

VOL. 129, NO. 6

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

JUNE, 1966

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◀ COVER: Resplendent Life Guard in London symbolizes Britain's heritage and love of pageantry (page 743).

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This year the Government named the natural wonder for the late Dr. William E. Wrather, who, as Director of the U. S. Geological Survey from 1943 to 1956, vastly expanded the uses of aerial photomapping. Dr. Wrather was a National Geographic Society Trustee for 12 years and a valued member of its Committee for Research and Exploration.



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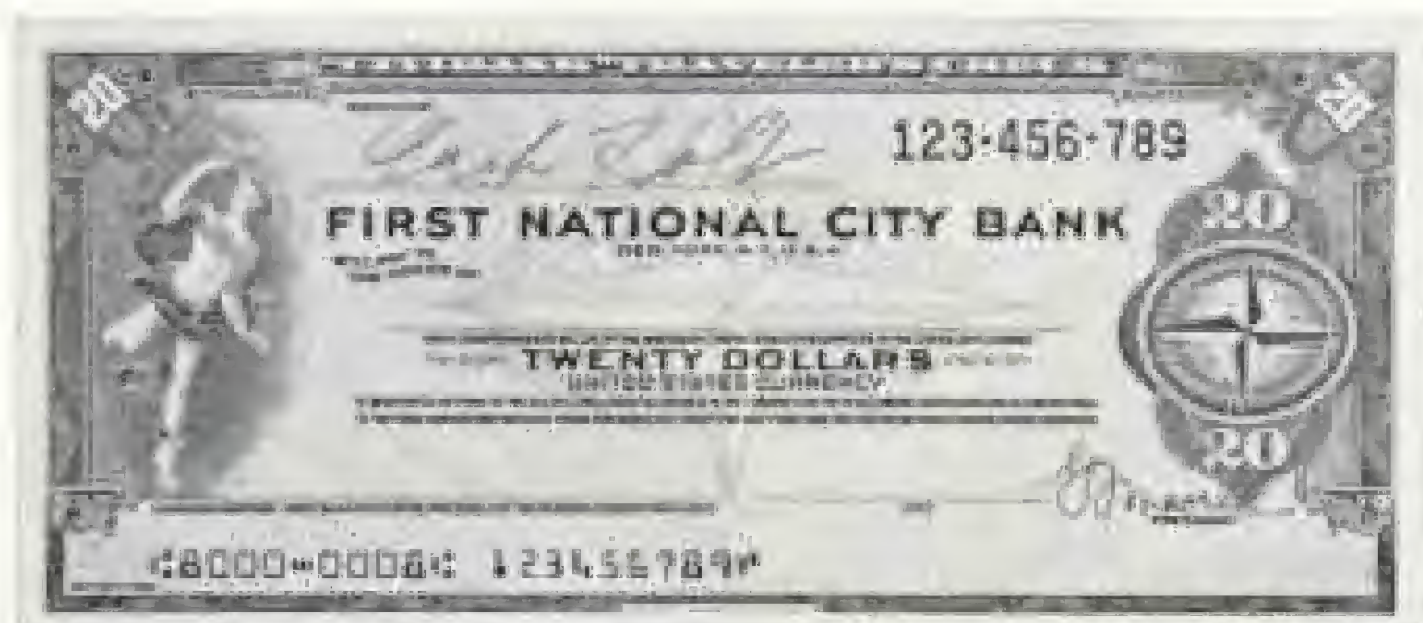
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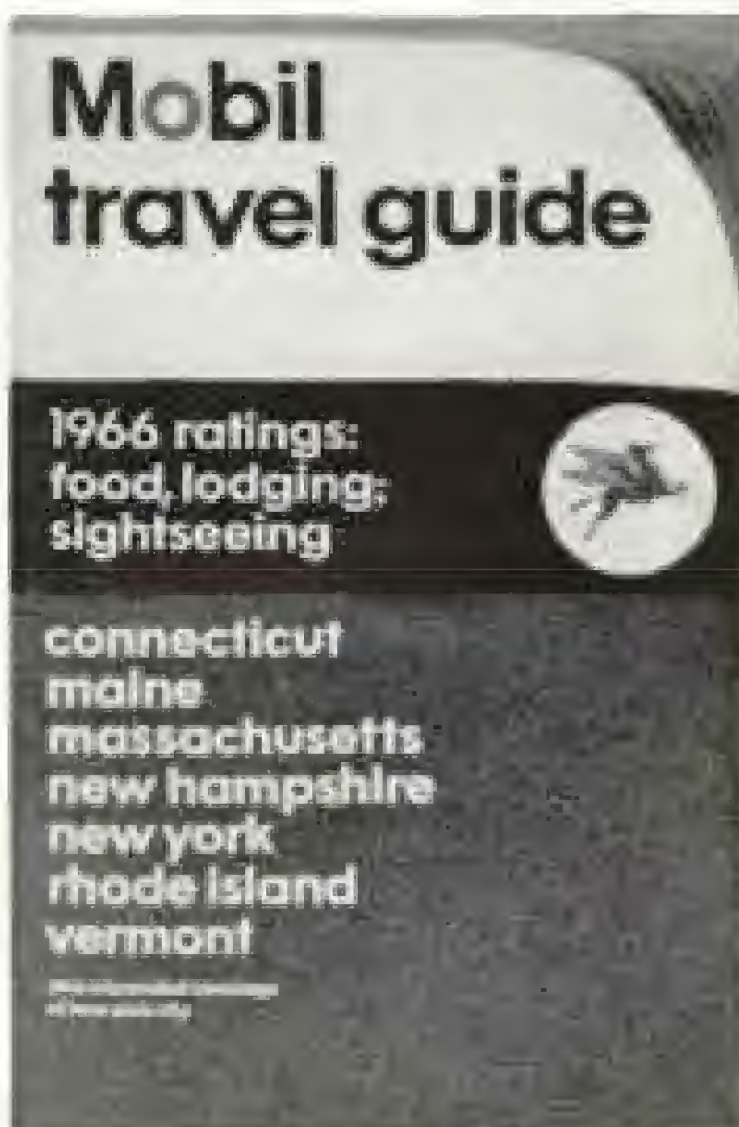
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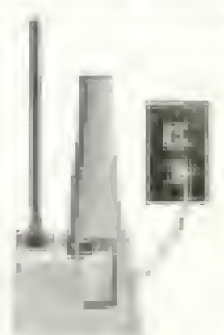


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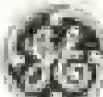


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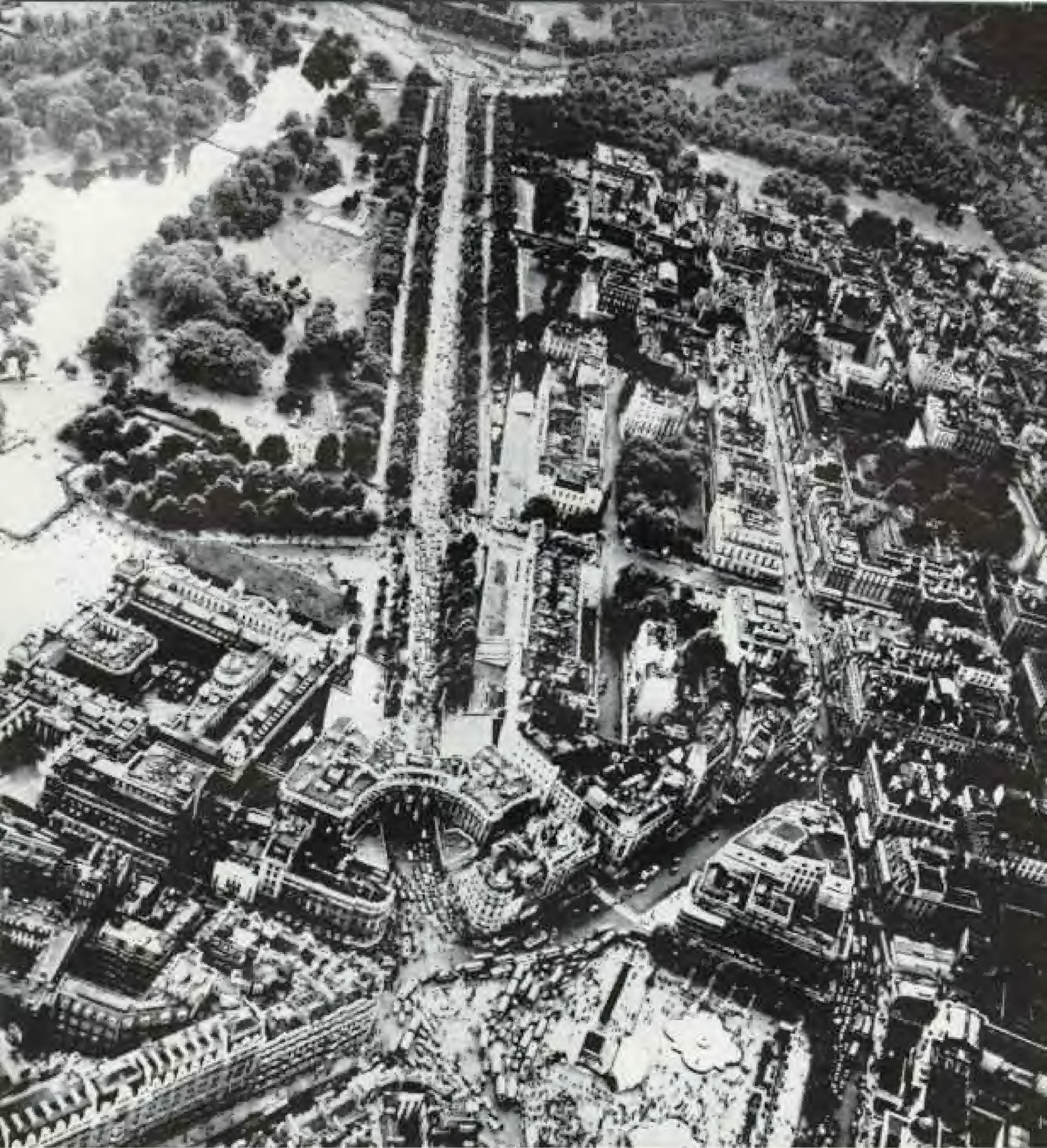
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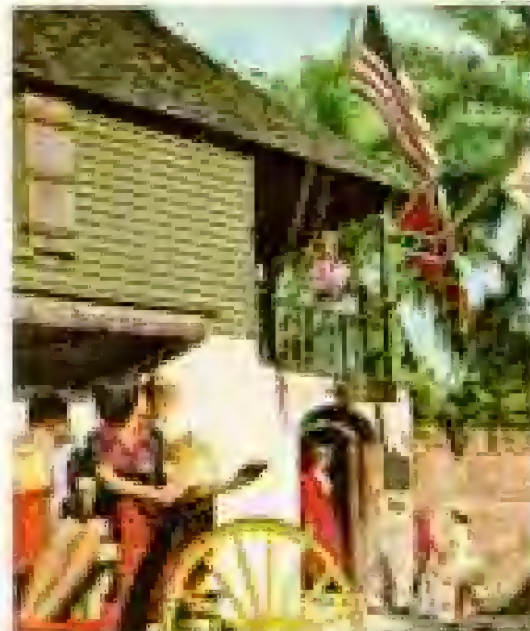
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They say it takes 14 years to make a piper. The only Gaelic College in North America is at St. Ann's where the young are schooled in the highland arts of piping, dancing and singing. The annual Mod is held here August 8-13.



This little girl is dressed in Acadian costume. Her ancestors came from France over 300 years ago. Along the Western shore of Nova Scotia, the Acadian language and customs are carefully maintained.



Samuel de Champlain, co-founder of Port Royal in 1605, also founded The Order of the Good Time, the first social club in America. After you spend three days in Nova Scotia, you are invited to join. No dues.



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June, 1966

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

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## One Man's London

By ALLAN C. FISHER, JR.  
Senior Assistant Editor

*Illustrations by National Geographic photographer JAMES P. BLAIR*

**M**Y WIFE MARY is not a jealous woman, but we did go through a period when she spoke darkly of "that rival of mine." At such times I would be packing a bag, intent on putting home and children behind me. Invariably, with candor if not tact, I would analyze for Mary her rival's appeal: good looks, irresistible charm, maturity, character, individuality.

Oh, but I was enamored! I still am. But my wife has been tolerant and understanding. She knows how it is with a traveling man. Sometimes he loses his heart to a certain

place, one that lures him back again and again. And for some years now I have been totally, irrevocably, and unabashedly in love with London.

Let me concede at once that other cities outscore London in certain winsome municipal qualities. Paris is more beautiful, Rome friendlier, Rio de Janeiro more colorful, New York more exciting. No matter. In the aggregate, stolid old London tops them all. Great Britain's capital and premier city is one of those magical places that somehow manage to be greater than the sum of their parts.

743

Symbols of tradition in a changing city, mounted Life Guards brighten a foggy March morning.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. P. BLAIR



GATEWAY TO LONDON TOWN, *Tower Bridge* spans the glassy Thames. Domed *St. Paul's Cathedral* shares the skyline with the 582-foot *Post Office Tower*, Britain's tallest building, which beams telephone and television signals from its waist. The two structures, one old and beloved, the other new and boldly modern, symbolize the dual personality of the capital.

744 *THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE*









Annual "Show" of the red-robed Lord Mayor of London follows his election. His domain, the famous square-mile City in the heart of London, has been ruled by a mayor since 1192. Each year it pays the Crown a rent of six horseshoes, 61 horseshoe nails, a hatchet, and a pruning tool called a bill-hook. Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company, chartered by Henry VIII in 1537, flank the resplendent 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton coach.

**Reflections of Remembrance Sunday:** Racks turned to the ceremony and mirrors held high, girls catch a glimpse of their Queen as she lays a wreath on the Cenotaph, the monument honoring Britain's war dead.

Not that London's sum, in terms of sheer physical size and complexity, ever fails to impress. Greater London covers about 720 square miles. Here live more than eight million people, a population exceeded by only two other cities, Tokyo and New York.

This year London will play host to nearly two-and-a-half million foreign visitors, including 700,000 Americans. England's old colossus astride the Thames will house them in some 600 hotels. It will offer them an astonishing number of civic amenities: 124 museums and galleries, 39 legitimate theaters, 12 symphony orchestras. Some 200 principal banks will happily divest the visitors of their dollars and other foreign exchange.

Yet, despite its jumbo statistics and sprawling dimensions, London remains a city of distinct neighborhoods and of many secluded residential pockets—the narrow, hidden street, the little court, the old square. For a great city its character is surprisingly intimate.

#### Blue Plaques Blaze a Literary Trail

I had long wanted my wife to know her old rival. So recently we bade our maturing children a firm goodbye and, free as mud larks, flew to London for a prolonged stay. We rented a flat in Mayfair and began a memorable tasting of my favorite city: its landmarks, institutions, neighborhoods, pubs, museums, galleries (pictorial map, pages 750-52).

After a time Mary said: "This city is too big. Too crowded. And the climate—an absolute horror most of the time! But I'm almost as smitten with the place as you are."

My feeling for London is a compound of many things. Like most visitors I enjoy pilgrimages to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, pre-eminent monuments to a great faith and a great people. I often go to the Mother of Parliaments, surely a shrine for every free man. Moreover, I dote on the archaic pageantry associated with Britain's monarchy and other old institutions, such as the office of the Lord Mayor of London. In these things I am typical. But much of my appetite for London is individual and personal.

I am an inveterate plaque spotter. The municipal government identifies many historic and literary landmarks with blue plaques; and I am seldom happier in London than when strolling the streets with one wary eye on the traffic and the other alert for telltale flashes of blue on the walls of buildings. Often I have experienced moving moments by chancing upon a site associated with one of my literary heroes: the home of William Blake

  
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Winged archer known to Londoners as Eros, Greek god of love, actually represents the Angel of Christian Charity. The figure surveys bustling Piccadilly Circus from a bronze fountain memorializing the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

Broad Shaftesbury Avenue with its many theaters is but one of half a dozen streets radiating from the circus. The capital today enjoys a theater boom, nearly any night Londoners can take their pick of some three dozen plays, from the classics to exciting works by new dramatists.

**"How do I get to Buckingham Palace?"**

A bobby provides the answer. His nickname honors Sir Robert Peel, founder of the Metropolitan Police Force. On the theory that force begets force, bobbies do not carry revolvers except on rare occasions.

on South Molton Street, the house in Kensington where Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair*, the building on Doughty Street where Dickens penned *Oliver Twist*. Dickens House is now a museum, as are former homes of Carlyle, Keats, and Samuel Johnson.\*

If one cares to embark upon a literary binge in London, it is quite easy to do so in a literal as well as a figurative sense. The city offers first-class pubs dedicated to the memories of such celebrated patrons as Pepys, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Dickens, and Tennyson.

**Green Islands: the "Lungs of London"**

I am also a fancier of London parks. It seems I never can get enough of these magnificent open spaces, aptly called "the lungs of London." Sometimes on good days (in London any day when it doesn't rain is a good day) I pick a park at random, then wander through it as aimlessly as the addlebrained pelicans that stroll beside the lake in St. James's Park. If the summer sun is out, thousands of Londoners lounge on the green-sward, their pale faces turned, like Thomas Moore's sunflower, toward their god in the sky. Sometimes I join them, and I try not to watch the entwined young lovers, probably the boldest on public display in Europe.

Londoners owe some of their best parkland to the penchant of their monarchs for hunting. Royal decrees set aside preserves that ultimately became public parks, green islands in an ocean of stone and brick, among them Hyde, St. James's, Green, and Regent's. They give the central part of the city sweep and spaciousness and a bit of a countrified look.



Actually the Crown still retains title to the 5,684 acres in London's Royal Parks, but the public enjoys this land as freely as it does the 7,300 acres in the splendid park system administered by the Greater London Council (GLC), or the innumerable squares and commons, usually of two acres or less, maintained and manicured by the 32 boroughs.

In my career as a parkophile, I think I have visited most of the GLC's green islands. My particular delight is the Old English Garden at Golders Hill, where color riots in a setting as formal and stylized as a minuet. The last time I was there, superintendent Herbert Pocock discussed with me what to plant after taking up his tulips.

"The superintendent plants what he likes," said Mr. Pocock, "but if he is a good man, he gets ideas from the public. Someone may say to him, 'I notice you have no marigolds of a tangerine variety,' so maybe he puts some in. We try to make these parks what the people who use them want."

Some of the best-beloved "lungs" are the smallest: 6-acre Normand Park, built on a bombed site, and 7½-acre Hammersmith Park, with its little man-made waterfall. Both parks adjoin housing developments, mothers and children crowd the park pathways, seeking nature's solace and benison.

"The Englishman now, he loves his garden, he does indeed," says Mr. Pocock. "And if he can't have one, he likes to be near a garden."

Or even near a window box, Mr. Pocock

*(Continued on page 757)*

\*See "Landmarks of Literary England," by Leo A. Borah, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, September, 1955.

# LONDON COLOSSUS ASTRIDE THE THAMES

LONDON ADDRESS BOOK. NUMBERED RED SQUARES SHOW FIFTY PLAQUE-MARKED SITES WHERE FAMOUS PEOPLE LIVED AND WORKED.

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3. JOHN LOGIE BAIRD, TELEVISION PIONEER (2E)
4. MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, MUSICIAN (2C)
5. SIR JAMES BARRIE, DRAMATIST, ROBERT ADAM, ARCHITECT, JOHN GALSWORTHY, AUTHOR, AND THOMAS HOOD, POET (3E)
6. WILLIAM BLAKE, POET (2D)
7. GEORGE BORROW, AUTHOR (4E)
8. JAMES BOSWELL, AUTHOR (3D)
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20. MICHAEL FARADAY, SCIENTIST (3D)
21. FORMER PRIME MINISTERS RESIDENCE (3E): GLADSTONE, PITT, AND STANLEY
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33. GEORGE MOORE, AUTHOR (4B)
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35. NAPOLEON III, EMPEROR OF FRANCE (3E)
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46. WILLIAM M. THACKERAY, AUTHOR (4B)
47. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, AUTHOR (2C)
48. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, STATESMAN (2D)
49. JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST (2G)
50. JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER, ARTIST (5C)





MAP BY DEBORAH STEPHENS, COMPILED BY ANNE M. WELLS  
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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

With full panoply of state, Queen Elizabeth II opens Parliament from her gilded throne in the House of Lords. She wears her Imperial State Crown and ermine-and-velvet Parliamentary Robe with 18-

foot train. Bewigged High Court Judges and peers in scarlet robes fill the well of the Chamber. Members of the House of Commons (out of picture in foreground) stand behind them. Ambassadors, clergy-

men, peeresses, and guests occupy side benches and galleries. In Britain's constitutional monarchy, Parliament wields the power, but only the sovereign can convene a session of the legislature.



ENTERTAINED BY JAMES F. BROWN © 1953



Traditional cry, "Wench!" brings a hasty refill by a waitress when a cup runs dry at the Elizabethan Room in the Gore Hotel. Diners crowd around a community table laden with courses of roast suckling pig, peacock pie, boar's head, and syllabub—a dessert of cream, spices, and wine. "M'lords and ladies, prithee silence," requests a serving maid each time the strolling minstrel sings a ballad. Decor and menu recall the days of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and "Good Queen Bess."

"London is a man's town." Poet Henry Van Dyke's words ring true in the Oxford and Cambridge University Club. Women may hold associate membership but cannot enter the main building. In the South Library only whispers and rustled pages disturb the silence.

Wine like molten gold: Peter Thompson checks the quality of sherry in the Crescent Vault, an underground storeroom that the Port of London Authority maintains for wine merchants.



might have said. London abounds in colorful window boxes, and I like that. You may find them on the grimy brick façade of a docker's home or the imposing front of a rich and powerful bank in the financial sector. Tulips, daffodils, and narcissi, favorites in spring, yield to geraniums, petunias, and hydrangeas.

One day, not recognizing some flowers, I struck up a conversation with a window-box gardener in Mayfair. It turned out that the flowers were primula and salvia, and the gardener was worried about them.

"Raw weather. Beastly, really. Don't know as they can stand it," he said, and a farmer threatened with loss of his principal money crop could not have been more concerned.

It often seems that some kind of flower show is being held each day in London during the summer. These shows range from an improbable but charming one put on by the porters and fishmongers of Billingsgate, the historic fish market, to the very elaborate and impressive Chelsea Flower Show, attended on opening day by everyone who is someone—or who would like to become someone.

London's most unusual gardens, 100 feet above congested Kensington High Street, cover 1¼ acres atop Derry & Toms Depart-

ment Store. Americans seeking the gardens invariably tell cab drivers, "Take me to Tom and Jerry's." But they end up in the right place, delightedly exploring the Spanish, Tudor, or Woodland Garden. In the latter, which has a stream, I parted some bushes one day and found myself in a startled confrontation with a harlequin duck that had spiraled down to the rooftop for rest and refreshment. He paddled off, squawking raucous criticism.

### Seeking the Rainbow's End in Chelsea

For a man who prefers the more sedentary pleasures, I display a remarkable avidity for walking when in London. There is much to delight the eye on side streets. Sometimes I wander through the byways of Chelsea, the city's arty area, feeling, as I pass between tiny row houses painted in vivid hues, as though I'm nearing the end of the rainbow. At other times I explore old neighborhoods that retain their fenced and tidily kept private squares, such as Brompton Square.

It's ultrafashionable in today's London to live in a mews, or area of horse stables. Of course the horses have long since moved out, and the coach rooms and lofts have been thoroughly—and expensively—renovated.

EXTERIORS (BELOW) BY JAMES H. BLAIR AND JOHN F. FLETCHER © R.C.C.



London abounds in these mews, tucked away behind the Victorian edifices they once served. Some have been refurbished to the point of poshness, such as Rutland Mews and Ennismore Gardens Mews, both near the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and Eccleston Mews in Belgravia.

I have a British acquaintance who, after years of country living in Surrey, paid a stiff price for a home in Kensington's Ennismore Mews. He had dreaded the lack of neighborly spirit, the unfriendly aloofness, of city living.

"My first Sunday in the mews," he told me later, "blast me if all of my neighbors didn't drag chairs and tables out on the cobblestones and sit around sipping apéritifs. Just like Paris, y'know. Later we played darts against a team from another mews. 'Straordinary!'"

The Royal Mews is one of the few in London that still have four-footed residents. You can visit these stables behind Buckingham Palace and see the Coronation Coach, a masterpiece of the carriage-maker's dying art. Royal coachmen will explain things to you—and I wish you luck. The coachmen are Irish; I couldn't understand half of what they said.

#### Horses Enjoyed the Pause That Refreshes

Nearly all London's horses are gone, but I am charmed by the fact that a number of their drinking troughs remain. You find them occasionally along main thoroughfares. Most of these hardy survivors, shaped like fountains, remain impressively handsome, like an elaborately tiled one on Pimlico Road that I particularly admire. Many offer drinking facilities for humans as well as horses, and a number bear engraving dedicating them to the memory of some horse-loving person.

Water flows in a few of these troughs, but most survive as nostalgic Victoriana, more flavor for an already flavorful city.

No one ever tasted London with more appreciation than Samuel Johnson, who declared, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life." Johnson reveled in the vitality of the city; he was not one to confine his forays to fashionable areas, nor should you.

The irrepressible Cockney, his heritage rich on his tongue, can still be found in the East End, though the distinctive manner of speech is no longer commonplace. Take the tube to Bethnal Green Station, then stroll down Bethnal Green Road, where the produce stalls seem little changed from the street marts of the Cockney costers at the turn of

the century. Bins overflow with vegetables brought during the predawn hours from Spitalfields Market, hardly a mile away. Women block the sidewalks as they gossip in pairs, while little children tug at their skirts.

Stepping on rhubarb stalks, breathing air that seems gray and clotted, you mingle with descendants of the original Cockney costers. You smell the fish and meats laid out for the flies and the sun and the housewives. "S. R. Kelly Live Eel and Meat Pies"—the sign catches your eye as you continue down this tawdry yet vital street. Listening to the talk and laughter, you begin to understand the inimitable Cockney spirit celebrated in such memorable shows as *Oliver!*, *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be*, and *My Fair Lady*.

"Cockney is still alive, but dying," a young woman shopper tells you while the coster wraps her fish. "Take me; I don't speak at

"Sweet lovers love the spring," wrote William Shakespeare. Taking advantage of a warm March day, a couple lolls on the grass in Hyde Park. Once the hunting field of monarchs, the park has been the personal playground of Londoners since King Charles I opened it to the public about 1637.

Hyde Park adjoins Kensington Gardens to form a square mile of green acres that gives city-dwellers one of their many bits of breathing room. Bird watchers peer up at trees; anglers fish in The Serpentine; riders canter on the sandy track; and anyone looking for an argument hastens to Speakers Corner at the northeast end of the park. There, orators sound off on politics, religion, or any subject that suits their fancy. The audience talks back, and both parties delight in the repartee.





work—or to you—the way I do at home. But we Cockneys are great talkers. We say what we mean and mean what we say, always in negatives, like 'You don't 'arf look a treat,' which means you look great. Or at the market, when my mother is looking over some nice meat pies, she'd say 'not 'arf nice.'

"We still have our children 'done,' meaning baptized. It's a big social occasion. Time for a chitchat. Cockneys all come from big families, and they have big families of their own. Sons and daughters will live with mum forever, so generations of large families grow up together. If someone dies, you have to put on a good funeral with lots of flowers, because the neighbors judge everything. Weddings have to be big too, and on Saturday, the established day. Oh, I'm proud I'm a Cockney."

Across town, in but not *of* the fashionable West End, lies another colorful enclave, Soho.

It is primarily a place for buying things, not a place of residence, and to most people it is a place to buy entertainment. Soho abounds in strip-tease clubs, nightclubs, coffeehouses, pubs, motion-picture theaters, betting shops. It also contains some of the finest restaurants in London. And it continues to be an area of small businesses: printers, shoe menders, sign painters, tailors, palmists.

Soho is London's Bohemian quarter, with a reputation for general naughtiness that has survived the city's war on prostitution.

The languages one hears on the streets suggest a new Babel: African dialects, French, Italian, American hipster slang. But the Soho habitués with the most bizarre appearance are some of London's own: the Mods, those young men with the tight, foppish clothes and the long, girlish hair.

"Soho used to be a wild place when the

ENTRANCE BY JAMES H. FLAHERTY





**Small and stylish**—and expensive—homes line narrow Hillsleigh Road in Kensington, three miles from downtown London. Many well-to-do Londoners now live in such row houses; their family mansions, too costly to maintain, have been chopped into flats.

760



**Homes for thousands**, high-rise apartments of Alton East and Alton West lift above the village of Roehampton and its spired church. Six miles from the heart of London, the development houses low-income families. One-story bungalows scattered through the parklike grounds provide accommodations for the elderly.



**Town planning session** brings prospect of relief for the crowded capital. The Borough Council of Thetford, 72 miles north of London, considers a redevelopment plan described by an architect of the Greater London Council. The GLC and towns outside London cooperate in building housing and industrial complexes to attract families and businesses from the city.



REPRODUCED BY WINDFELD PHOTO (TOP LEFT) AND JAMES F. BLAIR (RIGHT)

girls were on the street," says Niall, the doorman at a strip club on Old Compton Street. "A lot gayer. It's just a place to work now."

"Nothing to do of an evening here," says Joe the Flower Boy, who pushes a cart on Rupert Street. "It's no Chicago, is it? It's the name that draws people here, just the name."

And while one talks the traffic rumbles endlessly through the streets: Rolls-Royces, bikes, scooters, junk heaps driven by bearded beatniks, the black motorcycles and discreet unmarked Zodiacs of the police, the taxis and chauffeur-driven Rovers of the tourists.

Nearly everyone criticizes London's size and congestion—and has done so for the past 400 years. In 1580 Queen Elizabeth I, aghast that the old warren harbored 140,000 people, forbade construction of additional houses in the walled city or within three miles of its gates. No one took the order very seriously, but King James I later enforced it; he also ordered all noblemen who did not have business in the city to remain at their country

homes unless Parliament was in session.

The king, and succeeding generations of wishful-thinking town planners, might as well have tried to restrain the tide on the Thames. London continued to grow outward from its ancient Roman center, expanding with the vigor of a mold in an ideal laboratory culture. Today, after engulfing many former suburban communities, the metropolis covers 620 square miles, if you count only the area administered by the Greater London Council, the 52 boroughs, and the City. More realistically, the metropolis can be said to encompass an additional 100 square miles of almost continuous development.

This growth has brought London to the boundaries of the Green Belt, a preserve, mostly of natural field and heath, held as soul-satisfying elbow room for confined urbanites. Totalling 840 square miles, the preserve now encircles the city like a constrictive girdle.

The pinch has been felt. Now, as never before, London is practicing girth control.



INTRODUCTION BY JAMES P. BLAIR © 1984

Heirloom hat of hard leather, passed from father to son, protects a porter carrying fish in Billingsgate's 1,000-year-old market.

Bearing ceremonial skulls, Thames watermen march around the tables when the Fishmongers' Company gathers in its grand hall for the annual presentation of Doggett's Coat and Badge. The guild, one of London's oldest, no longer insists that members be fish merchants, but it still samples seafood in Billingsgate to ensure no bad fish is sold.

Awarding of coat and badge dates from 1715, when actor Thomas Doggett offered a prize to the winner of a rowing race from London to Chelsea bridges.

All agree that the city must not "burst the Green Belt."

London, like some other cosmopolitan capitals, notably Budapest and Madrid, does not want to grow either in area or population. Although the London skyline boasts some impressive new skyscrapers, laws now severely restrict industrial and office construction anywhere in the city.

Other laws encourage—indeed, prod—companies and individuals to seek their fortunes outside Greater London. To accommodate this "overspill," as the planners call London's displaced persons, the national government built eight new towns around London, all at a minimum distance of 30 miles from the mother city. Twenty-five existing towns, 30 to 100 miles from the metropolis, signed agreements with the Greater London Council to absorb additional people and businesses and were designated "expanding towns."

#### London Grows at Expense of Other Areas

More than concern for the Green Belt dictated these bold control measures. The capital has long dominated all southeast England and, as a natural magnet, attracts people from all over Great Britain. For booming London this means greater congestion, and for the rest of the country a loss of economic opportunities. Britain, a small nation, no longer can tolerate this growing imbalance.

At last count, the GLC's Industrial Centre had moved 214 firms out of London and was negotiating moves with an additional 155.

"As you can imagine, in an old city there are a lot of industries that are badly located," said John Hartley, of the Centre. "They become nonconforming industries, in our jargon. We go to these firms and preach the gospel of moving out of London. We can only use persuasion to get them out, but if they will listen, we can give







PHOTOGRAPHY (OPPOSITE) AND ARCHITECTURE BY JAMES H. BUCKER JR., N.Y.C.

Amid a galaxy of artificial stars, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra plays for an audience seated across the water at London's Kenwood Lakeside. The orchestra shell needs no amplification system; the water acts as a sounding board.

**He leaped to freedom:** Russian dancer Rudolf Nureyev asked asylum in the West in 1961. One of the world's most acclaimed artists, he lives today in London and appears regularly as a guest with the Royal Ballet. Here he soars above the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

1086, at the time of the compilation of the Domesday Book. For centuries the town enjoyed modest growth. But Thetford declined after the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. A few years ago its population had dwindled to precisely what it had been nearly 900 years earlier, a scant 4,000 people.

That proved enough to stir the town fathers. With more unanimity than they had known in a long time, they came to the GLC and asked that their aged community be reborn with displaced Londoners.

#### Boom Hits Thomas Paine's Home Town

Thetford is the birthplace of Thomas Paine, the firebrand pamphleteer of the American and French Revolutions, and the little garden in front of the municipal building displays a controversial American-donated statue of Tom. Dramatically, he brandishes in one up-raised hand a quill, but in the opinion of many, including me, he succeeds only in looking like a pub patron playing at darts. With the exception of the statue, Thetford is an attractive old town whose picturesqueness has been unimpaired by the addition of a handsome ultramodern industrial park and housing development on the town's outskirts.

More than 40 firms and some 1,000 families have moved from London to Thetford, and the population is now a bustling 9,500. It will grow to a planned 22,000 by 1972.

So far, more than 225,000 people have quit London for the new and expanding towns. Many moved because they could obtain housing, much of it new construction sponsored by the central government, the GLC, or the local communities. Although half a million new homes have been built in London during the past 10 years, a severe housing shortage still exists. Borough-council waiting lists for municipal housing contain 150,000 names. The problem is compounded by a tide of immigrants, including many Negroes from the

them quite a bit of help. We can buy their premises; help toward the cost of removal of their plant, equipment, and personnel to a new site, and even compensate in part for dislocation to their business during the move."

Nor is that all the help offered. Plans vary among the towns receiving these emigrants, but any industry willing to quit London can move into quarters specially provided for it—and in some cases built to its specifications.

Actually Mr. Hartley and his men needn't rely entirely on persuasion or offers of help. Nonconforming industries cannot get planning permission to expand or remodel their premises. The message is clear: Get out if you want to grow.

The little town of Thetford, 72 miles from London in Norfolk, is a good example of an expanding community ready to absorb Mr. Hartley's "customers." As the ancient capital of East Anglia, and a monastery town, it could boast a proud total of 4,000 souls back in





ESTABLISHED BY WINFIELD PAPER (FELLOW) AND JAMES F. BLAIR (H&S)



West Indies, flooding into already jammed neighborhoods.

Mrs. Evelyn Denington, the able and attractive chairman of the GLC's Housing Committee, described the relocation program to me as "a great success story, a wonderful story, a story of great human happiness. People who have lived under conditions of overcrowding and substandard housing that are difficult for you to imagine, now have their little gardens and are able to bring up their children in good surroundings. And the old towns around London that have received them have been revived with a youthful infusion."

It is difficult to imagine a more paradoxical situation for a city than that confronting London, which finds itself not only driving ratepayers (taxpayers) from the fold, but subsidizing their resettlement elsewhere. Yet the various relocation programs have eased the city's problems. London's population has not grown in recent years, indeed, it has fallen slightly.

#### City Engulfed by Rush-hour Traffic

However, no lessening of congestion in the city's notorious traffic is evident, either to the naked eye or to the keepers of statistics. Each day, by various conveyances, nearly 16 million journeys are made within, into, or out of London, including 1¼ million to the central area, with its citadels of finance and government. At Hyde Park Corner, the busiest intersection, more than 145,000 vehicles stream by in a twelve-hour period.

At the risk of being thought a dangerous eccentric, I confess that at times I deliberately immerse myself in London's rush-hour traffic. It's stimulating, and the opportunity for studying the natives is unsurpassed. Londoners have a tendency to group themselves together in neighborhoods according to professions, and I have ridden into the central area by rail from Surrey with stockbrokers and bankers, from Richmond and Kingston with

**How does a Londoner dress? Socialite, rebel, schoolboy, or executive—each has his uniform.**

Coveted invitation to the Steward's Enclosure at the Henley Royal Regatta calls for fashionable attire—blazer, boater, and the inevitable umbrella.

Modern minstrel in Trafalgar Square prefers chin whiskers and locks as long as those of his young companion in blue jeans.

Cricketers at Harrow strap on leg pads; waiting batsman wears protective gloves.

Impeccable and resolute, a gentleman in morning dress with tightly-furled umbrella leads a bus-stop queue.





ESTABLISHMENT (BELOW) AND FODDERCROWD BY JAMES P. HARRIS (TOP) H&A



journalists, and from Tower Hamlets and Newham with workingmen. Aside from the occasional stockbroker who absentmindedly wields his rolled umbrella like a rapier, the British commuter seems notable for his patience and good manners.

In return, his city gives him a notably efficient transportation system. London's Underground, the world's first, operates seven lines with 215 miles of track. Each year this subway records 675 million fares. Topside, 8,000 buses and motor coaches and 7,000 taxicabs ply the city's 7,000 miles of streets. Numerous routes of British Railways converge on the city's center.

Gladstone is credited with advising some visitors: "The way to see London is from the top of a bus—the top of a bus, gentlemen." Many still favor this method, among them Sir William Fiske, leader of the majority party in the Greater London Council, who told me that, when in London on a Saturday, he likes to ride about on one of the famous double-decker buses. I do too. It's like being in a traveling red grandstand.

As for the London taxicab, I maintain it is the most sensible vehicle ever designed. Someone who never heard of Detroit gave the cab large doors, a flat floor, and a spacious interior with seats that, though comfortable, discourage slouching. Miraculously, you can enter and leave without feeling you are climbing in and out of a well. It has enough headroom for a man to wear a formal hat (I wore a topper once, so I speak with authority), and it will turn on a sixpence.

#### "Morale Poster" Scores With a Laugh

If I have a criticism, it is that the interior glass panels make conversation with the driver difficult. Yet I persist. Talking to cabbies is one of my major London enthusiasms. They know such wonderful stories about Americans.

"Had a nice old lady in my cab who kept talking 'bout morale posters," a cabbie told me recently. "She says, 'The war's been over for years. Why do you still have those signs to help your morale?'"

"I asks her, 'What signs? Show me one, lady.' And right soon, guv'nor, she did. Like that one."

The cabbie gestured toward a rooftop sign. I read the familiar words and dissolved into quaking laughter. "Take Courage," said the sign. It advertised a British beer.

"Americans wot comes over here, they wants the old stuff. That's wot interests

**FLOODLIT TRAFALGAR SQUARE, hub of London, swarms with Britons on election night. In the darkness high above, the cocked-hatted, empty-sleeved figure of Admiral Lord Nelson watches the unfolding destiny of his nation.**

*Nelson lost an arm and an eye in naval engagements; he died in action at the Battle of Trafalgar, off the coast of Spain, where he defeated the French and Spanish fleets in 1805.*

*His victory, a masterpiece of seamanship, ended forever Napoleon's hopes of invading England. And his words then, "England expects that every man will do his duty," still inspire his countrymen.*

KODACHROMES BY JAMES P. BLAIR © N.G.S.







them," a cabbie once said to me. Obviously he had a profound insight into the American character. And, although it was not planned for the convenience of Americans, some of London's most historic places—the Tower, remnants of the Roman Wall, Guildhall, St. Paul's, Parliament, Westminster Abbey—lie within easy cab distance, or even walking distance, of one another in the venerable City of London or the City of Westminster.

#### "City" Survives From Roman Times

In pursuit of an earlier article, I got to know the City of London well.\* It is so small, only one square mile, that a visitor can get on quite intimate terms with it. A Britisher will refer to it simply as the City, with a capital "C," and everyone knows he means the oldest part of London, extending back to Roman and medieval times, once a walled city and still a political entity maintaining its old boundaries. Here the Lord Mayor of London presides with medieval pomp and ceremony (pages 746-7).

One might well wonder why there should

be two cities-within-a-city: the Square Mile, as it is often called, and adjoining Westminster, which together comprise the very heart of London. But, as A. G. Dawtry, Westminster's Town Clerk, once explained to me, "The title of city in England is now simply an honor bestowed by the sovereign, rather like a knighthood to an individual." In olden times only a community that boasted a cathedral could be called a city, and both the Square Mile and Westminster qualified in that respect.

Both survived last year's shake-up of London's municipal government, the result of an act of Parliament that reduced nearly 90 separate authorities to 34—the Greater London Council, 32 borough councils, and the City. In writing innumerable compromises into the act, Parliament may have assured municipal solicitors a generation of employment sorting out overlapping responsibilities and functions between the GLC and the boroughs. "I only hope our British genius for

\*See "The City—London's Storied Square Mile," by Allan C. Fisher, Jr., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, June, 1961.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE VICTORIA TOWER (LEFT) BUILDING BY JULIAN H. FRYER, JR., PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES F. BEAR © AP/WIDE WORLD

muddling through will prevail," an official confided to me.

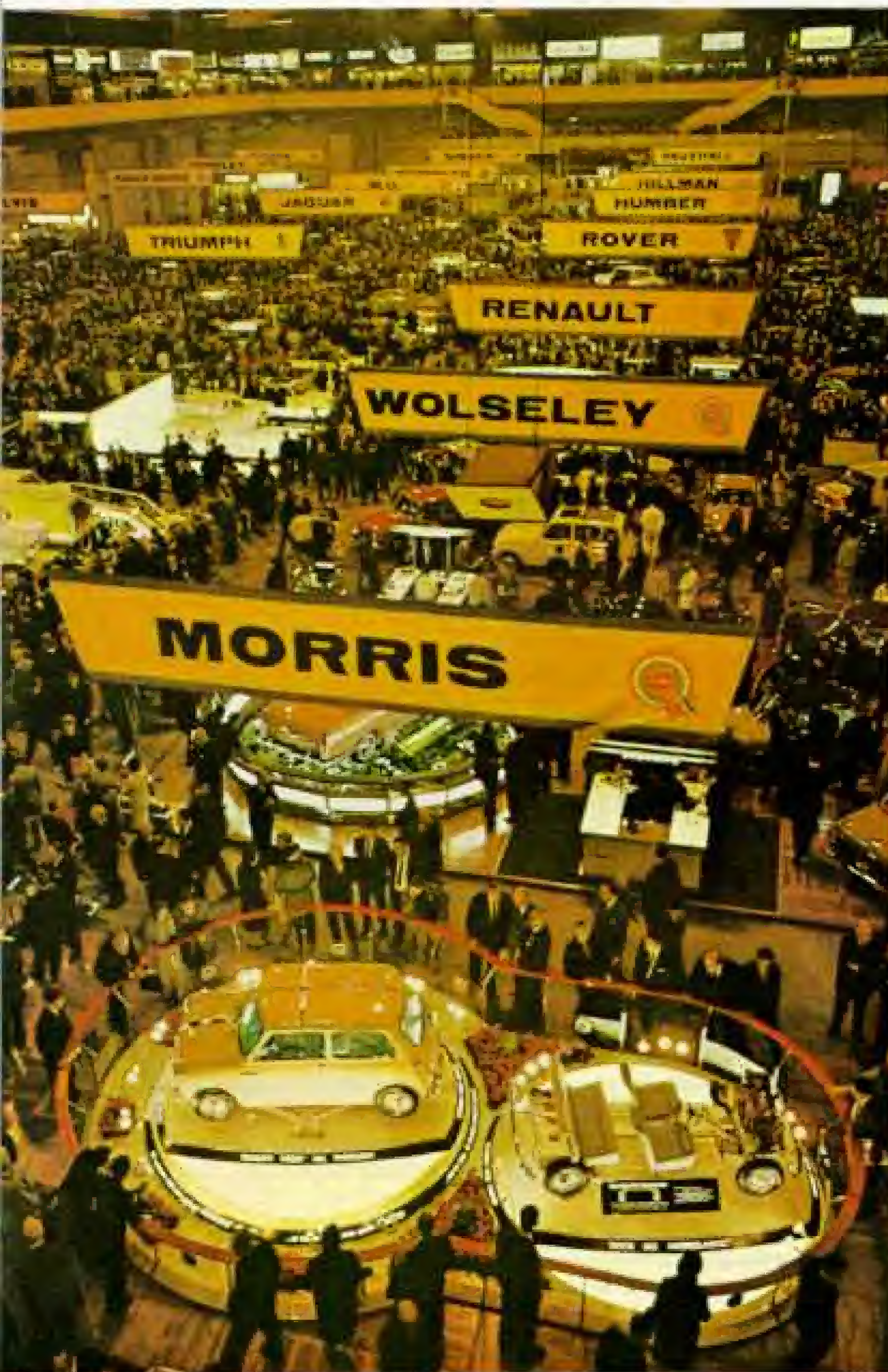
It surprised no one when Westminster emerged from the shake-up as a powerful new borough after absorbing two old neighboring boroughs. Westminster had long been the home of Parliament. It had long been rich—and, with its revised boundaries, became even richer, with a rateable (taxable) value of more than £100,000,000 (\$280,000,000), twice as much as any other British municipality.

The little City, too, had long been rich and prestigious. But, unlike Westminster, it was, and is, controversial. Businessmen, organized into anachronistic trade guilds inherited from the Middle Ages, run the financial sector as they would a gentlemen's club. They run it efficiently and honestly through the Lord Mayor and a

Big Ben's famous voice bongs the hour from its tower above Westminster Bridge. The Union Jack flying from Victoria Tower proclaims Parliament in session. New skyscrapers dominated by 28-story Portland House (right, background) rise behind Westminster landmarks.

Four-thousand-year-old Egyptian statuette captivates a schoolgirl in the British Museum. Its treasures—among them the Rosetta Stone, the Elgin marbles, and a First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays—prompted the oft-quoted remark: "Lucky are those who are unmarried, independent, and living near the British Museum."





Come to appraise the newest car fashions, British car buffs jam Earls Court Exhibition Building during the Motor Show.

Brighton or bust! In his 1903 Renault Landauette, Capt. P. Watters-Westbrook leads veteran cars out of Hyde Park in the 56-mile Commemoration Run from London to the popular seaside resort. Only cars built prior to 1905 may enter. The annual event celebrates an 1896 law that raised the speed limit from 4 to 14 miles an hour, eliminating the old regulation that a man with a red flag had to walk before every moving motor vehicle.

Silver Britannia, representing Great Britain and her dominions, identifies the Rolls-Royce of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.





ENTRANCED BY JAMES F. MILLER © 1941

council composed mostly of guildsmen, but they cheerfully admit their stewardship has little in common with modern democratic procedures.

When Parliament debated London's governmental reorganization, the City had its partisans and its vehement critics. Generally speaking, Conservatives pointed with pride and Labourites viewed with alarm. After the dust had settled, there stood the City, completely unscathed. Despite predictions, it had not been classified as a borough. It simply remained itself.

A friend of mine who is a pillar of the City Establishment and an unregenerate old Tory summed up the situation nicely: "The City is an anachronism, but there is not much advantage in eliminating it. The opposition to it is primarily doctrinaire pressure and not real conviction."

I was delighted one day when the mail produced an invitation for Mary and me to attend a formal reception and dinner at the Guildhall, given by Sir James Miller, then the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London, in

honor of delegates to a meeting of the South-east Asia Treaty Organization. I knew SEATO would rate a showy performance by the City, and I suspected that my wife, as the evening progressed, would feel rather like Alice, as things got "curiouser and curiouser."

#### Pikemen Stand Guard Over Tradition

And so it proved. Mary was startled to find the magnificent old Guildhall, parts of which date from the 15th century, ablaze with pikemen in scarlet uniforms and helmets and breastplates of burnished metal. They stood about at strategic spots, looking determinedly picturesque. Sir James and some of his entourage added to the antique decor by wearing knee breeches and buckled shoes. The Toastmaster, his portentous voice fairly dripping with the upperclass inflections so prized by the British ear, announced the important guests, who then strode across a stage to receive a greeting from Sir James and his lady.

As I recall, only persons holding blue tickets were shepherded toward Sir James. Our ticket was a sort of undistinguished puce, but



**Teetering between East and West,** a youngster walks the Zero Meridian at the Royal Observatory in Greenwich. From this line geographers measure the longitude of every point on earth.

**In ordered ranks,** freighters line the quays of the Royal Albert and King George V docks, 42 miles from the sea. Across the Thames, ropes of light entwine the slopes of Woolwich.

Shipping helped create the sprawling city and still sustains it. Port of London Authority maintains five giant dock systems that can accommodate more than a hundred ocean-going vessels at a time. Together with prosaic necessities, cranes unload carpets from Iran, ivory from Africa, bananas from Jamaica, and spices from India and the South Seas.

it entitled us to watch this show and, later, to enjoy an excellent buffet beside the scarred pillars of the Guildhall's old crypt. My wife was entranced. "I wonder what these people do in real life," she said.

To an American, one of the City's dress-up shows inevitably seems unreal, but the costumed participants never exhibit the slightest hint of self-consciousness. City fathers never forget that they are heirs of Great Britain's oldest traditions and custodians of ground hallowed by history.\* Almost every time a foundation is dug in the City, workmen unearth objects dating back nearly 2,000 years to Roman Londinium. London Museum maintains a large collection of these Roman

\*See "The British Way," by Sir Evelyn Wrench, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, April, 1949.





artifacts: pottery, tile, coins, tools, knives. Remains of the old Roman Wall itself are still visible at a number of points, notably in the Tower of London and in the Noble Street-Cripplegate area.

If you like walking, I can recommend the City on a Sunday; then the buildings stand deserted, and empty streets return the sound of solitary footfalls. Begin at the Tower, that grim old pile of long and bloody fame (pages 782-3). It will be thronged, but you will leave crowds behind as you walk down Lower Thames Street past old Billingsgate Market, a site where fish have been sold for a thousand years. Nearby stands the Monument, a

fluted Doric column 202 feet high, designed by Sir Christopher Wren to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, which reputedly started exactly 202 feet away, in Pudding Lane. The Monument's spiral staircase will make you feel like a fly crawling up a corkscrew, but, if you can manage the 311 steps, one of London's finest views will reward you at the top.

After catching your breath, strike out for St. Paul's Cathedral, whose massive dome will never be long out of sight as you stroll the historic streets (page 745). Once you have attained the cathedral, do some more climbing, if your feet permit and the weather is clear, and experience the magnificent view

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ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD







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Easy canter of a carousel horse soothes a stoic matron on the merry-go-round, one of many amusements for those who gather at Epsom for the famed Derby. Race fans often camp out all night for a spot on the rails of the mile-and-a-half course.



Proper British reserve tempers emotions as a fashion-plate crowd watches the 1965 Derby Stakes from the Members' Stand at Epsom. Sea Bird II, a French horse, won this 186th running of the classic.

Parliament has been known to adjourn for the race, and the Queen and other members of the royal family often attend. The Derby (pronounced "darby") appeals equally to the thousands watching from the open Downs, who pay no admission. Germany's Otto von Bismarck once remarked to Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli: "You will never have a revolution in England as long as you keep up your racing."

Amateur jockeys take their horses over the brush in a cross-country race in northeast London. They wear the silks of hunt members who own the jumpers. Perennially green turf is a gift of England's wet climate.





bloke tries to steal, believe me, he doesn't get away with it."

We were cruising one of the most storied areas of the Thames. Off to our right, on the south bank, I glimpsed the site of the infamous bearbaiting pit where bloody spectacles had been held in competition with the plays of Will Shakespeare, performed nearby.\* I tried to draw out the sergeant on the river history of that earlier, romantic period. But the sergeant, intent on the present, would have none of that. He was very good at his job.

"See that?" asked the sergeant, pointing to a canvas-covered, nondescript barge tied up at a wharf. "It contains parts for Ford motorcars. Many's the bloke what would like to have those parts. But we know which barges have the valuable cargoes. The owners tell us. Storing cargo in barges is good, cheap storage, provided the stuff isn't perishable."

Moments later the sergeant pointed to another canvas-covered barge. "Brandy," he said. "Forty thousand pounds' worth. But nobody's going to pinch a drop of the stuff."

I believed him. Scotland Yard, whether cruising the Thames or patrolling the 780 square miles of the London Metropolitan Police District, is notoriously efficient.

#### Old Sailing Barges Work the Thames

Class consciousness still being quite marked in Britain, it is supposed to be foolhardy for a man in a white collar and business suit to prowl about London's dockland and try to initiate conversations. The dockers don't like it. But I have done so on occasion. I learned long ago that an American accent wins an acceptance from British workingmen that they would never give one of their countrymen who obviously did not work with his hands. "It's a ruddy Yank!" a docker will exclaim, and from then on conversation is easy.

It was on just such an expedition, deep into the Royal Albert Dock, that I met J. H. Norman, master of a battered and delightfully obsolete old tub, the *Ethel*, one of the sailing barges still plying the Thames. These squat vessels, operating between English Channel ports and London, still run under sail when they can, though all have been converted to auxiliary power. The 70-ton *Ethel*, a venerable 68 years old, is one of less than a dozen such vessels still sailing.

Norman wore the typical garb of a London waterman: threadbare dark jacket and trousers, scarf, battered old cap. He rolled a cigarette and talked while we waited for a lock to clear so that *Ethel*, loaded with soybeans, could enter the river.

"I am on ter sixty-five now and fer fifty year, ever since I left school, I been on these boats. I c'vam to London on a sighling

\*See "The Britain That Shakespeare Knew," by Louis B. Wright, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, May, 1964.

**Sequins of light**—raindrops on the camera lens—spangle Piccadilly Circus. When the blazing signs flashed on again after World War II's blackout, thousands of light-hungry Londoners blocked traffic to see the spectacle.

Studded leather jackets and rakish caps worn low across the eyes identify Rockers, members of a teen-age motorcycle set. Their garb sometimes includes German military insignia, like the Iron Cross on the boy at extreme right. Rockers frequently clash with rival Mods, who specialize in high-fashion dress. The result: a "punch-up."





Teller of horror tales, a Yeoman Warder in the Tower of London spellbinds visitors with accounts of how Queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard lost their heads in the fortress.



ATTACHMENTS AND RECORDS PHOTO © M.A.S.

"How big was the dragon?" Fascinated children, awed by the trappings of a knight, bombard armor-and-weapons expert R. E. Oakshot with questions. The White Tower houses suits of armor for men, horses, and even children.

Dark secrets of terror lurk among the stones of the Tower of London beside Tower Bridge. Since William the Conqueror built the square White Tower nearly 900 years ago, the fortress has served often as a prison. Here young Edward V and his brother Richard met mysterious deaths. Imprisoned, Sir Walter Raleigh and the future Queen Elizabeth I paced its rooms. The Tower once housed the Royal Mint and today, as always, guards the Crown Jewels.





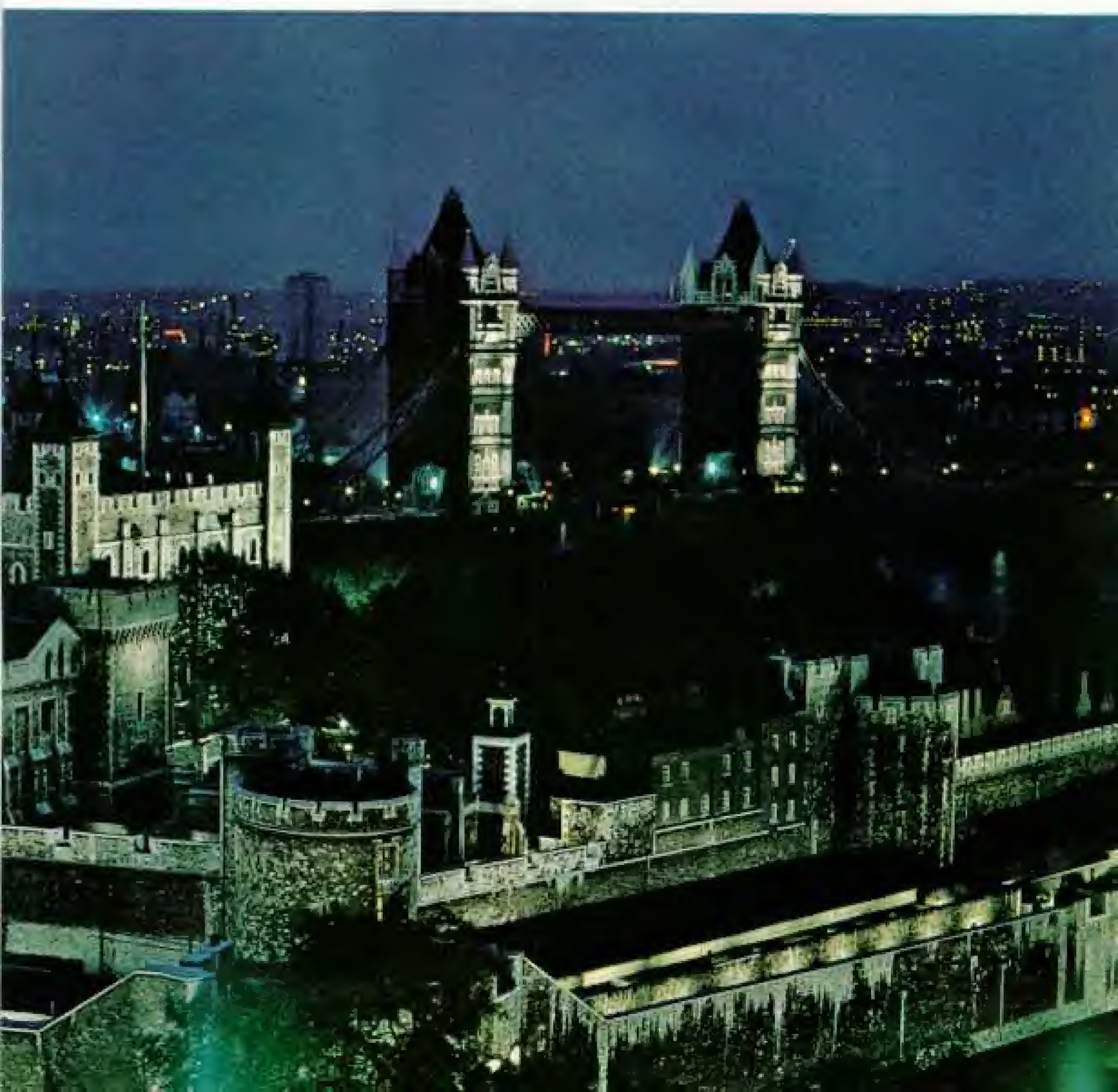
barge 1913 or 1914, and I been sighing 'em back here ever since. No, I don't mind using 'er engine. Unless you have a fair wind of it, she won't do much alone, but when we put that sigh up, I tell you wot she puts you in mind of—a Chinese junk, that's wot she does. With sigh and 'er motor together she does eight knots. A right proper good old girl."

The lock cleared and Norman eased *Ethel* out into the stream under power. At that moment I made a resolution I hope someday to keep: To find J. H. Norman again and go sailing with him down the route of the sea dogs, the storied Thames, and beat up the Channel under *Ethel's* patched old canvas.

Some of the most fascinating Thames-side activity takes place deep underground. There,

in dimly lit caverns, the Port of London Authority stores some 83,000 casks containing wine and spirits. There are six of these huge man-made caves, but my favorite is the Crescent Wine Vault, built more than a century and a half ago by prisoners taken during the Napoleonic Wars. Being French, the prisoners thought the construction of a home for wine an excellent idea and fell to with a right good will. The result is one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable: Huge casks rest in files, seemingly endless, that stretch away beneath brick arches bearded and festooned with fungus and eerily illuminated by gas lamps flickering to an occasional spectral breath.

All casks in the Crescent Vault are held in bond for wine merchants, who permit the





For pleasure and profit, art plays an important role in London life. At the Tate Gallery a young family ponders modern sculpture.

Seated on his shooting stick, a visitor views paintings at a preview of the Royal Academy's Summer Show. The 1965 exhibition featured more than 1,600 works by contemporary artists and sculptors.

Tense hush settles over Sotheby & Co. as Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man" goes up for auction. Peter Wilson, chairman of the firm, acknowledges a bid. Within two minutes, he sold the painting to Acquavella Galleries, Inc., of New York City for \$392,000.



contents to age months or years before bottling.

"The fungus feeds on the wine," explained a guide. "The wine breathes, meaning it evaporates through the wood of the cask. So the vapor gets on the ceiling, and the fungus grows there. It's quite natural."

#### Quiet, Please – Wine Resting

Where newly formed, the fungus looked like Spanish moss; where old, it had solidified and had taken on the dank, dark look of congealed blood.

"What a marvelous place for a motion-picture dueling scene," I suggested. "*En garde, Monte Cristo!*"

"Oh, we couldn't have cinema people down here," said my guide. "No actors dashing about. It would disturb the wine's rest."

I have an uneasy feeling that the Crescent Wine Vault's days are numbered. Storing

wine in casks is giving way to bulk storage, as exemplified by another PLA riverside installation, a warehouse containing huge glass-lined tanks. Ships fitted as wine tankers berth alongside the warehouse and disgorge their contents at the rate of 14,500 gallons an hour. When a merchant wants some wine, a tanker truck delivers it. The operation is similar to the way fuel oil and gasoline are handled.

Another guide showed me about this formidable enterprise. He said the plant could store 620,000 gallons of wine, and a similar installation being built nearby would add 346,000 gallons to the bulk-storage capacity. We examined a maze of pipe lines running from the dock to the tanks, which prompted my escort to say thoughtfully, "Some day we are going to pump some claret or burgundy into some sauterne. That's never happened yet, but it's the kind of nightmare I live with."



I confess thought of this possibility cheered me considerably. Not that I have anything against the chap who showed me through the plant; it's just that I hate to see the death of the old, careful, colorful ways for handling wine. That evening, unnerved by the wine industry's wave of the future, I indulged myself in a very fine burgundy that had never tried to breathe in a glass-lined tank. And I toasted the old Crescent Vault.

Port of London Authority facilities are not open to casual visitors, but you can get an excellent look at a vibrant part of dockland by taking an excursion boat from Westminster Pier or Charing Cross Pier downstream to Greenwich, home of the Royal Naval College and site of the Greenwich Zero Meridian (page 774). Doughty little sightseeing craft also push upstream to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew and to Hampton Court Palace, given by the luckless Cardinal Wolsey to his mercurial sovereign Henry VIII.

#### View From the Bridge Improves With Age

London's most celebrated river view can best be seen not from the deck of a boat but from Westminster Bridge. "Earth has not anything to show more fair," wrote Wordsworth in describing the city from a vantage point on the bridge. The structure Wordsworth stood upon has long since been replaced, and certainly the London skyline is vastly different. But the view now may well be more fair; when Wordsworth penned his poem, the turreted, richly Gothic Palace of Westminster (Houses of Parliament), stretching 940 feet along the riverside, had not been built. Begun in 1840 and completed in 1860, the Palace replaced the centuries-old Parliamentary home, St. Stephen's Chapel, destroyed by fire in 1834.

Fortunately, fate dealt more kindly with nearby Westminster Hall, begun by William Rufus in 1097, and with Westminster Abbey, the British shrine-of-shrines started by Edward the Confessor before the Norman Conquest. The saintly Confessor, with scores of the nation's most famous sons, lies buried in the Abbey, Great Britain's house of history.

Palace, Hall, and Abbey—they stand together, a trinity rich in meaning to people far beyond the isles of Albion (pages 770-771).

Without exception all Americans who come to England seek tickets admitting them to the visitors' galleries of the House of Commons—or so it seems to the United States Embassy

in London, which gets a prescribed ration of tickets to distribute to Americans.

I will never forget the reaction when I asked an embassy official for tickets not only to Parliament *but also* to Trooping the Colour, an annual military spectacle in honor of the Queen's Birthday and in which the Queen herself participates (pages 790-91). Apparently I had parlayed two of the most impossible requests that one can make of a harried State Department employee. Well, I won't do it again; I just hate to see a grown man cry.

If you want to watch the Mother of Parliaments in session, write to the embassy months in advance of your visit. Better yet, try my tactic: Get a British friend to obtain tickets from a Member of Parliament. Otherwise you may have to queue up for hours awaiting admission to the Public Gallery.

Even if the day's business in the House of Commons is prosaic and the debate lethargic (as it always seems to be when I attend), that wonderful little unvarying show, the Speaker's procession, makes it all worthwhile. It takes place in the Central Lobby, where visitors with tickets have gathered before the House goes into session. A voice calls out, "Mr. Speaker!" Another orders, "Hats off, strangers!" Then quick-marching in perfect cadence, six men in black go by—the Senior Doorkeeper; the Serjeant-at-arms, carrying the mace; the Speaker, wearing wig and silk knee breeches with buckled shoes; his Train-bearer, holding up his robe; his Chaplain, and his Secretary. Within moments these unsmiling men, looking neither to the right nor left, have walked through the Central Lobby and into the House Chamber, leaving one with the feeling that he has seen ghosts from centuries past.

#### Yanks Invade a Select Affair

My wife and I were privileged to attend a memorable and altogether different show in the House of Commons: the annual dinner of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, a traditional affair given by the newspapermen who cover Parliament and often attended by the Prime Minister himself. I suspect a few eyebrows were raised when Tom Lindsay, chairman of the Gallery, invited my wife and me, for we were the only Americans present at this very clubby gathering. With the delicious feeling of being spies, we took indelible mental note of everything, from the fit of Prime Minister Harold Wilson's dinner jacket (a bit snug) to



Acrobatic elephants, begging for handouts, balance on the edge of a moat at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. This spring the zoo's giant panda, Chi-Chi, went to Russia to mate with An-An, a male in the Moscow Zoo; no others exist outside China and North Korea.

Children of all ages with a yen for the sea gather at Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. A trim yacht, launched with a pole, embarks on a voyage across the seven-acre lake. Rules forbid powered models; their racket would frighten birds that enjoy sanctuary here.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB WOLLETT (LEFT) AND JARVIS P. BAIN (R.I.C.C.)





EDWARD HUNT (FELLOW) AND ROSEMARY BY JAMES F. BROWN, N.Y. TIMES



an amusing display of partisan political hauteur that occurred during a predinner gathering off the banquet hall.

My wife happened to be chatting with a Welsh lady of emphatic Tory sympathies when Prime Minister Wilson entered the room. With formal politeness, everyone turned toward him—everyone, that is, but the Welsh lady, who kept her back to the Prime Minister, her shoulders eloquent with disdain. "My dear, don't cut him so noticeably," whispered her husband, with ill-concealed delight. The lady smiled angelically and continued her explanation of Welsh place names. If Mr. Wilson noticed, he gave no sign.

#### Witty Give-and-take Spices Dinner

Such manifestations of extreme political feeling are not uncommon in Great Britain. The British, more than most Americans, take their politics with deadly seriousness, particularly in recent years. But no partisanship intruded during the remainder of an evening featuring after-dinner speeches, all off the record, of an urbanity, subtle wit, and felicity of expression that I have seldom heard equaled during similar gatherings in the United States.

Of course, one official of the British Government remains above politics and is rarely subjected to any serious criticism: the Queen.

"If we didn't have a monarch, we would have to hire one for you Yanks," a British friend once said to me.

He was right. I can't imagine London without its omnipresent reminders of royalty: cavalymen in scarlet clattering through the streets for the changing of the guard... the iron immobility of sentries in the guard boxes at Buckingham Palace... a stirring "God Save the Queen" at football match, concert, formal banquet... even the

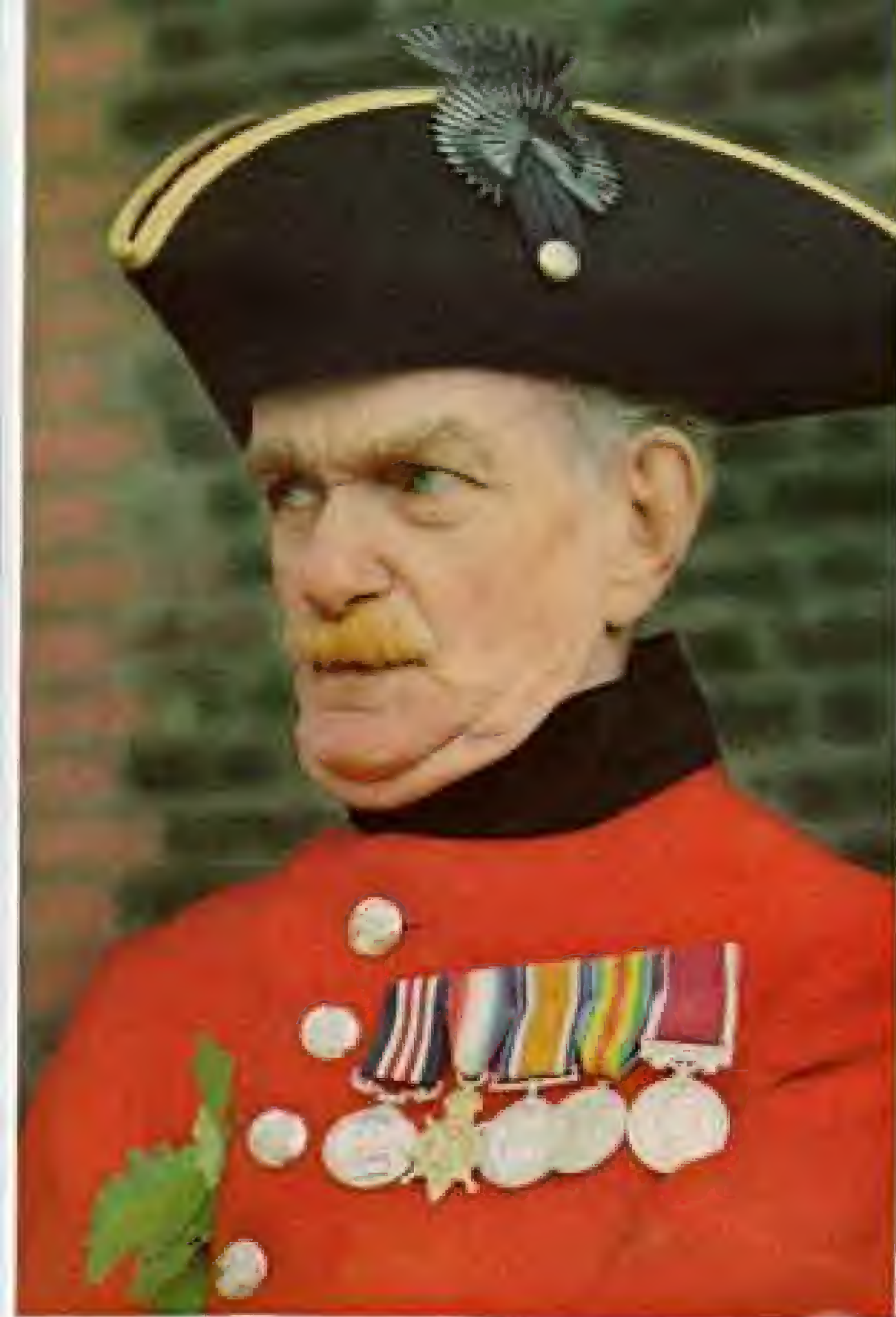
"This happy breed," Shakespeare called his fellow Englishmen. And indeed the faces of Londoners reflect stability, confidence, and independency.

In Hyde Park a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade enjoys afternoon tea.

Cheerful dustman wears an ever-bright rose on his jacket. The plastic bloom will not wilt, even when a "heat wave" sends the temperature soaring to the 70's.

Oak leaves sprout from the benedicated tunic of a World War I veteran at the Chelsea Royal Hospital. He wears them in honor of Charles II, founder of the hospital, who escaped capture at the Battle of Worcester in 1651 by hiding in an oak tree.

Blush of youth paints the cheeks of a girl watching a tennis match at Wimbledon.



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. A.



familiar royal face on the pounds you spend.

Most Americans think of the British monarchy as a colorful, pleasant, but almost entirely ceremonial appendage of the government. It is considerably more. I was reminded of that fact recently when a British friend pointed out to me a messenger from Buckingham Palace getting out of a royal carriage in Whitehall.

"Returning government dispatches," my friend said. "The Queen sees them all, y'know. Secret. Most secret. The lot."

I confessed I hadn't realized it, and he decided my education should be furthered in this most British of subjects. Soon I found myself in a series of discreet meetings with certain discreet and well-informed people—indeed, people so discreet that I can't mention their names.

#### Queen Active in Affairs of State

"Oh, yes, the Queen sees all secret papers," one gentleman assured me. "She must be kept informed; it is her right. She may also be consulted by her Prime Minister, and she can warn him or encourage him."

"A monarch who has been on the throne for a number of years is the best-informed person in the realm on affairs of state. You see, under our system, an incoming Prime Minister does not have access to the confidential papers of his predecessor, but the sovereign sees everything. A wise and capable sovereign will use this knowledge effectively."

The Queen, I knew, appointed the Prime Minister, and I suggested to another informant that her choice must be automatic.

"On the contrary, sometimes it's frightfully complicated," this man said. "It's clear enough if the party in power has elected a leader; he becomes Prime Minister. But until recently the Conservatives didn't hold such an election. The Queen was put into a most difficult position some years ago when she had to choose between Harold Macmillan and 'Rab' Butler. Similarly, the leadership of the party was equally uncertain when Macmillan's retirement became imminent due to illness. The Queen could have been put in a devilishly awkward spot. However, Conservative opinion was canvassed by Macmillan, who advised the Queen that the choice was Lord Home."

I learned that there are only oblique references in statute law to the powers of the monarch. Those powers that remain are almost entirely the result of evolution. Yet



"Trooping the Colour," proud men and parading horses of the Queen's Household Brigade stride to martial music in honor of the monarch's "official" birthday each June. Her actual birth date, April 21. Seven regiments comprise Her Majesty's personal troops.

Iron discipline never fails an Irish guardsman; even when he faints in the ranks, he falls at attention. His comrades move not a muscle.

The Queen is never officially late for the trooping ceremony. Should she not appear by 11 a.m., an officer stops the hands of the tower clock and starts them again on her arrival.

REPRODUCED BY LEWIS P. BLAIR © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY







even today any number of things and any number of appointments simply cannot legally take place without the Queen's signature.

"You say she has to sign, and of course she must in this age," my informant continued. "But there is nothing in law that says she must, and it is still conceivable that she may not. We regard this as a safeguard to freedom. Confronted by madness or treason in a Prime Minister, the sovereign, by not signing, can force a general election."

An early dusk had crept into the quiet office where we talked, and when I reluctantly took leave, my host walked with me to the street door, where we stood for a time looking at a rain-swept London.

"There is nothing quite like her in your country," said my host very quietly. "Here our sovereign—particularly in times of national emotion, such as war—is the living symbol of all the patriotism and feeling that we have for our homeland. She is the very embodiment of our national existence in a way no politician can be. In your country I think only your flag quite assumes that national identity and elicits that response."

I agreed and went out into the night, feeling that somehow I had drawn closer to

London and understood it better as a result of the series of meetings.

A few days later my wife and I left London for home. As usual, it was raining, and as a cabbie drove us to the airport, I kept my head close to the rain-flecked window, bidding a last goodbye to the bobbies with their tall helmets, the scurrying figures at intersections, the flower dealer huddling by his stand, the glistening plane trees. In my heart I embraced old London—and never mind its climate or what Henry James called its "horrible numerosity of society."

It was then I recalled something Sir William Fiske, the Greater London Council Leader, had told me. "I know there are many people who can't stand London," he had said, "but there are also a great many who simply cannot stand to be anywhere but in or near its center. You often hear the phrase 'not half way.' It's an expression used to describe the reluctance to live anywhere else but in the heart of London."

Recalling this incident to my wife, I said, "I'm tempted to say 'not half way,' and go back."

Mary sighed. "That rival of mine! What can a poor girl do?"

THE END



# Blowgun Hunters of the South Pacific

By JANE C. GOODALE, Ph.D.

*Photographs by ANN CHOWNING, Ph.D.*

**F**OR A FEW GLORIOUS DAYS I've been deluged with fresh meat. Boiled bat on Sunday, baked snake on Tuesday, roast eel on Monday and Wednesday. Back to canned meat tonight... but it's been a pleasant interlude."

I read these lines, in a letter from my colleague Ann Chowning, just as I was about to open a tin of corned beef for dinner. The words filled me with envy. Never mind the boiled bat or roast eel. I've tried them, and they aren't too bad. But there's nothing better, Ann tells me, than six or seven inches of prime young python cooked to a turn in a wrapping of bark or leaves. It tastes rather like lizard, which in turn tastes rather like chicken.

## No Snake for Dinner, Says Author's Cook

But snake was taboo among the New Britain aborigines with whom I lived for 13 months. My cook flatly refused to serve python, and I never did get to try it. Ann's hosts, in a village 10 miles away, had their own lengthy list of taboos, but snake was an approved food there.

One might ask: Why did we give up the security and luxuries of New York and Philadelphia, taking leave of our comfortable teaching jobs, to live among such primitive people in one of the most remote and least explored regions of the world?

Ann and I are anthropologists. We study and teach what we learn about man—his habits, environment, folkways, group relationships, history, religion.

Subjects of our study were two groups of people.

**Brawny arm flexes for a spear throw; mighty pull rockets a 3-foot dart skyward through a 15-foot blowgun.** For 13 months anthropologists Jane Goodale and Ann Chowning lived among primitive hunters in New Britain and studied their ways. Until recent years these people strangled widows and engaged in murderous warfare. Some now wear religious medals—gifts of missionaries—but taboos and magic still guide their every act.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANN CHOWNING (LEFT) AND JANE GOODALE (RIGHT)

the Kaulong and the Sengseng, living in the Passismanua area of southwest New Britain (map, page 799). These people and their close neighbors practice a skill not found elsewhere among Melanesians—they hunt with blowguns. They also bind their infants' skulls to elongate them into a shape regarded as fashionable (pages 806-7).

#### Island Made Headlines in World War II

Despite these differences, the Kaulong and Sengseng speak languages related to those of other Melanesians. We had to learn their tongues, for only a handful of Kaulong and Sengseng had acquired a knowledge of pidgin

English, the "trade language" spoken throughout New Britain and elsewhere in the Trust Territory of New Guinea.\*

Few Americans had even heard of New Britain until World War II, when the Japanese fortified Rabaul and slowed the Allies' island-hopping campaign. Fighting also flared around New Britain's western end and in adjoining waters. In the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, in March, 1943, Allied air and naval units destroyed a huge enemy convoy. Since 1947, the island has been part of a United Nations trust territory administered by Australia.

\*John Seafeld wrote of New Guinea and its peoples in the May, 1967, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.



**Bandaging cuts, treating burns, and dispensing aspirin, Dr. Chowning aids the villagers of Dulago. She left teaching duties at Barnard College, New York City, to accompany the author to New Britain. Dr. Goodale, on leave from Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania, lived in Umbi, half a day's walk from Dulago.**

**Resting after a day's hike to Lapalam, the author and her porters wait for a dinner of taro to cook on the fire in foreground. In this land of heavy rains, officials encourage construction of plank houses raised on stilts.**



Fortunately, the forest-dwelling Kaulong and Sengseng lived some 250 miles from Rabaul and safely inland from the other battles. They had first come to our attention through films and published reports of the late E. Thomas Gilliard, ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History. In late 1958 and early 1959 Dr. Gilliard and his wife spent several months exploring the area, collecting rare birds and small mammals.\*

Kandrian was the jumping-off place for our 30-mile trek into the interior. The route was known to us, for we had spent six weeks there in 1962. Now, in July of 1963, we were back for more than a year of research, with a grant

from the National Science Foundation and additional support from the National Geographic Society for the first extensive studies of these people ever made.

At Kandrian we recruited 35 bearers to carry our supplies—which included enough canned food to last for a month. As we passed villages, the pack-train personnel kept changing. Some bearers dropped out and collected their wages of a shilling (11 cents) an hour; others took their places.

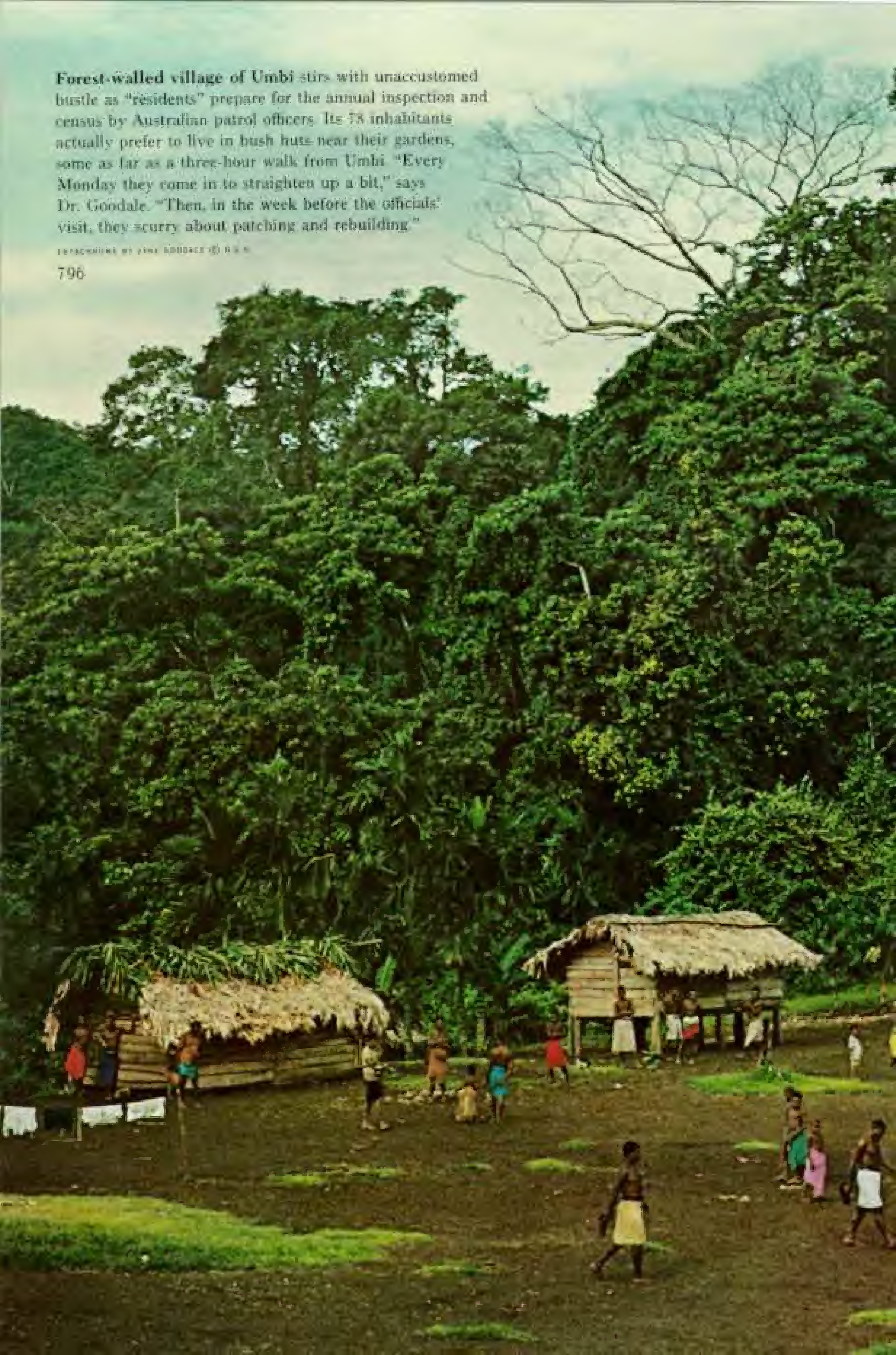
\* Dr. Gilliard, leader of two trail-blazing American Museum-National Geographic Society expeditions to study New Guinea's birds of paradise and Stoor Age men, described "New Britain's Land of Fire" in the *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC* of February, 1961.

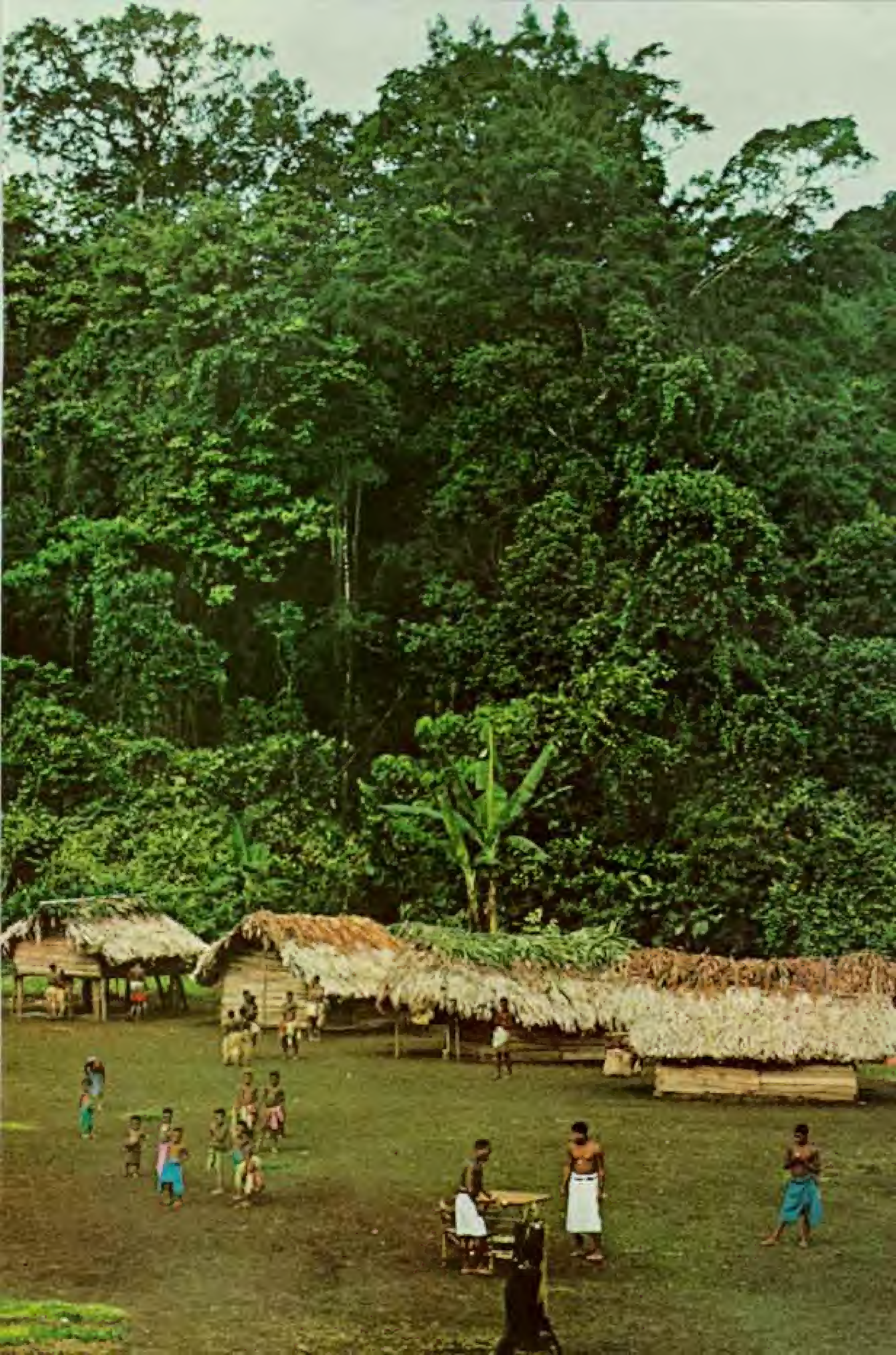


Forest-walled village of Umbi stirs with unaccustomed bustle as "residents" prepare for the annual inspection and census by Australian patrol officers. Its 78 inhabitants actually prefer to live in bush huts near their gardens, some as far as a three-hour walk from Umbi. "Every Monday they come in to straighten up a bit," says Dr. Goodale. "Then, in the week before the officials' visit, they scurry about patching and rebuilding."

REPORTING BY JANE BODDICE (2) D & S

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Many of the porters fanned out along the route, traveling at their own pace, some ahead of us, some behind. Since they were out of our sight most of the time, we feared part of our property might vanish forever. But when the reckoning came at the end of the march, only an umbrella had been misplaced.

A cast had just been removed from Ann's knee—dislocated during our stay in Rabaul—so the trek took us four days instead of the usual three. Our policeman-escort, genially accepting our snail's pace, expressed high regard for the stamina of American women.

Ann and I parted at Pomalal and went on to the villages of Dulago and Umbi, our respective bases, ten miles apart. In Dulago live the Sengseng; in Umbi live the Kaulong. For each of us there was a little house, built by the villagers since our 1962 visit.

To say the people "live" in these villages is to use the word loosely. They prefer to spend most of their time in the surrounding forest, where they can be close to the gardens and game that provide their food. Here they sleep in small huts and tend plots of taro, manioc, tobacco, sugar cane, and other crops.

Only on special occasions, such as the weekly cleanup days, the day of the annual census, or other rare visits from government

officers, do all the people gather in the villages, which they built on official orders (pages 796-7). Each family has a house of hand-hewn planks; a large "men's house" shelters the community's bachelors.

A recent census credited Umbi, largest village in the region, with 78 occupants in a dozen homes. Dulago, one of the smallest communities, had 40 people living in seven or eight houses.

### Wealth Reckoned in Gold-tipped Shells

Most Kaulong and Sengseng readily accept Australian or other currency as pay, but they attach far greater value to gold-tipped pearl shells for barter among themselves. If a man owns many shells, he is wealthy.

The large shells, handsome, almost circular, with gleaming inner surfaces, come mainly from the island of Manus, northwest of New Britain. To the Kaulong and Sengseng, shells range in value from five shillings to three Australian pounds, depending on size and quality.

Once a year labor contractors recruit small numbers of Kaulong and Sengseng to work at the Australian naval station on Manus. These highly prized jobs offer the opportunity to dive for, or buy cheaply, many pearl shells.

Other shells reach the interior via native

Preening forest maiden stares into a trade-goods mirror backed with a photograph of an actress. She combs stylish blackening into her mushroom hairdo. Tattoos beautify her cheeks.

Volcanic New Britain, 300 miles long, leaped into the headlines during World War II. Japanese troops converted Rabaul into a powerful base that blocked the Allied advance for two years. Today the island, a part of the Australian-administered U. N. Trust Territory of New Guinea, still harbors in its interior a people barely brushed by civilization. Enlarged map shows trails followed by Drs. Goodale and Chowning as they studied New Britain's Kaulong and Sengseng peoples.



trade routes along the New Britain coast. Some find their way into trade stores in Rabaul. Here the bush people can exchange their wages, earned by working on coconut and cacao plantations nearby, for the one medium of exchange that has supreme value in their homeland.

Ownership of shells, and their use in complex financial transactions, offers the traditional road to personal prestige in the forest culture. Unmarried young men are considered too immature to be trusted with complete control of their own fortunes; they must give their shells over to the care of married relatives.

### Sun Seldom Penetrates Forest

Ann and I wrote to each other frequently, the letters traveling through the forest by runner. Once a month one of us would go to the other's village; this plan involved four-to-six-hour hikes over sharp, ankle-twisting limestone ridges and down into valleys to cross a bog or a swift stream (page 813).

Tramping through the gloomy forest between Umbi and Dulago or on the trail to the coast, we seldom saw sky or sunlight. They were shut out by frequent rain clouds and by towering trees, some with vast exposed root structures.

We had to cross flood-swollen streams, where strong currents threatened to carry us away. In this area the annual rainfall totals about 250 inches, much of it coming in sudden, savage cloudbursts. Such storms quickly turned the Apaun and other rivers, with their myriad smaller tributaries, into raging brown torrents. Some streams we crossed on logs or crude shaky bridges; others we forded, at times clinging to a vine in depths that occasionally were over our heads (page 814).

Once during our stay, Ann and I met at Pomulal and walked to Kandrian to replenish our supplies and enjoy a taste of civilization. We timed our vacation for New Year's Day, so we could celebrate it with our friends at the government post and watch an exhibition of tribal dancing.

Aside from this brief trip, we remained in our isolated villages for more than a year and rarely saw another outsider.

For the most part we slept in the almost uninhabited villages and made daily trips to the forest to visit the people. Once I was forced to abandon my house and take refuge in the forest with the natives.





Lizard-skin drumheads boom the cadence for prancing tribesmen in a massive New Year's Day sing-sing—pidgin English for song-and-dance fest. Many participants traveled for days to reach the celebration in coastal Kandrian. These dancers, neighbors of the Kaulong and Sengseng, live near the sea and have access to Western goods. They daubed cardboard headdresses with paint and topped them with parrot plumes. Medical gauze binds ankles, knees, and wrists. Clusters of dyed fibers dangle beneath leafy bustles.

While attaching heads to their slim wooden drums, the Sengseng observe a taboo of strict silence to ensure that the tree-sap glue will hold.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAN HOORNING GATTE  
AND CARL GOODALE © N.S.P.



Writhing six-foot python struggles to burst a bond securing it to a stake. To prove his courage, Litem—son of Umbi's *luluai*, or headman—grasps the pole. People of Umbi fear these reptiles and place a taboo on eating them. Dr. Goodale sent this one to Dr. Chowning in Dulago, where no taboo bars snake dinners.



Parrot, frog, and bat—delicacies in the islanders' diet. A young Kaulong man captured the parrot in his garden after the bird gorged so greedily on taro that it could hardly fly. "Very tough, with a gamey flavor," recalls the author.

Children comb stream banks for frogs. "Tender and sweet," reports Dr. Goodale. Another tasty morsel: grubs.

Boy bites a fruit bat which has been wrapped in green bark and steamed in a fire. Largest of these night fliers have three-foot wing spans. Often felled on the roost by blowguns, bats proved the most frequent source of fresh meat for the anthropologists. Their verdict: "Very pungent."



Illustrated by John Goodale (left) and the author (right)



who had fled their garden huts to hide from an epidemic which they envisioned as an evil spirit stalking victims in the bush (pages 812-13). Since we were a part of their world, we governed ourselves by their code.

Despite a sprinkling of religious medals acquired from missionaries, our friends had not been noticeably influenced by the teachings of Christianity. Almost every activity was controlled by taboos, fears, and beliefs in magic spells.

The Kaulong and Sengseng taught us their languages and modes of behavior in the same way they taught their own children. There

was this difference: We had but 13 months to absorb what a youngster learns over years.

"Don't tickle that dog, or you will die!" I was admonished as I played with a puppy.

"The baby will die!" I was told by a horrified mother after I complimented her on the fine new tooth of her infant.

"Don't disturb the ashes of the fire!" Fire, a most sacred entity, was offended, and I would be burned.

From Dulago Ann reported a list of Sengseng taboos: "If you throw pumpkin peelings where pigs can eat them, the pigs will die."

"If, as an adolescent boy, you scuffle with



EPITAPH OF A PIG HUNTER © N.S.A.  
**Make-believe pig bites the dust** as boys with willowy spears skewer a rolling disk of banana stalk. When they grow older, the youths will participate in real wild-pig hunts—favorite pastime of their elders. But until they reach their late teens, children of the forest have little responsibility; the younger ones while away daylight hours wrestling, playing hide-and-seek, and tobogganing down hills on sheets of bark.

girls, the blackening will fall off your teeth, and you'll be left with ugly white incisors."

"If you poke a stick down a rathole, the earth will open and swallow you."

Among Melanesians, only the Kaulong, Sengseng, and neighbor tribes of southwest New Britain use blowguns for hunting. With these they kill fruit bats as well as parrots, other birds, and small tree-dwelling animals. For larger game, such as wild pigs, they use spears and native dogs. With elaborate spring traps, they catch wallabies and cassowaries.

I enjoyed watching the hunters at work with their remarkable blowguns, fashioned of bamboo lengths tied and glued to form tubes 12 to 20 feet long. With these weapons the tribesmen launched slender shafts of palm-wood, as long as three feet, feathered at one end, sharpened at the other (page 793).

Favorite victims were the fruit bats, or flying foxes. These nightmarish creatures, when airborne, soared on a three-foot spread

of wings. Mostly they were killed as they roosted during the day, forming dense black clusters in the trees.

Little marksmanship was required. Poking his blowgun close to the quarry, the hunter filled his lungs with air and expelled it with a mighty puff. Often the bat was impaled before the dart was fully out of the tube.

During our journeys among the forests and hills, we uncovered evidence that an earlier people once used tools far simpler than blowguns. These were hundreds of flints, chipped into shapes resembling knives and scrapers (page 815).

Were these the relics of our friends' ancestors? Or were they left by a different people? We have turned many of the flints over to Australian archeologists for study, and Ann and I hope to undertake further investigations ourselves before too long.

In my village, Umbi, Monday was always a day when anything might happen. This was



Oblivious to stinging smoke, mother and daughter tempt a toddler with bits of starchy taro root, staple food of the area. Underbrush smolders in the garden patch that the family helped slash and burn in the forest.

In a still-burning field, women prepare to plant taro tops salvaged from harvested plots. Each family maintains two taro gardens simultaneously—one in harvest and a new one to replace it. Harvested plots lie fallow for at least five years to avoid depleting the soil. For bountiful yields, growers invoke the aid of *Wolio*, the taro spirit, with incantations.



the day when the people, by order of the Australian Government, were supposed to work on community projects, such as cleaning up the village and clearing forest trails.

Monday became something more to the villagers: a day to go visiting, to talk, to trade, to collect debts, to settle arguments and to start new ones.

While the adults talked, quarreled, and often had a fist fight, the children played games. A favorite was "killing wild pigs," in which the youngsters threw sharpened sticks at rolling disks of banana stalk (page 803).

#### Bamli's Visit Causes an Uproar

On one memorable Monday I was chatting with a group of villagers in the shade under my stilted house when a stranger approached on the path from the forest. He bore all the signs of a "finish-time" one who has completed a work contract on one of the coastal plantations near Rabaul. He wore a bright-

red cotton skirt fastened with a shining new leather belt. On his broad feet were rubber sandals. In one hand he carried a padlocked wooden chest, in the other a bulging sack.

Without a word the stranger calmly climbed the ladder into my house. Ningbi, my No. 2 houseboy and cook, followed him.

"That's Bamli," Ningbi said in passing.

I listened as Ningbi and Debli, the No. 1 houseboy, conducted Bamli on a tour of the house. First he inspected the living room, then the houseboys' bedroom, the kitchen, the storeroom, and finally my private quarters, a bedroom and washroom.

Then there was silence. Mystified, I made inquiries. Bamli, I was told, belonged to the village of Lombon, had been away two years, and was just passing through on his way home. Bamli did not come down to join us, nor did any villager move to join him. I became aware of something unusual in the people's behavior toward this man.







"Come down here and join us," I suggested.

"I'm afraid," he replied.

"Why?"

Bamli just smiled and shrugged. He sat on the bed for four more hours, saying nothing.

#### House Invaded by Knife-wielding Women

Late in the afternoon, Ningbi suddenly asked me if Bamli could hide in the storeroom. Just as I was about to say no, we were invaded. Up the ladder swarmed a dozen women, all brandishing long bush knives. Ningbi, Debli, and two other young men repelled the main assault at the door, disarming the women. But one agile girl clambered over the five-foot wall and gained entrance through

I thought it an odd request at such a time, but I quickly counted out 20 shillings and handed them to him. The fighting stopped as abruptly as it had begun.

Bamli distributed coins to the women. Then he reached into his sack and handed out tobacco, combs, razors, mirrors, and bits of cloth. The women gathered up their loot and their knives and departed, quietly and happily.

Just as I opened my mouth to ask for an explanation, the whole performance was repeated. A second wave of eight belligerent women swarmed over the wall and through the door. Again Bamli was pummeled, again he handed out money and trade goods.

This time, however, there was no general

To shape her baby's head into a fashionable elongated form, a mother binds the infant's skull with bark cloth. For several months following the child's birth, she will carefully loosen and rewrap the cloth daily to take up slack.

Two-week-old namesake of the author nurses at right. Rattan twine secures the head binding on "Goodao," the closest her mother could come to pronouncing Goodale. Dirt cakes the baby's face.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANN DORRONS, HOPKINS, AND JANE BIDDLE © 1964

the gap between the wall and the leaf roof.

She leaped to the floor in the houseboys' room and advanced with upraised knife upon the cornered Bamli. He stood quietly, remarkably so, attempting no defense.

A couple of youths abandoned their stand at the door; one of them wrenched the knife from the girl's grasp and tossed it over a low partition into the storeroom. But the attack went on; the women pummeled poor Bamli with their fists. By this time the house was shaking dangerously on its five-foot stilts; pots and pans rattled; cans toppled from a shelf; female shrieks and hoarse male bellows added to the din as the battle raged.

Somehow Bamli extricated himself, thrust a pound note at me, and asked if I could change it into shillings.

retreat. The house was filled with laughing, chattering women, men, and children. Bamli laughed and talked as gaily as anybody.

Later, as my boys cooked supper, I got the answer to my question.

"All the women fought this man because he made them cry," Ningbi said. "Now this man has paid all the women, it is straight."

#### Payment Made for Needless Grief

While Bamli was away at work, it seemed, his people heard he had been accidentally killed. There was a great outpouring of grief, especially by female relatives. Then Bamli appeared. What I had witnessed was the normal Kaulong reaction to anyone who causes fright or undue sorrow among his kinfolk.

Bamli had been beaten the day before as he



Affection engulfs Dr. Goodale during a happy reunion with children of Umbi after several days' separation. One girl balances a palm-frond basket on her head.

Wild-eyed pig rides a rail to doom; its slaughter will climax a night of singing and dancing. To gain prestige and wealth, tribesmen raise enormous porkers to kill in honor of dead relatives, then sell the meat to guests at the ceremony.

Owners often knock out the upper canines of young boars so that the lower ones will grow into huge, curving tusks. Warriors decorate the tusks with strands of tiny shells to make highly prized ornaments, which they clench in their teeth during warlike dances (below, left).

ADORNMENTS (RIGHT) BY JANE BODDICE; PHOTOGRAPHS (LEFT) AND MONTAGE BY JANE BODDICE © S.O.S.



passed through Arihi. Doubtless he would receive even worse punishment when he reached his home village of Iombon. He raised no objection to this, or to the drastic inroads upon his wealth. If a man turned up alive after being reported dead, such a homecoming ordeal was correct, proper, and just what he expected, however extraordinary it might seem to an outsider.

#### Dulago's Pigs Eat Ballpoint Pens

Meanwhile, Ann Chowning was having her adventures among the Sengseng at Dulago.

"Life here has unexpected hazards," she reported in a letter brought by a runner. "So far pigs have eaten two of my precious ballpoint pens and the ground wire of my radio. Their passion for plastic and rubber seems just a little strange.

"The people here," she continued, "are so

avaricious that food, for example, is fully as expensive as in New York, but at least they are refreshingly frank about it. Just after I shelled out a large sum to the men who carried my month's supplies from Kandrian and those who built my house, one of them announced: 'I think we'll all cry when you leave. We make so much money out of you.'

"'You'll cry just because of the money?' I asked, hoping for a show of sentiment.

"'Yes,' they said, 'we love money,' with never a hint that they loved me for myself alone."

The *luluai*, or headman, of Dulago proposed to Ann that his people build an airstrip so that they would not have to work so hard carrying our cargo from Kandrian.

"I'm not sure why he doesn't think it would be equally hard work to build an airstrip," Ann wrote. "I suspect the whole thing is tied





in with a 'cargo cult' that seems to be flourishing on the coast. The luluai was asking me about it just before he mentioned the airstrip.

"Leaders of these cults teach that dead ancestors will return, by ship or plane, bringing all the white man's goods, of which the white man has wrongfully deprived the natives."

When I asked the Kaulong about the cargo cult, they laughed.

"Some Sengseng talk foolish," said one. "Our ancestors, they have died. Once a man has died, he is nothing but bones. They cannot come back among us."

#### Children Smoke Big Green Cigars

Both Kaulong and Sengseng grow tobacco, and they start smoking it, and also chewing betel nut, a mild stimulant, in early childhood.

"I still find the sight of a very small child smoking a large green cigar rather startling," Ann wrote.

Our friends preferred trade tobacco to their own product, and rolled it in newspaper. When my supply of newspaper ran out, I

persuaded the Kaulong to use magazine pages. Ann did likewise at Dulago, but, she reported, her people complained that coated paper gave them headaches.

Magazine illustrations were an endless source of wonder to the natives. Ann described the reaction:

"I have an extremely tough time explaining the pictures. Their favorite, so far, has been a photograph of the moon, and this they rather surprisingly accepted without question. They are most disturbed by blowups, especially of faces; most of them being convinced that evil giants are represented. But at least they're gradually learning to tell the men from the women by clues like hair length and lipstick."

Ann also reported on a forest romance.

"A young man and an adolescent girl turned up here on their way home from a dance in another village, and one of the men here, who is some sort of uncle to the girl, suddenly decided to marry her off to the young man. He was willing, but she was shy, and fled to the bush. The prospective groom took another

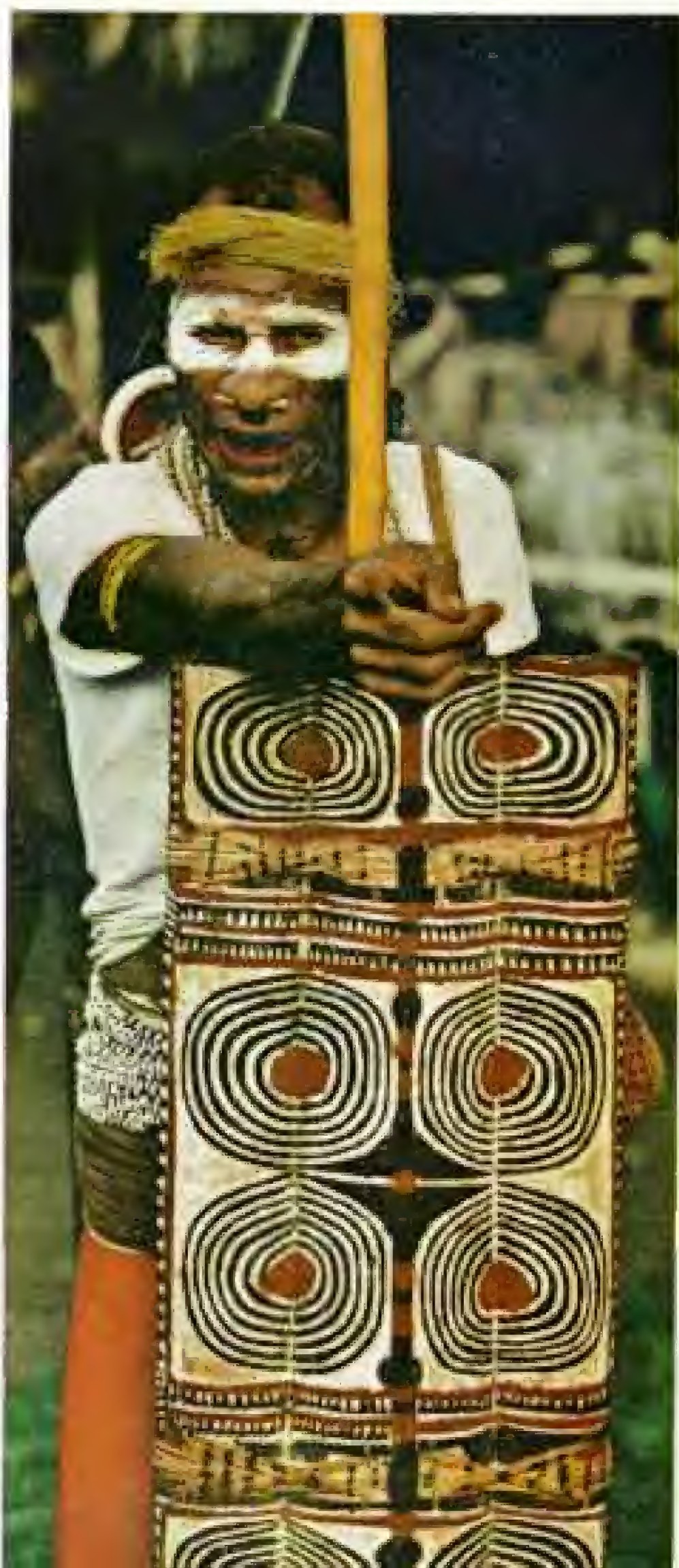


EXPLORING PAPUA BY JANE GOODALE AND PUBLISHED BY ANN CHOWING © N.A.S.

Spears plunge into sacrificial pigs, signaling the end of a nightlong sing-sing at Dulago Prancing, drumming, singing at the top of their lungs, dancers had worked themselves to fever pitch, menacing each other with words and spears.

"Ann and I held our breaths as Kaulong faced Sengseng and the air grew thick with tension," reports the author. In earlier years such confrontations often led to bloody fighting. Spearman at left wears a rain hat, probably acquired when he labored on a coastal plantation.

Pugnacious dancer shouts defiance from behind his patterned wooden shield. Crushed limestone creates a white mask above his bone-pierced nose, and a pig-tusk ornament curls below his ear. Girdle of *tambu*, or sea shells, encircles his waist.



path, announcing that he'd really rather wait till they got home (her father is chief of his village).

"So suddenly a bunch of us were deep in the bush, separate ones pursuing the boy and the girl, and all the women of this village giggling madly about it. I was with the group following the girl. When we caught up with her, one old man tried to persuade her to accept a large pearl shell, as a sign that she was willing to marry the boy, while she, apparently in agonies of embarrassment, stood protesting and chopping down small trees with the knife she was carrying. She eventually fled without giving in."

In another letter, Ann commented on her neighbors' reaction to musical programs picked up from Radio Rabaul on her battery-powered set. She wrote:

"The people here (who sing beautifully) have a low opinion of the cowboy songs that make up the bulk of the program. They say the singers sound as if they have colds and as if they're drowning (although the latter may be the fault of my radio)."

(Continued on page 816)





Aerial roots of a giant banyan provide a shadowy shelter for three Urali children. Such retreats often provide sanctuary from a monstrous spirit—the people's concept of an epidemic. When a "sick" stalks villages, young and old flee to the forest and hide. In past days of constant warfare, people camped close to these labyrinthine *Ficus* trees and scurried into them at the first hint of attack.

Preferring wet feet to a fall, Dr. Goodale wades a stream. Inmet tries the rickety log bridge ahead of her husband Ninghi, the author's cook. She carries Dr. Goodale's bucket and pan on her head and clutches personal belongings in a basket.



Water sprite in a leaf skirt playfully whips a vine stretched across a river as a handhold for travelers in time of flood. Peroside has transformed her hair into a fiery pompadour. Forest folk seldom





bathe for cleanliness, but the younger ones often splash for sport during hot weather.



KOCHICHORR (LEFT) AND PETCHORORR BY AN CHORRINE (R.)

Woodsmen split a trunk into boards with wedges and a steel axhead. They will build houses with solid plank walls, as recommended by Australian administrators.

Cutting and scraping tools chipped from chert, a type of flint, are among three hundred found by the author and Dr. Chowning. Their origin—who made them, who used them, and how long ago—remains a mystery. The anthropologists shared their finds with the Australian National University at Canberra, whose archeologists are studying the discovery sites.



THESE THREE WERE USED

Looking over the files of our letters, I find that Ann and I devoted much space to discussions of food. We were grateful when the people killed a pig and sold or gave us a chunk.

"I was brought a leg of half-baked pork yesterday," Ann wrote, "and happily devoured large bloody chunks of it on the spot. I decided years ago that I'd rather have pork when the chance arose than worry about its condition, and it's so much better baked than safely boiled that I continue to work on the probably

two wives (polygamy is permitted but not widely practiced), and they alternately fought and threatened suicide. Finally Kasli took the extreme step of divorcing one of them, by paying shells to her family and telling her to go. Because his remaining wife was lazy, his pigs ran wild. These and other pigs broke into his gardens and destroyed his taro.

Kasli had other troubles. No one would listen to him when he tried to enforce a new government order. His one area of success



erroneous theory that there is no trichinosis in these parts. Reminds me of the definition of anthropologists: 'Otherwise intelligent and educated people who do not accept the germ theory of disease.' But I'm happier if I don't watch my cook wash the dishes."

#### Feuding Wives Add to a Man's Woes

I found myself becoming more and more absorbed by my neighbors—their personalities, their problems. For example, there were Kahamei and Kasli, the government-appointed headmen of Umhi, who respectively bore the titles of *luluai* and *tul-tul*.

Like most of the men, Kahamei was small but heavily muscled. His skin was covered with ringworm blemishes, undesirable in a woman but the mark of an important man. He had many pigs, much taro, and a goodly stock of gold-lipped pearl shells; this wealth made him a power throughout the region.

Kasli, the No. 2 man, was quite different. He was a younger man, with little wealth but big ambitions and many problems. He had

was in hunting wild pigs. Since little went right for him when he stayed home, he often took off with his dogs to the peace and solitude of the forest, returning in glory with a feast for the village.

Then there were the teen-age girls—Ihimei, Tihimei, Wadelmei, and others. They worked hard tending the gardens and looking out for the younger children, but most of their off hours they devoted to courting my two bachelor houseboys, Ninghi and Debi.

One evening I was quietly reading, when my boys dashed into the house, breathless.

"The girls are fighting us!" they gasped, and I could see great welts swelling across their arms and backs. They hid behind my mosquito net just as Ihimei and Tihimei charged through the door, brandishing long whips made from supple sticks. I, too, cowered in a corner as the girls struck viciously at the men.

"Why don't you fight back?" I yelled.

"We can't," the men said. "This is our way."

The fight finally ended when the boys gave the girls some tobacco, but broke out anew

whenever the girls reappeared on the scene.

For one couple, however, the battles ended. To this day I wonder why the marriage of Ningbi and Ihimei surprised me so. Perhaps it was because I knew my other houseboy was very fond of Ihimei and in fact allowed himself to be beaten by her far more than Ningbi had. Perhaps it was because no one had told me yet how marriages happen here.

It was after dinner one night when Kasli, Ihimei, and two of her cousins entered my

a new name. She decided to call him Lucas.

The period following the marriage was one marked by the tremendous difference between the married and the unmarried. Taboos forced the couple to change much of their vocabulary, making it difficult for them to talk and for me to understand. They could not eat many foods. Until they had given pearl shells to their numerous in-laws, they could not dine with them or even speak to them.

But the biggest change was that Ihimei was



© 1954 by Jane Goodale

house and began talking earnestly to Ningbi.

"You must marry," said Kasli.

"I can't," said Ningbi. "I'm too young."

"Ihimei says she likes you. Her parents say you must marry her."

"I won't. I'll run away and go to work."

Debli, busy in the kitchen, broke in angrily. "Ihimei is too young to marry. Her parents have said she is too expensive, and Ningbi has no shells."

Ihimei said nothing, as was proper, keeping her face turned to the wall as her cousins argued her case. After more than two hours of persuasion and rejection, everyone left.

The next morning I was greeted by a young neighbor. "Good morning, Jane. Ningbi and Ihimei are married."

"What happened?"

"Oh, Kasli put the two of them in the same house and kept them there all night so that they couldn't run away, so they are now considered to be properly married."

Because of a taboo, Ihimei could no longer call her husband Ningbi, and had to select

Gliding home with a load of sago-palm thatch, Nakanai tribesmen pole their slender outrigger off the north shore of New Britain. Jane Goodale and Ann Chowning concluded their expedition with a visit to this coast, where Ann had spent many months in 1954.

transformed from a giggling adolescent to a sedate, hard-working, charming young wife.

The unexpected marriage proved a highlight of my stay among the Kaulong, for it illustrated one of their fundamental attitudes and set me to speculating about their future.

The Kaulong regard premarital relations as a major offense, and it is not unusual for a man to marry as late as 30 years of age. (Some men are so marriage-shy that the approach of an eligible girl will send them away into the forest at a run.)

Denied many advantages of a modern world in their remote fastness, the Kaulong will, in all likelihood, also be spared one of its thorniest problems—the population explosion—for a long time to come.



INDEX

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ATLAS

PUT THE WORLD ON YOUR BOOKSHELF—  
138,000 place names at your fingertips and a  
treasury of knowledge at the turn of each page—with  
the enlarged, completely revised **National Geographic  
Atlas of the World**. Among the expanded volume's many new pages,  
large-scale maps portray the Low Countries, Denmark, and the smaller  
states of Europe, physical maps show the wrinkled face of earth at a  
glance—its mountains and plains, the depths of its seas. Decorative end papers  
explain the science of map making, pinpoint earth's place in space, and sketch  
the achievements of history's greatest astronomers, geographers, and cartographers.  
Standard edition appears above, de luxe edition on the following page.

# Revised, Enlarged World Atlas Charts Our Changing Earth

By WELLMAN CHAMBERLIN, Chief Cartographer, National Geographic Society

“WHAT DOES a cartographer do *between* maps?” a friend recently asked me. I could not answer. For in my 31 years with the National Geographic Society, the ever-changing world has never allowed me a lull.

Just three years ago the Society published its monumental **National Geographic Atlas of the World**. Members and professional cartographers hailed it with gratifying enthusiasm. “Exciting to the eye and intellect . . .” “None more convenient, current, or complete.”

We had estimated the long-term demand—generously, we thought—and printed 140,000 copies. But now, sooner than anticipated, the entire stock has been sold out. And orders continue to pour in.

The easy answer would have been simply to reprint the Atlas. But we cartographers, painstakingly cataloguing events on this restless earth, concluded that changes in the world in only three years were so great that the Atlas should be brought right up to date.

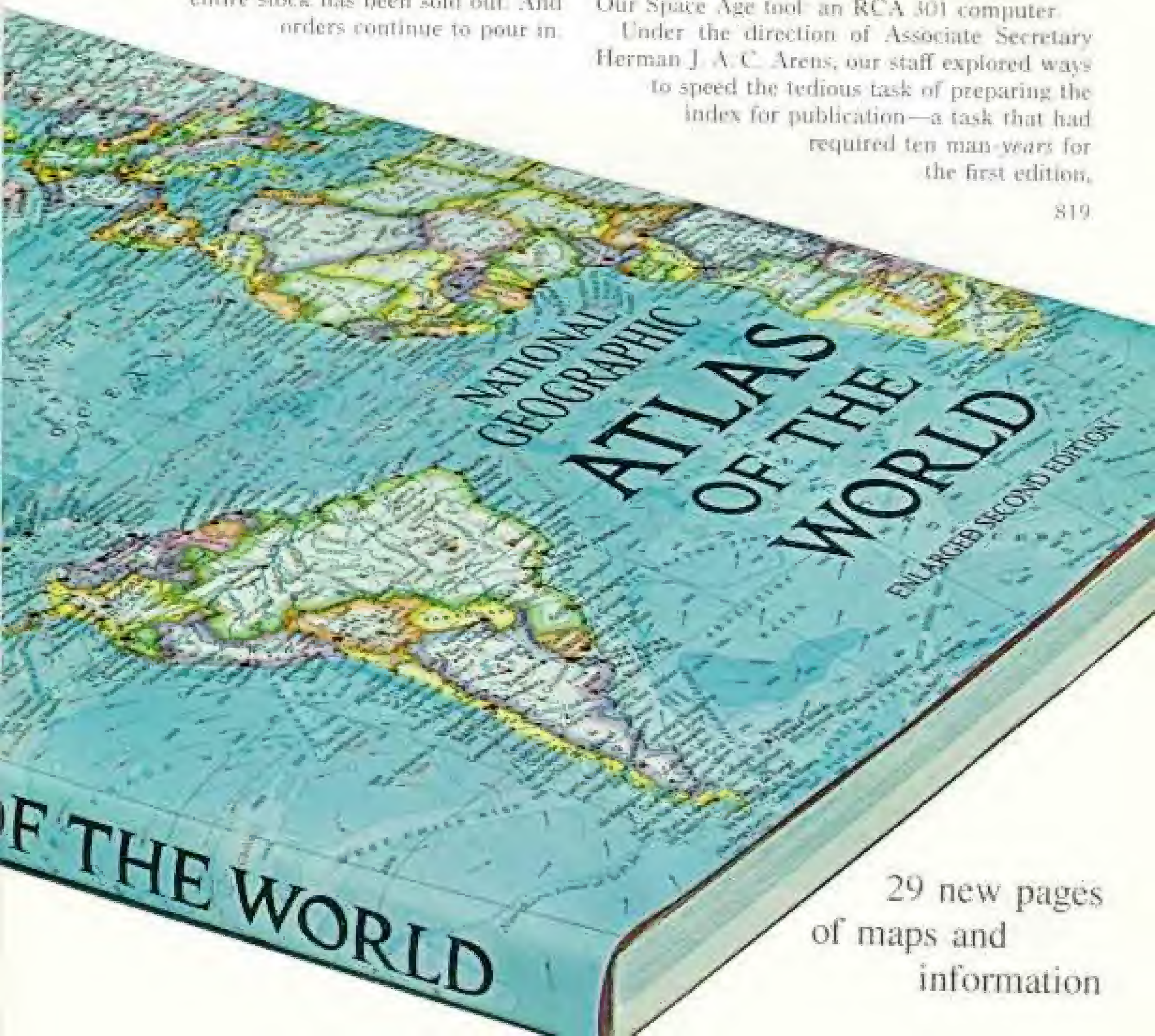
Our course was clear, if costly: Nothing less than a completely revised, enlarged second edition would do. I now take considerable pride in announcing its publication.

## Computer Sorts Index Automatically

Unseen behind its exhaustive, 161-page index lies a major breakthrough in atlas production. Our Space Age tool—an RCA 301 computer.

Under the direction of Associate Secretary Herman J. A. C. Arens, our staff explored ways to speed the tedious task of preparing the index for publication—a task that had required ten man-years for the first edition.

819



29 new pages  
of maps and  
information

NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

**T**HE REVISED, second-edition *National Geographic Atlas of the World* contains 25 new map pages, fresh descriptive text, and 11,000 new place names. **Standard edition:** flexible, leather-grained plastic cover—\$18.75. **De luxe edition:** hardbound in cloth cover with matching slipcase—\$24.50. In ordering the de luxe edition, please specify the name you wish stamped in gold on the cover. Bill will be sent at time of shipment. Simply write to National Geographic Society, Dept. 311, Washington, D. C. 20036.



ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK THOMAS © N. G. S.

Once Dutch, now German, children of Elten changed nationality without leaving home. In 1963 West Germany and the Netherlands realigned a frontier; at the stroke of a pen, some 7,700 people in areas under Dutch rule since 1949 became German citizens. Elten's name remained unchanged, but road signs switched from Dutch (upper) to German.



containing 11,000 fewer entries. This time the computer recorded and "memorized" on magnetic tape each of 138,000 index entries, more than can be found in any other American world atlas.

From this information storehouse the computer in a matter of hours automatically sorted and selected data, and then rolled out 30 miles of coded paper tape. Converted for use in the Society's Linofilm phototype-setting machines, the tape ran off the entire 164-page index—already alphabetized and set in columns!

Among new entries appear the infant island of Surtsey, spawned in volcanic eruption off Iceland in November, 1963, and new cities such as Reston, Virginia, designed for 75,000 inhabitants. And 10 new countries take their places among the family of nations (flags at right).

In Africa, Tanganyika and Zanzibar merged into Tanzania (pronounced "Tan-zan-EE-uh"); Nyasaland took the title of an ancient Bantu empire, Malawi. Northern Rhodesia adapted the name of its mighty river, the Zambezi, and became Zambia; Southern Rhodesia became simply Rhodesia. Other new countries with more familiar names: The Gambia, Kenya, Malaysia, Malta, the Maldivé Islands, and Singapore.

### Special Maps Reveal Earth's Wrinkles

To wrap up the world in one small package is like trying to pour an ocean into a bucket. But that is the task of the atlas maker.

Within this **Atlas of the World** you can find earth's extremes, from its longest river—the Nile—and largest sea—the South China Sea—to its tallest structure, a 2,063-foot television tower in Blanchard, North Dakota. You can see earth's interior from crust to core, and trace a newly mapped crack in the crust that zigzags entirely around the globe. You learn that the world's population now stands at 3.3 billion, an explosive gain of 10 percent over the 3 billion of just three years ago.

New physical maps of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia present each continent as nature forged it. Mountains appear in sharp relief; color tones accurately depict lowland contours and water depths.

Three added maps—England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—bring the British Isles into closer focus. Denmark now appears on a map of its own. So do Europe's smallest states: Liechtenstein, Andorra, San Marino, Vatican City, Monaco, and Malta.

A new double-page map separates the India-Pakistan subcontinent from the rest of Southwest Asia and spotlights disputed Kashmir. Two special maps, bearing capsule historical notes, revive the rich pasts of the Holy Land and the Nile Valley. A double-page plate, revised to include latest findings, shows Antarctica in unprecedented detail. Here scientists from 12 countries work together, under a 30-year treaty suspending all territorial claims, to unlock earth's last land-based frontiers.

Throughout the Atlas, inset maps of major cities locate points of interest for the traveler. Touring tips describe scenic and historic Europe. Half again as many places appear in the valuable climate table, which details the world's weather around the calendar.

Atlas was the giant of Greek mythology who supported the universe on his shoulders. Since 1595, with a work of the great Flemish cartographer Gerard Mercator, the name has been given to a bound collection of maps—such as the revised **Atlas of the World** that the National Geographic Society now proudly presents.

THE END



MALTA



ZAMBIA



MALAYSIA



MALAWI



THE GAMBIA



KENYA



TANZANIA



RHODESIA



SINGAPORE



MALDIVÉ ISLANDS

New banners unfurl as infant nations emerge. Since our first World Atlas edition in 1963, 10 countries—with a combined population of 42,900,000 and area of 1,145,000 square miles—have come into being.



River of Counts and Kings

# The Loire

## We flew southwest

from Paris in the cool summer morning, low, under puffball clouds. Pale wheat rippled on the Normandy plain like water in a wind. The paired spires of Chartres Cathedral notched the level skyline to my right. My son signaled that our course was good. We droned on in companionable silence.

A light plane is no place for conversation, but there is no better one for thinking beyond the barriers that beset a man on the ground. The sense of a region can be savored. And its past, considered in the lucid context of the land, becomes a reality, lying just over the horizon of time as a familiar region may lie out of sight over the curve of the earth.

One hour out. Trees ahead, and a break in the plateau. Glints of water, then a broad sweep of silver. We swung out over the stream above Blois and followed it westward. This was our destination: the Loire, the "River of France," which here flowed through its heartland, the famed Val de Loire. This was the chateau country, the country of kings.

Water made the Val de Loire, carving it out of the ungenerous soil of a broad plateau and paving it with rich loam. Wind made it too—the mild, moist breath of the sea, floating up the valley. Counts and kings made it, building forts to defend its natural barriers.

It was the epitome of France—was, because the royal influence that graced it with particular magnificence ended in the 16th century with the return of the court to Paris and its outskirts. But the castles are there, statements in stone of five centuries of brilliant, brawling human adventure. And the sea breeze still blows, and the river flows.

The Loire flowed now 600 feet below our wings, brown as cider in its sculptured sand bed. We passed quickly over pale castles half hidden among trees. Then we turned south toward the loveliest of the Loire's palaces, the Chateau of Chenonceaux. We found it astride its gentle stream, the Cher, framed in glowing gardens. I dropped my left wing and held the tip on the rooftop (pages 824-5). Magically, Chenonceaux pirouetted below us, revealing all its elegant aspects to our seemingly stationary seat in the sky.

For awhile we circled the great relic of the regal years, the age of personal wealth and power, of vanity and daring, of excitement



about beauty. Then, as fuel gauges signaled the end of our stay, I banked north toward Paris. The "Garden of France," as Rabelais called it, lay behind us.

I would come back to explore the Val and its castles by land. But in what sense? Perhaps the river's own, starting where it starts in the Cévennes mountains and following its 625-mile course (map, page 832, and foldout, pages 826-8). For a stream is special among all the features of the earth: It has the three dimensions of length and breadth and depth like the rest. But it also goes somewhere; it has motion and direction. Thus it has a fourth dimension: the dimension of time.

A journey from source to sea through the four dimensions of the Loire would reveal the heart of France, the river's own biography from birth to majestic maturity, the monuments of men marking the successive stages of the human comedy played upon its banks.

**T**HE OLD MAN with mournful mustache shuffled through the stable, brushing aside fat hens. He picked up a bucket and held it under a jet of clear water that curved from a spout in the wall into a watering trough. It took 12 seconds for the Loire to fill the pail. For this, said Monsieur Moulin, was indeed the Loire.

I watched a party of French visitors drink from the icy spring and touch the water with almost ritual awe (page 830). "But look! One can catch the Loire in one's two hands!"

The Moulin farm stands by a towering plug of lava called Gerbier de Jonc—"sheaf of rushes"—which its steep shape suggests. This monument to the Loire's birth juts out of the rolling meadows of a verdant highland forged in the fires of ancient volcanoes.

In the hollow below, from which the newborn Loire goes out to water towns and cities across the nation, a calm-faced peasant set down his scythe as I approached, following the rivulet. I greeted him in more or less Parisian French, picked up during childhood and more recent years in the capital. He answered in the unfamiliar but understandable accent of the southern mountain people.

"You've been to see the source? Well, that's what my neighbors up there call their spring. But there's another farm beyond those pines, and it has a spring too. Better look at it." His broad blade sliced through the sweet flower-spangled grass and he nodded farewell.

At the second farm a lean young man led me to a plank-covered spring in a pasture.

"*Le voici*—this is it," he announced firmly. "Just over the rise, all water flows to the Rhône and the Mediterranean. But this water goes north, all the way to the Atlantic."

He showed me where the overflow vanished into a brushy swale with a splash and a whisper. An old man approached, slow and straight-backed, holding his wooden rake like a banner.

"I am the owner of this place. I give you authority," he gestured grandly, "to study my farm as you please. I'm over 80, though you might not think so to see me raking hay, and all my life the Loire has flowed out of my pasture. It always has and it always will."

He paused, then added diffidently, "I hope you will send me a copy of your article. Don't worry, I can pay; and no one is more interested in me than I." He trudged away, rake erect.

Leaving the battle of the sources to its protagonists, I drove off down the course of the stream, following it as best I could. On the high mowings black-clad men and women pitched hay into cow-drawn carts and hauled it away to crooked, tightly clustered houses of dark stone where beasts and men would winter under the same red-tiled roofs. Here the new stream, a lusty infant, cut through overlying earth to rush noisily away over the bedrock of a harsh chasm untamed by time.

On a broad boulder I found four campers listlessly dangling lures in an eddy.

"Any fish?"

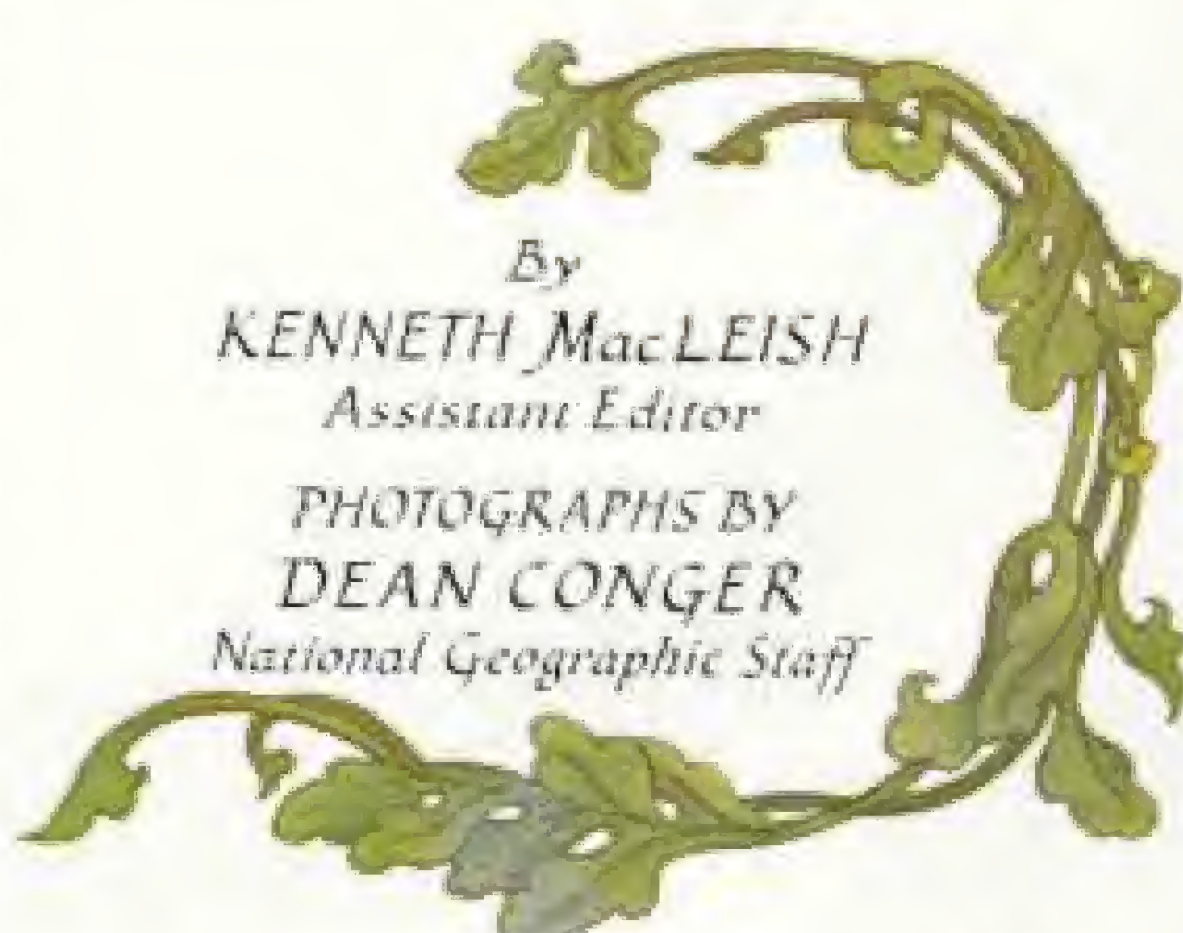
"Ha! There exist fish. One sees fish. But! But! One does not *catch* fish. We are here since a week, and soon we shall starve."

A few miles downstream at Arlempdes, the roughness of the river is matched by the gaunt bastions of a crumbling medieval chateau-fort (pages 832-3). Arlempdes is a relic, but a relic of a young culture, crude and vital, not

*(Continued inside foldout, page 830)*

By  
**KENNETH MacLEISH**  
Assistant Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
**DEAN CONGER**  
National Geographic Staff

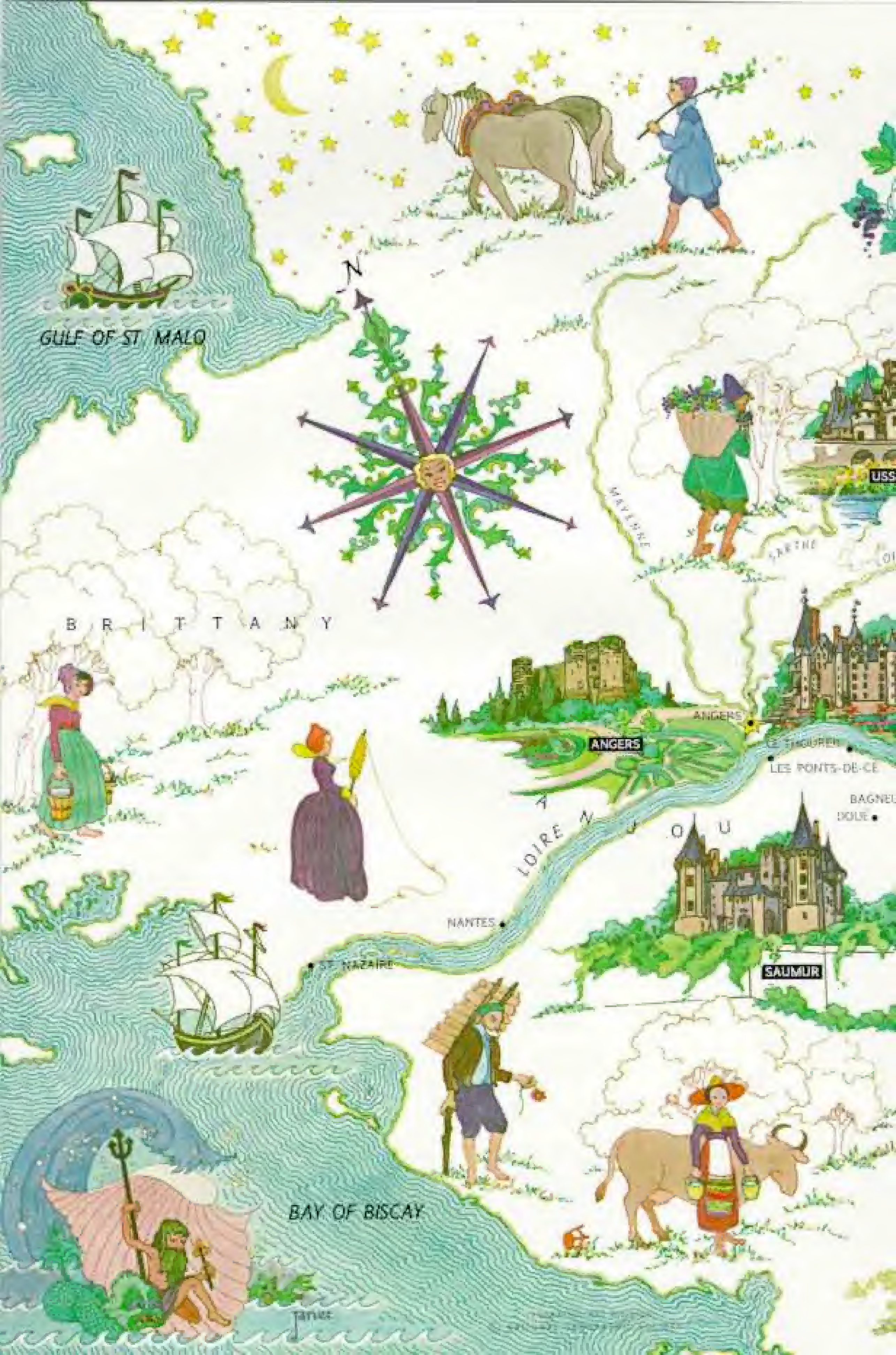






*LIKE A BRIDGE TO THE PAST, the elegant castle of Chenonceaux spans the River Cher in the chateau-studded Val de Loire. Author Kenneth MacLeish dips a wing in a pilot's salute above the estate's exquisite formal gardens.*

KODACHROME © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



GULF OF ST. MALO

B R I T T A N Y



LOIRE

ANGERS

O U

SAUMUR

BAY OF BISCAY

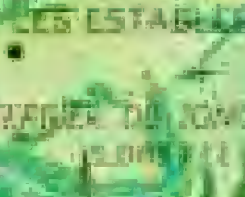
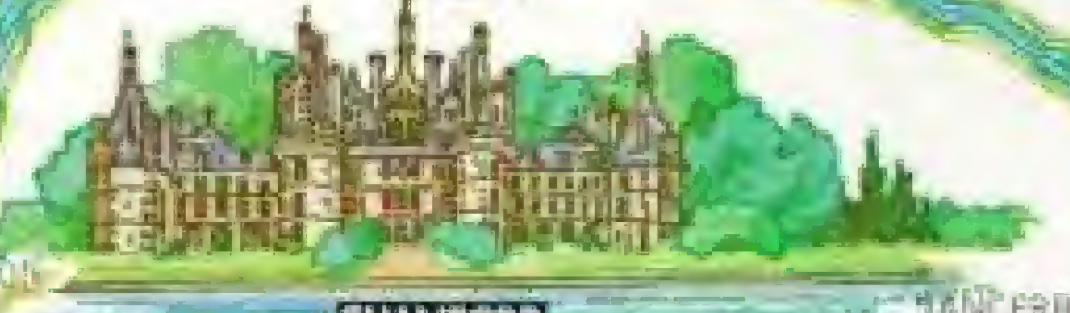
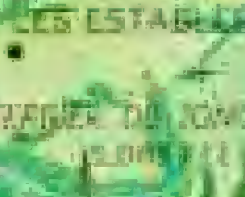
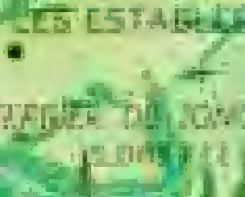
Jarvis



# Val de Loire Garden of France

Prince and peasant, woodland and falconer, courtier and cavalier (Royal France lives on in this map embellished with figures taken from tapestries of that era. Artist Janet Fitch Sewall re-created the life of court and countryside after a pilgrimage to the chateaux.

STATUTE MILES



The Loire leaps to life as a clear, cold spring beside a rocky volcanic peak in southeast France. A farmer at the foot of Gerbier de Jonc pipes the water into his barn, where thirsty tourists can say they caught France's longest river in a bottle (far right).

Or have they? In a nearby pasture an inquisitive boy pushes aside the rough-hewn planks sheltering a second spring, also claimed by its owner to be the mother of the Loire. A tacitful government refuses to choose between them.



BOUQUINONS (above) BY KENNETH MACLEIGH;  
EXTENDING BY DEAN CORLEY © N.Y.C.

Winner by a whisker: In holiday mood, boys race their pet goats through the village of Les Estables. In the high, open country of the Loire's headwaters, winter-wise farmers conserve heat by sheltering flocks and families under the same roof.

829



yet softened by sophistication. The stronghold, as raw as the rock on which it stands, tops a cliff above the valley.

Young country, young culture. The great buildings of the headwaters are old in years but young in architectural evolution. Along the lavish lower Loire, evolved elegance is of a later date. And so the theme develops: As the river flows onward, scenery and civilization mature together.

In the village below the ruin I found a cheerful crone, and asked her if she knew anything of its history. She shook her head. "No one lives there to tell. But it's very old. It's been there all my life, and I'm very old."

I climbed up to sit among the moss-bound stones that once were walls. Swallows darted around a topless turret. Far below, the river sighed down the valley. A fisherman stood motionless in midstream. The golden evening hummed with summer sound.

To some local lordling of the upper Loire, watching from his battlements in the days before France was France and this region of Velay was part of it, the scene would have been much as I saw it now. But how had he lived, that other watcher, centuries dead?

He lived in primitive austerity. A single big room in a square wood or stone keep was kitchen, bedroom, and living room all in one. A hearth, where meat turned on spits, warmed as best it could the chill hall. Daylight entered only through archers' slits. Torches flickered on walls where weapons hung.

He lived in boredom. In this prisonlike protection, safety became stifling. He left when he could, to run down a stag or attack a neighbor or join a crusade. He was illiterate, or close to it, and in any case, books were rare and costly. He learned what little he knew of the literature of his day from the poems and songs of itinerant minstrels.

For later chieftains, home was no longer a single hall but perhaps three or four rooms. The bedroom was private and the kitchen separate. There would be a bath—a diminutive stone swimming pool filled with lukewarm water. Windows let in the sun to shine on painted walls and carpeted floors.

In this quiet ruin, haunted by its lusty past, history came alive. Feudal phantoms stood almost at the edge of sight. Lutes and flutes sounded just out of earshot. Below, the Loire lay in shadow. The fisherman had gone.

I went, too, and came quickly to the village of Goudet, where Robert Louis Stevenson arrived on just such a day 80-odd years ago and called the stream coursing through it "an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire."

By nightfall I had reached Le Puy, the market center of Velay. I left my car in a quiet square. I found it next morning buried in a frantic melee of carts, quacks, curses, bleats, bellows, and the full-throated soprano protest of pigs being hoisted by an ear and a tail. I had got myself a ticket and an audience.

"You should not have parked in a market place on market day," a member of the audience announced in carrying tones.

"I didn't know it would be market day."

"Saturday is always market day!"

"Not in my village. Ours is Wednesday."

"*Tiens!*" shouted my interrogator.

A policeman removed the ticket, two pushcarts, and a sow, and I drove off in a blue haze of friendly obscenity.

**F**ROM MARKET to cathedral seemed a proper progression. The original cathedral at Le Puy is of the 11th century, of the style called Romanesque—heavy, thick-walled, Roman-arched—to which belong the earliest churches in France (pages 836-7). This one is special. A place of pilgrimages and reputed miracles, it was born of a fourth-century legend:

A woman dying of fever was told by the Virgin to go to a certain pagan table stone on a remote hill and lie down on it. This she did, and arose cured. Around the stone a stag traced with hoofprints in the snow the outline of a chapel. The structure built to this

supernatural plan has vanished, but the present cathedral stands in its stead, sheltering the "fever stone."

Downstream to the north, in sight of the crag which towers over the cathedral, the impregnable eyrie of the Counts of Polignac loomed on its sheer-sided table rock. I approached it across mist-dimmed meadows where the predatory feudal lords swooped down to take their toll from passing pilgrims.

The path to the summit is steep and narrow. I climbed it in the moist heat of noon. The place seemed deserted. Glancing upward at the forbidding portal, slotted for the delivery of boiling oil and arrows upon intruders, I did not see the dim figure propped in a corner.

"Go away," she suggested cordially. "*Allez-vous-en*; I am going home for lunch."

"But this is perfect," I blandished hopefully. "I had particularly wanted to explore the ruins alone. Surely you, a curator, will understand the problems of a writer . . ."

"Lunchtime is lunchtime," she stated with flawless logic. Then, leavening triumph with mercy, "However, one can wait half an hour when one's family has served the Polignacs for three centuries. Forty centimes, please."

**T**HE GRASSY cliff-rimmed plateau, where peasants from the village camped in days of danger, was punctuated now with ruins and wild roses. Crumbling walls and corpse-shaped graves carved in bedrock lay shrouded in fragrant briars. Only the tall feudal keep retained its old, bold appearance; but its floors had fallen away, leaving fireplaces arrayed in emptiness. Of the raiders' lair there remained only silent stones and memories.

In the village cafe lunch was over. The proprietress brought me two slabs of fresh bread, a mound of butter, a crock of pâté, pickles, a pitcher of red wine, her apologies, and a bill for three francs—60 cents.

Driving north along the Loire, I felt the country changing. Hilltops lowered. Poplars appeared, their leaves shivering like silver sequins in the hot breeze. Small wheat fields replaced the upland mowings, and the farmers no longer wore the black of highland people. The villages, too, had changed; houses here were plastered, and deployed along streets.

The river ran through small steep gorges, widening between them into quiet runs. In one such I stopped to swim, lying in the caressing current and listening to the clink of pebbles stirred by the stream's soft surge down toward the region called Forez.

The eerie Forez plain, sour, soggy, peppered with ponds, is a country of legends—

apocryphal tales of romance and horror, told, perhaps, to brighten its drab reality. Precious pens of the 17th century peopled the place with imaginary figures—courtly shepherds, delicate shepherdesses and, no doubt, gallant sheep. Other tales, more appropriate to this dim marshland, told of monstrous beasts which ate Forezians in epic numbers.

This was not castle country. The Loire, not yet broad enough to serve as a barrier or as a mirror for magnificence, cut through the valley in gentle, slow-running curves.

At Pinay, where Louis XIV had built a flood-control dam to tame the stream's excesses, it swept again through gorges, swirling and foaming in its last struggle with stone before breaking free to meander seaward in a sandy bed of its own making. Then it left Forez and, deflected northwest by the Mountains of Morvan, skirted the edge of Burgundy.

In this region of fertile fields and noble vineyards a new architectural form began to appear: the stone fantasy of the Gothic, an elaborate expression of 13th- and 14th-century



Flowing through the heart of France, the Loire swells from brook to stream to majestic river as it courses north to Orleans, thence westward to the Atlantic.

The verdant Val de Loire is rich in remembrance of the past. Feudal lords fought one another and even the king for the right to rule it in the Middle Ages. During the Renaissance sumptuous castles rose beside the river. Nobles and royalty alike spent carefree summers, entertaining lavishly and hunting in the forests, before the wars of religion ravaged the region.

Galloic charm still pervades the valley. Today's visitors, touring its show places, step back into a magnificent past.

Singing waters of the young river, tumbling over rocks and boulders, beckon a fisherman. The ruins of Arlempdes, a massive feudal fortress, loom on the cliff-top





civilization. The style could better be called pointed, based as it is on high-peaked arches and combinations of arches which suggest the interlacing branches of tall trees.

Gothic churches boasted another impressive novelty, the flying buttress. This ingenious support carried the weight of the vault so that the walls could be cut away and replaced with glowing expanses of stained glass. Churches and houses alike were decorated with intricate carvings.

Examples were not hard to find: a beauti-

fully beamed mill at Marcigny; a clock tower astraddle a street in Bourbon-Lancy near a happily cockeyed timbered house.

Near this pleasant town, now a spa for arthritics who come to soak in hot springs where Caesar may have sweated, I found two urchins fishing in a setting as pastoral as a Watteau painting. Did I say fishing? They wore gaudy cowboy hats, jiggled in time to American rock 'n' roll blasting from a portable radio, puffed on lumpy hand-rolled cigarettes, and tossed down their soda pop as if

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Dining out in Le Puy, a top-knotted gourmet savors the delights of cafe cuisine.

**Sunny Saturday:** Market day brings farmers into Le Puy from the country to sell their fresh fruits and vegetables. Discerning housewives, a few with children in tow, watch closely as vendors weigh purchases on old-fashioned balance scales.

Le Puy, in the Auvergne dialect, means "the peak." Citizens of this ancient center of lace-making live in centuries-old houses built along hills so steep that some streets serve merely as stairways.



it were corn likker. They were also experts on all that concerned the river.

"Plenty of fish," yelled the smaller boy, handily outshouting his raucous radio. "*Regardez!*" He held up a netful of wriggling, glittering minnows. "We catch them with tiny hooks and eat them whole. But one must know where to find them. Swimming? Of course. Enjoy yourself."

I stripped and approached the shore a few yards away. "Not there!" shrieked my mentor. "One must know where to swim, too. The current would take you to the bend, where the quicksand would swallow you. Now, if you will do just as I say . . ."

I emerged some minutes later cooled, unscathed, and living proof that the youngster knew his river.

In the evening, after a supper served by a muscular lady whose face presented the color

and expression of an apricot ("the meal pleased you," she stated, omitting the question mark), I found a clean, quiet room above a honeysuckle hedge. Next morning I took the river road to Nevers.

There is much to see in this land of transition from the simplicity of the upper river to the Renaissance opulence of the Val de Loire. Nevers, a supply center since Roman times, is a good place to see it.

For France, the Renaissance was not so much a rebirth of culture, as the name implies, but a great outpouring of new ideas in the arts and sciences, most of them coming at first from Italy. The Duke of Nevers was a Gonzaga from Mantua, and he brought to his French domain both crafts and craftsmen of his native land. The city's 400-year-old ceramics industry is his legacy (page 853).

In the showroom of his establishment, M.



FRANCE—MORE MARKET AND COUNTRYSCAPE (2) BATHING BEGGARVILLE SOCIETY

Montagnon walked carefully among his fragile faïences, selecting and showing them with sure hands.

"There were a dozen *faïenceries* in the old days, and hundreds of artisans. Now there are three shops, of which only ours is original. You must understand that we make *faïence of Nevers*, not simply *faïence at Nevers*. It is hand-glazed, hand-painted, and always hand-formed. Most pieces are one-of-a-kind."

**H**ALF AN HOUR'S run down the left bank brought me to a hilltop huddle of red roofs dominating the valley. This was Sancerre, center of a little land of flocks and vineyards, a village famed for its wine, its goat cheese, and the horror of its history. A Huguenot town, it was besieged and starved by royal troops during the 16th-century wars of religion, until its natives

turned for food to rats, dogs, and weeds, and, even in a few frightful instances, to the flesh of the dead.

Nothing remains of the home of the Protestant Counts of Sancerre except a round tower from whose height the Loire—and a barge canal which parallels it here—can be followed into the far distance. Some twenty miles downstream at Briare this canal takes an unusual turn: It crosses the river. Borne across the Loire by a 2,000-foot aqueduct, which connects it with another canal on the far side, this lofty waterway permits boats to cross the stream without touching it. And just beyond this singular crossing lies Gien.

It is at Gien that the special conditions of wind and water which define the Val de Loire first coincide. The mildness of the still-distant sea begins to be felt. The widening waters begin to deposit strips of rich soil. Here, too,

*RINSED BY RAIN, blessed by a rainbow, Le Puy clusters around table-topped Corneille Rock and its imposing centerpiece, a statue of Notre Dame de France. Cast from Russian cannon captured in the Crimean War, the iron figure surveys a sea of red-tiled roofs and the rugged countryside of the upper Loire. During the Middle Ages, pilgrims flocked to the massive Cathedral of Notre Dame to pray before a statue of the "Black Virgin." French Revolutionaries burned it, but a replacement still attracts worshipers.*

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836





the downstream traveler finds his first royal castle, though not a very elaborate one, and built by a king's daughter rather than a king. And now the hills are left behind, the sky is big, and the river reflects its light.

I watched Gien across the water, arrayed along the river with the chateau resting on a rise above its roofs—a sensible, solemn, semi-feudal mansion. Toward twilight, clouds coursed the sky like homing herds. Children who had been aiding the river in its timeless task of moving sand from one place to another picked up their pails and went home. So did I, to my hotel, where there was bird-shot in the pheasant to prove its authenticity.

Anne de Beaujeu's castle at Gien (below) presents no decorations and no expensive accoutrements of war. The long struggle with England was over when she built it, late in the 15th century, and Anne was not one to waste money on useless elaborations. She was a practical woman of simple tastes. It was perhaps in recognition of these qualities that her parsimonious and misogynic father, Louis

XI, said of her, "She is the least foolish woman in France; for of wise ones, I know none."

The Chateau of Gien now houses a handsome museum of shooting and falconry and the dreary precincts of the recently vacated Palace of Justice and local jail. When I entered the building, its rooms rang with the age-old call of the hunting horn; no spectral sounds but those of the curator, M. Henri de Linares, practicing in his quarters (opposite).

Soon he joined me, a gentleman as courtly as any of his predecessors in these antique halls. He spoke fondly and knowledgeably of his superb weapons, pointing out a crossbow, beautifully decorated with staghorn, an ivory-encrusted arquebus, an antique air rifle, then sent me with a guide to the unseen subterranean spaces below the castle halls.

There, in musty darkness, our flashlights revealed the studded doors and bolts of ancient oubliettes, and the sad stigmata of imprisonment: stenciled numbers and regimented grease stains of the abandoned modern lockup.

In a beautifully vaulted room of great age,



Music of the hunting horn echoes through the Great Hall of the Chateau of Gien. Now a museum, the castle houses a collection of weapons, tapestries, paintings, and engravings depicting the history of the chase. Curator Henri de Libares, at left, himself a hunter, wears the habit of a *premier*—one who rides to hounds after stag and boar.

Warm sands of Gien lure sunbathers and swimmers, but a barricade warns against a treacherous stretch of the Loire. Beyond the river rises the severe castle built in 1484 by Anne de Beaujeu, eldest daughter of Louis XI. The 15th-century bell tower at left is all that survives from the original church of Joan of Arc, a gift to the town by Princess Anne.



strange iron hooks were set in the wall "to hang meat, perhaps," suggested my guide with a macabre smile, and added, "Over there are bits of evidence from recent trials. See, a boot with a bullet hole, pouchers' snares, broken bottles. . . ."

I emerged in time into sweet air and sunlight and followed the left-bank road to Gien's exact antithesis, the Chateau of Sully. A white-walled fighting fortress, Sully was born of battle. Massive, moated, turreted, it is a lovely monument to feudalism. I stood for a while among its sighing cypresses and saw in its blind windows the shadows of its medieval masters.

**S**ULLY was a military outpost of Orléans, the walled sanctuary of the eastern Val. Today a clean, prosperous town, bombed out and rebuilt, richer in the remembrance of things past than in its physical legacy, Orléans was once the key city of central France. The English recognized it as such and laid siege to it in one of the crucial engagements of the bitter Hundred Years' War. It was here that the illiterate farm girl Joan of Arc won the day for her faltering ruler Charles VII; her heroism led eventually to her trial and death.

The strange alliance of Joan and Charles began in March, 1429, at the fortress of Chinon, where the weak-willed successor resided while England threatened his throne. The simple girl, driven by voices and visions, came before Charles as he hid among his courtiers. Strong, dark-skinned, unabashed, she singled him out at once and begged him in God's name to assume his crown and drive the English from the land.

Charles believed in her, it seems, because only in doing so could he believe in himself. He gave her a small army. She entered Orléans, exhorting its exhausted citizens to rally to her banner and counterattack. On May 8 the city was freed.



*MODERN MAIDS OF ORLÉANS stroll the Place du Martroi, where a bronze Joan of Arc commemorates the young farm girl who vanquished English invaders five centuries ago. The grateful city still celebrates its deliverance every May.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL





Joan, accused by her enemies of sorcery and heresy, was later sold to the English and burned alive after a long, false trial during which the triumphant Charles, aptly nicknamed "the Well Served," did nothing to save her. She was not yet 20 years old.

Below Orléans' urban sprawl lies the village of Meung, and in Meung there are many millers. Here, in earlier days, the harvests of the northern plateau were milled by the force of brooks rolling down to the river where the Loire's merchant navy, plying between Orléans and the sea, carried the flour away.

Over the whirr and clatter of his machinery, a dusty young man with the build of an acrobat and the speech of a collegian commented on milling at Meung.

"The locale was perfect," he shouted. "Supply, power, transportation, all at our doorstep. We still have the supply. Loire shipping died a hundred years ago with the silting up of the river, so we use the railroads. The

brooks have dwindled, so we use electricity. And people still eat bread. Ours is an old trade, a good trade."

Nearby, on the river flats, a blue-smocked farmer was engaged in a profitable new project. He climbed off his tractor-sprayer to tell me about it.

"See all these apple trees, trained on wires to spread out like fans? You've seen such trees espaliered against the walls of our old buildings, to beautify them. Here the practice is practical. The two-dimensional trees take sun and spray well, and the harvest is easy. The oldest are only ten years old, yet observe how they produce.

"Once this was all vegetable country. We made big crops and little money, and we worked too hard. Now the work goes quickly, and the prices are good." He mounted his rig and trundled away in a cloud of insecticide.

A SHORT drive brought me to Beaugency, stretched beside the stream in enchanted sleep, dreaming of other days. A single square tower rises near the river, remnant of a feudal fortification. Elsewhere venerable houses, set along winding ways, comfortably encompass fragments of still older structures.

The town's bridge is one of the finest on the Loire, and naturally there is a story about it. The devil built it in a single night to trap the soul of the first person to cross it. But the wise citizens sensed his purpose and prudently sent

Afflame with light, the Chateau of Blois brings the past hauntingly alive in the spectacle of *Son et Lumière*—a pageant combining music, dialogue, and ingenious lighting.

A succession of owners turned the castle into an architectural catalogue of styles from Romanesque to neoclassical. In this wing, the spectacular creation of François I, a winding staircase open to the air spirals from ground to roof. Some experts believe Leonardo da Vinci influenced its design during the years he spent in the Val de Loire as a guest of François.

"Most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance," writer Henry James called this white limestone masterpiece.

Secret cabinets that may have held the prisons of Catherine de Médicis fascinate young visitors to Blois. Scene of dark intrigue, the chateau witnessed the murder of King Henri III's political adversary, the Duke of Guise, at the ruler's command.

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RICHARD L. BENTON, PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LONERAN © 1984







EDUCATION BY DEAN CORNELL AND HÉLÈNE KAHNARDY (OPPOSITE) © R. K. S.

**Pride of Sancerre**—creamy goat cheese and deliciously light white wine. Straw embedded in each biscuit-shaped cheese guarantees the buyer that a farmwoman made it in her home.

**Vouvray's** grape harvest brings pickers to the region north of Tours whose fruity white wine evokes accolades from connoisseurs the world over. Harvesters with buckets on backs gather Chenin grapes and gently tamp them in wooden vats.

**Sunshine in a bottle**, sparkling Vouvray bubbles like champagne and resembles it in taste. Most Vouvray wines are still, but the addition to this variety of a little sugar before curking causes a second fermentation and a head of foam.



a cat instead of a man. One cat's soul was all "the Other One" got for his trouble.

The trickle in the mountain meadow and the spout in the stable seemed far away. Here the Loire flowed forcefully, a quarter of a mile wide. Already it was well into the legendary Val de Loire, the region of royal residence, whose full flowering would appear just ahead at Blois, and beyond.

At first glance the famous Chateau of Blois seems unremarkable. It is not nearly so large as the imagination would make it. It has no unity. Its wings are of different ages, different styles, and different materials, seeming to ignore each other's existence.

Yet in its detail and in its separate parts the Chateau of Blois is beautiful and impressive, even though it is richer in its past than in its

present. And it is the perfect place to encounter the shades of the Val's great men and to begin an exploration of their special and individual creations.

I entered Blois as part of a large, noisy, and cosmopolitan tour group. It included a dozen different nationalities plus perhaps a hundred happy, supercharged little Italian schoolgirls who, with their high speed and low center of gravity, outmaneuvered everyone in the doorways and stairways.

We ambled dutifully from wing to wing, from epoch to epoch: through the great hall of the 13th-century Counts of Blois; the red brick Gothic gallery of the poet Charles of Orléans, who, in his 71st year, fathered Louis XII; the late Gothic additions of Louis XII; the white limestone Renaissance elegance





of François I's 16th-century wing, and finally the dreary 17th-century classical wing of Gaston d'Orléans. We saw within the confines of this court the full succession of styles, from medieval onward.

When the tourists had gone, I presented to the chief guard an assortment of credentials and received from him, literally, the keys to the castle. I climbed François' marvelous octagonal stairway and wandered alone through

the empty rooms, larger now in their natural state of silence.

My footsteps echoed as if others followed. The painted eyes of portraits watched. Locks squeaked and hinges creaked. Here, in Catherine de Médicis' "office," four panels out of 237 open at the touch of hidden levers to reveal secret compartments legend fills with poisons (page 842). Here were rooms where the Duke of Guise, rabid anti-Protestant and



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Enchanting island of stone, forested with towers, chimneys, and dormers, Chambord became a passion of its builder, François I. Though "too poor" to pay the ransom of his sons held captive in Spain, he raided church treasuries to keep 1,300 workmen busy raising this largest of the Val de Loire's chateaus.

Succeeding kings of France, great huntsmen all, chased deer and boar in the surrounding Forest of Boulogne. Their ladies watched tournaments and festivals from the rooftop terrace. "A court without ladies," François once remarked, "is a springtime without roses." With the storms of the Revolution, Chambord fell into disrepair until the French Government restored it in the 1930's.

As if expecting the courtiers to reappear, artisans of today keep carvings and embellishments in immaculate condition.



political rival of Catherine's son, Henri III, was assassinated as the King hid listening in his study and two priests in his private chapel prayed for the success of the scheme.

But it is at night that the Chateau of Blois becomes truly believable. In the spectacle of *Son et Lumière*—sound and light—music matched to its several styles adds a new dimension. Light, played like an instrument, directs the eye to this façade or that, blazing

and fading; to a single window glowing, to a gallery alive with the shadows of unseen dancers (page 843).

A voice speaks from the castle: "The spirits love the night. Darkness erases form and time." It is true. The spirits live as voices speak for them. Kings and queens converse in tones of men and women. And this, their home, isolated by night and accented by light, lives too as never under the sun.



Having seen the spectacle of sound and light at Blois, the wise traveler will hurry on before his soaring imagination is shot down by the town's brisk contemporary bustle.

Across the river, bright among dark woods, I could see Chambord, the most fanciful and complicated castle in France. Only François I, that brash, swashbuckling egotist and paragon of the French Renaissance, could have ordered so wildly spectacular a dwelling. I approached it down a perfectly straight road more than a mile long, at the end of which its forest of lantern towers, chimneys, pinnacles, and turrets loomed in frozen fantasy (preceding pages).

An American airman standing near me stared thoughtfully for a few moments, then shook his head. "Wow!" he said. It was as valid a critique as any.

Chambord is the biggest of the hundred-odd chateaus of the Loire, and had the least reason for being. It has been called "passionately personal" and "a true domicile of abso-

lute monarchy." François loved it and emptied the national treasury to build it. Then he used it as a hunting lodge.

It took a man of vivid personality to live happily at Chambord. François' son Henri II managed a few visits, but no other king came to live in that limestone extravaganza. It was given by the crown to a series of deserving friends and relations, who no doubt lived out their privileged stay in overawed boredom.

**F**RANÇOIS' funhouse is the first of an alliterative trio of chateaus which adorn the region of Blois: Chambord, Cheverny, Chaumont—names that sound like a song. The three could hardly differ more.

Cheverny, a 17th-century classical mansion, is a lordly dwelling rather than a royal residence. Strangely, this blandest of chateaus is the product of a misalliance and a murder. The Count of Cheverny, finding his wife in another man's arms, killed her lover on the spot and offered her a choice between





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Room fit for a king: Persian silk graces bed and canopy in the King's Chamber in Cheverny. Tapestries portray scenes from the *Odyssey*; paintings adorn ceiling and mantel. In royal times, every chateau reserved its most handsome room for a visit from the monarch.

Sunshine streaming through its windows pierces the rich brown gloom of the Guardroom (upper right). The 15th-century tournament armor conjures up the days of chivalry.

"A light, sweet mansion . . . looking over a wide green lawn and groups of trees," Henry James wrote of Cheverny more than half a century ago, and so it appears even today.

Cheverny, unlike most Loire chateaus, is used by descendants of its builders. When the tide of tourists ebbs each fall, its owner, the Marquis de Vibraye, returns for the hunting season.



Mirror-calm waters of the Loire part for the Ile d'Or as they glide slowly past the town of Amboise and its chateau. During the Renaissance, Charles VIII imported Italian sculptors and decorators to



RECONSTRUCTED BY JEAN LAMONIER © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

embellish his favorite castle, but in 1560 a massacre of Huguenots stained its glory. Abandoned by royalty, the buildings decayed; the few still standing represent only a dim shadow of past magnificence.



STYLING: J. J. J. J.

poison and the sword. She chose the former.

For his breach of good taste, the count was confined for some years to his lands on the Loire. There, having nothing else to do, he married his bailiff's daughter. Later he wearied of her and went off to serve his king. To divert herself, his bride began to build the present chateau. In time her husband returned, fell in love with her creation—and perhaps herself—and devoted his fortune to completing it.

The particular glory of Cheverny is its sumptuous interior (pages 848-9). One of the few castles still occupied by descendants of its builders, it has been kept as it was 300 years ago. It is alive with color and the warmth that can come only from human residence.

In the old days the poor land around Chambord and Cheverny remained in its natural state and served its natural purpose, which was to supply game. Chateau country was hunting country. Now small farmers work the meager soil, making modest crops in patchwork fields between hedgerows. The villages are peaceful and unpretentious. They suggest the indolence of the Val people, which is epitomized in a famous parable:

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes!"

"Then fetch your bowl and get some soup."

"I'm not hungry any more."

In one such hamlet, called Les Montils, I heard the unhurried ring of a blacksmith's hammer and stopped to watch him in the darkness of his shop. He beckoned lazily.

"*Entrez donc*—come in. Forgive me if I continue to hammer. I am making a horse-shoe, and the horse is on his way. A writer, eh? Then you're interested in the artistic side of life. The old skills, like mine. I am not just a shoer of horses. Here! A 17th-century piece, a wrought-iron wall bracket. Made it myself. Ah, the devil, here comes the horse."

In the empty street he and the man who came with the horse exchanged gossip as they lifted and trimmed the great, docile hoofs.

**T**HE SOUTHERN plateau skirts the river in this section, raising its limy cliffs a hundred feet or so above the Loire. Chaumont, the third of Blois' great outlying chateaus, stands on the height of the land, commanding the river (page 854). Its entrance is a drawbridge set between towers. Unlike florid Chambord and genteel Cheverny, designed for gracious living, Chaumont is a strong point.

No king dwelt at Chaumont, but it has close royal connections. Upon the death of Henri II, his widow, Catherine de Médicis, acquired the place as an instrument of vengeance. During the king's lifetime, Catherine, an

Wands of willow flick back and forth in the deft hands of Nestor Metzuan and his son Claude, as they weave wicker chairs and screens in their cave workshop at Villaines-les-Rochers.

The Metzuanes pick the slender branches on the banks of the Indre River in January, then let them stand in water until May before stripping off the bark. Stored dry until needed, the willow must soak for 24 hours to become pliable enough for weaving.

"My great-grandfather was a wicker worker," says young Claude, "and maybe even his father before him." Some families in Villaines trace furniture-making forebears to the 1600's. In 1849 the village priest organized the artisans into a cooperative that still functions.

Wielding an oarlike spoon in a giant pot, chef Jean Gaudin stirs a fish sauce at the canning plant of Amieux Frères in Nantes. Needing no recipe, he relies on memory to add just the right amount of each ingredient as he blends crab meat, tomatoes, flour, butter, white wine, and Armagnac. Fresh vegetables grown in the Loire Valley ride a cart to the processing tables.



Blue flowers bloom beneath the brush of an artist at the Montagnon pottery shop in Nevers. Hand-glazed, always hand-formed, most pieces are unique. An Italian from Mantua, who became Duke of Nevers in 1565, introduced the making of faience to the townspeople.

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Grace of Chenonceaux and strength of Chaumont mirror the spirit of different ages. Chenonceaux' Renaissance façade sweeps across the placid Cher River, inviting guests to pursue a life of peaceful pleasure. Only 12 miles away, Chaumont's feudal towers (below), built for war, command a hill above the Loire.





RECONSTRUCTED BY GARY COMPTON (ABOVE); AND NICOLE JEANNEAU © R. G. & S. PHOTOGRAPHIC CREATOR



Rivals for a king's heart changed the history of two chateaus. Diane de Poitiers (left) received Chenonceaux as a gift from King Henri II. She lavished attention on the castle, building a pierced bridge to the right bank, and laying out the huge formal garden. When the thrust of a tournament lance killed Henri, his embittered Queen, Catherine de Médicis (right), seized Chenonceaux and forced the grim fortress of Chaumont (opposite, lower) upon her rival. Catherine added a two-story gallery over the bridge; from it guests viewed mock naval battles fought for their amusement on the Cher.

Italian commoner with a quick mind and a sour face had been powerless against her husband's mistress, Diane de Poitiers. Henri had given Diane the castle of Chenonceaux, perhaps the finest in the Val. Now Catherine forced Diane to exchange Chenonceaux for Chaumont. The triumphant queen mother went to live in her rival's lovely castle and Diane, banished from her cherished home, dimmed slowly and died.

There were dull explosions downstream. From Chaumont's terrace I could see smoke trails rising into the belly of a swollen thunderhead a few miles to the west. Again the mortarlike thumping sounded and more trails streaked up into the rolling mass, purple-green as an old bruise. I turned to the guardian watching beside me. "What . . . ?"

"Rockets. The farmers' cooperative has them all over the Val to protect the wheat and the vines from storms. When a big cloud comes, they shoot it right in the bottom with their rockets. Don't think they're not expensive, those rockets; they contain rain-making explosives. But if they make the cloud release





its ruin before it can become hail, the crops are saved. Look! Here it comes now! Run for it!"

The stagnant air moved restlessly. Then thunder crashed and the cloudburst smothered the land. I followed the left-bank road along the rain-blurred river toward my next goal, Amboise. But soon the downpour forced me off the road into a pleasant interlude.

Across the narrow pavement were several caves cut straight back into the cliff, some

fronted with proper doors and windows, some opening into velvet blackness. A gnome with spectacles peered from one of the latter and hollered, "Come in and have some wine!"

I ducked out of the rain into a fragrant grotto with an alcove at the back containing a wine press. On one side was a large sooty fireplace and on the other a spavined table bearing wine bottles.

"My vineyards are right overhead," said the small troglodyte. "That's why this cave belongs to me."

He set out glasses, fastidiously dipping each one into a bucket of river water and polishing it with his shirttail. "Here, try the white." He filled two glasses, toasted me with a wink, and drained his.

"Terrible, isn't it," he apologized cheerfully. "Here, try the rosé. It's good. Expensive, though. I have to ask two francs [40 cents] a bottle for it. Try the red. Try them all. But if you're going to buy any, buy the rosé. *Santé!*"

I went away refreshed and entered Touraine under a clean sky scoured by the retreating storm.

**T**OURAINE is the heart of the Val, just as the Val is the heart of the Loire (and, some say, of France itself). Henry James wrote of it, "In that soft, clear, merry light . . . everything shows, everything speaks."

In such a light I first saw the gray bulk of Amboise, a chateau that is more a place than a building (pages 850-51). It is a fortified vantage point. For several centuries Amboise was the stage for the brutal and brilliant accomplishments of a succession of rulers, commencing with counts and concluding with kings. It was a home for every crowned head who ruled France from the Loire.

In succession came Charles VII, to make the place a royal redoubt; Louis XI, to improve it and keep his wife in it; Charles VIII, to import artisans from Italy and make the castle a center of the Renaissance; Louis XII, to start new living quarters; and François I, to finish them.

François also brought men of arts and letters from beyond his borders, among them Leonardo da Vinci. It is certain that the aging genius, showman that he was, produced brilliant settings and all sorts of illusions for his patrons' parties. Leonardo lent himself more willingly to such transitory achievements than he did to the tiresome task of completing paintings for posterity.



REPRODUCED COURTESY OF BRUNNEN GALLERY  
REPRODUCED BY DEAN LINGER © N.A.S.

Huddled beneath the battlements, houses of Lugeais crowd the castle built to block threatened incursions by the Bretons in the 1460's. But the marriage of Anne of Brittany to King Charles VIII in the chateau's chapel erased the danger.

The somber gray building with its heavy overhanging cornice and slate-roofed towers belies an opulent interior. Jacques Siegfried, an Alsatian, bought the castle in 1885 and spent the rest of his life collecting furnishings to give life to the rooms. His daughter, Mile. Agnès Siegfried (above), still lives in the chateau. Each summer morning she arranges fresh flowers for visitors.

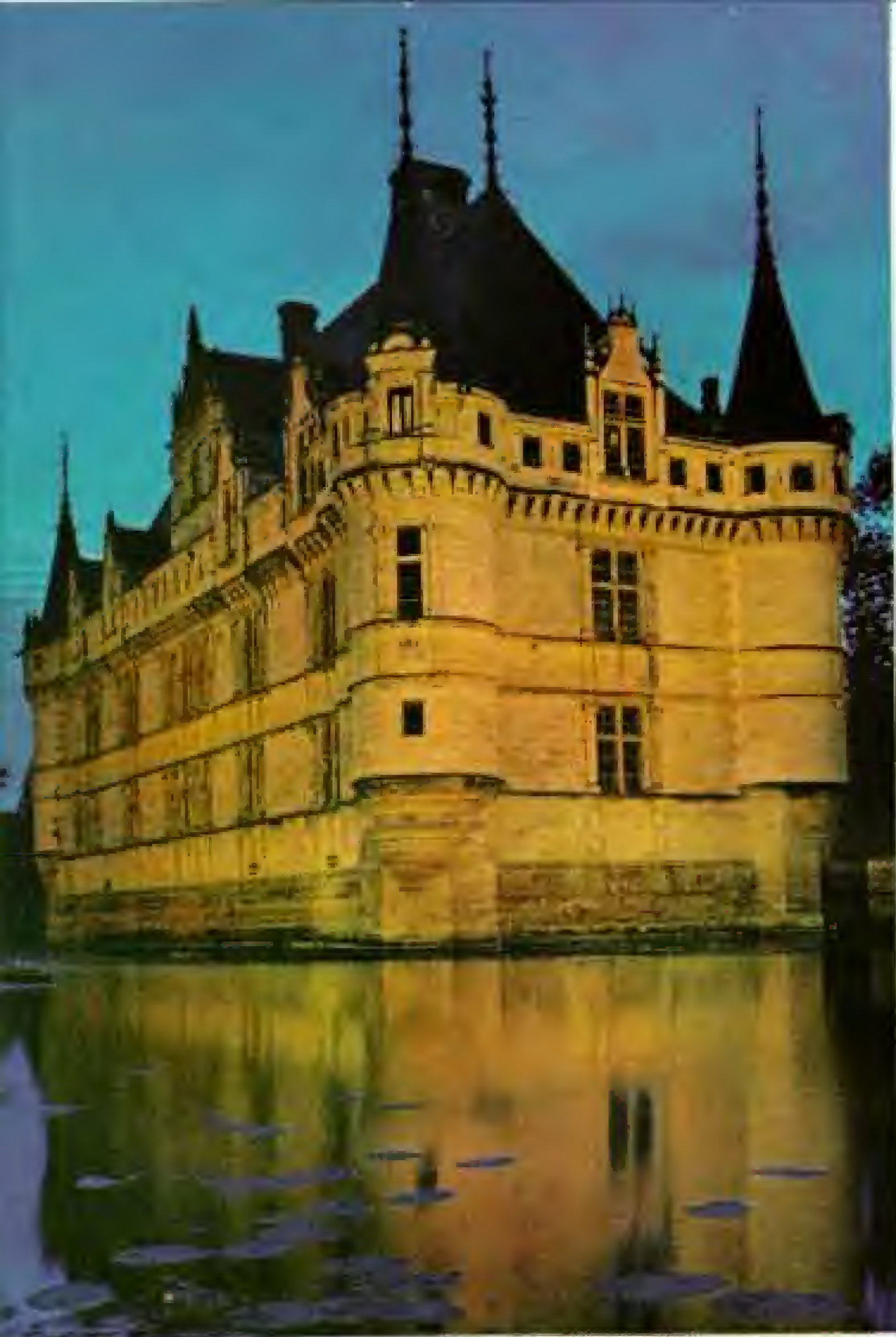


Fairy-tale castle, Ussé inspired author Charles Perrault, who gave the modern world *Cinderella*, *Bluebeard*, and other classics, to retell the ancient legend of Sleeping



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY ROYCE © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

*Beauty* The chateau, rising from the Forest of Chinon, provides the ideal setting for a fantasy about an imprisoned princess, magic spells, romance, and happiness ever after.



CHATEAUX OF AMBOISE BY RALPH L. BARTHELETT © H. V. S.

Henri II was the last monarch to see Amboise at its height. Following his death, his Queen, Catherine, was left as regent for their son, the boy King François II. Troubled times were at hand. The magnificence of Amboise was suddenly fouled by an orgy of slaughter. In 1560, at the outbreak of the wars of religion, hundreds of Protestant activists were butchered there under the eyes of the court. The gay terraces were stained with blood and the place stank of corpses.

Never again did a King of France live at Amboise. Sickly young François II died, with the massacre fresh in his mind, and his two brothers, who succeeded him, ruled from Blois. Then the court left the Val forever for Paris and its environs.

The glittering castle became a prison, then a private residence, rotting with the passing years. Today the ruins have been cleared away, and what remains has been restored. But there is little left to proclaim that this

Glowing above dark waters of the River Indre, Amboise reflects the tranquil era of the early 1500's, when nobles and financiers raised luxurious mansions in the Val de Loire. Its banker-builder, Gilles Berthelot, spared no expense; indeed, he plundered the royal treasury to assure its grandeur. Fine furnishings and art objects fill the chateau, now a national museum.

was once the beating heart of the French monarchy.

Still, the easy, lazy life of the valley survives with all the timelessness of the river itself. Below the melancholy castle there is a green island. And on this summer day it was decorated with the blue and orange tents of campers idling inexpensively between the cool arms of the Loire.

**I** LEFT THE big river now and headed for its pastoral tributary, the Cher, and the building whose beauty had inspired my pilgrimage. Unlike Amboise, Chenonceaux charms the senses. It is a *château de plaisance*, a pleasure palace. Here no for-

tification intrudes on elegance (pages 854-5).

Chenonceaux' builder was Thomas Bohier, commoner and financier, who got the land by systematically exploiting the ill fortunes of its original and noble owners. He left the building in his wife's charge and went off in the fiscal service of his king. After Bohier's death in the 1520's, an examination of his books showed him to be deeply in debt to the royal treasury. François I received the castle as restitution.

Chenonceaux has a feminine feel to it, with its delicate decor, its mirroring water, its original and discreet arrangement of rooms around a central hall, its revolutionary straight stairway, better suited to spectacular entrances than the standard spiral. And indeed it has always been ruled by women. Diane de Poitiers beautified the building before Catherine took it from her, and Catherine improved upon her predecessor's plans. Other great ladies kept the creation of the renowned rivals in

Cloud-scraping citadel, the Chateau of Saumur sits above the Loire and the town it once defended. Built in the 14th century, the bastion became a Protestant stronghold during the wars of religion in the 1500's. Its collection of antiquities includes ceramics and Limoges enamels and a "Museum of the Horse." In World War II, the castle suffered heavy bomb damage.

perfect repair and magnificently furnished.

I came out onto the drawbridge of Chenonceaux dazzled as much by its treasures as by the slanting sun that gilded its pale stone. For here was an expression of special accomplishment through special privilege beyond the reach of modern monarchs. Such was the spirit of France's absolute monarchy. It destroyed itself, but in its time it created beauty.

Such also was the spirit of Touraine and, according to great writers of the past, of Tours, its capital, toward which I now traveled. Balzac, proud son of that city, wrote:

"Tours has always had its feet in the Loire, like a pretty girl who bathes herself and plays with the water . . . for this town is more smiling, merry, loving, fresh, flowery, and fragrant than all the other towns of the world. . . ."

**B**ALZAC might not recognize his city. Heavily damaged in recent wars, the old artistic and intellectual community has become a market town, a railhead, a tourist center. Yet it is still very much the provincial capital, with a rich tradition and, as always, its feet in the Loire.

But 'Tours' pace has changed with its appearance. A secretary at city hall said, "Today Tours is like any other place. Everyone gets up early; everyone eats at 12:30, an uncivilized hour; everyone hurries and makes money. You won't find the old ways of Touraine here. Look for them in the villages."

I went looking in Vouvray, a commune famed for its wine, and sought out the dean of



RECONSTRUCTION BY KENNETH BRADFIELD © N.Y.C.

Vouvray wine growers, Jules de la Leu. The old man led me into his dining room and ordered up a sparkling white wine from his stock.

"This is a true house of Touraine," he told me. "The front is built up, the rear is dug in. The kitchen goes right into the living rock. There are caves under us and over us. I was born in one of them. Seven generations of de la Leus have lived in this very house. We've always made wine."

He glanced at me. "How do you like it?"

He acknowledged my praise with a nod.

"That, you see, is Vouvray. And what is Vouvray? A wine made of grapes grown on the Vouvray slopes—the slopes, mind you—not the valley below or the plateau above. Our region is small and very sharply defined.

"Buyers tell me that there is not enough Vouvray, that more of the local wines should carry the name. I say nonsense. Only Vouvray is Vouvray, just as only I am Jules de la Leu."

Spirited horses and spirited men of the Armored Corps and Cavalry School at Saumur carry on a proud tradition of horsemanship, even though graduates spend more time in tanks than in saddles. The school's crack riding team, the Cadre Noir, wears uniforms of Empire days as it wheels its steeds in intricate mounted drills.

Mechanized mounts pass in review during the July Carrousel, an annual show in which Saumur cadets display their skill with horses, tanks, motorcycles, jeeps, and helicopters.

Saumur's heritage of gallantry includes a battle at the town itself. In the summer of 1940, the students and their officers, greatly outnumbered, held a crossing of the Loire against a German division for three days. Hundreds of cadets died in the fight.

Restored by my brief sojourn in the present, I plunged again into the past at a place which four centuries of writers have acclaimed the jewel of Touraine. Azay-le-Rideau is no clifftopping keep but a sumptuous little palace of the valley, seated squarely in the quiet water of the Indre (page 860).

The original castle, a military emplacement controlling the tributary stream, was burned five centuries ago, when Charles VII passed that way and was insulted by the garrison. Later the present chateau rose out of the Indre, just as Chenonceaux, at the same time, was rising out of the Cher.

The resemblance did not end there: Both were the creations of financiers. Gilles Berthelot, Azay's owner, considered himself in direct competition with Bohier of Chenonceaux. Berthelot's wife, like Bohier's, directed the construction. Both gentlemen dipped too frequently into the royal till. François I got both castles in payment of their debts.



No one lives at Azay now, or has for half a century. But its rooms are museums of Renaissance art and artifacts and warm with reflected life. So kind and timeless is this fine place that it seemed no more than natural that a group of noisy youngsters were playing in its halls, to run off laughing at the guardian's approach; or that a dozing fisherman drifted a lazy line in the shadow of its walls.

**I**N THE castle-crowded country of central Touraine, no traveler can plot a simple course along the Loire without missing the finest creations of the Garden of France. It is best to roam the tributary valleys of the Cher, the Indre, and the Vienne, following one's fancy and varying one's esthetic fare. But with Azay-le-Rideau, I had ended my wandering south of the river. It was time to regain the main stream at Tours and follow it on its westward way.

Below Tours, in the western part of Tou-

raine, two chateaus guard the riverside routes of the right and left banks. Both were built in the uneasy days of Louis XI, when the form of France was not yet fixed. The first, Langeais, was raised at the king's orders on the right bank to block the path of any invaders from Brittany, which was not yet part of his domain. He could have saved himself the trouble. His son's marriage to Anne of Brittany established peace, and eventually union, between her duchy and France.

Today the frowning feudal building looks almost exactly as it did in the 15th century, largely because its subsequent owners were never sufficiently sure of their royalty-derived tenure or sufficiently fond of the stern old pile to change it. Its formidable towers rise straight from cheerful village streets, pleasantly pretending to threaten the cars creeping past under its weathered flanks (page 856).

Langeais' left-bank neighbor, Ussé, is situated delectably between the edge of the Forest

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of Chinon and the leafy water garden formed where the Indre and Loire lie briefly side by side before joining. It appears as a tangle of white towers among trees (pages 858-9). It, too, has serious defenses designed for the brutality of siege and countersiege. But while Langeais is a manor that remained a fortress, Ussé is a fortress that became a manor. Its owners did not owe their tenancy to royal whim and so, secure in their residence, they beautified the place devotedly, adding to the Gothic design the graces of the Renaissance. Its present aristocratic owner, the Count de Blacas, continues the tradition.

**F**OR A TRAVELER faced with innumerable marvels, occasional and violent contrast is almost essential. A staggering one exists between Azay-le-Rideau and the huge silver ball of France's first atomic power plant. The Chinon plant consists of three units—the newest ranks as the world's largest power-producing reactor—together capable of more than 700,000 kilowatts.

French tourists filled the little glassed-in pavilion where models and diagrams illustrated the workings of the station. A crisp electronic voice explained it. The visitors stared at the ball in admiration and listened solemnly.

"Magnifique!" exclaimed an old man. "I don't understand it, but how big and round it is!"

"One must admit that it shines brightly in the sun," conceded a young man,



THE GARDENS OF BLUE TOWER HOUSES AND WILHEM VANDERBILT (L. & S.)

Gladioli flood a field near Angers, in a region where the deep, sandy soil sustains more than 200 nurseries. The Ernest Turc Company, which grows these blooms, also raises dahlias and begonias. On the horizon a *château d'eau*, or "water castle," stores water for irrigation.

Grim towers of Angers dwarf tame fallow deer grazing in the castle's long-dry moat. Shrubs sprout from windows and narrow slits that once rained death on attackers. King Louis IX built the fortress. Henri III ordered it demolished. Delaying tactics employed by the governor of the city saved all but the upper parts of the 17 prodigious stone towers.



ENTRANCE BY JOHN FOWLER © 1973

At home underground, the family of Jean-Baptiste Marion sits down to lunch. They live near Le Thourell in a cavern, one of hundreds in the region. Most consist of two or three rooms, some boast electricity and running water. Their coolness makes them popular summer retreats for city folk.

Many of the caves date from Roman times, when invading legions of Julius Caesar attempted to smoke out Gauls hiding in the rocky lairs.

Mysterious grotto, part of a labyrinth carved out of limestone 30 feet below the village of Doué-la-Fontaine, once sheltered worshippers. Its pointed arches resemble those of Gothic churches built in the 13th to 15th centuries. A deep-dug well suggests that the grotto provided refuge during the Hundred Years' War and the later wars of religion.

less easily impressed. A small girl asked if the sphere was full of electricity, and the blasé young man, charmed by the thought, intoned: "One has only to open the spigot at the bottom, *et voilà!* Out pours electricity."

**T**HE LEFT-BANK ROAD, leading out of Touraine and into Anjou, crowds the Loire's shore as it moves among its antiquities to Saumur. The old capital of eastern Anjou is an airy town of white houses, scarred by innumerable bullets and topped by a handsome shell of a chateau. As at Tours, the town has lost its archaic aura.

But one great tradition survives from Saumur's gallant past: horsemanship claimed to rival any in the world. The famed 1763 cav-

alry school of Saumur, now largely concerned with tanks, continues to produce superb riders. The equestrian tradition goes back to the days when the chateau on the heights was the scene of jousts and tourneys (pages 861-3).

"We stress riding, even though our young officers will command armored vehicles," a Saumur instructor told me. "An officer should learn to dominate another living creature before he is called upon to dominate men."

As we walked among the drab buildings, students hurried past, saluting. Horses' hoofs thumped in the training ring. Engines whined and iron treads clanked near the tank sheds.

"It is a school like another," the instructor said with a shrug. "To the eye, I mean. Not to the spirit."



ESTABLISHED BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The martial sounds of Saumur brought to mind a campaign that rocked this region in relatively recent times. North of the Loire, Lt. Gen. George Patton began his daring dash across France in the summer of 1944. For the protection of his long southern flank, Patton relied solely on the river and the reconnaissance planes and fighter-bombers of the XIX Tactical Air Command, under Brig. Gen. O. P. Weyland. When asked if this did not worry him, Patton gave a characteristic answer: "Let the enemy worry about *his* flanks."

The surroundings of Saumur boast sights that span civilization. If the steel steeds of the cavalry school are ultramodern, the weird dolmen of Bagneux is older than history. I found it behind a small cafe, a few miles and

a few millenniums away from busy downtown Saumur.

It is a long, gloomy hut of stone slabs set on edge and roofed with others, most of them 15 feet on a side and about two feet thick. The weight of these pieces is immense. They are not of local rock. How were they brought here? How put in place? Archeologists may guess, but an old man of the neighborhood felt he knew.

"The Gauls were not afraid of work. They went to a lot of trouble to build this thing, and they could do so because they were immensely strong. And big, like Americans," he added. "You might not believe me, but I've often seen Americans eight feet tall. Such were the Gauls."

I did not spoil his tall tale by admitting my own American nationality, but set my five-foot, eleven-inch self once more on a downstream course.

**B**ELOW SAUMUR I crossed to the right bank and the beginning of a new kind of country. Here the plateau was set far back from the river, which passed through thousands of acres of fine alluvial fields protected by dikes. The forests were gone. Houses were no longer of close-fitted limestone blocks but dark-walled, rough-surfaced, built of thin courses of slate and schist. This was the "Black Anjou." Ahead was Angers, the last

city of the Val de Loire and the site of its last kingly castle (page 864).

The colossus of Angers did not begin as a royal edifice. It was for two centuries the lair of those perpetual predators, the Foulques, Counts of Anjou. From its somber walls Ner-ra, fiercest of Foulques, galloped throughout the Val to become part of each town's most violent history.

At Tours, he waged war against the archbishop. At Saumur he set fire to the monastery, then, as the building burned, sought to divert divine wrath by making pious promises. He earned disfavor by having a courtier murdered under his king's very eyes.



From here, too, he set out on pilgrimages to the Holy Land to atone for his crimes, returning, refreshed, to commit still greater ones.

French kings took the fort and rebuilt it in its present 17-towered form. So it stands today, shorn of its uppermost battlements, encircled by the honking traffic of a metropolis. There is no echo of human occupancy.

Henry James defined the fortress well: "You cannot do more than look at it, and one good look does your business. It has no beauty, no grace, no detail, nothing that charms or detains you; it is simply very old and very big—so big and so old that this simple impression is enough, and it takes its place in

your recollections as a perfect specimen of a superannuated stronghold."

I found the "one good look" richly rewarding, then left to regain the Loire at Les Ponts-de-Cé, where seven bridges cross its seven branches.

Here, says Michelin's excellent guide to the chateau country, a 16th-century captain named Strozzi committed the unforgivable discourtesy of drowning 800 camp followers; these undisciplined women slowed his march, so the rough captain had them thrown into the Loire.

The road west from Angers leads out of the Val, which ends before Nantes, a city that properly belongs to Brittany. The Val's last lands bridge the gap between antiquity and modernity. They complete a sequence begun in the rude ruins of Velay, where the Loire and its civilization were young. Here the river, like the imposing manors along its shore, is big and serene. It is an old, sophisticated stream flowing seaward in casual curves.

AS I DROVE westward, the Loire lands changed: villages were denatured by modern incongruities. The first ships loomed over the fields near Nantes. A refinery sprawled on the right bank, bigger than any palace. Then St. Nazaire, all new, all clean, smelling of salt wind. Beside the Loire, no river now but a wave-streaked estuary, the gray mass of a former Nazi submarine base squatted, forced by function into the massive mold of all fortified keeps.

From the top of an abandoned lighthouse I watched the Loire lose in its last few miles the character of a regal waterway and begin its maritime metamorphosis. Ferries crossed its widening mouth. Fishing boats huddled in a protected basin where terns wheeled. A freighter flying the American flag stood outbound for home. The Loire vanished quietly and completely into the all-engulfing sea.

THE END



**River's end:** At St. Nazaire the Loire merges with the Atlantic. Submarine pens built by the Nazis still flank the channel, despite relentless Allied air attacks aimed at destroying them. Now, with peace, only sea birds soar above the stout fishing smacks that moor along the quays.

Lonely Sentinels of the American West

# Basque Shepherders

By ROBERT LAXALT

*Photographs by WILLIAM BELKNAP, JR.*



**T**HE OLD SHEEP CAMP lay in a sheltered hollow. In this high place, the only thing above us was the shoulder of the Sierra Nevada, looming so near that its tattered fringe of wind-blasted trees stood out in clear relief against the skyline.

My father spoke from where he knelt by the open campfire. He said in Basque that he could remember the day when these mountains were filled with sheep: "*Oroitzen naiz mendi horiek ardiez betezielarik.*"

"*Bai,*" I said in assent, knowing what he really meant. In those days, we had had our own sheep in these mountains, too. And here at his old campsite, he was recalling that time.

Sun-bronzed shepherd Fermin Alugaray, like thousands of Basques, came from the Pyrenees to herd flocks in the western United States. Orphaned lamb rides a gunny sack until the herder finds it a foster mother (pages 876-7).

REYNOLDS & CO.





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**The Author:** A second-generation Basque, Robert Laxalt, right, watches sheep shearing with his father Dominique. As youths, Robert and his brothers—one of them now Lieutenant Governor of Nevada—herded sheep for their father. Director of the University of Nevada Press, author Laxalt recounted the visit of Dominique to his French birthplace in *Sweet Promised Land* (Harper & Row, New York, 1957).

Though retired, the elder Laxalt still enjoys camp life. Below, he helps funnel sheep into shearing pens.





Late spring had come, and the earth was still moist from the winter's snow. The wild canaries and jays had returned to the mountains, and the first flowers were raising their faces to the uncertain warmth of the sun. I found it hard to conceive that the bright glitter of Reno, Nevada, lay less than thirty miles away to the north.

I raised up on an elbow to watch my father by the fire. He stooped over the blackened rocks in a pose as old as my memory.

From where I lay on the rough canvas camp bed, I could see the outline of his lean frame and a bronzed face creased with the fine lines that a lifetime of wind and sun had etched there. But now, his wild shock of hair was white.



My father is a Basque, his homeland the Pyrenees mountainland shared by France and Spain (map, next page).<sup>\*</sup> He came to America sixty years ago, at the age of 16, to herd sheep in the lonely mountains and deserts of the Far West. The chronicle of his life is that of thousands of other Basque sheepherders who, for more than a century, have been coming to America to make their lives in that same harsh setting.

Their role in our history has gone nearly unrecorded. Yet, without their incredible capacity to endure hardship and solitude, the great era of western sheep raising would not have been what it was.

Descendants of an ancient race whose origins and language still remain a mystery, the Basque sheepherders of America were urged here by the same restless spirit that lured their forebears around the world as sailors with Magellan and to South America as soldiers with the conquistadors.

Basque sheepherders still come to the West, though the total number of herders in the United States is declining. The old method of raising sheep on the open range is giving way to the trend toward small farm flocks.

This trend and the diminishing of the western range in the face of population needs have spelled the decline of the range-sheep industry. In Nevada, for example, there are some thirty range-sheep outfits operating today. There were twice that number in the years immediately preceding World War II. In another generation, the lone sheepherder and his wandering band may well become a thing of the past.

#### Campsite Conjures Up Childhood Summers

My father read my thoughts when he recalled the mountains filled with sheep. I well remembered. And though it ended for us when my father sold his sheep, it is still a way of life in Basque sheep camps throughout the West.

I looked about me at our camp nestled once more under tall pines that rose like feathered shafts into the arch of blue sky. I saw the worn leather pack bags our burros had carried, the weathered tent in which we had huddled through so many storms, the scarred carbine hanging by its strap from a tree.

And, in the twinkling of an eye, I was carried back to the time when my father had sheep on this same mountain. In the summers, he would take my brothers and me to the

<sup>\*</sup> See "Life in the Land of the Basques," by John E. H. Nolan, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, February, 1954.



Two homelands of the Basque sheepherders lie 5,500 miles apart. In the mid-1800's the first Basques came to America from the rugged Pyrenees border region of France and Spain. Today they and their descendants in the western United States number an estimated 60,000.



**Spring reunion:** In late May or early June, herders of the Allied Land and Livestock Company bring their sheep to the shearing sheds at Scrapper Springs, Nevada. Camping in wagons and tents on the slopes, they share their experiences and adventures of the past year. Few speak English; they converse in Basque, a tongue unrelated to any other European language.

**Golden loaves** of herders' bread rise high in Dutch ovens, one wears the lid's cross-imprint on its crusty top. Basques once scratched every loaf with the sign of the cross before cutting it. Santiago Camino works as camp tender and cook for Allied.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BEETNER FOR THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

range to help him with the band. The camp had been a hustle of activity then.

In the early dawn, when the first gray light was pushing back the night sky, we had tumbled out of our canvas beds laid on mattresses of pine boughs. We dashed our faces with spring water cold as ice. Breakfast was steaming coffee, sweetened with canned milk and filled with crusts of sourdough bread. Then off to start the sheep.

By the time we arrived at the meadow where the band had bedded down, the leaders would be up and waiting. Then would come a multitude of sounds to break the silence of the mountains—the bells of the leaders, the bleating of ewes, the plaintive calls of lambs searching for their mothers, the barking of sheep dogs urging on the stragglers, and our own shrill whistling.

When the sheep had been set on the day's course, they would fall quiet as suddenly as if on a single command. As they moved

through the forest, grazing on wild grass and flowers rich with milky fluid, the only sound to mark their presence in the mountains was the faint tinkling of bells.

At midday they stopped to rest in a familiar aspen grove. We would hike back to the camp, following deer trails through rocks and manzanita. Then came the main meal of our day—an omelet filled with bacon and potatoes, washed down with jets of strong wine from the goatskin *bota* (page 885).

#### Stock Trucks Come for the Lambs

And so it went through the long sun-drenched days of summer. When September came, and with it the first hint of autumn frost, we trailed the several bands of sheep down to the shipping corrals near the highway. There the big stock trucks were waiting, and the grown lambs would be separated and shipped away to market, while the rest of the sheep went back to the range. This was the



**Newborn lamb** curled beneath its mother still wears patches of the bright yellow that naturally stains its coat at birth. In the sagebrush beyond, a herder checks the condition of another ewe and her minutes-old lamb.

**Camouflage coat** saves a life. Finding a dead lamb, a herder removes it from the mother and quickly skins it. Then he fits the pelt like a dog sweater onto an orphaned lamb (right) and nestles the foundling at the side of the ewe that has lost her offspring (left). She usually accepts the substitute as her own because it carries the smell of her dead baby.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIMMY WARE REPRODUCED © 1988 B



time, too, when we would have to lay off one of the herders and say goodbye to him until the next year.

I remembered so well the Basque herders who had worked for us through the years.

There was young Ascona, with his long wedge-shaped face and merry eyes, who sang melancholy Basque songs to us around the campfire at night. There was tragic old Joanes, who longed to go home to the Basque country, but who lost all his savings twice.

The first time came when the bank failed. After that, he saved his money in a suitcase, but it was stolen from him in San Francisco. By that time he was too old to begin saving again, and, heartbroken, he had to give up his dream.

#### Herders' Lot: Loneliness and Hardship

There had been my uncle, whom we called "Oita." My father told us he was the best herder who ever lived. He could bring back the fattest lambs from the summer range and lose less than a handful of sheep to coyotes, mountain lions, and poisonous plants. He had herded past his time, but he refused to quit. One day, in sight of this very camp, he fell from a stroke, and my brother Paul carried him in his arms all the long way down to the main camp near the highway, where the truck was waiting. He never really recovered, and the last time we saw him in the hospital, he had forgotten all his English and could speak only Basque.

Then I remembered Peyo of the wizened face, who lost his mind in the hills. Though Peyo could never afterward herd sheep, my father often hired him to help in the busy lambing and shearing times.

I asked my father how Peyo lost his mind.

"From the loneliness and the suffering," he said. "It happened mostly in the deserts. If a man was unlucky enough to be sent there when he first came, it was a terrible shock.

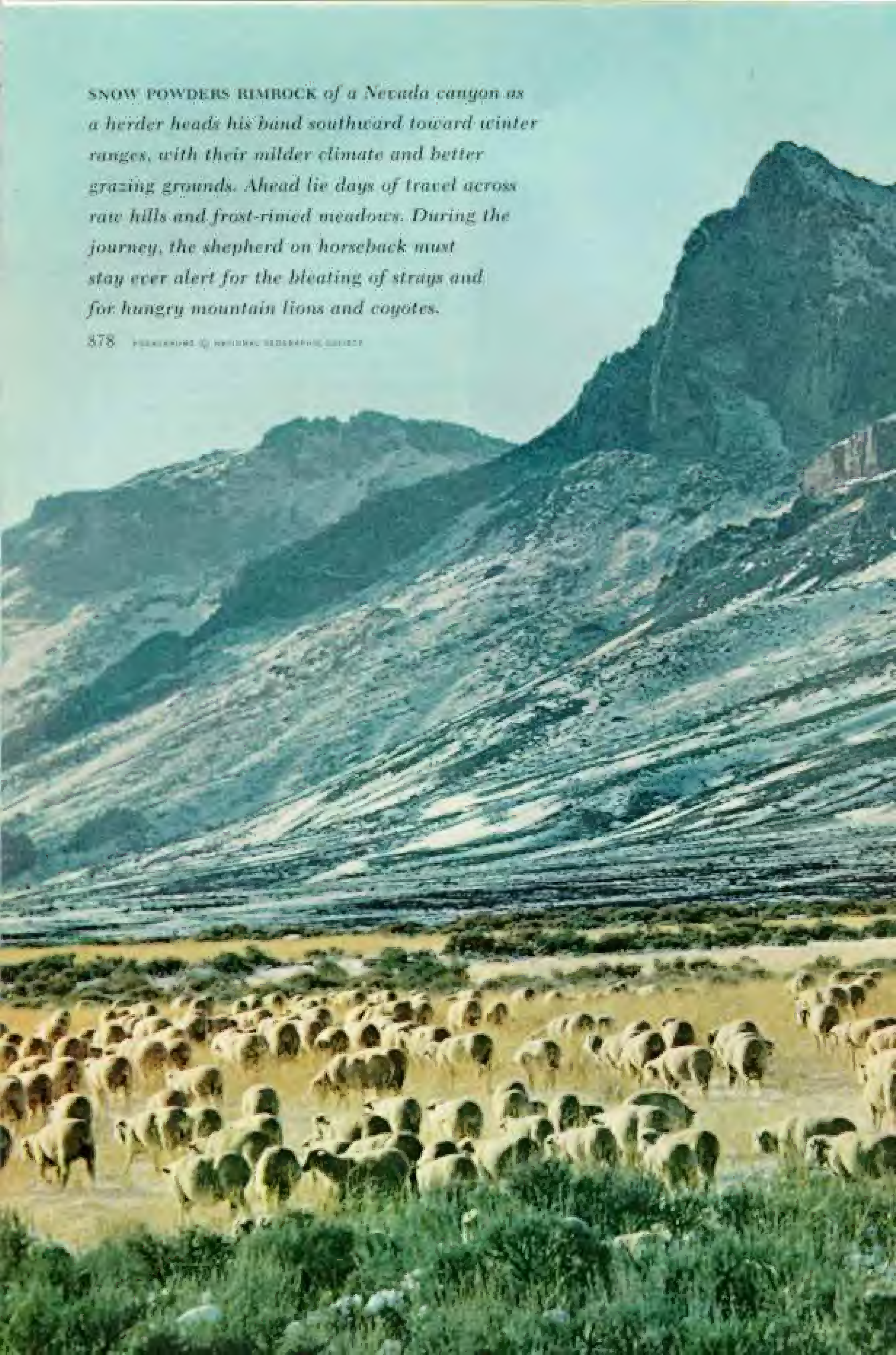
"I remember how it was for me. I wasn't much more than 16 years old, you know. And they sent me into the deserts with a dog and 3,000 sheep.

"I can remember waking up in the morning, and, as far as I could see in any direction, there were only sagebrush and rocks and runted little junipers. Though the Basques are used to being alone, these deserts were something else. In the first months, how many times I cried in my camp bed at night—remembering my home, remembering the beautiful green Basque country.

"In the summer, the desert burned your

SNOW POWDERS RIMROCK of a Nevada canyon as a herder heads his band southward toward winter ranges, with their milder climate and better grazing grounds. Ahead lie days of travel across raw hills and frost-rimmed meadows. During the journey, the shepherd on horseback must stay ever alert for the bleating of strays and for hungry mountain lions and coyotes.

378 PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY







INTERVIEW BY DAN WILLY © R.C.S.

Newcomer to America, Isidoro Aquirre from the Spanish Pyrenees arrives at New York's International Airport. Like the 300 to 400 Basque herders who come to this country annually, he holds a contract for three years' work on western ranges.

lungs, and every day you had a scare with rattlesnakes and scorpions. In the winter, the blizzards tore at you and soaked you so that you were wet and freezing day and night.

"Those first few months, you thought you would go insane. Then, suddenly, your mind turned the corner and you were used to it, and you didn't care if you ever saw people again."

Because the Basques do not like to discuss it, I said hesitantly, "But there were some like Peyo who didn't turn the corner."

"Of course there were some," my father answered. "I remember one in particular, because what happened to him was so strange. We called him Garazi, which was the name of the valley he came from. When he lost his mind, he thought he was in the Basque country. Every day, he would tell us something that had happened in his village that morning.

"The doctors wanted to put him in an

asylum, but we arranged to send him home. Do you know? As soon as he got to the Basque country, his mind cleared up and he never had trouble again. It shows you what homesickness can do."

A few weeks after our visit to the old sheep camp, I made a trip with my father to see the shearing of the sheep at the Allied Land and Livestock Company camp in northern Nevada. Allied is one of the last major range outfits operating in the West. On the way, we stopped overnight at Winnemucca, for more than fifty years a sheep and cow capital.

#### Memories Haunt Nevada Range Town

The Winnemucca Hotel is a Basque hotel. There is a saloon with an ornate bar and oil-cloth-covered card tables where the herders play at *mus*, an old Basque game that is much like poker, a dining room with long tables where everyone eats family style, and rooms upstairs for the sheepherders who come to town.

As we walked in, I noticed that my father's attention was caught by a picture of a mule team on the wall. Before I could ask him about it, a man with chiseled Basque features detached himself from a group and approached us.

"*Euskalduna zera zu?*" he said, asking my father if he was Basque.

"*Bai. Ni eskualduna naiz.*" My father nodded in acknowledgment.

The other's name was Joe de Arrieta, a second-generation Basque like myself, whose father had been a sheepherder, too. I knew better than to ask him how he knew us as Basque—there is a saying that the Basques can recognize one another anywhere in the world.

Over bittersweet *picon* drinks, De Arrieta said to my father, "I've never seen you before. Have you ever been in Winnemucca?"

"Not since 1915," my father answered. "I used to know the town well. When we were running sheep in the northern deserts, I would come in once a month on the railroad to buy provisions and grain for the mules and horses. *Katu!* I would fill a carload with all the supplies."

De Arrieta nodded. "But not any more," he said. "When I was a boy, I worked in the hardware store. Then, sheep outfits would buy wholesale lots of tents and ammunition, and Dutch ovens by the dozen. Now maybe one Dutch oven a year is sold."

"I thought so," said my father. "I don't see as many Basques around. In the old days, you know, this was a good town for the



Basques. What times I had here! But I guess most of the Basques who were my friends are gone now." He began mentioning names, and at almost every one of them, De Arrieta would nod his head that he had died.

"And him, too," said my father, pointing to the mule skinner in the picture on the wall. "Do you know? The last time I was here, I came on that mule team, leading one of my horses behind. I had lost my best saddle horse in the deserts. He cost me \$150, and that was about as much as you could pay for a good horse then. The rustlers had taken him. So I set out to follow. But I got lost, and I almost starved. Then I ran into that mule team, and it was a pleasure to sit down on the wagon after so many days in the saddle."

"Did you ever get your horse back?" asked De Arrieta.

"Oh, yes," said my father casually. "There was a Basque in town who had been herding sheep near the rustlers' hideout. He showed me the way. We went out at night, and I got my horse back without any trouble. We laughed all the way home, thinking how surprised those rustlers would be when they woke up the next day."

After dinner, I took De Arrieta aside and thanked him for his kindness.

"For me, it's a pleasure," he said. "I love to talk to the old Basques. There are so few left. We owe them so much for what they went through in those hills to give us, their children, our start in this country. If we turn out half the men they were, it will be enough."

### Gentle Valley Stirrs a Basque's Vision

Next day, we turned off the main highway near Winnemucca and moved along a good dirt road through Independence Valley, which pierces the gray sagebrush desert like a green broadsword. It was in this same valley that the saga of Basque sheepherders in America really began.

A young Basque adventurer named Pedro Altube sailed to California in 1850 in the gold rush. His experiences there are somewhat obscured, but unlike so many others, he made enough to buy a sizable herd of cattle. He trailed the herd over the Sierra and across the deserts of Nevada until he chanced on Independence Valley. He was so struck by its beauty and the opportunity it offered that here, in 1873, he founded the historic Spanish Ranch.

In the years that followed, he brought scores of relatives and friends to America to help him with his growing empire. In time,



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BULLOCK, JR. © 1968

Constant companion, the sheep dog shares his master's work by day and sleeps at his side under the stars or outside his wagon. He works to hand or whistle signals, but a well-trained dog can keep the band together and round up strays without supervision.

they launched out on their own with cattle or sheep, spreading from California to Colorado and from Arizona to Washington. For this, Altube was to earn the name "*Euskaldunen aita Ameriketan Mendietan*—Father of the Basques in the Far West."

Though no accurate count has been made, an estimated 60,000 Basques live in the western United States today. This number includes both the Basques who emigrated to America and their descendants.

As they became successful, the Basque pioneers sent for their sweethearts, who had stayed behind in the Basque country. Many also sent for brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces. The men worked with the livestock and the women with the myriad chores of housekeeping and cooking, gardening, and conserving that a ranch demands. And so started the Basque colonies of the West, and

the generation of American-born Basques that was to follow.

As for Basques who did not become sheep owners or foremen, but remained herders all their lives, very few married. It was one thing to be an owner who could make a ranch his home base, another to be a herder whose only home was a lonely sheep camp.

Many of the older Basques are still in the sheep business—either as owners or as herders—but their children have gone mostly into city occupations or professions.

#### Fortunes Fall With Sheep Prices

"The big movement of the Basques came after the century had turned," my father said. "Thousands like myself came between then and the 1930's. We all came the same way, without much more than the clothes on our backs. But we were young and strong, and willing to work and suffer for a chance in life we couldn't have had in the old country.

"Though we talked about going home—and some did go—underneath, most of us realized the opportunity was here. It was a raw new land, and we were helping to build it. There wasn't anything a man couldn't do in this western country with work and luck.

"We all started the same way, taking our wages in sheep instead of cash. We would run our sheep with the owner's, until we were big enough to break away on our own."

As he talked, I recalled the famous Nevada sheep names that had begun this way—names like Garat, Iturza, Elia, Jauregui, Etchart, Sayal, and the massive Smoke Creek outfit

of the Peco, Duc, and Iriart brothers, who at one time ranged 40,000 head of sheep. Of Pete Elia, I could remember sheepmen saying he wasn't quite sure just how much land he owned, but that it was somewhere over a million acres.

This had been the big time of sheep in the West—when the Basques who had come as sheepherders twenty years before suddenly found themselves rich men. They kept town houses, dressed in the best suits money could buy, and drove expensive cars. I could remember the legend that if it weren't for the Basques, the Cadillac agency in Reno would have gone broke.

Then, without warning, came the livestock crash of the 1920's. The market dropped out from under the stockmen, and sheep were worth next to nothing. In an instant, most of the Basques lost everything for which they had endured so many hardships—their sheep, ranches, land, and all the elaborate dressings of town houses, cars, and jewels. It happened to my father, too.

But it was not in their nature to give up in despair. They had begun with nothing, and the memory of it was not that far away. Without shame, they went back to the mountains and deserts, roaming from one outfit to another, taking whatever work there was.

Many of the hardy Basque women followed their husbands through this wandering time, working as ranch cooks. Others stayed behind in the towns, finding jobs in the Basque hotels and restaurants until they could be together again with their husbands. And



though many of the Basque men never regained their former heights, they saw the day when they had their own outfits again.

### Shearing Time Takes Over Camp

We had left the lush greenery of Independence Valley. Now we struck out with our pickup truck deep into the back country, jolting through narrow ravines and under long bluffs of sheer rimrock that towered like fortresses over the desert hills.

The Allied sheep camp lay in a shallow ravine, and the sight of it was like that of every sheep camp in the West—a forlorn speck of life in an immensity of loneliness (pages 874-5). There were the weathered corrals enclosing little postage stamps of earth beaten bare by countless hoofs, a cluster of crude sheds sided with brown boards, the trailerlike camp wagons where the Basque herders slept and ate their meals, dusty pickup trucks with stock racks and loops of baling wire, and the tiny pond of spring water that is life itself in the thirsty desert.

The familiar sounds of the sheep camp at shearing time awoke a nostalgia in me for the years our family had been in sheep—the bleating of ewes being crowded into the shearing pens, the barking of dogs and the shrill shouts of the herders working in the corrals, the whine of clippers wielded by the shearing crew, and the terrified cries of lambs separated from their mothers.

Sheep foreman Tony Mendiguia paused in his corral work to welcome us. Born in the Basque country, Tony became foreman after



Lunch-hour music maker, Santiago Mendieta entertains rangers with Basque melodies on his accordion.

Leaping lambs dash through a chute at Columbia Basin, Nevada. A buyer operates the gate and diverts those ready for market into the shipping corral. Lambs that need further fattening—called feeders—go to another corral. White-faced ewes, the best wool producers, return to the range for breeding.

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eight years as a shepherd and camp tender. His good-natured features, covered with a thick film of gray dust, crinkled into a smile as he told us he had just lost an argument with the boss of the shearing crew.

"I wanted them to shear 200 more head a day," he said. "Yesterday, I won the argument. Today, I lost. Tomorrow, I hope to win again." He glanced at my father. "But that must be an old story to you."

My father nodded. "It doesn't look like anything's changed." He asked Tony how many sheep Allied Land and Livestock was ranging.

"About 14,000 head in Nevada, and 3,000 more in Oregon," Tony explained. "We'll run 5,000 head through the shearing at this camp alone. I have the bands spotted in the hills around us, waiting for their turn in the shearing pens." He made a sweeping gesture with his hand. "Did you see them on the way in?"

"I saw their dust," said my father. "They seemed like small bands."

"Well, we keep each band down to 1,000 or 1,200 head, with two men to each band," said Tony. He grinned apologetically. "From what I understand, it's not like the old days of big bands with one herder alone."

#### Shortage Eased by McCarran Act

My father shrugged. "But it makes sense, if you've got enough herders. They can choose the best feed that way, and the sheep aren't moving like crazy all day long to get enough to eat. It's a protection for the herders, too, in case one of them gets sick or hurt."

Tony nodded. "We've got enough herders." He explained that now they come mostly from the Spanish provinces of the Basque country under a special provision in the United States immigration law. The late U.S. Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada in 1952 put a specific



clause for sheepherders into the law to save the western range-sheep industry, floundering after World War II. Under the McCarran Act, as now amended, nearly 1,200 Basques throughout the West are here today in temporary employment.

Tony took a stub of pencil out of the pocket of his worn Levis and made figures on the board fence. "It works like this," he said. "The typical herder is under a three-year contract to the Western Range Association, a group of the largest outfits. The sheep outfit that needs him agrees to pay part of his plane fare to America, and the herder works out the remainder. After three years, he goes back to the old country for a visit, and then he can apply to come back to America for another three years."



Exuberant Basque Festival each summer attracts sheepherders and other Basques from all over the West to the northeastern Nevada town of Elko. Reno lawyer Peter Echeverria, last year's master of ceremonies, squirts wine from a goat-skin *bota* without spilling a drop—a feat worthy of his heritage. Dancers dressed in traditional old-country costumes introduce spectators to the spirited but exhausting *jota*. Brawny Benito Goitia wins one of the many strength contests by hoisting a 304-pound steel "stone" to his shoulder nine times in three minutes.



I asked if a herder could save enough money to make six years in the hills worth it.

"It's not like the days when the Basques could make big fortunes," Tony answered. "But it's pretty good money even now. The herder makes at least \$230 a month, and also his board and room."

Repeating an old sheepman's joke, my father said, "Well, it's a pretty big room."

Tony rubbed his stubble of beard. "Yes, about a hundred miles across, I'd figure."

"Well," said my father, "it's a chance these young Basques never would have had unless they came to America to herd sheep. With the money they save, they can go back to the

Basque country, buy a little farm, marry, and start their own families."

Tony grinned. "You can be sure they save their money, too. Take young Santiago, the sheep-camp cook, for example [page 874]. He hasn't been to town in months."

In the lonely life of a sheepherder on the open range, it is only at shearing and shipping times that the scattered bands of sheep come together. And so, supper that night in the narrow confines of the cookwagon was a rare reunion. The herders had bedded their sheep in the surrounding hills, taken time to shave and put on clean denims, and come down to the main camp for the evening meal.



In honor of the occasion, Santiago the cook had fixed a special meal of potato salad filled with boiled eggs, a dish of macaroni and tomato sauce, a stew of mutton and onions, and applesauce dessert.

For the sheepherders, it gave a welcome respite from usual fare. By the time the sheep have stopped grazing at the end of a long day, the herder usually is too tired to cook anything but an omelet or warmed-over beans before crawling into his bedroll.

Their faces glowed ruddy in the light from the single lantern. They sat as Basques will sit, with elbows planted firmly on the table, talking and gesturing as they ate. There was

serious talk, and they would lean forward intently with furrowed brows. There was happy talk, too, and features would be transfigured in rare laughter. There were bursts of song, and the men would suddenly become melancholy, remembering homes and families and sweethearts thousands of miles away.

#### Festival Brightens the Lonely Year

Talk turned to the Basque Festival that would be held in August in the nearby town of Elko. An annual affair, it draws Basques from nearly every state in the Far West.

Basque dancers would wind through the streets in a vivid blur of berets and crimson sashes, white rope sandals, and gay green skirts. There would be singing of old country songs in Elko's many Basque bars, storytelling, and much debate about Luis Basterrochea's chances in the weight-lifting contests against the champion, Benito Goitiaandia of Idaho (page 885), and whether an unknown wood-chopper might emerge to challenge "Little Ferrico," who could cut his way through logs like a machine saw.

Above all, the festival would bring a reunion for the old Basques, with their narrow Stetsons and sun-creased faces. For the shy young sheepherders, the festival would be their only touch with civilization in a year.

Santiago wondered how many Basques would come to Elko for the festival this time. I told him. "Lou Uriarte and Ray Goicoa say they expect 2,000 or more. At least 1,000 pretty Basque girls," I added with a grin.

Santiago whistled and looked imploringly at Tony, the sheep boss. "*Debrío*—the devil!" said Tony, "you can go. You've been in the hills too long. But for the rest of you, I can't say yet. We will have to arrange who can go and who stays with the sheep." He ignored the chorus of moans by upending the wine pouch and taking a drink.

After dinner came the storytelling, and the *bota* made its rounds. Emilio, barely past 20 and enamoured of western horses, wanted to hear of the range wars between sheepmen and cattlemen. My father told him that most

Trailing through autumn snow, sheep search the ground for edible shrubs. Herdsman rides in the middle of the flock, where he can see both pacesetters and stragglers. After months of lonely life on the range, he yearns for the sound of other human voices and the comforts of civilization.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



of the trouble had really been in Wyoming and Montana, where lone sheepherders were murdered by bands of masked riders, their valuable dogs burned alive, and the sheep dynamited or stampeded over cliffs.

My father remembered well one incident in Nevada. A cow outfit had brought in a professional badman to harass the sheepherders.

"One time, the badman sneaked into a sheep camp when the herder was gone and put cyanide into the bread," my father related. "When the herder cut the new loaf—he scratched the sign of the cross on it, as we all did—he gave the first piece to his dog. So he saved his own life."

Emilio was indignant. "Didn't the Basques do anything about it?"

My father raised his hand. "The time came when the badman went too far. He roped a herder and dragged him to death over the desert. It was an awful thing to see how he must have suffered. So the Basques got their rifles and went after the badman. He died with a dozen holes in him, and that ended all the trouble in a hurry."

Fermin, a stolid young Basque who was going home in a few months, wanted a snow-storm story to take with him. My father obliged, and told him how a herder far out in the deserts had suddenly gone snow blind.

"He was in a bad situation, you can imagine. He couldn't see to find his way back to the camp. And he knew that if he started wandering, he would get lost and freeze or starve before the camp tender found him.

"Then he heard the sheep, and got the idea that saved his life. He stumbled and crawled in the direction of the sounds. When he was in the middle of the sheep, he caught hold of one by the wool. He held on to that wool for a whole day and a night until the camp tender found the band, and him with it."

Santiago Mendieta, a trapper for Allied (page 883), had come into the wagon to listen.

Santy is notorious for his wry humor.

He added a story of his own for Fermin.

"It happened one winter," Santy began, "when the snows had bogged down thousands of sheep and cattle in the deserts. The Air Force was carrying hay to them in their Flying Boxcars. Anyway, this one plane passed over a band of sheep and saw the herder waving. So it dropped bales of hay.

"One bale killed the herder's burro, and another leveled his tent. The funny thing about it was that the herder was only waving to signal that he was fine. But he sure wasn't fine after that."

Before dawn on the day we were to say good-bye, I climbed high up on the hillside to watch the sheep camp come to life. By the time I reached the bottom of the rimrock, the eastern horizon was edged with silver. Range upon range of mountains stretched out on all sides, lying one past the other as far as the eye could see.

In the crystal morning air, the waking sounds of the sheep camp carried up to me clearly. I heard the clink of a washpan, the scuff of a boot on bare

ground. I smelled the woodsmoke rising from the slender chimney of the cookwagon.

The distant barking of a dog reached me, and when I turned, I saw a band of sheep streaming slowly out of a ravine. The first sunshine was glowing on their backs. Behind them, wooden staff in hand, moved the solitary figure of a Basque sheepherder.

This was the life our fathers had led, and this was the land they had known when it was new and untouched. And it was a passing thing. The day of the Basque sheepherder was almost done. It had come without fanfare, and it would die as quietly.

It was for our generation to know city occupations and professions. But we had been witness to the kind of men our fathers were. We had tasted the life they had led, the vastness of the land they had walked, the loneliness they had known. We, the sons of Basque sheepherders in America, would remember.



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Then, there is the Electra Fiscal Policy. All Buicks are built to give you the most car for your money. With the Electra 225, though, a little more money — and thus more car — is involved. We keep that clearly in mind. And build the car to last. (Not as much money is involved as most Electra 225 admirers imagine, but let that be our secret. Yours and ours.)

Now then. If you aren't yet on the first team of your choice, get an Electra 225 and see how it feels, in advance. Remember, it's not whether you win or lose, but how you get to the game.

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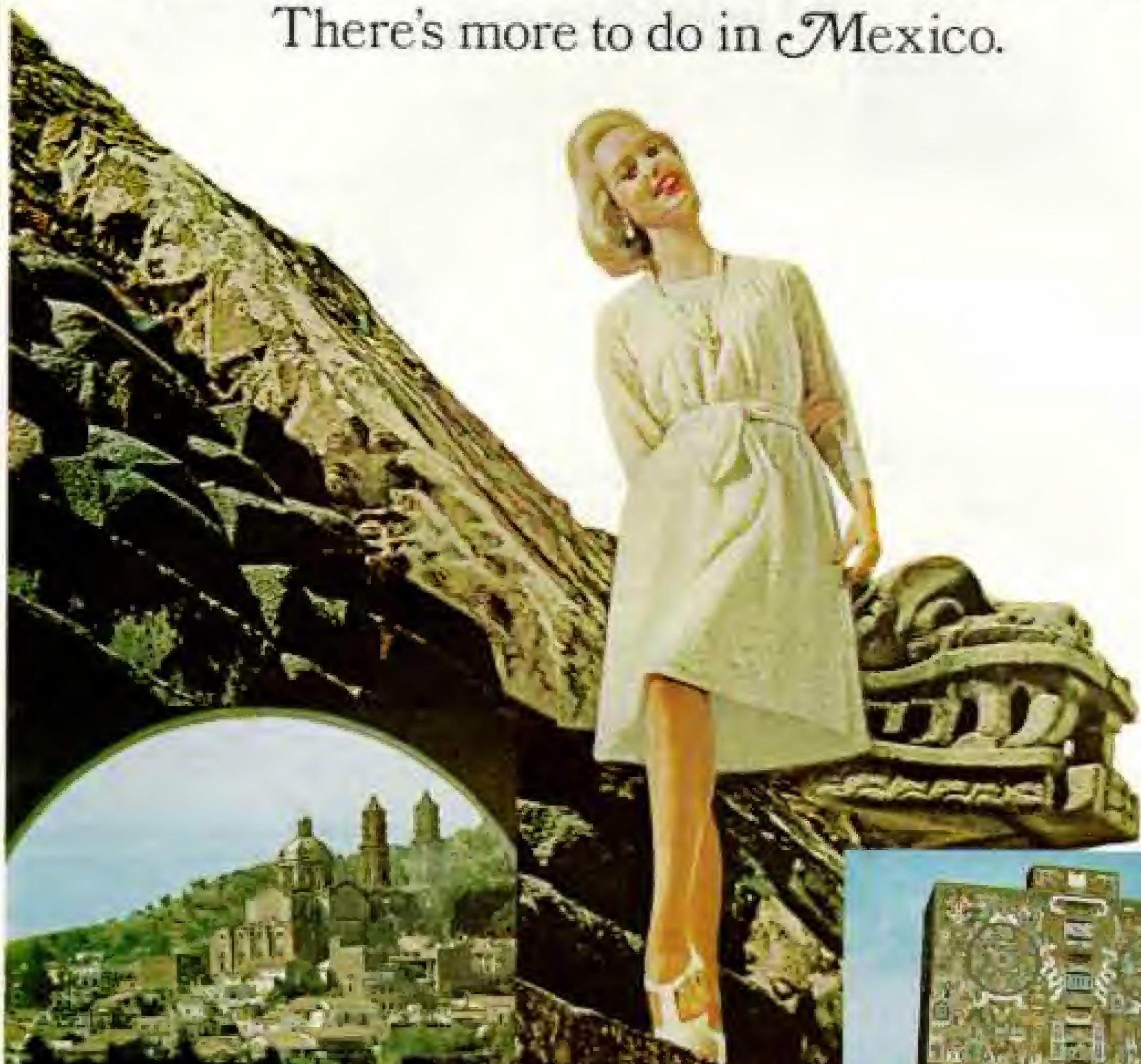
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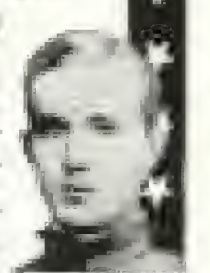
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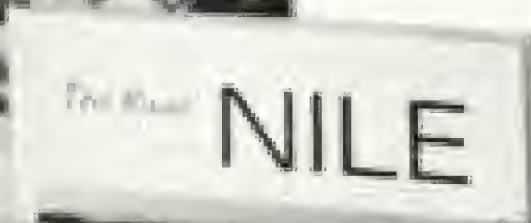
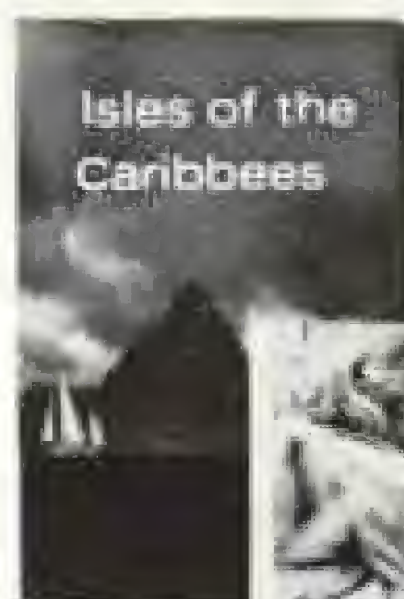
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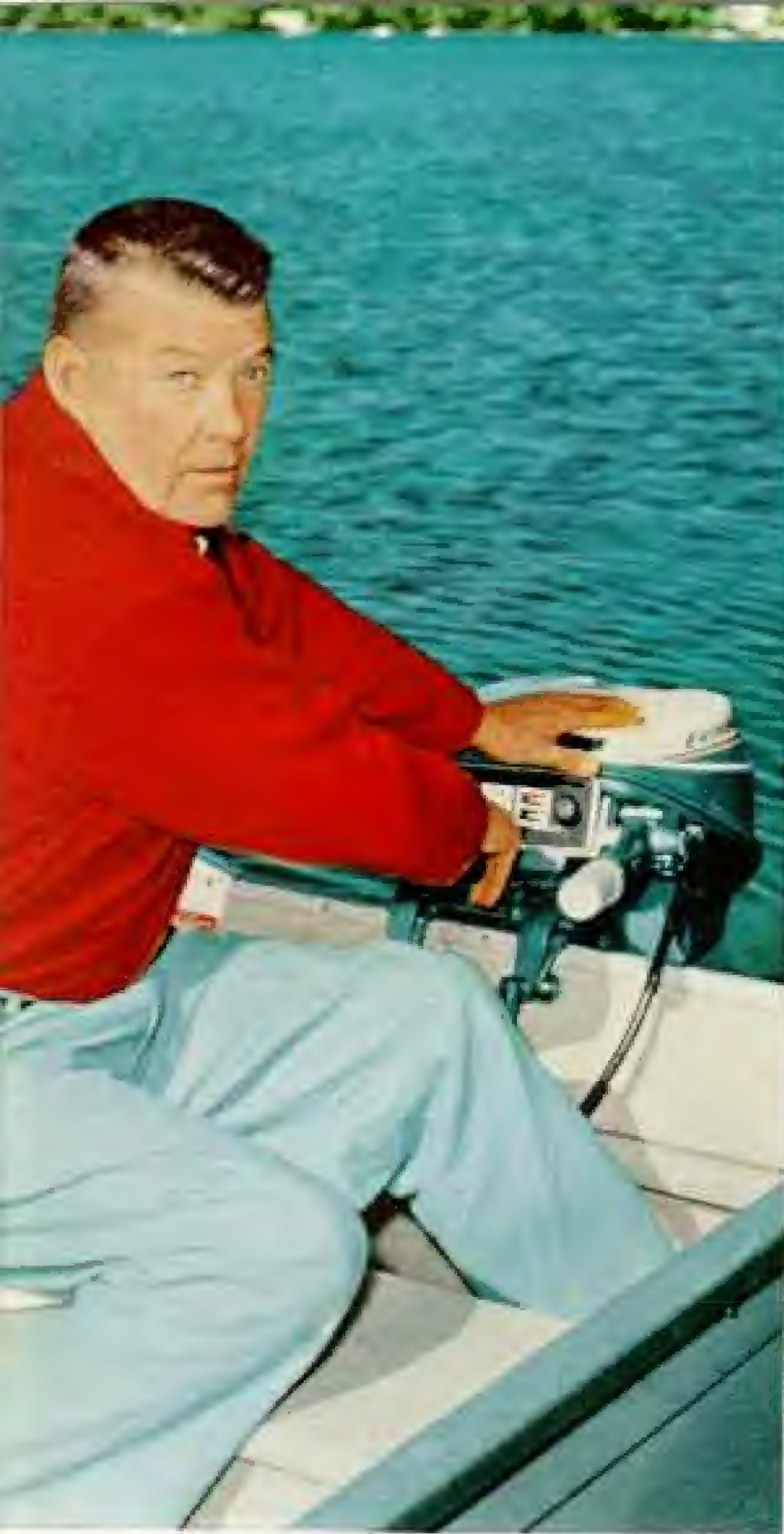
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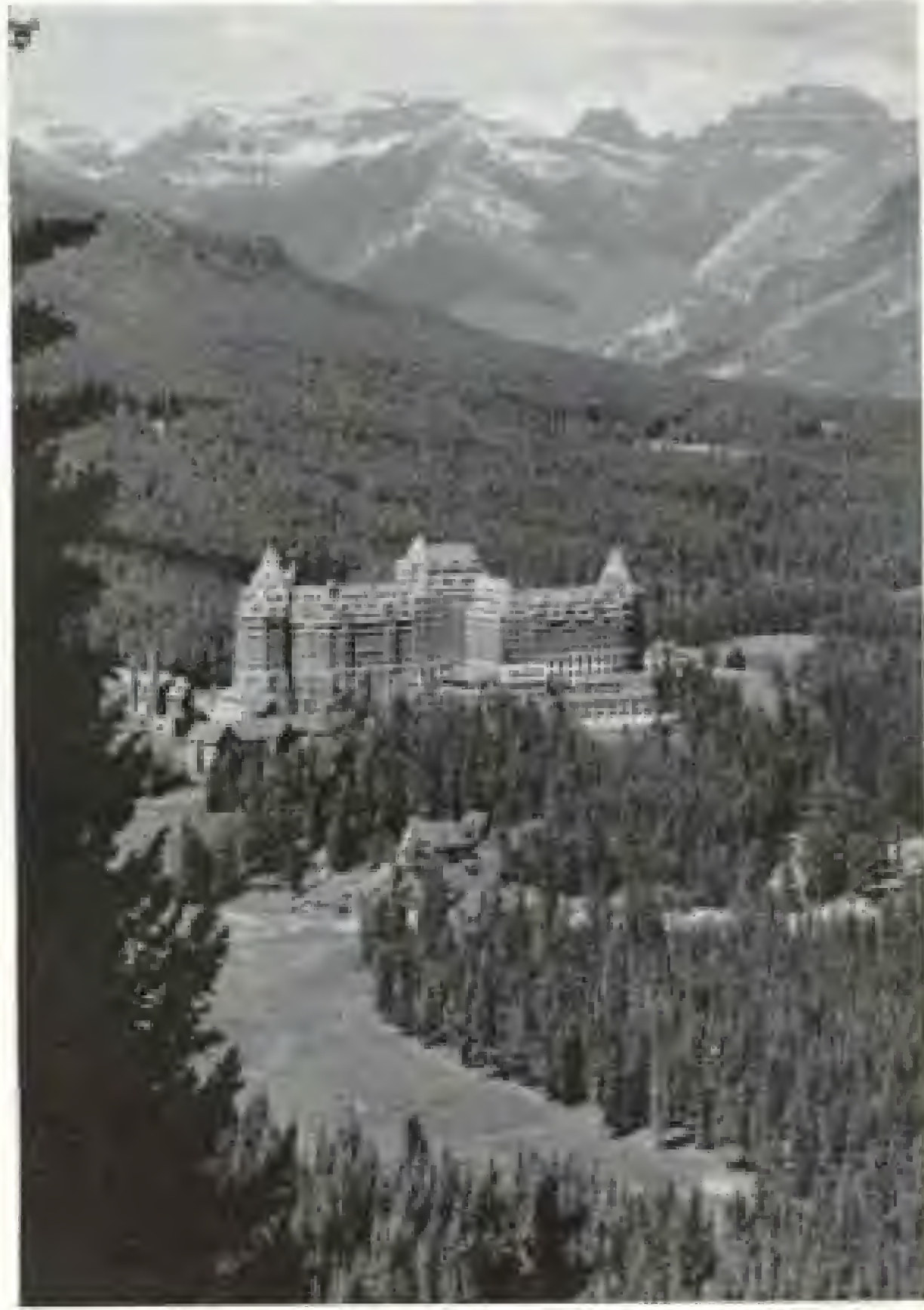
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