ATLAS MAP SUPPLEMENT: WASHINGTON, D.C. (page 782)

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December, 1964

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Inauguration of the Nation's newly elected President next month swings the spotlight of world attention to the stately, dynamic, ever-growing Capital of 192,000,000 Americans

Washington

THE CITY FREEDOM BUILT

By WILLIAM GRAVES

National Geographic Senior Staff

WHEN I WAS A BOY in Washington, I resented my cousins bitterly. It seemed to me they were always coming to town with their parents to have a look at the Nation's Capital.

That meant "The Tour."

The Tour put an end to baseball or fishing and substituted marble halls instead. Cousins, my mother explained, should have company when they went sightseeing, and it was only polite to provide it. As a result, I spent too many of my early days walking up the stairs of the Washington Monument, trudging through the Capitol, and standing in line at the White House.

The injustice of it all bore in on me cruelly. I grew up determined that I would put Washington behind me forever. Of course I never did, and over the years my feeling for monuments has softened. Now, when I return home after months away, the first thing I see is the Washington Monument, an old friend, soaring into the sky. And I confess it gives me a feeling of being back where I belong.

I haven't climbed it in years.

Change Reshapes a City's Character

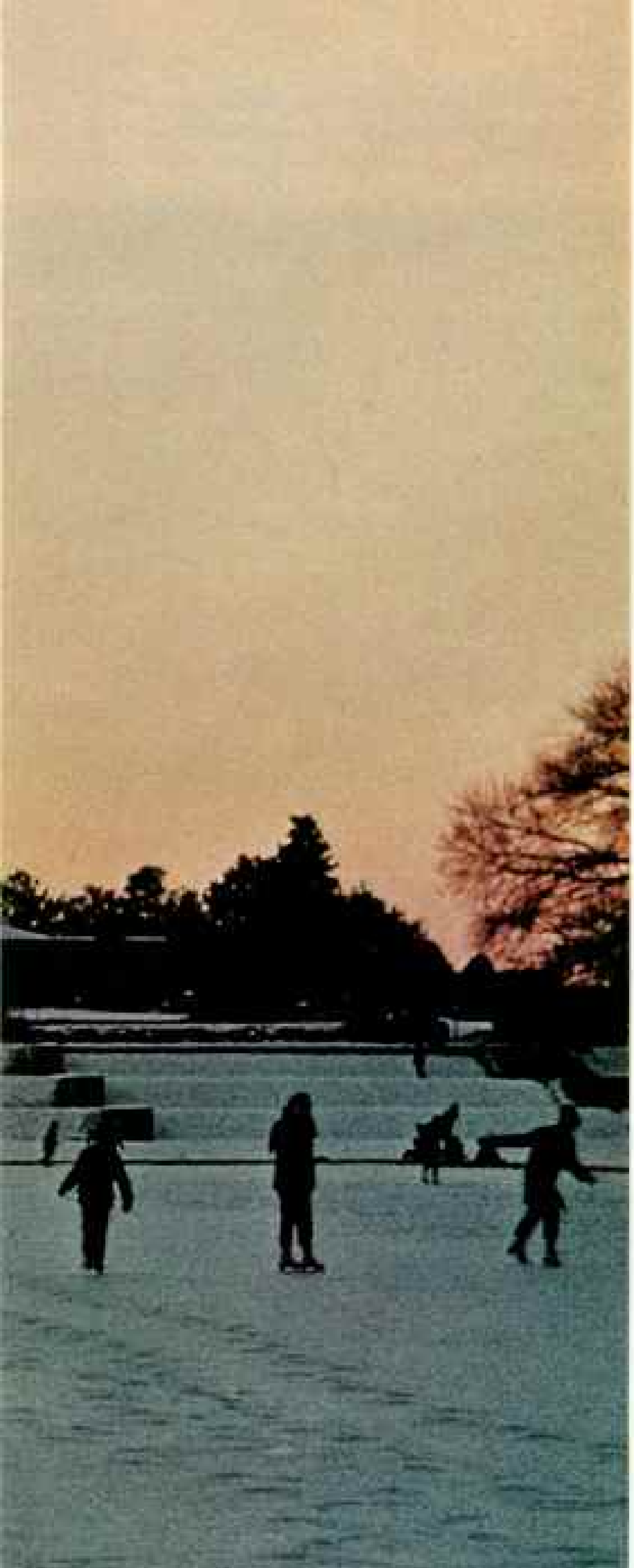
Washington without cousins when I was young seemed a place of endless delight. I remember long summers of fishing off the rocks below Chain Bridge. Now and then there was a perch to be carried home with pride, though I can't recall a hero's welcome. I never could bear to let it out of my sight, so that it lay all day on the rocks. No one at home seemed interested in sun-broiled perch, so instead there was a hero's burial.

There were open streetcars, and a polo field near the Lincoln Memorial, with its taste of dust on summer afternoons. And I remember other tastes: the Sunday-night one of crackers and milk at the old Cosmos Club on Lafayette

Star-spangled City of Washington Spreads a Carpet of Lighted Landmarks

Mosaic of living history, the Nation's Capital sparkles in a soft summer twilight. Acclaimed one of the world's most beautiful cities, the metropolis on the banks of the Potomac River is famed for

magnificent vistas of far-spreading parks, tree-shaded boulevards, and marble monuments. View from a helicopter encompasses the Federal complex stretching from the white-domed Capitol (far left), past the floodlighted National Archives building, to the Washington Monument (right, center). Stately new National Geographic Society headquarters (extreme right) lends luster to the panorama.



Square; the burnt flavor of potatoes roasted in a bonfire on winter nights when we went skating on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The streetcars are gone now, and the polo field is a divided parkway. On winter nights they still skate on the C & O Canal, but my ankles aren't what they used to be. The Cosmos Club has moved to Massachusetts Avenue, and it's a good many years since my father* took a chance with a small son in the quiet dining room.

Washington, in short, has changed greatly, and there are times when I hardly recognize it. It's a big city now, not just a small town that happens to be the Nation's Capital. (See the new double map of **Washington** with this issue.)

For the few—especially New Yorkers—who still picture Washington as a small town, the statistics come as a surprise. What amounted in my boyhood to a community of 650,000, with its suburbs, now totals well over two million.

Spring Heralds Tide of Visitors

Washington the metropolis long ago outgrew Washington the Nation's Capital, the 69-square-mile Federal District of Columbia. Metropolitan Washington today stretches over 1,500 square miles and invades four neighboring counties—Arlington and Fairfax on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, Montgomery and Prince Georges on the Maryland side (maps, page 783).

The result is a case of split personality—Federal and state—that often confuses visitors, and even Washingtonians themselves.

Residents of the District of Columbia, for example, have no U. S. Senators or Representatives, though they now vote in Presidential elections. Their fellow Washingtonians just over the District boundary in Maryland and Virginia have normal representation. Through Congress, the latter have more to say about the Federal City than we who actually live in it. So, for that matter, do Texans and Californians.

Washington repays her 192,000,000 proprietors—the American people—by entertaining them in endless streams. Every spring when the

*Ralph A. Graves, brilliant Senior Assistant Editor and writer for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC from 1916 to 1952.
—THE EDITOR

Carefree Skaters Glide Before a Marble Lincoln Enshrined in Light

Wan winter sun fades quickly, and soon lights will wink on beside the frozen Reflecting Pool. On the snow-banked steps leading to the shrine, visitors file up a planked pathway to pay homage to the Great Emancipator, who sits amid the enduring words of his Second Inaugural and Gettysburg Addresses.

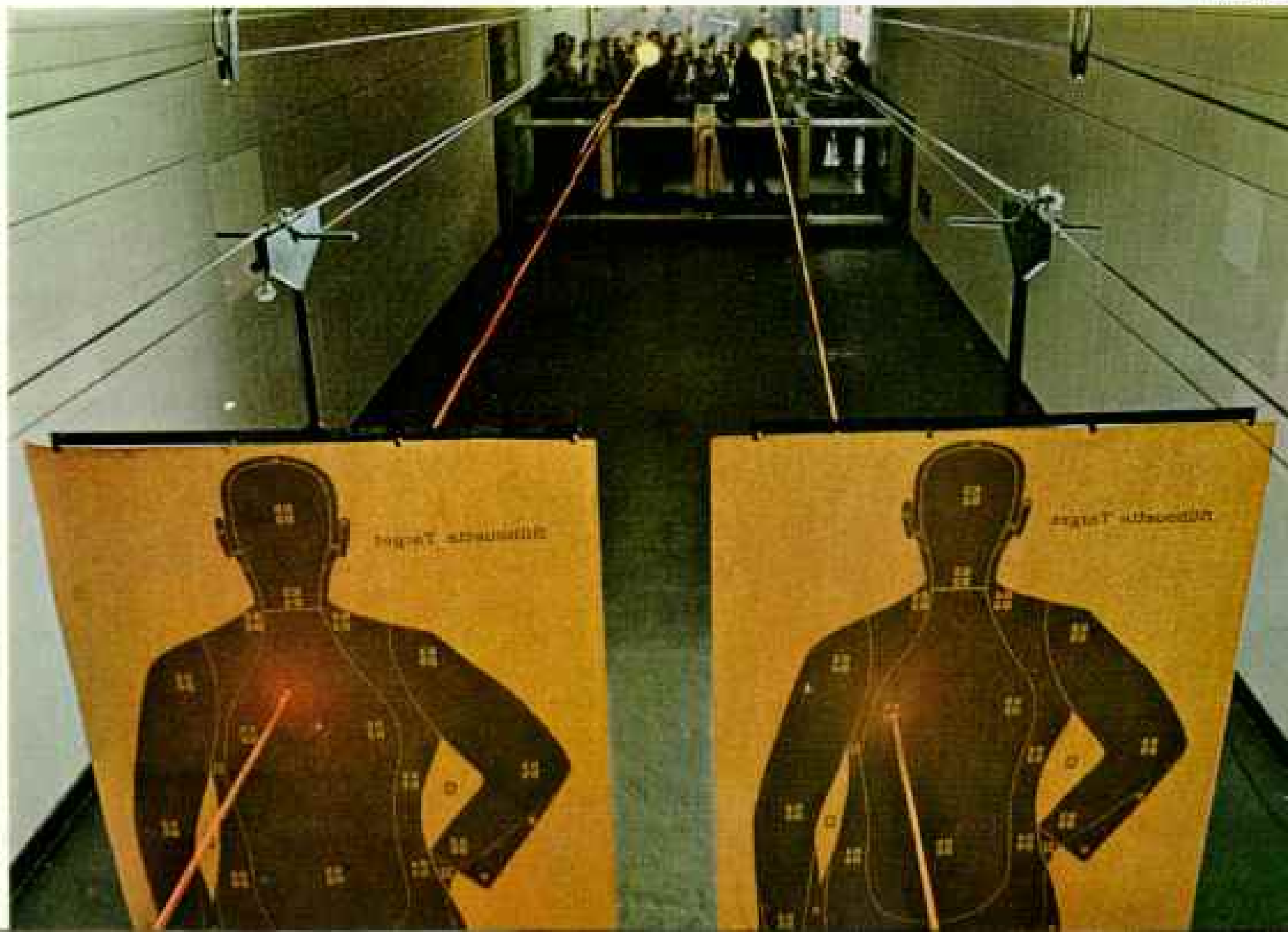
KODACHROME BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.

Inbound from everywhere, students take Washington by storm each spring—hanging out of buses, crowding hotel lobbies, and filing past the monuments that bespeak their Nation's heritage.

Money by the sheet (opposite, lower): one-dollar bills totaling $32,000 undergo inspection at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which turns out some nine billion dollars in currency each year.

Bull's-eye on badmen: Tracer bullets hit life-size targets on a practice range for agents in the Federal Bureau of Investigation's headquarters.

Cherished charters of the Nation, the Declaration of Independence, Constitution, and Bill of Rights lie protected in helium-filled cases



under specially tinted laminated glass at the National Archives. In an emergency, the documents can be lowered into a steel vault in 60 seconds.

BY HOWARD SCHERMAN (TOP LEFT), FRED MAROON (ABOVE), AND THOMAS KENNA © N.G.S.

willows along the Potomac turn the first feathery green and the shad start to run in the Georgetown Channel, the sightseers begin arriving in Washington. They come by the busload, by train and by car, even on foot. Somebody is always marching on Washington.

They keep on coming, more than a million a month, all through the deep summer, until the autumn mists creep low of a morning up the Potomac and the willows turn to golden fountains with the frost.

Sometimes special occasions—the great civil rights march of August, 1963, a Presidential inauguration, or Washington's annual spring Cherry Blossom Festival—strain the city to capacity. The weather, rarely hailed as a Washington asset, often provides a welcome all its own. In 1959 it provided sleet instead of cherry blossoms. For the festival's sponsors, early April is an agony of suspense.

What the visitors find in Washington depends upon themselves; there is endless variety to explore. Few pass through the city without walking up the steps of the Lincoln Memorial for a view of the majestic marble figure by Daniel Chester French (pages 738-9). Fewer still fail to take advantage of the Smithsonian Institution's unparalleled range of exhibits—art galleries, a zoo, natural history collections, and now the imposing Museum of History and Technology (page 743).

More than 1,000 visitors a day stream through another unique exhibit, Explorers Hall, in the National Geographic Society's new headquarters building. There, lifelike displays chronicle three-quarters of a century of discovery, including Adm. Robert E. Peary's brilliant conquest of the North Pole

SINCE NOVEMBER, 1894, when it published "Surveys and Maps of the District of Columbia," NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC has chronicled the changing face of the Nation's Capital in more than forty articles. Notable word-and-picture essays have described the Capitol (January, 1964, and August, 1952), the White House (January, 1961), the Smithsonian Institution (June, 1960), the C & O Canal (March, 1960), Pennsylvania Avenue (January, 1957), the National Gallery of Art (November, 1956), Mount Vernon (November, 1953), Georgetown (April, 1953), Arlington and Alexandria, Virginia (January, 1953), and the Library of Congress (May, 1950). More recently your Society, as a public service, helped prepare the best-selling official guidebooks to the White House and the United States Capitol.

in 1909 and today's dramatic search for earliest man by Dr. and Mrs. Louis S. B. Leakey in East Africa.

Exhibits in Explorers Hall have unpredictable results. A friend of mine at the Society recently helped guide her daughter's second-grade class around the hall. They paused by the display re-enacting the famous American Mount Everest Expedition of 1963, in which the Society played a prominent role. On a simulated ice slope, a mannequin representing National Geographic staff man Barry C. Bishop climbs toward the distant summit of the world. My friend explained to the children that the boots, the oxygen mask, even the down-filled suit were the very ones that Mr. Bishop wore.

There was a pause as 20 pairs of eyes surveyed the dramatic scene. Then a voice said uneasily, "Is he still in there?"

City in Throes of a Face Lifting

Some sights in Washington should be visited soon; they may not be around many more years. One such sight, familiar to every television viewer who has watched a Presidential inaugural parade or grieved with the Nation over a lost hero, is historic Pennsylvania Avenue. A Presidential council recently completed plans for massive redevelopment of the avenue, including rebuilding its north side almost entirely (pages 744-7).

The result, if the plan goes through, would give Washington between the White House and the Capitol a magnificent vista such as the city's French designer, Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, dreamed of 173 years ago.

Pennsylvania Avenue represents a mere fraction of the rapidly changing core of a great city. Transformation of Washington's tired central shopping district is being proposed by a group of business and civic leaders called "Downtown Progress."

Not far away, in view of the Capitol, 550 acres known as Southwest Redevelopment have already banished their tumbled shacks and grimy warehouses in favor of new townhouses and apartments (page 775).

Elsewhere time turns back on itself, as in the case of Lafayette Square. Around the broad park just opposite the White House, a scattering of buildings of the 1920's have fallen to the wrecking hammer. In their place, beside such beloved landmarks as the Dolley Madison House, will rise authentic reproductions of Washington's graceful Federal period, unusual camouflage for busy Government offices behind them.

At the opposite end of Pennsylvania Avenue rises Capitol Hill, surpassing even the White House for the favor of visitors, and the showcase of working government.

In a normal two-year term, the Congress of the United States may handle some 20,000 proposed bills and resolutions. Only a fraction find their way through committee to the House and Senate floors. There, in full view of Americans and all the world, each bill meets the final test—to become a footnote in Congressional history, or, after signature by the President, a law of the Nation.

Last summer I sat among a crowd of visitors in the Senate to watch the preview of just such a test. After more than two months of debate over the Civil Rights Bill, the Senate had turned to the question of cloture, the motion aimed at limiting debate and thus hastening the passage—or defeat—of a bill.

The atmosphere in the galleries was more than usually solemn as 100 Senators—none missed the vote—filed onto the floor below.

At such times, history crowds close upon the Senate, and great moments in its past come to mind. In the Old Senate Chamber, 114 years ago, men had grappled with a fearful question: life or death of the Union itself. The struggle had only begun that March day in 1850 when John C. Calhoun, mere weeks away from his own death, had sat in grim pain among his fellow Senators—Webster of

Visitors See the Earth Turn in a New Smithsonian Museum

Though seemingly standing still, sightseers in the Museum of History and Technology learn from the Foucault Pendulum that they are revolving with their planet. Each morning the big golden pointer is set along the path in which the 240-pound bob is swinging. As the minutes tick by, the path of the bob on its 73-foot cable appears to turn clockwise away from the pointer. Actually it is the pointer that is being moved counterclockwise under the pendulum's arc by the rotation of the earth.

Beyond the railing hangs the Star-Spangled Banner, Francis Scott Key's inspiration for our national anthem. The flag was 42 feet long when it flew "through the perilous night" over Fort McHenry; eight feet were long ago lost to souvenir hunters and moths.

Diplomatic escort, motorcycle officer James Havenner leads a party of visiting dignitaries through Washington traffic.

Route of Presidents, Pennsylvania Avenue plays its role as a ceremonial way every four years when the inaugural parade moves from Capitol to White House. Here the Kennedy procession nears the Treasury (below) on January 20, 1961.

New vision of grandeur, a great square proposed by the President's Council on Pennsylvania Avenue spreads from the Treasury steps (foreground). This "first truly national square in the United States" would rank in size with the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Patterned paving radiates from a 150-foot-wide fountain. Underground streets and parking leave the square free for pedestrians and cafes. Trees trimmed like hedges add greenery. The plan's full scope appears on pages 746-7.

Massachusetts, Benton of Missouri, Clay of Kentucky—while a colleague read the South Carolinian's dreadful and prophetic warning to the North:

"If you, who represent the stronger portion, cannot agree to settle . . . on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we . . . represent agree to separate and part in peace. If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so, and we shall know what to do, when you reduce the question to submission or resistance."

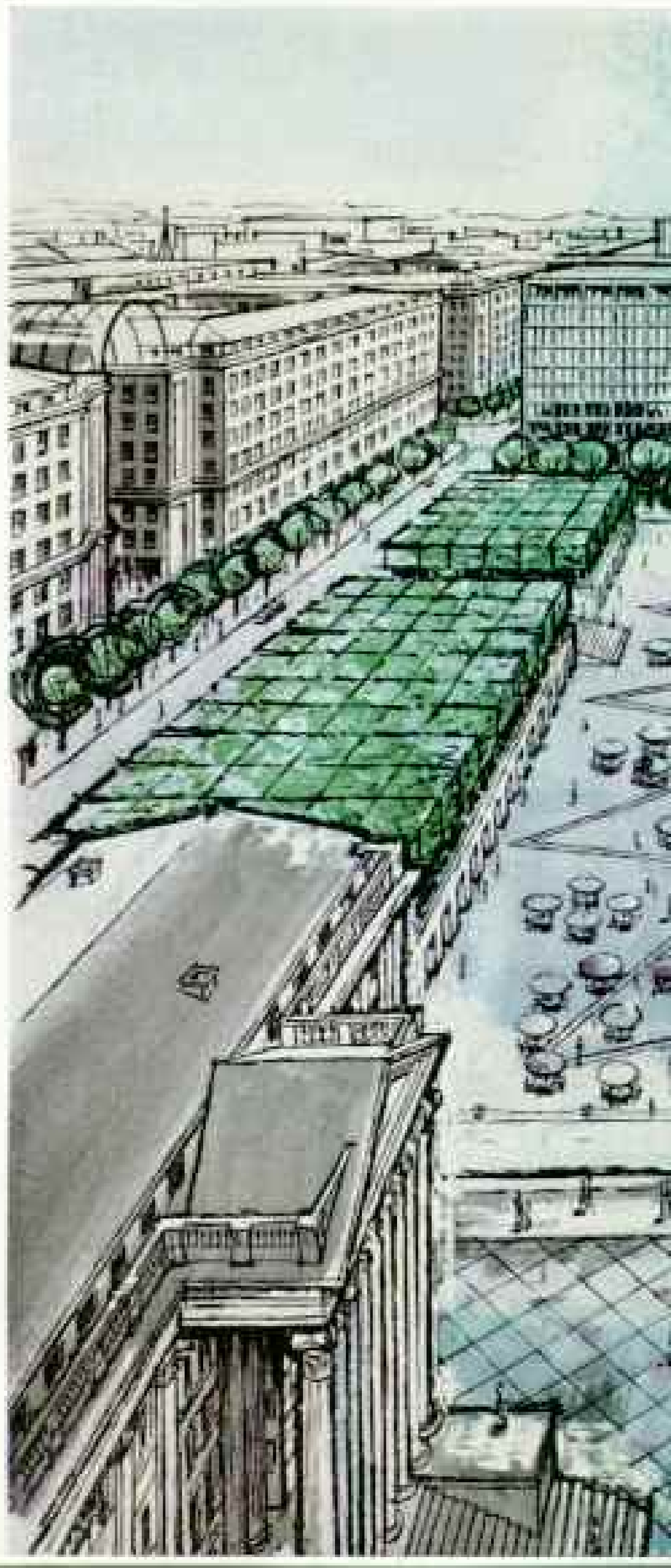
Silence Pays Tribute to Silence

On this solemn yet less ominous day in 1964, no voice in the Senate Chamber urged violence. Many were eloquent.

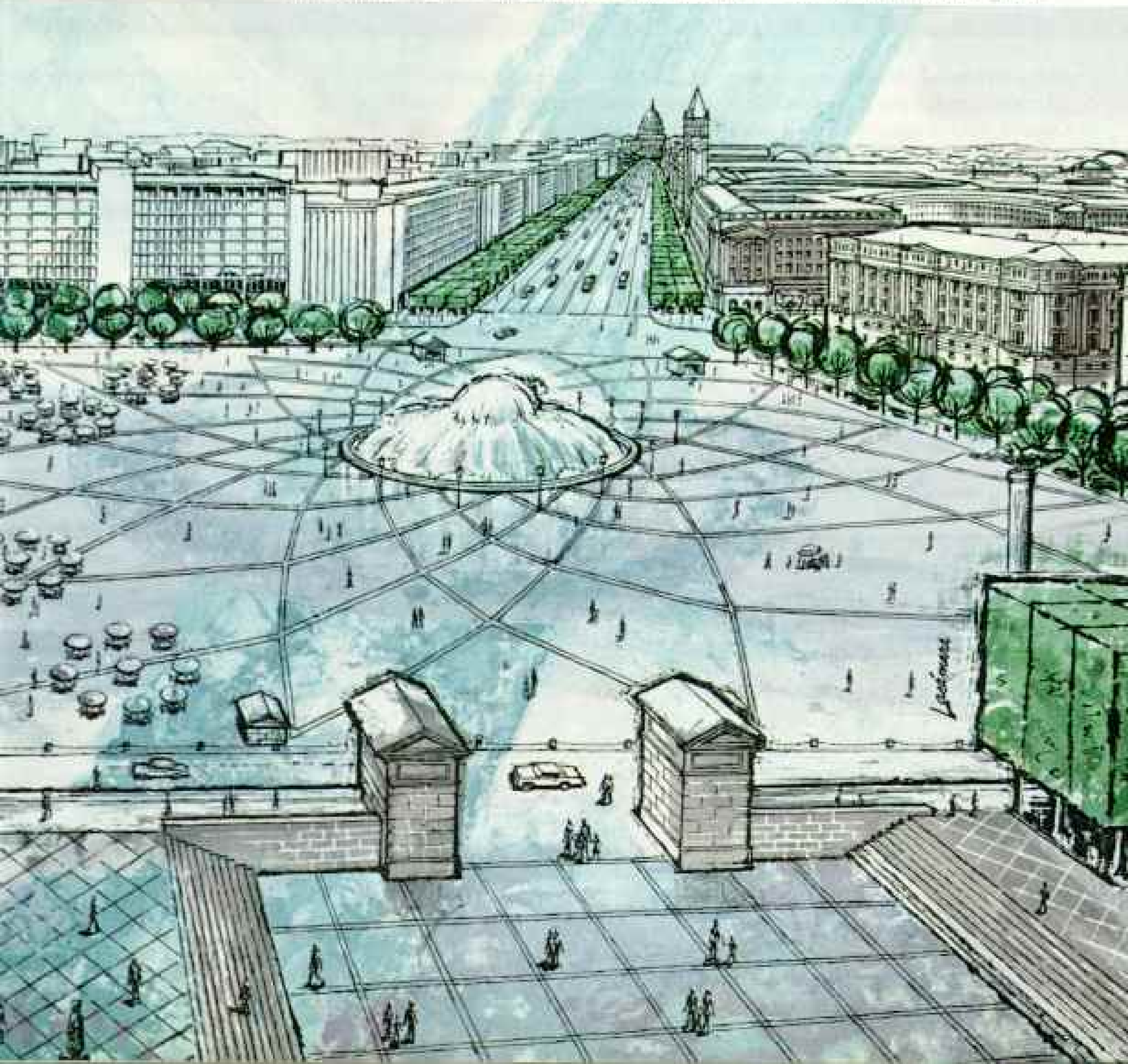
Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Democrat of Minnesota and Majority Whip, likened the vote to another crucial moment in history. He took his theme from Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*—the famous Saint Crispin's Day speech by the young King on the night before the Battle of Agincourt. In years to come, Senator Humphrey declared, the anniversary of the vote, like that of Agincourt, "shall ne'er go by, From this day to the ending of the world, But we in it shall be remembered. . . ."

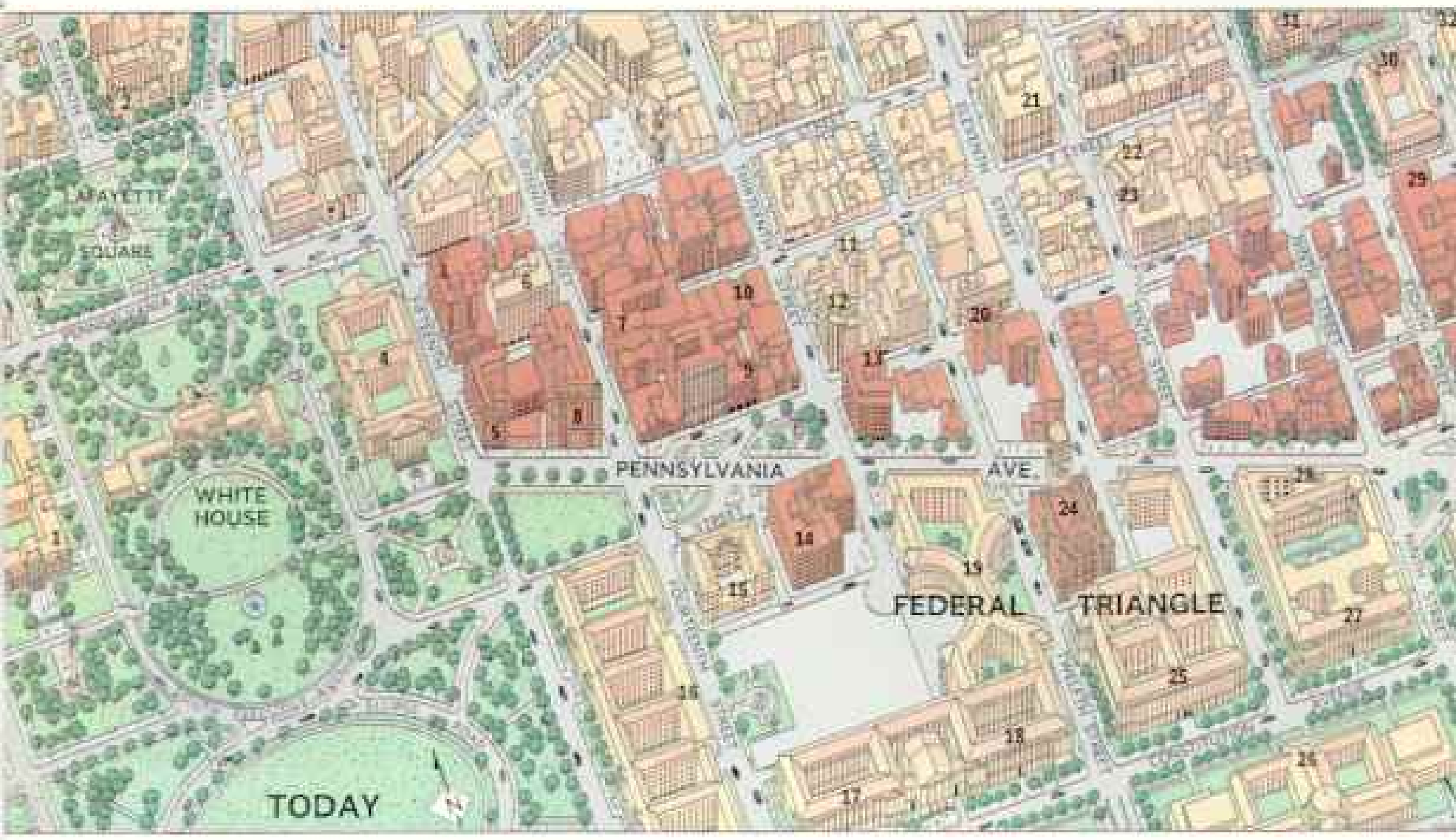
Silence, too, proved moving. During the final debate the late Senator Clair Engle, Democrat of California, whom I had known in his years on the House side, sat partially paralyzed in a wheelchair, the result of two serious brain operations. Unable to answer when the clerk called his name to vote, Senator Engle leaned forward with tremendous effort and nodded for the clerk to record "yea." Neither sighs nor applause swept the galleries. Silence paid tribute to silence.

(Continued on page 751)



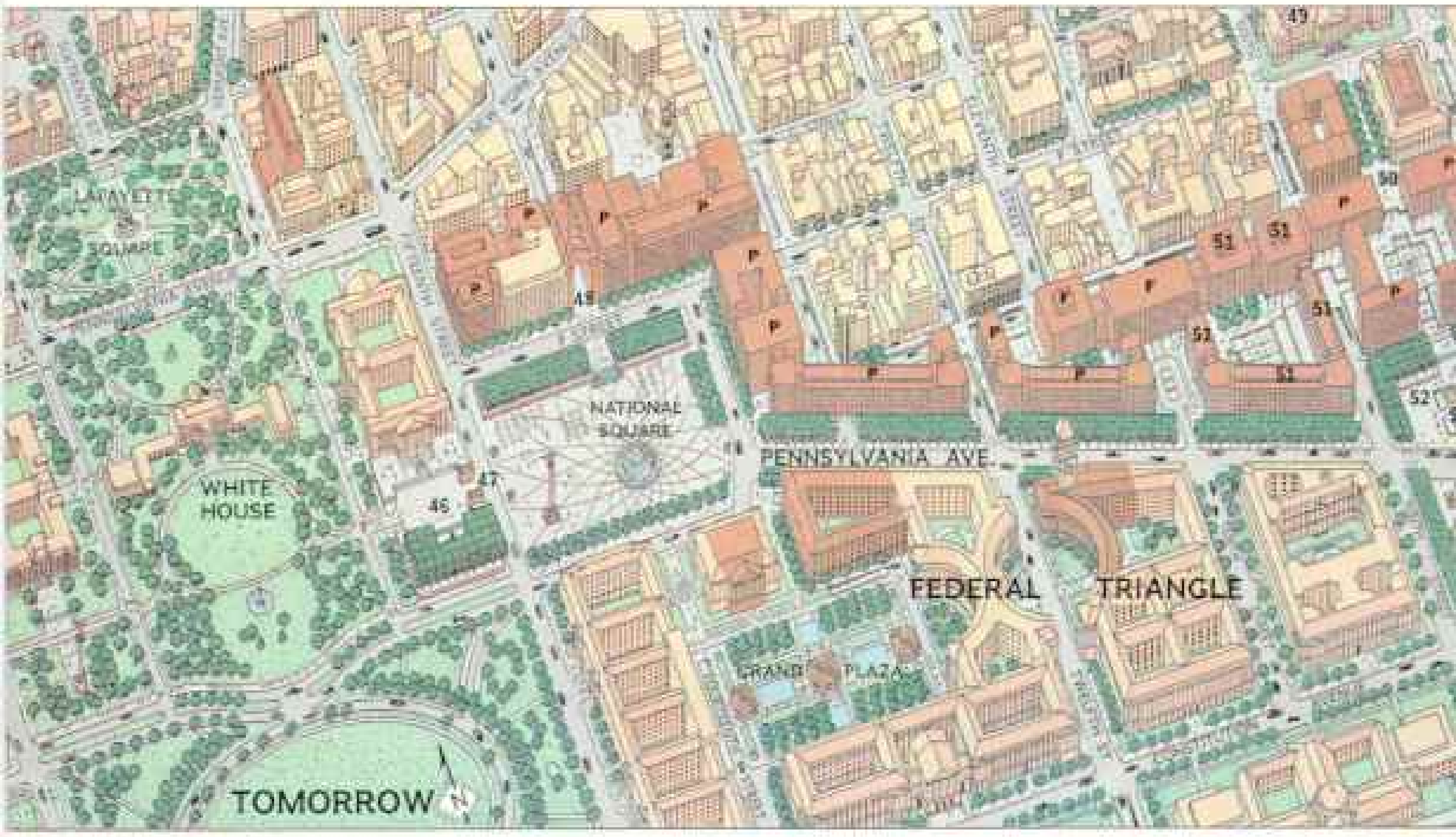
PAINTING BY CARLOS LACÁMARA, KODACHROME (ABOVE) BY JOHN E. FLETCHER, AND [illegible] EKTACHROME BY BRUCE DALE © N.G.S.



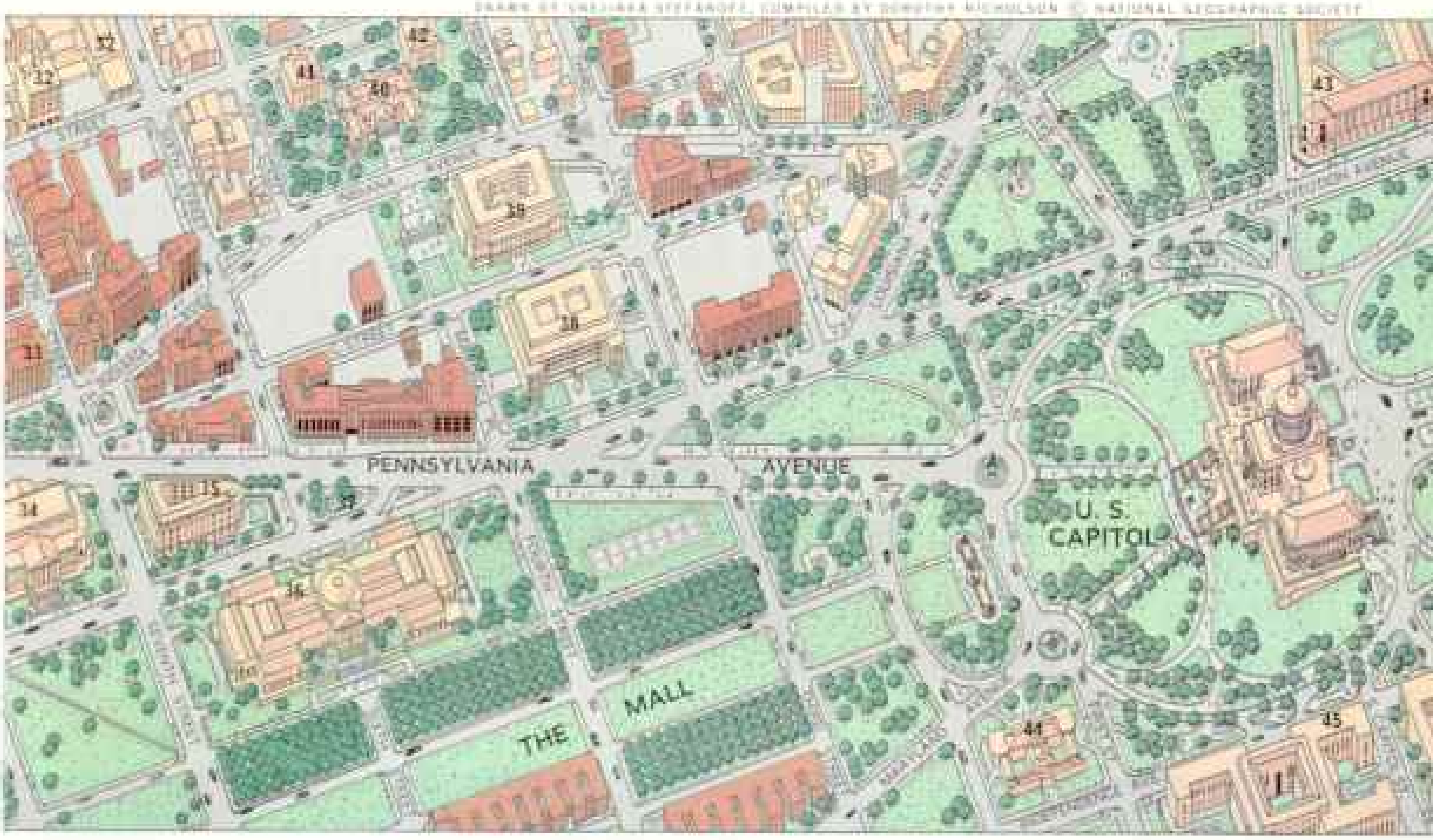


Main street for all Americans, stage of their triumphs and tragedies, Pennsylvania Avenue looks forward to a major transformation. The President's Council envisions a boulevard deep in trees (below), with broad sidewalks stepped in three stages like a grandstand. Red tints show a mile-long complex of buildings recommended for redevelopment (above) to present a unified frontage, balancing a completed Federal Triangle on the south side. Market Square (center, below) opens a vista through a new mall to the new National Portrait Gallery. Old Post Office tower rises above a completed great marble colonnade. Grand Plaza, now a parking lot, becomes a formal garden; 1,700 cars can park beneath. At the Capitol, a reflecting pool mirrors the Dome. New buildings will be assigned to private (P), Federal (F), or municipal (M) use.

1 Executive Office Building
2 St. John's Church
3 Keith's Theatre
4 Treasury Department
5 Hotel Washington
6 Garfinckel's Department Store
7 National Press Building
8 Willard Hotel
9 National Theatre
10 Palace Theatre
11 Jelleff's Department Store
12 Warner Theatre
13 Pennsylvania Building



DRAWN BY SNEJINKA STEFANOFF, COMPILED BY DOROTHY NICHOLSON © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



14 Coast Guard Headquarters
15 District Building
16 Department of Commerce
17 Department of Labor
18 Interstate Commerce Commission
19 Post Office Department
20 Harrington Hotel
21 Woodward & Lothrop Department Store
22 Metropolitan Theatre
23 Ford's Theatre (Lincoln Museum)
24 Old Post Office Building
25 Internal Revenue Service
26 Museum of Natural History
27 Department of Justice
28 Federal Bureau of Investigation
29 Lansburgh's Department Store
30 U. S. Tariff Commission
31 Old Civil Service Building
32 Hecht's Department Store
33 Kann's Department Store
34 National Archives
35 Federal Trade Commission
36 National Gallery of Art
37 Andrew W. Mellon Memorial Fountain
38 U. S. Court House
39 Municipal Center
40 D. C. Building (Public Health)
41 U. S. Court of Military Appeals
42 D. C. Juvenile Court
43 Senate Office Building
44 Botanic Garden
45 House Office Building
46 Treasury Place
47 White House Gate
48 Shopping Arcade
49 National Portrait Gallery
50 Eighth Street Mall
51 New F.B.I. Complex
52 Market Square
53 Archives Exhibit Pavilion
54 Department of Labor (possible location)
55 Sculpture Garden
56 Constitution Avenue Underpass

Library of Congress: the Nation's treasury of recorded wisdom

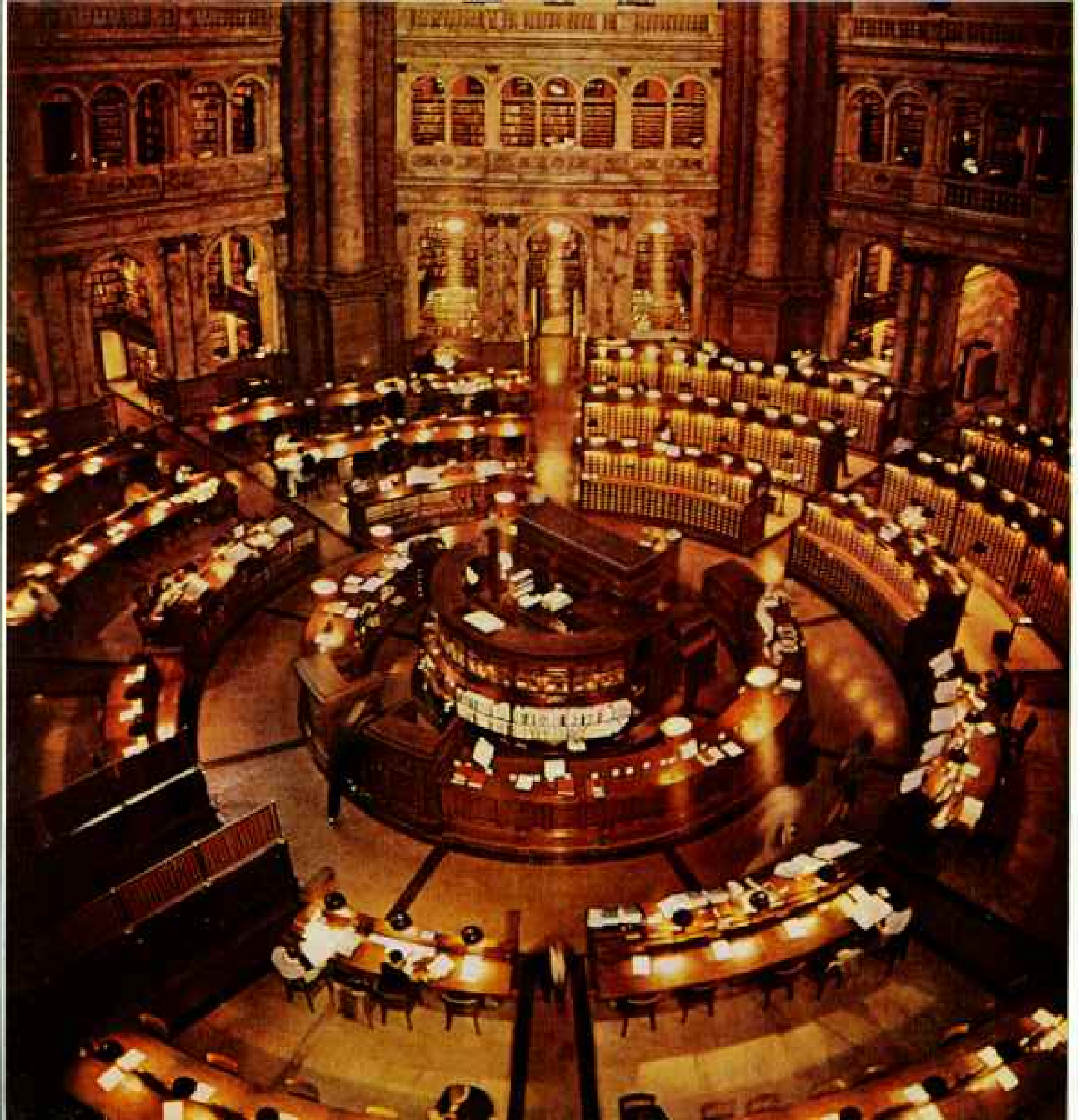
MILLIONS OF BOOKS await a reader's command in the Main Reading Room. Any adult may consult the card catalogue, hand in his requests at the central counter, and study all day at a lamp-lit desk. Borrowing is restricted to Government use and interlibrary loan.

The library, one of the world's largest, includes far more than books. It houses newspapers on microfilm, motion pictures by the thousands, century-old election posters, handwritten musical scores, Civil War photographs, Jefferson's rough draft of the Declaration of Independence (with editing by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin), Lincoln's early drafts of his Gettysburg Address, the finest surviving Gutenberg Bible, and the first copyrighted motion picture extant, Thomas Edison's *Fred Ott's Sneeze*. In all, the library bursts with 43,500,000 items.

Packed in eleven trunks and one map case, the original library—"Shipped, by the Grace of God," as a bill of lading reads—arrived from London in 1801, a year after the books had been ordered by Congress. Some went up in smoke in 1814, when George III's troops used them to kindle the Capitol. Fire again destroyed more than half the collection in 1851.

A series of great Librarians of Congress has given the institution world-wide prestige. To Herbert Putnam's luncheon Round Table between 1899 and 1939 came eminent figures, among them William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Alexander Graham Bells, and the Gilbert H. Grosvenors. Poet Archibald MacLeish succeeded Putnam in World War II. L. Quincy Mumford is the eleventh and current librarian.

Thirteenth-century Latin lectionary (below) glows richly in the library's Great Hall.



HD ENTACHROME (LEFT) BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS NEBBIA AND KODACHROME (ABOVE) BY CECIL MANSON © N.G.S.

Face to face with the future, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson inaugurates the Picturephone at National Geographic Society headquarters. James B. Morrison (left), President of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Companies, and Dr. Melville Bell Grosvenor, President of the Society and grandson of the telephone's inventor, share this historic moment. The First Lady spoke with Dr. Elizabeth A. Wood (below, left), Bell Telephone scientist, who was telecast from Picturephone's New York station. At present, service is available only between public centers in Washington, New York, and Chicago.

When the vote was tallied, 70 other Senators had voted "yea," and the motion for cloture carried. The vote proved a prologue to passage of the Civil Rights Bill. Three weeks later, President Johnson signed it, with words reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln.

"Its purpose," President Johnson said of the law, "is not to punish. Its purpose is not to divide but to end divisions—divisions which have all lasted too long."

Supreme Court Changes With City

Outside the Senate in the broad plaza, I gazed across at the Supreme Court Building. What occurs on one side of Capitol Plaza affects the other; in years to come, the Court would surely write a sequel to the day's events in the Senate.

One man concerned with that sequel is Chief Justice Earl Warren, a distinguished Trustee of the National Geographic Society. At a recess, he received me in his chambers.

There is an informality and warmth about the Chief Justice of the United States that sets visitors instantly at ease. I explained that I was writing a story about Washington, and he gave me a broad smile.

"Write it quickly," he advised. "Your city and mine changes overnight. The Supreme Court is no exception. I came here 11 years ago last October, and only three of the Justices I began with—Hugo Black and William Douglas and Tom Clark—are still here."

He smiled again. "Some people, you know, complain that Supreme Court Justices live forever. Your story may give them hope."

I often think of the things I want to say five minutes too late. As I left Chief Justice Warren's chambers, I recalled a side of the Court's history that I'm sure would delight him. It happens that illicit card games once went on in the shadow of the Court. Not ordinary games in the sense of bridge or poker, but games played with calling cards.

I heard the story when I was young from a friend, the chauffeur for a Washington embassy. In those days, just as now, ambassadors and their staffs exchanged hundreds of calling cards with members of other embassies. For many calls, the missions simply sent the cards around by chauffeur.

Washington even then had its traffic problems, and the errands often cost the drivers hours. According to my friend, the chauffeurs formed a league and saved up several days' worth of cards at a time. Then, on a regular day agreed by the membership, they all gathered behind the Supreme Court Building and swapped the cards, each taking the ones for his own embassy.

Washington's diplomatic corps today is far too large for the old-fashioned league to operate. Since 1950 alone, the Capital's foreign community has grown by more than 40 missions. Africa, with 35 newly independent nations, accounts for most of the additions.

One newcomer, whose country gained independence in 1960, is a giant of a man, Julius Momo Udochi, Ambassador of Nigeria. Great tribal scars crease the ambassador's cheeks, giving him a fierce, almost warlike appearance. His voice was dignified and faintly British as he talked to me about his assignment.

"Washington," he said, "stands like a monument to your country—nearly all your public buildings and memorials speak of great figures or moments out of your past.

"But what strikes me most about your city is a simpler quality—you call it 'small town.' It seems to me strange to find that such a great city is a home as well as a monument." He smiled, and the creases deepened. "Quite an average, friendly home, in fact, with flowers, lawns, quiet streets, and children. Perhaps that, too, is a type of monument."

Motorcyclist Becomes Friend of Kings

Another man closely concerned with Washington's diplomatic life is neither an ambassador nor a Cabinet official. James Havenner is a private first class in the Washington Metropolitan Police Department. He rides motorcycle MP-111 (page 744).

I've seen Jim Havenner for years now on Washington's streets, usually being chased by Cadillacs. He escorts most of the motorcades for the city's official visitors, and now and then he even runs interference for the President of the United States.

I met Jim one day outside Blair House, the Nation's beautiful official guest mansion diagonally across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. He was waiting for an African royal visitor, whose fleet of limousines he had helped lead in from Washington National Airport.

I asked if it was true, as I had heard, that among his album of personal letters Jim had one from King Baudouin of Belgium.

He nodded. "That was after his visit in 1959. He's a fine gentleman, the King. Imagine sitting down in that palace when you get

home and writing a thank-you note to somebody you hardly met."

Jim escorted Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of West Germany on six different visits and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan of Great Britain on four. While riding escort for Tunku Abdul Rahman, now Prime Minister of Malaysia, Jim broke his foot.

"We came to a tight corner," he explained, "and some kids stepped off the curb to get a better look, as kids will. I cut sharp away from them and the cycle went over on my foot." He grinned. "But they taped it up, and I finished out Mr. Rahman's visit."

I asked about escorting the President's car, and Jim said it wasn't an official assignment.

"The President doesn't care for all that fuss with the lights and the sirens, you know, unless he really needs it. But once in a while I've had a hand with his motorcade. After all," he said, "he's the President of the United States. You like to help him out when you can."

President Jokes With Foreign Students

I thought of Jim Havenner not long after, during a ceremony on the White House lawn. There, after addressing 2,800 foreign students on a visit with the American Field Service International Scholarship Program, President Johnson could have used a score of Jim Havenners in the traffic jam of admirers.

With a smiling reference to Him and Her—the Johnson family beagles—and the public debate over whether they should have their ears pulled, the President introduced himself amid roars of laughter as "the White House dogs' best friend" (page 763).

In solemn tones he warned his young visitors that "Men may try to tell you that peace among nations and neighbors is not possible. . . . that old rivalries and struggles can never be laid aside. When any tell you that, you tell them of America. Here . . . people with the blood of your own ancestors in their veins have forgotten and overcome and laid aside divisions of the past."

As though in comment on the endlessly changing city and Nation around them, the President told his guests that "almost nobody in America thinks that much in America is as good as it should be or could be." Pausing with a smile, he brought another roar of laughter when he added, "even, sometimes, including its President."

There was no hope of shaking his hand, even though he passed close by me. A sea of other hands—black, white, yellow—formed a wildly waving barrier.

I did meet two White House celebrities on my way out, the beagles Him and Her. They were standing out of range with a White House attendant, beneath the majestic South Portico. Like their owner, they have a way of making people feel appreciated. And their ears seem in excellent condition.

Money and Stamps Roll From Presses

Among foreign guests and Americans alike, Washington holds a peculiar fascination for the young. To my seven-year-old daughter Robin, the three most worthwhile buildings in her city are home, the Washington Monument, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing—in ascending order. Robin's love for the bureau stems from a day she joined some sightseers to watch the Government printing her money.

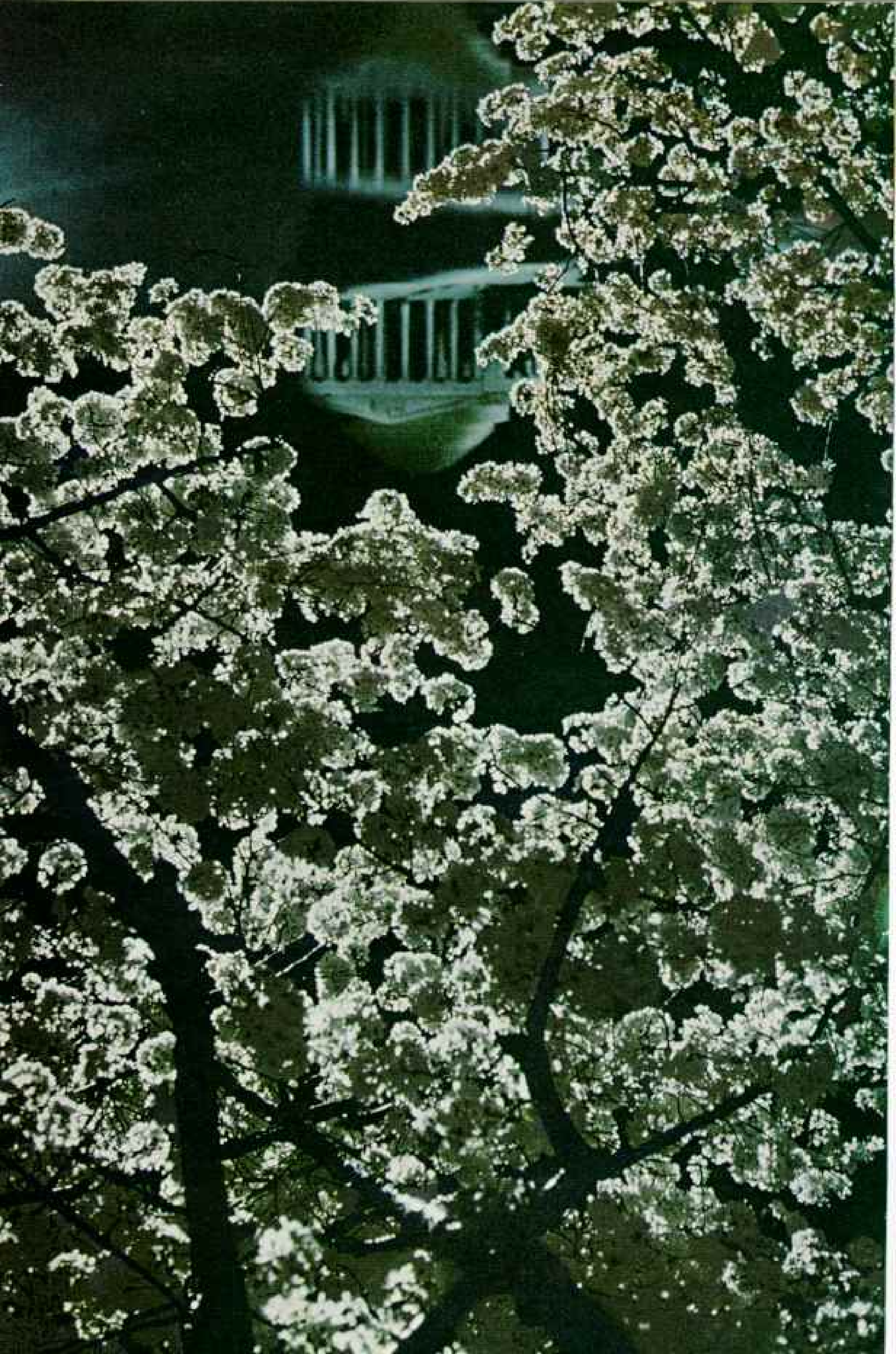
She discovered, of course, that the bureau has nothing to do with the pennies and nickels she is accustomed to extracting from her mother and me. The bureau makes something far more exciting called bills, and she wonders why we never mention *them*.

Robin and I watched the big sheets of bills—part of the bureau's $36,000,000 daily output—being counted, inspected (page 741), wheeled about on dollies, and, horrifyingly, destroyed when flaws were found.

We learned that the bureau prints many things besides paper money. Postage stamps, for example—100,000,000 of them a day—Treasury bonds, Presidential citations, officers' commissions, White House invitations. Currency bills, they told her, whether the common one-dollar variety or the hundred-dollar, take about two weeks each on their way through the bureau. The average cost of production is less than one cent a bill.

Silver-lined cloud of cherry blossoms frames the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, a marbled mirage afloat on the Tidal Basin. Engraved within the shrine are these words written by the third President: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

In this matchless setting each spring, hundreds of thousands of visitors witness the Cherry Blossom Festival, celebrating Tokyo's gift of the flowering trees in 1912.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT *seems to stand on its nose in this extraordinary Fisheye-lens view from 450 feet up.* **Workmen** *point marble facing before washing the 555-foot shaft. For the picture,* **GEOGRAPHIC** *photographer Bruce Dale leaned from the upper scaffold, his camera attached to a 4-foot pole.*

I thought some of the Presidential citations were works of art, but Robin's gaze never wavered from the bills. As we left the exhibition room with its displays of old issues, she clearly felt I was neglecting something. Pausing by the door, she gave me a puzzled look.

"Won't we buy any of them?" she asked.

Oddly enough, Robin's question makes sense—there is a room in Washington where one *can*, in a sense, buy money. Not Confederate bills or collectors' items, but bona fide Government checks exchangeable for currency. Buyers can even pay for the checks with charred paper if they want, just so it's the right kind of paper.

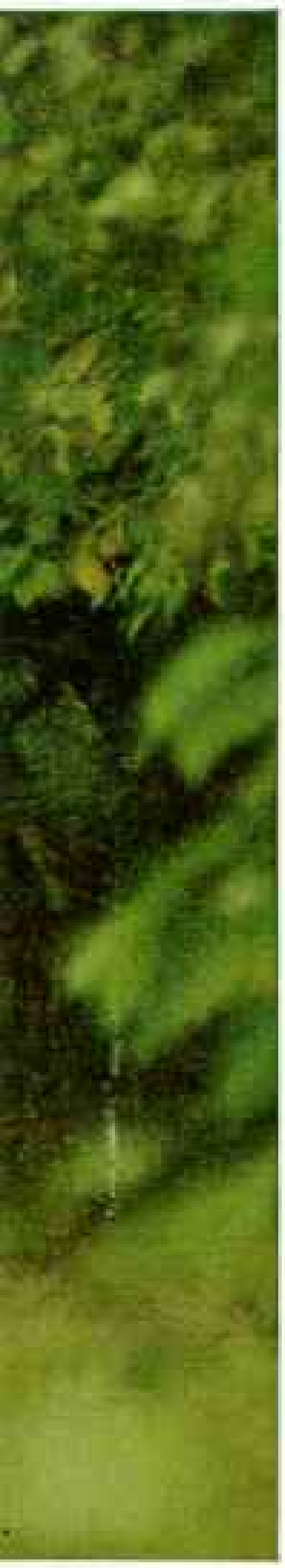
The person who decides just what kind of paper will do is a motherly silver-haired lady in her sixties, Mrs. Guilia P. Burke. Mrs. Burke is supervisor of the Mutilated Currency Branch in the Treasury's Currency Redemption Division. One day she walked me through a caged-off room where her 23 women assistants work. In a kindly way she explained that the office had tried hiring men, but that they didn't have the patience for the job.

Mrs. Burke and her ladies examine paper

REDRCHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.

Peaceful pace of the past: A mule-drawn barge carries sightseers through a leafy tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The historic waterway, which linked the Capital with Cumberland, Maryland, once kept more than 500 boats busy; now four-lane commuter arteries roar nearby.

Mellowed by age, the face of Georgetown glows on a misty fall evening. This oldest section of Washington, carefully preserved by its residents and by law, sees students living next door to Senators, and clerks rubbing elbows with high Government officials.



money that has had an accident, and decide whether to redeem it. The accidents range from fire to immersion in water, burial, and once—the work of a mental patient—storage in a pot of honey. Perhaps the strangest package Mrs. Burke ever received was a wad of bills that had been swallowed and partly digested by a cow.

"The cow got a pretty good start on them," she said, "but then her owner found out what she was up to and made her give them back. We could tell they were just what he said they were—a mixture of chewed-up hay and dollar bills—so we sent him a check in exchange."

Mrs. Burke led me among the desks where her specialists bent over piles of badly mangled, discolored, and charred fragments of paper. Endlessly the women inspected, sorted, and occasionally fitted scraps together. Mrs. Burke read my thoughts.

"It's not as bad as it looks," she said, smiling. "Americans today use 70 different types of paper money, counting

Pride of Islam, Washington's mosque displays marble latticework, brilliant mosaics, a great chandelier, and rich Persian rugs. Twenty-one Moslem countries support the Islamic Center on Massachusetts Avenue. The kneeling worshiper and the mosque itself face toward the holy city of Mecca.

America's Westminster Abbey, the Washington Cathedral crowns Mount St. Alban. President Woodrow Wilson, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and Adm. George Dewey are buried in the cathedral. Here massed choirs join the National Symphony Orchestra in dedicating the Gloria in Excelsis Tower with its carillon from England. Begun in 1907, the cathedral still grows slowly toward completion.

Honoring the Virgin Mary, Catholic patroness of the United States, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception was built by private gifts. A blend of Byzantine and Romanesque architecture, the shrine was dedicated in 1950 by Francis Cardinal Spellman. Inside, a striking red-and-gold mosaic of Christ in Majesty, 42 feet high, dominates the north apse.

all denominations and varieties, but you get to know them in time. Take this bit here."

She stopped at a desk and from a pile of ash picked up a flake about the size of an aspirin tablet. "Silver certificate—a one-dollar bill," she said, and laid the fragment gently back down.

Not every piece of mangled or charred bill, it develops, earns its bereaved owner a crisp replacement. If Mrs. Burke's ladies identify three-fifths or more of a particular note, the owner gets full value for it. If the fragments add up to less than three-fifths but more than two-fifths, the Treasury pays half the bill's worth.

"If you have less than two-fifths of your bill," Mrs. Burke explained, "then you might as well frame it—the Government won't let us give you anything for it."

There is one way around the two-fifths rule. If damaged bills come in accompanied by a sworn statement as to their worth and means of damage, and if they prove to be bona fide currency, then the Treasury will waive all fraction rules and pay out dollar for dollar.

I asked Mrs. Burke what would happen if I sent in some charred paper I knew was not money, with an affidavit claiming that it was. Mrs. Burke's smile vanished.

"Ah, then," she said sorrowfully, "you'd be lying to the Government, wouldn't you, and we would have to tell the Secret Service about it." She sighed. "They're dreadfully particular about such things."

Monument Offers Sweeping Panorama

Less than three blocks from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing stands my old friend, the Washington Monument. For a bird's-eye view of Washington, the top of the Monument is hard to beat—especially if you happen to be on the outside. Not long ago I found myself there through the courtesy of Mr. D. C. Taylor of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Taylor and his men were renovating the Monument's marble surface—all 555 vertical feet of it—for the first time in 30 years.

Scornful of old-fashioned rigid scaffolding, Mr. Taylor and his crew of 10 workers had devised an ingenious system of slender steel cables, threaded through the top of the Monument as though through the eye of a needle and running to the base of the shaft. Narrow open-air catwalks, each suspended from a pair of the cables, provided working platforms that moved up and down the Monument's sides on small but powerful electric winches.

Nation's 1963 Christmas tree blazes with lights above a glowing cross of evergreens on the Ellipse south of the White House. Thousands hear President Lyndon B. Johnson deliver his holiday message and watch him press a button lighting the 70-foot West Virginia red spruce. The season's Pageant of Peace features a burning yule log, a life-size Nativity scene, and Santa's reindeer, loaned by the National Zoological Park. GEOGRAPHIC photographer Joseph J. Scherschel made this photograph with a telephoto lens from the top of the Washington Monument.

At the time I went up, the catwalks had gone only to about 60 feet, and Don Karr, a 23-year-old giant known to his fellow workers as "Moose," suggested a ride to the top. Bruce Dale, a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC photographer, was to snap us from ground level and then follow on another platform.

Photographers, I find, are dedicated people, and Bruce is no exception. As I took my place gingerly behind the two-by-four safety bar, Bruce begged me, "If you fall, fall face downward so I can catch your expression."

The worst part of the ascent was the speed —or lack of it; one way took 25 minutes. Moose filled the time with cheerful remarks about how to do it faster going down, while Washington slowly receded beneath us and I put finger marks in the safety bar.

Curiously, the higher we went the less real the danger seemed—as Moose comfortingly put it, "What's the difference after 50 feet?" At the 150-foot mark I began to look around.

Boats Once Plied Constitution Avenue

Several blocks to the north, the White House glimmered in the morning light like some perfectly proportioned piece of white coral, set in its sea of green trees. I thought of

L'Enfant's wonderful image of the Executive Mansion as "adding to the sumptuousness of a palace the convenience of a house and the agreeableness of a country seat."

Eastward stretched the Mall and Constitution Avenue, the latter the 19th-century site of a sluggish canal and now the broad main street for a dozen great departments and agencies—Commerce, Justice, Labor, Archives—and the vast yet superbly graceful National Gallery of Art. Amid the mosaic of white marble and green lawns, the old red-sandstone Smithsonian Institution building, with its medieval-style turrets and battlements, stood below like a child's toy castle.

We never quite reached the top of the Monument. Our electric winches heated up on the long climb, and Moose decided to stop at 430 feet. Bruce and the foreman, Bud Tharp, went 20 feet higher, but I don't begrudge Bruce that. After all, he took a few personal pictures for me to show my grandchildren—now that I'll probably get to meet them.

On the way down I had a close look at the Monument's horizontal line—clearly visible from the platform some 50 yards from the ground—where work on the shaft halted in 1854 for lack of public donations. Congress

Biscuit break: White House residents Him and Her, pet beagles of the President, call at his desk for a snack.

From the Chief Executive's chair, Mr. Johnson confers with officials (from left) Adlai E. Stevenson, Ambassador to the U.N.; Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara; Presidential Assistant Bill D. Moyers; and Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman. Secretary of State Dean Rusk sits with back to camera.

Vital White House conferences steer the course of the Nation's policies and create headlines around the world. Secretary McNamara (right), just returned from South Viet Nam, reports to the President on that war-torn country. W. Averell Harriman, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, sits at far left.

Passage of the Civil Rights Bill concerns President Johnson and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (below).

On a lighter note, the First Lady gets help from a Texas friend, Mrs. Alfred Negley, in planning the decor of the President's office in the West Wing.

22 years later appropriated funds for the completion, but when work resumed in 1880, the original marble had run out, and a slightly different marble had to be used.

Helicopter Provides the Ultimate View

For all the grandeur of Moose's unconventional view of Washington, it takes in only a fraction of the city. To survey the vast area of Metropolitan Washington, nothing compares to a helicopter.

One afternoon at the Anacostia Naval Station, just across the Anacostia River, I met Maj. James C. Robinson, a U. S. Marine Corps helicopter pilot. A crewman buckled me into my seat in the Sikorsky and we lifted off, thrashing upstream over the Potomac.

Once again Washington's incredibly wooded aspect struck me, an impression that visitors, especially New Yorkers, find so marked even from the ground. Parts of the city looked almost as if they had been abandoned and a jungle had moved in. The view undoubtedly would have warmed the heart of Pierre L'Enfant, with his passion for parks and landscaping.

Major Robinson swung up over Rock Creek Park, the 3,000-acre torrent of greenery that slices down through the city to the Potomac. Beyond, to the northwest, we crossed over Great Falls, the spectacular barrier that proved an obstacle to George Washington's dreams of a great natural waterway westward, a plan that gave birth to the C & O Canal in the 1820's (page 756).

We banked east, skimming along the twin strands of Washington's newly completed Capital Beltway, an express highway that

sweeps suburban and interstate traffic on a 66-mile loop around the city. Beyond the beltway, across the soft Maryland and Virginia countryside, Washington's neighboring towns and communities disappeared in the haze.

Back over the northwest section of the city, we hovered briefly above the Washington Cathedral, with its massive Gloria in Excelsis Tower, newly fitted with a ring of bells and a carillon (page 758). Even from the air the cathedral was enormous.

On down Massachusetts Avenue, Washington's Embassy Row, we passed over a sanctuary from a different world, the minaret-spired Islamic Center, a mosque and seat of Moslem study. A few moments more brought us above a third religious landmark, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, in the city's northeast quadrant. Adjoining the somber stone buildings of the Catholic University of America, the shrine's mosaic dome glittered like a child's bright ball in a rockpile (page 759).

Major Robinson began a final sweep downriver toward Mount Vernon. Our helicopter skirted the new 50,000-seat District of Columbia Stadium, a vast white tureen beside the Anacostia River, that serves as home for the Washington Redskins football team and their hapless cousins, the baseball Senators.

Picking up the Anacostia's junction with the Potomac, we skimmed at smokestack level over tugs hauling sand and gravel dredged from the river south of Washington to ease a growing city's appetite for concrete.

From a mile away Mount Vernon, George

National Security Council, powerful guardian of U. S. safety, convenes on December 5, 1963, for the first meeting called by President Johnson after the assassination of John F. Kennedy. John A. McCone, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, briefs the President, Cabinet officers, military chiefs, and other prominent Federal officials invited to the top-secret meeting. Established in 1947, the Council usually meets weekly in the Cabinet Room of the White House, more often in times of emergency. Mr. McCone's written notes are deliberately blanked out in this photograph.

At the table, clockwise from left: Under Secretaries of State Harriman and George W. Ball, Secretary Rusk, the President, Secretary McNamara, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; CIA Deputy Director Lt. Gen. Marshall S. Carter; Donald M. Wilson, Acting Director, U. S. Information Agency; McGeorge Bundy, Presidential Assistant for National Security Affairs; Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon; Speaker of the House John W. McCormack; Edward A. McDermott, Director, Office of Emergency Planning; Budget Director Kermit Gordon, and Jerome B. Wiesner, Presidential Assistant for Science and Technology.

Outer circle, left to right: David E. Bell, Administrator, Agency for International Development; Bill D. Moyers, Presidential Assistant and Deputy Director, Peace Corps; Assistant Secretary of Defense William P. Bundy; Presidential Assistant Walter Jenkins; Bromley Smith, Executive Secretary of the Council; Maj. Gen. Chester V. Clifton, Military Aide to the President; Secretary of the Navy Paul H. Nitze; Secretary of the Air Force Eugene M. Zuckert; Secretary of the Army Cyrus R. Vance; Army Chief of Staff Gen. Earle G. Wheeler; Marine Corps Commandant Gen. David M. Shoup; Chief of Naval Operations Adm. David L. McDonald; Air Force Vice Chief of Staff Gen. William F. McKee (acting for Gen. Curtis E. LeMay); Presidential Special Counsel Theodore C. Sorensen and Press Secretary Pierre E. G. Salinger; Lt. Gen. Joseph F. Carroll, Director, Defense Intelligence Agency; James E. Webb, Administrator, National Aeronautics and Space Administration; William C. Foster, Director, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; and Glenn T. Seaborg, Chairman, Atomic Energy Commission.

Washington's stately white home by the Potomac, had an air of changeless nobility, with its red-shingled roof and its dark boxwoods grown great with the years. It was almost as if the man who had given Washington its birth and name still lived within.

The helicopter flight illustrated a striking aspect of Washington's explosive growth: The Federal Government itself, to avoid strangulation, has taken to suburban life. Around and beyond the Capital Beltway, I had picked out several Government giants now settled in rural surroundings: the huge Atomic Energy Commission headquarters in Germantown, Maryland; the Central Intelligence Agency in Langley, Virginia; the sprawling complex of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland.

Independent though Washington's smaller neighbors are, all share a bond with the Capital.

"We feel the way one might about a brother in the family," a resident of McLean, Virginia, who works in Washington, told me recently.

"You don't always get along with him at home, but to outsiders he's the best in the world. Here at home I'm strictly a McLean man, and Washington is just something across the river. But the farther away I get—say, Chicago or San Francisco—the more I'm a Washingtonian and proud of it."

In a nuclear age, suburban Washingtonians know only too well that their lot is cast with the Capital's. A friend of mine tells of a sobering moment one night during a dinner party at his former home in Dranesville, Virginia, some 20 miles upriver.

After dinner the guests gathered on the terrace, and talk turned to the cold war. Suddenly on my friend's right, in the direction of Washington, came a blinding greenish flash.

A few seconds later it came again, and my friend had visions of a nuclear holocaust.

"Sally, what's that?" he said, startled.

"Bob," answered his wife, "sit still a minute—you have a firefly on your glasses."

Old Stone Marker Recalls District's Birth

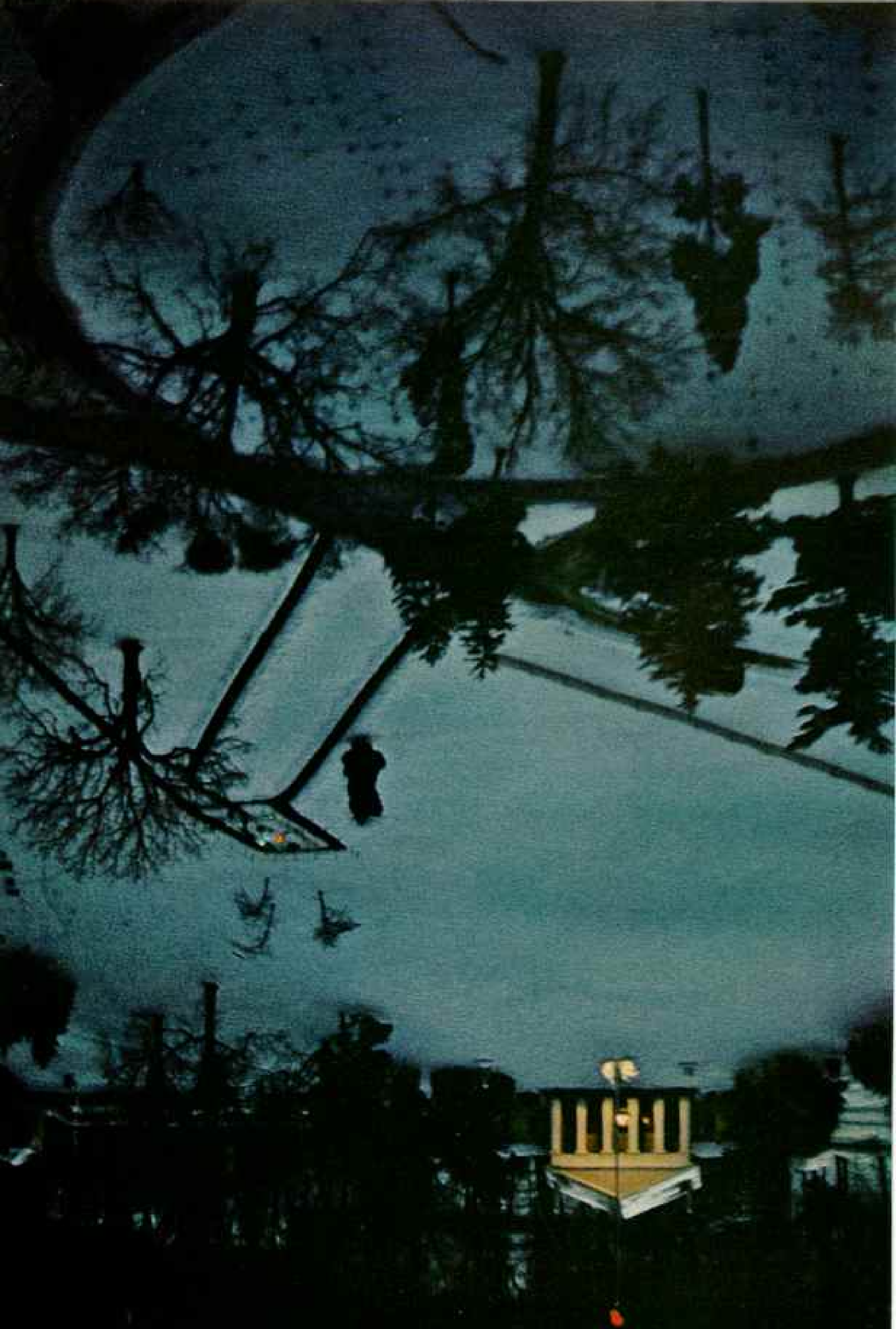
Of all Washington's neighbors, Alexandria, Virginia, is closest to the Capital in a historical sense. Once part of the Federal City's 100-square-mile domain, the community parted company with Washington in 1846, when the Federal Government, petitioned by residents of Alexandria, returned the state's 31 square miles of District territory. Washington, D. C., legally shrank to its present 69 square miles, and Alexandrians got their city back.

Alexandria still has its Federal mementos. One of them, a 170-year-old stone post marking the southernmost corner of the District of Columbia, is little remembered and rarely visited today. The post, or cornerstone, stands beside the Potomac below Alexandria, with the abandoned Jones Point lighthouse, a wooden building dating back to the 1850's.

Eternal flame marks the grave of John F. Kennedy in snow-mantled Arlington National Cemetery. Eight million mourners have visited the hill site below the Custis-Lee Mansion, onetime home of Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee. "I could stay up here forever," President Kennedy once said of the knoll, which commands a sweeping view of the Capital City.

Established as a military cemetery in 1864, Arlington today has nearly 128,000 markers laid out in neat white rows. Unknown servicemen of World War I, World War II, and Korea rest here. Each Memorial Day and Veterans Day, the Nation honors its fallen with ceremonies in Arlington Memorial Amphitheater.

Candle to memory: a young Washingtonian pays homage to his martyred President. He joined thousands in a candlelight service at the Lincoln Memorial on December 22, 1963, the end of the official mourning period for Mr. Kennedy.



Serpentine slide draws gleeful passengers at the John F. Kennedy Playground. Obsolete jet trainers and Coast Guard tugboat offer other thrills. Robert F. Kennedy last June dedicated the block-square playground in a crowded downtown neighborhood.

I had always thought that the cornerstone was Federal property, but it seems that it really belongs to a seven-year-old Alexandrian, Bill Hagy. So Bill told me there one day. He and his friend Mickey Johnson, six, were exploring the lighthouse. Only it wasn't a lighthouse, it was the "Old Spooky Man Club"—membership, Hagy and Johnson.

"The Old Spooky Man's buried down there," Bill announced, pointing to a concrete slab above the 3½-foot-high cornerstone by the riverbank (page 773). "He used to own this place, but the club owns it now." Bill had an inspiration. "You want to buy it?"

I said I didn't, but the Government in Washington might be interested. Bill's face brightened. "That's over there," he said, waving grandly across the river. "Tell them we want a double thousand dollars."

Two thousand dollars was a lot of money, I pointed out, unless the club was a very old one. The antique dealer emerged in Bill.

"It's old," he answered brightly, "more than a hundred years old—back when the dinosaurs lived."

While a few Washington landmarks lie half forgotten, others stand fresh in the memory. One shrine on the Virginia shore of the Potomac is new—tragically new since November 25 a year ago. On that terrible day in Washington, a grieving Nation's friends from every corner of the world followed President John

F. Kennedy's caisson-borne casket to Arlington National Cemetery.

No soaring monument marks the site on the slope below the Custis-Lee Mansion, though a memorial soon may rise. In a cemetery honored for its simple grandeur, visitors pause beside a low hummock of fresh evergreen boughs crowned with an urn holding an eternal flame.

Two white granite markers flank the mound —the graves of two small Kennedy children. A low white picket fence surrounds the site.

Mourners Leave Tokens of Grief

On the evergreens lie enlisted men's hats from all the services, a tribute originated on the day of the funeral by Sgt. Maj. Francis J. Ruddy of the Army's Special Forces, who in parting laid his green beret on the grave.

Of an estimated eight million visitors to the grave since then, countless hundreds have followed Sergeant Ruddy's example.

"They seem to want to leave something of their own," a soldier of the Army's 3d Infantry (Old Guard) told me one day at the site. "They ask us to put the gifts inside the fence, and we always do it. Some people bring flowers, but others give us personal things—bracelets, a jackknife, umbrellas—anything they're wearing or have with them. Later the cemetery sends them to the White House, and they are turned over to Mrs. Kennedy."

Not long afterward, with the Army's special permission, I visited the President's grave at night. Often of an evening, while crossing the Arlington Memorial Bridge to Virginia, I had seen the faint blue floodlights on the darkened hillside with the endlessly winking flame between (page 769).

I spent an hour with Private First Class Howard Moore, a big, gentle 25-year-old Negro military policeman from Ocala, Florida, whose unit takes over watch at the grave after dark. Past midnight the lights across the river began to go out, and Washington lay in half glow. I asked Howard Moore if he liked his duty, and he nodded shyly.

"It's quiet and a little lonely sometimes," he said, "but it's right somebody should be here."

Once, in the stillness, I saw a rabbit hunching among the distant rows of white markers. I asked Howard about it, and he said that in

Outnumbered but holding his own, a man enjoying a few quiet minutes clings to one end of a bench in downtown Farragut Square. Engrossed in a magazine, he ignores attractive office workers, who use their lunch hour for a picnic in the sun.

Cobblestones reputedly laid by Hessian prisoners of war during the Revolution still pave Prince Street in Alexandria, Virginia. Established in 1749, the colonial township ranked as an important port long before the District of Columbia came into being. The *Alexandria Gazette*, first printed in 1784, claims to be the oldest continuously published daily newspaper in the United States. George Washington, George Mason, and, much later, Robert E. Lee strolled Alexandria's streets, worshiped in its churches, and entertained in its taverns.

Today the town sees a parade of visitors who pass through on the way to Mount Vernon, the first President's Potomac-side home, 9½ miles to the south. Many who work in the Capital live in Alexandria, finding its antique charm, old brick townhouses, and quiet mood more to their liking as a residence than the city across the river.

Boy explorer "discovers" a boundary marker on the bank of the Potomac in Alexandria. The 3½-foot-high stone marks the southernmost corner of the District of Columbia, laid out in 1791. In 1846 Congress returned the 31-square-mile Virginia segment at the request of its residents.

Docking at dusk in Alexandria, the Danish ship *Kirsten Toft* unloads newsprint. Freighters coming from as far away as Finland still call at the city.

the early mornings he often sees rabbits, raccoons, opossums, and even foxes near the President's grave. They remind Howard of when he was a boy in Ocala. He likes them, and he thinks Mr. Kennedy would, too.

While Washington lays plans for the magnificent John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (pages 778-9), there is already another memorial that would have pleased the late President perhaps equally. I walked one day through the John F. Kennedy Playground, a whole city block in Washington's heavily Negro Second Police Precinct.

The playground, a project inspired by Robert F. Kennedy, then the Attorney General, and O. Roy Chalk, President of the D. C. Transit System, is no drowsy park with sedate swings and a seesaw or two. Its equipment runs to such magic as T-33 jet trainers, a Marine Corps obstacle course, a World War II Army tank, an 1876-vintage locomotive, and a Coast Guard tugboat christened *Blue Horizon III* (page 770). I got the tug's name from the playground director—I couldn't read it for the cargo of children.

A small plaque near the gate reads:

THIS PLAYGROUND WAS NAMED BY THE
YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE AREA AS A
MEMORIAL TO THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH OF
JOHN F. KENNEDY

Plaques rarely hold any fascination for children, and I wondered if anyone bothered to read it. James Henry Bailey provided the answer.

I found him halfway through the obstacle course, wrestling to the top of a knotted rope with more fury than most 11-year-olds of my acquaintance. As he slid to the ground, I asked how he liked the playground, and he gave me a blinding smile.

Did he know what it was, I asked?

James Henry looked at me scornfully. "Man," he said, "this is a 'morial to President Kennedy." Then with a frown, "I saw the funeral go by."

James Henry wore his own 'morial to a favorite theme of the President—a sweatshirt with the legend, "Fitness, U.S.A." I asked him if anyone could come to the playground, and he said, "Sure, John and Caroline, too, if they get big enough."

I was surprised that he knew the names of both of President Kennedy's children. The scornful look returned. "Man," said James Henry, reaching for the rope again, "don't you read the *papers?*"

Though James Henry's T-33 jets are now grounded, Washington's skies at times are still crowded. One morning along the Potomac I saw what has grown to be a common sight overhead—a rush-hour traffic in helicopters. Six or eight machines, their rotors glinting in the sun, skimmed across the river like a family of huge mayflies toward the Pentagon, the site of one of Washington's busiest heliports.

The enormous headquarters of the Department of Defense on the Virginia shore employs some 3,500,000

military and civilian men and women worldwide, 27,000 of them on the spot. The man who looks after those at headquarters is a hearty, imperturbable U. S. Army colonel, Ralph H. Smith. Among the things that didn't perturb him were the questions I asked that he couldn't answer.

"Classified," he would say, and that was that.

Colonel Smith's title is Army Headquarters Commandant, Military District of Washington, but what it comes down to is military manager of the world's largest office building. He walked me over his vast domain with obvious pride, from the heliport to the cavernous underground motor pool.

The heliport was silent that day, but Colonel Smith said that it could handle 12 aircraft in a pinch. I asked what the Pentagon would want with 12 helicopters at one time, and Colonel Smith said cryptically, "Exercises."

Machine Turns Paper Back Into Pulp

On the ground floor we came to what looked like a small blanket factory. It was a fair-size room containing a very busy machine with several giant rollers. From between the rollers, in a continuous wide strip, flowed what looked like gray blanket material or carpet padding.

It developed that the gray material wasn't blankets or carpet padding at all. It was the Nation's military secrets—or rather, what was left of them.

"We don't burn our classified papers," Colonel Smith was saying. "It's waste paper and valuable stuff when you have enough of it. We do this to it instead—wet it, squeeze it, tear it, mangle it, pulp it—until all that's left is the gray mash you see there. Then we sell it to paper mills and get back some of the money the Government spent on it.

"It's foolproof," he added. "Not even a comma gets past that machine."

Linked to the Nation's defenses and to Washington's vast array of scientific institutions—the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Bureau of Standards, the Naval Research Laboratory—is a comparative newcomer to the city, Washington's private research and development industry. From a handful of local companies in 1946, research and development has grown to more than 200 firms, employing one Washington worker out of thirty.

In one of these firms, a few miles southwest of the Pentagon, I watched a crucial link in the country's defenses take shape. The company bears the unlikely name of Aero Geo Astro Corporation. Here workers assembled innocent-looking little black boxes known as transponders.

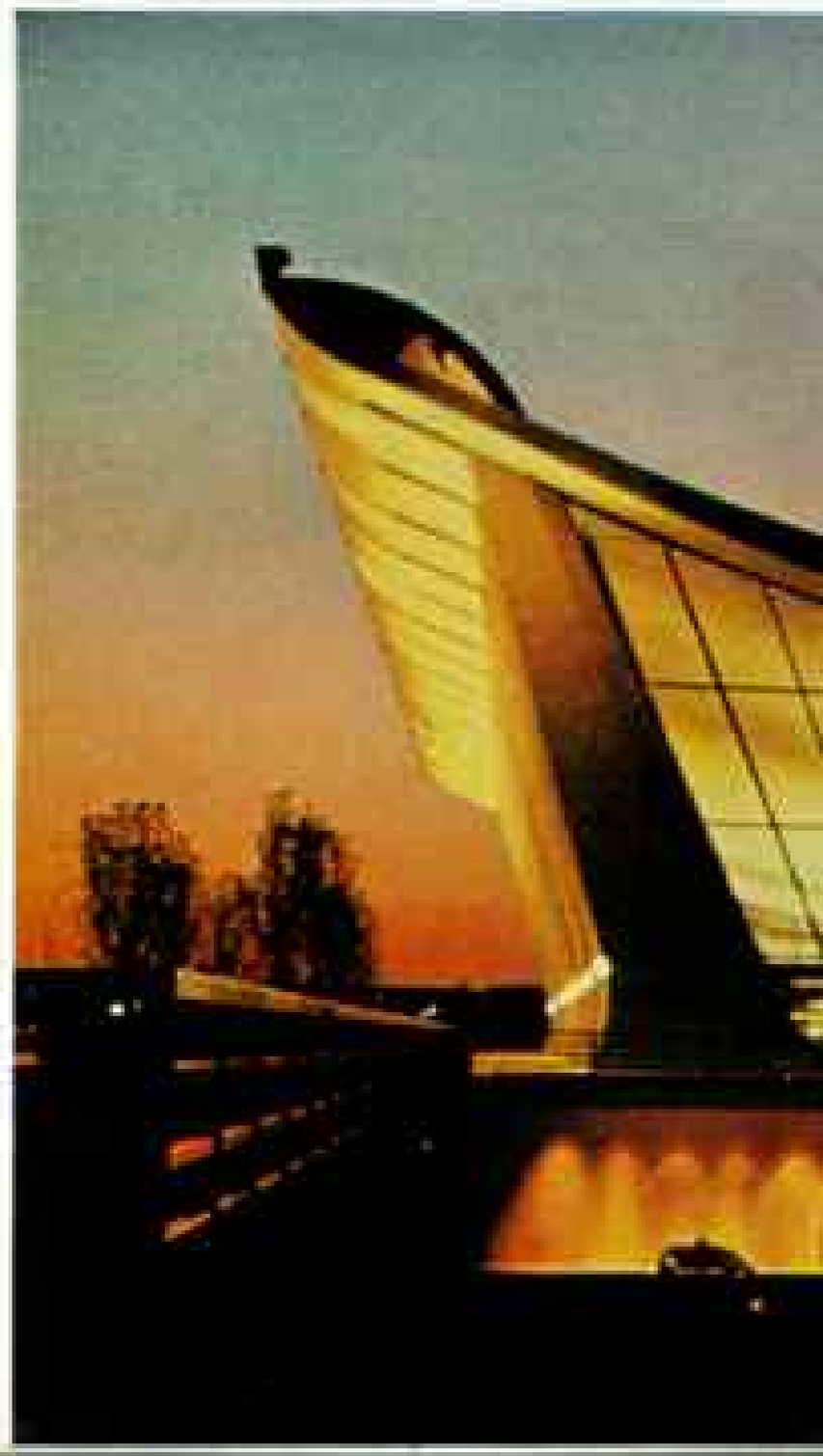
Transponders, in fact, are innocent—it is what they go into that can be lethal. Many a Polaris missile tucked in the belly of a nuclear submarine carries an Aero Geo Astro transponder with it.

"To guide a missile," explained Kenneth S. Kelleher, president of the firm, "you have to know exactly where it is during flight, or you can't correct your aim. The transponder rides the missile and acts as a sort of long-distance operator, handling the 'conversation' with instruments back in the submarine."

The cost of these transponders, with scores of miniature

Barrel-vaulted townhouses spread beneath high-rise apartments; the

Concrete hammock slung against the dawn, Dulles International Air-



Southwest Redevelopment. A few years ago overcrowded slums covered this entire area. Then bulldozers moved in, knocked down 4,500 houses, and swept clear 550 acres.

port terminal overlooks a jet airfield two-thirds as large as Manhattan. Radome atop the control tower sweeps runways and skies in all directions 60 times each minute.

circuits, comes to about $8,000 each, yet I saw them take a lot of rough handling.

"That's right," Mr. Kelleher agreed. "We don't use kid gloves on them here—neither does a Polaris missile."

Northwest of Washington, at Bethesda, Maryland, scientists plot war of a different kind. Among more than 1,700 doctors at the National Institutes of Health, the enemy is human disease.

NIH, a bureau of the United States Public Health Service, is no hospital in the ordinary sense. Its nine institutes, among them Cancer, Heart, and Mental Health, are devoted not so much to applying what man already knows about himself as to solving what remain mysteries to him. Toward that goal, NIH finances and conducts some 18,000 research projects a year, 1,500 of them on the spot and the rest in laboratories around the world.

A gauge of the hope and respect that NIH inspires everywhere, not merely among scientists, lies in Congressional appropriations each year. In an area where other Government agencies often find the going hard, NIH, with a budget of about one billion dollars, rarely has trouble.

The bounty stems from no glowing promises by NIH doctors; they are painfully cautious about their work. I talked briefly with Dr. Philip Leder, a young research associate on the much-publicized "Genetic Code" project. The study, directed by Dr. Marshall Nirenberg, seeks to break the code, or system of instructions, by which human cells reproduce other cells. The project occasionally has been incorrectly hailed as a cure for countless diseases.

"We're a long way from curing anything," Dr. Leder explained in his laboratory at the massive Clinical Center. "The best you can say is that we might one day understand the genetic basis of certain inherited defects. Once we've learned to read a deficient cell's

Limbering up, ballerinas strive for artistry at the Washington School of the Ballet. They also study French, mathematics, and science at the European-style academy.

Rhythmic clap of bamboo poles, at ever faster pace, accompanies Bayanihan dancers at the Embassy of the Philippines. The troupe, whose name means "getting together to push through a common project," has also performed on Broadway. Washington embassies—exotic islands of foreign domain within the city's boundaries—frequently sponsor entertainments by outstanding artists from their homelands.

'message,' perhaps we can discover how to rewrite it."

While Philip Leder and his colleagues explore the future, other Washingtonians doggedly pursue the past. The search for the grandeur of yesterday almost reaches the level of a cult in Georgetown. There, in Washington's oldest section, such novelties as modern architecture have little place. Instead, all is antique brickwork, carriage lamps, and rippled glass—the harder to see through the better.

Georgetown Preserves Washington's Past

The effect, admittedly, is one of charm; Georgetown is early Washington at its best.

I once told a lady who was born and raised in Georgetown that she lived in the nicest section of Washington.

"Young man," she lectured me, "Georgetown was flourishing on the Potomac long before those Johnny-come-lately Federalists downriver laid one block of marble on another. I am not a 'section' of Washington."

She is right, although one could point out that Georgetown gave the Federalists a hand with their city; many of the Capital's early plans were drawn up in Georgetown's 18th-century inns and private homes. One can also argue that Congress in 1895 finally abolished Georgetown "as a separate and independent city by law." But it's best not to mention it in Georgetown.

Beginning as a 60-acre tract authorized in 1751 by the Maryland Assembly, Georgetown made its living early as a tobacco port. Around the end of the 19th century the community fell on hard times, and many of Georgetown's old buildings became the dilapidated homes of Negro poor. Then, in a reversal such as occurred later in Alexandria, wealthier families edged out the poor and began restoring the old community (page 757).

They did a remarkable job. I like to walk

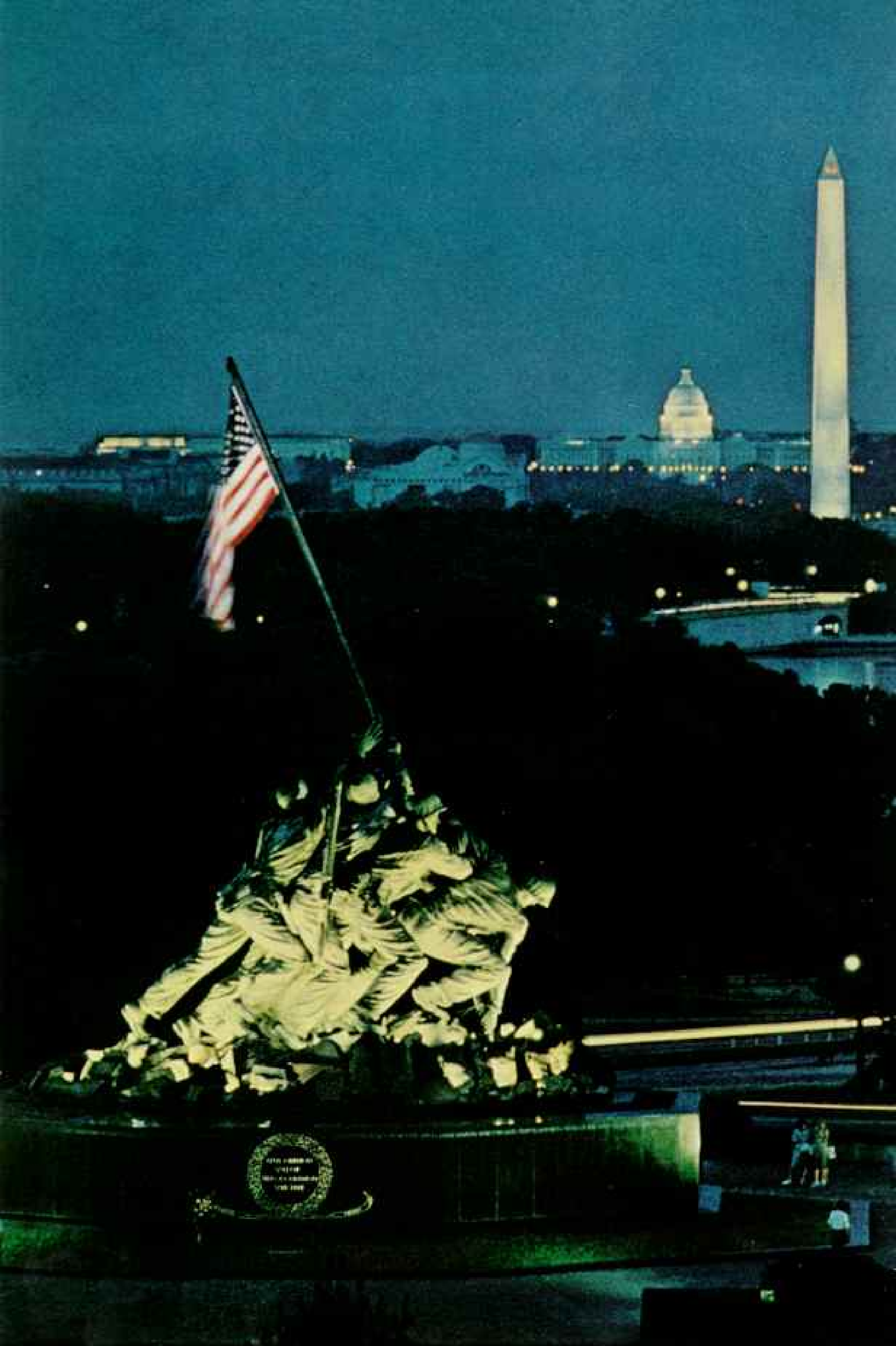
Racing skippers beat to a mark on the Potomac River in the President's Cup Regatta. The Capitol Dome adorns the horizon. East Potomac Park in the background, largely filled land, adjoins onetime swampy ground that made malaria a Washington hazard as late as the early 1900's. The site of the Department of State, a little way upstream, still bears the name Foggy Bottom.

PAINTING BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ARTIST JOSEPH E. BARRETT © N.G.S.

Water-borne musicians at the Watergate play to boaters as well as to landlubbers seated in chairs, on embankment steps, and on the grass. Each summer, free concerts by the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force attract thousands to the barge, moored near the Lincoln Memorial (left).

Dream soon to come true, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts will give the Nation's Capital a symphony hall, an opera house, and a theater, all under one roof. Patrons will be able to park their cars underground and dine at rooftop restaurants. Architect Edward Durell Stone designed the $31,000,000 Kennedy Center to blend with the Lincoln Memorial.

A grant of $50,000 by the National Geographic Society came as one of the first gifts in a drive for public donations; memorial contributions have been pledged by many countries, including $1,000,000 in marble from Italy. A Congressional appropriation of $15,500,000 must be matched by private funds. To meet the goal and provide a reserve fund, the center needs another $5,000,000. Contributions (tax exempt) may be sent to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20566. Construction begins early next year for completion by 1968.



down Georgetown's quiet streets in the fall afternoons. Then the maples beside the doors of the old row houses become arches of gold, flooding the streets with their bright leavings. The warm lights of front parlors come on early, as they have for two centuries, and at times one almost hears the rumble of great barrels over the cobblestones or the iron-rimmed wheels of market wagons on their way to the wharves below the town.

Georgetown figures often in the Nation's past. George Washington knew the community well; John F. Kennedy lived in it; Alexander Graham Bell founded on 35th Street the Volta Bureau, which carries on his work of teaching the deaf to speak. Representatives of the victorious Allies during World War II chose Georgetown's stately Dumbarton Oaks in which to draft the forerunner of the United Nations Charter. There is no separating Georgetown from Washington.

Future City Will Number 5,000,000

In Washington today, Georgetown plays a welcome role in preserving the unhurried past. Elsewhere, change works its restless magic and a new city overtakes the old.

If the planners are right, by the year 2000 Washington will be a metropolis of nearly five million people.

I have a suspicion that my daughter Robin will be one of them, and James Henry Bailey, my young Negro athlete friend, another. By that time Bill Hagy may have been persuaded to part with his cornerstone and donate it to a grateful Government.

Perhaps, too, Philip Leder's successors will be rewriting the genetic code and offering hope to millions. If they do, it will be another of many messages of hope that Washington has brought to the world. THE END

Brave Men in Bronze Raise the Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima

Inspired by the famous photograph by Joe Rosenthal, the sculpture immortalizes the moment when five Marines and a sailor raised the United States flag on Mount Suribachi during World War II. Marine heroism brought the tribute, carved on the monument's base, that on Iwo Jima "Uncommon valor was a common virtue." The United States Marine Corps War Memorial, across the Potomac from Washington, is one of few places in the land where the flag flies 24 hours a day. Below the distant Lincoln Memorial, a crowd jams steps at the Watergate to hear a band concert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.

Remapping the Nation's

"IT IS VERY UNHEALTHY. Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there; and the tides of emigration . . . are little likely to flow at any time towards such dull and sluggish water."

With these words, written in 1842, the great English novelist Charles Dickens proved himself a poor prophet, as the growth maps of the city (opposite) graphically show. Today's Washington, D. C., with its suburbs, forms a healthy metropolis of more than two million people, and the "tides of emigration" flow so swiftly that this ninth-largest city in the United States grows fastest of the top 15, currently adding some 70,000 persons a year.

With cities, as with men, growth brings change. The National Geographic Society's new double map, **Tourist Washington** and **Suburban Washington**, a supplement to this issue of the magazine, faithfully mirrors the dynamic changes in the Nation's Capital.* Printed back to back, the maps form the second sheet in the Society's United States Atlas Series, begun this year.

Supplement Timed for January Inaugural

The new maps come at a timely moment, as the Nation's attention focuses on the Capital; thousands of visitors will soon arrive for the Presidential inauguration on January 20. For them, **Tourist Washington** will be of greatest interest. On a scale of a third of a mile to the inch, it stretches east and west from the 50,000-seat District of Columbia Stadium, home of the football Redskins and the baseball Senators, to Arlington National Cemetery, marked by the eternal flame over the grave of President John F. Kennedy. North to south it extends from the enlarged Sheraton Park and Shoreham Hotels to Washington National Airport at Potomac's edge.

Points of tourist interest are featured, including hotels and major theaters. As in the preceding U. S. Atlas Map of New York City (July, 1964), a color code identifies major buildings. The map names fifty of the 112 foreign nations with Washington diplomatic missions; index numbers identify the rest.

To assure up-to-the-minute accuracy, the Society's cartographers constructed a base map from a hundred aerial photographs of Washington and its suburbs, then fanned out by car and on foot, checking each detail on the spot. They found some streets obliterated, new ones laid down, familiar buildings falling to the wrecking ball, others under construction. Field checking the maps required more than 400 man-hours.

On Capitol Hill, both House and Senate occupy huge new office buildings. The Capitol itself displays a face lifting, completed in 1961. The East Front, now faced with marble instead of sandstone, has moved forward 32½ feet, adding 2½ acres to floor space.

At the "other end of Pennsylvania Avenue"—the White House area—a new Executive Office Building and Court of Claims take shape, set back from the street to save historic buildings facing Lafayette Square.

Wartime "Tempos" Disappear

"Temporary" buildings, erected on the central Mall during World Wars I and II, are coming down. The area south of the Reflecting Pool between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, for example, now invites strollers with restful grass and trees. To the east rises the Smithsonian's new Museum of History and Technology; its exhibition halls already fascinate streams of visitors.

Since the Society last mapped the Nation's Capital in 1948, five more bridges have been flung across the Potomac, and four over the Anacostia, helping ease rush-hour traffic.

To assure its usefulness for years to come, United States Atlas Plate 21 indicates in dashed outline extensive projects not yet built: the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and a $10,000,000 aquarium, both close to the Potomac River.

Southwest Washington shows the most radical changes in the city. In the throes of urban renewal, the region straddles the all-but-completed Southwest Freeway. New apartment houses, townhouses, shopping centers, and Federal buildings dot the area.

But the most exciting features of the map are not new at all: the buildings that are the visible signs of America's invisible spirit.

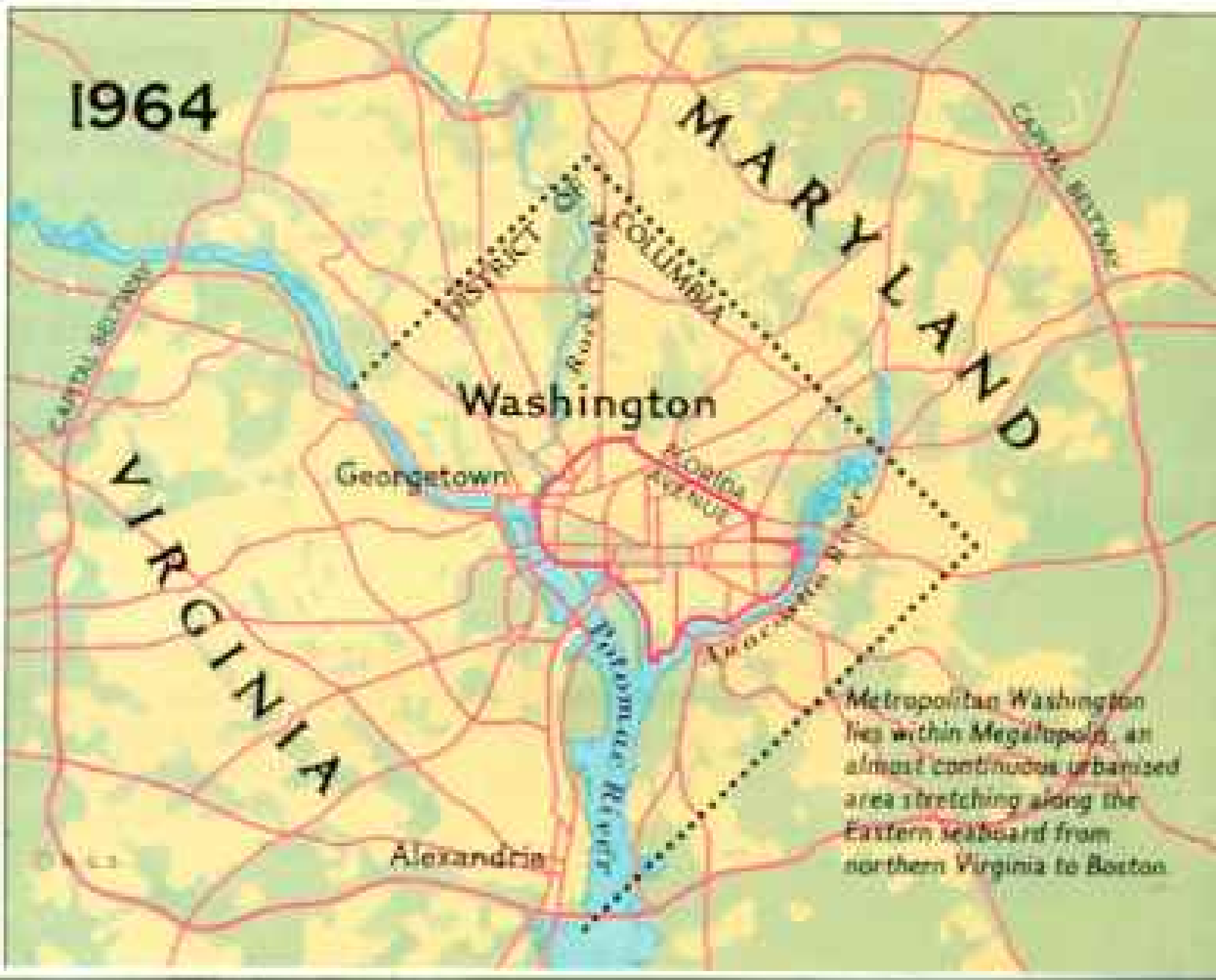
*Additional copies of the U. S. Atlas Plate **Tourist** and **Suburban Washington**, like the preceding map of **Greater New York** and **Tourist Manhattan**, may be ordered at 50 cents a copy by writing to Department 213, National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. 20036.

Capital

Here, in Capitol, Supreme Court, and White House, men seek to transmute the ideas and ideals of democracy into action.

The companion map, **Suburban Washington**, on a scale of 1.2 miles to the inch, finds a natural frame in the newly completed Capital Beltway, or outer loop. It encircles the city, enabling through traffic to bypass downtown areas. Within this ring nestle burgeoning Maryland and Virginia subdivisions that absorb much of the area's growth. Many of these, though photographed from the air, required visits by name-checking cartographers.

The easiest part of the arduous research job was locating the new National Geographic Society building at 17th and M Streets in downtown Washington. The cartographers work there.



New Capital for a newborn Nation, Washington grew slowly at first. The original 10-mile-square District of Columbia was virtual wilderness, with only 14,000 inhabitants, when the White House welcomed its first occupants in 1800 (top); L'Enfant's city (in background tint) was only a dream. By Civil War times, Washington had assumed the look of a capital (center); forts and encampments soon more than doubled its 1860 population of 75,000. Today the square has been swallowed and the green of open country gives way to built-up areas—the tan segments. With the opening of the new 66-mile beltway, Greater Washington spills outward in all directions.

Holy Land, My Country

By HIS MAJESTY KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN

IN THE COURSE of a year, I meet several hundred visitors to Jordan. Unfortunately, the meetings are so brief and the groups so large that I cannot talk intimately with them about what the country and people are like, and all the other things I want to know about when I visit a foreign nation.

So I am grateful to the National Geographic Society for this chance to show you Jordan in pictures and to tell you things about this ancient land that I hope some day you will see for yourselves.

One of the members of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC's Senior Editorial Staff, Mr. Luis Marden, has come to know us rather well. He journeyed extensively through Jordan at my invitation, and at times in my company. He has caught in his camera—and in his article that follows—not only the sights of Jordan, but also the feeling and spirit of the nation.

New and Ancient, Green and Parched

Jordan is a new state politically, having gained independence under the leadership of my grandfather, King Abdullah, only in 1946. But archeologically we are as old as the hills, and historically as old as man.

My country's shape is rather like the head of a hatchet (map, pages 786-7). Yet that shape really spans two Jordans: a green and fertile hill strip to the west, a dry and stony expanse to the east. The first is hallowed ground, familiar to many and sacred to Christian, Jew, and Moslem alike. This is the old-yet-new Jordan, the area I write about. Mr. Marden concentrates largely on "the other side of Jordan"—to use the apt phrase—a land seldom seen by outsiders.

Jordan's population, according to current estimate, nears two million. Our capital, Amman, has more than 300,000 inhabitants. Arab Jerusalem, our spiritual capital, has 70,000. Ten years ago we were almost exclusively agricultural, but industry, mining, and tourism have grown at such a rate that our economy is becoming well diversified.

Visitors always ask, and regretfully I have to answer: No, we have not yet found oil in Jordan. But we still have hope, and we do have two assets more valuable than oil—our people and our country.

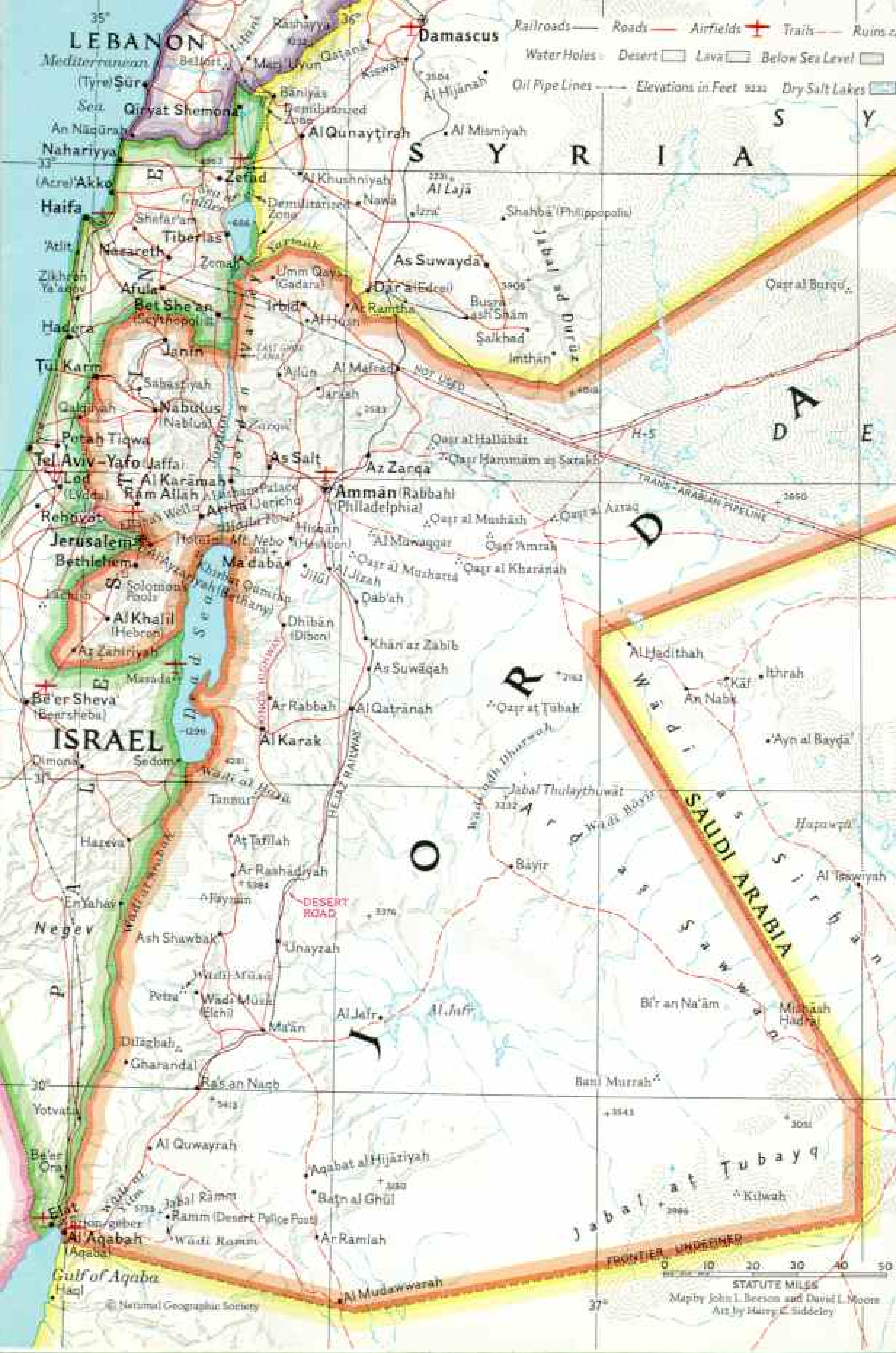
At the southwest tip of Jordan's hatchet lies Aqaba, our only outlet to the sea. Before the Palestine "troubles of 1948," all our traffic went west to the Mediterranean ports of Haifa and Jaffa; after 1948 we had to re-route our commerce, first to the Mediterranean ports in Lebanon and Syria and, later, south to newly built port facilities on the Gulf of Aqaba, which opens on the Red Sea.

Until World War I, when it was captured from the Turks by forces of the Arab Revolt, Aqaba had never been more than a small fishing village. Today it is a pleasant resort town with a fine beach, excellent sport fishing, and extraordinary underwater scenery.

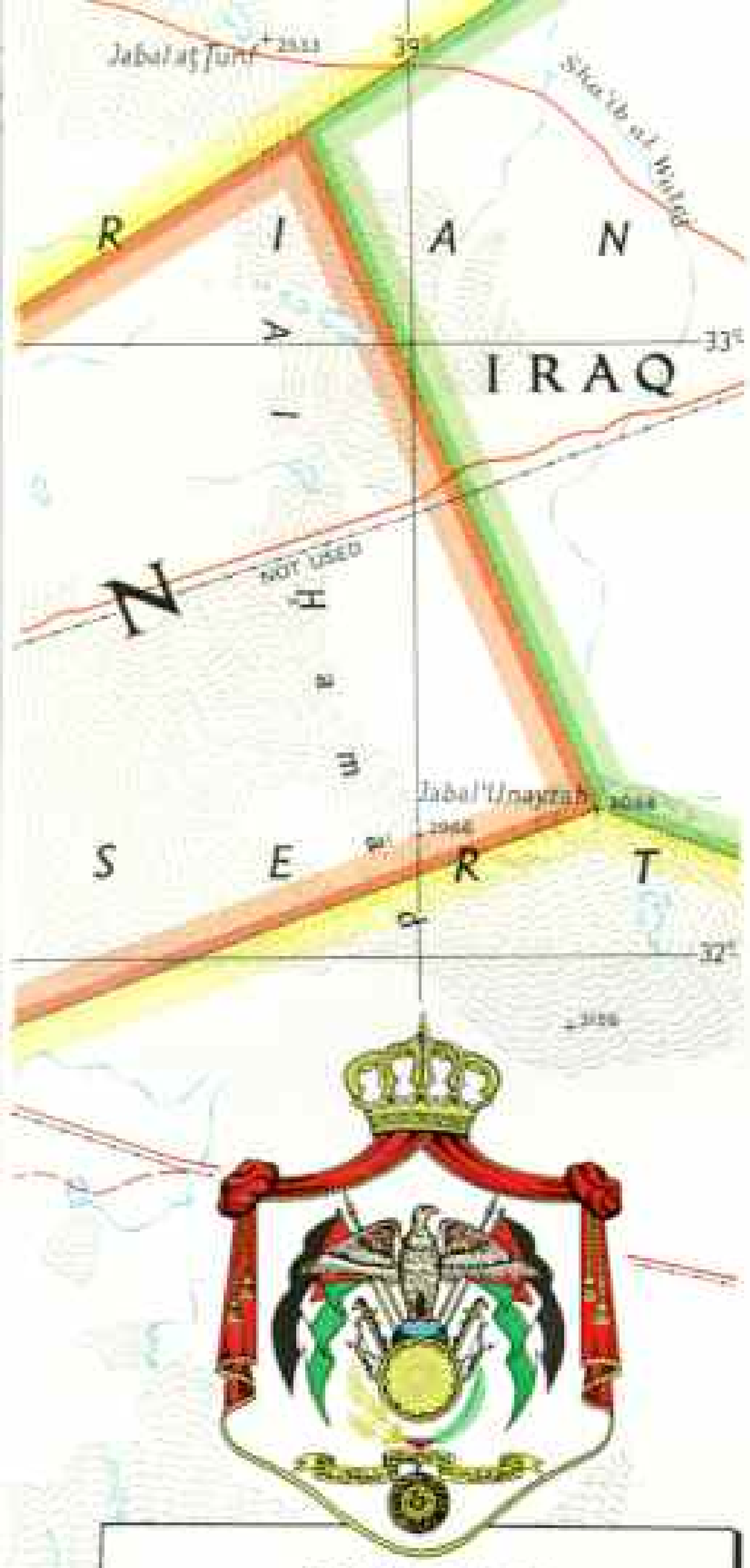
We now have a first-class road connecting Aqaba with Amman and other centers of population. In Amman, we are building a modern and rapidly expanding city. Here stood the Biblical capital of Rabbah, whither David, in love with Bathsheba, sent her husband Uriah to certain death in battle. Later the site became Philadelphia, an important stronghold of Greco-Roman times; one relic of that period is a well-preserved Roman theater in the

Young ruler of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, Al-Hussein ibn Talal proudly holds blue-eyed Crown Prince Abdullah, his elder son by Princess Muna, his English wife. Hussein, now 29, was educated in Egypt and at Harrow and Sandhurst in England. Since ascending the throne in 1953, he has survived several attempts on his life.

REDACHROME BY LUIS MARDEN, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.



Railroads Roads Airfields Trails Ruins
Water Holes Desert Lava Below Sea Level
Oil Pipe Lines Elevations in Feet 9232 Dry Salt Lakes
LEBANON
Mediterranean Sea
(Tyre) Şūr
Qiryat Shemona
An Nāqūrah
Nahariyya
(Acre) Akko
Haifa
'Atlit
Zikhron Ya'aqov
Hadera
Tul Karm
Qalqīlyah
Petah Tiqwa
Tel Aviv-Yafo (Jaffa)
Lod (Lydda)
Rehovot
Jerusalem
Bethlehem
Solomon's Pools
Al Khalil (Hebron)
Az Zahiriyah
Masada
Be'er Sheva' (Beersheba)
ISRAEL
Dimona
Sedom
Hazeva
En Yahav
Negev
Yotvata
Be'er Ora
Elat
Ezion-geber
Al Aqabah (Aqaba)
Gulf of Aqaba
Haql
Rashayya
Marj 'Uyun
Qatana
Damascus
Kiswah
Al Hijānah
Bāniyās
Demilitarized Zone
Al Qunayţirah
Al Mismiyah
SYRIA
Zefad
Sea of Galilee
Al Khushniyah
Nawā
Izra'
Al Lajā
Shahbā (Philippopolis)
Jabal ad Durūz
Shefar'am
Tiberias
Nazareth
Zemah
Yarmuk
As Suwayda
Umm Qays (Gadara)
Dar'a (Edrei)
Busra ash Shām
Şalkhad
Imthān
Afula
Bet She'an (Scythopolis)
Irbid
Al Husn
Ar Ramtha
Janin
'Ajlūn
Al Mafraq
NOT USED
Jarash
Sabastiyah
Nabulus (Nablus)
Jordan
As Salt
Az Zarqa
Al Karāmah
Ram Allāh
Arīhā (Jericho)
Ammān (Rabbah) (Philadelphia)
Hisbān (Heshbon)
Mt. Nebo
Ma'dabā
Al Jīzah
Dhībān (Dībon)
Khirbat Qumrān
Dead Sea
Khān az Zabīb
As Suwāqah
Ar Rabbah
Al Qaţrānah
Al Karak
HEJAZ RAILWAY
Wādī al Hasā
Tannur
At Ţafīlah
Ar Rashādiyah
Faynān
DESERT ROAD
Ash Shawbak
'Unayzah
Wādī Mūsā
Petra
Wādī Mūsā (Elchi)
Ma'ān
Al Jafr
Dilāghah
Gharandal
Ra's an Naqb
Al Quwayrah
'Aqabat al Hijāziyah
Baţn al Ghūl
Jabal Ramm
Ramm (Desert Police Post)
Wādī Ramm
Ar Ramlah
Al Mudawwarah
Wadi al Arabah
JORDAN
Qaşr al Hallābāt
Qaşr Hammām aş Şarakh
H-5
TRANS-ARABIAN PIPELINE
Qaşr al Azraq
Qaşr al Mushāsh
Al Muwaqqar
Qaşr 'Amrah
Qaşr al Mushattā
Qaşr al Kharānah
Dab'ah
Qaşr aţ Ţūbah
Wādī adh Dhab'ah
Jabal Thulaythuwāt
Wādī Bāyir
Bāyir
Qaşr al Burqu'
Al Hadīthah
Kāf
Ithrah
An Nabk
'Ayn al Bayḑā'
Wādī as Sirḩān
SAUDI ARABIA
Hazawzā'
Al 'Isawiyah
Bi'r an Na'ām
Mishāsh Hadrai
Bani Murrah
Jabal at Tubayq
Kilwah
FRONTIER UNDEFINED
0 10 20 30 40 50
STATUTE MILES
Map by John L. Beeson and David L. Moore
Art by Harry C. Siddeley
© National Geographic Society
35° 36° 37° 33° 31° 30°



JORDAN

THIS SERE LAND of ancient faiths and modern turmoil rests its head in the deep cleft of the Jordan Valley. The tiny western part buckles with hills; the high, stony eastern plateau slopes off into utter desert. Long-forgotten caves in cliffs above the lowest place on the earth's surface yielded the famous Dead Sea Scrolls, hidden since Biblical times.

AREA: 37,301 square miles. **POPULATION:** 2,000,000 (1964 est.), chiefly Arabs, plus Circassians, Samaritans, other minorities. **LANGUAGE:** Arabic. **RELIGION:** 90% Sunni Moslem, 10% Christian. **ECONOMY:** 75% of people depend on agriculture and livestock, 10% on manufacturing (food processing, cement, textiles) and handicrafts. Major industry: tourism. Resources: phosphates, marble, manganese, gypsum; also salts from the Dead Sea. **CITIES:** Amman (300,000), Nablus, Irbid, Jerusalem.

center of town, which today we use for all kinds of entertainment.

Modern Amman, like Rome, spreads over seven hills (pages 788 and 792-3). The city, 2,500 feet above sea level, has a delightful climate. In my own short lifetime I have watched it grow from a dusty town of 25,000 to a thriving industrial and commercial center—visible evidence of the progress the country is making every day, every week, every year.

By Western standards you might not say Amman is a gay city, but we do have an active social life and, like any modern city, we have swimming pools, cinemas, and night clubs that offer both Oriental and European entertainment. In addition, we have horse racing and camel racing, and a Kart Club that races go-carts every Friday near Amman's International Airport. When I am in town, that is where I am (page 796).

Other things, too, mark a changing Jordan—a new air-conditioned resort hotel, for example, on the salty Dead Sea, into which flows the River Jordan (pages 794-5).

The Jordan! How many the currents of history that have flowed down its less than 200 twisting miles. Its valley and the heights surrounding it are filled with storied places:

The Sea of Galilee. The Pools of Solomon. Qumran, half an hour's ride from the Dead Sea Hotel, where I find it thrilling to visit the scriptorium in which patient scribes penned many of the Dead Sea Scrolls. The ancient Well of Elisha. The riverbank spot where tradition places the baptism of Jesus. Bethlehem. Jerusalem. Mount Nebo, where died Moses, a man revered as a prophet in our Moslem religion, as are Abraham and Jesus.

Wise Caliph Saves Christian Site

In Jerusalem there is one site I am always proud to call to our visitors' attention. That is the Mosque of Omar, just in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher (map, page 831).

When the Caliph Omar accepted the surrender of Jerusalem from the Christians A.D. 638, one of history's greatest acts of religious magnanimity and tolerance took place. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, Sophronius, was showing Omar round the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It was the hour of prayer, and the Patriarch suggested that Omar pray within the sacred walls. The great Caliph refused, saying:

"If I had prayed inside the church thou wouldst have lost it; the believers would have taken it from thee, saying 'Omar prayed here.'" He stepped outside to make his prayer, and the true Mosque of Omar was built there. It stands to this day across the narrow street from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Many people mistakenly refer to the nearby Dome of the Rock as the Mosque of Omar. The truth is that Omar did not build the Dome (page 791). It was

another caliph, Abd-al-Malik. This is the "Far Distant Place" whence the Prophet Mohammed made his spiritual journey to heaven.

Jerusalem is much more than a place to visit; it is a place for meditation and contemplation. Its streets and alleys, and the sites marked by its mosques and churches, were the theater of acts by revered leaders. The sites remind us that here we are indeed in the Holy Land, a region sacred to three of the world's great religions.

In the enormous court which surrounds the Dome of the Rock, there is another mosque, Al Aksa. I never enter it without recalling that tragic morning in 1951 when I approached it with my grandfather, King Abdullah. Just inside the entrance, an assassin whipped out a pistol and fired point-blank at my grandfather, killing him. A bullet glanced off a medal on my uniform, while others ricocheted from the great pillars of the Holy Mosque. I was nearly 16 at the time, and less than 12 months later I had to succeed my father on the Hashemite throne.

Clear Summer Skies Handicap Farmers

My country is small, with limited natural resources. But our progress has been rather remarkable. Our gross national product has increased 10 percent per year since 1956.

Our summers, with the clear skies and absence of rain so loved by tourists, are a great drawback to our farmers—a drawback we are gradually overcoming with several large dams and irrigation projects. We expect to increase exports of vegetables and fruits,

reduce imports of other foods, and develop all-important hydroelectric power.

In the past four years, we have built an oil refinery, cement plant, battery factories, and a tannery. We produce and export tobacco, cigarettes, and even detergents. Fortunately we have a very large supply of high-quality phosphates, and we expect to be producing potash from the saline waters of the Dead Sea within two years. We have been spending considerable sums on mineral exploration—remember that King Solomon worked copper mines near Aqaba 3,000 years ago.

We have been investing in people, too. I am proud of the fact that school attendance among our youngsters has climbed steadily. Educated youth and a dedicated people guarantee the achievement of the better life we see for ourselves and the attainment of our objectives: serving this Arab nation, and setting a good example in every respect to the Arab people in general.

Our visitors—the number of tourists has risen 25 percent per year since 1958—tell me that they find us a friendly, orderly people. Certainly we are pleased to have them and to share with them our historical treasure house of the world's great religions, of which we are the proud custodians.

Under nearly every acre of ground, almost anywhere in Jordan, lie treasures of the past. About one hour's drive from Amman stands the old city of Jarash, possibly founded by Alexander the Great or one of his generals, and later an important Roman outpost. Archeologists have unearthed perhaps the best-preserved Roman town in the East, with a columned street half a mile long (pages 806-7).

East of Amman, across the flat, flint-strewn desert, rise the ruins of ancient Arab palaces. There are nine principal ones. Most of them belong to the Omayyad Period (A.D. 661-750), built as pleasure palaces and desert hunting lodges by the caliphs.

There are many other notable ruins in Jordan: The immense Hisham palace near Jericho, built by a great Omayyad ruler of the early eighth century, with one of the finest floor mosaics in the world. Jericho itself, where excavations reveal evidence of the city's repeated destruction, and walls and a tower of an older city—the oldest organized community in the world, making Jordan the cradle of civilization. Incredible Petra (pages 812-13), a city carved from solid rock by the Nabateans, who lived on "protection" given caravans trading with the lands of Sheba.

Bedouin Life a Proud Heritage

Until recently few besides wandering Bedouin gazed on such ruins as Petra, or such spectacular scenery as the Wadi Ramm, 50 miles to the south (pages 800-801). Now, from Aqaba, it is an easy car-and-jeep ride to the Desert Police post at Ramm. There visitors may picnic Western style or share a prearranged *mansaf*, the traditional Bedouin feast.

Although the Bedouin life of roaming is fast disappearing, many of the tribal customs of the desert will, I hope, always survive. Certainly the last to go, if it ever does, will be the hospitality of the desert Arab.

The Bedouin to me is the proudest, sincerest of human beings. I always like to spend a few hours with the tribesmen in their camps whenever I can; I feel at home there, and I know that I am participating in a kind of life that may soon be gone forever.

The combination of our ancient responsibility as keepers of the holy and historic places and our desire to move with the times is challenging. Knowing my Jordanian family as I do, I have no doubt of our ability to carry out both tasks.

* * *

New luxury hotel Al Urdon stands in the ancient city of Amman, Jordan's booming capital. Here water is precious, and the plashing jets feeding the swimming pool delight Arab eyes and ears. Pitching his tent beyond the far wall, an ingenious Bedouin uses the pool's runoff to irrigate rows of vegetables. Colored gravel forms patterns on the roofs of cabanas and refreshment stand.

THE OTHER SIDE

King Hussein shows a GEOGRAPHIC *writer his fast-changing*

THE STACCATO CLATTER of the rotor blades beat louder as we banked into the wind. The helicopter seemed to hang transfixed in the clear highland air, trembling slightly, like a poised dragonfly. The noble curves of the Dome of the Rock, jewel of Jerusalem, filled the right-hand window.

I raised my camera and spoke into the microphone that nearly touched my lips. "Sir, can we move off to the left?"

King Hussein, ruler of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, held the vibrating control column of the helicopter steady and replied, with an ironic smile, "That's Israel on both sides; if we do, they may open fire on us."

His Majesty changed the pitch of the rotor blades; we soared up and away, and the dome dwindled and shrank below us. The crenelated walls of the Old City and the ancient olive trees of the Garden of Gethsemane moved beneath us.

Altimeter Registers 1,100 Feet—Minus

We passed low over Bethany and the new road that dipped in switchback loops down to the Dead Sea. As we flew in a shallow descent, the needle of the altimeter made turn after turn. When it read "0," we were still more than a thousand feet above the jade-green River Jordan, which writhed on the alkali-white valley below us. At the river's mouth, where it fanned out into the Dead Sea, we hovered, and the altimeter indicated 1,100 feet *below* sea level. We hung a scant 200 feet above the lowest place on the face of the earth (page 794).

As we straightened away for the climb over the brown hills to the capital city of Amman, His Majesty pointed to the oil-pressure gauge. The pointer quivered and swung erratically.

Ten minutes later we were over the hills spotted with olive and fruit trees and grazing sheep and goats, clattering along barely fifty feet above the ground. The oil-pressure needle swung even more

Golden Dome of the Rock, covering a spot in Arab Jerusalem sacred to Moslem, Jew, and Christian, shines beneath King Hussein's helicopter. The author, invited by His Majesty, also visited the less-familiar desert country beyond the Jordan River, a stony plateau inhabited by nomads.

KODACHROME © N.G.S.

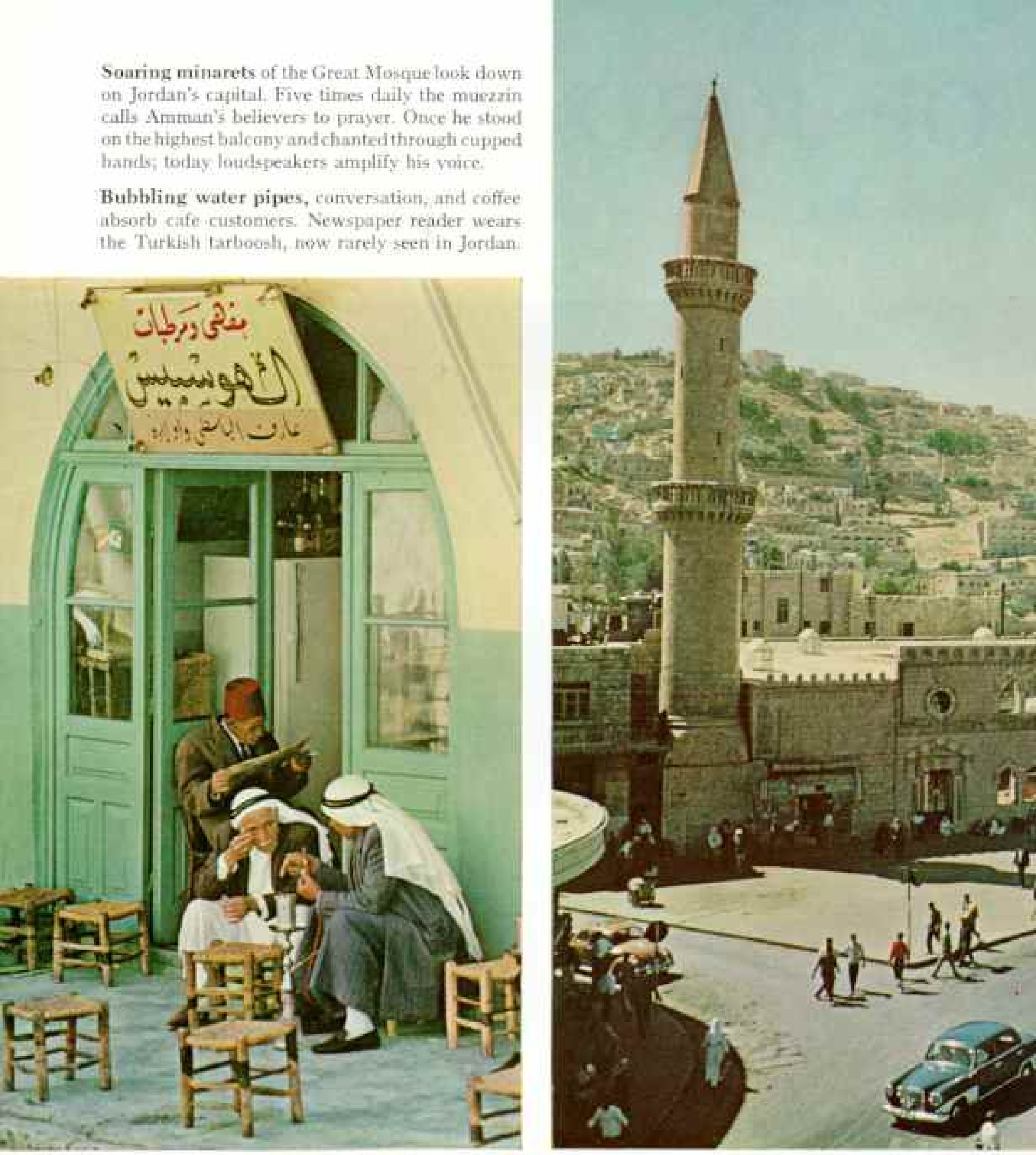
OF JORDAN

Article and photographs
by LUIS MARDEN
National Geographic Senior Staff

land, from holy Jerusalem to the high, wild country of the Bedouin

Soaring minarets of the Great Mosque look down on Jordan's capital. Five times daily the muezzin calls Amman's believers to prayer. Once he stood on the highest balcony and chanted through cupped hands; today loudspeakers amplify his voice.

Bubbling water pipes, conversation, and coffee absorb cafe customers. Newspaper reader wears the Turkish tarboosh, now rarely seen in Jordan.



violently, touching zero. The King's amplified voice sounded in my ears, "I think we had better set down." The rotor forced a swirling ring of dust and running sheep outwards as we settled on a slope among fruit trees.

After radioing the air force base, His Majesty said, "Now we get out and walk. The nearest village is only a couple of miles."

We had not gone far up the slope when a shepherd boy saw us. His eyes nearly dropped out of his head as he ran to greet us. Seizing His Majesty's hand, he covered it with kisses, saying *"Il-hamdu lillaah! Il-hamdu lillaah!"* —Praise be to God! Praise be to God!

After 20 minutes' climb, we came out on a rudimentary road; a few minutes later, a truck came along and gave us a lift. His Majesty rode next to the driver, who looked proud and happy, and I sat in the outside seat. When we came to the village, we saw a policeman. The King leaned across me to tell him that the helicopter was down.

The policeman asked anxiously, "Is the King in it?" His Majesty leaned a bit farther,

ROADSWORDS BY LUIS MARDEN, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.

bringing his face into full view. With a broad smile of relief, the policeman snapped his arm to a rigid salute.

At that point an air force car came tearing down the road. The mechanics went on to look after the helicopter, and we rode with the officers back to Amman, where His Majesty told his worried staff, "Never mind; we are all right, and Mr. Marden got his pictures."

This incident brought two things graphically home to me: the tragedy of a divided city and country, and the love which the people of Jordan feel for their enlightened and progressive young monarch.

Al-Hussein ibn Talal is only 29 years old, but he has matured rapidly in a part of the world which in recent years has seen events that would tend to make anyone grow up quickly. He is a handsome man, with a vibrant baritone voice and an erect military bearing, the product of training at Sandhurst and a long line of fighting ancestors. It was King Hussein's great-grandfather who began the Arab Revolt against the Turks in 1916.

As a member of the Hashemite family, King Hussein is a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed.

Hussein has a deep concern for his country and people, and his motto is: "Let us build this country and help this nation."

The King lives modestly in a house on the outskirts of Amman. He does not often use the throne room of his father and grandfather, but receives his callers in a small study in an unpretentious palace on a hill above the city.

In his moments of relaxation, the King is a versatile sportsman, an expert water-skier, go-cart racing driver, Aqua-Lung diver, and an accomplished jet and helicopter pilot with more than 1,000 hours in the air.

The crack, razor-keen Jordan Arab Army soldiers idolize their King. The army is largely made up of Bedouin from the desert regions of Jordan, men whose fathers and grandfathers fought their way up from the south with Hussein's forebears. When not using classical Arabic in public speeches, Hussein speaks the Bedouin dialect of the desert to his soldiers, and they love it.

This army and the Israeli forces face each other along a 350-mile north-and-south truce line, from the Sea of Galilee to the Gulf of Aqaba (map, pages 786-7).

Jordan was formerly a part of greater Syria, and until World War I a part of the Ottoman Empire of the Turks. After that war, Palestine and Transjordan, the land to the east of the Jordan River, became British mandates.

Jordan gained its independence only in 1946. Thereafter the fighting of 1948 between Arabs and Israelis left most of Palestine under Israeli control and swelled Jordan's population by 650,000 Palestinian Arab refugees.*

Water Gives Life or Death to Jordan

Water is the lifeblood of Jordan. In the Jordan Valley and the hills on both sides of it, there is generally enough permanent water to support a rich agriculture of vegetables, vineyards, and olive and fruit trees, recalling the Bible's description of Canaan: "A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates." But in the desert to the east, every well or water hole is literally life or death to the people within reach of it.

After the rains of a normal winter, a yearly

*See "Hashemite Jordan, Arab Heartland," by John Scofield, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1952.

Jade waters of the Jordan empty into the salty Dead Sea. Green gardens cover distant banks.

Unsinkable bathers float on the Dead Sea. Here salt content is nearly 25 percent, as compared with the ocean's 3.5. Swimmers hold their heads high because the water tastes nauseatingly bitter and burns the eyes like lye. Air conditioning makes life comfortable in the seaside hotel.

Zero minus 1,100 feet, says the backward-turning altimeter in the King's helicopter, hovering above the Jordan River. At the Dead Sea, the river lies 1,296 feet below the level of the oceans.

KODACHROMES © N. G. S.

miracle is re-enacted in the brown hills of Jordan. The desiccated earth bursts into incredibly lush life; wild flowers spring up almost overnight, and the hills are carpeted with color: blood-red poppies and anemones, lupines and cornflowers blue as the Pools of Solomon under a clear sky. But when rains are scant or delayed, all Jordan suffers.

Nearly one and a half billion people, half the earth's population, regard places in Jordan as hallowed and Jerusalem as a center of faith. For Moslem, Jew, and Christian, this is indeed holy land, the scene of apocalyptic events of the world's great religions.

Bedouin Roam Amid Castles and Palaces

But there is another side to Jordan, east of the holy river, less well known than the West Bank's sacred places—the Jordan of ruined Roman cities, medieval Arab palaces, Crusader castles, and the high, wind-swept stony plateau of the wandering Bedouin. This was the Jordan that I particularly wanted to see.

I went to Jordan at the invitation of His Majesty, and during my stay, I was privileged to visit much of the country in his company.

The Kingdom of Jordan is generally divided into East Bank and West Bank, using the River Jordan as a demarcation line, but topographically, a better divider is the Hejaz Railway, east of the river. This historic railway, which originally ran from Damascus to Medina, divides the land roughly into the stony desert plateau to the east and the greener and more fertile hill country to the west.

The narrow-gauge Hejaz Railway, traversing Jordan from north to south, was built at the turn of the century to facilitate the hadj, the pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca.

Every Moslem in the world dreams of making the pilgrimage at some time in his life. Until 1908, Mecca could be reached only by caravan or by sea. For more than a thousand years the camel trail of the Pilgrim Road ran from Damascus through present-day Jordan to Medina, where the Prophet is entombed, and Mecca, his birthplace, in what is now Saudi Arabia. A "fast" caravan from Damascus to Mecca took 40 days.

In 1900 Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, as Caliph, Protector of the Faith, announced the building of a railway from Damascus to the holy cities. The line, which closely followed the ancient trail, opened to traffic in 1908. Pilgrims could now travel from Damascus to Medina in two and a half to three days. For political and religious reasons, the line never reached Mecca itself.

The normal operation of the Hejaz Railway was short-lived. When war broke out in 1914, Turkey aligned herself with Germany. The Arab peoples had long chafed under Turk-

Go-carts buzz like hornets as they round a bend at Amman Airport's racecourse. King Hussein, here in the lead, often wins, not because of royal prerogative, but because of his driving skill. Contestants meet every Friday, the Moslem Sabbath.

ish rule, and now they rose in revolt under the leadership of Sherif Hussein of Mecca, King Hussein's great-grandfather.

Mounted on fast camels and carrying their own supplies, the Arab guerrillas made forays along the line, blowing up troop and supply trains. Travel on the Hejaz Railway became so dangerous for those riding near the engine that seats in the rear of the train sold for five times the normal price.

The guerrillas, aided by the legendary T. E. Lawrence and other British officers, blew up 79 bridges and countless trains (following pages). By April of 1918, the Turks abandoned efforts to repair the line from Ma'an, a town in southern Jordan, to Medina. After the armistice of 1918, trains ran sporadically, but finally attempts to maintain service were given up. The last train ran from Medina to Ma'an in 1925.

Steam Engines Now Use Oil

During World War II, when Rommel threatened Allied forces in North Africa, rails and metal ties were taken up on the abandoned stretch of line for 38 miles from Ma'an south. With them a line was built to Ras an Naqb, on the way to Aqaba. Today, one of Jordan's objectives is to extend the railway all the way to the rapidly growing port of Aqaba.

One day I rode south to Ma'an in the company of Mo'taman Khalil, chief engineer of the line. As the train rolled slowly through the Amman hills, the whistle hooted querulously at children playing on the track. The fields were yellow with ripe wheat, and the black goat-hair tents of the Bedouin in their regular rows looked like a line of dark ships on a rippling golden sea.

We ambled at a comfortable pace, rarely exceeding 35 miles an hour. The steam engine belched black smoke; it drinks oil now, but when the line was first opened, the wood-burning locomotives ate their way through the highland forests. The hills were rapidly denuded, and when war came and wood could no longer be transported from the mountains of Lebanon, centuries-old olive groves were sacrificed to feed the boilers.

When the German engineer first surveyed the line at the turn of the century, he could travel only by caravan, which moved, as it always had, from well to well. So the rails follow almost exactly the old Pilgrim Road.

We were the only train on the single-track line, and we ran across a tawny plain, unbroken in its level vastness. In summer the heat can be fierce, and dust rolls in the open windows, sifting down in a thick gritty coat.

When the hadj went by camel- and horseback, the multitude, warned by a rifle shot, rose before dawn to travel in morning coolness.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS MAHEEN, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.

Democratic King lunches weekly with his subjects. This group in Raghadan Palace includes student, Air Force officer, businessmen, and members of the political opposition. Guests may speak on any subject; Hussein frequently acts on their suggestions.

In 1876 a bearded Englishman, Charles Doughty, joined a hadj caravan of 6,000 pilgrims and 10,000 beasts south of Damascus. Out of this epic journey, which lasted one year and nine months, came the 1,300-page book, *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. I had read with surprise in this monumental work that "... within my experience, none could mistake the Arabian desert mirage for water." Many times I saw from the train what appeared to be pools of silvery water, shimmering across the plain. What I actually saw was the light of the sky reflected from a layer of heated air that boiled in the sun's rays.

Near Ma'an station I have seen the oily cloud of the daily train hang detached from the horizon, rising and expanding like a genie escaping from a bottle, to float like a misshapen tree above the horizon. Finally the train itself would grow waveringly upward from the mirage, its distorted image streaming in tatters until it healed together and rushed, solid and reassuring, down the track.

Beside the line near some stations were shallow depressions, all that remained of Turkish entrenchments of the 1914-1918 war. Raiders of the Arab Revolt swept down on these isolated outposts, capturing arms and firing stockpiles of war material.

Lawrence Joins Desert Warriors

With the Arabs rode that enigmatic figure, T. E. Lawrence. In his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Lawrence tells of organizing and equipping bands of irregulars, with whom he served as liaison officer for the British Army under General Allenby.

The way he tells it, Lawrence sustained the entire Arab Revolt, conceiving the strategy of the campaign to harass the Turks along the Hejaz Railway, and to march, ultimately, on Damascus. The Arabs point out that their

revolt had already erupted before Lawrence appeared, and claim that it would have gone on with or without him. Some British writers agree, and debunk the romantic hero, who affected white Arab dress and took pleasure in flouting the rigid code of the spit-and-polish British Army (page 840).

Nevertheless, this vain, mercurial, moody, sensitive, pitiless, talented man, speaking Arabic fluently but by his own account with execrable grammar and syntax, doubtless won the hearts of his Arab comrades in arms.

Approaching Ma'an, we were in the country of the Howeitat, a powerful Bedouin tribe. Today it is headed by Sheik Mohammed abu Tayi, gentle son of the fire-breathing, hawk-nosed Auda abu Tayi, "the greatest fighting man in northern Arabia," who rode with Lawrence and loved the *ghazu*, the traditional Bedouin raid.

Auda boasted of having killed 75 Arabs with his own hands, even before he joined the big conflict in 1917. In everything this desert fighter was larger than life; he was wounded 13 times and married no less than 28 times.

In Ma'an his son Sheik Mohammed showed me the gold-mounted sword carried by Auda in all his battles (page 804). He also showed me the enormous tinned copper platter, five feet across, with which Auda dispensed hospitality to all who came to his tent. Many a *mansaf*, or feast of boiled lamb and rice, had filled this noble dish. Sheik Mohammed also showed me the tremendous coffeepots nearly a yard high, with curved spouts as big as a pelican's bill, that kept coffee going at all times for Auda's guests.

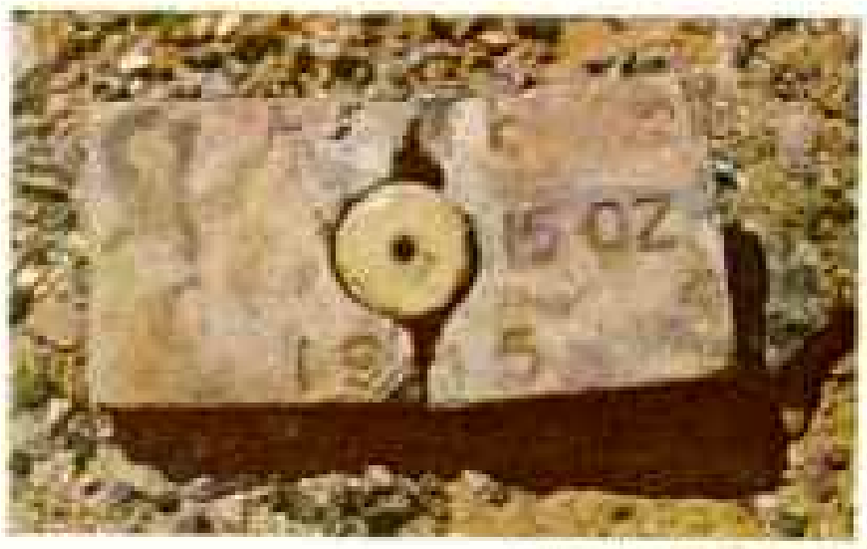
Arabs consider hospitality a sacred duty. The wayfarer is "the guest of Allah," and even a blood enemy, if he has broken his host's bread and eaten his salt, may claim sanctuary for three days.

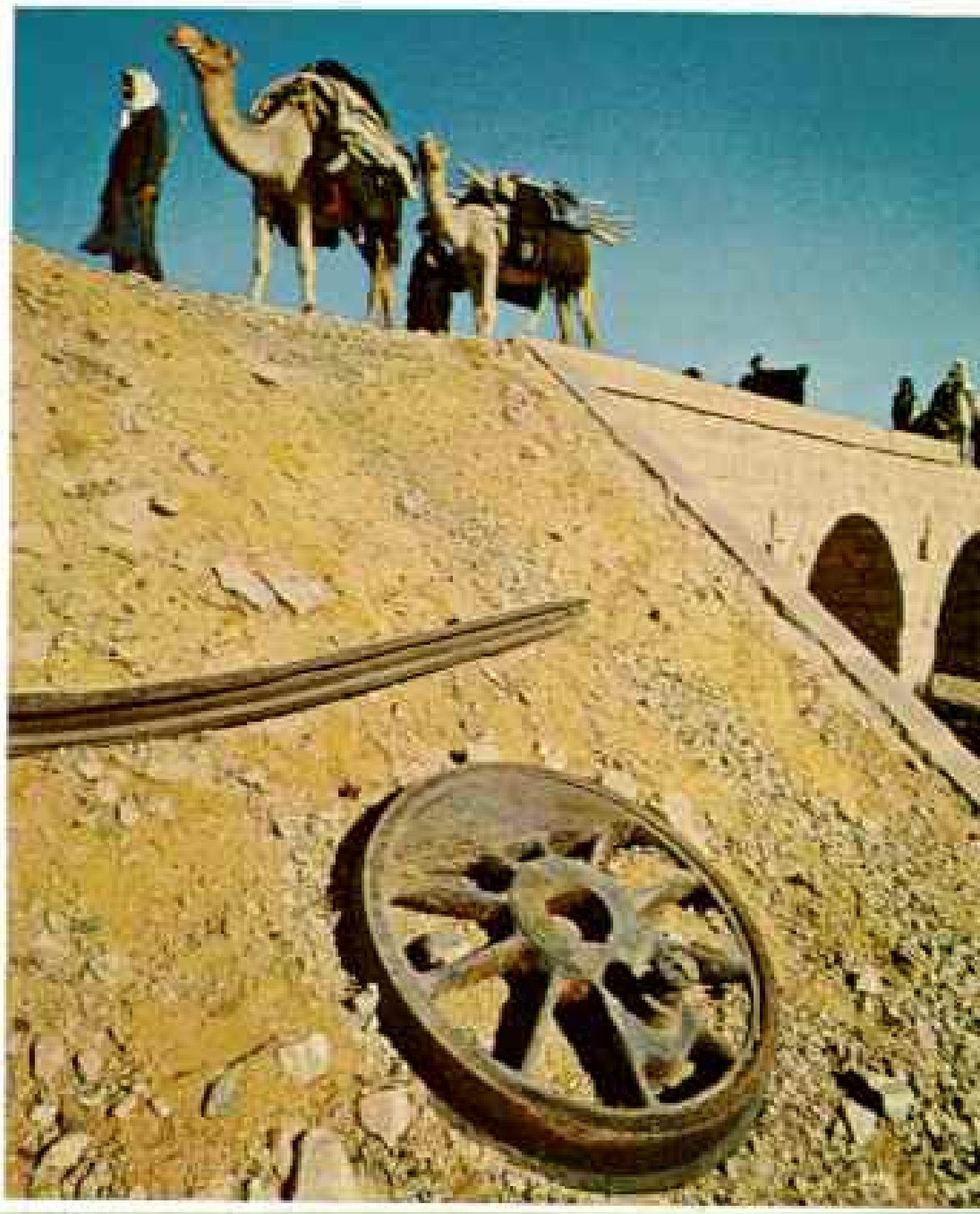
Oil smoke of the Hejaz Railway's daily train traces a black line across desert.

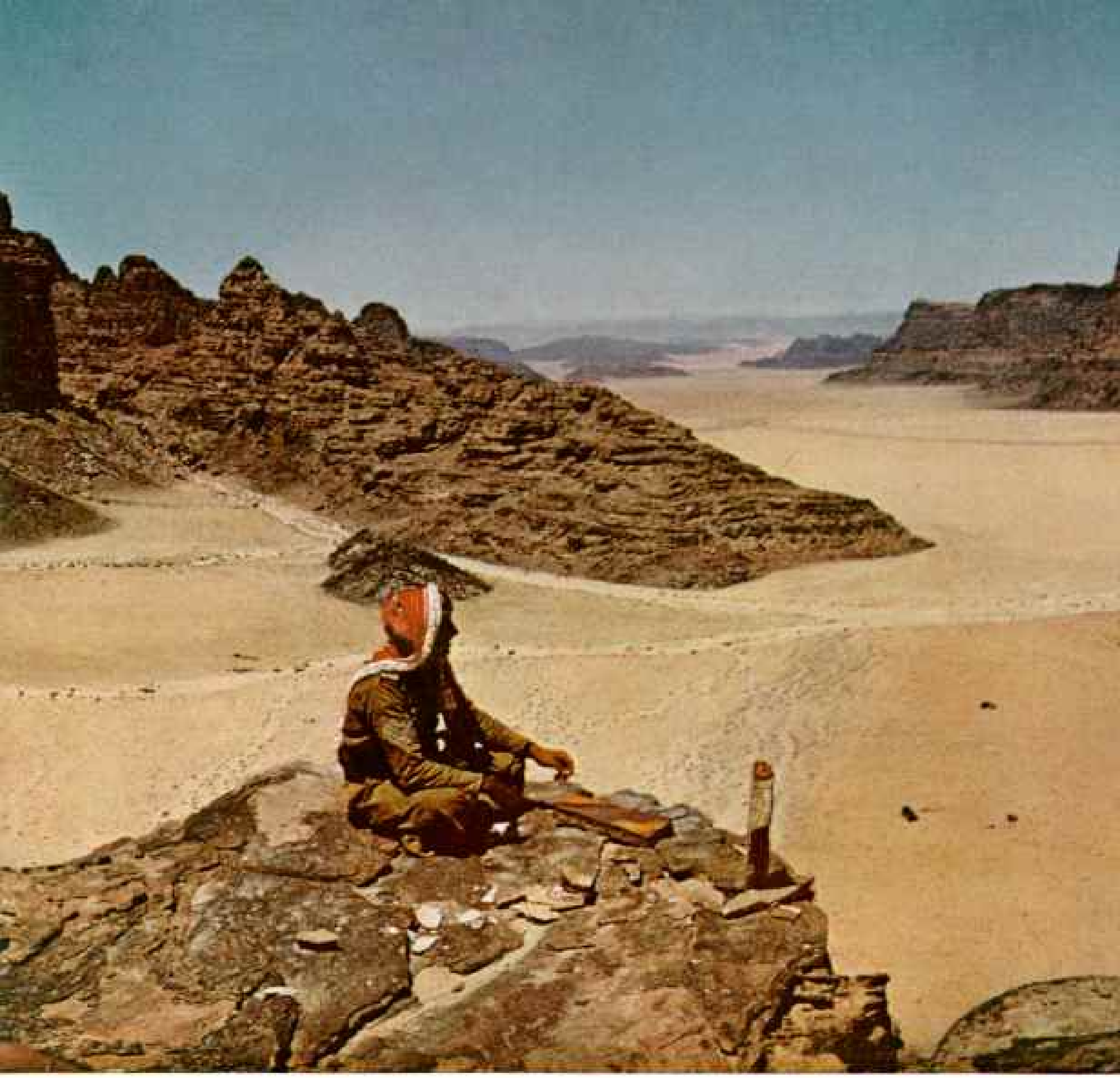
Flaring guncotton, relic of World War I, burns near the arch of a ruined bridge. Arabs destroyed trains and bridges so thoroughly that this portion of the line, near the Saudi border, still lies derelict.

Nomads and camels walk the abandoned line south of Ma'an. Rails and ties were torn up in World War II and used to build a spur toward the sea. Twisted rail and driving wheel remain from a World War I sabotage raid.

Deadly brick of guncotton bears date, 1915, and mark of the English factory.







Turreted thousand-foot-high buttes overhang a rusty sea of sand, the awe-inspiring Wadi Ramm.

From Ma'an, Khalil and I continued south along the stripped roadbed by Land-Rover, following the old Pilgrim Road.

Here are no sand dunes of romantic Arabia, but a flat volcanic plain averaging 4,000 feet above sea level, strewn with black flints. This was Arabia Petraea, Stony Arabia, of the ancient geographers. The trackless sand-dune desert, the Great Nafud, lies to the southeast, and no one enters it except from necessity.

The right of way, shorn of its rails and ties, ran like a raised dike on our right hand. Regularly the embankment was pierced by stone bridges over dry watercourses; but most were in ruins, the result of World War I demolitions. At some places we drove up on the roadbed itself and ran along the top to the distant pile of a destroyed station. Where a station remained standing, Bedouin had sheltered their goats and sheep, and the walls were covered with graffiti of geometric camels, with the hump shown as a triangle, and the cabalistic *wasm*, or tribal mark, of each band that had camped here.

Close to the line were pitched the black goat-hair tents—"houses of hair"—of the Bedouin, where some slight dip in the ground still trapped enough moisture to support a thin film of green.

All Arabs are hospitable, but in the desert the Bedouin follow a code as formal as the patterns of a minuet. It was hard to refuse the repeated invitations to stop for coffee.

On entering one tent, we called "*As-salaamu*

EXPEDITIONS BY LUIS MARDEN, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.

Desert Police fort appears no bigger than a sand castle. A Bedouin cairn balances on the cliff edge.

'aleikum!"—Peace be unto you!, and the host replied "*Wa-'aleikumu s-salaam!*"—And unto you peace! The host's son poured us small cups of bitter black coffee, flavored with cardamom. On being served, I said, "*Sallim ideek!*"—Blessed be thy hands! After draining two or three cups, I signified "no more" by shaking the cup from side to side, and handed it back, saying "*Daayme!*"—in effect, May your house always be prosperous.

Inshallah—May God Will It

Arabic is rich in poetic expressions of courtesy; there are a dozen ways of saying "yes" politely, and almost as many of gentle refusal. And always the name of God is invoked, calling down His blessing, praising Him for what each day brings, and calling on Him to witness some marvel, or the truth of the speaker's words. One of the commonest expressions is "*inshallah*"—may God will it.

Engineer Khalil had told me that once he had found blocks of guncotton in the rubble of a partially demolished bridge, and I asked our host Mahmud if he had ever run across any such relic of the early war.

"About five years ago," he said, "my brother found several of the little cakes in the drainage hole of a bridge; he buried them not far from here."

Unerringly Mahmud took us to the place. The scouring sands and rains of five seasons had swept the stony ground, and it looked like any other spot within miles of me. But

without hesitation Mahmud began to dig and uncovered six buff-colored oblongs. They looked like cakes of laundry soap, pierced with a central hole big enough to put your thumb through. Molded into the deadly bricks were "N. G. P. F."—National Gun Powder Factory—"15 oz." and "1915." With the cakes were waxy bottle-cork-shaped detonators, made to fit into the hole in each cake.

I put the detonators in the pockets of my bush jacket, and, walking very carefully, we carried the bricks to the surviving arch of the bridge. We laid some crumbling pieces on the ground and touched a match to them.

With a flaring rush, an orange flame shot into the air (page 798). Later, I took several specimens back to Amman with me, carrying them on my lap well away from the detonators, and wincing every time the Land-Rover bounced through a rut.

Today this World War I guncotton rests in the museum of the Jordan Arab Army, safely immersed in kerosene.

Halfway to the Saudi frontier, the railway descends an abrupt escarpment in a series of long switchbacks. The break in the plain is called in Arabic an *'aqaba*, a going down; it marks the beginning of a rougher terrain of broken hills and rocky valleys.

The scene was desolate; in the lifeless waste of sand, flint, and basalt, the abandoned railway faltered, like the ghost of a lost hope, toward Mecca. The ruined station here bears the appropriate name of Batn al Ghul—the Ghoul's Belly.

This is classic ground; most of the great Arabian travelers passed this way. Ibn Battuta, the celebrated medieval Arab traveler, came through here on his way to Mecca in 1326. He quoted a then-current proverb about the desert: "He who enters it is lost, and he who leaves it is born."

It was the heart of summer, and in all this dead, burnt land nothing moved. So my eye was caught by an intermittent flapping, small on the horizon. We veered toward the line and saw that the wavering was a hanging cloth slatting in the wind.

Black Stones Mark Pilgrim's Grave

Dismounting, we came on a sad sight: the new grave of a pilgrim of the hadj. A heap of stones covered the shallow sepulcher. From a metal railroad tie thrust into the ground at the head of the grave hung a blanket, and over the mound were spread the clothes of the dead man. A short distance away three ties had been pulled together to make a rude table on which to wash the body for burial.

I learned later that the dead pilgrim had been a Turk of more than eighty years. He had died on the return journey, his lifelong dream accomplished.

While we had the railroad line in sight, we knew where we were, but as soon as we struck off across the open plain, it was hard to follow the faint tracks, because the ground retained few marks of wheels, and the nearly constant wind had brushed the surface smooth. I used a marching compass and a map to strike across the country to a known destination. Places on the high central plateau of Arabia are often referred to by latitude and longitude, as with positions at sea.

When night fell on the desert, I understood at once the ancient Arabs' proficiency in astronomy. By day the featureless blue sky held little to tell him, but now the black sky was ablaze with stars. The Milky Way shone

Rearing Steed of the King's Stables Shows the Arabian's Beauty and Spirit

Through the years, invading armies took away Jordan's finest horses. King Hussein is determined to breed back the purest stock. Arabs say the perfect horse must have a neck curved like a crescent moon and a nose small enough to fit into a teacup.

with a soft radiance, and its dark bays and indentations were as clearly demarcated as a coast on a nautical chart. First-magnitude stars glowed like lamps, and the constellations were brilliantly outlined. Small wonder that the Arab wanderer of the desert should become adept at finding his way by the stars.

During the Dark Ages, it was the Arabs who kept alight the lamp of knowledge lighted by the Greeks. Of the 57 stars chosen by international agreement for navigation purposes, 38 have names of Arab origin, and some of the commonest words used by navigators come from the Arabic: azimuth, zenith, nadir, alidade, almanac.

New Road Links Amman to the Sea

If the camel or Land-Rover rider were to strike southwest from Batn al Ghul toward Aqaba, he would pass through one of the most spectacular regions of Jordan: Wadi Ramm. I went there another way, by the new Desert Road that links Amman with the Gulf of Aqaba. This excellent highway runs straight and level for miles, taking the traveler to Ma'an in two and a half hours. The journey from Amman to the sea is a fast and comfortable four and a half hours.

The new road traverses a high tableland; then, 20 miles past Ma'an, at Ras an Naqb, it plunges more than 1,000 feet down an abrupt escarpment to the floor of a broad valley.

In early-morning light the sunken plain, with the looped road straightening and flinging across it like the switch of a lion's tail, is pure enchantment. The red rays of the early sun, striking back from the yellow valley through the blue haze of distance, suffuse the plain and the rounded hills in the near foreground with a plum-colored light.

From Al Quwayrah, a seat of the Desert Police down on the plain, a trail leads across the desert to Ramm. About halfway on the hour-long ride to Ramm we traversed an immense mud flat, smooth as slate, and our Land-Rover leaped forward, riding so levelly at 65 miles an hour that we seemed almost to be standing still.

At the far end, the ocherous hills slowly deepened in color until we rounded a shoulder and burst on the awesome grandeur of Ramm (pages 800-801).

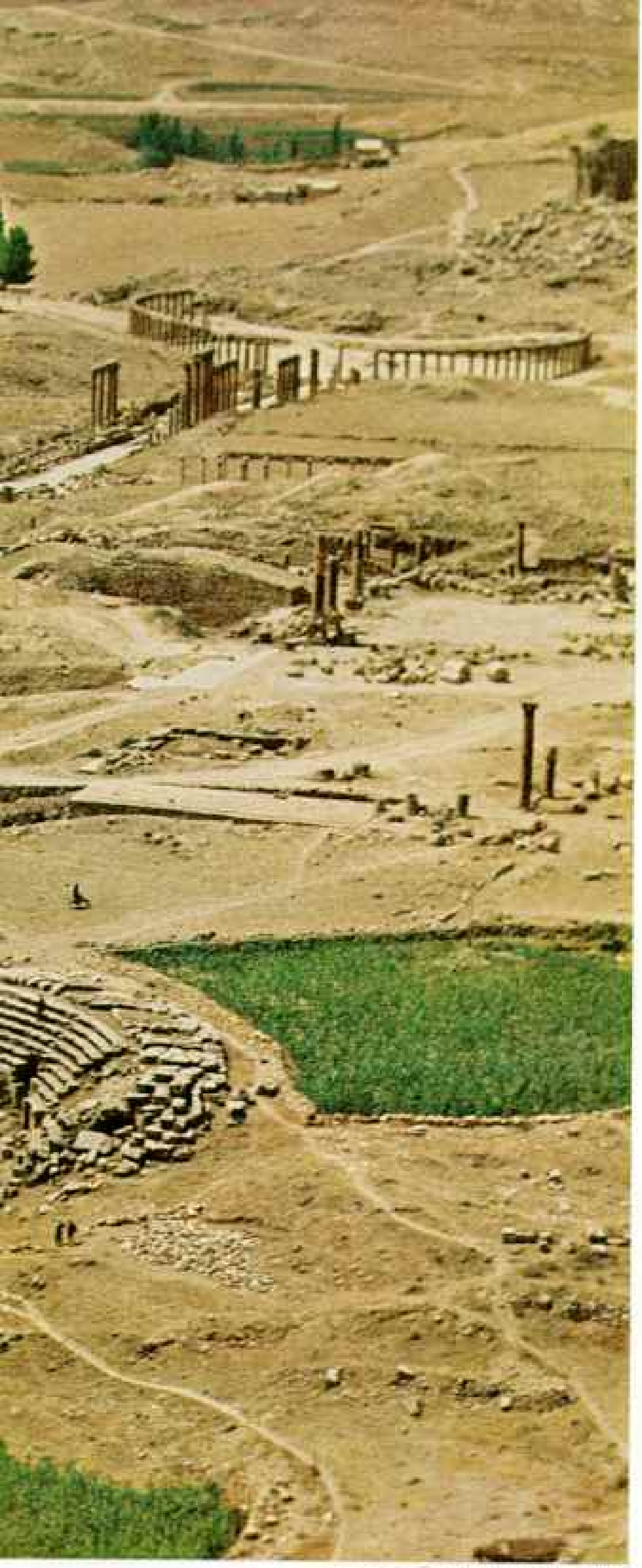
Son of a famous desert warrior, Sheik Mohammed abu Tayi (left) holds the gold-mounted sword carried by his father, Auda abu Tayi, who fought beside Lawrence of Arabia.

Jordanians felicitate the King during the Moslem Festival of Sacrifice. In Raghadan Palace, Hussein stands before the gilded throne he declines to use. His brother Prince Mohammed is at left and Sherif Hussein (wearing glasses), then Prime Minister, at right.

Three soldiers of Jordan. White-mustached palace guard wears the uniform of his Circassian ancestors, who have lived in Jordan for generations. Young paratrooper at right epitomizes the dedicated, superbly trained Jordan Arab Army. Desert patrolman on the page opposite wears red-and-white headcloth and a cartridge-studded bandoleer.

Jarash, Stone Skeleton of a Roman City, Comes to Light Under Archeologists' Picks

This ancient site belonged to the Decapolis, a confederation of cities between Damascus and Philadelphia, now Amman. Its colonnaded main thoroughfare, still showing deep ruts worn by cart



and chariot wheels, leads to the elliptical forum at upper right. Crumbling theater in foreground is one of two. Excavations by Jordanian scholars frequently turn up Roman glass and coins. Circassians live in the village beyond the wooded valley.

One of my friends, even though used to the stupendous sight, whispered *"Subhaan il-Khaaliq!"*—the Creator be praised! It was a Martian landscape. Before us the sand floor of the wadi widened to a mile and turned red as rust. On both hands great buttes of red sandstone soared skyward and receded in broken walls of turreted stone more than 1,000 feet high. Far down the wadi, the battlemented Desert Police fort looked like a toy castle.

In the powdery sands of the wadi bed, the Desert Police greeted us, saying *"Ahlan wa-sahlan,"*—Our house is as open to you as the plain.

They were good-looking men, olive-skinned and hawk-nosed, with piercing black almond eyes heavily outlined in velvet-black kohl—an ancient cosmetic of natural antimony, that protects against the glare of the desert sun. Their dashing uniforms are a military adaptation of Bedouin dress: a long khaki robe that falls to the ankles, a red-tasseled sash, crossed red leather bandoleers of cartridges, a silver-mounted dagger thrust into the belt, and the *hatta w-'aqqaal*, or headdress, in the red-and-white of the Jordan Arab Army, held in place by a black goat-hair fillet (pages 804 and 814).

Camels Trained for Battle

We drank coffee with the Desert Police, and then they put their highly trained camels through their paces for us. The riders charged by at a long swinging pace, with the long knobby legs of the camels reaching out in a ground-devouring stride; then they pulled the mounts up short and made a rasping guttural deep in their throats, the signal to kneel.

Usually camels make a lot of noise about anything, groaning and protesting, but these were trained to act silently. As the camels collapsed, the riders vaulted lightly from the two-pronged saddles; at another guttural, the camels rolled clumsily over on their sides, providing a bulging cover for the riflemen, who crouched behind the reclining camels, resting their rifles on the swelling bellies.

Nowadays the Desert Police posts are linked by wireless, and at the first signal of trouble these superbly trained

Like a bush in a breeze, black coral sways in the sea currents off Aqaba. These horny colonies of polyps cling fast to coral rock at 120 feet. The author made the first known discovery of black coral in Jordanian waters. Oval butterflyfish flit beyond stag-horn coral in the foreground.

A king with fins and Aqua-Lung, Hussein swims at 60 feet in the Gulf of Aqaba, a deep fissure in the Great Rift Valley, which extends 4,500 miles from Turkey to Mozambique. He carries a Calypso camera, which works in air or water, a diver's knife strapped to his right leg, and depth gauge and watch on his wrists.

Tasseled prayer beads, cut in Bethlehem, were made from Aqaba black coral for King Hussein. A stem, partly polished, lies within the loop.

Not a tree, but an animal skeleton. Branching black coral, brick red in surface sunlight, quickly turns dark on exposure to the air. Beads for the Moslem rosary at left, a *masbaha,* were cut from the thick stem.

men are off, riding down the wadis to bring help or justice.

Normally one can ride by camel or Land-Rover down the wide avenue of Ramm, through the sands of Wadi al Yitm to Aqaba. But torrential rains last spring washed great boulders into the wadi, and so we retraced our route to Al Quwayrah and the Desert Road.

The Gulf of Aqaba is a drowned portion of the Great Rift Valley. Jordan's segment of the rift runs from the Sea of Galilee, 686 feet below sea level, to the Dead Sea at 1,296 feet below; it continues down Wadi al 'Arabah, a wide, torrid sand flat that runs to the square head of the Gulf of Aqaba.

Except for the brief flurry of wartime activity in 1917 and 1918, Aqaba remained until recently a sleepy fishing village. In Solomon's time, the port of Ezion-geber was near here, but in the intervening centuries sea traffic has passed it by. Now Jordan has built a modern port, and a model town, laid out by city planners, is rapidly coming into being, although a large part of it still consists only of empty smooth-surfaced new streets and promenades.

There is an excellent new hotel, with separate cottages on a superlative beach. The waters offshore are a fisherman's dream, with a score of species ravenous for the hook.

Underwater Glory at Aqaba

There are abundant coral reefs close to Aqaba, and having dived on them several times, I can say unequivocally that Aqaba possesses the finest underwater scenery I have ever seen anywhere in the world within reach of cold drinks and air conditioning.

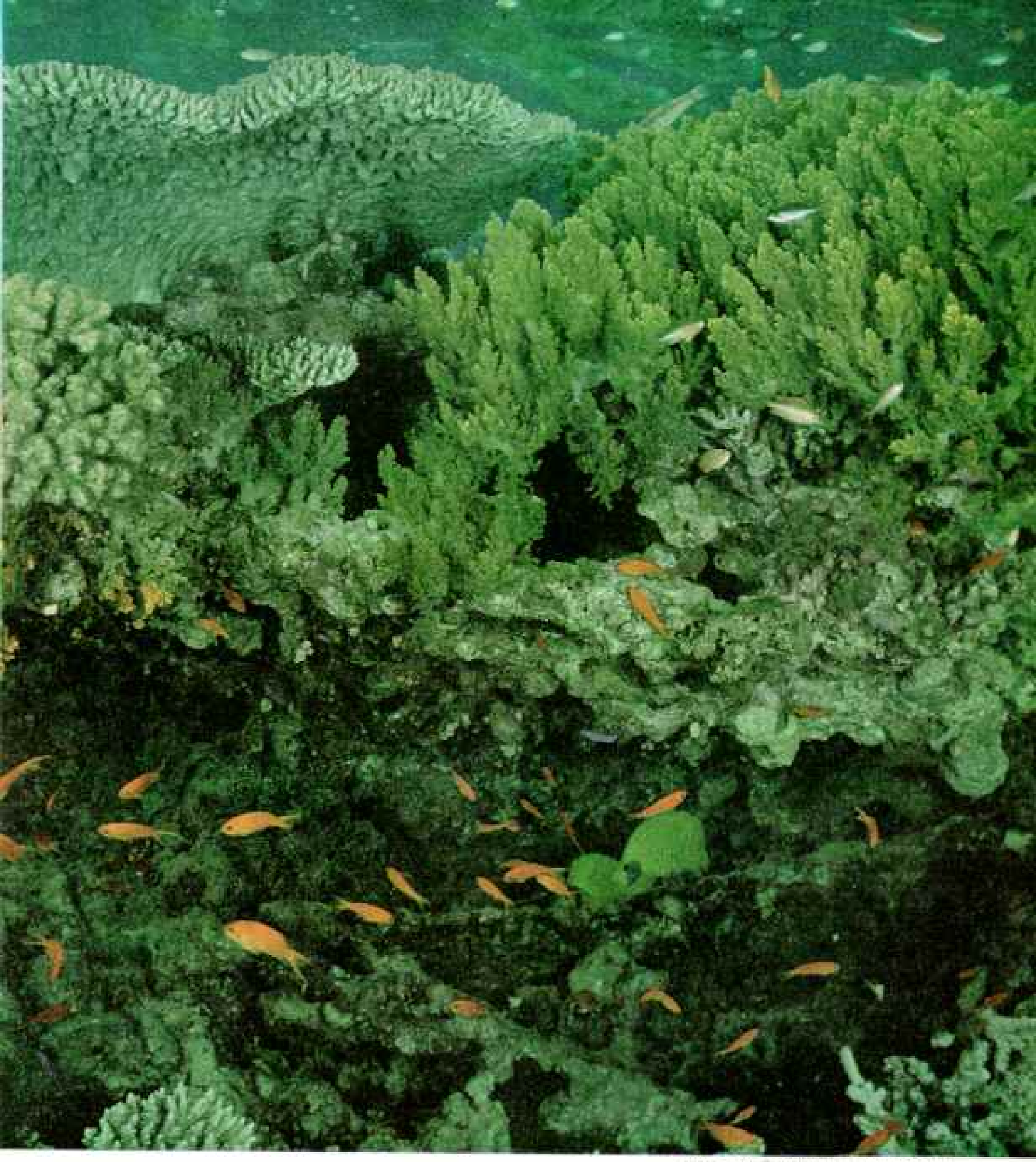
Twice King Hussein and I went diving there (preceding page). The best reefs are not far away, on the eastern shore of the gulf. Coral begins almost at the water's edge, running in long fingers of yellow-brown out to deep water. The diver may choose depths from six to nearly 150 feet.

I dived with His Majesty in 60 feet of water. Our boatman, a grizzled old fisherman, had pointed downward, saying, "Here, big rock." An enormous coral head, 30 feet high and 20 feet across, rose from the sea bed to within 30 feet of the surface. All about it in the lambent blue light, coral spread in horizontal fans of white fretwork, and lilac, pink, mauve, and yellow fingers and domes of stone.

Through the branches and gnarled trunks of this frozen forest swam butter-yellow goatfish; orange and green parrotfish, chewing the coral and ejecting puffs of pulverized lime; and bristling red-and-white-striped lionfish, with poisonous spines like feathers—called by the Arabs *jaaj il-bahr*, chicken of the sea.

We swam down the slope and looked into the darkness of deep water. Great pelagic fish cruised there like submarines. On a rocky promontory hanging over the deep, a feathery black "shrub" waved its plumes in the current. Groping for my plastic slate I printed for His Majesty to see: BLACK CORAL USED FOR PRAYER BEADS.

Teeming reef life blazes with color in the



Gulf of Aqaba. Golden *Anthias* and silvery demoiselles swim amid fretted eaves of coral.

I had first seen this curious animal structure while on an expedition to the Red Sea. Specimens we brought up then were treated with reverence by local Arab fishermen. Black coral *(Antipatharia)* is called in Arabic *yusr*, which means abundance. From it is made the *masbaha*, the string of Moslem prayer beads which pilgrims bring back from Mecca.

For centuries there has existed a yusr fishery off Jidda in Saudi Arabia, but this was the first time yusr had ever been observed in Jordanian waters. It may occur in water as shallow as 30 feet, but it thrives best at depths of 150 feet and more. When cut and polished on a buffing wheel, yusr takes a gleaming black polish like jet (page 809).

On my return from Aqaba I visited what is truly one of the wonders of the world, the hidden city of Petra. From the village of Elchi, we followed Wadi Musa, the dry stream bed

that penetrates the mountains before Petra. We followed the torrent of gravel until gray rounded pinnacles seemed to bar the way, then turned a corner and a fissure opened before us.*

The Siq, the narrow passage through the rock bastion that hides Petra, is a wonder in itself. It is little more than a mile long, and in places narrower at the top than at the bottom. I rode through it on a camel, and the pebbles kicked up by the horse my companion rode clinked like glass in the enclosed space. At the end of half an hour in the gloomy passage we rounded a bend, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of astonishment. It was as though, in the darkness of that narrow way, a tongue of red flame had suddenly flickered down from the sky and frozen.

The towering walls of the Siq ended abruptly, and through an opening only two yards wide I could see two perfect columns and part of a pediment, sharply chiseled from the living rock and glowing red, like some enormous carved carnelian lighted from within. The horseman standing at the mouth of the Siq seemed a Lilliputian in black silhouette against the unearthly radiance of the sunlit face. This was El Khazneh, the Treasury, most beautiful of Petra's monuments (left and opposite).

Lizards Mimic Petra's Sandstone Hues

Though Petra was occupied by the Nabateans at least as early as 310 B.C., most of the tombs carved from the living rock date from Roman times. Many of the carved façades, protected in their rock-walled fastness from eroding sand, are gemlike in their sharp relief.

The trail continued past that first magnificent sight, past gaping wall tombs, an amphitheater, and sandstone cliff faces in horizontal bands of red, yellow, gray, and white. In places the colors seemed to have melted and run together in pendulous fingers. In crevices of the red rock little lizards flirted, their color a dusty gray flecked with rose-red, exactly mimicking the sandstone to which they clung with padded feet. Around on the heights were other tombs, and beyond, a paved way with a triumphal arch.

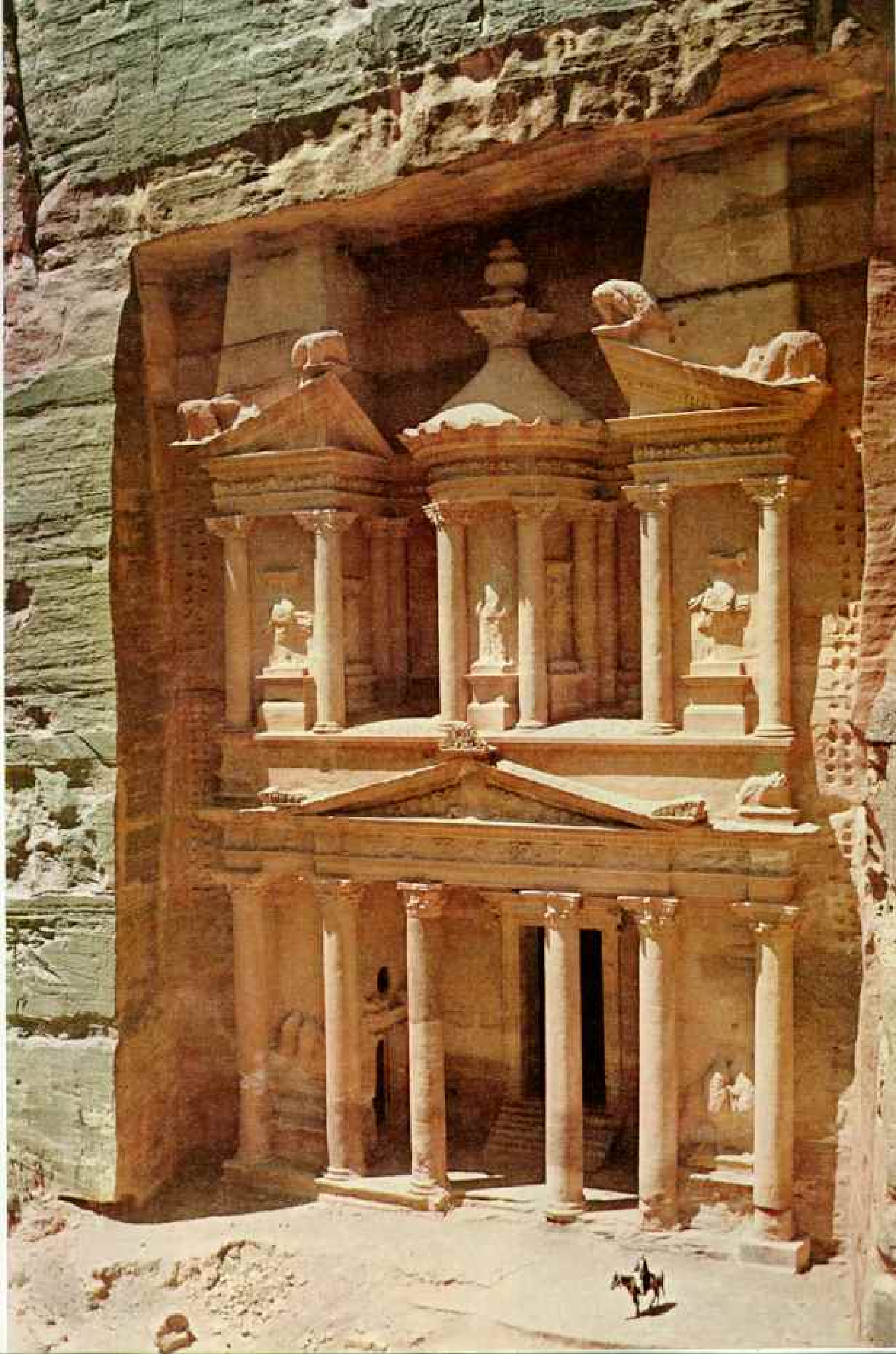
Jordan is one vast open-air museum. Since the first light of civilization, peoples, nations, and invading armies have dwelt in, marched across, and devastated this ancient land. All left traces of their passage.

With Dr. Auni Dajani, Director of the Department of Antiquities, I flew one day by helicopter along nearly the full length of the Jordan Valley. Starting at the mouth of the Jordan, we clattered at 500 feet up the long trough of the Great Rift. We flew low over Jericho, a green oasis of fruits and flowers. Constantly flowing springs keep Jericho verdant, and from the air it was bright with

*See "Petra, Rose-red Citadel of Biblical Edom," by David S. Rover, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1955.

Hidden splendor glows at the end of the Siq, a narrow ravine leading to Petra, an ancient city chiseled from red-sandstone cliffs. As the author rounded a bend in the 300-foot-deep chasm, a dazzling façade suddenly burst into view (opposite).

The Treasury, as Arabs call this elaborate tomb or temple, was cut in relief from the living rock. Stronghold of the early Nabateans and later Romans, Petra was lost to the world for centuries; John Lewis Burckhardt, a Swiss, rediscovered it in 1812.



Racing horsemen escort Hussein's car over the sands;

AS THE KING approaches Jilul, in the Beni Sakhr country of central Jordan, four thousand guests wait to greet him. Two white camels were sacrificed in his honor and flocks of sheep slaughtered for a *mansaf*, a desert banquet. Here the author learned to eat mutton, rice, and pine nuts, basted with yoghurt and butter, by rolling the mixture into a ball and popping it into his mouth.

"Joy shots" of mounted riflemen accompany the King to his pavilion, where he read petitions, heard grievances, and meted out justice.

Desert policeman, in uniform based on Bedouin dress, stands guard behind the camp's goat-hair tents. He and his comrades watch the wastelands from fortlike posts linked by radio. Travelers in remote country check in at Desert Police posts; if overdue, they are sought by patrols in Land-Rovers or on camelback.

cheering camel riders welcome him to a desert feast.

running water and the red and yellow gleam of oranges, lemons, and dates.

The Omayyad palace of Hisham unrolled below us like some archeologist's map. The now-roofless baths were covered with sand to protect their mosaics from the bleaching sun, and at the edge of the modern settlement rose the hill that covered the old city of Joshua's time and much earlier settlements, including a round tower and staircase that mark the oldest known urban dwellings in the world.*

At the foot of the Mount of Temptation, close to Jericho but apart from it, the mud-walled houses of Jordan's biggest refugee camp spread in monotonous rows. Here an uprooted people live on a United Nations dole and scant earnings from handicrafts.

Halfway up the Jordan Valley we looked down on the ruler-straight line of the East Ghor Canal, which taps the waters of the Yarmuk, the Jordan's most important tributary. The Yarmuk flows westward from Syria at the foot of the Sea of Galilee, marking the border between Jordan and Syria.

To the north, blurred through the heat haze, we saw the blue waters of Galilee. But we flew no closer, because here three borders meet: Syria, Jordan, and Israel (map, pages 786-7).

The East Ghor Canal disappeared into a hillside between the Jordan and the Yarmuk. On the other side of the hill we flew low over the intake, where the Yarmuk waters swirled into a tunnel pierced in the hill.

When we turned southeast to fly across the highlands toward Irbid and Amman, Dr.

*See "Jericho Gives Up Its Secrets," by Kathleen M. Kenyon, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1953.

BURCHBUMES BY LUIS MARDEN © N.G.S.

Cupbearer at the desert feast repeatedly serves bitter black coffee until the guest signifies "enough" by shaking the empty cup.

Encamped desert chieftains, sheiks of the warlike Beni Sakhr, await King Hussein near Jilul.

Dajani pointed. Along a ridge yellow threshing floors lay like gold coins. Dark against the wheaten circles, little donkeys raised a dust of chaff as they walked round and round. Beyond were the houses of a town beside the ruined semicircle of a Roman amphitheater.

"That is Umm Qays," said Dr. Dajani. "In Biblical times it was called Gadara. You may remember that the Bible tells that Jesus crossed over Galilee and came to this place, where He found a man wandering wildly, possessed by devils. He caused the devils to pass into a herd of swine that were feeding nearby, and the swine rushed down into the lake and drowned."

The Gadarene donkeys walked round and round, seemingly possessed neither by devils nor curiosity; they did not even look up as we buzzed overhead.

Toward Irbid the hills grew greener, and pine trees were darker strokes of green among the dust-colored olive groves. So must all this land have looked before the hills were denuded in the first war to feed the boilers of the Hejaz Railway.

Irbid is an important town, the third largest city in Jordan, after Amman and Nablus. Although it lies in the most fertile hill country in Jordan, the city itself has not had an adequate water supply for centuries. A householder there told me that he had been without running water in his house for 58 days. Thanks to an imaginative piece of engineering, the rerouting of an old oil pipeline to carry water, Irbid's water problem is now being solved for the first time since Roman days.

Beyond Irbid the castle at 'Ajlun, standing nearly 3,500 feet above sea level, loomed

Jacob's Well, near Nablus, refreshes pilgrims today as it has since Jacob, grandson of Abraham, dug it. Here Christ met the woman of Samaria. A Greek Orthodox church now stands over the well.

through pine thickets. In a country celebrated for its Crusader castles, Qalat al Rabadh has the distinction of being wholly Arab; it was built during Crusader times, in 1184 and 1185, to hold back the Latin invasion, and was never taken by the Crusaders.*

Before returning to land at Amman, we made a loop to the south and flew over Al Jizah, a station on the railway and an important police post on the Desert Road to Aqaba. Beside the police post, a tremendous water basin, bigger than several Olympic swimming pools, glinted in the sun. The tank holds 23 million gallons of rain water, enough to supply the district for miles around, even in the unlikely event of a three-year drought.

Romans Built Original Waterworks

I remembered the story of an inspection trip arranged by engineers of the Central Water Authority for diplomats and other notables. An engineer discoursed on the enormous capacity of the Al Jizah basin, the solidity of its stone-block construction, and its strategic location at the center of an exceptionally dry region. The Italian Ambassador smiled. "I know," he said, "our people made the original installation."

The Ambassador spoke the literal truth. His people *had* done the original work. Al Jizah's basin, like most waterworks in Jordan, was built by the Romans in Christ's time and shortly after.

In several cases, when the Central Water Authority has sought to increase the flow of a silted-up spring, workmen dug through the sand to find carefully engineered and finished

*See "Crusader Road to Jerusalem," by Franc Shor, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, December, 1963.

. . . Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King. . . MATTHEW 2:1

A town of towers and domes, Bethlehem on its hills presents one of the Holy Land's most memorable sights. Even today the town can house few travelers, who may find, as did Mary and Joseph, no room at the inn.

Silver star, in a crypt beneath the Church of the Nativity, marks the spot hallowed as Christ's birthplace.

Canopy covers the Manger. A Franciscan says Mass as altar boys kneel. The crypt, said to be the original grotto, is shared by Roman, Greek, and Armenian churches.

KODACHROME (TOP) AND EKTACHROME BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.

Pilgrims on Good Friday mass at the First Station of the Cross in Jerusalem's Old City. Setting out to retrace the Via Dolorosa, groups representing a dozen nationalities carry heavy crosses along the sorrowful way of Christ's march to Calvary.

At the Sixth Station of the Cross, a kneeling group leader reads prayers before the entrance to the station's chapel. Here Veronica wiped the sweating face of Jesus with her kerchief.

stone conduits, some high enough to walk nearly upright in, leading to the source of water. After cleaning out the debris of centuries, water flowed as fresh and sweet as in the days of the empire.

Near the end of my stay in Jordan, I attended a big mansaf offered to His Majesty by Maj. Gen. Akash Zebn, chief aide-de-camp to the King. The feast was held in the desert not far from the village of Jilul, in the heart of the country of the Beni Sakhr.

This tribe occupies the country of Moab and Amman, the highlands round about central Jordan. The Beni Sakhr are numerous in the Jordan Arab Army and, like the Howeitat to the south, are accounted mighty fighters in a nation of warlike men.

More than one hundred open-fronted black tents were pitched in a line facing the track along which His Majesty would arrive. Sheiks and their entourages came from all parts of Jordan (pages 816-17); there were 4,000 guests, who arrived on camelback and horseback, by Land-Rover—and by Jaguar and Mercedes-Benz.

Two hundred and fifty sheep had been slaughtered to provide the feast, and before the great tent spread with rugs and cushions that had been prepared for His Majesty, court officials, and the leading Beni Sakhr sheiks, knelt two pure white camels. They were marked in ocher with a circle and two dots, the symbol of sacrifice.

Opposite the tents and facing them, 200 camelmen, resplendent in bright robes and saddle hangings, awaited the arrival of the King, and far down the track stood two bands of horsemen with rifles at the ready. As the royal car drew abreast, horsemen galloped wildly on each side of the King's car, firing "joy shots" into the air; the camelmen wheeled behind the horsemen and shouts rose from 4,000 throats (pages 814-15).

Camels Sacrificed as King Arrives

Behind the main line of tents, from the women's quarters, sounded the ululation of the *zaghrout*, the peculiar cry with which Arab women greet their leaders or send their men off to war.

The chiefs rose to greet His Majesty at the entrance to the big tent, and the instant the King set foot to the ground, men with the right arm bared to the elbow plunged curved daggers into the jugulars of the white camels.

Inside the tent His Majesty shook hands with a long file of notables. Some, after old

custom, attempted to kiss the King's hand, but Hussein, a democratic monarch, invariably pulled his hand away. Some of the tribal elders, striking old men with high-bridged noses and the beards of patriarchs, kissed the King on his cheek or forehead, murmuring, "*Allaah yitawwil 'umrkum!*"—May God lengthen your life!

Coffeebearers came forward, and while His Majesty sipped and reclined on a divan heaped with cushions, men declaimed poems or read petitions. Occasionally, one would dart forward before the guards could restrain him, and press a written petition into His Majesty's hand. Hussein read them all, then handed them to an aide for action.

Since there is little formal law among the tribes, the sheik's word decides all disputes. King Hussein, as supreme leader, is the final tribunal.

Seeking to heal a schism centuries old, Pope Paul VI on his Holy Land pilgrimage last January joins hands with Athenagoras, Greek Orthodox Patriarch.

Pope Paul enters the Old City of Jerusalem through the Damascus Gate. Hussein, who flew over His Holiness's car along the road from Amman, soars skyward in his helicopter. Paul's police escort struggled through delirious crowds, who shouted *"Baba! Baba!"*—Papa!

First Pope to fly and first to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Paul VI arrives in Amman on January 4, 1964. Hussein salutes the Vatican flag. Papal aircraft, an Alitalia DC-8 three and a half hours out of Rome, stands beyond the Apostolic Delegate to Jerusalem (hat in hand) and other dignitaries. Paul visited holy places on both sides of the Arab-Israeli truce line, announcing he was on a spiritual pilgrimage, not a political journey. Arabs, who revere Jesus as a prophet, received the Pope with ovations.

Holding prayer beads, Sheik Nadim Mallah smokes his water pipe. The Koranic scholar instructed the King's English wife in Islam. White cloth, or *kaffe*, around his tarboosh identifies him as a man of God.

Rival bands of horsemen staged mock fights, charging across the sand and firing volleys of shots with their carbines and pistols. Finally the mansaf was served, on great metal dishes each bearing a roasted whole sheep nested in a mound of rice and pine nuts, all drenched in a rich white sauce made of yoghurt and butter.

With the right hand, the guest picks out a choice bit of lamb and kneads it and the rice into a round ball that slips easily into the mouth. It is an art to do this, one that I only partly learned. But a properly prepared mansaf is one of the most delicious dishes I have ever eaten.

Papal Visit Narrows Old Differences

Just before I left Jordan, I witnessed one of the great events in the history of the Holy Land: the visit in January, 1964, of His Holiness Pope Paul VI, the first Pope to visit the scenes of Christ's life in nearly 2,000 years.

In a speech delivered to 1,600 members of the world press gathered in Jerusalem two days before the arrival of the Pope, His Majesty said: "The pilgrimage of His Holiness the Pope re-emphasizes the fundamental affinity of our two great religions.

"One of the unfortunate distortions of history has been the widespread belief that Christianity and Islam are fundamentally antagonistic and therefore irreconcilable. . . . Islam reveres and believes in the divine nature of Jesus Christ . . . and our holy Koran has nowhere anything but reverence and belief in the divine message of Christ.

"In Jordan the adherents of our two great faiths live side by side as good citizens. We do not preach tolerance; we live it. It is my earnest hope that the visit of His Holiness may herald a new era of genuine understanding . . . between our two great religions."

I was at Amman Airport on the gray and cold day when Pope Paul's great jet, blazoned with the white-and-yellow Vatican colors and the emblem of the Keys of St. Peter, set down.

DEVELOPED BY LOUIS MARUCK, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.

The slender, blue-eyed Pontiff, in a white robe, came alone down the gangway to clasp King Hussein's hand. Said the King, "We welcome you, sir, as a man of God, to Jordan, the Holy Land."

I followed the motorcade in which a throng of the highest ranking prelates and patriarchs of the major Christian sects accompanied the Pope to the River Jordan and on to Jerusalem. There the people welcomed the Pontiff, as they welcomed Jesus in Biblical times, with branches of palm and olive. I heard the tumultuous shouts of the massed thousands at the Damascus Gate (pages 822-3), and early on another day, I watched Paul VI descend into the grotto of the Church of the Nativity to pray for world tolerance and peace at the cradle of Jesus (page 819).

At the end of the Pope's visit to the Holy Land, King Hussein took leave of him with these words: "It is in the spirit of the Caliph Omar who granted freedom of worship to all . . . that we have been welcoming pilgrims for centuries to the holy places. . . . And so we have welcomed you, the greatest pilgrim of them all. . . .

"You have asked me, sir, to work with you for world peace, and my answer is that I will do so with all my heart and strength. . . . I will also work for justice, because there can be no lasting peace without justice to all men."

Paul the Sixth replied: "Forever in our heart we shall bear the consoling memories of this humble visit to the holy places, and of the warm welcome extended to us by the inhabitants of this sacred land. May God reward them, may He wipe away their tears, and grant them peace, prosperity, and true happiness."

Inshallah. * * *

To complete its coverage of Palestine, the divided Holy Land, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC will publish a comprehensive article on Israel early next year. —THE EDITOR

Jerusalem, My Home

By BERTHA SPAFFORD VESTER

THREE WARS have rolled over the Holy Land during Bertha Vester's time there. Often she has braved gunfire while going about her duties as the American Good Samaritan, or as Arabs call her, "the mother of us all." Even today, at 86, from her home in the Arab sector of Jerusalem, she looks across an armed frontier—the no man's land dividing the city between Jordan and Israel.

For nearly 70 years this dedicated woman has given her time, energy, and limited funds to helping the sick, wounded, and needy of the Holy Land—be they Moslem, Christian, or Jew. She is the only woman to wear the Jordan Star, Third Class, awarded by King Hussein for her services to Jordan's people.

Mrs. Vester has known kings, princes, sheiks, and field marshals, but those closest to her heart are the humble people—those who need help. Perhaps her greatest achievement is the Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital. It was born—as this warmly human story explains—because of a Yuletide incident of many years ago.

Somehow, in an incredibly active life, Mrs. Vester has also found time to be a painter. Her water-color studies of the wild flowers of the Holy Land are beautiful. Bertha Vester's story, we decided, should be published in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. We encouraged her to write this article, and to let us select illustrations from her paintings and the historic photographs in her albums. Now we take pleasure and pride in presenting it.

—MELVILLE BELL GROSVENOR, Editor

I CAN REMEMBER lying awake in the early morning, when the first glimmerings of light outlined my windows, and listening to the *pit-a-pit, pit-a-pit* of the unshod hooves of a donkey as it led a long caravan of camels through the street outside. Then came the soft shuffling footfalls of the camels and the rhythmic sighing of the ropes that fastened heavy loads to saddles, as the caravan plodded toward the market.

That was 83 years ago. I was three years old, and my parents had just brought me to live in Jerusalem, the Holy City that was to become the only home I have ever known.

As my windows brightened, the hum of the city grew. By the time the sun lifted its head over the Mount of Olives, peddlers were shouting hoarsely in the streets. They hawked mulberries, dates, old clothing, sesame cakes.

I grew to love the city's face in all its changing moods: Its golden early-morning hue as it confronted the rising sun; the white face of high noon when glare killed the city's colors and seemed to flatten all its churches and houses; the afternoon of benign shadows restoring the charm and individuality of the buildings crowded together on their hills.

And finally, the mystery and magic of evening, indigo shadows lengthening into darkness as the turmoil of the day subsided into the silence of the night, and only flickering oil lamps lit the narrow labyrinthine streets.

Jerusalem has changed vastly since those days of the late 19th century, but in many ways it has not changed at all. The Old City still teems with Moslem and Christian Arabs, Copts, Greeks, and Armenians. Here they live, work, and trade behind crenelated walls built by Suleiman the Magnificent.

I never tire of the Old City's sights, sounds, and smells. Regularly I go there to visit our small patients at the Spafford Children's

Alight with inner radiance, Bertha Vester holds out her hand to the sick and destitute in the Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital of Arab Jerusalem. For nearly 70 years she has succored the unfortunate as a member of the American Colony in Jerusalem. Currently the 86-year-old author devotes her energies to medical care for Arabs like this 9-year-old boy, whose right hand was injured by a grenade.

Hospital, founded on Christmas Eve 39 years ago, and now the principal charity of the American Colony Aid Association.

Outside the walls, in Arab Jerusalem's modern quarter where I live today, new hotels, office buildings, theaters, and shops take shape almost daily. At night the streets blaze with neon.

With all its changes, Jerusalem remains the magic city it has always been over the long span of years since I arrived in 1881 from Illinois with my father and mother, Horatio Gates Spafford and Anna Lawson Spafford. My parents, with my younger sister Grace and me, came here seeking peace and solace after a series of numbing personal tragedies.

Before I was born, four of my sisters, en route to Europe with Mother, were lost in a shipwreck off Newfoundland. Mother, whose youngest was washed from her grasp, was rescued after hours afloat. A few years later my brother Horatio, Jr., died of scarlet fever.

Pilgrims Seek Peace in Holy Land

With the Spaffords came a group of friends. They came not as missionaries or preachers, but simply to find peace and to give themselves to God each in his own way, here in this arid land where Christ lived and died.

I remember quite clearly moving from a hotel just inside the Jaffa Gate to the house that was to be our home for many happy years. Built in the Arab manner, its high-domed rooms opened off a central court. Even

Dark save for a few pinpricks of light, Arab Jerusalem sleeps beneath the Mount of Olives and

on the hottest day some part of the court was always in deep shadow.

The house, now the Children's Hospital, stands on one of the highest points of Jerusalem. From its roof the whole city can be seen spread out like a map—both the Jordanian sector and the larger part, now in Israel.*

Around the stately Dome of the Rock, the truncated belfry of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and many other smaller churches huddle the square-faced houses of the Old City, all built of the mellow golden limestone found in the hills about.

In my youth the Holy Land was still known as Palestine, part of Turkey's vast Ottoman Empire. Scarcely a house stood outside Jerusalem's wall, whose seven gates were closed shortly after sunset by Turkish guards.

We lived very simply then. Native rush mats covered our stone floors, and the only decorations were bunches of wild grasses and palm leaves and the Christmas cards we received from America.

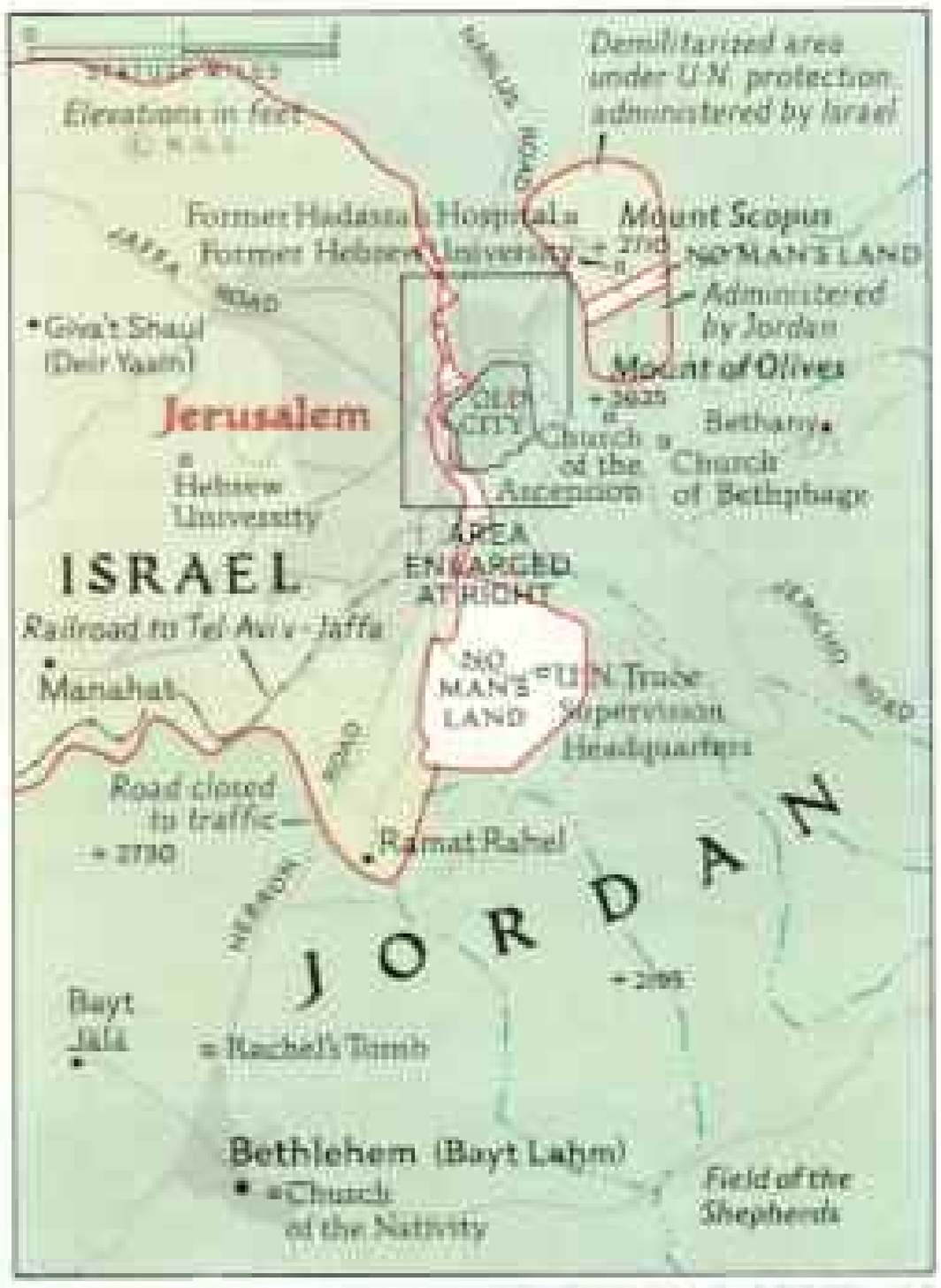
In winter our rooms were warmed by little sheet-iron stoves, burning olivewood. Cooking was done over charcoal. We ate Arab food—rice and cracked wheat, plenty of vegetables, chicken and mutton as our only meat.

We made American coffee for ourselves, but to Arab guests we served it in the Arab way, very strong, in tiny cups. Once we offered a large cup of coffee to an Arab friend

*See "Jerusalem, the Divided City," by John Scofield, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, April, 1959.

Dome of the Rock (left). Its crowded quarters send their needy to Mrs. Vester for love and aid.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER THOMAS NEBBIA © N.G.S.



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAPS DRAWN BY LUIS MARDEN AND ELIE SARRAF, COMPILED BY EUGENE M. SCHEEL © N.G.S.

and he exclaimed in astonishment: "What's this you are giving me, a cisternful?"

A special friend, our Moslem grocer, first introduced us to the Adwan tribe of Bedouin from east of the Jordan River, a proud, fierce warrior people devoted to blooded horses. The head of the Adwan, Sheik Ali Diab, frequently came to our house with a mounted guard. I can remember their thundering arrivals, the horses sweat-covered and breathless after the long climb up to Jerusalem from the Jordan Valley.

Each man carried a long-barreled rifle and wore a curved dagger. They hung their rifles and knives on hooks on the living-room wall, making it look like a medieval stronghold.

Curious Adwan Count Author's Toes

When I was six, we were invited by the Adwan to their encampment across the Jordan. We made the three-day journey on horseback, over a rough path that followed the old Roman road down into the Jordan Valley, and across foothills to the east side.

The visit was the beginning of a happy relationship between the Adwan and the Spaffords. I was the first Western child they had seen, and I can remember their polite but persistent curiosity—their amazement at the whiteness of my skin, the solemn concentration with which they counted my toes to see if I had the right number.

Ancient walls encircled all Jerusalem and Ottoman Turks controlled the city when the Spafford family arrived in 1881 and took up residence at the present site of the Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital. Joined by friends, they were soon known as the American Colony. In 1899 the colony moved north to a former pasha's palace on Nablus Road. Today, swollen far beyond the old ramparts, Arab Jerusalem lies within the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, separated by no man's land from the Israeli sector (left).

My mother wrote to a friend: "We started early in the morning, on horseback, without any protection except our Bedouin friends, who were armed to the teeth with swords, pistols, knives, etc. I wish you could have seen us start out with these wild Ishmaelites."

The first night we spent in Jericho, the second in an encampment of Adwan shepherds, where "very soon after our arrival they killed the 'fatted lamb' and 'baked the cake' for us, just like in the days of Abraham."

After supper, Mother wrote, the Bedouin staged a war dance, "the wildest scene one could imagine." While a dozen men stood shoulder to shoulder and chanted their song, "a woman danced with a drawn sword in her hand, which she brandished with dexterous skill. . . . The faster she danced, the more excited the men got, until it all finished in a grand finale of noise and dust."

Next day we reached the Bedouin camp at Heshbon, atop a mountain south of Amman, now Jordan's capital (map, pages 786-7).

"The wife of the great sheik met us with the gracious dignity of a queen," my mother wrote, adding that soon the whole encampment was astir with preparations for a feast.

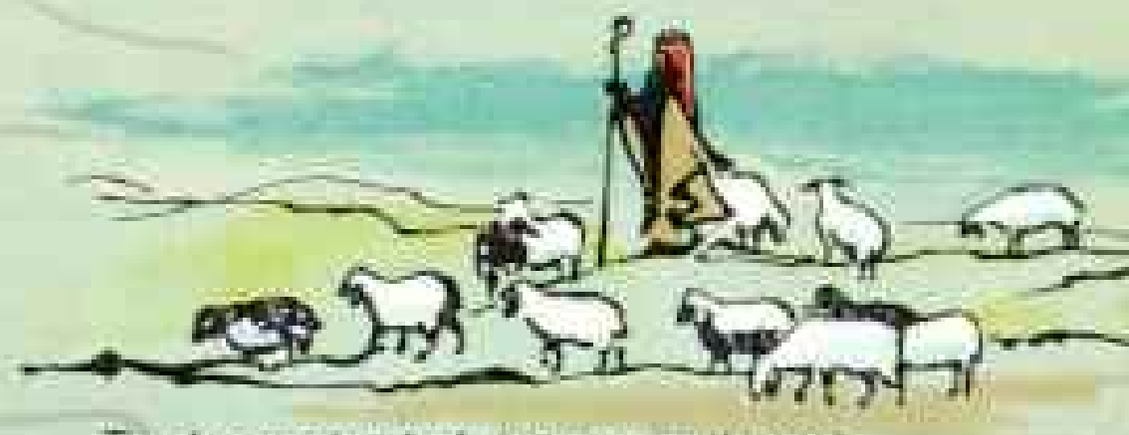
"After we had partaken . . . the evening fire was rekindled. . . . Then the court joker and singer came forward and sang the praises of the great sheik—telling about the numerous battles he had fought and won, and recounting the many enemies he had killed. He threw up the dust with his hand and said, 'So many more than could be counted.' "

To mark the visit, I was adopted as a member of the tribe. The Bedouin called me Murtha Adwan, the nearest they could come to "Bertha." Grandchildren of Sheik Ali Diab, some of whom now occupy important positions in Jordan, today call me "mother."

Within a few years of their arrival, my parents and their friends had assumed a leading role in Jerusalem's social and cultural affairs.

THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM

STATUTE MILE
Elevations in feet
© NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Timeless pastoral of peace on earth, good will to men. Shepherds today tend their flocks in the hills about Jerusalem in the manner of their forefathers. The Bible tells that angels descended to such a field, announcing the Saviour's birth.

ISRAEL / JORDAN

Mandelbaum Gate, checkpoint where travelers may enter Jordan from Israel. Tourists going from Jordan to Israel are not permitted to re-enter Jordan.

NO MAN'S LAND

Musrara Road

Mixed Armistice Commission House

NO MAN'S LAND

Sheik Ej Jarah Mosque

American Colony Hotel

AMERICAN COLONY

+ 2493

Tombs of the Kings
ancient excavated sepulchers

St George's Cathedral

American School of Oriental Research

American Consulate

Tourist Department

Church and Convent of St Stephen

Archeological Museum

Tower of the Storks

Jeremiah's Grotto, *a deserted subterranean monastery*

Garden Tomb *sometimes identified with Golgotha*

Valley of Kidron

+ 2291

HEROD'S GATE
GATE OF FLOWERS

+ 2526

Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital

Indian Hospice

Pools of Bethesda, subterranean pools

Church of St Anne

Solomon's Quarries
a complex of underground caverns

DAMASCUS GATE (GATE OF COLUMNS)

ST STEPHEN'S GATE (ST MARY'S GATE) (LIONS' GATE)

Pool of Israel
now dry

Church of the Flagellation
site of Pilate's judgment

Austrian Hospice

Church of the Tomb of the Virgin

Garden of Gethsemane

Church of The Holy Sepulcher was built A.D. 335 by Emperor Constantine to honor the site of Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection. Crusaders rebuilt the church in 1149. The present façade dates from restorations made after the great fire of 1808.

NO MAN'S LAND

Notre Dame de France Monastery

Polish Hospice

Ethiopian Monastery

Ecce Homo Arch

Moslem Girls' School

Mount Moriah
+ 2428

NEW GATE, *closed since 1948*

Christian Brothers College

Church of St Veronica

Al Omariya Mosque

St John's Hospice

Islamic Orphanage

Church of the Holy Sepulcher, *site of Golgotha*

CHRISTIAN QUARTER

Latin Patriarchate

Casa Nova Hospice

Church of the Redeemer

Dome of the Rock

HARAM ESH SHARIF

Greek Catholic Patriarchate

Mosque of Omar

MUGHRABI GATE

GATE OF THE CHAIN

Hezekiah's Pool, intermittent

Church of St John the Baptist

Al Aksa Mosque

Wailing Wall

Dome of the Rock rose A.D. 691 to shelter a rock revered by Moslem, Christian, and Jew. Solomon's Temple occupied the site in the 10th century B.C. Smaller Dome of the Chain, to the east, was a model for the shrine.

Solomon's Stables, substructure where Crusader knights tethered their horses.

Watson House

JAFFA GATE

The Citadel (Herod's Palace)

Islamic Museum

TRIPLE GATE, *closed*

SINGLE GATE, *entrance to Solomon's Stables, closed.*

Christ Church

Church of St Mark

DOUBLE GATE, *closed*

JEWISH QUARTER

General Edmund Allenby entered the Jaffa Gate with studied simplicity on December 11, 1917. Jerusalem passed from Turkish to British rule, in marked contrast to Kaiser Wilhelm II's pompous horse-back arrival in 1898. Iron portals have been closed since 1948.

Cathedral of St James

ARMENIAN QUARTER

Armenian Patriarchate

+ 2543

DOUNG GATE (GATE OF MOORS)

Tower of the Matches

Via Dolorosa: Way of Sorrows. Traditionally Christ walked this path, bearing the Cross from Pilate's judgment to Golgotha. Every Friday Franciscan Fathers lead pilgrims along the route, pausing to pray before each of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, nine of which are located on the streets, the last five in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Red dots on map mark the Way.

ZION GATE, *closed since 1948*

Armenian Church

Church of the Dormition

NO MAN'S LAND

Church of St Peter in Gallicantu

Sultan's Pool, part of Jerusalem's ancient water storage system, now mostly dry.

2563

intermittent

SETH'S TOMB

Coenaculum and Tomb of David

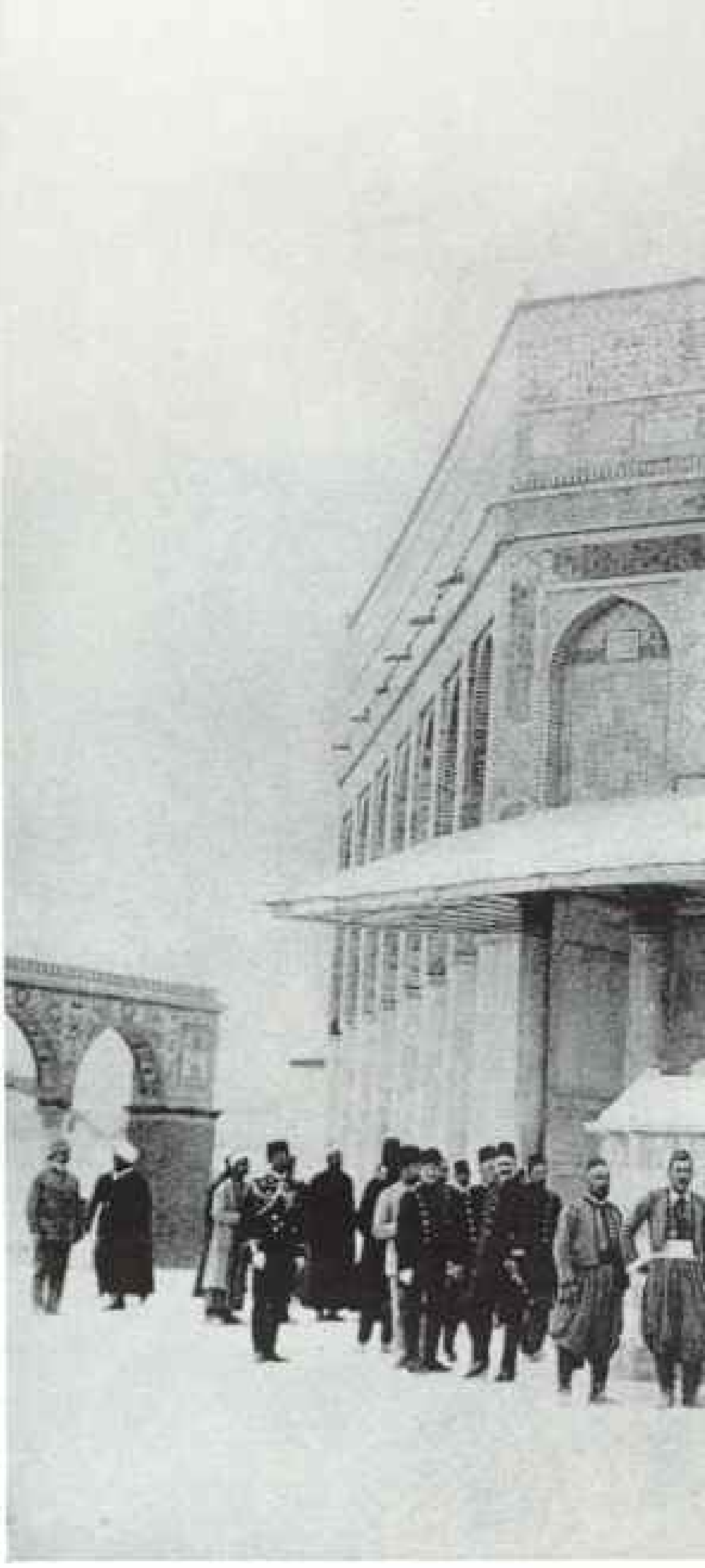
2526

Mount Zion

Kaiser Wilhelm II, an Arab kaffiyeh flowing from beneath his spiked helmet, visits the Dome of the Rock with Turkish dignitaries in 1898. He sought to extend Germany's political and economic influence in the Ottoman Empire. Here the Kaiserin walks beside her husband. The German Consul in Jerusalem wears a white cloak. Beard and boots identify the Turkish Governor at extreme right.

"**Allah is great,** and Mohammed is his prophet." The muezzin calls the faithful to prayer from the illuminated minaret of Sheik Ej Jarah Mosque.

EXTACHROME BY LOIS MARDEN © N.G.S.



The group soon became known as the American Colony. In 1899 all hands moved from the Old City to a former pasha's palace outside the walls. This building, with several adjoining smaller ones, became the American Colony Hotel, where I still live.

Parties of my old friends, the Adwan tribesmen, still arrive now and then, unannounced, at the hotel. They stay until they tire of Jerusalem, and then leave just as abruptly. Arab hospitality works both ways!

As well as serving as hotel and base for charitable work, the American Colony became a meeting place for Jerusalem's foreigners.

Around the turn of the century, our friends included a German family living in Egypt who visited Jerusalem occasionally. When they came to call, they often brought their young son. The boy was badly behaved, forever torturing pets and generally being a nuisance. Whenever he was about, a servant was detailed to keep a sharp watch on him.

After a few years the family went back to Germany and out of our lives. World War II dispatches brought them shockingly back to mind. The mischievous little boy had grown up to be large, sinister Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's deputy führer, famous for parachut-

GUARDS OUTSIDE SPATTERS PLEASE

ing into Scotland in 1941 with a bizarre peace proposal for Britain.

Hess, convicted as a Nazi war criminal, now serves a life sentence in prison.

Too Young for Headmistress Job

When I was in my teens, my father had a great friend, Ismail Bey, a leading citizen. The two spent hours discussing the country's affairs and how conditions could be improved.

They agreed that Arab women must be better educated. When Ismail Bey became minister of education, he was interested in a school for Moslem girls, then limited to instruction in the Koran. Ismail Bey asked the American Colony to provide a headmistress.

I volunteered, but since I was only 18, my mother said I was too young. I suggested my governess, Miss Brooke. Too old, said Mother. Then it was decided that Miss Brooke and I would share the job. Her experience would balance my knowledge of Arabic.

The school was established near the Dome of the Rock, in the Moslem quarter.

Again there was difficulty about pronouncing my name. The nearest the girls could get to it was Bursa, which in Arabic means leper —and I certainly didn't want to be called

that! A friend suggested that we solve the problem by giving me an Arabic name.

"Why not take my wife's name—Afifi?" he said. So I became Sitt (Lady) Afifi.

All went well until one day a girl told me that things were being stolen from the lockers. I called the girls together and told them how distressed I was.

I then had locks and keys made. For a while we had no further trouble, but then the stealing began again. Once more I lectured the girls and said that it was obvious that somebody must have a key that fitted more than one lock. Each must give me her key, so that I could find out who it was.

One by one they handed over their keys—all save one who hung back, scowling. Finally she, too, came up to my desk, but instead of laying down her key she flung it full in my face, gashing my cheek. Without thinking, I retaliated by giving her a resounding slap.

It was a terrible moment. Under Turkish rule, cruel physical punishments were inflicted for the smallest offense, and the first law I had made when we started the school was that there be no beating or slapping. Now I had broken my own rule.

There was a breathless hush in which I stood aghast at what I had done. The girl who had thrown the key stood apprehensively apart, certain that some terrible punishment was in store. After a moment I realized that I must apologize.

I read the rule aloud, and then said that I was in the wrong. I had made the rule and I had broken it. Would they forgive me?

They listened incredulously. For someone in authority to ask forgiveness of them was unthinkable. Then the offending girl burst into tears and, rushing forward and kissing my hand, confessed that she was the thief. We never again had any trouble of that sort.

Tragedy Reaffirms Belief in Evil Eye

One difficulty of social work in this part of the world was the iron grip in which superstition held the people, dominating them with unnatural taboos and fears. One of the strongest superstitions was belief in the power of the "evil eye," the eye of envy.

My campaign to destroy this superstition suffered a sad setback in 1898, the year Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany visited Jerusalem.

The education minister decided that one of my pupils should present to Kaiserin Augusta Victoria a piece of embroidery made in the school. At once there was consternation, for naturally the chosen girl would be the center

Finger cymbals tinkling, a village dancer welcomes Mrs. Vester to a banana plantation owned by a sheik of the Adwan, the Bedouin tribe that adopted her as a girl. Stone dwellings replace tents of the once-nomadic Adwan.

Sheik Mansour al-Adwan reminisces with the author, her children, and their families. The hall-like tent, erected especially for their visit, is cooler than a house. Bright curtain divides men's and women's quarters.

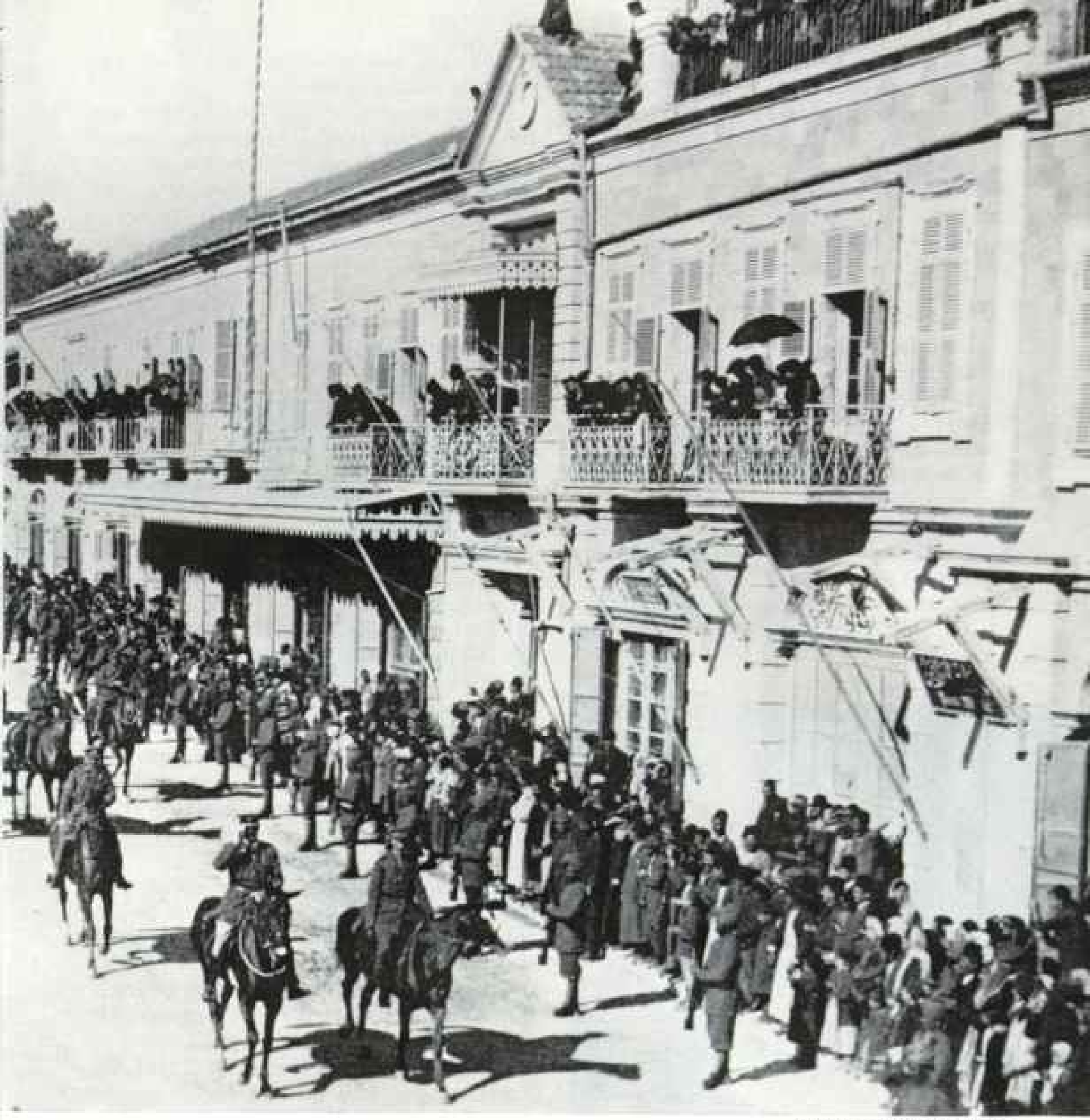
Under tents of black goat's hair, Arab tribesmen gather to drink strong cardamom-flavored coffee and talk of animal raising. Photographed in 1935, the same scene today might include a jeep or car beside each tent.

JOHN S. WALKER (BELOW) AND RICHARDSON BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JOSEPH J. SCHERSCHEL © N.G.S.

Ruthless and unpredictable, Jemal Pasha led the Turks against the British in the eastern Mediterranean theater of World War I. Mrs. Vester recalls him as "a strange man, and one to be feared." Nonetheless, he accepted the American Colony's offer to nurse the wounded soldiers of both sides.

Receiving Jerusalem's welcome, British Gen. Sir Edmund Allenby nears the Jaffa Gate on December 11, 1917, after the Turks had quit the city. At the gate, he dismounted and entered the Holy City on foot.

White flag of surrender whips above the Arab Mayor of Jerusalem as he yields the city to the British on December 9. Earlier that morning the Mayor called upon Mrs. Vester's mother to tell her of the coming capitulation. She hastily tore a hospital sheet in two and gave him half for the flag of truce.



COURTESY BERTHA STAFFORD VESTER

of admiration—and therefore, of envy. This was obviously something that would attract the evil eye. No parents would expose their daughter to the risk.

Finally Ismail Bey agreed that his own beautiful daughter Rowada, who attended the school, should make the presentation.

"I don't believe in the evil eye," Ismail Bey told me. "You have convinced me that it is pure superstition."

In due course Rowada advanced toward the Kaiserin with her gift. She was received with great courtesy, and sat next to the Empress throughout the reception.

That night all the houses in Jerusalem were illuminated in honor of the visitors. While Rowada assisted in lighting the oil lanterns at her father's house, her party frock caught fire. I was in the house at the time and, hearing her scream, rushed upstairs to find her enveloped in flames.

I grabbed a rug and wrapped the child in it, smothering the flames. But it was too late. She died a few hours later.

Next day, when my mother met the heartbroken parents, Ismail Bey said, "Don't ever again say there is no evil eye. I know now that there is."

In 1904 I was married to Frederick Vester, the businessman son of a German Lutheran

missionary, and gave up my post at the girls' school. The raising of six children occupied all my attention until the 1914 war brought the world we had known to a sudden end.

Most foreigners left the country, but we decided to remain—against advice of the U. S. Consul. The people of Jerusalem were in greater need than before; now, we felt, there was a greater opportunity for us to help them.

No Hospitals to Care for Wounded Turks

We of the American Colony worked hard to alleviate suffering among the refugees who jammed the city. With funds raised in the United States, the colony operated soup kitchens that were soon feeding 2,400 people.

In 1916 the fighting on the eastern Mediterranean front drew closer and closer as the British pushed up from Egypt and the Turkish Army sought desperately to hold the southern approaches to Palestine.

The first battle of Gaza left heavy casualties on both sides. Jerusalem's streets were strewn with wounded for whom there was not even the most rudimentary medical care.

My husband and I decided to offer our services to the Turkish commander, Jemal Pasha (page 836), a dread figure known to us chiefly by his association with the Armenian massacres in Anatolia a few years before.

With exquisite and frightening politeness he received us at his official residence on April 6, 1917, and heard our offer. Then we learned why he seemed so cold and distant: The United States had just declared war on Germany, Turkey's ally.

"Mrs. Vester," he asked, "are you still willing to nurse our wounded?"

"Your Excellency," I replied, "we are not offering our services to Turkey or Germany or any other country. We are offering our services to humanity."

Jemal Pasha was taken aback. Obviously he expected us to withdraw the offer, but he recovered quickly.

"Your offer is accepted," he said, and in a few days bare buildings were put at our disposal for use as hospitals. During the following months many wounded and sick soldiers passed through our hands.

With our country's entry into the war, the Germans closed our soup kitchens, claiming they were "American propaganda." Their Turkish allies promptly countered by requesting that we run *their* kitchen.

The Turkish kitchen was a scene of wild disorder, with hundreds of starving people fighting for scraps of food. Finally I walked into the middle of the mob, clapped for silence, and promised that all would be fed if they cooperated. Soon we were feeding 6,000 people every day, without trouble.

During the whole of December 8, 1917, the Turkish Army had been in ragged retreat through Jerusalem. We were warned that the city would be defended and that we should expect heavy cannon fire and street fighting.

At three o'clock the next morning there was a loud knocking at our door. Fearfully we opened it a small chink, and there stood Ferridun Bey, acting head of the Turkish Military Medical Mission. Behind him in the street, the retreating army was hurrying pell-

COURTESY BERTHA SPAFFORD VESTER

Minister of mercy, Bertha Spafford Vester checks her schedule at home in 1917. Daily she made her rounds through the American Colony's four hospitals for wounded soldiers. The colony began its war work with soup kitchens, then moved on to medical care.

mell. Incongruously, Ferridun Bey carried a bunch of flowers.

We opened the door and he stepped in, bowed, and presented me with his bouquet.

"I have sad news," he said. "In order to save life and protect the holy places from destruction by the British, the Turkish High Command has reluctantly decided to surrender the city. They wish me to convey to you their appreciation for the work you have done. I know that you have not been serving us, nor will you serve the British when they take over. Your work is for God."

As he spoke he wept. Then wiping away his tears, he got down to hard facts. There were more than 2,000 wounded in the hospitals of Jerusalem, and rations for only 12 hours.

"We leave them all in your care," he said. "The British will be here soon, and our wounded will be prisoners. I know you will do what you can for them." Then he left and went out into the chaos that was the street.

Thus the American Colony found itself operating four hospitals. Once I assisted in amputating both arms of a Turk wounded by a grenade explosion. Another time, I helped remove a man's bullet-torn eye.

British Conqueror Enters on Foot

The morning of the surrender, I heard that British troops were in the suburbs. I went out to ask for rations and medical supplies. When I saw a car approaching, I stood in the road and held up my hand. It stopped. By good fortune, it contained Maj. Gen. John Shea, commanding the division that had captured Jerusalem.

I introduced myself and told him of the plight of our wounded.

"You shall have all the food and supplies you need," he said, and early next morning lorries came rolling up to our hospitals.

Two days later, on December 11, Gen. Sir Edmund Henry Hynman Allenby, commanding British forces in Egypt and Palestine, entered Jerusalem (page 837). He came in the Jaffa Gate on foot, as a gesture of humility and respect, which contrasted dramatically with the arrival, some 20 years earlier, of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The German ruler also entered by the Jaffa Gate, but on a white charger.

A few days after Allenby's arrival, I was returning from the hospital with my husband when we noticed a man in Arab dress coming down the steps from a hotel.

"Do you see that man?" asked Frederick.

"Yes. Why?"

"He is not a Bedouin at all, but an Englishman—T. E. Lawrence."

I was amazed, for I had never seen a European wear the Arab robe and headdress with such grace (next page). At our house a few days later I was delighted to meet "Lawrence of Arabia," already a legend for his feats with the fierce desert tribes in their revolt against the Turks.

I started telling Lawrence of my own experiences among the Bedouin. While I was in mid-sentence, he deliberately cut me off by turning his back.

Having been snubbed, I ignored Lawrence, my dinner partner, the next evening at the residence of the Military Governor of Jerusalem, Ronald Storrs. I talked instead with the

Still ministering at 86, Mrs. Vester looks over a cheerful baby brought to Spafford Memorial Children's Hospital by its Arab mother. Mrs. Vester believes that her most enduring work is teaching simple hygiene and child care to the women of Jerusalem.

Enjoying a wartime respite, the author's mother (in black) and General Allenby (center) pose for a photographer (in light suit) at a party on July 4, 1918. Syria and Palestine relief workers, Red Cross girls (left), and other friends have just returned to the American Colony after attending the official opening of American Red Cross headquarters in Jerusalem.

Lawrence of Arabia, British scholar and soldier, wore Arab dress like a prince of the desert. A controversial and intriguing figure, T. E. Lawrence was a driving force behind the Arab Revolt in the desert against the Turks in World War I. Though at first Mrs. Vester thought him crude, she later found him charming and entertaining.

The capture of Damascus on October 1, 1918, brought victory for the Arabs. The author noted at the bottom of this picture that Lawrence entered Damascus with Faisal. Actually, he preceded Faisal ibn Hussein, later King of Iraq, by two days.

gentleman on my left. Later, Lawrence made his way to me and flashed a disarming grin.

"We're quits," he said.

I met Lawrence many times after that, and found him a fascinating companion. We all recognized his brilliance, but none dreamed that his career would absorb scholars, biographers, and playwrights for years to come.

British Replace Turks as Rulers

In the years after World War I, we exchanged Turkish rule for a British mandate. Palestine west of the Jordan was ruled directly by the Mandatory Government. Transjordan, the east-bank land of the Bedouin, was ruled indirectly through Emir Abdullah, brother of Faisal of Iraq and grandfather of Jordan's present King Hussein.

Even after the occupation, with the British operating their own hospitals, the need for voluntary welfare work remained, to relieve suffering in the territories that had been occupied by the Turks. I was now released from my other duties to lend a hand.

Industrial schools were started to give the people training and a means of earning a livelihood. Our old house, from which we had moved some years before, became a school of handicrafts and dressmaking for girls.

Very soon, however, peace was marred by disputes between the Arabs and the Zionist movement, which had been given strong impetus by the Balfour Declaration of 1917. The declaration expressed Britain's support of a national home for the Jews in Palestine. The Arabs felt themselves endangered by the immigration of Jews from the west. By 1920 anti-Zionist demonstrations were violent.

COURTESY BERLIN STRETTON AGENCY © N.E.A.

In the thirties, Palestine's British rulers allowed increased Jewish immigration because of Nazi persecution in Germany. The Arabs revolted. Guerrilla warfare became the order of the day. No one could travel without a pass issued by the Mandatory Government, but villagers who showed passes were persecuted by the Arab leaders. The restrictions made great difficulties for parents bringing patients to and from the Children's Hospital.

At one time we had a baby who had been nursed back to health, but whose parents could not come in from their village to get him. We badly needed his bed, so with a nurse I set out in a car to return the baby.

Halfway there we were stopped by a man on the rocks above the road, pointing a rifle at us. He was soon joined by others in khaki uniform and Bedouin headdress, one of whom I recognized from posters as the insurgent leader, with a price on his head.

I explained our mission, but the leader answered insolently, accusing me of being a British spy, covering my activities under a cloak of good works. He had, however, heard of the American Colony, and when I told him more about our work and that we avoided politics, he let us through.

On the way back, after delivering the baby to his parents, we met the insurgent leader again. Now he was convinced of our peaceful intentions and bade me "*Ma'a s-salaame*" (Go in peace). He said he had noted the number of the car and its color.

"Don't change its color," he warned. "Wherever that car goes, it will be safe. Keep up your work of mercy, and Allah help you."

We tested his promise and it held good.

In a bower of red and green on the patio of the American Colony Hotel, Mrs. Vester pursues her hobby of painting wild flowers. Some of her water colors ornament greeting cards and illustrate a little book, *Flowers of the Holy Land*.

PAINTINGS BY BERTHA SPAFFORD VESTER

Blue lupine fills whole fields in Galilee between Nazareth and Tiberias in late spring.

Poppy anemones, or windflowers, nod in white, red, and lavender across the countryside of the Holy Land. Some scholars deem them the "lilies of the field" that outshone "Solomon in all his glory." They bloom in gardens the world around.

Jerusalem crowfoot loves rocky soil. It shows its close relationship to the common buttercup.


B.S.Vester.

NOSEGAARDE BY JOSEPH C. SCHRIEVER, © N.G.S.

Arab children near Jerusalem gather wild flowers —most of them red anemones—for sale to pilgrims. A book of pressed flowers from the Holy Land once lay beside the Bible on the parlor table in many an American home. At Eastertime the incredibly vivid hues of poppy anemones stain whole hillsides around Jerusalem. Anemones flare scarlet (opposite) from Mrs. Vester's brush.

Hostilities between Arab and Jew were submerged during World War II, but when peace came to the rest of the world, we were plunged once more into bitter conflict.

Returning from a trip to America in 1947, I entered a nightmare world of terror: the Arab-Jewish war for Palestine. To reach my work in the Old City, I frequently had to take shelter to avoid bullets. Unable to keep our staff, we closed the Children's Hospital.

After the Deir Yasin incident, in which nearly the whole population of an Arab village was killed, I found a nurse, reopened the hospital, and took in 40 orphaned children, who were numbed with terror by what they had been through.

One little boy, about six, screamed out when he saw me, "Is she one of them?" and fell into a faint. When we tried to revive him, we found he was dead.

Bullets and Shells Rip the Colony

Deir Yasin raised Arab feeling to fever pitch. About 150 Arabs took cover along the boundaries of the American Colony ground so they could attack a Jewish convoy bound for the old Hadassah Hospital.

I went out and faced them. Shooting from the American Colony, I told them, was like shooting from a mosque or a church. We had served them for 60 years and had never entered into politics or taken sides. My plea was ignored on that occasion, but the American Colony property was never again used for military purposes.

For two years, 1948–49, we were under constant fire. We became accustomed to staying away from windows, to the whine of bullets, to shellfire and bomb blast. One night the American Colony Hotel was struck by a mortar shell that landed in the central courtyard, shattering a wall, ripping up the stones that covered the cistern, and killing a tall palm I had grown from a seedling. Altogether, 30 shells fell on American Colony property. Several guests were wounded by bullets or shrapnel.

But our work went on. Guests left the hotel, and we set up operating tables in the dining room. Fifteen thousand casualties were treated. When the fighting ceased, the poor people of Jerusalem and environs came to the American Colony for medical treatment. We rented a nearby house and set up our Outpatient Clinic, where large numbers still come today.

To tell the story of my favorite project, the Children's Hospital, I must hark back to the

PAINTING BY BERTHA SHAFFNER VESTER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

night before Christmas in 1925. Our old home had been converted into a school for girls, and I was then the mother of six. We decided that we would go and sing carols in the Field of the Shepherds, near Bethlehem. My husband and children had gone on before, and I was to join them after helping at a tea party at the school.

"No Room in the Inn"

As I was leaving the school, I met a woman helped by a man and an older woman who carried an infant wrapped in rags. I saw at once that the younger woman was very sick, and asked the man where they were going.

He said he had brought his wife for six hours on donkeyback, only to find the hospital closed to outpatients because of a feast day.

It was true. Many of the nurses were indeed joining our party to sing carols.

I felt ashamed that I should be going off so happily to sing carols commemorating the birth of a baby who lay in a manger because there was no room in the inn. Before me were a rustic madonna and child for whom there was no room either.

Instead of joining my husband and children, I got a stretcher and some men to carry the mother to the hospital. That night she died, and in the morning the father came to me and implored me to save his baby son. They were destitute, with no home but a cave, and the baby would surely die unless we took him in. It was impossible to refuse.

A room in the girls' school was converted into a nursery. We took in the baby boy and named him Noel. In less than three weeks so many poor applied to have their babies admitted that we moved the school elsewhere and turned the house into a "baby home" that became Spafford Memorial.

Ever since I started as headmistress of the Moslem girls' school, 67 years ago, my chief concern has been the relief of suffering among the people of Jerusalem. It has often been a hard struggle, but always rewarding. It is now carried on by the American Colony Aid Association, an organization dependent for

Wayfaring Arabs, bearing grain, approach Jerusalem through the Valley of Kidron, which Jesus

success on the cooperation of many people, including our New York committee, the American Colony Charities Association. Together we raise the funds for the Children's Hospital, the Outpatient Clinic, and the Child Welfare Center.

The last of these probably will have the greatest effect on the future of Jerusalem. Here mothers are educated in modern scientific methods of child care. Women, bringing their children with them, paid us more than 60,000 visits in 1963. Some day, with the help of our friends, we hope to build a larger hospital. We are now negotiating for a suitable site.

The descendants of some of our first patients now come to us, sometimes brought by grandmothers who had come to us as young mothers many years ago.

One grandmother produced a strange sequel to the stealing incident of the Moslem girls' school. A wizened, toothless old woman, leading a tiny child, peered up into my face as I came into the waiting room.

"Surely," she said, "it's Sitt Afifi!"

I did not recognize her, so she told me she was the girl who had stolen from the lockers. She turned to the mothers and their children waiting for treatment.

"Listen," she commanded, "and I will tell you a story." And she recounted in detail the whole incident. Dramatically she concluded: "And it was she," pointing to me, "she who asked forgiveness of me—who was the offender." Then she delivered a solemn homily on the wickedness of stealing.

As she talked and gestured, with the Arab flair for storytelling, the years rolled back and I saw myself again as I was then—an inexperienced, impetuous girl of 18. I thought of all that had passed between then and now; of how our work had built up from its small beginnings.

I have seen three wars here, known many bitter setbacks, but also much joy throughout the years in work that I have loved, and which I pray has been of service to humanity, in this complex but eternally fascinating Holy Land, my home. THE END

crossed on His way to Gethsemane.

REPRODUCED BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JOSEPH H. BAUMGARTNER © N.G.S.

Governor of Amman, Jordan's capital, Abd-al-Majid al-Adwan entertains Mrs. Vester in his home. Like many longtime Arab friends, he respectfully calls the author mother.

The Two Acapulcos

By JAMES CERRUTI
Assistant Editor

Illustrations by National Geographic photographer THOMAS NEBBIA

A dream world and a ruggedly real world meet in an intriguing city on Mexico's Pacific shore

THE FIRST TIME I SAW ACAPULCO, her heart was young and gay. That was in 1947, when I was in my twenties and Acapulco was just blossoming into an international resort.

Now I was going back, neither of us so young any more. But could we still be gay together?

In the 17 years that had passed, Acapulco had become world famous. This glittering city in Mexico's state of Guerrero now attracts more than half a million visitors a year. It has counted among its admirers John F. Kennedy and his wife (who honeymooned there), Lyndon B. Johnson, Dwight D. Eisenhower, ex-Prime Minister Anthony Eden of Britain, President Tito of Yugoslavia, and countless movie stars. Today, with nearly 300 registered hostelries, Acapulco can hold 80,000 visitors at any one time.

Of course, even in 1947 Acapulco was no longer the undiscovered fishing village that had drawn the first foreign admirers. But to my wife Hannah and me, it was still charmingly small scale: a permanent population of about 25,000 and only half a dozen large hotels. Most streets were still dirt, but an effort was being made to convert them all to asphalt at once, so that some days it seemed that every road in town was impassable. The electricity failed almost regularly each night around 9:00. Sometimes the water ran in the taps, sometimes not.

To us, in our youth, these were not inconveniences but adventures, and we had two marvelous weeks at the little Hotel Mozimba for $9 a day double, including all meals.

Easter holiday visitors crowd Caletilla Beach, recipient of 342 days of sunshine a year. Even in January, Acapulco's temperatures average 78° F. Hotel at left stands incomplete because of a legal dispute. Traveler's palm (right) captures moisture from the air.

Color of carnival: Clustered balloons float over a street in downtown Acapulco. Swimsuits, once rarely seen except on the beaches, now go everywhere.

Has Success Spoiled Acapulco?

Friends warned us we would not again find the old quiet charm, or the old inexpensive living. Some even declared that Acapulco was "spoiled."

So one of the first things we did on our second visit was to look up the Mozimba. We were greeted by the same proprietor, Agustín Gutiérrez, who told us the rate had risen to all of $12. His wife Ascensión, who continues to do the cooking we remembered as sensational, assured us that guests who were up to it still had ham and eggs *and* flapjacks for breakfast.

"And look," I said to Hannah, "they still have a parrot."

We had never forgotten the parrot perched by the dining veranda. His chief accomplishment was a saucy wolf whistle. One night he let go with it just as a dignified señor and his lovely Mexican wife were rising from dinner. The husband swiveled and slapped the face of a gentleman at the table behind him. It took a lot of explaining.

"It is the same parrot," Agustín told me.

"Well," I remarked to Hannah as we left, "that proves the old Acapulco is still around."

"Not quite," she said, with feminine logic. "He didn't whistle once at me this time."

On this second visit we were staying at the Villa Vera Racquet Club, a most elegant small hotel, and, expectedly, the rates were as luxurious as the atmosphere. As we breakfasted on our balcony, we saw nothing spoiled in Acapulco except *us*. It was a radiant morning in January, and the air

(Continued on page 856)

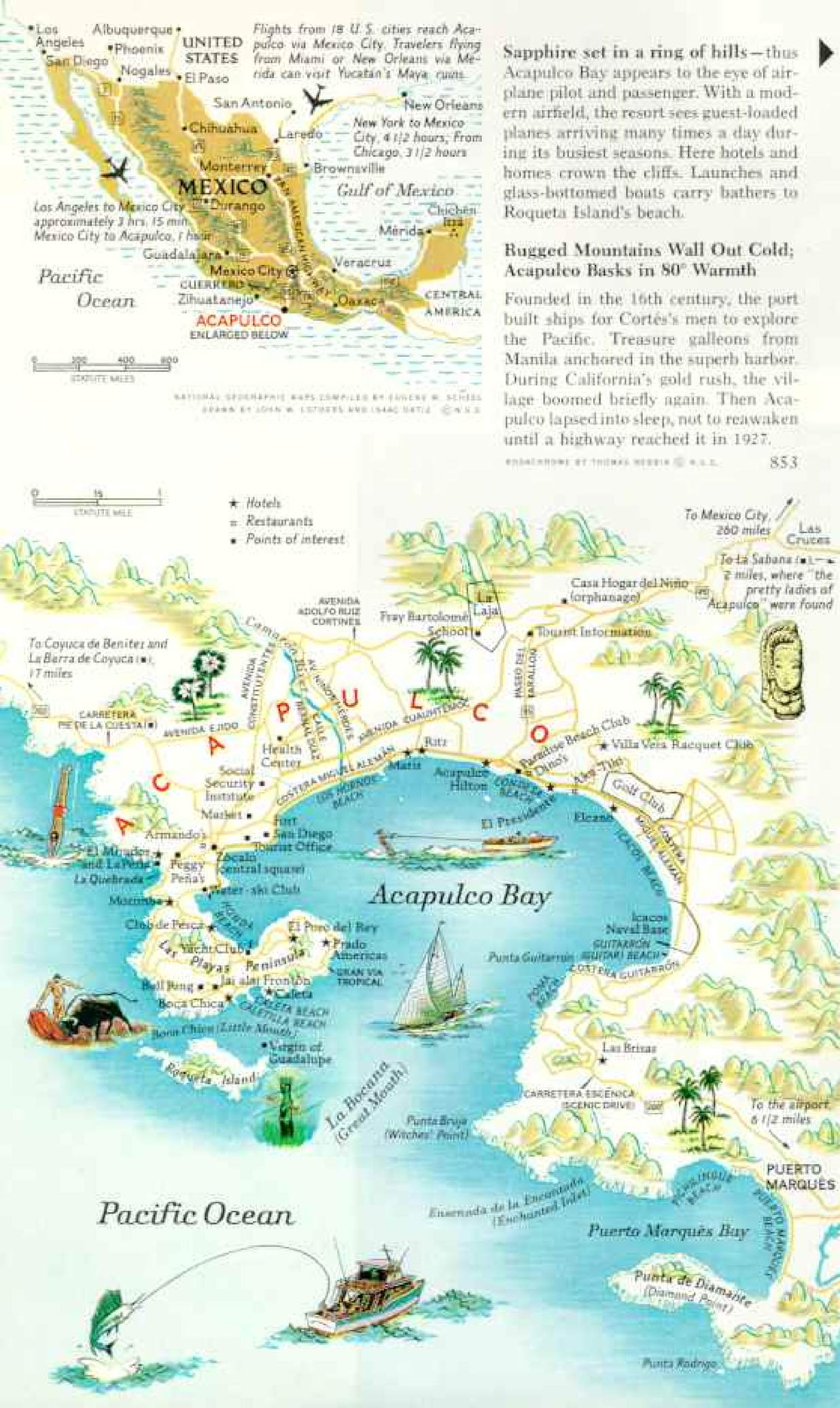
OPPOSITE PAGE FOLDS OUT

Exuberant youth, on the way to a beach, overflows a two-seater sports car. Like St. Tropez on the French Riviera, Acapulco attracts youngsters who make informality a way of life.

Triumph in the bull ring rewards a matador, who rides on the shoulders of enthusiastic *aficionados*. He holds the animal's ears, given as an accolade for unusual bravery or skill. Acapulco's ring sees action nearly every Sunday during the winter season, when Mexican and Spanish fighters match their art against *el toro*.

Striped Wings Spangle a Puerto Marqués Beach

Wonder of wind and its way with sail draws vacationers to these rental sailboats beached at Puerto Marqués, a 20-minute drive from downtown Acapulco. What other attractions fill this strand? The tingle of bare feet on clean sand. The delight of bobbing on a rubber float to the rhythm of waves. The joy of dining alfresco in huts thatched with coconut fronds, of tasting fresh-caught fish broiled over wood and charcoal fires, of sampling boiled crabs and coconut milk. The ease of sprawling, spread-eagle, beneath the sun, dreaming of the days when pirates, preying on Spanish galleons, prowled this very cove.



Sapphire set in a ring of hills—thus Acapulco Bay appears to the eye of airplane pilot and passenger. With a modern airfield, the resort sees guest-loaded planes arriving many times a day during its busiest seasons. Here hotels and homes crown the cliffs. Launches and glass-bottomed boats carry bathers to Roqueta Island's beach.

Rugged Mountains Wall Out Cold; Acapulco Basks in 80° Warmth

Founded in the 16th century, the port built ships for Cortés's men to explore the Pacific. Treasure galleons from Manila anchored in the superb harbor. During California's gold rush, the village boomed briefly again. Then Acapulco lapsed into sleep, not to reawaken until a highway reached it in 1927.

was just 75° F. Purple bougainvillea entwined our balcony rail. Our neighbors in the cottage down the hill were enjoying a morning swim in their private pool. Over the tops of fan-shaped traveler's palms, we glimpsed the three-mile-long azure bay far below.

And before us was our breakfast, a masterwork of papaya, pineapple, tangerines, bananas, cantaloupe, fresh orange juice, tender *carne asada* (Mexican steak) for Hannah, two crisp pork chops for me, and crusty *bolillos*, Mexican rolls, with strawberry preserves.

Cortés Gave Name to Acapulco Strand

We spent that morning on the beach in Puerto Marqués Bay, a 15-minute drive from our hotel. In this horseshoe-shaped cove, says local lore, pirates once lurked—in wait for the Manila galleons that for 250 years brought the treasures of the Orient to Acapulco. Here, too, Hernán Cortés, conqueror of Mexico and the marquis for whom Puerto Marqués is named, had shipyards, and here he stayed on his frequent visits to Acapulco.

Of Acapulco's many beaches, Puerto Marqués retains most of the relaxed Mexican flavor we had relished 17 years ago. We rented chairs (one peso each—8 cents—for the day) and enjoyed the spectacle. Sailboats with colorful striped sails lined the beach, awaiting hire (foldout, pages 851-2). Vendors balanced wares atop their heads: corncakes, ices, tamales, boiled crabs. Out on the water, suddenly, a water-skier launched a parachute-like rig called a Para-Sail and rose 300 feet into the air. Behind us, a row of coconut-thatched restaurant-homes sold charcoal-broiled fish and *cebiche*, marinated raw fish, for pennies. Charming tykes offered us shells, shell necklaces, and the *ojo de venado*, a seed resembling a deer's eye that witch doctors use to avert the evil eye *and* hemorrhoids.

We drove into town in the afternoon and bought Hannah a daring fuchsia slack set of hand-crocheted raw silk at Peggy Peña's high-fashion shop. In the evening Peggy's handsome husband, Memo, Acapulco's best-known travel agent (page 868), introduced us to Lana Turner at the Villa Vera piano bar. For dinner we ate buttery fettucini on the balcony of Dino's restaurant overlooking the bay—a magic scene by night, with light-strung ships at anchor and the colored lights of the town reflected in the water.

"It's *la dolce vita*," Hannah said, "and I love it."

I agreed. In 17 years Acapulco had grown up; the youthful simplicity has all but gone, but an alluring sophistication has replaced it.

And yet there is another, more serious Acapulco: a sprawling city of 100,000 Mexicans fighting for a toehold in paradise. Most of these residents live on tourism, the only major industry except for the copra trade. Their Acapulco has grown too—tenfold in 30 years—and this has brought all the problems of too-rapid expansion.

In the street outside the Centro de Salud, Acapulco's health center, I saw two of these problems exemplified: A little utterly naked brown boy of three strolled along all alone, happily sucking his thumb; a gaunt Indian mother with a lined old face sat on the curb

Twin towers of the Cathedral of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad overlook the Zócalo, the central square of downtown Acapulco. The parish erected the church from parts of an unbuilt movie theater, which explains its Moorish appearance.

Polka-dot spinnaker balloons from *¿Que Tal?* (How Goes It?), a 50-foot Hong Kong-built sloop, whose owners hail from Galveston, Texas.

nursing the baby she carried in her *rebozo*. Inside, I met Dr. Maximino Barrios Araujo, director of the center, an intense man in his forties, with snapping dark eyes.

"Too many people, that's the root of our problem," he told me. "Acapulco last year had 39 more births than deaths for each 1,000 inhabitants. That's more than three times the rate in your country. On top of that, rural people pour in to work in the tourist industry. We are faced with problems of overcrowding —high cost of living, health hazards, food shortages. It all tells. In your country, a child born today can expect to live 70 years; here —only 53 years."

Though Dr. Barrios rarely smiled, now he did. "But that figure is increasing, and life is improving here. We must not forget that."

One of the great recent improvements that Dr. Barrios urged me to see is the Instituto Mexicano del Seguro Social. This is a magnificently equipped and cheerfully designed hospital and social center, inaugurated four months before my arrival. The institute gives free medical treatment, vocational instruction, and recreation facilities to all those eligible for Social Security.

I heard of another kind of progress when I dropped in on Acapulco's municipal president, Dr. Ricardo Moriet Sutter. He is a medical doctor too, of an age with Dr. Barrios, but as gay as his fellow doctor is grave. His grandfather was John A. Sutter, at whose California mill gold was discovered, starting the forty-niners on the gold rush.

Dr. Moriet's current enthusiasm was a new

Seafood extravaganza at Las Brisas Hotel features olive-studded *sierra*, a plentiful local fish, surrounded by plump red shrimp. Pink-and-white Jeeps take guests to the hotel's luxurious cliffside bungalows, complete with private pools.

KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

jail at La Sabana. He described it to me with beaming smiles. Now going up, the jail will hold 650 inmates. Some 450 are crammed into the present one, built to house 100.

All Doors Open to "Mr. Acapulco"

Besides the good doctors Barrios and Morlet, half a dozen people epitomize for me the varied aspects of Acapulco today. One, who bears the unofficial title of "Mr. Acapulco," is Ernest Henri Stauffer, a partner and general manager of the Villa Vera Racquet Club. Acapulqueños call him simply Teddy, or Señor Teddy.

A brawny, ruddy man in his mid-50's, Teddy opened all doors for me. The very afternoon I arrived in Acapulco he took me to meet ex-President Miguel Alemán in his lovely beachside home at Pichilingue on Puerto Marqués Bay.

Alemán, President of Mexico from 1946 to 1952, is the man who built the modern Acapulco. As president of the Consejo Nacional de Turismo, he is the most powerful figure in Mexican tourism today (page 863).

He received us with courtly cordiality. We nibbled *cueritos*, slices of peppery pickled pigs' feet, as we sat by the Alemán pool under West Indian laurel, palm, and mango trees. Alemán told me of big plans, chiefly that by 1965 the airport's jet strip would be completed and jets from all the world could fly direct to Acapulco.

"This is the most enjoyable, the most relaxing place I've ever found in the whole world," he said.

Aztec-style idol squats in the home of Wolfgang Schoenborn, one of the developers of Las Playas Peninsula, a wilderness before the 1930's. An avid sailor, Mr. Schoenborn helped found Acapulco's yacht club.

Flaming Torches Trace a Diver Plunging 118 Feet From Cliffside to Shallow Inlet

The diver hits the 12-foot-deep water at 60 miles an hour. Photographer Nebbia kept his lens open during the entire jump; his flash caught diners at La Perla night club; an assistant on the cliff flashlit the diver. Boys started the sport by daring one another to drop off ever-higher points of La Quebrada's cliffs.

Teddy said it differently: "I've never been a millionaire, but here I've always lived like one."

Every celebrity who visits Acapulco will check in at some time either at Teddy's Villa Vera or La Perla, the night club in which he is a partner. At one place or the other, Teddy has entertained such headline figures as Elizabeth Taylor, Ali Khan, Harry Belafonte, Dolores Del Rio.

La Perla features one of the world's most unusual spectacles: the famous divers plunging by torchlight from La Quebrada's sheer 118-foot cliff into 12 feet of water (preceding pages).

Teddy introduced me at La Perla to the chief diver, Raúl Garcia, past president of the Club de Clavadistas, the divers' "union." Raúl, who has been diving 27 years, is 36, 5-foot-6, a portly 200 pounds. But he still does everything from a swan dive to a full gainer off the cliff. Today he is famous; he showed me pictures of himself shaking hands with Presidents Eisenhower and Soekarno.

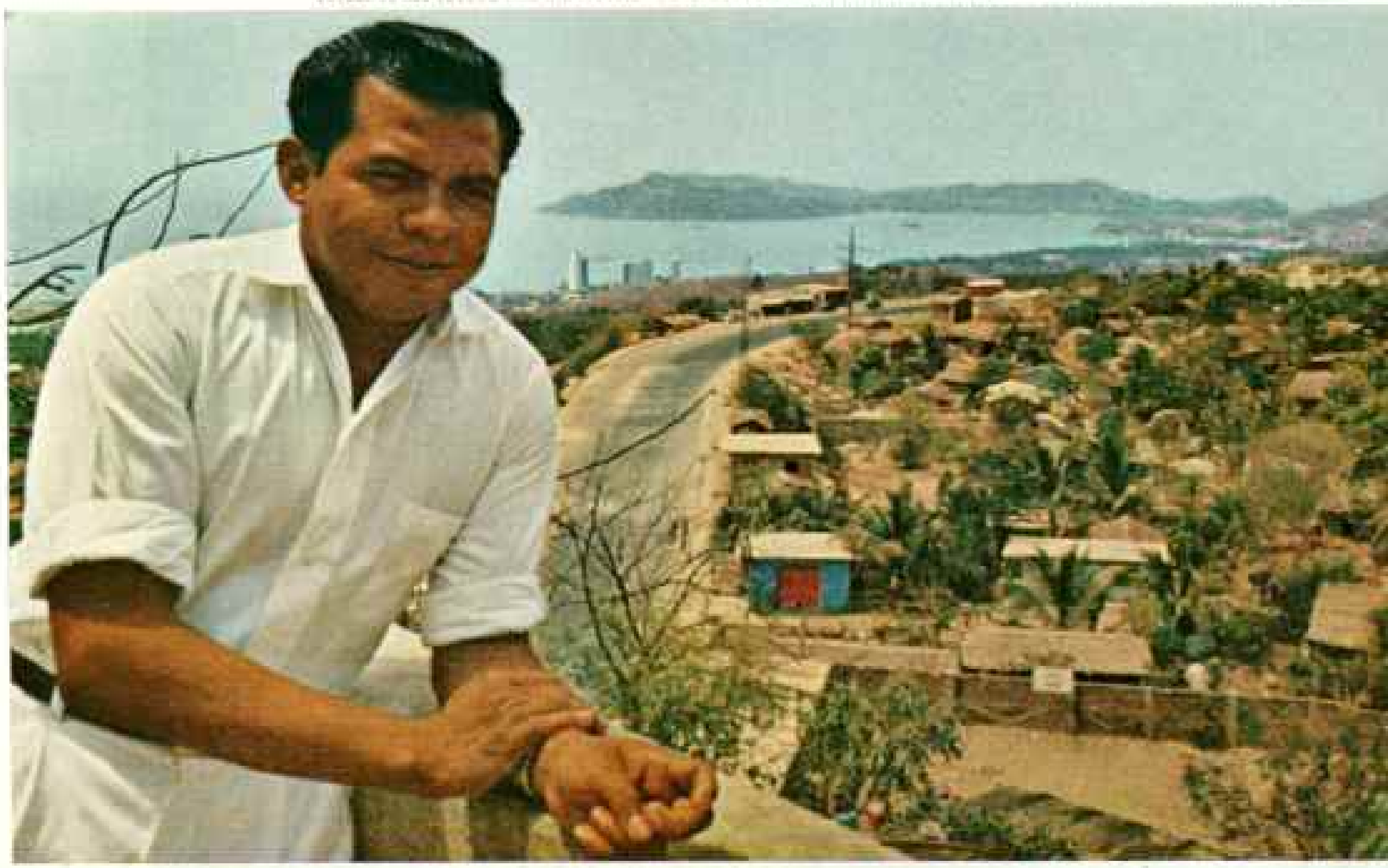
"The club has 25 members," Raúl told me. "No one else is allowed to dive at La Quebrada. Junior members make about 3,000 pesos ($240) a month in the winter season. Senior members can make 7,000 ($560). But we earn it. We hit that water at 60 miles per hour."

I asked how it felt. "Like kissing a girl for the first time," he said, giving me a gold-toothed grin.

Unlike Raúl, Teddy Stauffer was an international celebrity before he came to Acapulco—a

Passing scene fascinates a Mexican couple whose small sons ride in a homemade wagon.

Unofficial "king" of La Laja, one of Acapulco's squatter towns, Alfredo López Cisneros surveys his domain. Mostly domestic and hotel workers, La Laja's residents tolerate no loafers. They hope to buy land from the Mexican government, which recently acquired the tract.



Standside siesta: a sales-girl naps beside her post-cards. King-size letters on wall campaign for presidential candidate Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, who takes office this month.

This little entrepreneur dramatizes the extremes of Acapulco life. Wealth flows around her like a bountiful sea, but on her island of poverty, pennies count. Nevertheless, Acapulco's present prosperity gives jobs and a better life to its residents.

Statesman at home in Acapulco, former Mexican President Miguel Alemán directs the National Council of Tourism.

Compassionate padre leads small orphans to their chapel in the Laja; Father Angel Martinez Galeana, who founded the orphanage, set up the rough cross, explaining to author James Cerruti, "We didn't want anything fancy."

Coco loco, a coconut-water cocktail in the hull, refreshes a beauty beside a pool.

famous Swiss swing-band leader (his nickname Teddy comes from the bear that is the emblem of the Swiss canton of Bern). He was, however, most celebrated in Germany—until he had a dispute with the Nazis.

"I am playing swing in Berlin in 1938," he told me, "and the Gestapo come in.

" 'This swing is Jewish music,' they say. 'It is against the law.' They order a German march. Instead, we play 'Bugle Call Rag' and smuggle into it their anthem, the Horst Wessel song—and we swing it. Well, that finishes me in Germany."

Teddy came to Acapulco in 1946, working on a movie, then managing hotels and clubs.

Organization Wins for La Laja Squatters

Far from La Perla and its glittering international set, though actually only a ten-minute ride away, lies La Laja, an 86-acre community of 7,500 squatters. Their ranks include the unskilled hotel workers who earn the minimum wage of $1.72 a day, the housemaids who make $16 to $24 a month.

The people of the Laja are called *paracaidistas,* parachutists, because they just seemed to drop out of the air. But some had actually bought Laja land from swindlers who had no right to it.

Six years ago, their "king" organized the Laja people to resist efforts to oust them. He set up an independent guard force, even levied "taxes." And he campaigned to persuade the federal government to buy the land and resell it to the occupants on an installment basis.

Insecurity has made the Laja people and their king suspicious, and I was advised to approach them through an emissary, their parish priest, Padre Angel (preceding page).

Padre Angel Martinez Galeana, a dynamic man of 35 with a quick, gentle smile, met me in his orphanage, Casa Hogar del Niño. Here he cares for 84 boys and two girls, ranging from infants to children of 15, on an income of 300 pesos ($24) a day.

The padre introduced me to the children and to the sisters who do the cooking and teaching; then he showed me around.

"I help make the buildings myself," Padre Angel told me in English. "At first I have only 15 children I find sleeping on the beach and in the streets. In a few days they all run away—they want to be free—all except one. But little by little they come back.

"Come, I want you to meet my first orphan—the one who did not run away."

We went to the Escuela Fray Bartolomé D. Laurel, two blocks away, the first school in the Laja, also built by Padre Angel. It was a crowded place—312 children in six classrooms—but a happy one. The children swarmed round the padre, kissing his hands and laughing. The padre called over a shy young man. "My first orphan," he said, "Francisco Téllez—now teacher in second grade." A paternal pride shone in the padre's eyes.

"Come," said the priest. "You must visit my parishioners—and meet Señor López."

This, I had learned, was the king, whose name is Alfredo López Cisneros.

Padre Angel led me briskly up a steep dirt road, strewn with thin, flat stones. "Now we are in the heart of La Laja," he said. "*Laja* means flagstone, like these you see."

Traveler's-palm fronds drop a veil of lace between camera and Easter week bathers on Caletilla Beach, once called "the morning beach." With the influx of visitors during this busy season, beaches no longer are distinguished as special morning or afternoon haunts; people go where they hope crowds will be thinnest.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OMAR BARCLAY AR

La dolce vita, the easy life, finds expression on the private terrace of Teddy Stauffer (center, in blue shirt), director of Villa Vera Racquet Club. Veracruz trio plays for guests.

Twilight calls Acapulco to a convivial night of boat-, club-, and table-hopping.

We entered a yard shaded by tall trees, with a clean paved patio. The house was of wattle and daub, but very neat. A group of 20 parishioners, shining in their best dress, greeted the padre. Everyone kissed his hand —and mine, too. Then we climbed to the main plaza, at the top of the Laja. A crowd of hundreds was gathering.

"Is Communism a problem here?" I asked.

"Never," the padre replied. "The Communists tried to come in here three years ago, and Señor López kept them out."

The father introduced me to Señor López in a little office building off the main plaza. He was a slight, Indian-looking man, scarcely five feet tall (page 862). He told me he was 34, and had been a reporter on Acapulco's *La Verdad* when he organized the Laja.

"We are only working people here—it is our rule—no loafers," he said. "I have spent six years—many demonstrations, many trips to Mexico City—to win us our right to legal ownership of our land. Now we have won, and I must tell the people."

Later I asked Padre Angel what Señor López had meant when he said they had won.

"The news has just arrived that the government is buying La Laja for six million pesos," the priest said. "The people can buy their

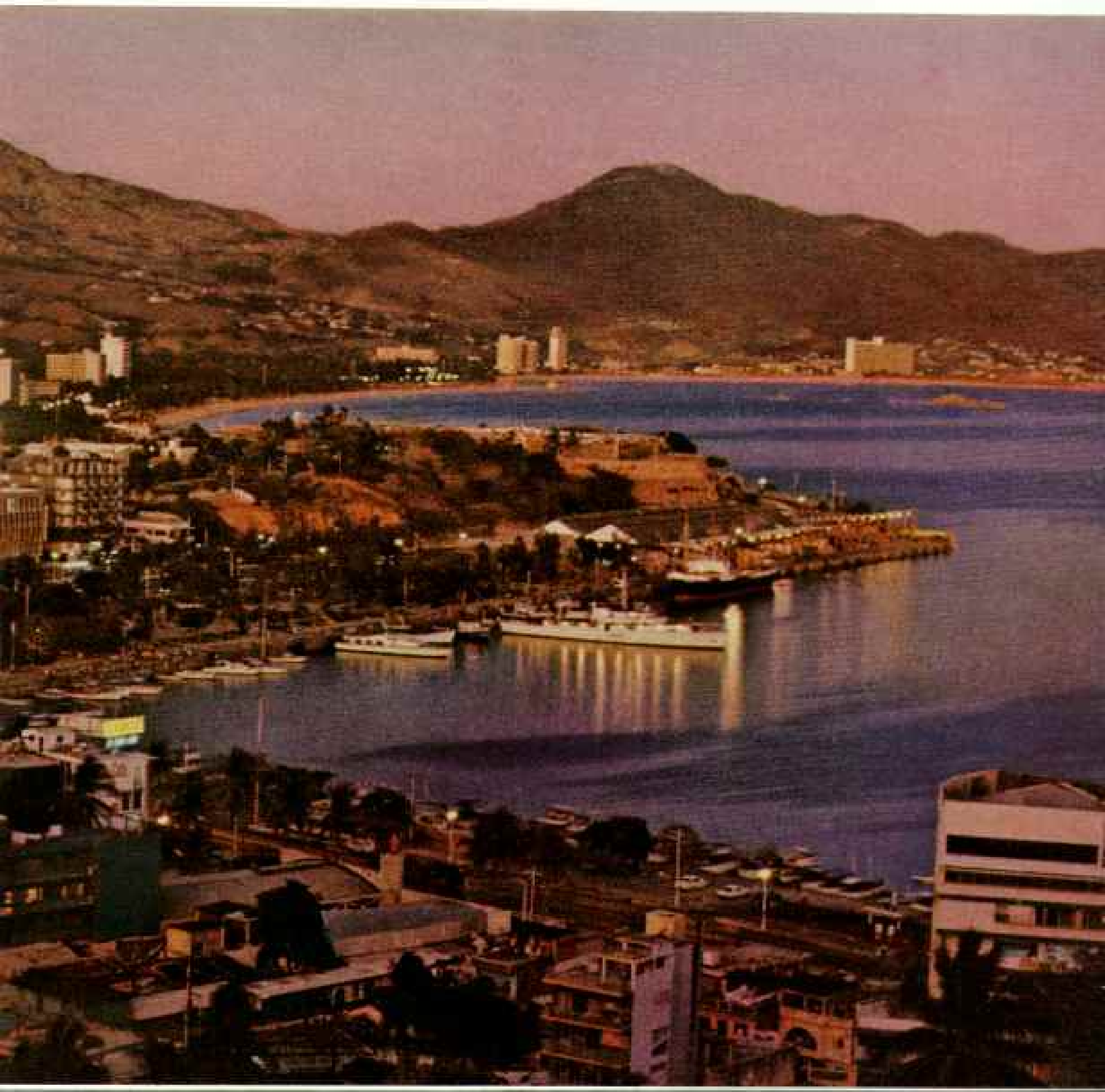
land. And now La Laja will get electricity, drainage, paved streets."

Some of Acapulco's citizens look at this solution in a different light. They fear it may encourage other squatters to come in from outside, form other Lajas, and aggravate unemployment problems. They also feel that on occasion the people of the Laja have defied law and order, and that such defiance is hardly the way to attack a serious social problem.

Obviously the land is important in Acapulco. But so is the sea. What the sea means to Acapulco was brought home to me by Jack and Vicky Walker. They invited me for a sail aboard their sleek 64-foot ketch, *La Belle Sole*.

A mining engineer and financier with Canadian interests, Jack is originally from Buffalo. Vicky is from New York City. But the Walkers have lived so long in Mexico that their younger, teen-age son speaks English with a Mexican accent.

Jack helped to found the present Acapulco yacht club, where *La Belle Sole* moors amid the craft of 400 members. I boarded the yacht and met the other guests: a Montreal restaurateur, a Hollywood director,



and a New York real-estate woman, looking a tidy parcel herself in a minimal bikini.

We proceeded on power to Puerto Marqués, where we dropped anchor. Fishermen paddled alongside and offered us a local specialty, "double-breasted" *almejas colonadas:* bifurcated salmon-pink mollusks in silver-dollar-size shells. We had them as a first course: a squeeze of lime, and if they wriggle, eat!

Vicky set a marvelous buffet of spicy Mexican ham, Chihuahua cheese, tortillas, hot green chilies, and *albóndiga*, a Mexican meat loaf with a center of hard-boiled eggs and green olives.

"The best food in Acapulco, Mama!" Jack told Vicky—which launched a lively discussion on where else one could eat well here. The consensus went to Armando's (fine spiny lobster), Dino's (continental cuisine), Aku-Tiki (Polynesian), Villa Vera (French specialties and Mexican buffet), and El Pozo del Rey (imaginative American cooking).

Then Jack berated us for our epicurean dallying and impatiently carried the plates from the table himself.

"Father's waited two weeks for this breeze," Vicky said, "and now he means to sail!"

I'd never sailed before, and I'll never forget the excitement of the spanking and rattling of sails going up—and then, as *La Belle Sole's* motor died, that wonderful moment of silence and serenity. Sailing!

Harbor Lives Up to Legend

As we headed back to port several hours later, I thought of the travelers on the Manila galleons, seeing this noble harbor, as I was, from the deck of a sailing ship. To them it must have brought a special joy, the promise of security after six months of hardship, as the two great arms of the mountains reached out to enfold them.

From the sea, Acapulco's legendary scenery seems still pristine. In 1811, naturalist Alexander von Humboldt wrote of it: "I have seen fewer situations in either hemisphere of a

Open House: No Wall Separates Living Room and Swimming Pool

In their eyrie, travel agent Memo Peña and his American-born wife Peggy need no pictures; their view encompasses all. Mrs. Peña's Acapulco shop displays her original fashion designs; many were seen in United States specialty stores last fall.

more savage aspect, I would say at the same time, more dismal and more romantic." The landscape remains largely savage and totally romantic, but no longer dismal.

Historian William Lytle Schurz calls Acapulco "the best harbor on the west coast of America, with the possible exception of San Francisco." Crowding the bay, the foothills of the Sierra Madre del Sur descend precipitously from a 3,000-foot rampart, shielding ships from the winds (pages 854-5). This abrupt descent also accounts for the unusual depth of 16 to 30 fathoms over most of the bay, twice as deep as either San Francisco's or New York's harbor.

Today the port is again an important commercial one, drawing its trade, as in the days of the galleons, chiefly from the Orient. In 1963, 180 freighters moved some 70,000 metric tons of merchandise, among which were those new treasures of the Orient, Japanese radios and TV sets.

The first authenticated record of Acapulco is maritime. Two caravels, built there, set sail on June 30, 1532, under orders of Hernán Cortés, to explore the Southern Sea. From Acapulco, in 1537, Cortés sent two ships to Francisco Pizarro to conclude the conquest of Peru, and in 1539 he sent three ships in search of the legendary seven cities of Cibola, supposedly rich beyond measure.

The real wealth, however, was in the Orient, and this began to pour through Acapulco in 1565 with the return of the *San Pablo*, the first Manila galleon, or China ship. Until 1815 these galleons made their yearly voyage between Manila and Acapulco—the richest ships of their time, and the most coveted prey of pirates. The cargoes were worth as much as 2,000,000 pesos, as valuable as that many dollars in those days.

Ship a Year Brought Acapulco's Riches

The galleons were the chief commercial link between Asia and the New World. Silks from China were the main import, but porcelain, fine cottons from India and the Philippines, spices from Java and Ceylon, Persian rugs, and slaves came too. Slaves were also brought overland from Veracruz to work the cargoes. On the return voyage, the galleons were "silver argosies," laden with silver bars and Mexican and Peruvian pesos.

This trade made Acapulco the peer of Genoa and Venice. For most of the history of the route, the Manila traders chose to risk their fortune in a single ship a year. When the galleon arrived, usually around Christmas week, a great fair was held, and traders from Mexico City poured down to bargain for the Orient's treasure. During the fair the town's population swelled from 4,000 to 12,000.

Sir Francis Drake, in his voyage round the world, threw Acapulco into a flurry of defense preparations. In 1579, word arrived that Drake was plundering ships all along the Central American coast—and the Manila galleon was still in port! Surprisingly, Drake sailed right by.

Four Manila galleons did, however, fall to the British—"pirates," the Spanish called

Lanterns in hand, net on shoulder, a fisherman heads home with his daughter, who met him on the beach at dawn. By unwritten law, he fishes only in his own spot on Acapulco Bay and tolerates no trespassers. He and five hundred others daily harvest five tons. Acapulco consumes three tons; Mexico City gets the rest.

them—and to defend Acapulco. El Castillo de San Diego was built in 1616. It was destroyed in the earthquake of 1776 but replaced by 1784 with the present star-shaped Fuerte de San Diego.

When José María Morelos took the fort in 1813 in the Mexican War of Independence, the saga of the galleons was ending. The Mexican rebellion, Spain's involvement in the Napoleonic Wars, and the competition of English and American trading ships finished them.

For more than 100 years Acapulco drowsed, with only a brief awakening during the California gold rush, when gold-seekers crossed Mexico overland from Veracruz to take ship again on the Pacific side. Then it reverted to the fishing village it had been when the first Spaniards arrived, sometime between 1521 and 1530. The Indians they met called the place, in the Nahuatl language, Acatl Poloa Co, which means "in the place where the reeds were destroyed."

Lost City of the "Pretty Ladies"

But even these primitives were Johnnys-come-lately. Earlier clues to the ancient history of Acapulco are to be found in the hills of La Sabana on the outskirts of town. At a little store named Ciudad Perdida, I inquired after the lost city (estimated to be more than 2,000 years old) that the name commemorates.

The proprietor, Ranulfo Pachecos, drove with me a mile or so down the road, then led me through fields to a place where boulders were engraved with hideous faces and crosslike symbols. A few shards still lay scattered on the ground.

"Perhaps you have heard of 'the pretty ladies of Acapulco,'" said Señor Pachecos. "Here is where they were found."

These curious little clay heads pose a mystery. Their beauty differs from that of Mexico's Indians; one resembles Marlene Dietrich (sketch on map, page 853). Archeologists disagree, but Dr. Alejandro von Wuthenau of Mexico City's University of the Americas writes of the pretty ladies that they "indicate the possibility of European and Asian contacts with the pre-Columbian peoples." So Acapulco's international flavor could be older than it seems.

Acapulco's modern era opened with the road from Mexico City. Completed in 1927, this followed the mule trail by which traders once came to the Acapulco fair. Hannah and I drove it in 1947, a rugged two-lane mountain highway that took a day and a half to transit. Thanks chiefly to ex-President Alemán, this road was superseded in 1955 by a wide new highway, cutting the time for the 260-mile course to six or five hours—depending on whether you are an American or an uninhibited Mexican driver.

The old road brought with it Acapulco's first real-estate boom, beginning in the early thirties on Las Playas Peninsula.

"Before then, not even squatters wanted to live up on these rocks," Martin Marsalis told me. We were sitting beside the pool at El Pozo del Rey, the charming 22-room hotel that Martin operates near the top of Las Playas.

Martin is in his early sixties, with white wind-blown hair and humorous blue eyes. He is an engineer and used to own the American Metal Products Company in Fort Worth. "I was about to crack up from overwork," he said. "So I came to Acapulco to crack up in style. My wife and I built this place in '52, and I never did crack up.

"What made—and still makes—Las Playas are the breezes," Martin explained. "The peninsula rides high above the heat of the town."

American real-estate developers saw this as an ideal site for luxury hotels and vacation homes. With Mexican associates, they landscaped, dug wells, put in lighting, sold lots, and grew rich. The chief developer, Albert Pullen, once an office-supply salesman, is today a millionaire.

It was a delicate business for Americans, I learned later. No foreigner is permitted to own—in his own name—land within 50 kilometers of the coast. He may, however, in effect purchase property through a Mexican bank trust.

Threats Twice a Week Only, Please

The federal government took a hand in Acapulco's development in 1946, purchasing and improving land and building roads. The hotel boom spread from Las Playas back into town and all along the bay. The local federal man in charge, Melchor Perusquia, got many a tongue-lashing from the natives whose land he had to expropriate.

They had received small plots when the haciendas were broken up after the revolution. Señor Perusquia gave them each 10,000 pesos plus a house and land farther back in the hills, but they preferred their own. They had a point. Beach-front land that sold for 10 pesos a square meter in 1946 now goes for 1,000.

Señor Perusquia went into the market place periodically to explain his program. He put up a sign there that said: "Threats of death and assassination received Tuesdays and Thursdays." The people liked his *machismo*, his he-man behavior, and the work went forward.

Martin Marsalis showed us El Pozo del Rey's orchid garden. "I collect all these myself," he told us. "I go out into the wild mountain country back of here, 5,000 to 12,000 feet up.

"I have about 5,000 orchid plants, more than 100 species. But that's just a snippet of the 900 varieties in Mexico, 30,000 in the world."

Cycling cowhand drives cattle home through coconut palms. Each year the port ships 60 thousand tons of copra, the dried coconut meat that yields oil used in soap and margarine. Planters drink the water, sell the husks for mats, and roof homes with the fronds. The industry is second to tourism in the Acapulco area.

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Garlic bulbs festoon a vendor's back in Acapulco's market. Customers haggle to get the best price.

Parakeets line up for buyers in the market. These members of the *Aratinga canicularis* species represent only one of 315 kinds of parrot. The colorful little birds make ideal household pets. Social mind-

Martin drove us northwest through 25 miles of coconut plantations to see the little copra center of Coyuca de Benitez.

As we whizzed along, he instructed us.

"See how the trees are laid out in absolutely straight lines—seven million of them in this 150-mile coastal strip between Acapulco and Zihuatanejo.

"Now, see that pile of coconut husks. They're used for fuel, brushes, mats, and insulating material. But the main thing is copra, the dried meat. Its oil is used in soap and margarine. Acapulco ships out about 60,000 tons of it a year, and more goes overland by truck.

"No waste in coconut farming. Those roofs over there are covered with *palapa*, coconut leaves. And the coconut water is a pure, delicious drink for the farmer's family."

"Is it a good business?" I asked.

"With enough trees, it's a lifetime income. It takes five years for a coconut tree to bear; then it's good for a hundred years. You get a year-round crop—20 pounds of copra per tree, worth about $1.80."

We stopped on the bridge above the Coyuca River, and Martin said, "Here comes Coyuca's water supply."

Spoon-feeding a baby parakeet makes a substitute mother of an American girl living in Acapulco.

BIRDS IN BOMBS © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

ed, they fly in pairs or flocks and assemble in trees, where their bright green plumage camouflages them well. Other vendors sell live iguanas, lizards whose cooked flesh tastes like chicken breasts.

Horse-drawn tanks, each made of two oil drums welded together, were backed into the water among the laundresses and filled up.

Martin pointed upriver to steep-rising mountains. "That's where I get the orchids. People say, 'Aren't you afraid to go in there alone?' The mountain people are primitive, but they've never given me the least trouble.

"Stick to the simple folk if you really want to know this place, Jim. Now out there"—he pointed downstream—"is a fishing village you should see, La Barra de Coyoca. It's built beside a sandbar where the river, lagoon, and ocean meet. About 150 homes, and nothing but sand for streets. The villagers are the most unusual fishermen you ever saw. They spear sharks on foot."

Hannah and I visited La Barra with a weekly safari run by Las Brisas Hotel. About 30 of us went in seven Jeeps. It was a spine-jolting 25-mile ride on a sand road, and we were all hot and dusty when we arrived. Everyone in a bathing suit headed right into the ocean.

Fernando Aragón, Las Brisas sport director in charge of the outing, was distressed.

"You should not do that," he told me. "This is exactly where the sharks come. It is usually in the rainy season when the lagoon overflows the bar. But the fishermen just broke the bar themselves last week, trying to lure the sharks. Somehow the sharks know when the bar is open, and they wait here for the little fishes to come out of the lagoon. Then the fishermen wade in and spear the sharks. Sometimes they slip—one fellow lost an arm that way. And you people do not even have spears!"

No spearmen were working that day, but Fernando assured me their skill was great.

"With these people it is a business, not sport. The shark meat is sold for canning as *bacalao*—that's cod. It tastes much the same."

Three boatloads of us cruised the lagoon, serenaded by guitarists, and scared up some of the ducks, storks, pelicans, ibises, egrets, and herons that inhabit it. But no crocodiles; they have all been killed off by the handbag business.

We ended the day with a beach picnic—and another shark-defying swim.

President Meets a Persuasive Fisherman

I was too early for the annual international sailfish tournament, but Teddy Stauffer took me out 15 miles to the "blue water" where the sailfish run—and the marlin, red snapper, shark, and stingray too. A friend, Gunther Sachs, was along, and he caught a sailfish. But since I helped him pull, I claim equal rights to our 110-pound trophy.

This is not, however, my favorite fish story. That one was told me by Señor Xavier Men-

Sailfish struggles against the hook: an unforgettable thrill for anglers aboard this Acapulco-based cruiser. Bluetailed sailfish weigh up to 160 pounds. Sportsmen also pit their skill against marlin, barracuda, bonito, red snapper, and dolphin.

Undersea statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico, receives a diver's veneration. Mexicans placed the 800-pound metal figure in 1958. It stands between Roqueta Island and Caleta Beach, its crown a fathom below the waves.

KODACHROME (SUPPLIED AND EXTACHROME © N.G.S.

dieta, an architect and former manager of the local hotel association.

"Once when Miguel Alemán was President of Mexico," he said, "I went by boat to the beach in front of his house and began to fish. Some soldiers came and said I must leave, that this was the beach of the President of Mexico. I refused. I said that all the beaches are public; it is the law.

"Just then, President Alemán came in his yacht, and when he heard what the trouble was, he said, 'The young man is right. He will be a good citizen of Mexico.' Then he went into his house and sent the soldiers back with a fine fishing rod. They gave it to me and told me, 'The President says to be sure to catch some fish.'"

Flying *Pelota* Can Be Lethal

I was introduced to jai alai, a kind of Basque squash, by Señor Francisco de P. Carral, chief of the federal department of tourism in Guerrero. He is a gentle, dignified man of 60, and 30 years ago he was an enthusiastic player of this fast-paced game.

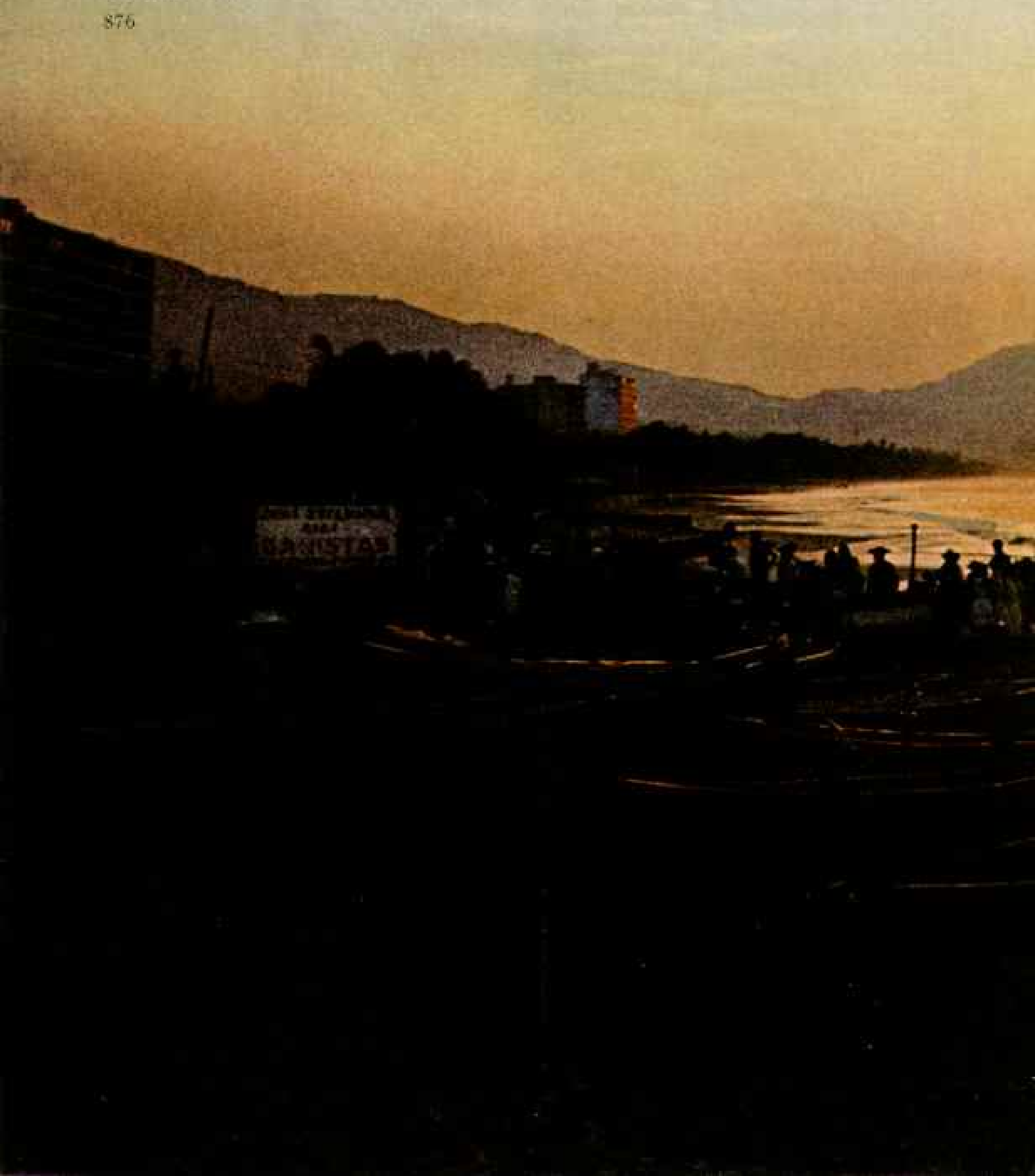
"I was hit by the *pelota* and lost several teeth," he told Hannah and me. "That turned me into a spectator. I have seen three men killed in this game—two hit in the neck by the ball; one by a heart attack. Swinging the *cesta*—that is the scooplike basket tied to the arm to throw the ball—puts a terrible strain on the heart."

I noticed that most of the spectators were Mexicans. "Acapulco is still the favorite resort of Mexicans," Señor Carral explained. "Of all visitors, 55 percent are Mexicans. Of the rest, 80 percent are Americans, 15 percent Canadians. Americans come here mostly from January to Easter, and in the summer. Mexicans come the year round, but mostly the week after Christmas or Easter. Then Acapulco holds 80,000 visitors. It is the fashionable thing to spend those weeks here. Some Mexicans who cannot make the trip disconnect their telephones so that callers will assume they are in Acapulco."

One of those responsible for the present appeal of Acapulco is Dr. Truman William ("Bill") Brophy 3d, the local impresario. We visited him and his gracious Mexican wife Alicia in their home on Las Playas. Before her marriage, Mrs. Brophy was the star of Bill's "Holiday on Skis" show.

Bill, now a Mexican citizen, puts on three sophisticated spectacles with his partner, Carlos Ochoa. Besides the water-skiing show, they stage an elaborate Indian pageant,

POOL OF GOLD. *Acapulco Bay at dawn sees the return of commercial fishermen, who precede pleasure-seekers to Los Hornos Beach. Each man has fished his traditional spot on the bay all night. Sign at left reads: "Zone reserved for bathers." They will come, of course, but later.*



and costumed folk dances at various hotels.

Tall, dark-haired, energetic, Bill doesn't look like the six-time grandpa he is. After a brilliant career as a Los Angeles surgeon (and eight trips around the world) he landed in Acapulco and said, "Where's a lot? I want to buy. This is it."

He bought well, on the shady side of Las Playas Peninsula, where he has lived since 1956. "An acre out here goes for $65,000 now," he said. "And worth every penny.

"You buy the weather—the most fantastic I've ever seen in my life. They say summer is hot, but it doesn't vary five degrees from the winter median. The whole average range is from 78° F. in January to 83° F. in August.

"From December 15 to May 15 there's seldom a drop of rain; we average 342 days of sunshine a year. But when it rains, it rains! One August it rained 16 inches in 20 hours —that's the entire yearly rainfall for Los Angeles County!"

The Brophys drove us to the Club de Esquies, where we watched the water-skiing show, and later to the Jacaranda night club in the Hotel El Presidente, where we were just in time for the 11:30 Indian pageant, the Voladores de Papantla. This re-creates a centuries-old ceremony of the Totonac Indians, the Rain Dance of the Flyers, combined with an Aztec sacrifice—all in stunning costume.

The five voladores climbed a 100-foot pole set in the bay while a Junoesque Indian maid was stretched on an altar on shore. The chief danced atop the pole, the maid was "stabbed," her "heart" displayed, and four voladores plunged downward headfirst. Attached by ropes, they whirled 30 times round the pole in their descent. Then the chief came down hand over hand.

I have barely skimmed the pleasures of Acapulco. There are also an international film festival, night and day cruises on the yachts *Fiesta* and *Sea Cloud II*, bullfights, and bikini-clad twist dancers at the Paradise Beach Club.

Hannah and I decided Acapulco would be an ideal place for idle hands, and so, looking ahead 20 years, investigated retirement attractions. We shopped the native market to see how we might eat if we had to go native. I bargained with a crone and took away a haul of exotic fruits for 16 cents—*mameyes*, *granadas*, and *zapotes*.

We ate the fruits next morning, after scrubbing them vigorously to fend off the "curse of the Aztecs," an intestinal upset that can plague even seasoned residents. The mamey tasted like a raw brown sweet potato. The granada was full of jellied seeds that yielded little nourishment with great effort. The zapote's interior was a tasteless black paste.

"Well, we won't go native," Hannah said firmly. "Let's see how sensible Americans really live here."

Acapulco as a Retirement Haven

Mr. F. W. K. Hornig, a National Geographic Society member, is a retired railroad inspector from New Jersey who has lived in Acapulco since 1956. He was happy to give us some facts and figures.

First, he told us that he had just the day before celebrated his 80th birthday, though with his thick blond hair I would have taken him for less than 60. He invited us to his attractive apartment on Calle Bernal Diaz del Castillo, with a stunning view of Acapulco.

A 32-by-20-foot living-dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms, and two baths cost him $80 a month, furnished. He and his second wife, who had recently died, both lived here comfortably on his $320 monthly retirement income. With the best cut of beef 55 cents a pound and fresh vegetables a giveaway (tomatoes 8 cents a pound), their money went far. They maintained a car and, for $24 a month, employed a maid.

Just before I left Acapulco, Mr. Hornig called to say he had become engaged to his wife's best friend, a charming widow many years his junior.

"Well," I said to Hannah, "how about it? Is this the place for us?"

"Let me think," she said. "This Acapulco has strange effects. If it means you are going to live to a hundred and still feel like a boy, I'm not sure I could stand it."

Key to 17 years of *National Geographics*

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY announces publication of a 398-page book designed to serve as a valuable research tool in the homes of members, in public libraries, in schools, colleges, and universities—wherever copies of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC are preserved for reference use.

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This special 47-page section also lists winners of the Society's famed Hubbard Medal —a veritable roll call of great explorers, from Robert E. Peary and Roald Amundsen to earth-orbiting John H. Glenn, Jr., and Norman G. Dyhrenfurth, leader of the Society-backed Mount Everest expedition.

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Another tabulation gratefully acknowledges the names and tenures of all the eminent men who have served the Society as President or on its Board of Trustees.

Members interested in knowing more about the Society's birth and remarkable growth may obtain for $1 a 115-page reprint of *The National Geographic Society and Its Magazine*, by Gilbert H. Grosvenor, Editor from 1899 to 1954 and President of the Society from 1920 to 1954. In stiff-paper covers, the illustrated history originally appeared in the index for 1947-1956, which the new volume supersedes.

National Geographic Index, 1947-1963 may be purchased only from Society headquarters. 398 pages, 46 illustrations, $6.50 postpaid. *National Geographic Index, 1899-1946*, $4.50. The two volumes together, $10. Order now from National Geographic Society, Dept. 215, Washington, D. C. 20036. Request later billing if desired.

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COVER: "A pair of turtledoves" (Luke 2: 24) beside the Tomb of Jesus symbolizes divided Jerusalem's hope for peace (page 826).

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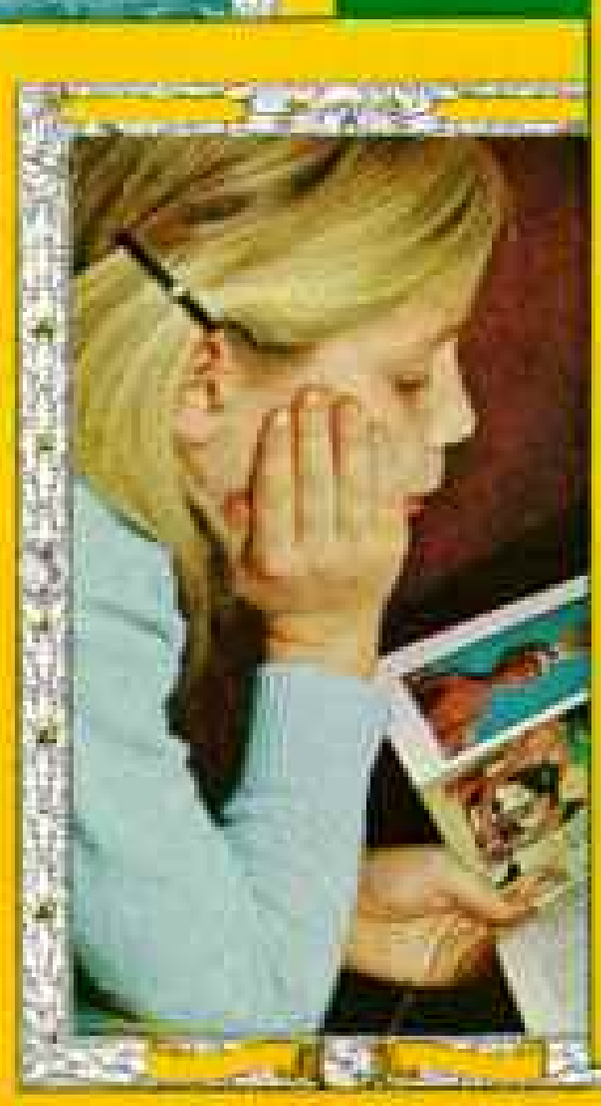

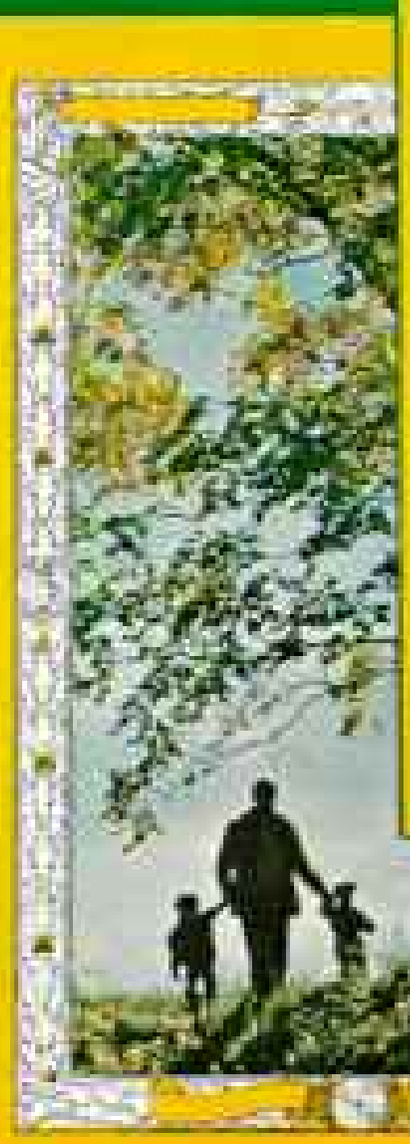

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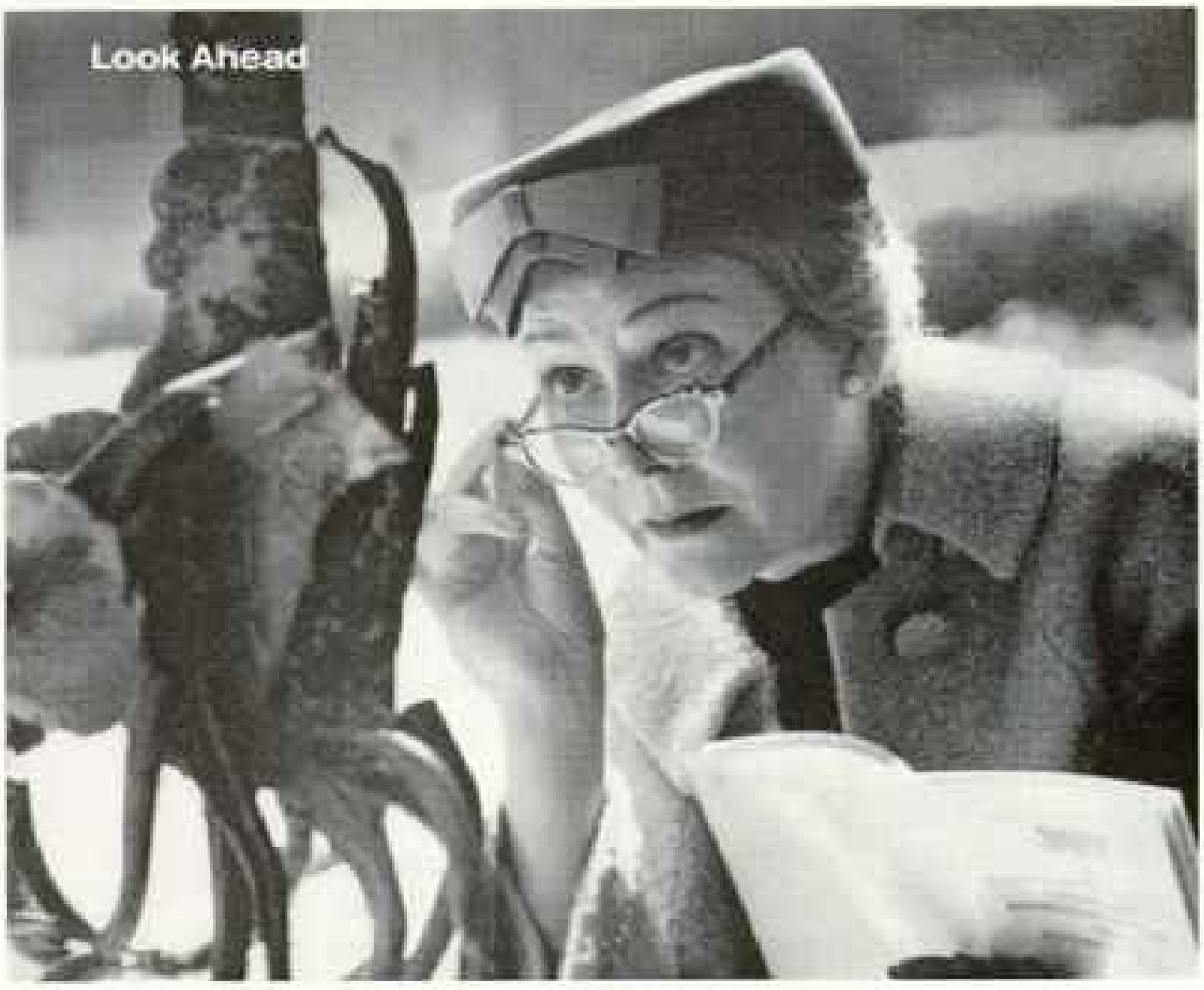

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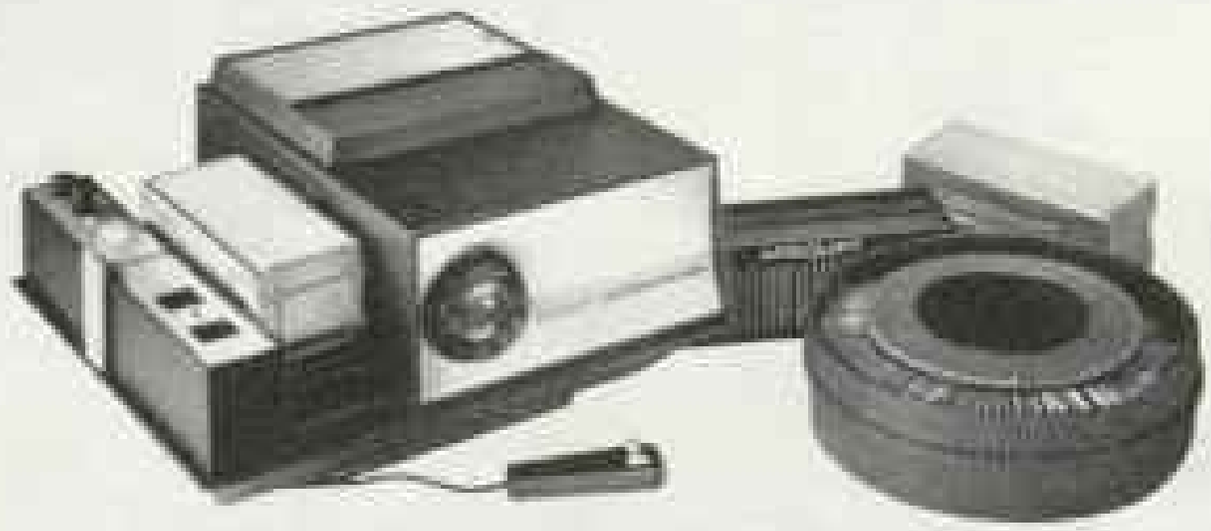

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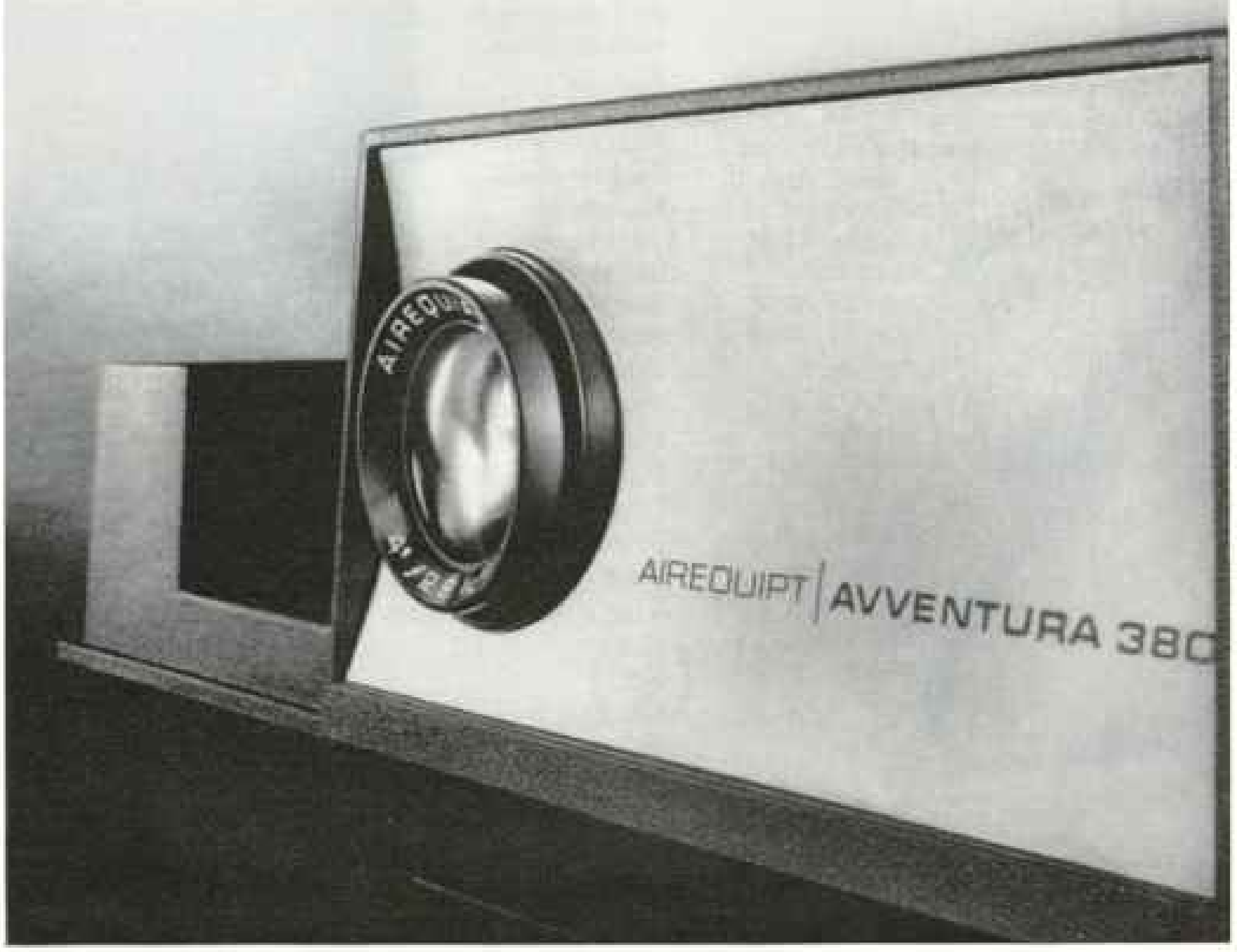

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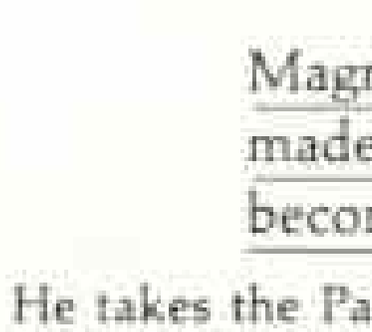
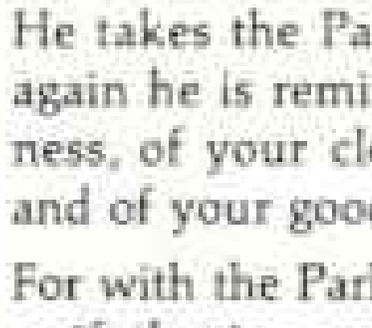


The beautifully sculptured grip nests his fingers in its curvatures. There is less pressure as he writes. His fingers do not tire; each letter flows easily and gracefully.



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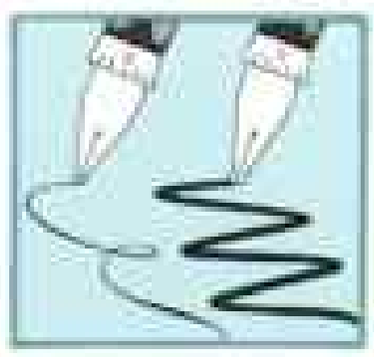

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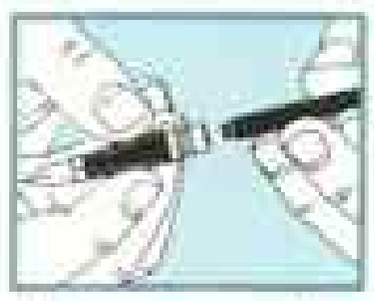

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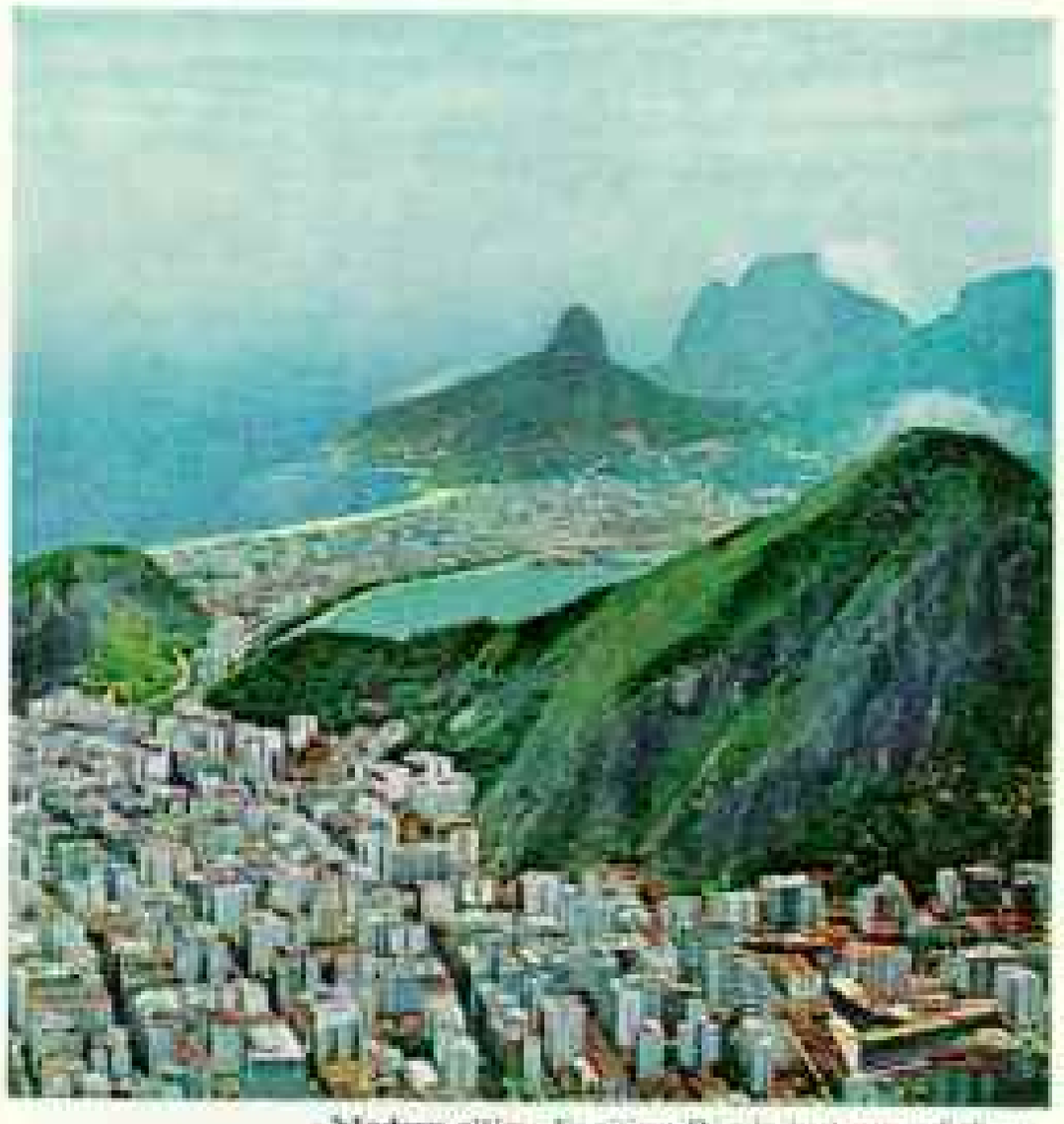

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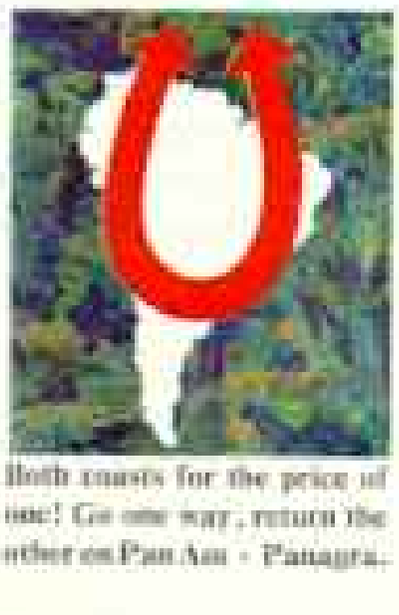

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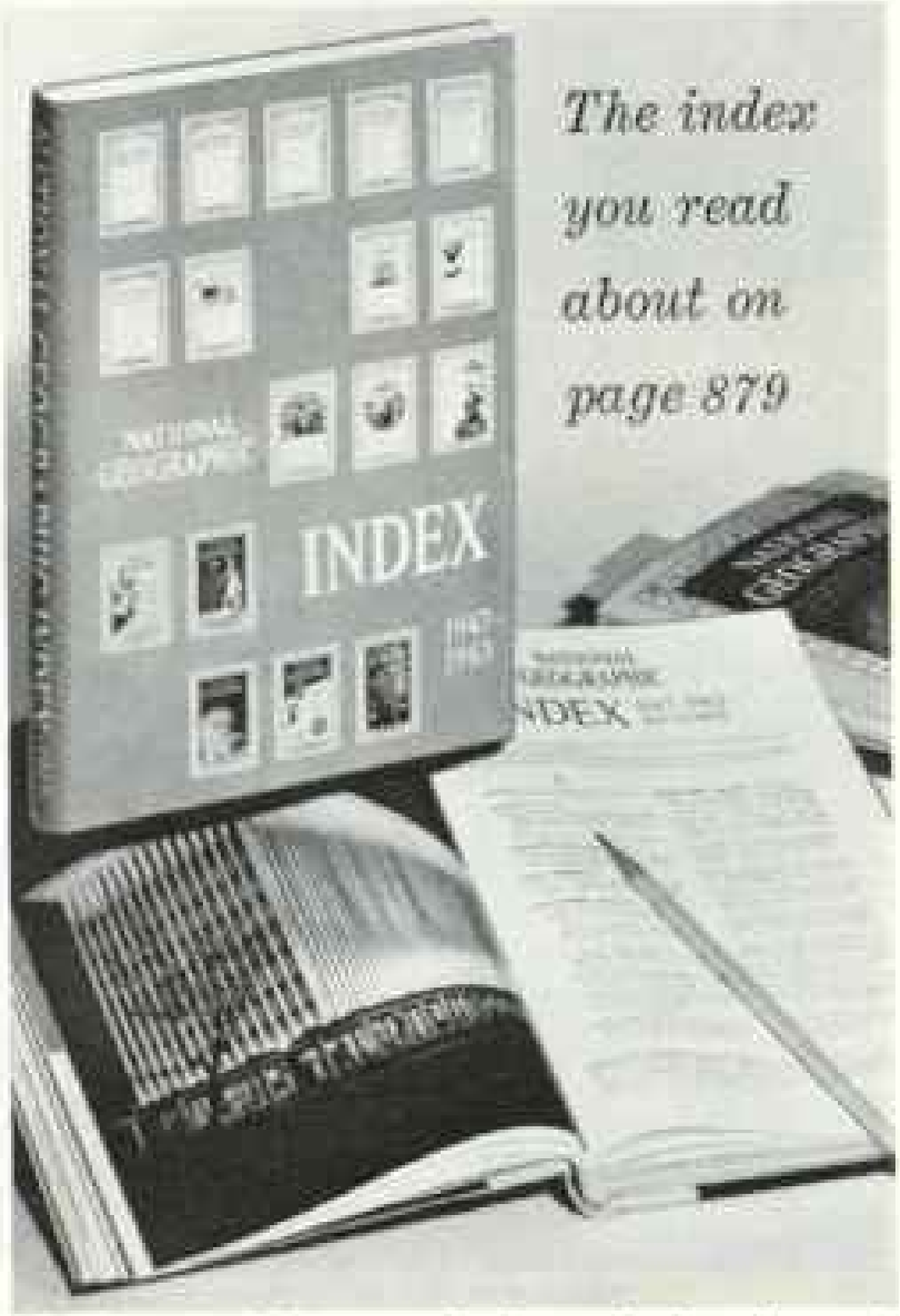

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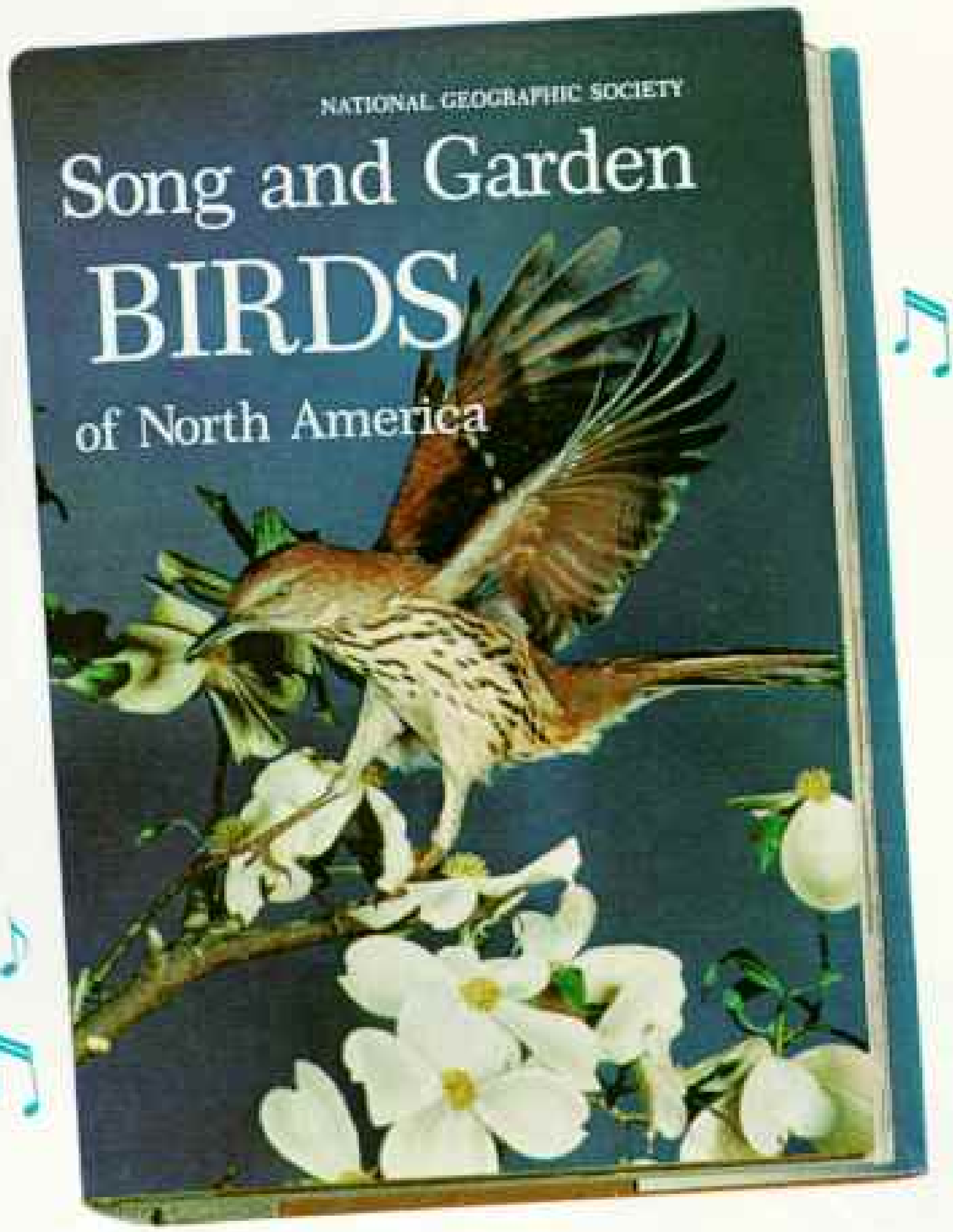

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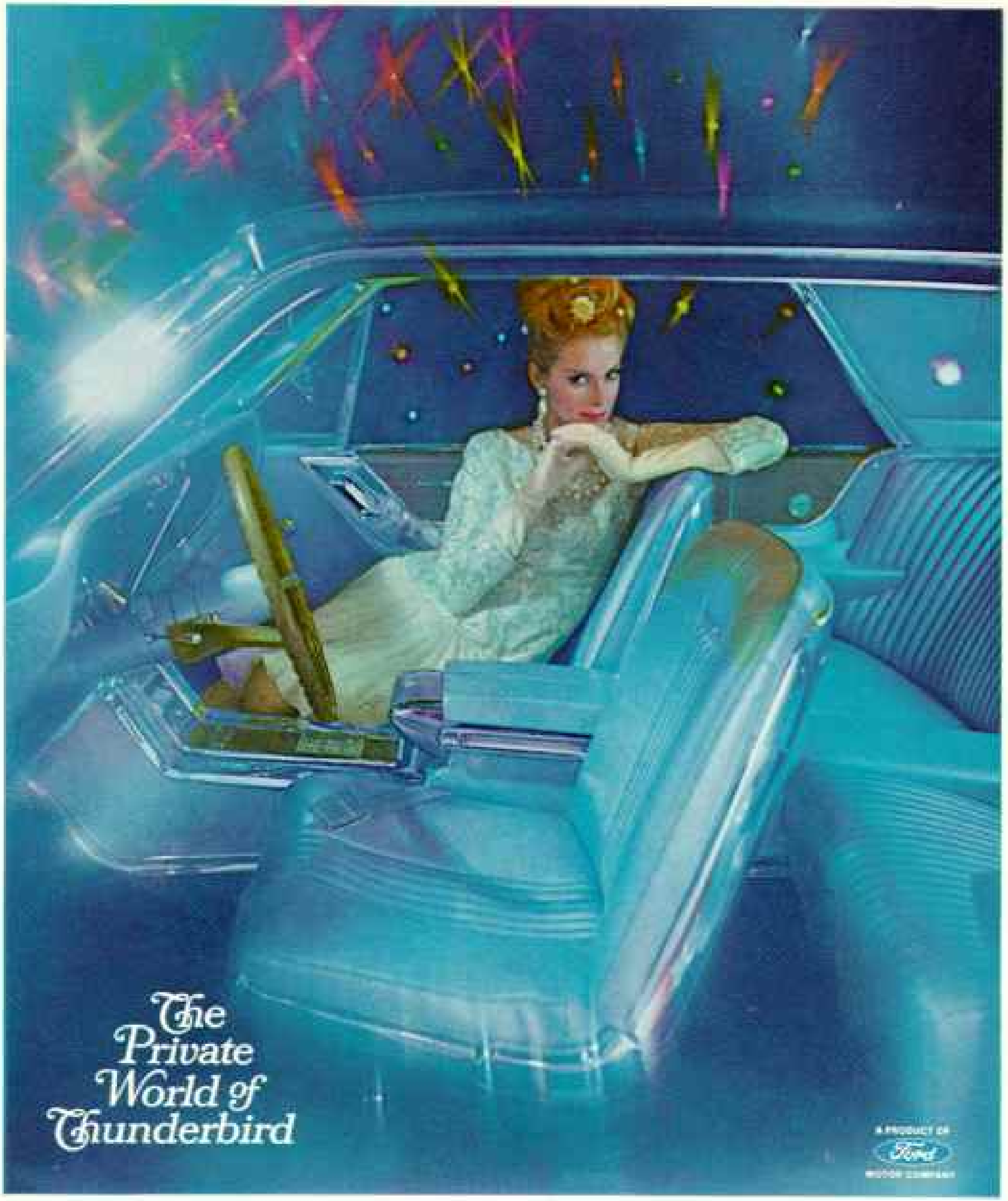

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