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Special Map Supplement of the World

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN FULL COLOR

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With 32 Illustrations and Map

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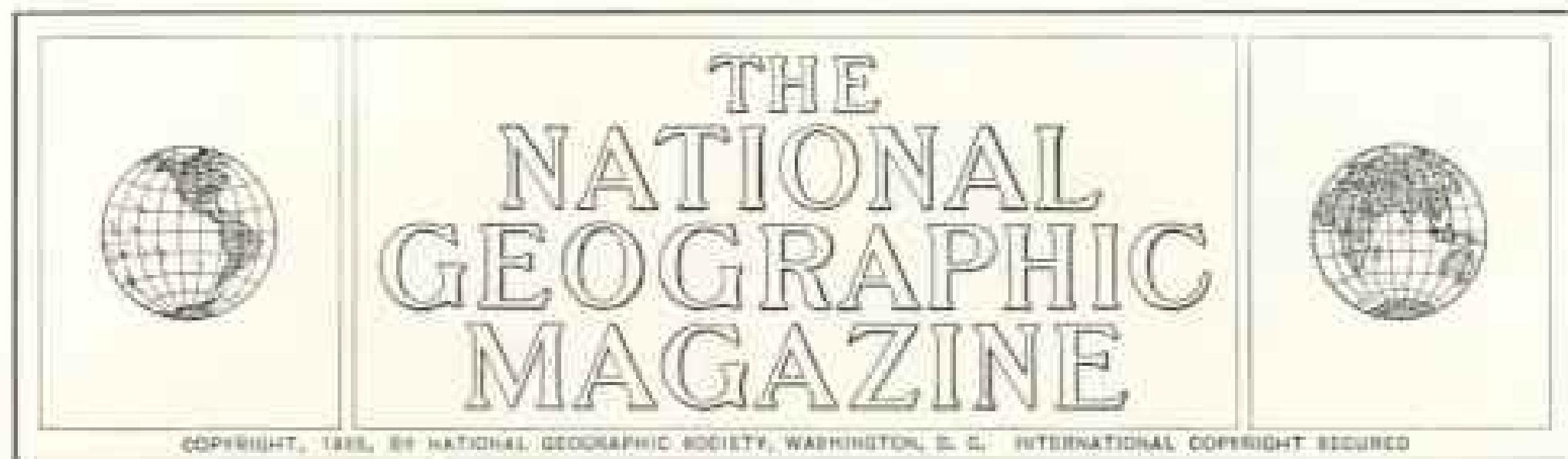
W. COLEMAN NEVILS

The Society's New Map of the World

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CAPITAL CITIES OF AUSTRALIA

BY W. ROBERT MOORE

AUTHOR OF "ALONG THE OLD MANDARIN ROAD OF INDO-CHINA," "CORONATION DAYS IN AGOYE ABABA,"
"COSMOPOLITAN SHANGHAI," ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

AUSTRALIA, geologically a veteran among continents, is one of the world's youngest progressive nations. Less than a century and a half ago this land "down under" was virtually an unknown, unexplored wilderness of endless bush and seared deserts, where Stone Age black men roamed to dig grubs and kill kangaroos with boomerangs.*

Today millions of sheep and cattle range "out back," white men are probing the earth for precious metals, farms smile on former bushlands, office buildings and factories have risen in stone and steel, the boomerang has retreated before golf club and cricket bat.

A tribute to British pluck and energy is this vigorous Commonwealth, nearly seven million strong. A "white Australia" it is; 97 percent of the population are of British stock, and of these 85 percent are Australian-born (see map, pages 672-3).

In area Australia approximates the United States. Back in the early 1800's, however, when pioneer America had as large a population, New York City could boast only 110,000 people, while Boston and Philadelphia each had less than half that number. Both Sydney and Melbourne have already passed the million mark. In

* See "Lonely Australia: The Unique Continent," by Herbert E. Gregory, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, December, 1916, and "Australia's Wild Wonderland," by M. P. Greenwood Adams, March, 1924.

the whole Southern Hemisphere only Buenos Aires now outrivals Sydney.

Australia is essentially a country close to the soil, yet, paradoxically, almost half of its entire population lives in the six principal cities. These capitals of the now federated States reflect the treasure-earning feats that the land has performed with gold and sheep and cattle and wheat.

"Doesn't Sydney remind you of San Francisco?" inquired an Australian friend beside me at the deck rail one morning when we steamed into the harbor through the bold Heads—Sydney's Golden Gate, facing the sunrise. "Our harbor even has a Goat Island, and tiny Pinchgut (Fort Denison) up ahead was once our Alcatraz."

There is a kinship—one of hills and sea and land-locked bays.

A WORLD-WONDER HARBOR

A magnificent panorama is this capital city of New South Wales. Trade cubes and tall apartments crown the ridges. There are no Manhattan-like cloud piercers, however, for Sydney has limited her skyward growth to 150 feet, yet position gives impressiveness. Homes sprawl over promontories and spill down the hillsides to the water's edge—a harbor-girdling band of red-tiled roofs and flowering gardens.

And the harbor! "Our harbor" Sydney-siders proudly call it, although on maps it appears under the prosaic name that Captain Cook gave it—Port Jackson. Its



Photograph from Noel Burnet

OUT ON A LIMB, BUT IT'S YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME FOR THEM

These playful koalas, or Australian Teddy bears, spend most of their time sitting in a crotch of a tree or climbing about in eucalypts and munching the tender leaves, their sole food. Formerly large numbers inhabited the forests of eastern Australia, but many thousands were killed for their soft furs. Now they are protected by the Government.

multiple arms and innumerable bays and coves loop and snuggle among the hills—intimate, lovely, utilitarian.

From an airplane cockpit this water maze is even more striking than from steamer deck. Its compass is 22 square miles, but so irregular is its pattern that one would have to walk or sail nearly 200 miles to go around its shores. No other harbor is more mingled with the city to provide play space and a haven for the world's rich argosies.

Sleek ocean steamers, rusty freighters, crowded double-decked ferries, speedboats, fussy tugs, and trim, billowy-sailed yachts carve frothy white paths on its ultramarine surface. Commerce also throbs beside several of the bays at engineering works, dockyards, wheat silos, ship-coaling yards, and some 14 miles of wharfage space.

Like a rainbow over the port is the mighty arch of Sydney Harbor Bridge (see illustrations, pages 677 and 678). At the time it was opened to traffic, in 1932, forty million fares annually were being collected on cross-harbor ferries.

A constant stream of motor, train, tram, and pedestrian traffic now crosses the 160-foot-wide roadway hanging high in the air from the 1,650-foot span, which at its highest point loops 440 feet above water level.

A WORLD-WONDER BRIDGE

Of momentary note in this swiftly changing age of the world's "greatest" engineering triumphs is the fact that Sydney Harbor Bridge is the longest and widest arch-suspension-type structure that man has yet attempted.

Oceanic steamers tie up at Circular Quay in the shadow of this colossus of steel and stone. The genesis of trim Circular Quay was Sydney Cove, where the city was born in January, 1788.

The American Revolution, only a few years before, had denied to England a place for her "undesirable" subjects. So to this nook, in "the finest harbour in the world in which a thousand sail in line might ride in most perfect security," came Capt. Arthur Phillip of the English Navy when Captain



BATHED IN SPRAY, APOLLO STANDS NEAR A MAMMOTH DEPARTMENT STORE

The Archibald Memorial Fountain in Hyde Park, Sydney, was erected to the memory of the comradeship in arms of Australia and France during the World War. Theseus slaying the Minotaur is one of three sculptured groups at the fountain's base. In the background is an emporium employing 4,000 people (see text, page 671).

Cook's much publicized Botany Bay* had been found unsuitable for habitation. His little fleet of 11 ships bore 778 prisoners, together with officers and marine guards.

It should be recalled that "convicts" of that period included many minor offenders and those who fell into political disfavor.

"B. V. O. B." INVITATIONS

Here Captain Phillip became governor and superintended the carving out of a small settlement beside a "stream which stole silently through a very thick wood." Would that he might stand at the water front today and look up the commercial canyons and at the ships moving in and out of port!

Much more would be the awe of some of the less visionary officers who wrote reports back to the homeland, stating that the colony couldn't even be self-supporting in a hundred years! Here is a city where the goodly governor and the officers now may

* See "The Columbus of the Pacific" (Capt. James Cook), by J. R. Hildebrand, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1927.

issue dinner invitations without the request, "Bring your own bread!"

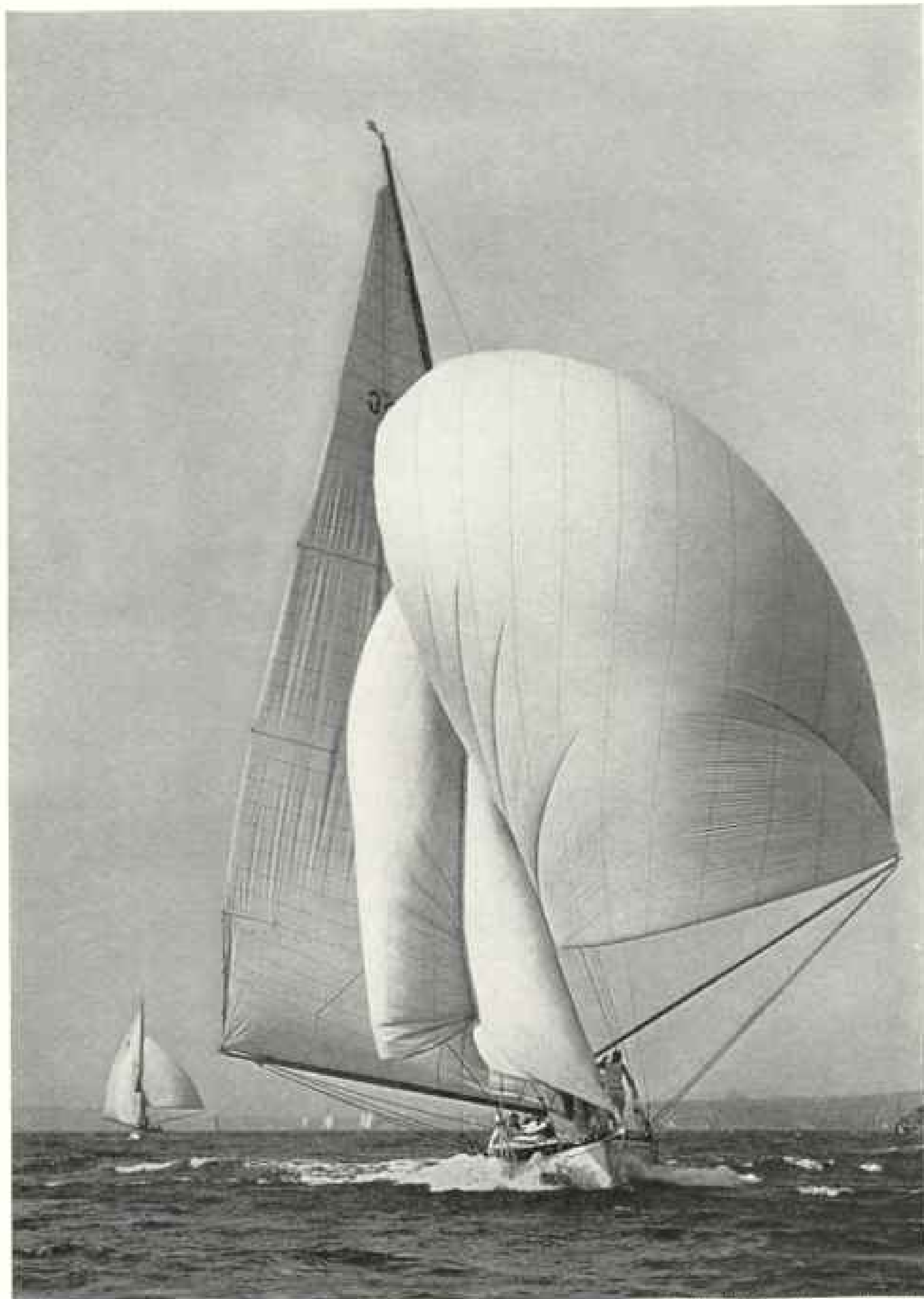
Phillip himself visualized his settlement developing with streets 200 feet wide, but his ideas were ignored and the city expanded without any definite plan.

Many of the crooked paths that the first colonists trod from one house to another have become business arteries, with few of the kinks removed. George and Pitt Streets, which lead back from the Quay, once were the tracks paralleling the course of the stream that furnished the little village with water.

Little did the governor realize that when he threw some logs across the rivulet he had founded Bridge Street, now the center of the wool, shipping, coal, and insurance industries, and Government offices.

CITY ARCHITECT, AT 75 CENTS A DAY

Other governors came and went, contributing little or much to Sydney. Notable among them was Governor Macquarie, the "building governor," who held the reins from 1809 to 1822.



© The "Sydney Morning Herald"

THE THRILL OF WIND-FILLED CANVAS

With ballooning spinnaker and jib, the sailboat runs before the wind in a Saturday afternoon race in Sydney Harbor (see text, page 674). The sailing clubs have never forgotten or forgiven the newsreel that once pictured one of the spectacular races and labeled it "The Sydney Fishing Fleet Returns to Harbor!" As at American apple blossom and rose festivals, Sydney annually crowns one of its beautiful daughters as Harbor Queen.

Assisting him in his comprehensive building scheme was Francis Howard Greenway, a convict, who became the official architect with the munificent salary of three shillings a day. Greenway's labors endured, as attested by St. James' Church, the Conservatorium of Music (designed as Government House stables), and other structures still doing service.

One commissioner from England, however, complained that the 75-cents-a-day architect was making "too great a sacrifice of time and labour to the purpose of ornament and effect!"

In 1851 came a gold strike in New South Wales. A rush was on. From all over the world arrived seekers after fortunes, as in the California rush of '49. As in our West, many of the diggers later became settlers. More men, more wealth, and more trade boomed Australia. So, too, did Sydney grow.

Today old buildings are being demolished to make way for new; riveters beat a tattoo on gaunt steel skeletons of tomorrow's new shops and offices; a pathway is being mowed through two blocks to extend another thoroughfare.

It is a city in transition. Sleek modern buildings of concrete and polished stone surround, but do not yet engulf, a Renaissance Town Hall, a Byzantine market, Gothic churches, a Tudor castle Government House (page 676), and an Ionic Art Gallery. The florid Victorian appearance, however, is rapidly disappearing.

Neon lights proclaim night clubs, theaters, and motion-picture "palaces." Last year Sydney played to crowded houses its first all-Australian musical comedy. Libretto, lyrics, and lines were from Australian pens; beaches and the Blue Mountains were its locale.

MILK BARS AND CHEMISTS' SHOPS

American institutions have touched the city. Milk bars, or soda fountains, fruit-juice stalls, and light-lunch restaurants have become popular. But a drug store is still a "chemist shop," where only drugs are dispensed, and one buys cigarettes from a tobacconist.

One large department store has devoted extensive floor space to a restaurant, where more than 6,000 luncheons are served every business day, besides providing special cafeterias and dining rooms for its 4,000 employees. Throughout the suburban dis-

tricts, gasoline stations (or petrol pumps) have sprung up. One that I noticed even rejoices in the name of "Ye Auto Drive Inn."

Sydney's streets in the down-town business section are becoming painfully cramped for the heavy traffic that surges through them.

One day, as a local business man and I stood on a corner waiting for a police whistle to redirect the traffic tide, I commented rather pointedly on the width of the streets.

"Not narrow by any means," he laughed. "Why, they are so wide that we put a row of shops down the center."

That, at least, is one manner of explaining the one-way routing down Castlereagh and up Pitt Streets!

But Sydney is above all a city of people—a people who work and play. Australians have acquired the happy faculty of working to live rather than living to work. When you see Sydneysiders yachting, going out for cricket matches, attending the races, or sun-baking and surfing at the beaches, play appears all important. Business men take time for morning and afternoon tea, served in their offices, yet the work gets done.

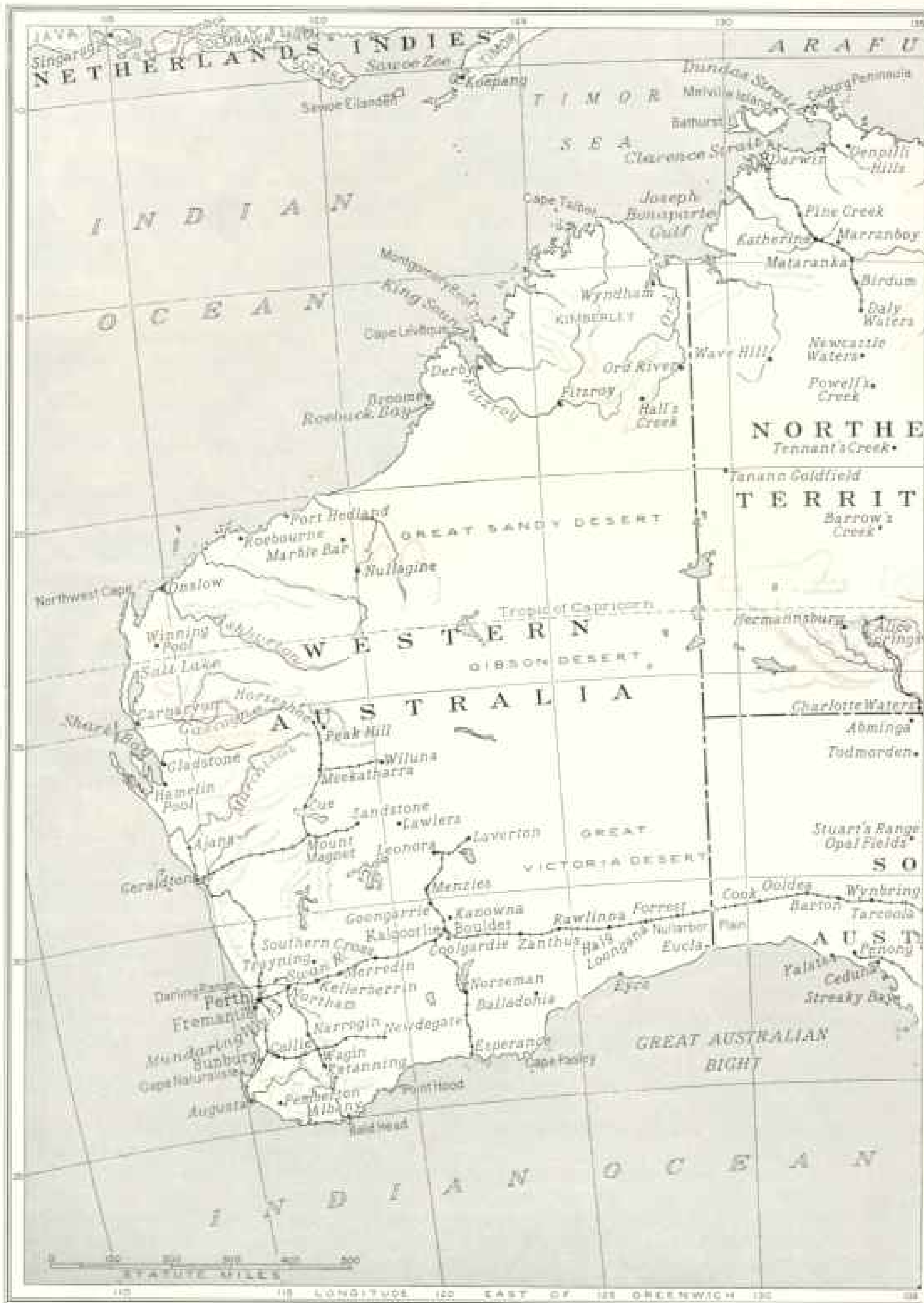
The Royal Exchange is the largest wool selling center in the world, having displaced London, which held that position for many years. More than a million bales of the golden fleece are auctioned off every year. In addition, there are salesrooms for tallow, hides, sheepskins, and other pastoral products.

FEVERISH BIDDING FOR BALES OF WOOL

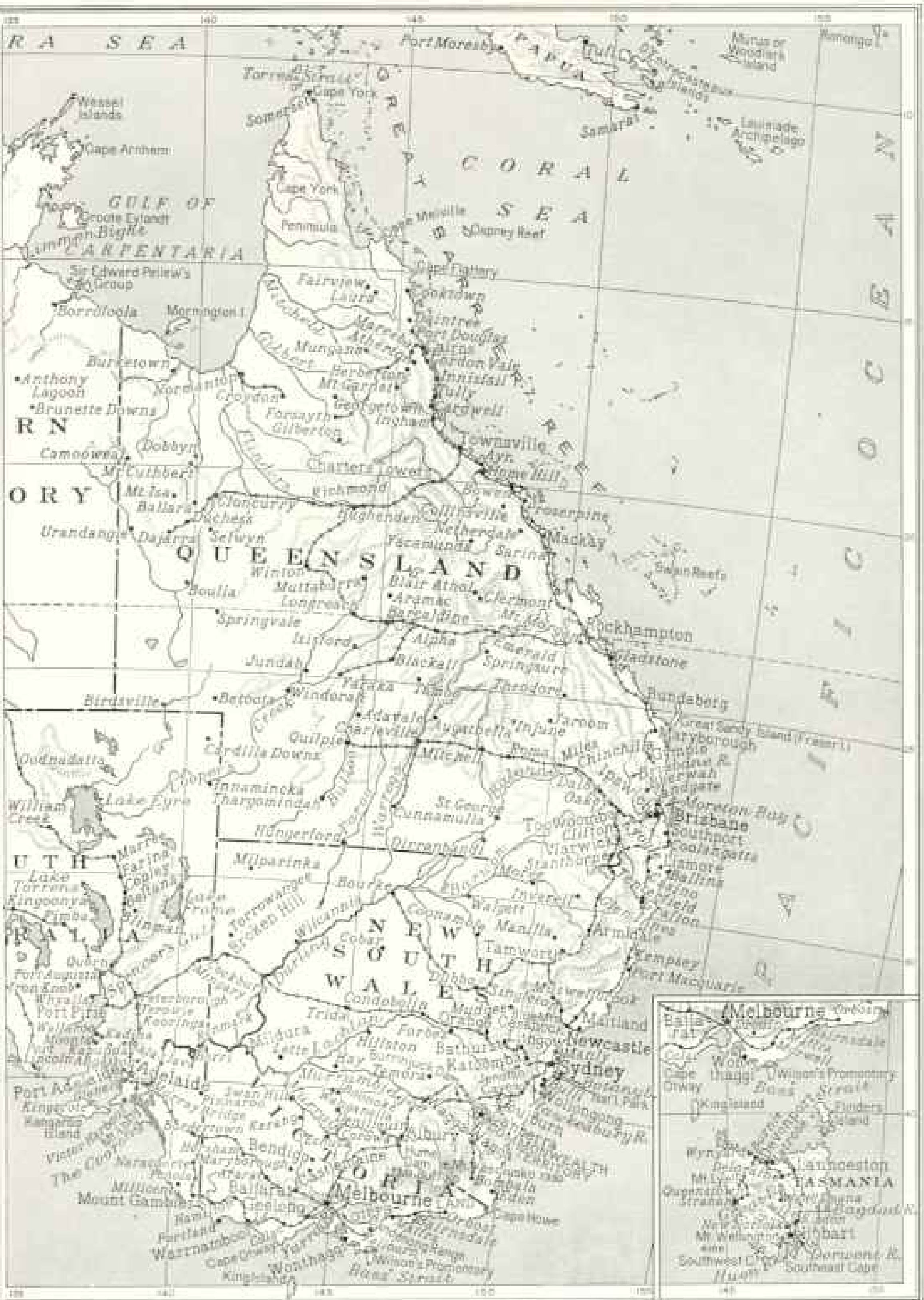
A wool sale is a fascinating thing to watch. Foreign buyers, Australian milling groups, and local wool scourers fill the amphitheater on each sale day. Catalogues are provided, in which are numbered and classified the different lots to be sold. The wool is previously put on display for inspection at local brokers' show stores, so that the selling is done only by number.

At the auctioneer's call for bids two dozen men may jump to their feet, barking figures and signaling with their hands.

From the feverish, noisy bidding the uninitiated can hardly understand the price offered or know who has made the bid. But the auctioneer knows. There are no arguments; his word is final. Four checkers are kept busy tallying up the sales. An average of seven lots falls under the hammer every minute during the selling period!



IN AREA THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH APPROXIMATES THAT OF THE UNITED STATES



Drawn by Arthur J. Hazes

NEARLY HALF OF ITS 6,677,000 PEOPLE LIVE IN THE SIX THRIVING STATE CAPITALS



ONLY SKILLFUL STEPPING WILL PREVENT A DUCKING

The wheels turn easily as the person walks or runs on the side of them—too easily for the uninitiated! Several of these rotors, besides teeters, slides, and diving boards, provide recreation in the enclosed pool within the harbor at Manly (see Color Plate I).

Occasionally a little hum comes from the buyers; some man has bid more than the others think it is worth.

"These are actual sales; every one takes delivery of his purchase," explained my cicerone. "No lot can be put up for resale. Consequently, it is unlike the grain pits at Chicago, or the activities in Wall Street, where members buy and sell a commodity which they do not actually possess."

In the 1933-34 season more than £23,000,000 were realized on the wool sales at the Exchange. Yes, Sydney does work.

SAILING A UNIVERSAL SPORT

Scarcely had the noise of wool bidding left my ears when my companion turned enthusiastically to the subject of sail-boating. By all means, I should see the 16-footer race on Saturday.

On Saturday afternoons the harbor and Sydney's flying squadron attract doctor, lawyer, business executive, bus driver, dock hand, and shop clerk.

Some devotees are in sweaters and shorts, hauling at sails; others are in flannels, watching from the decks of trim motor craft; hundreds line the rails of special ferries that follow the race; the mid-harbor islands and foreshores along the course are vantage points for still others.

Like a flock of white winging gulls, the competing craft tack and skim over the water. With all canvas piled on in a fresh nor'easter, it is a beautiful sight (see page 670 and Color Plate IV).

"Weather never interrupts our racing schedules," explained a squadron officer. "Although fair weather is the rule, we do get some dirty blows. In one race, out of



Photograph from Victorian Government Railways

WITH A TANG IN THE AIR AND A GOOD SNOW UNDERFOOT

During Australia's winter months, especially in July and August, snow lies deep in Mount Buffalo National Park and many skiing and tobogganing enthusiasts resort to this Victorian playground. In summer the mountain is a popular temperate vacation land for hiking and riding.

more than thirty entries, only nine completed the race. Several capsized before they ever got away from the starting line."

Other sailboats, big and small, compete in their turn or just cruise about, their crews caught by the irresistible lure of wind-filled canvas. Upwards of three hundred sailboats dot the harbor on a favorable week-end. Even canoeists hang up a bit of cotton on a slender mast. Youngsters paddle about the shores in tiny boats shaped from pieces of discarded corrugated roofing.

During the long summer season thousands of the city's sun worshipers resort to the beaches and swimming pools. Nature has provided Australia with 11,000 miles of coastline, along which are innumerable golden-sanded beaches. Around the harbor and along Pacific-layed coast in the imme-

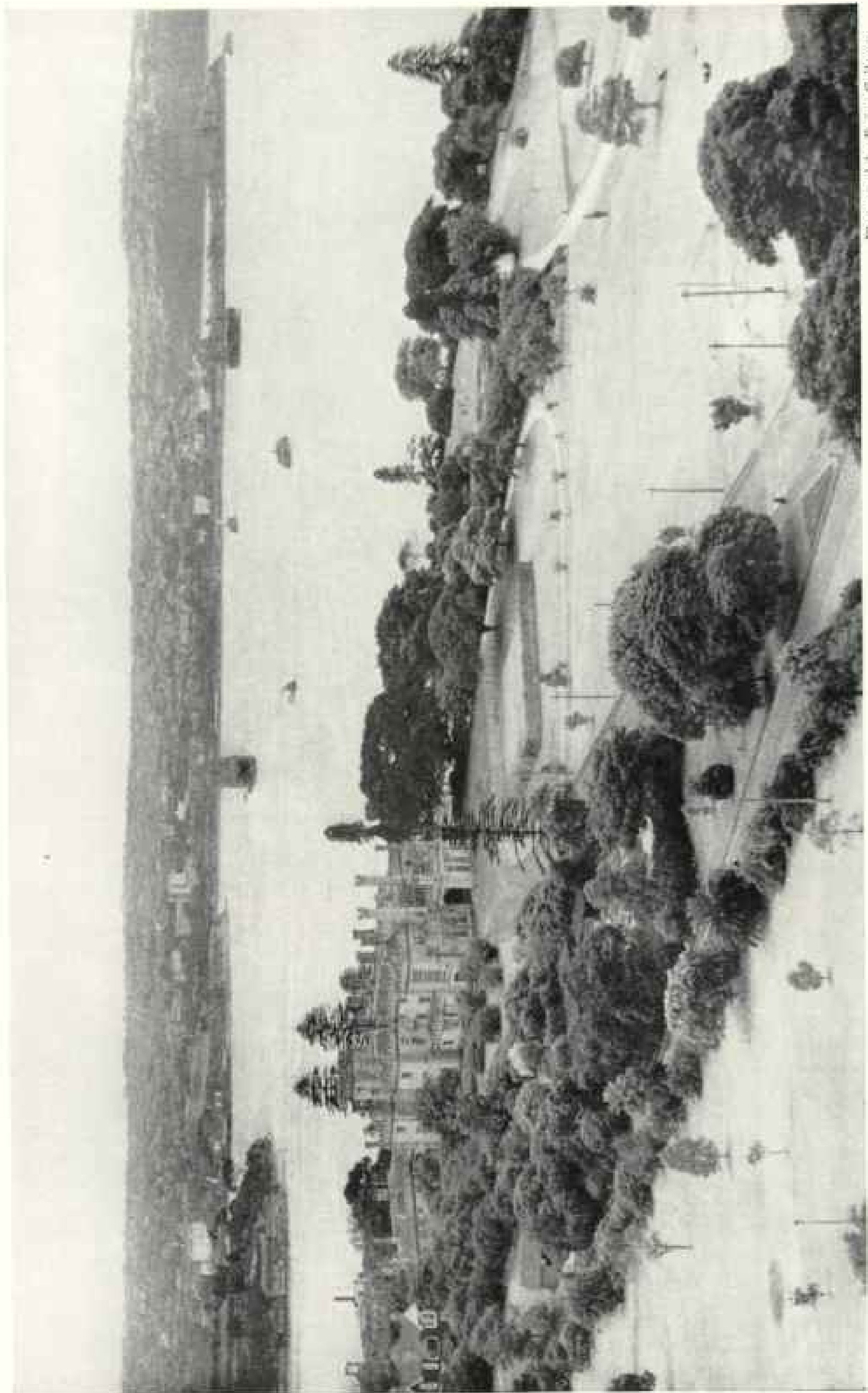
diante vicinity of Sydney there are twenty beaches to choose from (see Color Plate I).

At two of these beaches, Bondi and Bronte, 19,000,000 annually—counting repeaters—go to "shoot the breakers" and frolic on the dazzling sands. A hardy, bronzed lot they are, these brilliantly suited children of the sun.

To see this kaleidoscope of color, one would never know that a council ordinance still exists, dated about 1904, providing that the costume should cover the body from neck to knee. Most of the bathers probably don't know of it themselves.

"What of the sharks that one hears so much about?" is the inevitable question of the visitor.*

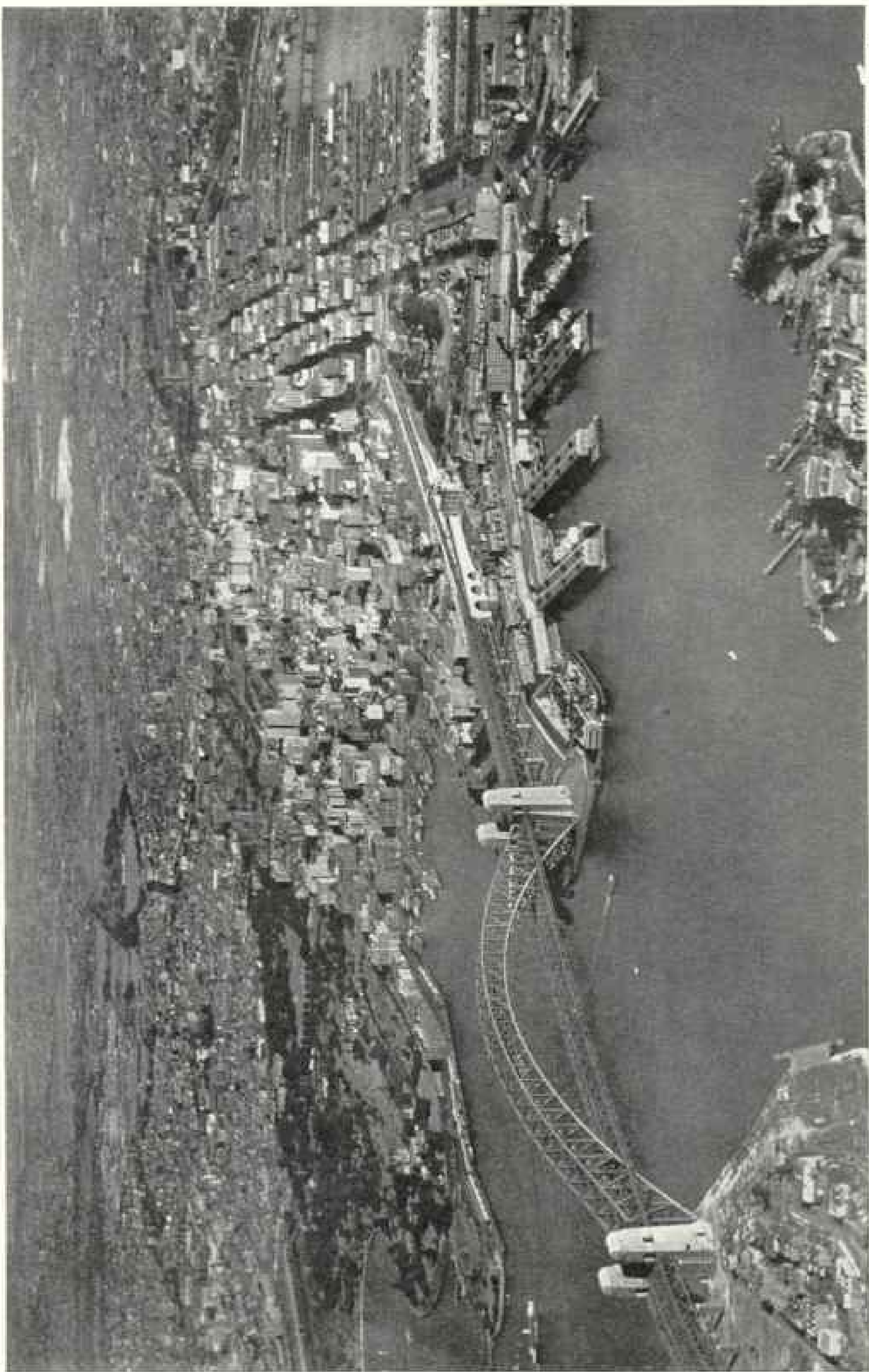
* See "Shark Fishing—An Australian Industry," by Norman Ellison, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, September, 1932.



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

SET IN SPACIOUS GARDENS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN SYDNEY BROODS OVER A WIDE PANORAMA OF HARBOR AND CITY

This residence of the Governor of New South Wales, replete with battlements and towers of a Tudor castle, was built nearly a century ago. On a portion of its grounds and the adjacent Botanic Gardens were planted the first small farms of the early settlers in 1788. The channel at the left leads to Circular Quay and Sydney Harbor Bridge (see text, page 668).



Photograph by Theo. Farrell

FROM ITS HARBOR SYDNEY SEEMS A MINIATURE MANHATTAN WITH ITS OWN HELL GATE BRIDGE

Behind the mighty span's rainbow arch is Circular Quay, once Sydney Cove. On the tongue of land between it and Farm Cove, at the left, is the residence of the Governor of New South Wales. Except for a few straight streets paralleling the shipping piers, the business houses appear like a disarray of building blocks; so irregular are the city's thoroughfares (see text, page 669).



Photograph from N.S.W. Government Printer

"YES, I WALKED ACROSS HARBOR BRIDGE THE DAY IT OPENED"

Thousands of Sydney citizens can tell their children how, after the opening ceremony, March 19, 1932, they joined the crowds that thronged the lofty 1,650-foot span, longest and widest arch-suspension-type structure that man had built. When the two halves of the 30,000-ton arch were brought together, the ends were only slightly more than three inches out of line horizontally and two inches vertically. Part of this variation was due to the sun's heat striking one side of the framework.



"LET THEIR NAMES BE FOREVER HELD IN PROUD REMEMBRANCE!"

Thus King George V has written in one of the books in Victoria's Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne. Other books contain the rolls of the State's sons who served in the World War. In the floor in the center of the shrine is set a marble slab bearing the words: "Greater Love Hath No Man." An aperture in the ceiling is so placed that a ray of sunlight will strike this inscription each November 11. There were 314,336 casualties among the 329,883 Australian World War volunteers.

Sharks there are, but if all of them that have done damage in the past 16 years were to have concentrated their efforts just on Bondi and Bronte, the swimmer would still have only one chance in 2,000,000 of making their acquaintance.

A squad of life guards is always on duty on the beaches (see page 720 and Color Plate IV). Some of the places are provided with lookout towers; others are patrolled by surfboats and by airplanes to keep a sharp watch for the telltale fin.

When a shark is sighted, a warning bell is rung and the bathers rush for shore. A few places are also provided with shark-proof nets, which guarantee positive safety for those who may have any fears.

AN EXCITING SURF SPORT

The Australians have evolved a method of shooting the breakers, quickly learned and exciting after one acquires the knack of darting out in front of a whitecap and riding it in toward the shore. Surfboards are used in areas set apart, but the majority either ride the waves unaided or use a small

mattresslike cushion with which one can have glorious thrills and spills.

Because of the large crowds and the heavy surf that oftentimes rolls in from the Pacific, it early became necessary to provide ready assistance for those who ventured too far. From that necessity for efficient organization was born the first of the Surf Life Saving Clubs, of which the Australians are rightfully very proud. Since its organization in 1907, the movement has grown to such an extent that it is unquestionably the most highly trained volunteer organization in existence.

The larger metropolitan clubs accept a member only after he has negotiated a test swim of 400 yards in still water in not more than eight minutes. Then he is placed on probation to an intensive training course in rough water. After further examination, which wins for him the bronze medallion, he becomes a qualified lifesaver. Although his service is entirely voluntary, the member has to present a very good excuse should he be absent on a day when he is supposed to serve.

One morning, as I stood on the beach, there came a call for help. Six sturdy young men snapped soldierlike into action about a life-line reel. With quick strides they were down to the water's edge. Line was paid out to one of the men who, with life belt on, swam out to the person in distress. With steady, even hauls, rescued and rescuer were soon brought ashore.

It was all over in a few minutes. The one was a bit water-logged and considerably embarrassed; the other had quietly added another number to the more than 27,500 rescues that the association members have efficiently performed.

PARADE OF THE LIFESAVERS

Grand parades of these surf lifesavers from the different beaches feature Sydney's surf carnivals. These competitive drills constitute a display of virile, well-developed manhood.

Municipal parks, cricket grounds, the Botanic Gardens, and Taronga Zoological Park are also centers of sport and recreation. Twenty percent of the city's area is devoted to these open-air spaces.

Stroll through the zoo grounds and you'll hear:

"Let's see Freddie and Freda; we've got time before they feed the seals."

"No, let's look at the 'Teddy' bears* and the 'roos. Maybe we can even find a duck-billed platypus."

Freddie and Freda are two trained monkeys who cavort about and perform antics in costume. They provide the buffoonery; the excellent display of native birds and animals, however, is the real show, for here are strange marsupials and other life peculiar to this ancient continent.

A fine aquarium of tropical fishes and the fascinating life of the Great Barrier Reef,† off Queensland, has been established for the benefit of those who otherwise would never see that wonderland.

National Park and Bulli Pass, overlooking the sea, are but a short motoring or bus-riding trip down the coast; the fantastically beautiful Jenolan Caves and Blue Mountains a week-ending holiday to the north (see Plates II, V, VII).

* See "Koala, or Australian Teddy Bear," by F. Lewis, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, September, 1931.

† See "Great Barrier Reef and Its Isles," by Charles Barrett, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, September, 1950.

On this latter trip one follows the route of the pioneers, Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson, who, in 1813, penetrated the mountain barrier and found a way to the fertile interior.

FLYING UP TO BRISBANE

Mount Kosciusko, named for the Polish hero who also was an officer in Washington's army, near the New South Wales-Victoria boundary, is the ridgepole of the continent, and a favored spot for skiing and other winter sports (see page 692).

Varied indeed are Sydney's recreations. Approximately 500 miles north from the Mascot Aerodrome of Sydney, as the plane flies, is Brisbane, capital of Queensland. One can go by boat, as did John Oxley, Surveyor General of New South Wales, when he probed beautiful Moreton Bay and sailed up the looping course of the Brisbane River to discover the site for the city in 1824. One can also go by train. But the aerial transport, winging its way up the magnificent coastline, emphasizes one's quick entry into the subtropics.

There is more than a touch of Hawaii or the West Indies in Brisbane's appearance. Here, Brazilian jacaranda trees lift high their powdery-blue floral displays; poinciana, or "flame of the forest" trees, spread their flamboyant canopies over street and park; red and purple bougainvillea loop and twine over garden wall and about airy verandas; the frangipani fills the air with its heavy oriental fragrance; and graceful palms everywhere rustle in the breeze.

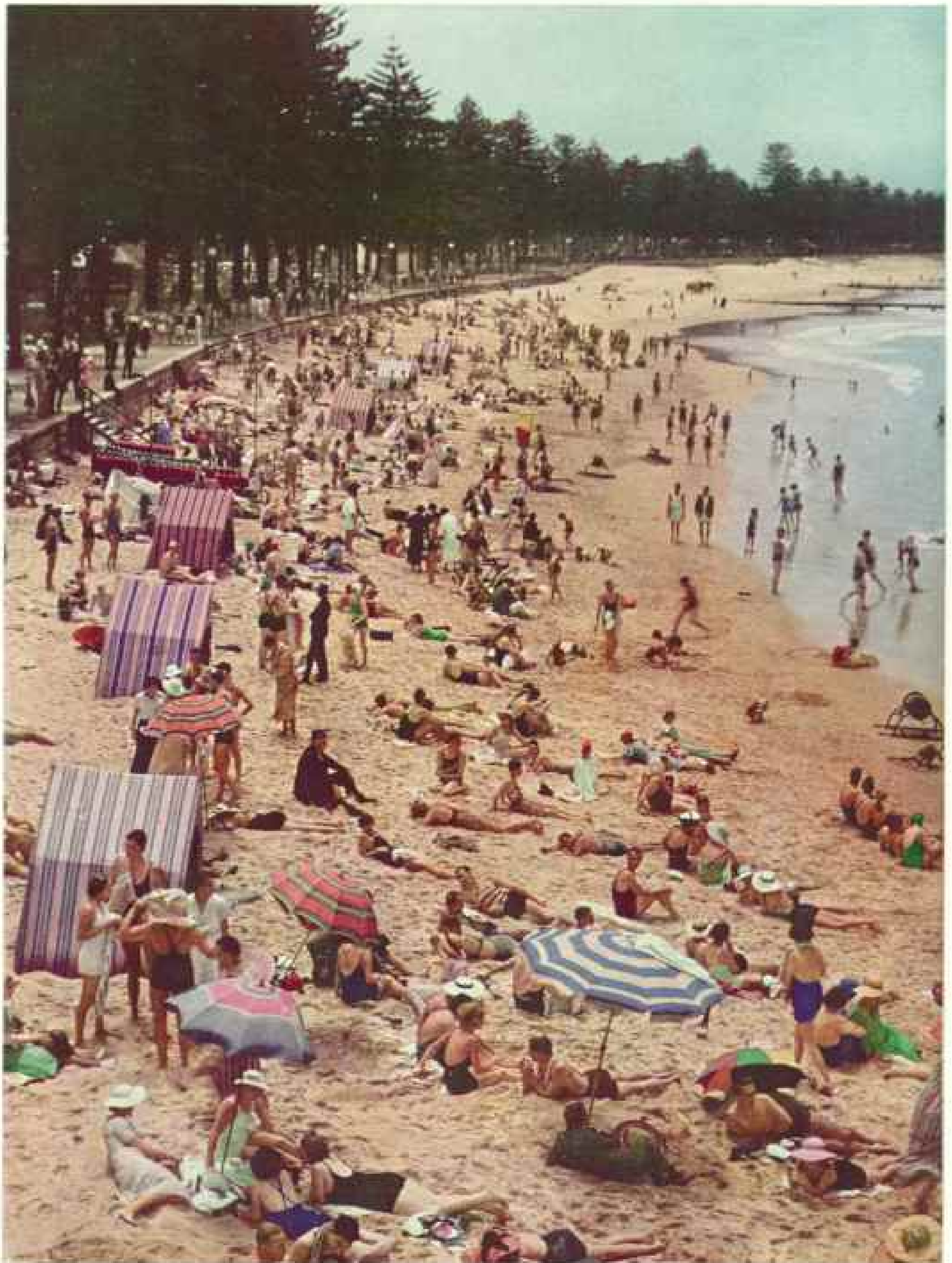
In the fruit stalls are bananas, pawpaws (papayas), pineapples, the strange fruit-salad plant known as *Monstera deliciosa*, and other tropical produce, as well as temperate fruits.

Homes, too, emphasize the mildness of the climate. Many of them are built on stilts to allow free circulation of air underneath the living rooms, giving coolness in the summer time and dryness during the three months' wet season.

Like Sydney, Brisbane is built on many hills; the serpentine course of the river is its harbor and yachting area (page 694).

"Our city is the largest in the Australian Commonwealth," say the loyal sons of Brisbane. They mean in area. With the creation of Greater Brisbane a decade ago the municipal boundaries embrace 385 square miles. Quick mathematics reveals the fact that there is an average of about

FLASHES OF COLOR IN THE FIFTH CONTINENT



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

A SYDNEY BEACH LURES THOUSANDS OF AUSTRALIA'S SUN WORSHIPERS

Residents may surf, swim, or sun-tan on nearly a score of these spacious strands that fringe the Pacific-laved coastline within a few miles of the city. This popular resort, Manly, also has a five-acre pool within the harbor area, enclosed with a shark-proof net. So mild is the climate that some people swim here all the year round.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

SUBLIME POINT, 1,400 FEET ABOVE THE SEA, OVERLOOKS 30 MILES OF SCALLOPED SHORES

This lofty vantage point, affording an aerial-like panorama of coastal towns, wide-curved beaches, and the blue Pacific, is at Bulli Pass, 40 miles from Sydney. Below is the mining town of Bulli, where one edge of a vast saucer of coal comes to the surface. It reappears at Bathurst and Newcastle.



© National Geographic Society

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S FLORAL EMBLEM

These oddly shaped flowers are "kangaroo paws," so named because the flat, unopened buds suggest the feet of Australia's equally strange animal. Several differently colored kinds of these plants grow in the State.



Friday Photographs by W. Robert Moore

TO THE MEMORY OF QUEENSLAND'S WAR HEROES

From the mouth of this urn, set in the center of an open circular colonnade, issues the eternal flame that burns in honor of the State's sons who fell in the World War. The monument stands in the heart of Brisbane.



"MANLY" THEY ARE—BUT THE WORD REFERS TO THEIR STATION

Men must undergo rigid tests to be members of Australia's famed voluntary Surf Life Saving Association, which has made more than 27,500 rescues since 1907. While one man swims out to the drowning person, the others operate life line and reel. This group is on duty at Manly Beach (Plate I):



© National Geographic Society

Ferry Photographs by W. Robert Moore

ON WEEK-ENDS SYDNEY HARBOR IS AGLEAM WITH WINGING SAILS

A ferry lists to starboard under the weight of passengers crowding its rails as it follows a sixteen-footer sailing race on a Saturday afternoon. Other devotees seek vantage points on shore or in launches and yachts. As many as 300 sailboats sometimes cruise the wide arms of the harbor.

FLASHES OF COLOR IN THE FIFTH CONTINENT



AGAINST HEADLANDS AND BEACHES THE PACIFIC SURF SPENDS ITS FORCE

Near Sydney the coastal road offers many such panoramas of sea and shore. Inland tower sandstone cliffs, some 1,500 feet high (Plate II). Beyond the hills at the left the State has established a National Park of 33,800 acres, where the luxuriant native bush has been preserved.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

FOXGLOVE GROWS WILD ON A BLUE MOUNTAIN SLOPE

Once this area, now covered with bracken and flowers, was the garden of a mountain home. Except for such exotic growths, the gray-green foliage is broken only by the young red leaves on the tall eucalyptus trees and by the golden splashes of wattle in springtime bloom.



© National Geographic Society

Friday Photograph by W. Robert Moore

BOLD PROMONTORIES AND GOLDEN-SAND BEACHES FRILL THE COAST NORTH OF SYDNEY

In the 16 miles between Sydney harbor entrance and Burrenjoey Head, there are nearly as many of these sandy coves where thousands of Sydneysiders go to bathe and surf. A road, looping around the headlands and connecting the beaches, provides a popular drive.



© National Geographic Society

AUSTRALIA'S BLUE MOUNTAINS DESERVE THEIR NAME

In changing lights the coloring on these geologically ancient ramparts shades from a purple to a smoky cobalt on the crests. For many years the range barred exploration of the interior, but in 1813 it was crossed by Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson, thus opening the way to the development of the fertile inland. This photograph was taken a few miles west of Katoomba.

Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore



PERTH HAS GROWN AROUND A WIDE LOOP OF THE SWAN RIVER

This thriving capital of Western Australia, seen from King's Park, has developed rapidly in the past 50 years because of the rich gold discoveries in the State.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE IS THE OXFORD STREET OF PERTH

Along this avenue are banks, insurance companies, newspaper and other business offices, and a commercial college. In the background is a portion of Perth Water, a lakelike reach of the Swan River. The city's access to the sea, however, is largely through the port of Fremantle, 12 miles away.

four-fifths of an acre for every one of its 300,000 residents. But Queensland, with more than seven and a half times the area of the British Isles, can afford plenty of space for its capital.

CITY HALL IS CITY'S PRIDE

The hub of this comprehensive area and the center of the business district is the City Hall, which occupies more than two acres. It is the city's pride; I had not been in Brisbane an hour before I was asked: "Have you seen our new City Hall?"

A century ago black men camped on the site of this spacious structure, built in Italian Renaissance style from Queensland granite and freestone (see page 710).

From the vantage point of its lofty tower one can gain a splendid bird's-eye view of the city and its encircling suburbs and hills, with the river curving in and out to form a succession of long, placid, lakelike reaches upon which ride the ships of Brisbane's commerce.

Down below is Queen's Street, the city's main business thoroughfare, along which are the newest and tallest buildings, some of them built to accommodate future growth, as is the City Hall.

CATTLE, SHEEP, AND SUGAR

Brisbane lives principally on returns from cattle, sheep, and sugar.

Queensland is Australia's largest cattle-producing State. More than five and a half million range her pastoral regions. Those near the coast are mainly dairying herds, producing butter and cheese. The others are beef stock. Twenty-one million sheep also dot the State's vast acres.

Thus the city's meatworks along the river are busy processing the meat products that come from these inland districts, and through the bustling wool mart passes the lion's share of the wool and sheepskin output.

It is Queensland that satisfies the sweet tooth of Australia. Her canefields are the result of the white man's challenge to the Tropics. The Colonial Sugar Refining Company sweetens Brisbane's industrial life by refining the raw sugar from many of the State's 35 mills.

Besides its radiating railway network, Brisbane has air lines extending to the north and out into the western districts. Here, last December, the Duke of Gloucester in-

augurated the final link of the aerial mail service between England and Australia.*

A little more than a month before that event the spectacular air dash from London to Melbourne in three days focused worldwide attention on the Victorian capital.

Yet Melbourne is very much a land-bound metropolis. She sends her European air mail by train to connect with the Empire Airways. No aerial transport links Sydney with this second largest Australian city. A few years ago such a service was organized, but when the *Flying Cloud* winged out into a storm and disappeared, the service came to an abrupt halt.

Rail travel between the two cities entails changing trains en route, because of the difference in the track gauges between New South Wales and Victoria. The railway authorities, however, have minimized the inconvenience. And, as most of the journey is done at night, business men lose little time from office hours.

Melbourne recently had a birthday. The event was celebrated by extended ceremony and pageantry. The Duke of Gloucester, representing the Royal Family, came out from England for the festivities. After all, the passing of a centenary milestone does merit the display of considerable gay plumage, colored lights, and bright bunting (see Plates X and XIV).

THE "VILLAGE" THAT NOW IS MELBOURNE

A hundred years ago colonial-born John Batman, over on a pioneering venture from Tasmania, stood on the banks of the River Yarra and made the prophetic entry in his diary: "This will be a place for a village."

His "village" has grown up!

In the hours that I perched on a narrow ledge a hundred feet above the densely crowded streets waiting to make a color photograph of the triumphal entry of the ducal procession into the city, I saw ambulance attendants administer first aid to nearly as many persons as there were residents of infant Melbourne.

Batman's "purchase" of the site of Melbourne from a band of wandering blacks reads like the acquisition of Manhattan from the Indians. In exchange for blankets, tomahawks, scissors, knives, and other oddments he secured questionable right to a 600,000-acre tract of land.

* See "From London to Australia by Aeroplane," by Sir Ross Smith, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, March, 1921.



THROUGH FLINDERS STREET RAILWAY STATION IN MELBOURNE PASS 252,000 COMMUTERS DAILY

To accommodate them the Victorian Government operates 2,300 trains each day, most of them electric. Interstate passengers from Sydney or Adelaide arrive at Spencer Street Station, three blocks beyond the distant tower. The buildings are decorated for the State's Centenary celebrations, extending from October, 1934, into the present year.



Photograph by Theo. Parrall

FROM THE AIR SYDNEY'S SPACIOUS PLAY PLACES LOOK LIKE A MODERNIST'S STUDY IN OVALS

Even the tiny lake and parked automobiles at the right add to the design. Just beyond the cricket ground, where a game is in progress, are the Royal Agricultural Society's Show Grounds. In the far distance (right) is Ranwick Racecourse, rival in popularity to Flemington, in Melbourne (see pages 695 and 709).



Photograph from N.S.W. Government Printer

THE RIDGEPOLE OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT—MOUNT KOŚCIUSKO

Although only 7,336 feet high, the range is covered with snow for several months of the year and its skiing and other snow sports attract many.

Despite protests from the New South Wales authorities, Batman's associates and an independent "squatter" party under John Fawkner pitched their camps and stayed.

Born as a pastoral enterprise and fed in its late teens on gold nuggets, Melbourne proved a sturdy pioneer offspring. At the age of 16, before it went on the invigorating gold diet, the town had grown to a population of 20,000. Then came the famous El Dorado discoveries at Castlemaine, Ballarat, and Bendigo. Into half a dozen years was crammed the normal growth of a generation.

STANDARD STREETS 99 FEET WIDE

For more than 40 years Melbourne out-rivaled Sydney. Today it has a population of more than a million. It has been an abundant life for the centenarian.

Unlike Sydney, Melbourne has grown by definite planning. Early surveyors laid out the town's square mile with Euclidean ac-

curacy. While Sydney frets over narrow, crooked thoroughfares, the Victorian capital rejoices that its surveyor insisted on streets 99 feet wide, a plan he succeeded in maintaining by acceding to a number of "little" streets, or lanes, which were to serve as back entrances to the properties, but have since become business channels of importance (see page 708).

What Melbourne lacks in picturesque-ness of position, it makes up in neat orderliness.

Monotony in the business district is more than redeemed by the charm of the outlying parks and lovely boulevards. Tree-lined St. Kilda, across the Yarra, is an avenue that few cities can surpass.

After youthful "flings" during the gold-rush days and land booms, Melbourne has settled down to a comparatively sedate life of steady progress. There is more of that stolid English conservatism in its appearance and in the thought of the people than in Sydney.



QUEENSLAND'S HEROES WON FAME ON LAND AND SEA.

Hindenburg Line, Anzac, Cocos Islands, seen engraved on the inner wall of the colonnade, represent a few of the far-flung activities of the Australian forces during the World War. Hemmed in by business structures in the heart of Brisbane are the green lawns of Anzac Square (see Color Plate III). The term Anzac is an acronym formed from the initials of the Australia-New Zealand Army Corps which made dramatic history at Gallipoli and other World War battlefields. The sewing machine sign denotes an American product sold on main business streets of the world.

Up and down Bourke Street ply the old toylike cable trams, not yet replaced by modern trackless cars.

"They're still serviceable, so why abandon them? Anyway, they're rather friendly to ride on," philosophized a Melbourne friend as we stepped aboard one on our way to the theater.

One can forgive the outmoded railway station at which trains from Sydney or Adelaide arrive, because someone has been thoughtful enough to plant beds of flowers on the embankments and between the railway tracks through the suburbs (see Color Plate XII).

Melbourne claims more interest in art and music than does any other Australian city. Near the metropolis was born Nellie Porter Mitchell, who for more than twenty years thrilled country after country with her glorious voice. The world knew her

as the famous Melba, a stage name she adopted from the city she loved.

Sabbath-day Melbourne is as deserted as is Piccadilly Circus on a Sunday morning. Only such trams operate as will take people to church.

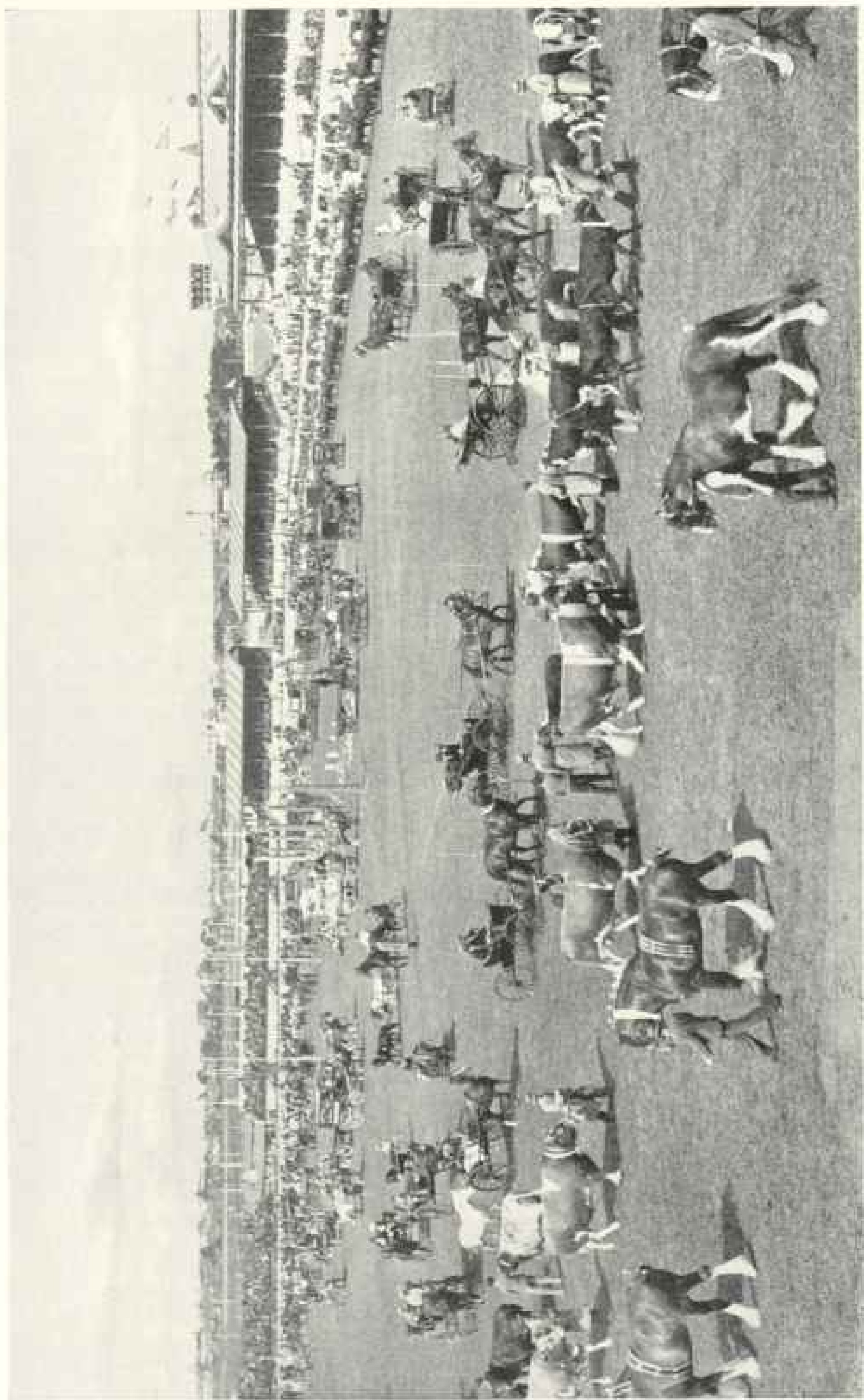
Part of the city's quietness, however, is due to its temperamental climate. Subject to sudden variations and frequent rains, it has kept the people indoors more than has the more equable weather of Sydney.

Nevertheless, the city has its beaches, 60 miles of them, where the people resort whenever opportunity affords. Countless workaday Melbournites from the factory districts also charter trucks and furniture vans to picnic in the near-by Dandenong mountains. The winter skiing grounds at Mount Buffalo are only a few hours distant. Cricket grounds, football fields, tennis courts, and golf links are likewise filled.



AT BRISBANE, AS AT MIAMI, RUSTLING PALMS FRAME MANY OF THE CITY VIEWS

Where modern business offices and the lofty tower of the City Hall now rise, black men pitched their camps only a century ago. From the water-front warehouses in the Queensland capital is shipped a major portion of the State's wool and sheepskin output, while elsewhere along the Brisbane River are several meat-packing plants (see text, page 680).



PRIZE LIVESTOCK PARADE AT STATE FAIRS, AUSTRALIAN STYLE.

Cattle and agricultural exhibits are held in all the State capitals. Sheep, hogs, agricultural produce, fruits, flowers, and handicrafts are displayed in adjacent buildings. Business firms also exhibit their products and concessionaires provide many entertainments. This is grand parade day on the Melbourne show grounds.

Last year, when the Australian cricket team was playing in England, thousands sat nightly at their radios while the matches were in progress.

"We had to increase our electricity output by 5,000 horsepower to accommodate all the radios, lights, and heating units that were in use at the time," said one of the engineers out at the Vallourn brown coal fields, where the electricity for the city is generated.

HENLEY DAY ON THE YARRA

At Henley Day on the Yarra, in November, the spirit of carnival prevails. The river banks are lined with gaily bedecked houseboats, from which club members may view the regattas and parade of canoes. Crowds mass the grassy embankments.

Arrayed in their airiest and brightest new summer frocks, the young ladies walk in twos and threes and fours back and forth on the paths along the shores and on the lawns, seeing and hoping to be seen, as well as aspiring to be chosen as "Miss Henley" of the year. Failing that, even a picture in the press will do. A cameraman gets many smiles.

Beau Brummels paddle up and down the river in elaborately appointed canoes, their girl friends lounging under dainty parasols amid resplendent silk cushions. Only a motion picture in color could hope to record this glorious springtime pageant that blossoms forth on the placid Yarra (see Color Plate XI).

During Cup Week in Melbourne serious work is nearly forgotten. The races at Flemington have first consideration, for the Melbourne Cup is Australia's sporting classic. At that time all roads lead to Melbourne.

Hotels and clubs are filled with enthusiasts from the "bush," many of whom are wealthy station owners who perhaps own their own horses and are able to "back" them with amazing prodigality. Social life also flourishes.

Out in western Victoria a few days before the races, I stopped to photograph a shepherd with his flock. He could hardly stay away from my side long enough to round up the straying sheep, so interested was he in questioning which horse I thought would win the cup. I had just come from Melbourne, so I should be able to give him a good tip on which one he should back in side bets with his friends!

On race day Flemington pulses with noisy bookmakers and surging crowds that fill the stands and pack every available vantage point. Old and young, wealthy and poor, careless and desperate, all come to "punt," meaning wager. Many of those who haven't the price of admission still arrange a few bets with friends or family "just to have a 'bob' or two on the winner!"

Not until one has witnessed the Melbourne Cup or the spring races in Sydney will he understand the love of sporting life, especially horse-racing, that is ingrained in the life of the average Australian.

Last year rain soaked the Cup goers, but it failed to dampen their enthusiasm. I saw women washing the mud from their skirts under water taps between races. "A shocking day," many of them complained, but still they stayed.

Momentarily the sun came out as the horses lined up for the race of races. Off they galloped on the two-mile run. As "Peter Pan" forged ahead for a three-lengths win, the crowd went wild. Ten thousand pounds and the coveted Cup were his owner's for the second time. Melbourne celebrated long into the night (see illustration, page 709). "We have proved that, although we have not yet produced a Shakespeare, we know how to manage a horse race," commented a newspaper man in his editorial.

Separated from the southeastern tip of the mainland by the 200-mile-wide Bass Strait is Tasmania, Australia's heart-shaped island State. To get to Hobart I flew to Launceston on Melbourne's only regular air line, and then motored among rugged hills and fertile valley lands to the capital.

Many times on my visit to this southern city, as we passed stone houses, willow-bordered rivers, and fragrant hawthorn hedges, I could imagine myself back in southern England. While many of the early residents apparently wanted to import as much of their home atmosphere as they could, sufficient numbers of the venerable "gums," or eucalyptus trees,* and golden wattle have been left to preserve the distinctiveness of the Australian landscape.

English-flavored Hobart is the second oldest city in Australia. Here and there one sees structures built by the labor of early convicts who were shipped to the

* See "The Tallest Tree That Grows" (Eucalyptus), by Edgerton R. Young, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, July, 1909.

FLASHES OF COLOR IN THE FIFTH CONTINENT

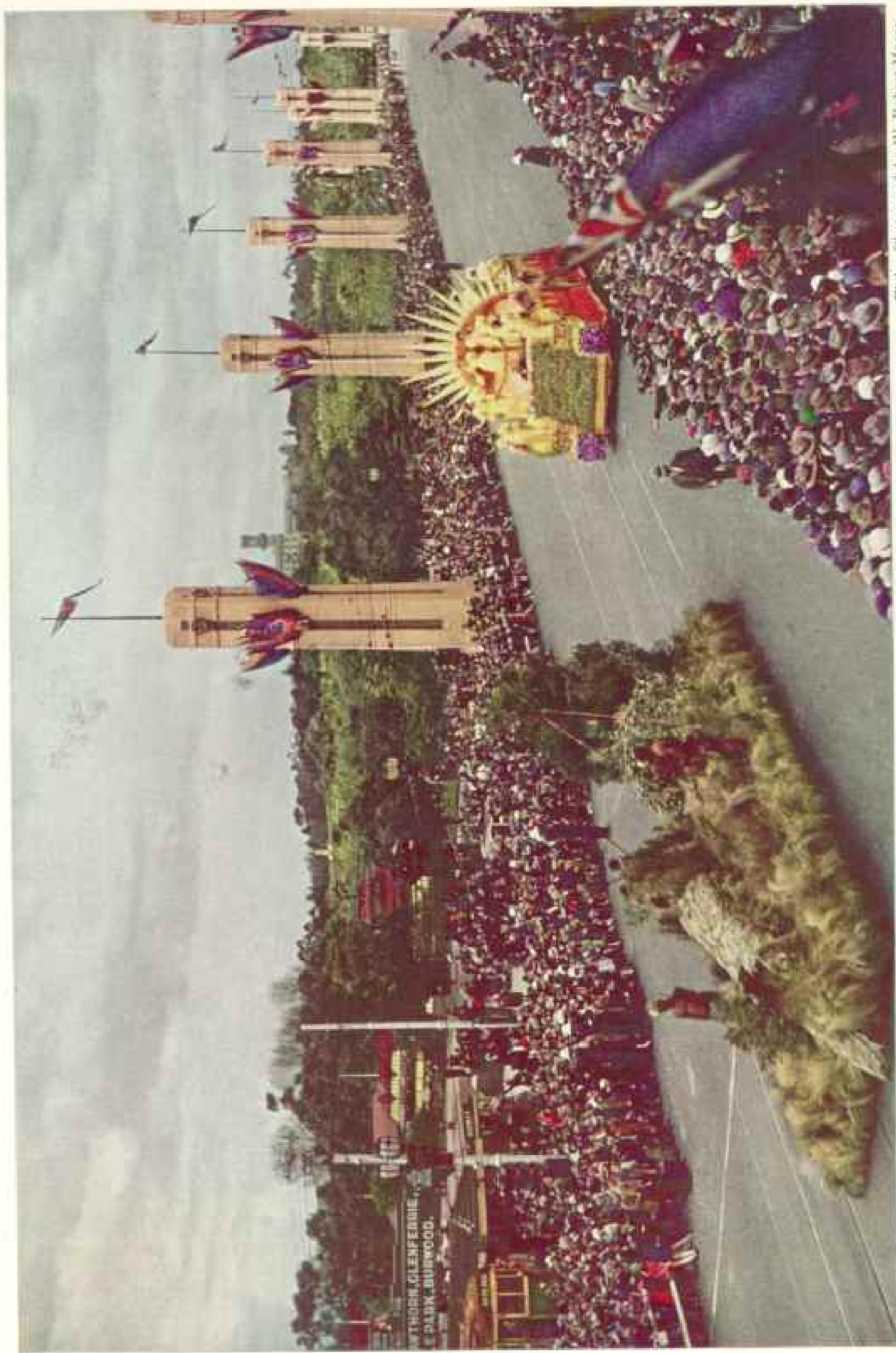


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Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

GIANT EUCALYPTS SHED THEIR BARK BUT NOT THEIR LEAVES

These stately monarchs of the Cumberland Valley lift their crowns to a height of 200 to 300 feet. Like other members of their family, they are evergreen. Some of the trees in this region, a short distance northeast of Melbourne, rival the "Big Trees" of California in stature.



Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

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MELBOURNE CELEBRATES THE CENTENARY OF HER GROWTH FROM A VILLAGE TO A MILLION PEOPLE

The first float depicts the native bushmen from whom John Batman bought 600,000 acres for a few weapons and trinkets a century ago.



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CHRISTMAS BUSH BURSTS AFLAME IN DECEMBER SUMMER

This spectacular plant inhabitant of New South Wales gains its name from the period of its flowering and owes its red coloration to enlarged calyxes rather than to the actual petals. The inner petals are white and soon wither.



Pinlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

ON HENLEY DAY BRILLIANT CANOES PARADE THE YARRA

Melbourne's Henley Regatta—like that on the Thames in England—is a combined water carnival and fashion show. In this canoe competition the prize goes not to the swiftest but to the most attractive. In other events stalwart outsmen race.



MODERN ARCHITECTURE VIES WITH THE VICTORIAN IN MELBOURNE

Formerly many of the homes were plain bungalows with corrugated iron roofs. High, concealing hedges enclosed their gardens. In the wealthier Toorak section and other residential districts now appear many brick structures and stucco Spanish-type homes, with open lawns.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

"DOWN BY THE RAILWAY TRACKS" IN MELBOURNE ARE FLOWER BEDS

Blossoms and foliage between the rail lines and on the embankments provide a colorful approach to the capital of Victoria. This floral display is at North Melbourne. While some of its locomotives are steam driven, Victoria has electrified a number of suburban trains.

FLASHES OF COLOR IN THE FIFTH CONTINENT



HERE RESIDES AUSTRALIA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Built originally in 1891 as the home of a livestock "station" owner, the residence was extensively remodeled for its present purpose when the surrounding lands became Federal Territory for the new Capital, Canberra. The mansion is set in attractive gardens.



© National Geographic Society.

Finlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

ON THE LIVESTOCK RUNS OF YESTERDAY STANDS FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE

Like Washington, Australia's new Capital, Canberra, is a completely planned city. Its L'Enfant was an American architect, Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago. Parliament first convened in this new building in 1927, and Canberra now has a population of about 9,000.

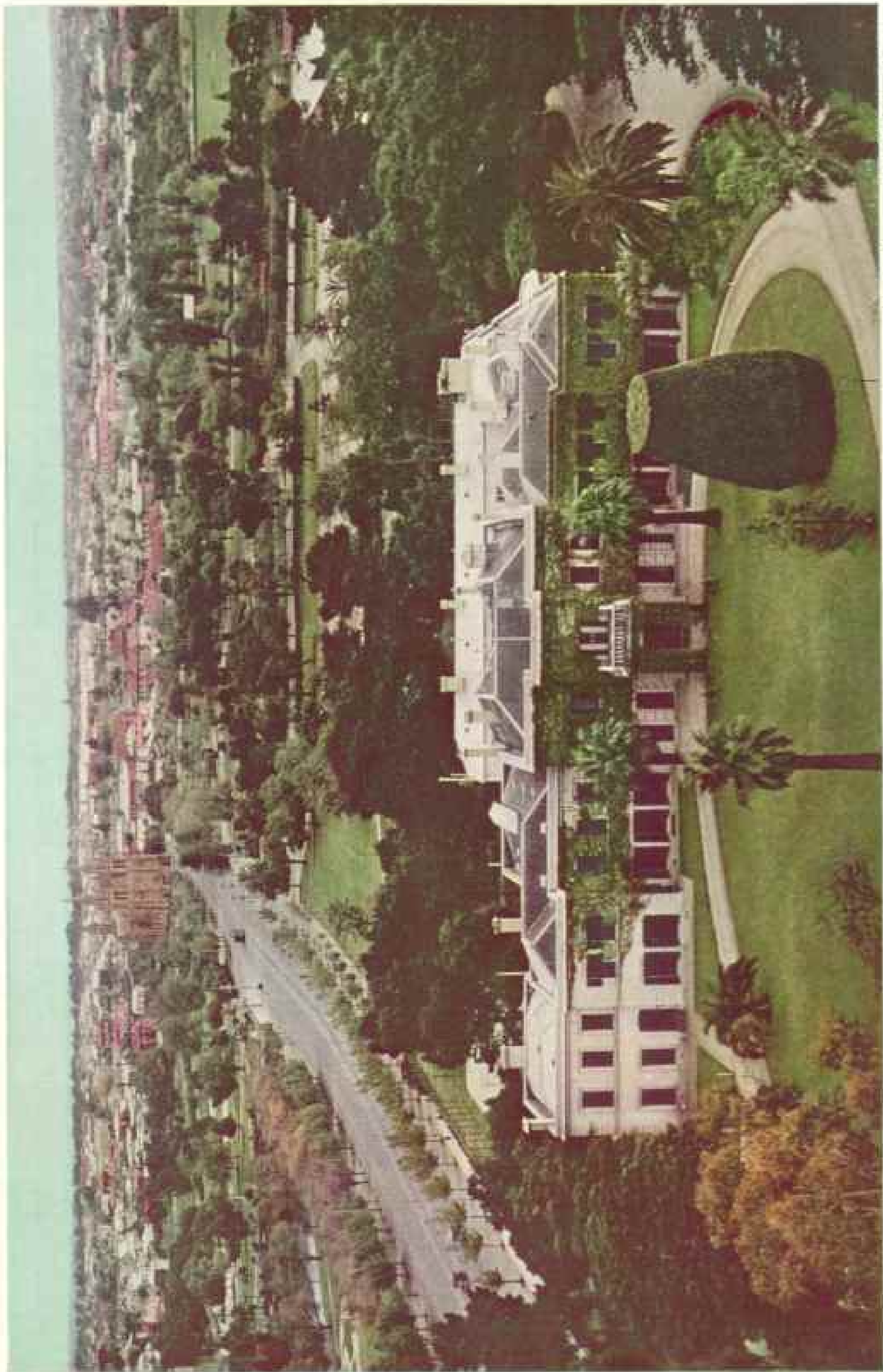


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Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

MELBOURNE WELCOMED THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT VICTORIA'S CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

On October 18, 1934, the Victorian capital was gaily decorated and thousands thronged the avenue approach to view the arrival of their royal guest from England. Just a hundred years ago, John Batman stood on the banks of the River Yarra, not far from this pyloned Prince's Bridge, and said, "This will be a place for a village." Government House rises in the center distance; the Shrine of Remembrance is at the extreme right.



Finlay Photograph by W. Robert Moore

PALMS LEND A SUBTROPIC ASPECT TO THE GARDENS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S "WHITE HOUSE"

Between Government House—home of the State Governor—and the residential suburb of North Adelaide, with its imposing St. Peter's Cathedral (Plate XVI), is a belt of parkland through which winds the Torrens River. At the left is King William Road, one of the city's main avenues.

© National Geographic Society



OCTOBER SPRINGTIME BRINGS FRESH FOLIAGE AND BLOOMS TO ADELAIDE

Besides numerous parks, the South Australian capital has a broad belt of parkland, 2,000 acres in extent, encircling its mile-square business district. North Adelaide, one of the city's chief residential suburbs, lies beyond the tall spires of St. Peter's Cathedral.



© National Geographic Society

Finlay Photographs by W. Robert Moore

UNDER THIS BENDING GUM TREE THE COLONY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA WAS BORN

The historic eucalyptus, now nearly dead, is at Glenelg, five miles from Adelaide. Next year it will be the scene of centenary celebrations, for on December 28, 1836, Capt. John Hindmarsh, R. N., the first governor, stood under its branches and proclaimed the establishment of the Colony.

island from 1804 onwards, when Van Diemen's Land was a formidable name among erring Britishers.

Those associations have long since been shaken; Van Diemen's Land has become Tasmania. Importation of criminals ceased three-quarters of a century ago, and bush-ranging belongs to the limbo of the past. Many Australians spend holidays in its genial temperate summer. Hobart, looking out toward Antarctica, enjoys an excellent climate during the warm months when some other parts of Australia sizzle in the heat.

From the western shore of the estuary of the River Derwent rises the city on low hills, against the green backdrop of Mount Wellington (see illustration, page 719). For several months of the year the mountain is capped with snow.

THE BIRTH OF A SNOWSTORM

One early summer day, when I mounted its slopes to photograph the striking panorama of the city, cobalt bays, and verdant bush, I stood in at the birth of a snowstorm. Small cloud patches formed and plumed larger and larger as they swept the bold peak. Then, as they billowed over the crest, they dropped their icy burden. All the time the city and distant hills were bathed in sunshine.

Two or three times during the flurries I retreated to the warmth of an open grate in the mountain hotel. Such is the invigorating climate that Hobart holds in her back yard.

The city is not spectacular, except for its position. Rather it is an intimate business center with attractive suburbs—the home of some 60,000 people.

The castlelike turrets of Government House rise in splendid isolation on a hill overlooking the estuary. Its extensive gardens and greensward are bracketed by the zoological park and botanical gardens.

Down in the city toward the wharves are Parliament House, the City Hall, Museum, and other public buildings. In the Museum are preserved the remains of the last full-blooded aboriginal Tasmanian, who died in 1876. Many scientists come to measure the skull of this member of a race said to have been even more primitive than the bushmen of the Australian mainland.

The business district looks out onto Sullivan Cove, a deep-water harbor where ships of any draft can tie up at all stages of

the tide to load their cargoes of fruit, timber, grain, minerals, and wool.

Fruit, especially apples, is Hobart's specialty. It is a voyage of more than a month from Hobart to London, but many steamers return to England every year with their refrigerated holds filled with the fruit from the valleys of the Derwent, Huon, and Bagdad. Other loads are dispatched to Sydney and other interstate ports. Hop fields in the valleys remind one of English Kent.

Hobart also prospers through cheap electric power, which is generated at hydroelectric works utilizing water from Great Lake, in the high plateau of central Tasmania. Waddamana, or "Many Waters," has spelled magic for the zinc and other metallurgical works, as well as chocolate and food factories, near Hobart.

From Melbourne to Launceston had been a pleasant flight of less than three hours. Getting back was a different story. *Miss Launceston* lay a crumpled heap on Flinders Island, with a couple of broken wings, bent propellers, and a demolished undercarriage, the victim of an emergency landing.

So I returned by boat, on a 20-hour voyage when the Bass Strait was trying to live up to its evil reputation.

GETTING NEWS "ON THE RUN"

It is an overnight railway journey from Melbourne to Adelaide, capital of South Australia. During the early evening I heard boys calling "Paper, paper!" outside the train, but the express seldom halted.

At first I thought it strange that newsboys would waste their voices shouting when they had little chance of making a sale. Shortly, the person who shared my compartment threw out of the window the newspaper he had finished reading. A boy dashed from a garden and raced after the flying sheets.

Then I realized that the calls were not sales cries, but requests for the latest news. It is a unique, although somewhat uncertain, way of getting delivery of an evening paper!

The Melbourne-Adelaide trains carry no diners. At Ballarat, of gold fame, there is a 20-minute stop while everyone rushes into the railway restaurant for a three-course meal or has a meat pie and a cup of coffee at the lunch counter. In the morning a similar stop is made for breakfast.



Photograph by International Newsreel

TWO KITTENS ARE A SMALL MOUTHFUL FOR A SHARK

Formerly regarded only as a menace, these wolves of the deep now are caught off the coast of New South Wales in huge nets, and their tough hides used for making handbags, shoes, and luggage. When entrapped, they are stupid but fierce fighters, and the fishermen often have prolonged struggles landing them on deck. This 16-foot fish was caught in Sydney harbor.

"A shocking day," remarked many people the morning of my arrival in Adelaide. A dust storm was sweeping over the city. The heavy jaundiced pall all but obscured the sun. The next day it rained, and the first drops were like spatters of mud.

Adelaide is like no other city that I have visited. It is a model of town-planning, replete with parks.

The much-traveled Viscount Bryce remarked of it: "Adelaide is the nearest approach to a great garden city that I have ever seen."

It all goes back to December 28, 1836, when a party out from England, headed by Governor John Hindmarsh, stood under a looping gum tree on the coastal lagoons along the Gulf of St. Vincent (at Glenelg) and proclaimed South Australia a province under the British Crown (see Color Plate XVI).

Already there were about 500 immigrants in the district. A town was necessary. So

Colonel Light started out to survey the site for the future capital.

On a plain cradled in a hemicycle of hills, five miles from the coast, he pegged out the infant settlement. Light chose wisely and planned well, as witnessed by the city as it stands today (see Plates XV and XVI).

A square mile of business blocks is surrounded by a belt of parkland, 2,000 acres in extent. Outside this belt some 21 municipalities and residential districts have developed (see pages 716 and 717).

Meandering through the city, between the commercial district and North Adelaide, the chief residential section, is the Torrens River, now artificially dammed to form an attractive slender lake. Its banks are flanked by well-kept gardens which slope away from the North Terrace, where stand the Parliament Buildings, Government House, the Library, Museum, Adelaide University, and School of Mines.



THE WORD OF HIM WHO WENT FORTH TO "TEACH BY THE SEASIDE" IS PREACHED ON MANLY BEACH

"The people go to the beaches on Sunday, so there's where I'll take my church," announced one clergyman. Thus old and young attend service while they enjoy the sunshine and ocean breezes.

In the very heart of some popular suburb one comes upon extensive flowering squares or a delightfully rural scene—a green pasture where horses and cattle are grazing. At some of the gateways in the wide parkland I saw signs posted, "For Cows Only!"

Adelaide is often called the Cultural City of Australia. Indeed, its schools and churches do seem to dominate the community. South Australia has an appreciably larger number of teachers and schools in proportion to its population than any of the other States, except Tasmania.

ON "LATE CLOSING" NIGHT

Adelaide's charm is not entirely confined to daylight hours. Motor up the side of Mount Lofty at night and below you spreads a magnificent panorama of lights that seems far out of proportion to a city of 321,000 people.

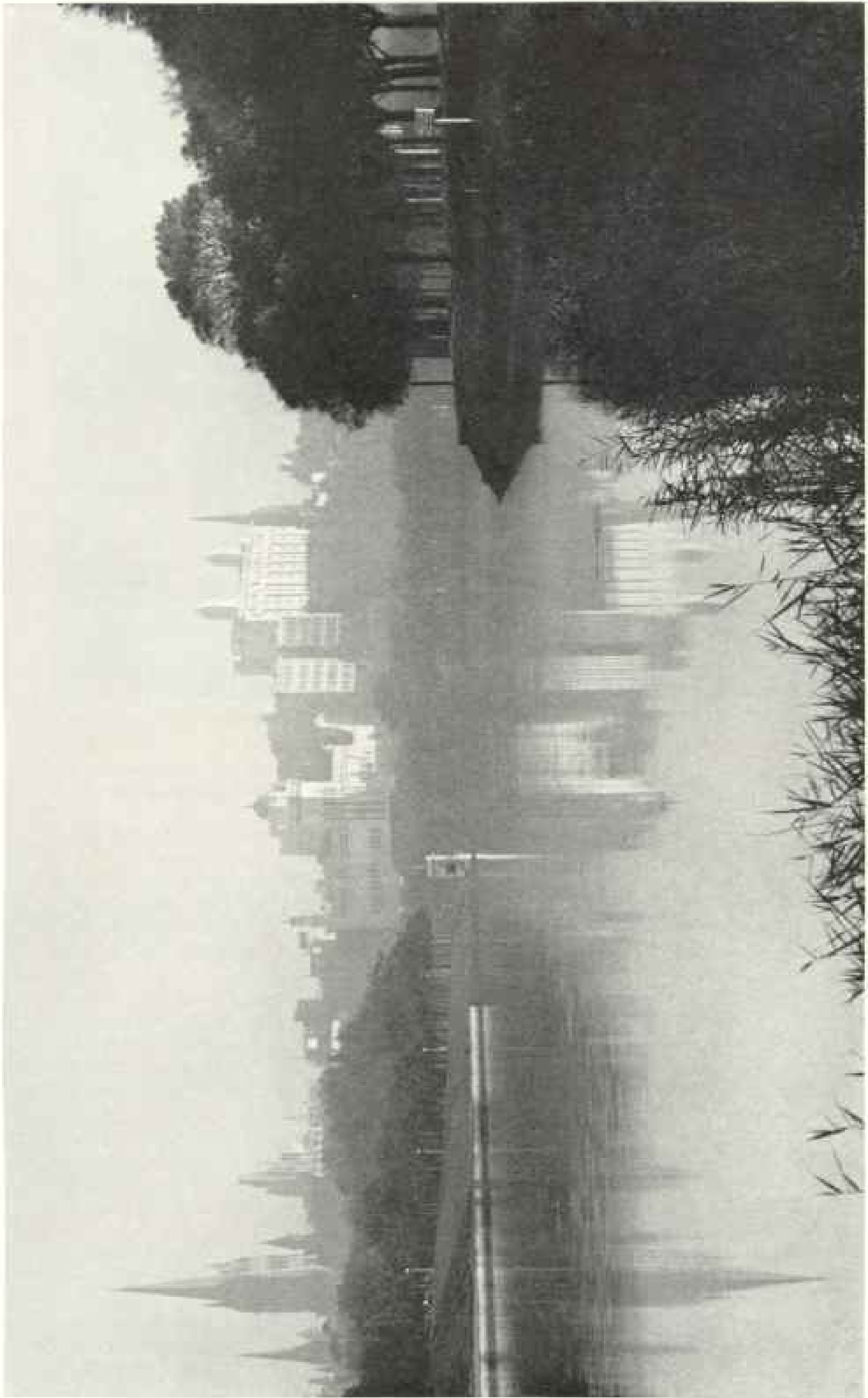
On most nights the city itself seems deserted, except at 8 o'clock, when the motion-picture shows begin, and again at 11, when

they debouch their throngs to catch the first trams homeward.

One evening a week, however, is a notable exception. It is "late closing" night. Adelaide then appears like an American country town on a Saturday night. City residents and rural folk flock into the shopping district and elbow their way up one street and down another to window shop and to purchase armfuls of parcels. Wide as the streets and sidewalks are, they are completely congested with people and cars.

Late closing one day a week is a feature of all Australian cities and towns, but, to me, the contrasts in Adelaide are more marked than in Sydney and Melbourne, where there always is greater evening activity.

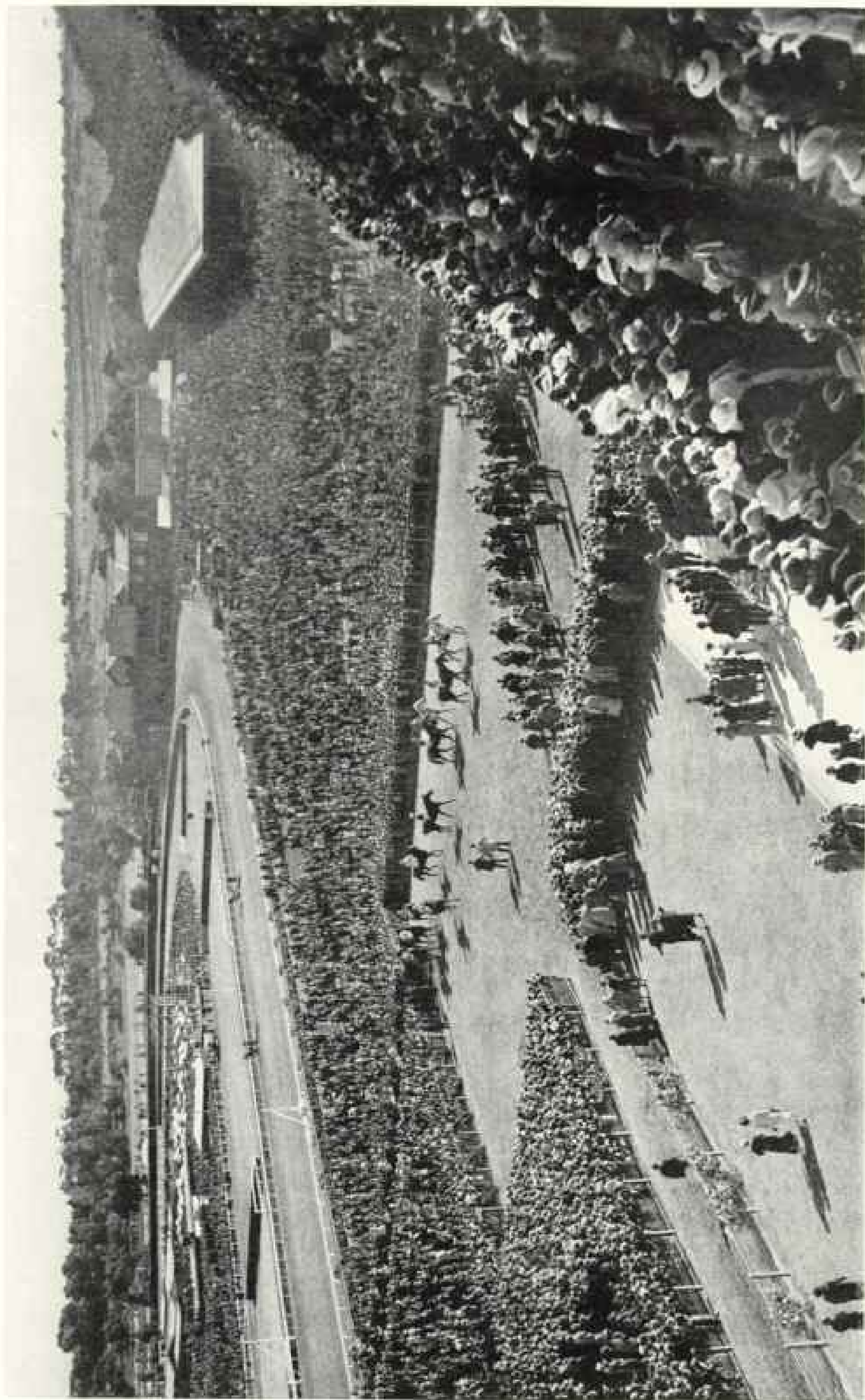
Port Adelaide and the Outer Harbor are several miles northwest of the city. From there are shipped the wheat, wool, wines, fruit, and other produce gathered in from the country districts. In addition to being the second largest wheat-growing State,



Photograph by W. Henderson

THE PLACID YARRA IN EARLY MORNING MIRRORS MELBOURNE'S SKYLINE

Church spires among the business blocks give the Victorian capital the appearance of an English town. The lofty spire at the left is that of St. Paul's Cathedral, which, like Trinity Church, New York, is in the heart of a business district (see text, page 689).



Photograph by A. N. T. A.

"PETER PAN" AND HIS RIVALS ENTER THE "BIRD CAGE" AFTER THE STIRRING FINISH OF THE MELBOURNE CUP RACE

For the second straight year, this sleek, fast-stepping favorite won the coveted prize of £10,000 and the gold trophy of supremacy in all-Australia's racing classic. (Until just a few minutes before this photograph was made, a three-hour tulin had drenched the 100,000 spectators: (see text, page 696).)



BRISBANE'S CITY HALL TOWER IS NEARLY AS TALL AS ST. MARK'S CAMPANILE IN VENICE—320 FEET

On the pediment above the colonnaded entrance a Queensland woman has carved a symbolic group of figures, portraying the pioneering efforts of the early settlers. A low-domed roof covers a large pillarless auditorium that will seat 2,500 persons (see text, page 689). The dials of the electrically operated clock are sixteen feet in diameter.



LITERALLY A HUB OF CULTURE IS THIS LITERARY OCTAGON

Incorporated with Melbourne Public Library, of which this is the reading room, is the National Museum and Art Gallery, containing many treasures and valuable exhibits. The library is the oldest and largest in Australia.

South Australia produces three-fourths of the wine output of the Commonwealth. Many vineyards are located just outside Adelaide.

ACROSS THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT

In this quest of Australian capitals there is also Perth, the administrative center for Western Australia, which embraces a third of the Land of the Southern Cross.

Until 1917 Perth was linked to Adelaide only by sea, a voyage too often unpleasant because of the unfavorable sailing conditions across the Great Australian Bight. But that year saw the completion of the slender ribbon of steel of the Trans-Australian Railway between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie, thus bridging the 1,051-mile gap between existing lines. Man had triumphed over tremendous desert handicaps.

The three-day journey from Adelaide to Perth is interesting if only to gain an appreciation of the difficulties that faced the builders of the railway.

Leaving Adelaide in the morning, the train steams through prosperous agricultural country, devoted largely to wheat growing; then in mid-afternoon one changes trains at Terowie for a similar journey to Port Augusta. After changing again to the Trans-Australian at 10 o'clock at night, one is carried on through the darkness.

By morning the train has passed through most of the "lake" country, where dry beds of salt stretch away for mile after mile. Then it traverses red-soil plains and enters a sand-hill belt. Scrub bushes hold the dusty earth in place; were they cut down, the land would be quickly blown away.

300 MILES OF RAILWAY WITH NO CURVES

Late in the afternoon the trees, hills, and even undulating country are left behind. One looks out upon a deserted world, flat to the horizon in every direction. It is the vast Nullarbor Plain, a limestone desolation covered only by scattered low tufts of saltbush and ghostly bluebush.



Photograph by West Australian Airways, Ltd.

PERTH IS THE CITY THAT DESERT GOLD BUILT

The capital of Western Australia was founded in 1829, but it remained a small town until the rich gold strikes of the nineties. The large wooded area in the left foreground is King's Park, a thousand-acre reserve of native "bush." Between the curving front of the business district and the tongue-like portion of residential South Perth lies a broad stretch of the Swan River known as Perth Water (see text, opposite page).

All the rest of the day, throughout the night, and well into the next forenoon the train rolls on across the plain like a ship on an empty ocean. For 300 miles the line runs without a single curve.

Even the reappearance of dwarfed trees, among which is the fragrant sandalwood of oriental commerce, as one nears Kalgoorlie, furnishes little relief to the parched monotony of the deserted land.

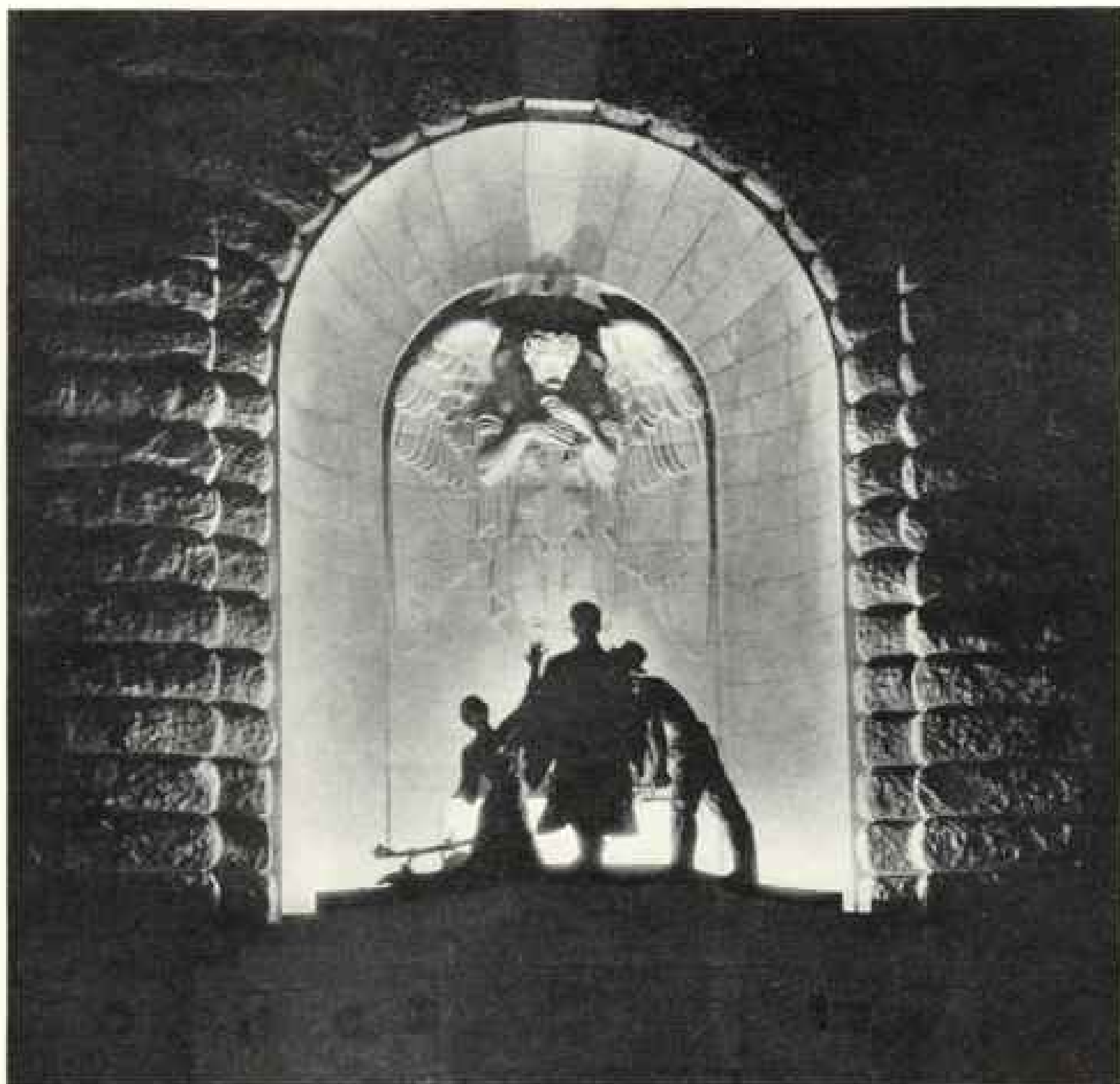
Halts at wayside stations, where a few railway employees are camped, provide moments of diversion. The passengers talk of the aborigines they have seen at some of the stops, of the emptiness of the coun-

try, politics, their prospective visits to England, the baby's first tooth, anything, and look at their watches to see when the waiter will be through the observation car to announce another mealtime.

In all its length of more than a thousand miles, the railway does not cross a single permanent stream of water. The only life that I saw outside the few railway encampments was one lone emu.

THE COMMONWEALTH'S "GOLDEN MILE"

At Kalgoorlie, famous the world over for its series of gold mines, the "Golden Mile," one changes again from the "Trans" train



WOMAN, STUDENT, AND FARMER LIFT THEIR FACES TO DUTY

Thus is depicted on the National War Memorial in Adelaide the ready response of Australia's sons and daughters in 1914-1918. By night electric floodlights etch the scene effectively against the darkness (see illustration, page 716).

to the Western Australian line, which, after crossing the wheat belt, twists through wooded hills and delivers one the following morning in Perth. During my visit these hills were bright with spring wild flowers.

Perth is smaller than the other capital cities, except Hobart. Although established in 1829, it remained for many years little more than a small village. In 1871 the population was only 4,500; now it has nearly 180,000 people, exclusive of the port of Fremantle.

As Melbourne had her Ballarat and Bendigo, so Perth in the nineties had her Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. Gold discoveries in these localities brought prosperity

and people to the town. Since the flood of precious metal has dwindled, wheat production and pastoral enterprise have sustained its continued growth.

As the result of its late development, Perth today is a comparatively new city. Its business district has few outmoded buildings (see opposite page).

Seen from the surrounding hills or from King's Park the city stands out in striking relief against the greenery. Its site was admirably chosen, for it is situated on the sloping bank of the Swan River, which, in front of the city, broadens into a lake known as Perth Water. Residential suburbs sweep back from the commercial district and on the opposite bank sprawl the



A REFLECTING POOL MIRRORS THE ARCADED BUILDINGS OF PERTH UNIVERSITY

The institution, opened in 1913, is housed in several attractive new halls at Crawley, a suburb of Perth, that have recently been erected on its 150-acre campus. At present it has nearly 1,000 students.

settlements of South Perth and Victoria Park (see Color Plate VIII).

A fine esplanade borders the water front and provides an attractive spot where thousands can stroll. Extensive reclamation projects have been undertaken to improve the river gateway, and the land thus reclaimed is being converted into recreation grounds.

Outstanding among Perth's many play places and gardens is King's Park, a thousand-acre reserve on high land to the west of the city, along the river bank. Unlike other parks of Australian cities, it has been preserved essentially in its native state. Here in the springtime masses of lovely

Australian wild flowers carpet the ground.

KANGAROO PAW A STATE FLOWER

Strangest of all the many flowers that flourish here is the kangaroo paw (*Anigozanthos manglesii*). Indeed, I would call this State flower weirdly beautiful. It grows upon stems two to three feet in height, and at a few inches of the top of the red stem extend several long, flat buds, whose peculiar shape gives the plant its name. Several color varieties of this unique plant grow in the hills (see Color Plate III).

All of the State capitals hold annual Royal shows, which are the Australian equivalents of our State fairs. The first one that I saw was at Perth (see page 695).

SHOW WEEKS LIKE STATE FAIRS

Show Week attracts visitors from far and wide. Hundreds come, bringing their prize stock, samples of grain, fruits, flowers, and pre-

serves. Handicrafts also have a comprehensive display. Business concerns exhibit their products and concessionaires add to the enjoyment of the occasion.

These shows are instructive, as well as the holiday highlights for people from "out back." Business even takes a half-holiday to allow office staffs to visit the show.

Many times, while I was in Perth, I was asked if I did not think Western Australia very much like California, with its abundance of wild flowers, big trees, friendly, sunny climate, development through gold rushes, and the open hospitality of the people. Indeed, there are many similarities.

The capital keeps in easy communication

with her northern districts by an air service to Wyndham. An airway route is also in operation between Perth and Adelaide. So when time came for my departure I booked passage on this latter service.

Our course lay over Mundaring Weir, in the Darling Range, where engineers have impounded a huge water reserve to supply the arid gold fields around Kalgoorlie, 350 miles away. Below us as we flew we could see the 30-inch pipe line through which the water is pumped by means of eight stations along the way.

After three hours in the air we passed the train, which had left Perth 13 hours before to connect with the twice-weekly "Trans."

The plane touched land at Kalgoorlie for lunch and passengers and then winged toward Forrest, in the heart of the Nullarbor, where the Airways have provided a comfortable hostel beside the hangars.

As we took off the following morning for Ceduna and Adelaide, the train had just caught up with us. Early in the afternoon the tail skid cut marks in the Adelaide airport. The railway passengers had a journey of 28 hours still ahead of them.

MOTHER COLONY STILL LARGER THAN TEXAS

In 1788, when Captain Phillip arrived with his *First Fleet* and established his little band at Sydney Cove (see text, page 668), he became governor of the newly created British possession of New South Wales, which extended westward to longitude 135° East—approximately a half of the entire

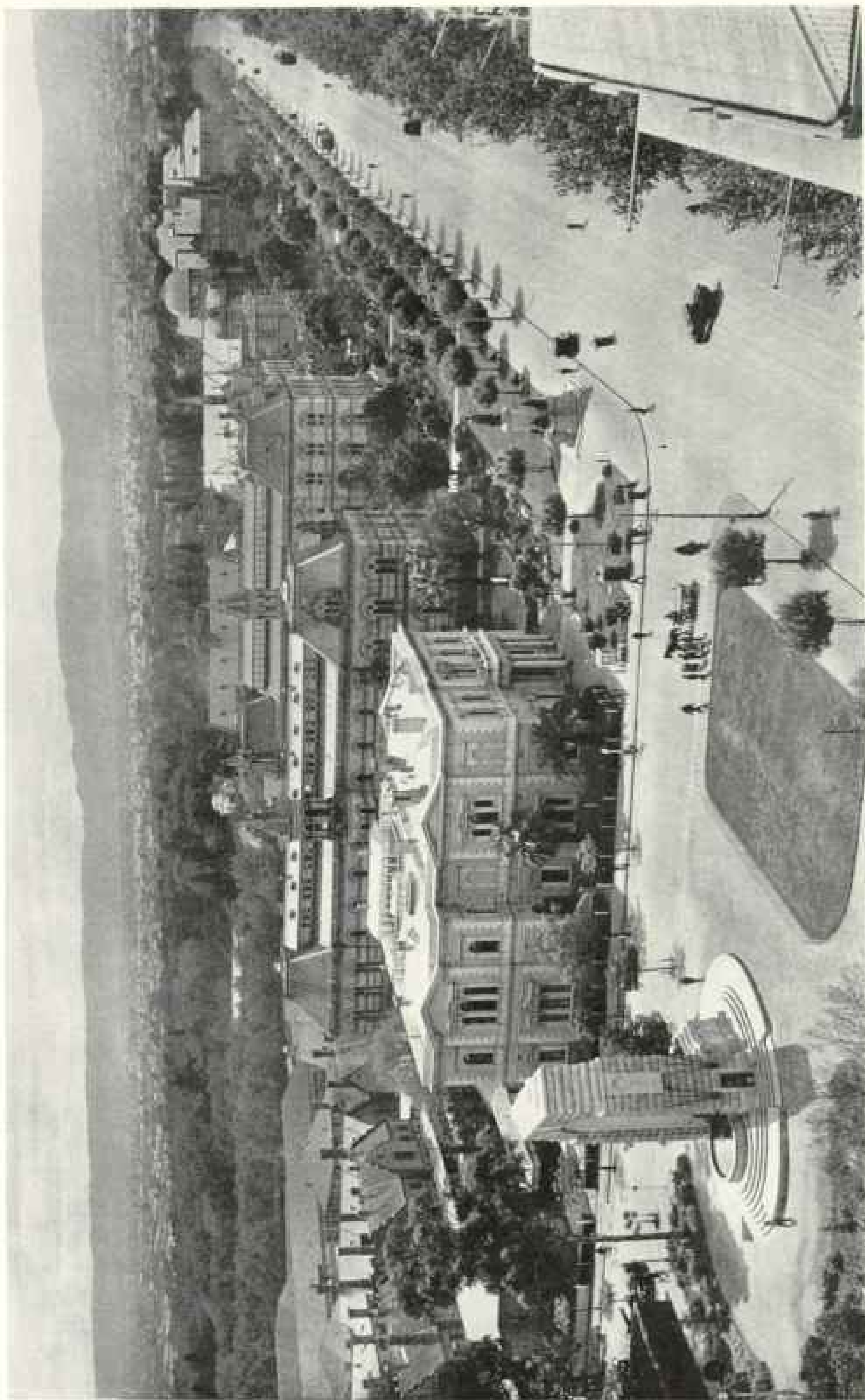


CORRUGATED ARCADES SHELTER PERTH'S SIDEWALKS FROM SUN AND RAIN

Instead of awnings these permanent roofs, usually of iron, are used in most Australian cities. They are not uniform, and often mar the otherwise attractive appearance of the buildings.

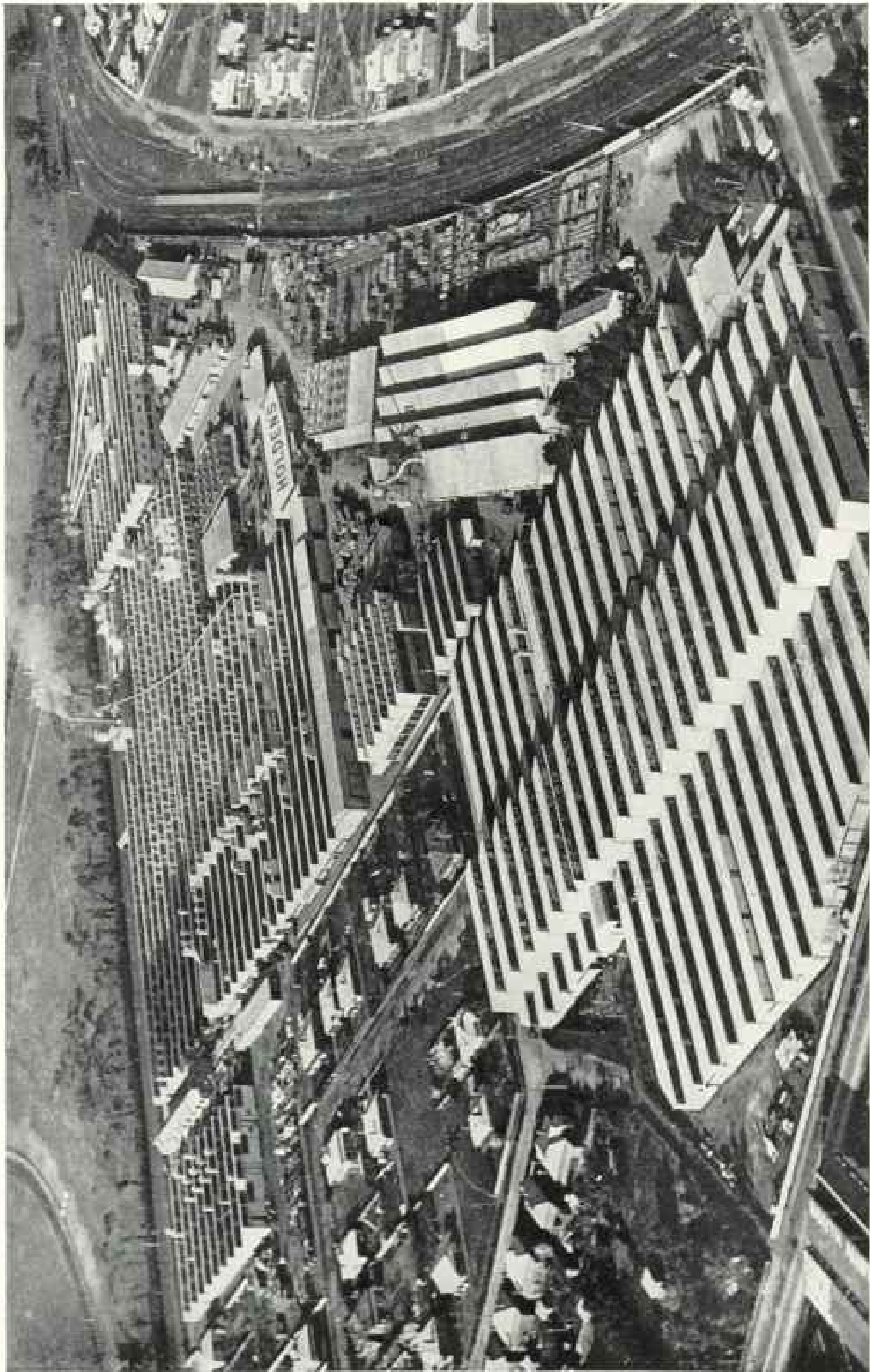
continent. In 1825 the boundary was pushed farther westward to 129° East, which ultimately also became the eastern line of Western Australia.

In that same year, however, the Tasmanian dependency severed its connection with New South Wales, which later came in for several subdivisions. In 1836 South Australia was carved from its southwest corner and formed into a British province. As Melbourne grew, Sydney had difficulty in supervising the settlement, so in 1855 an area of 87,884 square miles was lopped off to form the colony of Victoria. Again, in 1859, Queensland was separated from the parent colony. Even after the changes New



A STATELY ARRAY OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS GRACES NORTH TERRACE IN ADELAIDE

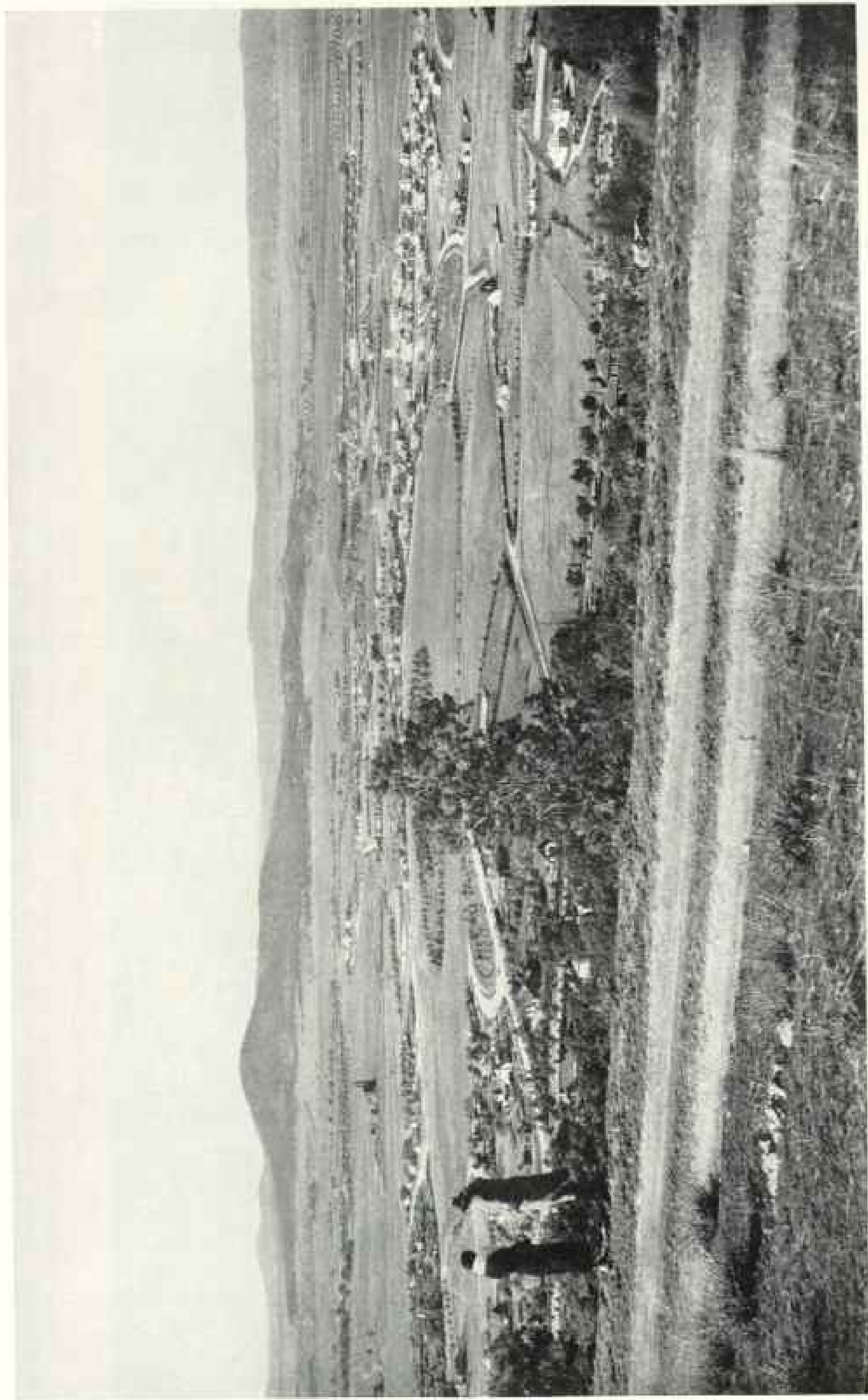
Beyond the War Memorial (page 713), stand the Public Library and Museum, Art Gallery, Adelaide University, Exhibition Buildings, and School of Mines. In the opposite direction are Government House and the South Australia Parliament Buildings (see Color Plates XV, XVI, and text, page 706). Beyond the group is a portion of the wide belt of parkland that separates the square mile of business blocks from the residential suburbs.



© D. Darian-Smith

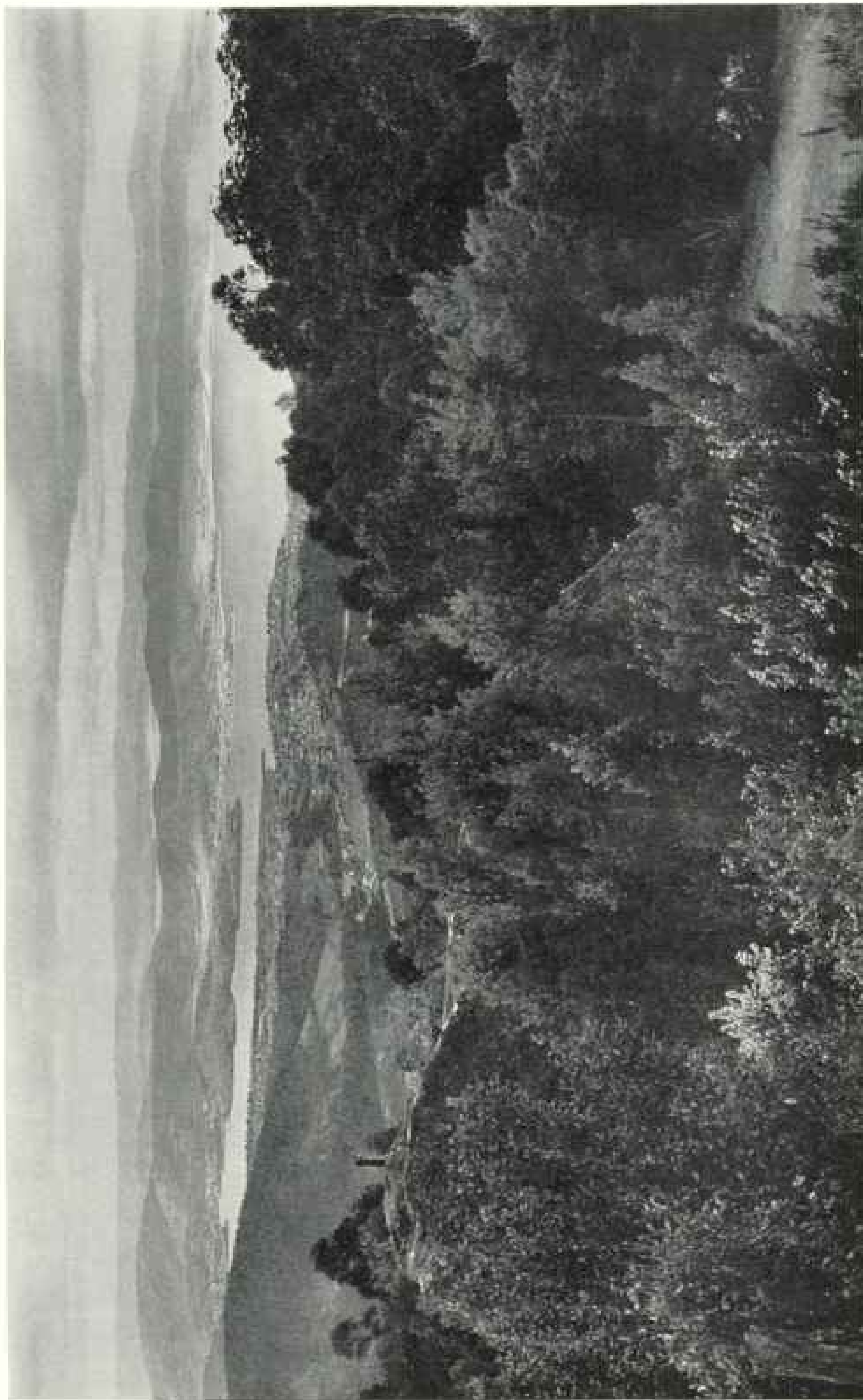
LIKE TIERS OF SOME PREHISTORIC STRUCTURE THIS MOTOR BODY PLANT SPREADS OVER 40 ACRES

Because of a heavy import duty on finished automobiles, these vast buildings in suburban Adelaide have been erected to build bodies for chassis shipped from the United States to Australia. In ten years the firm's annual output grew from 100 to nearly 47,000 bodies, to supply a large portion of the Australian market and a growing export trade to the East.



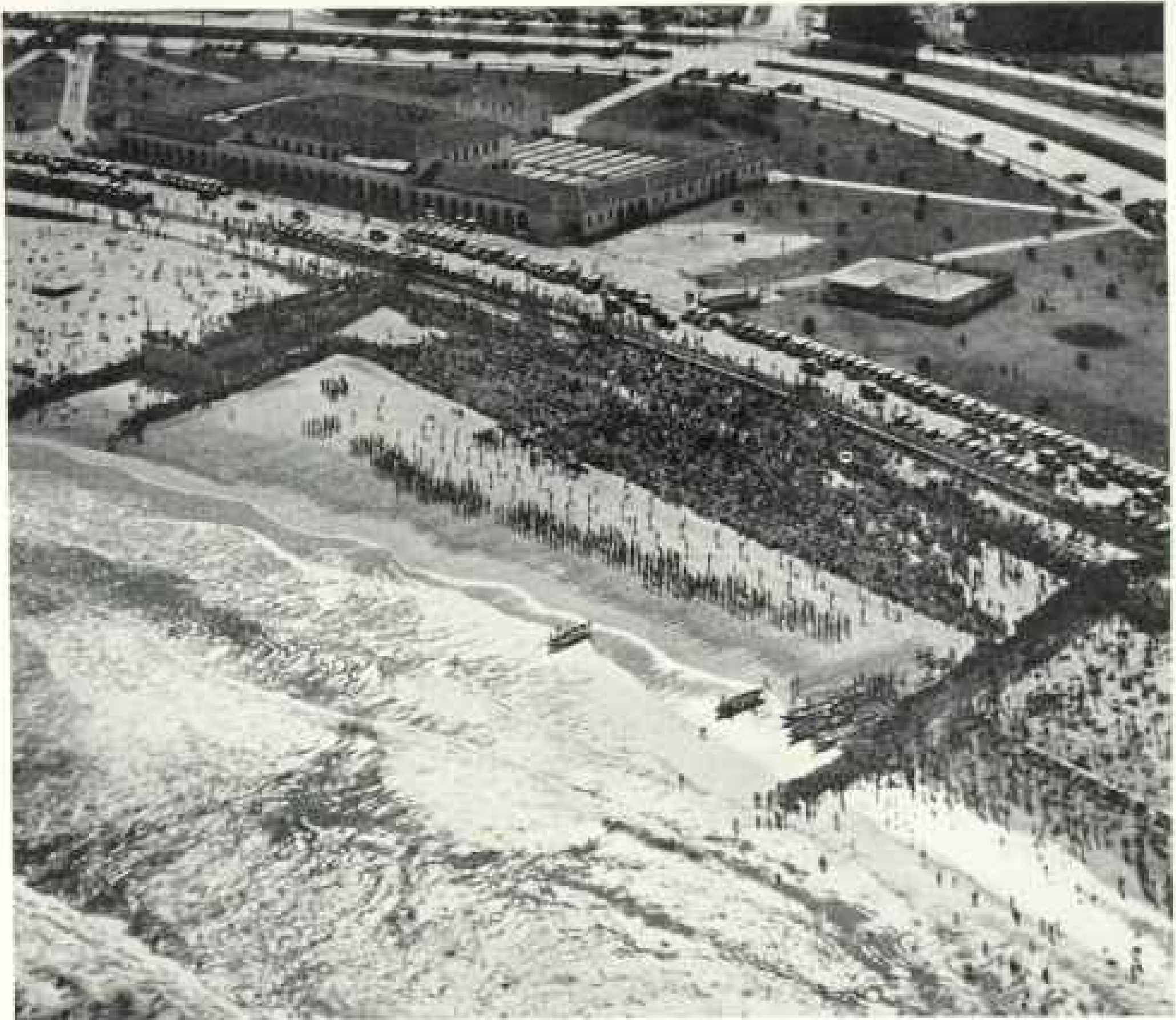
LIKE WASHINGTON, AUSTRALIA'S PLANNED CAPITAL IS SET IN AN AMPHITHEATER OF HILLS

Today, only eight years after the Parliament first convened here, the site of Canberra shows scattered communities in which the full plan is scarcely yet discernible. Seen here from Red Hill are Federal buildings in the fringe of trees in line with the two figures, beyond the isolated Presbyterian Cathedral. The district of Forrest is immediately below, while another residential section is growing beyond the Federal group, near the base of Mount Ainslie. Barton and Kingston form the suburbs at the right (see text, page 721).



SEEN FROM THE SLOPES OF MOUNT WELLINGTON, HOBART APPEARS LIKE A TOY TOWN BESIDE THE RIVER DERWENT

Across the estuary from the Tasmanian capital is suburban Bellerive. The genial temperate climate of this southern island State attracts many vacationists from the hotter mainland. Mount Wellington, rising to 4,166 feet above the city, is hooded with snow for several months of the year (see text, page 705).



Photograph from A. N. T. A.

SEEKING SYDNEY'S SURF LIFESAVEES FROM AN AIRPLANE COCKPIT

Grand parades of volunteer teams from all the beaches feature the city's surf carnivals. This one at Bondi Beach was attended by the Duke of Gloucester, who visited Australia for Victoria's Centenary in 1934. Back of piers and beach, flecked with thousands of people, is a large bathhouse and restaurant (see text, page 679).

South Wales still remains much larger than the State of Texas.

THE BIRTH OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Although the Sydney authorities had a hand in the early efforts in Western Australia, Captain Stirling founded the Swan River settlement in 1829, shortly after Captain Fremantle had taken formal possession of the territory, and it thenceforth remained unto itself.

Through continued labors, Victoria acquired complete responsible government in 1855; both New South Wales and South Australia followed a year later. Self-government was conferred upon Queensland with her separation from New South Wales. By various stages Western Australia assumed full elective government in 1893.

All joined together on January 1, 1901, in a confederation, thus forming the Commonwealth of Australia.

Only the Northern Territory remained a backward child. Just less than three-quarters of a century ago it became a ward of South Australia. Then, in 1911, it was formally adopted by the Commonwealth, and sixteen years later divided into twin territories, North Australia and Central Australia.

Again, four years ago, the whole Northern Territory was placed under the control of an administrator. Although possessing 523,620 square miles, it has a population of fewer than 4,000 people.

After the formation of the Commonwealth, there was much rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne as to which city



© D. Darian Smith

30,000 SPECTATORS PACK ADELAIDE OVAL FOR A FOOTBALL GAME

Cricket matches with England also draw huge crowds to this bowl set amid parks and gardens on slender Torrens Lake, at South Australia's capital. Beside the field are tennis courts so well kept that visiting players have compared them with those of famous Wimbledon.

should house the Federal Government. The first Parliaments sat in the legislative chambers at Melbourne, but a new Federal capital was deemed necessary to express the fullness of the country's new nationhood.

CHICAGOAN ARCHITECT OF NEW CAPITAL

So, on the stock runs of yesterday, in territory set apart in New South Wales, the Capital City of Canberra is growing as did Washington, on the Potomac. Canberra's L'Enfant was Walter Burley Griffin, a Chicago architect. In town-planning competition his ideas were selected as expressing best the garden city Australia sought to build.

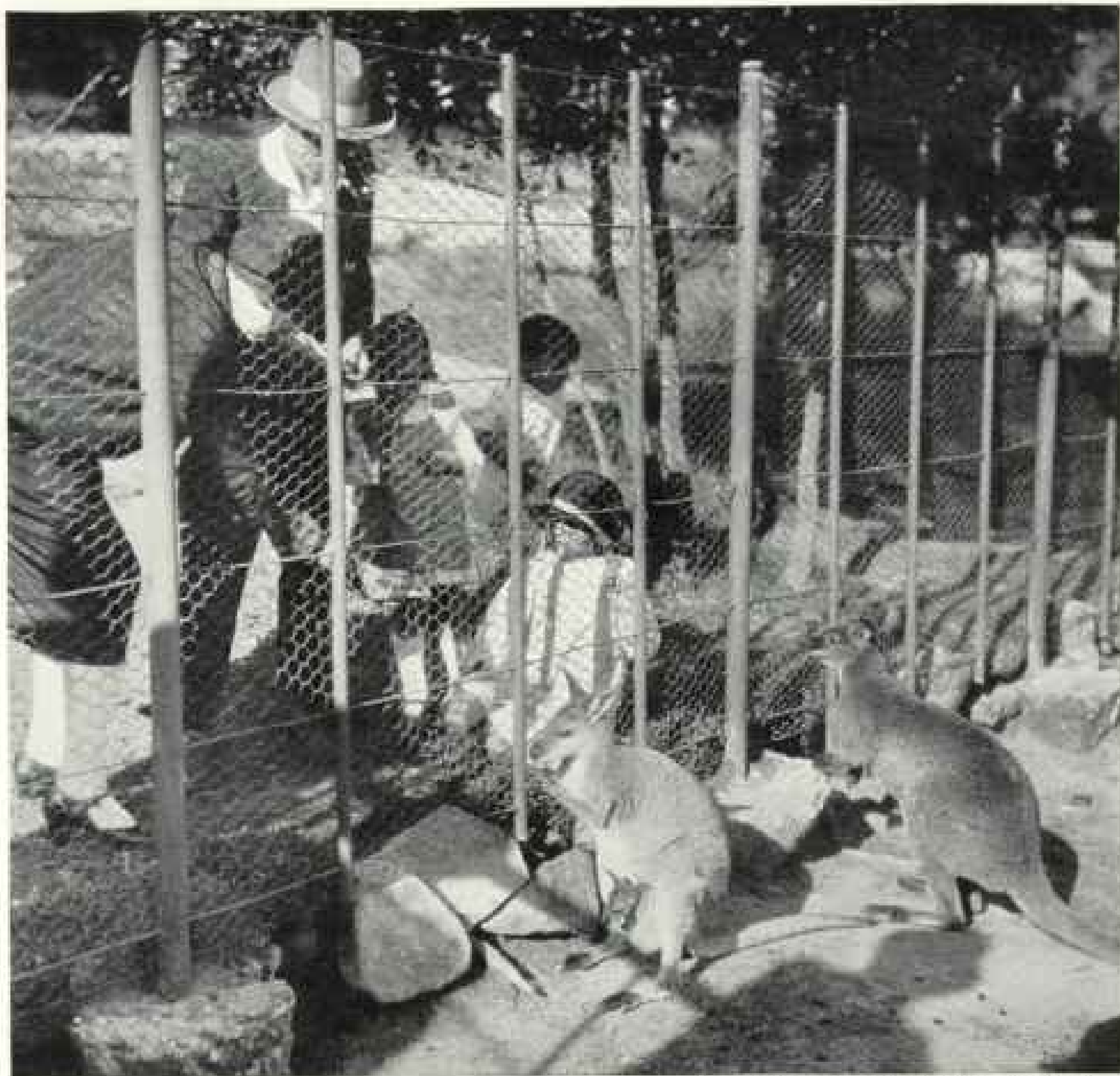
Since 1927, when the tenth Federal Parliament was opened in the new Parliament House by the Duke of York, it has been

the seat of the Commonwealth Government and home of the Governor General (see Color Plate XIII).

Canberra is a topic of controversy that never appears to be exhausted among the Australians. Some denounce it as a reckless squandering of money; others are equally enthusiastic that it is a city built for the future. But Canberra is young (see illustration, page 718).

Miles of broad thoroughfares have been laid out in straight avenues, circles, and curving drives, that radiate out from Capitol Hill. More than three million trees and shrubs have been planted, the very names of which would read like a botanical catalogue. From Parliament to residential home, it is truly a made-to-order city.

When I visited it in springtime, row on row of wattles were covered with golden



Photograph by Branson De Cou from Galloway

SNUG AND SAFE IN THE POCKET OF HIS MARSUPIAL MOTHER

"Show us your baby!" cry the children to the kangaroos and wallabies in the zoo at Sydney. The term "kangaroo," now applied to the larger gray or red species, was gleaned by Capt. James Cook from the Kokó Yimidir tribes, who called the common wallaby "ganguru."

bloom; buds of the cherry, peach, flowering almond, and plum trees were swelling or had burst into glorious masses of blossoms. At that time, however, the thousands of tulips had not opened to nod before the dazzling white walls of Parliament House.

A FOUR-ACRE PARLIAMENT HOUSE

The present Parliament House is a two-story structure which covers an area of four acres. The interior is beautifully finished with Australian woods.

The one departure from the simplicity of decoration is the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives. It is a present from the British Parliament, and is an

exact copy of the one that graces the House of Commons.

Today, with low, scattered buildings, Canberra lacks the vistas of Washington. Fewer than 9,000 people live within the Federal territory. One wonders what it will be like a hundred years hence.

With the same confidence that they pioneered the country, staked out towns which have grown to prosperous cities, and projected this Federal Capital, the Australians have their faces turned toward the future. In their march to nationhood they have made some costly mistakes and many fine achievements. But they possess an optimism and an intense devotion to their country that will carry them far.

THE ROCK OF ADEN

The Volcanic Mountain Fortress, on the Sea Route from Suez to India, Assumes New Importance

By H. G. C. SWAYNE

A HUNDRED miles east of Bab el Mandeb, the Arab "Gate of Tears" which guards the southern exit of the Red Sea, the extinct Aden volcano rises to a height of nearly 1,800 feet above the Arabian coast. It is a trade center, not only of southern Arabia, but also of Somaliland and Ethiopia.

On this desert rock-fortress, midway between Egypt and India, live the Europeans and the Indians who are garrisoning Aden, with a floating civil population of Hindus, Parsis, Arabs, Greek merchants, and Palestine Jews.

Well enough does the rock deserve the description given it by Kipling:

"Be'old, acrowd upon the beam
And 'umped above the sea, appears
Old Aden, like a harrick stove
That no-one's lit, for years an' years."

The sun-saturated barren rock seems to suck the life and moisture from human bodies. In 20 square miles of brown precipices and patches of sandy plain grow only a few trees, no grass, and one important flower, the Aden lily, found in remote rock crevices.

The modern town of Aden, centered around Steamer Point, is connected with the old town by the five-mile Ma'ala Road. The old town lies huddled inside the crater where the rim is broken down toward the sea, and overlooks the old harbor. There, it is said, in the 1830's, the cutter from a British cruiser literally hung onto the little stone jetty with grappling irons, and a young naval officer, landing, sword in hand, at the head of his party, drove the Arabs into the mountain.

WATER IS A PRECIOUS THING

Behind the town, in a gorge of the crater, arranged like a row of masonry cups, each emptying into the next lower one, is the chain of reservoirs known as the Aden Tanks. They may have been built about 600 A. D., or earlier, and some were restored after 1856 by the British. Undoubtedly they were made to store the two showers or so of rain which visit Aden

about every other year (the annual average is only about three inches). When the rain comes, the water is sold by auction to Arabs and others, who carry it away in tins, goatskins, or water carts (page 740).

Supplies of water, independent of these tanks, are obtained by boiling sea water and condensing the steam. This is the drinking water used by most of the white population.

The Arabs believe that each time the tanks become full there must be three deaths by drowning. I know of one time when three men died thus. One of these my Indian overseer saw floating head downward in one of the huge open tanks, while a hundred people stood on the bank within a few feet of him. They could easily have saved him, but would not touch him. Many oriental peoples believe that it is unlucky to touch the dying.

If Aden is arid, it has the compensation of being in a beautifully painted setting, for by daylight the more-than-Mediterranean blue of the water lies in violent contrast with the Vandyke browns, umbers, grays, and ochres of the walls of rock, which make a perfect background for the bright dress of a crowd of Eastern people.

From our bungalow, on a lava slope a hundred feet above the sea, my wife and I have watched many incomparable sunsets beyond the serrated ashen-gray ridges of Little Aden (Jebel Ihsan), an old, broken-down cone which was once a twin to the Aden volcano (Jebel Shamsan). It now shelters in its flat sandy coves an Arab fishing village (see map, page 726).

As we watched, some large Arab dhow with a high poop, looking like a caravel of the Spanish Armada, would steal out from the Inner Harbor to the sound of its sweeps, to pick up the evening breeze on its way south. Later, a little group of Somali sailors, brown figures clothed in white, would be seen squatting round the evening meal, a bowl of millet.

Later still, the afterglow would spring up from behind the line of crags, now nearly coal-black, and then brilliant rainbow rays, bars of lemon yellow, green, and



Photograph by Walter Boshard

THE ARCADED RUE DE RIVOLI OF SHEIKH 'OTHMAN

Pottery products, coffee shops, and fruit stalls of this village, a few miles from Aden, find place under crude shelters and spill out into the streets, which have no sidewalks. Men gather under the shade of the few trees to exchange gossip (see illustration, page 734).

pink, would cut the zenith from west to east. A bright planet would begin to show itself.

Ismail, my Somali head servant, would watch the dhow as he squatted outside our bungalow, and would murmur, "*Insh' Allah, nahassil hawa*" (Please God, we shall soon get a breeze).

LIFE AWAKES WITH THE EVENING BREEZE

In the stillness, a large fish a mile away would leap a dozen feet into the air, probably trying to rid itself of parasites, and come down upon the water with a resounding smack. Then, farther off, another and another.

From the men pulling at the oars of the creeping vessel would come the rowing chorus, "*Yahudi, wa'llah*" (By Allah, a Jew!).

A cool puff of air would arise, the water would begin to ripple into little waves, the Somali crew would all get up and go run-

ning forward to the bow, and the big triangular lateen sail would rise and spread, cutting the sky, to creakings of cordage and sharp cries and the chorus of many voices: "In the name of God, in the name of God."

Then due south, keeping the mountain peaks on the starboard side, the boat would itself become a coal-black dot against the pale yellow of the west, and silence would again reign.

We, who lived under the muzzles of great guns, by day working in the glare at our garrison duties, by night sleeping outside our houses because of the heat, with our beds pulled out onto the lava rocks under a brilliant world of stars—how often we felt that we should like to be sailing on such a boat toward the faded sunset to some new adventure in a cool, invigorating climate with the resinous smell of cedars in our nostrils!

Often my wife and I observed small sharks swimming near the shore. Every few months some huge wanderer of the



Photograph by Herford Tynes Cowling

THE BARREN, TUMBLED MASS OF SHAMSHAN IS THE ADEN LANDFALL

Little Aden, across the harbor, presents a similar array of jagged peaks built by ancient volcanic fury. Normally the population in this British outpost is about 50,000 people.

seas would enter the harbor and terrify an unfortunate British soldier bathing beyond prescribed limits, or some Somali child singing "Daisy Bell" and diving from a dug-out canoe for the silver of passengers under a big mail steamer. Of late years the practice has been stopped.

Sometimes a netted swordfish would be landed by some fishermen from a dhow and left palpitating its life out on the sand of Gold Mohur Valley.

Yet there were bright scenes which made us forget the heat and the perils of the Tropics.

On the flat plain beside the five-mile Ma'ala Road, which runs from Steamer Point to the Crater (see illustration, page 736), is the little village of Somalipura, where Arab and Somali sailors squat on the sand and mend their lateen sails.

Pleasant-looking fellows, these, and, standing about in groups are more civilized wealthy Arabs in long, bright silk *jibbaks* and embroidered waistcoats. They are holding an impromptu stock exchange

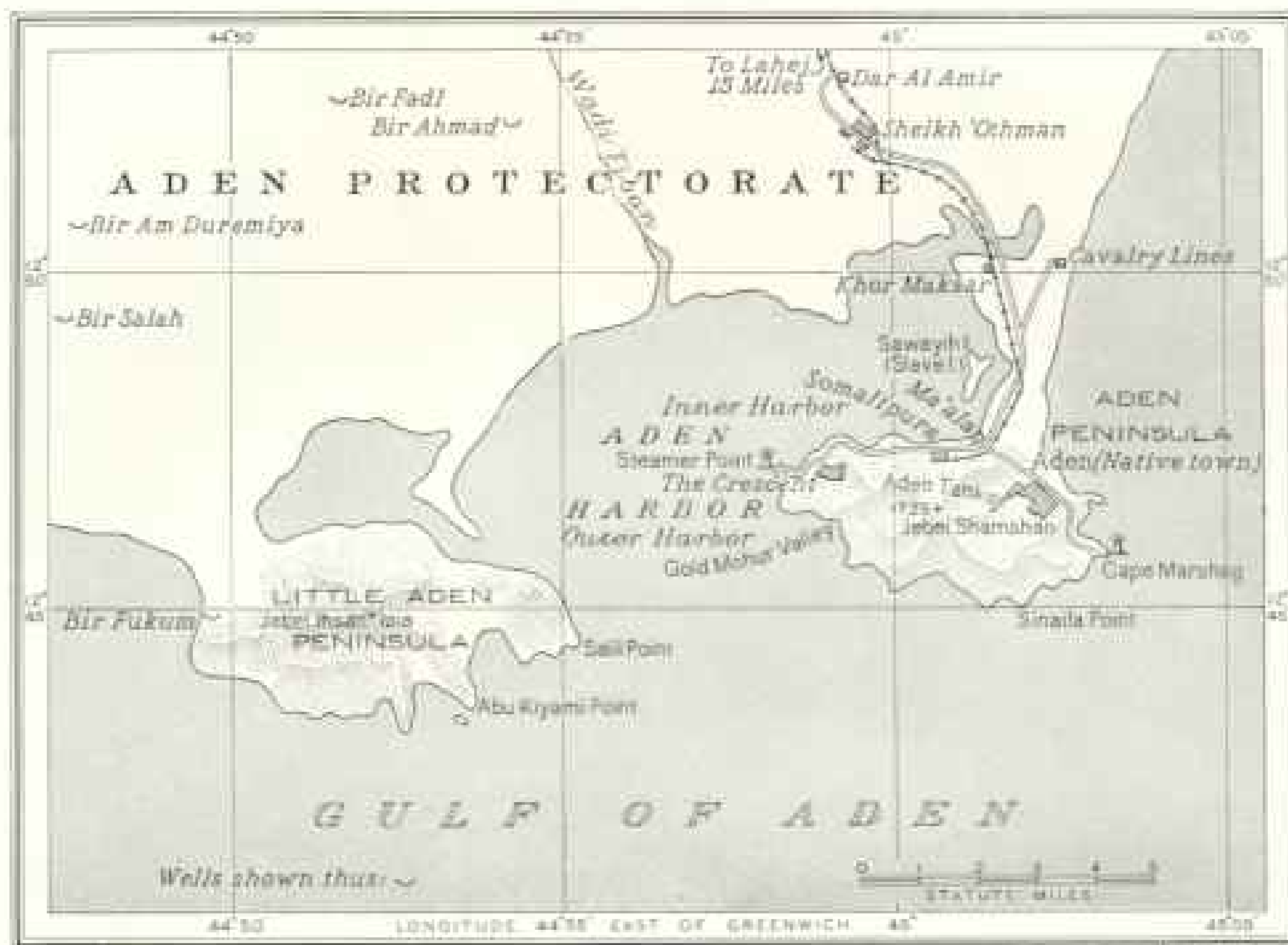
over a hill of mother-of-pearl shell from Perim Island or bags of rice from India, ready for transshipment to Africa.

Away among the gorges, about a thousand feet below the peak of Jebel Shamsan, as the volcano is called (from Ash Shams, the sun), are built the Towers of Silence, to which the funerals of the Parsi inhabitants of Aden wind up a long and desolate flight of steps.

Around the summit of the mountain kites constantly wheel in the air over the settlement during the daylight hours with their complaining scream, "cheel, cheel."

WEIRD MUSIC IN THE MUEZZIN'S CALL

The most solemn and impressive aspect of the jagged crest of Shamsan is seen when, with your bed on the flat roof of some small hotel in The Crescent, the business quarter at Steamer Point (see illustration, page 730), you lie awake in the hour before dawn, with the black, threatening mass of the mountain obliterating part of the circle of stars.



Drawn by Arthur J. Haes

VOLCANIC ADEN AND ITS NEAR TWIN, LITTLE ADEN, ARE ALMOST SEVERED FROM THE ARABIAN COAST

For centuries before its acquisition by the British in 1839, fortified Aden was a stronghold, protecting trade. It occupies a strategic position midway between Egypt and India, opposite Somaliland (see World Map Supplement with this issue).

Then suddenly is raised a long chant, dominating, intoned, rising and falling like the howl of a lost wolf dog, echoing and diminishing among the distant gorges. It is the voice of the muezzin, so often quoted.

To me it sounded like "*Allah-hu-akbr; Allah-hu-akbr; Allah-illaha-illa'llah; Mohammed rasul Allah*"; and I believe the translation is "God the Great; there is no God but God; and Mohammed is the prophet of God." Whether it is recorded accurately or not, no words can fully and adequately convey the elemental weirdness of the cry, leaping from echo to echo over the sleeping town.

Outside the fortress gates, on a strip of sand which connects the volcano with the mainland of Arabia, are encamped a troop of smart, black-whiskered Indian cavalry. They drill in khaki, with lance, sword, or carbine on small Arab horses, or go on escort or orderly duty on fast little Arabian dromedaries.

Where this strip of sand meets the mainland is the flat-roofed Arab town of Sheikh

Othman, Aden's overflow, the abode of Arabs and Somalis who for any reason cannot live in the fortress (see page 724).

Its resthouse has a small "Garden of Allah" where the ripple of irrigation channels and the voice of the bulbul can be heard in the evenings.

From that town you can step through a postern gate of the Garden right out into the wilderness, where tribes of dark-skinned Arabs gain a precarious livelihood by cultivating durra and lentils around a few brackish wells close to the town, or, farther out, by living a Bedouin life, doing transport work in connection with the fortress.

You may see many an Arab passing on some mysterious errand, leading a camel by a string. He is quiet and content, perhaps crooning to himself some chant which sounds like a psalm. He bristles with the hilts of silver-mounted daggers and snuff-boxes and other gadgets.

When, in the past, the interior tribes of Arabs have had to be reasoned with by civilized forces, or held in check on the



Photograph by Charles E. Moser

FROM DECK CHAIRS TRAVELERS WATCH THE CRAFT THAT ONCE TRANSPORTED
SPICES AND SLAVES TO EUROPE

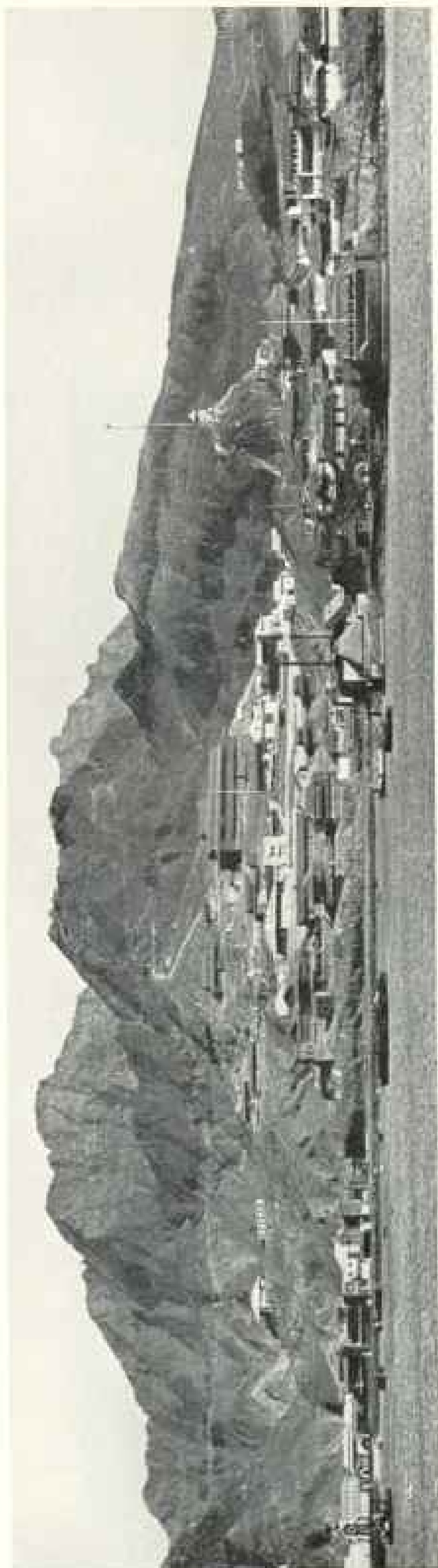
Centuries before steam navigation brought commerce to this port by way of the Suez Canal, such Arab dhows were sailing its coasts. "No craft has played a greater part in world history," asserts one writer. "The lateen yard is as much the emblem of the Faith as is the crescent."



© Alex Stücker

A SEVEN-MANPOWER ROLLER SMOOTHS ADEN'S STREETS

Half-naked natives work on the roads around The Crescent in the modern business district that has grown beside the Inner Harbor (see illustration, page 730). Aden was the first British territorial acquisition during the reign of Queen Victoria; a statue to her stands in the background.



Photograph by Merrill La Voy.

FROM THESE RUGGED VOLCANIC WALLS BRITAIN GUARDS HER SEA PATH OF EMPIRE

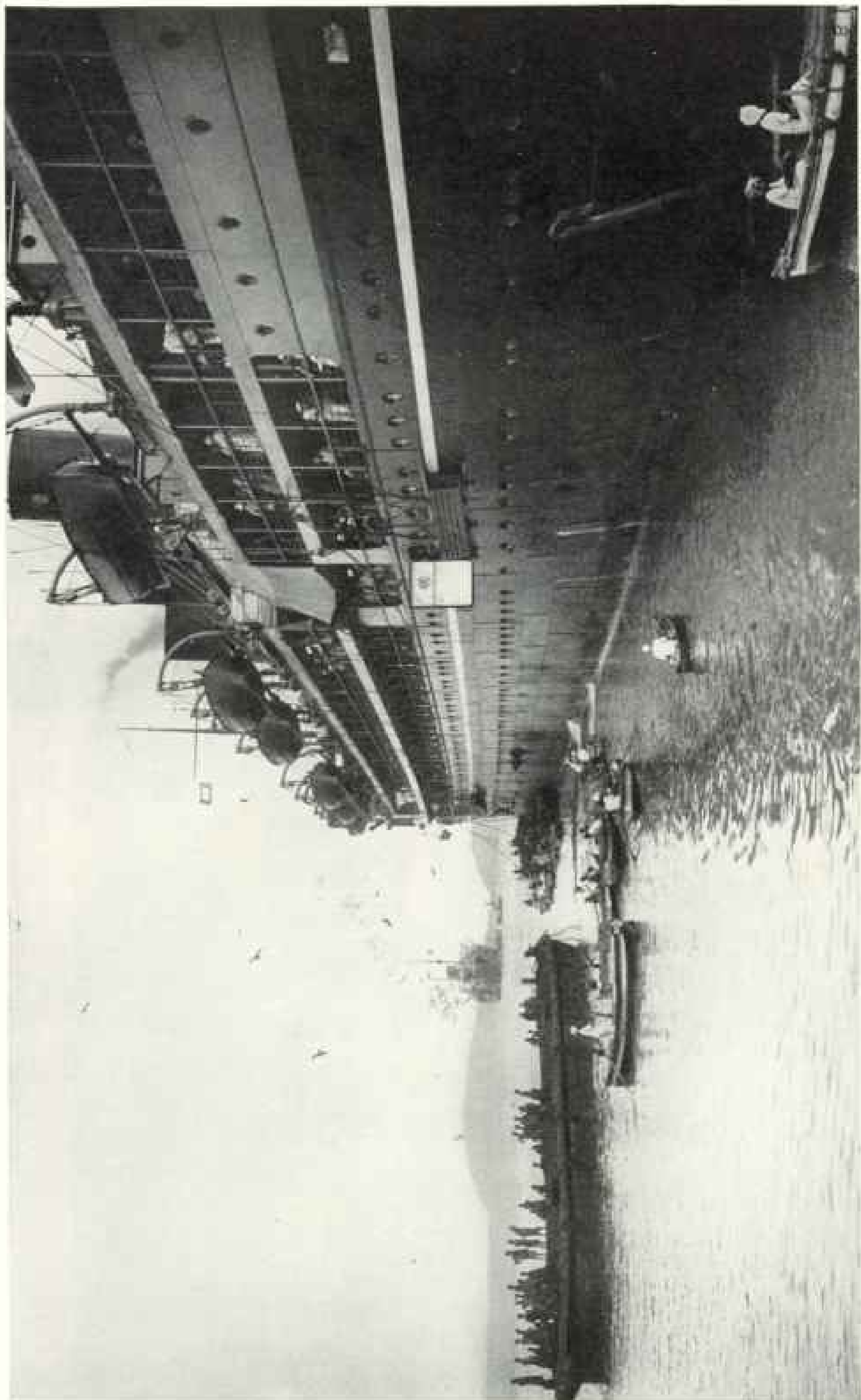
From the harbor at Steamer Point the visitor looks past shipping offices and Barrack Hill, toward the distant crags of Jebel Shamshan. Atop the rocky knob to the right is the conspicuous signal flag station that guides shipping in and out of the port of Aden, and almost in line with its base is the mole battery.



Photograph by Adnan E. Southerd

STEAMERS TO INDIA AND THE EAST AFRICAN COAST PAUSE IN THE ADEN ROADSTEAD

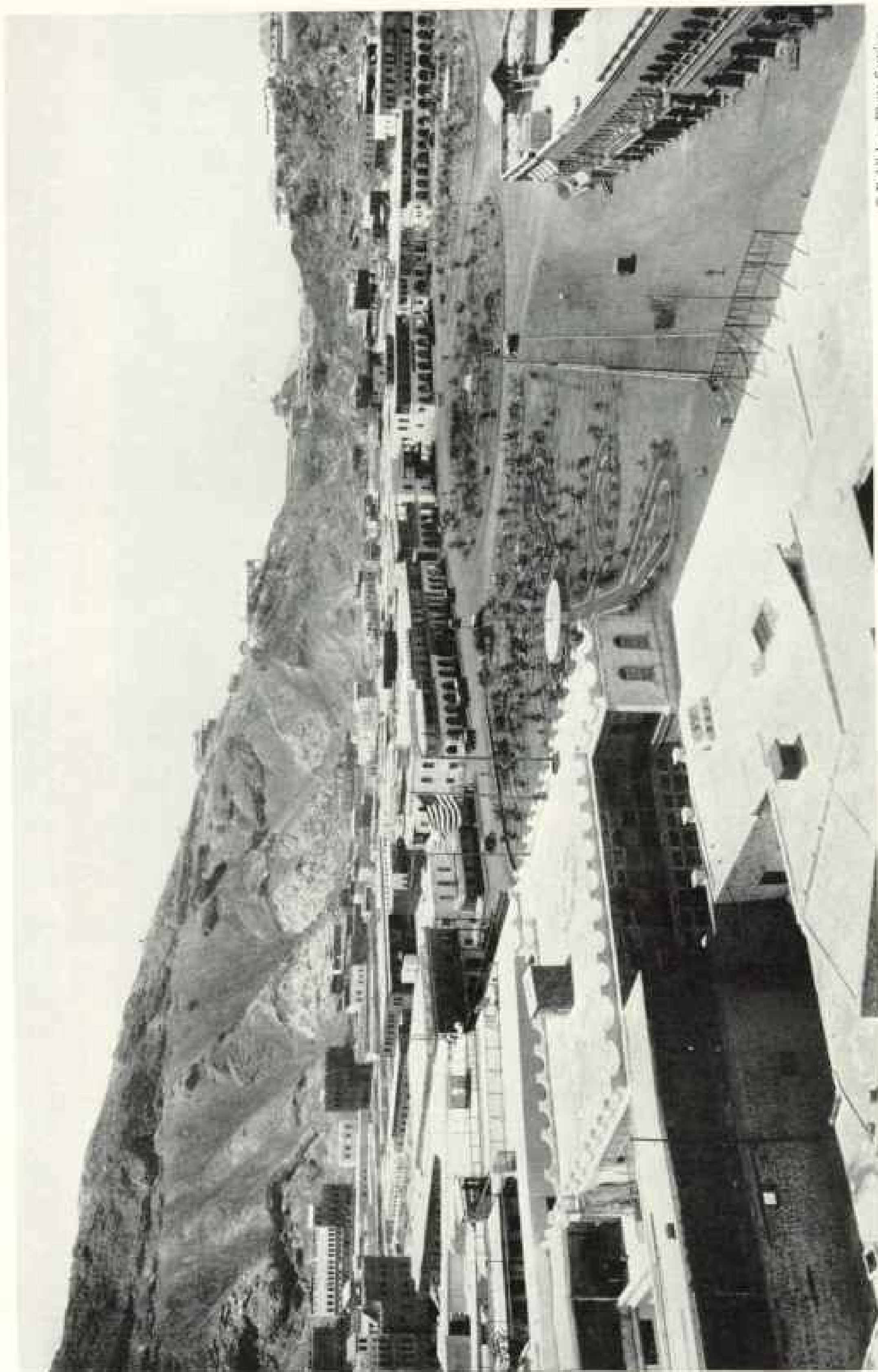
Sheep and goat skins, coffee, ivory, ostrich feathers, and frankincense are transhipped here. Aden shares with Djibouti the Ethiopian trade. The landmark on the hill at the left is a clock tower.



Photograph by Herbert Tyne Cowlart

AS A BRITISH MAIL STEAMER HALTS TO COAL, ADEN'S HARBOR SALESMEN SHOUT THEIR WARES

One barge is discharging the fuel while another stands by. Hawkers, manning humbeats, always flock around incoming vessels to peddle ostrich feathers, beads, rugs, and trinkets (see illustration, page 732). The principal steamship companies provide lunches for taking passengers ashore.



© Pictabes Photo Service

MOST OF ADEN'S VEGETATION IS CONFINED TO THE CRESCENT

Grouped around this slender, curving park are many of the commercial houses, banks, hotels, and consulates of Aden. The flat-roofed settlement faces the Inner Harbor; the native town is about four miles distant. The Stars and Stripes fly over the United States Consulate (see page 755).



© Alex Siggler

"LOOK AT THE FUNNY WHITE MAN WITH THE BLACK BOX!"

These youngsters become accustomed to smile when requested by camera-carrying visitors. The Indian youth (right) some day may become a merchant. The Arab (left) probably is destined for menial tasks.



Photograph by Berford Tyrus Cowling

HERE IS SOLD A PRECIOUS "SOFT DRINK"—WATER

The steep, rocky crags of Aden allow the scanty rains which come, on the average, every other year, to drain quickly into the sea. Consequently, there are few good wells and water is a prized beverage (pp. 735 and 740).



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

"SAHIB, MEMSAHIB, BUY SOME OSTRICH FEATHERS"

Thus cry the aquatic merchants that cluster around steamers stopping at Aden. The prospective salesman throws a woven cord up on deck; when a sale is made, money goes down in a basket and the parcel is sent up on this aerial express.

caravan routes, or at times of tribal fights, there would steal out of the fortress a string of camels with little field guns on their backs. The booming voice of the guns could be heard from somewhere in the far deserts by dwellers on the Rock who were sitting down for early tea and toast.

Outside, and also within the precincts of the fortress, one is always astonished at the presence of this little white civilized colony, this pin-point of Western civilization, lying cheek by jowl with hundreds of miles of unmitigated wildness.

THE DESERT A MYSTERIOUS EXPANSE

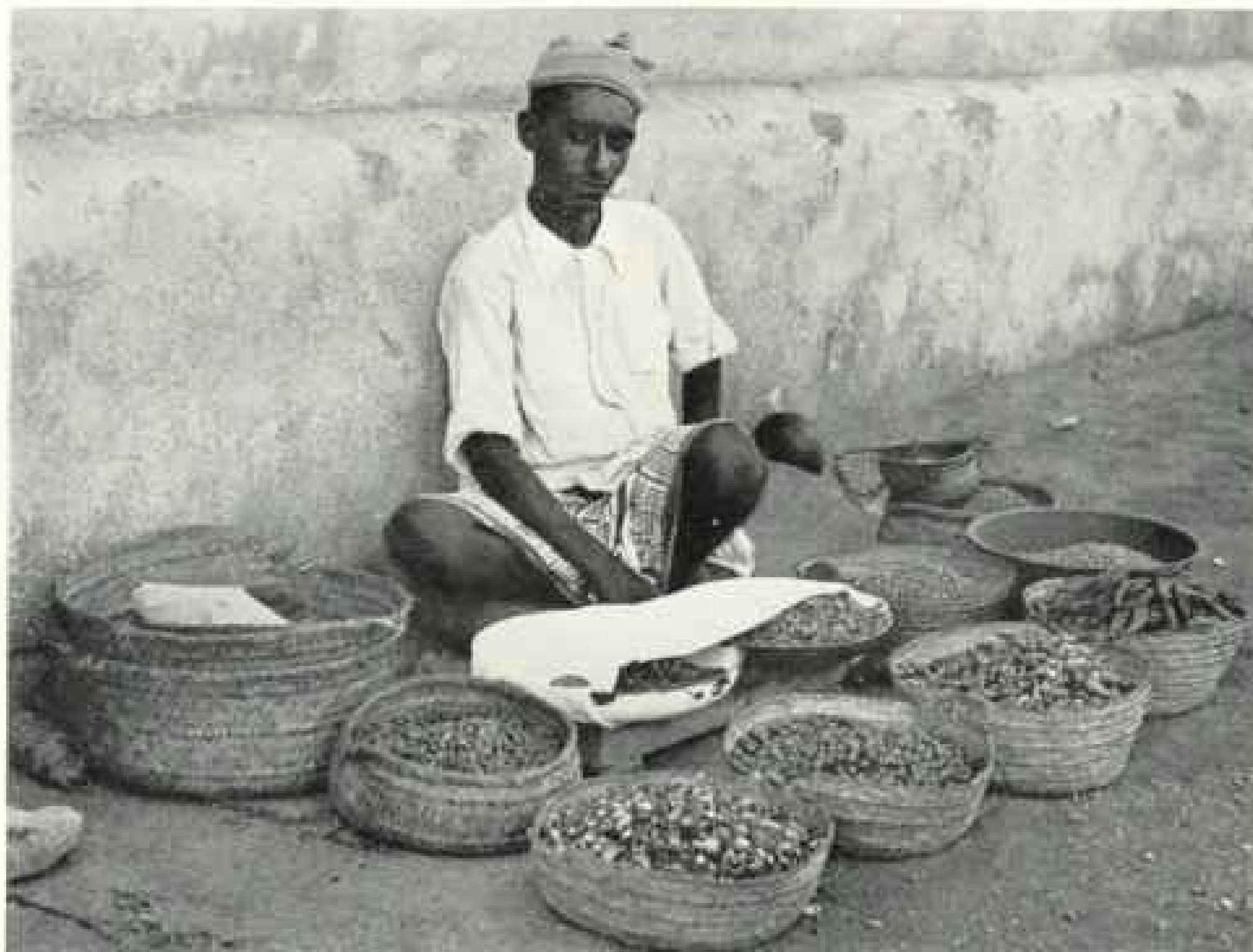
They are picturesque enough—the desiccated southern Arabian deserts stretching away from the Rock, and in the distance the forbidding brown foothills which buttress the fertile alps of Yemen. The people here are light umber-brown but not unhandsome Arabs, good Mohammedans hav-

ing, probably, a very slight infusion of Ethiopian blood.

Among its social elements there are petty feudal chiefs. They hold small, rough, blockhoused villages, like miniature Rhine castles, overlooking dry gorges through which trickle thin streams that become torrents when in flood. Their scanty crops can be grown by careful irrigation. The villages are dirty, each with its marginal age-old refuse midden spilling untidily over the rocks, and the wet cultivation produces malaria.

Then, also, there is a scattered, scanty population of Bedouin Arabs, unutterably poor; matchlock-bearing men, who live in squalid mud-built or stone shelters, or even caves (see illustration, page 742).

They are predatory, and quarrel with all and sundry over a few muddy water-holes. They are met with in the spaces between the organized village strongholds, or they share the meager hospitality of the



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

AMONG NUT SELLERS OVERHEAD EXPENSES ARE NIL

Like this vender, they select a shady spot beside a wall and patiently await the rush hour. Because Aden is barren, food has to be brought from the inland oases or from other countries.

rocky hills or desert plains with their goats and camels, or with the white oryx, the gazelle, the mountain ibex, and the carion kite.

More comfort is found among the oases. Where some torrent issues from the mountains, carrying periodical freshets, a broad, roaring, brown flood will cut its way down to the sea and form a miniature delta.

There an oasis is established by scientifically arranged aqueducts and channels built of alluvial mud, left to dry and harden. The oases produce palm gardens, dates, and much grain, and in such favored spots there is sure to be a central castle and a flat-roofed town of medieval aspect, reigned over by a petty sultan.

SIMPLICITY MARKS HOUSE FURNISHING

Southern Arabian civilization does not attain to greater material refinement than rough castle interiors containing good oriental carpets on a dried-mud floor. There will be a Koran, say, or an *Alif Leilah u Leilah* (Thousand and One Nights), or

Tarikh al Yemen (History of Yemen); a big Turkish pipe, and a divan or two; and stacks of silver-mounted guns and daggers leaning against the walls.

In the little town which surrounds the castle one may meet the chief or his son, or the leading merchant, in jibbah and turban, or mounted on a good horse and followed by many retainers. The merchant wears dingy bits of cloth around his waist, a profusion of the silver-mounted dagger hilts stick up from his stomach cloth, the athletic chest and legs are bare, and a bright handkerchief is twisted around his straight black wisps of hair.

As on the northwest frontiers of India, at times one of the world's open sores, where the new British civilization and the old Indian civilization, linked together, meet the wildest savagery of Central Asia, so outside Aden, in a much lesser degree, the traveler must be his own policeman.

There is little law and order beyond the influence of the British-Indian garrison, and one may not be quite safe except at



Photograph by Col. H. G. C. Swayne

DOORS HINGED AT THE TOP LOOK LIKE VISORS OF HUGE CAPS

The humble huts belong to Somalis of Sheikh 'Othman, a village on the mainland side of the bay facing Aden (page 724). These people are represented about equally with the Arabs in the native population in Aden.

the castles of petty chiefs or in the villages and fields which are irrigated under their protection. To these chiefs one should have an Arabic letter of introduction.

This was a thought that occurred to me when I rode a camel out into the blue distant mountains to inspect the engineering project which was one of the things that justified my existence in Aden. Since two tribes were quarreling across my route, I had, on the particular occasion referred to, an escort of twenty Indian cavalry, and the Sheikh of Nobat Dakim had sent his only son, a young dandy on a beautiful Arabian steed, to meet me and escort me safely across the bit of desert.

THE ART OF RIDING A CAMEL

When I speak of camels, I really mean the dromedary with one hump, whether the slim, high-caste, fast Arabian kind which trots, or the coarser Somali baggage dromedary of the African side, which only walks. The Arabian white dromedary will do a hundred miles in a day and will easily outlast a horse.

Cautiously the rider throws a foot over, and before he is settled in the saddle the beast jumps up and rushes away. If one

sets his mount's nose over a winding path there will be no more trouble; the camel will conscientiously follow the trail by day or night without the rider's touch on the nose-string. A push into the groove of his neck with the toe of the free dangling foot will make him increase his pace.

One rides just as a woman rides when using the sidesaddle, the inside of one knee tightly gripping the frame of crossed sticks representing the pommel. It matters not which knee grips and which dangles free, and the Arab uses no stirrup.

The gentle tap-tap of the saddle, rising against the outer side of one's gripping thigh, goes on mile after mile; and the experienced rider on a well-bred animal finds the going not in the least disagreeable or tiring. On the other hand, sitting out the oblique side swing of a walking camel is likely, with many Europeans, to induce nausea akin to seasickness.

Distant an easy camel journey from Aden is the oasis of Lahej, long an example of indigenous Arab law and order.

Issuing from the mountains at Nobat Dakim, 40 miles inland, is a life-giving river, Wadi Tiban. Sometimes it flows from that barren gorge as a slender stream;



© Alex Stöcker

IT TAKES TWO LANGUAGES TO SAY "STOP" IN ADEN

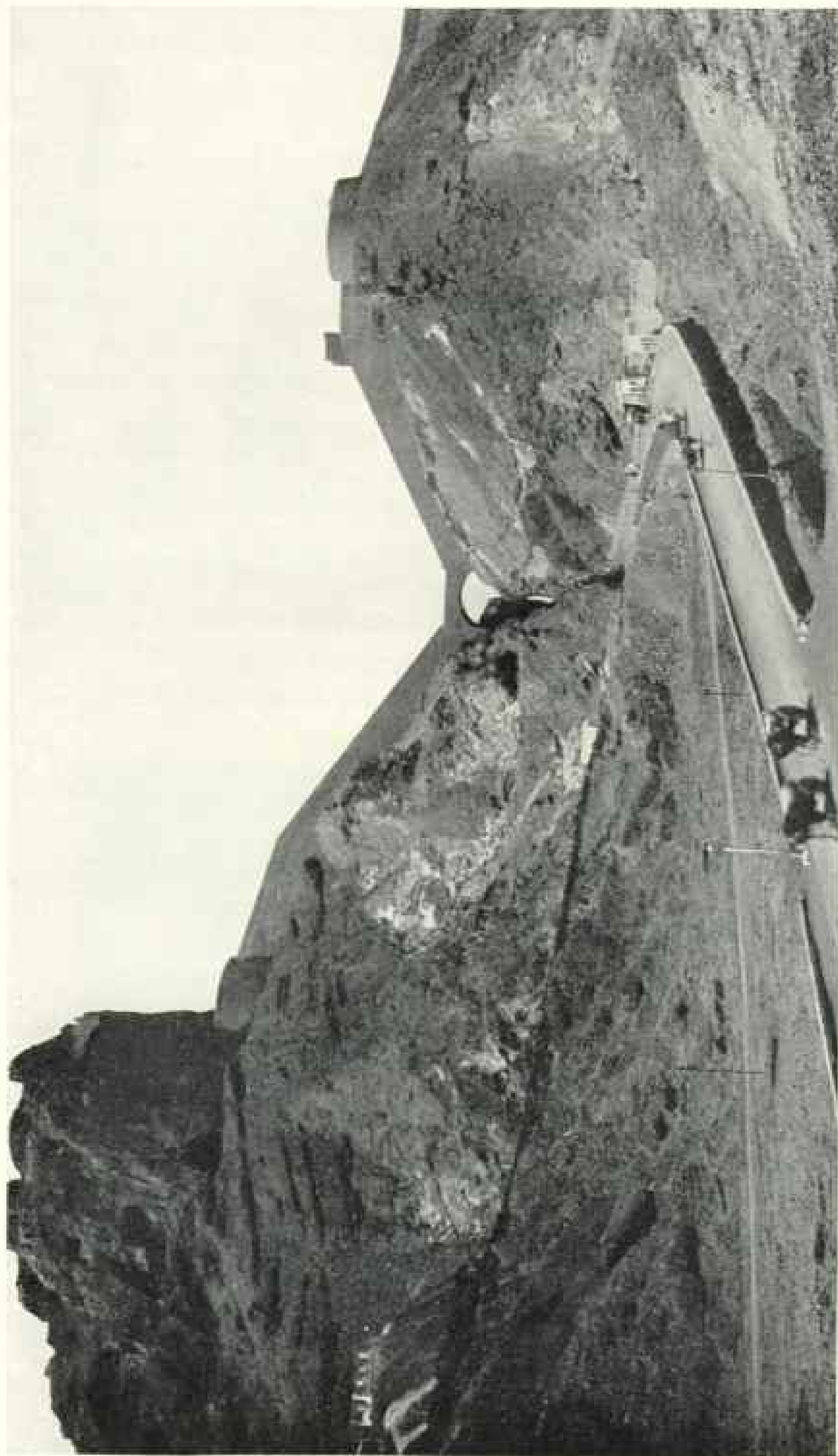
Modern busses thread their way among heavily burdened camels, man-drawn carts, carriages, and jaywalking pedestrians.



Photograph by Addison E. Southard

"RUNNING WATER" IN ADEN MEANS CAMEL-CART DELIVERY

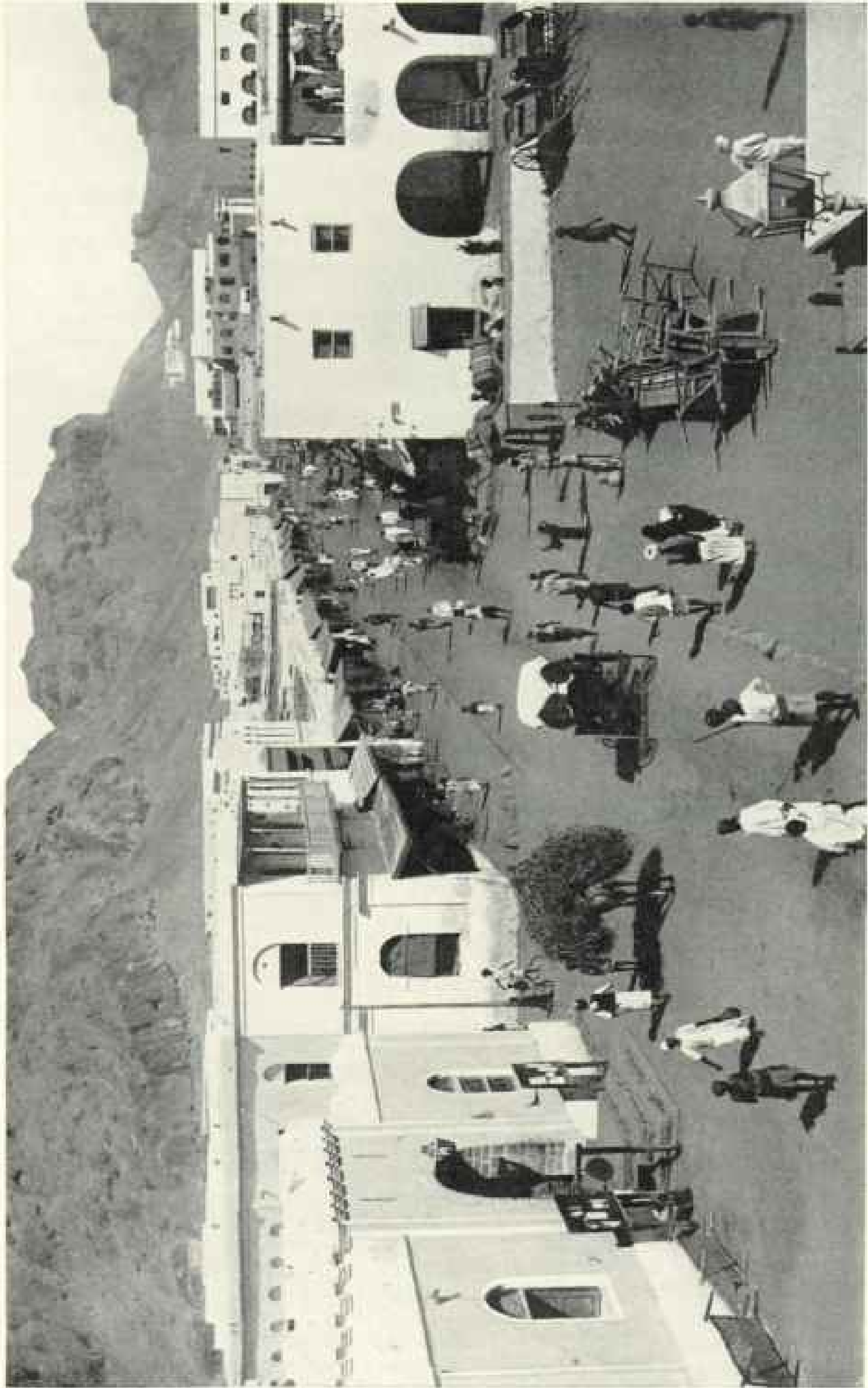
Most of the water supply for foreign residents of the arid town is distilled from the sea and brought to households in this manner. It costs about five cents for a four-gallon measure. The sign, bearing the familiar eagle, indicates the American Consulate.



Photograph by J. M. Costello

THE MA'ALA ROAD PIERCES THE WALLS OF ADEN VOLCANO.

All traffic between the modern harbor settlement and the native town, which lies on the floor of the crater, travels this highway. High on the grim, black rock towering to the left of the old fortifications, once protected by a drawbridge, is a natural excavation which traditions of both Arabs and Jews hold to be the tomb of Abel (see text, page 742).



Photograph from Charles K. Meier

CUPPED IN AN ANCIENT VOLCANO, ADEN SIZZLES IN THE HEAT

Few Europeans venture out in the midday sun, but the camel drivers and wood vendors are abroad at all hours. Most of the natives clustered in the bazaars are Arabs and Somalis, but Jews, Greeks, Parsis, and other races make up this modern Babel. Since British occupation, the ancient trading center has been largely rebuilt and now has wide, straight streets.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

BIG BROTHER'S HIP IS HER "PERAMBULATOR"

This method of carrying children is common in many countries "East of Suez." Dark skins and curly hair indicate that these two are of East African parentage.

at other times it roars out in a wide, swift torrent, and, after leaving the hills, cuts through a 20-mile desert. Then, dividing into two branches called Wadi Kabir and Wadi As Saghir (Big and Little Rivers), it forms the fan-shaped delta oasis of Lahej, many square miles of land cunningly irrigated in the Arab way by a network of well-designed channels. It is another Egypt on a miniature scale.

In 1911 the Sultan of Lahej, already an elderly man, and a prime favorite of the British, traveled with a retinue of Arabs to Delhi to attend ceremonies celebrating King George's coronation.

Behind Lahej, the twenty miles of hopeless desert slope up to the mountains,

among which the traveler may be shot at by thieving Bedouins any day. Close to the Wadi Tiban, in its upper gorge above the division of the rivers, on the camel path, I saw a number of skeletons of baggage camels which had been shot from an ambush laid 50 yards from the track.

The barren gorges of Nobat Dakim, onward to the interior, lead to mountains as high as 8,000 feet, the outworks of the prosperous San'a country, where Turk and Arab have faced each other and fought intermittently for 50 years.

There is a legend that the Queen of Sheba's state visit to Solomon started from Yemen when it was an Ethiopian colony.

Tearing winds sweep the desert behind Lahej, obscuring the mountains with driving sand; and a wall of sand is sometimes even pushed across the Inner Harbor of Aden from Sheikh 'Othman, falling on the bungalows of residents in a

brown darkness and leaving behind in the rooms a heavy layer of alluvial dust. The Arabs have a saying that Aden is a place where you thrust your rubbish out the door, and a great wind rises and throws it all in again through the window.

It is not surprising that we of the garrison, enduring an occasional sandstorm and also many whirling, circling dust devils even on fine days, living in a moist "winter" temperature of from 75 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and a "summer" one of from 95 to 105, with a drenching humidity, used to count the hours, weeks, and months till we could leave the Rock.

On many an evening, watching the sunset, we would picture ourselves setting out



WIDE-ARMED MILLS TURN LAZILY IN ADEN'S VAGRANT BREEZES

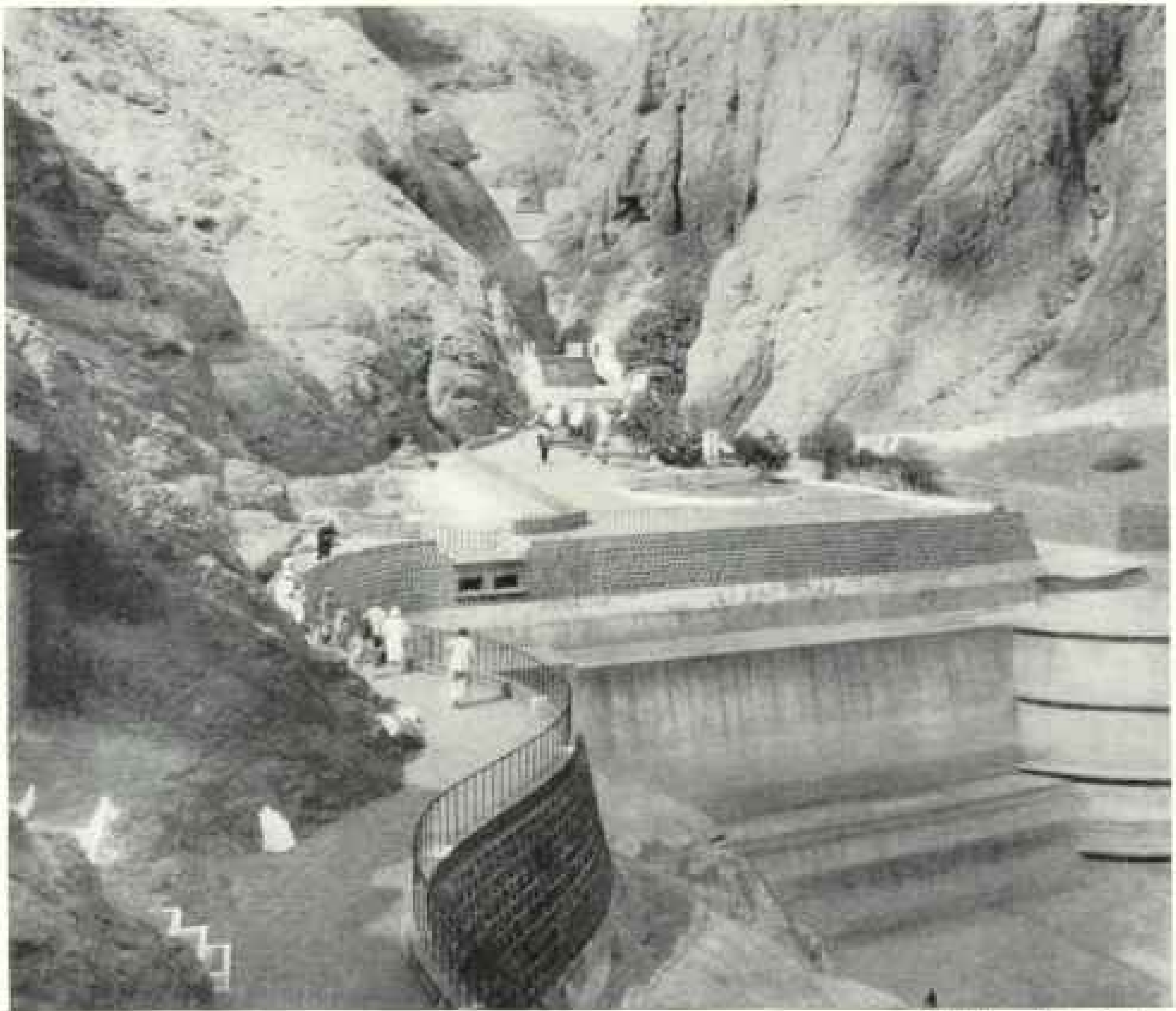
They pump sea water into canals that are linked with broad, shallow evaporating beds. The hot sunshine evaporates the sea water, leaving a thin layer of salt. After repeated fillings, the saline deposit is thick enough to be raked into heaps for final draining and drying.



Photographs by Herford Tynes Cowling

HAUGHTY CAMELS FURNISH MOTIVE POWER FOR ADEN SALT TRAINS

Salt from the evaporating beds along the narrow isthmus that connects Aden with the mainland is trucked over the narrow-gauge tracks to places where it can be loaded into barges. Lacking wharves for deep-draft ships, most of Aden's products have to be lightered to and from the roadstead.



© Publishers Photo Service

BY ELABORATE TANKS EARLY ENGINEERS CONSERVED RAINWATER FOR ADEN'S USE.

Some authorities attribute these reservoirs to the time of the Persian conquest, about 600 A. D. Others believe the Himyarites constructed them before the Christian Era. Several are built in stairstep fashion in a crater gorge behind the town, each lower one catching the overflow from the tank above. Since British occupancy several of them have been restored. The water is sold by auction to the natives, who peddle it in tins, goatskins, and carts.

for vacations, rowed over to embark on a small steamer, not too seaworthy, which carried goods and mails to the Somali coast.

We could see ourselves on the deck as the steamer began to move, the Somalis forming into a long line for evening prayer, turning as nearly toward Mecca as the moving of the ship would allow, and prostrating themselves on the deck.

We would imagine hearing the bugles, as we skirted the shore of the Inner Harbor, sounding the evening calls, and from the French and British gunboats at their moorings, two or three rifle shots would ring out, marking the hour of sunset.

We would turn in our thoughts to the ship itself, saluted by odors from the cargo, not only rice, dates, coffee, and calico, but ponies, Arabian dromedaries, ox hides, clar-

ified butter, and sheep! The sheep used to be so tightly wedged together that sometimes over their living backs we would find our way to the little saloon.

Then, from this dream, we would bring our minds back to welcome the cool of the evening, aware of the pulsing life of Aden.

The main road leading past The Crescent (see text, page 725) would at this time be busy with citizens returning home from shop or other work. There would be Arab navvies, coal coolies begrimed from head to foot, many singing what sounded like Gregorian chants. The tall, slender, dark Somalis, who dislike hard navy work, would stalk rather proudly and impertinently along, clothed in voluminous clean white sheeting, laughing, chatting, and showing their perfect teeth.



Photograph by Col. H. G. C. Swayne

THE SULTAN'S PALACE AT LAHEJ TOWERS AMONG DUSTERLIKE PALMS

Set in a well-irrigated oasis, 21 miles inland from Aden, these buildings of mixed Italian, Arab, and Indian architecture can be seen from the harbor or mountains on clear days. The Sultan's realm, under the British protectorate, has long been an example of native Arab law (p. 734).



© Alex Stöcker

THE PURSE OF A TRADER IN ADEN'S "WALL STREET" IS A HEAVY BAG

With umbrella under his arm—for protection against sun, not the infrequent rain—and a sack of Maria Theresa thalers in his hand, this Arab merchant is returning from the coffee exchange. The policeman is not serving as an armed escort.



Photograph by London News Agency

THREE MUSKETEERS OF ARABIA

The old rifles look more like museum pieces than firearms, yet they were faithful companions to these tribesmen against the Zaidi Imam's attacks in 1928. To the Arab, rifles and knives are prized possessions, but they must be surrendered when he visits Aden.

Ringleted Arabian Jews would be there, carrying over their backs dirty bags containing ostrich feathers to be traded to passengers on the big liners. Parsis were there in black alpaca coats, European trousers and boots, and on their heads the tall hats which appear to be covered with shiny American oilcloth. They are the city men, mostly from Bombay business houses.

A MODERN ÆSOP FABLE

A couple of Arabs might go by, father and son, carrying a small sick donkey slung in a blanket, unconsciously illustrating the old Æsop fable. Then would pass a string of baggage camels, on top of each an Arab lying fast asleep, except that the leading

rider would be sitting up and constantly calling a warning to get out of the way.

Now and again some English sergeant's bicycle bell would be heard, or the hoot of motors, while ubiquitous British soldiers walked about in threes with the inevitable terrier, a picture made familiar by Kipling.

Full of life is that five-mile road running to the Crater, crowded with people between the business quarters, immersed after their kind in petty concerns.

On the rocks above the road, a thousand feet up between earth and heaven, is the opening of a little cave supposed to be the resting place, some say of Abel, some say of Aaron. By night a lamp is burning, shimmering down from the black cliffs like a star.

WHERE BIBLE CHARACTERS LIVE AGAIN

Everyday Life in Oberammergau, World Famous for Its Passion Play, Reaches a Climax at Christmas

BY ANTON LANG, JR.

IT IS always with joy that the traveler, wandering south through Germany, views the white flag atop the Gothic city hall of Bavaria's capital, Munich (München), for the signal tells him the day is exceptionally clear and the peaks of the Alps are beckoning, in plain view some sixty miles away.

"St. Peter, the weathermaker, must be in a good mood to send so fine a day," say thousands in the city of Munich itself, and they head straight for the mountains.

A swift electric train, or a bus whirring over smooth roads, takes the traveler past the inviting Lake of Starnberg (Würm-See), the banks of which are studded with villas and manors. White sailboats greet him from the green waters, and their background is the hazy blue mountains that loom in the distance, some 45 miles farther south (see map, page 746).

A VILLAGE CRADLED IN MOUNTAINS

The first approach to these gigantic monuments of Nature has the emotional impact of the immigrant's first glimpse of New York's colossal skyline. Shortly the upward journey begins, through rolling, verdant hills which make the transition gradual. Half a mile above sea level, the wanderer finds himself surrounded by the gray peaks, partly wooded mountains, and high green hills which cradle Oberammergau.

As he nears the village, the towering crag of the Kofel bids him welcome, with its huge wooden cross on top (see illustration, page 744). This rocky cone must have been a weird sight one night in 1809 after lightning had struck it, setting its trees ablaze and turning it into an immense torch.

If the wayfarer's ambition holds out, his feet will soon follow his eyes to the lofty height, and before him will unfold a panorama of the Ammer River Valley. In its midst, peacefully resting, is the village which takes its name from the meandering, icy-cold stream (see page 748).

"District on the upper part of the Ammer River" is the meaning of Oberammergau, a word apparently formed with no consideration for alien tongues.

Three miles down the river lies Unterammergau, and on the opposite side a place called Oberau, giving rise to a local tongue-twisting pun, akin to "picking a peck of pickled peppers":

"Ob er über Oberau, oder ob er aber über Unterammergau, nach Oberammergau komm, weiss ich nicht," it goes, which means, somewhat ineffectively, in English:

"Whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Unterammergau, or whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Oberau, I don't know."

MECCA OF 400,000 IN A YEAR

Standing in the brisk breeze blowing over the Kofel, one scans the irregularly scattered town with its red roofs amid green crowns of trees. Four bridges cut the silvery band of the Ammer, in whose mirror are reflected the town's tallest buildings—the church and the Passion Play theater.

Little more than a year has passed since the curtain once more went down on that stage, not to rise again until 1940. The hush that settled over the hall also pervaded the streets of the village which only a short while before had been resounding with the voices of thousands of people gathered there from near and far.

In this sequestered Bavarian town some 400,000 people, representing practically all the nations and creeds of the earth, rubbed elbows in the special jubilee year of 1934, when 73 performances of the Play were given.

That memorable series marked the 300th anniversary of a tradition unbelievably dear to the village whose people for generations have been living in intimate daily contact with it.

WHEN THE BLACK DEATH CAME

The history of the Passion Play may be comparatively young, considering that, even before the Roman legions, Celts populated the valley. The Bavarian tribe preceded the age of knighthood, whose members, as early as the 12th century, saw a church being built in Oberammergau.



Photograph by W. Pfingstl

LIGHTNING OFTEN STRIKES AND SHATTERS THE CROSS, STANDING LIKE A GUARDIAN ANGEL ON THE KOFEL'S HIGHEST CRAG

After destructive storms, young men of the village struggle up the steep slopes, bearing on their shoulders two heavy pieces of wood—an upright and a crosspiece—and build anew the symbol, which is nearly 20 feet high. The central part of the restaurant shown here was once used as a motion-picture theater, but it was closed because there was so little business. The town has another movie house which runs three days a week. At the right is the liberally frescoed home of Josef Gerold, a cobbler, whose family has lived there for generations.

Traveling merchants kept that little hamlet in intimate touch with the outside world, making it a thriving community. But then the Thirty Years' War came, and the specter of a disastrous pestilence began to lay its grip on the settlements surrounding the village at the foot of the Kofel.

Wherever fires were seen blazing at the entrance of towns, the wanderer fled in horror, lest he also be seized by the Black Death and thrown into the raging pyre.

The guards on the outskirts of Oberammergau must have missed that lone man who, after years of absence from home, yearned to be with his family again. Nothing could keep him away any longer. Sick, he staggered over the mountains at night through dark forests, and, unseen by others, joined his dear ones.

Next morning the excited beating of drums broke the news to the inhabitants that it had come, the dread disease, and Kaspar Schissler, bringer of death, lay dead.

The all-powerful Reaper began his work, and 84 persons within a short time fell a prey to him. But their doom incited in the village a spiritual awakening.

From death and despair rose the Passion Play, a memorial to those who assembled in the little parish church in 1633, making a solemn vow to produce the drama of the Suffering and Death of Jesus every ten years if the plague should disappear.

The old village chronicle tells us that it did, and that the year after, under the guidance of the monks of the Benedictine monastery of near-by Ettal, the villagers for the first time fulfilled their promise.

ONWARD DESPITE WARS AND HARDSHIPS

From 1670 on, every decade beheld the same religious spectacle, the same fervor and devotion. Only the faces changed. Ever the Passion Play kept growing, through times of interdictions, wars, and hardships of all kinds.



FOUR-FOOTED TRAFFIC FILLS THE STREET IN EARLY MORNING

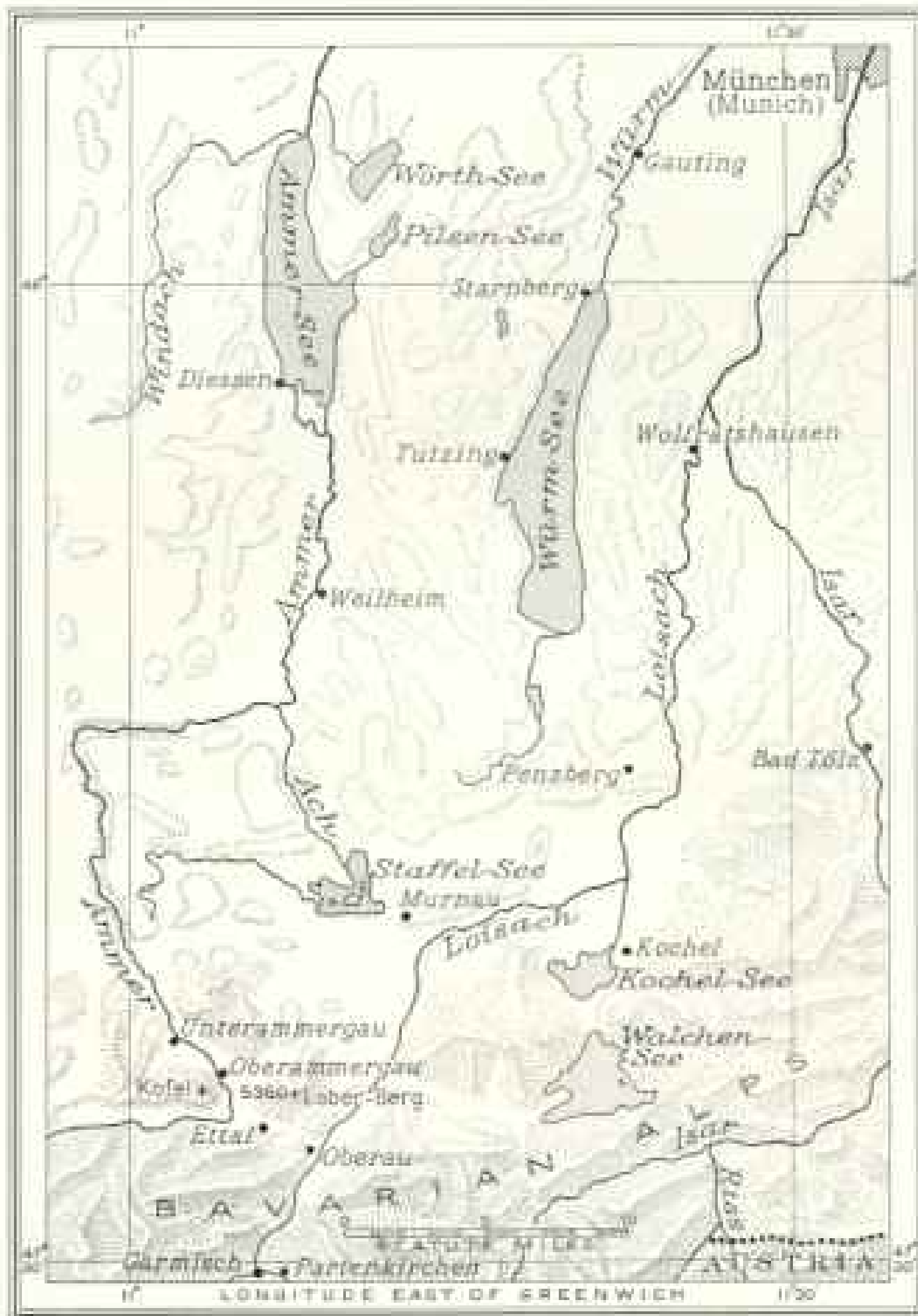
Promptly at 6 a. m. the young goatherder, seen in the rear at the right, sends the notes of his horn ringing through the village, and owners open their stable doors. Out troop the milch goats to be driven off to mountain pastures for the day.



Photograph by W. Pfingstl

SNOWBANKS AS HIGH AS A MAN'S HEAD LINE MAIN STREET

Along the Hauptstrasse—also called Ettalerstrasse, because it leads toward the village of Ettal—the smaller children of the town go coasting. For the older ones there are sled runs a mile or more long on the mountainsides. Each morning the street is cleared by a snowplow drawn by half a dozen horses.



Drawn by Newman Dumstead

FAR IN THE SOUTH OF GERMANY LIES OBERAMMERGAU

The historic Passion Play village nestles in a valley of the Bavarian Alps, 40 miles, airline distance, from Munich and less than 9 miles from the Austrian frontier.

Was the mighty weight of a World War that took 70 men permanently from the ranks of this population of 2,600 souls to do away with the sublime legacy handed down by their ancestors for almost three centuries?

True it is, 1920 remained silent and bleak. There were not enough players, no provisions.

But 1922 looked down on a busy summer, saw the Play start in May and end in September. Once again Oberammergau was proving faithful to its vow.

No German will forget those heartbreaking days of inflation and currency collapse, 13 years ago, when one had to carry one's money in a satchel for the simplest shop-

ping. Americans attending the Passion Play were amused, even bewildered, at the buying power of their money, when a single dollar would carry them through three perfect days of pleasant living, and thirty cents would buy the best seat in the hall.

The end of the season would have discouraged any promoter not steeped in Oberammergau tradition. Yes, we were poor business men, but the thought behind our work sustained us.

My father, the principal character then, received for more than threescore trying performances the sum of 20,000 marks—an amount which enabled him to buy only a pair of shoes and a few cakes of soap!

The 15,000 marks given for my work with the orchestra would, I thought, carry me a long way, particularly if I tucked the money away in the savings bank. In a few days it had depreciated to zero—and that was that.

But we carried on, and even the unheard-of sum of one million dollars was staunchly refused by the

villagers when they rejected a proposal to have their Play reproduced in the movies, and elected to have it continue to be what it had been from the very outset, a local drama with a great tradition, executed by amateurs. Only thus was it possible for the village in the shadow of the sheltering Kofel to preserve its quaint character.

TOWN CRIER SUPPLEMENTS NEWSPAPER

The visitor to Oberammergau immediately notes a cleanliness and refreshing atmosphere. Each home attracts him with its tidy appearance and the hospitable spirit of the people.

In spite of the macadamized "Hauptstrasse," Main Street, the rural character

has not suffered. Traffic jams are caused by cows or goats rambling through the street, rather than by automobiles, of which there are only about ten in the town.

In how many other places in the world nowadays would one hear the husky voice of the town crier every now and then? After ringing his big bell, he announces the sale of veal, for example, available for the houses numbered 1 to 20. If you have lost something, he will help you find it with the vocal equivalent of a "classified ad."

The whitewashed stone walls of the roomy houses usually have stood through many years, and, as if to protect them against inclemencies, far-protruding tile roofs crown the homes. True, gray tin sometimes replaces the striking red. But, on the other hand, even today there are numbers of ancient shingle roofs, weighted down by heavy stones.

Swallows, our weather prophets and bringers of good luck, love to build their nests under the eaves, or actually inside the houses, when they return from the south in the spring. The landlord always considers it a good omen when those swift, shy birds pick a lampshade in the ceiling of a room as their summer perching place, though the orderly housewife may have her own ideas about this choice.

Until about 150 years ago the sight of the towering mountains filled the people in the valley with awe; in fact, fear; and they were looked upon more as drawbacks than as objects of beauty and inspiration.

The custom of offsetting the depressing effect of the looming rocky background by vivid color still prevails, and besides old but ever fresh fresco paintings depicting



RESPLENDENT ROBES OF THE HIGH PRIEST CAIAPHAS ARE LAID ASIDE FOR A BLACKSMITH'S LEATHER APRON

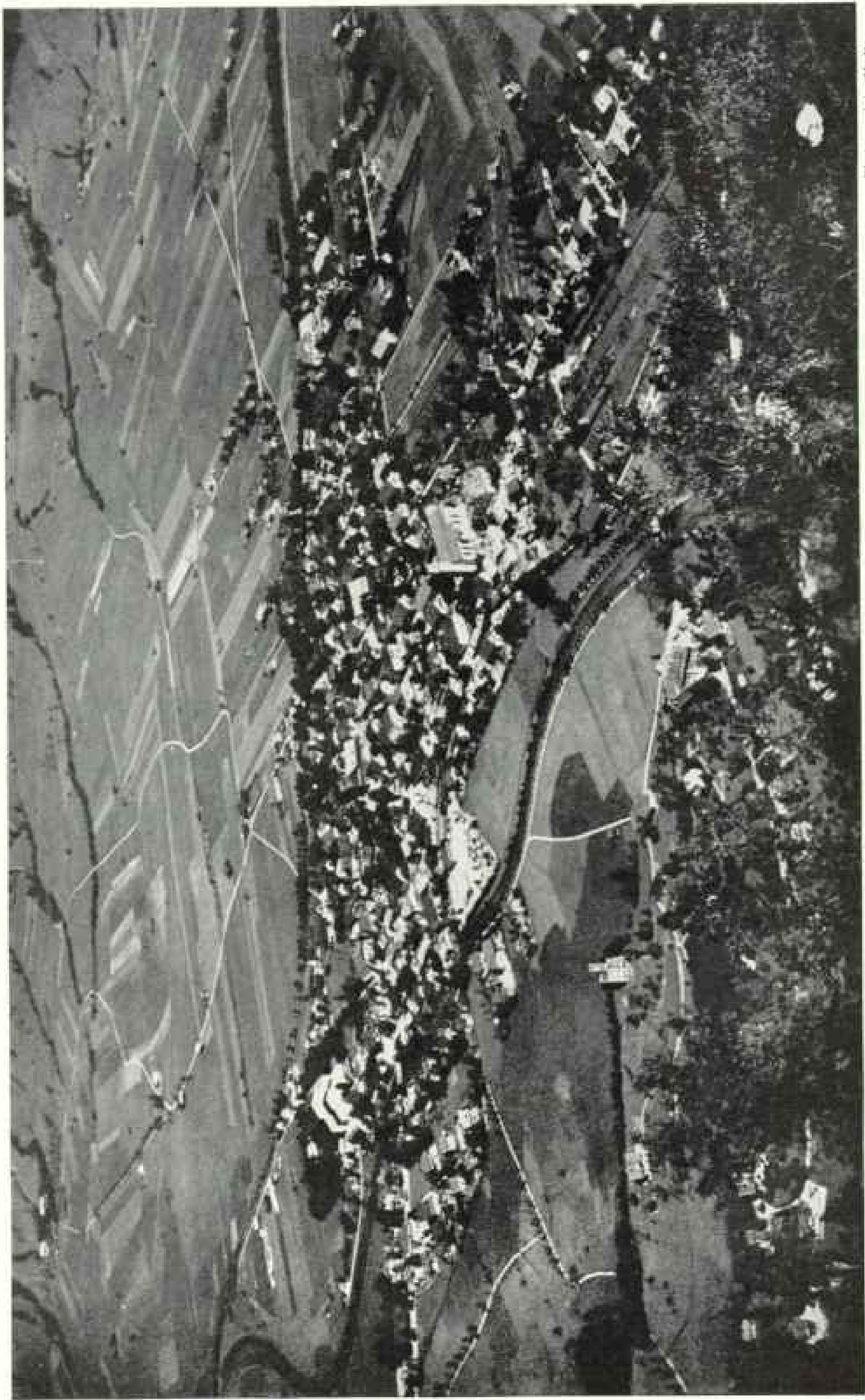
Fiery inciter of the mob against Jesus in the Play (see Color Plate VII), Hugo Rutz in real life is a mild-mannered man who hammers out a humble living by shoeing his neighbors' horses. His village smithy stands under no spreading chestnut tree, but near a school—out of sight beyond the bushes at the left.

scenes from the Bible on the walls of the houses, new ones are beginning to decorate several homes. These show a more modern trend, and generally are done by young Bavarian artists. They lend vivid color to a street scene already bright with houses painted yellow, pink, green, and blue.

Hardly a house lacks a balcony, and this, like all the windowsills, is lined with a profusion of flowers.

Green shutters and painted frames around the windows put a special stress on the "eyes" of most homes.

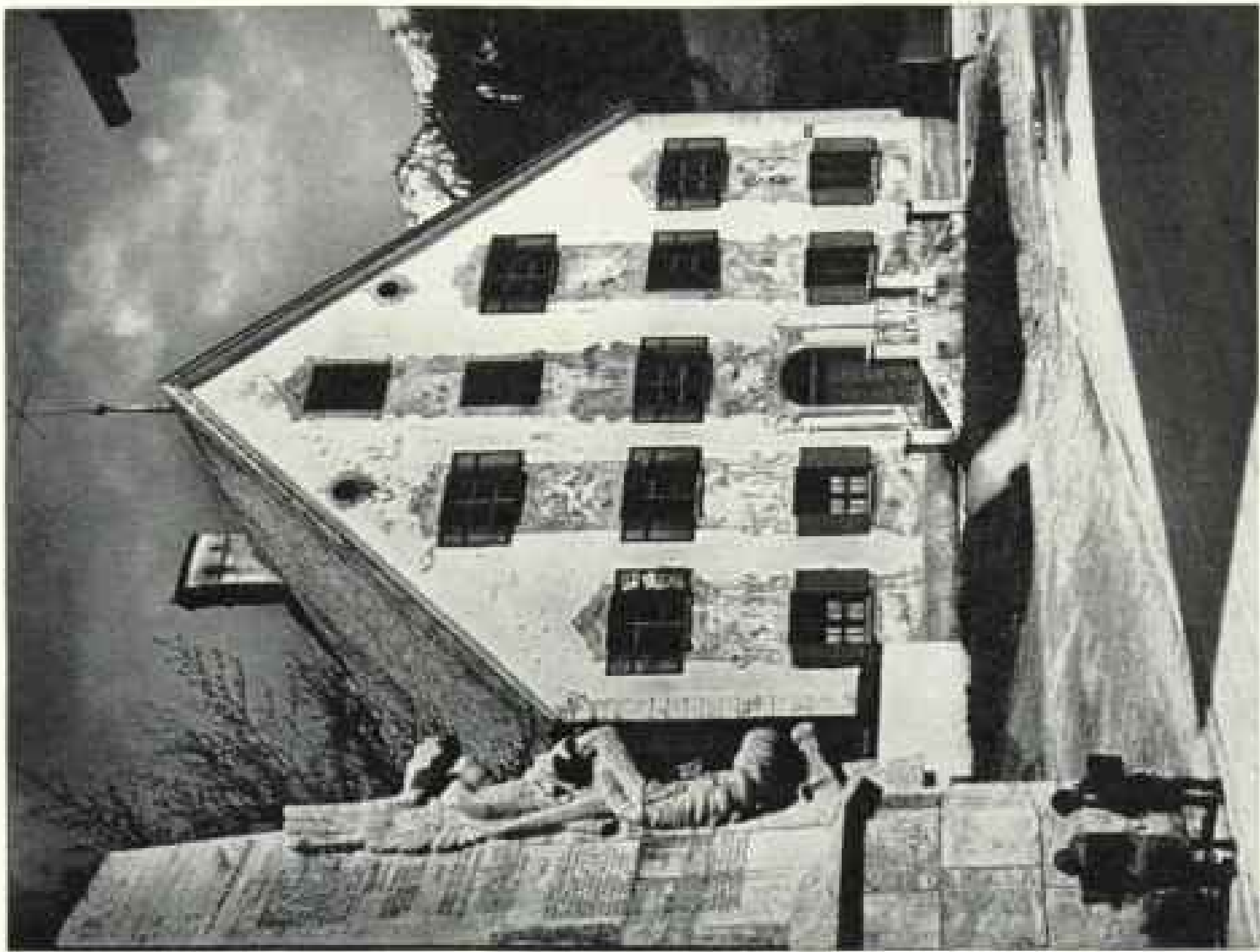
Usually near the door, in large letters,



Photograph by H. Rex.

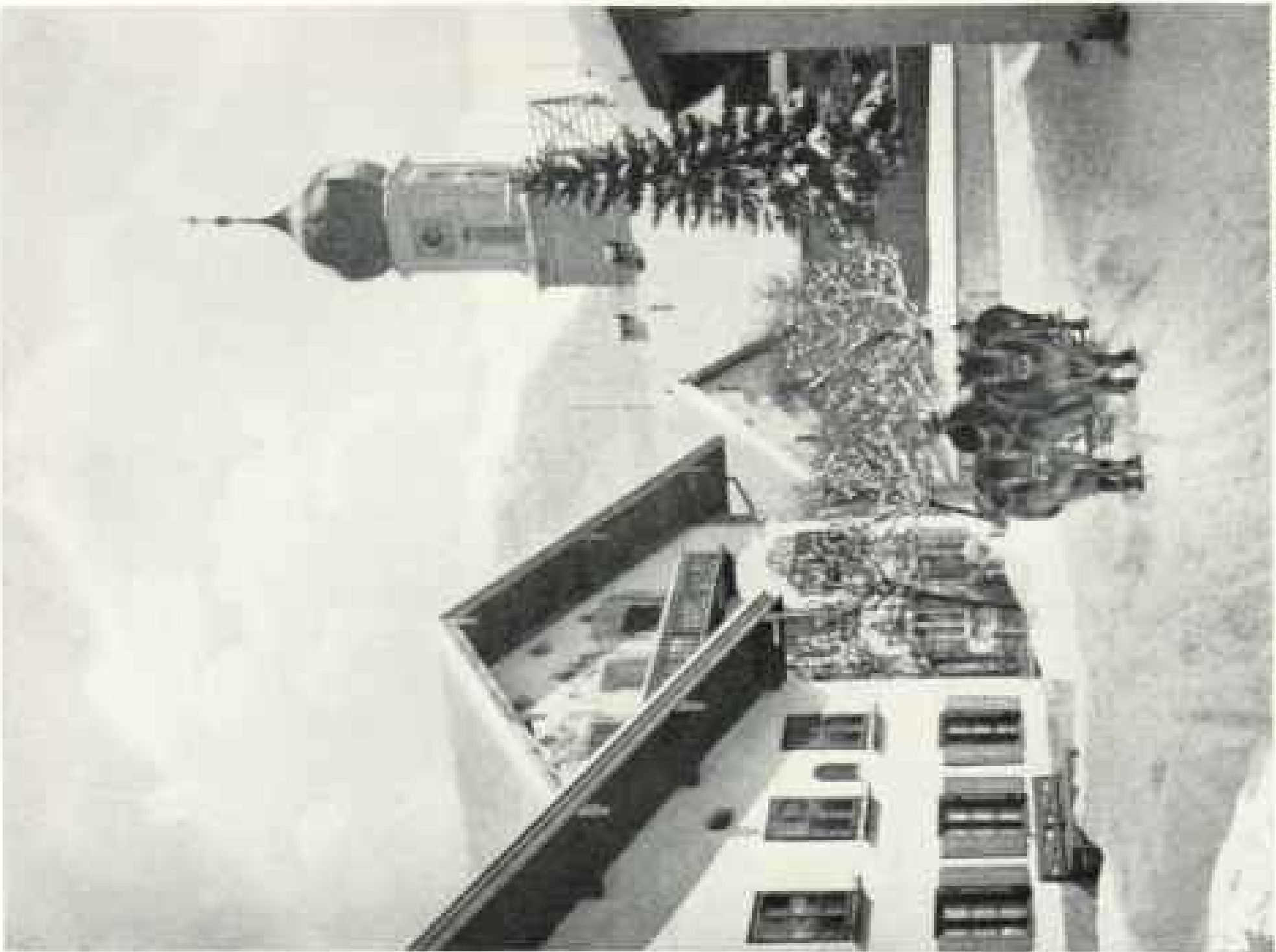
A MERE HANDFUL OF HOUSES IN A HIGH MOUNTAIN VALLEY, BUT ITS FAME HAS SPREAD AROUND THE WORLD

From a lofty crag of the Kofel (see illustration, page 744) the traveler looks down upon the red roofs, green trees, and ruglike fields of Oberammergau. This little Bavarian village's decennial dramatization of the Martyrdom of Christ attracts throngs out of all proportion to its population of only 2,600. The big building at the left, near the icy-cold Ammer River, is the Passion Play theater. The other large building, just to right of center, is the village church.



250 OBERAMMERGAUERS FOUGHT IN THE WORLD WAR, AND
70 DID NOT RETURN

Their names are graven on the War Memorial at the left, designed by Georg Lang, director of the Passion Play. The building (restored with hunting scenes) is headquarters for forest and wild-life preservation.



Photograph by W. Finest

ALONG SNOWY MAIN STREET FLOID OXEN, DRAWING FIREWOOD
FROM THE MOUNTAINS

In the background rises the onion-shaped steeple of the old church, topped by its shiny cross (see text, page 761). Beyond, in the distance, is Laber Mountain (Laber-Berg), which has a little inn on its summit.



Photograph by E. Oester

PASSION PLAY VISITORS SWELL THE TOWN TO MANY TIMES ITS NORMAL SIZE

Here a few of the 400,000 persons who saw the special tercentenary performances in 1934 throng the main square in front of the Hotel Wittelsbach (see Color Plate II). The Play lasts all day, and this is a luncheon recess, notwithstanding the "clock" at the right, which is only a tin symbol of the watchmaker's trade. A modern note in the frescoes on the hotel walls is the picture on the gable, showing one of the alien automobiles that stream into town in Passion Play years.

is exhibited the name and occupation of the owner, who might well appear to be the proprietor of the entire valley as he complacently walks through the streets and fields, hills and mountains. Born here, he feels himself part of all this.

The inside of his birthplace breathes the same spirit. The center is not the kitchen whence the healthful, frugal meals come, but the living room with a carved wooden crucifix solemnly hanging in one corner. There is the cradle of family life. There the men and women and children assemble when they come home from field or shop.

The fields yield just enough grass for the cattle and potatoes for the people, though most of the villagers have their own little gardens, with vegetables and flowers.

Farmhouse and stable are usually in one building. This saves the peasant many a step in bad weather and keeps him always near his beloved cows, which in turn help supply warmth in the long, cold winter.

The arrival of the White King is hailed by everybody, for the thick blanket he always spreads over the mountains and the valley does not mean being buried for four or five months.



"GOD'S GREETINGS—STEP IN AND BRING IN HAPPINESS WITH YOU"

So reads, in German, a sign on the Villa Daheim, home of Anton Lang, Sr., long the Christus of the Passion Play (see page 761). The house, built in 1907, is flanked by a store and an inn (see Color Plate II). The motorcycle is alien to Oberammergau.



Photographs from Anton Lang, Jr.

ON HIS WIDE BELT EACH MALE DANCER WEARS HIS SWEETHEART'S PICTURE

Holding garlands, they tread the measures of a quaint, old-fashioned mountain dance, on a shrub-decorated platform built on a side street (see text, page 767). Girls wear silk aprons over pleated skirts, and a colorful scarf partly hides the bodice. Men have leather shorts, H-shaped leather suspenders, and woolen stockings with detachable feet.

Oberammergau lies in about the same latitude as Montreal, and masses of snow cover the mountains, at times to a depth of 30 feet (page 745). Many visitors come to try their luck on skis, and skiing becomes an easy accomplishment for the local youngsters. Sometimes they climb up a high mountain on skis, taking several hours, then whisk back to the starting point in a few minutes (page 768).

Sleds and horses with tinkling little bells break what to strangers might seem a monotony. Skaters dart across frozen ponds, while older men enjoy their game of curling on Sunday afternoon, regardless of the icicles swinging from their beards.

However, the climax of that time of year is reached with the approach of Christmas. It is initiated by Santa Claus himself, who, incidentally, has nothing in common with what is frequently referred to as the "Kris Kringle," in German the "Christkind," meaning "Holy Child."

SANTA CLAUS ARRIVES ON DECEMBER 5

Santa Claus, arriving December 5, furnishes our Christmas preview. The children's good and bad deeds are read from his immense golden book, and, afterward, there may be nuts, candy, and gingerbread, and a few modest gifts of practical use; or, if the little memorized poem or prayer has been forgotten in his presence, the switches may have their say. Or, worse still, Santa Claus' servant may open his huge sack and in it remove the small offender forcibly from the good children for a little while.

On the last Thursday before Christmas, little groups of children troop from door to door to sing their old Christmas carols.

Then, suddenly it seems, Christmas Eve is here, and behind shutters closed against the cold, there is brightness, glamour, and bliss, all centering around the little carved wooden manger with the Christ Child in it. Above it a gaily decorated pine tree stretches solemnly its green branches, and the wax candles on it lend a fragrance to the room that can be experienced in all its meaning and deepness at no other time than Christmas Eve.

Christmas carols are sung by impatient children in front of the door which for several days has been concealing a great secret from them. After the presents have been distributed, a little play generally follows as a token of thanks to the good parents.

A warm, pleasant atmosphere surrounds this scene. The big tile stove in the corner crackles away at its task. There is something exceedingly comforting about it which those used to steam heat from the very beginning will never appreciate.

RADIO ANTENNAS AND STEAM HEAT

Like the coming of radio, which boldly stretches its antennas behind wooden crosses from gable to gable, the advent of modern heating methods is slowly working its changes; but it is hard for the old people to see the stove give way.

From the moment steam heat was installed and my grandfather had nothing in the corner of his little room but a radiator, he constantly felt cold. So a stove was once more put in, and as soon as he could hear the crackling fire and add a piece of wood or peat now and then, all was well again.

When midnight comes on Christmas Eve and a faint smoke lazily rises from the chimneys, silent doors open and creaking steps are heard in the snow, all directed toward the church, bathed in the pale blue of the dreamily rising moon.

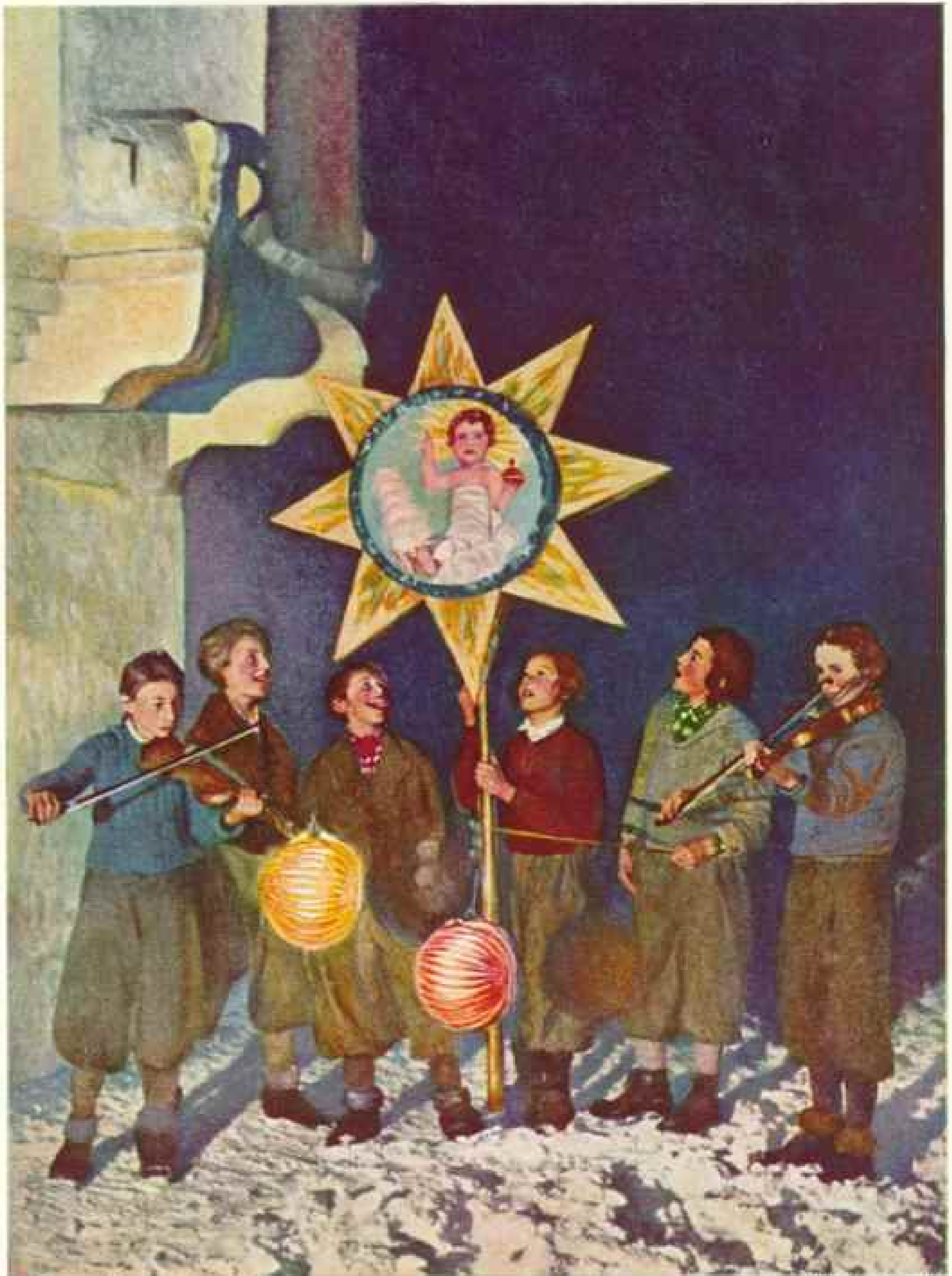
Little Christmas trees on numerous graves blaze up in the silent churchyard.

Inside the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter and St. Paul swells heavenly music, the work of Rochus Dedler, who, more than a hundred years ago, composed that midnight mass for his own town, for which he also wrote the incidental music of the Passion Play as we have it today.

On New Year's Eve comes a celebration that takes the villagers away from their glass of punch, out into the street. There, the members of the Liederkrantz, the local glee club, slowly march along "Main Street" from one end of the village to the other. A cheerful crowd follows the brass band, which is preceded by men carrying a huge star, sometimes five feet in diameter, made of parchment and illuminated from within. Boys carry a smaller one which is borne into the houses (see Plate I).

Singing and congratulating make the village resound all evening, and, with a "Glückliches Neujahr!" and the church-bells ringing, a whole town sets foot into a new year, just another stepping stone closer to the next Passion Play. Around it revolve everyone's thoughts and aspirations.

A symbol of this deep and constant spiritual interest is the crucifix, which reaches

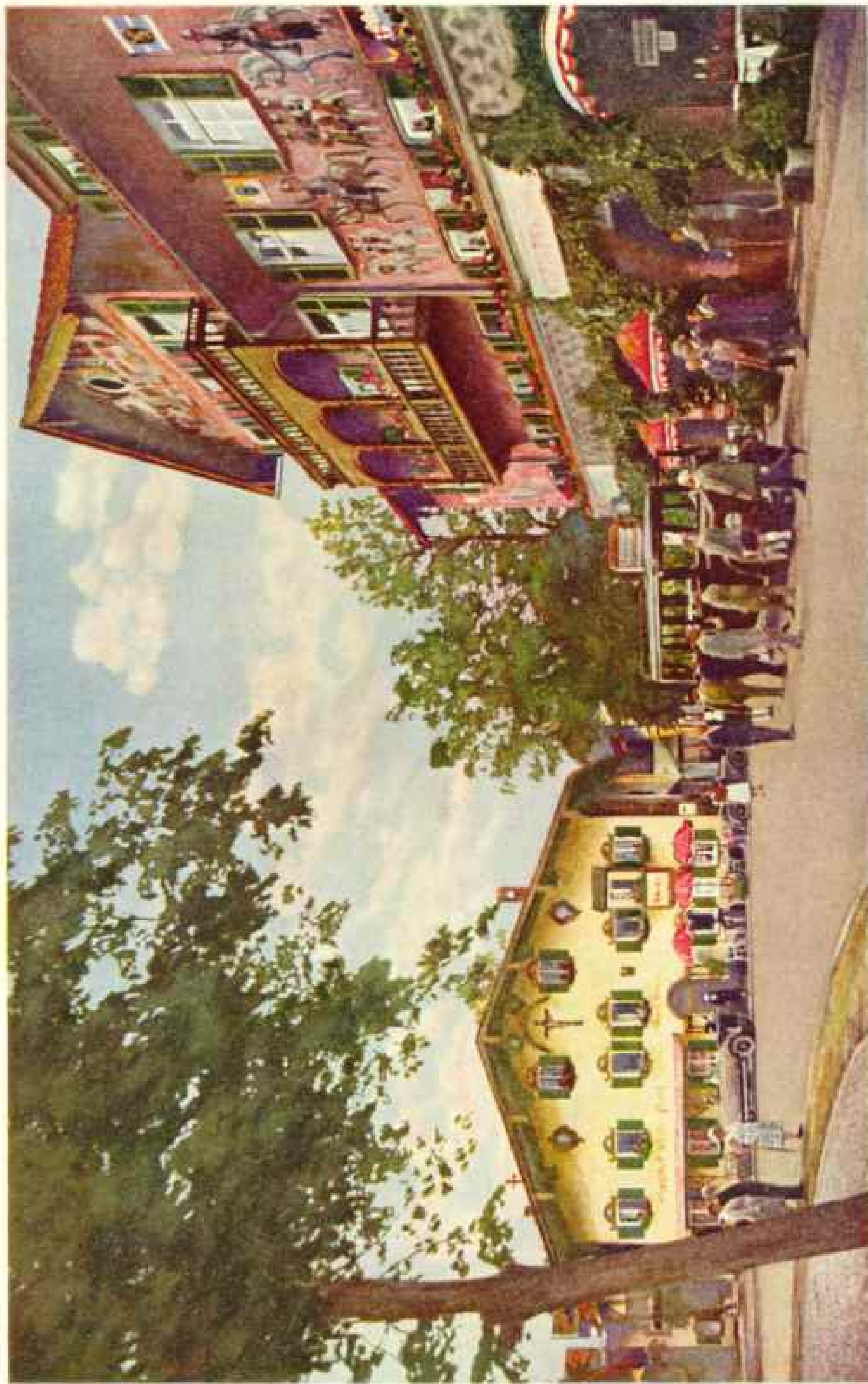


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Photograph by W. Pfingstl

WHIRLING STAR AND JOYOUS SONG SALUTE THE NEW YEAR IN OBERAMMERGAU

Gay lanterns glow in the darkness, and proudly aloft is borne the candle-lighted parchment star, with revolving points and the likeness of the Christ Child, which is supposed to show the way into the coming year. The boys made it and carry it from house to house, bringing holiday happiness even into the homes of the bedridden with their violin-accompanied carols and shouted greetings. "The Star has risen," sing the youngsters, some of whom wear their hair long because they are training for parts in the Play (Plate VIII).



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EVERY DECADE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS FLOCK TO THIS QUIET BAVARIAN TOWN.

From all over the world they come to see the citizens of Oberammergau reverently reenact, in fulfillment of a 300-year-old vow, the drama of Christ's betrayal and martyrdom on the Cross. Cramped to overflowing then are the comfortable old Gasthof Alte Post and the newer Hotel Wittelsbach, with its frescoed walls. Both overlook the marketplace.

Photograph by W. H. H. H.



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ROMANCE BUDS BENEATH AN OLD HUT KINDLY EYE.

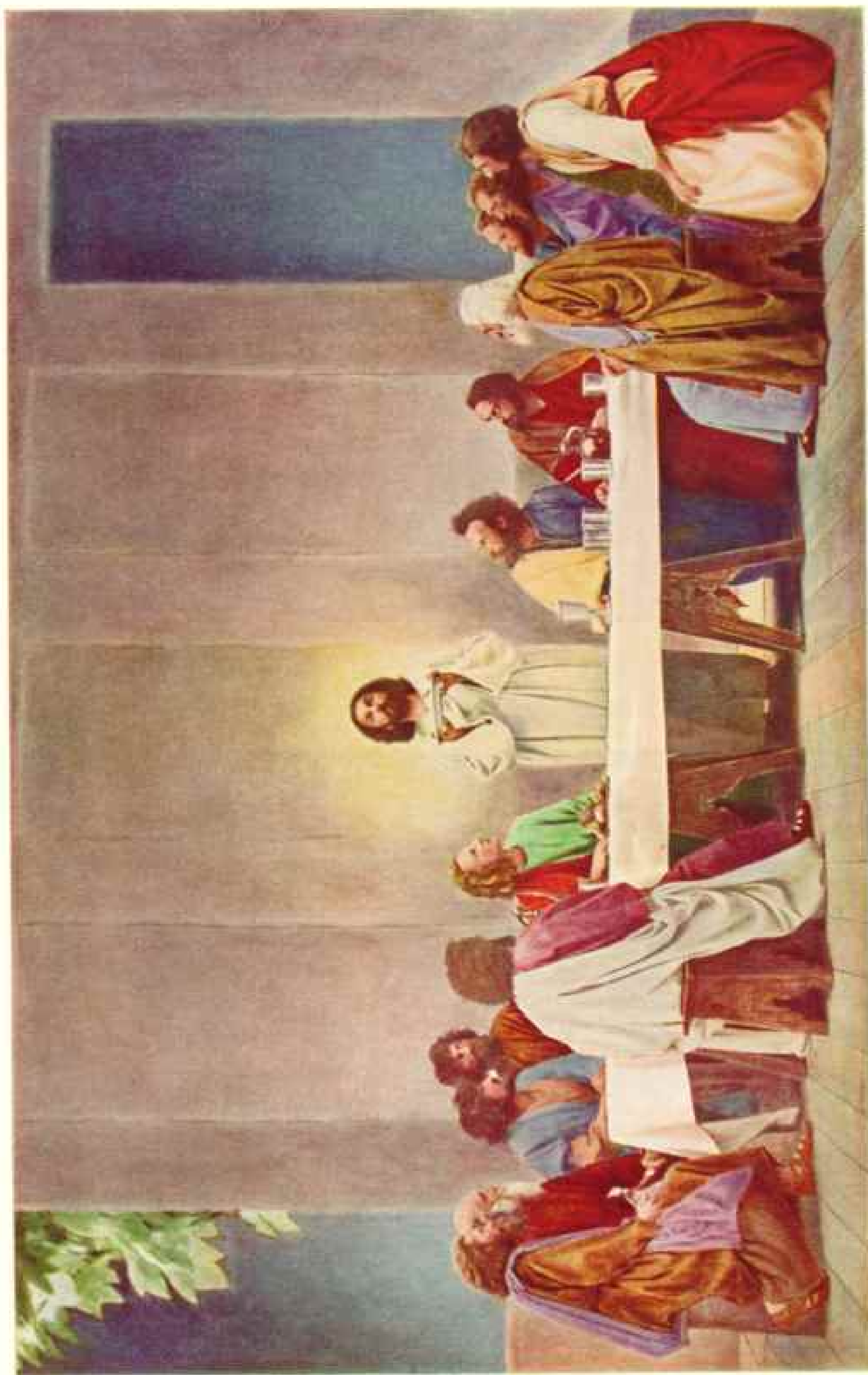
Eagle-down plumes adorn the velvet hats of the girl in pleated skirt, silk apron, and colorful scarf, and her swain in leather shorts. The chaparron wears a heavy fur cap and from five to seven petticoats!



Photograph by W. Pinard.

HIKERS FROM THE VILLAGE OFTEN VISIT THIS INN.

Roman Bierling, World War veteran, runs the little wooden tavern on a green, sunny hillside near Oberammergau. While his wife mends his woolen socks, he strums his guitar, and his ringing yodels echo from distant hills.



© P. Houckema

Photograph by Siegfried Duper

THIRTEEN BREAK BREAD TOGETHER—AND ONE PLOTS TREACHERY

Highly dramatic and impressive in the Passion Play is the Last Supper, during which the Master uttered the fateful words: "One of you shall betray me." Here the Christus (Plate VI) raises the bread toward Heaven before He passes it to the Disciples. Dark Judas, fourth from left, stirs uneasily. Boyish John and rugged Peter, at either hand of Jesus, help to give the scene the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting.



© F. Bruckmann

SIX HUNDRED MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN HAIL CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Here the cast includes nearly a fourth of the entire population of the village, all waving palm branches and hailing the Master as the Son of David. In the company of His Disciples, with John at His right hand, the Christus rides slowly into the city, blessing the people who so open-heartedly receive Him. This is one of the outstanding scenes during the first hour of the Passion Play.

Photograph by Siegfried Bauer



© F. Bruckmann

DEATH HAS ROBBED THE CAST OF ITS KING HEROD

Hanns Mayr, patriarchal burghmaster of Oberammergau, died this summer. Both in 1930 and in the special Play of 1934 he portrayed the pleasure-loving ruler of Galilee who mocked Jesus and sent Him back to Pilate.



Photographs by Siegfried Bauer

ALOIS LANG PORTRAYS A STERNER CHERIST

While the Christus of Anton Lang for three decades was one of tender love and humility, his recent successor, a distant relative, depicts a more aloof and kingly Savior. Grimly the executioner grips the spear.



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Photograph by Siegfert Dayer

— PONTIUS PILATE, IN HIS TOGA, APPEALS IN VAIN IN THE PLAY'S MOST GRIPPING SCENE

The very people who received Christ with open arms (Plate V) have now fallen prey to the inciting speeches of the high priests, Caiaphas and Annas, in the center. Many hands are raised against Him, and the mob of nearly 700 shouts: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"



Photograph by Hans Huber

OVER HILL AND VALLEY RINGS THE TINKLING MUSIC OF THE COWBELLS

In such countryside, amid the jagged Bavarian mountains, lies Old World Oberammergau. Sometimes farmers hitch a cow and a horse together to draw a plow.



© National Geographic Society

Photograph by W. Pfingstl

HAIRCUTS ARE TABU FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS IN OBERAMMERGAU

No wigs are allowed in the Passion Play, so prospective actors, to acquire the appearance of Bible characters, must let their locks grow. Each of these youngsters—all boys, though some look like girls—considers himself the potential successor to this or that major figure in the Play, and will mold his whole life toward that goal.

far beyond the walls of church and cemetery out into the streets, the roadside, the fields, up into remote mountains, and to the summit of their peaks. The carved and painted wooden crucifix also stands at many crossroads and the entrance to towns, or marks the spot where an unfortunate wanderer or worker has met death (766).

A shiny cross tops the onion-shaped steeple of the 200-year-old parish church, from which as many as seven bells, each reserved for a different purpose, call the inhabitants to worship. Its interior generally stuns the foreign visitor because of its gay and colorful appearance. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the ornate, flamboyant style of 18th-century baroque art, he is bound to call it "overdone" (749).

However, services and musical embellishment by choir and orchestra help to make it appear a perfect haven of joy and devotion within the sternness of the mountains all year round.

TO THE HOME OF THE "CHRISTUS"

"Where does the 'Christus' live?" is commonly the first question of the newcomer. It is not unusual to hear the villagers refer to this or that man in town as the "Judas," or "St. John," or whatever important part he may have portrayed.

So we find the Christus on the outskirts of Oberammergau, living in an attractive new home that breathes the fragrance of an orchard all summer.

His wife greets us and gladly takes us to the rear of the house, where Alois Lang (see Color Plate VI) is seated in his workshop, carrying on the craft of his forefathers, the art of woodcarving. Several statues are standing in front of him, but now he is engrossed in the execution of a crucifix.

MACHINE AGE HURTS WOODCARVING TRADE

It takes days, weeks, and months to carve by hand an elaborate piece of work out of pear wood, walnut, or maple (see illustration, page 765).

The principal livelihood of the Oberammergau people at present finds itself in a deplorable state of depression. Rusting tools have to be exchanged for shovel or scythe while the outside world disregards the plight brought on by a mechanical age.

Young Willy Bierling is likewise struggling along on the slender proceeds from his woodcarving, exhibited in his little show

window on Main Street. His charming wife of two years likes to indulge in the fond remembrance that 1934 saw her husband in the rôle of St. John. She did not mind being eliminated from the Passion Play because of the rule that no married women may take part in it.

On the other hand, cases are known in which a girl prefers to postpone her marriage a year or so rather than miss the thrilling experience of having one of the two leading feminine parts.

When my wife, the former Klara Mayr, recalls the summer of 1934, her thoughts wander back to the huge stage of the Passion Play theater where she was privileged to appear as the Mary Magdalen, side by side with Anny Rutz, the simple stenographer and hardworking support of a widowed mother, who enacted Mary, Mother of Christ.

Even in 1930, Klara Mayr would have been chosen as Magdalen had it not been the rule that two principal rôles cannot be shared by one family. Her father was Judas then, famous for his stirring interpretation of the part. Four years later he gave it up to enable his daughter to take with her through life the memory of participation in the Passion Play.

Yet a stern law rules. Twenty-four men, appointed by the village, form the Passion Play committee, and, under the presidency of the burgomaster and the parish priest, the players are selected half a year before the opening of the season. All the participants, of course, are Oberammergauers, the only outsider being the donkey which carries the Christus into Jerusalem and is usually imported from Austria.

The elections arouse the greatest excitement in ten years. The aftermath brings joy and disappointment, flushed faces and aching hearts, for not only quality of character, but also general appearance and histrionic ability weigh in the choice, and not all can win the coveted rôles.

SOME VISITORS SHUN "JUDAS"

Judas is a rather unfortunate man, just because he has to play that part. Many people refuse to stay under the same roof with him. In former years they even tried to do him physical harm after the Play.

But this strong feeling did not disturb Hans Zwink, who carried on his father's profession as painter, and by way of coincidence — as no part is hereditary — his



Photograph by W. Pfingst

ANTON LANG WORKS AT A POTTER'S WHEEL

The author's father, now 60 years old, looks back on nearly half a lifetime spent in portraying the Teacher of Galilee (see Color Plate VI and text, page 767). When he first appeared in the part, in 1900, he was 25, the youngest man ever to play it. Again in 1910 and 1912 he gave his gentle, moving interpretation. Since then, as a former Christus, he has served, in accordance with tradition, as Speaker of the Prologue.



Photograph by Barton Holmes from Galloway

SHAGGY-BEARDED "ST. PETER" IS FOND OF CHILDREN

In the Passion Play, Hubert Mayr is Christ's impetuous Disciple (see Color Plate IV). Off the stage he is the village milkman. Smiling, singing, and whistling, he drives his little pony cart through the town, dispensing good cheer along with his milk. When his work is done he sits on a bench in front of his house, with his niece on one knee and his even smaller daughter on the other, and tells them stories.



Photograph by Hans Bittner.

"JUDAS THE BETRAVER" PAINTS RELIGIOUS SCENES

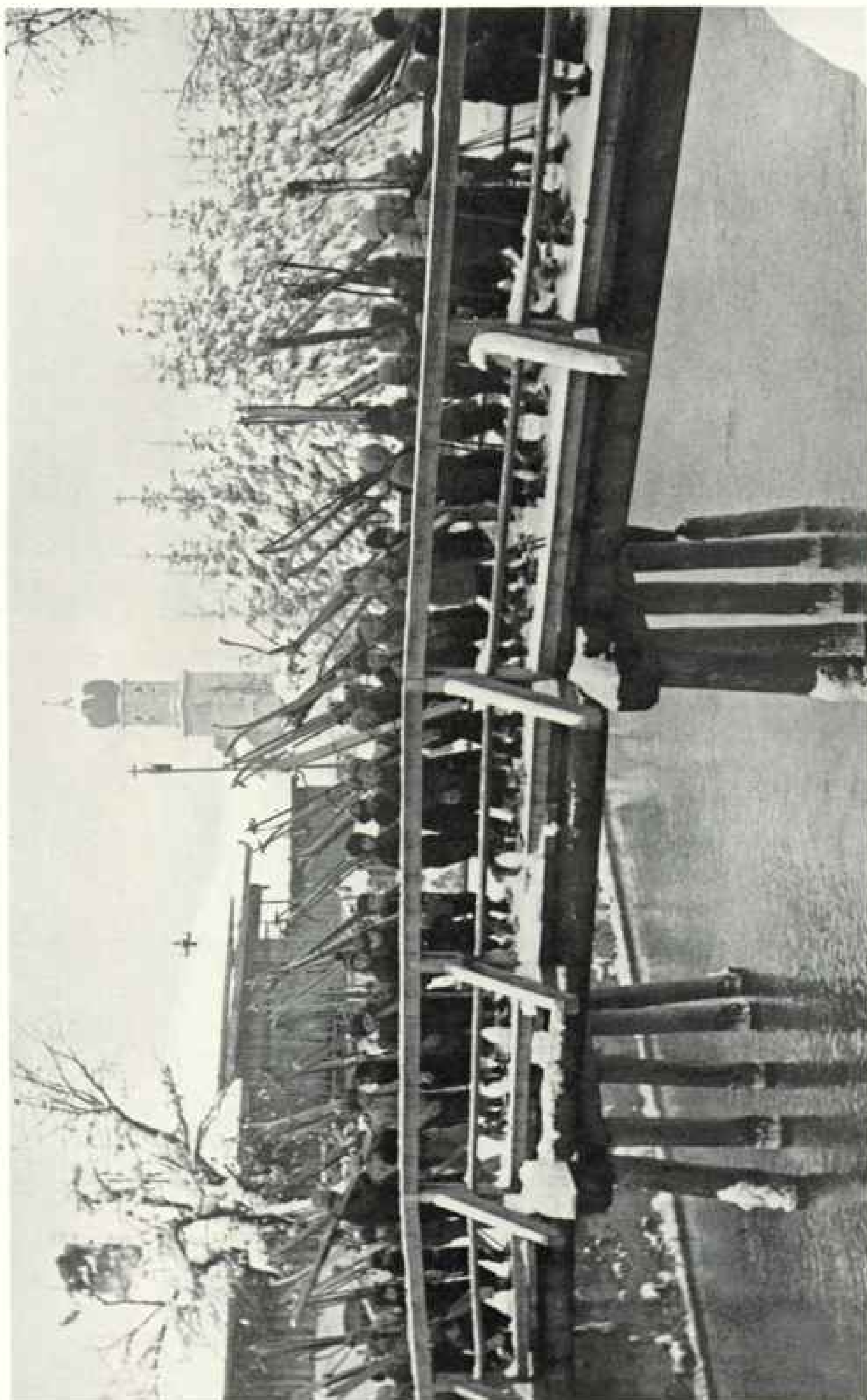
Grim-visaged, with almost black hair and beard, Hans Zwink follows in the footsteps of his father, not only in his lifework as an artist, but also, by coincidence, in his rôle as the false Disciple in the Passion Play. Here he kneels to paint a saint on the door of a house. "Judas" sometimes is shunned by visitors, and in earlier years attempts were even made to harm him.



Photograph by Harriet Goldmann.

HE WAS OFTEN THE CHRIST CHILD IN CHRISTMAS PLAYS

One of Oberammergau's most popular young citizens is little "Bubi" Wendig, whose nickname is about the equivalent of "Sonny." Though a merry baby when his mother died, he began right away to help his father, the village mailman, by doing the shopping and other chores. Here he starts home with the makings of a bountiful meal.



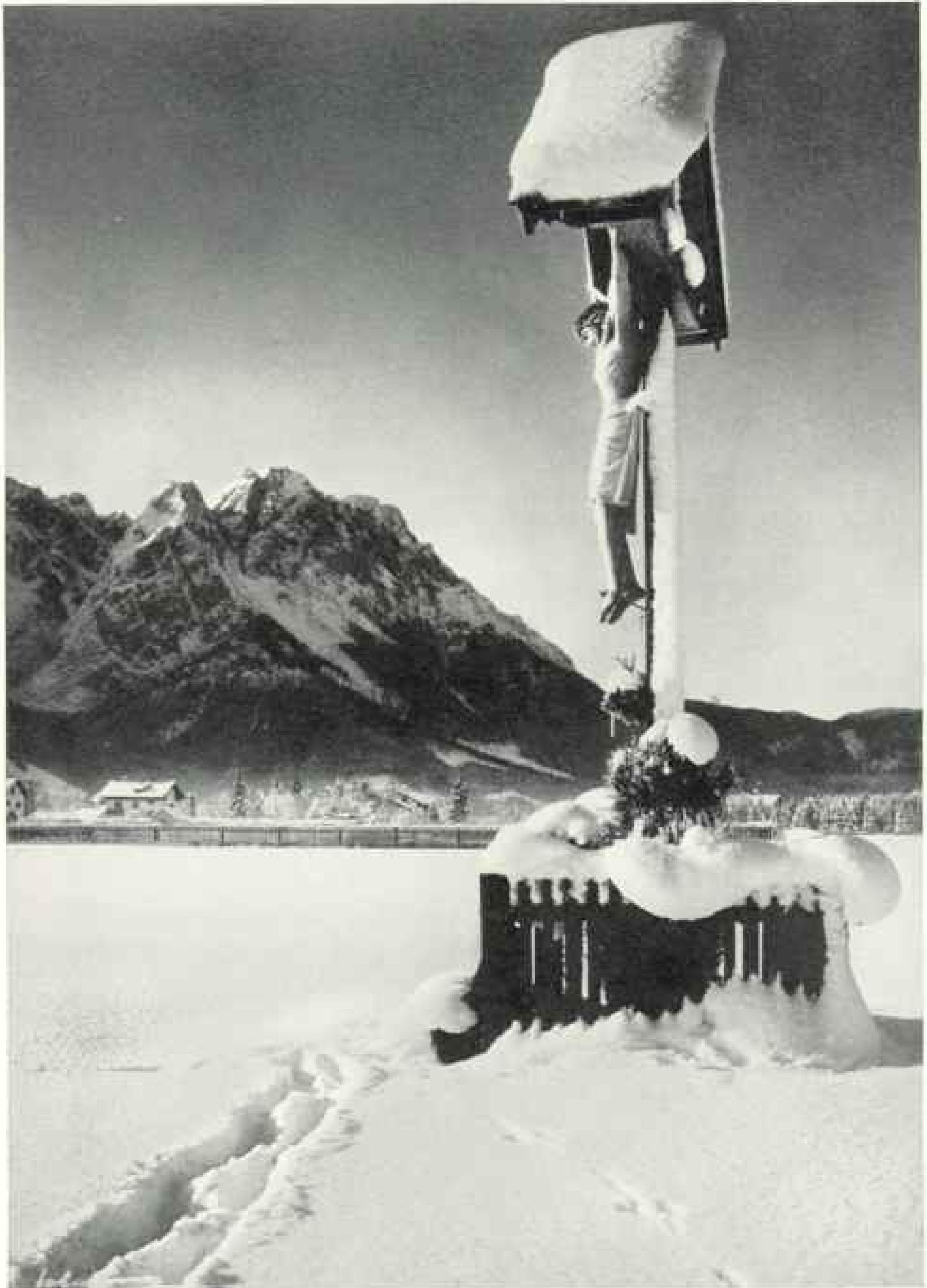
SCHOOLBOYS, BUNDLED UP TO THE EARS, SHOULDER SKIS AND HEAD FOR THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

Oberammergau, instead of hibernating, enjoys the thrill of winter sports (see text, page 752). Typical of the crowds of young people who come down from Munich to try their skill on the Alpine slopes is this band of youngsters, trudging across the town's four bridges for a day's outing. At the left is a farmer's house, in the distance the village church. It often grows extremely cold here, but the Ammer River seldom freezes over.



FROM MILES AROUND—EVEN FROM ACROSS THE SEA—THEY COME TO LEARN THE ART OF SCULPTURE IN WOOD

Students at the State Woodcarving School at Oberammergau have included several from the United States, although most of them come from the town itself, from surrounding villages, or from Munich. Girls and boys may enter. Heavy rocks in the bottom of the workstands hold them steady while the sculptors, with chisel and knife, turn blocks of well-seasoned walnut, maple, or pear wood into lifelike figures representing Christ on the Cross, the Madonna and Child, the Apostles and Saints. The mechanical age has dealt a blow to this, the town's leading occupation (see text, page 761).



NEAR GERMANY'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN STANDS A CRUCIFIX, STARK AND TRAGIC
IN THE SNOW

The Zugspitze, meaning "Ghost Peak," in the distance is nearly 10,000 feet high, and just beyond it lies the Austrian border. The typical woodcarved and painted representation of Christ on the Cross, with a little gabled roof to keep off the snow, stands at the entrance to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the winter Olympic Games are scheduled to be held this February. Oberammergau is seven miles away.

father's rôle as the Betrayer in the Play (see illustration, page 763).

Singing and whistling, Hubert Mayr, the St. Peter of our Play, drives his little pony cart through the town every day, distributing milk among the people (see illustration, page 762). How happy and pleased he is that at last his life's dream has come true and he has become "St. Peter"!

The meek manners of Hugo Rutz, the village blacksmith, would never lead one to guess that on the stage he was the fiery high priest, Caiaphas, inciting the mob against Jesus (see illustration, page 747).

GENTLE DRAWING TEACHER IS THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE PLAY

Anton Lechner, teacher of drawing at the local woodcarving school, is just as much of a surprise. To see him sitting behind his glass of beer, enjoying that old pipe of his, is something entirely different from finding him in the Play as the high priest, Annas, standing beside Caiaphas and shouting accusations against Christ, while Melchior Breitsamter, the lovable St. John of 1922, listens as the Roman prefect, Pontius Pilate, a rôle he has twice enacted most impressively (see Color Plate VII).

Ludwig Lang, fierce-looking Barabbas on the stage, is a peaceful cowherd who may be seen walking along the street at 6 o'clock almost any morning, driving a herd of cows out into the fields and hills, and not returning until 6 at night.

That is the rush hour for the cows, and traffic has to comply with their whims as they slowly trot homeward, never minding the honking of automobiles that might get into their path.

Goats and horses, all equipped with bells—the sound of which is known to each owner—follow the cows through the streets at leisurely pace; and, of course, there are always the street cleaners, whose ambition allows no time for idleness.

The ten or so motor cars are far outnumbered by the bicycles which provide a healthful and useful means of conveyance for young and old.

I know of a family that fully enjoys the advantages of an automobile, and yet wishes there were no such thing to take the restfulness out of life in Oberammergau.

The people I am thinking of—very much so—live at Theaterstrasse 2, in the "Villa Daheim," the residence of Anton Lang, Sr., who played the Christus in the Passion

Plays of three different decades (see illustrations, pages 751 and 762).

Through its doors countless visitors have passed to spend days and weeks of contemplative existence. It is little wonder that I know the place so well, with all its cozy nooks and corners, its inviting balconies and rooms, the pottery shop, and the pretty garden, as it happens to be my birthplace.

There are six of us, three girls and three boys, who owe to our untiring parents a sense of value of family life. Their influence and the presence of the Passion Play in our lives from earliest childhood have been continual sources of inspiration.

Just as the ability to act seems to be in the blood of the majority, the people of Oberammergau hold a deeply inbred feeling of personal responsibility toward their important task, their sacred tradition. They live and die for their Play, and I should like always to emphasize that we do not play to live, but live to play—which may at times appear incomprehensible to the hurried traveler, rushing in and out again without ever penetrating more deeply into the meaning of our life's work, habits, and customs.

DANCING BANNED DURING PREPARATION

All amusements, such as dancing, are prohibited during the solid year of preparation for, and concentration upon, the Passion Play. Yet the village, during its six months of rehearsing under Georg Lang's most able direction (there are more than 30 families by the name of Lang in Oberammergau), dons festive attire. Houses look more attractive. Gardens, streets, walks, and parks hum with activity. And there is always the strange sight of men walking or riding about with long flowing hair and beards, dressed in the old and ever-practical native costume.

Not until all is over will the Bavarian mountain dances, called "Schuhplattler" (page 751), be revived by the Oberammergauers. So, for the time being, there is no more of this sort of terpsichorean wooing, in which the eager young man rhythmically slaps his hands, knees, and the soles of his heavy shoes, jumping up and down, while in three-quarters time his partner slowly waltzes about him to the strains of a zither, a guitar, and a violin.

The year 1940 will display about the same course of things, but there will be



WINTER HIKERS STRIP TO THE WAIST TO TAKE SUNBATHS IN THE SNOW

Even at Christmas the sun is often surprisingly hot and can inflict a painful sunburn in a few minutes. Yet the snow on the mountains is so deep that comparatively little of it melts. In this Sunday afternoon ski party on the slopes behind Labor Mountain appears the author, third from the left in the front row. He took the picture with a self-timing camera.

more busses and automobiles from May until September. Once again, for a period of five months, the village will have to be handed over, willy-nilly, to the countless visitors, their prejudices and criticisms, their whims, their admiration and praise of what is but natural to those laboring in the homes and playing on the stage of the mammoth theater before 6,200 spectators, occasionally as often as five times a week.

PLAY BEGINS AT 8:15 A. M.

From 8:15 a. m. to 5:25 p. m., with two hours' recess for lunch, the thousands watch the performance with tense interest from beginning to end, never turning their eyes, which are often dimmed with tears, from the recently built and modernized central stage.

In front of it, flanked by the house of Pilate and the palace of Annas, opens the proscenium, 140 feet wide, on which—rain or sunshine—the mass scenes take place and the 47 members of the chorus—all local talent—appear, led in and out by the

majestic figure of the Speaker of the Prologue, whose task is to introduce each act of a tableau. He has more lines than any other member of the cast.

There are 24 of these artistically set and lavishly mounted pictures, irregularly scattered among the 16 acts and representing scenes from the Old Testament, running parallel with the New.

The chorus then, accompanied by the local orchestra, musically dwells upon these living, yet still, "paintings."

Behind all this, Nature itself forms the most imposing background, made up of green and partly wooded hills, the arching sky, and the ceaseless train of clouds.

Could there be a more overwhelming spectacle than the rolling thunder in the distance and flashes of lightning shooting across the heavens during the scene of the Crucifixion? Yet this has happened time and time again.

Throughout the performance the amazed onlooker observes a sincerity of intention, a naturalness of acting, and a spirit of affection and devotion that reaches a climax



THROUGH THE GATES OF THE 200-YEAR-OLD CHURCH NEARLY THE ENTIRE VILLAGE COMES AND GOES

On the eve of the election of participants in the Passion Play, a solemn High Mass is held, at which the committee prays that it may make the right choices. Generations of Oberammergauers are buried in the churchyard, with its quaint old headstones and woodcarved crosses.

on the day of the last Passion Play of the decade.

The very beginning of the performance, announced by the boom of a cannon discharged on a distant hill, plunges the audience into deep silence and absorption. Orchestra, choir, prologue, and tableaux heighten this mood; then the curtains part.

Now Christ triumphantly enters Jerusalem (see Color Plate V). The jealous priests begin their work against Him, while Christ bids farewell to His Mother and friends at Bethany before returning to the city of His doom.

THE LAST SUPPER

There the Last Supper unites Him and His twelve Disciples once more (Plate IV). Judas hastens away to betray His Master in the Mount of Olives. Christ is seized.

The afternoon sees Him before the high council, slandered, mocked, and jeered, and eventually sent to Pontius Pilate, who passes Him on to King Herod. Peter re-

pents his sin of denial, whereas Judas finds no way out but the rope.

Christ is scourged and crowned with thorns, and presented to a raging mob in a scene of highest dramatic values (Plate VII). Pilate finally hands Him over to His enemies, and, with the Cross on His bleeding shoulders, Christ staggers up to Golgotha to be fastened to the Cross, to die, pierced by a spear in realistic manner.

We see Him rise again from the tomb, and, in the finest of all tableaux, ascend to Heaven.

Above that glorious closing scene stands the bleeding evening sun, and, as it casts a ruddy glow over the stage and the mountains, we Oberammergauers would always like to see a few beams fall also into the hearts of many, so they might take back with them into the drabness of life a bit of inspiration and the memory of a lofty inner mission carried out by the simple people of Oberammergau for three hundred years.

And let there be written on the beams of the Cross the words: Good Will, Friendship, and Peace!



Photograph by Frank W. Powelson

STATUES OF 166 SAINTS FORM DARK SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE SKYLINE IN
ST. PETER'S SQUARE

When Pope Sixtus V moved the Egyptian obelisk (left) to its present position, he ordered the task done in silence. After workmen had raised the structure almost to perpendicular, they could stretch the ropes no tighter, and the tower seemed about to fall. A sailor named Bresca shouted "Water on the ropes!" His command was obeyed. The ropes tightened; the obelisk straightened into place. Instead of being put to death—the penalty for breaking the silence—Bresca and his family received the right to supply palms perpetually for St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. His posterity still carries on the custom (see illustration, page 793).

HORACE—CLASSIC POET OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY W. COLEMAN NEVILS, S. J., D. D., PH. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE PERENNIAL GEOGRAPHER (VERGIL)," IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

THE old Romans used the same word for a prophet and for a poet. Somehow they seemed persuaded that there was something of the seer in the inspired writer of verse. Two thousand years ago there was born a poet whose prophetic lines have certainly seen fulfillment. In an outburst of joy he exclaimed:

"I shall not wholly die; my bones shall be interred, but my name and my song will live on and will ever increase in the praises of men."

Had he foreseen the decay of Empire, the fall of classic Rome (Roma), and the dire destruction by Vandals and other public enemies, he would probably have sung with less assurance. His prophecy has nevertheless been fulfilled and his writings have had, and still have, an influence on the literature of all nations of culture, while the Roman Forum is a heap of ruins, the Capitol, the palaces of the Caesars, and many other great monuments of the Empire have fallen and are no more.

CELEBRATIONS IN MANY LANDS

During the past months there have been Horatian pilgrimages elaborately carried out, and in other countries as well as in Italy unusually brilliant exercises have been held commemorating the two-thousandth anniversary of the year 65 B. C. when Horace, the popular classical poet, was born.

Five years ago there was a world-wide celebration in honor of the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of the great Roman poet, Publius Vergilius Maro. It is not surprising that 1935, which is the bimillennium of Horace's nativity, should have similar or even greater commemoration. Perhaps we should say the celebration is more popular, for of all ancient writers Horace seems to have the strongest human appeal; he is, as the inimitable Spanish puts it, *simpatico*, the most companionable of writers, and no poet of antiquity has been more frequently quoted.

When Burke and Lord Chatham and other English scholars were selected as statesmen and were recognized as political leaders, it was quite the vogue to throw

spice into a speech by quoting a line or two from Horace, and sometimes in repartee the phrase proved to be a telling blow. His marvelous power of using the most expressive word and the happiest phrase has won for him an immortal crown of bay leaves.

HORACE BORN A SMALL-TOWN BOY

On December 8, sixty-five years before the Christian Era, Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venosa, which the old Romans called "Venusia"; it had been colonized by Rome in 291 B. C., after the Samnite War. Nestling in the Apennines, on the borders of Lucania and Apulia (Puglia), it has not had a very thriving existence. Now there are only about 9,000 inhabitants.

The town possesses an ancient structure called Casa di Orazio, but up to the present there has been slight evidence that the great poet lived there. In the Piazza there is a statue of Horace, its value as sculpture not very high (see page 777). Somewhere in or near this town was born the freedman's son who was to fulfill in the strictest sense the belief that "poets are born, not made."

Venusia made so little impression on the ancient annalists that we are forced to regard it as just another town in the provinces of Italy. Even today its main claim to be noticed is that Horace was born there.

What is now the public plaza, or piazza, was probably the site of the town's forum, where a few shops did a meager business and farm produce and other wares were on display. Here, too, the townsmen assembled and discussed public questions of the day, and no doubt settled them with the same finality and assurance we find in many of our country stores today.

In Horace's time social distinctions were rather rigidly defined, somewhat as in France in the 18th century.

There was, first of all, the Senatorial order, which Augustus himself had created, and to which admission depended entirely on the will of the Emperor. The second rank embraced the Knights, the moneyed class, which then, as now, held great power. Next came the people, "plebes," among whom were found the schoolmasters, architects, physicians, and tradesmen.



Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

TIRED HORSES SLAKE THEIR THIRST OUTSIDE THE GATES OF ROME

A cask in the cart (right) carries some of Italy's finest wine—*Castelli*—which tradition says will lose its quality if hauled in any other manner (see illustration, page 788). The roughly paved street is the Appian Way, or Via Appia Antica, which had been used nearly 250 years when Horace was born. Appius Claudius Cæcus, the Censor whose foresight made the road possible, was blind.

The freedmen, or manumitted slaves, had a voting power as early as 220 B. C. Under the Empire they had already become somewhat important on account of the wealth they had amassed by trade, and often they were courted by the higher classes of society.

Horace's father was a freedman of the Horatian family; he seems to have acquired considerable wealth as a servant to a money broker, attending sales at auctions, collecting money from purchasers, etc.

SCHOOL DAYS IN ANCIENT ROME

After elementary training in Venusia, Horace was taken by his thrifty father to Rome. To his father the poet in his greatest prosperity pays loving and grateful tribute in the sixth poem of his first book of "Satires"; it is addressed to his lordly patron, Mæcenas, "who distinguished the good from the bad, who cherished a friend not because he was the son of an illustrious father but because his life and heart were upright."

Boys were sent to school usually at the age of seven years; to the elementary sub-

jects, the three R's, about five years were given. Simultaneously with the learning of the alphabet the pupils were set to writing the letters; for this they used the stylus, a pointed metal for writing on wax tablets; sometimes they cut the letters on a wooden board. They received formal instruction in Greek as well as Latin and there was regular drill in correct pronunciation and in accurate reading.

After the letters had been mastered, carefully chosen maxims, proverbs, and selections from standard literature were copied out and committed to memory. Considerable time was also given to calculation.

No doubt Horace's father soon saw the promising talents of his son and felt a provincial institution would not be competent for his development. At Rome young Horace was placed at a select school for boys; the headmaster seems to have been quite irritable and spared not the rod—at least so this pedagogue is handed down to posterity in his pupil's immortal lines.

Secondary education was mainly a study of Latin and Greek literature, with special



Photograph by C. H. Cune

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF CONSTANTINE IS ONE OF THE LAST MONUMENTS BUILT BY IMPERIAL ROME

Erected A. D. 315 to honor Constantine's victory over Maxentius at Saxa Rubra, the arch portrays Roman history and allegory. One of the reliefs represents Trajan, Emperor from A. D. 98 to 117, entering the city to receive greetings from the Goddess Roma in front of the Temple of Mars. About fifteen years after the arch was erected, Constantine moved the capital to Constantinople (now Istanbul).

stress on poetry. Horace lived to see his own works introduced as texts in Roman schools. They were immediately popular and for many centuries have been regarded as a required subject for genuine education in letters. The Roman schools exacted a thorough foundation of grammatical knowledge, with frequent exercises in verse and prose composition. Passages from the leading authors were committed to memory during the entire training. There was also instruction in geometry, music, and dancing.

This secondary education was followed by the study of rhetoric and the art and practice of public speaking, and this was regarded as the crown of Roman education.

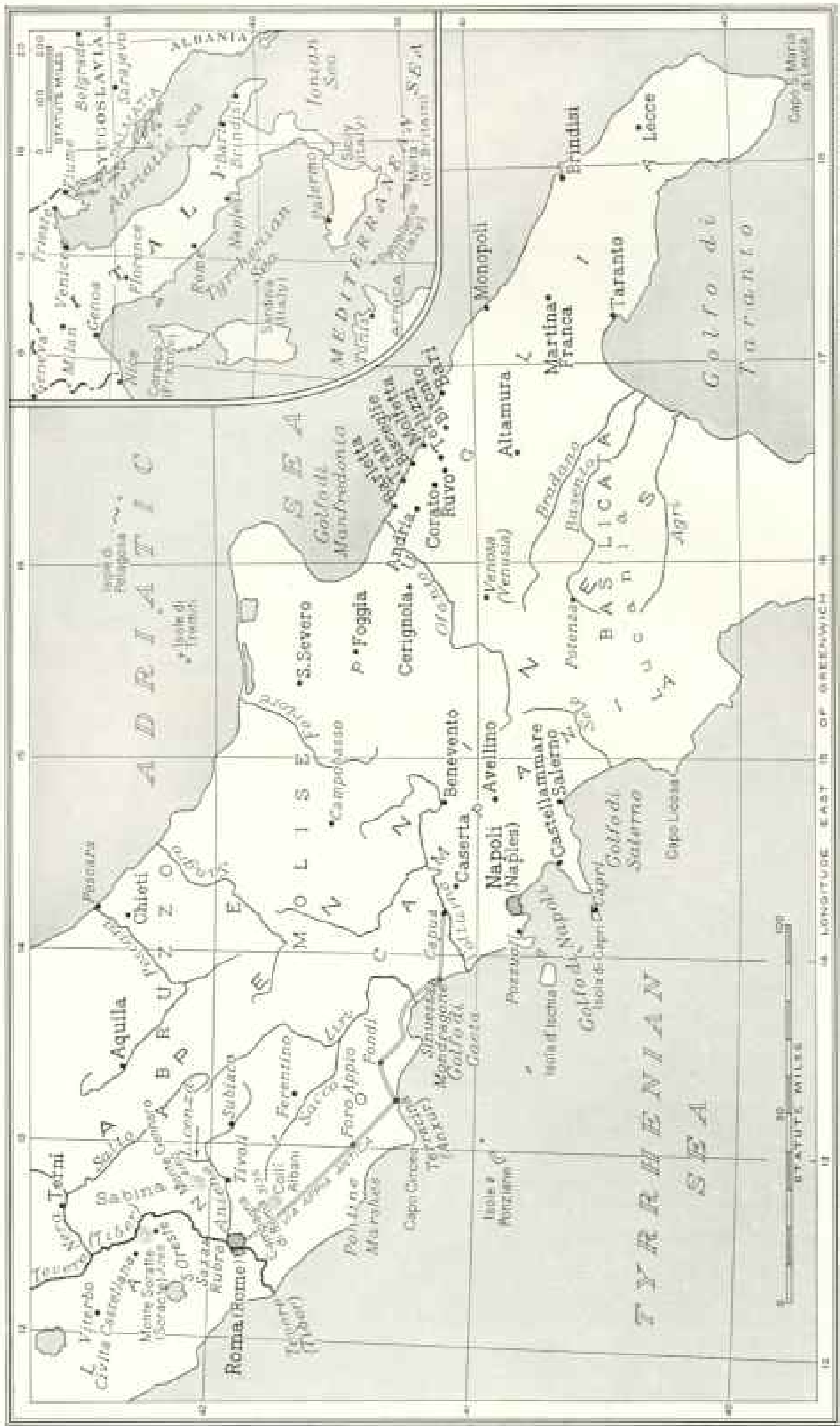
POETS POORLY PAID—THEN AS NOW

After completing the full course at Rome, Horace was sent to Athens to study Greek literature and philosophy under native teachers. This was a year or so before Julius Caesar was assassinated. When Brutus and Cassius came to Greece, they

managed to get a number of student Romans there to join their army. Horace rose to the position of tribune under Brutus, and shared in the defeat at Philippi.

During the war he lost his patrimony, and upon his return to Rome began writing verses to obtain the means of subsistence. He was wise enough to secure as soon as possible a more lucrative position and became a copyist or secretary in the Quaestor's office. He soon made many friends, and among them was Vergil, who about three years after his return to Italy introduced him to the leading patron of the arts, Gaius Cilnius Maecenas.

This distinguished Roman was a thorough and sincere imperialist, and it was mainly due to his persuasion that Octavius assumed the title of Emperor and took the name of Augustus. Maecenas himself was made by the Emperor administrator of all Italy and evidently had great authority. He was several times occupied in the office of a private diplomat and seems to have



Drawn by Newman Bunstead and Ralph E. McAbee.

IT TOOK HORACE 15 DAYS TO JOURNEY FROM ROME TO BRINDISI!

By airline, the cities lie scarcely 300 miles apart. The poet and his party left the capital city along the Appian Way. Before going far, they came to the Pontine Marshes, which they started to cross by night in a canal boat pulled by a mule. Goats and frogs "drove off sleep," while the boatman, "soaked in sour wine," sang of the girl he left behind. Leaving Ansur (Terracina), the travelers went inland to Capua and across the Apennines. From the hill country of Venusia, birthplace of the poet, they made their way to Brindisi, on the eastern coast, "the end of a long story and a long journey" (see text, page 786).



Photograph from *Wide World*

HAD AN AVIATOR WINGED OVER ANCIENT ROME, HE WOULD HAVE BEHELD IT THUS

Four hundred times smaller than the actual city is this scale model of the marble capital constructed by Paul Bigot, member of the Institute of France, in Paris. Charioteers raced to victory and to death in the Circus Maximus (left) and gladiators fought to thrill the populace in the Colosseum (right, see illustration, page 789). The Tiber winds through the city in the background.



Photograph by Morgan Heiskell

AN ITALIAN BAGPIPER WEARS THE DRESS OF HIS CALLING

He puffs the bag full of wind, and squeezes the sack close to his body with his right arm to regulate the pressure of the air that rushes through the pipes. With the decline of Rome, the bagpipe, which Italians call *zampogna*, seems to have lingered only among itinerant musicians. In the 13th century it became a court instrument. Its origin is unknown, but many believe it came from Greece to Rome, and was introduced to Ireland and Scotland by the Romans or Norsemen.

been successful. He had inherited as well as acquired immense riches, and on the Esquiline Mountain possessed a beautiful home which later became the rendezvous of the *littérateurs* of the day.

A RECLAMATION PROJECT OF LONG AGO

It was Maecenas who planned the famous "Gardens" on the Esquiline Mountain. This spot had been in a pestilential condition, which was not unusual for popular cemeteries in those days. By heaping clean dirt twenty-five feet deep on the entire dis-

trict, and by exquisite landscape gardening he reared a magnificent pleasure ground and changed an unhealthy locality into a safe and delightful park. This feat of progress is celebrated by Horace in his first Satire. It is said that from his palace within these gardens the infamous Nero watched the burning of Rome, A. D. 64, about seventy years after Maecenas' death.

In 1874 a building was discovered half-way between S. Maria Maggiore and the Lateran, on the Via Merulana. It is supposed to have been an auditorium or other large room belonging to the gardens of Maecenas. The chamber is oblong and has a number of steps at the north end which would give the impression of seats for a theater. What is preserved of the walls shows that they were richly decorated with paintings.

It took Horace some months to win his way to the inner circle of Maecenas' friends, but, once admitted, he never lost the patronage and affection of the most influential man of the time. For more than thirty years, until death at last separated them, Maecenas always remained the dominating influence on all Horace said or did. In fact, it is mainly from the poet that future generations have come to know the good qualities of Augustus' leading adviser. Horace has reared to him "a monument more lasting than bronze."

Elsewhere we learn of some of Maecenas' eccentricities, which we are told were due to the state of his health. Suffering from

insomnia, he resorted to many devices to allure sleep. In his palace he had artificial waterfalls, that the plash of the streams might induce slumber; at other times he had the soft strains of music played, and devised similar soporifics. As his house was open to writers of verse and other literary aspirants, we are surprised that he did not ask them to read their latest productions!

During the last ten years of Maecenas' life he voluntarily withdrew from state affairs and enjoyed the companionship of his intimate and devoted friends. He also continued to entertain lavishly and in this he was somewhat indiscriminate—at least, the Emperor criticized him for offering his magnificent hospitality to mere parasites. He became luxuriantly indolent and easily yielded to the self-indulgence of an invalid. However, he is best remembered as the princely protector of the *virtuosi* of the day; his enormous fortune was generously given to the encouragement of art and letters.

It was through the influence of Maecenas that the Emperor Augustus presented Horace with a grant of land in the Sabine district (Sabina). From this beautiful estate it was only a few hours' drive to Rome, so that the leading social and civil life of the day was within easy access. The valley is crowned by Mount Lucretius (Monte Gennaro), and forms a picturesque amphitheater.

While the precise position of Horace's estate is doubtful, the general locality is



Photograph courtesy ENIT.

"THE FRIEND OF MY FRIENDS AND OF SO MANY GENERATIONS OF MEN"

Andrew Lang's tribute to Horace expresses the gratitude felt by a world enriched by his "Satires," "Odes," and "Epistles." The poet rose from humble birth to a high position among his patrician contemporaries. The monument stands in the city of his birth, Venosa, called Venusia by the Romans. The toga, or loose outer garment, was made of a single piece of cloth, usually undyed wool.

determined, and a country home of supreme contentment and abundant happiness is easily imagined in the valley of the Licenza. The valley crosses the road from Tivoli to Subiaco at right angles.

A DAY ON A SABINE FARM

As far as we can gather, Horace's daily routine at his Sabine farm was somewhat as follows: He would rise about 6 o'clock and spend most of the morning in literary work, study or writing. At 9 he would take breakfast, *jentaculum*, which was



Photograph courtesy ENIT

MARBLE MAPS SHOW HOW ROMAN LEGIONS PUSHED THEIR ANCIENT EMPIRE INTO ADJACENT LANDS

Rome, scarcely a dot on the plaque (left) eight centuries before Christ, expanded to include all Italy, part of Spain, and a strip of the Dalmatian coast at the end of the Punic Wars, about 146 B. C. (second map from left). In Horace's time, the advance continued into Gaul, Egypt, and Asia Minor (third illustration). At the Empire's height, under Trajan, it completely surrounded the Mediterranean, and reached north to Britain (right). Premier Mussolini erected the graphic maps on a wall of the Basilica of Constantine, along Rome's new highway, Via dell' Impero (page 783).

merely bread with honey, or cheese or dried fruits.

Before the midday meal, *prandium*, he would occasionally take a short drive; and luncheon was followed by the midday siesta. It would seem from casual remarks in his poems that, weather permitting, Horace liked to enjoy this gentle slumber beneath a shady tree not far from a babbling brook.

The midday lunch for the Romans usually was quite light and informal, generally just cold remains from the dinner of the night before.

The afternoon was spent in walking, and, for those more careful of reducing than Horace seems to have been, gymnastic exercises and bathing were in order.

The principal meal, *coena*, was taken about 4 o'clock. It consisted of appetizers, such as eggs, leeks, lettuce, mint, and shellfish, during which a mixture of wine and honey was sipped. Then followed the courses which in olden days had been limited to two, but gradually increased till we read of one Roman who served twenty-two at one *coena*; nor does he seem to have ever been in China. There were various kinds of fish and fowl and flesh meats; in fact, one chronicler says they served "all the products of land and sea, river and air."

The dessert was most frequently fruit, dried or fresh, with cake and wine. It was quite the ordinary thing to take three hours for the *coena*.



Photograph courtesy ENIT

"A GARDEN AND AN EVER-FLOWING SPRING, WITH A BIT OF WOODLAND"

"Nothing beyond what I have do I ask," wrote Horace, "blessed in my one, my only Sabine farm." Emperor Augustus gave him the villa at the suggestion of Maecenas, the poet's wealthy benefactor. Though the exact location of the estate is unknown, it lay somewhere in the Sabine district. This grove covers part of the supposed ruins.

The evening was spent in conversation, and on special occasions actors or musicians were called in to provide entertainment. During the dinner wine was served with moderation, but not infrequently a drinking bout followed, one of the guests being chosen as the *arbiter bibendi* to decide the respective proportions of wine and water.

Horace's Sabine farm, in addition to a meadow and plowed land, embraced a delightful woodland, a pasture for goats, and a refreshing brook. One of his shortest but most popular poems, *Bandusia*, is an ode addressed to a fountain.

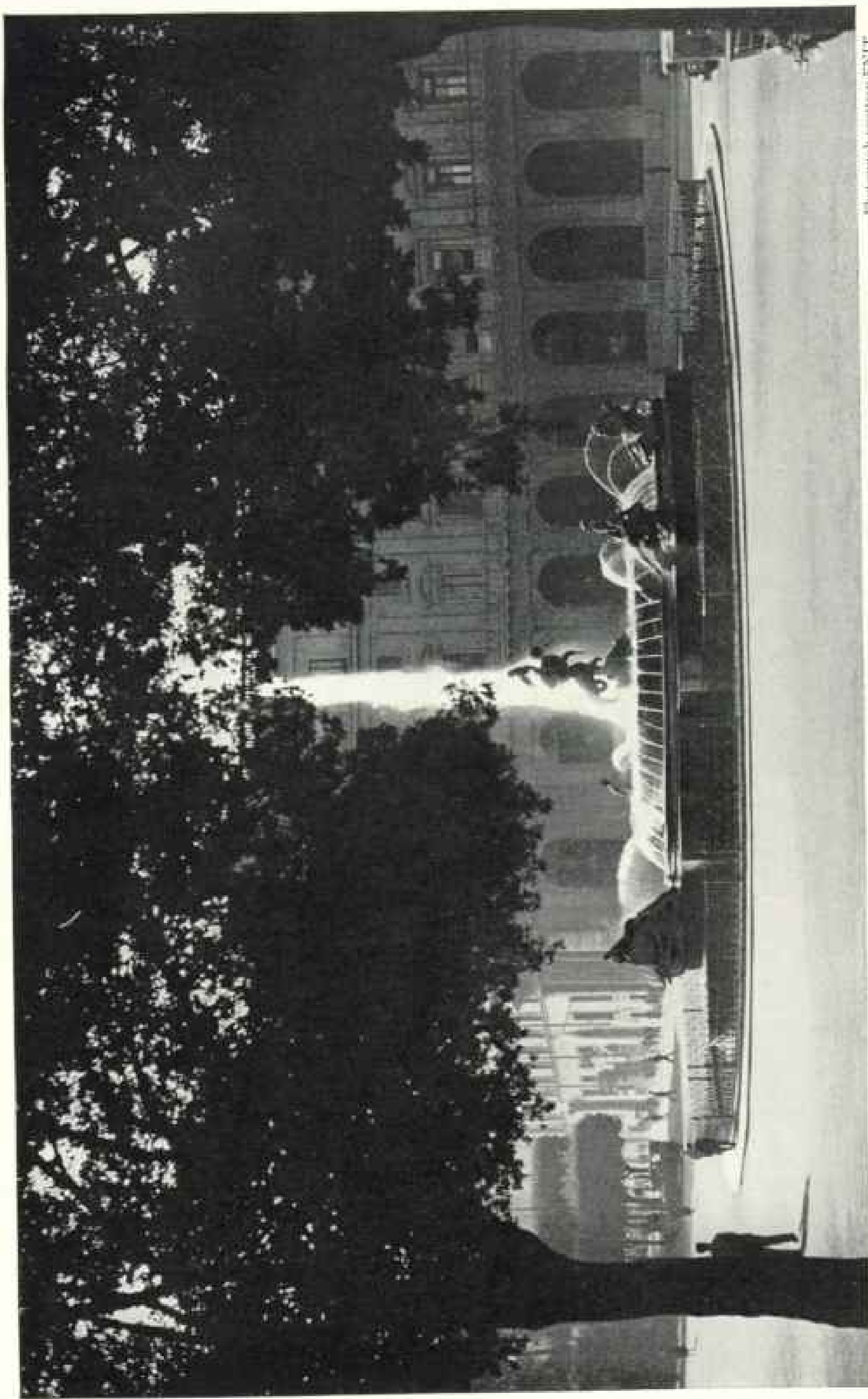
The profusion with which the beautiful fountains of present-day Rome send forth their gushing waters suggests that the Horatian love of fountains has not decreased. A whole day could pleasantly be spent in visiting these lively monuments,

and perhaps we shall yield to the popular superstition and drop a coin in the Trevi Fountain, to be sure of coming back to Rome (see illustration, page 795).

In several of Horace's poems he sings the praises of his Sabine farm.

In his second book of Satires, in the sixth poem, he dilates upon the inconveniences of city life and the charms of the country. Deepest satisfaction with his quiet farm and perfect contentment breathe in every line, and the whole satire is really a song of thanks to his patron Maecenas, who had made all this possible for the happy poet:

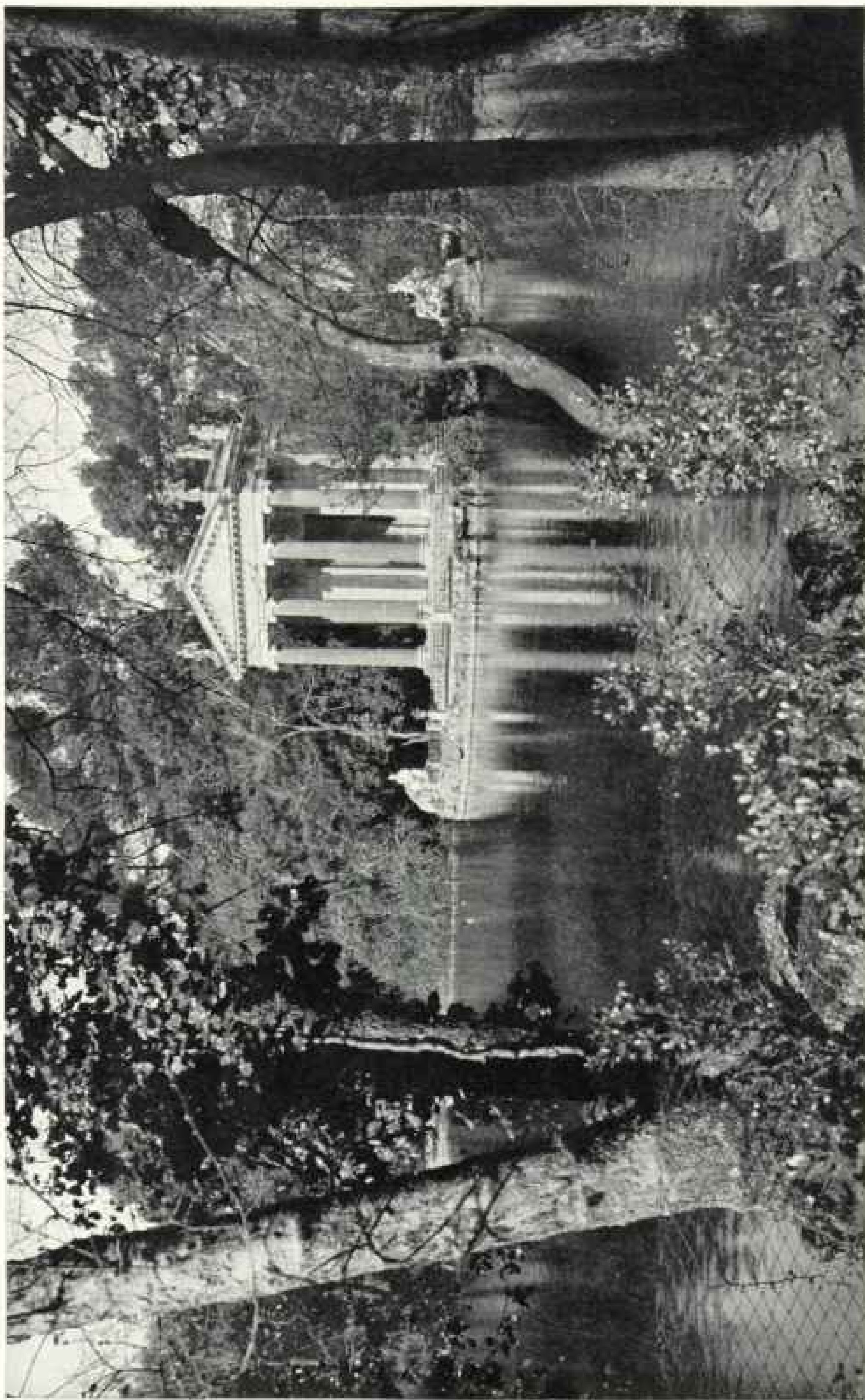
"This used to be my prayer—a tract of land, not so very large, a garden and an ever-flowing spring, with a bit of woodland. But the gods have done far more for me, and I am quite content with what I have. I only pray that these blessings may be mine till I end my days on earth."



Photograph courtesy ENIT

CAUGHT IN THE SUNLIGHT, THE SHOOTING FOUNTAIN STREAM GLEAMS LIKE A PILLAR OF FIRE

Here in the Piazza dell' Esedra, three centuries after Horace died, Emperor Diocletian evicted some of the most luxurious baths ever built in Rome. Condemned Christians toiled to construct them. More than 3,000 bathers could enjoy the waters at one time. Michelangelo converted the ruins into a church at the request of a priest who dreamed he saw angels among the halls. Part of the structure now houses a museum.



Photograph from Publishers' Photo Service

FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS ARCHITECTS HAVE COPIED THE SIMPLE SYMMETRY OF GRECIAN TEMPLES

Although the Rome that Horace knew had many villas, this estate, Villa Borghese, was not even planned until the 17th century. The grounds, which contain several such edifices, became a public park in 1902. Near by is the Borghese Museum, housing works of Titian, Rubens, Raphael, and other immortals.

Eight years have passed since Horace began to be numbered among Maecenas' intimate friends. "What a favorite of fortune am I!"

Then the poet pictures the homelike meal at which he entertains some rural neighbors. He tells us they do not spend their time in rehearsing the latest scandal, or in finding fault with their fellows, but ever and anon someone narrates a story that is quite apropos. Horace was, of course, happily ignorant of even the possibility of the usual after-dinner speeches of an American banquet.

COUNTRY MOUSE AND CITY MOUSE

On one occasion there seems to have been some mild discussion as to the relative values of urban conveniences and rural contentment, and Cervius, one of the neighbors, tells in happiest vein the fable of the country mouse who entertains his old friend, a city mouse, who has become somewhat prosperous and has been admitted to the best society of Rome.

The first scene is the simple abode of the country mouse, who, in spite of his usual thrift and care, allows his virtue of hospitality to expand as never before, and from what he has so frugally stored away lavishes upon his guest nibbled bits of bacon and even a carefully guarded raisin.

All the while the city mouse just barely touches the precious titbits. Finally he gives way to his fastidiousness and expresses amazement that one could live in such a place and on such poor fare while within reach are the delights of the city. Yielding to the pressing invitation, the country mouse agrees to accept the hospitality of the city mouse and off they go together.

The dark night is far spent as they creep into the dining hall of a wealthy palace, where ivory couches are gorgeously draped with scarlet coverlets; and as the great table still groans under the weight of left-over courses, it would seem both master and slaves have retired for a good solid sleep.

With pride the city mouse serves course after course to his rustic friend. The latter is about to yield to such good cheer and abundance, when all of a sudden the barking of Molossian dogs is heard, and the huge dining-room doors burst open. The two mice, "distilled almost to jelly," scurry about and, by some good fortune, breathlessly save their grizzly skins.

"That's not the life for me!" says the rustic mouse, more in sorrow than in anger; "give me my woodland hole and homely fare, free from the fears of the city!"

A USURER YEARNS FOR A FARM

In addition to this satire, there is another delightful eulogy of country life in the second of the "Epodes." Perhaps it was a time of depression in Rome; anyhow, Horace represents a notorious usurer who may have met with some setback in his financial transactions and imagined he could find solace in the life of a farmer.

This particular phase of the poem possesses a poor appeal to the financiers of our day; there seems to be little hope of help in pursuits agricultural.

"Happy indeed is the man who, free of business cares, can live like the men of old; with his own oxen can plow the wild acres of his forbears quite free from money-lending anxieties. He does not have to face trials at court and he can shun the proud portals of the powers that be. He weds the lofty poplars to the full-grown vines, and sees afar his lowing herds meandering homeward. Carefree, he can stretch out on the thick grass beneath the cooling shade of some ancient tree, and while near by a babbling brook keeps up a perpetual chatter and the birds warble gentle songs, soft slumbers come.

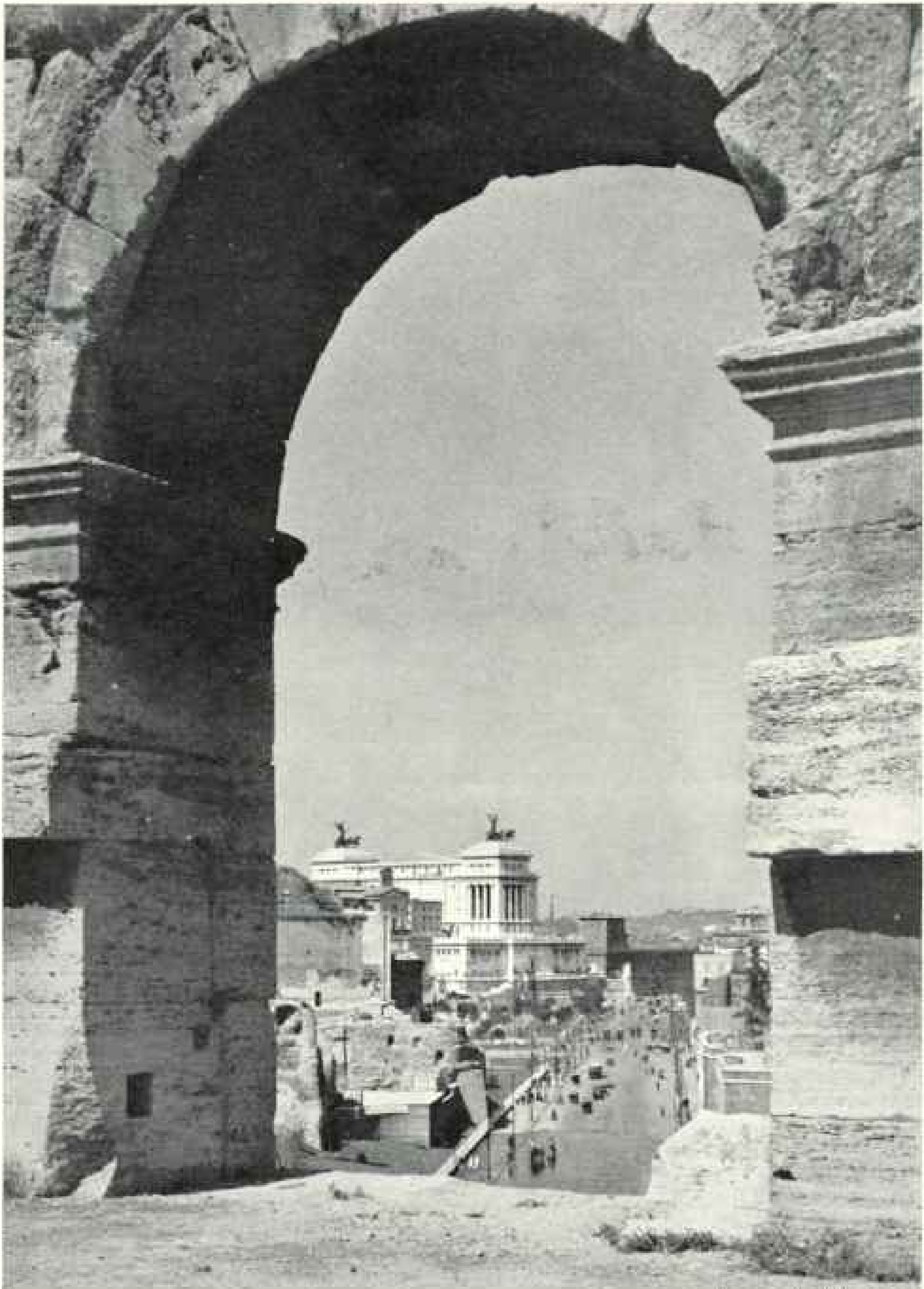
"And when the rains and snows of winter appear, with his pack of hounds he can go hunting, or he can set snares for thrushes and other unwary birds. And if his household is graced by a modest wife, of sturdy Apulian stock, his willing helpmate, and by smiling well-tanned children, who gather about the sacred hearth and watch the seasoned log crackle in the fire which has been piled up against the evening arrival of their weary sire, no man can ask for more.

"Some may like Lucerne oysters, or turbot, or maybe a turkey or an Ionian pheasant; as for me, I much prefer a homemade meal by the family fireside!"

So sings Alfius the usurer. On the fifteenth of the month he calls in all his money to get ready for life in the country, but alas! by the first of the next month he puts it all out again, and still clings to the city.

ROMAN "PULLMANS" AND WAYSIDE INNS

To those who enjoy traveling in comfortable limousines over the excellently constructed new roads of Italy, the fifth Satire of Horace's first book possesses particular attraction because of its contrast. The vivid lines portray in pleasant style the great difficulty and discomfiture of travel



Photograph by Feliz Henle

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO VIA DELL' IMPERO WAS A CLUTTERED MASS OF OLD HOUSES

Now the street, seen through a massive arch of the Coliseum, is flanked by gardens and remnants of ancient buildings that are being restored. The white temple is the monument to King Victor Emmanuel II. Fourteen female figures, representing Italy's most important cities, surround the gilded equestrian statue. At the base of the monument lies Italy's Unknown Warrior.



Photograph courtesy ENIT

ONE OF LITERATURE'S MOST FAMOUS BORES BUTTONHOLED HORACE ON VIA SACRA

While walking with a slave along the Sacred Street of Rome, the poet, according to his first book of Satires, was overtaken by a bore, whose bragging chatter caused his victim to hang his head like an overloaded donkey. Even Aristius, one of his friends, avoided him, lest he, too, be caught by the pest. A man with a lawsuit against the tormentor finally made it possible for Horace to slip away in the crowd (see text, page 787). The Palace of the Caesars rises in the background.

in those ancient days. It is just a simple narrative without any stirring incidents or extraordinary adventures, and any traveler might have had the same experiences.

In fact, this satire is the leading "classical commonplace" for students of Roman antiquities, being recognized as typical of traveling in the early days of the Empire. It is the best and most amusing description of an inland trip that has been handed down to us by the ancients.

From Horace's account we should judge that he stopped at one of the ordinary inns which abounded on the Appian Way (Via Appia Antica). They supplied the barest necessities for an overnight stay, and did not enjoy a very high reputation.

Cheating and overcharging seem to have been common among the innkeepers, and we read of complaints that beds which were supposed to be stuffed with feathers were found to be charged with uncomfortable rushes. The inns were poorly constructed and sound-proofing was not considered, while air-conditioning was undreamt of;

in fact, smoke would often seep through the floors with heavy fumes from the kitchen.

Roman traveling vehicles saw many changes during the lapse of centuries; we are concerned with those prevalent in Horace's day. First of all, there was the *lectica*, a portable couch carried on poles; it had a leather roof and side curtains. There was a soft mattress on which the occupant could recline; there was also a head rest so that he might read or even write.

WHEN A CITY KNEW NO WHEELS

According to the wealth of the owner, there were two or six or eight slaves who carried the *lectica*. This vehicle was used both in the town and in the country; wheeled conveyances were generally forbidden in the city.

For outside travel the *reda* was the most generally used, a four-wheeled carriage adapted for the transport of large parties and with some sort of accommodation for baggage. It was drawn by mules. The aristocrats had them carefully matched



Photograph by Burton Holmes from Galloway

ELECTRICITY NOW LIGHTS THIS MEDIEVAL STREET IN TERRACINA

In olden times, Romans in outlying towns built their dwellings close together for protection against invaders. Shopkeepers and tradesmen, now as then, have their stalls on the ground floor. People who live above reach their homes by climbing the outside stairs. A custom of nailing cattle horns over the door of a meat market persists (left). In Horace's day, scribes sat in the alleys offering their services to passers-by who could neither read nor write.



Photograph by Hans Hildenbrand

HIS OXEN ARE WASHED AND CURRIED EVERY DAY

Farmers strive to keep their animals and stables spotlessly clean. All manner of crops, including fruit, grain, and hay, are hauled in such squeaking two-wheeled carts. Leaves from the mulberry trees in the background provide food for silkworms, now being raised in Italy.

or used Gaulish ponies, richly caparisoned. There were also two-wheeled carriages for fast traveling, but Horace undoubtedly used the *reda* for whatever road travel he did on this occasion.

The trip was from Rome to Brindisi, and it would seem that they were in no way pressed for time, as they took three days and an extra night in going about fifty-six miles from Rome to Terracina. Horace says the Appian Way was less tiring to travelers who were not in a hurry, for the road was quite rough, being paved with large square blocks of stone with merely a coating of gravel.

The Appian Way was the first of those great roads so splendidly constructed by the Romans; it was planned by Appius Claudius Caecus, the Censor, in 312 B. C. The main roads usually bore the name of the censor who had planned them.

In the provinces roads were named for the provincial governors who had executed them. The main highways were owned and maintained by the State, while side roads were controlled by the local magistrates. Among Rome's most lasting and best preserved monuments are the roads it built.

At the Appii Forum (Foro Appio), which is about forty miles from Rome, Horace made part of the journey by canal, and what a trip it was! In addition to slaves fighting with boatmen, there were the cursed gnats, and then the croaking frogs of the fens made sleep impossible, while a tipsy boatman insisted on serenading at a distance the girl he left behind him, or, dropping supinely on his back, supplied a sonorous obligato to all other noises.

After a sleep from sheer exhaustion, it was woefully found by Horace that mules and boatmen had slept through the entire night and no progress had been made.

At Sinuessa, a few miles north of Mondragone, Horace was joined by three of his dearest friends, among them Vergil. Here the poet waxes eloquent on the value of the true friend, than which there is no greater joy in life.

After a few mishaps the party finally arrived at Brindisi. We regret that Horace was so tired of his journey, and from the abrupt ending of his satire it would seem he was equally tired of writing his diary. That may be why he gave us no descrip-

tion of this city which at the time was the most important seaport of eastern Italy; it is still held in high repute. The harbor is excellent, and its proximity to Greece and the Near East has added much to its popularity.

THE FORUM, CENTER OF CLASSIC ROME

No visit to Rome is complete without a walk on the Via Sacra (page 784). It is one of those streets which formed the boundaries of the Roman Forum; in fact, it was the most important, as it was the leading ascent to the Capitol. The excellent restorative work of recent years has made the approach to the Forum attractive, and wandering through the ruins is done with ease.

It is impossible to think of the Roman Republic without the Forum; it was the center of the greatest civil conflicts and it has resounded with the most eloquent flights of oratory. To the classicist no spot of all this earth is more interesting, and it is not hard from columns here and there to reconstruct the magnificent buildings of ancient days (see page 791).

One of Horace's happiest satires narrates with inimitable skill his encounter with a bore, when one morning, all absorbed in thought on daily trifles, he was trying to take a quiet stroll on this Sacred Street. Up comes a pushing fellow who greets the poet as his long-lost friend. Horace, in a most civil but clear way, suggests that he be left alone, but the boorish fellow clings to him.

The entire satire is a playful picture of Horace's supreme effort to rid himself of the bore. He compares himself to a poor little Italian donkey who hangs his head when a too heavy load is placed upon his back. Perhaps the most amusing lines are those that give Horace's inward reflections on bores in general, possessing as they do an age-old application.

About twenty-five miles from Rome is a peak 2,267 feet high that has been immortalized in one of Horace's most delightful songs. He called it "Soracte," but we know it as Monte Soratte. The village from which ascent is made is S. Oreste.

From the northern part of Rome the mountain is easily seen, and no doubt in the days of Horace it was prominent even from other parts of the city. On the highest summit there is a church dedicated to St. Sylvester, and there is also a monastery

on the slope; it was founded A. D. 746 by Carloman, son of Charles Martel and brother of Pepin (Pippin) the Short.

Horace's poem paints a winter scene, and as he and his friend look from the comfortable fireside where they are quaffing some Sabine wine, they see in the distance Mount Soracte glistening in an ermine mantle of purest snow. The rivers are frozen and the trees of the surrounding wood are straining under the heavy winter burden. Then, in Epicurean style, Horace bids his boon companions eat, drink, and make merry, enjoy today and don't bother about tomorrow.

A POEM OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

It seems strange, and yet it is not unusual for authors to be known by quotations from their inferior writings. This is certainly true of Horace. One of his poorest compositions is his didactic poem, "The Art of Poetry," from which can be culled more sententious sayings than perhaps from any other single poem of fewer than 500 lines. It has been imitated but never equaled in other languages; it defies satisfactory translation. With little sequence one dictum after another is enunciated, and, if followed, what a boon it would be for publishers!

Among other things, Horace suggests the locking up of one's manuscript at least nine years, and only to write when inspired; to pore over the great masters day and night; to be clear and concise, not diffuse; brief, but not obscure; combine the useful and the pleasant. From this poem we have the original of such commonplaces as the "purple patch," the "nodding of Homer," and "sesquipedalian verbiage."

"The Art of Poetry" has indeed had great influence on the literature of the ages, though its maxims can well be applied to all creations of art. It is rather amusing to read Horace's tenth Satire, where he makes fun of those producers of verse who aspire to have their published works used as textbooks to teach the ignorant how to write. "Are you foolish enough to prefer that your songs be dictated in the commonest schools? That surely is not my ambition." Alas, poor Horace—he is best known in the classroom.

There is something delightfully human about Horace, and perhaps therein we may find his greatest source of popularity. Like so many middle-class Romans of his day, he occupied some sort of official position



Photograph by Branson DeCoo from Galloway

EVEN THE APPIAN WAY HAS ITS TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

The jovial wine cart driver takes his time despite a shower of invectives from the truckmen behind. Hung from the horse's harness is a bundle of hay which the animal munches as it walks along. The driver may swing the decorated canopy, now tilted to one side of the cart, over his head to keep out the sun.

with a small salary attached, but his main support came from an influential friend. Thus it was that he had the leisure to write and has bequeathed to posterity more than one hundred "Odes," some "Epodes," two books of "Satires," and about twenty "Epistles."

Like those ungracious pastors to whom Ophelia refers in answering her brother's advice about her proper decorum, Horace often points the way "to the steep and thorny path to heaven," but "himself the primrose path of dalliance treads."

His praise of poverty seems to have been at a time when he was ready to grasp the

good things that fell his way, and while he paints in most attractive colors the idyllic delights of the simple farmer, he seems to have written these lines while enjoying his fill of city happiness; nor should we take him too seriously when he extols pristine austerity to the skies. He is an eloquent example of the non-practicing preacher.

As a moralist, Horace inveighs against avarice and meanness; he is particularly effective in the shafts that he directs against the pedantic and the pretentious, and his amusing reflections on the insincerity of society, on personal eccentricities, and on the follies of social and political life are



Photograph by Fritz Henle

RÖME'S COLISEUM SEATED 45,000 SPECTATORS—ABOUT HALF AS MANY AS MAY WATCH A BASEBALL GAME IN YANKEE STADIUM

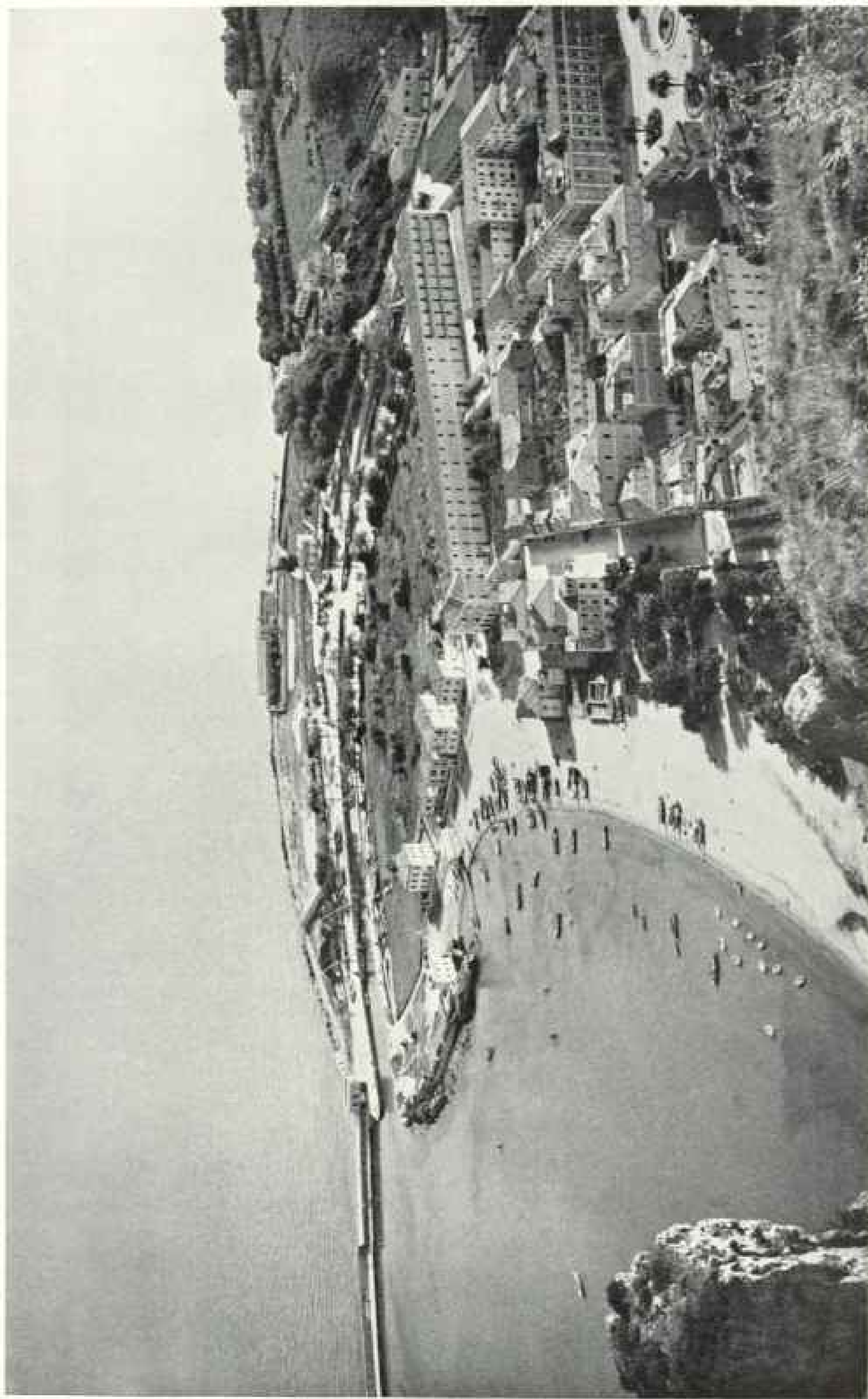
Begun by Vespasian 80 years after Horace died, the Flavian Amphitheater, as the structure was called for seven centuries, rose 160 feet high and covered six acres of ground. During a single show commemorating the thousandth anniversary of Rome's founding, 2,000 gladiators fought, and hundreds of animals were killed. After the arena was abandoned, lightning and earthquake damaged it, and hundreds of years later men plundered the ruins for building materials. Therefore, to prevent its complete destruction, Pope Benedict XIV made it a Christian shrine in 1750. The towering cross in the center honors Christian martyrs.

not only pleasant poetry but valuable exposition of the customs of the day, cherished by the historian as well as by the lover of letters. Horace holds up the mirror of the Augustan Age and we owe much to him in completing the picture of the time.

Vergil gives more details of the geography of Italy; from his pages we could almost make a map for the farmer who would plow the fields or for the traveler who would wish to see the grandeur of the mountains and the delights of the valley. If

Vergil is the favorite of the geographer of Italy, Horace is the agreeable companion of the social psychologist of the Roman people; the cherished interpreter of his times.

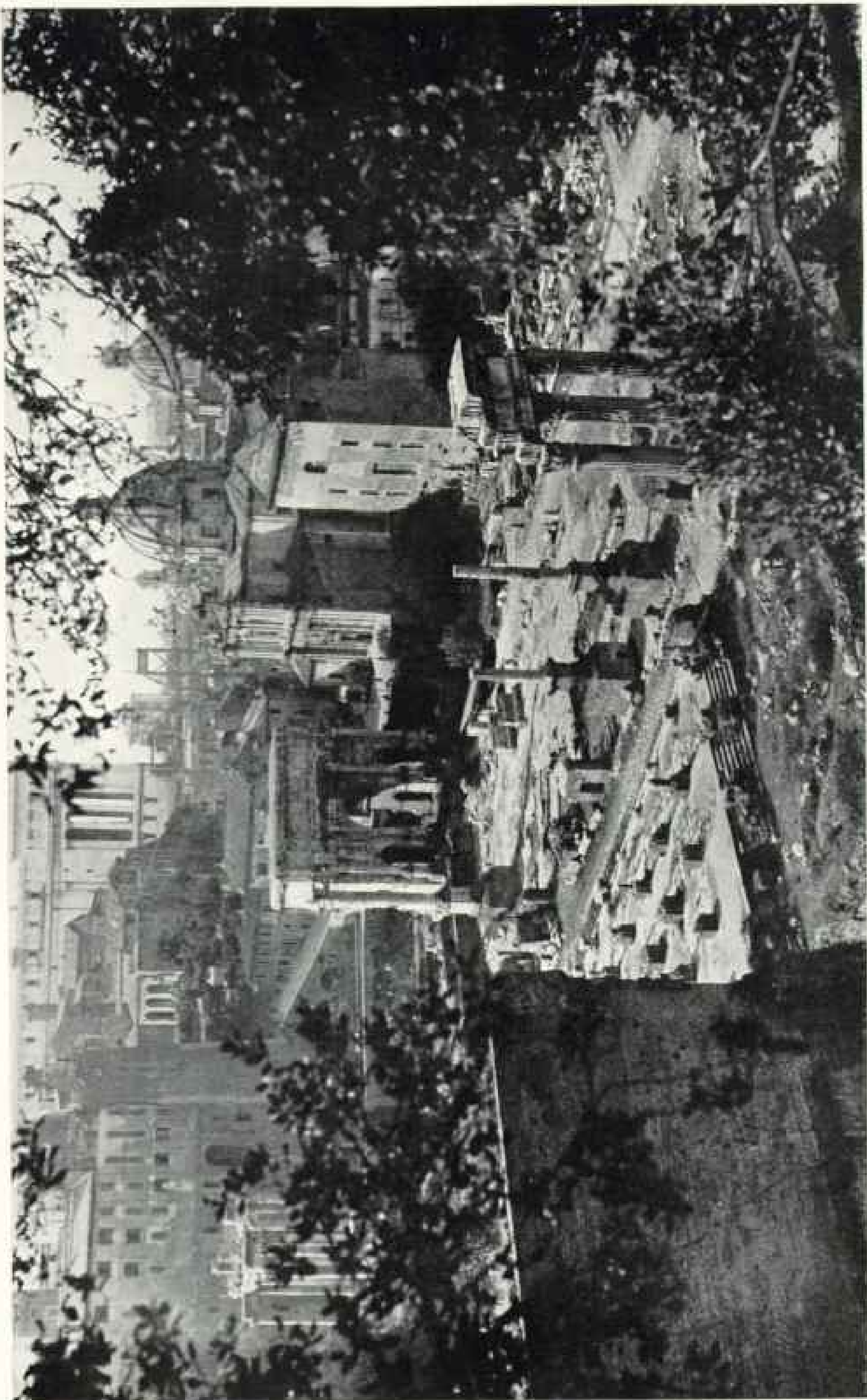
To him we owe the interesting details of how the Romans lived in the city and the country; how they entertained their friends, what were their weaknesses. Nor does he neglect to paint their virtues, and whatever is lovable and admirable in the ancient Roman is best of all handed down to us by Horace. We can live again their everyday



Photograph courtesy ENIT

TERRACINA'S NEW SECTION LIES NEXT TO THE SEA; THE OLD CLIMBS THE HILLS BEYOND

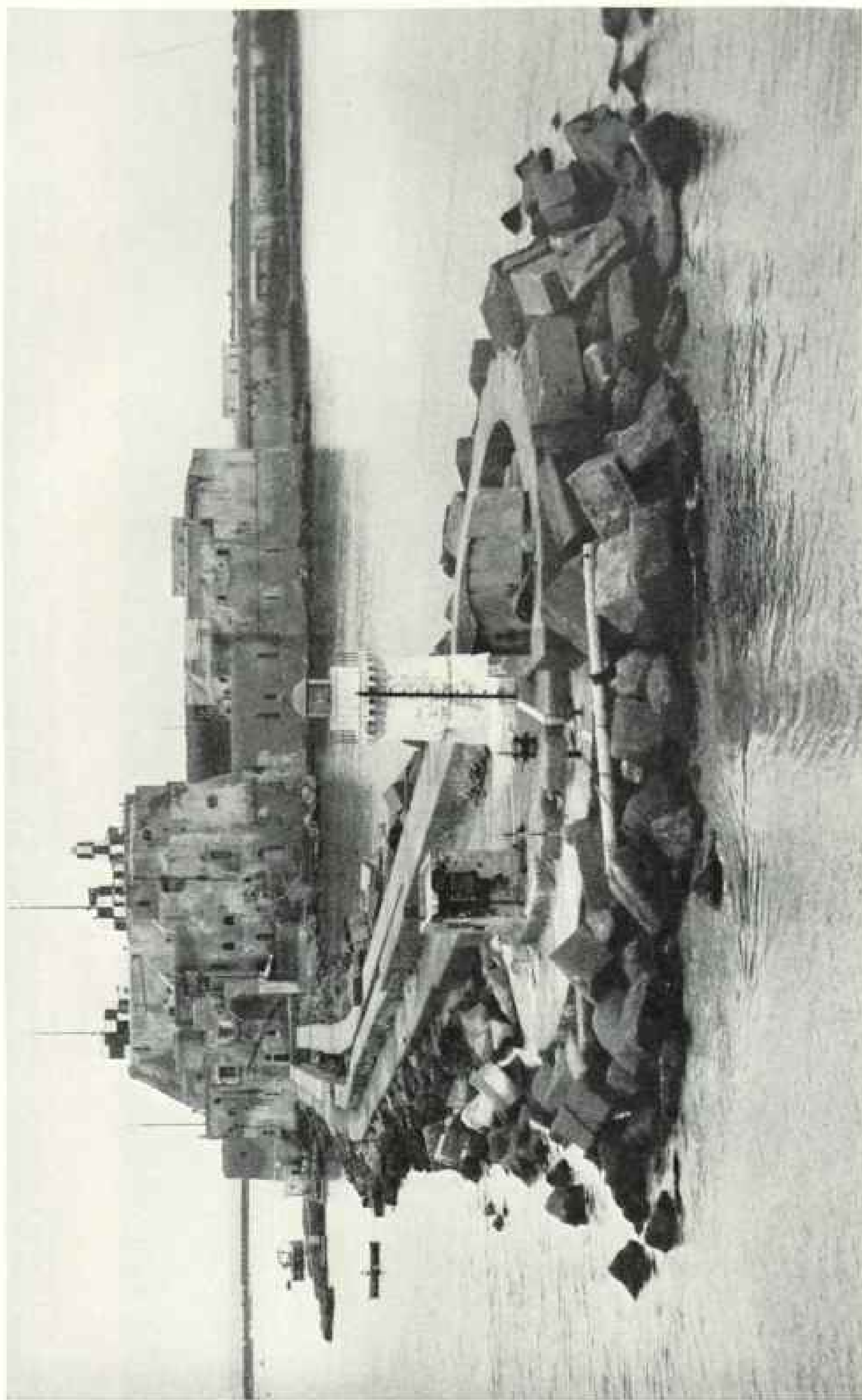
Romans gorged a passage 170 feet deep through a rocky promontory at the east end of the city to facilitate entrance to the town along the Appian Way. Long an old seaside resort, the place attracted aristocratic Romans. The highway along the water leads toward Naples.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE ROMAN FORUM ONCE WAS AN OPEN MARKET LINED BY TWO ROWS OF SHOPS

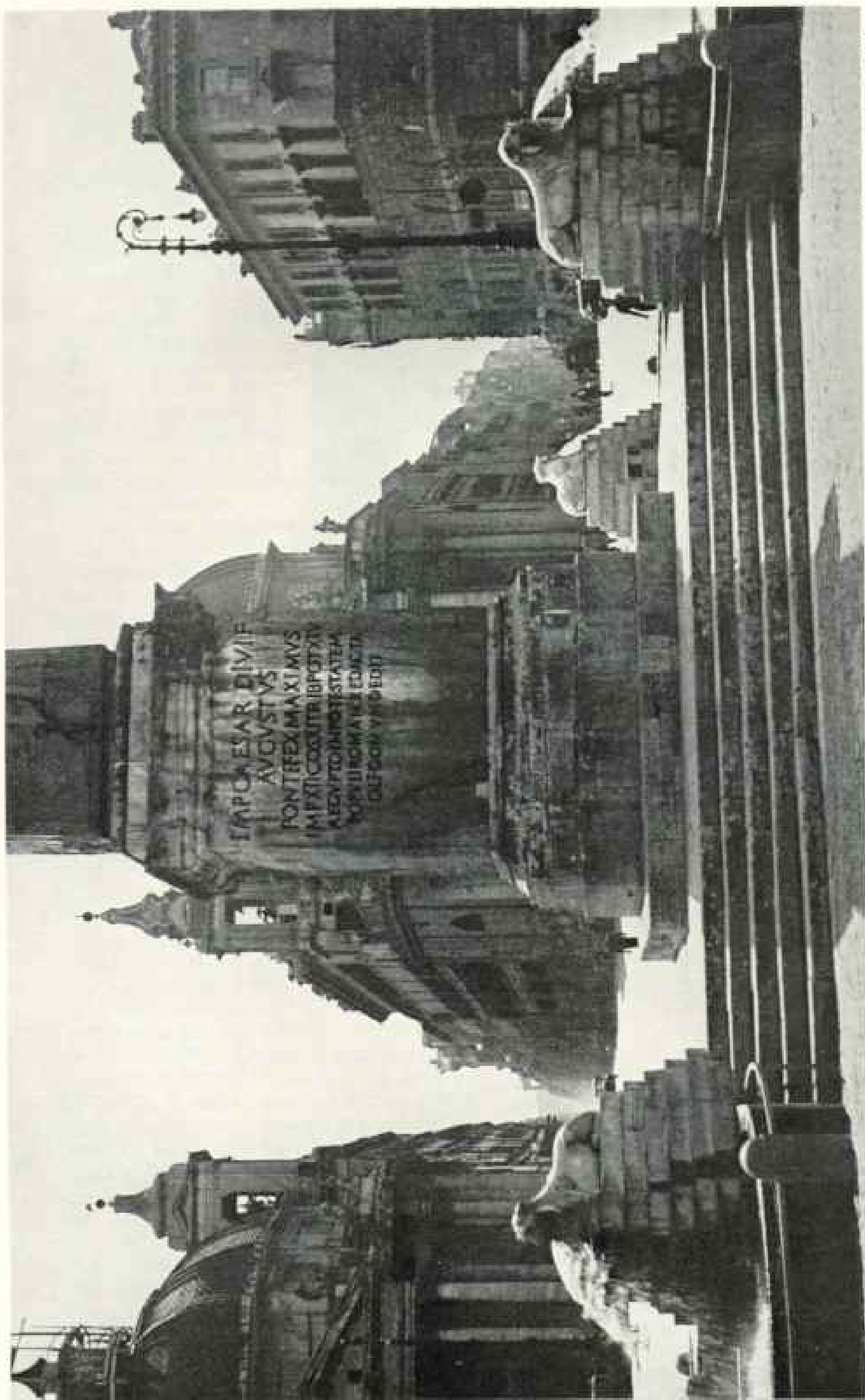
A space for open-air town meetings occupied one corner. Between that area and the marketeers' platform. In Horace's day there were two kinds of forums—one a market place, the other a judicial tribunal. The Roman Forum became the latter type. From atop the Palatine Hill, the photographer glimpsed (through the trees at the left) the granite columns of the Temple of Saturn. In the center rises the Arch of Septimius Severus. Just outside the Forum level is the domed church of SSS. Luca and Marina. In the lower right are the three remaining columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux (see text, page 788).



Photograph by Burton Holmes from Gallowsy

BRINDISI IS THE TERMINUS OF ITALY'S ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

In Horace's day, as now, the port was the eastern gate to the Empire. Here Cicero came from exile, and here Octavius first called himself Caesar. Virgil died at Brindisi upon his return from Greece after completing the *Aeneid*. Today, airplanes fly between the port and Istanbul. The lighthouse surmounts one of the five reefs that jut from the mainland; behind it perches an old fort.



Photograph courtesy ENIT

FROM EGYPT, AUGUSTUS BROUGHT THE OBELISK THAT STANDS IN THE CENTER OF ROME'S PIAZZA DEL POPOLO

It stood 1,600 years in the Circus Maximus before Pope Sixtus V moved it here in 1589 (see pages 770, 775). On either side of Corso Umberto Primo (left) rise the bellfied towers of the twin churches of Santa Maria. Before the railway came, Porta del Popolo, Rome's old north gate opening into the square, was the chief entrance to the city.



Photograph by General Marlborough Churchill

OFF TO A VILLAGE FOUNTAIN FOR THEIR HOUSEHOLD
WATER SUPPLY

To ease the burden and help balance the jar, girls twine a handkerchief round and round and place it on the head beneath the load. Ancient walls, pierced by two gates, surround Ferentino, home of the smiling maids. A trellis clings to the building (left).

life, thanks to his satires, his epistles, and lyric poems.

At times he is sublime, especially in the third book of his Odes, where he speaks on civic virtues, on integrity and justice, simplicity and fidelity, endurance and steadfastness of purpose. It is in these songs we hail him poet laureate of Rome. His exhortations to martial courage and love of country, to a pure life and reverence for the gods, have not been surpassed and they resound with the grandeur of Isaiah, and come closest to the triumphant poems of David.

One of the truly historic trips to be taken

by the visitor to Rome is a ride along the Appian Way, or, to keep to the vernacular of the spot, Via Appia Antica. Starting from the Piazza di Venezia, we can easily make our way past the Roman Forum and the Coliseum to the Via di Porta S. Sebastiano.

To the right are the famous Baths of Caracalla, which were opened in the two hundred and seventeenth year of our era; the huge ruins give some idea of their amazing splendor, with luxurious accommodations for about sixteen hundred bathers at one time. It is stated that a good square mile was needed to embrace the baths themselves and the surrounding gardens and the field for gymnastic exercises, with the theater, the library, picture galleries, and everything else that might allure the Romans of that day.

The Via Appia Antica stretches across the broad Campagna, which at one time was a treacherous and dangerous plain, ensnaring

all by its many charms. The poisonous atmosphere frequently brought on malaria. Today, as in so many other localities in Italy, great changes have taken place here, and we can read with more satisfaction the picturesque musings of artistic travelers.

To view a golden-red sunset from the Alban Hills (Colli Albani) is to see the sky in its loveliest splendor and to behold the sea and the land decked in most precious hues.

On each side of the road are the stone arches of the ancient aqueducts; at dusk they look like specters, which, as Ruskin



Photograph by Burton Holmes from Gallowsay

NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE WATERS, COMMANDS THE TRITONLIKE FIGURES IN TREVI FOUNTAIN

In the niche at the left of Neptune stands a statue to Fertility; while to the right, just outside the photograph, is a figure representing Health. One man in the fountain (right) has a trumpet made of a conch shell, which, according to mythology, he blows to control the waves. Legend says that the visitor who tosses a coin in the fountain will surely return to Rome.

says, "melt into darkness like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave." Then, too, there are the ruins of many tombs, sad memorials of departed worth, the glory that was Rome.

To the classicist of today, who may remember when throughout our country the bachelor of arts degree presupposed a full college course in Latin, whereas one by one institutions have ceased to require this time-honored cultural subject, the ruins on the old Appian Way seem symbolic of what is soon to happen to Roman Letters unless some reform takes place. Business courses and sciences, and all sorts of useful arts are crowding out the cultural, and even among many educated people a quotation from Horace might as well be in Sanskrit.

It is our cherished hope that the bimillennial commemoration of Horace's birth may stimulate anew the study of Latin, and

that its use and its letters may not be relegated, as in the Dark Ages, to monastic walls and be intelligible only to ecclesiastics.

In the concluding poem of his third book of Odes, Horace predicts that his writings will last longer than the royal Pyramids, which no wasting rain nor fierce north wind will destroy, and that they can withstand the wreckful siege of years and time's fell hand.

"I shall not wholly die; nay, I shall for the most part escape from the funeral goddess, nor shall I cease to be reborn again and again, my glory always increasing."

Such was the poet's prophecy, and for two thousand years he has remained the favorite of those who love lyrics, the entertaining companion of those who enjoy satire, the most complete exponent of the everyday life of the Augustan Roman. He well deserves the bimillennial honors that are being heaped upon him.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S NEW MAP OF THE WORLD

AT A TIME when world events command everyone's attention, and are watched for possible effects upon our own country, our homes, and our business, the National Geographic Society this month issues to its million member families, as a special supplement to their Magazine, the finest Map of the World it has yet produced.

Drawn in two hemispheres, and printed in ten colors on durable paper, the new World Map contains a veritable library of up-to-date information, easy to read, on a sheet only slightly larger than two pages of a newspaper.*

For following the conflict between Italy and Ethiopia, and the mobilization of naval vessels and airplanes in the Mediterranean, The Society's Map of Africa, published in June, 1935, is ideal. The World Map, by showing the distribution of British territory, and the sea and air routes linking its world empire, reveals why the region of the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, and Red Sea is so vital to Great Britain.

The airplane, the transoceanic telephone, the radio, and other inventions have made a knowledge of the world necessary to read a newspaper, tune in on a broadcast, or answer many business letters.

News under date lines of far-away places that were practically unheard of a year ago crowded even World Series baseball games off the front pages of daily papers.

Events in China, in India, in Ethiopia may have such far-reaching effects that they are "home news" to places many thousands of miles away.

For these reasons The Society's new Map of the World should prove particularly useful, helping members to follow history in the making, to see spotlight areas in relation to the whole world, and to comprehend the moves made by statesmen on the vast diplomatic, and sometimes military, chess-board that the world has become today.

THE "BIG SIX" IN NATIONAL AREA

About one-fourth of all the land in the world—excluding the uninhabitable polar regions—is included in the British Empire, or Commonwealth of Nations. The four-

tainhead of all these scattered places and peoples is an island group no larger than the State of Oregon.

In contrast to Britain's widely distributed domain (shown in pink) is the compact bulk of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, its yellow-tinted form spanning much of Europe and the whole northern part of Asia. In size the Russian Bear is second only to the British Lion.

France, with its extensive colonial empire, especially in Africa, takes third place in territorial size; then come, in the order named, China (if Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Tibet be included), the United States, and the South American giant, Brazil.

All together, these six nations comprise more than two-thirds of the total habitable land surface of the world.

The map discloses how thoroughly man has explored and populated the land surface of the globe.

For many centuries civilized mankind's world surrounded the Mediterranean or fringed the Indian Ocean and the China Seas. In fact, these worlds were twain, and only occasionally a Marco Polo or a Vasco da Gama spanned the gap to bring back such strange tales that one of the isolated worlds would not believe what travelers told of the other.

Then, after centuries of maritime training in the Mediterranean, nation after nation radiated across the oceans—to the Americas, to India and China around the Cape of Good Hope, to Australia and New Zealand and the myriad islands of the Pacific, and now even to the heart of Antarctica.

Thus, on a world map, may be traced the course of discovery and settlement, of conquest and control, and the spread, not only of flags, but of the language and cultural empires that often override all boundary lines.

It is interesting, for example, to trace the places where the languages, the music, the art, the literature, the architecture, the customs of the once vast domains of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands remain, though political sovereignty long since shifted.

The major blank spots left on the world are in the polar regions, and much smaller areas in the desert interior of Arabia and the jungles of the upper Amazon. In all of these much knowledge has been gained in

* Members desiring additional copies of the new World Map may obtain them, by writing The Society's Washington, D. C., headquarters, at 50 cents, paper; 75 cents, mounted on linen.

recent years by explorers, especially by those employing airplanes.

MEMBERS HELP IN REMAKING MAP

Each member of the National Geographic Society had a very real part in the making of this new World Map, for it has been modified in important areas by discoveries of The Society's expeditions, which are financed from the dues of the membership of more than one million homes.

The Pacific Quadrant of the Antarctic Continent has been largely remapped by the discoveries of Admiral Byrd's Expeditions, to which The Society contributed substantially. Daring airplane flights over icy seas on the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition removed some 200,000 square miles from the suppositious area of the Antarctic land mass and showed it to be a part of the Pacific Ocean.

Moreover, this World Map is the first to be issued showing with certainty that Antarctica is a single continent, not two islands—the epochal conclusion reached by Admiral Byrd after a series of flights and surveys made on his expedition of 1933-35.*

A 2,000-square-mile blank spot in southwestern Yukon Territory of the Dominion of Canada, a region of lofty ranges and glacier-filled valleys and gorges, was filled in on the map of North America by The Society's Yukon Expedition in 1935, led by Bradford Washburn.

The World Map records these and other findings of The Society's expeditions, along with many new discoveries of explorers through 1935. In effect, it summarizes the information upon the large maps in color issued in recent years—those of the United States, Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, the Caribbean area, the Pacific Islands, and the North and South Polar regions—adding much material not before published on any general map.†

Through Canadian Government aerial surveys, the whole east coast of Hudson Bay has been moved eastward almost a degree and the Belcher Islands have been changed in outline.

* See "Exploring the Ice Age in Antarctica," by Richard Evelyn Byrd, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, October, 1935.

† For a complete list of The Society's large maps in color, and for the maps accompanying articles, see the new Cumulative Index to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, 1899 through 1934, now available to members at \$1.50 for cloth binding, and \$1.00, paper bound.

New lakes, discovered and mapped by Government air surveyors, appear in the interior of Australia.

The position of new Arctic islands reported in 1935 by the icebreaker *Sadko* has been indicated. Sergeant Andreev's Land, the existence of which has been a subject of speculation for nearly two centuries, is shown—although with a question mark—in the light of reports of its rediscovery.

In Antarctica is Kaiser William II Land, the territorial possession left to the Germans after the Treaty of Versailles. Was it overlooked, or merely ignored as useless frozen waste? Territorial rights in Antarctica are so ill-defined and claims so conflicting that it is not practicable to show them.

Near the end of the Aleutian Island chain are the Rat Islands. Although they are in the same latitude as frozen Labrador, these islands are washed by a warm ocean current which would make life on them possible, though difficult and strenuous.

In the Pacific, near Hawaii, are three islands—Wake, Johnston, and Kingman Reef—which were declared under United States jurisdiction in 1934. In 1935 the coral reefs, Jarvis, Baker, and Howland, were formally proclaimed as annexed to the United States. Many lonely fragments of land have potential value as air stations.

Main trunk airways are drawn on the map in red, and trunk railways are shown by black lines. Big American seaplanes begin scheduled flights across the Pacific in 1936, and the route is indicated by a red line from San Francisco to Honolulu, Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam, Manila, and Canton. These planes will connect with those of the American-operated airways in China.

ITALIAN COLONIAL BOUNDARIES EXTENDED

Important changes in political boundaries include the new frontier between Italian Libia and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and French Equatorial Africa; and between Eritrea and French Somaliland. These three grants add territory to Italian Africa. The new boundary between Yemen and Saudi Arabia has been the subject of recent dispute, and the newly defined Northern Territory in Australia combines the old territories of North and Central Australia.

The National Geographic Society, complying with the Netherlands' effort to eliminate the word "Dutch," employs the term "Netherlands Indies."

"Persia" has been changed to "Iran," derived from the old historic name which meant "the country of the Aryans." "Ethiopia" is preferred to "Abyssinia."

Relief is shown by contours and emphasized by tinting in shades of olive, running from light to dark with increasing height, and making the major features of world relief stand out clearly.

If seen through a powerful telescope from the moon, the earth's continental land masses would appear like scattered pieces of a jigsaw puzzle stuck about on a big ball of ocean, since the world is 71 percent water-covered.

The main mountain ranges probably would stand out, especially those mighty ones which rim the Pacific in a tremendous curve and almost form a complete circle, if one includes the half-drowned mountains which we know as islands.

Starting in Antarctica with the Edsel Ford Range, which Admiral Byrd discovered, this range runs northeast through the Antarctic Archipelago, then up the coast of the Americas in the Andes and Rockies. Swinging westward in Alaska, it bends south along the east coast of Siberia and China, through the East Indies and Australia, returning almost to its starting point before it is broken by really deep ocean water.

Impressive to an observer high above the earth would be the extensive drainage systems, such as those of the Mississippi, Amazon, Ob, Yangtze, or Congo; and if he could see cities he would notice that many of them lie along the rivers.

A globe is the only exactly accurate means of mapping the earth. Although this representation of the world, which comes neatly folded in your NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC rather than crated and on a delivery truck, is a compromise, yet it has many advantages over a bulky globe.

For convenience in locating points on the earth's surface, it has been divided into small sections by a system of theoretical lines drawn about it. These are the parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude, which are the foundation of all maps. Many systems have been devised for drawing this grid, or network, of coordinates on a flat piece of paper. All are distortions in one way or another.

The projection used on the new World Map, called the Equal Area Azimuthal

Projection, overcomes any error in showing the size of areas. All areas are in the same proportion to the actual land surfaces they represent. This result is obtained by some sacrifice of accuracy in shape, but the distortion becomes noticeable only at the edges of the map. Not one, but three scales of miles to an inch are given for use in different parts of the map.

When work upon the projection was completed, the base map appeared as two large hemispheres, blank except for the grid-work of the parallels and meridians. Meanwhile, months of research resulted in placing upon this network the most important, reliable, timely data obtainable.

Thus each line, dot, and color of the completed map is a paragraph in the story of Mother Earth's making and structure, and of the changes Nature and man constantly are effecting upon its surface.

The margins are filled with information: the speed of the earth in its orbit around the sun; its speed of rotation at the Equator; the deepest known spot in the ocean; even the weight of the earth is given—6,587,406,000,000,000,000,000 tons!

A table of the areas of the continents and principal islands shows silent, almost lifeless Antarctica bulking considerably larger than Europe.

The concentration of most of the earth's dry land in one-half of the globe is graphically illustrated.

In a comparatively narrow band on either side of latitude 40, north and south, lie most of the world's large cities.

TIME ZONES HELP RADIO TUNING

Particularly helpful in this era of tuning in on short-wave radio programs of foreign lands are the small hemispheres in the lower corners which show the time zones the world over, making it possible to tell in a moment what hour it is in London or Los Angeles, Eritrea or Australia. Washington, D. C., for example, is in the zone marked -5, which means that clocks in our Capital are five hours behind those in Greenwich, England, the world standard.

Foreign place names are given in the language of the country in which they occur, but a glossary on the margin has the English equivalent for the most important places. In some cases the foreign and English terms differ widely. Memel, for instance, is Klaipeda; Port Arthur is Ryojun.

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

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

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

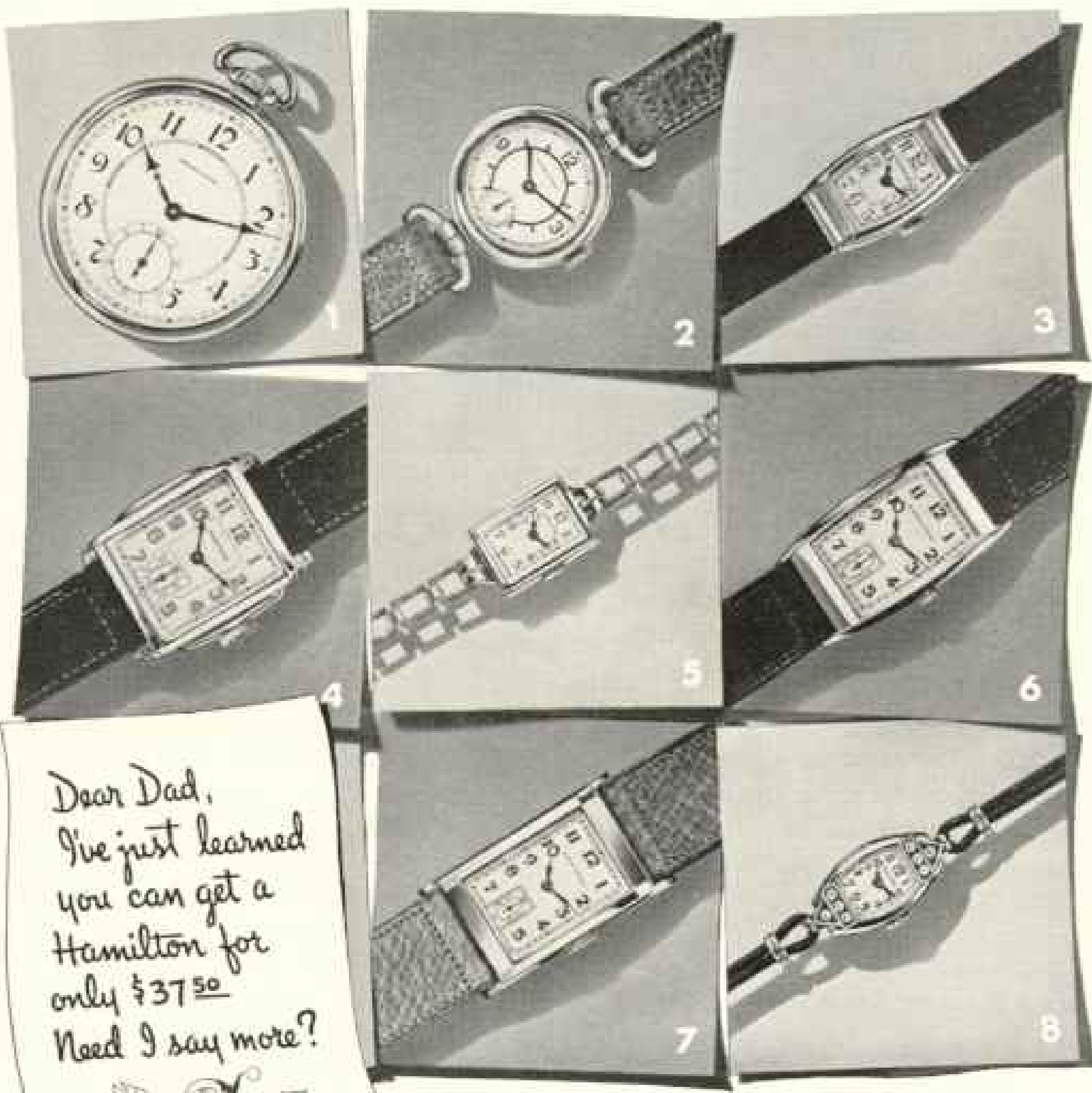
AT an expense of over \$50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole, and contributed \$75,000 to Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expeditions.

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

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

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



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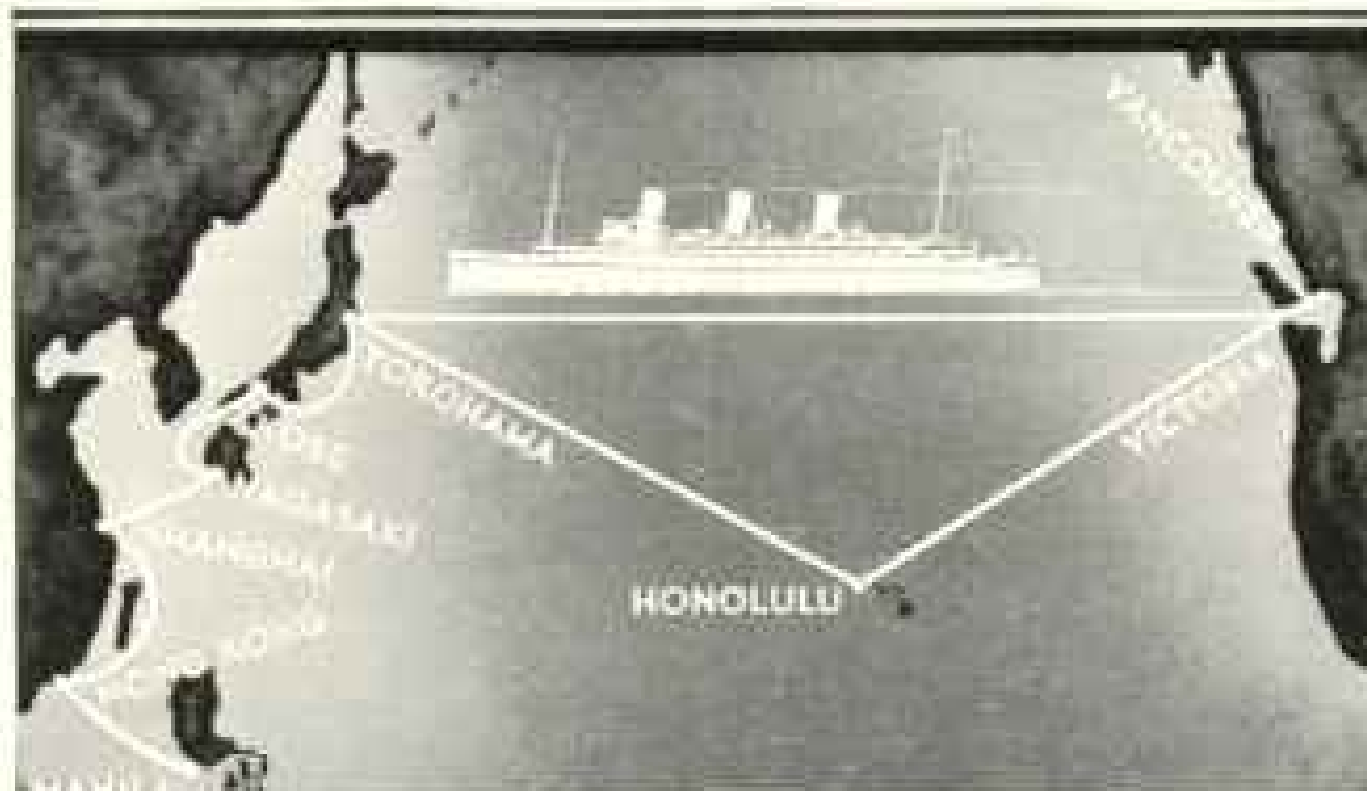
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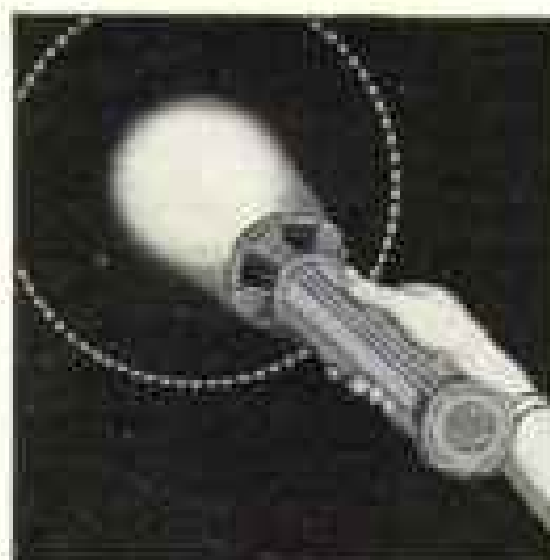
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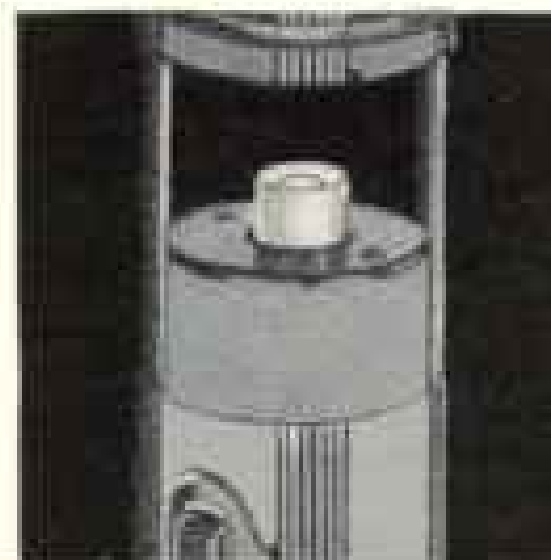
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

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FLASHLIGHT THAT LOADS LIKE A RIFLE!
 (Below) No detachable parts. Front and rear caps slide out smoothly on chrome runways. Nothing to unscrew...nothing to displace! To load, just twist the cap...and it springs out on the runways. Batteries go in like balls in a breech-loading rifle...quickly and easily.



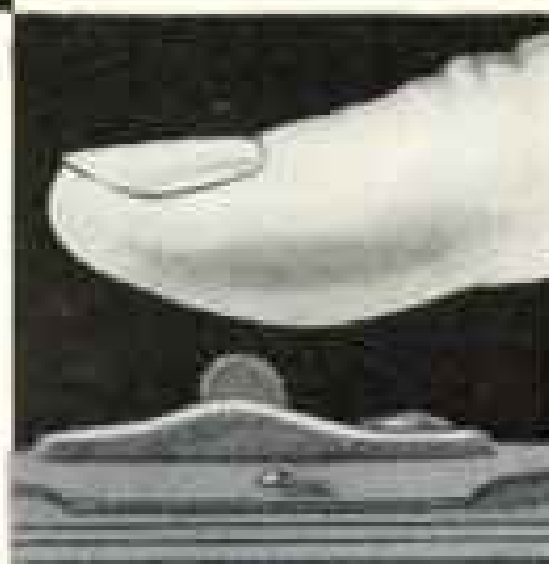
"HAIR-TRIGGER" SWITCH. (Below) You just touch the switch and the light is on! Release, and it's off. And instead of pushing a slide switch as you formerly had to do to get a steady, "locked-on" light...you just flick your thumb forward and it's done! The switch is so designed that it can't turn on accidentally.



YOUR OWN INITIAL, RIGHT ON THE CASE!
 (Below) You may replace the trade-mark plate with a handsome black and chrome plate bearing your own initial. A valuable means of identifying your light; and a good idea, too, for a personalized Christmas gift... See the Eveready Masterlites at your dealer's today.



TWO TYPES OF LIGHT AT A TOUCH OF YOUR THUMB! (Above) The Light Selector provides instant, one-hand selection of either a piercing "spot" or a broad, diffused beam. For the first time, you can focus the light quickly and easily with one hand while you hold the beam on the object you want to see!



"CANDLE-LIGHT" TOP. (Above) By just pulling the lens housing out on the runways and standing the light on end... you have a candle-light which illuminates a room yet leaves both hands free for the job in hand. The light can be regulated... soft and diffused, or bright enough to thread a needle!



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that he'll use every day and carry over his heart for life!

A Gift that Every Woman, Too, Would Joyfully Welcome, for This Revolutionary Pen Holds 102% More Ink—Shows When to Refill—Hence Ends Running Dry



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(for cigarettes, jewelry, or boudoir trifles) with the purchase of this Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Set

For this princely Christmas Special, go promptly to your favorite department store, pen shop, stationer's, jeweler's, or druggist's. Purchase one of the lovely Parker Vacumatic Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Sets, and your dealer will mount this utterly new style creation in this permanent Plaskon Case, for which he will charge you absolutely nothing.

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transfer the shimmering Pen and Pencil to pocket, handbag, or desk, and put to use the smart Plaskon Case as a cigarette box or jewel case. Made in Jet or African Brown with Ivory Plaskon lid—it's permanently strong, thoroughly durable, and extremely artistic and attractive. See illustration above.



So don't forget to ask for the famous "Parker" by name instead of for just "a fountain pen." For "Parker" is the name that your dear ones will look for on any gift Pen or Set—the name that will make them *stand up and cheer* on Christmas morn!

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A Gift



beyond price...

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Two superb achievements presented by RCA Victor ... The D-22 and the Victor Library of Recorded Music

THIS could be your Christmas morning: It is the zero hour, just when the tree is lit. Now the door opens, and, as the family crushes through, the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah rings out in triumph and thanksgiving. The Trinity Choir might be there about the Christmas tree, so clear are the voices, so warm with life the music. Instead, it is the beginning of a 90-minute concert selected by you from the Victor Library of Recorded Music, played by the D-22, greatest RCA Victor combination radio-phonograph.

With these two crowning RCA Victor achievements—the Victor

Library of Recorded Music, and the D-22, RCA Victor radio-phonograph—you make your family a gift that embraces the entire world of music.

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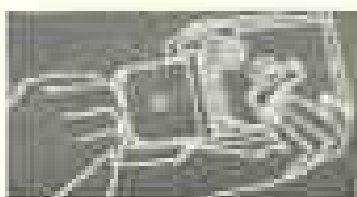


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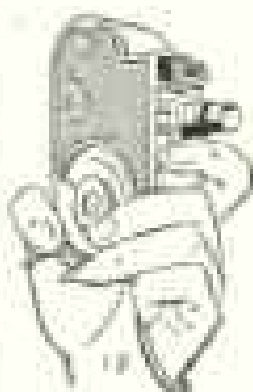
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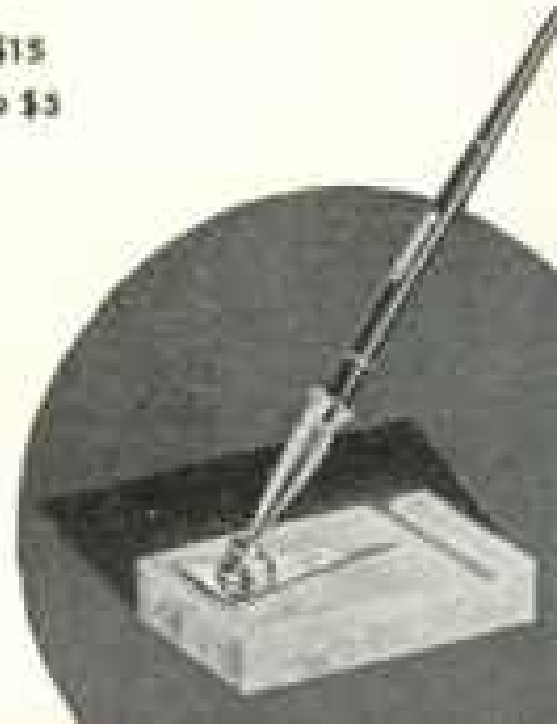
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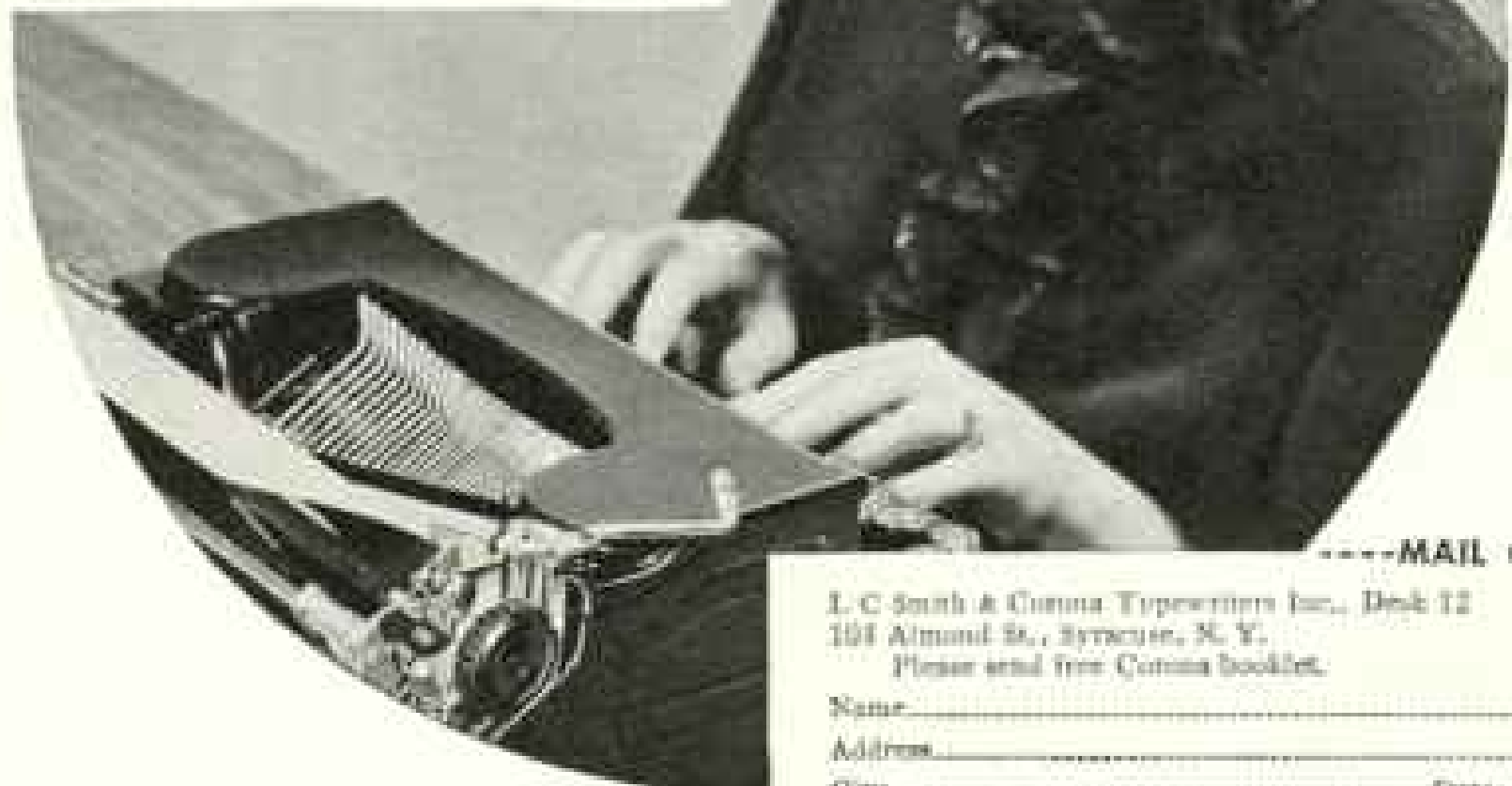
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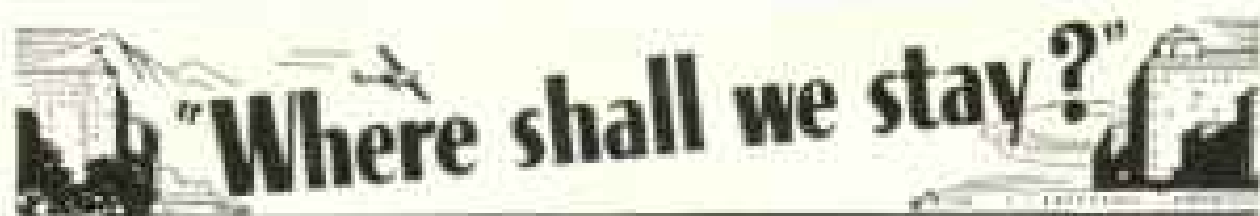
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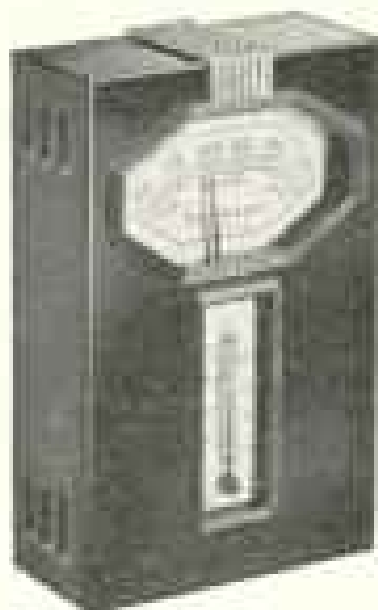


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Adults, too, should have the proper amount of sleep. Each day they burn up tissue which rest helps to restore at night. During hours of physical and mental activity the body accumulates fatigue poisons which are thrown off in sleep.

Pain, worry, bad digestion are sleep-thieves. Prolonged loss of sleep makes one irritable and below par, mentally and physically. The tendency to insomnia may often be successfully combated in various ways—sometimes by taking a walk before going to bed—reading a non-exciting book—drinking a cup of hot milk, but above all, by learning to relax. Let go of every muscle,

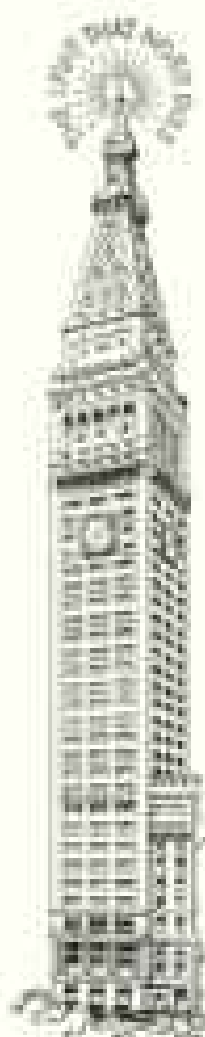
SLEEP REQUIRED BY THE AVERAGE CHILD

One of the most valuable things you can do for your child is to insist that he gets enough sleep. Make sure that he receives his full amount of Nature's great builder and restorer—sleep.

Age	Hours of sleep needed
At birth	20 to 22 hours*
At 6 months	16 to 18 hours*
At 1 year	14 to 16 hours*
2 to 5 years	13 to 15 hours*
6 to 7 "	12 hours
8 to 10 "	11 hours
11 to 12 "	10 to 11 hours
13 to 15 "	10 to 12 hours

*Including daytime sleep

(Compiled from U. S. Children's Bureau Folder 11, "Why Sleep?")



ease every tension, drop your problems until tomorrow and let yourself sink into the bed instead of holding yourself rigidly on top of it. Even though you do not actually go to sleep, such repose will bring a good measure of health repair. But when loss of sleep is persistent, a physician should be consulted.

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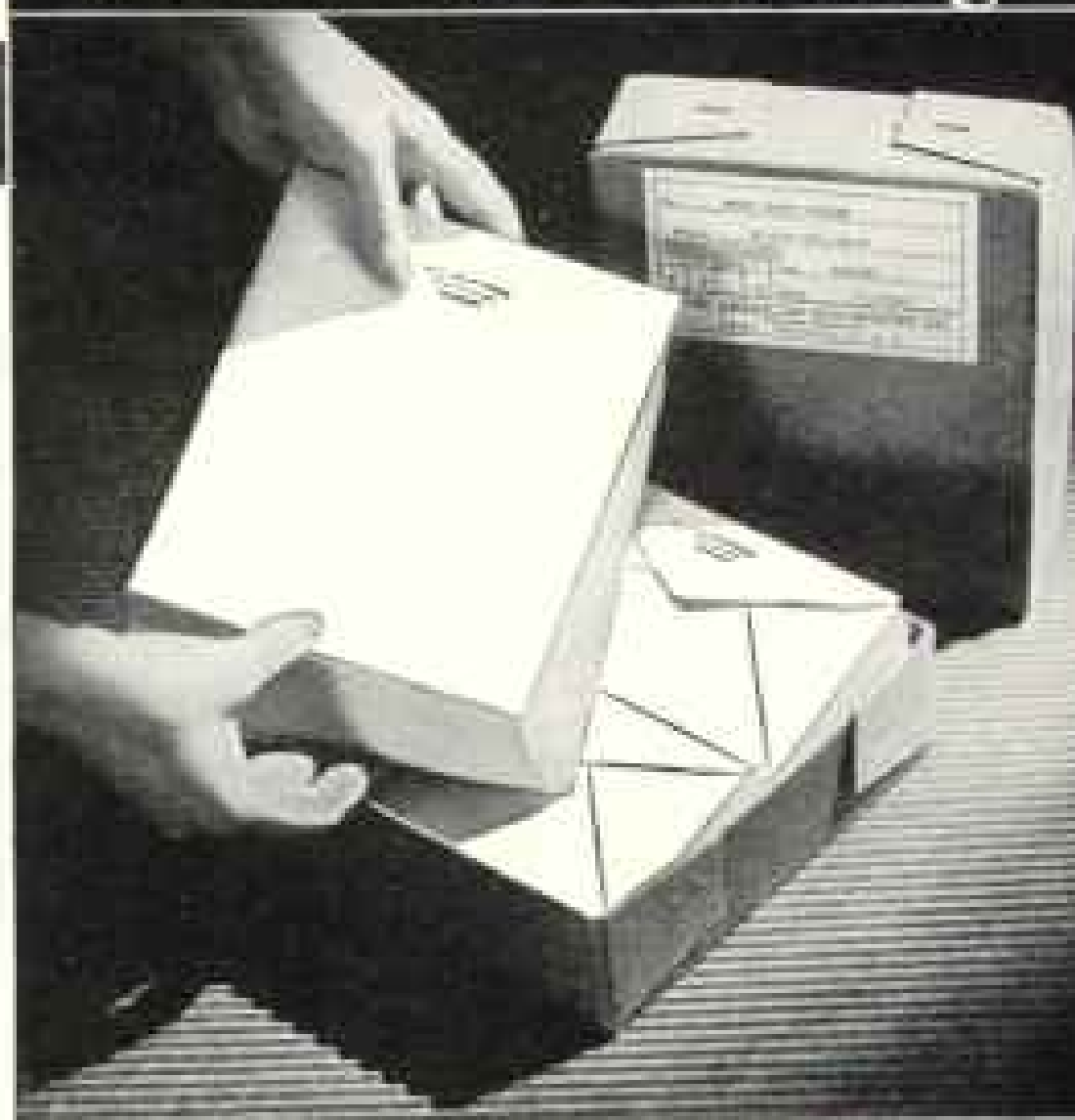
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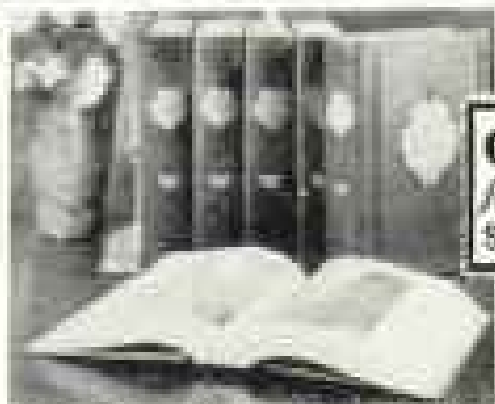
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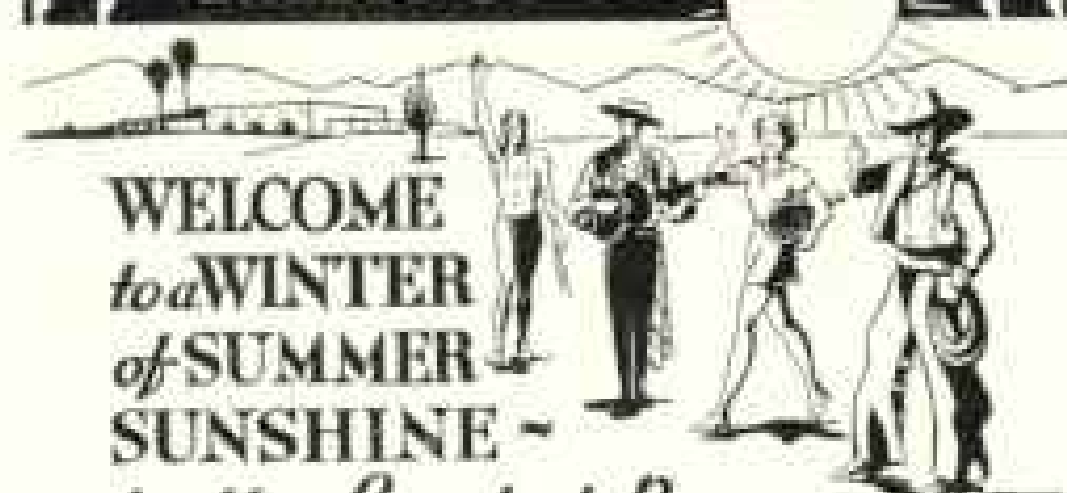


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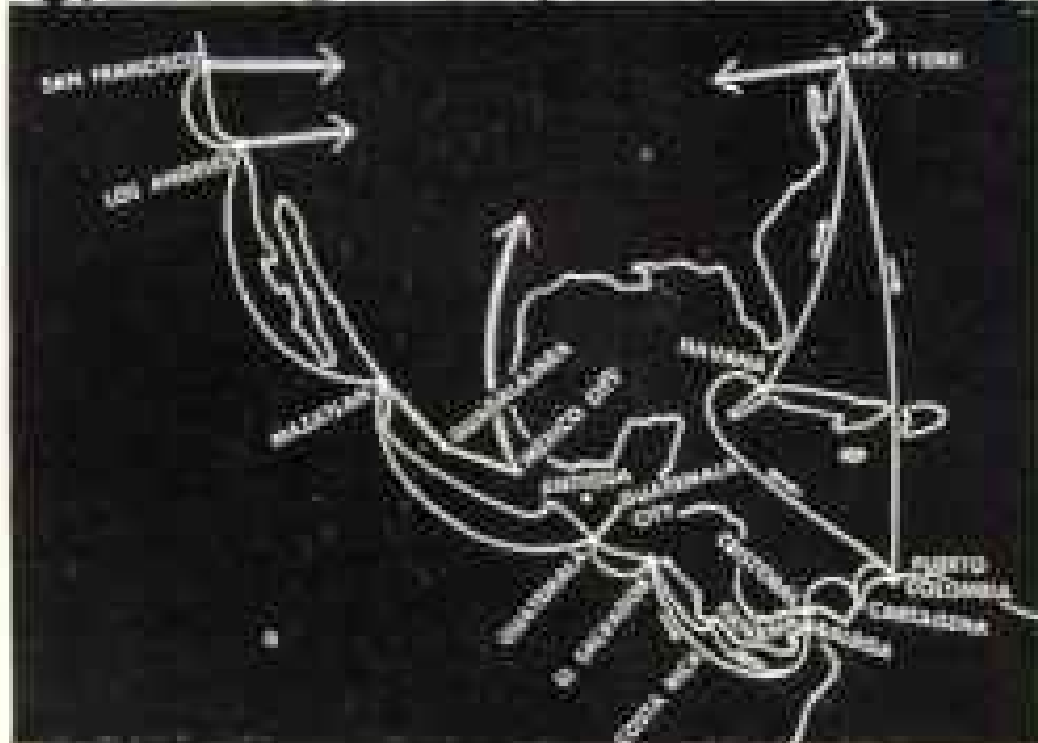
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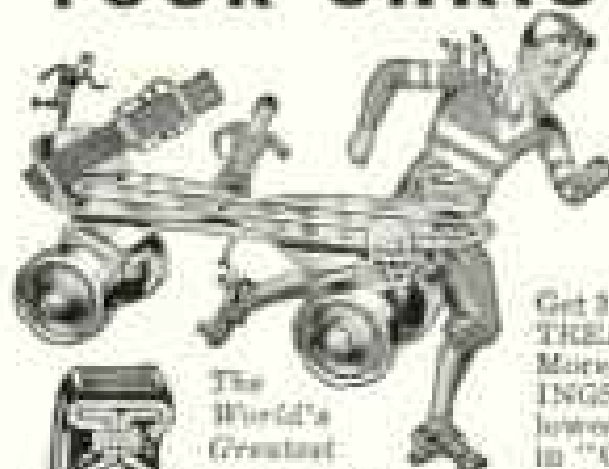
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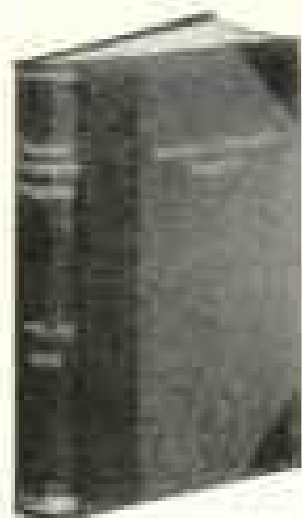
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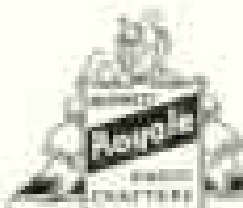
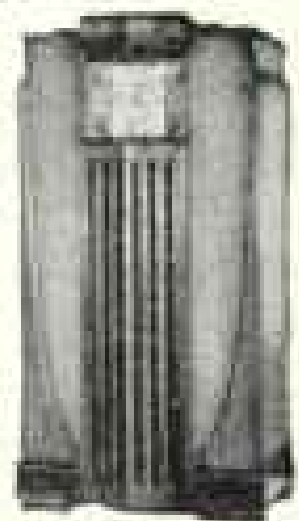


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