middle of the 19th centuries, when man's work was war in Japan. In such parades, in special festivals for boys, and in school Japanese youth is inculcated with the spirit of war (page 399).



Do You Trust Being Gallows?

An Armored Car Attracts a Crowd before Tokyo's Modernistic Theater

Big, air-conditioned Takarazuka Theater is the capital's main show place for revues, ballets, and other modern productions. Cutting across the face of the building are numerous electric-light and telephone wires; few anywhere in the city have yet been placed underground.

To grasp the tremendous extent of the far-flung areas now controlled by Japan as a result of that military aggression, I suggest study of the map supplement, *Japan and the Adjacent Regions of Asia and the Pacific Ocean*, in this issue of the *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE*.

To her home Empire Japan has added immense possessions in three wars of conquest—the war with China in 1894-5, the war with Russia in 1904-5, and the present war, which began in Manchuria in 1931.

Japan has taken Korea, China's Manchurian provinces, the grainlands and coal and iron of North China, the dairy land of Inner Mongolia, the coast and main rivers of most of China, with the biggest cities of China.

She has taken Formosa and Hainan, Indochina and Thailand, Burma and British Malaya, the vast empire of the Netherlands Indies, our daughter democracy of the Philippines, some of the British, Portuguese, and

Australian islands of the Southwest Pacific, the strategic Andamans in the Bay of Bengal. She holds many islands which are unsinkable aircraft carriers (p. 416 and map, pp. 392-3).

Economically, the so-called Greater East Asia contains everything—or nearly everything—which a great power needs. Grain, meat, fish, fruits, tobacco, palms for oil, sugar, rubber, oil, coal, iron, electric power—all of this is there. The strong Japan which has defeated us and our allies momentarily in the Far East has become Japanese East Asia.

Furthermore, the Japanese command almost unlimited sources of skilled and unskilled native labor, which we know, by long experience, the Japanese will use as forced labor to process those raw materials.

Add to those ingredients the pertinacity, hard work, foresight, scientific approach, and overweening ambition of the Japanese, and we find a recipe for potential national power which almost defeats the imagination to assess.



Women Workers Test Incandescent Bulbs for Foreign Trade

Tokyo Asahi

Such laborers work for only a few cents a day. Though less efficient and shorter lived than the Western-made articles, Japanese electric bulbs and Christmas-tree lights sold because of their cheapness.

What they most need is time—time to consolidate their gains.

Ten Years in Tokyo

For more than ten years it was my responsibility to act as the representative of the United States in Tokyo.

The Japan which I came to know in those years was far different from the picturesque country described by John Luther Long or Lafcadio Hearn.

The wild countryside had been crisscrossed by an imposing network of hydroelectric projects and power lines. The ferocious—but to Westerners, somewhat absurd—two-sworded warriors had been put in drab, ill-

fitting modern dress, and were coldly, formidably efficient.

The government, once redolent of the quaint and the delightful, in so far as Westerners caught superficial glances of it, had, under influence of Prussian example, become a quasi-constitutional monarchy with the scales heavily weighted in favor of militarism.

Here and there, the natural and—I hope—enduring beauty of Japan shone through. Even in time of war, I cannot help remembering the breath-taking symmetry of Fuji (page 400); the startling, simple beauty of an old temple nestled in cherry blossoms; the compelling suggestiveness of a magnificent medieval battlement looming over a modern city.



© The Times, Arnes

Tokyo Is the World's Third Largest City: Only London and New York Are Bigger

When war began, the population in the Japanese capital was nearing that of New York. Many of the buildings sprawling on either side of the winding Sumida have been built since the earthquake in 1923.

The skies over Japan and the many seas about Japan are often splendid, and the Japanese people are keenly aware of the national beauty which surrounds them.

People Slaves of Their Own Army

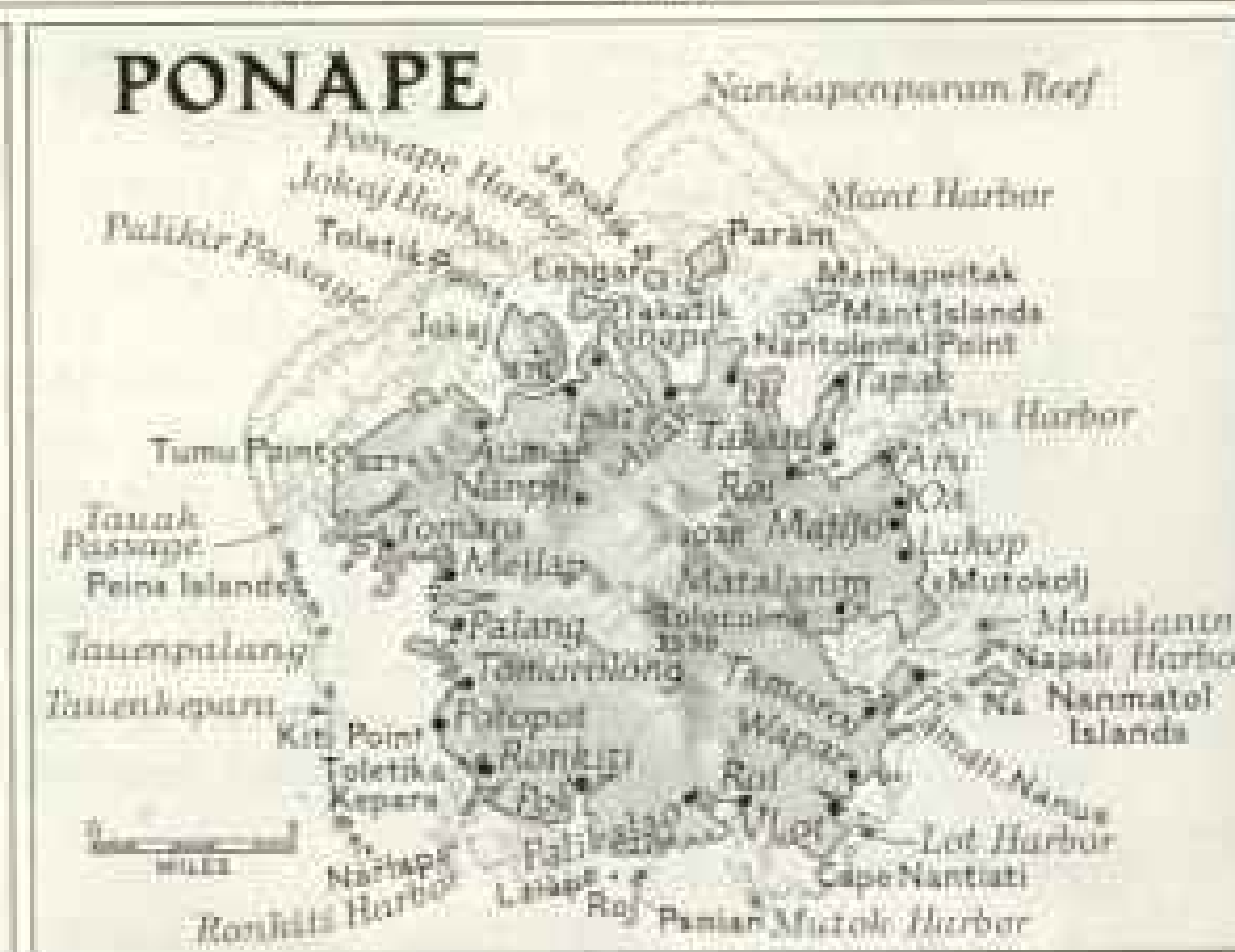
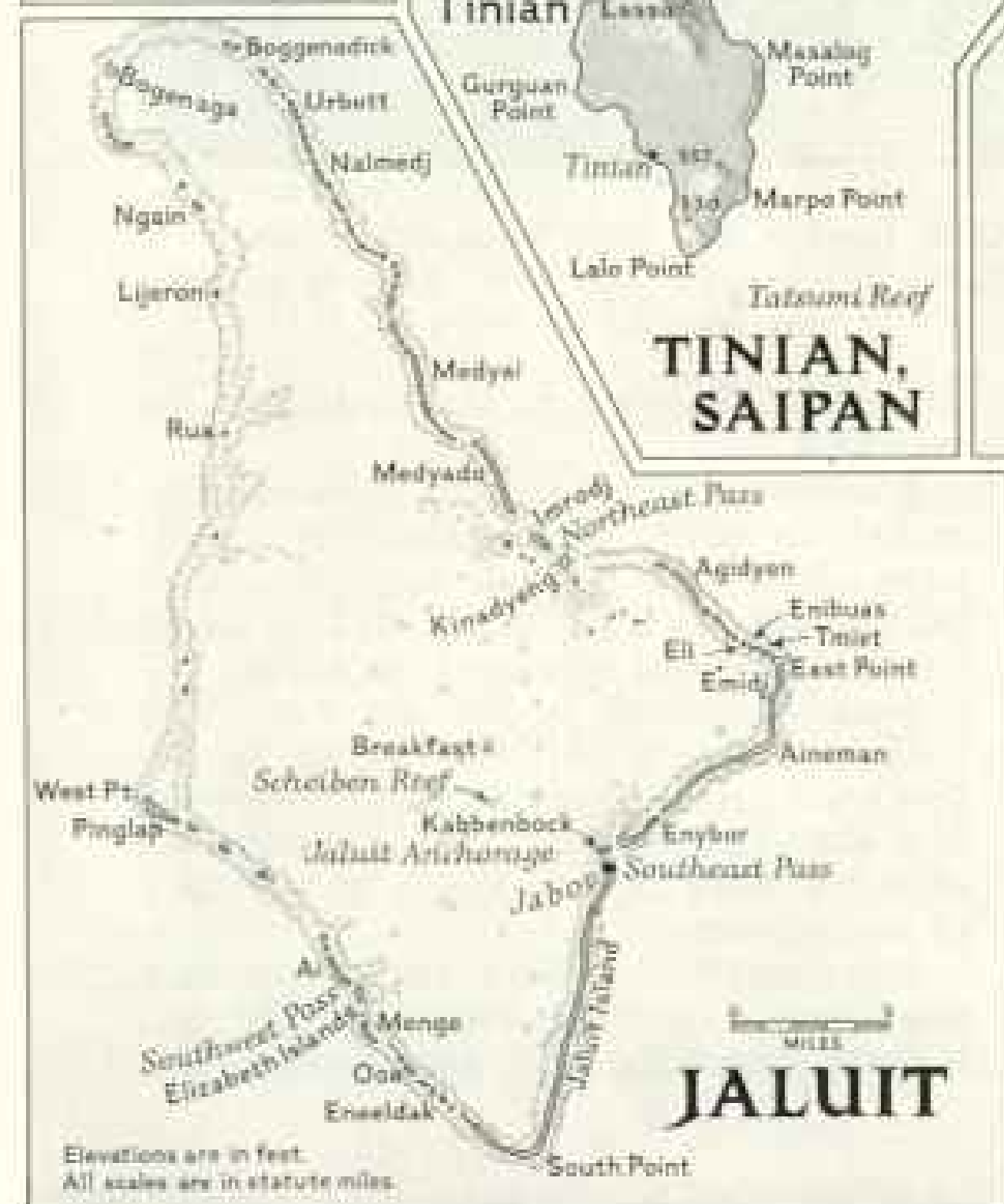
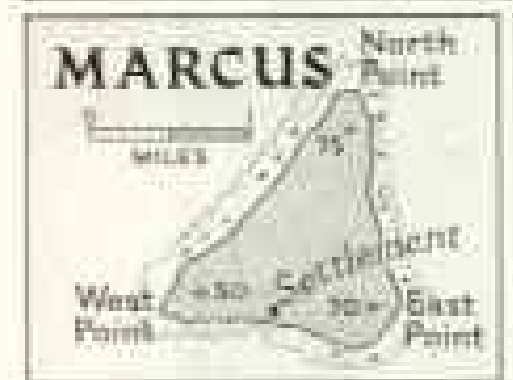
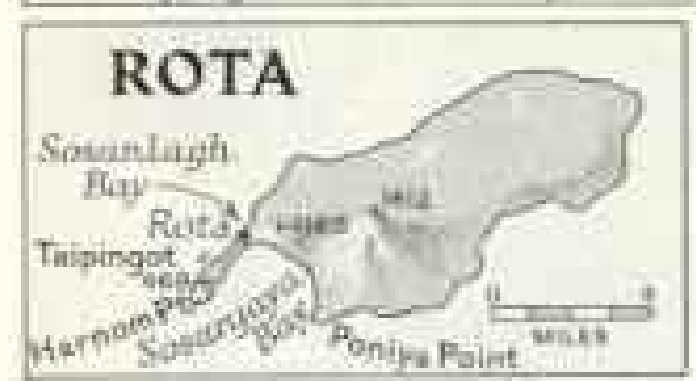
At this time, however, the good things of Japan are sadly outweighed by the bad. The Japanese people themselves have become the slaves of their own army, gendarmerie, and police. Long accustomed to despotic rule, the ordinary Japanese has never been prepared by education or tradition to defend his rights against his own government, and when his own government became his exploiter, he did not have a tradition of rebellion and freedom

which might have taught him to stand up for his rights.

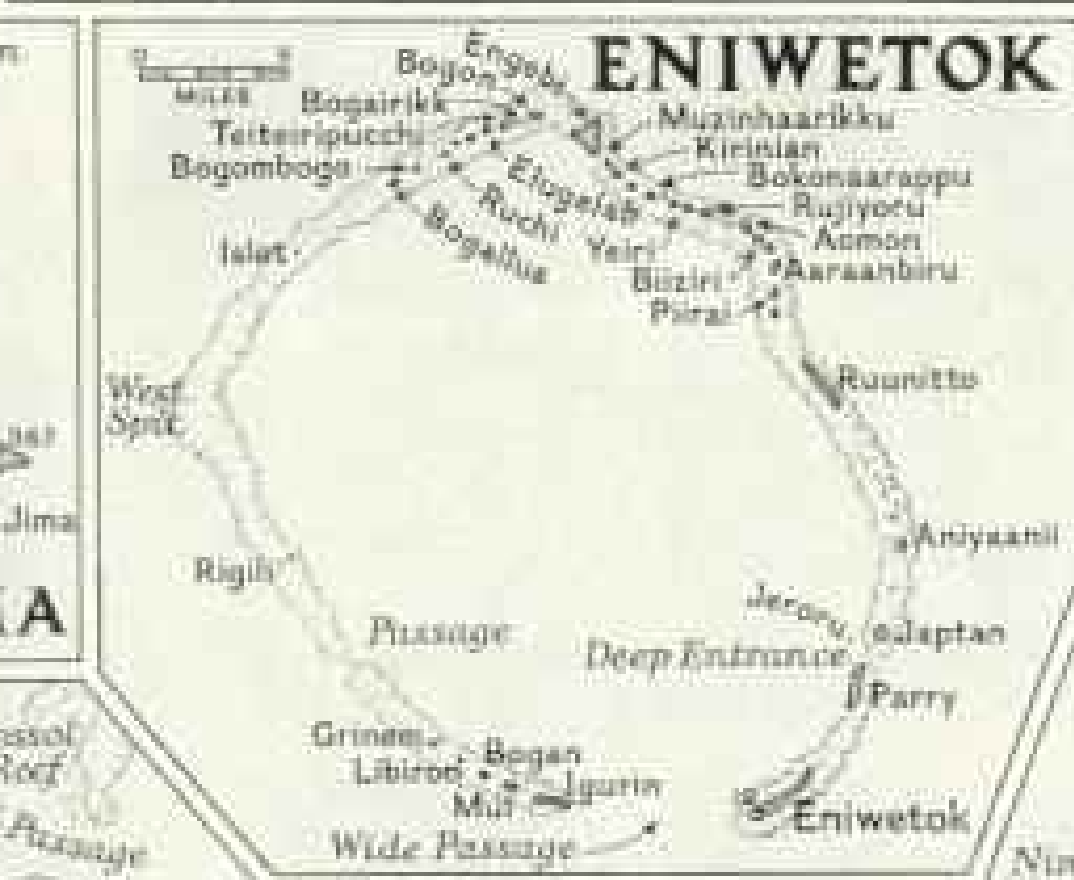
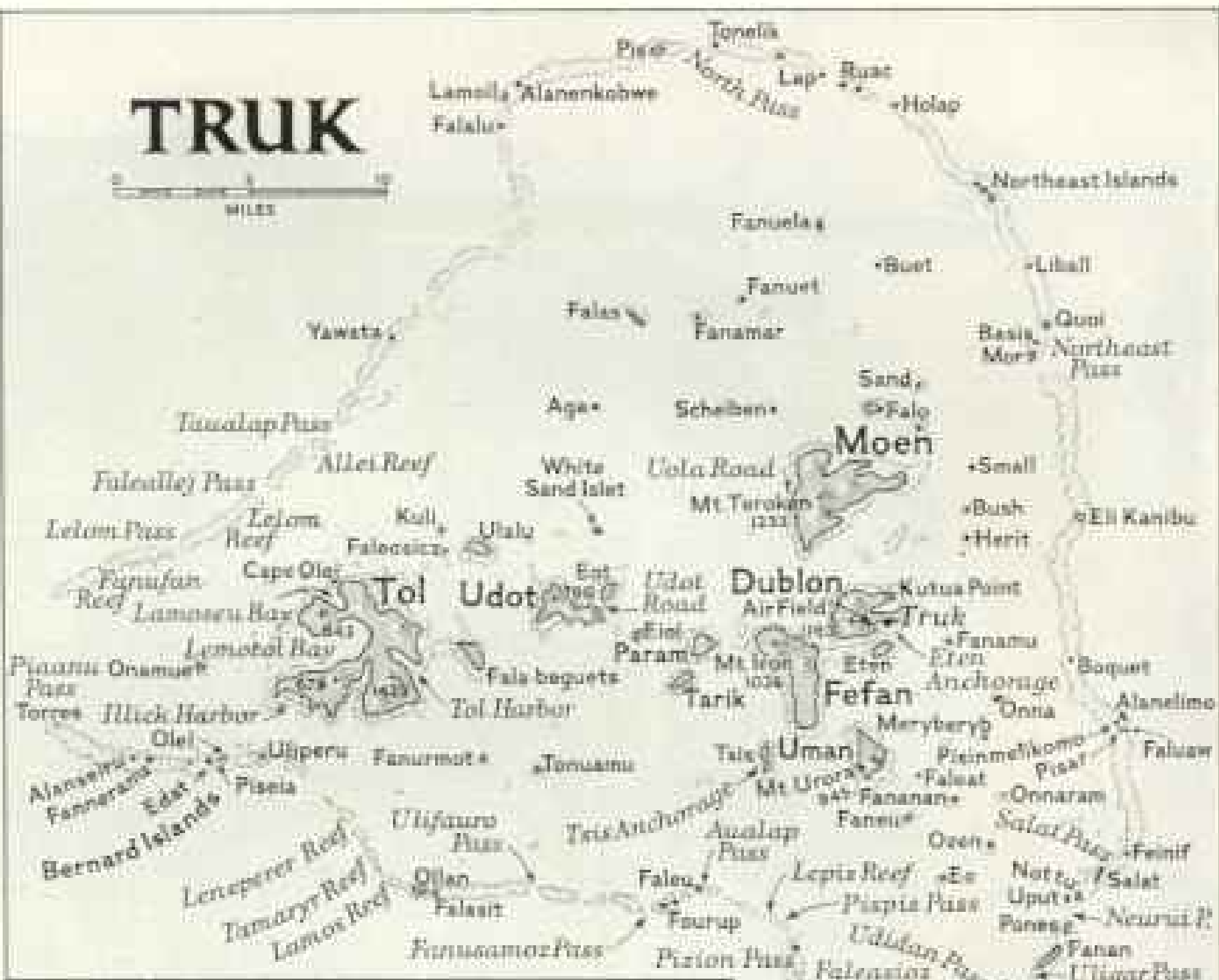
It is a tragic commentary on Japanese civilization that—with all their refinement and ancient culture—the Japanese people have been morally and physically unprepared to defend themselves against tyranny from within.

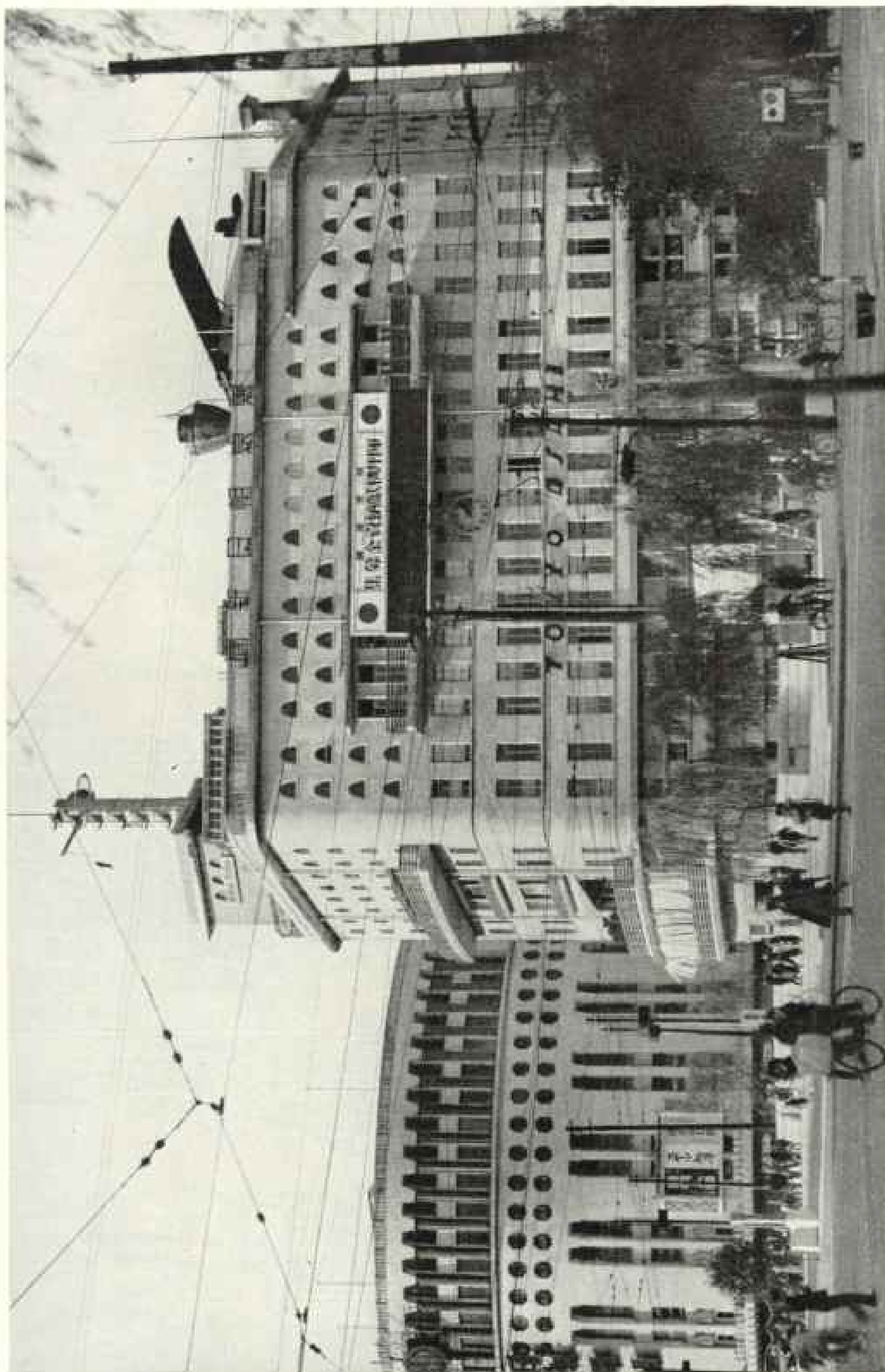
Japan is civilized, in her own way. This civilization is deep and beautiful, but its culture has a streak of brutality and subservience in it which makes Japanese ideals alien to ours or to the ideals of the Chinese, or any other of her neighbors.

Japan was well ordered and metropolitan when New York, in our infant Republic, was a small commercial port, and Washington a



Elevations are in feet.
All scales are in statute miles.

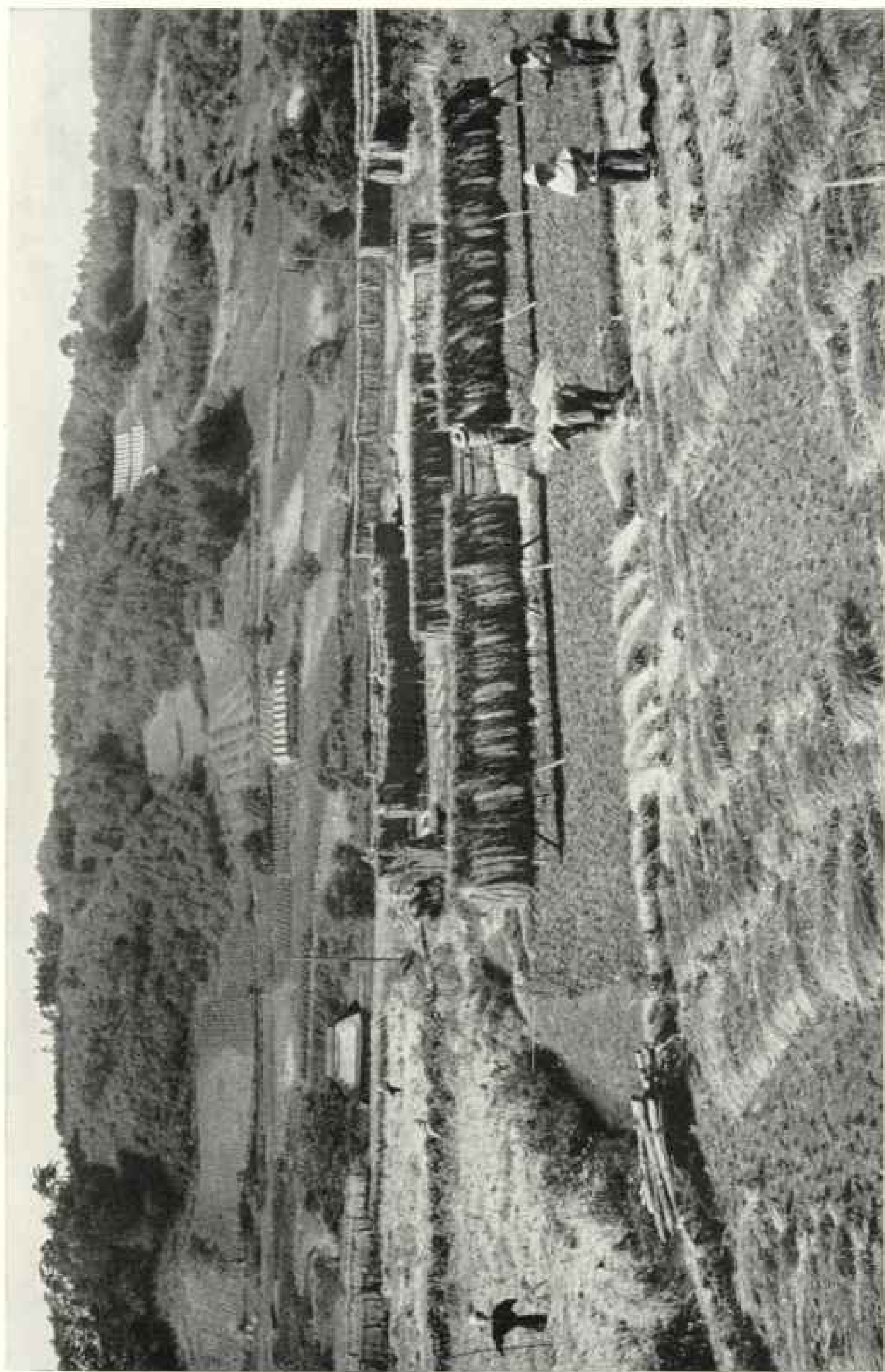




Willard Price

Home Office of the Tokyo Asahi News—Daily Circulation, Two Million.

On the roof, an airplane recalls the flight of the *Kamikaze* (Divine Wind) to London under the auspices of the newspaper. Here also are large cages for carrier pigeons, which reporters take with them to ships at sea, or to mountain tops, for use when they cannot telephone their office. At left is a motion-picture theater.



Germania-Keilerman

Rice Is Japan's Biggest Crop; Yet Not Enough Is Produced for the Country's Needs

After cutting, the sheaves are hung head downward on racks to dry in the sun. Rice is so costly that some of the peasant growers cannot afford to eat it. More than nine million tons are produced annually. Additional supplies are imported from occupied Thailand and French Indochina.



U. S. Air Force, Official

On Their Way to "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" Doolittle's Raiders Snapped This Picture

This important Yokosuka Naval Base, with two Japanese naval vessels in the foreground, was one target of the raid. Sixteen B-25 bombers taking off from "Shangri-La" (later identified as the aircraft carrier *Hornet*) scattered destruction and caused panic in Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe, and Osaka, chief industrial production centers. The attack of April 18, 1942, destroyed specific targets and tied up part of Japan's military strength for home defense.

scattered village in the thickets along the Potomac. At that time, the Emperor Napoleon never saw—perhaps never knew about—the largest city in the world he sought to conquer, nor the Moscow where he met his nemesis; that largest city was Yedo, which we know as Tokyo, where a vast dictatorship held a great urban culture under absolute and unrelenting control.

Out of this old, big, rich, strange civilization, there emerged the power and brutality of modern Japan.

It was no miracle that Japan adopted our machinery and our weapons so rapidly: Japanese civilization did it—despotic, sophisticated, military civilization.

In the shadow of long-range electric power lines, the peasants follow an intensive agriculture which—prior to the great expansion in population following the Restoration in 1868—kept the home Empire blockade-proof and self-sufficient. In modern factories, which produce at speeds and standards comparable to our own, the labor force lives by the old

Japanese scale, and makes possible the price competition we knew before the war.

This up-to-dateness of Japan depended on the traditional Japan. The Japanese soldier or sailor who lives and fights like a Spartan is not undergoing privation; he has been a Spartan from birth.

Just because a Japanese operates a battleship, a machine lathe, a modern locomotive, or a combat plane, he does not become un-Japanese; he is still a tough, simply satisfied man who believes in obedience and who is used to hard living because he has known no other.

To call a Japanese worker or soldier a "coolie" is to forget the most dangerous thing about him: the fact that he, no less than you or I, is a man of the twentieth century and can fight, and with some of our own weapons.

Training Men to Stay Awake

Before the war, American officers from our Army and Navy and from the Department of State used to be sent to our Embassy in Tokyo to study the Japanese language, the Army offi-



Willard Price

Pick-scarred, Track-ribbed Fushun Colliery Yields Coal to Stoke Japan's War Machine

Even in peace years this colossal opencut mine in southern Manchukuo produced more than eight million tons of bituminous coal annually. It has been operated since 1907 by the South Manchuria Railway Company. The seam here varies from less than 100 to more than 400 feet in thickness; averages 150 feet.

cers being assigned from time to time to observation duty with Japanese regiments. On one occasion, during a four-day maneuver period, the Japanese commanding officer took his unit on a 29-hour march without rest. Some of the soldiers actually fell asleep while marching, so great was their fatigue, and one officer ran into a pile of lumber on the way.

At the end of this grueling test, the commanding officer, instead of allowing his men to rest, immediately sent them out to take up defense positions and on patrol. The American officer, astonished at this inhumane treatment, inquired why the troops could not be allowed a modicum of sleep in view of their obvious nearness to collapse.

"My men know how to sleep already," replied the Japanese officer; "I am training them to learn to stay awake."

I can picture the worker of Japan only in his working clothes, bearing upon his back a huge Japanese character—the name of his employer. Each man bears upon his back his rubber stamp, a symbol of his servitude, a symbol of the fact that he is merely an im-

personal tool in the hands of those who rule his country's destiny.

The Japanese worker has nothing to say about his wages, which before the war were barely enough for his subsistence, and still undoubtedly are. If he has any union at all, it dare not lift its voice. It has been driven underground by the brutal methods of the "thought control" police.

In fact, there is almost nothing that he has any say about, from the moment that he comes into the world until the moment when, worn-out by unhealthy working conditions, long hours, and poor diet, he takes his leave of it.

Whereas German women once achieved some freedom and have once had some rights and some education, Japanese women as a group have always been under the dominion of their masters. No other civilized people sells its young girls to panderers with such openness. No other civilized people makes the mother so completely the slave of her husband and the servant of her own sons.

The Japanese militarists are unfit at home to advance the status or the rights of their



Alfred T. Palmer

Today These Men May Have Tasted Hot Steel against the Ships They Serve

At the time this photograph was made, they were cadets on rowing practice in Yokohama harbor. By coincidence, two ill-fated "President" liners are docked in background. The *President Hoover* (right) hit a coral reef off Formosa in December, 1937. The old *President Madison* (center), later flagship of the Philippine Mail Line, ran aground and was lost at Tanega Shima, a small island south of Kyushu.



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

Here, in Jinsen Harbor, Japan Fired the First Shots of Another War

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War on February 8, 1904, while the main Japanese fleet steamed to attack Port Arthur, seven cruisers appeared at this Korean harbor and caught two Russian men-of-war. Japan's first army also landed here for its overland drive. At left are the harbor locks, which control the high-rising tides at this gateway to Keijo (Seoul), capital of Korea.

own women, and when they go overseas they show foreign women the same and greater contempt. American women were forced to take off their hats to Japanese sentries in parts of China and their faces were slapped if they tried to temporize.

The Japanese soldiers who have made "Japanese" a synonym for murder and torture were men brought up in a country which—with all its other, unrelated virtues—did not accord women a voice in private or public affairs and which never permitted women's influence to soften or moderate the harsh progress of fanatical militarism.

Militarism Begins in Primary Schools

Military drill and maneuvers play an important part in Japan's educational system. In primary schools the way is prepared by marching, exercise, and indoctrination in the theory of the invincible and militant state. Then come regular military drill under officers of the Japanese Army, week-end trips to army camps, and long marches with army packs in order to build up endurance.

These military activities have priority over all academic work in Japanese colleges. When

the Army decides to send a group of students out on maneuvers, classes are canceled.

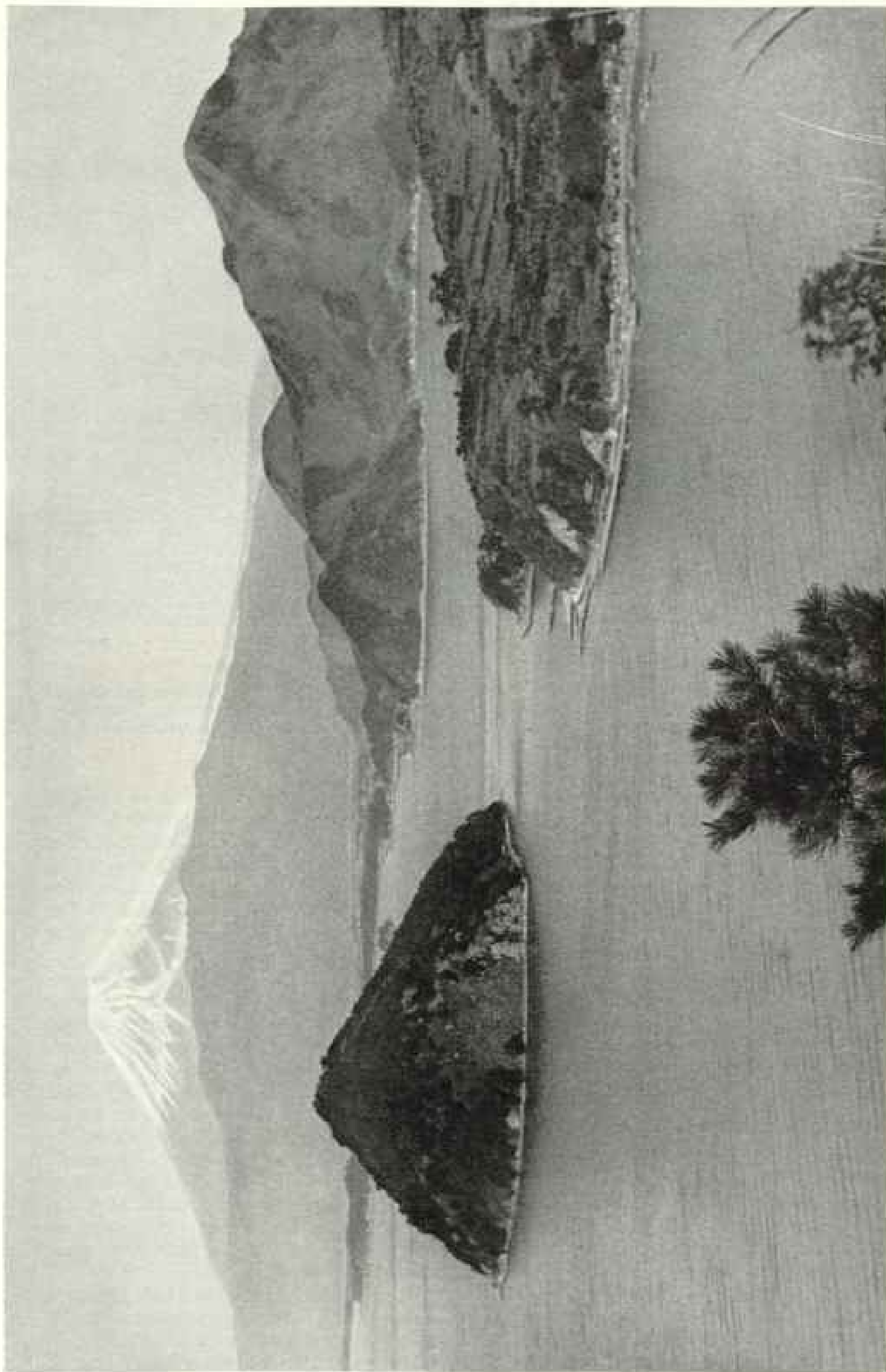
The Tokyo radio itself has admitted that fourteen-year-old boys are being drafted as seamen. "Thus," it was announced, "the structure of victory will be prepared." The same radio has told how youngsters are being trained in the operation of tanks.

I hasten to add that the Japanese Government has not succeeded in obtaining universal conformity among its subjects. Even among the Japanese there are a few bold spirits unwilling to accept dictation from above, who insist on thinking for themselves. There could be no attitude more dangerous to an autocracy, and all such thoughts are labeled by the Japanese police as "dangerous thoughts."

Many a Japanese finds himself in a solitary prison cell, undergoing long months of intensive investigation, on the basis of a mere indiscreet word uttered in the hearing of some stranger or even friend.

When I arrived in Japan in 1932, Japanese business was still a model of comparative efficiency, drive, and inventiveness. By 1941 it had become an adjunct to the military regime.

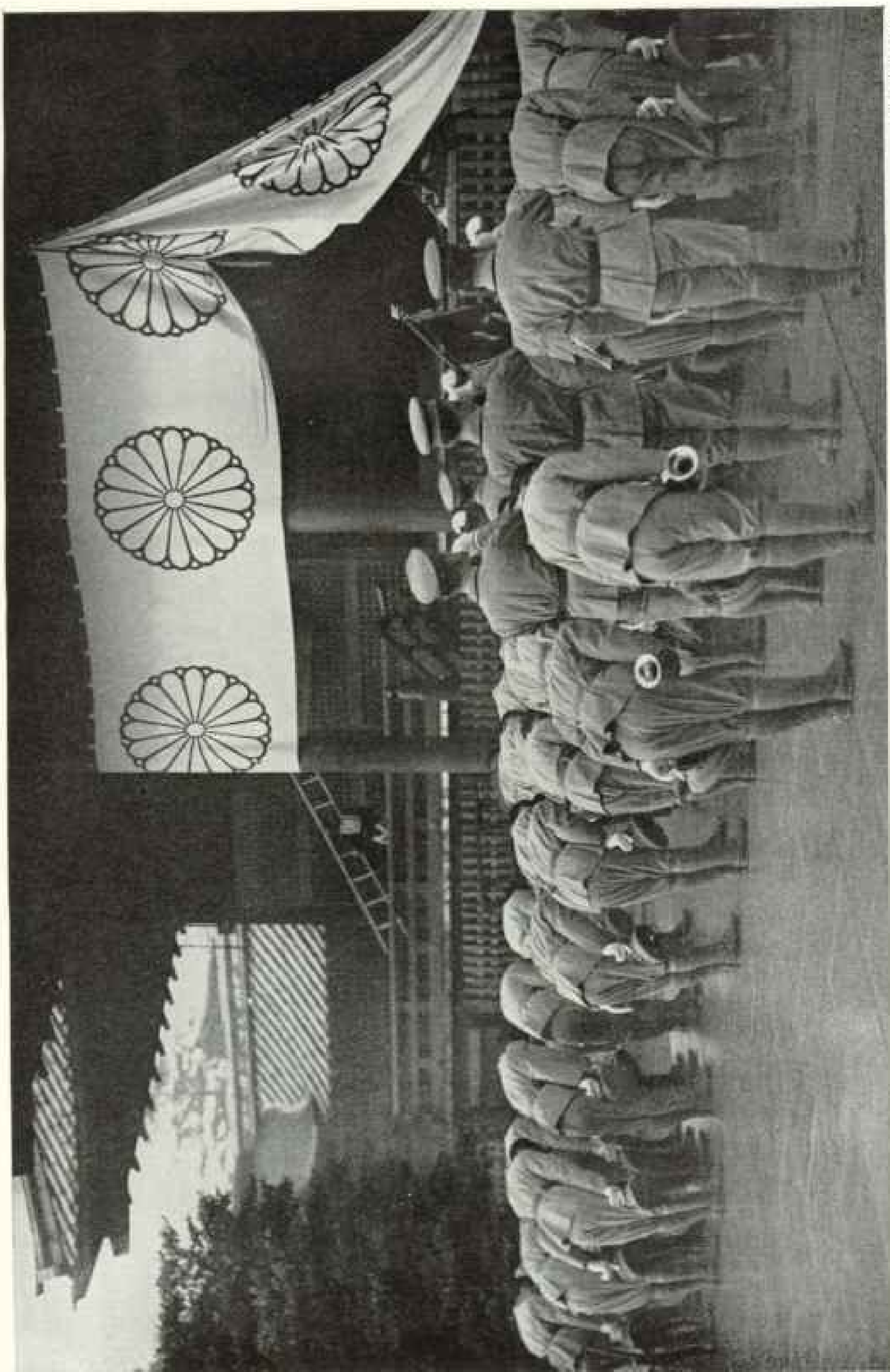
Japanese investors were driven more and



PHOTOGRAPH

Mount Fuji, near Tokyo, Symbol of Japan's Natural Beauty, Will Be an Outstanding Guidepost to Allied Bombers

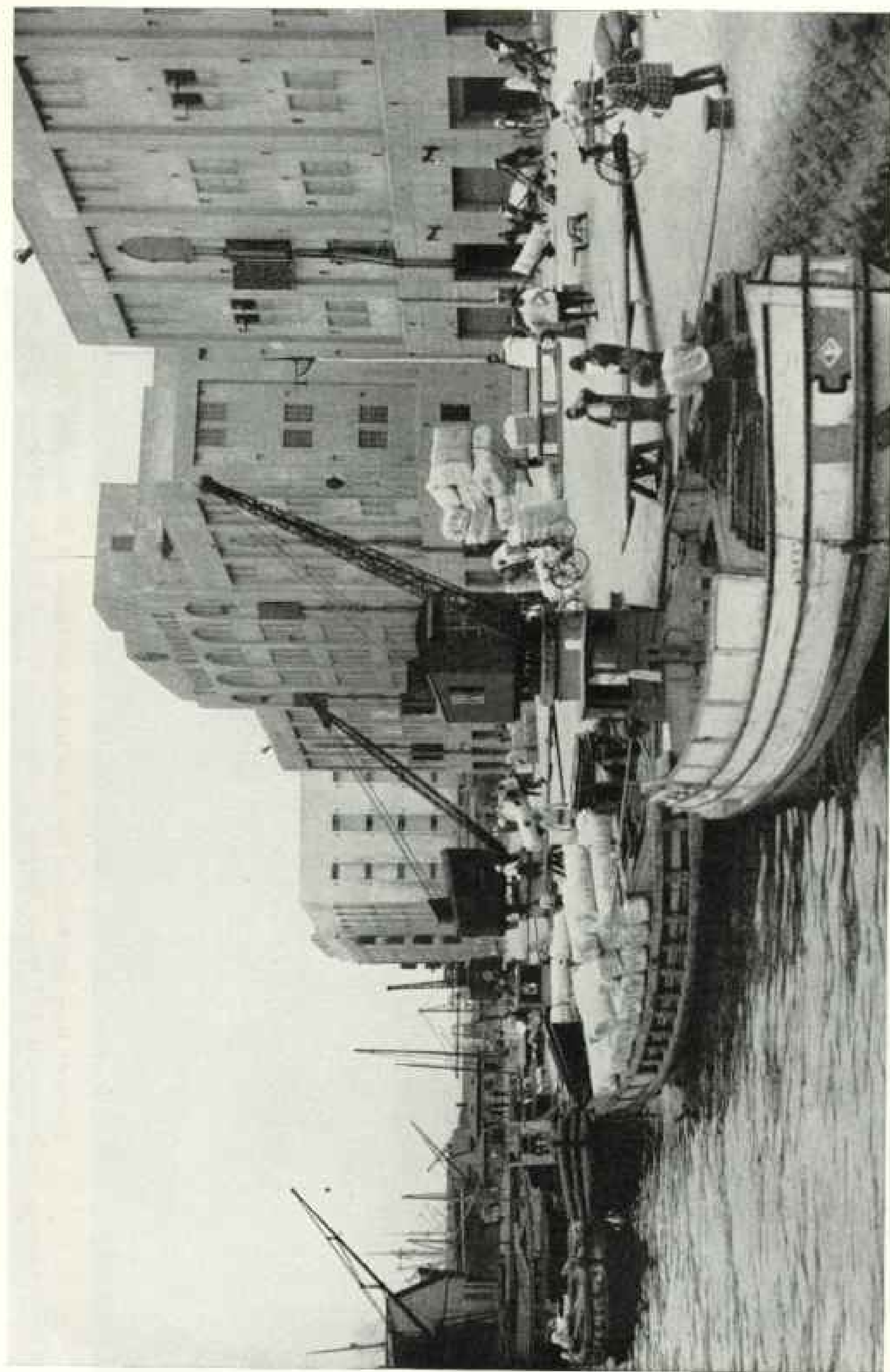
This 12,388-foot volcanic sentinel loses most of its snowcap in summer. Island-studded bays and rocky shorelines, such as this at Mito in Suruga Bay, afford strong defense. They bristle everywhere with coastal batteries. The central island lying off the headland is Awa Shima.



Yasukuni Shrine

Trumpets Blow and Soldiers Bow Low before the Shrine of the Mikado's Dead Warriors

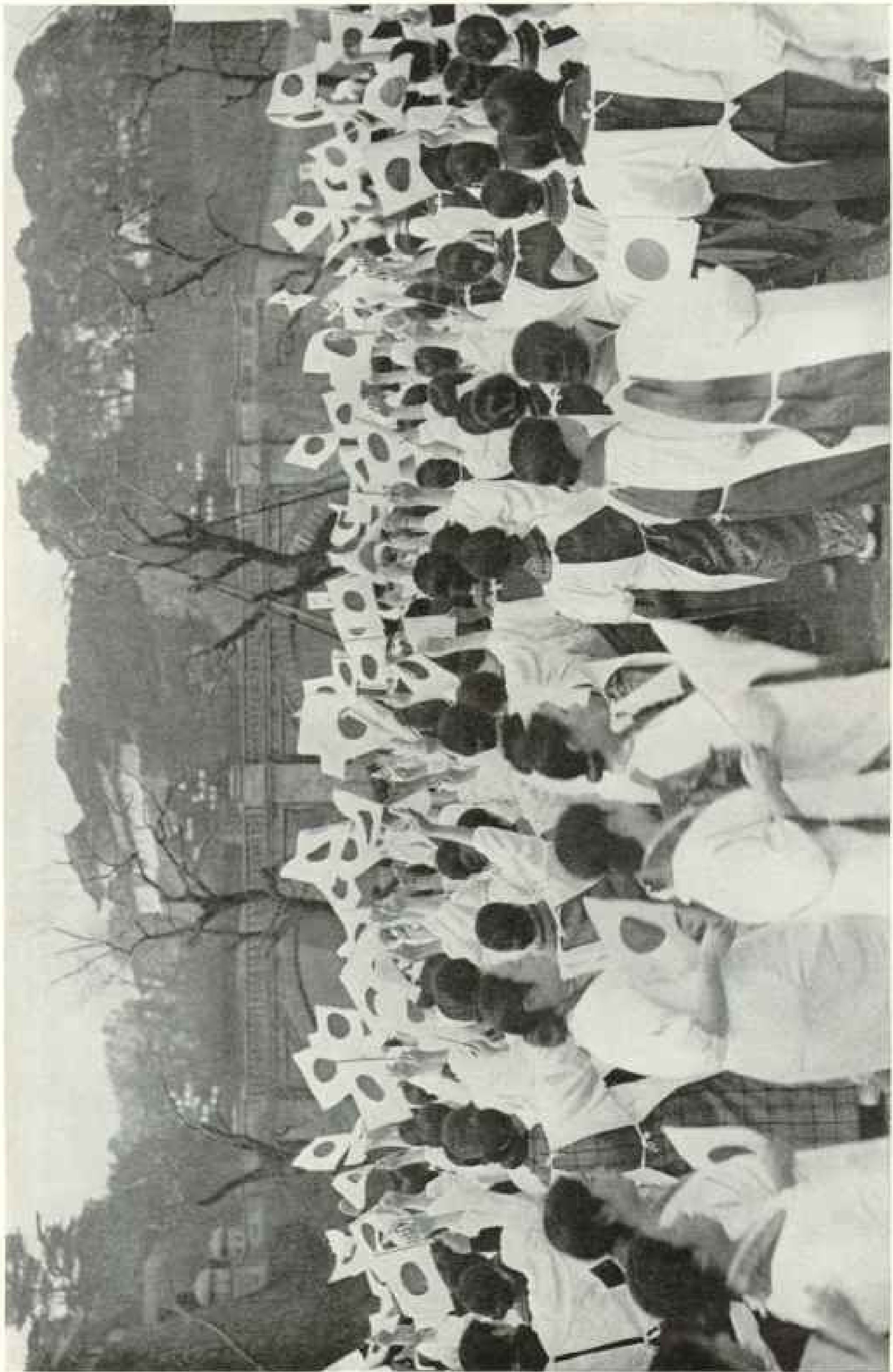
This Shinto sanctuary, the Yasukuni-jinja in Tokyo, is dedicated to soldiers fallen in battle since the Meiji Restoration in 1868. The banner displays a stylized chrysanthemum, national flower and imperial emblem. Shintoism, emphasizing ancestor worship, helps unite the individual, family, and State (page 497).



A. Mutha from Seibei Ashimura

Busy Kobe Built Huge Concrete Warehouses to Handle Its Expanding Sea Trade

Extensive piers have been constructed and the harbor repeatedly deepened. When first opened to foreign commerce in 1867, the town had fewer than 1,000 homes. Before war began, its population was nearing the million mark. It is one of the six largest cities in Japan, has more than 1,100 factories, but is predominantly a shipping center.



Franklin Moran

Waving Flags and Shouting "Banzai," Members of the Women's National Defense Society Hail Foundation Day

Wearing their "uniforms," they gather at the moat outside the Imperial Palace grounds in Tokyo. The celebration is held on February 11, date of the signing of the Constitution in 1889, but the Japanese place their National Foundation Day at 660 *B.C.*, when Jimmu Tennō, their first Mikaddō, supposedly ascended the throne.



Scrambling Themselves into a Tangled Mass, Squirming Eels Rush for Food

The keeper tosses them sardine meat, but redeems the bones to enrich the soil. Myriad eels are raised in Shizuoka Prefecture.



Takuro Aishi

Once These Were Silvery Sardines!

Now only their bones remain, to be dried and turned into fertilizer. The meat has been used to feed eels, a highly favored food in Japan. Bone salvaging is one way Japanese use every scrap of material.

more into government investment. Their overseas holdings were jeopardized by the irresponsible actions of their government. Investment in the much-touted occupied areas in China was on the Army's terms, and was subject to the corrupt exactions of the puppet governments under the Japanese Army.*

Far more important, Japanese farmers continued their accumulation of debt. Their poverty made possible the cheap food of the cities. Their misery drove their sons and daughters into the factories to serve for the lowest wages in a modernized state. The wretchedness of the Japanese farmer, his low standard of living, has been the keystone of Japanese international competition.

The China war did nothing—either in the Manchuria phase or later phases—to help the Japanese farmer. His sons died in it. He was taxed for it. Occasional food shortages gave him the illusion of prosperity, when he sold his products on a rising market—but the Japanese farmer remains the first and constant victim of Japanese militarism.

Between the investors and the farmers, the middle classes were driven into an insecurity which would be relieved only by state control. Their freedom of movement, of thought, of expression was circumscribed artfully by appeals to their patriotism or their superstition, or both. Their savings were solicited for Japanese Government loans which were secured by the slender chance of Japan's winning some sort of victory and

* In discussing regimentation of Japanese business and in a few other paragraphs, I have paralleled material from my book, *Report from Tokyo*, copyright 1942, by Simon & Schuster, New York, because recent information shows these practices unchanged. In my forthcoming book, *Ten Years in Japan*, I have amplified many observations reported in this article written for the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.—Author.



Osaka Centre

Japanese Pattern for Soil Conservation

Patiently workers have terraced this mountainside near Hakone and dug drains to combat erosion. Such hill areas are reforested, thus conserving all possible land space. About three-fourths of Japan, including Korea, Formosa, and Karafuto, is forested. Within Japan proper, some two-fifths of all forested regions belongs to the State or to the imperial household.



Staff Photographer W. Robert Moore

Tokyo Fraternity Hospital—Monument of American Generosity!

Text in Japanese and English reads: "Established in 1929 with part of the relief fund contributed by the people of the United States of America at the time of the great earthquake and conflagration of 1923 in Kwanto districts as an everlasting memorial of their deep sympathy with and friendship for Japan."

then stopping and consolidating her gains.

With developments such as these, two seemingly incompatible tendencies were produced. Japan was going bankrupt. Japan was getting stronger. The two changes were actually part of the same pattern. Japan was departing from a free economic system based upon the domestic and foreign exchange of goods and services over to an unfree economy, based on the domestic destruction of goods in military enterprises and supported by the foreign expropriation of goods.

Once a new territory was acquired, the Japanese invaders alienated the conquered people by uncouth, cruel, or atrocious behavior. They installed traitorous, renegade, indigenous

local leaders as puppet rulers.

They built up a currency system which rested on the fiat of the Japanese Army, and issued banknotes payable only in death to anyone who did not honor them. With this currency, the Japanese military manipulated exchange so as to conduct trade on a ruthlessly unfair basis. They supplemented this with outright confiscation, or capital levies, or simply with the murder of the property owners and the enslavement of the workers.

Japanese-run monopolies fixed prices on what their own people wanted at ridiculously low levels, and Japanese military patrols "bought" at these prices. On this basis, Japan was able to develop a flourishing flow into Japan of goods, until the occupied area was pumped dry. Then some concessions would be made, in an attempt to prime the pump and sink it deeper into the well.

On December 12, 1937, the United States ship *Panay* was bombed and sunk in the

Yangtze River near Nanking by Japanese planes. From the facts there could be no question but that the act was deliberate, carried out by Japanese fliers for the very same purpose that had led them to bomb and destroy many of our American religious missions—churches, hospitals, schools, residences—in various parts of China. That purpose was to drive all American interests out of East Asia.

After sinking our naval ship, the planes returned and machine-gunned the officers and men who had taken refuge in the high reeds on the shore, in an endeavor to wipe them out.

The Japanese Government did not then want war with the United States; perhaps the Japanese Army and Navy did not feel pre-

pared for war with us at that time. The Government abjectly apologized for what they alleged was an accident—as they had apologized in so many previous cases—met all of our demands, and promptly paid the full indemnity we asked. The incident was closed.

But many of the Japanese people were ashamed. From all over Japan, from people in high places down to schoolboys, from professors in the universities to taxi drivers and the corner grocer, I received letters of profound apology and regret for the incident.

Gifts of money poured in to the Embassy—for that is the Japanese way of expressing sympathy; considerable sums from those who were well off, a few cents from groups of schoolboys. Suggestions were received from home that I return the money. But the money could not be returned, first, because it would have been an insult to refuse to accept the gifts, and, second, because many of the donations were received anonymously.

The money was placed in a "Panay Fund" and invested, and the income was to be used for the upkeep of the graves of American sailors who had died in Japan.

But the most touching incident of that wholly spontaneous expression of friendship for the American people by many elements of the people of Japan was when a young Japanese woman came into my office and asked my secretary for a pair of scissors.

The scissors were handed to her; she let down her beautiful long hair, cut it off to the neck, wrapped her hair in a parcel and, taking a carnation from her head, placed it on the parcel and handed the parcel to my secretary with the words: "Please give this to the



London Electrotype Agency

The Lefts Are Making Gains, Say These Election Returns

Crowds scan the progressive reports on balloting posted on a board outside a Tokyo newspaper office. "Cleaner politics" was the issue in this prewar election.

Ambassador. It is my apology for the sinking of the *Panay*!"

An incident during the early stages of the war, while we in the Embassy were still interned in Tokyo, illustrates that the Japanese people are somewhat like sheep, easily led under the impact of new circumstances.

The Japanese military police occasionally arranged demonstrations in front of our Embassy. On the day of the fall of Singapore, while Tokyo was celebrating with processions and brass bands, the police gathered several hundred Japanese from the streets, the shops, and the homes, and brought them to the square in front of our office to demonstrate.

They pressed close to the bars of the Embassy fence behind which we were caged, waving Japanese flags and howling like a pack of

angry wolves. "Down with the United States!" they shouted. It was a really terrifying sight.

At the height of this demonstration, a member of my staff, who was standing on a balcony overlooking the mob, pulled out his pocket handkerchief and cheerfully waved it at the demonstrators. The Japanese were astonished at this unexpected gesture. Their jaws fell open and for a moment they ceased their howling. But the member of my staff kept right on, blithely waving his handkerchief.

And then, wonder of wonders, those Japanese laughed and pulled out *their* handkerchiefs and waved back in most friendly spirit!

The police of course were furious; they dashed around trying to stop the unexpected form their carefully regimented demonstration had taken. But nothing could be done, and that whole pack of erstwhile snarling wolves went off up the street, still heartily laughing.

Army Bound Up with Life of People

The Japanese Army is no protuberance like the tail of a dog which might be cut off to prevent the tail from wagging the dog. It is inextricably bound up with the fabric of the entire nation.

Certainly there are plenty of Japanese who dislike the Army's methods; there is plenty of restiveness at the wholesale impressment of young men to fight in China, at the death and crippling of many, and at the restrictions and handicaps in everyday life entailed by the expenses of the China campaign. But that whole military machine is closely integrated with every phase of the national life.

The Japanese Army has one great advantage over its enemies in the Far East—the advantage of over six years of hard fighting in the China War. Japan has paid dearly for it. But for this grim price in blood it obtained a proving ground where it could build a tough, veteran army trained in that greatest of all military schools—war itself.

But the Japanese were not content with this. They gave their men further training in special areas where the terrain and climatic conditions approximate those in the regions where they were to fight. The units and commanders for the various sectors were selected months in advance and put to work.

The Malayan army trained in Hainan and Indochina, the Philippine force in Formosa, and both units practiced landing operations during the late summer and fall of 1941 along the South China coast.

Even the divisions chosen to attack Hong Kong were given rigorous training in night fighting and in storming pillboxes in the hills near Canton. So realistic were these maneu-

vers that the troops are reported to have suffered "a number of casualties."

The Japanese High Command was able to make these careful preparations because of years of study of the areas where they expected to wage future campaigns. This study was based on a first-class espionage system.

Japanese commentators have not even attempted to hide the fact that the High Command was fully informed for a year before the war of the strength, dispositions, and likely plans of their potential enemies. A good deal of this information is said to have been obtained by "observing" maneuvers in the Philippines and in Malaya.

We can seriously question whether much of this information was gathered by official observers. The eyes of the High Command were probably reserve officers, disguised as humble members of the Japanese community scattered throughout the world.

Even Japan's handicaps have been used to strengthen her for war. The low standard of living of the Japanese people, for example, has been used to inure them to a Spartan life. Today the Japanese soldier on the fighting front, the Japanese sailor in his cramped ship, and the Japanese worker in his gloomy factory can live on a diet so meager that an American on the same diet would soon collapse.

Regimentation Older Than in Germany

The traditional subservience to authority has been used to lead the Japanese workers to accept a degree of regimentation which in some respects exceeds that of better known Nazi Germany. And this regimented industrial machine has been turned to one purpose—the production of the tools of war.

When our country and Japan were still at peace, I received from the Chinese Government the name of a Japanese who had been taken prisoner in China and who wished his family at home in Japan to know that he was alive and well.

I communicated the information to the Government in Tokyo and received, in due course, the official reply. It was brief and to the point. The Japanese Government was not interested in receiving such information. So far as it, the Government, was concerned, and also so far as his own family was concerned, that man was officially dead.

Were he to be recognized as a prisoner of war, shame would be brought upon not only his own family, but his government and his nation and upon his ancestors in the next life.

"Victory or death" is no mere slogan for these soldiers. It is a plain, matter-of-fact description of the military policy which con-



Tokyo Asahi

A Beefy Champion Wrestler Ceremoniously Poses in Preparation for a Match

He wears the coveted "championship belt" of knotted bleached hemp rope, once conferred upon champions by a noble family in Tokyo. An assistant squats at the side holding a long Samurai sword. All ranking wrestlers, some weighing 300 to 350 pounds, wear their hair done up in the feudal-style topknot.

trols their forces, from the highest generals to the newest recruit. The man who allows himself to be captured has disgraced himself and his country.

To understand the Japanese attitude toward Shintoism and toward the Emperor is hard for the Western mind.

One source of great difficulty is that in attempting to formulate a definition of Shinto in modern English, one is using words whose meaning cannot precisely represent concepts developed in an environment far removed both in time and space from our own. The use of such words as "gods" and "worship" in attempting to define Shinto raises concepts in the minds of the present-day American which cannot correspond with concepts born in the minds of primitive tribesmen of two thousand years ago.

Before the word "Shinto" came into use after the introduction of Chinese letters during the seventh century, what Shinto stood for was known as *Kami nagara*—"Whatever exists is spirit." It did not hold that Nature was brought forth by Spirit, for by definition Spirit and Nature were the same thing. It conceives of Nature as the objective manifestation of Spirit.

Thus, mountains, rivers, and streams were not made by the *Kami*—not by gods, as we attempt to translate the word. Rather, they are objective manifestations of the *Kami*.

Unlike many other primitive religions, there is no evidence that Shinto was formulated to fix man's place in the universe. It was rather an attempt by primitive people to rationalize the world about them. It is a combination of two aboriginal instincts—the reverence



Noted from Dark Star

At This Chrysanthemum-decorated Stone, Japanese Karafuto Becomes Soviet Sakhalin

A Japanese northern policeman, with bayonet fixed on his rifle, stands guard at the boundary, which splits the island at 50 degrees north latitude. Virgin forests of pines, larch, and white birch here are unequalled elsewhere in the Japanese Empire. This far-north territory also has numerous coal and placer gold mines.



Kiyoshi Sakamoto

Most Japs Cook with Charcoal, Not with Gas

This charcoal dealer breaks the sticks into pieces. In background straw bags filled with fuel bear price labels.

of ancestors and the worship of Nature.

The first, which they could understand, lent explanation to dread of Nature. To such people, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and so on, were the work of beings ancestrally related to themselves. Hence the Japanese conceive themselves as being the descendants of these spirits.

Conversely, their conception of a future life is that of an immaterial extension of the present one. Death is, therefore, not the conclusive thing it is to us but merely the process of transition from one form of existence to the other.

Adoration of deities is unknown to Shinto. Shinto shrines contain no image or other representation of deities. The late Marquis Okuma said that the attitude of those coming to Shinto shrines should be one of reverence and not of worship.

To fit in the position of the Emperor among subjects who all conceive themselves to be descendants of divine spirits, in terms comprehensible to Americans, is not an easy matter. Every Japanese is a "divine being." The earliest term for emperor is *mikoto subera*, "the *mikoto* who unifies." Especially on occasions affecting the Imperial Family—the death of an emperor or a coronation—the foreigner is made conscious of the Japanese sense of their unification through the Emperor.

After the abolition in 1868 of the Shogunate and the restoration of the temporal powers of the Emperor, effort was made to systematize and codify the concept of the Emperor as the "divine being who unifies."

It has since been the single-minded preoccupation of Japanese bureaucracy to inculcate among the people the thought that the Emperor is a living *Kami*, loved and revered by the nation above all things, and himself loving and protecting the nation.

The Government refurbished old shrines and built new shrines dedicated to Shinto as a national cult. Prehistoric mounds were arbitrarily designated as the graves of ancient emperors, and edicts were promulgated to indoctrinate the people with the thought that the protection and the advancement of the country are in the care of the ancestral spirits and their power resides in the Emperor (page 401).

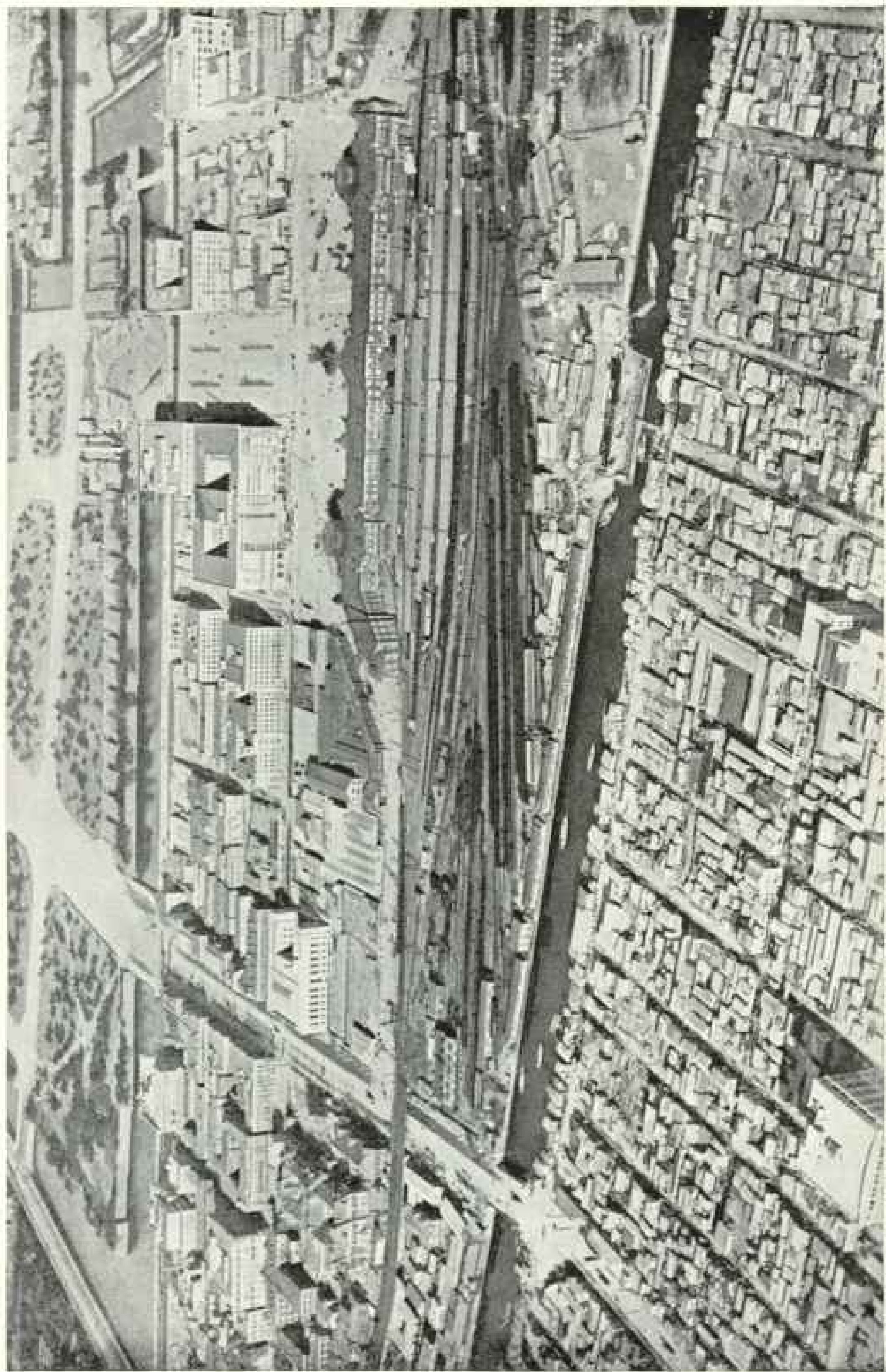
Japan, despite an unparalleled expan-



Alfred T. Peiser

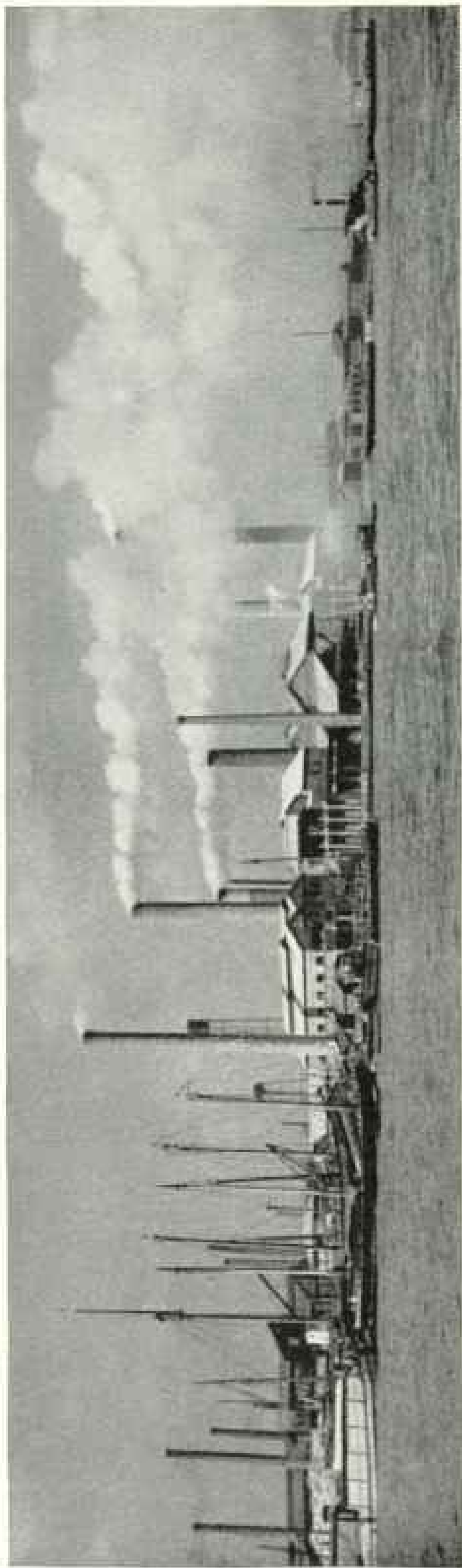
Both Husband and Wife Tread Water to the Precious Rice

Moving paddles scoop the liquid from an irrigation ditch into the field. The bucket contains night soil which is used for fertilizer. Peasant women also share in planting, harvesting, and threshing the grain.



Tokyo's Central Railway Station—Heart of the Japanese Capital and Exact Center of Tim Groomer's Map of Japan

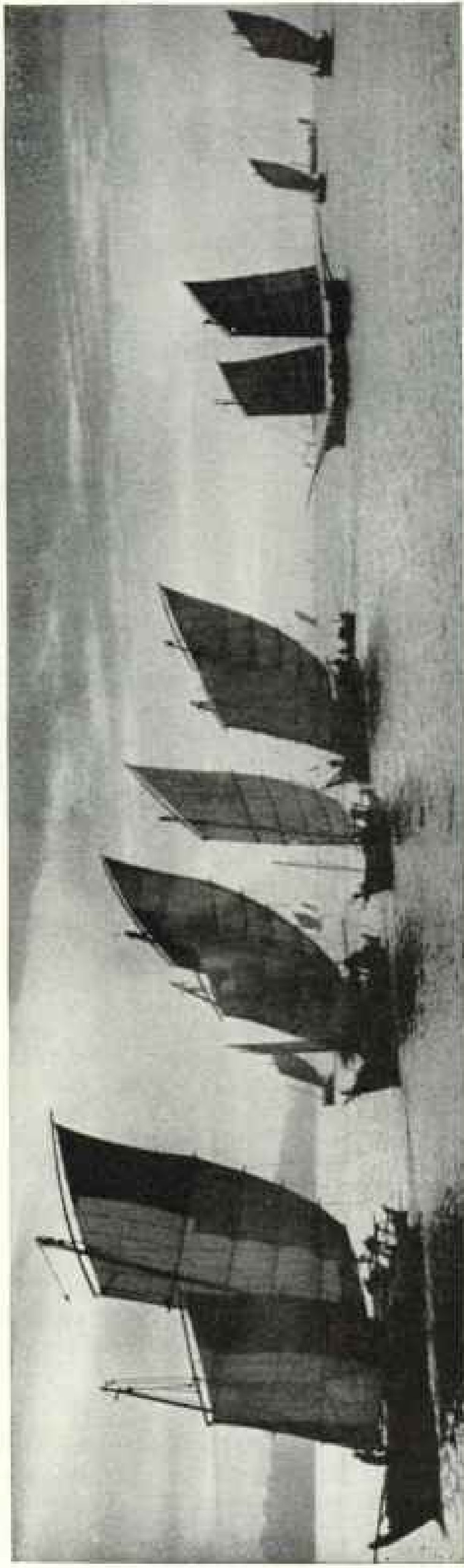
Opposite the station plaza stands the huge Marunouchi Building. To the left a massive Central Post Office has been built since this picture was made. At top stretches the outer moat of the Imperial Palace. This area is called Marunouchi, which means "inside the circle," now literally true on United States bomb-target charts of Tokyo.



Natural from Osaka Bay

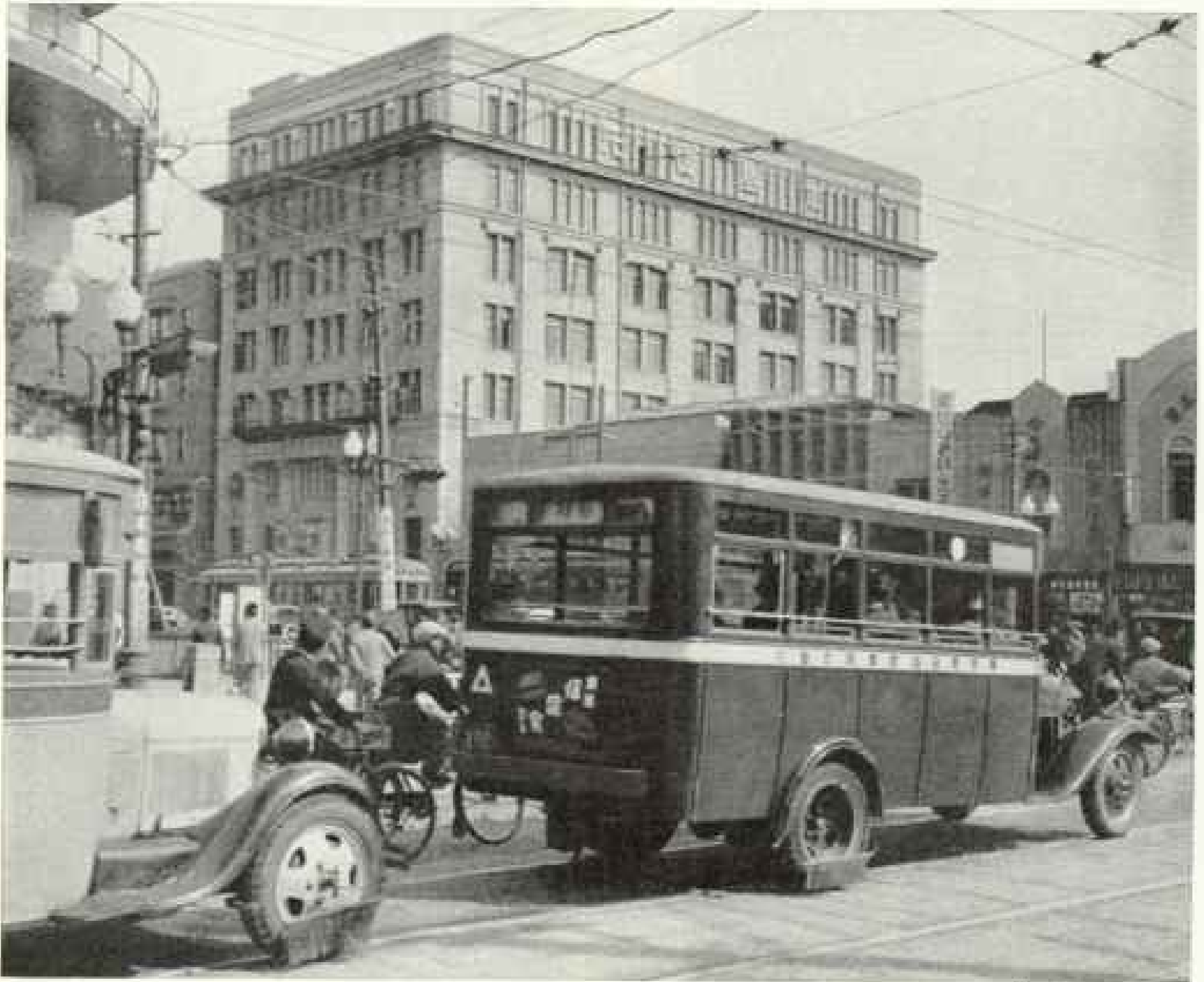
Belching Chimneys Lay a Perpetual Smoke Screen over the Yodo River and Industrial Osaka

Thousands of heavy metal industries, textile mills, and chemical factories are concentrated in this huge manufacturing and commercial center 20 miles east of Kobe. Tokyo alone vies with it in industrial importance. Osaka has a population of approximately three and a half million.



Getmarine Kellerman

Loaded with Their Catches of Fish, Sailboats Race to Port to Sell Their Cargoes



Mrs. STRANDBERG De Coo

Wheels of Tokyo Buses Wear Antisplash Brushes on Rainy Days

On private automobiles, rubber flaps keep mud and water from flying. This scene is at an intersection of the Ginza, the "Broadway of Tokyo," busiest and most flamboyant retail center of the capital.

sion over an area of many thousands of square miles, has not succeeded in removing strong Allied positions on the flanks of her defensive chain. It is an axiom of conquest that each time you advance you create a future need for a further advance to protect your new position. Nevertheless, Japan hoped that by her concerted campaigns she could drive her enemies back to such a distance that she would be able to halt her forces on natural defensive lines.

This she has not been able to do. The United Nations now hold bases on and from which it is possible for them to organize and launch striking forces to attack the Japanese positions. These will be used—amply and effectively—as the war progresses.

And finally, it must be considered a weakness of the Japanese defensive ring that communications and transport must be carried on very largely by water. Shipping is the Achilles' heel of Japan. It may well turn out that the steady attrition of her shipping, both mer-

cantile and naval, may play a considerable part in her ultimate defeat.

By the process of attrition we shall eventually reduce Japan's maritime transport facilities to a point where the shipping communications between the homeland and the outlying occupied areas will be for all practical purposes eliminated, although it may take a long time to achieve this desirable end.

When the final victory of our arms is achieved, as it unquestionably will be achieved; when we have brought Japan's military machine to unconditional surrender or have destroyed it; then effective measures must be taken which will forever prevent that cancer of militarism from further growth.

Future wars in the Pacific area would be inevitable if we were to adopt half measures or if we were to be satisfied with an inconclusive or compromise peace. The showdown must be complete and the decision irrevocable. American safety and world peace must never again be threatened by Japan.

National Geographic Map of Japan, Regions of Asia, and the Pacific

WITH this issue of their Magazine, the 1,200,000 member-families of the National Geographic Society receive a timely map supplement of Japan and Adjacent Regions of Asia and the Pacific Ocean.*

The new chart, printed in 10 harmonious colors, is the latest addition to The Society's notable series of wall maps, covering the entire theater of war in Asia and the Pacific.

United Nations power will strike again and again in this area, ever moving closer to Tokyo. The new map, most comprehensive general chart of Japan, eastern China, Manchuria, and eastern Soviet Russia yet produced, will vividly portray these offensive moves as they occur.

Planned in a size which may be conveniently referred to on wall or desk, this concise map includes on a single sheet, 26½ by 34½ inches, a volume of detail essential to intelligent understanding of history in the making.

Clearness and sharpness of lettering, result of The Society's special photo-composing process, make place names easy to read. Chinese names are spelled in accordance with official rulings, and correspond with spelling in news dispatches.

Thousands of miles of railroads and highways, born of the war, are shown—the result of painstaking research and compilation.

Map Is Guide for Bombers

For the first time, a detailed map has been computed with the geographical heart of Tokyo as its center. The exact spot is Tokyo's central railway station, about which cluster the Imperial Palace, the Central Postoffice, and the Marunouchi Building, one of the city's largest office structures (page 412).

The bomber course to Tokyo from any point on the map follows a straight line, true in distance and direction. The map is based on an azimuthal equidistant projection, 126 miles to the inch.

Thousands of copies of this new map will

* Members may obtain additional copies of the new Map of Japan and Adjacent Regions of Asia and the Pacific Ocean (and of all other maps published by The Society) by writing to the National Geographic Society, Washington 6, D. C. Prices, in United States and Possessions, 50c on paper per map; \$1 on linen; Index, 25c. Outside of United States and Possessions, 75c on paper; \$1.25 on linen (*postal regulations generally prohibit mailing linen outside of Western Hemisphere*); Index, 50c. Handy map file, bound like a book 7¼ x 10¼ inches, with pockets to accommodate 10 folded paper maps with their respective 10 indexes, \$2.50. All remittances payable in U. S. funds. Postage prepaid. The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC maps of continents and oceans with their indexes make a magnificent Atlas and Gazetteer of the World.

join other NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC maps on the Navy's ships at sea, in the "flying offices" of Army generals, and in myriad other front-line posts, to help Uncle Sam fight the war.

The new map shows the vast stretch of the Japanese islands along the China and Siberia coasts. If these islands could be placed in the same latitudes off the North American coast, Formosa would lie across Cuba and southern Florida. Tokyo would be due east of Cape Hatteras; Paramushiro off Newfoundland.

Principal Japanese island, known as the "mainland," is Honshu, with an area slightly larger than the State of Idaho.

The famous Inland Sea (Seto Naikai), which opens into both the Sea of Japan, and the Pacific Ocean, separates Shikoku and Kyushu Islands from Honshu. This sea is 275 miles long and 56 miles wide.

The map reveals the deep indentation of Japan's coastline of more than 19,000 miles. In normal times, some 44 ports were open to foreign trade.

Geologically, Japan is linked with the Asiatic mainland. Its islands are the summit of a mountain chain which rears out of the Pacific. The ocean between Korea and Japan is shallow, so a slight upheaval there might produce a land crossing between them.†

The northern boundary of the map lies 2,020 miles north of Tokyo, taking in the western Aleutians, all of Kamchatka, Manchuria, and the eastern part of Russian-dominated Outer Mongolia. The southern boundary lies 2,095 miles due south of Tokyo.

"Steppingstones" to Jap Conquest

Look at the map and see how graphically it portrays the three vast chains of island "steppingstones" which protect Japan on the southeast, southwest and northeast.

Hundreds of these "nonsinkable aircraft carriers" stretch southeastward through the Bonin, Marianas, Caroline, and Marshall groups. Fighter planes hop by easy stages from the "mainland" to outpost bases in the

† For additional articles on Japan in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, see by Willard Price, "Mysterious Micronesia" (Japan's Mandated Islands), April, 1936; "Hidden Key to the Pacific" (Japan's Mandated Islands), June, 1942; "Unknown Japan," August, 1942, and "Japan Faces Russia in Manchuria," November, 1942; "Women's Work in Japan," by Mary A. Nourse, January, 1938; "Tokyo Today," by William R. Castle, Jr., February, 1933; "Here in Manchuria," by Lilian Grosvenor Coville, February, 1933; "Geography of Japan," July, 1921, and "Some Aspects of Rural Japan," September, 1921, by Walter Weston; "Empire of the Rising Sun," October, 1923, and "Japan, Child of the World's Old Age," March, 1933, by William Elliot Griffis.

Carolines. Small boats ply their way southward with supplies at will.

To the southwest the Nansei Islands and Taiwan (Formosa) provided ports and air bases for the conquest of the Philippines, which became steps to the Netherlands Indies.

The map reveals at a glance how the Kurils cut off the Sea of Okhotsk, threatening to bar free passage of any ship to Soviet Russia's Asiatic ports.

The map shows China's eastern provinces, where the United Nations need "bomb Tokyo" airfields and seaports, and the 250-mile shift of the mouth of the great Hwang Ho, made by Chinese in 1938 to check the Jap advance. See NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, Feb., 1942.

"Close-ups" of Industrial Centers

An important feature is the series of five insets showing Japan's principal industrial centers on a scale of 16 miles to the inch, eight times larger than the scale of the main map.

One inset portrays Yokohama, Tokyo, and the vast industrial region which stretches between and beyond those sprawling cities, along the shore of Tokyo Bay. At the channel entrance stands the naval base of Yokosuka.

Other insets present close-ups of Nagoya; Osaka, Kobe, and Kyoto; Shimonoseki and Moji at the western entrance to the Inland Sea; and Nagasaki, on the Japan Sea. A sixth inset shows the Marshall Islands.

Japan proper, small as it is, is divided into 47 prefectures, each with an area too tiny to be mapped legibly on the scale used. These prefectures are listed on the map, and each may be located by its capital city.

To round out the picture, the black-and-white map on pages 392-3 of this issue of THE GEOGRAPHIC shows in detail 17 of the most important of Japan's island military outposts. All are drawn on a very large scale, some as big as 2½ miles to the inch. Included are strategic bases in the Marshall, Caroline, Marianas, Bonin, and Kuril groups; also Wake, Marcus, and Hachijo, the latter only 179 miles from Tokyo.

The new chart supplements The Society's other notable wartime maps of the Far East.

The Map of the Pacific Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, published in the September, 1943, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, covers the full extent of the territory controlled by Japan at its floodtide of conquest—a stretch bigger in land area than that of continental United States.

This map shows in detail Bougainville Island (Color Plates I-VIII), where American and Australian troops have been fighting the Japs for many months, 3,080 miles from Tokyo. It also shows that the United States

supply line to Australia passes through the military base of New Caledonia (Plates IX-XVI), 4,370 miles from the Japanese capital.†

Other islands in the war news today, such as the Kurils, Kiska, New Britain, and New Ireland, are shown in 56 large-scale insets in this important Pacific Map.

The Map of the Indian Ocean, Australia, New Zealand, Burma, and Malaysia, issued in the March, 1941, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, includes India, and the Netherlands Indies. Large-scale insets portray Guam, Singapore, New Zealand, the Philippines, Hong Kong, and the Suez Canal.

The Map of Asia and Adjacent Areas, in the December, 1942, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, shows the true relationship between widely separated military offensives from Casablanca to Russia and Chungking.

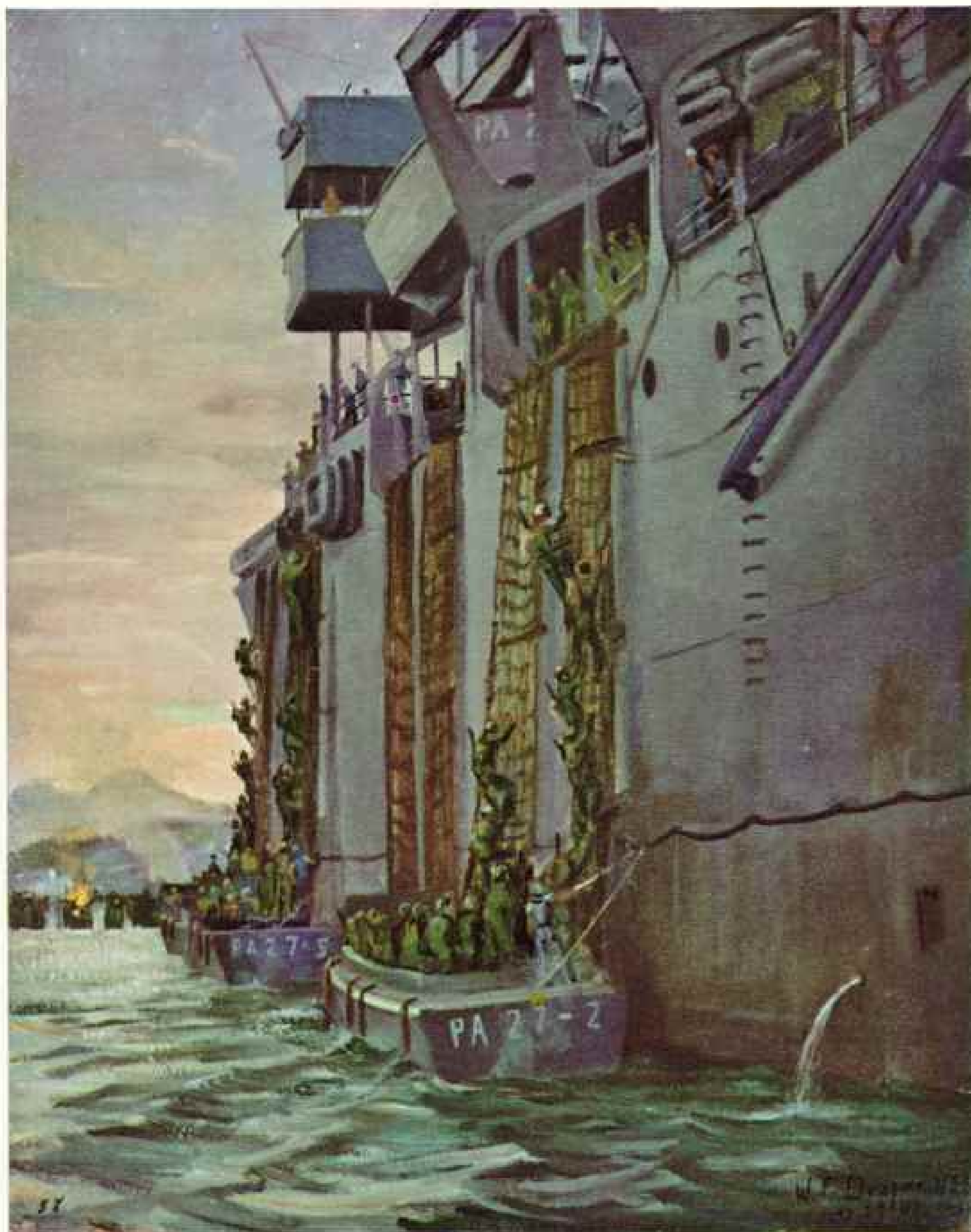
Always useful are THE GEOGRAPHIC's maps of The World, December, 1943; the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, April, 1943, and Europe and the Near East, June, 1943.

Japan's Land-grabbing Record

Japan's land-grabbing started at the close of her war with China in 1894-95. Here is the record of areas controlled by Japan:

	Area		Date
	Square Miles	Population	
Japan proper	147,702	69,254,000
Formosa (Taiwan)			
(From China)	13,831	5,212,000	1895
Karafuto (Sakhalin)			
(From Russia)	13,935	332,000	1905
Kwantung Peninsula			
(From China)	1,338	1,657,000	1905
Korea (Chosen)			
(From China)	85,249	22,899,000	1910
Mandated Islands			
(From Germany)	830	103,000	1919
Manchuria			
(From China)	503,013	43,234,000	1937
Occupied China	438,000	155,000,000	1937-42
Guam and Wake Island			
(From U. S.)	208	23,000	1941
Thailand (Siam)	200,148	15,718,000	1941
Hong Kong			
(From Britain)	391	1,072,000	1941
French Indochina	286,000	23,853,000	1941
British Borneo	81,726	791,000	1941
British Malaya	30,966	5,561,000	1942
Burma			
(From Britain)	261,610	14,667,000	1942
Andaman Islands			
(From Britain)	3,143	31,000	1942
Philippines			
(From U. S.)	114,400	16,971,000	1942
Netherlands Indies	735,268	60,727,000	1942
Timor			
(From Portugal)	7,330	464,000	1942
Totals	2,945,088	437,569,000	

† See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, "A Woman's Experiences Among Stone Age Solomon Islanders," by Eleanor Schirmer Oliver, December, 1942, and "War Awakened New Caledonia," by Enzo de Chetelat, July, 1942.



© National Geographic Society

Oil Painting by Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R.

"H" Hour off Bougainville—Marines of the First Wave Swarm into Landing Boats

Down cargo nets they clamber from the deck of the motionless transport. Coxswains and engineers, bowmen and sternmen, take their stations. Soon the craft will shove off, to circle astern and await the moment of invasion. These official U. S. Navy paintings are the work of Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R., whose series on the Aleutian Islands appeared in the August, 1943, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. The canvases depict the American occupation of Bougainville, in the Solomons, on November 1, 1943, and scenes at the United States military base on New Caledonia. They will become a part of the Navy's historical records of the war.



© National Geographic Society
Oil Painting by Capt. William F. Dresser, U.S.M.C.
"Bouts Away!" Dive Bombers and Ships' Guns Cover the Landing Forces Striking Shoreward in Empress Augusta Bay



© National Geographic Society

Oil Painting by Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R.

Dawn of "D" Day—Guns Bark as Leathernecks in Jungle Dress Go over the Side at Bougainville



Oil painting by Ueno, Atsumu F. Ueno, U.S.N.R.

Jap Planes Attack! Into Empress Augusta Bay Falls a Flaming Mitsubishi Dive Bomber, Downed by A-A Fire

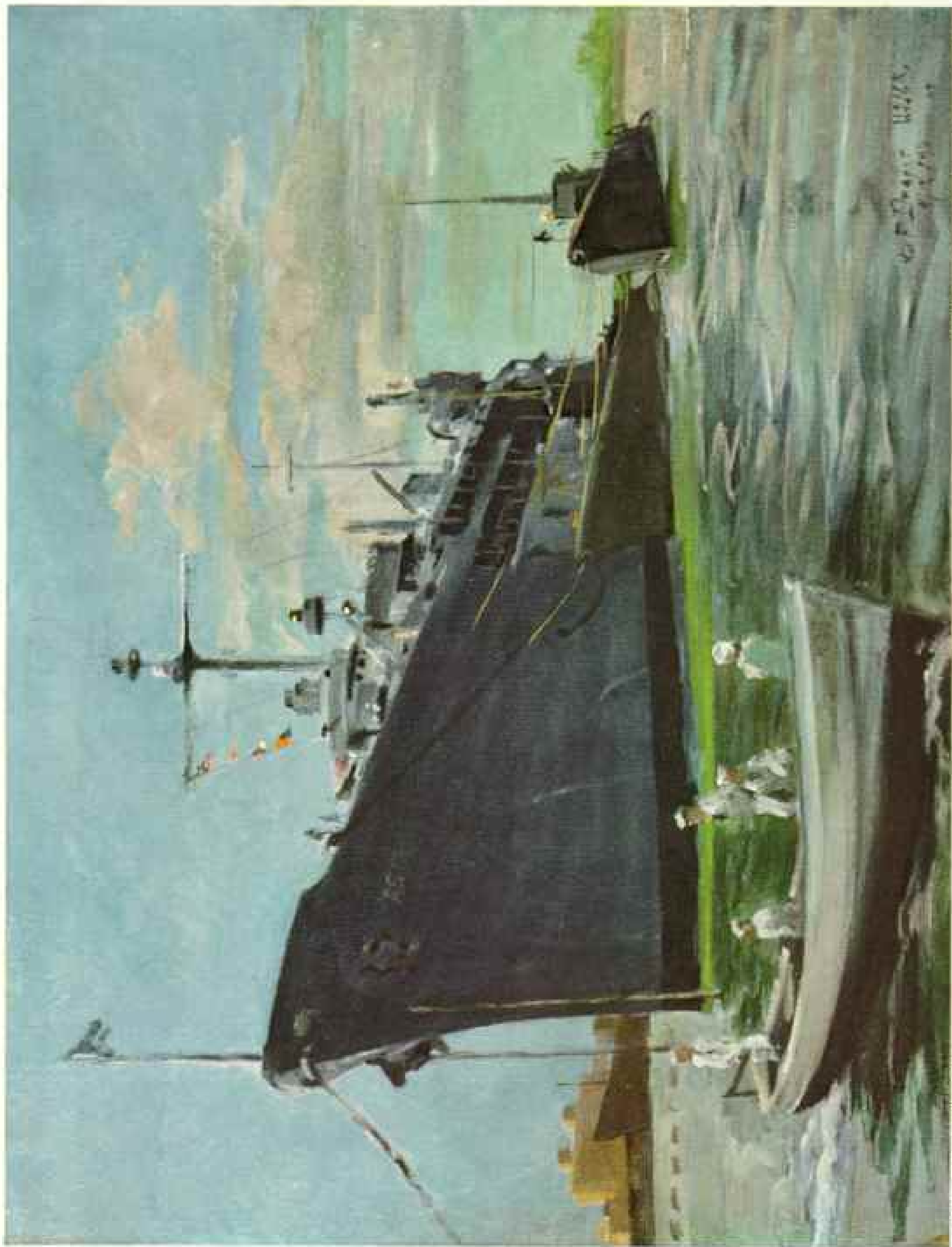
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First Wave! A Jap Mortar Shell Blasts a Landing Boat. Casualties Are Heavy, But the Fighting Marines Gain the Beachhead

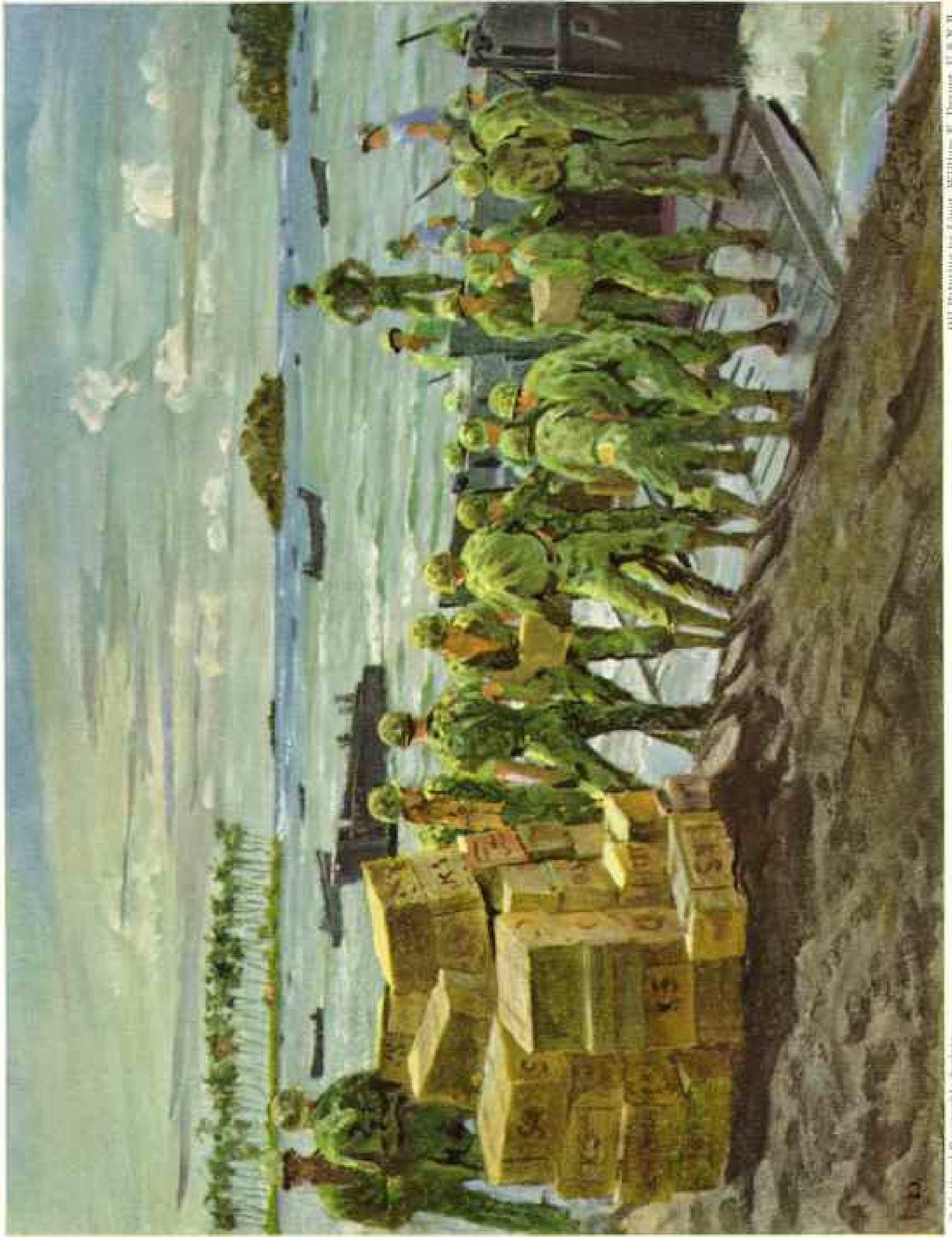
Oil Painting by Lieut. William F. Drayton, U.S.M.A.



© National Geographic Society

Oil Painting by Dwyer, William F. Dwyer, U.S.N.A.S.

Floating Navy Yard Is This Submarine Tender, Mother Ship for United States Subs Nestling to Her Sides



© National Geographic Society

Oil Painting by Laiff, William F. Draper, U.S.N.M.

In the Wake of Victorious Invaders at Bougainville, Landing Barges Disgorge Supplies—Guns, Ammunition, and Food



On Sunday, Day before Invasion, Fearless Marines Kneel to Put Their Trust in God



© National Geographic Society

Oil Paintings by Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R.

In the Humid Waist of a Sub Tender, Seminuade Sailors Overhaul Torpedoes

Jungle War: Bougainville and New Caledonia

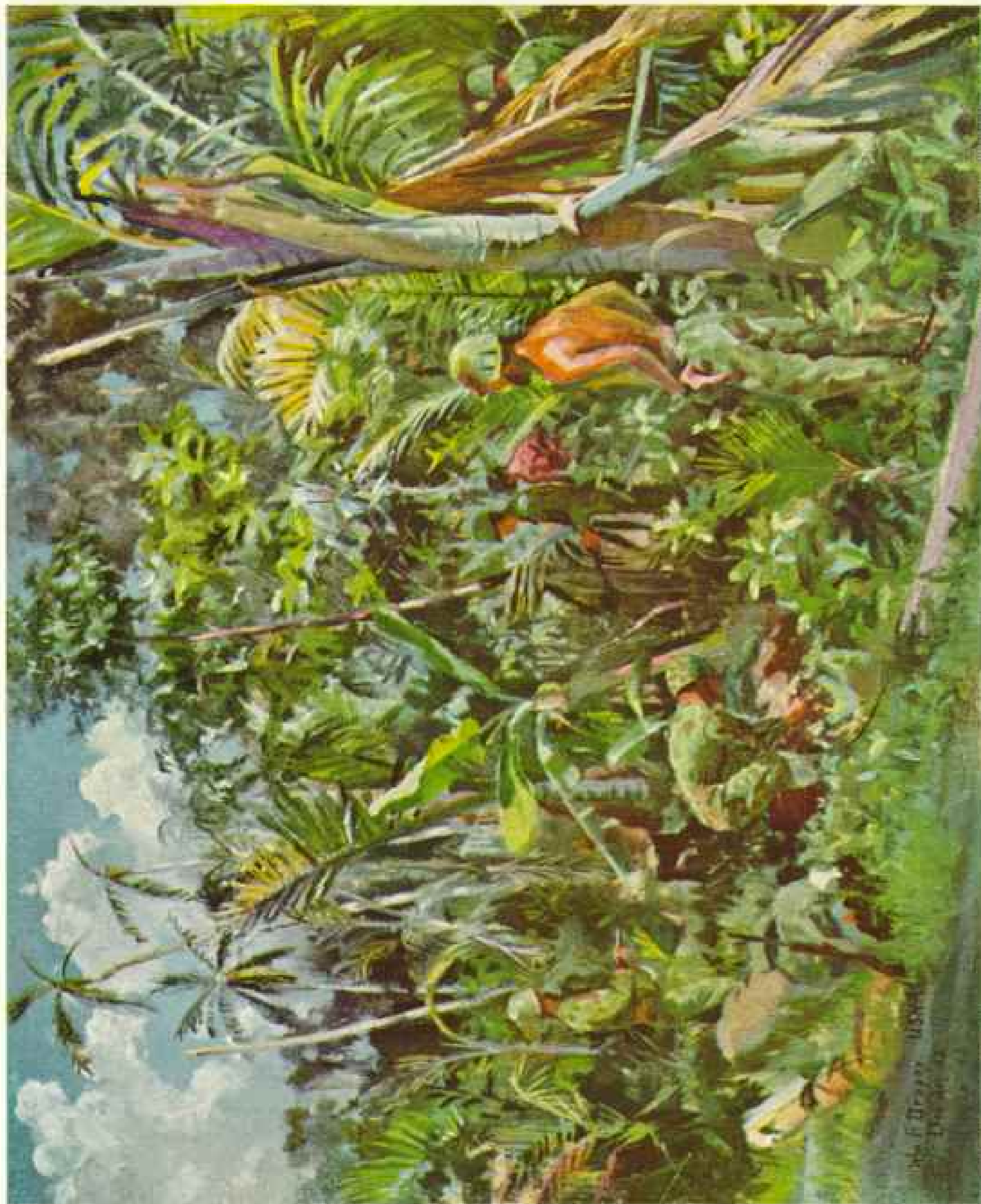


© National Geographic Society

1942 Painting by Lt. Wm. F. Draper, U.S.N.R.

And Bougainville Sixteen Hours Away!

Marines in jungle-fighting togs aboard the transport take shelter from the tropic sun in the shade of two landing boats. They give their weapons a final cleanup. Boats are fueled and ready for landing. The convoy of transports and escort vessels moves swiftly up the "slot," sailors' name for the narrow northwestern passage through the Solomon Islands. Savo, the Russells, Rendova, and Vella Lavella, made historic by the Marines, are left behind. The objective, Bougainville, and the island of Buka north of it, are the last Jap-held strongholds in the Solomons group. This scene is on the transport flagship, where Lieutenant Draper was stationed. Navy artists are assigned sea duties on shipboard and stand regular watches.



Wm. F. Trapp
Dunedin

Oil Painting by Wm. F. Trapp, U.S.N.

Near Shell-shattered Palms at Jungle's Edge, Marines Watch for Japs and Dig Foxholes on Bougainville

© National Geographic Society



© National Geographic Society

Shower Time—Highlight of Any Hot Afternoon in the South Pacific

Piped water at this enlisted men's bath at Amphibious Command Headquarters is a luxury. Usually the cooling spray comes from an emptied oil drum, hoisted to a platform and filled with water. Even at the most advanced bases, shower-bath hour is a social ceremony, welcome as an oasis in a desert.

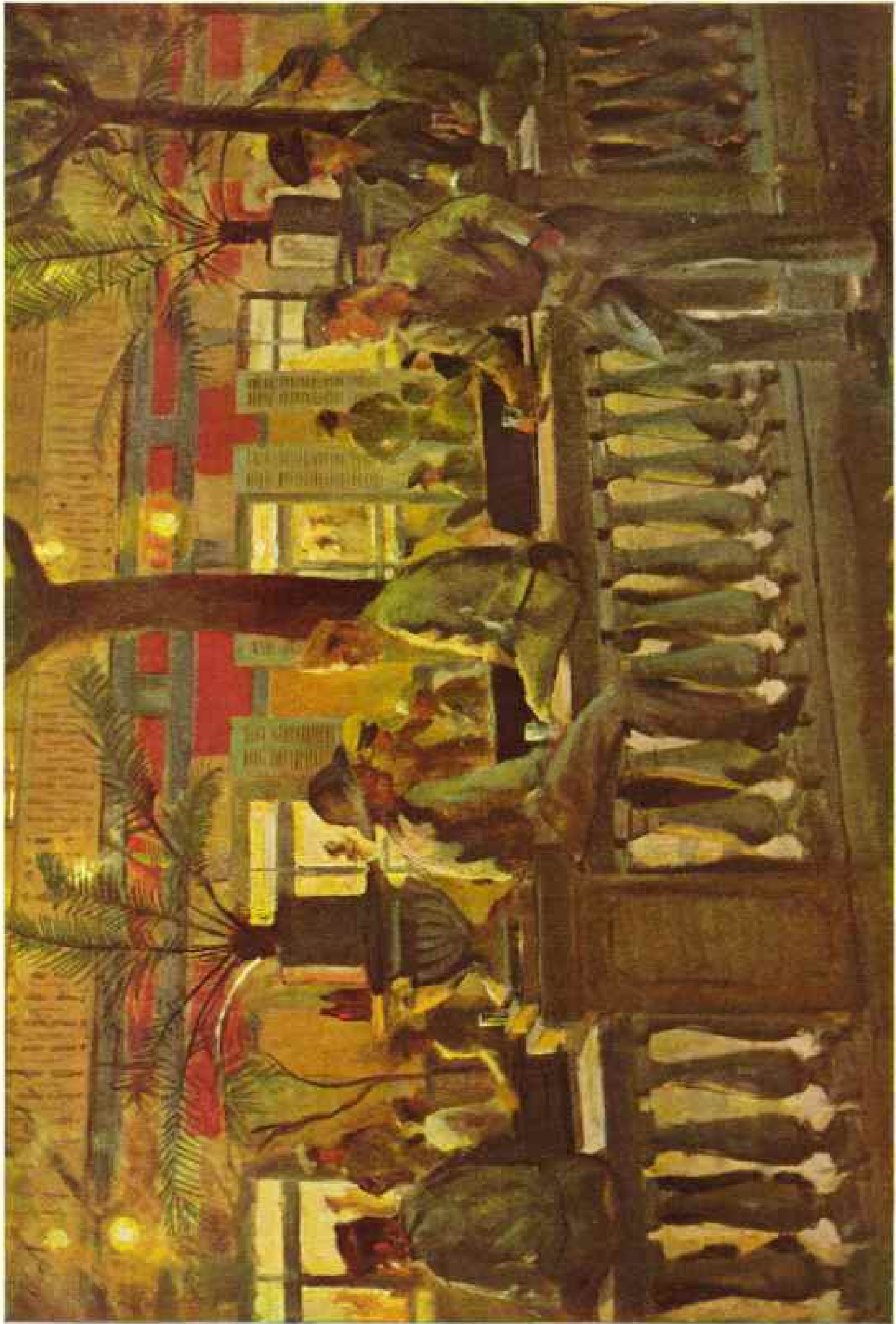


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W.F. Draper, N.S.M.A.

Oil Painting by Draper, William F. Draper, U.S.N.C.H.

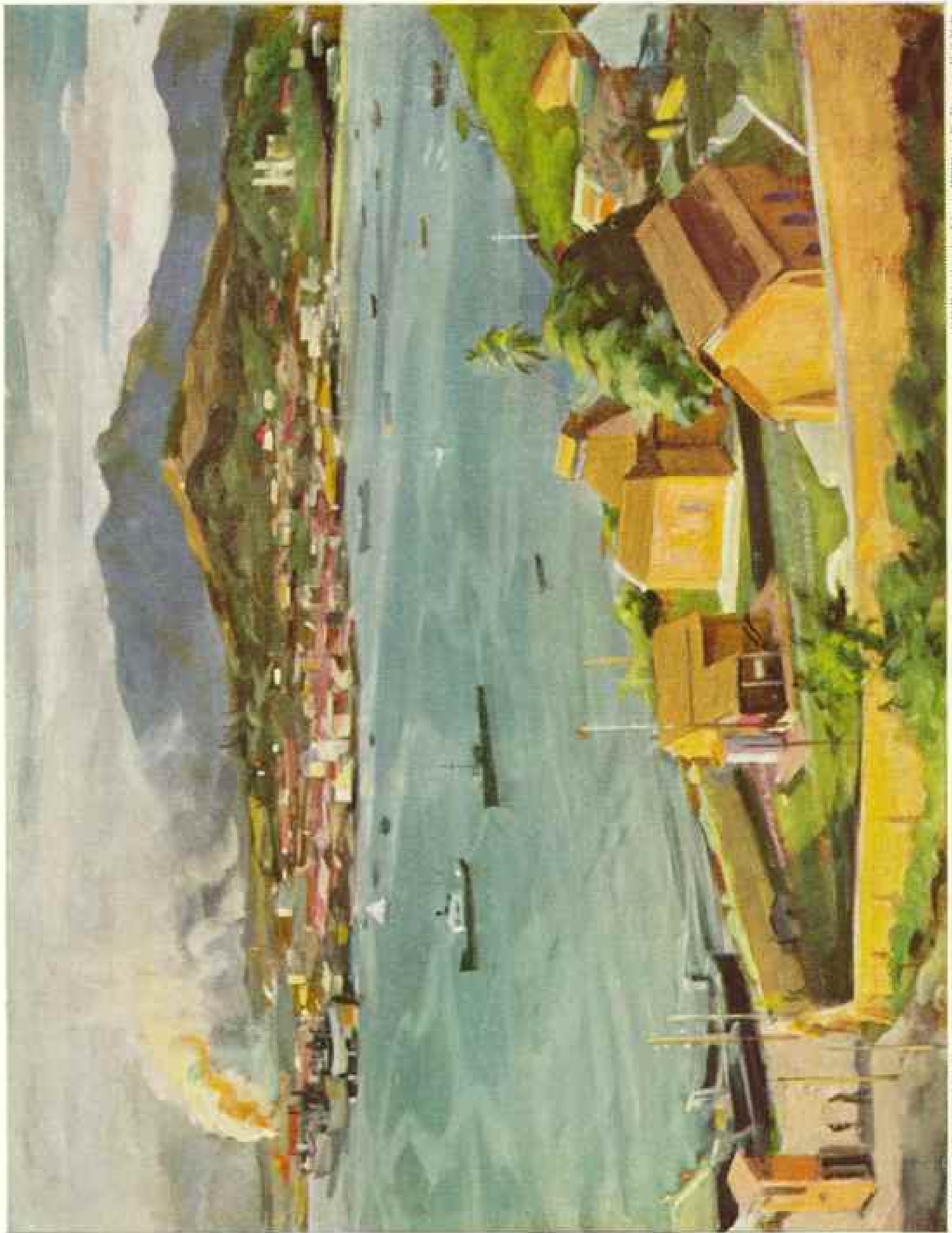
A Lookout on Semaphore Hill, above Nouméa, Takes a Signal from a Ship in New Caledonia's "Great Road"



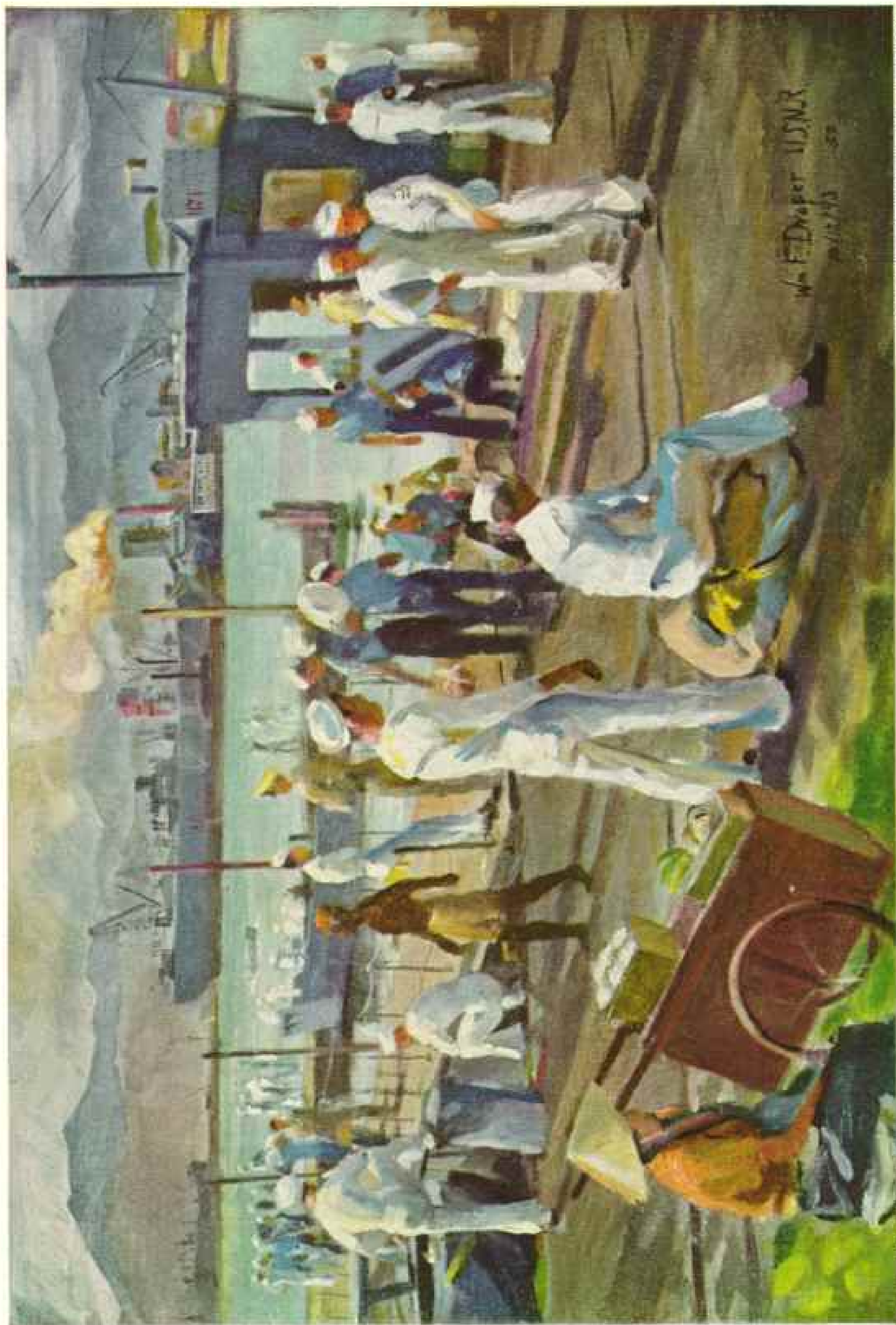
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Oil Painting by 1900, WILLIAM F. DEXTER, U.S.N. JR.

Nouméa's Officers' Club, the Old Hotel du Pacifique, Echoes to Yarns of U. S. South Sea Fighters, on Leave from the Front



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Liberty Ships Unload at Nouméa, New Caledonia's Capital, on the Baie de la Moselle. Foreground, French Artillery Post
1011 Photograph by Ernest William F. Dwyer, U.S.S.R.



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Islanders, Tonkinese Venders, M.P.'s, and Sailors on Liberty Impart to Nouméa's Navy Landing the Bustle of a Railway Station

Oil Painting by Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R.



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Oil Painting by Lieut. William F. Draper, U.S.N.R.

Latitude 0!—The U. S. S. *Thatcher* Crosses the Equator

Even in wartime, the age-old celebration of "crossing the line" is held. Strict watch is never relaxed, but men off duty impersonate Neptunus Rex and his court. Here "Admiral Davy Jones," just come aboard the destroyer, hails the captain on the bridge. The "royal herald" stands by (left), his "whites" and cap on backwards. Actual initiation of "polliwogs," men who have not crossed the line, must await arrival in port.

Nantucket—Little Gray Lady

BY WILLIAM H. NICHOLAS

With Illustrations by Staff Photographer B. Anthony Stewart

OLD WHALING captains called Nantucket the "Little Gray Lady." I was about to find out why.

Our steamer, four and a half hours out of New Bedford, gingerly threaded her way through the channel, close to the shoreline of this speck in the ocean 25 miles south of Cape Cod. Suddenly the boat swung around Brant Point and headed directly into the harbor.

Nantucket stretched before us—a snug, gray-shingled town lying cozily along the water front (map, page 435, and page 438). She seemed to beckon a welcome.

To our left, on an elevation scarcely high enough to be called a hill, the gilded dome of a church gleamed in the sun. On our right shone the white cupola of another. Between them, and all around, clustered the mellow, weathered-gray houses. Steamer wharf and yacht club fitted into the pattern. A Little Gray Lady, indeed!

This compact group of some 1,500 houses, most of them built between 1790 and 1830, is the key to Nantucket's past, present, and future.

Island Sons Still Make History

A century ago they housed industrious, whale-fishing Quakers who made history in all the Seven Seas.

Today, sons of Nantucket, from these same houses, still make history. For example:

On the afternoon of February 27, 1942, Flight Lt. Harrison Gorman, of Nantucket, stood on the deck of the ill-fated *Langley*, sixty miles off the Java coast. With him were a score of brother pilots. Their U. S. Army P-40 fighter planes were packed on the once-proud aircraft carrier, now converted into a tender and stripped of half its flight deck.

Suddenly nine Japanese bombers came into sight. Unopposed, they methodically dropped their cargo. The American pilots, unable to launch their planes, stood by helplessly. Soon the *Langley* sank.*

Some of the crew and some of the flyers slid down ropes to the decks of escorting destroyers, which dashed to the rescue. Others were killed. Still others are carried to this day on Army and Navy rosters as "missing," and Harrison Gorman's name is among them.

* See "New Queen of the Seas," by Melville Bell Grosvenor, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, July, 1942.

He was Nantucket's first son to become a casualty in this war.

But the heritage bequeathed by the whaling captains, who sailed from its harbor more than a century ago, keeps Nantucket's hopes high. History tells of many island boys who disappeared halfway around the world.

Didn't the whalers put to sea on distant voyages, not to return for three or four years? Mothers, wives, and sweethearts seldom heard a word from them until they came back, their ships' holds bulging with sperm oil. Weren't many shipwrecked, stranded on remote Pacific islands, given up for lost, time and again? Didn't Enoch Arden have counterparts on this very island?

"Harrison Gorman will turn up yet," the descendants of the Quaker adventurers say.

War is an old story to Nantucket. In the Revolution, 134 of the island's ships, with cargoes and crews, were captured by the British. Fifteen more vessels disappeared at sea. Loss of life has been estimated at 1,600, or a third of the total population. The island was impoverished.

A score of Nantucket men and boys sailed with John Paul Jones on the *Ranger*. Later, when his *Bonhomme Richard* engaged in its historic battle with the *Serapis* on September 23, 1779, two Nantucketers, Henry Martin and Thomas Turner, were killed, and two others, Henry Gardner and Jerry Evans, were the heroes of the battle.

The War of 1812 reduced the island's fleet to 23 ships.

In the War between the States, 339 Nantucketers served in the Northern Army and Navy—56 more than the island's quota. Her record in World War I was just as impressive—192 in the various branches of service out of a decreased population of about 3,000.

Total assessed value of all property on Nantucket in 1918 was about five million dollars; yet the island subscribed \$1,665,000 to the five Liberty Loans, or more than \$550 per capita, to become the banner town in the whole United States. It exceeded its quota in each of the first three Victory Loan drives of the present war.

Walk down Nantucket's old streets and lanes today and look at the many-paned windows of the old houses. You will see hanging in them the little stars and printed signs that show how many families have sons with the



From a Hundred Lobster Pots He Makes a Daily Haul, Come Wind or Fog

Trying to find the traps two miles offshore in pea-soup weather is an arduous task. With a winch, the lobsterman pulls up his pots, then tosses the prizes into a boat well, where they keep alive and healthy on their way to Nantucket. The specimens he holds weigh about five pounds apiece.



Miles of Shoals Protect Snug Little Nantucket, 25 Miles South of Cape Cod

Steamboats from New Bedford and Woods Hole, Massachusetts, ply the waters of Nantucket Sound to link the island with the mainland. On the east and south is the open Atlantic. To the west lies Martha's Vineyard. Nantucket was the Nation's leading whaling port. Today its chief industry is entertaining summer visitors (page 437).

armed forces, serving in all parts of the world. Thus far, this small island, town, and county of the same name has sent more than 400 boys into the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, and Merchant Marine.

Some may be stationed on Pacific islands which were discovered by their great-great-grandfathers in prosperous peacetime days.

Just how many islands American whalers listed on maritime charts for the first time probably never will be ascertained. The old records are incomplete and not very accurate. Nantucketers alone discovered at least a score, but primarily these seafaring men were after whales, not islands.

Favorite whale-hunting ground in the 19th century was the wide Pacific. In earlier days the islanders caught the big mammals in near-by waters, then ventured southward to the "Brazeel Banks."

When Capt. Paul Worth, in the *Beaver*, rounded Cape Horn in 1791, he started a veritable procession into the Pacific after sperm whales. Nantucket's old salts, some in ships of less than 250 tons, searched that vast body of water from the Arctic to the Antarctic, from the western coast of South America to Japan. Most profitable of all the whale-fishing areas were the "offshore grounds" off

the coasts of Chile and Peru, the "Japan grounds," and the Arctic regions.

A hundred years ago nearly every boy and girl on Nantucket had an intimate knowledge of the very islands which are so puzzling to us today, as we try to keep up with war news from the Pacific. Nantucket whalers were more at home in the Gilberts, the "Feejees," the Solomons, the Carolines, than in near-by towns on the United States mainland.

A "Home-made" Museum

In the museum of the Nantucket Historical Association I found ample evidence of the whalers' journeys. Like most museums, its cases are filled, and its walls lined, with treasures from many parts of the world. But Nantucket's collection is distinctive—it all came right out of the island's houses. No need to send collecting expeditions to far-off places for its precious relics.

A century ago a Captain Coffin, or Swain, or Starbuck, or Gardner unwittingly became a volunteer collector. This little island, 15 miles long and 4 miles wide, produced enough rare items to stock its own museum.

Nantucketers were interested principally in sperm whales, for in the heads of these big animals are stored large quantities of



"Seonset, 7½ Miles; New Zealand, 15,800 Miles"

This curious signboard just off Main Street orients summer guests and also helps Coast Guardsmen get their bearings when they are sent to Nantucket on a tour of duty. The islanders know the lore of the vast Pacific—their forebears called the Sea of Japan two centuries ago.

sperm oil, superior to oil tried from blubber.*

They captured right whales, too, from their small boats, and brought the big mammals alongside, where they were cut up, hoisted aboard, and tried out in vats on the decks. The oil went into barrels, stored in the holds, and the whalers stayed at sea until they had the holds well filled.

When the *Sarah*, Capt. Frederick Arthur, came back to Nantucket on April 19, 1830, after a three-year voyage, she brought in 3,497 barrels of sperm oil, valued at \$98,000—the record for any one ship out of Nantucket.

* See "Whales, Giants of the Sea," by Remington Kellogg, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1940.

Sometimes the captains brought back cargoes of whalebone, but many disregarded this by-product of the industry, less valuable than the oil. On rare occasions they found ambergris, a secretion from the alimentary canal of the sperm whale, floating on the water. Then they were in luck, indeed, for the waxy substance was worth more than its weight in gold to perfume manufacturers. Whaling was a dirty, smelly business, but it was adventurous and extremely profitable.

Mrs. Emily Bunker tells how her father, Joseph Winslow, skipper of the *Constitution*, took her mother along when he departed on an eight-year voyage to the Pacific. In May, 1862, he was trying to make Valparaiso ahead of the stork, but a heavy storm blocked him and little Emily Winslow was born at sea. When the *Constitution* finally got back to Nantucket, the baby was handed over the side of the ship to a 12-year-old lad. When they grew up they were married.

Nantucket boomed under its "greasy luck." In the banner year of 1842, the island's whalers numbered 86 ships, two barks, two brigs, and two schooners.

The town's population rose close to the 10,000 mark. Shipyards, oil and candle houses, sail and rig lofts, ropewalks, spar yards, cooper shops, and a dozen other industries boomed. More and more of the plain, simple houses were built. Alongside them rose a few pretentious ones, as wealth came to captains and shipowners. Then came a series of misfortunes.

As voyages grew longer, ships grew larger, and soon they had trouble passing over the bar outside Nantucket Harbor. Although in-

ventive citizens built a kind of floating dry-dock, known as the "camels," to lift ships over the bar, this ingenious device failed to solve the problem. A working model of the camels stands in the island's Whaling Museum today, a tribute to the resourcefulness of the Quaker shipmasters who refused to give up without a struggle (page 443).

But New Bedford, with a deep-water harbor and closer to ready markets, rapidly outstripped Nantucket as a whaling center.

Then, in 1846, fire destroyed the entire downtown area—360 buildings, covering 36 acres. The business section was rebuilt, but many merchants were utterly ruined.

Other blows followed. Gold was discovered in California. Nantucket succumbed to the lure and, in 1849, fourteen ships, manned by Nantucket officers and crews and packed with islanders, sailed for the gold fields.

Oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, dealing a mortal blow to the sperm-oil industry. To make the chain of misfortune complete, along came the War between the States. So many setbacks were too much. Poverty replaced prosperity.

A New Lease on Life

Rapidly the population dwindled to about 3,000. All building ceased. The island was desolate. The old houses went into a state of disrepair. Then, about 1870, people began to discover that the Little Gray Lady offered delightful vacation opportunities. Nantucket took a new lease on life, which has continued ever since.

Suddenly, the fact that Nantucket had escaped the march of time became an eco-



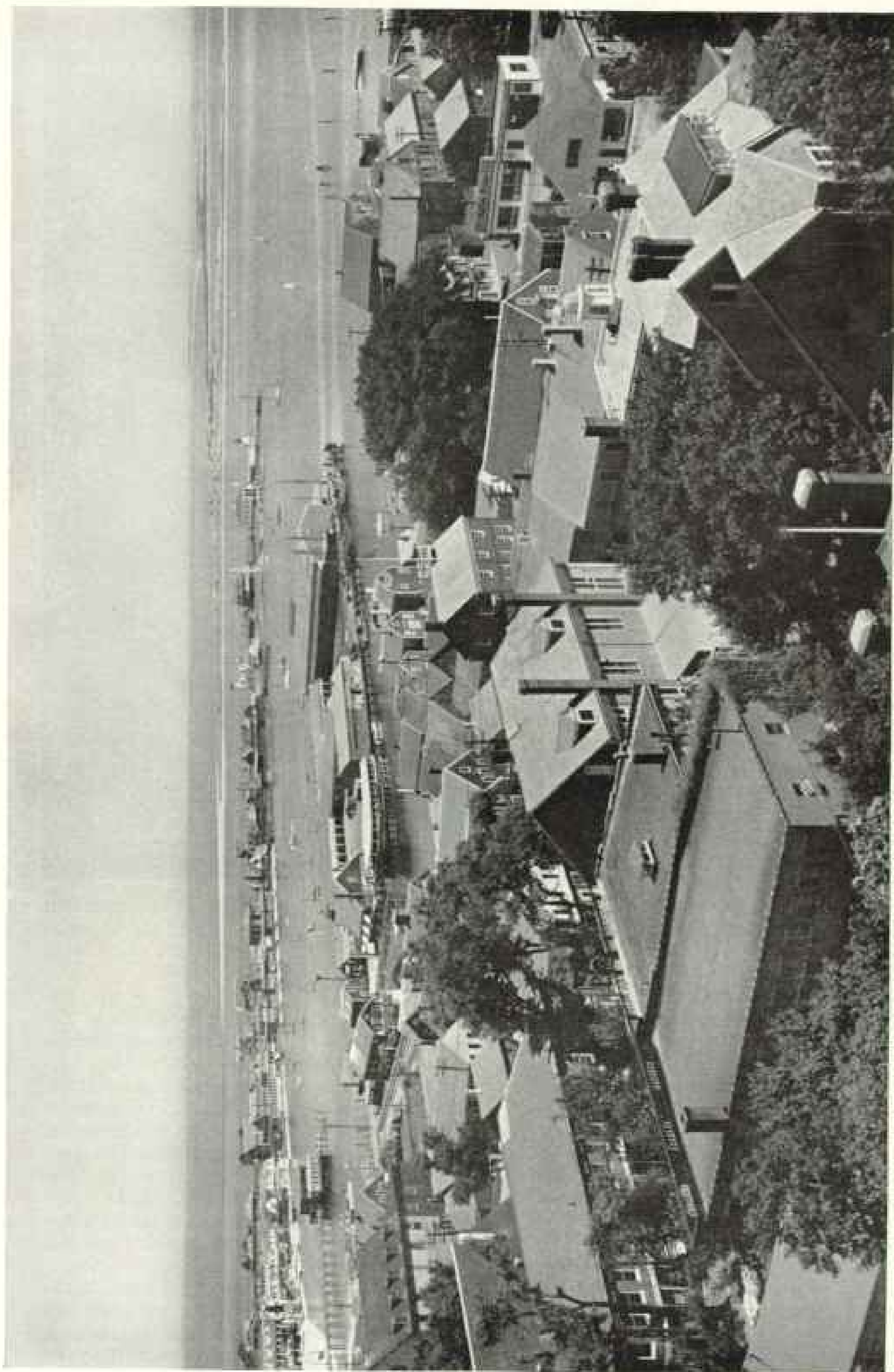
With the Light of the Sea in Her Eyes—A Daughter of Nantucket

Molly Backus is a fifth-generation islander. On one side of her Wauwinet home are the peaceful waters at the head of Nantucket Harbor; on the other, the booming surf of the Atlantic.

nomie asset. Cessation of building in the very period of years when the rest of America was turning to gingerbread architecture, Victorian elegance, and other dubious innovations, turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

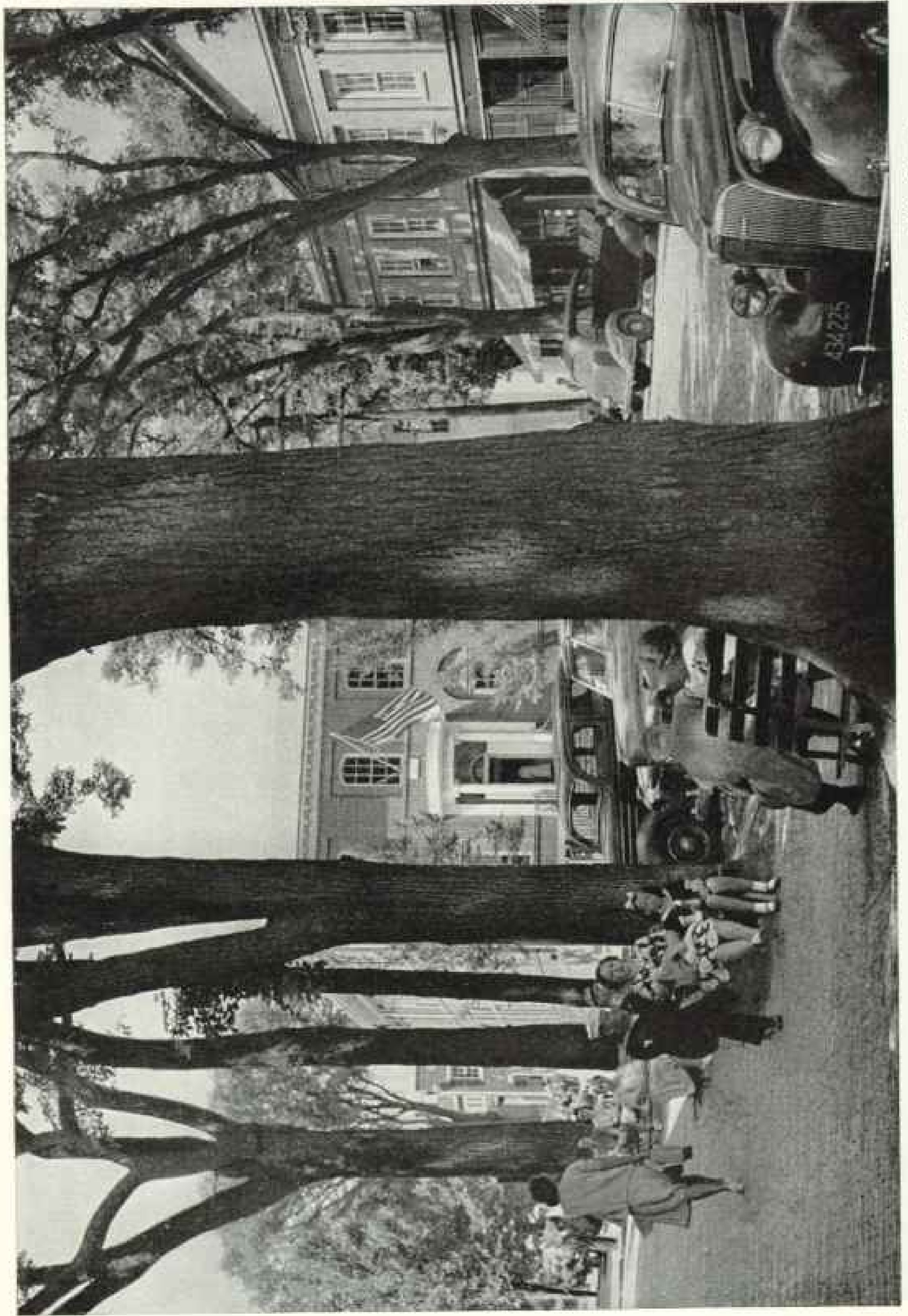
The Little Gray Lady began to spruce up. President Grant paid a visit, then President Arthur. Off-islanders bought up many of the old houses and restored them. Real estate boomed. With gusto, Nantucket traded whaling for the summer-resident industry and has remained prim and satisfied.

War has made few outward changes in the Little Gray Lady. Hollyhocks and roses still bloom in profusion around the old houses. Gaily colored sails of the famous Rainbow Fleet, although not quite so numerous now,

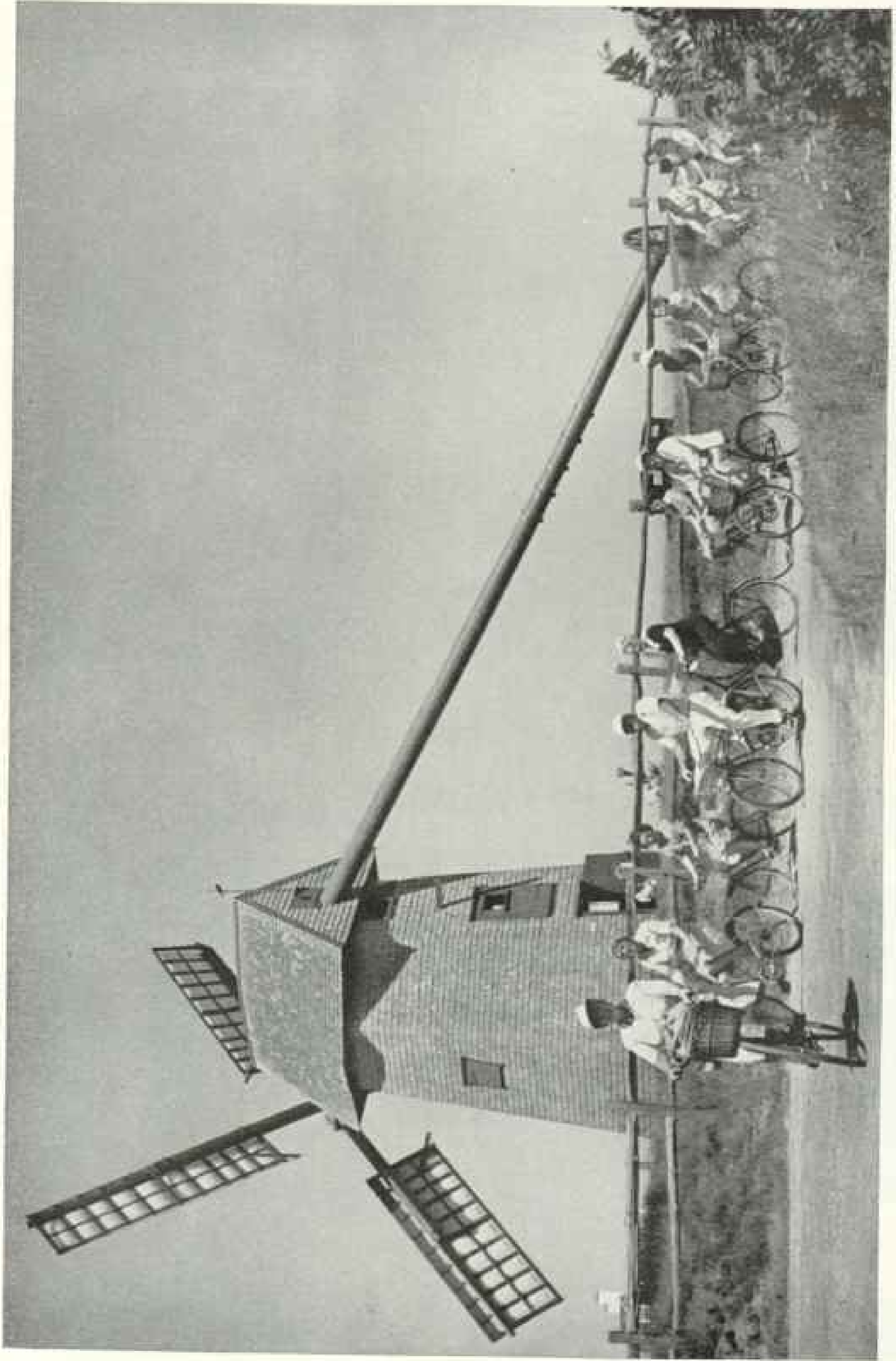


From the Roofs of Nantucket Houses, Wives of Intrepid Whalers Once Kept Watch for Homecoming Ships

Their husbands often were away three years or more, but Quaker reserve kept skippers' wives from going to the wharf to meet them. When a sea captain reached home, he usually found his spouse busy at household tasks. Today boats from the mainland round Brant Point (in distance) to bring summer guests into harbor.

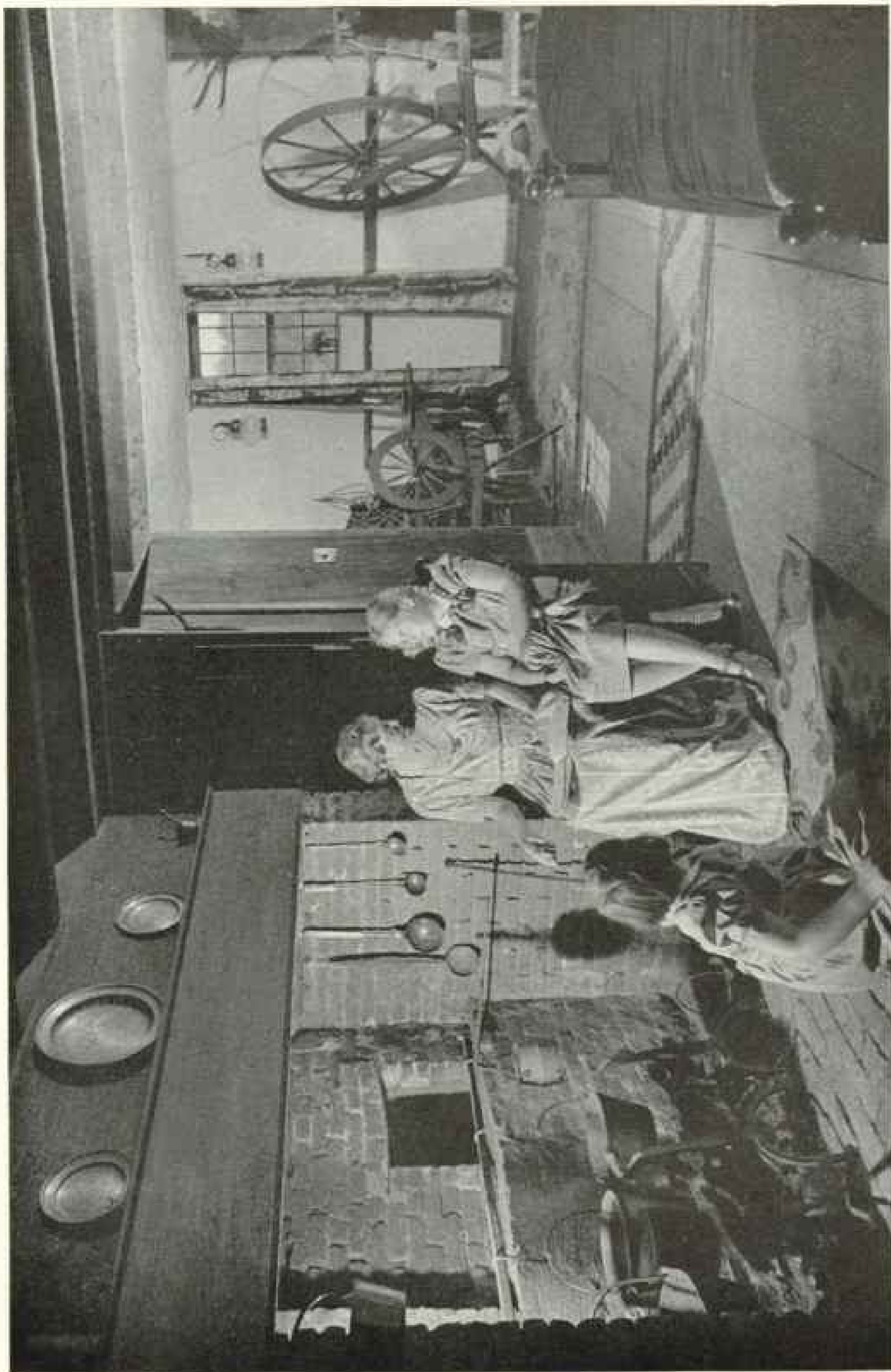


Elms Planted in 1851 Shade Cobblestones and Pre-Civil War Store Fronts on Nantucket's Dreamy Main Street



Sentinel of Popsquatchet Hills, the Island Mill Still Grinds Corn "Exceeding Small"

Old ship timbers went into its construction three centuries ago. During the Revolutionary War, the vans were set at certain angles to warn of the approach of British vessels. The cyclists belong to the Nantucket Neighbors, a social organization open to summer guests and Islanders.



In Sherburne's Winter Kitchen, Youthful Nantucketers Hear Tales of the Sea

Elizabeth Hollister Frost, the novelist, who is telling the stories, owns the old home built in 1772. The chimney is 17 feet long at its base. Bricks, laid with island clay and moistened sea shells, are intact. The partition has been removed between the kitchen and the adjoining "berning room," the household maternity ward (background).



Fountain and Tablet Mark the Birthplace of Benjamin Franklin's Mother

Abiah Folger Franklin married a Boston man, and her illustrious son was not born in Nantucket. Franklin's busy and versatile grandfather, Peter Folger, was the miller, weaver, surveyor, blacksmith, recorder, and Indian interpreter for the original settlers who came to Nantucket in 1659.

still flash in the harbor sunlight (Plate II).

Bathers come tripping along the surf or still-water beaches to rest beneath a forest of multihued beach umbrellas (Plate III). Townspeople and summer guests together enjoy the Good Neighbor outings, which bring islanders and mainlanders into friendly contact. In the fall, with the departure of summer residents, the island settles down to its customary placid winter existence.

"Captain," said one well-meaning summer visitor to an old fisherman whom she engaged in chance conversation on the wharf, "you certainly have a lot of odd characters here on this island."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered casually and politely, "we do, but they all go back to the mainland after Labor Day."

Lobstermen Join the Coast Guard

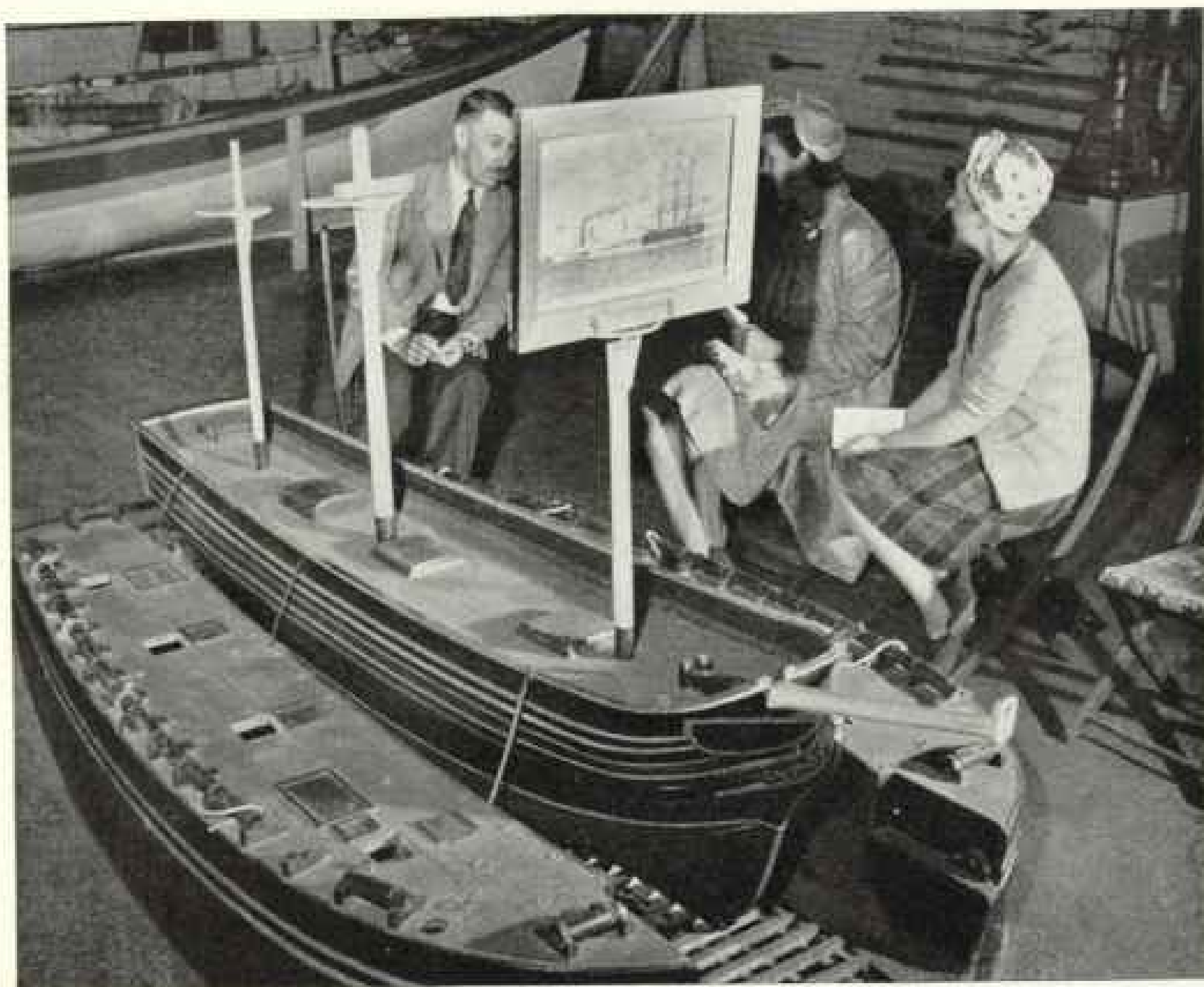
Look closely, and you will see grizzled seafaring men in lobster boats which fly the Stars

and Stripes. Men and boats have been taken over by the Coast Guard and they ply offshore waters daily on patrol duty. They know every inch of reefs and shoals in Nantucket Sound to the north and in the Atlantic to the south and east.

But the island, protected by the treacherous surrounding waters, and off the beaten path of transatlantic shipping, has been as peaceful as the Illinois prairies. The only oil observed on the beaches is that in tubes of sunburn lotion.

Nantucket Shoals, stretching southeastward from the island for 45 miles, make up one of the most dangerous areas along the United States coastline. Cross Rip, Handkerchief, and Stone Horse Shoal Lightships keep lonely vigils at strategic points in Nantucket Sound, north of the island, to warn navigators and mark channels.

Scores of wrecks have been recorded in Nantucket history, and a volume has been



Nantucket Tried to Conquer the Harbor Bar with a Floating Drydock

This model of a drydock, locally called the "camels," stands in the Whaling Museum. In 1842, ships were getting bigger and drawing more water. They couldn't get across the bar. The device was designed to float ships over the obstruction, but it wouldn't work. Nantucket's whaling industry started to decline and never recovered (page 437).

written about them. Although a wreck often proved a great boon to the struggling islanders of early days, the ethical Quaker whalers never were tempted to cause such disasters. Nantucket history is entirely free from stories of false lights which lured mariners to their doom.

I strolled into cobblestoned Main Street, whose stores are "new" compared with the houses on adjoining streets and lanes (page 439). The shops, rebuilt after the big fire, are just about a century old. Their proprietors have resisted the temptation to install blazing modern store fronts. Here and there old wooden awnings stretch over the sidewalks.

Flower stands add a vivid splash of color. Island children gather the blooms and sell generous bouquets for 10 cents. Horses and fringe-topped surreys stand at the intersections, waiting for hire. Nantucket relegates her sight-seeing limousines to side streets.

A substantial red brick building boldly faces the lower end of the street. Once it was the warehouse of William Rotch, wealthy Quaker merchant and shipmaster (page 446). Two of his ships, the *Dartmouth* and *Beaver*, with one other, the *Eleanor*, once carried a famous cargo of tea from London to Boston Harbor, thus providing the setting for the Boston Tea Party on their decks the night of December 16, 1773.

Today the building houses the celebrated Pacific Club (page 447). Twenty-four retired captains, all of whom had sailed around the Horn, and two associates, formed the club and bought the warehouse for clubrooms.

A corner room on the first floor had long been known as the Captain's Room. In it ship captains gathered in whaling days when their boats were in port. The new owners outfitted the room with comfortable chairs ranged around a central stove, and placed a small box



Into His Boat Goes a Tongful of Hard-shelled Clams

Quabogs, much esteemed on Nantucket for chowder, are round, with thick, heavy, and fine-ribbed shells. They have been an island specialty since 1913, when a huge bed was discovered just back of the harbor bar.

of sand beside each chair for a handy cuspidor.

Here the old sea dogs sat by the hour, spinning yarns of high adventure which became slightly embellished from year to year in the retelling. Today all the captains have passed on. Their descendants and other prominent Nantucketers, among both permanent and summer residents, maintain the historic organization.

Wharf Rats Just Grew

Outstanding among the club's relics is a canvas of the ship *Bedford*, painted in 1760 by an artist whose identity has vanished with the years. The *Bedford* was the first ship to fly the Stars and Stripes in a British port.

A stone's throw from the Pacific Club, down

on Old North Wharf, I found another famous club headquarters in the general store of Herbert Coffin, who caters to yachtsmen and fishing folk (Plate VII).

"The Wharf Rats just grew," the genial Mr. Coffin, tsar of the remarkable organization, told me. "Fellows always came around here to tell stories, and the club just naturally got started. Our motto is 'No Reserved Seats for the Mighty.' If all chairs are taken, late-comers stand. If a man leaves his chair even for a moment, he loses it."

There are no dues, no initiation fees, no rituals. Chief activity is yarn spinning by members, who sit on the wharf outside the little store on pleasant evenings, or crowd indoors about the stove in winter months. Both islanders and off-islanders belong, and guests are welcome.

The club has a flag—a white wharf rat rampant on a field of blue. Capt. Robert Bartlett, Arctic voyager and explorer, and

a club member, has flown the emblem from the *Effie M. Morrissey* in the Far North. Another Wharf Rat flag went southward with the supply ship of the first Byrd expedition. When President Franklin D. Roosevelt sailed the yacht *Amberjack II* into Nantucket Harbor on June 19, 1933, he also became a club member and hoisted a Wharf Rat pennant.

The island long has been a mecca for yachting enthusiasts. The Nantucket Yacht Club, fronting on the harbor, is one of the best-appointed along the Atlantic coast.

Round Brant Point in your own boat. As soon as you come into sight, an officer of the club puts out to meet you, hands you an engraved invitation extending the courtesies of the club, and arranges an anchorage.

Often 300 visiting yachtsmen are greeted in one season, although the war has reduced that number temporarily. Justices of the Supreme Court, former Cabinet members, industrialists, Army and Navy officers, playwrights, and authors are on the roster of some 600 members.

The annual regatta draws scores of entrants in many classes, including the Rainbow Fleet, Nantucket's own creation (Plate II). Youngsters of 14 to 18 man the bobbing catboats, colorful sails vying in brilliance until it appears that all hues of the rainbow are represented. Principal event is the overnight Lightship Race, for Class A and B boats, over a course marked by the lightships in Nantucket Sound.

In the spacious clubrooms, dances, teas, halls, and theatricals are the highlights of the island's social life. Helen Menken, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Blanche Ring, Jane Cowl, and other stars of the footlights have entertained the islanders in recent seasons. Gracie Fields, English music-hall celebrity, made her American debut here in 1941. Nantucketers still hum and whistle snatches of her rollicking song, "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World."

Exploring Nantucket's highways and byways, I came upon the two churches I first saw when my steamer rounded Brant Point.

A Church Bell from Lisbon

The Unitarian Church stands in Orange Street, often called the "Captain's Street" because many homes of whaling masters front on it. The church's gilded dome surmounts an oaken tower, from which visitors get a bird's-eye view of the town (Plate IV). Prized possession of the church is its Lisbon bell.

Early in the 19th century Capt. Charles Clashy, of Nantucket, came upon the bell in a Portuguese foundry. It was intended for a chime of six in a Lisbon cathedral. He purchased it, retaining its original inscription in Portuguese, and brought it back to the island. Translated, the inscription reads:

"To the Good Jesus of the Mountain, the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells, to call the people and adore Him in His sanctuary. José Domingo da Costa has done it in Lisbon in the year 1810."

On the other side of town stands North Church with its gleaming white cupola. Adjoining it is the old meeting house, built of island timber in 1711 and now used as the vestry.

Several boatloads of survivors from a torpedoed British freighter were brought in to the island by the U. S. Coast Guard in May,

1942, and were cared for in the recreation hall of this Congregational Church. They passed a night in the auditorium and awoke to find a warm breakfast awaiting them. The dazzling-white interior astonished and delighted the British seamen.

"We never saw such a bright-looking church," one said. "In England they all seem to be dark and gloomy."

In a town of old houses there inevitably must be an "oldest," so I strolled out Center Street toward Sunset Hill to see it. The simple structure, now preserved by the Nantucket Historical Association, is known as the Jethro Coffin House. A wedding present to Coffin and his wife, it was built in 1686 by Peter Coffin, father of the groom, on land given by John Gardner, father of the bride.

Another venerable structure, on the southern outskirts of the town, is the Old Mill (page 440). Once there were four, but three of them vanished long ago. The survivor, almost three centuries old, still is in use. During the Revolution the vanes of the mills were set in a certain way as a warning to ships in the harbor when British naval vessels approached.

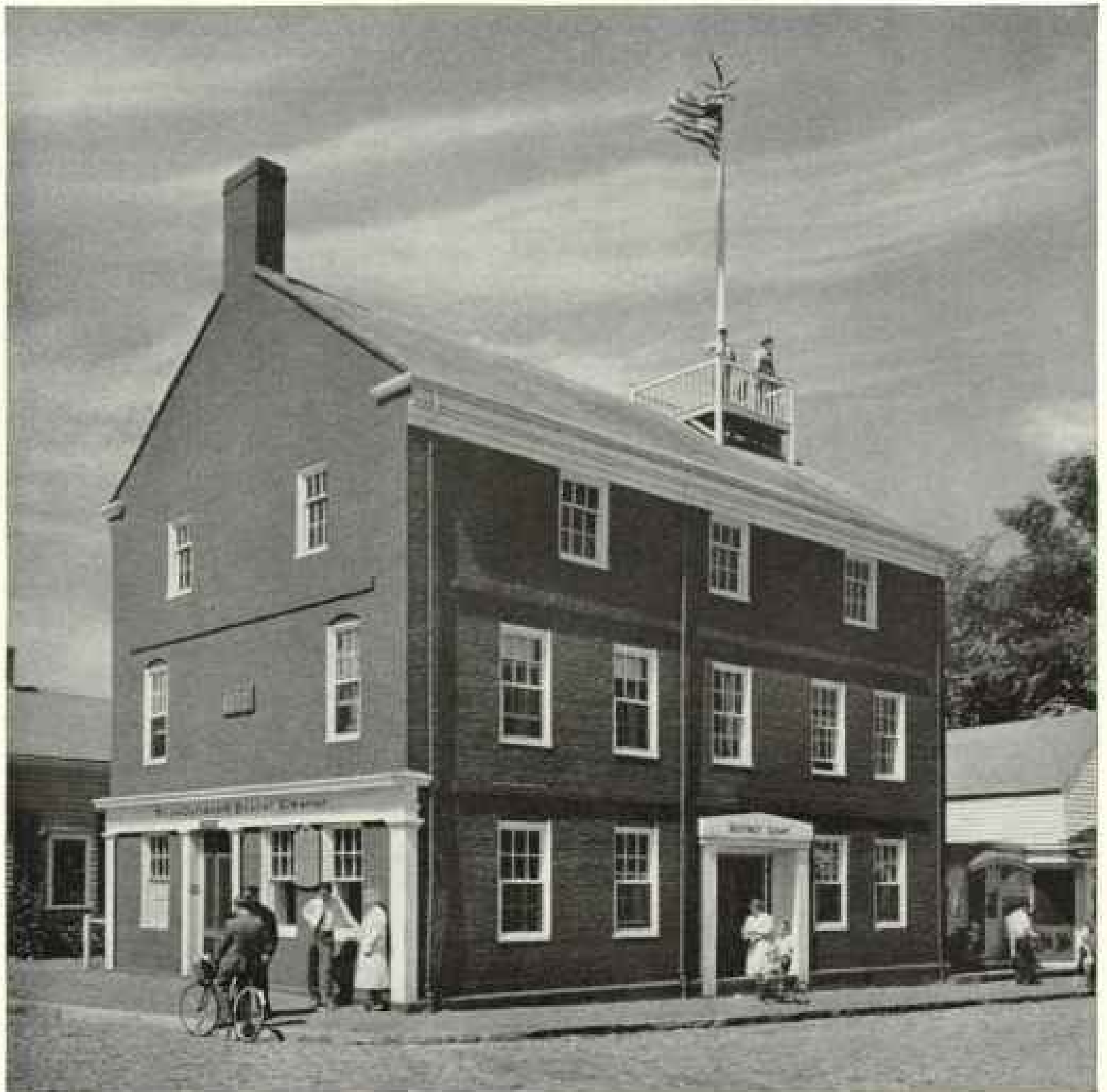
Memorial to an Astronomer

Although a roster of Nantucketers who left this small island to gain fame at sea, on the mainland, or abroad, would be most impressive, few memorials have been raised to them. Among the exceptions is the Maria Mitchell Birthplace, with its adjoining observatory and scientific library.

In 1847, while studying astronomy with her father, Miss Mitchell discovered the comet that bears her name. She received a gold medal from the King of Denmark for her achievement and later became professor of astronomy at Vassar. The Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association, made up largely of Vassar graduates, maintains this shrine.

A simple marker on the road to Maddaket, about six miles east of the town, keeps alive the memory of another Nantucket woman—Abiah Folger Franklin, daughter of Peter Folger, an original settler, and wife of Josiah Franklin (page 442). She was the mother of Benjamin Franklin.

At Maddaket, Edward Starbuck, Thomas Coleman, and Thomas Macy built the hut in which they spent the winter of 1658-59 on the island. They were the forerunners of the first inhabitants, and came to negotiate with the Indians. The ten original settlers bought the island in 1659 from a Thomas Mayhew for "ye Sume of Thirty Pounds of Current Pay and also two Beaver Hatts one for myself and one for my wife."



William Rotch Warehouse—"Home Office" for Ships of the Boston Tea Party

The island shipmaster sent his *Dartmouth* and *Beaver* from London to Boston with their historic cargoes of tea (page 443). Accompanying them was the *Eleanor*, captained by a Nantucketer. On his roof walk Rotch constantly kept a watcher scanning the horizon for a sail. The old warehouse now houses the District Court and the Pacific Club.

Today Maddaket is a miniature village and the site of a U. S. Coast Guard lifesaving station.

One of the most delightful side trips on the island is the 7½-mile eastward jaunt to Siasconset, across the moors. When I made the journey the moorlands were covered with wild roses, huckleberry bushes, sweet fern, and patches of Scotch heather. Pink marsh mallows, buttercups, and violets fringed the many small ponds along the roadside.

Hurricanes and Storms

When occasional hurricanes beset the island in late autumn and early spring, salt spume

often sweeps across the moors, browning leaves on the windward side of trees and hedges.

Islanders accept hurricanes and winter storms stoically. Frequently the harbor freezes up. For example, in 1936 steamboat service was disrupted from January 31 to February 26. Planes brought mail, newspapers, provisions, and passengers.

But the prudent islanders, with abundant supplies laid in, suffered not one whit. Seated comfortably in their warm homes, they tuned in their radios and chuckled as they heard commentators on the mainland describe hardships they were believed to be undergoing.



Here Old Whaling Captains Met and Spun Yarns of a Vanished Day

Twenty-four skippers who had been around the Horn formed the Pacific Club and bought the old Rutch warehouse (page 446). Traditions of the club are carried on by their successors and associate members.



On "Blanket-size" Sheets, the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror Prints Island News

Harry B. Turner, the publisher, scans an issue just off the old press. The nine-column pages are 28 inches by 44 inches. Former Nantucketers scattered all over the United States read this paper (page 457).

On this warm summer afternoon, my thoughts were far from storms and hurricanes. Rabbits and occasional deer came into sight as we continued our journey. On the return trip, after dark, the lights of our car disturbed more than a score of owls along the roadside.

Deer came to the island inadvertently. One day in 1922 some fishermen found a buck swimming, nearly exhausted, in Nantucket Sound. They rescued him and turned him loose. Four years later, Mr. Breckinridge Long, now Assistant Secretary of State, and a Nantucket summer resident of long standing, decided to improve the buck's solitary existence. He purchased two does and sent them across the moors to keep the buck company. Today the size of the herd is astonishingly large, and Nantucket has a deer-hunting season.

Along the way I came upon the island's huge cranberry bog. More than 200 acres are under cultivation, yet so level is the land that every square foot of the tract can be flooded with only an 18-inch rise of water. Other cranberry raisers have larger tracts, but they usually must be split up into smaller plots, on different levels. Flooding is essential in cranberry growing to prevent destruction of the crop by frost. In a good season Nantucket ships out some 25,000 boxes of cranberries, each containing 25 pounds.

Because of the compelling beauty of the moors, I spent considerable time in going to Siasconset, only to find that here, too, I wished to linger. Incidentally, no one refers to this vacation hideaway, once a fishing hamlet, by its full name. The islanders call it "Sconset."

Early in Nantucket history, islanders went to Sconset for the bluefish, cod, haddock, and pollock seasons—about six weeks in spring and six more in autumn. First, the fishermen built rude shanties for shelter, then gradually made their quarters slightly more commodious, until rows of trim little cottages lined the narrow lanes. A century or more ago, town dwellers discovered the beauty of Sconset and began to rent the cottages in summer months.

About 1900 Sconset suddenly became famous. George Fawcett, the actor, and his wife, Percy Haswell, came up from New York and "discovered" it. Soon DeWolf Hopper, Marie Dressler, Lillian Russell, Edna Wallace Hopper, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and a score of other Broadwayites helped to make the hamlet an important summer theatrical colony.

Sconset lies on a bluff a few feet above the sea, at the eastern tip of Nantucket. Nearest land to the east is Europe, some 3,000 miles away, and nearest land to the south is the West Indies.

The principal street, a narrow lane lined with low cottages, was named Broadway by the actors and actresses from New York.

Rambler Roses Rule Sconset

Clematis, portulaca, zinnias, lilies, honeysuckle, snapdragons, delphinium, and a host of other blooms run riot in Sconset, but rambler roses overshadow everything else. They blanket the gray, weather-beaten cottages until doors and windows are scarcely visible (Plate V).

The stagefolk did not spoil Sconset. They loved its cottages and lanes and primitive conveniences. Few actors visit Sconset now, but the small community retains all its loveliness, and summer guests are numerous as ever. Only concessions to modern living are a hotel, casino, restaurant, and golf course.

Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett made Nantucket their permanent home. Today their daughter, Mrs. Robert Wilson, trains and directs a summer stock company made up of islanders and visitors. At Straight Wharf they present old Nantucket folk plays as well as melodramatic epics of the American stage.

Back in 1901, the first commercial wireless telegraph station in America was built at Sconset. Eight years later the steamship *Republic*, sinking about 70 miles south of the island after a collision, sent out her "C.Q.D." This station caught the message, assistance was dispatched, and several hundred passengers and crewmen were saved. This was the first celebrated use of wireless in saving life at sea. The station was dismantled in 1918.

From Sconset a drive of a mile and a half northward took me to Sankaty Head Lighthouse (Plate VI). Sankaty Head, one of the highest points on the island, is 92 feet above the water. The powerful light is visible 22 miles at sea.

The road from Sankaty Head winds back to Nantucket around a bluff and through Wauwinet, at the head of the harbor and about an hour's sail from the Yacht Club.

Wauwinet's hotel and cottages have a double marine outlook. On one side is the harbor, on the other the Atlantic Ocean. Northward stretches a long, narrow neck for about five miles. At its tip stands the Great Point Lighthouse. The beginning of this narrow neck is called the "Haul-over," because here fishermen used to pull their boats across the sandy stretch from harbor to sea, thus saving the long sail around the neck. Summer guests have their choice of still-water bathing or surf bathing. To change from one to the other, they merely skip across the Haul-over.

For four generations the Backus family has

Echoes of Whaling Days

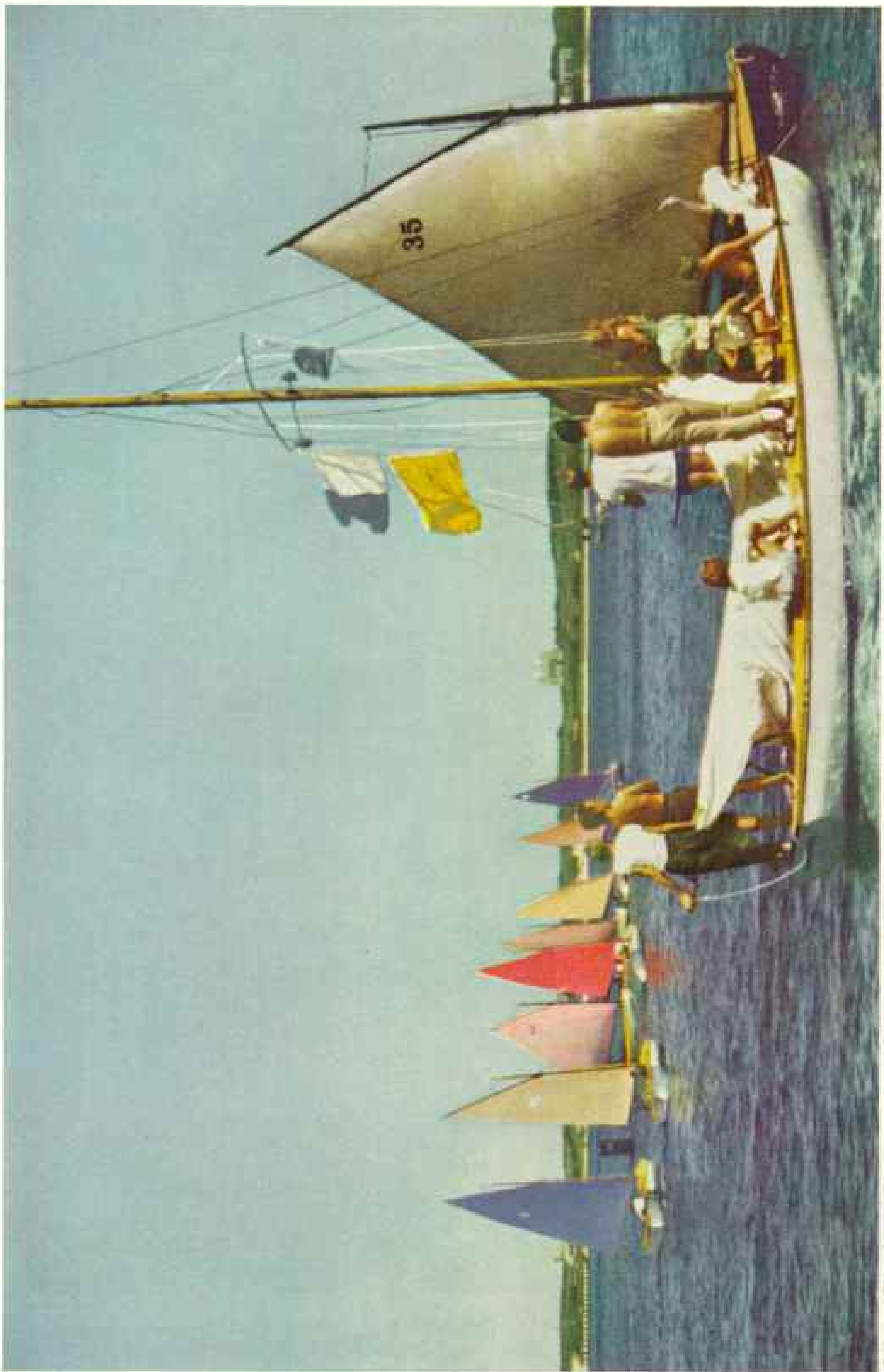


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Illustration by H. Arthur Stewart

Where Nantucketers Once Made Sperm-oil Candles, They House Precious Whaling Relics

One room is filled with century-old implements and weapons brought back by whalers from the South Seas, where their grandsons and great-grandsons today are fighting the Japs. In 1842 this tiny island was the largest whaling port in the world. Her Quaker seamen sailed the Pacific from Australia to above the Arctic Circle.

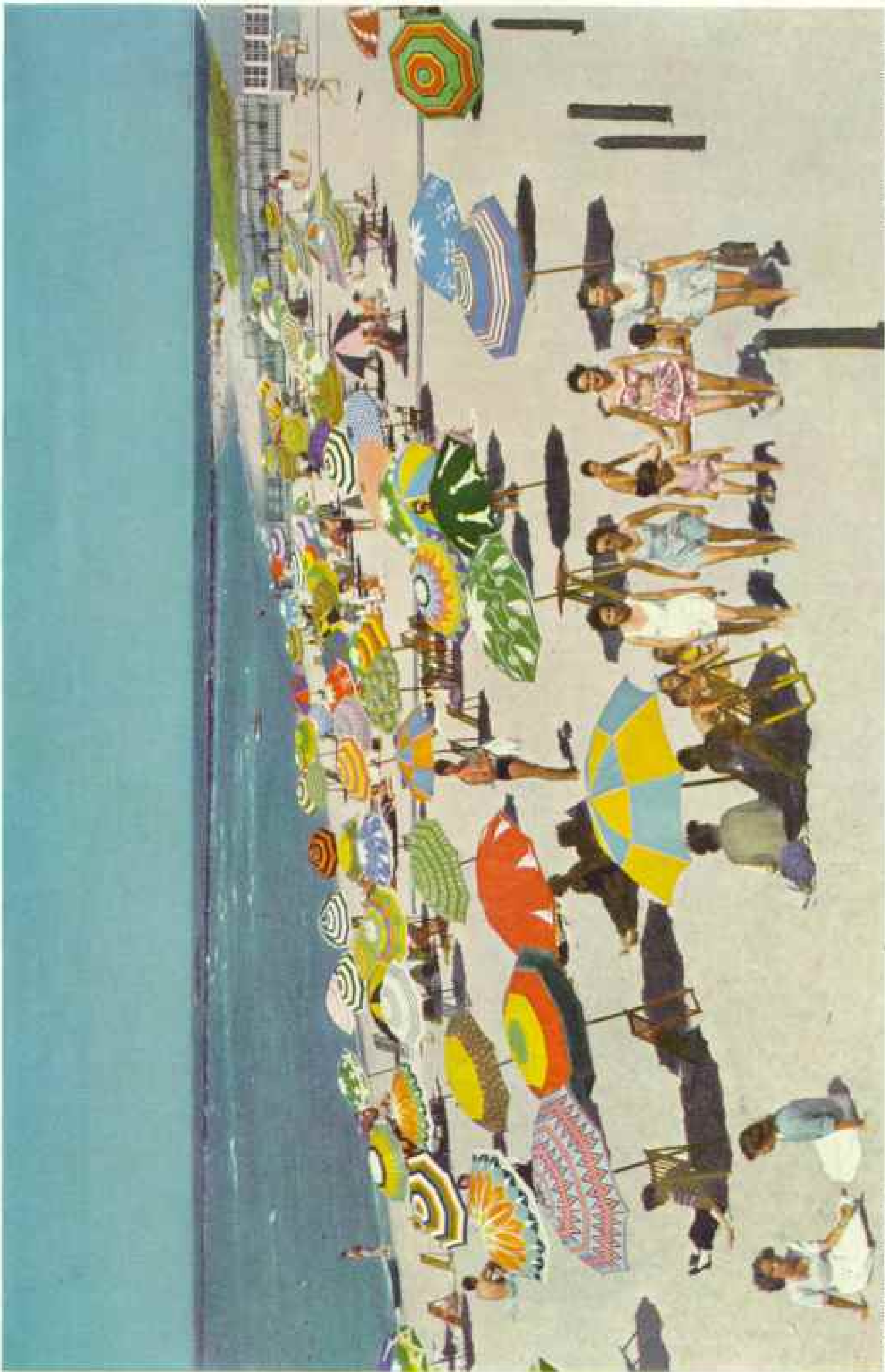


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Illustration by B. Anthony Howard

Gaily Colored Catboat Sails Flash in the Sun as Nantucket's Rainbow Fleet Scoots Across the Starting Line

Many youngsters serving in the armed forces around the world are finding useful the lessons in seamanship and small-boat handling they learned here. Normally, some 300 yachts of all sizes and types put in to Nantucket in summer. In whaling days Quaker seamen left this harbor to hunt for sperm oil in the Seven Seas.



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Illustration by H. Atchley Stewart

Nantucket Bathers May Plunge into the Atlantic's Surf, or Swim in the Still Waters off the North Shore Cliffs

This public beach fronts the ocean on the north side of the island, which lies 25 miles below Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Nearest land to the east is Europe; to the south, the West Indies. In colonial days many Nantucketers were better acquainted with Europe and South America than with their own mainland.

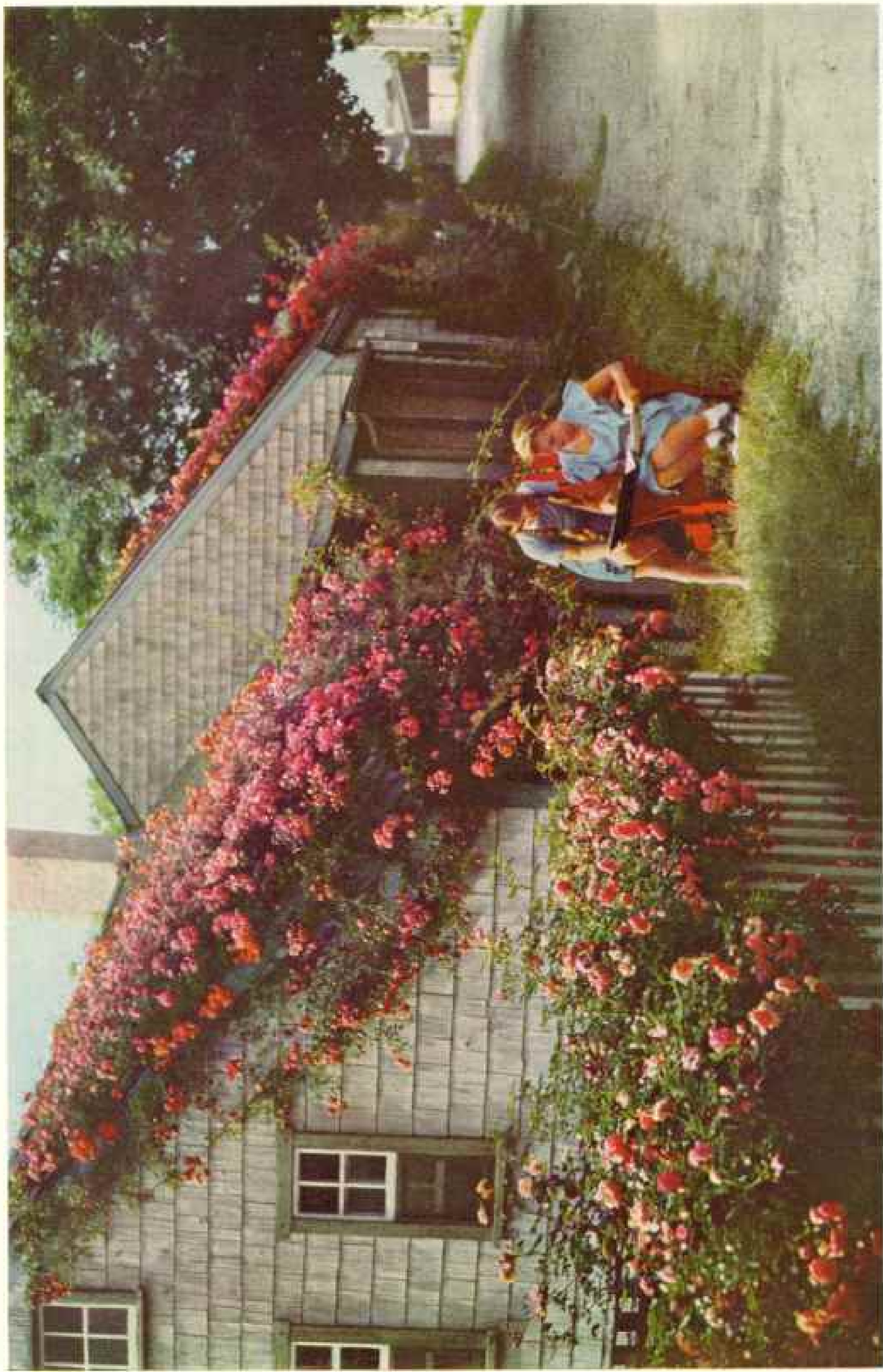


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Gifted to the Church by W. B. Anthony Stewart

In the Oakton Tower of the Old Unitarian Church Hangs the Lisbon Bell, Gift of a Sea Captain

The bell was one of a set of six cast originally in Lisbon for a Portuguese church. Capt. Charles Clusby, of Nantucket, visited the foundry in 1812, was charmed by the bell's mellow tone, and brought it home. It still bears the Portuguese inscription dedicating it to a church in which it never was installed.



© National Geographic Society

Illustration by Dr. Arthur Hays

Once the Homes of Humble Fisherfolk, Seonset's Tiny, Rose-covered Cottages Now Shelter Fashionable Summer Guests

George Fawcett, Marie Dressler, DeWolf Hopper, and other stage celebrities "discovered" Seonset, at the eastern tip of Nantucket, about 1900. For many years it was a theatrical colony. One lane was named Broadway. Still a refuge of Spartan simplicity, its only concessions to modern recreation are a casino and golf course.



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Since 1850, Sankaty Head Lighthouse Has Warned Mariners of Nantucket's Treacherous Reefs and Shoals

The light, 166 feet above the water, on the eastern shore of the island, flashes a white beam of 710,000 candlepower, visible 22 miles at sea. Near here the "CQD" message of the sinking *Republic* was picked up in 1909—first celebrated use of wireless in saving life at sea.

Illustration by R. Anthony Stewart



© National Geographic Society

Motto of Nantucket's Famous "Wharf Rats" Is "No Seats Reserved for the Mighty"

Members gather informally about the stove in the fishermen's store of Herbert Coffin (with pipe), on Old North Wharf, and spin yarns. There are no dues, no initiations, no rituals. President Roosevelt is a member. Capt. Robert Bartlett has flown the Wharf Rat emblem in the Arctic. Adm. Richard Byrd in the Antarctic.

Kobalhouse by H. Ansbauer Harvard



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Colorization by H. Arthur Stewart

From Ship Figureheads to Carved Oddities, Nantucket's Antiques Smack of the Sea

Collectors' items from all parts of the world are displayed, but most of them came into the shops directly from old island houses. Sailors brought them home at the height of the whaling era. Then it was not unusual for little girls to play with dolls found for them by their fathers in the Gilbert and Solomon Islands.

operated Wauwinet House and the cluster of cottages about it. The genial owner, Allen Backus, offered to initiate me into the art of shark fishing just beyond the breakers, and I gladly accepted the invitation.

We Try Shark Fishing

His paraphernalia for catching these 500-pounders is impressive. A couple of murderous-looking knives, a baseball bat, a heavy piece of rope about 30 feet long, and a giant hook make up the equipment. Bait is half of a six-pound codfish.

"All you have to do," this born seaman said to me as he put the heavy line into my hand, "is to hang on tight when he bites, set the hook, then pull him up. When you get his nose across the side of the boat, I'll sock it with the baseball bat."

It sounded simple. I don't know exactly how I should have carried out my part, and I can't find out until I go back to Nantucket, for we couldn't persuade a shark to bite.

Back in Nantucket, I was forced to give up exploring the next day because a steady rain had set in. But even rain has its advantages here. It sends you scurrying to the Whaling Museum, near the steamboat wharf, to look at the relics of Nantucket's adventurous past, and then to settle comfortably in its library and delve through the musty logbooks and other old records of whaling days (Plate I). As your interest grows, you also hurry over to the Atheneum, the town library since 1847, or consult the files of the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

Harry Turner, publisher of this newspaper, is an authority in his own right on the island's history. The Inquirer and Mirror's columns for years have recounted whaling lore. The paper is one of the few in the country still printed in nine columns on "blanket-size" sheets, 28 inches by 44 inches (page 447). The paper's first issue appeared on June 23, 1821. Nantucketers all over the United States are on its subscription list, for it is their best link with their tight little island homeland.

Tale upon tale you encounter in your reading. Sooner or later you reach the thrilling story of the last cruise of the *Essex*, Capt. George Pollard, Jr. The account of that ill-fated voyage written by Owen Chase, first mate, gave Herman Melville inspiration and material for *Moby Dick* (page 458).

The *Essex* was cruising in the South Pacific on the morning of November 20, 1819. Whales were discovered and all three whaleboats were lowered in pursuit. The mate's boat soon harpooned a whale, but a blow of the animal's

tail opened a bad hole in the craft and the crew put back to the *Essex* for repairs.

Just as they had finished their work, the sailors saw a large sperm whale break water about 20 rods from the *Essex*. In a few moments it disappeared, then came up again almost immediately and headed directly for the ship. With great speed it rammed the *Essex* with its head, passed under the vessel, scraping her keel, then came up to the surface.

A few moments later, from a distance of 100 yards, the whale made another mad rush for the ship, striking her bows head on and staving them in completely. The *Essex* began to sink rapidly.

The seamen, 1,000 miles from land, had to work fast.

Three Whaleboats Rigged and Provisioned

In the meantime, the captain and second mate came up in their whaleboats and were horrified to find the *Essex* about to go under. The masts were cut away to keep her afloat a little longer, and 600 pounds of bread, 200 gallons of water, and some tools were salvaged and put into the whaleboats.

Each craft was fitted with two masts, and a flying jib and two spritsails made from the lighter canvas of the *Essex*.

Captain Pollard took an observation at noon on the 22d and found he was not far from the Marquesas and Society Islands. But since he believed they were occupied by savages, he decided to head for the coast of Chile or Peru.

The captain and the second mate each took six seamen in their boats, and the first mate took five. Heavy seas breaking over the sides soon destroyed most of their bread supply. By December 20 they reached barren Ducie Island, 3,050 miles from the coast of Chile. Suffering from hunger and thirst, they made a landing, found some drinking water, and then put to sea again.

They left behind three of the whalers, who preferred to take their chances on the island rather than brave the sea again in the small boats. This trio eventually was rescued, half dead, by an English brig en route from Valparaiso to Australia.

The night of January 12, the first mate's boat became separated from the other two. Six days later the noise of whale spouts startled its occupants. So weak were the men they could not take to the oars in an attempt to escape. Three of the monsters bore down on the small craft, but suddenly they passed across the stern and within an hour the entire school had disappeared. The men were unharmed.



Model of the ill-fated *Essex*, Inspiration for *Moby Dick*

In the island summer home of Mr. Everett U. Crosby stands this reminder of an epic sea tragedy. The *Essex*, out of Nantucket, was cruising in the South Pacific on November 20, 1819, when it was rammed, stove, and sunk by an angry sperm whale. Eight of the crew of 20 survived the horrors of three months at sea in open boats. Herman Melville drew freely on the story for his celebrated whaling novel.

On January 20 a Negro sailor died and was buried at sea. Suffering from hunger and thirst grew more acute. When the mate fell into a doze, he dreamed of seeing a table laden with delicious food, but just as he was about to partake of the repast, he awoke.

About two weeks later Isaac Cole, a crewman, died. This time there was no burial at sea. The body was kept for food.

Finally, on February 17, the brig *Indian*, Capt. William Crozier, of London, came into sight and picked up the wretched men.

The second mate's boat drifted away on January 28, and its occupants perished.

Captain Pollard tried to steer his craft in the general direction of the Juan Fernández Islands, but contrary winds and the extreme weakness of the crew from hunger and thirst kept him from making any headway.

When Samuel Reed and three Negro crewmen died in the latter part of January, they were eaten by their starving companions. By February 1 the last morsel was gone.

Captain Pollard and the three others then decided to cast lots, to see which one of them should die so the others might live.

Wrote the mate: "It fell upon Owen Coffin to die, who, with great fortitude and resignation, submitted to his fate."

Charles Ramsdale was chosen by lot as the executioner and he promptly shot the luckless youth, who was Captain Pollard's nephew. A few days later Brazilla Ray died.

Upon these two the captain and Ramsdale subsisted until February 23, when the whaleship *Dauphin*, Capt. Zimri Coffin, of Nantucket, picked them up.

In all, eight out of 20 who put off from the sinking *Essex* survived.

Other tales of mutiny, fire at sea, shipwrecks, castaways among South Sea savages, made me forget the rain entirely. Regretfully, at length, I left the library and strolled through the old streets once more, with a new respect for the hardy Quakers who once lived in those weathered-gray houses. I was glad Nantucket preserved those historic homes.

Fifty years ago a writer called Nantucket "95 percent perfect." The islanders have been proud of that description ever since. Why not?

Toy Dogs, Pets of Kings and Commoners

BY FREEMAN LLOYD

THE official classification, Toy Dogs, applies to miniatures of much larger sporting and non-sporting breeds.* Although hardly big or strong enough for hunting, toys readily learn advanced obedience lessons; and their performances in bench shows frequently measure up to the best feats of the larger competitors.

Fashion in toy dogs changes almost as often as style in dress, and in the last eighty-odd years many new breeds have come to the fore. Short-haired types have been developed especially for house pets, long-haired or woolly types for outdoor companions.

Even the King Charles Spaniel (Plate IV), for 30 years characterized as black-and-tan without white, or a mixture of black and tan in handsome patches with a tan spot over the eye, has changed his original coat. In the time of King Charles II, in whose honor the breed was named, the fashionable color recorded in Van Dyck's paintings was liver and white or white with liver markings.

Toy Dogs Once Pets of Royalty

Toy Poodles, Spaniels, Terriers, Italian Greyhounds, Pugs, and other small dogs appeared at some of the earliest dog shows in Britain, an exhibition for all breeds being held at Birmingham in 1861, only two years after the first show for gun dogs at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Long before that time dogs of toy size were cherished as pets.

The white-and-golden-red Blenheim Spaniel derives his name from the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough. Though he is now looked upon as a drawing-room dog, his progenitors were sporting spaniels, used for woodcock or other game shooting.

Van Dyck's pictures prove that a dog resembling the Blenheim Spaniel was cherished at court in the days of Charles I. Sir Godfrey Kneller, in portraits hung in Blenheim Palace and Arundel Castle, painted small red-and-white spaniels at the feet of court beauties or nestling in their laps.

In the reigns of Charles II and James II, and up to the end of the reign of Queen Anne, the small spaniel of this color was in favor. There is evidence also that dogs of the same description were favorites in the time of Henry VIII, and that the Toy Spaniel was esteemed by Elizabeth. The small "dogg" found under the clothes of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution was probably of this breed. Faith-

ful to the death, it had crept unnoticed upon the scaffold.

Being easily caught and carried away, toy dogs have always been a special prey for professional dog thieves. Charles II expressed through the official gazette his concern over the loss of some of his dogs, and actually begged the thieves to leave his pets alone.

As a writer on kennel subjects more than fifty years ago in England, I became acquainted with many of the dog-stealing gentry and learned how they carried on their nefarious practices. They were shrewd rascals who kept up to the minute on breeds and values.

One of them told me how he and his confederates filled an order for a Willoughby Pug to be shipped to America. Only a single specimen of the desired type—silver fawn in color—was known to exist in London. It belonged to an elderly lady who was in the habit of taking it walking down Regent Street on leash every afternoon and pausing before a shop window to admire the displays.

Three of the gang—one of them concealing another Pug under his overcoat—cautiously approached the unwary window-shopper, unhooked the Willoughby Pug from its chain, and substituted their own. What the lady's feelings were when she discovered the strange dog may be imagined! The knave who related the story, however, looked upon the crime as all in a day's business.

The Willoughby strain of Pugs, of silver-fawn color and with a distinct dark streak or trace marking along the back, was obtained from two specimens acquired about the year 1843 by a member of the Willoughby family. Under his care, admirable examples were produced.

The old and absurd system of cropping off the whole of the ears prevailed, and this cruelty was excused because it occasioned that wrinkling and puckering of the forehead considered essential in a Pug. The barbarous fashion was continued until 1800, when the Pug was the rage.

A "Black Market" for Stolen Dogs

I used to visit the Club Row, Shoreditch, Sunday-morning dog markets—the London "black market" in the underworld of dog dealing. If no substantial reward was offered for the return of a "lost" dog, a ready sale awaited the "foundling" in the provinces or outside England. When a pedigree was required for the stolen pet of an obviously pure breed, a fictitious family tree was at hand. Forged

* See "Non-Sporting Dogs," by Freeman Lloyd, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, November, 1943.



International News

Cookie Takes Frisky, Lady, and Jinx for a Stroll on Chicago's Midway

The well-trained German shepherd "nursemaid" has little trouble with his mixed charges. The Pekingese seem a trifle aloof, but, like all breeds of dogs, they are kindly disposed toward cats when they are reared together in the home.

scripts were kept in a safe in a public-house bar in Shoreditch, one of the chief hangouts of shady dealers.

In the judging rings at shows no question is asked regarding the pedigree of an exhibit. Each dog is judged according to its appearance as a good, bad, or indifferent specimen of the pure breed it is supposed to represent.

While interviewing the late George Hellewell ("Yorkshire George"), famous English professional judge at a show held in Pontypridd, Wales, I saw a disappointed exhibitor come along leading his fox terrier with one hand and waving a long pedigree document with the other. The irate exhibitor, evidently a novice, demanded to know why a dog with such a splendid pedigree could be dismissed as unworthy of a prize.

"Aye, mon, th' pedigree's fine," Yorkshire George replied. "Next time, bring th' pedigree an' leave th' dog at home."

The small and elegantly shaped Italian Greyhound, an exceedingly old breed, appears to have been distributed throughout the world as early as the 17th century. He is a very small miniature of the coursing or racing greyhound, but with a higher action of the forelegs. He steps like a hackney (page 465).

The late Luscombe Searelle, a theatrical manager in South Africa, in the late nineties owned one of the breed which was traded to King Lobengula of Matabeleland (now a part of Southern Rhodesia) for 200 head of cattle. This transaction is recorded in Rawdon B. Lee's *Modern Dogs*.

A Dog Fit for a King!

"Lo Ben," as the dusky king used to be styled in South Africa, was a great fancier of dogs, not only toys but larger breeds. Once a trader commissioned me to select the best Great Dane obtainable in South Africa. The cost would be no object, he said.

The man who required the dog was a transport rider whose wagons were then outspanned 100 miles north of Pretoria. He was in Capetown to purchase merchandise and knickknacks, such as calico, old sporting guns, beads, hand mirrors, etc., to trade to natives for hides, heads and antlers of antelopes, and other valuable commodities.

I asked the trader why he needed so fine a dog, and he explained that he wanted it for Lobengula of the Matabele. On his latest visit to the king's kraal, he had taken with him Satan, a Great Dane his party had bor-

rowed. Their own dog had been killed by a lion. As soon as Lo Ben saw the dog, he wanted him; but the trader would not sell borrowed property.

Lo Ben not only offered to fill the trader's two wagons with ivory in exchange for the dog, but to give him all the women he might require for sale to the Barotse.

Asked why he had taken such a fancy to the Great Dane, the monarch replied: "He is a king among dogs and suitable as a companion of Lobengula, King of the Matabele. As he followed at your heels, he kept his head high and did not take any notice of the barking and yappings of my people's curs. He's a king among dogs."

And Pongo Was His Name

At an old-time Bohemian resort in New York City, I once purchased a beautifully marked Mexican Hairless dog (Plate VII) from a Mexican who had recently arrived from over the Rio Grande. The dog was not only a performer but a wonderful walker on his hind legs. He had certain characteristics that reminded one of a gorilla; so I named him Pongo, as the greatest of apes is called by some of the natives of the Congo country of Africa. At that time, I lived in Greenwich Village and when, on week ends, I visited my country friends, I placed the dog in charge of an Irish cabdriver on West 10th Street.

Because of frequent voluntary performances in taverns and restaurants around the village, Pongo became more or less an institution—a four-legged buffoon in a genial, jesting community. All the villagers knew the dog's name—knew it so well, in fact, that they began to address me as Pongo. That was too much. Even children hailed me by the embarrassing nickname.

It was before the days of the automobile, and I used to drive to town in a buggy. One day Pongo jumped out of the buggy to chase a cat in the Syrian quarter at the southern end of lower Washington Street. I just drove on and left him to shift for himself.

One day not long after the disappearance of the dog, a cabdriver hailed me on Fifth Avenue. He was a friend of the cabby from West 10th Street.

"Where d'ye think Pongo is?" he called out.

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"But you must listen, sir. Pongo's doing fine. He's wearing a golden collar wi' jewels on it. He's staying at th' Waldorf with Mary Garden!"

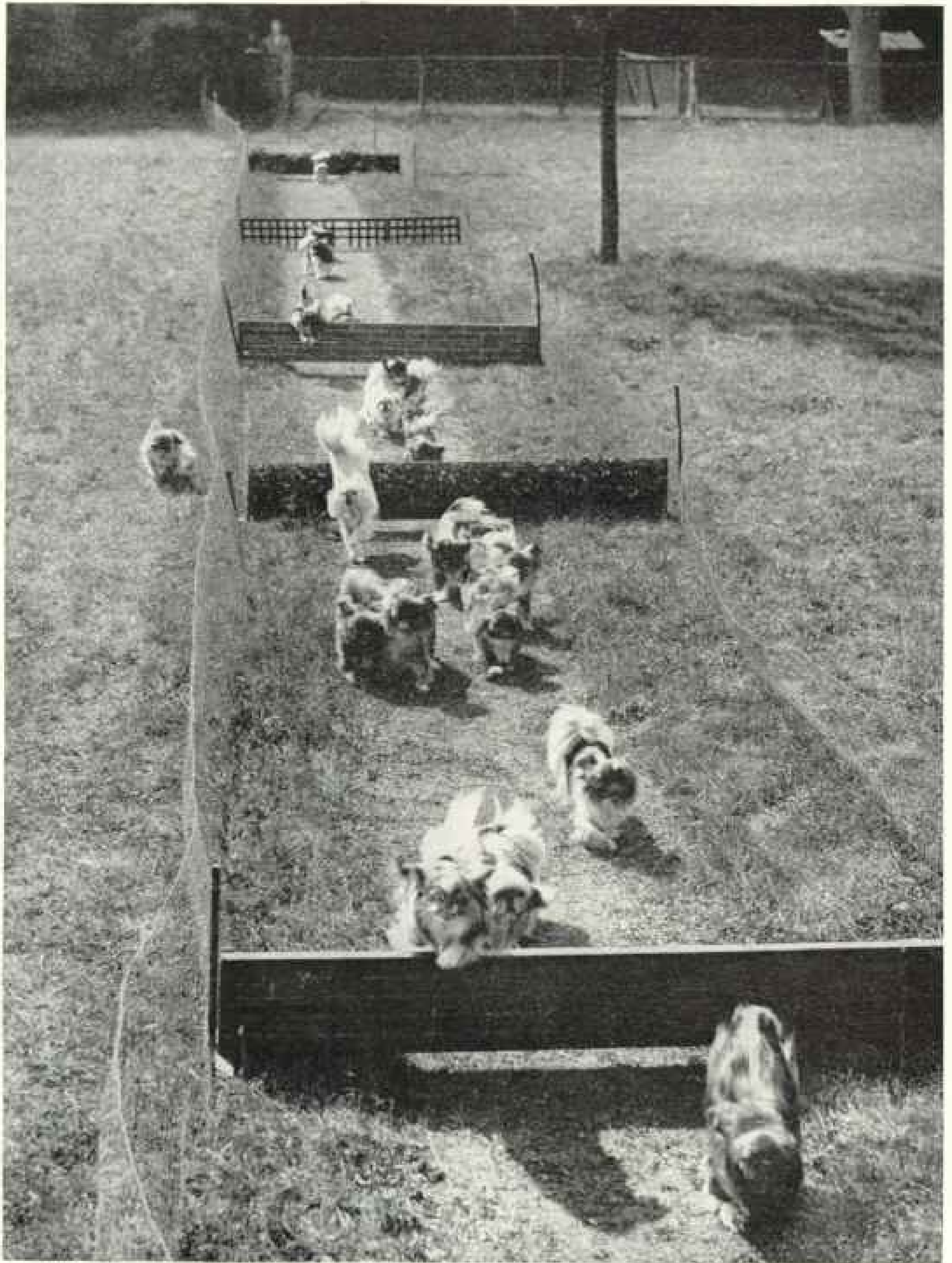
During the last two or three decades, introductions into the United States of European breeds of toy dogs of terrier types have been



Freeman T. Jones

What Field-dog Experts Should Wear

Freeman Lloyd, 84, has been kennel editor of *Field and Stream* for a quarter-century. Here at a spaniel field trial he is dressed point-device, with feathered derby, formal coat, stock necktie, corduroy breeches, heavy stockings, and short gaiters.



Over a Fenced-in "Steeplechase," Pekingese Learn to Hold to a Course

The little camera-crasher outside the wire barrier came over from another exercising field to join the fun. The training hurdles are at the Ashton Cross Kennels, in Buckinghamshire, England. Its Pekes have been famous since the reign of Queen Victoria. Pekingese came to Europe and the United States from China, where they once were the sacred temple dogs of Peking (Plate VIII and page 472).

numerous. Nearly all of the specimens of German and Belgian breeding arrived with cut-off or "cropped-to-fashion" ears; and to a certain extent the custom remains. This practice might militate against a general popularity of such breeds among the general public, and rightly so, I think.

No other toy dog has received a more spontaneous reception in America than the Pekingese, and no other club owns more valuable challenge trophies than those competed for annually at the Pekingese Club of America shows (Plate VIII and page 472).

At the earlier of the Pekingese Club shows held in the ballroom at the Hotel Plaza, New York, valuable Chinese tapestries were used to drape the walls, while vases and other specimens of oriental art added to the attractiveness of dog shows, the like of which had never before been seen in America. Many of the attendants were Chinese and appeared in native costumes. Among them was a girl of about 12 who sold catalogues containing names and descriptions of the dogs, their pedigrees, etc. The young lady shortly afterward became known to the motion-picture world as Anna May Wong.

For several years, Mrs. Michael Van Beuren, of Newport, Rhode Island, has been president of the Pekingese Club of America, and to her and other ladies must be attributed the great success and continued popularity of the breed in all parts of the country.

All the World Loves Dogs

A dog story may be picked up any day on the highways or byways of any city, town, or village the world over; but the searcher for such topics must know his dog, or, in other words, be able to distinguish the purebred from the mongrel. Usually there is a good story behind a dog of pedigree.

At the northeast corner of Madison Avenue and 53d Street, New York, there is an antique-furniture store. Often its windows are decorated with tree ferns and other choice and exotic growths of palms and citrus trees. From about 10 A. M. until noon, an elderly but typical Pekingese may be seen lying at full length in one of the display windows.

One day last fall while this Pekingese was taking his morning nap, a panel painting, evidently a portrait of a Chinese woman of high station, made up part of the background of the window scene. I could not resist going into the store and asking the name of the dog and the identity of the personage portrayed in the work of art.

"My dog's name is Mister Eddie Cantor," said the proprietor. "We call him that be-

cause he has large eyes. The portrait is of the late Dowager Empress of China. The dog, too, is of direct Chinese ancestry."

The toy or pet dog which plays his part on the stage has long been an institution. The increasing popularity of the Yorkshire Terrier (Plate V) may have been heightened in the eighties by the appearance of one of that breed as "protector" of the leading lady in *The Enemies*—Lillie Langtry. The little dog growled or barked on the approach of the villain in the play. Leashed by a strong silken cord of the same color as the heroine's gown, the dog was kept in check from overplaying the part or running off the stage.

In a native village in the thermal district of the North Island of New Zealand, I came upon an aged Maori who invited me to come inside his hut to partake of refreshment. He had just been boiling potatoes in a cabbage net in a small geyser outside the door of the cottage.

Over the Maori's bed hung a long carved and decorated staff which I took for a sort of shepherd's crook.

"This staff is an emblem of chieftainship," he explained. "The carved figure is that of our mountain parrot, or kea, the voracious bird that plucks out the kidneys from a live sheep. The long white hair that hangs below the neck of the bird is that of the dog."

"Why a dog?"

"When our ancestors, lost at sea in their canoes, were cast ashore without provisions, they might have to practice cannibalism, but they held on to their dogs."

"Why?"

"Their dogs would warn them of dangers from men and savage beasts on any shore where they might land. Dogs protect you against all dangers. Dogs' hair among Maoris is a sign of chieftainship."

Toy Poodle

The Toy Poodle is a still smaller type of the miniature poodle, not a whit less affectionate and sagacious in its companionship. During the last two decades, Toy Poodles have been greatly improved, from the dog exhibitor's point of view, in the formation of body, length of leg, and profusion of a wool-like coat (Plate I and page 471).

Mrs. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen's Pitter Patter won the grand prize last year for the best of all breeds at America's leading and longest-established kennel event, the annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York. The award was made by Gerald M. Livingston, experienced hound master, a leading authority on dogs of all types. So wonderfully well-made and typical of a centuries-old variety of the Poodle breed was the tiny entry that the judge said he had to dismiss all prejudice in favor of larger breeds and declare



Peter T. Jones

No "Dumbbell" Is Georgian's Betty, C.D., C.D.X., and U.D.

The initials stand for obedience degrees the Pomeranian has won—Companion Dog, Companion Dog Excellent, and Utility Dog. Believed to be the only toy in the world to hold all three, she was top obedience dog in the United States for 1943. Retrieving the dumbbell is a standard test. Owner and trainer of Georgian's Betty is Mrs. Agnes Niven, of Stamford, Connecticut (page 467).

the toy the best of all the six groups. More than 3,500 dogs were benched at that show.

The Toy Poodle's hair is inclined to curl or crinkle; it tends to be like the wool of sheep rather than the hair of the Angora goat. When I first saw the American Toy Poodles, in 1902 and 1903 at the Philadelphia and New York shows, I suspected just a little Maltese Terrier blood in their makeup. The present winning Toy Poodles are more active, longer in the leg, and more characteristically poodle-coated. As in all the other toy breeds, the roundness of the skull appears to have become more pronounced.

The Toy Poodle may be of any solid or even color. The eyes are large. Black, white, blue, and cream or apricot-colored specimens should have dark or black eyes. The brown and red

should have dark amber-colored eyes, and dark-liver nose, lips, and toenails. Equable in temperament, highly intelligent and smart in appearance, the Toy Poodle is much beloved by children. Its weight should not exceed 12 pounds.

Affenpinscher

The Affenpinscher, or monkey-faced dog, is one of those small toy breeds of the terrier sort common throughout Europe (Plate II). Apparently the old English adage, "Crop his ears, dock his tail, and make a terrier out of him," has held good in the development of this breed, which has been established in type since the 17th century.

It is believed that the German Affenpinscher was a progenitor of the Brussels Griffon (page 468). Certainly a family likeness exists. "Monkey Face" is a fuzzy-wuzzy little dog, full of life and consequence, actually plucky and possessed of a full terrier spirit rather than the quieter, less aggressive "dare" of toy dogs of the spaniel varieties.

In common with other miniatures of larger breeds, especially those descended from greatly inbred ancestors, the Affenpinscher has a round or domelike head. The muzzle is short, and

the upper jaw a trifle shorter than the under jaw. Thus the teeth may be slightly undershot, a condition often noticeable in closely bred bulldogs and other short-faced breeds. No animal of the wild has such a dental formation.

Because of this dog's prominent chin, monkey-like eyebrows, and large, piercing eyes, the breed was officially classified by the world's kennel clubs as Affenpinscher, or Monkey Terrier.

The hair on the head should be hard and wiry, and for show purposes not too profuse. The longer the hair, the softer it becomes. It is shaggy around the eyes, nose, and chin, thus adding to the dog's simianlike appearance.

Black is the preferred color, but there are blacks with tan markings, as well as red, gray, and others of mixed shades.

A smart and highly alert little fellow, the Affenpinscher is esteemed as a miniature house dog. For bench-show purposes he should not stand more than 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches at the shoulder or weigh more than 7 or 8 pounds. The smaller are more highly prized in the judging rings of all countries. There are not many Affenpinschers in the United States, for the breed was not officially registered here as a pure breed until 1936.

Pug

One authority says the Pug was doubtless given that breed name because the shape of its head may be likened to that of a man's fist, *pugnis* (Plate II).

The Dutch Pug became popular in Britain on the accession of William and Mary. An old painting by Philip Reinagle shows a cropped dog with a black mask and curled tail playing with a smaller specimen, also cropped. These evidently were purebred specimens of a then not widely known breed of toy or ladies' dogs, varying in weights from 7 to 14 pounds.

Today, the Pug scales from 14 to 18 pounds, and a miniature, or 7-pound specimen, so far as I know, has yet to be observed.

There is no variety registered as Toy Pug.

In the time of Hogarth, Pugs were as fashionable as Negro boy pages, and no lady of title was considered fully equipped unless she had both in her following.

The first large purchase of wholly black Pugs was made in China by Lady Brassey on one of the voyages of the yacht *Sunbeam* in the eighties. As correspondent for a London kennel publication, I saw two or three black Pugs at a Maidstone show in 1886. These, said to be the first of their variety to be exhibited in England, were the property of Lady Brassey.

The black specimens were not so massively or compactly made either in head or body as those of the fawn-colored variety, but the curled tails and Puglike head properties were immediately



Staff Photographer Willard B. Carter

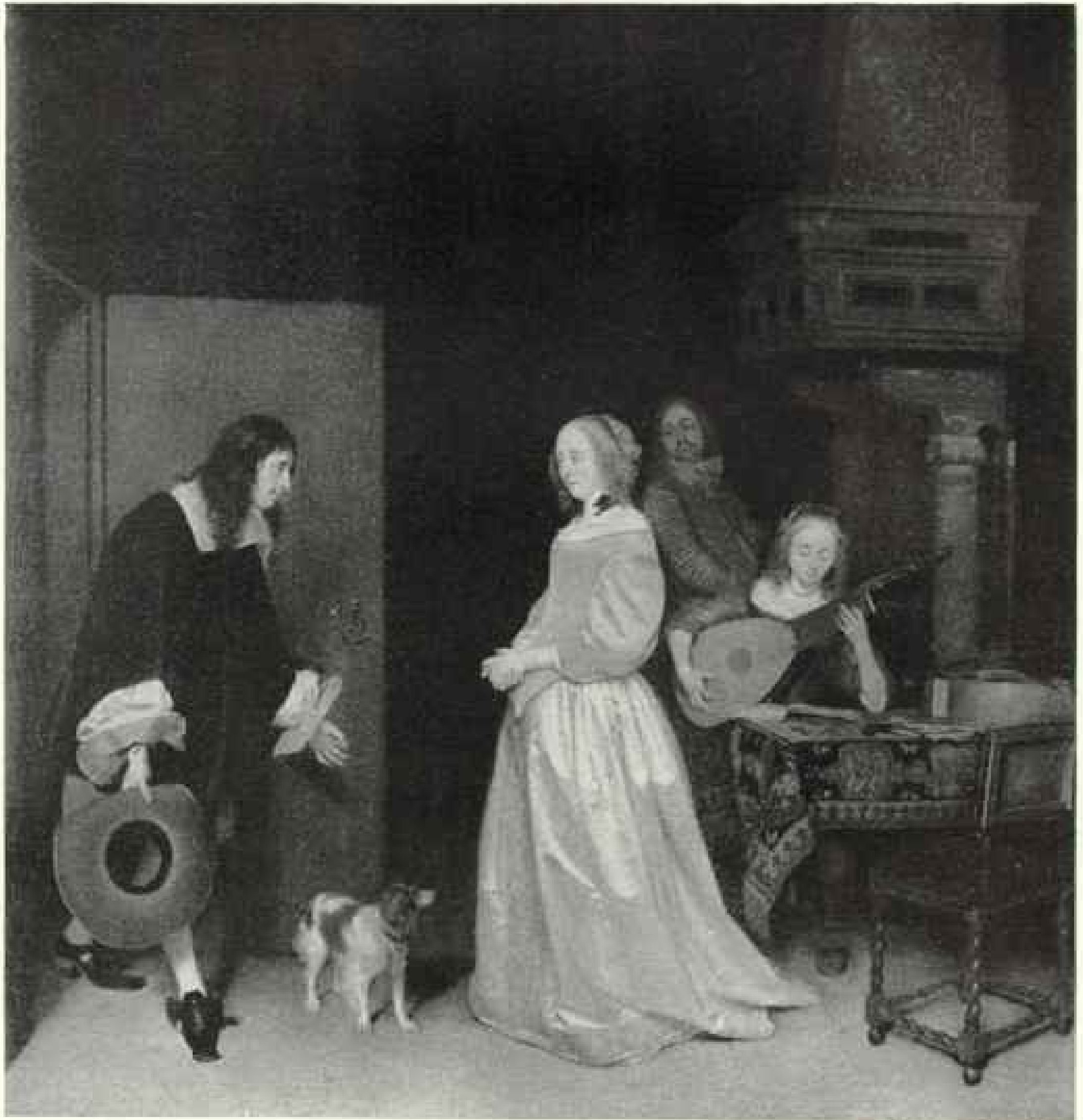
Model of Refinement and Delicacy Is Michael Angelo

The Italian Greyhound's impeccable manners have made it a favorite pet of royalty for centuries (page 460). Whippetlike in form, the most favored of the breed weigh between 5 and 7 pounds, although there is a heavier class. This cross-pawed aristocrat with golden-fawn coat is owned by the Reverend John R. McKavney of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

recognizable as those of the accepted pure-blood Dutch-British breed.

No other breed has been kept purer in the blood of its race than the Pug; indeed, a mongrel-bred Pug is seldom seen. Save in the abominable practice of cutting off a part of a Pug's ears as close to the skull as possible, the Pugs of today are similar to those of the Georgian period. At the first all-breeds dog shows held at Birmingham, England, in 1861, a class for the breed was provided. Strange to say, there were no entries, although the dogs were fairly common.

The Pug is decidedly square and cobby in formation. A lean, leggy Pug and one with short legs and long body are equally objectionable. The ears are small and soft, like black velvet. Preference is given to the "button," or folded-



National Gallery of Art

Toy Spaniels Appear in Many Famous Paintings of the Dutch School

In this canvas by Gerard Ter Borch (1617-1681), a little dog of the breed most popular in the 17th century as a pet for ladies takes a prominent place (page 467). The picture hangs in the Mellon Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

over ear. The face wrinkles should be large and deep, the coat fine, smooth, soft, short and glossy, neither hard nor woolly. Pugs other than the black variety should be silver or apricot-fawn color. There should be a complete contrast between the color of the face and that of the mask. The tail should be tightly curled.

Papillon

The Papillon is a dwarf spaniel with erect fringed ears somewhat resembling in shape and carriage the wings of a butterfly (Plate III). Probably the breed is scarcer and, consequently, more difficult to obtain now than in the days of

Louis XIV of France. In Louis' time these smart little dogs, said to be of Spanish and Italian origin, were prime favorites with women of rank and fashion.

The earliest Papillons had large, drooping spaniel-like ears, but gradually the variety developed ear cartilages set obliquely upon the head; hence the popular name "Butterfly Dog."

It was not until 1935 that the breed was listed at the American Kennel Club, New York, although this centuries-old Toy Spaniel had long been known in this country, and many fanciers were thoroughly conversant with the breed and its points and owned a few.

Papillons owned by Mrs. De Forest Danielson, of Medfield, Massachusetts, were among the first of their breed registered by the American Kennel Club, New York.

The Papillon Club of America adopted in 1935 the standard of points of the Southern Counties Papillon Society, England. In due course, that description and scale of points was accepted by the ruling body of American kennel interests.

There are two varieties of the Papillon breed. In one the ears are carried upright; in the other, the ears drop or hang down, like those of other Toy Spaniels. The low-set-eared dog is known as *Espaneul Nain*. Both varieties at present are exhibited and judged in the same class at shows, but I believe it might be more satisfactory for owners and judges, too, if two varieties of similar breed were shown in different sections.

The Papillon is a particularly lively little Toy Spaniel, and as affectionate as any. For show purposes he should be not more than 10 inches in height. The preferred weight (unofficial) is under 8 pounds.

Toy Pomeranian

The Toy Pomeranian is the smallest of the long-coated Spitz family, and, like the larger dogs of its breed, had its origin in Pomerania, a province of Germany (Plate III and page 464).

The Toy Pomeranian retains the quickness of the 18- to 24-pound Pomeranian. Today the larger Pomeranians are not often seen at exhibitions in the United States; but the variety is still bred and treasured, particularly in New York's Bronx.

Perhaps no other dogs of European origin have been more largely distributed throughout the civilized world than white Pomeranians. In mid-Victorian times this larger Pomeranian was a popular companion for women of fashion.

The late Theodore Marples, of Manchester, England, first secretary of the English Pomeranian Club, wrote in 1891 that during a period of about 25 years a race of almost perfect Toy Pomeranians was evolved from a few specimens of blacks, whites, one or two sables, and orange-colored specimens, none less in weight than 7 or 8 pounds. The toys had all the marked physical features of the breed: foxy heads, small ears, short backs, luxuriant coats and plumes, as well as all the vivacity, beauty, and activity of the larger dogs. They weighed as little as one and a half pounds full grown, and averaged probably four pounds. Their colors were black, blue, beaver, white, sable (various shades), black-and-white, brown (several shades), orange, and tricolor.

Marples was an out-and-out Pomeranian fancier; and when in the early nineties Queen Victoria, on a voyage to the Mediterranean, purchased a red-sable-colored Pomeranian in Italy, he received a "command" to visit Osborne House, at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, to give an expert's opinion regarding the Queen's newly acquired pet. George Cruikshank II, nephew of the great illustrator, accompanied Marples to Osborne.

Marco, the dog they were to judge, was a deep red sable in color and weighed 12 pounds. Fluf-

fie and several other of the Queen's Pomeranians were much smaller. In the course of a few years the small Pomeranians became popular in Britain.

The wealth of the Pomeranians' coats appears to be greater now than ever before. Today in America a Pomeranian frequently wins as the best exhibit of any breed at the greatest of kennel events.

A white Toy Pomeranian is seldom seen; show dogs are mostly blacks, blues, or sables of various hues. When classification by weight is made, the most suitable division should be: not exceeding 7 pounds, and exceeding 7 pounds. Many colored puppies undergo a change in the shades of their coats after birth, blues often developing into beautiful shaded sables, and black, or seemingly black puppies developing into blues; etc.

English Toy Spaniels

There are four varieties of the Toy Spaniel of English breed, and these are distinguishable by their colors (Plate IV). They are the King Charles, black-and-tan; the Prince Charles, black-tan-and-white; the Ruby, chestnut-red; and the Blenheim, white with red or rich lemon-colored markings.

The points, mostly those of the skull, foreface, or muzzle, length of ears, and coats are virtually the same; and all, for bench-show purposes, should have a round skull formation and not the flat skull of the Chinese or Pekingese dog. Probably the roundness of skull, the extreme shortness of muzzle, and the protuberance of the under-jaw have been brought about by much inbreeding, or breeding from sires and dams outstanding for those physical properties.

Toy Spaniels of a much slimmer build than the show type were evidently popular in Europe as women's pets, for they appear in many portraits of ladies of rank. All European Toy Spaniels were straight-tailed, not curl-tailed like those of Asia.

Gerard Ter Borch, about 1650; Titian, 1477-1576; Paul Veronese, about 1560; and Nicolas Largillière, about 1680, present portraits of Toy Spaniels, evidently of high breeding (page 466). In Largillière's painting of Louis XIV and family (1680) a splendid little specimen of a white, black, and perhaps slightly tan dog is pictured barking at the feet of a gaily gowned, feather-bedecked child. In an Italian painting by Jacopo da Empoli, 1575, there appears a group of ten Toy Spaniels.

All of these dogs had rather long muzzles. The period of the snub-nosed varieties seemingly had not arrived. Evidently many Toy Spaniels not essentially "English" were distributed over continental Europe.

Toy Spaniels were associated with British monarchs as far back as Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, with both of whom they were great favorites. The King Charles, or black-and-tan-colored spaniel, was the special pet of Charles II in the 17th century. About this time the first Duke of Marlborough became interested in a strain of small red-and-white spaniels at his famous seat, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, Eng-



Peter T. Jones

Chihuahuas Are Displayed under Glass at Bench Shows

So delicate are these tiniest of dogs that they must be protected from drafts. Tropical Mexico is the breed's native land. Full-grown adults are sometimes small enough to be nestled in a lady's corsage (page 471).

land. The Blenheimers were looked upon then as cocker spaniels and used as gun dogs, the smallest of them being selected as pets and companions for ladies and children. Descendants of the small Blenheimers were seen at Blenheim about 50 years ago.

The most desirable size in all varieties is from 9 to 12 pounds in weight. The skull is massive in comparison to size, well domed, and full over the eyes, which are very dark and large, set wide apart. The nose, with flaring nostrils, is black, very short, and turned up to meet the skull. The coat is long, silky, and straight. The ears, legs, and tail should be profusely "feathered."

Brussels Griffon

The Brussels Griffon is a comparatively modern breed of a miniature sort popular mostly as a pet, although he has proved himself a handy little dog for destroying small rodents (Plate IV). Like the larger and sporting griffons of European continental breeds, the Belgian variety is believed to have earned its name because its rough hair and outstanding face bristles make it resemble somewhat a fabulous monster, half lion and half

eagle. A short-haired variety of the Brussels Griffon is called the Brabançon.

The bench-show points are essentially the same in both varieties; but, as a rule, the Brabançons are smaller than the Brussels Griffons. Colors may be red or black-and-tan. For the class of dogs and bitches of a small size, the weight should not exceed 11 pounds for dogs and 12 pounds for bitches.

If a Griffon is desired for rat killing, one of the larger dogs should be chosen. In Belgium the ears are cropped and the tails docked. I have seen puppies less than a month old, with what was left of the ear cartilages still bleeding profusely, exposed for sale on Sunday mornings on the open market place in Brussels. The short face of the Griffon is derived from a cross with the Chinese Pug, which resulted in a little smooth-coated dog of the Brabançon type.

The coat of the Brussels Griffon should be close and wiry, and just the texture of the hair of the Irish terrier. The hair is reddish-brown. Highly intelligent, the dog is a sprightly, robust little fellow of compact build. He has a peculiar quasi-human expression.

His rounded head is furnished with hard, irregular hair, longer around the eyes and on the nose and cheeks. The ears are erect when cropped, but not otherwise. The eyes are very large, black, and long-lashed, and the hair on the nose should grow upward toward a pronounced "stop," or indentation, between the face and the short, upturned muzzle. The chin should be prominent, but must not show the teeth. The tail is erect and cut two-thirds of its length.

There are several of the small and coarse-haired variety in the United States; but Brabançons are scarce.

Yorkshire Terrier

Clydesdale terriers, taken by Scottish weavers into the cotton-manufacturing English counties and crossed with black-and-tan Manchester terriers, produced the long-coated and golden-tan-marked black or blue dogs now known as Yorkshire Terriers, the Manchester sometimes breeding blue-and-tans as well as black-and-tans. However, the former are not recognized as show dogs.

The Yorkshire Terrier (Plate V) was not given rating as a pure breed until 1886, when the English Kennel Club accepted it as such.

Mrs. Mary Ann Foster of Bradford, Yorkshire, was then chief exhibitor of the breed. The decorated cages in which her little dogs were shown always attracted women and children visitors at all events. Incidentally, Mrs. Foster was the first woman to officiate at a British show.

At the Bellevue Gardens shows, Manchester, England, the best of the Yorkshire Terriers were to be seen. Most of these were owned by workmen and their wives. The dogs always were readily salable, and \$100 to \$150 was considered a fair price to pay for a good specimen. However, when Mrs. J. K. Emmet, wife of a famous American actor, gave \$1,250 for the Yorkshire Terrier dog Conqueror, the breed received a great boost. Mr. Emmet, it will be remembered, gave \$5,000 for the St. Bernard Champion Plinlimmon, which played the dog's part in *Hans the Boatman* and did much to popularize that breed in the United States in the early nineties.

Originally, the Yorkshire weighed from 10 to 12 pounds; nowadays such large specimens are seldom seen. Show entries may be under 5 pounds, over 5 pounds, but not exceeding 12 pounds.

The puppies are black at birth, and those darkest in hue usually turn out to be the best in color—a dark steel-blue when at two years they are fully coated and matured. At the age of three or four months, a puppy begins to change his color down the sides and on the legs, but even at nine or ten months the back is still very dark, except in specimens which eventually turn out too silvery and light when fully matured.

In due course the hair on the head or skull will increase in length, and when grown sufficiently it should be tied up and plaited. A special brush is used for the Yorkshire's coat; it is rather smaller than the ordinary toilet article, with bristles about three inches long. The dog should have a cushion

to lie on; hay, straw, or shavings may become entangled with the coat.

The puppy must be kept scrupulously clean and not allowed to run about too much if he is to be kept for bench-show purposes; otherwise, he may be given full freedom. At shows the length of hair is considered of great importance. The Conqueror, purchased by Mrs. Emmet, had hair of almost uniform length of 24 inches; he weighed about 5½ pounds.

A bright, golden tan, not intermingled with dark or sooty hairs, is the desired light color that contrasts so beautifully with the bright steel-blue-shaded hair that extends from the back of the head to the root of the tail. Although the frame is hidden beneath a mantle of hair, the general outline should suggest a vigorous and well-proportioned body.

Toy Manchester Terrier

The classification or breed name, Manchester, allotted to this little black-and-tan-colored terrier is one of recent date and officially registered as such by the American Kennel Club (Plate VI). In other countries he is still known as the Toy Black-and-Tan or Miniature Black-and-Tan Terrier.

Undoubtedly, there is some of the blood of the much larger Manchester in the Toy Manchester. It has been noticed that the winning specimens of the Toy, in the United States, have recently become more and more Manchesterlike in appearance, both in the longer and finer qualities of their heads, and in size and weight. However, the limit weight as approved by the A. K. C. in 1938 is 12 pounds; whereas the most approved English or European weight is under 6 pounds.

The Toy Manchester should resemble his larger relative except in height and weight. However, the narrow skull and long muzzle have always been favored in the Toy variety, which often was represented at the bench shows of 60 years ago by somewhat round-skulled specimens. The round skull, it was said, was a sure sign of long inbreeding.

The Toy Manchester has a long ancestry. It was described in Dr. John Caius' work on dogs in 1570.

This small dog was well distributed. Though always a bantamweight, he was often used as a rat killer, the rodents being released from cage traps.

Blue-and-tan-colored puppies are sometimes produced from black-and-tan parents. These off-colored whelps are not reared for show purposes. There can be no doubt that the increase in weight, as allowed by the A. K. C., will vastly improve the appearance and usefulness of this breed. Still, the variety, in my opinion, should remain "toyish" rather than attain the full specified limit of 12 pounds.

The American Toy Manchester Terrier Club in 1938 ruled in its standardization of points of the breed that the color and markings should be jet black and rich mahogany tan, which should not run or blend into each other, but meet abruptly.

forming clear, well-defined lines of color division; a small tan spot over each eye; a very small tan spot on each cheek. The lips of the upper and lower jaws should be tan, the color extending under the throat and ending in the shape of a V. The inside of the ears should be partly tan.

Tan spots, called rosettes, on each side of the chest above the forelegs, are more pronounced in puppies than in adults. There should be a distinct black thumb marking on the front of each foreleg between the pastern and the knee; and a distinct black pencil-mark line should run lengthwise on the top of each toe on all four feet. The remainder of the forelegs should be tan to the knee. There should be tan under the tail and on the vent, but only of such a size as to be covered by the tail.

White in any part of the coat is a serious fault. It is recommended that at all dog shows the open classes shall be: (a) under 7 pounds; (b) 7 pounds and under 12 pounds. The markings of tan, their placements and distinctiveness, are highly prized.

Miniature Pinscher

The Miniature Pinscher is a German breed of toy dogs, and obviously a descendant of a larger black-and-tan terrier, perhaps of the Manchester kind (Plate VI). Although it is claimed this Pinscher has been in existence for centuries in Germany and in Scandinavian countries, it perhaps will be well to bear in mind that about 40 years ago a few of the best specimens of Manchester terriers were to be seen in Germany. Some of these were home-bred and others were prize dogs imported from Britain.

Such dogs, it is thought, might have been used to produce the longer and more terrierlike heads now possessed by this exceedingly smart and active little Pinscher dog. Usually the Miniature Pinscher is better built than the Toy Manchester and, in consequence, is a first-class representative of a breed. He has been awarded the chief prize as best of all toy-dog breeds at leading American shows.

According to the Miniature Pinscher Club of America, the real development of the breed abroad started in 1895 when the Pinscher Klub was formed in Germany. It gave the breed its first standard of points. In 1929 the Miniature Pinscher Club of America was organized.

Since the custom of cropping the ears and docking the tails of the majority of German breeds prevails, the length of the head appears more pronounced and of a clean-cut appearance. Whether the very short dock gives additional smartness may be questioned. In the United States the dog is exhibited just as the breed is seen in Germany.

In color the Miniature Pinscher may be lustrous black with tan, rust-red, or yellow markings. Such markings appear on the cheeks, on the lips, on the lower jaw and throat, above the eyes, in twin spots on the chest, lower half of the forelegs, on the inside of the hind legs, and around the vent region. There should be black pencil stripes on the toes.

Faults are: color light or white, very dark or sooty spots in listed markings. Acceptable colors other than black are solid yellow, solid red or stag-red, solid brown with red or yellow markings, solid blue or blue-toned with red or yellow markings. The preferred height is about 11½ inches at the shoulder. Dogs should weigh 6 to 10 pounds, bitches 6½ to 10 pounds.

The Miniature Pinscher is one of the best built of all short-haired toy dogs. He is elegant in form, well made, particularly alert, and smart on his feet.

Mexican Hairless

The Mexican Hairless, as its official classification denotes, is virtually bare except for a tuft of soft or a fringe of harsh hairs on the skull between the ears, and a few stray bristles on or near the end of the tail (Plate VII). He can be classed among the terrier kind, there being Mexican Hairless dogs of Manchester black-and-tan terrier size and others of lighter build and weight.

There is a great similarity between Mexican and Chinese hairless dogs. As a onetime owner of both sorts, I can testify that there was little difference in the general setup of the two kinds I had. The alleged China-bred dog, which I purchased from a sailor in Cardiff, Wales, carried a bigger crest of hair than did the harsher-haired dog bought in New York from a Mexican military officer. The ears of the latter dog were low-carried. Usually both the Mexican and the Chinese hairless dogs have high-placed, upright (or "tulip") ears.

According to the *Complete Dog Book*, published by the American Kennel Club, Señor K. de Blinde had reason to believe that the Mexican Hairless breed was established in Mexico when the Aztecs founded their empire. He thought this tribe of Indian conquerors had brought the dog with them from Asia, crossing the land bridge to Alaska at what is now known as Bering Strait.

In Mexico this dog is called commonly the *Biche*, an Aztec word meaning "naked." I have found them highly intelligent and easily taught as performers. Their nakedness, however, makes taking them about in public somewhat embarrassing to people of tender sensibilities.

No specific heights and weights are mentioned in the official scale of points and their values. Unofficially, the American Kennel Club sanctions 8 to 20 pounds. I have never observed one bigger than the average Manchester terrier of about 16 pounds. The Mexican, like the Manchester, is a sprightly dog, and in my opinion he should be judged on similar lines.

Of course, the Mexican should always bear that unmistakable evidence of his true breed: the tuft of coarse hair on the top of the skull.

The head should be slender and the skull narrow, the cheeks lean, the muzzle long and pointed. He should be symmetrical and well proportioned in body, and his legs should be moderately long and slender.

The skin should be soft and wrinkled, of any color, hot to the touch, and perfectly hairless.



Perry T. Jones

Fresh from the Hairdresser Come "Bath Puff" and "Nose Puff"

Miniature of Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Standard Poodle Champion Blakeen Eiger is Mrs. James M. Austin's Toy Poodle Karetina de Muriclar (handled by Mrs. Ruth Sayres). Coats of bench-show winners like these require constant care with wide-toothed bone combs and long-bristled brushes to keep from matting.

The great centers of the breed in Mexico are on the west coast.

Chihuahua

The Chihuahua, as cultured in the United States, is the smallest of all breeds. Indeed, the less he weighs the more highly he is valued (Plate VII and page 468).

When exhibited at shows, Chihuahuas are usually enclosed in glass cages or wrapped in soft flannels; yet, notwithstanding an apparently delicate constitution, under ordinary climatic conditions they are sprightly within the home and able to fend for themselves.

The breed is of ancient lineage and a product of a much interbred or very closely related ancestry. Just as the women of ancient Greece were wont to keep down the sizes of their Maltese dogs (page 472), it is reported that Mexicans of the present day administer regularly doses of native gin to their Chihuahuas to stay or stop their pets' growth.

World-wide publicity was given the Chihuahua on the occasion of the farewell visit of the famous singer Madame Adelina Patti to Mexico City. On the completion of the tour she was presented with a bouquet of choice blooms, in the center of which reposed a tiny Chihuahua dog.

Large sums have been given in exchange for these living morsels of canine flesh. While Mexicans favor specimens of the black-and-tan and the

black with white-spotted markings, Americans prefer the solid colors of any shade.

The smooth-coated should have hair of a soft, smooth texture, close and glossy. In dark colors, the coat should be well placed over the body and neck, and more scanty on the head and ears.

The long-haired specimens should have fringed ears, legs, and tail, with the coat on the body semi-long, soft, and silken, similar to that of the Papillon (page 466). Weights range from 1 to 6 pounds. The more diminutive are preferred. The long-haired variety is scarce in North America.

Japanese Spaniel

This toy dog of the Orient is one of the smartest and spryest of all the Toy Spaniel breeds (Plate VIII and page 467). He bears more resemblance to the Chinese type of spaniel than to the Toy Spaniels of European origin. Moreover, the profusely haired plume or tail carried over a side of the back proclaims the Jap to be of an ancestry different from that of the King Charles and other Toy Spaniels of Europe, descendants of pampered pets begotten of varieties of sporting spaniels.

Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, while in Japan, was presented with some of these dogs and brought them to the United States. He presented two to Queen Victoria of England. In much later times Queen Alexandra, consort of Edward VII, became interested in the breed. She liked to be

photographed with a Japanese Spaniel under her left arm, and the Russian wolfhound, Alex, a gift from the Tsar of Russia, at her side. At that time Russia and Japan were at war. Britain was a neutral power.

Australia, too, notwithstanding its strict enforcement of six months' quarantine detention of all dogs, provided a ready market for this breed more than 40 years ago. When a Japanese mail boat arrived at the Circular Quay, Sydney, I used to go aboard and see the already sold Toy Spaniels from overseas. Each dog had its neatly woven wicker cage, the delicacy of the craftsmanship appearing to suit the smallness and sprightliness of the pet it contained.

In 1905 a large exhibit of Japanese Spaniels was seen at the New York show. Nowadays there might not be so many exhibitors of the breed as there were early in this century. But the glory of the Jap toy dog has not departed.

In Honolulu in 1902 specimens of this breed were carried as pets or sleeve dogs by Japanese women in their native costumes.

The Japanese Spaniel breeds strictly to type, and has the dome, or apple form of skull. On the other hand, the flat form of skull is preferred in the Pekingese breed, from which the Japanese dog may have descended in part.

When divided by weight, classes at shows should be under and over 7 pounds. In color the dogs should be either white with black markings or white with red markings. The term *red* includes all shades of sable, brindle, lemon, and orange, but the brighter and clearer the better. In size the dogs vary considerably, but the smaller they are the better, provided type and quality are not sacrificed.

Maltese

The Maltese, as its name denotes, is a native of the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean Sea (Plate VIII).

These dogs were the popular pets of ladies of ancient Greece, and tradition says that for the purpose of keeping them from becoming too large for carrying, the owners dosed the puppies with a spirituous liquor and kenneled them in canisters.

No other breed of toy dogs has retained more of its original physical characteristics through centuries. Since the period of the first dog shows in the early 1860's, only wholly white specimens have been recognized in England and America as being of the pure breed, although in Malta, Greece, and Italy many of the specimens are colored. Fawn-colored Maltese, shaved like poodles and described as "lion dogs of Malta," are often exhibited at European continental shows.

The Maltese is smart and sagacious. Like the Yorkshire (page 469), he grows a very long, silklime coat. He requires much attention. When the hair is washed, it should be combed while still wet, or at least in its drying-out state.

Colored spots on the coat, and pink noses are considered undesirable. Diminutiveness, purity of blood, and straightness and quantity of coat are prime points in judging, as are black noses and

black-rimmed eyelids. The preferred height is 8 to 12 inches; weight, under 7 pounds. The smarter or more active the dog, the better.

Pekingese

No other breed of toy dogs has become more generally popular at dog shows than the Pekingese Spaniel or Pug (Plate VIII and page 462). During the last fifty years he has become widely distributed because of his smartness, individuality as a breed, reproductiveness, and fixed type.

The Pekingese stands out as a distinct breed. Although of about the same size as Toy Spaniels of Europe, he bears little likeness to them, save in shortness and breadth of muzzle. Except for the small variety—the "sleeve," or Lilliputian kind—the Pekingese remains a robust breed, rather than a result of continuous inbreeding.

The first of this breed to arrive in Europe were dogs that English officers acquired in 1860 on the capture of the Imperial Palace at Peking (now Peiping). One, fawn and white in color, was presented to Queen Victoria, who named him "Loot."

One of the earliest of the breed to be brought to the United States (some 40 years ago) was owned by a woman doctor residing on Long Island. It was a male which had been presented to the doctor's niece, a hospital nurse in Peking, during the Boxer Rebellion. The donor, the late Dowager Empress of China, had given it a Chinese name meaning "Little Black Devil."

I recall that in a show held in 1903 under the auspices of the Ladies' Kennel Association of America several Pekingese were exhibited. The little dogs in their cages were attended by sailors in uniform. It was not long before the breed became the most widely owned of all toy dogs, and the Pekingese Club's annual shows in New York were the most highly and tastefully decorated of specialty events.

There is a short-haired variety of the Pekingese known as the Happa, which is almost identical in make and shape with the long-haired Pekingese. I have not seen a Happa in the flesh, but from photographs I gather that the smooth-haired Happa is just a bow-legged Pug, fawn in color with the black mask, curled tail, large eyes, and snub nose of an ordinary Pug (page 465). Evidently the English and American Pekingese Clubs were justified when they decided to drop the former appellation "spaniel."

All colors are allowable for Pekingese—red, fawn, black, black-and-tan, sable, brindle, white, and parti-colors. Dogs with black masks and spectacles around the eyes and lines to ears are the most appreciated. The head is massive, broad, wide and flat between the ears. The eyes should be large, prominent, round, and lustrous; ears heart-shaped, drooping, and well "feathered"; muzzle very short, broad, and wrinkled.

The dog has a heavy-fronted body and light hindquarters, and the great coat on the frill and neck give him a lionlike appearance. The coat should be long, straight, and flat, with dense undercoat, and well feathered on thighs, legs, tail, and toes. The weight limit is 14 pounds.

Dogs in Toyland



© National Geographic Society

Keelchenna by Willard K. Carter

He Looks Sad Because He Can't Pass the Physical for the K-9 Corps

Keenly intelligent and highly teachable, the Toy Poodle would make a good "soldier." But dog Army volunteers must be at least 22 inches high at the shoulder. Toys measure under 15 inches. So this handsome little champion stays at home as a "Poodlepuff." His counterpart, the standard Poodle, is one of Uncle Sam's best rookies.



The Affectionate Jibe, "Monkey Face," Describes the Affenpinscher

Comically serious, and resembling a bundle of bristles, the breed was popular in Europe more than three centuries ago. Bushy brows, bright, round, dark eyes, and slightly protruding chin, account for the nickname.



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Kodachromes by Willard B. Culver

Gentle, Dainty "Princess Hope of Holly-Lodge" Looks Pugnacious

The Pug took a back seat for awhile when public fancy turned toward the long-haired Pekingese and Pomeranian, but is regaining popularity. A Canadian Scots regiment has adopted one of these cobby little dogs as mascot.

Dogs in Toyland



From Before the 16th Century the "Dwarf Spaniel" Traces Its Lineage

The breed, which stems from Spain and Italy, made its early journeys on muleback. Carrying fringed ears like spread butterfly wings, the Papillon ranks high with dog fanciers.



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Kodachromes by Willard R. Carter

"Pom" Needs Few Ration Points. His Food Is Measured in Spoonfuls

Four tablespoons hold an all-day banquet. Plume-tailed Pomeranians are descendants of the husky Spitz, bred from Iceland and Lapland sledge dogs. They are often so small at birth that three can be held in one hand.



A King Charles and a Ruby, English Toy Spaniels, Have a Proud Ancestry

In Queen Elizabeth's day these dogs were known as "Spaniell Gentle, or the Comforter." One, a faithful pet of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, accompanied her to the scaffold.



© National Geographic Society

Illustrations by Willard R. Carter

Brussels Griffons Boast Not of Beauty Nor Ancient Lineage

Turned up noses and fringed beards give these wiry "redheads" an almost human expression. Their forebears were the Belgian street dog and the German Affenpinscher.

Dogs in Toyland



Silken-haired "Suprema" Is a Champion Yorkshire Terrier

Because as a puppy he strove to conquer the earth by covering territory quickly, he was nicknamed "Napoleon." Yorkshires are excellent mousers and when not on show this one gives the family rat still competition.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Willard B. Cullver

Five of a Kind Make One Too Many for This Basketful of "Wetwash"

Bright-eyed and water-tousled, Suprema's offspring are ready for the comb and brush. Yorkshire puppies are born black and short-haired. Their steel-blue and gold coats come with adulthood.



"Rip, the Ratter" Takes a Parlor Stance

Eight inches tall at shoulder and well under the 7-pound weight limit, this Toy Manchester displays the distinctive markings of his breed—ink black and mahogany coloring, "kiss spots" on cheeks, and black thumbprints on forepaws.



© National Geographic Society

Kidachismus by Willard H. Culver

With His Tail Cut Short and His Ears Cut Long

The Miniature Pinscher looks just the reverse of the dog in the old song. Native of Germany, the breed was almost unknown in America before 1929. Now it is one of the favorite "Toys."

Dogs in Toyland



The Clothing Problem Does Not Worry the Mexican Hairless

Mexicans call him *Biche* (naked). Aside from the oddly feathered topknot, he is indeed scantily clad. Yet his body is so feverishly hot that legend says he can cure rheumatism if a sufferer carries him.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachromes by Willard R. Culver

Tiniest of Toys, But Biggest Bluffers, Are the Mexican Chihuahuas

Some of these undersized midgets weigh little more than a pound. They are a product of the long-coated Techichi, known in Mexico as early as the ninth century, and the Asiatic hairless brought here by migrating Artacs.



© National Geographic Society

Kodachrome by Willard R. Curtis

The Japanese Spaniel Can Hide in an Oriental Sleeve (Top)

Snow-white Maltese were favorite pets more than 28 centuries ago (center). Ancestors of the Pekingese were once the "sacred dogs" of China (bottom).

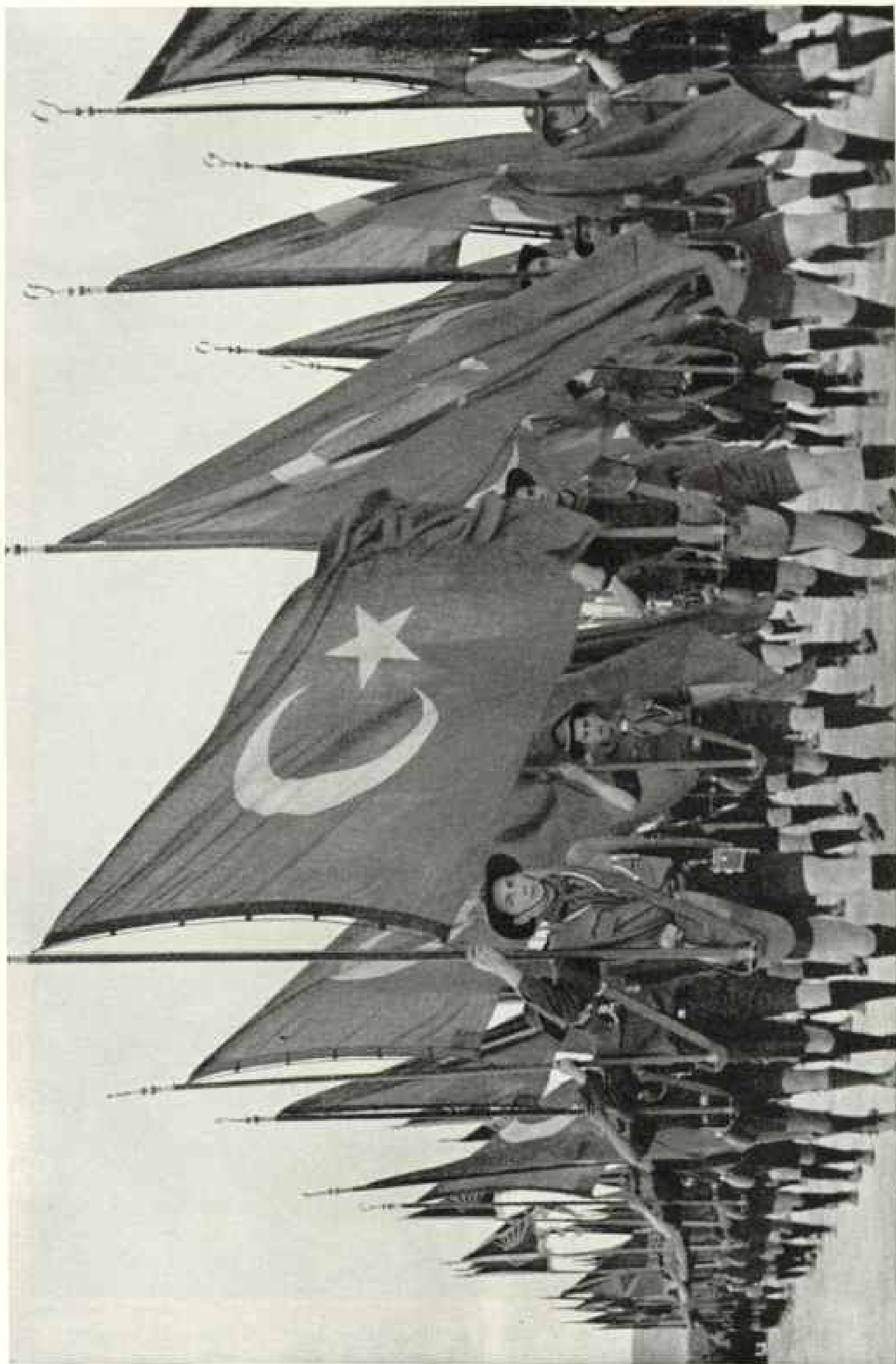
Alert Anatolia



Bernard F. Buzart, Jr.

Sancta Sophia, Monument to Divine Wisdom, Is the Crown Jewel of Coveted Istanbul

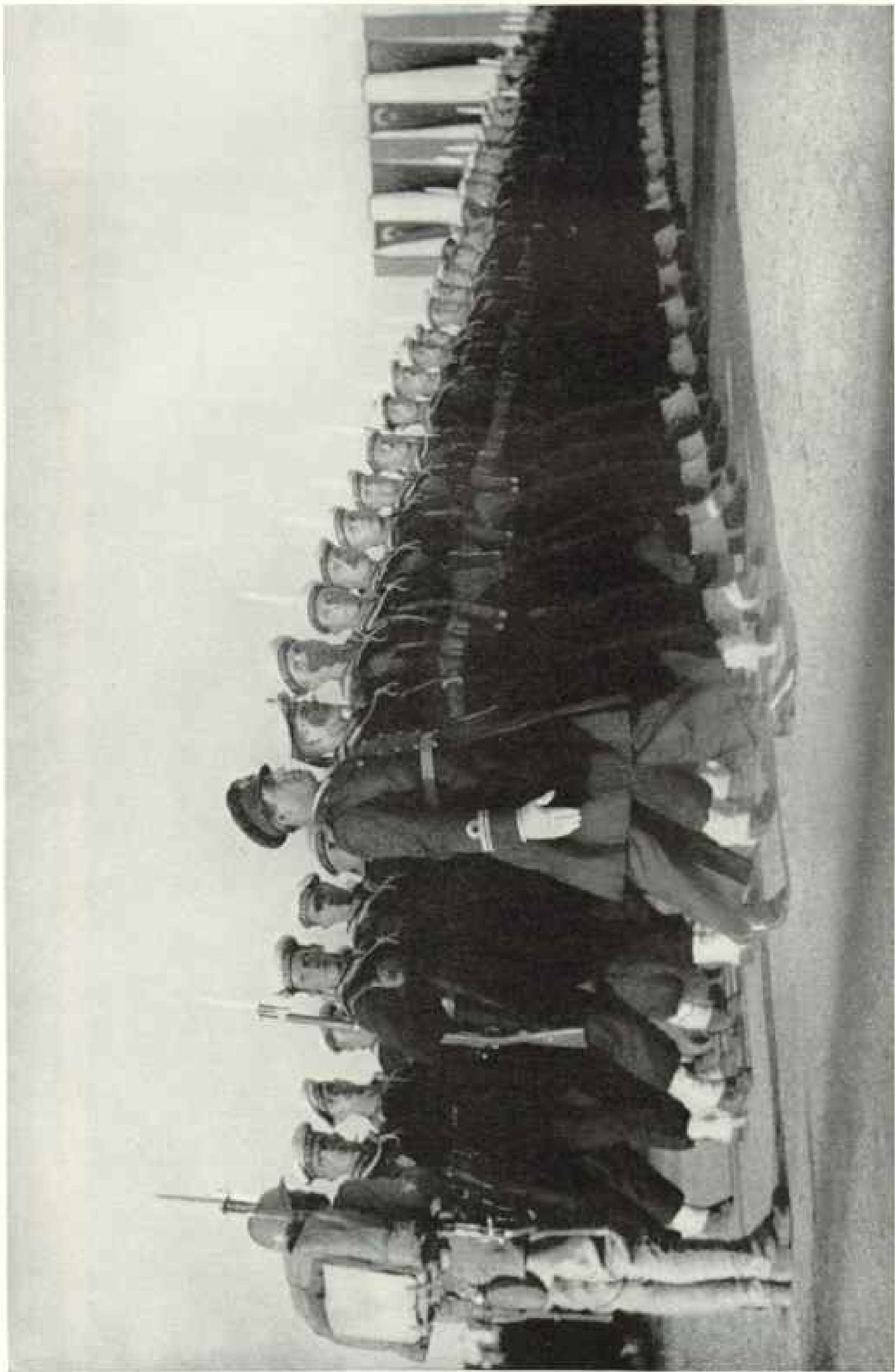
On columns torn from pagan shrines, Justinian lifted that matchless dome. From added minarets, the call to Moslem prayer sounded for nearly 500 years. Now Sancta Sophia is a museum. Beyond lie the deserted harem quarters. Eyes of United Nations and Axis focus on this European promontory at the edge of Asia.



Minameter

Turkish Boy Scouts Carry the Star-and-Crescent Flag, Which Joins Pagan, Christian, and Moslem

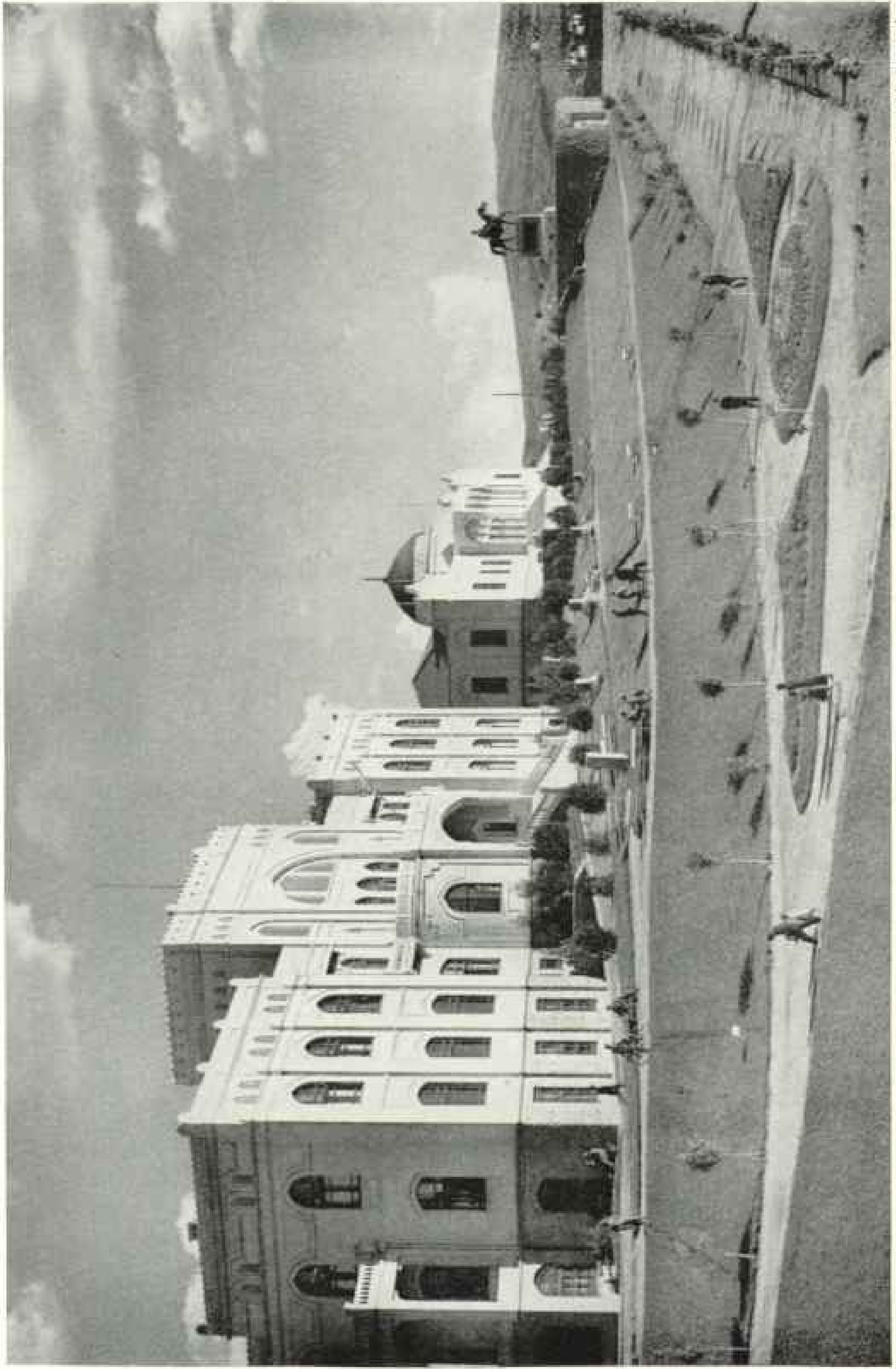
They parade under a historic banner. A crescent moon once revealed the sappers of Philip of Macedon undermining the walls of Constantinople, so the Byzantines set the crescent in their flag. Mohammedan conquerors added the star. Thus the crescent Diana wore in her hair is combined with the star of Mohammed.



With a Steady "Eyes Right" Toward Warring Europe, Turkish Sailors Parade at Ankara, Far from the Sea

APR

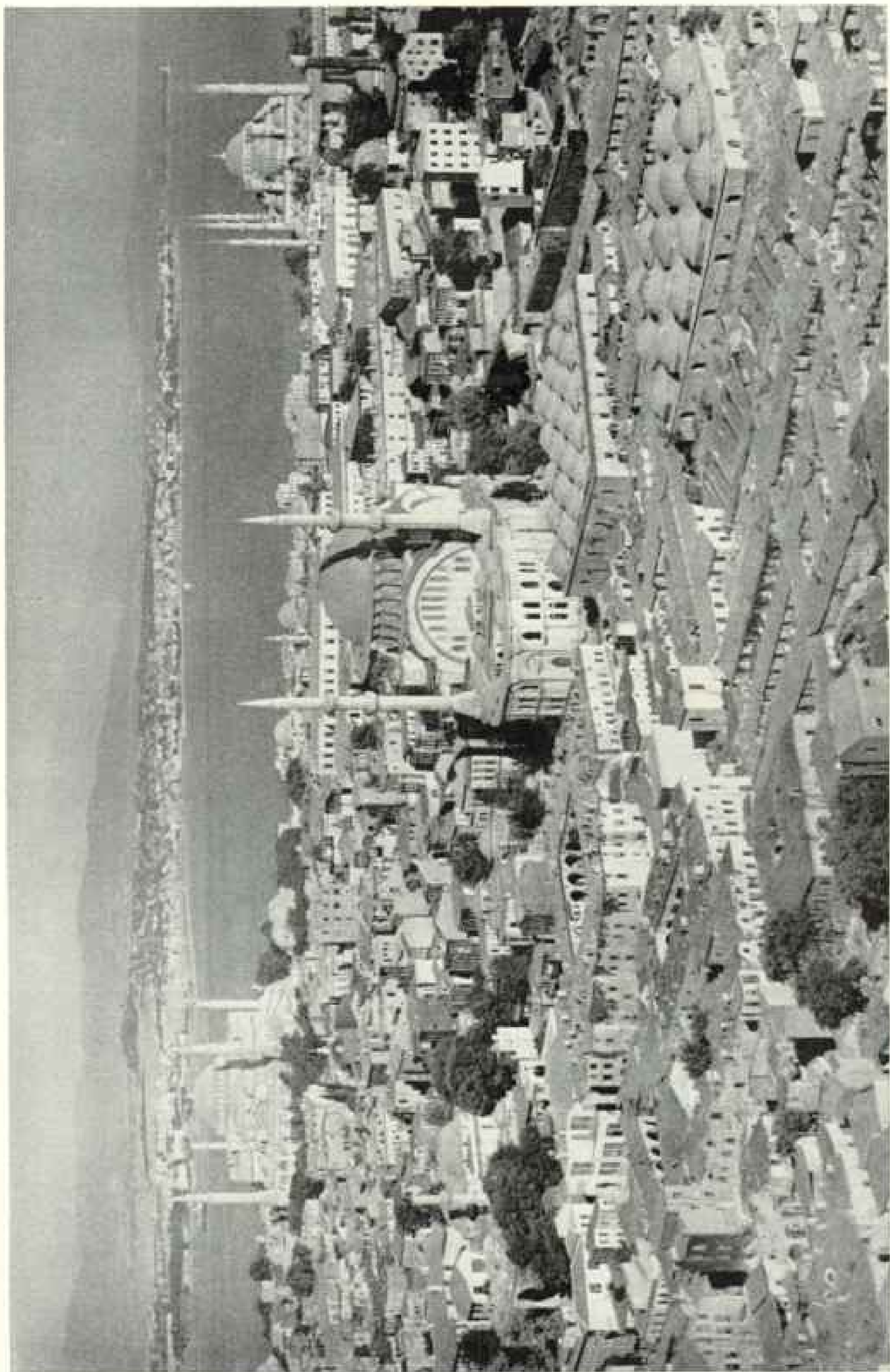
They are from the *Fayruz*, Turkey's 23,100-ton cruiser, formerly the German *Goeben* which escaped to Constantinople in the last war. On December 4-6, 1943, President İnönü met with President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and Sergei A. Vinogradov, Soviet Ambassador to Turkey, at Cairo, far from Axis pressure.



Three Landmarks of Progress Crown a Single Hill at Ankara, Capital of the Turkish Republic

Seated on a spirited horse, Kemal Atatürk overlooks the city he changed from a provincial town to the capital of New Turkey. Behind him is the Ethnographic Museum, a link with Anatolia's checkered past. At left is the Halkedvi (People's House), with a theater, gymnasium, library, and halls for lectures and concerts.

Herbert P. Stearns, Jr.



Pittur Grediner

Past the Bazaar Roofs and Mosques of Istanbul Lie Suburbs on the Shore of Asia Minor

Beyond the dome of Santa Sophia (upper left) is the railway terminus of Hajdar Pasha, joined to Europe by car ferry. Past the two minarets of the Nuri Osmanieh Mosque is the yachting center of Moda. Jutting into the Sea of Marmara behind the "Blue Mosque" (right) is the promontory site of Chalcedon.



A Boy Scout Bugler of Awakened Turkey Sounds Reveille to the Younger Generation
 Under the Sultans, athletics were neglected. Now games and exercise are encouraged. Boy Scout camps tie in with the traditions of the nomadic Turks.



© Central Press, British Consol

Aviation Goggles, Not Veils, Guard the Bright Eyes of Turkish Women

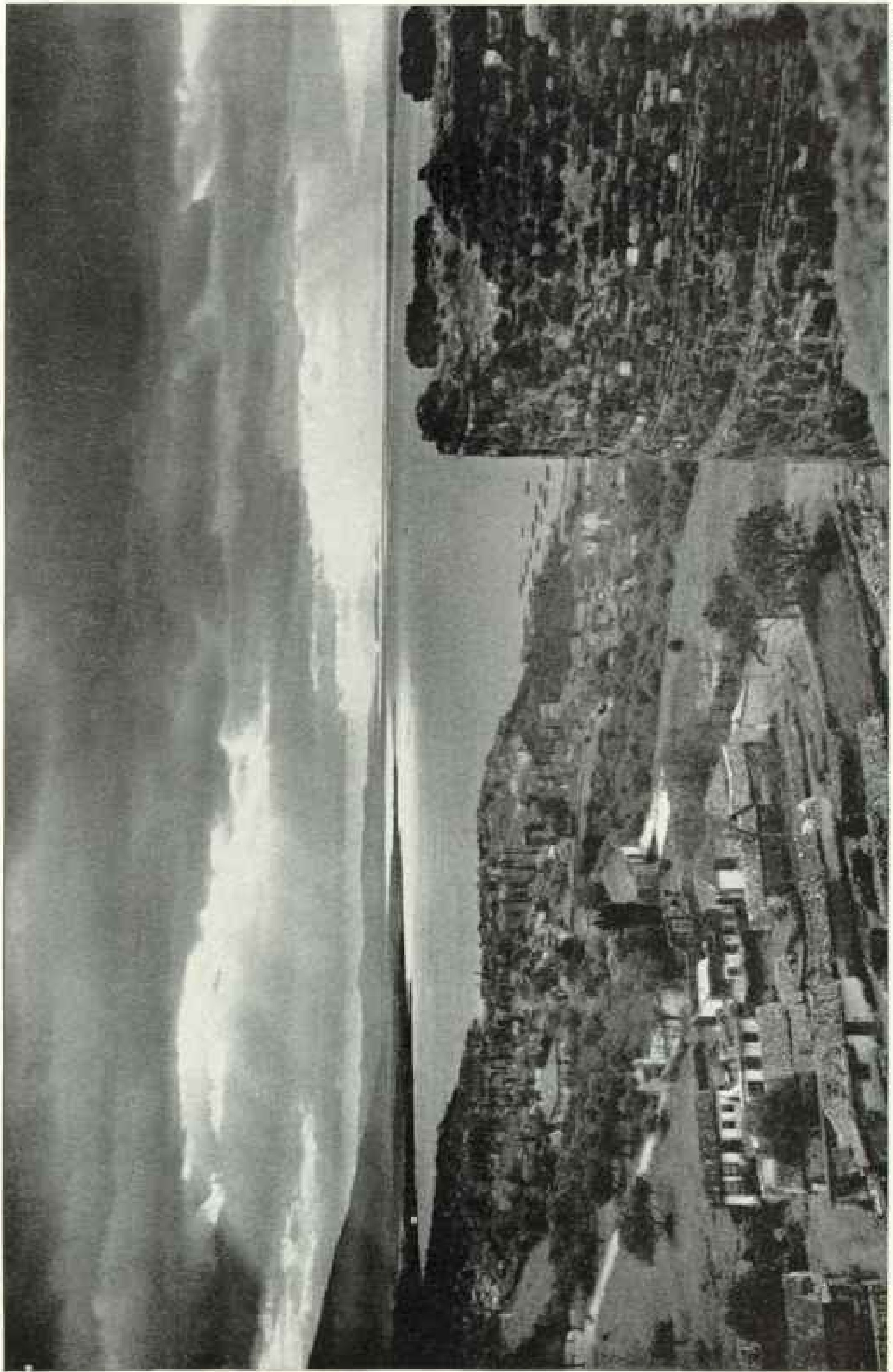
The size of Turkey's air force is a military secret, but many of her young women fly the skies over their homeland, from which foreign air routes are barred.



From Black Star

Far from Seraglio Secrecy, Turkish Boy Meets Girl under Sunny Skies

Unmistakably Turkish and unmistakably modern, these young people, interrupted at their play with a medicine ball, represent present-day life in the Turkish Republic. Beach sports are popular along the Bosphorus, on the Princes Islands in the Sea of Marmara, and at Florya, west of the land walls of Istanbul.



David H. Johnson

From a Medieval Fortress Above Izmir (Smyrna) Is a Dramatic View of Turkey's Finest Harbor and Most Tragical City

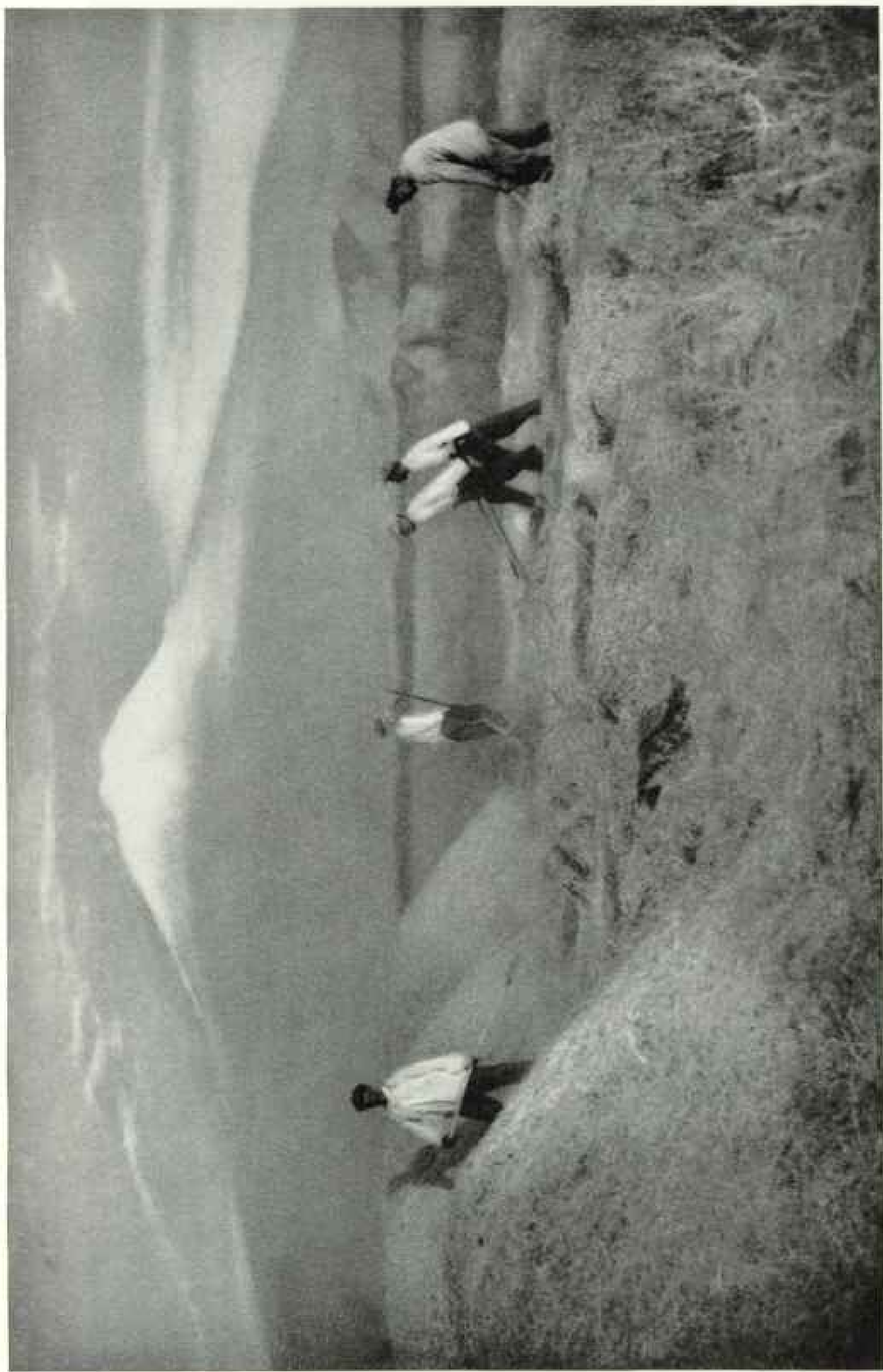
Named after an Amazon, Smyrna rose where Asian trade routes reached the sea, near one of the legendary birthplaces of Homer. Crusaders fought in vain for its citadel. It was the scene of atrocities in 1910 and 1922. Fire destroyed most of the city in 1922 and it was damaged by earthquake in 1929.



Women in White Sort the Large, Sweet Smyrna Figs for Which Izmir Is Famous

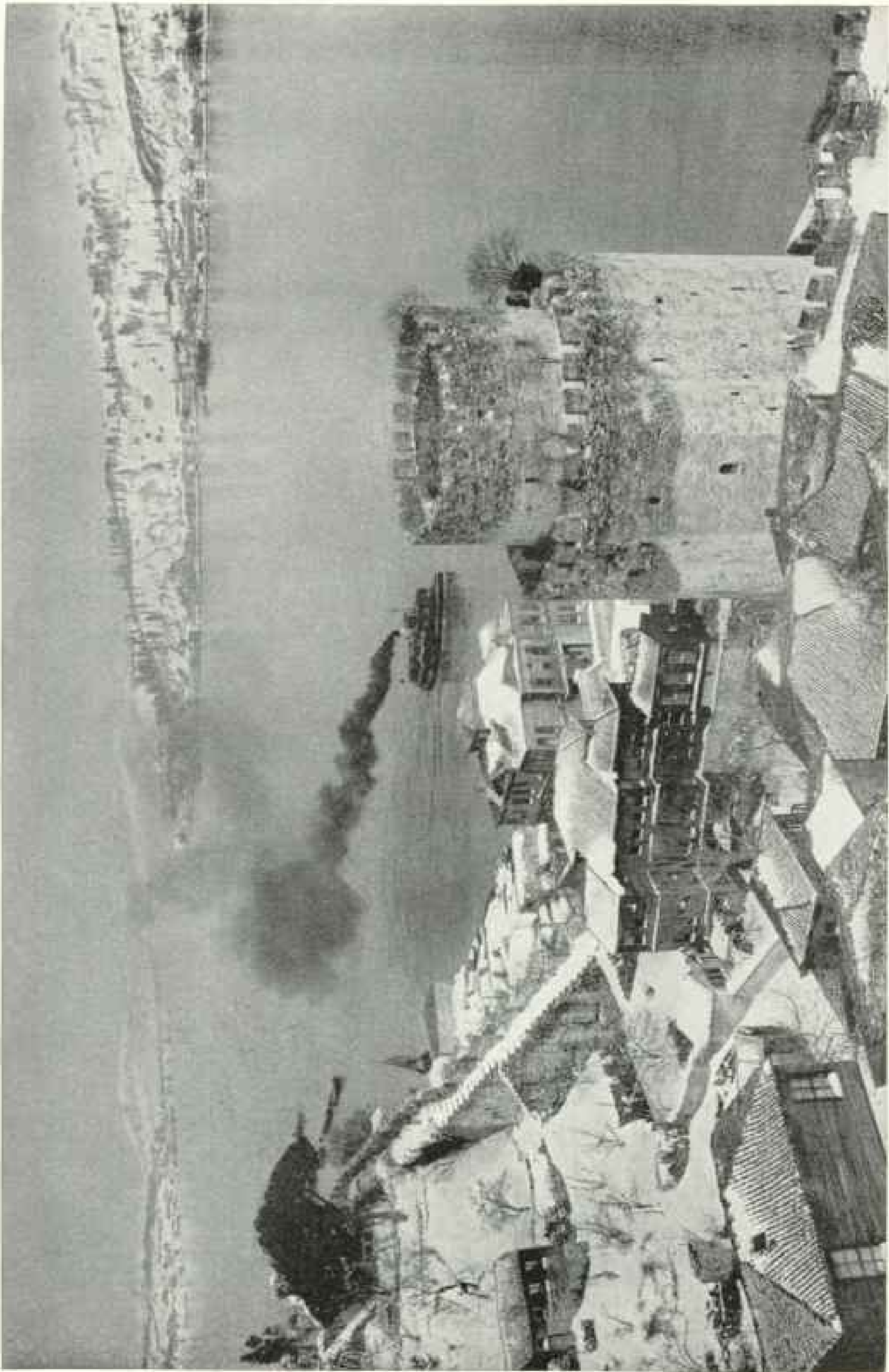
The many-seeded fruit is spread out in trays to dry in the sun. Then the figs are carefully sorted, washed, and bleached before being flattened out in small wooden boxes. Before the present war, Izmir's two-million-dollar crop of figs ranked after tobacco, hazelnuts, and raisins as agricultural exports.

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Beyond a Threshing Floor on a Historic Trade Route Looms Ağrı Dağı, Which We Call Ararat

In this hot plain farmers sweat at the harvest. When winter's snows creep down the widespread skirts of the 16,945-foot mountain, caravans plod out of Asia and toward the Black Sea past the traditional resting place of Noah's Ark. The borders of Soviet Russia, Iran, and Turkey meet on the east slopes of Ararat.



Staff Photographer Marcel Owen Williams

At This Narrowest Neck of the 20-mile-long Bosphorus the Persians Poured into Europe Nearly 2,500 Years Ago

In 1452, when Mohammed the Conqueror was about to lay siege to Constantinople, he built this European Castle (Rumeli Hisari). Its guns were capable of hurling 600-pound stone cannon balls at any passing ship. Rumeli Hisari is the site of Robert College, a distinguished educational institution endowed by Americans.



Kurt and Margaret Lohndahl

Husky Turkish Girls, Studying Fashion Design, Dream of the Slender Silhouette

At Ismet Pasha Girls' Institute in Ankara, young girls study the slinky lines of modern styles. Their mothers were heavily veiled and, because of Mohammedan prejudice against depicting the human form, could not even have dolls. Now a dozen or so women are members of the Grand National Assembly.

The Clock Turns Back in Yugoslavia

The Fortified Monastery of Mountain-girt Dečani Survives Its Six Hundredth Birthday

BY ETHEL CHAMBERLAIN PORTER

THE noonday sun shone hotly upon a deserted road in South Serbia, that country which once was part of ancient Macedonia and which is now the southern portion of the Nazi-occupied Kingdom of Yugoslavia.

Our car waved a banner of dust behind it as it sped along. Behind us stretched a vast blue plain, shimmering in the heat and rimmed by far-off purple hills.

Before us rose a dark mountain wall, the first of three ranges which we must climb by breath-taking passes to the west. There was no inn within a day's journey, and our American family—father, mother, and two sons—had come like medieval pilgrims to ask for shelter at a monastery.

First Glimpse of the Monastery

A river had cut a deep gorge between the mountains, and where it emerged upon the plain we saw a white dome shining against a background of dark pines. It was our first view of the fortified monastery of the Orthodox Church, Visoki Dečani, built in the 14th century when Serbia was one of the important nations of Europe (page 496).

We drove by the riverside up the valley, passed beneath the shade of giant chestnut trees, and stopped before an entrance gate set in a wall of heavy masonry. A thick oaken door bore a knocker in the shape of a bearded face, with a ring of twisted iron.

To this ring had clung hunted fugitives of the Middle Ages, fleeing from Turkish scimitars, and terrified peasants escaping from homes put to the torch by Albanian invaders. Our hope is that it affords sanctuary today for victims of Nazi oppression.

At the thump of the knocker, the gates opened to us motorists with all the gracious hospitality shown to pilgrims of the past, for in this remote part of old Serbia the monastery is still a refuge for the traveler. A bit of bread and a place to sleep were all we asked, and we felt sure of a welcome.

Across the sunny courtyard came a slender figure in the severe black gown and cylindrical cap of the Serbian Orthodox monk. He greeted us with a warm handclasp and said in French that he was Father Ambrozije, come to offer us hospitality in the name of Saint Stevan, who guards this monastery (page 494).

Evidently still in his twenties, he was a young man with an intelligent face, sensitive and beautiful. His brown hair curled upon his shoulders, and his beard of red-gold ringlets, sign of the Orthodox priesthood, was softly youthful.

We imagined that his face and those of two or three others among the younger monks bore a strange and haunting resemblance to that of the Christ painted in the dome of their church.

A delightful person, young Father Ambrozije. Throughout our stay he attended to our wants and regaled us with tales from the rich store of history and legend which is one of the treasures of this monastery.

Our automobile, which fitted so ill into such surroundings, was hidden away in a stone shed. As we looked about us, six centuries seemed to drop away. We were whisked back to the year 1330 when the noble Stevan, King of Serbia, had come home victorious from the war against Bulgaria. The star of Serbia was rising fast and would shine with its greatest brilliance during the reign of Stevan's son, Dušan the Great.

King Stevan was old and weary at that time, and he longed to rest; his young son was clamoring for the throne.

So upon this spot near Peč, seat of the Serbian National Church, he decreed that a fortified monastery should be built as a refuge for his old age, and a noble church as sanctuary for his bones.

A Scene of Six Centuries Ago

On that day six centuries ago, when Stevan first entered these gates to seek peace in a war-torn world, the scene was almost literally the same as that which greeted us. The marble church, with its monastic buildings clustered about it, still gleamed against the mountainside.

The river leapt from its gorge and flowed beside the walls, then widened into a placid stream which watered the monastery farm lands. Here peasants, who lived on the estate, toiled to raise the crops and care for the flocks and herds which fed the monks and their dependents.

The Brothers' living quarters and the farm buildings encircled the church like a protecting wall, broken only by the single gate which



Clifford Purter

**Father Andreas (left) and Father Ambrozije Offer Dečani's
Hospitality to the Wayfarer**

Under their guidance the author lived "24 hours in the 14th century." They are modern representatives of the Orthodox Church which kept the Serbian spirit of independence alive in the Middle Ages.

led to the outer world. Inside this gate were crowded carpenter shop, storehouses, forge, and wagon shed.

In a dark little mill, a trickle of water idly turned the wheel. At each revolution of the stone, a single grain of corn was ground for the Brothers' bread. A cat, black as Satan, watched the operation with wide green eyes.

Dormitories and guesthouse overhung the river, built into the fortified wall.

On the outside the windows were narrow slits, for safety's sake, but those opening on the quadrangle were wide and dark, like patches of black velvet on the brilliant white plaster.

Along an open loggia on the second floor of one of the buildings were ranged the cells of the monks, door after door, the abodes of Father Ambrozije, Father Andreas, Father Djordje, and the rest.

**The Door Opens in
Answer to a Prayer**

On the Abbot's door was a brass plate upon which were engraved the words of a prayer. A caller did not knock, but repeated the prayer and entered only if the Abbot cried "Amen."

In the center of the quadrangle, dreaming in the warm Serbian sun, stood the lovely old abbey church of pink and white marble, weathered to a rich tone of ivory touched with rose.

Fire, earthquake, and the Turkish terror had visited Dečani through the centuries.

Some of the monastic buildings had been burned and replaced, but the church of King Stevan stood at the time of our visit exactly as it stood in 1335 when the last stone carver put away his chisel and the building was dedicated

to the service of the Orthodox Church of Serbia.

As the Egyptian kings built pyramids to demonstrate their glory and to serve as their tombs, so medieval rulers built churches, lavishing their wealth that these sanctuaries might be things of beauty from carved marble doorway to frescoed wall.

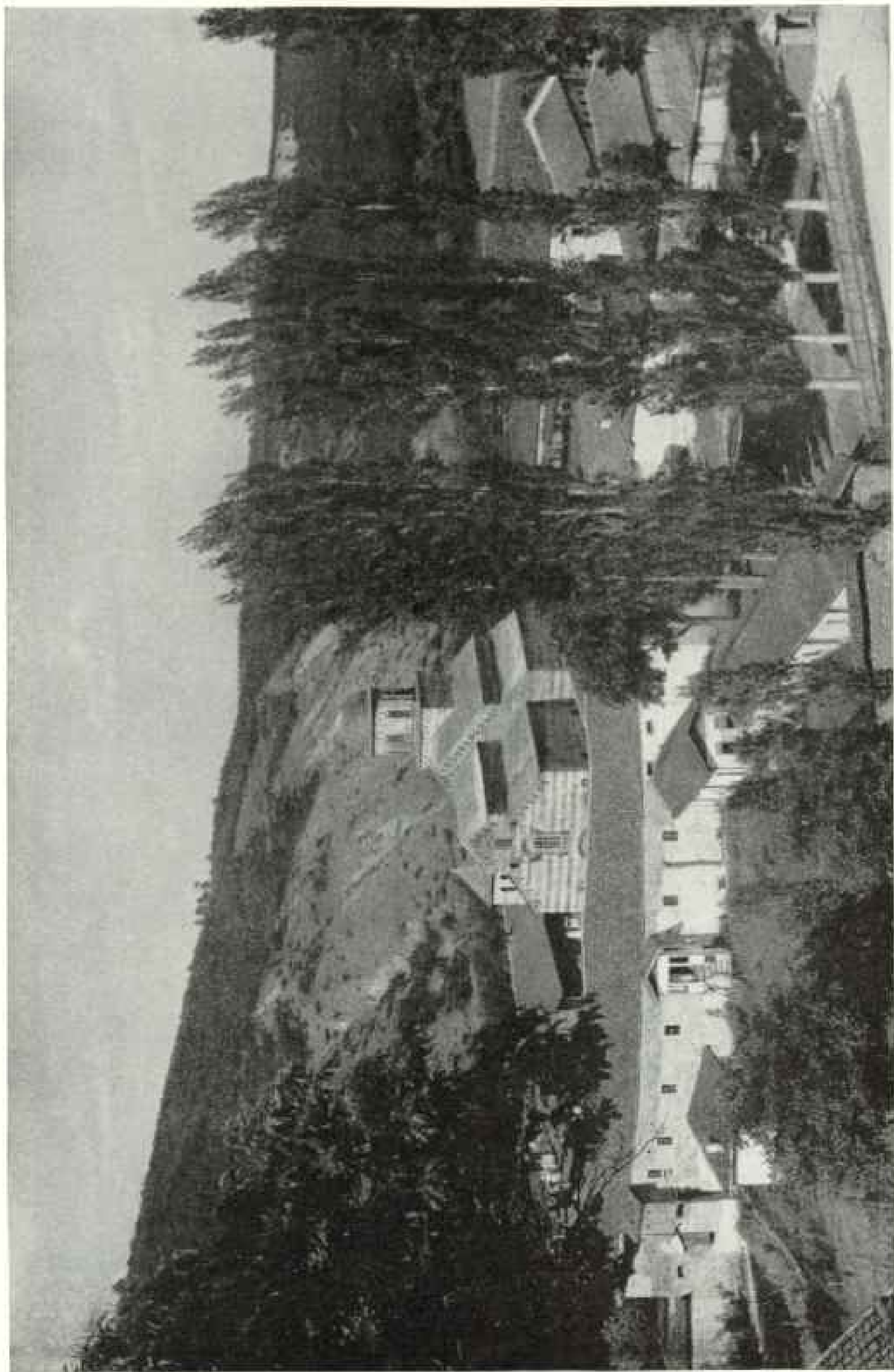
And this church of Stevan's was so nobly conceived, so perfectly wrought, that its beauty haunted the beholder. It followed him out into the world and lured him back again, to linger on the marble bench beside the door or to pass hours before the glowing frescoes within (page 502).



Photo from Ethel Chamberlain Porter

Over a Door to the Church of Dečani the Christ Child Raises a Hand in Blessing

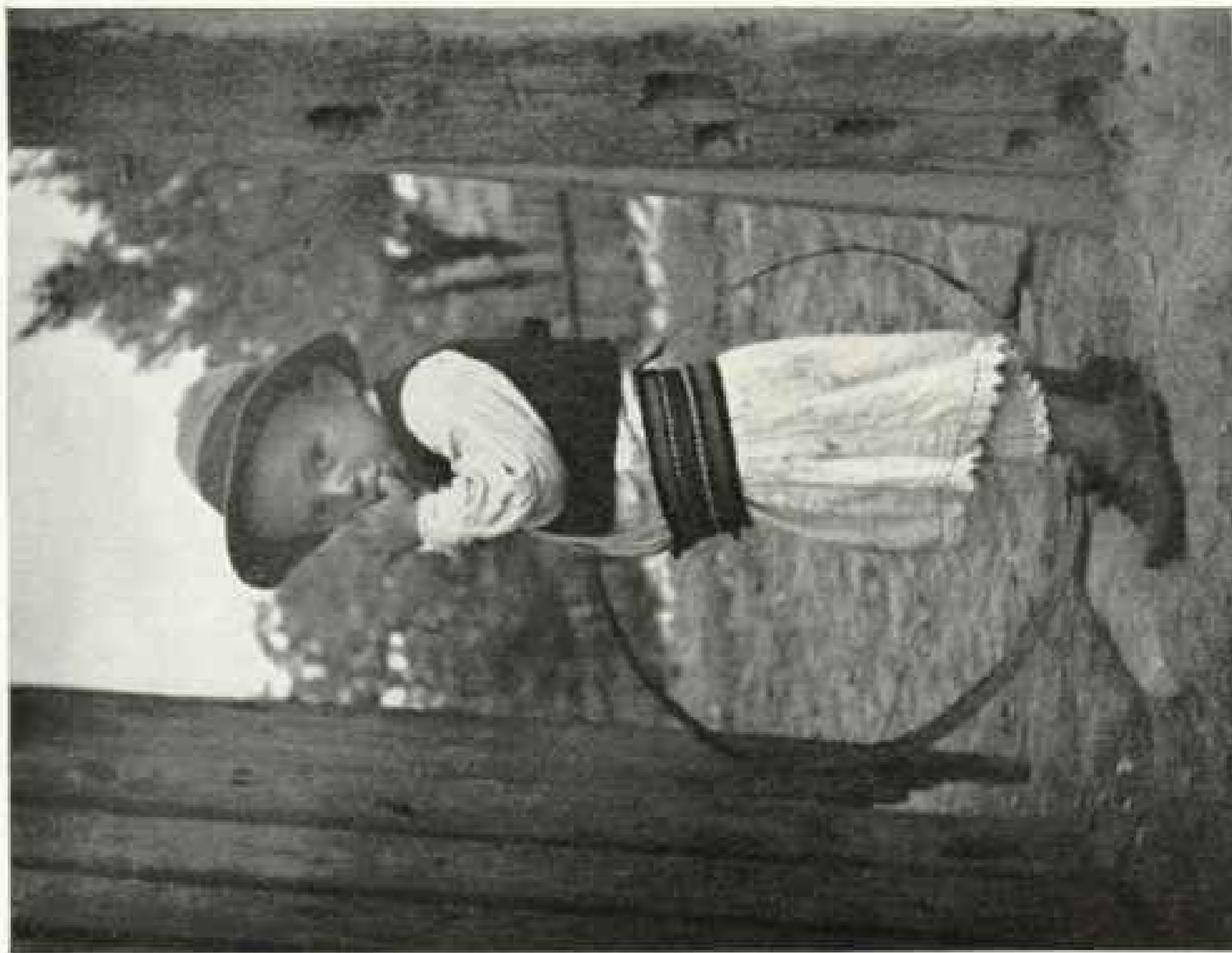
A griffin (left) and a lion top the inner columns, which rest on other lions. Legend says Dečani once was saved when such a stone lion, miraculously falling, crushed a Turkish invader, frightening away his companions. Nowadays Moslems are welcome visitors. Many make donations.



People from Dečani Churchyard in Dečani

Shrine of Orthodox Serbs, Dečani Church Is Walled In by Fortresslike Quarters of Its Monks and Students

For safety's sake, outer windows were built high and small. More than once the monastery, finished in 1335, stood siege. Following a massacre, it was vacant for a century. At the time of the author's visit 40 farm families supplied the monks' table with every dish but coffee (page 504). Dečani is 10 miles from Peć.



Clothes Style Is Dad's, but Thumb-in-mouth Is His Own Idea

From homemade moccasins to sleeveless jacket, the young Serb dresses like an adult. However, the factory-made hat is foreign to the costume. Prepared to dart left or right, the boy occupies a strategic gap in the fence.



Orphaned and Exiled, Serbian Children Still Smile

In the first World War, the Serbs exiled 30,000 boys to preserve their race, but half of them perished. Since the Nazi invasion some 420,000 Yugoslav children have been orphaned. Some have been massacred. Many are starving.

Peace Lane



International Boundaries as of September 1, 1939, the day Germany invaded Poland.

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Photo from Ethel Chamberlain Porter

Above a Dečani Door, God the Father and Praying Angels Are Carved in High Relief

Although their image of the bearded Deity seems naïve to visitors, the work of medieval Serb artists is surprisingly modern in design. They knew perspective; portrayed subtle expressions. Some art students believe they influenced the Italian Renaissance (page 512).

It was quiet on that summer morning when we stood in the sun-drenched quadrangle at Dečani. A fountain splashed, pigeons cooed under the eaves, black-gowned monks hurried by, and two or three boys from the monastery school lingered before their dormitory door.

The Brothers at Dečani operated a boarding school in which 40 boys were being prepared for the university. This was a secular school of high standing, a fact attested by the intelligent faces beneath the tall black caps of the monks, most of whom were teachers.

We once stumbled into a history classroom by mistake. The bare room with its wooden forms carved by generations of schoolboys, with its map of Europe on the wall and its high windows revealing nothing but blue sky, might easily have been a recitation room at Eton or Rugby.

Although a few of these boys were to become priests or monks, most of them would complete their studies at one of the Yugoslav universities. While they were students here, they lived the simple life of the Brothers, lent a hand at the work of the household, and

attended services in the church at daybreak and dusk.

"Come with me," said Father Ambrozije, "and I will show you the cells where you are to sleep."

We Sleep in Bare Monastic Cells

We entered a doorway in the thick stone wall, climbed a dark stair, and were in the bare, whitewashed corridor of the guests' quarters. Our host opened one door after another and examined the cells with care before assigning them. He decided, at last, that the two young gentlemen were to share a double cell, Monsieur should have the single one next to them, and Madame should occupy the last one, at the far end of the hall.

"But no," said the monk, when we had left our scanty baggage in the places indicated, "we must perfect the arrangements. Dečani has the honor of offering a night's lodging to a lady from America. Madame must have the beautiful cell, of course."

So Monsieur and his toothbrush were banished to the end of the corridor, and Madame was ceremoniously installed in his



Clifford Porter

At Harvesttime Gristmills Float Downstream from Farm to Farm Grinding Grain

At season's end crews pole them upstream. Power-generating paddles, supported by houseboat and outrigger, are turned by the swift Morava. Such mills have borne war's pontoon bridges. Chinese rivermen employ similar devices to pound rice.

place. The "beautiful" cell differed from the others in that its narrow ceiling was barrel-vaulted and painted sky blue, studded with golden stars.

Like the others, it had a single lattice window overlooking the gorge. There was a white iron cot with cornhusk mattress, one sheet, and one of those heavy red puffs, stuffed with feathers, which are so much admired by the people of Central Europe. Upon an iron stand stood a blue washbowl and pitcher, and the kerosene lamp beside them was the only object we saw in the monastery which might not have been there when Stevan the Founder came home from the wars.

The late King Alexander of Yugoslavia was intensely interested in the old Serbian monasteries. He often passed a few days at Dečani with Queen Marie, who shared his devotion to his country's past.

Father Ambrozije led us across the hall and reverently opened the door of the royal suite.

Here were no gilded furniture nor embroidered hangings—just two cells, slightly larger than our own and almost as simply furnished. Only the royal portraits on plain, whitewashed walls, a silken cover on the table, and a bowl of flowers distinguished the apartment of kings from that of the common traveler.

A "Frugal Repast" Becomes a Banquet

"It is dinnertime," announced our host. "Will you please come and share our bread and milk?"

In an upper room a long table was spread. There were ten guests, all told, and we ate alone, for the monks had dined in their own refectory.

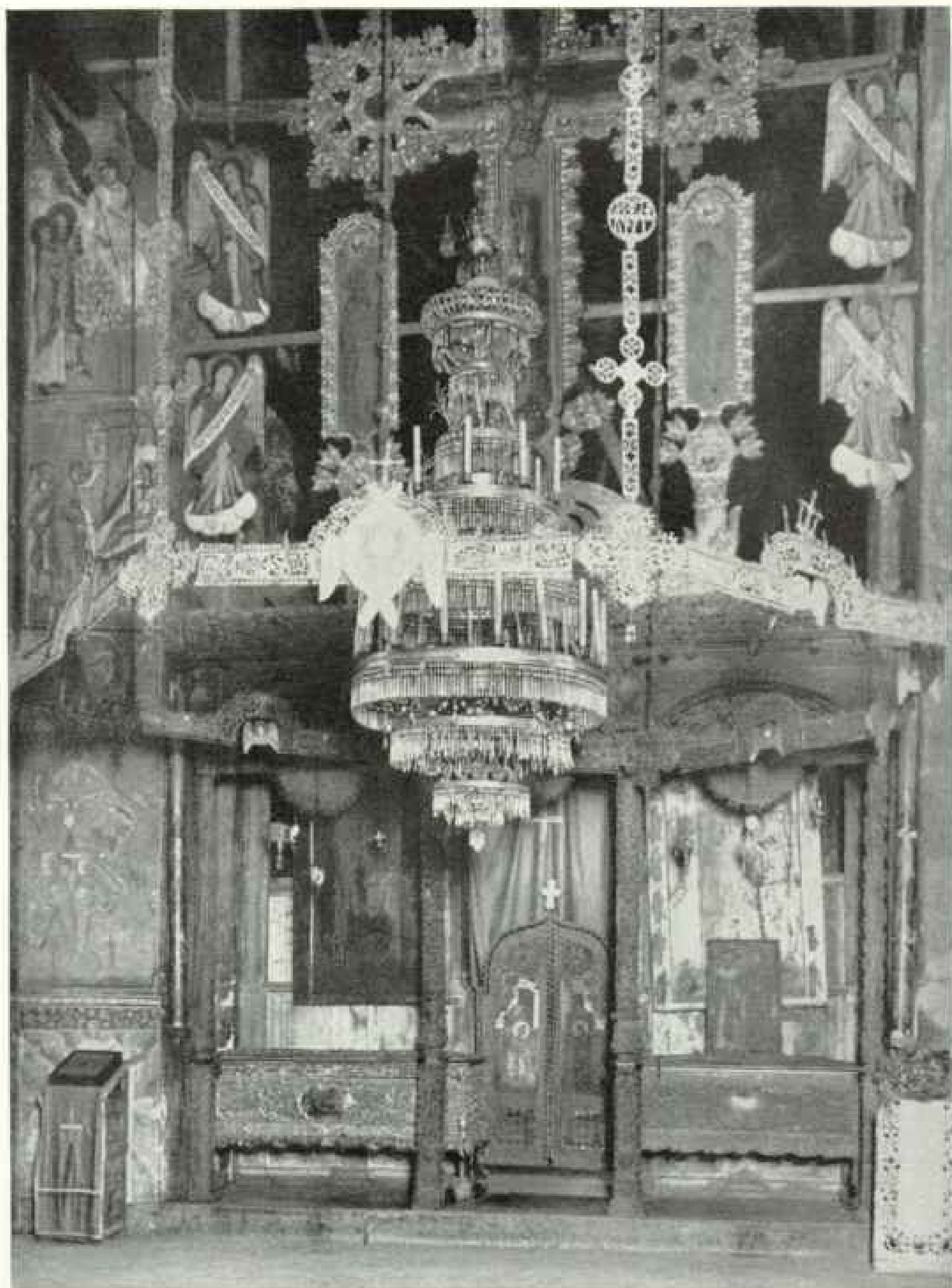
Besides our family, our Slovenian friend, and the chauffeur, there were four men, all natives of Yugoslavia. Two of them, slender and dark, were lawyers in the government service. The stout, jolly man with the shaven head looked like a movie actor but was really



Alfred Eisenstadt/Pix

Ornamental Metal Shields Derive from Armor Worn by Her Great-great-grandmothers

During the medieval wars women in one region wore heavy plates as protection against kicks by enemy soldiers. Decorative versions of such shields survive. This girl's homespun, embroidered woolen costume represents the spare-time labor of a year. It will last a lifetime.



Etzel Chamberlain, Pirker

Below Dečani's Dome Hangs a Chandelier of Bronze Wrought from Serb Heroes' Weapons

A thousand or more magnificent frescoes decorate the interior. Ahead lies the iron-hung wooden screen which shields the altar room in an Orthodox church. A touch upon a carving opens the treasure chamber looted during the first World War. King Stevan, Dečani's sainted founder, lies in the casket at the left.



Picture from Ethel Chamberlain Porter

Courtship's Tender Glances Ignore Mama's Eagle Eye and Sisters' Envious Stares

Sunday afternoon's *kolo* dance—so very, very public—is almost the only time for wooing. Friends of the families will arrange the betrothal and wedding. The debutante's costume is her advertisement of skill with the needle. In that respect her sisters appear equally eligible.



Ernst H. P. Porter

He Has No Pants Pockets, So He Grams His Belongings into a Sash

His cap is black astrakhan. The armpit-high belt is scarlet wool. Blouse and trousers are linen. Six feet six inches is not an uncommon height for the Serb. His giant cousins help roll America's steel and brace its football lines.

a famous judge who had come to visit his schoolboy son. The pale individual in the corner was an invalid, taking a walking trip for his health.

Though a queerly assorted crowd, as pilgrims often are, we managed in broken phrases of French and German to carry on a satisfactory conversation.

All stood while Father Ambrozije said a prayer in Serbo-Croatian; the guests crossed themselves and sat down upon the benches which flanked the long table.

Then came the schoolboy Nikola, with his shock of curly black hair waving above him like a banner. He carried in his arms an enormous tureen, brimming with soup made of meat and vegetables.

He bowed politely as he passed it to each guest, who ladled out his portion into his own bowl. It was delicious eaten with black bread such as the peasants use and a soft, white curdy cheese. There was goat cheese, too, and wine from the monks' own grapes.

The piles of bread disappeared rapidly, all the soup was gone, and we were feeling very comfortable and well fed when Nikola came back with his big bowl, this time filled with savory lamb stew. We felt that we should show our appreciation of the "bread and milk," so we started in on the stew and found it so good that we soon finished it off.

Then came luscious plums, dark purple with a silvery sheen, and bursting with sweetness. We sat and talked for a long time over small cups of syrupy Turkish coffee, the only part of the meal which had not been produced on the Dečani farms.

A Scene of Quiet Peace

After lunch our sons went to the river to swim with one of the monks, while my husband and I climbed the mountainside to a point from which the entire estate of Dečani could be seen. Far below, the broad roofs of the monastery buildings clustered around the church of Stevan in a protecting circle.

Down in the courtyard a monk paced back and forth, a group of visitors entered the church, two peasants bent over the green rows of vegetables in the garden. There were fruit trees here, and a fountain of pure water. Chickens and ducks were kept in pens near the kitchen door, and the cellars were stored with corn and wine. The Brothers could close their gate and withstand a siege of some length without going hungry.

Outside the walls were tidy orchards and vineyards, carefully pruned and sprayed. Apples were beginning to redden beneath the clustering leaves; there were green pears, long



Clifford Porter

Sheepskin Jackets for Cold Nights Are Carried on Shepherds' Staffs or Shoulders

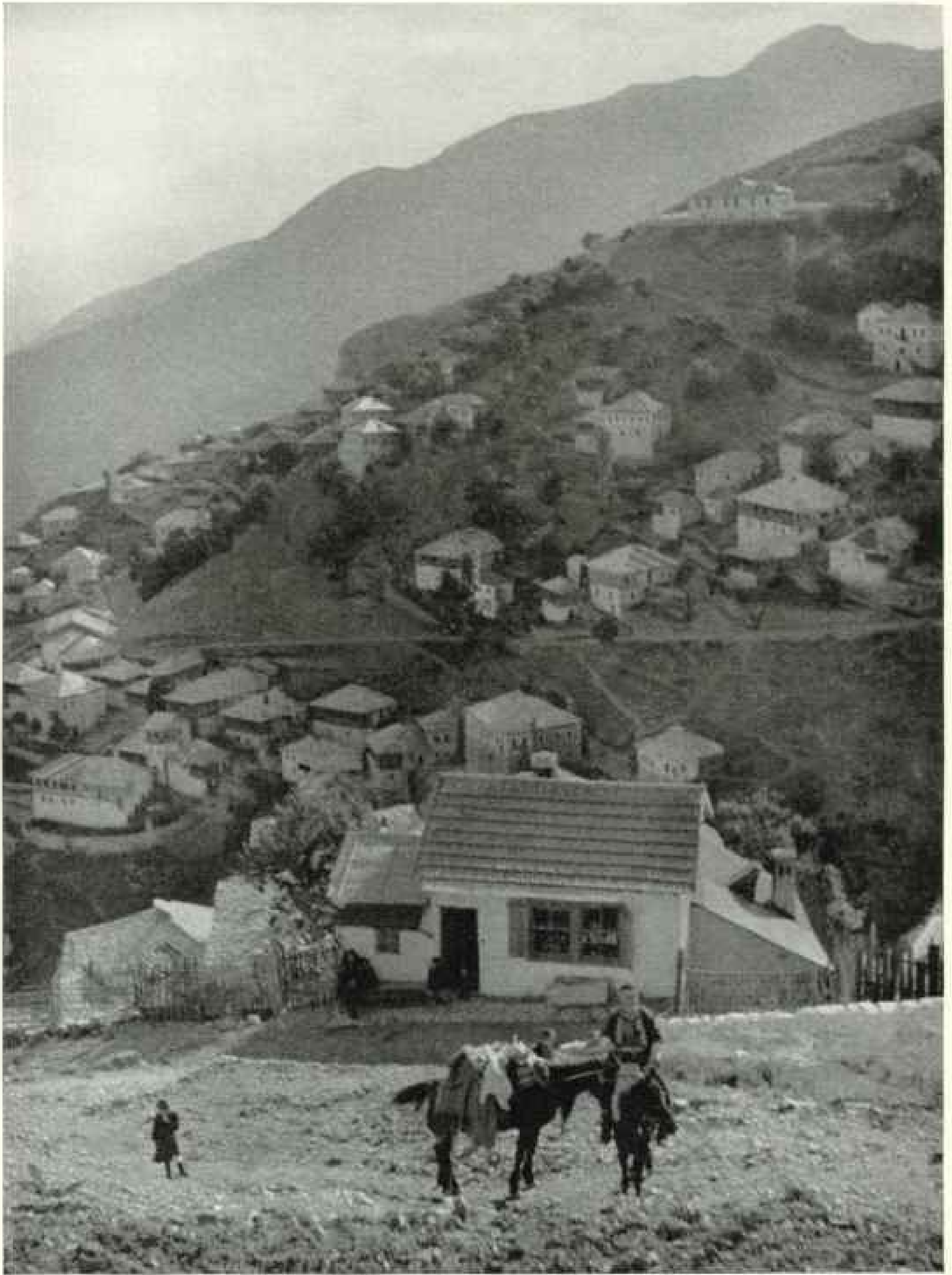
One is a good example of the South Slavs who, splitting off from the Russians, reached the Adriatic in the sixth century. His companion has the Mongol features sometimes encountered in the Balkans.



© Helang from Three Lines

Home for Two Weeks a Year, Galičnik Men Shed the World's Garments for Native Dress

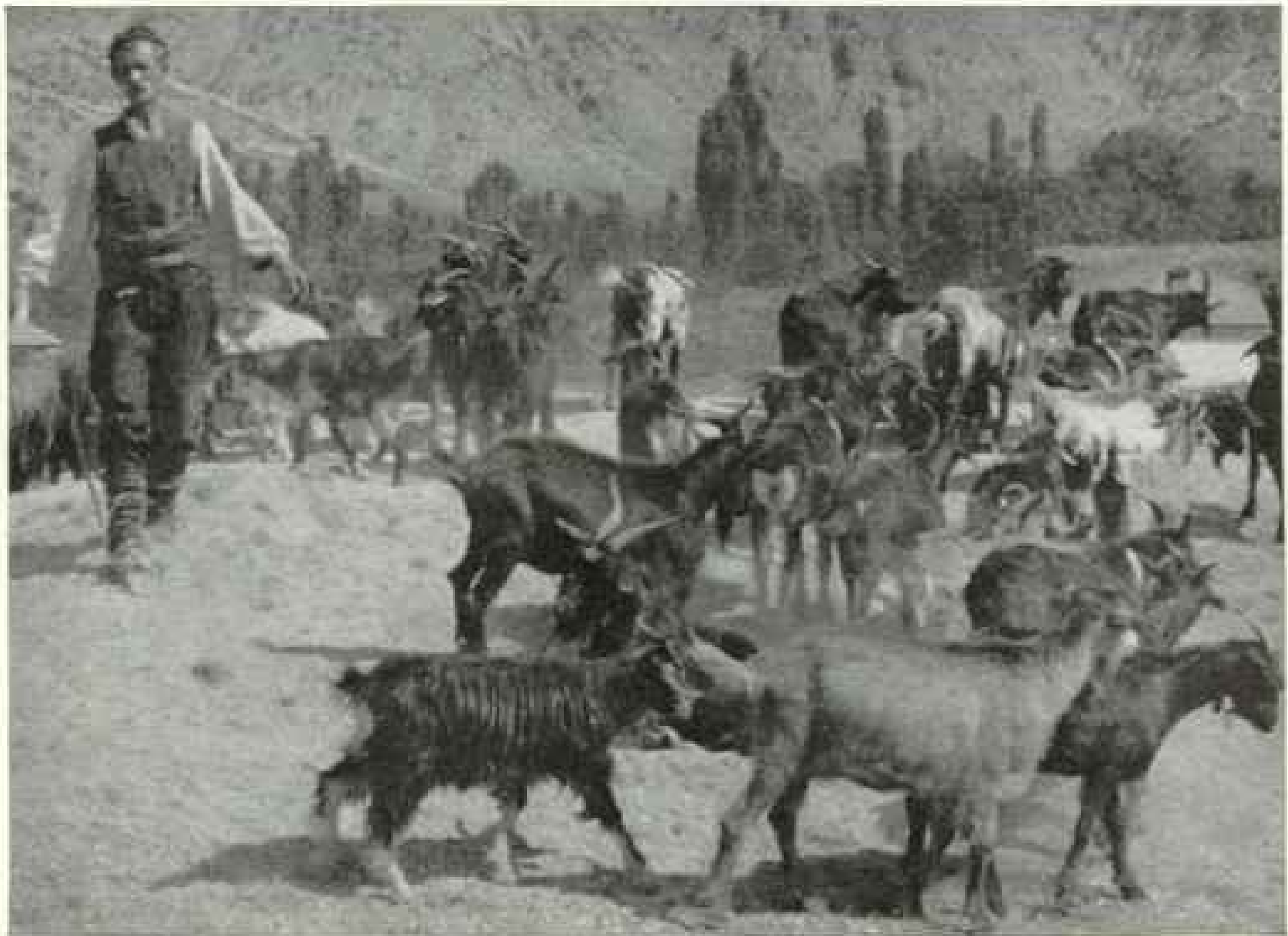
In American clothes, Galičnikers helped to build New York's skyscrapers. Their forefathers carved Dečani's altar screen (pages 502, 511). During the wanderers' annual return all marriages are performed. Before their next homecoming there is a new crop of babies (page 506).



© Helwig from These Lands

In Mountainside Galičnik Wives Live as Widows for 50 Weeks out of the 52

Before the war their men came home for two weeks each July with money earned in Belgrade, Bucharest, or even New York. Master masons and wood carvers, they found few jobs at home. They perpetuate medieval trade guilds which fled here from invaders. Doorways 500 years old preserve the guilds' insignia.



Hedoff Hedoff

From a Green Ravine the Mountaineer and His Goats Glean a Precarious Living

Among the crags bands of Serbs defied the Turks for centuries. Similar terrain helps Chetniks and Partisans withstand the Nazis. Goats provide milk and cheese for some too poor to afford even salt or sugar.

bunches of grapes, and our favorite plums, heavy and ripe. Bees and wasps swarmed in the sun for a taste of the delicious fruit.

Down the valley, sleek red cows cooled themselves in the stream while the peasant boys, whose duty it was to guard them, ventured into the melon patch. Here grew the sweet, yellow Serbian melons, like our honeydew, and tempting dark-green watermelons. As far as the eye could see stretched the monks' fields of corn, rye, oats, and hay.

Forty families worked on the estate, under the supervision of the Abbot's assistant. We saw this foreman at dusk, standing beside the church, giving instructions to a group about the work for the next day.

Around him crowded the men, dressed in their working clothes of homespun white linen, embroidered in red, and wearing close-fitting white felt caps and rawhide sandals held by thongs which were wound about their legs. The families of some of these men had lived on the monastery estate since their ancestors were serfs, bound to the soil.

The church of Dečani was the center and soul of the monastery. The surrounding build-

ings, buzzing with communal life, were insignificant compared with the simple, beautiful temple of pink marble which towered above them. It was one of the loveliest things we saw in all Yugoslavia.

With Father Ambrozije we walked around it on the bright turf which grew up to its very foundation. Below the dome its roofs sloped gently to walls of tawny rose, pierced by windows as narrow as arrow-slits.

Churches Were Built for Defense

In the early days, such churches were built for defense as well as for prayer, and more than once the monks were beleaguered within their place of worship. The roofs were made of lead, and a little calculation showed us that they had been in place more than a century and a half when Columbus set forth upon his adventures. A frieze of little faces, carved in stone, surrounded the church and presented a fascinating picture gallery of the 14th century. Kings and abbots, monks and peasants, bishops and serfs smiled or frowned in an amusing row around the walls.

There were three arched doorways, richly



Boat of Daligh

On Okhrida Lake He Oars a Boat of Prehistoric Design

Among its fish are "living fossils" found elsewhere only among rocks preserving their skeletons. Constantinople so esteemed Okhrida's trout that it kept relays of couriers transporting them.



Parade from Kralj Tomislava Festival

Wearing Coin Necklaces, Debutantes Parade Their Dowry Gold

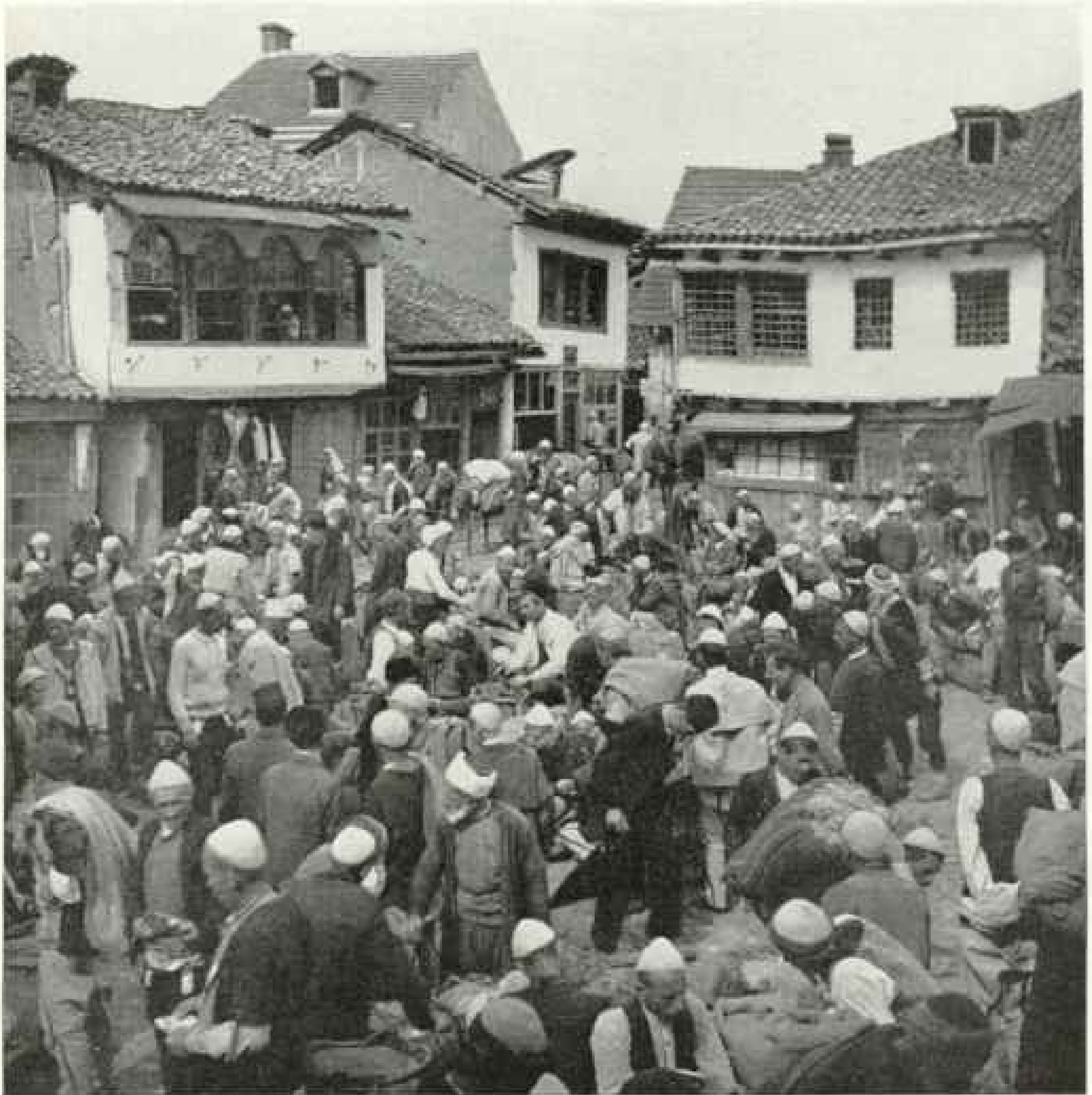
Other coins dangle from finger and apron. Hand-woven linen dresses are laden with embroidery. Artificial fruit on silk kerchiefs shows these Serb maidens are of marriageable age.



From the Ethel Chamberlain Porter

As Drums Beat and Pipes Trill, Boys and Girls Clasp Hands, Form a Circle, and Dance the Kolo to Exhaustion.

Slowly now the kolo begins. Soon skirts and braids will fly with the centrifugal force of crack-the-whip. An Albanian band provides the music. Dancers are South Serbians, all candidates for marriage. The afternoon-long whirl measures prospective brides' stamina, their most important qualification for farm life.



Dimitry Horner

Crowded with Moslems, Prizren's Grain Market Is a Bit of the Orient in Europe

Here men still wear the fez Turkey has outlawed. Some prefer the Albanian-style eggshell skullcap of white felt. Foes for centuries, Moslems and Christians are good neighbors in Yugoslavia.

carved in high relief. The storms of all the years had not marred their beauty. The decoration had the measured symmetry and detail of Byzantine sculpture, enlivened by those grotesque animals and faces which make Gothic work so delightful.

In the tympanum of the western door was a naïve bas-relief of God the Father with shovel beard, very short legs, and an elaborately draped gown. On either side was carved a praying angel with beautiful, half-spread wings (page 499).

Over a threshold worn hollow by pious feet we stepped into the church. Pale golden shafts of sunlight from the windows in the dome struck down through the gloom, to pick

out flashes of color on the frescoed walls and to lie in bright pools on brazen lamps, gay embroideries, and the silver and gold of ikons.

This rich, half-barbaric beauty was a perfect expression of the period of Serbia's glory when Stevan ordered his tomb. The modern pilgrim was almost literally standing in the Middle Ages, so little had it been changed.

High above the marble floor soared the dome, upheld by mighty columns of stone. Below it, suspended by chains 30 feet long, was a vast octagonal chandelier of bronze filigree, wrought from the weapons of Serb heroes who died at the Battle of Kossovo in their vain, dramatic struggle against the Turk. Upon it were graven the letters SSSS, the Na-



© Helene from Three Limes

In Homespun Linen and Factory Cap, a Farmer Packs His Purchases at Ohrid

"Wheat and Flour Store," says the sign, printed in Cyrillic. Based on Greek, this alphabet serves Serbia, Russia, and Bulgaria. Serbs and Croats speak the same tongue, but Croats write in Latin characters.

tion's motto, "Only unity can save the Serbs."

The high altar was hidden by a screen marvelously carved in wood by the men of Galičnik, a Serbian village whose inhabitants have long been famous masters of this art. On either side were small shrines, bright with gold, honoring St. Dimitrije and St. Nikola.

Father Ambrozije pressed his finger upon a spot in the carving near the altar screen and a door swung silently open. Within was the dark cavern of the church's treasure house, once filled with jewels and sacred objects of gold and enamel, precious illuminated manuscripts, and a silver model of the church. But the place had been looted when the first World War swept across Serbia, and much

of the treasure was gone forever (page 502).

At the left of the altar stood a red wooden casket, encased in a gilded network of running vines and flowers. This was the very heart of the monastery, and every monk bowed low on approaching it, for it contained the revered bones of Stevan, both king and saint.

We lingered in the church all afternoon, enthralled by the beauties on every side.

Moslems Visit a Christian Shrine

An Orthodox peasant family bowed one by one to kiss the golden ikon on the desk beneath the dome. They were all clothed in white linen embroidered in black, relieved by needlework in red, blue, and yellow. Even

the small children were dressed exactly like their parents.

A Moslem pair followed. The man's trousers were tight in the leg and baggy in the seat, and his fez was draped in a many-colored turban. The woman was swathed in voluminous garments, with the usual thick black veil which covered her entire face. Moslems and Christians lived peaceably together in Yugoslavia, and no one seemed surprised when the Mohammedan lady viewed a Christian shrine through her Turkish veil.

The frescoes of Dečani were among the finest examples of that Serbian art which lies between the stiff and formal work of the Byzantines and the fluid beauty of line and color of the Italian Renaissance. Some critics believe that the Renaissance in art began to blossom in Serbia nearly a century before it appeared in Italy and the rest of Europe.

The walls were crowded from dome to floor with frescoed figures, painted in clear colors which blended into a tapestry of hues. There were crowned and sceptered kings with forked beards, some holding little models of the churches they had built. Golden halos shone about the heads of saints and white-winged angels, whose graceful draperies seemed to flutter in the breeze. They thronged against a background of deep, soft blue under the sunset light until we pilgrims felt we were surrounded by all the hosts of heaven.

As twilight fell, dark figures began to steal across the quadrangle from dormitory and workroom. We stood against the wall, for there are no pews in an Orthodox church. One by one, with quiet faces, the monks entered the doorway, bent to kiss the golden ikon, then bowed low over the tomb of Stevan, crossed themselves, and disappeared.

A dozen boys from the school tiptoed over the marble floor, did honor to saint and king, and took their places in the choir stalls. Slim tapers twinkled, and hanging lamps shed dim light upon the painted walls. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a sweet tenor voice behind the altar screen, singing the service.

Then came Father Ambrozije, stepping slowly and swinging a golden censer. The smoke floated upward in drifting spirals, and with it the magnificent music of the Orthodox choir rose toward the darkness of the dome. Boyish soprano, tenor, and bass mingled in a rising flood of glorious harmony.

We leaned, breathless, against our supporting wall. The 20th century had passed away, and we felt as if we stood in the dim church with Stevan, listening to that heavenly chorus rising until it poured through the windows in the dome and floated out among the stars.

After the service was done and the church door had been locked with a key a foot long, the good monks clustered around us in the darkness of the courtyard and told us tales of the early days when Stevan built his monastery in the wilderness.

They spoke of the time when wild Albanians murdered the 40 monks then in residence and left the buildings to be swallowed up by the forest. Great trees grew up before the carven doors, but the white marble dome still shone above them. A hundred years later, a new group of Brothers cleared the land and reestablished the monastery.

"But," said the monks, "this church has stood unchanged through all the years, and every day, except during the century when it was deserted, this same service has been sung in our own Serbian language."

By this time, the moon was high and there was a vast emptiness within us. We wondered if monks ate only one meal a day.

Sad Fate of the Monastery Rooster

Father Andreas finished his tale and said, "We regret deeply that your supper is so long delayed, for it is our custom to serve our guests before evensong. But tonight we must ask you to wait a little longer.

"We asked our cook to provide the best food possible, in honor of our guests from America. In his enthusiasm, the unfortunate man killed, by mistake, the monastery cock. He is not very tender, and we beg you to be patient, so that he may be cooked to your taste."

Later, when we had finished our bowls of soup, the wild-haired Nikola brought in the monastery pet, nicely browned and resting on a bed of rice. It took courage to eat him, but we did, and found him good.

When we had drained the last thimbleful of coffee, and the evening blessing had been said, Nikola appeared with a tin lantern in which a candle sputtered, and led us up the shadowy staircase to our cells. The music of the stream sang us to sleep, and we did not hear the monks softly stealing from their quarters to morning worship at four o'clock.

When we awoke, the sun was high, the monks had been about their business for hours, and the peasants were hard at work in fields and garden.

Father Ambrozije stood at the gate to give us a parting blessing. Still we lingered, dreading to break the spell which this old monastery had thrown over us, but at last we said goodbye, offering to him and to the Brothers our heartfelt thanks for that gracious hospitality which had permitted us to live for 24 hours in the 14th century.

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded fifty-six 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 researchers solved secrets that had puzzled historians for three hundred years.

In Mexico, The Society and the Smithsonian Institution, January 16, 1919, discovered the oldest work of man in the Americas for which we have a date. This slab of stone is engraved in Mayan characters with a date which means November 4, 291 B. C. (Spinden Correlation). It antedates by 200 years anything heretofore dated in America, and reveals a great center of early American culture, previously unknown.

On November 11, 1935, in a flight sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, ascended to the world altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took aloft in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.

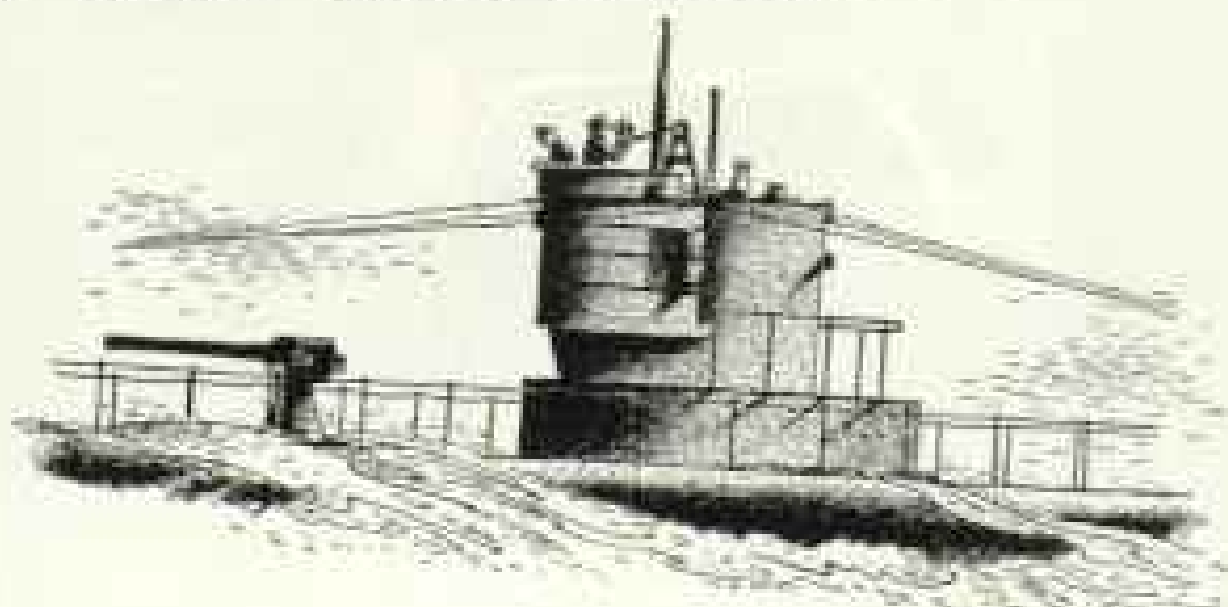
The National Geographic Society-U. S. Navy Expedition camped on desert Canton Island in mid-Pacific and successfully photographed and observed the solar eclipse of 1937. The Society has taken part in many projects to increase knowledge of the sun.

The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in deep-sea explorations off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,028 feet was attained.

The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$75,000 was given by individual members, to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park of California were thereby saved for the American people.

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I don't remember very well . . .

Except, somebody faked and drew their fire and I went in and put both grenades through the slit, but the one in my left hand I held a little too long . . .

I don't remember very well.

Somehow, I never thought it would end this way. I never thought I'd go home like this. But whatever comes next, I'll take in my stride because in my home town, in my home state, in my America, you can't keep a good man down!

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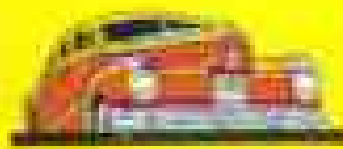
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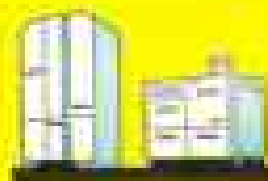


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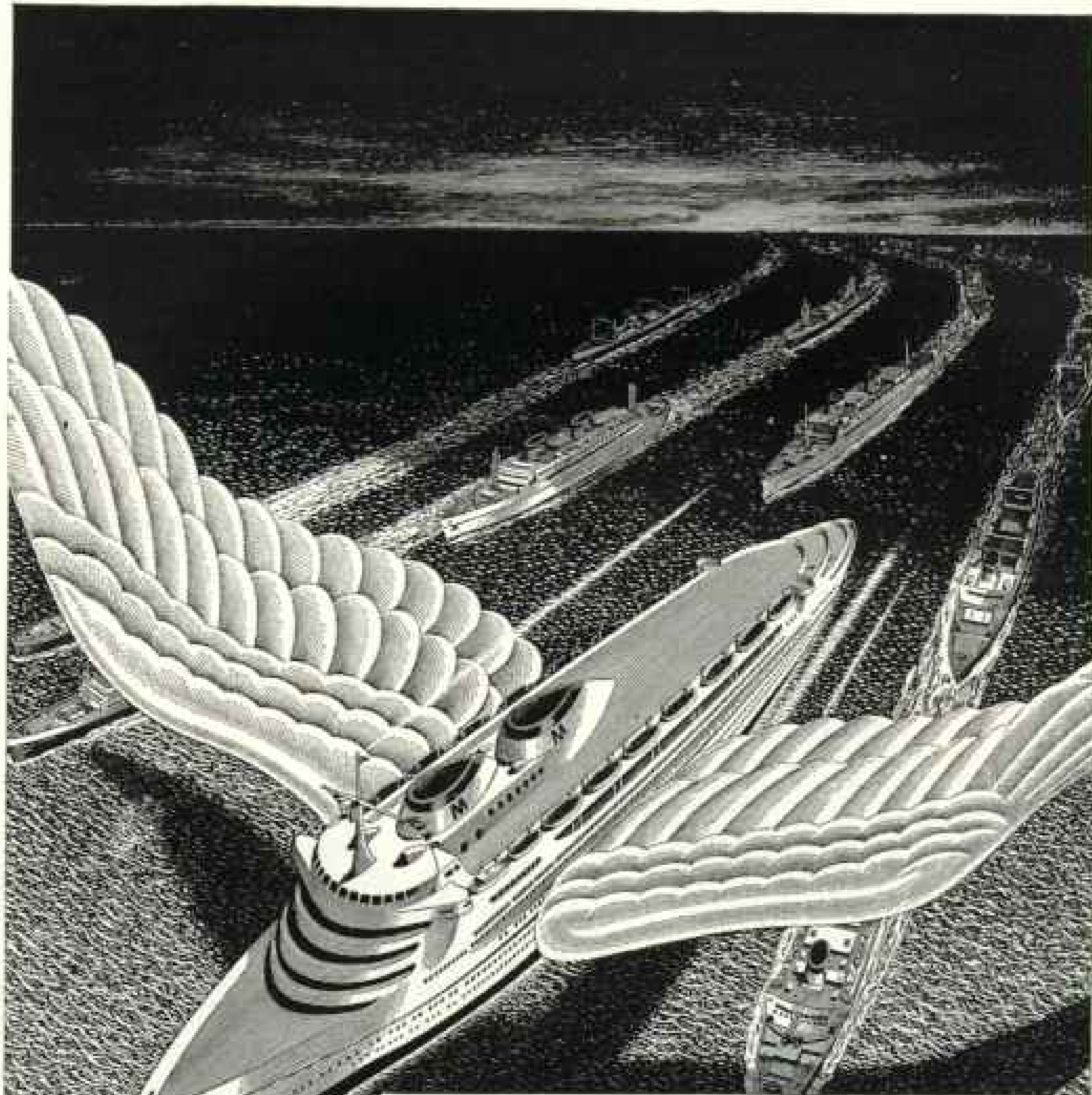
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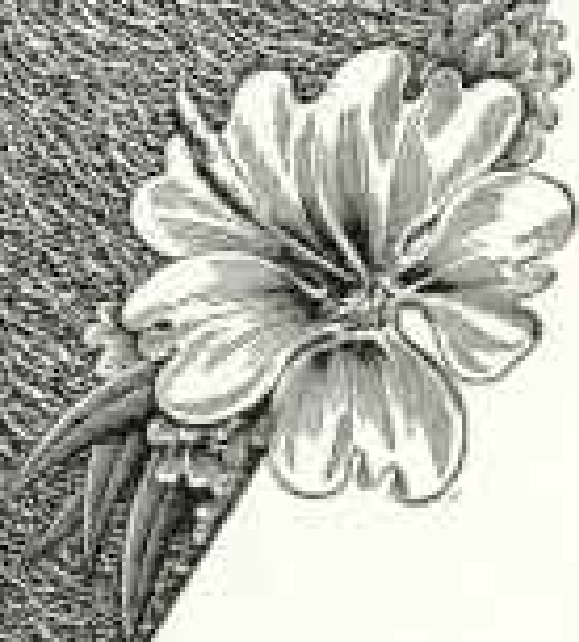


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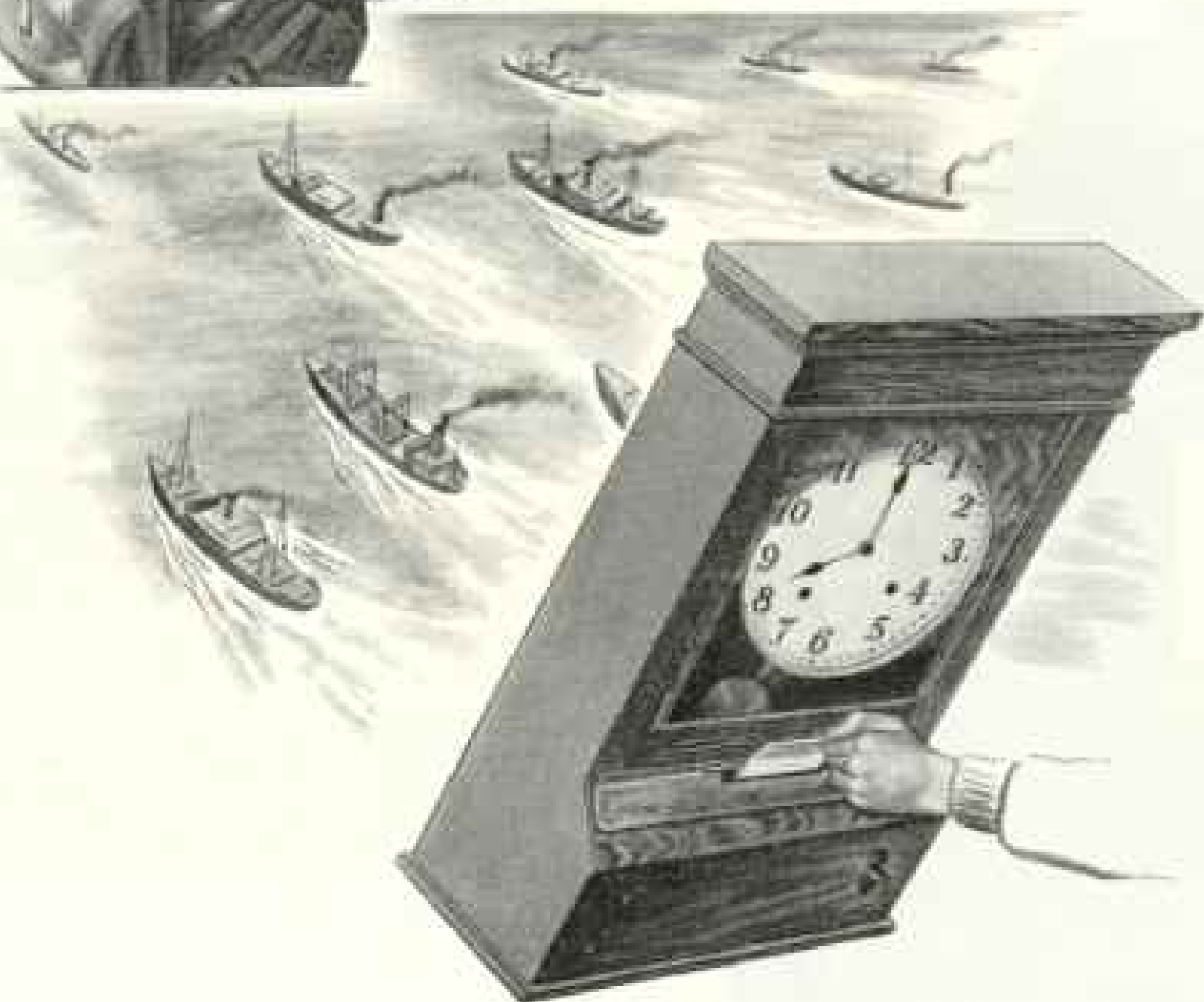
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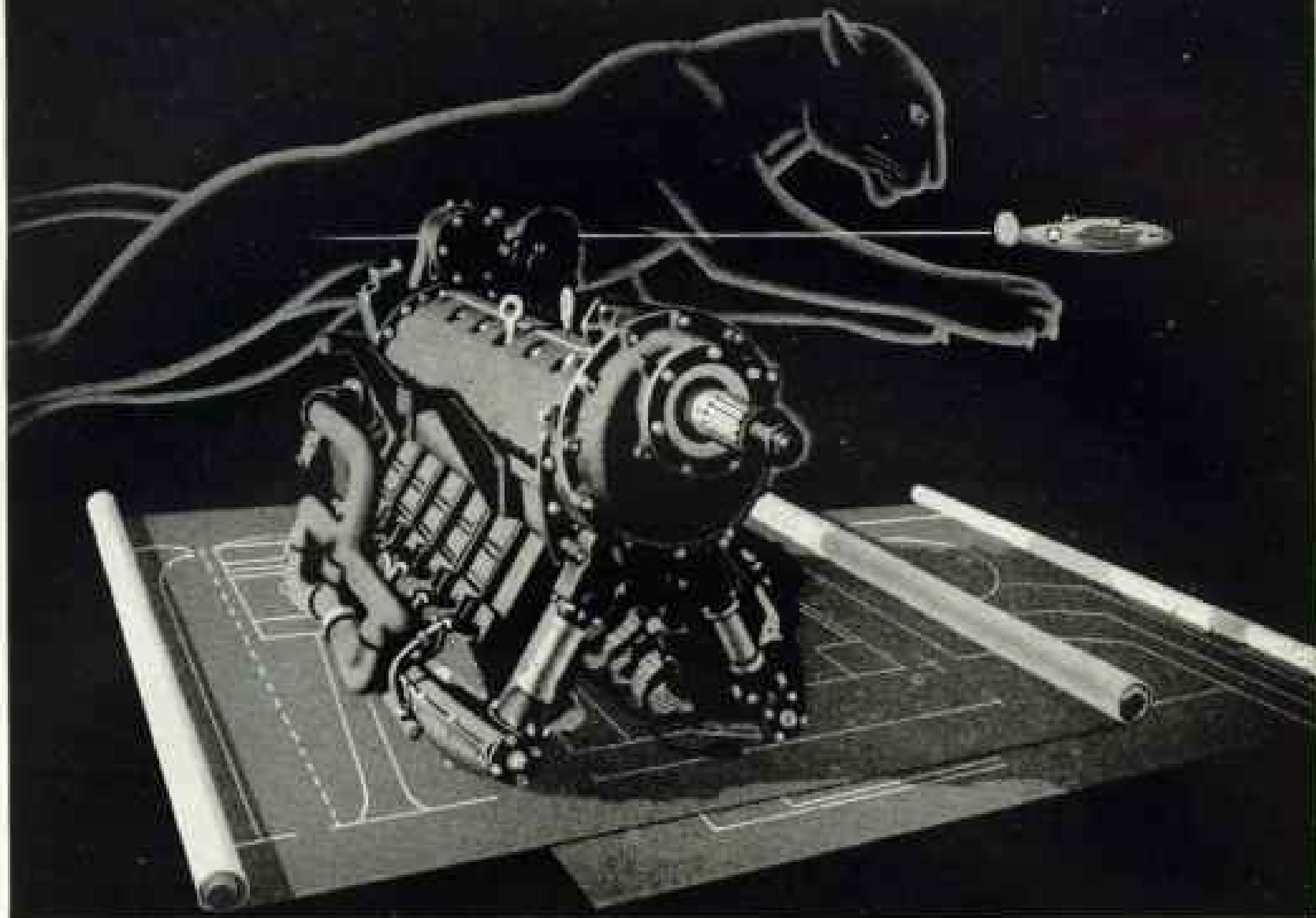
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gine in its power class. The explosions that give life to its parts recur with such lightning rapidity that they blend into a velvety purr.

Three hundred explosions a second! They sound like this  In other engines in the same power class they sound like this  Get the idea? *Velvet* power vs. jolting power.

Hundreds of Fairchild engineers and technicians work day and night seeking still better performance through better materials, better methods, better designs for still better Ranger engines. It is these men who keep the Fairchild "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today."

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

 **FAIRCHILD**

ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . . Burlington, N. C. • Darzabill Division, New York, N. Y.

The "SIGNAL CORPS" in action!



How the Men of Tower X Speed Wartime Trains on the Water Level Route

This is Signal Tower X. You may have glimpsed it from your train window. Just a little, two-story building beside the tracks. Yet, from here are set the signals and switches that control the steel giants of the rails. And here, day and night, men of New York Central's "signal corps" play their vital part in today's critical battle of transportation.

Once, Tower X bristled with tall levers,

laboriously worked by hand. Today, its electric controls set the heaviest switch at the twist of a towerman's wrist.

And tomorrow? Well, in New York Central's newest towers, even more automatic controls are already installed. And when Victory again frees production, Tower X, and others along the Water Level Route, will get still finer equipment to serve the faster rail transportation of the future.

50 MILES AT A GLANCE

This chart maps the 50-mile network of tracks controlled by Tower X. Electric lights show the movement of every train.

CIRCUIT SLEUTH

A Signal Maintainer is on duty in every large New York Central tower, constantly checking the hundreds of electric circuits and keeping equipment in perfect order.

MISTAKE-PROOF MACHINE

This electric signal machine is typical New York Central tower equipment. Controls are so "interlocked" that conflicting routes cannot be set up.

MASTER STRATEGIST

On the Tower Director's quick thinking depends the smooth flow of wartime traffic over this portion of New York Central. He "calls the routes" for the Levermen to set up.

ALL EYES AND EARS

The Operator notes on his Train Sheet the time each train passes, and reports to the Dispatcher. He also watches and listens to check the operation of each train, and then signals to the rear brakeman.

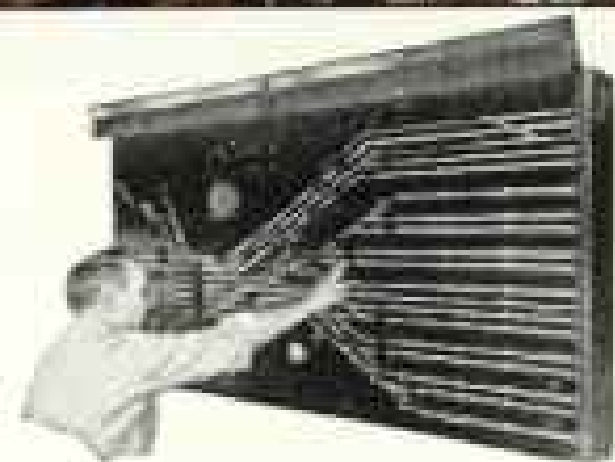


New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

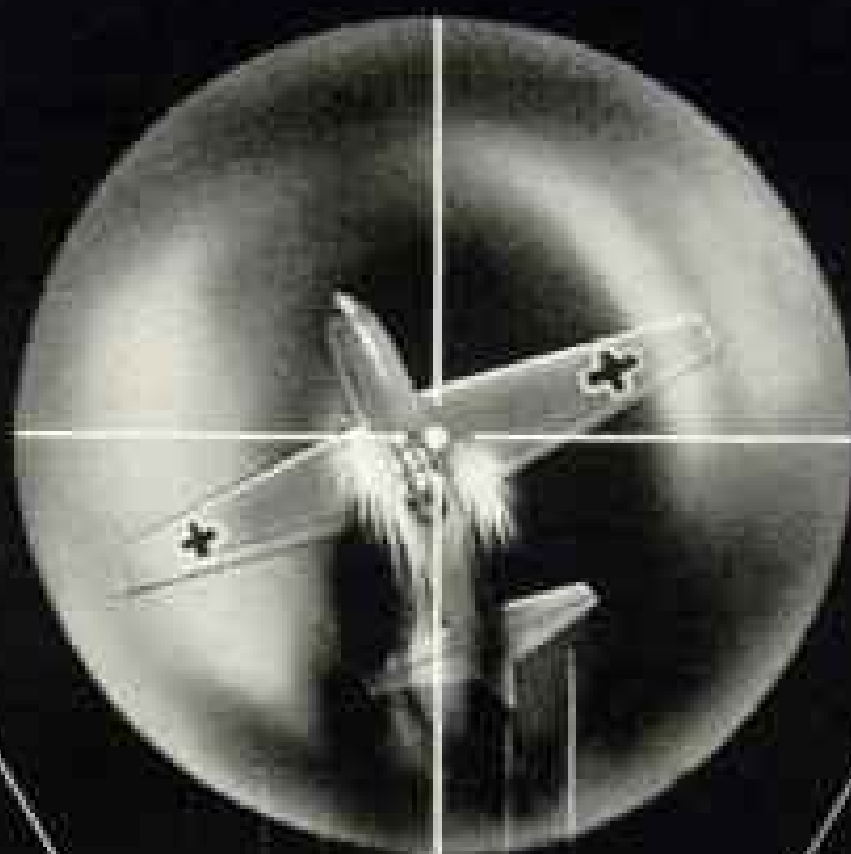


"POST-WAR" TOWER TODAY!

This "electric brain" is already at work in New York Central's latest tower. It automatically selects routes, sets switches and signals at the touch of a button!

Jewels of Today

ARGUS EYES FOR VICTORY

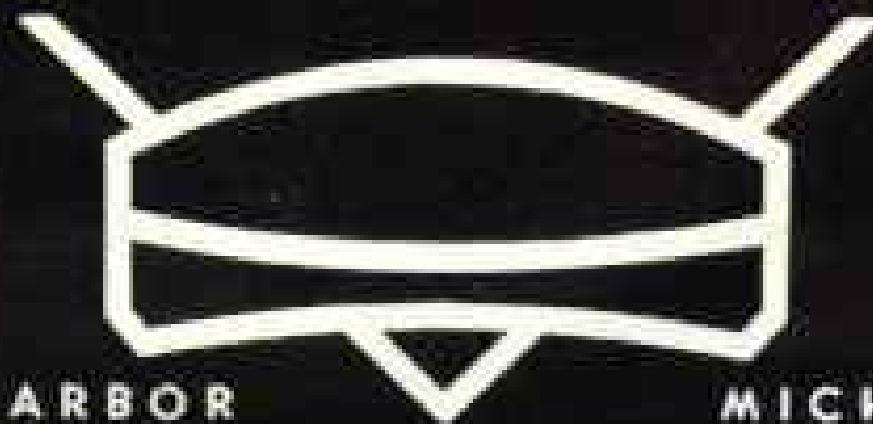


AWARDED TO PLANT 2
OPTICAL DIVISION

PRECISION
OPTICAL
INSTRUMENTS BY

argus

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, INC.



FINE AMERICAN CAMERAS

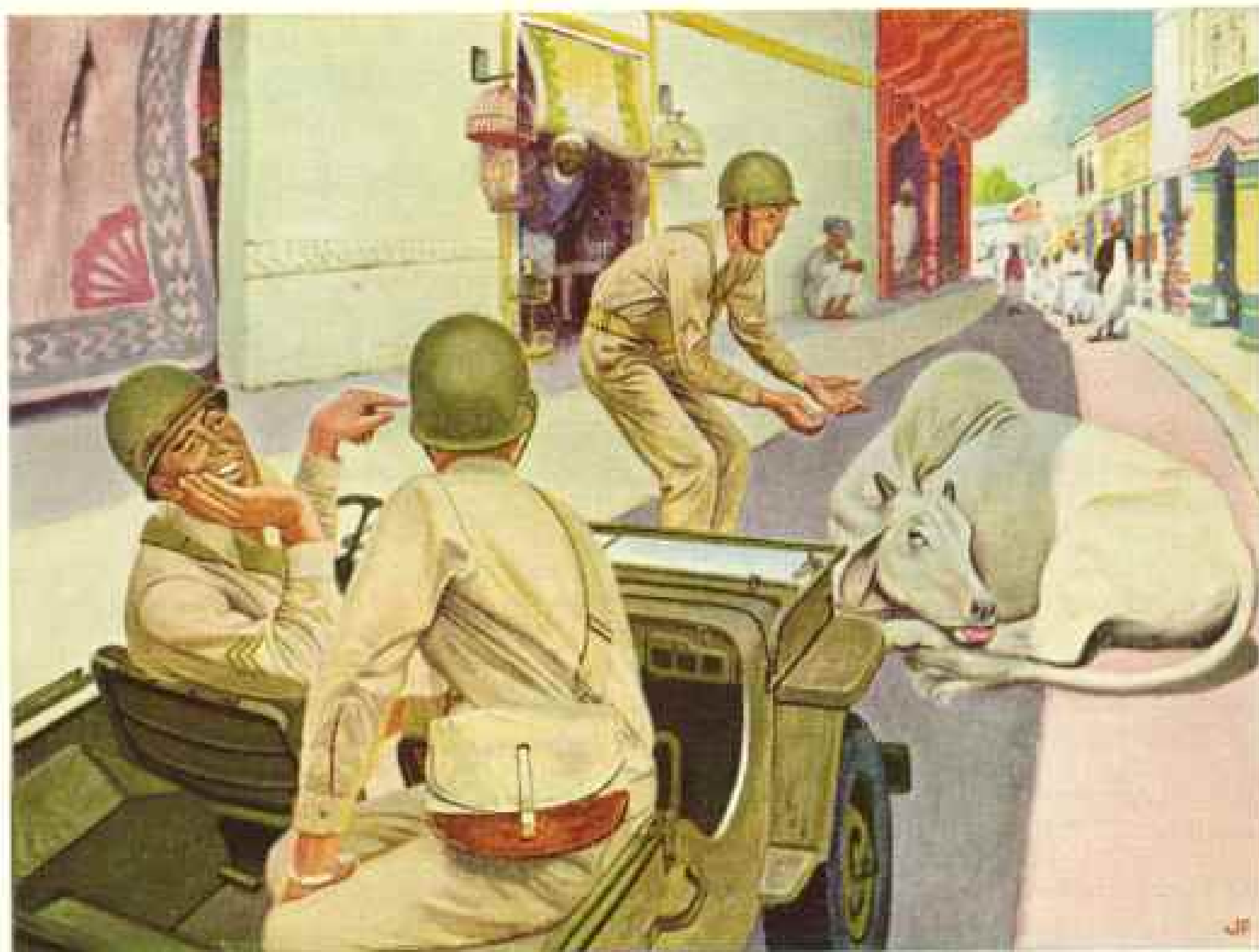
PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS

AVIATION RADIO EQUIPMENT

BUY WAR BONDS

ANN ARBOR

MICHIGAN



Copyright, 1944, The Pullman Company

"My money's on the cow!"



It's a safe bet, too, for the sergeant's read the Pocket Guide to India which the War Department issues to troops stationed there.

"Treat every cow with respect," it says, because "literally, to the Hindu, the cow and the bull are sacred."

That's something new—kow-towing to a cow—but it's the custom of the country.

There's a custom of our own country, too, that's new to many boys in service. It's the American custom of traveling in comfort—which troops in training do at the rate of 30,000 every night.

The glamor of going Pullman is new to lots of them. But no newer than it will be to everyone when the war is over.

Then, there'll be new Pullman cars. One type will be *all rooms*—rooms as complete in comfort and convenience as a suite in a fine hotel.

In these Duplex-Roomette cars, you'll lounge in comfort in daytime and sleep in comfort at night, as you speed safely and dependably toward your destination. You'll have your own dressing quarters—washing and toilet facilities—individually controlled

light and heat and air conditioning.

Pullman plans that duplex-roomette space will cost little—if any—more than lower berths cost now. And, if your post-war travel is strictly budgeted, there'll be another new type car—the coach-sleeper—in which you can enjoy Pullman comfort and convenience for less than the present rate for a berth in either standard or tourist sleeping cars.

That's what Pullman is planning for the day when America can resume its habit of traveling for pleasure and its custom of traveling in comfort.

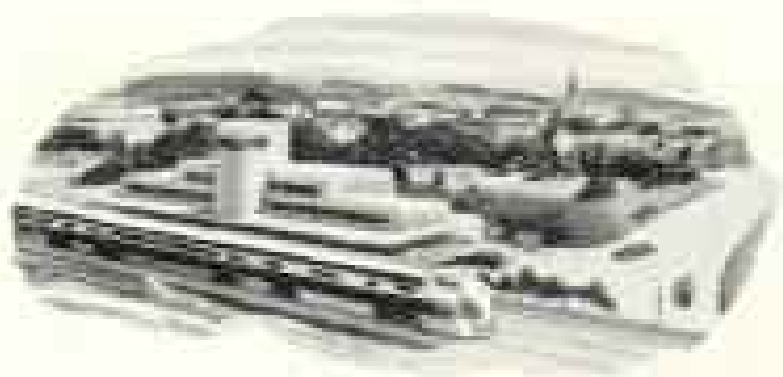
A custom Pullman started over 80 years ago.

PULLMAN

- For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation—now carrying out mass troop movements with half its fleet of sleeping cars and carrying more passengers in the other half than the whole fleet carried in peacetime!

Let's *All Back the Attack*
With War Bonds!





TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Some day this war will be won by America and her Allies.

Our first duty meanwhile is to meet the demands of the war. This we are doing.

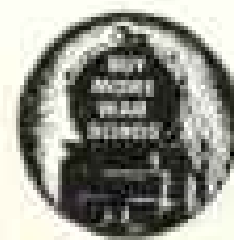
The going hasn't always been easy or comfortable. We believe you understand the reasons, and we appreciate your patience, your good-humored acceptance of inconvenience.

And we'd like you to know our ideas of comfort and style go far beyond what we're able to offer today. That's why we print the picture below.

It will give you some idea of how we'd like to serve you — how we're looking and planning ahead right now to make future railroad travel a thrillingly pleasant experience.

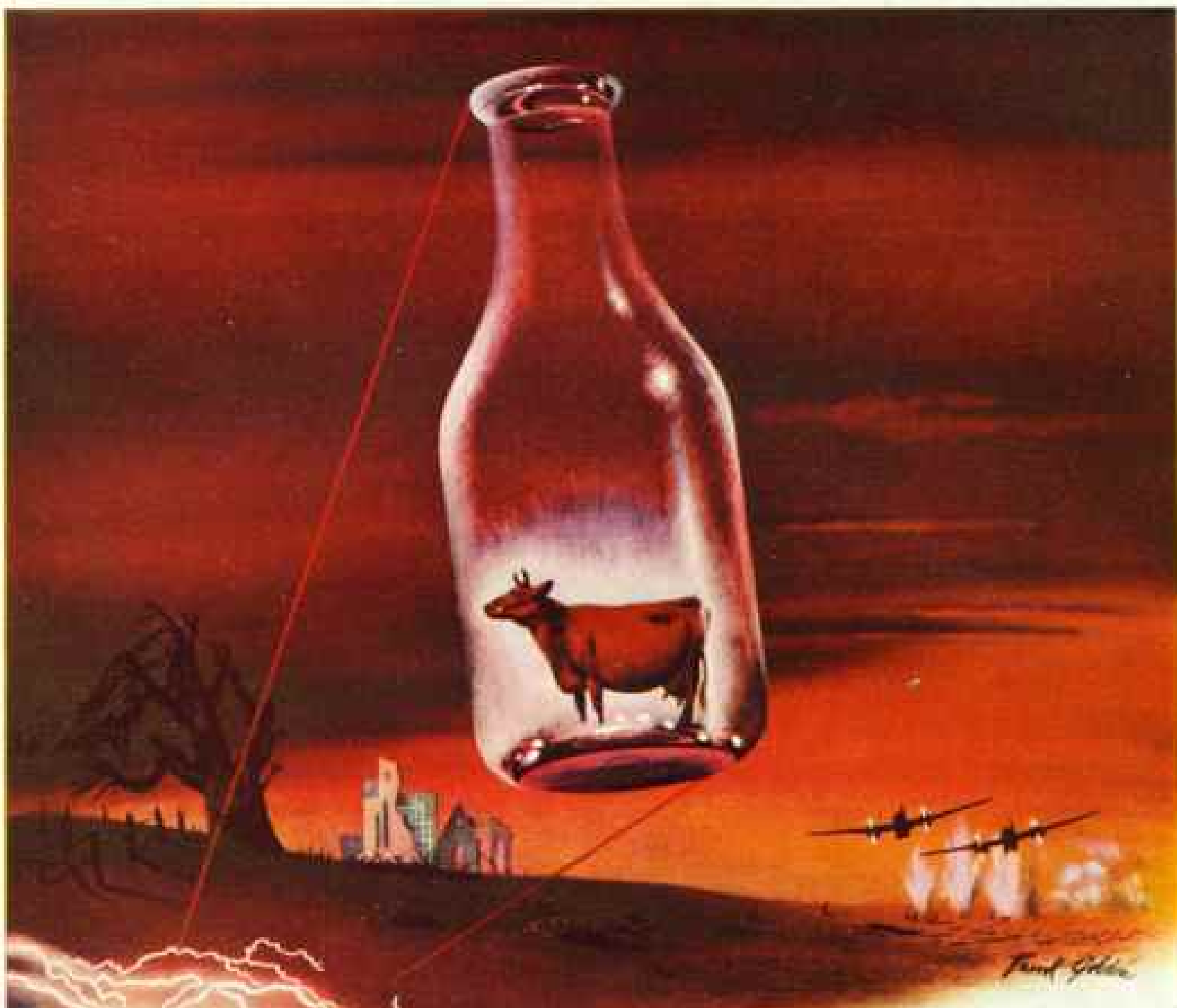
It can't be done all at once. It will take money and time.

But you can be sure of one thing. Our goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY





NITROGEN

takes Betsys Best to the Fighting Front

Milk, too, is styled for modern war...streamlined by dehydration to save weight...atmosphered by nitrogen to avoid deterioration. In fact, dehydrated foods of infinite variety are protected by Nitrogen and Carbon Dioxide, two of the many gases produced by Air Reduction.

In the food field these Air Reduction products are helping to build a new industry.

In other fields Airco products and processes are revolutionizing war production—providing faster manufacturing methods that will help build a better world after V day.

• BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS •

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 MAGNOLIA AIRCO GAS PRODUCTS CO.
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AIR REDUCTION

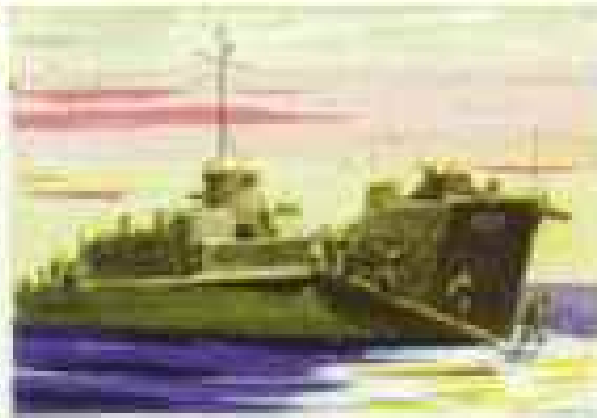
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NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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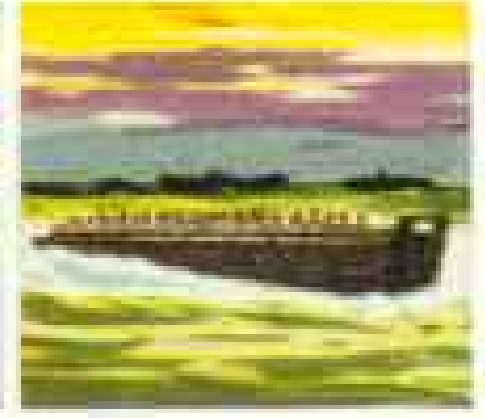
LCM (Landing Craft Mechanized) 50 ft.



LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) 157 ft.



LCT (Landing Craft Tanks) 105 ft.



LCV(P) (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) 36 ft.

America's Fighters move in-with GM DIESELS

IN the face of enemy fire these remarkable invasion boats nose in on enemy shores and pour out America's tough fighters and fighting equipment.

They move on split-second orders—must get in and out again by themselves—on the dot, come hell or high water.

It's the kind of service that calls for utmost

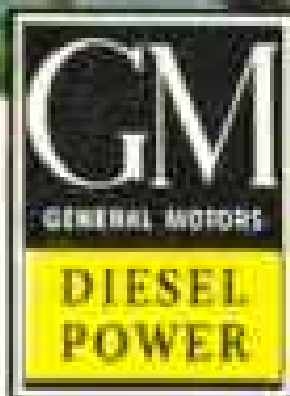
reliability, maneuverability and quick response.

In these capable craft—from the 36-foot LCV(P) to the big 328-foot LST—you find the engines America and our Allies know so well, General Motors Diesels.

To these engines are assigned the jobs that call for the greatest dependability the engine world knows.



LST (Landing Ship Tanks) 328 ft.



ENGINES . . . 15 to 2,500 H.P. . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.
Engines of this series power the LCI and all the smaller landing craft

LOCOMOTIVES ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, St. Louis, Ill.
Engines from this Division propel the giant LST vessels

ENGINES . . . 150 to 2,000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio
More than 40 types of Navy vessels are powered by engines of this Division



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

How many pigs in this picture?

Can you count 'em? You're good if you get the right total the first time. There are ten, and the mother.

"So what?" you say, "what's a litter of pigs got to do with me?" And the answer is, "Plenty!"

As lard, sausage, pork chops, ham sandwiches and ration stamps, these little pigs are potentially a *big* part of your 1944 diet. In fact, they're pretty important to *all* the United Nations, for pork is the biggest single agricultural item in the Lend-Lease program.

But there's one big IF. IF they grow up. Normally, nearly *half* of all baby pigs die before they reach market age.

That simple statistic highlights the wartime value of a special pig protective feed made by National Dairy.

It's a scientific emulsion of buttermilk, cheese whey, wheat germ, fish oil and other ingredients. Farmers find that it helps produce healthier sows and babies—and *more pigs go to market!*

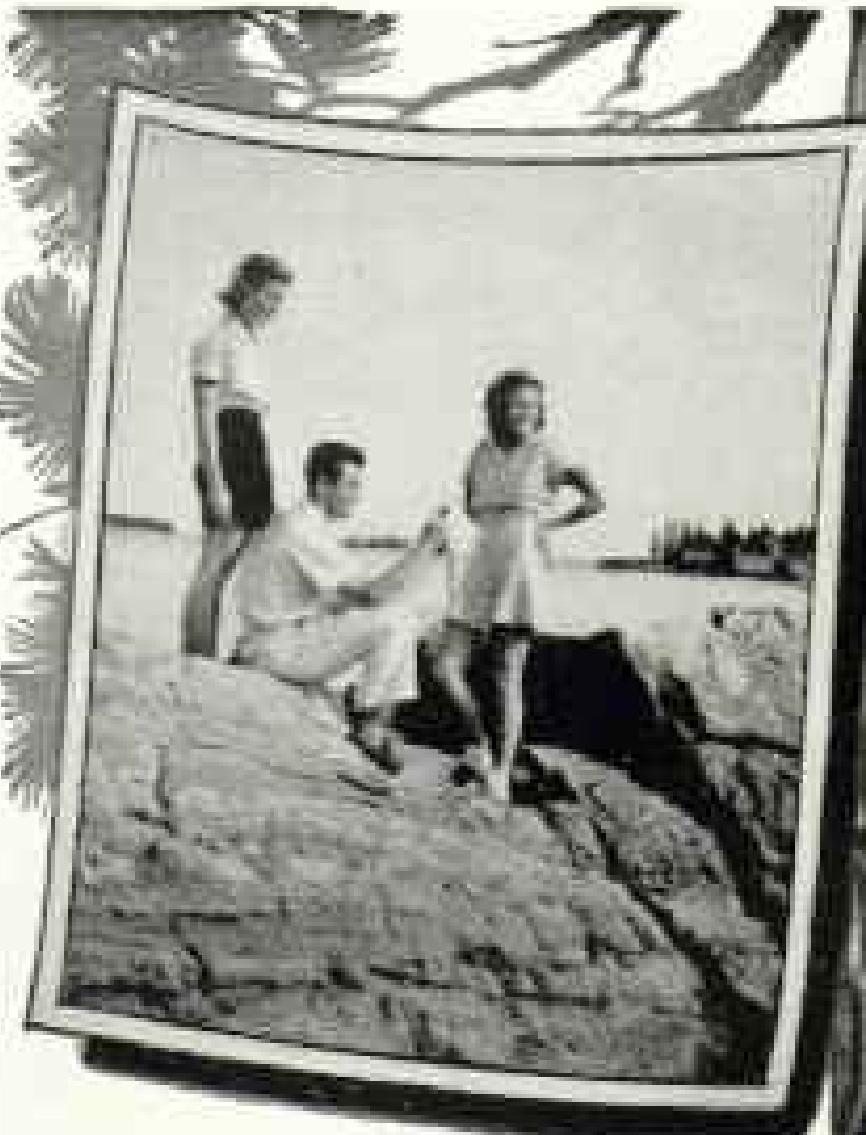
This pig feed was developed in a National Dairy Laboratory and proved on a National Dairy experimental farm. It puts to work millions of pounds of milk by-products that once were wasted. Yet it is only a small part of the broad research program that National Dairy carries on constantly.

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.



**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**

AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



**YOU'RE GOING SOMEWHERE
WHEN YOU HEAD FOR—
MAINE**

Whoever you are, wherever you go in Maine, you'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation. For within the Pine Tree State are facilities for recreation of any kind.

Rugged mountains if you like, trails for climbing or for hiking back into dense woods; fast streams, quiet brooks, or inland lakes alive with fish; rolling slopes and verdant farm lands, rocky coast and thundering surf, or broad, sandy beach.

You'll live just as you wish; enjoy round-the-clock life at a smart resort hotel, or the peace of a lakeside cabin, a sporting camp deep in the woods, or the serenity of a spotless tourist home or small town inn.

Withal you'll fare as you've never fared before. For Maine is famous for its food. And you'll sleep through nights that are delightfully cool.



**MAIL THE COUPON
FOR FREE BOOK →**

**MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Travel Service,
11 St. John Street, Portland, Maine**

Please send me the 36-page illustrated Maine Vacation Guide for 1944.

Name _____

Street _____

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*Supreme in the arts of
public hospitality*



The
WALDORF-ASTORIA

Park Avenue - 49th to 50th - New York



Field Stove
\$1.00

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No Smoke
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No Ash
No Poisonous
Fumes

all
HEAT!

Heatabs . . . an outstanding contribution . . . are making a big hit with thousands of people, in all walks of life . . . for young and old alike, used with the world's finest stove . . . fits in your pocket, purse or car glove compartment. Little . . . But Oh What Heat — really HOT! Use it indoors or outdoors. Household, office and shop uses are manifold—for picnics, camping, hunting, fishing. Used extensively in all branches of the Armed Services, all over the world.

TAKE TIME OUT—Send the "Field Stove" or Deluxe "Compact Cookit" and Heatabs to your friend or relative in Service . . . He'll treasure his little hot, just like mother used to!

FIELD STOVE and HEATABS, \$1.00 . . . or Deluxe COMPACT COOKIT and HEATABS, \$2.00, Postpaid.

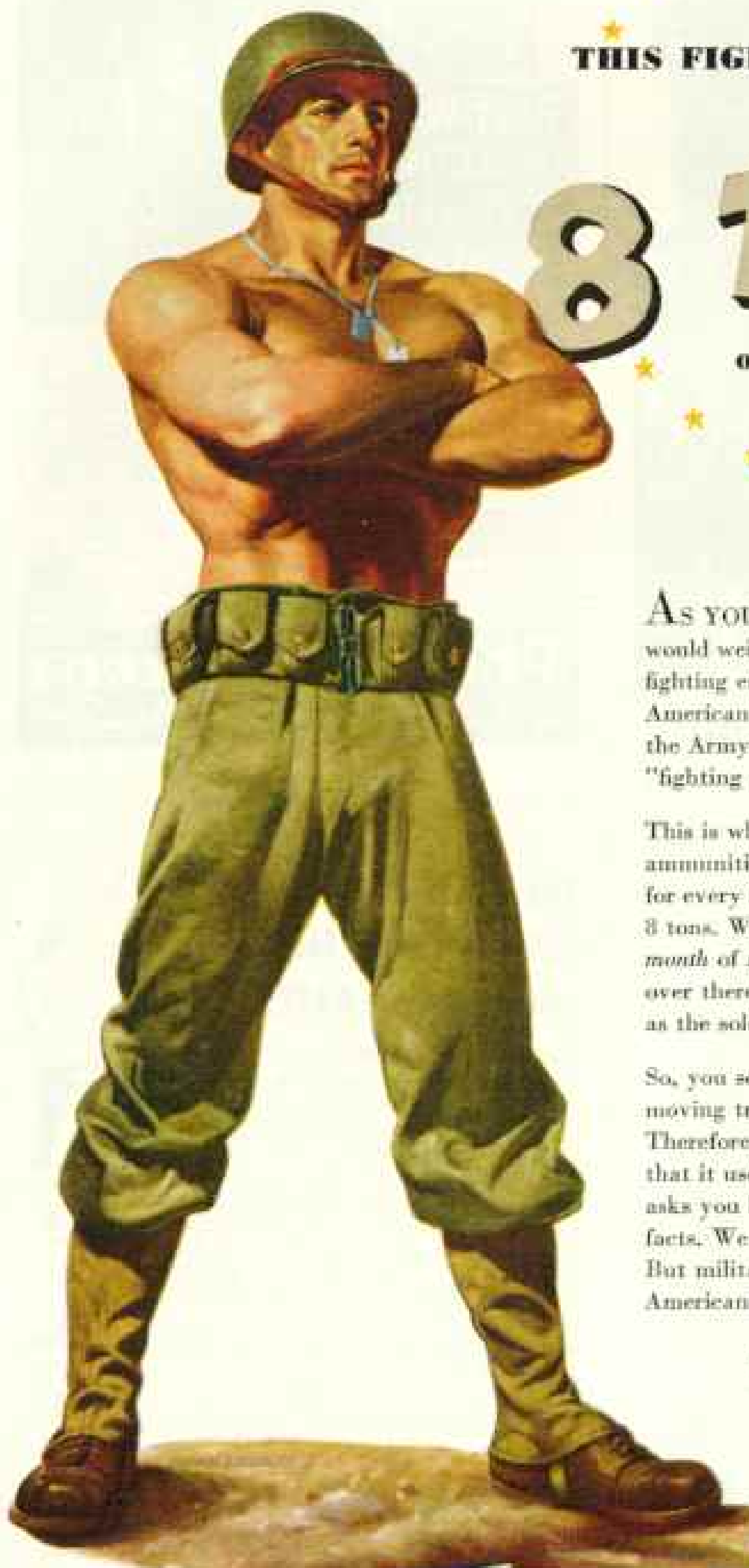
**J. W. SPEAKER
CORP.**

Department 80-44,
2000 N. Wall Street
Milwaukee 12, Wis.

**ORDER BY MAIL
IF YOUR DEALER
CAN'T SUPPLY YOU**

Speaker
HEATABS  **TABLETS OF
concentrated
HEAT**

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED



THIS FIGHTER WEIGHS IN AT

8 TONS

ON OUR SCALES

AS YOU would see him on a scale, he would weigh 180 pounds of bone, muscle and fighting energy—a fine specimen of American manhood. But on the scales of the Army—and the Railroads—his “fighting weight” is . . . 8 tons.

This is why; the equipment, supplies, ammunition, food and other items required for every man going overseas average close to 8 tons. What is more, he needs a *ton* a *month* of all these things as long as he is over there. Or, just *twice* as much a day as the soldier in World War I.

So, you see, the railroad's job isn't only moving troops—but all they require, too. Therefore, if you should find travel not all that it used to be, the Pennsylvania Railroad asks you kindly to remember the above facts. We are doing our best to serve you. But military needs must come first, as all Americans would have it.

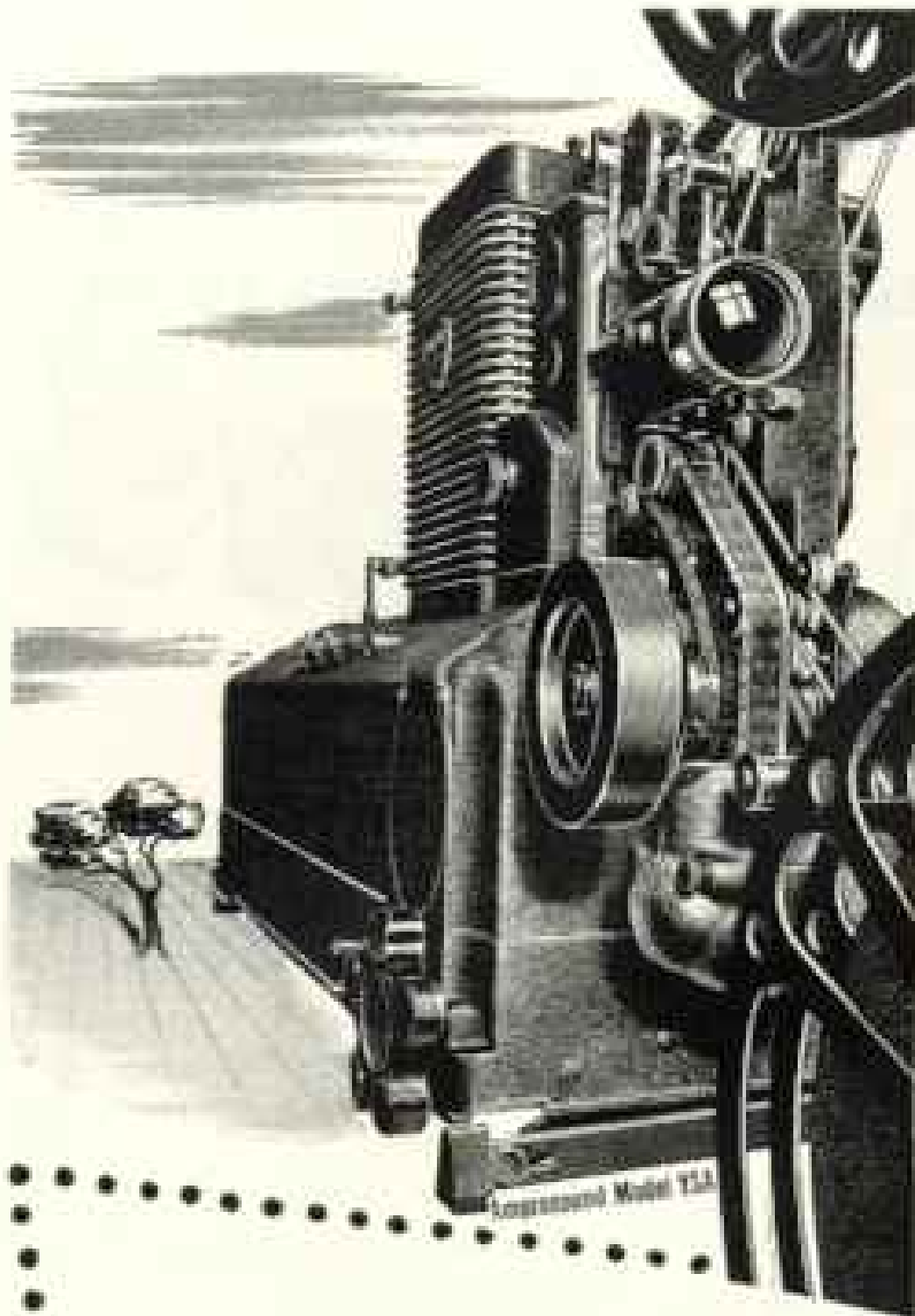
BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad

Serving the Nation

★ 45,007 in the Armed Forces

★ 113 have given their lives for their country



A Post-War Reality talking motion pictures in the home!

They are here now—not in blue prints but in actual production as shown in this illustration—compact, portable Amprosound 16mm. projectors that at the flick of a switch turn your living room into a motion picture theatre. As easy to operate as a radio. Within the reach of any ordinary family budget. Available too, are thousands of entertaining and instructive sound and silent films ★ Of course, every Ampro projector we make TODAY goes to our armed forces for training and entertainment. But TOMORROW all of Ampro's engineering skill and experience will be directed to bringing to American homes, schools and industry the miracle of modern 16mm. sound projection. Write for Ampro Catalog of 8 and 16mm. precision projectors.

★ Buy War Bonds

AMPRO

Ampro Corporation, Chicago 18
Precision Cine Equipment

POST-WAR OBJECTIVE A Phoenix Vacation

A holiday in the Valley of the Sun is a delightful composite of all your favorite vacation ideas. Phoenix *Certified Climate** plus the friendliest sun in the world means ideal round-the-clock weather for every outdoor activity. Hurry along the perfect vacation—buy more War Bonds!

*... "Certified" when the Valley of the Sun was chosen by the U. S. Army as one of America's foremost aviation training centers because of its unexcelled climate and weather conditions.

For free, profusely illustrated booklet and cartograph map, write Valley of the Sun Club, 433 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix



Phoenix Arizona

In the Valley of the Sun

The paint that makes old CANVAS look and wear like NEW!

Here's a special paint for canvas which leaves the fabric pliable... will not crack... is sun-resistant... water repellent... retards mildew and rot. Ten attractive colors—also Black, White and Clear. Use Setfast Canvas Paint to make old faded Awnings, Beach Chairs, Sails, Cabanas, Canvas Auto Tops, look like new and last far longer. Also ideal for Canvas Shoes, Leggings, Gliders, Canvas Furniture, Wearables and Fibre Rugs. Easy to apply by brush or spray.

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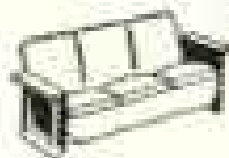
International Corp., Trade Sales Division
Dept. G-44, Fair Lawn, N. J.

Send Folder with Setfast-painted Sample.

Name

Address

Mr. Dealer's Name.....





© The Studebaker Corporation

The Connells of South Bend are traveling

They've left the job of building Flying Fortress engines at Studebaker to their Dad

GEOERGE CONNELL is in the Marine Corps. His brother Francis is in the Navy. Both are in the air service.

Only a little while ago they were one of numerous family groups in the Studebaker factories—headed by a father who has seen active service as a Studebaker man for over 28 years.

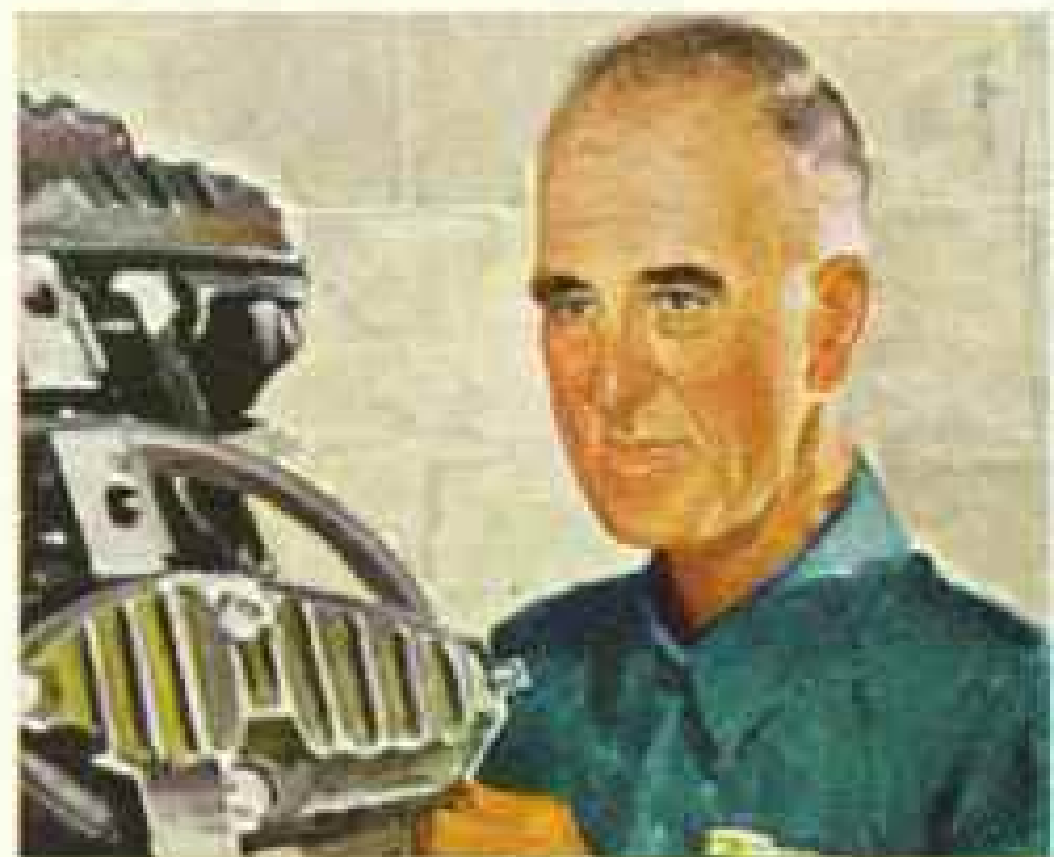
War has separated many of the famous father-and-son teams that have long made fine craftsmanship one of the great traditions of Studebaker's home community.

But steadily, off to the fighting fronts, from the Studebaker factories, move ever-increasing quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress—tens upon tens of thousands of big multiple-drive military trucks—as well as other vital war matériel.

After victory comes, still finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever before will be built for civilian use.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel



On his Studebaker job over 28 years

Charles R. Connell began his Studebaker career before either of his air-crew sons was born. From early boyhood, their ambition was to follow in their father's footsteps in the Studebaker plants. That has been a typical family experience in Studebaker's home community for over 92 years.

BUY
U. S. WAR
BONDS

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

BETWEEN GREAT LAKES AND PACIFIC



LOGGING INDUSTRY AND FOREST SERVICES SAFEGUARD FUTURE LUMBER

Great Northern Territory Contains Half the Nation's Standing Timber

Heavy wartime cutting of forests might ordinarily endanger America's future lumber supply.

But, in the densely wooded sections of the Pacific Northwest, the logging industry is following a long range program to perpetuate its resources of choice fir, pine, cedar, spruce and hemlock. Careful planning guides every step in forest management—from the time seeds are planted to the loading of fin-

ished lumber and timber products on Great Northern cars.

This program of intelligent conservation has the cooperation of state, regional and federal forest services. It is based on scientific reseeding, replanting and selective cutting. It includes protection against forest fires, insects and diseases.

Since half the nation's remaining timber stands in four of the states served by Great Northern Railway—Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana—this program is of tremendous importance. Its success will help safeguard the nation's lumber supply for postwar construction and rehabilitation.



Tree nurseries play a vital part in Pacific Northwest reforestation.



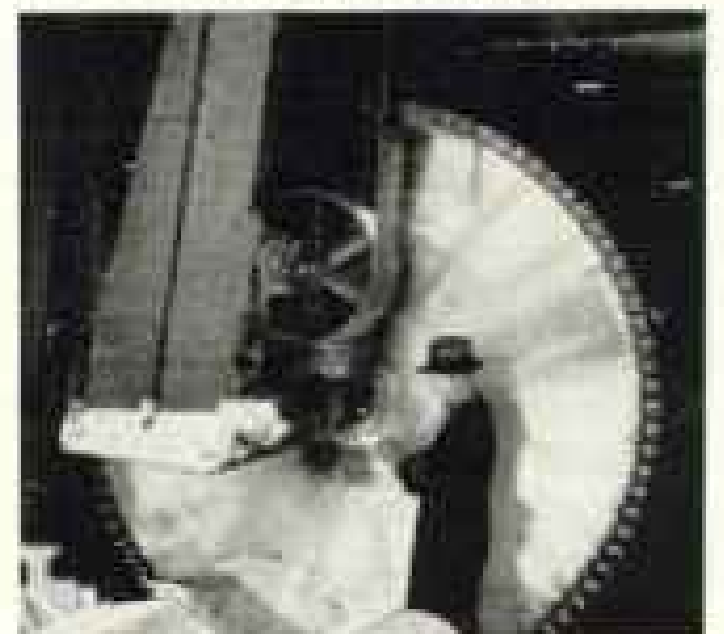
High pressure sprays clean off dirt and foreign matter as saw logs enter mill. This keeps saws sharp longer and improves quality of by-products.



To prevent forest depletion, "ripe" trees are selected for cutting.



The dependable handling of lumber and other timber products is one of the many things that make Great Northern great.



Giant circular saws crosscut the logs into lengths desired.



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

"How can they come back?"

"It was a miracle the ship didn't break in two up there," said an Army Air Force Sergeant, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his part in bringing home a badly crippled Boeing Flying Fortress. "I'd like to shake hands personally with the people who built it."

MANY Fortress crews echo that sentiment. They have seen planes limp in with three out of four engines dead, wings and tails riddled like saltcellars, or with shell holes as large as wash tubs. *How can they do it?*

1. Fortress wings are built with substantial, truss-type spars, cov-

ered with a double skin of tough metal. This structure tends to keep gunfire damage local, rather than basically affecting wing strength.

2. Alternate methods of control are provided. And even if battle damage prevents use of all other control methods, the automatic pilot can be used for near-normal maneuverability.

3. Virtually all mechanisms are electrically operated. Damage to one circuit will not affect others.

4. The "dorsal fin," as developed by Boeing, gives the Flying Fortress inherent stability. With the tail surfaces partially destroyed

in battle, or with one or more engines shot away, a Fortress can still be flown.

5. But one of the most important reasons why the Forts "come back" is the confidence, based on the record, which causes many a Fortress crew to stay with the ship long past normal bail-out time, knowing that somehow it will bring them safely home.

Boeing integrity in research, design, engineering and manufacturing will again be a part of peacetime products when the war is won. True today, it will be true tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.



To Speed that Day...

THIS HUMAN SEMAPHORE who swings a pair of flags on a carrier's deck is guiding home fighting planes in the far Pacific. *He's speeding the day* when he can again swing a tennis racket at some sunny resort in the good old U. S. A!

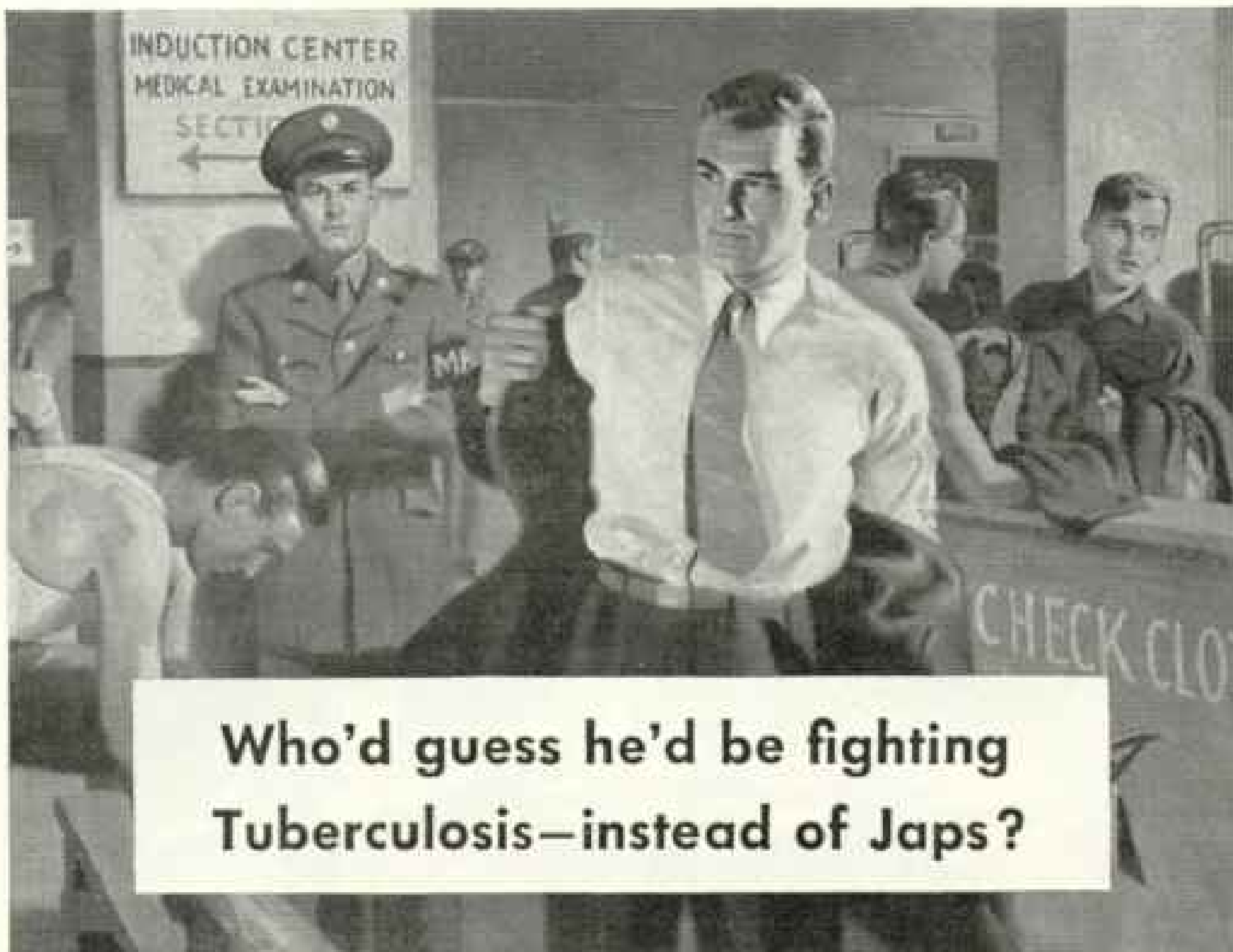
He and his buddies all over the globe are *speeding that day* the hard and dangerous way. Nothing we can do or say can repay their sacrifices . . . but each of us who tackles his war job at home with all his strength (and keeps buying War Bonds) is helping them bring Victory nearer.

More than 17,000 men and women of the Greyhound system have their vital share in this big job. Their task is carrying manpower—to war jobs, on furloughs, to induction centers—on literally thousands of military and civilian missions. 4,000 of their Greyhound fellow-workers are now serving in our fighting forces all over the world.

And when Victory comes, Greyhound will help to bring 'em home—to their very doorsteps in big cities, small towns and farms all over the land. That kind of service is Greyhound's specialty.

GREYHOUND





Who'd guess he'd be fighting Tuberculosis—instead of Japs?

NOBODY GUESSED Bob would be turned down. A strong, healthy boy like that! But the eye of the X-ray saw what human eyes could not see—that Bob had early tuberculosis. Luckily, with the help of a sanatorium he will almost certainly be cured.

What is true of Bob is true of thousands who have tuberculosis—many don't even suspect it. Yet a tuberculous person may be a danger to his family, his associates, himself.



Tuberculosis is contagious.

The crowded living and working conditions of wartime are favorable for spreading the germs. And germs find easier victims when general health is low. The best precaution is *keeping fit, plus regular physical examinations including chest X-rays.*

is low. The best precaution is *keeping fit, plus regular physical examinations including chest X-rays.*



An X-ray of your chest can detect tuberculosis before other symptoms become apparent. The usual symptoms—a persistent cough, chest pains, blood-streaked sputum—may come very late. Then cure may be slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling also may mean tuberculosis.

tum—may come very late. Then cure may be slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling also may mean tuberculosis.



Unfortunately, State health departments and tuberculosis sanatoriums report that some patients are forsaking health institutions for wartime jobs—gambling away their chances of recovery, and exposing others to infection.

Tuberculosis is dangerous to all ages, but particularly to young adults. Elderly people with coughs, "bronchitis," or "asthma" may have it. If you or members of your family have been in contact with a tuberculous person, see your doctor at once.

Tremendous progress has been made in fighting tuberculosis. Thirty years ago the death rate among wage-earning families was 220 per hundred thousand people. Today it is about 40. On request, Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, 44N, entitled, "Tuberculosis."

COPYRIGHT 1944—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick B. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Levy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.





One of a series of incidents in the lives of immortal composers, painted for the Magnavox collection by Walter Richards

Dedicate my symphony to a tyrant? Never!

"U PPHOLDER of liberty and social equality, indeed! Now he will trample on the rights of man," Beethoven raged. He had just dedicated his *Third Symphony* to his hero, Napoleon Bonaparte—and now Napoleon declared himself Emperor! Furiously Beethoven ripped off the dedicatory page. He changed the name to *Eroica*. "In memory of a great man," he wrote, implying that Napoleon's soul was dead.

Ludwig van Beethoven, lover of freedom, has been called "The man who freed music." And today freedom is symbolized to millions of people by the opening bars of his *Fifth Symphony*—three short chords and a long one—V for Victory. His *Ninth*, too, reflects his unfettered spirit, defying all tradition by introducing choral passages.

Beethoven's impetuous spirit still lives in his master-

ful compositions. Hear them played by the instrument that does full justice to his genius—Magnavox Radio-Phonograph. This is the home instrument chosen, for its clarity and faithfulness of reproduction, by such contemporary artists as Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, Rodzinski and Horowitz.



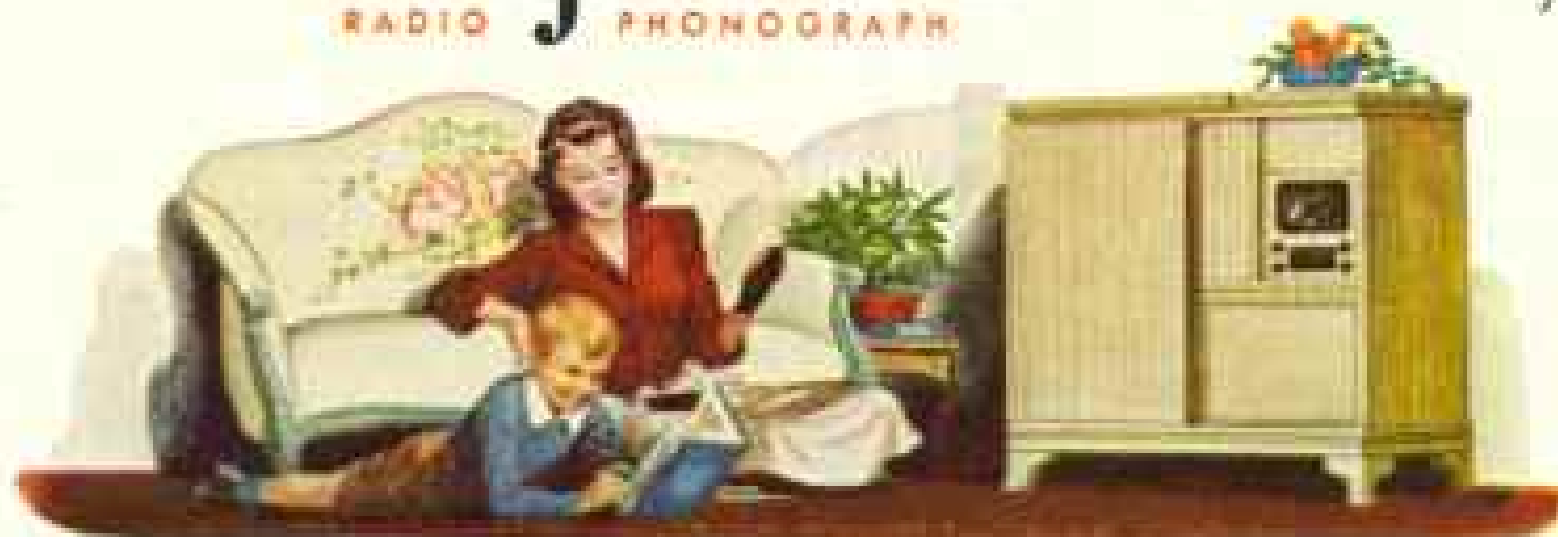
The Magnavox Company is now producing electronic and communication equipment for the armed forces. Also music distribution systems for warships. It won the first Navy "E" award (and White Star Renewal Citations) given to a manufacturer in this field. When the war ends, Magnavox will again take its place as the pre-eminent radio-phonograph combination. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

Buy War Bonds For Fighting Power Today—Buying Power Tomorrow

Magnavox

RADIO PHONOGRAPH

The choice of great artists



At what age should your child begin to hear good music? Some authorities say six months, for simple, rhythmic dances and marches. Later, folk songs and musical nursery rhymes; then, between three and seven, light classics and parts of symphonies. Thus appreciation of good music—a lifetime pleasure and inspiration—develops as naturally as learning to talk.

Have a Coca-Cola = ¿Qué Hay, Amigo?

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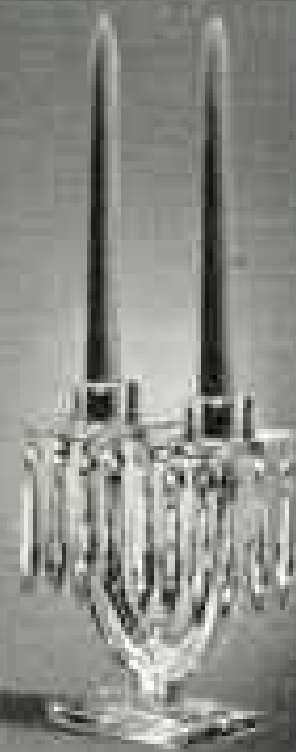
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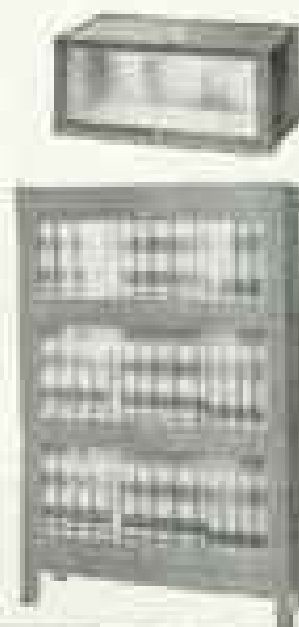
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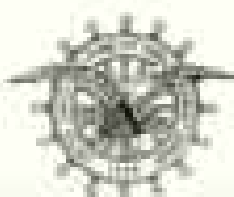
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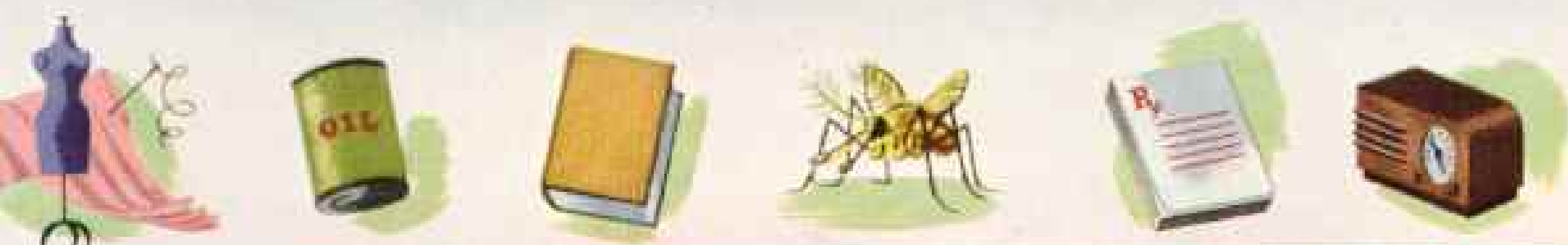
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Model of Molecule of Trimethylcyclohexanol

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