

A Yacht in
Mediterra-
nean Seas



*Isabel
Anderson*

CRUISE
OF STEAM-YACHT
"SAYONRA"
MEDITERRANEAN SEAS
1929




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MEDITERRANEAN SEAS

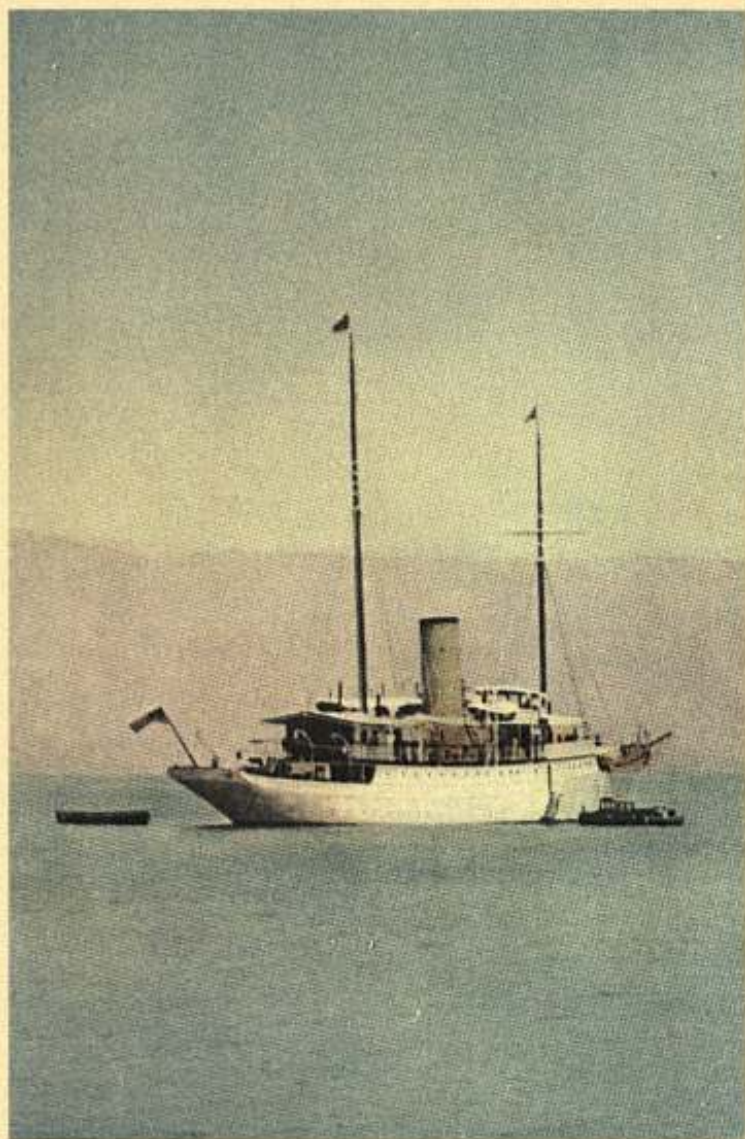
*A Yacht In
Mediterranean Seas*

By ISABEL ANDERSON

A YACHT IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS
CIRCLING AFRICA
CIRCLING SOUTH AMERICA
THE SPELL OF JAPAN
THE SPELL OF BELGIUM
THE SPELL OF HAWAII AND THE PHILIPPINES
ODD CORNERS
ZIGZAGGING
PRESIDENTS AND PIES
POLLY THE PAGAN
THE KISS AND THE QUEUE
THE WALL PAPER CODE
UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG
FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN

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CAPTAIN GINGER ABOARD THE GEE WHIZ
CAPTAIN GINGER'S SUN BOY
CAPTAIN GINGER'S EATER OF DREAMS



*A Yacht In
Mediterranean Seas*

By

Isabel Anderson, LL.D., Litt.D.

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)



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To
OUR GUESTS ON BOARD *SAYONARA*
WHO MADE THE CRUISE IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS
A PLEASURE AND A SUCCESS

FOREWORD

I AM greatly indebted to my husband and to Miss Louise W. Bray and Mrs. Bertha P. Friend for their great interest in collecting material and help in writing this book, and to Mr. Robert Stewart for the photographs.

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CHAPTER I

ON THE WAY TO THE NEAR EAST

M'CONNACHIE," explains Barrie in his address on *Courage*, "is the name I give to the unruly half of myself. I am the half that is practical and canny . . . while he prefers to fly around on one wing." Barrie's M'Connachie must have a vast number of relatives, many of them female, for we all have "other selves" that persist in shaping our destinies. My own Mrs. M'Connachie gets the upper hand of me often. While I love the peace and quiet of a home, she likes to travel. She pricks up her ears, exactly like a dog, at the sound of a new and far-away place to visit. She is willing to get up — and frequently does — at sunrise, to see something unusual. While trains and motors and airplanes will do, if necessary, to take her where she wants to go, she prefers ships to all other modes of travel.

It was, therefore, entirely due to my "other self" that I found myself crossing the Atlantic one spring day in 1929 to embark at Venice on a yachting

cruise to the Near East. My Mrs. M'Connachie had had a hankering for this trip for a long time, but I refused to consider it until we had carried out two other programs — the circling of South America and Africa. Those successfully completed, she began to drop hints which roused half-forgotten yearnings — first, for a glimpse of the Balkans which have been the storm center of ancient and modern history, and then, for travel in Greece and the adjacent islands, picking up the threads of classic history and of mythology. Aided and abetted by my husband, my Mrs. M'Connachie discovered, to her great delight, that the most desirable way of visiting all these places would be on a yacht. Before long I was so much interested that Mrs. M'Connachie and I were agreeing completely, and by the time we were actually crossing the Atlantic on board *Vulcania* you could not have told one of us from tother in our eager anticipations of what promised to be one of the most fascinating trips we had ever attempted.

Years ago I had been in Venice in summer time and remembered the mysterious canals winding like silver serpents in the moonlight; gondolas gliding by with whispering lovers for occupants or filled with handsome dark-eyed singers strumming on guitars and blending their glorious voices in passionate love songs. I had reveled then in the gems of architecture and the marvelous paintings of the old masters, but this time it was not old but new Venice

I wanted to see — the Lido with its myriad hotels and restaurants; the gayly painted bathing houses that now line the long beach; the pretty women with blond-tinted hair and sun-browned skins, grouped on the sands in their colorful chintz pajamas.

At Venice we planned to meet the yacht *Sayonara* for the cruise proper, which would take us into many seas sailed by the ancients — the Adriatic, the Ionian, the Aegean, the Thracian, the Icarian, the Carpathian, the Candian, the Tyrrhenian, the Ligurian — all of which help to make up the Mediterranean Basin. Leaving Venice and Trieste, we were to cruise down the Adriatic along the eastern littoral — that narrow, jagged strip of Dalmatian coast with great bare mountains stretching into a sea dotted with islands. This coast is deeply indented in fiord-like fashion in contrast to the opposite, the Italian, shore line of the Adriatic, and the fringing islands form a protecting rampart for almost the entire length. Past splendid mountain ranges and into landlocked harbors, hemmed in by towering peaks, we would sail — the strongholds of corsairs who ravaged these seas through the ages. Piracy appears many times in the history of this region — the location must have been favorable for the profession — even to those remote days when the Illyrian Queen Teuta led the expeditions against Roman advances. Indeed, since the earliest times, even till today, from these coasts and

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islands of Adria has come a race of some of the finest sailors in the world: here the Romans sought to draft the men for their mighty sea-going galleys, and here Venice found the crews for her adventuring fleets. This part of the world, too, always calls for picturesque mountain brigands in tasseled caps, embroidered jackets with silver buttons, and dangerous daggers thrust into gay sashes; likewise, dashing young rulers of small, unpronounceable kingdoms such as I had seen heretofore only on the comic-opera stage. I was prepared to find half-civilized, untamed people of a mixture of many races, for many peoples — Illyrians, Romans, Goths, Slavs, Venetians, Turks, and French — have all played a part here at one time or another, till finally in 1815 Dalmatia was attached to Austria, but after the Great War most of it was incorporated in the newly created triune kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes — in other words, Yugoslavia.

Indeed not all our time in this vicinity was to be spent at sea. Shore leave was planned for visits to a number of cities and towns on the coast and inland; among others, Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, Ragusa, said to be one of the most fascinating miniature fortified cities on earth; Mostar, with its unique costumes; Sarajevo, where a pistol shot set the world afire in 1914; Cattaro, in an amazingly beautiful bay; Cetinje, the capital and heart of Montenegro, and then a stop in Albania, at Durazzo, in

order that we might visit the capital, Tirana, where King Zog hides away in his palace for fear of assassination.

From the Adriatic we planned to slip over through the Ionian Sea and come at last to Greece. I had long wanted to visit Greece — that treeless land of sunshine — and see the most perfect temple in the world, the Parthenon, standing on the Acropolis, with its broken fluted columns; the theatre of Dionysus, the temple of Theseus, and other architectural marvels which I had known only in pictures and in miniature models in museums. While I had studied the treasures which had been carried off to different countries, it would be far more thrilling to see Greek art in its native setting, against the background of blue skies. Athens, especially, I was eager to visit — the home of the great philosophers, sculptors, warriors — of Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Euripides, of Praxiteles, Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch. I longed to see with my own eyes the plain of Marathon, where the tide of Persian invasion was stemmed by Miltiades in a fashion that still stirs our hearts after nearly twenty-five hundred years, and that Pass of Thermopylae where the Spartan Leonidas and his heroic band made a sacrifice that has been an example of loyalty through the centuries; Olympia, where the Olympic games took place; Delphi, where spoke the oracle; and Mount Parnassus, and huge, high Olympus. I wanted to read Homer again while passing over the same seas that

Ulysses had sailed, and to follow his adventures; to put into lovely ports in the blue Aegean and cruise among the islands of the Cyclades, where Ariadne wept and Maenads danced about Bacchus. Then we would visit Meteora in the background of Thessaly, and the monasteries in the sky perched on high pinnacles and huge boulders; also the Holy Mountain of Athos where, alas, only men are allowed to land. Salonika, which now belongs to Greece, we felt we must visit, not only for its past but also for the part it played in the World War.

We planned to cross the Thracian Sea past another battleground, Gallipoli, where so many brave men made their sacrifice, but of which we heard far too little at the time because of the nearer tragic scenes in France and Belgium. Yet one heroic act I remember — that of an English naval officer who, while ships were firing all about him, pushed a raft ashore on a cold dark night — he himself naked and painted black. Upon reaching land he crept among the bushes until he was so near the Turkish soldiers he could hear them talking. He then lit his decoy lights to deceive the enemy and swam back to his ship unharmed.

I wondered if on our cruise we should meet the thunderstorms and sudden gales of which our navy and yachting friends had taken care to warn us. I had heard of the dread *bora* sweeping down the Adriatic; of the puffy winds of the Aegean, and the *mistral*, the *sirocco* from the deserts of Africa; the

levante or east wind, and the *ponente*, the west. Of course the *bora* was the most alarming — a north-east blow that swoops down from the mountains with a violence sufficient to lift a roof from a house or a cart from the village street. Surely these were winds of winter when the Mediterranean is proverbially boisterous, while we had chosen the summer months that make for perfect yachting weather, when the days are longest, which is of great advantage when cruising through channels and among islands that have few beacon lights to guide one. On the other hand at all seasons the tideless Mediterranean saves the anxieties of high and low water and makes for beauty as there are never ugly foreshores exposed by tidal retreat. It would seem as if all the winds were born in the Mediterranean, but according to Nathalia Crane this is not so, for she writes:

*“Beneath a tree
In ancient Turkestan
There sits a dwarf
Who calmly waves a fan.*

*“All balmy blows
Or storms that devastate
Proceed from thence
So travelers relate.”*

Of Turkish cities I was most curious to see Constantinople. I had heard that it was much changed since the times of which I had read in Pierre Loti;

that no longer hundreds of mongrel dogs roamed and fought each other in the streets, and the women no longer wore veils; in fact, under the régime of Mustapha Kemal, many of them had developed into modern flappers. Far greater changes have taken place since those days of which Charles Diehl writes, when the land was ruled by Byzantine empresses. Among them was that notorious courtesan, Theodora, the Hippodrome performer who, in the sixth century, during the Justinian period, charmed all and was a clever politician as well, and who — unlike the German Emperor — when rebels stormed the city gates, would not leave, saying: "If there were left me no safety but in flight, I would not fly. . . . Those who have worn the crown never should survive its loss. Never will I see the day when I am not hailed Empress." Those were the days of buffoons and eunuchs, of slaves and harems where ladies bathed in sunken baths of gold and then, perfumed and dressed in silken scarfs, lolled on divans in marble, jewel-inlaid halls.

*"Upon a dais of Damascus blue
His daughter crouched and bare of weave
Her eyes were bigger than her anklet bands
An ebon crescent under either orb."*

After a glimpse of Asia Minor across the plains of Troy and the splendid bay of Smyrna, we were to stroll again, as it were, among more islands of

the Mediterranean, down the Icarian Sea, stopping at Patmos where St. John had his revelations; Rhodes, which now belongs to Italy and which is being made into a lovely winter resort; Crete with its unique prehistoric ruins; Malta, that wonderful fortified island of the English; beautiful Sicily, and Corsica and Elba with memories of the Great Napoleon.

Few names, either of seas or islands in these regions have survived unchanged through the centuries; since the days of Ulysses they have been rechristened several times as they have been conquered by one people after another through the ages. For those who like maps it is interesting to trace the varying rule of Persians, Carthaginians, Phoenicians, Byzantines, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, and Italians over one or another of these islands. It is amusing, too, to find resemblances in the strange shapes. Rhodes, for instance, resembles an arrow head on the map (Rhode Island was so named on account of its fancied resemblance to the island of Rhodes); Crete, a fish; and Cyprus, some prehistoric animal.

Other shores of this Mediterranean Basin we already knew, for we had traveled on horseback to Jericho and deep into Egypt; crossed part of the Sahara, and motored through the corridor of Morocco. I remembered well the time we were smuggled off a plague-stricken ship from India at Port Said in the dead of night to escape the quaran-

tine, and many other exciting adventures. Were we to have more adventures, I wondered, on other borders of this great sea?

*"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."*

Yet, remembering my Mrs. M'Connachie, I rather question the truth of these lines. The ancients thought the seat of the soul was in the kidneys; at one time it was considered to be located in the heart; still later, in the head; while modern theorists would have it in the glands. And as to fate — well, as I have already said, it was no one's fault but my Mrs. M'Connachie's that I was now bound for the Near East, the melting pot of races, the "land of yells, bells, and smells."

What a marvelous scene it was when on our way we first sighted land! *Vulcania* steamed into the Strait of Gibraltar in the late afternoon of a perfect day. The setting sun behind us brought out the mountains and ranges and white towns by the ocean in a lovely glow; a baby moon hung in the sky; a veil of mist floated along the water's edge where Cape Spartel jutted out from the coast line of Africa. I remembered the Cape well, for years ago we had ridden there from Tangier on horseback and had had a picnic under a fig tree. It was rather adventuresome to be in that neighborhood at that time, for it was soon after the American *Perdicaris* had

been kidnaped by the Moroccan bandit Raisuli, and Roosevelt had sent his famous ultimatum to the dilatory government at Tangier: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." Perdicaris, it will be recalled, was promptly released.

We cruised between Tangier and Tarifa and the promontory of Apes Hill until finally the great English Rock of Gibraltar loomed up in the dusk with its light that has a habit of winking twice and then staring one in the eyes. Then all became dark as *Vulcania* rushed on through the waters.

The Atlantic crossing had been calm, but we met some motion in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and as we skirted the fine, wild mountains of Sardinia, we passed an English yacht scudding along under bare poles. We watched her with anxiety and interest, as we expected soon to bring *Sayonara* into these waters, and hoped for calmer weather, for the yacht we saw was bowing gracefully but deeply into the whitecaps.

After touching at Naples we rounded the toe and heel of Italy in the night time and the next day were cruising over sunlit Ionian seas. That afternoon the high mountains of Cephalonia appeared on one side and of Zante on the other. And the glorious panorama of Greece began to spread out before our eyes as *Vulcania* came into the Bay of Patras, passing over the waters where the battle of Lepanto had been fought, in which Cervantes lost a hand. Near by, on the low lands beneath the mountains,

lies Mesolonghi. From here Marco Bozzaris went out into the night to battle and died a hero, as every schoolboy and girl knows who has stumbled in reciting how

*“ At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.”*

We cruised on by Ithaca, island of Homeric associations. We passed Levkas with its promontory from which Sappho is said to have leaped to her death because of unrequited love. *Vulcania* steamed over waters where the battle of Actium was fought between Octavian and Marc Antony in 31 B.C.; we sailed along the coast of Epirus where the Corcyraeans and Corinthians staged a naval fight as long ago as 432 before our era. All these associations intensified our eagerness to begin our own cruise on the yacht.

And so on up the Adriatic *Vulcania* proceeded out of sight of land till late afternoon, when we came in between the islands of Lissa and Busi, with their steep peaks rising out of the sea, red-brown cliffs, and coasts checkered with green terraces and headlands. Lissa seems to be little more now than a desolate island with only a fishing village and the ruins of a fort and those cemeteries on the hillside which are perhaps its chief monuments of today, re-

calling the many naval fights off its shores. In one cemetery we could make out the "Lion of Lissa," erected in memory of the naval victory of the Austrians over the Italians in 1866. Early in the nineteenth century the French held Lissa for several years. This was a period of great prosperity, matched by a similar period when the English conquered the island from the French and used it as a base for smuggling goods over the Dalmatian frontier into Bosnia and central Europe. In 1815, along with the rest of this coastland, Lissa was ceded to Austria. Busi is a much smaller island, bare of green except for a few pine trees and some terraces and vineyards. On top of its ridges were houses looking, for all the world, like modern cottages on Nantucket, so that we felt sure we must be viewing an Adriatic summer resort. Busi is famous for blue grottoes that are said to be finer than those of Capri.

As we cruised along we had a touch of the *bora*, when a sudden violent gale from the northeast whistled through the rigging. It was not, we were assured, to be expected at this season, and soon passed over. I heartily hoped it would make no more exceptions when we returned yachting down this coast.

It was calm again as a mill pond when, early next morning, we passed Pola, noted for its splendid Roman amphitheatre and other Roman remains. We were skirting now the "Austrian Riviera," the coast of Istria extending from Trieste around to

Abbazia and Fiume, a shore line that is pretty and pleasant rather than fine. Here are the Brioni Islands, coming again into their own as a pleasure resort; and picturesque little towns in the bays and on the promontories, Rovigno and Parenzo and Pirano, that are much frequented.

Since we were soon to land at Trieste, we began saying good-bye to our companions at sea — the lady who had invented Kewpies and made a fortune from them and carried one about with her everywhere; the opera manager; the Italian prince and princess; the writer and his wife, a well-known sculptress.

While it was still early we came into the Bay of Trieste, which was entirely surrounded by hills with the town shining in the morning sun. Trieste itself is a gray city on a crescent-shaped harbor. Along the old water front were great, three-storied, apartment-like buildings, while behind was the new town and up the hills climbed the suburban villas, topped by an old fort. We strolled about through pretty squares under blooming horse-chestnuts and along the "grand" canal and by the market place where many flowers and vegetables were for sale. The city seemed quite Italian — it now, indeed, belongs to Italy, but before the Great War it was Austrian. We hear that Trieste has lost much of its commerce since the war, although Italy is making an intensive effort to regain it.

As we rolled along in the train toward Venice the

coast looked much like the French Riviera — terraced hills planted with grape vines and flowering acacias by the roadside. We caught a glimpse of a turreted castle in its gardens, jutting out above the sea — the Palace of Miramar where Archduke Maximilian was offered the crown of an Empire in Mexico, which brought him a cruel fate. The palace is now a public casino. In the distance rose the snow-tipped Alps where so much terrible fighting took place during the war, and we even saw signs of shell-demolished buildings at Monfalcone, the ship-building port of the Cosulichs. The Cosulich ship — *Vulcania* — on which we had just crossed, is a magnificent vessel with the largest motor engines afloat, staterooms with private balconies, a chapel, tennis court, bowling alley, golf course, shooting gallery, and a swimming pool fit for a sultan.

On past rivers of snow-water — crystal blue in color — and by drained, cultivated fields we crawled, until at last we reached Venice. My first impression of the beautiful Venice that I had remembered and dreamed of for many years, was disappointing, for I found many changes I did not like. Steam launches scurried about, bumping into one another and splashing the stone sides of buildings; the Campanile did not seem quite so fine now that it had been rebuilt with an elevator; the shops contained only cheap knickknacks, and German was spoken everywhere. The modern villas edging the

lagoons on the way to the Lido reminded me of Miami, and the restaurants along the beach looked common and deserted. It was too early in the season for much bathing. The age-old canals seemed unhealthy and very like great sewers, and the gondoliers no longer wore pretty costumes. The black gondolas looked like funeral barges. Quite dejectedly I recalled the unhappy lines of Shelley's:

*"Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel.
First our pleasures die, and then
Our hopes and fears . . . and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust and we die too."*

But the next morning, in the flooding sunshine, things looked happier and quite different. The hundreds of lovely white pigeons cooed and fluttered about as always in the Piazza of St. Mark's, and the churches with their gold mosaics, as well as the magnificent palaces, seemed even more superb than I had remembered them. The restaurants with their gayly-covered tables out in the open appeared now more inviting, and the passers-by were amusing to watch — the strutting smart officers, the priests and peasants, the artists with long hair and flowing cravats, and the tourists of every nationality.

But what seemed best of all to me, at that moment, was the handsome white yacht *Sayonara*, with

its beautiful lines and shining brasses, waiting at anchor for us just off the church of Santa Maria della Salute.

*"Is she not beautiful? reposing there,
On her own shadow, with her white wings
furled,
Moveless, as in the sunny air,
Rests the meek swan, in her own quiet world.*

*"Is she not beautiful? Her graceful bow,
Triumphant rising o'er the enamored tides,
That glittering in the noon-day sunbeam now
Just leap and die, along her polished sides."*

The yacht *Sayonara* had been carefully selected for this cruise by my husband and we were indeed fortunate in being able to secure her. Speed is not an important element on such a trip as ours, although it might have advantages if there were to be long runs from end to end of the Mediterranean. It is, in fact, more enjoyable to have a slow, economic speed in such waters, as the distances are so short between ports and there is a constant panorama to be followed and enjoyed from the water. The larger the yacht the better, of course, but only up to a certain point, for there are many ports and passages that are important to visit into which the larger yachts cannot go. *Sayonara* was a little over 200 feet over all, 766 tons Thames' measurement, and

seemed to be a perfect size for our purposes, not only because we were able to enter all the places we wished, but because a ship of this length seems to ride the short, rough Mediterranean waves most comfortably, when there is a gale.

In appearance *Sayonara* was a delight, with a "Watson" body, which cannot be beaten for beauty or power. Above and below deck everything was well arranged; the sitting room was filled with antiques. The deck had a long unobstructed promenade, and at the after end was a shelter, well protected and fitted with seats that made excellent beds for sleeping on deck. Although she flew the American yacht ensign, she had an English captain and a splendidly trained and disciplined crew of thirty-four officers and men. Captain Trayler proved himself a treasure both as a seaman and in his knowledge of the waters in which we sailed. *Sayonara* was a "happy ship."

A natty launch came ashore to the mole by our hotel on May 19 to take us and our guests out to the yacht. As we came alongside the gangway a quartermaster stood at attention, while the First Officer was at the top of the steps, and the Captain was just inside with the Chief Steward to receive us. Our flags went up, the Black Horse on a red field, our private signal, at the main and the New York Yacht Club burgee at the fore, and so we took over the boat and were at home!

Soon we were off, steaming away from Venice, while great masses of clouds, black as ink, pierced by

flaming flashes of lightning, were gathering, and loud peals of thunder reverberated overhead. Presently beautiful Venice lay far behind us in a veil of mist and rain, while we ran along by low-lying islands and fishing boats with saffron sails, out into a glorious sunset, followed by a starlit night. We were bound for Yugoslavia.

CHAPTER II

SEAPORTS OF YUGOSLAVIA

WHILE the yacht heads for her first Adriatic port, Zara, a lesson in geography may not come amiss for those of us who went to school before the World War. Starting fresh with the new map created by the war and the consequent break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, one should study the changes which brought about a Yugoslavia. It includes districts once known as Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Hercegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Serbia, part of Bulgaria, and a portion of the Banat of Temesvar; districts, some of which — like Serbia and Montenegro — were independent kingdoms, while most of the others — like Dalmatia, our chief objective — were provinces of Austria and Hungary.

The capital of the new realm of Yugoslavia is Belgrade, which you may remember learning was the capital of Serbia. The king of the united kingdom is Serbian also — Alexander, who married Marie, one of the daughters of the “mother-in-law of the Balkans,” Queen Marie of Roumania. Alexander is only three generations removed from the peasant founder of his line, *Kara* George, breeder



PORTA TERRA FIRMA, LANDSIDE GATE AT ZARA



PIAZZA OF THE CINQUE POZZI (FIVE WELLS) AT ZARA



FORT AT ENTRANCE TO CHANNEL TO SEBENICO



LOGGIA IN WILSON SQUARE, SEBENICO

of swine and *haiduk*, or brigand, who, like many others of his time, preferred outlawry to submission to the Turks. Black George was reluctant to accept the leadership which his people urged upon him, because he felt he would be too impetuous and autocratic to satisfy them. "I should certainly want to take strong measures without consultation," he is supposed to have objected. But the people insisted that "strong measures" were exactly what they needed. History is apparently repeating itself in George's great-grandson, for Alexander, in January, 1929, abruptly abolished the quarrelsome parliamentary régime and established a dictatorship, with himself in the leading rôle, and at once instigated reforms tending to unify the many discordant racial and religious elements. The country is being divided into nine new districts, based on geographical convenience instead of the old provincial and racial lines, and he has outlawed the ancient Cyrillic script, in use for a thousand years among these people, for Latin characters.

King Alexander has some difficult problems on his hands, any one of which may precipitate trouble or a change in the government. Religion is one source of trouble, there being three principal ones — Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Mohammedan. The Moslem influence is especially strong in the Bosnian and Hercegovinian sections of Yugoslavia. There are many Moslems also in Albania and Bulgaria. This is due, of course, to the long period

of Turkish domination in the Balkan peninsula, beginning with the defeat of the Serbians at Kossovo in 1389 and lasting between four and five centuries. Racial differences are another cause of discord in Yugoslavia. In the Great War some of the people fought on the side of the Allies and some against them. Though the basic Slav tie was sufficiently strong to cause the creation of the new State of Yugoslavia in December, 1918, yet there are rebellious minorities. The Croats and Serbs, for instance, never were very friendly. And the large number of Italians in Fiume and in the cities along the Dalmatian coast made a very ticklish situation in the settlement of the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia.

A cruise along the Dalmatian coast should be made from north to south, for then it becomes a voyage of increasing surprises and delights, the peoples and places of greater and greater interest and beauty, the panorama develops into finer and more spectacular scenery, and the romantic and historical background is more and more enchanting. To pass up the coast may disappoint in anticlimax. So we first crossed the Adriatic on our way to Zara. We were leaving Pola, Trieste, and Fiume to the north of us.

Trieste, once an important seaport of Austria-Hungary, was assigned to Italy in the peace settlements. Fiume especially, it will be remembered, was a bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia.

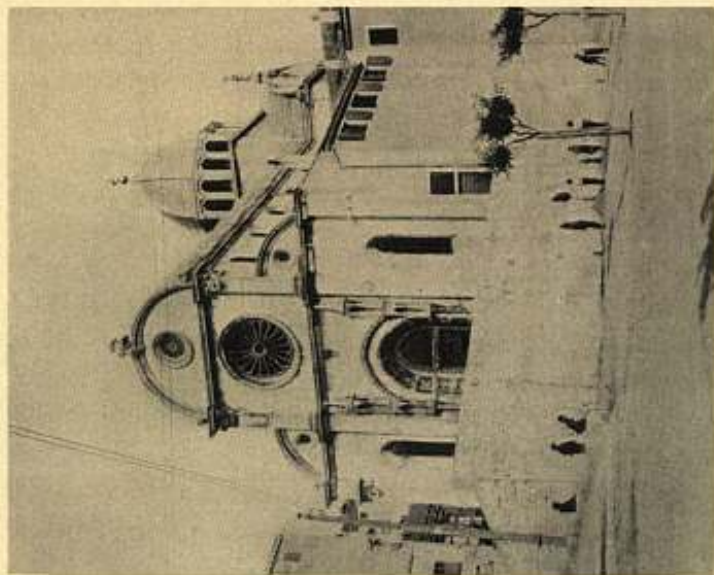
Italy claimed that Fiume should be given to her because in the city proper there were actually more Italians than Slavs. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, counted in the Slav population of Susak, a large suburb. Moreover, Yugoslavia needed Fiume as a seaport and great outlet for railways. D'Annunzio, with an excess of nationalism left over from his really great patriotic services during the war, "waved the Italian flag," raised some troops, and went over and occupied Fiume, entirely without authorization. He remained there for two years in defiance of both the Italian and the Yugoslavian governments, acting as "Commandant," establishing postal service, printing money, and making speeches. The Treaty of Rapallo of 1920, which made Fiume an independent state under the League of Nations, he refused at first to accept, but was eventually obliged to do so. In 1924 this much-negotiated port was finally annexed to Italy.

D'Annunzio has always been a dramatic figure. Up to the time of the war he was known chiefly as a poet and dramatist. In 1915, when fifty-five years of age, he volunteered, spent months in the most exposed trenches, and then became an aviator of the very first rank. He lost one eye during the war, and his plane was frequently riddled with bullets. He retired a lieutenant-colonel, with some of the highest medals for bravery. In appearance he is short, with a bald head and pointed beard; he always dresses

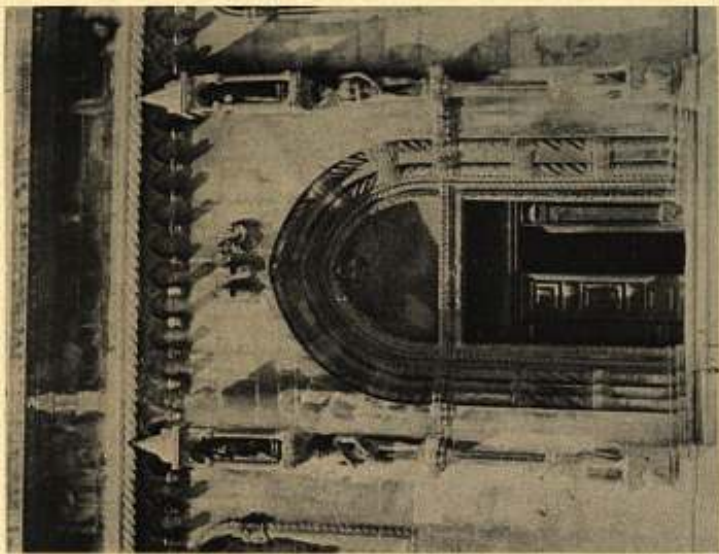
faultlessly and wears a monocle. Because of his impassioned oratory he was very popular with the people during the war and really had an important share in bringing Italy into the struggle. His early success at Fiume apparently turned his head and he went too far in speeches and acts for his followers finally to take him seriously. He now lives in a villa in North Italy. Among the many legends and stories that have accumulated round such a spectacular figure is one foolish tale of his conducting a funeral for his favorite goldfish. His poems, novels, and plays are many: among them "The City of Pleasure" is one of the best known. "The Dead City," written for Sarah Bernhardt, is perhaps the play most familiar to Americans.

Early one May morning *Sayonara* approached Zara, after passing through "canals," channels, and between islands. Low land lay along the shore line, but behind it rose the ragged Velabit mountains, so high and white that for a time it was difficult not to think they were clouds. Off our starboard side, on the tip of a bare hill, a medieval fortress stood outlined against the sky. It looked just like Noah's Ark, stuck there when the waters receded. I felt sure that if I took a spy glass I should see the giraffe and the kangaroo and all the other animals prowling around "two by two."

We came to anchor off the town of Zara, but instead of the ancient city we had anticipated, it seemed, at first glance, quite modern, with many



CATHEDRAL, EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY,
SEBENICO



DUOMO AT SEBENICO, ADAM AND EVE ENTRANCE



PORTA SAN GIOVANNI WITH MIRACULOUS BUSH, TRAU

square houses along the water front that looked like a bit of new Italy. Indeed, it is a little Italian town. Because of the large Italian element in the population Italy was able to secure this city for herself by the terms of the Treaty of Rapallo. Its pre-war population of thirty-five thousand has now shrunk to about seven thousand.

As we took the launch around and back into the half-hidden port the town still seemed modern, but on passing through a gate in the old walls, we found ourselves in an ancient city. Through narrow, crooked, and dark streets we passed until we finally reached the market place, Piazza del' Erbe, with its Roman column and griffin and heavy chains — a crowded and colorful scene, which we scanned eagerly for the brightly embroidered peasant costumes we were hoping to see. Most of the Italian women wore white handkerchiefs tied over their heads and black dresses with full skirts, but the mountain people from the interior, the Morlacchi or Croatians, were more picturesque. The men wore very small, round red caps — like pancakes — with black tassels. We wondered what kept them on and why they were invented in a land where the sun is blazing hot. Indeed these small caps, which vary slightly in shape and color, are seen all along the coast. In Sebenico they are orange and black skull caps; the Serbians, Croatians, and Montenegrins sport black and red ones with coats of arms in gold. Someone explained that these are worn in memory of the battle of Kos-

sovo in 1389, when the Serbians were routed by the Turks. The red top represents the battlefield, the black band is a symbol of mourning, and the gold embroidery stands for undefeated Montenegro. Among the Croatians unmarried women have their hair braided about the head with colored ribbons, and small caps perched on top, while married women take to kerchiefs over their heads. The women we saw had white scarfs, beautifully embroidered in red, over their shoulders. Their belts were gayly embroidered too, and over them were wound what looked like silver girdles. Their stockings had bright-colored cuffs above the ankle over sandals woven of leather thongs called *opankas* — such as were worn even before the Roman days, yet much like the footgear now in fashion in Paris. The girls were pretty — many of them yellow-haired and blue-eyed.

I had much fun bargaining with a girl for her belt, while a crowd gathered round us. An Austrian appeared and remarked (perhaps to advertise his own merchandise), "But you can buy them in a shop." "Oh, it amuses me to talk with my hands," I answered. I remember having an equally good time in the market place at La Paz, Bolivia, bargaining with an Indian woman by this sign language for a pair of earrings.

Later, when we passed some barracks, we saw some smart officers in attractive Italian uniforms and colonial troops in red fezzes, and *bersaglieri* in

cock-feathered hats as perky as if the thermometer had not stood at 100° in the shade.

We entered the Duomo of St. Anastasia while a service was in progress. A group of peasants were being confirmed. There they sat in the front row, each with a bunch of flowers and a decorated, lighted candle, while priests in handsome brocaded vestments bowed and intoned and crossed themselves, and the organ gave out solemn music.

The Roman Catholic churches on the Dalmatian coast show the influence of the Greek Orthodox church in the use of icons, and the language of the people is used for the services. The Roman Catholic priests here, it is said, are allowed to marry. The peasants see little or no difference between the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox church, but the priest occasionally slips in the name of the Pope as the head of the Roman Catholic church. The hill people of the Philippines, whom we once on a time visited, were equally unobservant of religious distinctions. They found the Episcopalian high church, when it was introduced there, so like the Roman Catholic they had known since the time of the Spanish occupation, that they could not perceive the difference.

Anyone who travels with an alert eye over the streets of Zara can read in them the history, not only of this city but of the Dalmatian coast in general. In the first century A.D. Roman legions of Augustus conquered this region and attached it to the province

of Illyricum, as the many Roman remains testify. The very Slavs one sees on the streets are a continual reminder of the Slavic domination from about the seventh through the eleventh century and the fact that though here, as elsewhere in the Balkan peninsula, the Slavs were later conquered, they never lost the racial identity which was to unite them again in the new kingdom of Yugoslavia. The Venetian influence on this coast begins about the ninth century. Both Venice and the coastal towns were plagued by pirates and so, for a time, some of the cities offered their allegiance to Venice as the price of her protection. Then for a while Venetian interest lapsed, to be revived with the struggle for several centuries between Venice and Hungary for the control of Dalmatia. In the beginning of the twelfth century, part of the land was conquered by the Hungarians; the remaining half, the Duchy of Dalmatia, recognized the supremacy of Venice. Meanwhile the Turkish forces were sweeping westward over the Balkans toward the Adriatic Sea. By 1540 they held the interior, but the coast cities remained Venetian. Through most of the eighteenth century, after much trouble with pirates and with Austria and Turkey, Dalmatia, except for the republic of Ragusa, belonged to Venice. This Venetian domination is very clearly marked in the architecture of Zara, in the style of building, and in the omnipresent Lion of St. Mark, which we were to find everywhere down the coast. Dalmatia, after a brief Napoleonic

period in the early nineteenth century, which helped to strengthen the Yugoslav nationalistic impulse, was ceded to Austria in 1815 and remained a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire until its collapse during the World War.

The Duomo of St. Anastasia is one of the churches whose history is connected with that of Venice. The people had rebelled against the "Queen of the Adriatic," and all efforts of Enrico Dandolo, Doge of Venice, to reconquer them, had failed. When the leaders of the Fourth Crusade found themselves without the money they had bargained to pay Venice for transporting their troops overseas, the crafty Dandolo suggested that they pay their way by besieging Zara for him. In spite of scruples on the part of the Crusaders, the city was ravaged and the Duomo was one of the buildings which suffered. It was rebuilt in 1285. The façade is said to be the handsomest along the coast, and the marble *baldachino* and choir stalls are especially fine. The Church of St. Francis also has beautifully carved stalls.

We looked into the Church of St. Simeon in order to see its treasure, the silver *arca* or sarcophagus of the saint, topped with an effigy at such an angle that it looked as if it might slip off at any moment. According to the legend which makes the contents of this reliquary so precious, a vessel was once upon a time blown ashore at Zara which was found to contain a coffin of cypress wood bearing a body. A

monk having dreamed that this body was that of "St. Simeon the Just who held Christ in his arms at the presentation in the Temple," the coffin was deposited in the church. The blind, the halt, and the lame made pilgrimages to view it and were healed. Hearing these tales, King Louis of Hungary made a pilgrimage to the shrine with his mother and wife. Queen Elizabeth was so eager to possess a piece of the relic with such marvelous powers that she broke off a finger of the saint and thrust it in her bosom. At once she fainted and became blind. In despair at what she had done, she returned the finger, which at once attached itself to the hand, but a sore appeared on the queen's breast where the finger had rested. Not until she had built the magnificent *arca* which now contains the mummy, did the saint apparently forgive her, for she then recovered.

On our way to visit the museum of St. Donatus we stopped at a restaurant for a glass of the *liqueur maraschino* for which Zara is famous and which is now almost her only export. The museum was built as a church in the ninth century on a foundation supposed to be Roman and of much earlier date. The building is now appropriately used to house the Roman and Venetian remains which have been discovered in excavating in the town. They were not sufficiently interesting to keep us long, and so we went on to the public gardens, pleasantly shaded by trees and overlooking the old wall and moat and the fine "Porta Terra Firma" and a

beautiful view of the sea. Five old wells all in a row, the "Cinque Pozzi," stood outside on the Piazza della Colonna. Here we met a workman who, as soon as he heard English spoken, entered eagerly into conversation with us.

"I been in 'Merica, in New York. I wash dishes with Johnny Wanamaker. I got eighteen dollar a week there. I want to go back. I get here only three lire a day; only get just enough to eat here, but 'Merica fine!"

"But this country is lovely," I ventured.

"I got eighteen dollar and eats there," he replied, "and I want to go back to Johnny Wanamaker."

All too soon we were obliged to sail on our way, leaving Zara behind and Noah's Ark still resting on the mountain top.

As the yacht cruised down the coast we ran among high rocky islands, strangely streaked, some dotted with cedar, others covered with bushes or stunted pines that reminded us of Japan. As we approached Sebenico the mountains on the mainland rose high and bare, with little vegetation. Across the country zigzagged endless stone walls, made, we discovered later, simply to clear the land and get rid of the rocks, rather than for boundaries. Evidently the peasants had found it hopeless to plant much, although an occasional patch of grapevine made a green plot. The countryside seemed to be denuded of livestock as well; only a goat, or a few

sheep in a walled enclosure rewarded our searching eyes. The land looked as if the devil had passed over and blighted it.

We were to find just such bare hills facing us much of the way down the Adriatic and rising up out of the sea in the form of islands. The rock of the mainland is a very peculiar limestone formation called Karst. It is so spongy that it absorbs water readily, and streams have a way of dropping through the surface, running underground, and suddenly appearing out of the mountainside. Wherever soil does manage to collect in what are called Karst-holes it is likely to be very rich, but otherwise the surface soil on these stone hills is scanty.

At last we came to the well-hidden harbor of Sebenico, and entered through a passage guarded on one side by a lighthouse and on the other by Fort Nicolo with the usual Lion of St. Mark carved upon the rock. We took a photograph of it, for which rashness we were immediately questioned when we landed and nearly arrested. The passage opened out into a most beautiful landlocked harbor — a perfect pirate lair, which it was, indeed, for centuries. I remarked that the famous pirate Morgan, of Panama fame, had poked his nose into this haunt of corsairs in days of old, whereupon our Greek guide, Spyridon Vlascos, not understanding what I was saying, replied, "Oh yes, Morgan came here this year on his yacht, the *Corsair*."

Beyond the harbor the gray stone town climbed

up the high hill, on a spur of which a large fort was outlined against the sky, while on a cliff stood what looked like four penguins until, through strong glasses, I discovered they were sailor boys.

On landing we found a small terraced town with — to judge simply by appearances — the brigand chorus of an opera thronging the streets. The people were dark of skin, weather-beaten and browned by the sun; many were seafaring men. Some of the women wore kerchiefs of red on their heads and large blue aprons over full black skirts, while the men had small yellow and black skull caps, black vests with large silver buttons, and baggy corduroy trousers.

In the shops Italian and German were spoken and Italian money was in use. We bought several caps and earrings and stiff, gaily embroidered belts, partly in order to talk to an Austrian shopkeeper, who had lived all his life in Sebenico. From his point of view, the affairs of the town were managed much better under the pre-war Austrian administration than under the present Yugoslavian one. He told us that under the former régime there was little graft, while the present officials in Yugoslavia are inexperienced and give positions to unsuitable people. On the other hand, when we talked to a Slav, he very naturally preferred the way things are run today.

The market place was not, perhaps, so gay or so colorful as that of Zara, but in the public garden we found a charming picture — children playing a

game in a ring such as our children play at home. Here stood a statue of Tommaseo — the Italian writer and philosopher who was a native of Sebenico and who died about fifty years ago. It was a pleasant change, for once, to find a statue erected to the memory of a writer instead of to the regulation king or general.

I took a special liking to the Duomo on the ancient place — newly named Wilson Square, of course for our war-time President. This wee piazza, with the Duomo on one side and a beautiful sixteenth century loggia, now the Italian Consulate, opposite, is a gem. The cathedral itself is one of the finest in Dalmatia, a mixture of Venetian-Gothic and early Renaissance architecture. Giorgio Orsini, of the princely Roman family of that name, was the architect of the latter period, in the fifteenth century. An interesting feature of this church is the fact that it is built entirely of stone without supporting timbers. Even the "wagon-roof" is of stone, without any facing of tile outside or of wood inside. The large rose window in the colors of peacock feathers is especially lovely. The crudely carved Adam and Eve who guard the door, with their hands on their fig-leaves, are amusing figures, as well as the line of stone heads, bearded and turbaned, round the outside of the apse — over seventy individual faces in all, drawn, possibly, from life long ago. Someone has called this frieze another "Canterbury pilgrimage etched in stone." Giorgio did not live to com-

plete his part of the cathedral, which was not finished until 1555. The charming little square and the church fascinated me so much that I returned several times to view them.

In a motor we drove some ten miles out of Sebenico to the Kerka Falls — often spelled Krka by the Dalmatians, who seem to be able to dispense entirely with vowels. The road was only fair, through such God-forsaken country as I had never before seen. Why the peasants are not bent double picking the stones out of their meager lands, I do not know. No wonder they are very poor and have to live on red wine, bread, cheese, and olives, doing their cooking in olive oil over charcoal fires.

The Kerka is one of the characteristic Dalmatian rivers, which slips underground and is lost until it suddenly bursts forth from the rocks. It continues on its way through a series of falls, located in a valley, which were lovely to behold as they spread out over descending terraces of rock and in many small cascades to the rapids below. Here we saw vegetation at last — a few fig and pine trees — and found some country people having a picnic, while a boy played curious music on a sort of bagpipe made from a pig's skin. Some of the peasants were singing — altogether it was a very gay and happy scene. The people were very polite to us, though they did look like brigands taking a day off. On the way back we turned aside to visit Scardona, one of the oldest if not the oldest town on the Dalmatian

coast, once on a time a Liburnian colony, now a quaint little community at the head of a fiord.

Early next morning we started overland again, motoring south from Sebenico to Spalato, while the yacht sailed down the coast. A trail of dust followed us over the high rocky pastures as we whizzed by small farms where peasant women and children were working in the stony fields. "Poor pickings!" remarked my friend Mrs. Stone. We threw out some candy to the children, who smiled and waved their hands in delight. For many miles all we could see was this bare, treeless landscape; then finally we came to the top of a mountain ridge, overlooking a fine view of the sapphire sea below. As we coasted down to the water the chauffeur pointed out a small yellow villa where, he said, King Alexander of Yugoslavia lives during the summer months. It lies on a part of the coast known as the Riviera of the "Seven Castles," named for seven fortified castles, now only picturesque ruins and villages, all that are left of thirteen built in the fifteenth century for defense against the Turkish invaders.

So we came to the miniature city of Trau where we planned to stop for luncheon. Just outside the gates, by the water, soldiers were lolling in the shade of plane trees, while women sat about watching their children at play. Trau is perhaps the most characteristic town in Dalmatia, located on a small island, though connected with the mainland by a bridge, and opposite the island of Bua. It is a gem of archi-

ecture; in fact, it still looks like a medieval Venetian town.

Again we found our Venetian friend, the Lion of St. Mark, carved in stone on the top of Porto St. Giovanni. This gate is famous because of the cedar which sprouted at the lion's feet. According to legend, St. Giovanni — patron saint of the town — nourished the growth in order to hide the "hated symbol of Venice." In days gone by, if the bush were green in spring, the peasants declared it to be a good omen and a sign that their crops would flourish that season, but if the bush looked sickly, the year would not be a profitable one. Alas, the bush is now dead, but we saw the brown and withered branches clinging to the stone.

Many are the stories told about St. Giovanni and the miracles he performed. He was a member of the great Italian Orsini family — a man of brains and very pious. He became bishop of Trau in 1064. His magnificent tomb, made of marble and silver, can be seen in the Duomo. When the Venetians sacked the town, they rifled the sarcophagus and carried off one of the arms for the ring on a finger. Three years later, according to the story, this arm flew back miraculously to Trau. When one of the later abbots doubted this story he was stricken at once with palsy, a misfortune which convinced the people that Giovanni must be a real saint.

The western portal of the Duomo is considered very fine. Here again we saw Adam and Eve clutch-

ing their fig-leaves, much like the pair at Sebenico. The interior of the church resembled that of others along this coast, with chapels and baptistery, silver lamps and imitation flowers, candles, icons, and Virgins. I felt a little guilty, in the light of the praises heaped upon this church, that I did not find it quite so interesting as the one at Sebenico.

After prowling about a bit in the hot sun we obtained a permit from the mayor to have luncheon in the small but lovely public garden. Among the largest and most beautiful roses I have ever seen, with their perfume in the air, and with a muted orchestra of singing birds and buzzing bees, we had our picnic, on the edge of the blue water, looking beyond to the bare gray mountains.

Off we started after our luncheon, bound for the ruins of Salona — at one time the most important city on the Dalmatian coast and the capital during the Roman period. We found the remains of the Roman city on the hillside scattered over many fields. Here were columns and fragments, a theatre and a cemetery, a Christian basilica and tombs — some with Greek inscriptions. Pagans seem to have been buried under Christian martyrs, while on top were Christian rulers. A modern empty tomb stood near by, built for the Bishop of Spalato, who is still alive, and who has taken much interest in these excavations. We wandered in the shade of the garden and entered the small museum, but found it contained only a few urns and an empty tomb or two,

most of the treasures having been taken to enrich the collection at Spalato.

Salona in its day was a corrupt and decadent city: that vice and luxury flourished, the designs on its pottery prove. But it was a great and wealthy Roman city too, and as such the barbarian hordes coveted it. In 639 the Avars of the north swooped down upon it and destroyed it — people and town — so completely that never since has it been a living city. For twelve hundred years it lay desolate, buried little by little under the soil that washed down from the mountain slopes. During the last century, however, the Austrians, realizing the archaeological value of these ruins, have carried on extensive and valuable excavations.

On leaving Salona we motored along the course of the Jader River, which flows from a grotto down the hill to the sea, where once lay the fleet of Belisarius ready to fight the Goths. High above us, on the saddle of a yellow rock mountain, was the ancient fortress of Clissa, looking like an illustration from an old book of fairy tales. In its strongly fortified position it was besieged many times in the course of its history. It was from Clissa that the Uskoks were driven out by the Turks in 1536. They were allowed to settle farther north at Zengg, where they took to piracy and were a great menace to Adriatic shipping.

Spalato, or Split, which is the much less musical Yugoslavian name, appeared to be the largest and

most prosperous town we had seen on the coast. It was founded by Emperor Diocletian, who built a fortified Roman camp here on his retirement from Rome, and a palace for himself within the walls, said to be the largest building constructed during the Roman era. He had been born on this coast and so, when he abdicated in 305, he came back to this spot and lived quietly, planting his own cabbages, a variety which is called after him and sold here even today. Diocletian was the first to share his throne, which he divided with his friend Maximilian. He was also the first emperor to adopt the fillet round his head and the last to celebrate a triumph in Rome. His parents were slaves, owned by a Roman Senator. His father became a scribe and secured freedom for his family. Diocletian entered the army and rose rapidly in rank, finally becoming General of the Pretorian Guards. He was so popular with his soldiers, and the Guards became so powerful, that when the right moment arrived, they made him emperor. A pagan himself, he persecuted the Christians vigorously. He was buried in a splendid mausoleum included in the palace, which later became the Christian cathedral, at which time his sarcophagus was probably destroyed.

When the Avars overran Salona in the seventh century and settled there, the homeless remnants of the people sought refuge on the islands off shore and in the deserted palace that Diocletian had built. Here they set up their dwellings within the huge

enclosure, so that a city is today crowded inside the walled ruins. A most curious mixture of architecture, not like anything elsewhere in the world, has been the result. The vast imperial residence now houses some three thousand people, and the new town has spread beyond the Roman camp.

We entered the great *Porta Aurea*, the "Golden Gate" of the town, one of four principal gates, and wandered through the narrow streets, to come at last into the *Piazza del Duomo*, which occupies the place of the peristyle of the ancient palace. So interwoven and varied was the architecture here that I could think only of a vine twisting in and out round a great tree. Yet the square was imposing with its beautiful columns and broken fragments; bits of splendid carving were still left, and a red granite sphinx, transported many centuries ago from Egypt, lay under an arch, guarding the church, wide-eyed and staring, as if dreaming of the changes it had witnessed.

Rising above the church and square was the white, six-storied *campanile*, originally built in 1400 and restored at different times, even as late as 1908 by Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Inside the church we saw a tablet bearing his name and that of his son Rudolph. The carved wooden doors are magnificent, and the marble pillars of various sizes make an impressive but gloomy interior.

Not far off was the temple of *Aesculapius*, now the baptistery of the *Duomo*. It is considered a fine

example of an old Roman temple, and possibly Diocletian himself once worshiped his ancient pagan gods here, but I was too hot and tired to be much impressed. In fact, as we prowled about, I almost envied the people asleep in the streets in the heat of the early afternoon. The doorkeeper, who had been awakened to let us into the church and temple, was in a bad mood. He went into a gesticulating and noisy rage, saying our guide had not paid him enough. We left him still scolding to some loafer on the Duomo steps as we wandered off through streets past the market place to the water front on which part of the palace still stands. Here the fishing boats, with whole families living aboard, were backed up in a line by the sea wall, overlooking the wide terrace, to display their vegetables and fruit brought from other ports.

As we walked along I heard a voice calling, "I been in New York, but I have come home again." I turned and saw a man waving to me. "More money in New York," he continued, "I like to go back." The same plaint as that of our friend who "washa dishes for Johnny Wanamaker."

As *Sayonara* had lain off the Piazza at Venice there had been an English yacht alongside, the *Endymion*, and again she anchored near us at Spalato, off the old Roman palace. She was stubby, in the new Diesel engine style; ugly as compared with the lovely old Watson designs. It was pleasant to meet an old friend.

Next morning at daylight we started out again — (my Mrs. M'Connachie — who, though I have not mentioned her for some time, nevertheless had been keeping me very busy — insisting that I be on hand at that early hour to miss nothing of the marvelous panorama of sea and land). We had a wonderful cruise all day, past islands — Brazza and Lesina and Lissa and Curzola — peeking into little fortified ports, little white cities in hidden bays, coasting along fine island ranges, through waters that teemed with history as they do with fish.

In the late afternoon we reached the entrance to a beautiful fiord near Ragusa, guarded by a long jagged rock that resembled a huge sea serpent lying on the surface with his spine lifted out of the ocean. Within the landlocked bay lumber boats were unloading and bathers were picnicking and making merry. A harbor master boarded us who could not speak any language known to any of us, but our captain was clever at guessing, and I heard him call to the crew: "We can't anchor here; we are in the track of steamers, so up the creek we'll go."

"Up the creek" accordingly we steamed, deep into the glorious fiord of the Ombla enclosed with high hills that looked so much like Norway. Here *Sayonara* lay for several days while we explored Ragusa and made trips inland.

CHAPTER III

RAGUSA TO SARAJEVO

RAGUSA is an alluring spot, subtropical in its setting, at the foot of the bare and barren Dinaric Alps, full of flowers and a charm quite its own; a popular resort of the Austrians while it was still a part of their empire; a place for tourists to linger in today, or for poets and historians to dream over; a medieval, fortified city in a one-time miniature republic, which requires, to picture it properly, an artist with brushes full of color instead of an author with a mere dictionary.

For some twelve centuries this little city-state retained its practical independence in spite of the changes that, as we have already seen, were constantly occurring along this Dalmatian coast. Ragusa remained independent by judicious tribute, and canny, but not too-entangling alliances with more powerful neighbors. With the loss of her shipping predominance she fell into decay, and the end of her glories came with the Napoleonic wars.

Ragusa was founded in the seventh century of our era by refugees from the Graeco-Roman colony of Epidaurus near by, when, like Salona, it was devastated by the Avars. In the course of time a

maritime republic grew up here, with ships that traded from the Thames to the Holy Land. The golden age came in the first half of the fourteenth century. Sailors from Ragusa, it is said, sailed with Columbus when he discovered America, and twelve ships of her building went down with the Spanish Armada. The importance of this little republic to shipping is shown by the fact that our word "argosy" was corrupted from "ragusy," which means "ship of Ragusa." It is a word treasured by poets today, but common parlance in the time of Shakespeare. You will hear it often in a performance of "The Merchant of Venice." Early in the play "argosies of portly sail" are spoken of as flying "on woven wing," and Shylock says of Antonio: "He hath an argosy bound for Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England."

Ragusa built many ships for Venice, drawing so heavily upon her wooded hillsides that it is no wonder they are bare today. Soon the smaller state found it advisable to ally herself with the "Queen of the Adriatic" for greater protection against marauding pirates. Venetian suzerainty lasted until 1358, the little city in the meantime maintaining a large measure of independence in local affairs. From that time until 1526 Ragusa had a similar connection with Hungary, because, as she developed her inland caravan routes, such an alliance was profitable for their defense. Mean-

while she had made a compact with the Turks which saved her from being overwhelmed as time went on, like all the country round about. By 1540 the Turks had successfully invaded the Balkans through the interior of Dalmatia, with only the maritime city-states like Ragusa as a barrier between them and the conquest of Italy. The barrier, however, held. Not until 1808, when Napoleon included Ragusa in his Illyrian provinces, did she actually lose her independence. Soon after, she was annexed to Austria, remaining a part of the empire until the declaration of the new state of Yugoslavia in 1918.

Leaving our yacht anchored in the sapphire waters of the famously beautiful fiord of the Ombla, we motored to the old, walled-in town, passing first along the water front of Gravosa, where the sea-wall was a colorful picture of Moslems in red fezzes lolling among their blue and purple sailing boats with slanting, rakish masts. The road passed up across the promontory of Lapad, where stood enchanting white villas with roofs of old-rose tiles and pergolas shaded by luxuriant grapevines, each house set in a garden of roses in full bloom, of aloes and myrtle, of cypress and plummy palm, and spreading pine trees.

By the Porta Pile, we stopped to listen to a native band that played strange, stirring music of cymbals and drums, with a curious recurrent beat as if for marching soldiers. Suddenly we saw before us an

exquisite view of Ragusa. Encircling the old town and clinging to the hillside like lichens, ran the ancient turreted walls which ramp up the flank of gray Monte Sergio to culminate in the huge round bastion of the Mincetta Tower. Off toward the sea the picturesque battlements stood high above the waters and on the isolated peninsula was perched the stronghold of Fort San Lorenzo that was set on its rock more than nine hundred years ago. These great medieval fortifications "cry aloud," as Stevenson would say, for a story of a beleaguered princess and of pirates and sea barons.

The approach into the ancient city is by a balustraded way across a deep, wide moat that has been made into a garden-like park, and then on through a passage under the bastion of the massive Porta Pile. This romantic tower gate is guarded by a statue of St. Biagio or St. Blaise, the patron saint of Ragusa. The passage leads into the Stradone, the paved main street, which once was an arm of the sea dividing an upper and a lower town, but is now the *corso* where people pass and repass in a procession of vivid costumes. Here are the shops where delicate gold filigree work and gold tissue, characteristic workmanship of Ragusa artisans, may be found. Off to each side lead short, narrow passageways, lined with ancient stone houses—medieval *cul-de-sacs* ending in flights of steps up the steep sides of the city, or with façades of palaces of the old prosperous days.

L. sent in his card to the Commandant of the fort and asked if we might walk on the ramparts while the sun was setting. After much "red tape" and a torrent of very broken French on the part of some official, a Croatian soldier in a gray-green uniform was assigned to us as guide. Up and down we climbed—a million steps they seemed—and looked out through gun-holes and down into damp dark *oubliettes*. Within the walls lay the crowded old town, built on terraces and ledges, where families lived huddled together with chickens and pigs, some of the animals even on the roof-tops under trellises. Here and there a vegetable patch was being tended by a soldier or a monk in a brown or a white habit.

Exploring further we found that by the Porta Pile stand the walls and church of the Franciscan Monastery, built in 1320, partly destroyed by one of the earthquakes from which Ragusa has periodically and severely suffered. The monastery contains rich frescoes and columns with beautiful capitals, as well as a most lovely cloister, full of palms and roses. It has, also, one of the oldest "pharmacies" in Europe, an appropriate location, for Aesculapius, god of medicine, is said to have been born near by. Evidently the Franciscan monks of this monastery were militant Christians, for to them was assigned the defense of Porta Pile in time of trouble, while the Dominican Monastery, which also contains a charming cloister, was responsible for the protec-



RUINS OF ROMAN SALONA



PORTA AUREA, GOLDEN GATE AT SPALATO



PERISTYLE OF DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, SPALATO



WATERFRONT OF DIOCLETIAN PALACE-CITY, SPALATO

tion of the Porta Ploca at the other end of the town.

At this further end of the Stradone the main piazza opens up, surrounded by treasures of architecture. There is the Clock Tower with a passageway underneath to the ancient tiny artificial port, the Porto Cassone, that is enclosed by the ramping walls of the old fortifications. And here is the fine Dogana or custom house, the former mint; a part of the structure dating from the fourteenth century. Here, too, is the baroque Church of St. Biagio, which possesses, among its treasures, the head of St. Biagio in a richly decorated reliquary, and his arm and foot in golden caskets. Farther back stands the Duomo, interesting both inside and out. To enrich the piazza there are statues and fountains, as well as cafés and restaurants in which visitors may rest and enjoy the fascination of the place and people. And near by is the Rector's Palace, justifiably the pride of Ragusa, one of the most beautiful bits of architecture in the world, a miniature Doge's Palace, with exquisite façade, and loggia supported by intricately carved pillars with Venetian Gothic windows above, which are enriched by slender columns and fine tracery, and in the interior a gem of a courtyard. The whole is quite perfect in design and detail; dignified though small in size. The palace retains all the charm of its early fifteenth-century beginnings, although fires and earthquakes have compelled restorations which, however, are

hardly to be called new, since the building has remained untouched for at least two hundred and fifty years.

No one can wander through the streets of ancient Ragusa without being conscious of its long history, and of the changes that those old walls have witnessed. The most appealing phase of its story is the fact that always the little republic offered a haven to those in distress, not only to the first fugitives from Salona and Epidaurus, but to many later fleeing kings and nobles. An inscription over a gateway is a tribute from someone who found refuge here "with all his treasure." A fourteenth-century sultan, so they say, when people from Hercegovina, Bosnia, and Albania fled to safety in Ragusa before his invading armies, declared with genuine admiration: "So hospitable a state can never fail!" Rome and Venice in olden days were more lenient to Ragusa because a papal admiral and a famous Venetian general were rescued here by fishermen and cared for. Ragusans may well be proud that they abolished slavery within their borders in the fifteenth century, some three centuries before England took that action. Here were established the first loan bank and the first foundling hospital.

Just off the small port of Ragusa lies the island of Lacroma (on the summit of which stands the Torre Menza) where, according to legend, Richard Coeur de Lion, on his way home from the Holy Land, was washed ashore after his ship was wrecked

in a storm. In gratitude for his rescue he is said to have founded a monastery (San Marco) on the island and, for good measure, added a cathedral at Ragusa. It was this monastery, restored as a castle, that was at one time the property of the Archduke Maximilian, who was executed while emperor in Mexico. It was later the residence of another Austrian archduke, the Crown Prince Rudolph, who met so tragic and mysterious a death in his turn — truly an ill-omened possession for the Hapsburgs. It is no wonder we looked with interest at the island and the castle with so many dramatic associations.

From Ragusa we decided to make a motor trip inland across Yugoslavia, Hercegovina, and Bosnia to Mostar and Sarajevo. Shortly after starting we stopped to see the spot where the Ombla River bursts out, full grown, from under the base of the mountain palisade, after mysteriously flowing through subterranean passageways in the strange fashion of rivers in this country. Near by is the Palazzo Coboga, now somewhat in ruins, where the treaty with Turkey was signed. This palace is also the place where the poet Gondulie wrote his "Ossman."

Farther on we stopped by the world-famous, age-old plane trees of Cannosa, huge fellows that spread their branches over a wide terrace overlooking a panorama of sparkling waters and lovely islands. It is interesting to note that the plane,

which is a native of Greece, was a favorite tree of the Greeks and Romans. There was a noted tall one near the aqueduct at Athens, and in Achaia were specimens so enormous that it was possible to "take a meal in the hollow of one." Near Kephiae grew a magnificent plane that had been planted by Menelaus before his departure for Ilion. Today, there are, besides these trees of Cannosa, some huge fellows still growing on the Island of Kos, the branches of which spread so widely that they have to be supported by ancient stone columns excavated in the vicinity; and there are those at Bujukdere on the Bosphorus, in the shade of which Godfrey de Bouillon rested on his crusade to Palestine; but perhaps the best known of all is that old plane tree, in the Seraglio at Constantinople, which was the rallying point of the Janissaries when plotting mischief, and on the branches of which they hung their friends and foes.

We sat down before a little *osteria* beneath the trees, where we drank some of the native wine, a delicious liqueur. To our amazement the innkeeper proved to be an old sea-dog, who spoke to us in broken English. "I sailor man — I been to 'Merica — in California and Massachusetts — I been everywhere. I speak five languages all perfectly." Yet we could hardly understand a word he said! "I stay here now — too old to go to sea." He wagged his head as he drank his glass of wine with us.

After this brief pause we continued on through



VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF DUOMO, ONCE MAUSOLEUM OF
DIOCLETIAN, SPALATO



SOURCE OF THE RIVER OMBLA NEAR RAGUSA

the Karst country over mountains for the most part bare and rolling, although spots here and there were like cultivated rock gardens with yellow gorse and purple weeds peeping out among the gray stones. Once in a while we came across a shepherd or shepherdess with a flock of goats, the girls all busily winding wool into thread on their bobbins as they tended their flocks. Then we skirted the valley of the Narenta along marshy malarial plains dotted with an occasional small stone village.

As we neared Mostar the cultivated land looked like a huge patchwork quilt, and the houses were built of rock with great pieces of shale on the roofs to hold the buildings down to earth when the *bora* blew. Women were working in the fields in baggy trousers covered with blue aprons. Their feet were bare, while white scarfs were wound round and round their heads, almost covering their faces. The men wore the customary red fez, full blue trousers, vests, and colored sashes, high white leggings, and slippers turned up at the toes. For in this country, which has ceased to be a part of Turkey, the Turkish customs still remain, while in Turkey itself all Turkish usages are being abolished by the adoption of western ways and manners. Strangely enough, only in this outlying province nowadays can be seen the picturesque remains of a fast-disappearing Moslem life.

The mountain peaks about Mostar were streaked with glistening snow as though clothed with ermine,

while down below, in the valley, rose the graceful tube-like minarets of many mosques, containing rows of tinkling bells. We passed a neglected Moslem cemetery, where the marble gravestones for men bore a turban carved at the top and those for women consisted of a simple shaft about three feet high—all of which were toppling in different directions, giving a sad appearance. It is said that by the angle at which a turban is carved on the headstone it can be told whether the individual died a violent or natural death.

On we went down the main street (deserted at the noon hour)—past the walls enclosing the houses as in all Moslem towns—to the hotel hanging over the river near the old Roman bridge of which the fine arch frames pictures that are the delight of every photographer at Mostar. Much water has passed under this bridge since the days, nearly a thousand years ago, when the Narentine pirates sailed under it and out to the Adriatic, some eighty miles away, to ply their trade. On the hotel loggia, looking out over a pretty shaded park, we had an excellent luncheon of goulash, salmon trout, and Turkish coffee.

Ragged beggars wandered in the park and well-to-do Moslem women, wearing small black veils over their faces, and hoods, and flowing, striped-silk garments which covered them from head to high-heeled modern shoes. We were especially interested in the women in the old costume which is worn only

in this town—a coat giving the effect of a cape, made of dark blue cloth with sleeves which are caught together in the back. The peak-like hood is worn well over the head and face, making the wearers look rather like penguins or ducks. It is said that this costume was originally devised by the men as a punishment for wives who were too lively. It certainly succeeds in being bulky and unbecoming, whether such was its original purpose or not.

After luncheon, the stores being closed for the natives to take their afternoon nap, our guide conducted us to a Moslem house in order that we might buy one of these native costumes. Through a dirty alley we went, into an enclosed back yard and up some steps on to a balcony, off which ran three rooms. Several unveiled women and some children peeked out at us from a doorway. We sat and bargained in a large room, bare of furniture except for the usual divans.

As we motored on from Mostar we came to the gypsy country, where all the men looked brigands to us, with their long moustaches, great bare chests which their open shirts displayed, corduroy trousers, and handsome leather belts studded with silver. They were fierce-looking creatures! The gypsy women wore full pantaloons of red and white, and shawls, and wide red head-bands from which a number of gold coins hung down across their foreheads. Groups sat about under trees making merry. We wondered whether they were so care-free be-

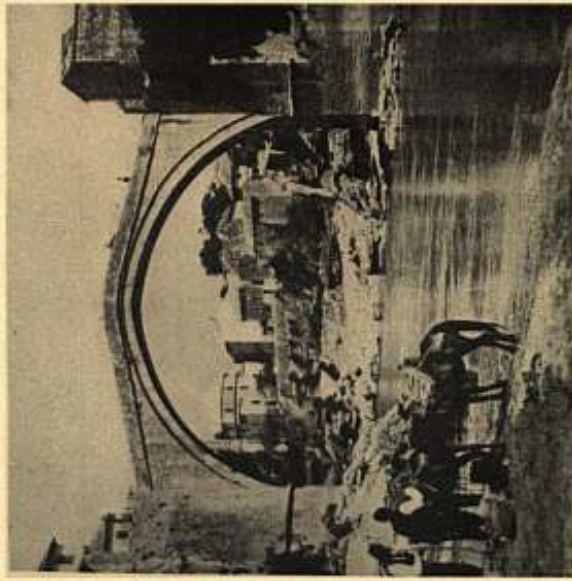
cause it was a fête day or whether they lead always such a pleasant, happy-go-lucky life.

After so much bare stony scenery it was a delight to come now to green fertile country with pine trees and clear brooks. Presently a fearful thunderstorm broke in the hills, the thunder echoing mightily back and forth as we rushed along, feeling that we might be struck by lightning at any moment. We had passed out of range, however, by the time the chauffeur stopped at a most picturesque Turkish village where groups of men stood gossiping in the street, but few women were to be seen. No doubt the latter were busy somewhere behind the scenes, for it is the women who do most of the hard work in this part of the world. The people in general looked poor; some were even in rags, and beggars lined the bridge over which we rolled. A small railway train could be seen in the distance, moving slowly across the landscape, taking wood to the sea. At a hunting lodge we stopped for wine and talked German with a pretty, blond woman — German is spoken somewhat in this section. On resuming our journey we left Hercegovina behind and entered Bosnia, a country of game and good fishing, and came upon some people sitting by a motor angling.

At last the city of Sarajevo came in sight. We had driven about two hundred miles in an open motor; we had suffered from dust and the terrible heat of the day; we had been drenched with rain in the storm; and so it was a relief to come, as it was get-



PORTA CASSONE (OLD PORT), RAGUSA, GENERAL VIEW



THE OLD BRIDGE, MOSTAR



MOSTAR, MOSLEM WOMAN'S DRESS

ting dark, to the Hotel Europe and find an excellent dinner of pastry filled with spinach — a native dish — good white wine, and Turkish coffee.

Revived by dinner, we sallied forth with our companions, the Stones, for a short walk, passing restaurants and houses that lined the river bank and reminded me of the Seine and Paris. So we came finally to the little square at the bridge head where the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenburg, were assassinated on June 28, 1914. The Archduke had come to Bosnia to attend the manoeuvres, and his wife had insisted on accompanying him, much to the distress of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, because of the critical state of the relations between Austria-Hungary, Serbia, and Bosnia. The Serbians were still bitterly resentful of the annexation of Bosnia and Hercegovina by the Austrian Empire in 1908. While the royal pair were driving through Sarajevo in a procession with crowds about them, two armed Bosnian students (lately returned from plotting in Serbia) stationed themselves at either end of the bridge over the River Miljacka. The first failed to shoot, but the second (Gabriel Princip) killed both the royal visitors. And here we stood and reviewed that gruesome act which was to involve nearly the whole world in war and bloodshed.

On the spot where the fateful shots were fired, the Austrians erected a memorial, but this was de-

stroyed when Sarajevo became a part of Yugoslavia, and was replaced with a memorial tablet to the murderer. Owing to the protests of foreigners, however, this tablet was finally removed by the authorities. The Serbians later had a new marble tablet made in memory of the man whose act precipitated the war, which was recently unveiled at the house in which he had lived. This appears to be the first known instance where an assassin has been thus honored.

Morning found me on the balcony having a most delicious cup of coffee while I watched the early risers going to their work. Later we walked to the old town, the Turkish quarter, and the most Oriental part of the city, with its square and its sixteenth-century mosque surrounded by one-storied shops with tattered awnings, and wooden stalls where Bosnian knitted socks, long wooden pipes, sandals, rugs, meats, and vegetables were for sale. Here Turks mingled with Bosnians in their typical white shirts and green sashes, homespun breeches, and pointed astrakhan caps. Veiled women in Turkish trousers frequented some of the streets. The minarets of the many mosques overshadowed the Christian churches, most of which were obliged to hide themselves away behind thick walls and down narrow side streets so that the sight of them would not offend the eyes of the Moslems.

Although the bazaars of Sarajevo were very tempting, we could buy little, for the shops closed

early, not only because it was Friday — the Moslem Sunday — but also because it was a holiday on account of a visit of three Ministers representing the Little Entente — Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania. We were so annoyed at the pesky Ministers for causing all the shops to close that, after motoring about the town a bit, we started back to Ragusa.

On our way into Sarajevo we had noticed groups of gypsies and beggars along the way, and had responded many times to the peasants' greeting of "God be with you!" We supposed them to be simply unaccustomed to seeing strangers in motors, but on the way back to Mostar, as people waved and smiled and threw flowers and cried "Bravo!" we realized the Ministers were traveling just ahead of us and that we were thought to belong to their party. Our motor caught up with them at Mostar, where we found a band playing and crowds of people. The guests of honor were having luncheon at the hotel with the mayor — a handsome man in a splendid turban.

From Mostar to Ragusa we were obliged to follow the official motors, on which flags were flying. At the various villages the Yugoslavian flag of red and blue stripes was waving vigorously. Soldiers stood at attention along the road, the people cheered, and we had all the thrills of being in a parade in which we did not belong.

Of all places on the Dalmatian coast Ragusa

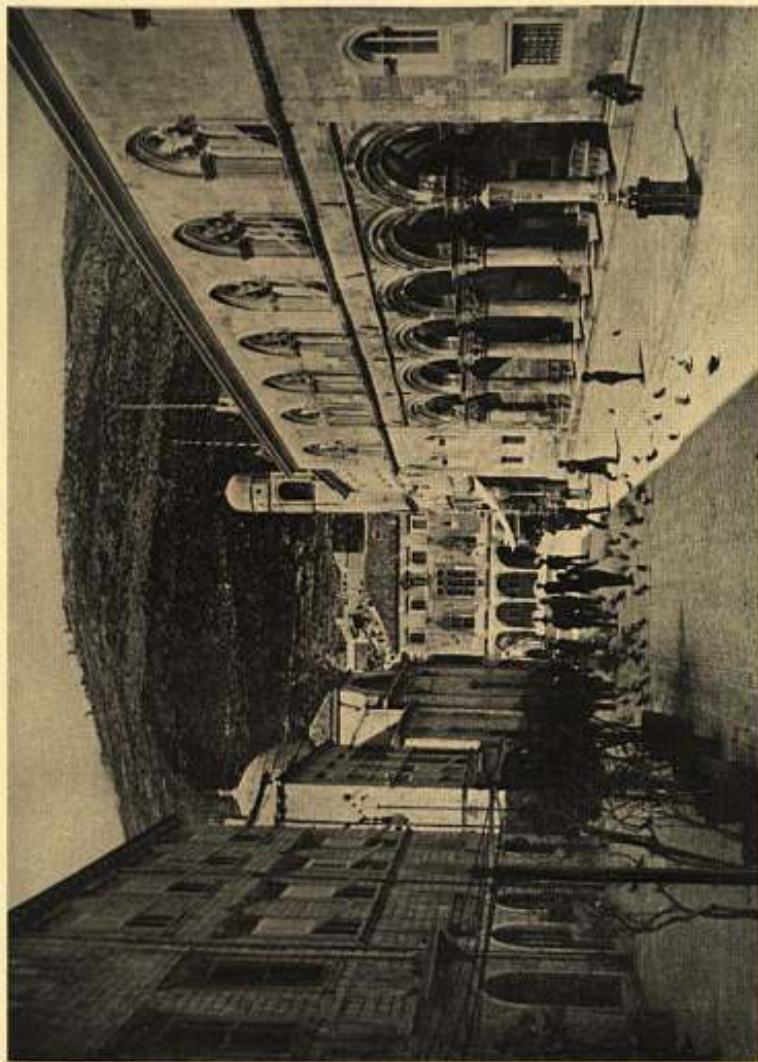
seems to me the loveliest, with its pretty villas and terraced gardens, its wonderful old fort and bastion walls and gem-like harbors, and its altogether indescribable air of medieval romance and charm. And in its beautiful setting on the reach of waters by the mouth of the Ombla River *Sayonara* was waiting for us with all the comforts of home.



END OF BRIDGE, THE SPOT WHERE THE ARCHDUKE WAS
ASSASSINATED, SARAJEVO



FOUNTAIN IN MAIN PIAZZA, RAGUSA



RECTOR'S PALACE (RIGHT), CUSTOM HOUSE (CENTER) MONTE SERGIO
(BACKGROUND), RAGUSA

CHAPTER IV

CATTARO TO CETINJE

THE run by water from Ragusa to Cattaro (there is also nowadays a good connecting motor road) is a short one along a panorama and waste of bare, barren mountains, thousands of feet high, that dip directly down into the sea. As we ran along shore we could see off on the horizon a fine but stubby-looking yacht, cruising northwards, flying the American flag, which we made out through our glasses to be Vincent Astor's German-built *Nourmahal*. L. had arranged the trip so that *Sayonara* might arrive at the Bocche di Cattaro in the afternoon when the light is best to bring out the grandeur of the scenery. We passed through the entrance, the Bocche, the "mouth" of the fiord, just in time to enjoy it at its best — one of the most enchanting yachting experiences in the world.

The narrow passage has its guardian forts from which soldiers gazed down at us through glasses, whether from curiosity or suspicion we could not be sure. Then followed surprise on surprise, for as we penetrated, the mountains rose higher and higher in their might, ashy gray, towering into peaks so bare

and white that in places they seemed snow-covered. Behind was a background of the loftiest peak of Dalmatia, six thousand feet high, and the frontier ranges of Montenegro. These massives enclosed wide bays of beautiful waterscape which were connected by narrow "canals" — straits — so that each bay seemed by itself an inland lake, that combined the loveliness of the Italian lakes with the majesty of a Norwegian fiord. To the awesome scenery of harsh palisade and rough ranges were added romance and history, while tiny fortresses high in the sky brought realization of struggles for these heights. Below, along the edge of the waters, stretched a veritable "riviera," wooded, luxuriant, with little white villages nestling along the shores or climbing up the hillsides — Castelnuovo, Perasto, Risano — and a succession of other picturesque miniature places, where church and convent spires and campaniles rose into the air. As an amusing little handbook informed us, these villages "emulate to show their beauty to the astonished traveler. They all are connected by a magnificent green cover, of which the tame olive tree forms a prominent part." Probably it is the "tame olive" which turns the usually sapphire seas by reflection to emerald in portions of these bays.

Castelnuovo, crowned by a Bosnian king, Tuartko, with a fortress which later passed into the possession of the Turks, is a good illustration of the vicissitudes which this region has endured. In

the course of its history it has been occupied by Bosnians, Turks, Venetians, Spaniards, Russians, French, English, and Austrians. Because this town lay within fairly easy access from the sea it suffered perhaps a few more conquests than its neighbors farther within the Bocche, but the whole region has known many masters. You can almost hear the echoes of the clang of battle from these mountainsides and catch a glimpse of the red beard of Barbarossa, who held the fortress of Castelnuovo in the year 1538 and encouraged his Turkish pirate hordes to plunder up and down these coasts.

On we sailed through the "Canal" of Verige into the inmost basins of the Bocche. This strait is usually known as "le Catene" because long ago chains used to be laid across it to prevent hostile ships from entering. On every hand the scene was bewilderingly lovely, especially two tiny dream islands off the shore of Perasto, seeming to float on the reflecting waters. On one, St. George's Isle, are the remains of a Benedictine abbey, which was already in existence in the twelfth century. In the midst of tall cypresses stand the walls of the ancient church and the graves of some of the noble families of Perasto. One wonders if this location was chosen for the abbey in the hope that this little island might offer safety from marauders; but even here the church and monastery suffered from Turkish fire and sword.

The other island is named for the Madonna of

the Chisel. If you prefer — and are able — you may call the islands by their Yugoslavian names of Otočić Sv. Juraj and Otočić Gospa od Škrpjela. The Yugoslavians are making a valiant attempt to impose the Slavic names over the old Italian versions along the Dalmatian coast. Spalato they would have us call Split. Ragusa to them is Dubrovnik, and Cattaro, Kotor. When one nation is as fond of vowels as the Italians and another is as devoted to consonants as the Yugoslavs, it is not surprising to find they cannot live together in complete accord.

But to go back to the Island of the Chisel. A Montenegrin of the Greek Orthodox faith told us that a shipwrecked sailor left an icon on the island as a thank-offering once upon a time and the Catholics came and built a church around it. They did much more: the island was originally little else but a rock, and pious pilgrims in the course of time brought other rocks sufficient to make a lovely artificial island. We regretted that we could not land and visit the church, which dates from 1630, and see the many pictures it contains, including a miraculous one of the Madonna. We also were disappointed not to have seen the two thousand or so silver votive objects, "donated by pious people for received graces." This region must be singularly blessed in other things besides scenery when so small a population receives so large a number of "graces."

In addition to the island churches there are other interesting churches and monasteries in this district containing treasured relics. At Savina, near Castelnovo, are many such, among which — to quote again from the amusing handbook — “it is to mention the arm belonging to the Serb Queen Ellen, according to tradition, and covered with silver in the year 1759.” On top of Lovchen, the Guardian Mountain of Montenegro that towers above Cattaro, a small chapel enshrines the bones of Peter II, a king, warrior, and statesman of Montenegro and a national poet. And in a cave on this mountainside now sleeps the Montenegrin Barbarossa who will not awaken until the Turks have been driven out of Europe.

Beyond the islands and Perasto lies Risano, said to be one of the oldest towns on the Dalmatian coast. It was a thriving city more than two hundred years before Christ, at the time when the Illyrian Queen Teuta fled from her capital at Scutari before the Romans and made this her pirate lair. Sixty years later the Romans succeeded in conquering an Illyrian king and made the Bocche part of a Roman province. At the break-up of the Roman Empire, it became subject to Constantinople, was overrun by the Goths, and then passed to the control of Constantinople again.

The story of the various sections of the Bocche differs, but Cattaro, in which we were most interested, was joined to the Serbian state in the twelfth

century. When, in the course of time, danger of Turkish invasion increased alarmingly, Cattaro attached itself to Venice, although keeping a certain amount of constitutional and civic independence. Venice retained control until 1797, while the Castelnovo corner of the Bocche remained under Turkish sovereignty. In 1815 Cattaro, with the rest of Dalmatia, passed to Austria and is now a part of Yugoslavia.

Twilight was coming on as we drew near Cattaro, deep in the noble fiord. Twilight comes early here and the days are short even in summer time, so closely do the mountains overshadow and overhang the town. Several steamers lay off the port, and three torpedo-boat destroyers, once the property of Austria but now belonging to Yugoslavia. We could see the line of old houses along the water front, the river, and the "Porta Marina," the pretty public garden with roses and shade trees, and an open-air restaurant where people were having supper. Ancient walls ran zigzagging up the mountainside to the Citadel of St. John above the town, with bastion towers much in ruins. Although they withstood assaults of Turk and Venetian, they finally acknowledged defeat by earthquake.

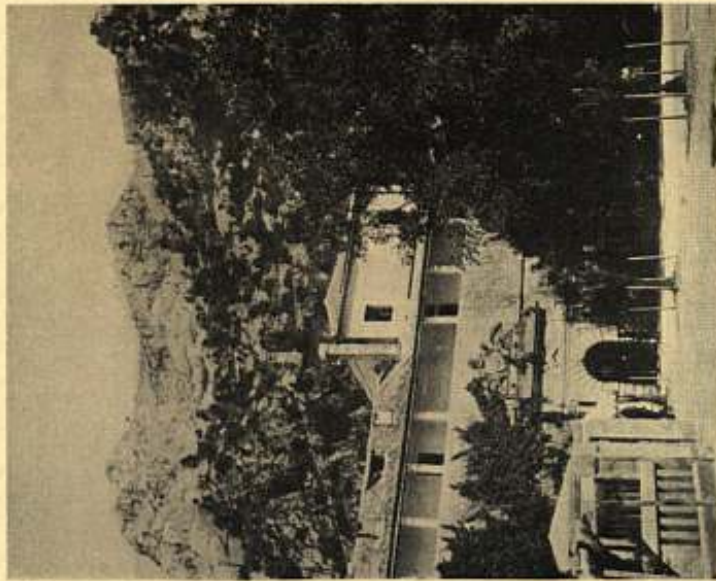
As night descended, the mountain range became a great black curtain, thousands of feet high, shutting us in except for the stars in the heavens that looked as big as lanterns. About the yacht circled many small boats filled with people singing their



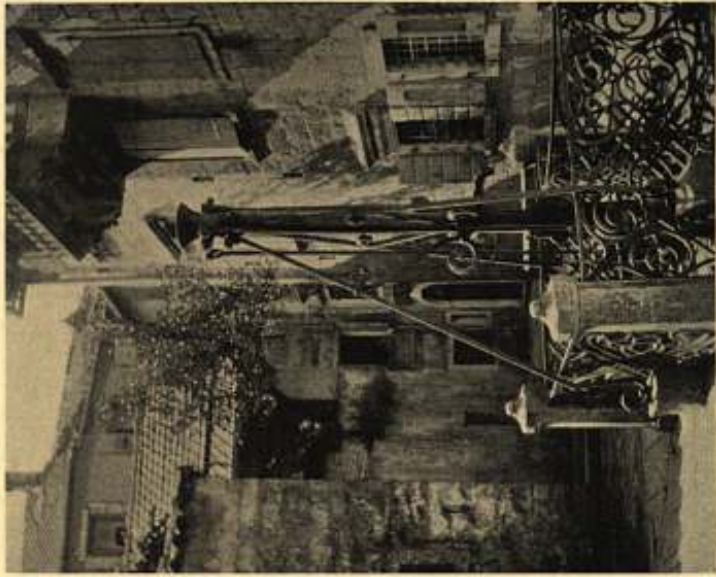
ISLANDS IN THE BOCHE DI CATTARO



THE FIORD OF CATTARO



MAIN GATE AT CATTARO



A SCENE IN CATTARO

native songs in their strange language. It was an experience to treasure.

Next morning the town was a-bustle very early because it was to be a fête day in honor of the three Ministers of the Little Entente, whose trail we had followed at Ragusa and who were arriving at Cattaro to motor up to Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, for a conference. Crowds had gathered on the dock to greet them, but not the picturesquely costumed lot I had hoped to see. The really beautiful national costumes we were to find later in Montenegro.

The open-air market was in full swing when we landed and doing a vigorous business, with oranges and greens of all sorts, cheeses, and vegetables, gourds of oil and fish on display. Motors were standing about — most of the twenty-five on which Cattaro prides itself. Into two of these we climbed and set out up the “ladder” road which leads over Mount Lovchen by way of one hundred and twenty-five serpentines to Cetinje.

Montenegro, a little country less than half the size of Wales, has always been noted for its independence, spirit, and fine-looking men. It offered a refuge to Serbian nobles after their defeat by the Turks at Kossovo, and managed to maintain its independence even when Serbia, Bosnia, and then Albania fell before the Crescent. Ivan the Black was the great Montenegrin hero of the fifteenth century, whose deeds are recorded in legend and song. At

the time of the Great War Nicholas was King of Montenegro and had ruled for sixty years, longer than any other sovereign involved in the conflict. An autocrat, but a fairly benevolent one, he had gradually been obliged to yield more and more political power to his people. Through the marriages of his children he had made important alliances with various countries. Although a primitive patriarch of a remote people, he was father-in-law to two kings and two grand dukes. His fourth daughter, Helena, became Queen of Italy in 1900. The people of Montenegro sided with Serbia in the World War, but Nicholas and his sons were jealous of that country and feared a possible union, which did come later. The King's position was so equivocal that when the Austrians occupied Montenegro he was forced to flee with his family and the Premier to Paris, where he established his "court" — just as Serbia was forced to exile the seat of its government for a time to the island of Corfu.

In 1918, with the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Montenegrins felt that safety for their little realm lay in union with Serbia, and accordingly the National Assembly voted to depose Nicholas and his house and to unite with their neighbor. With Serbia they entered into the union of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, or Yugoslavia. The ex-king lived most of the remaining three years of his life in exile in Italy. It has been said that when President Wilson was in Paris for the Peace Con-

ference, King Nicholas — counting on the American attitude toward self-determination and small weak states — wrote asking for an interview, but never received a reply. The eldest son, Danilo, a most commonplace-looking man to have such a romantic name, is now living in Germany. Last year we saw him at the hotel at Lake Como with his wife, a German princess.

The Montenegrins felt for centuries that their isolation was the security for their independence and refused to permit a road to be built into their country. At length, in the seventies of the last century, the Austrians persuaded them to allow a road to be constructed over the Lovchen up which we now went zigzagging. Up and up we climbed until the town below looked like a children's village and the yacht a toy in a garden pool, while in the grand wide view and distance could be seen the great inland lakes divided by gray and green mountains which make up the Bocche di Cattaro. These lakes, in color and shape, reminded me of enormous opalescent tear bottles from ancient tombs.

L. had been warned that because of the danger of brigands we had better display an American flag on this drive, but on account of the Ministers' visit, soldiers were stationed along the road and protected us as well as the Ministers.

In a primitive little village we came across, the huts were made of the mountain rocks with thatched roofs. By just such a farmhouse we stopped to see

the place where King Nicholas was born. These villages all had a round, paved spot for thrashing grain. In the course of the drive we saw a few sheep, cows, or pigs, tended by a boy or girl, but little of the treeless, terraced-rock country was under cultivation. Now and then, there appeared a solitary, sinister figure standing motionless on some high rock in silhouette against the sky, armed with pistol, gun, or knife, for not so long ago it was the law that no man should leave his house without his arms. In fact, without a weapon he felt as undressed as he might feel without his unbleached woolen coat, which provided warmth and at the same time protective coloring when he sought to hide among the rocks. Without his arms he was "no better than a woman."

After we had crossed the pass at the top, over the old frontier into Montenegro, the land of Black Mountains, there, before us, stretched a superb wild scene, a great jumble of pinnacles and ranges that were dramatic in their savage look of desolation — black peaks that topped one another, with streaks of snow, till lost far in the distance. Only every now and then, in some sink holes between the cruel rocks, did there appear a little green — tiny terraces cultivated in scooped-out places. Among the hills wolves roam and eagles have their nests — a wild region where bandits hide. In the distance we saw the Lake of Scutari, which divides Montenegro from Albania and empties into the River Drin that flows down to

the sea. The Drin is coveted by several countries not only for commercial but for military reasons, because it is one of the few navigable rivers of this region that offer an outlet to the salt water.

Another expectant crowd, like that on the water front at Cattaro, had gathered at Cetinje, but with this difference, that here those who still owned beautiful old costumes had put them on in honor of the Ministers. Some, alas, not in costume, were almost in rags. Many of the women wore long, light blue, armless cloth coats, trimmed with gold embroidery, over garnet velvet dresses. Their long hair was braided and wound round their heads into a crown, from which black lace hung down their backs. Some of the costumes of the men were even finer: they consisted of red cloth jackets, trimmed with gold braid, over vests; bright-colored sashes, and full, light blue trousers tucked into high white gaiters or high boots. On their heads they wore small round caps of red and gold, edged with black. The priest was superbly dressed in light blue cloth with full skirt and gold jacket. To me the men all looked like the pictures of King Nicholas — tall and strong and dignified, with long, fierce moustaches — any one of them might have passed for a king.

As the town was *en fête*, lines of school children were parading the streets, along with soldiers and bands. We were indeed lucky to be in Cetinje at such a time, because on any other day we could not have

seen the costumes, which even here, too, are gradually disappearing.

This capital we found to be a straggling village with two principal streets containing, for the most part, one-story stone houses, with only a few large villas where the foreign countries at one time had their legations. The royal palace of Nicholas was a yellow-plaster, slate-roofed affair, looking rather like a school, and another of the most important houses on the wide square, with its trees and kiosks and cafés, was the house in which King Alexander of Yugoslavia was born. He is a grandson of old King Nicholas.

The air was fine and sparkling, but the sun was hot. The little hotel in its pretty garden, while as primitive as the rest of the place, offered us an excellent luncheon of native bean soup, good mutton, cake, and coffee.

After we had wandered about the town and seen the Ministers properly welcomed, we started on our way again over the plateau and down the mountain-side of Lovchen, winding round corners, and looking off into sheer space and over the view which spread out far below. And there lay the yacht, so tiny at first that we could scarcely see it, this time all decorated with flags, rainbow fashion, from stem to stern, for L. had left word to dress ship in honor of the Ministers' visit, as he did not want an American visitor to fail in any courtesy on such an occasion.

It was perhaps just as well for our peace of mind that we had such a marvelous view — one of the most beautiful in the world — to distract us while zigzagging down the “ladder of Cattaro” road. We came down safely, however, thanks to our handsome chauffeur, who proved to have worked in the Dodge factory at Detroit, Michigan. He said he had earned five dollars a day there, but here, with the most careful saving, it took two years for him to gather together enough money to buy a suit of clothes.

On our return to Cattaro we were greeted by yet another native who could speak understandable English. This man had once on a time become an American citizen, but had returned to Cattaro, where he opened a shop and was agent for Cook's. I decided he had acquired strenuous American business ways while in the States, for he was the only man who had kept his shop open on the fête day. We women were glad to find even one place in which to shop, for with holidays in honor of visiting Ministers, and Moslem Sundays on Friday, and Jewish Sundays on Saturday, our shopping opportunities in Yugoslavia had, we felt, been most unfairly curtailed.

Cattaro has not much to offer architecturally, because of the ravages of earthquakes, although there are some small places and *piazze*, very Venetian in character and atmosphere, and well heads and devious ways. We explored the town a bit before returning to the yacht, and were well repaid.

In the museum, belonging to a Sailors' Guild, dating back to the fifteenth century, we found some interesting old weapons and costumes. These are used in the celebration of the fête of St. Tryphonius, early in February each year. The fête opens with an ancient dance in front of the church, followed by a "solemn divine service." Tryphonius is the patron saint of Cattaro, and has been so since the year of our Lord 809 when, we were told, his body was brought in to the Bocche by a ship that was in distress owing to a terrible storm. A wealthy resident of the place gave his whole fortune in exchange for this relic in order that the city might have an intermediary in time of need. The original cathedral was then built in the saint's honor, and the Sailors' Guild, called "Marinerezza," was later established in his memory. So important became this Sailors' Guild that it owned much property and acquired political power, its "Admiral" ranking next to the Governor during the time of Venetian dominion.

The chapel of St. Lucas, very little restored in the course of eight centuries, proved to be a Greek church with charming old icons and paintings in its dim interior. St. Tryphon's, the Roman Catholic cathedral, is the most important monument in Cattaro, and is noted especially for its relics. Most of them are kept in a separate building, which we reached through a passage and a Venetian iron gate. Here a priest opened for us a cupboard containing



ANCESTRAL HOME OF ROYAL FAMILY ON THE ROAD TO CETINJE



THE PRESIDENT OF CETINJE AND HIS COUNCILORS



ONCE THE ROYAL PALACE, CETINJE



HOUSE WHERE KING ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA WAS BORN,
CETINJE

many shelves filled with innumerable bones — arms, legs, and heads of saints — encased in silver and gold. The chief relic he considered to be the skull of St. Tryphonius, set in engraved gold and covered with glass.

Cattaro was to be our last port of call on the Dalmatian — or, as we must now learn to say — Yugoslavian coast. For scenery it had been the climax of beauty, just as Montenegro had been for costumes; but each place had held a special interest. Zara had the charm of ancient architecture; Sebenico, the pirate stronghold, I had found fascinating, and Trau a medieval gem; Spalato was an amazing city built within an emperor's palace; Ragusa had been lovely beyond the power of prose to express, and the trips inland to Mostar and Sarajevo had been memorable indeed. We all agreed that anyone who desires to travel a route of increasing beauty should make the cruise down the Dalmatian coast. But there was more — much more — to see. Albania was luring us on, and so we set out for that wild country where few travelers stop, a land in which Moslem bandits figure, not only in its past but also in the present.

CHAPTER V

ALBANIA

UNTIL we actually dropped anchor at Durazzo it was by no means certain that we should be able to visit this port in Albania, the nearest point to Tirana, the capital. Nearly everyone had discouraged us from making the attempt. Before we started the Captain had told L. that five times he had been obliged to pass by Durazzo, each time hoping to get in, but finding it impossible to do so. Naval men had assured us that under the best weather conditions we should have to face the perils of an almost open roadstead, without lighthouses, and with very shallow water, and dangerous reefs. And our Minister at Tirana, while advising that Durazzo was possible, yet suggested that a safer harbor could be found at Valona, farther down the coast. Thanks, however, to the good weather, due to the lateness of the season, *Sayonara* was able to make port at Durazzo "blindly" and without mishap. There were no buoys to show us where to go, but the masts and wrecks of sunken ships told us where not to go.

As we steamed in we could see a low marshy coast foreland with green hills behind and dim mountains

in the background, and on one end of the wide crescent-shaped bay a rocky promontory with an ugly town below, and ruins of ancient fortifications on the hillside. At the highest point stood a nondescript sort of building under construction which proved to be a new summer palace for the Albanian ruler, King Zog.

Shortly before we left Washington we had met at dinner two of the few people in the world who could tell us from experience something about Albania — Grant Smith, who was our first Minister to that country, and Count Szechenyi, Hungarian Minister to the United States, who had once on a time been offered the kingship of this little state. We had also had tea with the writer, Colonel Alexander Powell, who accomplished the supposedly impossible some ten years ago by crossing Albania and Macedonia from the Adriatic to the Aegean by motor.

We knew, of course, that the Albanians were probably the oldest race in Europe, being Aryan emigrants from the region of the Caspian Sea long before history began. They were already an ancient nation when Greece was young, and in spite of Roman conquests from the west, Slavic drives from the north, and Turkish domination from the east, the Albanians have changed little in customs, language, and mode of life through the centuries. Their very difficult language, resembling the Sanscrit, is spoken nowhere else. Much, however, remains of Turkish influence in dress and religion — for the majority of

the people today are Moslems — but there is not the bitter feeling between Moslem and Christian that is found elsewhere, and marriage is permitted between members of the two faiths.

A very great deal of history has occurred in Albania since 1912, the year when the Turkish yoke was finally thrown off. The great Powers, fearful that either Serbia or Greece might seize control, urged Prince William of Wied on the country as king. He lasted only a few months, until the outbreak of the World War, when he skedaddled. He could scarcely have enjoyed a very restful rule, anyway, since he found it necessary to surround the old fort at Durazzo in which he lived with barbed-wire entanglements. A condition bordering on anarchy followed until Italy, after her entrance into the war, took possession of southern Albania. She brought a semblance of order out of the chaos and built some roads, sadly needed. By the peace treaties, Albania was declared an independent state, and in time her borders were established by a commission under the League of Nations. A republic was declared in 1925, of which Ahmed Zogu, the modern counterpart of Scanderbeg, the national hero, was elected president. Three years later he was made king. So a new nation was born of an old race in Europe.

Albania, until it sprang into prominence during the Great War, had been for ages one of the most remote regions in the world, as little known indeed as parts of central Asia or Africa. In turn Albania

was equally ignorant of the rest of the world and of everything that modern civilization implies. In a decade it has leaped the gap of centuries. It now has roads over which motors can travel. From being one of the most inaccessible of countries it may soon become by air service one of the easiest to visit in the Balkans. In fact, even today, by arrangement, one can travel by airplane in Albania. There is at least one bath tub we know of in the country — that in the summer palace — and some electric lights and telephones; also a public school system. Some of this progress is probably due to the efforts of King Zog, who is anxious to modernize his country. A good deal is due to Italian influence, for to Italy have been entrusted such matters as the founding of a national bank and the development of the economic interests, including the harbors. Italians train the troops and have started a youth movement. Many consider that Italy is not wholly altruistic but hopes, in time, to take over this land, at least as a protectorate.

But underneath the surface there is much of the old Albania left. In the interior northern mountains, some people are still living according to the ancient Law of Lec, based on personal honor, which also becomes the honor of the tribe. Blood feuds only a short time ago were as common and as complicated as they used to be in our southern mountains. No man who was accompanied by a woman could be shot, just as no man, even the deadliest enemy, could be harmed so long as he was a guest in the

house of his foe. All lands and houses were tribal property, to be disposed of in tribal council. Records of events were kept only by word of mouth, or in songs handed down from singer to singer after the fashion of the ancient bards since the days of Alexander the Great. Women do the hard work today; they travel over the mountain trails, spinning as they go, with cradles on their backs. Betrothals are made at a very early age and are adhered to with the strictest honor.

Because these mountain people always have "thought as tribes," they have not been able to comprehend the idea of a unified Albania and have distrusted somewhat the new government at Tirana. In customary fashion, they made a song on the subject.

*"What have the men of Tirana been doing?
I am the son of the mountain eagles;
I do not give up my nest while there is life in my
claws;
I do not yield to the gendarmes!*

.

*I will not be killed like a lamb for the men of
Tirana,
I am a goat and will fight!"*

After we had obtained "pratique" from the port officials at Durazzo, we began to see something of both the old and the new Albania. As we climbed

out of the launch on to a very old and rickety wharf we saw, tied up all about, dirty fishing boats with rakish masts and patched and tattered sails, manned by most evil-looking individuals, whose dark skins were set off by turbans or red or yellow handkerchiefs tied round their heads, sometimes over black or white fezzes. They all wore the usual baggy Moslem trousers and colored sashes. By contrast, we found waiting to greet us a stylish and handsome young man in frock coat and white spats, with yellow gloves in his hand, who had come to meet us as a representative of the foreign office. He introduced in turn an officer in uniform of the *gendarmerie*, who had been sent by the Commissioner of Police in Tirana, as a courtesy and to act as an escort.

These gentlemen took us first by motor to see King Zog's new summer palace on the hill. We walked up and down many half-finished stairways which, we were told, had been devised so that King Zog could find his exercise in ascending and descending them, as he seldom leaves his palaces when once "in residence." This palace was Italian in style and we learned that it was, indeed, being constructed by an Italian. In fact, this was the first of many times we were to meet the fine touch of the Italian hand that day. The King's bath tub — a great innovation — was an enormous marble affair. Some finishing touches to the palace had already been added, including the ceiling of the music room,

which was coffered in gold with the double black eagle on a red ground, the emblem of Albania. The country is often called the "Land of the Eagle." An earthquake had already held up building operations, which may be delayed again if a stork, the sacred bird, chooses to build a nest there. In that case, no more building will go on until the stork is quite through with the location.

King Zog, who is unmarried, is a highly romantic figure. His name is Ahmed Zogu (the Bird). He has chosen, however, to be called by the title of King Zog. He is still only in his middle thirties, but he has crowded a lifetime of excitement into these few years since he became chief of a mountain tribe at sixteen. Because his father was a pasha in the Ottoman service, King Zog was educated in Constantinople and is a Moslem. During the Great War he fought on the side of the Austrians. Since that time he has been constantly at the front of Albanian affairs as Minister of the Interior, premier, president, and finally king.

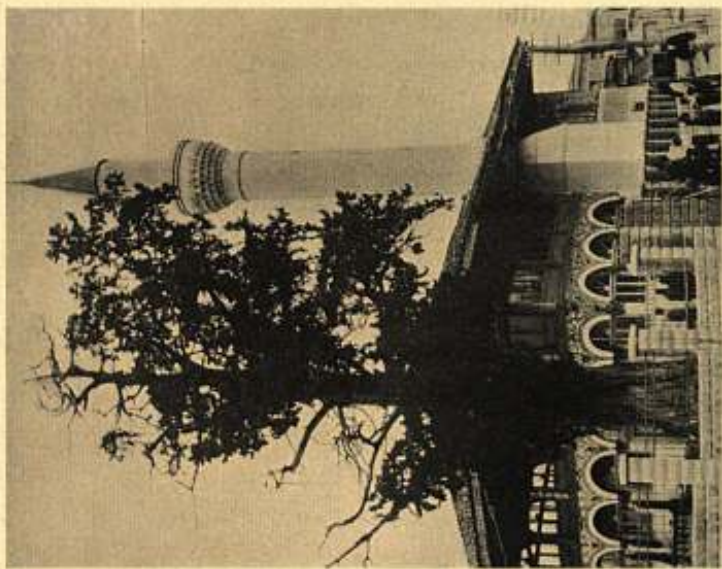
Durazzo, today, is a Turkish-looking town of low houses and cheap shops with dark doorways, and narrow dusty streets. Although it is really only a village, I counted twenty motors, all of Italian make except a few American trucks. Notwithstanding the unpromising sea front, the place became more interesting as we explored and understood something of its history. Below King Zog's villa lay ancient fortifications with great crumbling bastions,



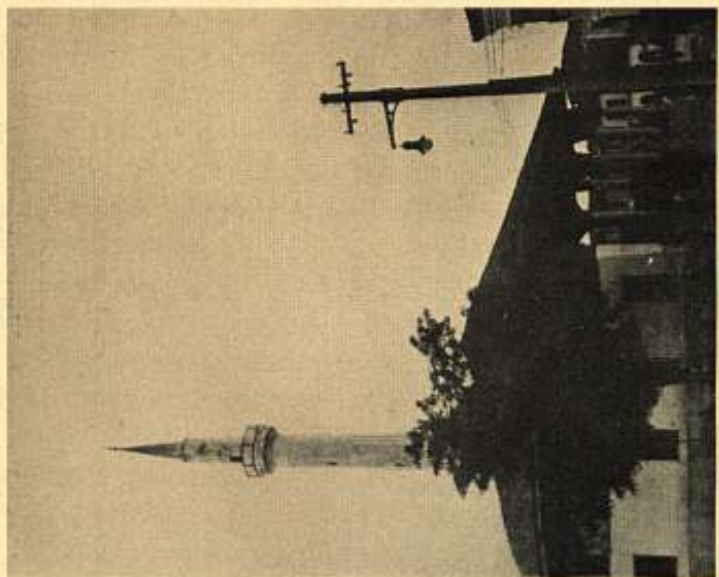
THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO ALBANIA AND
GUESTS IN FRONT OF THE LEGATION AT TIRANA



OUR CHAUFFEUR WHO HAD BEEN WITH THE
AMERICAN TRAVELERS KILLED BY BANDITS



MOSQUE AT TIRANA



MOSQUE AT TIRANA

round and polygonal, turreted and crenellated rampart walls telling of Byzantine and Venetian and Turkish occupation. Roads ran through gaps in the masonry and houses were built on the ramparts — including now the British Legation, the only mission which has retained its Legation here.

Looking down over the old walls we recalled that long ago Durazzo was a Roman city, Dyracchium by name, and that here Cicero was for a time in exile. From it Caesar marched his legions to defeat Pompey on the plains of Thessaly. Augustus visited Dyracchium, and the daughter of the great Theodoric lived here in a magnificent palace. And now, near by modern Durazzo, French excavators have found old Roman remains — tombs and fragments and statues. In the northern corner of Albania Italian archaeologists have unearthed an even more interesting find — the ruins, they think, of the legendary city of Buthrotum, mentioned by Virgil. In Book III of the "Aeneid," he wrote: "We skirt the shore of Epirus and enter the Chaonian port and gain the high city of Buthrotum." Translating "Epirus" as Albania, and "Chaonian port" as Durazzo, we had a bit of the "Aeneid" before our eyes.

"Durazzo must have been more important than it looks," said I.

"Important!" returned L. "Dyracchium stood sentinel at the beginning of the great Roman road, the Via Egnatia, the continuation of the Via Appia

across the Adriatic. Together these roads joined the capitals of the eastern and western empires. The Via Egnatia was the great commercial and military highway, climbing mountains, dipping through valleys straight, as all Roman roads ran straight, across Macedonia and Thrace to the Bosphorus."

"Then Albania is important to Europe now for the very same reason that it was valuable to the Romans," I said, "because it offers the quickest route between Europe and the Orient, especially between Italy and the Orient?"

"Exactly!" agreed L. "Even a railway line has already been proposed, crossing from Durazzo to the Golden Horn."

As we motored on our way to Tirana it was thrilling to find that we were following the old Roman road for a time — thrilling, that is, until we began to feel that the road had been little mended or watered since it was built. Traveling out over the malarial marshland, we saw water buffalo being worked in the fields, the first we had seen on this coast. The farming methods were primitive. We came at last to grazing land and a country of game, where ducks and wild boar were plentiful. The countrymen we met wore black boleros decorated with tufts of wool, and with long fringes hanging down behind. Gypsies — or they may have been refugees from Serbia — were living in tents and all were more or less in rags. Once we encountered

armed soldiers marshaling a prisoner ahead, his hands tied together in front.

Meanwhile we were learning a good deal about our handsome young escort, whose name, by the way, was Djemal Bey Frasherî. He was the son of a Moslem who had been a general in the Turkish Army — for many an Albanian had risen to high rank in Turkish officialdom — and had been sent to be educated at the American college in Smyrna (which we later visited).

“How did you happen to go to that school?” I inquired.

“Because it is the best in the Near East,” he replied.

He talked enthusiastically about the college, telling us that both rich and poor may attend it. Although his father paid several hundred dollars a year for his education, many boys worked their way through.

“My sister goes to college in America,” he went on with obvious pride.

We exclaimed at that and asked where.

“At Wellesley College. It is near Boston in Massachusetts,” he answered. “Do you know it?”

We said that Wellesley College was very near our home and promised that when we returned to America we would look up this adventurous student.

He explained to us how his sister happened to go so far in search of an education. In 1924, the Albanian Parliament passed an act creating the Al-

banian-American School of Agriculture and giving it one thousand acres of land for cultivation. When the American representative arrived, much of the land was occupied by refugees, living in mud shacks, but after a conference with Ahmed Zogu, at that time president of Albania, more land was given and the necessary buildings erected. Within a year crops were being gathered. Now there is a school for boys and another for girls. An American teacher took a liking to our young man's sister, when she was a pupil, and arranged to take her to America. He was delightfully like other young men of his age in our world — very fond of dancing and jazz, which, he said, was popular in the capital. He was much pleased that the American Minister, when his wife was at Tirana, gave dancing parties.

To my question whether Moslem girls were as yet much emancipated in Albania, he replied:

“Most of our young girls do not wear veils nowadays, but you will see, on the other hand, that many of the married Christian women wear them on the street because they do not wish to be conspicuous.”

Of course I took special note of this point and found that about half the women I saw in Tirana wore the short black Moslem veil over their faces. Some Mohammedans did not approve of Mustapha Kemal's new law in dress and left Turkey to settle in Yugoslavia and Albania where the old costume is allowed to be worn.

During our drive I noticed an attractive yellow villa on a hill and asked about it.

"It belongs to a rich Moslem Albanian," our young man informed me. "There are some large landowners in Albania now, most of them Mohammedans," he added.

"You will go to Scutari, certainly?" he queried. "On market day you can see the native costumes there as nowhere else."

"No," we replied, with regret. The road, we had heard, was very, very bad. Most of the roads in the northern part of Albania were built by Austrians before the war.

"You would see many fine old fortresses," he went on, persuasively, "especially the castle at Kruja, which belonged to our great hero, Scanderbeg."

We told him that this was indeed an inducement but we should not have time to go beyond Tirana; that if only for the sake of our Captain's peace of mind, we must let him take *Sayonara* out of Durazzo harbor before dark. But, we added, we already knew about and admired Scanderbeg. One of our English poets, Lord Byron, had written in "Childe Harold" of the

*"Land of Albania, where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise."*

And our own American poet, Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," told the story of the

stratagem by which Scanderbeg had gained control of his native Kruja, or Croia, in the fifteenth century. When a boy he had been delivered to the Turks as a hostage and been brought up by them in Islamism. Although he fought for them against the Venetians and Serbs, he remained always loyal to his own race and when he heard that his people had risen against the Turks, he seized an opportunity and went to their aid. When the army of his Ottoman ruler, Amurath, was conquered by the Huns, Scanderbeg captured Amurath's scribe, who held the royal seal, and made him write an order, as in the royal name, requiring that the pasha in control of Kruja deliver up the castle to the Albanians.

*“ Anon from the castle walls
 The crescent banner falls,
 And the crowd beholds instead,
 Like a portent in the sky,
 Iskander's banner fly,
 The Black Eagle with double head;

 And the loud, exultant cry
 That echoes wide and far
 Is: ‘ Long live Scanderbeg!’ ”*

The Turks sent army after army against the rebel, but he routed them all. In more than twenty such battles, he was victor, killing an appalling number

of his foes with his own hand. After his death, the Turks again dominated the region.

It was a run of a little over an hour to Tirana. As we came to the city we approached the mountains, rising range on range. The capital is a small and not especially attractive town, but not as primitive as the capital of Montenegro. It contains some bazaars, a central square, and several strangely frescoed mosques with slender minarets. The narrow, rough streets run between walled passages which, Turkish fashion, conceal the houses within their wide yards. The various legations, of which there are thirteen, are of the simplest, and are but a poor indication of the important class of diplomat that must be keenly observant at such a critical post. The royal palace is a plain yellow building in a compound with sentries on guard at the gate.

We went directly to our legation to visit our Minister, Mr. Charles Hart. Our officials were quartered in an old Moslem house set in a garden surrounded by high walls. The rooms were large and bare, with rugs on the walls and floors. A fireplace had evidently been installed by the Minister, who said that Albanian houses were very cold in winter. It appeared that the King had expressed a wish to meet the ladies of our party, but because of the protocol this could not be managed. Some sort of arrangement, however, seemed to have been made for the men. Since they were unprepared for this audience,

they had no suitable clothes, and so they dressed up in some of the Minister's and were taken to the palace, only to find, again at the last moment, that there was a hitch somewhere and that the King would receive them on the following morning. Alas! we could not stay over.

While the men were engaged with the Minister, we women went shopping. In the one-storied bazaars the most interesting articles were old Turkish pistols and cartridge boxes, and the superb sleeveless coats which the Albanian women wear. Some were of red velvet and others of black cloth, both heavily ornamented in gold. With either costume is worn a white blouse and very full satin trousers, also gold-embroidered, and a cap.

Because Mrs. Hart was away and Mr. Hart was not well, we were entertained at luncheon at a hotel by the Standard Oil representative, who did the honors very pleasantly. He told us that the oil in Albania, which at one time was excellent, has now become very thick, probably because of evaporation, but possibly as the result of a recent earthquake. At any rate, the Americans have done no drilling and apparently would like to dispose of their holdings.

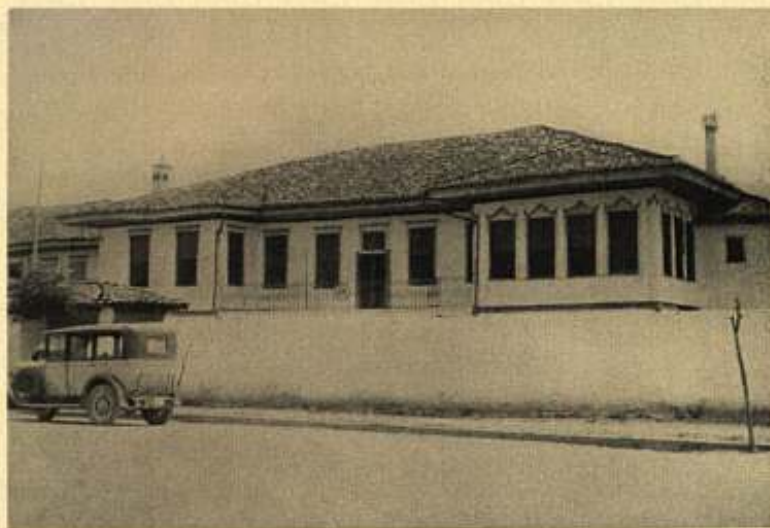
At luncheon we met also Dr. and Mrs. Hackett, representing the Rockefeller Foundation. He is working on the problem of malaria, the scourge of Albania, many school children being afflicted and a vast proportion of the adult population. After lunch-



A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN TIRANA



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION AT TIRANA



OLD RENTED AMERICAN LEGATION IN TIRANA



NEW GOVERNMENT-OWNED LEGATION BUILDINGS AT TIRANA

eon the doctor and his wife took us to see their Turkish home and laboratory in one of the rambling, rough-walled streets of the "residential" part of the straggling town. It was a characteristic house, which the Hacketts were trying to adapt to American uses. We entered through a wooden door in the street wall into a large open court with trees and a well which the doctor had had cleaned out and equipped with a pump. He had also had the house fumigated, and screened, and the beds fitted with nettings. The strangest room, to us, was the kitchen, reaching up two stories into the rafters. The Turks simply build a fire in the center of such a kitchen and do their cooking while the smoke drifts up, blackening the rafters and seeping out through any old crack if it cannot find the small hole in the roof which serves as a sort of chimney. The Americans had closed up the cracks, painted the rafters, and installed a stove.

Dr. Hackett had an Albanian doctor and an Italian woman as assistants in his laboratory. Small cages enclosed in netting contained malarial mosquitoes, and in bottles more mosquitoes were being hatched. The Albanian species is especially virulent.

Before we left Tirana we visited the new American Legation now under construction. Mr. Hart had secured from Congress the first appropriation granted for such a building under new Congressional legislation. It was indeed necessary to provide

some sort of properly livable house for our mission at Tirana, and the Minister was very proud of the achievement. The building is located in a large area on the edge of the town, which we reached over bad roads and across a river ford. It is made of stucco with a roof of yellow tiles, and contains one large room with a fireplace, a small dining room, a library, and balconies. Mr. Hart was obliged to ask that the original grant of fifty thousand dollars be increased to seventy-five, even though the students of the local agricultural school were helping to erect the building at minimum expense. In the compound are two small houses, one for the secretary and one for the clerks.

As we drove back over the road to Durazzo, our chauffeur passed the time by trying out on us the English he had learned at the Albanian-American Agricultural School. A Montenegrin himself, he had married an Albanian and now lives in the capital. He had driven for the former American Minister, Mr. Grant Smith, whom we knew well. Several years before, he had been driving along the road to Scutari with two Americans — Mr. Delong of New York and Mr. Coleman, a Californian whom we had met in San Francisco — when they were held up by six bandits. Both Americans were killed, and our driver, who had received seventeen wounds, was left for dead. The bandits disappeared with the booty, but later five of the band were caught and hung, on the driver's identification. We were

not surprised at the story, only surprised that such things do not happen oftener, considering the condition of the country and the looks of the people. And yet, in all truth, there is as much banditry, and no more retributive justice, in our own beloved land.

CHAPTER VI

CORFU, ALIAS SCHERIA

*“ So, gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers.
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.”*

—ANDREW LANG

THE sun was setting in glory over the Sea of Adria as we drew away from Durazzo. During the night we skirted along the high coast of ancient Roman Illyria into Ionian waters and in the very early morning reached the straits between Epirus on the mainland and the island of Corfu, where the channel is less than two miles broad and the scenery is magnificent — mountains rising to six thousand feet in distant ranges, with lesser green hills descending into the sparkling waters, while villages and churches, perched on heights, dot the coasts.

Small islands lay in a veil of rosy mist as we anchored off the flat, clean quays of Corfu, inside the island of Vido. The scene before us was so much

like a picture or a stage setting that it seemed scarcely real. Facing us along the water front were soft-colored houses on rising terraces, while off to one side stood up the mass of the old Venetian citadel, the Fortezza Vecchia, with its drawbridge and ramparts overgrown with vegetation, while on another hillside was the Fortezza Nuova, looking quite as massive and venerable.

Corfu is the largest and loveliest of the Ionian Isles. As L. said, when we had explored it further, it "reeks with beauty." Like Zanzibar, it is called "Paradise," and it is also known as the "Island of Love," for the planet Venus, or Aphrodite, shines brilliantly here in the early morning.

This paradise has not always been a realm of heavenly peace: it has had more than the usual share of wars, for many nations have coveted the island — and still do! Corfu, or Corcyra, was colonized by Greeks from Corinth in the eighth century and in 665 B.C. fought with the mother-colony the first naval battle of which we know the actual date. At one time it was a base for Roman naval actions. During the Middle Ages it was a dependency of Venice, like so much of the coast down which we had been traveling, and also like that coast it suffered from Turkish attacks, which were not, in this case, successful. For nearly half the nineteenth century Corfu was a British protectorate. In spite of many benefits — such as good roads — the inhabitants chafed under what they considered the

strictness of English rule, and by their own wish and through the instrumentality of Mr. Gladstone, at the time Lord High Commissioner, the Ionian Isles were incorporated in 1864 in what was then the kingdom of Greece. During the Great War Serbian refugees and the Serbian government fled to this island, while German submarines swarmed in these waters. Austrian prisoners went along with their Serbian captors and were housed in detention camps.

In 1923 Corfu was the scene of a situation that caused the League of Nations some anxious moments. An Italian member of a commission at work on the settlement of the boundaries between Greece and Albania was assassinated and Italy demanded an indemnity from Greece and threatened to seize Corfu. There was a bombardment and a number of people were killed, chiefly refugees, but the Italian fleet withdrew, and the indemnity matter was settled. The Balkans seem as full of excitements as our neighbors in Central America.

When we landed, the bustling shops and squares, by contrast with the primitive Albania we had just left, made us feel as if we had returned to civilization. There was an Italian air about the place, even though most of the signs were in Greek. Here, as elsewhere, the native costumes are disappearing, but I saw a few pretty examples. Some of the peasant women had white ribbons braided into their hair; others had great puffs covering each ear, while still

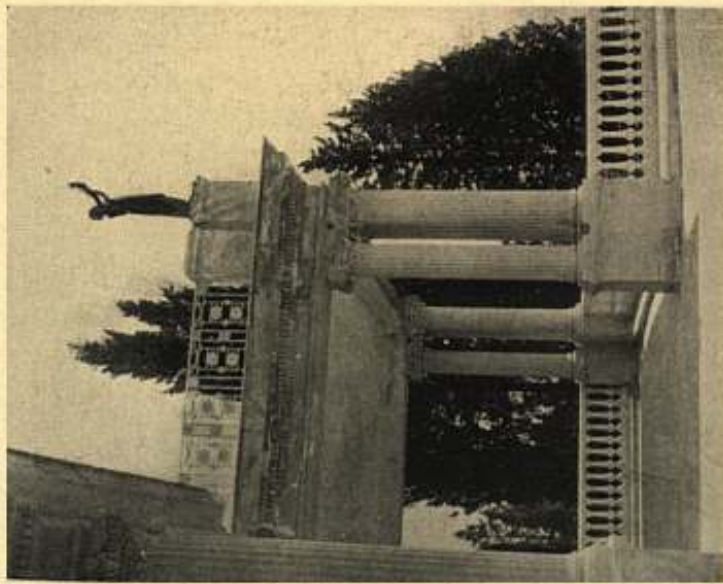
others wore white veils over their heads, drawn down to form a sort of collar over their bosoms, and all had on full black skirts. The puff arrangement, rather like an aureole, is said to be the sign of a married woman.

Taking to motors, we bumped out over a dusty highway, wondering where those good roads were which are supposed to have been a benefit of British occupation, till we recalled that the British administration had ceased more than sixty years ago. The scenes along the way were exquisite — gorgeous rose and orange gardens and the luxuriant vegetation of palms, aloes, bougainvillea, loquat, and wild fig, all against a background of olive, cypress, and eucalyptus. We passed one grove of olive trees so old that their trunks looked as if they had been riddled with bullets, and at any moment dryads might peer out at us through the gnarled boles.

At "Monrepos," a villa which is the property of Prince Andrew of Greece, a gate-keeper allowed us to enter the grounds, through which we wandered to the house standing high above the sea — a fascinating place now closed, but made gay that day with bright hangings from the balconies, which added color to the picture and suggested a spring cleaning. We leaned over the balustraded terrace, and lost ourselves in the narrow, dark, and damp paths, and strolled through the bosquets — refreshing after the hot sunshine. The whole park was an entrancing retreat of myrtle, arbutus, ilex, and trees

from every clime — a spot, indeed, to rest in and dream. We felt sorry that Prince Andrew and his wife (both of whom we had known) perhaps cannot return to this home, for the ownership is under dispute. The late King George of Greece, believing the villa to be his personal property, bequeathed it to Prince Andrew, but it is rumored that the Greek government now asserts a claim on the basis of the treaty by which Great Britain ceded Corfu and the neighboring islands to Greece; besides, Prince Andrew after the Smyrna trouble was banished.

Our next stop was at another royal villa, the "Achilleion," which was built by the tragic Empress Elizabeth of Austria and sold after her death to the German Emperor. At present the estate belongs to the government and is unoccupied. The location, overlooking the sea, is superb, but the architecture, a classic style which German taste has ruined, is disappointing. And yet there is a certain imperial character to the place, with its flying stairways and airy, spacious rooms; the terraced portico with Pompeian decoration, and an interesting and amusing relic — the saddled frame in front of a desk where Emperor William sat, booted and spurred in uniform, and where he received reports and issued orders. There are still a good many paintings of the Emperor on the walls, and the Austrian Empress' marble bath room is very grand, and her chapel lovely. The terraced and balustraded gardens are beautiful, with shading trees and vivid blooming



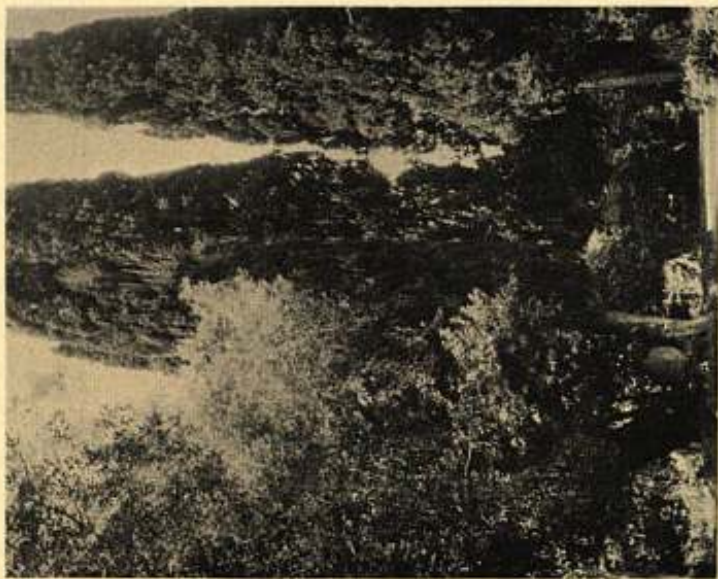
A PORCH AT "ACHILLEION," CORFU



THE GARDENS OF "ACHILLEION," CORFU



THE TERRACE FRONT OF "MONREPOS," CORFU



THE GARDENS OF "MONREPOS," CORFU

flowers, and many statues. Dominating the scene, looking out over the wide view of the sea, stands a statue of Achilles, heroic in size and really fine, which the German Emperor had placed there as a symbol of martial prowess.

“It is an appropriate place for a Homeric figure,” said L., “here on a Homeric isle. It would be still more appropriate if the statue were of Ulysses, instead of Achilles.”

Whereupon my Mrs. M'Connachie pricked up her ears. So far on our cruise our itinerary had been full enough to satisfy even her, and I had heard scarcely a word from my other self. As to Corfu, I admit I had been lazy in reading up the Homeric association and tradition, and so Mrs. M'Connachie was righteously indignant. Fortunately for me, the others traveling with us could set me right at once, and did so, while we motored on to what proved to be a crossing of the trail of the Odyssey, which we were to meet so often later in our cruise.

Although no one may locate Homer's geography with absolute certainty, yet it was pleasing for us to believe the tradition that Corfu is ancient Scheria, land of the Phaeacians. It was on the shores of Scheria that Ulysses was cast up in a storm toward the end of his ten years of wandering on his way home after the Trojan War, and nearly twenty years from the time he had left his native Ithaca. In the course of his journey “long-trying, crafty” Ulysses had lost all his ships and men. Even the raft on which

he had sailed from Calypso's Isle was wrecked and he was tossed on the coast of the Phaeacians naked and exhausted. Crawling into the shelter of a dusky wood he covered himself with leaves and slept. Meanwhile "bright-eyed" Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, had wandered to the shore with her "white-armed" maidens to wash the royal raiment. While the garments were drying the girls began to toss a ball back and forth, furnishing Homer with material for one of his loveliest pictures and likewise for the original version of the legend that a woman cannot aim straight, for the ball went astray and awakened "royal, high-born" Ulysses. He was just as startled at being discovered as the maidens at finding him. Nausicaa, however, gave him oil and food and clothes, and invited him to come to her "revered" father's palace after the hero had received some supernatural assistance from "clear-eyed" Athene, which vastly improved his looks.

This lordly place is described by Homer, who tells of the high-roofed house of "generous" Alcinous, with its brazen threshold and walls of bronze and its doors of gold and door posts of silver. On the two sides were gold and silver dogs, and golden youths on massive pedestals stood and held flaming torches in their hands to light by night the palace for the feasting Phaeacian leaders who sat on seats planted against the wall drinking and eating, holding constant cheer. So runs the translation by Professor Palmer, who scans Homer in glowing prose,

and describes Alcinous' garden, which was a pattern for all romances of the times. Because it may interest garden lovers, I add the description, for "blest were the Phaeacians, not because they sprang from gods, but in that before all else they prized their gardens." Such then is the picture:

"Without the court and close beside its gate is a large garden covering four acres; around it runs a hedge on either side. Here grow tall thrifty trees — pears, pomegranates, apples with shining fruit, sweet figs and thrifty olives. On them fruit never fails; it is not gone in winter or in summer, but lasts throughout the year; for constantly the west wind's breath brings some to bud and mellows others. Pear ripens upon pear, apple on apple, cluster on cluster, fig on fig. Here, too, the teeming vineyard has been planted, one part of which, the drying place, lying on level ground, is heating in the sun; elsewhere men gather grapes, and elsewhere still they tread them. In front the grapes are green and shed their flower, but a second row just now are turning dark. And here trim garden beds, along the outer line, spring up in every kind and all the year are gay. Near by two fountains rise, one scattering its streams throughout the garden, one bounding by another course beneath the courtyard gate toward the high house; from this the townfolk draw their water. Such at the palace of Alcinous were the gods' splendid gifts."

So we see that ancient Greek gardens combined

the economic with social and aesthetic values, for a scarcity of water and of cultivable land compelled a careful combination of uses. Spaces between the rows of trees, for the more economic use of the precious soil, were often planted with flowers at once useful and beautiful, like the saffron-yielding crocus or the edible poppy or the violet, iris, and roses, for the manufacture of perfumes and unguents. Thus ancient gardens were practical in their fundamental development, and relied for artistic effects only in part on flower beds. L. and I were happy to find what we had unconsciously for many years followed a classic instinct, for we had always tried to make our vegetable garden the heart of all our flower terraces and boundaries.

"Generous" Alcinous entertained Ulysses royally, and then sent him on his way to Ithaca with a load of gifts in a swift, black Phaeacian ship "across the resounding, wine-dark sea." As the "oar-loving" Phaeacians were the most skillful sailors of their time they brought Ulysses, "the high-born son of Laertes," quickly and safely to his home port in far-seen Ithaca. Since he was asleep when they arrived, they set him on shore without waking him and piled up his gifts about him. But their kindness brought disaster to themselves, for it seems that Ulysses' long wanderings and many misfortunes were largely due to "Earth-shaking" Poseidon, because Ulysses had put out the eye of Polyphemus, the Cyclops, who was the sea god's son. Poseidon

knew that he would have to let Ulysses come home sometime, but what angered him was the fact that the Phaeacians brought him home so comfortably and with "gifts out of measure." Therefore when the speeding, "hollow" vessel was almost home again, the "Land-Shaker" sought out Zeus and in winged words told of his desire to destroy the "shapely ship of the Phaeacians, returning home from pilotage upon the misty sea" as a lesson to such proud people. The "Cloud Gatherer" in his turn advised that "when all the people of the town look off and see her sailing, then turn her into stone close to the shore — yet like a swift ship still — that all the folk may marvel." So as "the sea-borne ship drew near, running full swiftly, the Earth-shaker drew near to her too, turned her to stone and rooted her to the bottom," so that the wise Alcinous was troubled, offered a sacrifice of twelve bulls to Lord Poseidon, and promised never again to interfere with the will of the gods.

"And if you don't believe me," said L., "you may see it for yourself — the island right there below us."

We had come to a lovely spot on the point of a promontory where, from under a shady vine arbor on its tiny terrace, we looked down at the old Hylaeian harbor and saw that miniature gem of an island, sometimes called "Ulysses' Ship" and sometimes "Mouse Island" because of its neat little shape, but even more familiar to us, perhaps, as the inspiration of the picture by Boeklin known as "The

Isle of the Dead." Its slender chapel campanile and its straight dark cypress do indeed suggest the illusion of the fabric of a vessel.

In its tiny monastery there dwelt a single monk. When the Empress Elizabeth first came to Corfu in winter time on account of her health she lived on an Austrian battleship that anchored near by the island, and her days were often passed ashore there, where, I hope, she entertained the lonely monk. Anyway, she loved Corfu and so in time built the Villa Achilleion.

Since there is no certainty where Ulysses went ashore in the land of Scheria, it was most satisfactory for us to believe that he had been cast up on the shores of the shallow, lakelike bay below us, and that there "bright-eyed" Nausicaa and her "white-armed" maidens played at ball and found the handsome stranger whom they took to her revered father's palace, which must have been on the terrace of the steep coast just opposite where we were sitting. This bay below us was surely once on a time a harbor or refuge, and the best proof that this must have been the place from which royal Ulysses was sent finally to his own kingdom is the fact that the ship which carried him to Ithaca returned to this home port to be petrified for posterity by Poseidon. Whether there ever was a Homer or whether there were several Homers makes very little difference to the enjoyment of the classic epic that added such stirring associations with the places we visited.

In a "rosy-fingered dawn" *Sayonara* sailed away

from Corfu and cut the ocean waves past the island of Paxos to Ithaca itself, the realm of which Ulysses was king. We looked into the small harbor of Polis, above which his palace is supposed to have stood and where he finally found his wife Penelope, faithful to him through the twenty long years of his absence and in spite of the ardent courtships of many suitors. Long-tried Ulysses was not allowed to reveal himself at once to Penelope, because he had first to get rid of the suitors. Disguised as an old beggar, he made his way to the palace, where he was recognized only by his old dog and his aged nurse, who knew him by a scar on his foot. His son, Telemachus, whom he had left a baby, was absent in search of him, but was now ordered by the "clear-eyed goddess Athene" to return home. To Telemachus "the high-born son of Laertes" was permitted to show himself as he was, but not yet to Penelope. Together the two plotted the destruction of the suitors. This accomplished, Ulysses and Penelope were at last reunited. Homer does not carry the story much farther, but to Tennyson this was by no means the end. He saw Ulysses, the man of action and adventure, chafing at a life of idleness, and determining

*"To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."*

I doubt whether Tennyson, if he had seen Ithaca, would have been so sure that Ulysses would be glad to leave it again.

On our way we had viewed once more the island of Levkas, or Santa Maura, which looks like a piece of cake from which has been cut a large slice, leaving a steep cliff. Here is the famous "Leucadian rock," where Sappho is said to have committed suicide by leaping into the sea. She is often called the female Homer. Her fame is based on the quality rather than the quantity of her work, only a few poems and fragments remaining of her writings, which included numerous lyrics, epigrams, and elegies. Born about 600 B.C., on the west coast of ancient Lesbos, she spent much of her life in the city of Mytilene, from which the island now takes its name. She is supposed to have married a man by the name of Cercylas and to have had a daughter called Cleis — "dainty as the golden flowers, and not to be bartered for the wealth of all Lydia and the bowers of Cyprus," so the mother wrote. Through the ages the fame of Sappho's beauty and of her skill as a poet and of her not impeccable morals has persisted. Of her friend Atthis she wrote:

"Now amidst Lydian women she shineth in her beauty as, whene'er the sun is set, the rosy moon, having round her all the stars, spreads abroad her light o'er the briny sea alike and o'er the flowery fields; and the dew lies there, beautiful, and roses revive and bloom, and fragile chevril and rich blossoming melilot."

We sailed close to the shore as we neared Cape Ducato where the cliff has the vivid colors of the



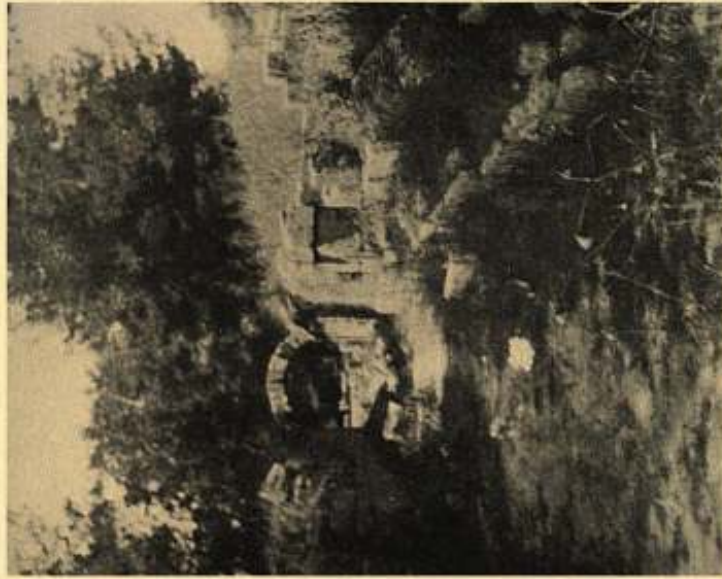
ULYSSES' SHIP TURNED TO STONE, CORFU



SAPPHO'S LEAP, LEUCADIAN ROCK, LEVKAS



MODERN COMPETITORS TOEING THE GROOVED
STONE STARTING LINE OF THE STADIUM RACE
COURSE AT OLYMPIA



RUINS OF ENTRANCE WAY TO STADIUM AT
OLYMPIA

Grand Canyon, to see where Sappho took her leap into the sapphire waters for love of the ferryman Phaon, who would have none of her. I could almost see a small, dark graceful creature in flowing robes gliding down over the green slope to take the fatal jump from the high Leucadian Rock into the sea — and yet, did she jump? At any rate this steep promontory became a favorite place for unhappy lovers to end their lives, and at times prisoners have been thrown over the high palisade to their death. It is said, however, that some of the lovers changed their minds after they had plunged into the waters, and swam ashore again, and that small boats sometimes were waiting below to pick up the condemned; so that Sappho may have made her leap as a dramatic gesture and been saved to die another day, for the spot of her reputed burial is in another place. Even the exact fatal palisade remains in doubt, for one place was indicated on the Captain's modern chart as "Sappho's Leap," and just as we were photographing this scene our Greek courier, Spyro, came rushing on deck to point out another steep cliff nearer the end of the island, where a lighthouse is perched, as the actual spot of the tragedy. So "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

Students of Greek differ on so many questions that the traveler, if he would feel happily sure that he is looking at a sacred scene, had better consult only one authority! While one writer asserts that Ulysses landed on this side of Ithaca, another insists

on the opposite side. Still another declares that ancient Ithaca was not modern Ithaca at all, but Levkas. We did feel quite sure, however, that we had sailed over the spot where the great sea battle of Actium took place, deciding the fate of nations.

CHAPTER VII

OLYMPIA, DELPHI, AND CORINTH

*"Where athletes wrestle, throw the stone, and race;
Burn in the heat of noble rivalry;
And crown their temples with unfading boughs;
And make their bodies fair and iron strong."*

— KOSTES PALAMAS

PHOUTRIDES, who translated "A Hundred Voices," says: "Sometimes Palamas' verse suggests the thunder of the sea beating against the craggy coasts of the Peloponnesus; again it has the quiet beauty of a spring gleaming brightly in the Attic sunlight. He possesses in rare measure the gift of rich and striking imagery. Both intellectually and artistically Palamas proves himself a worthy heir of the matchless poets of the Greek Classical period."

We were on our way to the classic ground where the Olympic games were held for more than a thousand years. *Sayonara* tied up stern to the breakwater of the little fishing village of Katakolo, where we were to meet the motors, ordered in advance, which were to take us some twenty miles to Olympia. Here was one instance out of many where the yacht

was an advantage, for ordinarily travelers must go to Patras and on by a long, tedious train journey to the famous playground.

Katakolo may be today but a plain little village in its curving bay, but it was exciting to think that on these very sands in the days of the Olympiads the ships of splendid embassies had been beached while their companies had gone the same way we were to go to the great festivals and games.

What a road! Automobiles, especially Fords, are now so common in Greece that the word *phordáki* has become a part of the language, but the cars have not brought good roads in their wake — at least, not yet! The one we were on, we had been warned, was the worst in Greece. Before long we felt that this statement was too mild and should be extended to “in the world.” Bumpety-bump, we whizzed past small blue and pink and ocher-colored houses, with grape trellises and wells and out-of-door ovens like great white bee-hives, similar to those used by our American Indians. In the yards were dogs, donkeys, chickens, pigs, and goats. The people as well as the animals looked thin and wretched, notwithstanding the fact that we were in what was called a prosperous district — the famous currant country. The small grapes which are cultivated here are called currants, and when dried and packed are shipped to England to be used in cakes and Christmas plum puddings. These small seedless raisins — so different from our tart garden fruit which we call cur-

rants — are native to this region and derive their name from Corinth.

On the horizon lay the mountains of Elis, very lovely — their outlines blurred and softened by a rosy mist. Behind them lay the land of Arcadia. Our road looked down the coasts of the Morea and the distant ruins of ancient Samikon — still more anciently called Makistos — where prehistoric remains of the same period as those of Mycenae may be found. Far off to the south were the low-lying islands of the Strophades, fabled home of the Harpies — those horrid creatures, half woman and half bird, who flew away with Aeneas' dinner.

Our motors rolled through Pyrgos, a so-called "large town," although it looked rather small and primitive to me. On the road green cedars waved in the wind like dark plumes. Alas for us! the figs were not yet ripe, but in spite of the lateness of the season for wild flowers great patches of thistle made deep purple carpets, and the "starry" white asphodel streaked with violet was growing along the way. Blood-red poppies dotted the fields of yellow grain, and an occasional umbrella pine, as well as some gray-green olive trees, gave a welcome shade. So over small ranging mountains we coursed, developing great landscapes — every view with a classic name.

We met only a few men in the traditional Greek costume — the long gray belted blouse, plaited from waist almost to knee into a sort of ballet skirt called

fustanella. On their feet they wore leather slippers, turned up at the toes, with huge pompons.

On reaching Olympia we stopped first at the white-columned museum, which contains many treasures unearthed by German excavators in 1875-81. One of their greatest finds was the famous Hermes of Praxiteles, which we in turn discovered in a bare, green-walled side room quite by itself. The marble actually looked like living flesh, so perfect was the modeling. The body and head were especially beautiful. The right arm and the legs below the knee, missing when the statue was unearthed, have been restored, but the legs seemed rather too heavy, and the baby Bacchus, sitting in the crook of the god's left arm and also somewhat restored, appeared to be extremely small for such a knowing child. The statue stood originally within the Heraeum, the oldest known temple of Greece, in the Altis, or sacred precinct, of Olympia.

Hermes was an appropriate god for athletic contests, for he was the swift messenger of Zeus, often represented with wings on his heels and hat. He was always a favorite of the Greeks and not solely for his good qualities! Before this son of Zeus and the nymph Maia was a day old he was able to walk; he had made a lyre out of a tortoise shell and stolen the oxen belonging to his half-brother, Apollo, and cleverly argued himself out of the proper penalties. With such gifts he naturally became known in time as an orator and an expert liar. But he was not always the

trickster: he was the patron of commerce (as well as of chance), and the conductor of dead souls to the "mead of asphodel in the dark realm of Hades."

The large hall of the museum was dominated at one end by the beautiful figure of the flying Nike, or Victory, by Paeonius. The head has been well restored and the effect of motion is there in the pose and the draperies. The goddess seems to be caught in marble at the very moment of alighting.

The sides of the central hall were built to correspond to the breadth of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia and to contain the sculptures from its east and west pediments. The minutely detailed "Description of Greece," written by Pausanias, the Greek Baedeker of the second century, has been of enormous help to excavators here and elsewhere. With his aid, the splendid sculptured fragments have been arranged in the order in which they originally stood in those two triangular pediment spaces. The east pediment represents the "Preparation of Pelops for his chariot-race with Oenomaos," while the west pediment tells the story of the "Fight of the Lapiths and Centaurs." The latter series is particularly vigorous. Here Apollo, with a commanding gesture, puts an end to the struggles of the Centaurs to carry off the Lapith women in spite of the attacks of the Lapith men. Some critics consider the sculptured pediments the crowning glory of Olympia; others prefer the Hermes; some the Nike.

The museum contained innumerable other fig-

ures, many from the Roman period, draped and headless, while on the shelves were rows of heads with no matching bodies. But greatest of all, worth any effort of travel, was the scene below us of this wonderful place itself, so famous in its time, so famous throughout time.

As we crossed a small bridge over the Cladeus River, at the foot of the hill on which the museum is located, we saw more marble fragments stuck in the river bed — just then a muddy, trickling stream — where the changing channel is constantly revealing new pieces. To the left stood the Hill of Kronos, covered with pines, and beneath, on low land, under huge trees, was a mass of jumbled stones — great blocks and columns thrown here and there by a terrible earthquake. This was the Altis, the sacred precinct of Olympia, which once contained the temples, altars, treasuries, votive offerings, and statues of Olympic victors. Among the débris we could see the bases of temples, the foundation of the Heraeon, the Temple of Hera, where the Hermes was found, and the three-cornered stone on which had stood the flying Nike of the museum. If she could have been left there in the open, among the great trees with the blue sky as a background, how much more beautiful she would have been!

Earthquakes probably began the destruction of Olympia, which was completed in the course of centuries by landslides and floods caused by the overflow of the Alpheus, that left a layer of earth over



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS IN ALTIS AT OLYMPIA



HERAEON IN ALTIS AT OLYMPIA, SPOT WHERE
THE HERMES WAS FOUND



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT DELPHI

everything, in some places twenty feet deep. The Alpheus River, into which the smaller Cladeus flows, is as full of romance as it is, at times, of waters. For it is Alpheus who, for love of the nymph Arethusa, flows down underneath the sea to come out and mingle his waters with the waters of the Spring of Arethusa at Syracuse in far-away Sicily, as we saw with our own eyes on visiting Syracuse on our later voyaging. And it is the Alpheus which Hercules, in one of his "labors," turned aside and flushed through the Augean stables of the king of Elis in order to cleanse them of their filth—stables which stood just on the other side of the hill we could see across the valley.

The German excavators, with the help of Pausanias and other ancient writers, were able to chart the ground plan of the Altis and its buildings. Once there was a great Temple of Olympian Zeus in this sacred enclosure, containing the golden and ivory statue of the god by Phidias which was the most famous of all Greek sculptures. Of statues there was at one time an enormous number, Pliny writing of more than three thousand.

But we were even more interested in another part of the Altis—the entrance to the Stadium where the Olympic races were run. Unfortunately the course has not been much excavated, and only the grooved stone starting-line is bared, which runs into a mound, so that one must depend on fleeting recollections of Greek literature and history to recreate

the scene. But that was not so hard, I found, as I sat dreaming under a tree in the noonday heat. Of course in the days of the games, I, as a woman, would not have been allowed within the sacred precinct at all and certainly not at the festival, on penalty of being hurled from a neighboring hill. The only female who could legally be present was the priestess of Demeter. Pausanias tells of one woman, disguised as a trainer, who did manage to get in, I suppose because she simply could not resist the temptation to see her relatives perform, for she escaped punishment solely because her father, brothers, and son were Olympic victors. A new rule was made, however, that all trainers thereafter should appear nude.

I imagined the games as they were in the days of their glory, when they had become so important that time was reckoned by the Greeks in terms of Olympiads, or the period of four years between the festivals. Any free-born Greek might take part, except for certain especial disabilities, whether he lived in Greece proper or in one of the Greek cities of Sicily, Asia, Africa, or on the islands. For the month of the celebration all disputes between the states were laid aside; all wars must cease during the sacred truce, which was proclaimed by heralds throughout all Greece. The contests, fairly early in their history, were five-fold, including leaping, hurling the discus, running, wrestling, and boxing; later, horse and chariot racing were added. It must have been a

thrilling moment for a contestant when, after ten months of training, he entered the Stadium, and the heralds announced his name and country. For the contestant participated, not only for his own glory, but for that of his family and his state. In the case of a victory, their names were proclaimed along with his, when he received the palm branch and the crown of wild olive, which were the only prizes. The glory, for an Olympic victor, was lifelong, and brought him many honors in his own community. It is not surprising that, as the centuries rolled on, commercialism and bribery crept in. Finally a Christian bishop persuaded Emperor Theodosius I to abolish the games in 393 A.D. after they had lasted nearly twelve hundred years in recorded history — and for an indefinite period before that.

At last we made our way to the hotel on the hill, where we had for luncheon a dish of macaroni between pastry, as well as a native dish made of goats' curds and prunes, some very good domestic Achaian wine, and Turkish coffee. Then back we went, bumpety-bump, over the road to Katakolo.

Early the next morning *Sayonara* steamed north again until we came into the Gulf of Corinth and enjoyed a marvelous day's run, with a vision about us of changing colors from the deep sparkling blue of the sea to the yellow shore and purple mountains. Here were scenes as full of legendary interest as of charm. Off to port rose the mountains of Acarnania and Aetolia, along the base of which lie the marshy

lands where Mesolonghi is located, and where Byron, who gave his life to the Greek cause, died because he "dream'd that Greece might still be free," and where his heart is buried. In the same War of Liberation of the eighteen-twenties, at this place the husband of Julia Ward Howe joined and aided the Greek cause. When later he returned to America he brought with him Byron's helmet, which was eventually restored to Greece by his daughter, our friend Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, and is now in a museum at Athens.

As we purred along, our Greek guide, Spyro, pointed out places famous in legend—the ridges of Erymanthus in the Peloponnesus where Hercules, as the third of his "labors," slew a boar, and on the opposite coast the scene of another boar hunt—the Calydonian—in Aetolia, in which Theseus, Meleager, and other Greek heroes took part, as well as that maiden sportswoman, Atalanta, who would certainly have been some kind of an international champion today. And beyond, in a break in the Peloponnesian ranges (if Spyro could in all things be believed) is the entrance to the River Styx, although at Delphi was thought to be a more direct way to the habitation of the dead. To be sure Hercules, in his twelfth labor, when he went down into the underworld to bring back Cerberus, that hellhound with three heads and the tail of a serpent, chose to enter by the Cave of Tainaron in Laconia and come out by the way of the Grotto of Troizen,

now an island in the Bay of Athens. So there were many ways of going to hell in the olden times as there are nowadays, but it was easier then to come back again.

Not far from the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth we again passed over the waters where the battle of Lepanto was fought in 1571, when East and West met and settled the question of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean in favor of the West. On one side were some three hundred war vessels in the fleet of the "Christian League," which included Venice, Spain, and the Papacy, and on the other an equal fleet of the Turkish Empire. Thereafter the Turks were able to advance on land even to Vienna itself, but they could never again seriously threaten Western control of the Mediterranean.

At the very narrowest part of the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf stood the little Venetian forts of Rhion and Antirhion; and here, too, was fought many a sea battle in the Peloponnesian Wars. We were running along under the steeper coasts of the mountains on the north side, barren masses with lovely contours, while across the waters on the south side the ranges of the Peloponnesus edged the dim horizon.

In his broken English our guide said: "Greece always the most beautiful country in the world — always beautiful! I old man, but always something new to see and learn in Greece."

The scenery was indeed beautiful seen through the

clear atmosphere. No wonder it is said that the genius of the Greeks was due to the air they breathed! We found it marvelous, life-giving, as radiant as the seas are crystal-clear and blue. All through Greece and the Greek islands the air was inspiring to us, like a tonic.

Again approaching Patras, I inquired of a sailor if ever he had been ashore there. "Yes," was his answer, "nothing to see — nothing but sand and fleas." From the yacht, however, the view was glorious — a pearl-white city with a picturesque fort on top of a spur. The forts in this part of the world always made me think of fat Germans who have managed to trudge to a mountain top and squatted down to rest. How did they ever get there? Above Patras rose a flat, mesa-like mountain, and still higher in the distance range upon range of mountains was lost in the snowy clouds — Cyllene and Chelmos and Erymanthus — so high that their summits were streaked with snow although it was the last day of May.

As we cruised along we finally lifted Parnassus on the left, with spots of snow on its crests, and far beyond, the top of Helicon, home of the Muses. The heavens turned slate-colored, then black, and it seemed for a time as if Zeus, stirred for some reason to anger, intended to hurl thunderbolts at us. Fisherman began gathering in their nets and scuttling for shore, while great drops of rain fell; then suddenly Zeus changed his mind and blew the black

clouds away. By the time we came to anchor off Itea, at the end of its fine, curving bay — the Bay of Salona — everything was clear again, and about us was the perfection of Greek land and seascape, which is to some eyes the most glorious in the world, for it is so fashioned in scale that it seems indeed to bring the divine within human reach, so that men may think themselves gods and gods can condescend to be men. The mountains, palisaded and steep-cliffed, “many-colored,” came sloping down into verdant, fertile valleys while Parnassus stood in its mass before us dominating this amazing country of classic Greece. In the light effects of a perfect day the scene was constantly changing in lovely harmony, and sun and shadow brought out the form and colors of the noble panorama about us. In these age-old countries the towns seem to mellow and man to fit in with his surroundings, like a friend, and not an enemy, as in new countries where man often tortures nature for his material benefits.

The town of Itea seemed quite prosperous, with a line of white houses set among flourishing olive trees and a church with a blue dome along the water front. During the Great War this placid port was bustling with French, who landed their troops and supplies here to cross overland to Salonika. In days long ago when Delphi, situated high up on the slope of Parnassus, was called the “center of the world,” and its oracle one of the “wonders of the world,” what movement and color must have been

seen in this harbor; what gayly painted barges manned by many rowers and filled with pilgrims eager!

The next morning we made the modern version of a pilgrimage — by motor — over the plain up through a valley, while in the distance towered snow-streaked peaks. On reaching a high point we looked back to the plain below with its silver stream among the green olive trees winding in and out to the sea, and in the clear atmosphere the view seemed to me one of the most magnificent in the world. We were on our way to Delphi, sacred to Apollo, god of light, healing, and prophecy; passing the scene of the Pythian games, which were contests of art and music as well as of strength; on the way to the famous oracle, where advice for centuries was sought by all sorts of people from far and near.

Apollo was a lover of the arts and himself led the chorus of the Muses. For these reasons, as well as for his great personal beauty, he has always been a favorite of poets. Kostas Palamas sings of him in the "Delphic Hymn":

*"Come, offspring of the lord of thunderbolts,
Daughters most beautiful of Jupiter,
Come from the templed woods of Helicon,
And with your songs and dances sing and praise
Your brother Phoebus of the golden hair.
For on Parnassus' double throne he stands
Amidst his Delphic festivals, and reigns
Lord of the mountain famed in prophecy."*



BRONZE STATUE OF CHARIOTEER IN THE MUSEUM AT DELPHI



MODERN CORINTH IN RUINS FROM AN EARTHQUAKE



AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS AT OLD CORINTH

After passing a quaint village we entered a long wild canyon, sloping to a fertile valley on one side while a mountain towered on the other. Delphi is itself nearly two thousand feet above the sea. The scenic background for the oracle was so rugged and so superb that clients of the priestess must have been properly awe-inspired before they ever reached her.

We stopped first at the ruins below the Castalian Fount, where visitors arrived by way of the old road. Here they had first to sacrifice a lamb. The ruins of old walls still remain; also a small Greek temple and a round Roman bath. Some huge boulders are supposed to be the very ones that fell from the cliffs above, long, long ago, demonstrating the infallibility of the oracle by putting to flight the hosts of Xerxes. When that Persian king was advancing on Delphi with his victorious army the inhabitants had thought it would be wise to bury some of the treasures of the shrines, but Apollo, through his priestess, insisted that "he was able to protect his own." As the enemy drew near a terrific storm broke, and two great pieces of the cliff were torn away, falling down on the Persians, who fled in terror, with the Greeks in hot pursuit. Above the Castalian Spring tower the tremendous cliffs, the "Shining Rocks" that back the setting of age-old Delphi. We tried to realize that we were at the center of the world of ancient Greece, for two eagles were circling in the sky above, which reminded us of those two golden eagles that were placed above the

"Navel Stone." This we saw in the museum, to commemorate in turn those two eagles of absolutely equal speed in flight which Zeus had sent forth from each end of the earth, so that the place where they met would be the very center. They had met here at that very stone which represented the umbilical center of the world.

The Castalian Fount flows from a crack in a high cliff. Visitors of old, after receiving permission to make their sacrifices below, proceeded to this spring to purify themselves before seeking to ask the priestess of the oracle their question. In later times they drank of the water in the hope of receiving poetic inspiration. We too washed our hands and drank, although I irreverently wondered whether we would get inspiration or typhoid!

Still following in the footsteps of the pilgrims of long ago, we trudged up the hill over the curving Sacred Way. The ancient pavement is still in place, but the innumerable statues which once adorned Delphi have long since been carried off, the loot of conquerors such as Sulla and Nero. Excavations here, as at Olympia, have revealed the foundations or locations of many of the temples and votive objects within the sacred precinct, the Temenos. Here were the great Temple of Apollo, the theatre, statues incalculable, and the treasuries of the great Greek cities, which were not exactly temples, but a special kind of thank-offering to the god for favors received and hoped for. Sometimes the little build-

ings held trophies of a victory, such as the captured bronze shields of a defeated foe.

The French, who are responsible for the excavations at Delphi, have restored the ancient Treasury of the Athenians — a small, beautifully proportioned building in the form of a tiny marble Doric temple. Many were the presents donated by pilgrims. King Croesus' gifts were among the most famous, including a golden lion and a gold and ivory statue of a woman. The latter is supposed to have been carried off to Constantinople by the Turks and there destroyed in a fire. Marble, silver, bronze, and ivory were some of the precious materials of which the votive offerings were made. It is no wonder that Persian, Roman, and Turkish conquerors despoiled the shrines of their treasures when they had the chance. Even modern excavators in different parts of Greece have been known to carry home exquisite pieces, which may be seen in their museums today.

The base of Apollo's temple, the abode of the oracle, stands on the side of the mountain, overlooking the vast valley below. Broken pieces of its walls have been found on which were cut wise sayings. The hidden passageway beneath the temple, by which the prophetess entered, can still be seen. The five priests and the questioner stood outside the door of the Adyton, the "Holy of Holies," in which the priestess was hidden. The "lady," as our Greek guide expressed it, "after drinking holy water and

chewing the leaf of the laurel, sat inside the temple by the cavern and inhaled the fumes that came out of the earth." The vapor that rose from the chasm over which her golden tripod was placed was supposed to throw the prophetess into a trance in which she muttered responses that were then translated by the priests to the inquirers, often in verse and usually in such ambiguous form that whatever happened, the oracle was right! The priests were carefully selected from the wise men of Greece, as the responses which have come down to us go to show. They must have been clever to make it possible for Plutarch to write of the oracle in the first century: "Never to the present day has it suffered any impeachment of its veracity, but has crowded the shrine with the offerings and presents of both barbarians and Greeks." The Delphic oracle is supposed to have been very wise and well informed on political and social matters, and all sorts of questions of the narrow world of that day, just as the Vatican is advised today of conditions all over our modern world. As time went on, however, graft and other abuses crept in, and people lost faith. The same Emperor Theodosius who prohibited the Olympic games also put an end to the ceremonies at Delphi.

Like most people, probably, I had kept from my earliest knowledge of Greek history a picture stored away in the back of my mind — the picture of a chasm with rising mists. Delphi was a disappointment to me, therefore, because there is no cavern or

fumes. It is possible that an earthquake closed the cavern; if so, it did a very complete job.

The superb view became even finer as we climbed still higher to the ruins of the theatre, and then wandered on a path along the side of the mountain past some ancient tombs cut in the cliff, to a charming modern house in which lives Madame Eva Palmer Sikelianos, the American wife of a Greek poet. She was not at home, but we heard of the beautiful "Delphic Festival" which she organized in 1927, during which a revival of "Prometheus Bound" was given in the ancient open-air theatre we had just left.

After lunching at the hotel on rice and chicken livers, and some native *mastica*, wine which tasted to me of turpentine because, like so much Greek wine, it was impregnated with resin, we motored to the near-by village of Arachova in order to occupy the time until three o'clock, when the natives would wake up from their afternoon naps and the museum be opened. Few men were to be seen, many being away in the body-guard at Athens, for the men of the town have ever been famous for their good looks, but there were a number of women, young and old, all spinning thread as they sat or stood in the shade of the main street. We were conducted up an alley and into a small house through a walled-in tiny court, where the inhabitants cooked over charcoal. Evidently the livestock were members of the household, for a tame black goat nosed us and some

chickens scuttled away. Up some steps we climbed to the second-story balcony and a room where a woman was weaving on a wool loom some carpets and bags in old designs. The same American lady who was responsible for the revival of the Delphic festivals — Madame Sikeliános — is also trying to renew the ancient industries.

On our return to Delphi, the museum was open and we saw some of the statues for which it is particularly noted: that of Agias, who seems to have been an undefeated champion in many of the games of his time — Olympic, Isthmian, Nemean, and Pythian; a beautiful group of dancing girls that served, possibly, as a pedestal for a tripod or a votive offering; and the famous bronze charioteer (perhaps the finest piece of great bronze work known) which stands near the entrance door. The head is splendidly modeled, with glass eyes; the draperies and hands are graceful, but there is a disappointing lack of action. That charioteer was never caught by the sculptor at the moment of winning a race. There are interesting pieces of pottery in the museum, and fragments — both Greek and Roman — recovered in the excavations.

On the drive back to Itea and the yacht, I looked down upon the sacred plain and the silver river among the olive groves, and thought over our most memorable day. With the coming of darkness, I imagined how mysterious and awe-inspiring the oracle must have seemed on a starlit night in the depths

of the mountain gorge. No wonder the people of those days were superstitious. But they surrounded their superstition with beauty, whereas we can claim no such background for our modern soothsayers — the palmists and astrologers and clairvoyants and their ilk.

Next morning I woke to find *Sayonara* lying off Corinth, a city of tumbled ruins from the earthquake of 1928, but with a mushroom growth of one-story houses on the sandy hillside and two towers of a church still standing along the water front. Behind, Acro-Corinth stood out high against the sky line. We had not been encouraged to stop at Corinth, because there was so little to see; nevertheless, we did so because the American School of Archaeology was excavating there.

Our launch landed us at an old wharf where we climbed out over a number of gayly painted boats, got into some of the rickety motors we had learned to expect, and started off. We passed demolished houses, cracked and tumbling down, and tents to which people had taken when their houses collapsed. Our friends, the Stones, who were with us, had been in Corinth the previous year, before the earthquake occurred, and they told us that what was then the main street had entirely disappeared.

We found the museum outside the town in Old Corinth near a small village square where, under the shade of the trees, men were sitting at tables playing checkers and drinking. When someone ap-

peared to let us into the museum, they decided that we were more interesting than their games and crowded round to look at us.

Inside the museum, among many lovely Tanagra figurines, stood the latest discovery — a most exquisite headless Diana of marble, unearthed in the theatre within the year. It is thought to be a copy of a bronze Roman Diana.

For many years American excavators have been digging in this vicinity. In the rear of the museum, behind a high fence, can be seen Greek, Roman, and Byzantine ruins. We wandered about and saw the Fountain of Glauke and climbed up to the Temple of Apollo, with its few splendid sandstone columns dominating the hill. They date from about the sixth century before Christ and are all that remain of the ancient Corinth. Not far away was the house of Mr. Carpenter, who was in charge of the excavations, especially of the theatre, built by the Greeks and repaired by the Romans, where digging was going on.

Corinth was a wealthy and important commercial city, especially in the period before the great days of Athens, and again in the Christian era, because it was located on a narrow isthmus with access to two seas. Although it was Periander, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, who first thought of cutting a canal through the isthmus, it was Nero who attempted the cut at the end of 67 A.D. and Nero himself who was the first to stick his golden pickaxe in

the dirt. But though the Roman emperor assembled thousands of soldiers as well as Jews and prisoners to carry on the work, they never made much progress. In 1881 the French started a canal which was not completed until 1893, when the Greeks assumed charge and finished it.

When *Sayonara* arrived at the entrance to the cut an official came alongside in a boat and told our captain that since the canal workers had gone on strike and there was a man-of-war at the other end to keep order he did not know when the yacht would be able to pass through. After waiting for some time the captain signaled but got no answer from shore. Later a blue flag was raised on the station at the entrance, indicating that we could proceed. Since we saw no strikers nor any signs of excitement, but only a few small white houses, and particularly since there was no man-of-war at all at the other end when we came out, we concluded that the signal man simply wanted his noonday rest and his dinner in peace.

The canal is 4 miles long, 570 feet wide, and 26 feet deep, and toward midway it is enclosed by sheer palisades rising high on both sides, so that I felt like a small piece of meat in a large sandwich. On the cliffs, that looked like the walls of an Egyptian tomb, were marks which resembled hieroglyphics. At last the yacht emerged out of the funnel into the Saronic Gulf and headed for Athens.

On the plain bordering the isthmus, as we came out of the canal, we could see the setting of the Isth-

mian Games, which had been promoted in the sixth century before Christ by the Corinthians in a precinct there sacred to Poseidon. These games were held every two years and are said to have been established at a time when faith in the justice of the awards at Olympia had come to be doubted. Here a wreath of parsley was the prize to victors, while at the Pythian Games in honor of Apollo it had been a wreath of bay, of laurel brought from the Vale of Tempe; and at the Nemean Games, under the patronage of Argos, held in honor of Zeus, it was made of pine. At Olympia the award was a garland cut from the sacred olive tree with a golden sickle. However, in almost all the games, a palm branch was in addition placed in the hands of the victorious, which may be the reason that we have come to regard the palm especially as the emblem of victory.

CHAPTER VIII

ATHENS, THE SOUL OF GREECE

*“ Now in the winter’s heart, the almonds are ablos-
som!
And see, the angry month is gay with sunshine
laughter,
While to this beauty round about a crown you
weave,
O naked rocks and painted mountain slopes of
Athens.
The fields of snow on Parnes seem like fields in
bloom;
A timid greenish glow caresses like a dream
The heights of Corydallus; white Pentele smiling
greet
The sacred Rock of Pallas; and Hymettus stoops
To listen to the love-song of Phaleron’s sea.”*

From Phoutrides’ translation of Palamas:

— “ A HUNDRED VOICES ”

GREEK art and architecture, philosophy, drama, and poetry can perhaps be appreciated without a visit to Greece, but the more one studies them, the more one longs to see the original sculptures and temples, and the scenes in which

the masterpieces of art and literature were produced. As a child, I loved Greek mythology and peopled the mountains and vales of Greece — as I saw them in my imagination — with gods and goddesses and lesser deities, just as Greek girls and boys must have done in the days when the myths were their religion. I had long wanted to see with my own eyes the most beautiful building in the world — the Parthenon — and the Acropolis where centuries ago had walked and talked the great Greek leaders — Pericles and Themistocles, Socrates and Plato, and such a mighty host of others. I was eager to visit the theatre in which Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides must have felt, like any modern playwright, the pangs of a first performance. But because I had twice started for Greece and twice been obliged to turn back, I had become obsessed with the notion that I was fated never to see Athens. My Mrs. M'Connachie self, however — that persistent traveler — was not thus afflicted. She set Greece as her goal when the yachting trip was first suggested, and when, thanks to her eagerness, we finally drew near the places of which I had long dreamed, I felt an exultant thrill.

On our way to Athens from the canal at Corinth, it was necessary for us to sail by the island of "rocky" Salamis, off which, in 480 B.C., took place the dramatic naval battle which effectually checked the ambition of Xerxes to attach Greece to his Persian Empire. Without any certainty that I was his-

torically correct, I selected a spot on the shore and filled it with the women and children and aged folk who had fled here from Athens in the "wooden walls" of the Greek fleet before the advancing Persian host; and on the mainland I picked out a ledge where I was sure must have stood the throne of Xerxes, placed so that he might look on at what he confidently expected to be a victory, but which proved a disastrous defeat. About nine hundred ships took part in that sea fight, only a third of them Greek. It seemed as if I could hear the splintering crash as the beak of a Greek trireme rammed the side of a Persian vessel, or a deftly manoeuvred ship swept through a bank of oars before the rowers had a chance to draw them in.

It was like the shock of a sudden ducking as I came back in thought from some twenty-four centuries ago to a realization that we were now steaming around a yellow rock promontory on which stood a new Piraeus with its new smells, and that I was looking at the new houses of the new section of Athens which has grown up in the last few years. Then once more the glory of ancient Greece, violet-crowned Athens, came into view as the dying sun touched the Acropolis and irradiated the Parthenon, while far away in the background of the picture loomed up Pentelicus, white-scarred by the famous marble quarries.

Sayonara turned up her nose at the harbor of Piraeus as too dirty and noisy and crowded, and

selected the new Phaleron Bay as her anchorage, although my Mrs. M'Connachie privately thought she might have yielded the point for the sake of the historical background of Piraeus, for years the great port of Athens and once connected with that city by the "long walls." She was, however, a trifle appeased when someone suggested that in the region of Phaleron Demosthenes used to practise his oratory with pebbles in his mouth to correct his stammering. The water front near our anchorage seemed to be a popular shore resort with piers jutting out and open-air cafés and gay tunes floating out over the water. As night came on the lights of the town began to twinkle, making a fairy scene.

I was on deck early the next morning to see day dawn over Athens, and it seemed as if Apollo, the sun god, were outdoing himself in making the city beautiful, for it glowed and glittered in the early morning light even more radiantly than in the splendor of a setting summer sun.

Word came to me from Mrs. Stone: "Would Mrs. Anderson take a dip off the yacht?" I sent back "Yes," and soon we were overboard swimming round in the cool water, refreshed and happy, and there above us in the distance was the glorious Acropolis.

By the time we were ready for our drive into town, there were many bathers along the shore. The Greeks are splendid swimmers, as well as expert sponge divers. On the way into the city we motored

through a section containing a great many wooden huts and tents, *boutiques* in which cheap articles were for sale, and a smaller number of good-sized houses of white plaster, obviously belonging to the comparatively more prosperous among the inhabitants. When we asked the explanation for this curious new suburb on the edge of Athens, we were told that this was the refugee section in which Greeks who had been living in Asia Minor were being repatriated. Then, of course, I recalled the tremendous problem on which Greece has been laboring — the absorption of a million and a quarter refugees into a population itself only about four times as large. After the Turks had vanquished the Greeks in Asia Minor in 1922, it was decided at Lausanne that all Greeks should be repatriated out of Turkey and the Turks should all be repatriated out of Greece. The American Near East Relief and the Refugees' Settlement Commission established by the League of Nations helped Greece enormously. Fortunately the Greeks from Smyrna, who settled near Athens, brought back with them an important industry — rug-making — in which they were experts. Thirty thousand of the women and girls among the refugees in this district make their living in this way. The Kioutahia pottery industry — a special Asiatic variety — has also been transferred to Greece. Trained workers in these and other branches are rapidly becoming an asset to the country, rather than a drag on it.

The problem of an adequate water supply for Athens was one of the many subdivisions of the refugee question. Water has always been scarce in this city since the days when Solon legislated on the subject in 594 B.C. A firm of American engineers lately undertook to solve the problem by building a dam and reservoir at Marathon, meanwhile repairing for temporary use an aqueduct of the time of Hadrian.

A part of the road into Athens was rough and dusty. But presently we reached a marvelous asphalt boulevard leading straight into the heart of the city. As we passed the Arch of Hadrian I chanced to look through it at just the moment when it framed a group of splendid Corinthian columns, the surviving few of the original one hundred and four which adorned the Temple of Olympian Zeus.

Athens, as we toured the city, in the sunshine seemed to be dazzling white. Some of the government buildings as well as many of the private houses are made of marble or stucco, while a few have dark red porticoes with statues and columns in front. We stopped at the great marble Stadion, a reproduction in the ancient setting of the original one, where the first modern Olympic Games were held in 1896. The former royal palace of George I is a handsome white structure of Pentelic marble and limestone in the midst of a formal garden. It is soon to become a museum, while the famous shaded gardens are now public. In these we listened to

the song of nightingales just as L. had listened to their delicious music many years ago when he first visited Athens. Later we called at the American Consulate, and at the Embassy, which was located in an imposing house near the shopping district.

We visited the shop which the Near East Relief operates for the sale of articles made by the refugees, chiefly embroidery. And, of course, we had to hunt up Cobbler's Lane, sometimes called Shoe Lane, where picturesque strings of the characteristic Greek pomponed slippers and sandals hung in the street, and where antiques and rugs from all over the Orient beguiled us.

Greece, commercially, is noted for its carpets, cotton and wool textiles, pottery, olive oil, currants, and tobacco. Since the World War, this country has made vast progress in education, and the colleges are turning out increasing numbers of dentists, druggists, doctors, lawyers, and editors. Women, too, have gained in independence and education; some of the schools that were formerly open only to boys are now open to girls, and women are to be found in shops and factories who, before the war, would have worked only at home or in the fields.

As the sun was setting we drove up to the Acropolis, which we had saved for the loveliest time of day in which to view it and to look off from it over the Attic plain and the sea. Close against the base of the towering rock we passed the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, built in the second century B.C. by a Ro-

man with a great love for Athens, which he showed by many such generous gifts. Odeia were roofed, while other theatres in Greece were always open to the air. The roof in this case has long since disappeared, although the three-storied façade with the round Roman arches remains to give an idea of the construction of this type of building, while the orchestra, stage, and rows of seats are even now in good condition. The Theatre of Dionysus near by is more interesting, because on this spot drama was born. In a much earlier setting of this theatre the plays of the great Athenian dramatists had their first productions. Then, the stone seats mounting the hillside were thronged with spectators, and the carved marble armchairs in the orchestra held the high priest of Dionysus and other dignitaries. The sight of actors in costume rehearsing for a performance the day we were there helped us to visualize the scenes of long ago.

On we went up the Acropolis. Halfway, a rugged mass of rock juts out to one side from the hillside — the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill. From this point the Persians stormed the Acropolis. Here was the scene of Aeschylus' tragedy of the *Eumenides* and here the ancient court of the Areopagus rendered its decisions of life and death. From this hill St. Paul spoke to the men of Athens. I seemed to see him standing there and hear his words: "For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN

GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." That seventeenth chapter of Acts gives a vivid picture of the Athenians as well as of St. Paul. Here was a people so intellectually curious that "All the Athenians and the strangers which were there spend their time in nothing else, but to tell, or to hear, some new thing." They questioned Paul courteously, but not until he preached a doctrine quite beyond their comprehension — the resurrection of the dead — was there any mockery or heckling. Even then, some said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." And some seem to have found in the stranger's doctrine the very "new thing" for which they had been searching. The names of two such have come down to us through the centuries — those of Dionysius the Areopagite, and "a woman named Damaris." Did I see her blue robe for a moment against the rock or was it the flicker of a bird's wing against the sky? And beyond in the distance, where the rocky hillside has been cut out in a semicircle, was the Pnyx — the political assembling-place of the Athenian people.

As we approached the Propylaea, getting out of the motor to mount the steps, through the lofty columns above us we saw the superb Parthenon. The Pentelic marble glowed like mellow gold in the setting sun. Built in the fifth century before our era, in the time of Pericles, under the general supervision of Phidias, the Parthenon stood for more than twenty centuries, its glory and beauty little

harméd except for minor changes, first into a Christian church and later into a mosque. Only two and a half centuries ago did it become the ruin it is today. Then, in 1687, a Venetian gunner, with cruelly accurate aim, located the powder which the Turks, in possession of Athens, had stored within the walls, and the damage was done. The Greeks are now, in turn, doing their best to reassemble somewhat shattered columns, but I feel it would be better to leave the ruin for the imagination to restore.

The great goddess of Athens was, very properly, Athena, whose gold and ivory statue was the crowning glory of her finest temple. On the Acropolis stands another temple to Athena, the exquisite little shrine of Nike of Victory, to which we now turned. We found later in the museum near by a bit of the relief from the balustrade, showing "Nike fastening her sandal" — one of the loveliest pieces of Greek carving in existence.

Over to our left on the hilltop was the Erechtheum with its beautiful Ionic columns in contrast to the Doric of the two other great structures of the Acropolis — the Parthenon and the Propylaea. The most familiar feature of the Erechtheum is the Porch of the Maidens, where the six Caryatides bear up the roof as lightly as they do the baskets on their heads. Lord Elgin must rest uneasy in his grave because of the anathemas heaped upon him for carrying off to England so many of the sculptured treasures of the Acropolis, including one of

these maidens, which he, however, replaced with a duplicate.

Looking from the Acropolis I could see the city below and the steep front of Lycabettos, the soft green rolling plain, and the Aegina Gulf. Toward the northwest there lies the old town where the Agora used to be and where the Americans will soon excavate.

We lingered long on the Acropolis — our eyes ever returning to the beauty of the Parthenon, that "Chamber of the Virgin Goddess." What an irreparable loss that such a masterpiece should have been so mutilated! I went away from that glorious golden ruin with tears in my eyes.

To archaeologists Greece is indeed a paradise. The Germans, you will remember, were responsible for the discoveries at Olympia, and the French at Delphi, where they moved the entire village of Kastri to find out what lay underneath. The British have made notable excavations at Crete, Mycenae, Thessaly, Milos, and elsewhere; the Austrians at Elis; the Dutch at Argos; the Danes at Lindos; the Czechs at Samothrace; the Swedes at Calauria, and the Italians in some of the islands of the Aegean. American excavators have not been idle meanwhile, but under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, have done important work at Corinth and the Argive Heraeum.

Several nations, as well as ours, including Great Britain, France, and Germany, have long-estab-

lished schools for classical and archaeological study in Athens. The American School, organized in 1881, has been granted the concession to excavate the Agora. When one recalls that this was the social, commercial, and political center of ancient Athens, one realizes the importance of the undertaking. As fast as these ancient edifices were destroyed by fire, earthquake, or vandalism, other structures were erected on the same sites until this section has become a veritable mine for the archaeologists. The work involved is stupendous, including the razing of buildings over an area of more than thirty city blocks. The actual digging, moreover, must all be done by hand, because of the necessity of examining carefully every bit of earth brought to light. Whatever is found, I understand, will belong to Greece. No statues or fragments, such as were lost to the country in the past, are now allowed to go beyond her borders.

We visited, one day, the Gennadius Library of the American School of Classical Studies, built by the Carnegie Corporation in 1926. The handsome marble building contains 28,000 volumes, mostly in Greek. Some of the treasures were shown us by Mr. Scroggins, the American librarian. We saw a Greek grammar of the year 1400 — the first ever printed — and some books bound by the monks of Athos. The oldest books in the collection were printed in Milan; many were bound in Italy and England. Mr. Gennadius, for whom the library is named, was

at one time Greek Minister to England, when L. was in our Embassy there. Over many years he has collected these valuable books, and finally put them in the care of the Americans. There are two fine portraits by De Laszlo in the building, one of Gennadius and the other of his wife.

Near by is the American School itself, where we met Mr. Stephen Luce, in charge at the time. On the main floor are the class, lecture, and work rooms for the students, many of whom are making special studies of antique vases, painting, or sculpture. The classical schools of other countries are also located in this neighborhood.

The most noted archaeologist who ever worked in Greece was Dr. Heinrich Schliemann. His career, which seems much more like fiction than fact, was one of romantic devotion to a purpose he conceived almost as a child. His imagination was so fired by his father's tales of the Trojan War and the burning of Troy that he determined some day to excavate that spot, which, he thought could not have been entirely obliterated. Not until 1870, when he was forty-eight, was he able to carry out his plan, but then, with the help of his second wife, a Greek lady of remarkable culture and character, he began excavating on the site which he felt sure was that of ancient Troy, and made the discoveries which upset all previous theories. In later years he made other marvelous finds at Mycenae and Tiryns, both of which we were expecting to visit. When he died, he left a mysterious

package for whoever of his family would agree to devote himself to the "researches outlined in it." Miss Whiting, in her book on Athens, tells how a grandson decided to accept the trust which required that he give his life to the search for the lost continent of Atlantis, of the existence of which Dr. Schliemann was certain he had found proofs. He regarded as one such proof the great bronze vase he had unearthed among the ruins of Troy, bearing a legend in Phoenician hieroglyphics: "From King Chronos of Atlantis." Just what progress the grandson has made in the hunt for the legendary continent, supposedly lost long since in the seas between the Americas and Africa and Europe, I do not know.

In our round of schools and museums we stopped at the Ethnological Museum, an imposing building containing many things of interest. We wished especially to see some of the relics of the Greek War of Independence: Byron's helmet, the cot on which he died, and some of his letters. We found a portrait showing him as a handsome blond youth with large, dreamy, but rather crazy eyes; also an attractive painting by John Elliott of his father-in-law, Dr. Howe, who was the doctor for the Greek army in the eighteen-twenties.

In the National Museum there were many superb statues and fragments, among which the spirited marble Amazon on horseback from Epidaurus and the bronze Marathon boy stand out especially in my memory. Here, too, was a magnificent collection of

black and red pottery vases; the gold death masks and other objects, such as jewelry, ornaments, weapons, and beakers, found in the royal tombs at Mycenae; the bull's head and other discoveries from Crete; as well as treasures too numerous to mention anywhere except in a catalogue.

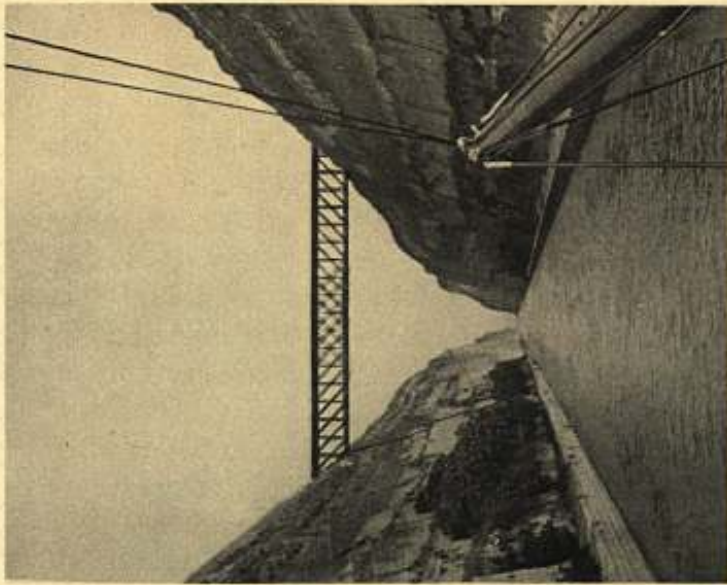
It was a pleasant change to take to motors again for a drive to Marathon, past Mount Hymettus, famous for its wild honey, and Mount Pentelicus. On we went by fields and vineyards, by pine and fig trees and cactus, but much of the way had been stripped of green by grazing goats, which some people call the curse of Greece. Further inland we came to fields of waving yellow grain in the valleys beneath the cone-shaped hills. At last, in the distance, appeared the Plain of Marathon, a narrow, flat stretch between the sudden slopes of Pentelicus and the blue bay, with the island of Euboea across the white-capped waters and the Cyclades on the horizon. Byron described the scene exactly: "The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea." Here, in 490 B.C., Miltiades and his army of Athenians and Plataeans routed the Medes and Persians under Darius, losing less than two hundred Athenians to sixty-four hundred Persians, according to Herodotus, and stemming for another ten years, the flood of Persian invasion. In the middle of the plain a burial mound, or *Soros*, was erected over the slain men of Athens. To see it makes 490 B.C. seem no longer ago than yesterday.

Driving back to Athens, I thought of the Greek runner, Pheidippides, who bore the news of the battle over the same route to the waiting crowd in the city. In some impossibly short time he sped the twenty-odd miles to Athens, and at the entrance to the Stadion, where the citizens had thronged to hear the news of the battle, he gasped out, "Rejoice, we conquer!" and fell dead. The modern race called the "Marathon" was named in his honor, and, alas, the day that changed the destinies of the world is now remembered rather for an athlete than for the epochal battle.

After the strain of days of reconstructing in imagination the glories of classical Greece from shattered temples and fragments of sculpture, however beautiful, we were delighted when we found that we were going to have a glimpse of contemporary Greece before we left Athens. The fifth of June was to be the day of the inauguration of Admiral Kondouriotis as president, with many events planned in celebration. As a friendly gesture, thirty-two Italian flyers appeared in the sky and circled over the city — a wonderful sight.

"I wish Greece would stick to kings," someone among us remarked frivolously. "Names like Constantine and George are easier to remember — and spell — than Kondouriotis and Venizelos."

It seems that the Greek War of Independence did not result in a permanent republic, but after a very brief trial of this form of government, brought her,



CORINTH CANAL, RAILWAY AND TRAFFIC BRIDGE



OLD OLIVE TREE NEAR ATHENS



HOME OF F. D. KALOPOTHAKES, HARVARD '88, ATHENS



Evzonoï, PRESIDENT'S BODYGUARD, ATHENS

through the offices of Great Britain, France, and Russia, a seventeen-year-old king, Otho of Bavaria. He did the best he could — the best that can be said of him — until 1862, when he was driven into exile. For a short time the crown went begging about Europe, then Prince William of Denmark accepted it and became King George of Greece in deference to Greek fondness for the name. He reigned for nearly half a century “with tact, if not with genius.” During his rule, the country gained a great deal of territory she had long coveted in Macedonia and Epirus, as well as islands in the Ionian and Aegean Seas. His queen, Olga, was a Russian grand duchess and a great beauty, much loved in Greece. She visited the hospitals constantly, and said that if she had not had to be a queen she would have chosen to be a doctor. She is now an exile from both her own country and her adopted one.

George I was succeeded by his son Constantine, who was married to Sophie, sister of the German Emperor. Although the Allies tried to induce Greece to enter the World War on their side, royal sympathies with Germany kept the country neutral until Venizelos, one of the greatest of modern Greek statesmen, took matters into his own hands, and in 1916 set up a provisional government in Salonika which declared war on Bulgaria and Germany. There were now two factions in the country, one neutral and one at war. To relieve the difficult situation that ensued, Constantine abdicated in

favor of his second son, Alexander; the oldest son, George, who was to become king later on, being considered too pro-German to rule at this time. Venizelos now became premier and the power behind the throne for the rest of the war and at the Peace Conference. Unfortunately, Alexander, with whom Venizelos could have worked sympathetically, died from the bite of a monkey in 1920. When the premier was laboring for Greece at the peace parleys, his influence and authority were undermined at home, while the people lent willing ears to the monarchists. As a result, in the election of 1920, Venizelos was ousted and Constantine asked to return.

To a casual observer of Greek affairs during the past decade, the country seems to have been playing a kind of ball game, with kings and presidents and ministers being continually batted in and out. The one thing lacking seems to have been any sort of rules for the game.

The restoration of Constantine was not a success. After the Smyrna debacle of 1922 he was again forced to abdicate, and went to Palermo where he died. His brother Andrew was in command in Smyrna. As a result of the crushing defeat the ministers were tried and shot while Constantine's eldest son George reigned. After a year, however, George went on "leave of absence" to Rumania, the native country of his wife, Queen Elizabeth — a leave from which he has never returned.

Greece now called in as regent, and later as temporary president, after the republic had been established, Admiral Paul Kondouriotis, a greatly beloved hero who had won an important sea battle against the Turks, and who did not desire office, but loyally sacrificed his leisure to patriotism. He was even then an old man and anxious to retire to his island properties on Hydra and write up the records of his family — a famous one, for his grandfather had been a president of Greece a century ago. But he was not allowed to withdraw, except for a brief period when General Pangalos, in comic opera fashion, with the aid of only twenty-eight men, overturned the government and made himself practically dictator. He was in turn overthrown. On the completion of the constitution, Admiral Kondouriotis was elected actual instead of temporary president. It was his inauguration ceremonies which we attended.

Premier Venizelos was to retain his office in spite of a formal gesture of resignation. In the Greek, as in the French republican constitution, the president, governmentally speaking, is something of a figure-head, while the premier has chief power. We heard that Venizelos was a great diplomat, and that his smile was engaging, but that the moment he smiled was the moment to beware of him. We were also told that his wife, a Greek, was very rich, and had lived for a time in Constantinople and then in England; that she was much liked, lived very simply,

and gave a great deal of money to charities. We met her at a tea in Athens and I found her handsome in appearance with fine dark eyes, rather English as to dress, and charming. She looked to be much younger than her husband, who is, I believe, about seventy, while the President is a little older.

Although our Minister was away, our Legation arranged that we should have places in the diplomatic box at the inauguration. Through rows of soldiers and sailors that lined the streets, with crowds looking on, we drove, escorted by our *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Aldridge, to the Parliament Building, and entered the gallery overlooking all the distinguished politicians of Greece. In appearance the hall was somewhat like our Senate Chamber at Washington, but smaller and rather bare and unimposing. The interior was crowded with people — statesmen, officers of the army and navy in full uniform with many decorations, and handsome priests of the Greek Church in long black robes with magnificent gold crosses and ornaments about their necks and with black veils streaming down behind from their tall black caps. Since there is some rule of the church forbidding them to shave, all had long hair and beards. There were a few Roman Catholic priests in black and crimson robes. On the platform stood the Metropolitan in superb vestments and headdress all of gold; while Venizelos, with his bald head and pointed white beard and eyeglasses, sat opposite. Since the ceremonies were conducted in



AMAZON, FOUND AT EPIDAUROS, ATHENS MUSEUM



TEMPLE ON ISLAND OF AEGINA



ROCK HERMITAGE, ON WAY TO NAUPLIA

modern Greek, the only part I understood was the clapping.

After the ceremony was over, we watched from a balcony as the distinguished guests drove away in their motors, while the navy band performed. Then Mr. Aldridge, who had so kindly escorted us, said that he would have to go on to the palace, where the diplomats were to be received by the President, and remarked that L. perhaps should sign in the President's book; accordingly, the Secretary invited us to go along with him.

When we arrived at the palace, which the later royalties had used and which now is the President's house, we found the guard of *Evzonoi* lined up along the driveway, making a gorgeous showing in their blue and gold embroidered jackets, wearing the *fustanella*, the full white plaited skirt like a ballet dancer's — or a lamp shade. They had on red caps, long, tightly-fitting white trousers with fancy dark garters, and the usual turned-up shoes.

I expected to wait in the motor, but instead I was told that I must sign the book too. We were escorted through the hall to the table where it lay, and wrote our names, while the Secretary went in to be received by the President. When we met him again at the entrance we were informed, much to our astonishment, that the President would like to receive us. We were taken to a large room where he stood with his naval aide and interpreter, and there he shook hands with us. He is a very good-looking,

elderly gentleman with a pleasing personality — quite one's ideal of a fine naval officer. L. had an interesting conversation with him, in the course of which the President expressed deep appreciation of all that Americans had done for his country. As we passed out the *Evzonoï* presented arms and there was a ruffle of drums in recognition of L.'s ambassadorial rank. We agreed, as we drove away, that our visit to Athens had closed with a most happy and unexpected climax.

CHAPTER IX

THE PELOPONNESUS

IN the delicious coolness of an early June morning we turned our backs on Athens and made the short cruise across the Saronic Gulf to the island of Aegina, where almonds and olives flourish, and divers fish up sponges from the bottom of the clear sea. The waters were blue and calm, but the hills of the islands and the mainland were dim and hazy with dust and mist. Far off in the eastern distance lay Cape Sunium.

Ages ago — after Crete and before Athens — Aegina was mistress of these seas, with trading stations in the far reaches of the then known world, making her ship-owners among the richest merchants of Greece. She coined the first silver money in the Greek states and marked it with a tortoise, and pieces of this currency are often upturned in the course of modern excavations. Although she seems to have dickered with the advance agents of Xerxes, to be on the safe side she sent thirty ships to the aid of Themistocles at Salamis, one of which won first honors for valor. Athens, growing more and more jealous as her neighbor grew more prosperous, found excuses for attacking her and eventually reduced her to submission.

The myths that precede history tell how the island received its name from the maiden Aegina, daughter of the river god Asopus, whom Jupiter, fancying, carried off to this place where their son Aeacus was born to rule. Ovid tells us that Juno, with natural, even if unreasonable, jealousy, blamed the woman in the case and sent a plague which wiped out all the people. Thereupon Aeacus prayed to his father for help, and so it came about that Jupiter turned the ants into men, which were called Myrmidons — a corruption of the Greek word meaning an ant. As we draw near the dividing line between myth and history in the pages of Homer we find that in the Trojan War the Myrmidons were still the soldiers of Achilles, grandson of Aeacus. I took a good look at the island and its inhabitants, but I must say I saw little to suggest the ant in either numbers or industry, though I admit we landed on the less populous side.

Instead of going round to the capital, Aegina, on the west coast, we took the yacht into the little curving Bay of St. Marina on the eastern side, the nearest approach to the exquisite ruined temple on the mountain top which was the objective of our visit. A group of ragged children and donkeys were waiting for us, for the natives begin to gather from all sides as soon as they sight a ship coming into the roadstead.

When I stepped ashore I was suddenly seized by two boys who each took an arm and pulled in oppo-

site directions until I thought I should break in two. I laughed, but not until our Greek guide indignantly "gave them a piece of his mind" would they let go and allow me to mount a tiny donkey in charge of a very pretty little girl. Up the trail we trotted, brushing through pine woods. The trees had been gashed to extract the resin which dripped into stone troughs. This the Greeks put into their wine to make it, according to them, more healthful, but to every other taste, quite unpalatable.

As we climbed, the view became more and more entrancing until, as we reached the temple at the top, glowing in the sun, it was so beautiful that we were speechless. The exquisite ruin made the center of the picture, with columns and walls framing smaller pictures against the azure sky. In the golden days of Greece three temples stood on high places in sight of one another — here and at Sunium and at Athens.

The temple of Aegina was built in the fifth century B.C. on the site of an earlier one and seems to have been dedicated to Aphaea, protectress of women. The rows of yellow columns still standing are now its chief beauty, but anyone with sufficient imagination may transfer some of the original sculptures from their present location in Munich to the proper setting here. I confess I was more than content to revel in the picture as I found it.

Reluctantly, at length, we scrambled down the hillside to the shore and boarded *Sayonara*. But before we sailed away, we jumped overboard into the

delicious salt water. Never have I enjoyed a swim more; the sea was like a crystal ball and we seemed to be buoyed in a dazzling light.

Then up came the anchor and we headed for Nauplia. During the delightful afternoon's run we purred along past bare islands on one side and a continuous splendid panorama of Peloponnesian mountains on the other, all lovely in contour and color, with villages occasionally dotting the slopes; past Hydra, where President Kondouriotis has a castle on a mountain, and within sight of Spetzia, where, on a promontory, is a new town built by the returned Greek who amassed a fortune in the United States with cigarettes made of Greek tobacco but called "Egyptian Deities." Here he has created a seaside resort with hotels and a casino after the fashion of Monte Carlo.

At places on the steep rock palisades we could see the caves of hermits seeking solitude for their contemplations.

Nauplia, at the head of a fine bay, has been, although its origin was prehistoric, of special importance in more recent periods of Greek history. A Byzantine governor of the thirteenth century tried unsuccessfully to found a Greek monarchy here. Venetians and Turks later held it alternately. In 1822 the Greek insurgents captured its citadel fortress during the War of Independence, and held it while the Turks ravaged the rest of the Peloponnesus. After the Conference of London the

first Greek government fixed its seat here and here the first president, Count Capo d'Istria, was murdered. He was an ancestor of a Countess Capodistria who had dined on board *Sayonara* with us at Athens. King Otho, having succeeded that first ephemeral republic of Greece, had his capital at Nauplia for a year, before it was transferred to Athens. From Nauplia, too, issued the plot to overthrow this same King Otho.

The town is the best point from which to make excursions to Tiryns, Mycenae, Argos, and Epidaurus. It is a splendid port for a ship of any size, and from the water the scenery surrounding the harbor is marvelous. Where *Sayonara* anchored, to one side a high mountain stretched up from the sea to the old Venetian fortress of Palamidi at the top, now turned into a prison where the worst criminals of Greece are confined. Before us lay the famous flat plain of Argolis, with splendid mountain ranges rising behind it. Just beside us in the harbor was a tiny island called "Executioner's Island," entirely covered by an old Venetian fort. Here for years lived — so the story goes — a murderer, who was granted life and the freedom of this little island, on condition that he act as executioner for other murderers kept in the fortress jail on the hill. Though we steamed round the spot, we saw nothing but a wee black goat roaming among the rocks.

At dawn next day the scene was so enchanting I reached for my pencil, and influenced, no doubt, by

the "free-verse" style of the translations of Palamas I had been reading, jotted down the following lines:

A THOUGHT AT SUNRISE

*Like strands of yellow hair, the pale dawn
 Circled the bare, dark mountains,
 O'er Argos' plain, by Nauplia's lovely bay.
 In his island castle the executioner sat waiting,
 While, from the fortress prison on the hilltop,
 The murderers gazed down between their iron bars.
 Whose turn would come that sunrise, they were
 wondering?*

*Thought one, the greatest whiteness is the soul.
 And as he gazed he prayed,
 While the sea turned into jewels
 And the mountains into red wine.
 As the bugle notes floated out
 Through the clear ether of the heavens,
 Death touched the man on the shoulder.
 The executioner sat waiting, waiting in his island
 castle,
 While the sunshine flooded the whole world.
 The greatest whiteness is the soul.*

The narrow streets of Nauplia are very quaint. The market was in full swing when we landed, with fish and onions the chief merchandise. People crowded about the stalls, while the first beggars we had met in Greece held out their hands for alms.



EXECUTIONER'S ISLAND, GULF OF NAUPLIA



THEATRE AT EPIDAUROS



RUINS OF TEMPLE OF AESCULAPIUS AT EPIDAUROS



STADIUM AT EPIDAUROS

As we took the road toward Epidaurus, some eighteen miles away, we met lines of country folk coming into town on donkey-back with their wares.

Our good Greek guide had ordered the same motors which we had used at Delphi and Athens to come overland to meet us at Nauplia, because satisfactory cars and careful drivers for Greek roads cannot be found on the spur of the moment in out-of-the-way places.

The road to Epidaurus ran out over bare gray hills, speckled with green, with rich green and yellow plains below, while the mountains about were opalescent in the morning light, constantly changing colors, until, on passing an ancient bridge, we came to the valley where lay the famous ruins. Perhaps some unusually bracing quality in the air was the reason for locating here the shrine of Aesculapius, god of healing; at any rate, the men with us felt of a sudden very lively and took to running races in the stadium in the manner of olden times, starting from the stone mark grooved for the runners' feet. Sockets for posts and stone seats have been excavated along the sides of the course.

Near by, on the left, were various ruins within the sacred enclosure of Aesculapius, from which nearly all other sanctuaries of the Healing God in the Greek world traced their origin. Here may be found the remains of a temple of Artemis; the porches where applicants for treatment waited; the gymnasium where those who were well enough

were probably set to work at their own cure; the treasury; the Roman baths; the circular Tholos, the purpose of which no one knows, yet, perhaps, one of the most exquisite bits of architecture the world has ever seen; and other structures of which the temple of Aesculapius itself is the most important. This sanctuary was used by the Greeks and later by the Romans. So-called doctor — priests — with the aid of healing waters and buncombe, treated the ailing, who came from far and near, and generously testified their gratitude, if one may judge by the votive offerings and tablets that have been unearthed. Although the method of treatment is unknown to us, yet the cures were many and undoubted, and the teachings of Christian Science in our day, as one of our own great surgeons (Doctor Cushing) has said, “no doubt revived the therapeutic importance of a neglected principle well known in the Aesculapian Temples; namely, the influence of mind upon bodily ailments.”

The sacred precinct showed one noticeable architectural feature — there were no steps anywhere, only inclined planes or ramps of stone running up and down from buildings, so that the lame, the halt, and the blind might get about easily. No springs are to be seen today, but there is an old well, which may have had therapeutic qualities centuries ago, but which we were warned not to test.

A little museum contained plans of the ruins which were a great help in locating points of in-

terest and in visualizing the buildings as they stood when Pausanias saw and described them in the second century. Many of the original marbles found in the vicinity have been taken elsewhere, including a Nike and the greatest treasure discovered here—the mounted Amazon which we had seen in the National Museum at Athens. No excavations are being carried on at Epidaurus at present.

Not far from the museum is one of the largest and best preserved of the Greek theatres, with the entrance gate left standing. The acoustics are so good that the dignitaries in the first three rows of marble seats of honor heard no better than the "hoi polloi" in the topmost row cut out of the hillside. The orchestra is an almost perfect circle, surrounded by a stone parapet, with a stone in the center on which was probably an altar to Dionysus. The ruins can be seen of the foundation walls of the stage, showing the location of scene, proscenium, wings, and dressing rooms to the eye of the expert archaeologist, if not so clearly to a layman. But we cared little about archaeological matters at the moment because we were having such a good time putting on an extemporaneous performance of our own.

That afternoon we were carried back to a past more ancient than any we had yet seen, when we saw Mycenae, that stronghold whose name recurs so often in classic Greek drama as well as in

Homer. Here and roundabout, over Argolis, ruled Agamemnon, who was killed soon after his homecoming from the Trojan War by his unfaithful wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Aegisthus. This murder and the vengeance which followed it supplied a vast store of tragic material to Greek dramatists. The origin of Mycenae is so remote that one's imagination somehow balks at thinking back that far. Agamemnon and the days of Mycenae's prime were legends when Homer was young. In the fifth century B.C., it had been destroyed by the Argives; in the time of Pausanias it was a deserted place. To Dr. Schliemann, however, a legend must have a certain foundation of fact, and so he excavated at Mycenae on the basis of the poems of Homer — whom, by the way, he persisted in considering a single poet, instead of a school. To the discomfiture of the scoffers, he was rewarded by uncovering such precious treasures as have never been equalled except, perhaps, in the tomb of King Tut. We had seen some of the colored wall decorations, also the wonderful golden objects in Athens, proving the accuracy of Homer's description of Mycenae as "rich as gold."

After a motor drive of some ten miles across the "thirsty" plain of Argolis we approached that fold in the mountains where the ruins of Mycenae now stand on the acropolis, rising out of a glen, with ravines on each side that divide it from the guardian mountain peaks that tower above it. Leaving the

cars we ascended the hillside until we reached the well-known Lion Gate, built into walls made of Cyclopean blocks of stone, which must have offered tremendous resistance to hostile attack in the days of Agamemnon. The two lions in the triangular segment over the entrance are minus heads, which, as they were probably made of gold or bronze, may have been carried off in one of the Roman raids.

Passing through the Lion Gate, we made our way to the Agora, with its strange circle of upright stones, a place once covered with slabs, beneath which Dr. Schliemann, in 1876-77, discovered five royal tombs, and later excavators a sixth, possibly the graves of Agamemnon and the royal family pointed out to Pausanias in the course of his travels. The finds at Mycenae were important, not only for the wealth of material disclosed, but also for the evidences furnished of the daily life in one of the oldest civilizations known — a civilization that came, no one knows whence or when, whether from Phrygia, Phoenicia, or Crete, and that was, so far as Mycenae and Tiryns were concerned, suddenly and violently destroyed several centuries before Christ. Maybe the archaeologists learned their trade from Sherlock Holmes and his successors, for they even tell us what kind of food the Mycenaeans ate, from the bones found in the rubbish heaps!

From the Agora we climbed still higher, past the walls of small rooms, some, perhaps, the women's quarters, and others, barracks. At the top of the

high hill stood the ruins of the palace itself — possibly Agamemnon's own — overlooking the plain to the sea, a superb view. How often may Clytemnestra have looked out toward that same sea, dreading her lord's return from Troy! From traces of columns, although the columns themselves were gone, we could reconstruct in the mind's eye, an original large court or hall. At the back of the hill fortress we came to a hidden covered gallery leading to the ancient reservoir where once was stored spring water for the citadel population.

The smallness of Mycenae, in comparison with the "mighty" legends of its great period, impressed me. In this miniature country the spirit, the genius, of single men or of little bands of men made history and civilization that will be remembered and admired when the mere bulk of our own mass material production has perhaps been forgotten.

Below the citadel once stood houses, including the two so-called "Treasuries" or tombs of Clytemnestra and of Atreus, which have been excavated. We visited these huge underground funeral chambers, bee-hive in shape, splendidly built and faced with stone. That of Atreus is the better preserved and contains a side chamber cut out of the solid rock, with an altar.

I was somewhat disappointed in Mycenae, I confess, at the time of our visit, but after seeing other ruins of about the same period — at Tiryns and later at Crete and Malta — and after further

study of the subject, I came to realize that Mycenae on its high hill contained some of the most interesting and most surprising antiquities we saw in Greece.

We found two men prowling about the place much as we were, and entering into conversation, learned that they also came from Boston — two Greek-lovers from the modern Athens of America. One proved to be a professor, the other a student, both carrying their packs on their backs and suffering the tortures of the fleas and discomforts of Greek inns in order that they might feast their souls on a realization of places about which they had so often dreamed at home so far away.

Of "wall-girt Tiryns" little is left but the walls of Cyclopean construction, made of blocks of stone so enormous that the ancients seem to have magnified the original builders into giants to account for a race of men — the Cyclopes — who could manage such weights. The galleries in the walls contained holes that probably served as outlets from which to roll stones down on an enemy. Some of the inner rocks looked as if they had been polished. When we asked our Greek guide for an explanation (he was never at a loss for an answer), he replied, "Rubbed smooth by sheep." Though guide books corroborated him, we were still mystified, because the polishings were so high up the sheep must have been Cyclopean as well as the walls. However, L. suggested as a practical explanation that for ages

the ruins had been so deep in rubbish that, before excavations had been made, the floor level of the galleries had perhaps been higher.

A guide book made special mention of the "bathroom" in the palace of the Homeric period uncovered here by Dr. Schliemann. The imagination of an archaeologist was needed to make much out of the ruins, but we did find the large limestone slab which may have been the floor of the bathroom and on which the tub must have stood, and also the outlet for the water. Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld found the same sort of pottery at Tiryns as at Mycenae, but it is considered of a slightly later period, although it shows the same Phoenician influence.

In planning, from a distance, our trip to Greece it had been difficult to find out what could really be done in reaching places of great interest that were outside the usual tourist travel. By chance Captain Stewart, a member of our party, our guide, photographer, and friend, who had been with us on so many of our other out-of-the-way adventures in different corners of the world in past years, chanced to see in a newspaper of the establishment of an agency in Athens of one Ghiolman who had undertaken to develop tourist travel in Greece as Thomas Cook had at one time opened up much of the world to tourist travel. In fact, we found out afterwards that Ghiolman had been called by some appreciative traveler the "Napoleon of tourist agencies."

I tell this because much of the surprise and success of our cruise was due to his suggestions and help. For it was the advice and aid of his agency that made it possible for us to make certain excursions that had seemed at first impossible. Through Ghiolman, Spyridon Vlascos, the Greek courier of whom we became so fond, was sent us; through this firm, too, the motor cars were chartered, with chauffeurs who were so civil and capable that we did not suffer one moment's delay in our excursions. And it was with his help that we planned our trip through the Peloponnesus. We had dreamed of Arcadia — indeed, who has not dreamed of Arcady! — and had wondered about Sparta and its culture that, like the German Kultur of our own times, had almost dominated its world — but not quite. Yet we had given up hope that such a motor trip would be possible, when we found that it could be done.

So it was that from Nauplia early one morning we started off to cross the Peloponnesus to rejoin the yacht, which was to go round to Gytheion in the Bay of Laconia while we motored our way over mountain ranges and down through famous vales of Morea to meet it again — all in a day — some two hundred miles.

For a short distance we traveled the road of the day before, passing the high mound of Tiryns. Innumerable flocks of goats and sheep — the inevitable accompaniment of the Greek landscape — raised clouds of dust along the highway, or trailed

down the stony dry river beds with their shepherds and dogs.

We made our first stop at Argos, at the foot of the acropolis of Larissa, which is today a rather dirty, straggling town with little to show for its long past, for, although the oldest settled place in all Greece, never having ceased to be inhabited, it has few ruins. The only ancient structures to be seen are the theatre, cut out from the mountainside, and a Roman wall.

Going on our way, we passed a refugee community, "established" here to take advantage of the mulberry trees to develop a silk industry. Their two-wheeled carts, brand-new and very brightly painted, made gay pictures. We ran over plains — not very fertile according to our ideas — which had been planted in places with grain and vegetables, and with olive, poplar, fig, and mulberry trees. It was marshy and malarial as we came to Lerna, where the Lernaean Hydra had in legendary times its lair and laid waste the surrounding lands. It had been the second "Labor of Herakles" to kill this terrible dragon with nine heads. When Herakles, a son of Tiryns, had killed his own children in a fit of madness, and had been condemned to perform certain tasks for Eurystheus, his rival, King of Argos, his first "labor" had been to strangle the Nemean Lion, whose cave is still to be seen not far away from Argolis, and his second had been to kill the dreaded Hydra. This he accomplished after many difficulties.

Over mountains we climbed by a zigzag road wonderfully engineered, where we had magnificent views of still higher mountains beyond, streaked with snow. We crossed two bridges above more or less dried-up streams where great bushes of oleander were in bloom and large flocks of birds had gathered—the black and white magpies which bring good luck—and here too we heard again the sweet notes of the nightingale.

At last we came to Arcadia in a valley more fertile than any we had previously seen, but nevertheless not the rich land I had always supposed the Arcadia of legend and literature to be. And although I hoped a modern automobile might move swiftly enough to take them unaware, I did not catch even a fleeting glimpse of a dryad or a faun. Nor—greatest disappointment of all—did I see Pan or hear his distant flute, although Arcadia is his very own country. He is the Deity of the Place and was born in a mountain fastness near by and, in days long ago, it was his custom to pop out unexpectedly and frighten travelers, so that we have achieved the word “pan-ic” to describe sudden appearances and fright. We did not hear piping shepherds, but we saw many who still carry crooks of serpent design. Perhaps Pan is growing older now and prefers the comforts of city life to sleeping in the woods and fields. It may have been at Athens that I missed him, instead of here. The Athenians built him a temple after Marathon, because he had stopped Pheidip-

pides, the runner, on his way to Sparta to beg aid, and complained that they had neglected him. It may even be — oh, dreadful thought! — that Pan is dead.

My dream of Arcadia, perhaps induced more or less by scenes set on some musical operetta stage, was of a pastoral paradise where shepherds and shepherdesses sang and danced away the hours amid flowers and fruit trees, all happy and gay. Instead we had come down from the pass across the mountain and onto an upland plateau that looked rather barren, with few farms and orchards and fields of grain. So we concluded that this Arcadia must have seemed to the Greeks through the ages a paradise only because it was more fertile than other spots in Greece.

Our first stopping place in Arcadia, Tripolis or Tripolitza, is a modern town, dating back only to about the beginning of Turkish domination in Greece, when it became the seat of pashas in the Morea. But as the name implies, it was built on the foundations of three much earlier towns — Mantinea, Pallantion, and Tegea. Tripolis seemed very much alive, but a windy and dusty place. In the main square stood the Greek church with yellow windows through which the golden light glowed on the sacred relics. These included paintings of saints with silver hands and crowns and halos. There were many shops in the arcades, but the only attractive articles we saw for sale were the tur-



MYCENAE



LION GATE AT MYCENAE



ENTRANCE WAY INTO CITADEL OF TIRYNS



CYCLOPEAN MASONRY GATE AT TIRYNS

quoise-colored bead necklaces — some with shells and bells as well — such as bedecked all the horses, even the cab variety. Plenty of old cabs were standing about the street, and a few motors and, to our great satisfaction, men in characteristic costume, wearing the skirted *fustanella*.

As we motored on our way, upon reaching the precincts of Tegea — once a town of some importance in Arcadia — we stopped in the welcome shade of some trees and unloaded our picnic luncheon. An old woman who emerged from a house not far away went into her cellar and brought up for us some mastic wine. Then on we went to the museum in the small village and found it locked. But we hunted up the keeper, who consented to forego part of his usual noonday rest hour and show us over the building. The best things we saw were a female torso and a head of Alexander, but there were some charming small figures and fragments — Greek, Byzantine, and Roman — as well as a plaster cast of a most beautiful head. Hereby hangs a tale. The original head — of Artemis, carved by Scopas — was stolen by a Frenchman only a year ago and smuggled out of Greece, but was later discovered and returned. The original is now in Athens. The curator of the museum at Tegea, who probably had sold the head to the Frenchman, was sentenced to jail for nine years.

In the early afternoon we moved on toward Sparta where, in spite of forewarnings, we still

hoped to find something to suggest the past glory of a race whose epitaph is our word "Spartan," with all that it implies of courage and self-discipline. We coursed across the plateau of Arcadia till we reached defiles, while ranges of mountains surrounded us on every side. The road wound down through gorges, and below us we saw river beds aglow with masses of blooming oleander. Gradually we developed views from under the coasts of Par-non of the Vale of Sparta, of the valley of the Euro-tas, of Lacedaemon, with Taygetus opposite, almost eight thousand feet high, pinnacled and peaked, standing out in silhouette against the sky. On Taygetus the stoic Spartans exposed their weak-ling babies to die so that the State and race might benefit in the end.

As we gazed ahead we marveled, for instead of the severe and cruel land that we had pictured as the home and breeding-place of the Spartan race, who sought only beauty of body and spirit by teaching courage and obedience and discipline, we saw before us a beautiful, wide, and rich valley, and breathed a soft, relaxing air that suggested comfort and luxury. "Hollow Sparta" indeed lay before us, in its enclosed vale so pro- tected by natural mountain boundaries that it needed no acropolis citadel to defend it; but it was a vale so smiling and gracious that Hutton com- pares it to "Granada under the snows of the Sierra Nevada." And here today the charm of the views

above and about mean more than the few uncertain ruins. How especially wonderful then that in such temptations and surroundings a people should have hardened themselves by breeding and discipline so that their spirit remains an example throughout the ages although the traces of their foundations have disappeared! For Thucydides was right when he wrote:

“If the town of the Lacedaemonians were laid waste and nothing remained but the temples and the sites of the buildings, I believe that after a long lapse of time men would find the fame of the city on account of its power quite incomprehensible, even although two-fifths of the Peloponnesus belong to it, and though its hegemony is extended over the entire peninsula and beyond.”

The modern town is located in an unhealthy, improperly drained plain which breeds malaria, and the only industry which keeps it alive is the silk trade. There is nothing here to remind one vividly that this was the land of Helen, who was queen of Sparta and wife of Menelaos before she became Helen of Troy, beloved of Paris. Even the blocks of stone that once formed the base of a monument and are pointed out as the “tomb of Leonidas,” do not suggest that Spartan hero of Thermopylae, because one promptly learns that this probably was not his tomb after all.

Again we arrived at a museum closed for the

noon hours and had to wait for the curator to appear, but although it was a pleasing, columned building set in the public gardens, it contained little of importance except some charming Tanagra figurines in terra-cotta.

The government now owns a modern house which we visited because, in the course of its building, a unique Roman mosaic pavement was accidentally discovered. We speculated, with some amusement, over a figure of doubtful sex for which, for once, our Greek guide was at a loss to find an explanation. L. perhaps furnished the solution to the puzzle when he suggested that the design evidently represented Achilles dressed in women's clothes. For Thetis, his mother, knowing that he was doomed to die if he took part in the expedition to Troy, made him disguise himself as a maiden among the daughters of the king of Skyros. But Ulysses followed him and by pretending to be a merchant forced him to betray his sex through his interest in the manly weapons hidden among the women's wares offered for sale. It then took little persuasion to induce Achilles to join with his countrymen in the Trojan War.

Still following the trail of Helen and Paris, we continued on to Gytheion, where they had taken to the sea and fled to Troy. Here we found *Sayonara* looking very smart and welcome, at anchor in the roadstead, and the launch at the stone quay all ready to hurry us out to the comforts and security

of the yacht. The Greek sun had not treated us as kindly as it did Helen, for when we reached our ship we were hot and tired and burned as brown as the proverbial berries. The chauffeurs were so afraid of the mosquitoes and fevers of the lowlands of Lacedaemon that they planned to scurry back to the highlands as quickly as possible that same night.

The whole trip had been a succession of surprises, but the adventure across the Peloponnesus had brought two contradictory ones, for the highlands of Arcadia had not proved as Arcadian and the Vale of Sparta had not proved as Spartan as we had expected them to be.

CHAPTER X

THE TREELESS AEGEAN ISLANDS

*"Why drops the moonlight through my heart,
And why so quietly
Go the great engines of my boat
As if their souls were free?*

*Is not your ship a magic ship
That sails without a sail;
Are not these isles, the isles of Greece,
'And dust upon the Sea?'"*

— JAMES ELROY FLECKER

KING Aegeus of Athens was scanning the sea from the Acropolis for the first glimpse of the returning ship of his hero son Theseus, who had volunteered to go to Crete to slay the Minotaur. The ship had put out under black sails of mourning for the cargo of doomed youths and maidens which it carried—the tribute regularly required by Crete—to be devoured by the terrible man-bull. But Theseus had promised his father to change the sails to white if he were successful. You remember the story—how Theseus destroyed the Minotaur and escaped from the laby-

rinth where the monster was confined by re-winding the ball of yarn which Ariadne, daughter of the Cretan King Minos, had furnished him. He then persuaded Ariadne to sail away with him, but on his way home he cruelly and unaccountably abandoned her on the island of Naxos. Perhaps his conscience gave him a good deal of trouble — at any rate, he forgot his promise to his father, and when Aegeus caught sight of the black sails on the horizon he was sure his son had been killed by the Minotaur and, in despair, leaped into the sea which, in memory of him, was later named Aegean.

On leaving Gytheion *Sayonara* sailed for the group of islands known as the Cyclades — spread fan-shape in the blue ocean. She moved down the Laconic Gulf with the island of Cythera rising ahead. Here Aphrodite, born of the sea-foam, was supposed to have been wafted ashore.

Rounding the point of the Peloponnesus, Cape Malea, we turned eastward and saw tucked away in a fissure of the massive promontory a tiny white dome with a little cross on top — the remote habitation of a hermit, who raises a flag to notify passing vessels when he is out of provisions. Then gradually *Sayonara* drew away from the coast and set her course for Milos, the most western of the larger Cyclades.

Nothing we had read had prepared us for the splendid scenery we were to meet. I had expected to find Milos interesting simply as the place where

the famous Venus of that name had been discovered, but I was happily surprised. The island is the rim of an ancient crater, with a break in the circle forming one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean. The approach was striking, for we sailed between volcanic sentinel rocks of vivid colors — mauve and pink, like those of our western canyons, with touches of sulphur yellow, all in contrast to the gray-green slopes slanting up into mountain pinnacles. Churches and snow-white houses with blue doors streaked the tops of the ridges. Down along the seaside, where the palisades dipped steeply, caves could be seen in the rocks, characteristic of the island, some of which had been turned into warehouses or even dwellings for people and donkeys. We cruised round a steep point into an almost landlocked harbor, like an inland lake, and anchored off the dazzling little town of Adamandos.

Few ships, fewer yachts, visit Milos. Our Captain, in all his cruises through Greek waters, had never called in its port before; yet it was once very celebrated. The English have uncovered here the remains of a pre-Minoan city of 2500 years B.C., the "finds" of which (now in the Athens Museum) are decorated in a manner that suggests the *art nouveau* of our day. Milos was famous for its obsidian in the earliest ages. It was when capturing the island during the Peloponnesian War that the Athenians carried out an infamous plan to mas-



STREET SCENE IN TRIPOLITZA, ARCADIA



SPARTAN YOUTH OF TODAY



Thera, Town on Rim of Crater, Santorin



Approach to Thera, Island of Santorin

sacre all the men inhabitants and carry off the women and children into slavery.

The people of Milos seemed very friendly, perhaps because they see so few strangers. Two well-dressed men came forward from the little café on the quay to greet us when we landed — returned natives of the island. One had lived for years in Australia, the other in Johannesburg. We mounted donkeys — nice little beasts — “more intelligent than the inhabitants,” our guide (who seemed to love his country more than his countrymen) kept remarking as we jogged up a roadway — evidently seldom used, for it had gone quite to pieces — to see the spot where the Venus of Milo was found.

Through a hilltop village, with only one cobblestoned street, we trotted, past spotless white shops and houses, neatly walled in, and many small churches. Meanwhile little church bells were ringing and trains of donkeys with loads of grain were passing by, led by the most civil of peasants. There were lovely views in every direction over the island and the sparkling seas. On the highest ridges stood windmills with quaint revolving sails. The air was delicious, dry and invigorating, so that all our walking and climbing seemed without effort.

We came at last to a field near a little lane reaching to the water. The statue of Venus once stood on this spot, probably about two thousand years ago. To save it from the pirates who infested these seas

for so many centuries, it had been hidden in a cave near by, where a peasant found it when digging in his field in 1820.

The diary of Dumont d'Urville, a French naval officer, gives the next chapters in the story. More than a hundred years ago, when cruising, he landed here, saw the statue, and realized its importance. It was, at that time, in two large pieces. The right hand of the Venus then clutched her fallen draperies, while the left arm was raised, the hand holding an apple. Because a golden apple was the prize of Venus in her beauty contest with Juno and Minerva, Dumont d'Urville called the figure "Venus Victrix." The nose was slightly chipped and the ears pierced, although the earrings were missing, and the left foot was gone.

The peasant asked only a small sum for his prize, part of which the young officer paid to bind the contract, promising to settle for the remainder when he returned for the statue. He could not take it away with him because the captain of his naval vessel, who was not an art connoisseur, said that he was sent to make charts, not to transport statuary, and refused to have the Venus taken on board, even for delivery to his king, Louis XVIII of France.

The island of Milos at this time belonged to Turkey. When D'Urville reached Constantinople, he told the French ambassador about the statue and begged him to send someone to secure it. The ambassador, accordingly, sent his secretary. In the

meantime an Armenian priest, seeing the Venus, offered to pay the peasant a larger sum of money, which he accepted, and when the secretary arrived the lower half of the statue had already been stowed away in a steamer, but the upper half still lay on the shore. The secretary promptly paid the peasant the remainder of the sum agreed upon with D'Urville and then demanded the property, which the priest refused to give up; whereupon the sailors of the two vessels engaged in a glorious fist fight and in the mêlée the two arms of the Venus were somewhat broken. The French, however, were victorious and gained possession of the statue, securing the portion off the vessel as well as the upper half on the shore. They then set sail for Constantinople. There the ambassador, like D'Urville, appreciated at once the value of this work of art, and rather than risk difficulties with the Turks, ordered the ship off to France immediately. King Louis was greatly pleased with the Venus, but not with the broken arms, which he ordered re-broken to suit his own ideas of beauty. This was done, and the reunited body, as well as the broken bits of the arms, can be seen in the Louvre collection today for the world to admire. Young Dumont d'Urville was given quick promotion by the king for his services in securing the masterpiece and was made a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis. He afterwards became a noted navigator and explorer.

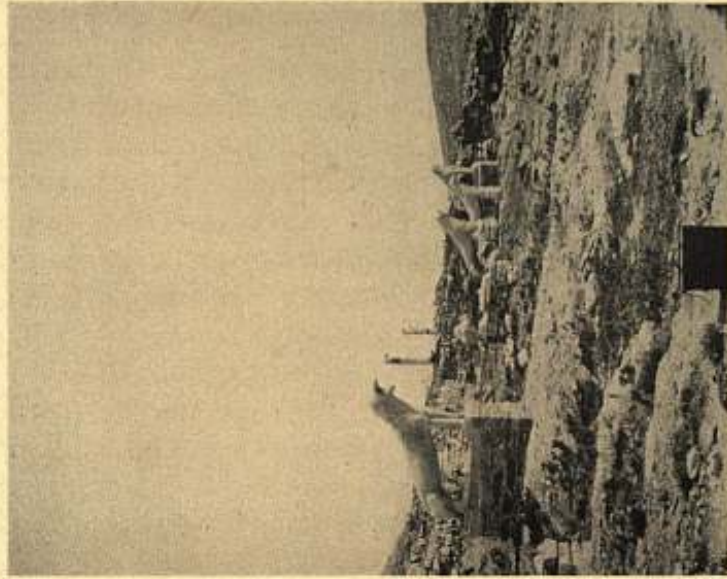
The steep descent to the shore made us lame and

tired, in spite of the bracing air, so that we longed to stop for a hot sulphur bath in a cave of which we had heard, but we hurried on because it was growing dark. We lingered a moment on the quay, however, to see a newly discovered sculptured fragment turned up by a peasant's plow—treasure trove much more exciting than any of Captain Kidd's gold.

Next morning early, we steamed away to Santorin, the mountains of Milos re-grouping themselves as we cruised along, changing in color like a chameleon from mustard to violet and pale green, in the dawn of a June day. It was a run across an open part of the Aegean and it breezed up a bit, just enough to whet the appetite of good sailors. We coasted by bare islands for a time and finally, before us, loomed Santorin, which astonished us as *Sayonara* approached, for instead of the black cinder crater which we had expected, we saw a lovely slope of terraced greens, speckled with white houses, one of the most smiling landscapes in all Greece. But we remembered that the slopes of Vesuvius are among the most smiling in all Italy, and yet there is fire within. Originally Santorin was supposed to have been a clod of earth dropped by the Argonauts in passing, but it is actually a volcano that blew up into the sea many thousand years ago. It was called by Herodotus "Kallista," most beautiful, and for some time Thera. Today the chief town is called Thera and the island Santorin —



GROTTO OF APOLLO ON MT. CYNTHUS, DELOS



THE LIONS OF DELOS



TEMPLE OF THE FOREIGN GODS, DELOS



SACRED WAY AND ENCLOSURE, DELOS

so named because of the martyrdom there of Saint Irene. It is also nicknamed the "Island of the Vampires." Though the volcano of which Milos is the rim is extinct, that of Santorin occasionally erupts. Because the Captain had advised us to be ready with cameras to photograph the entrance to the harbor, we waited impatiently, hoping the "surprise" would come there. And come it did!

As *Sayonara* rounded a mild-looking point of cultivated slopes, suddenly there loomed up before us a great promontory of tortured volcanic rock, striated, convoluted, in its dramatic steep, rich red-brown in color, topped by an amazing pearl city — a white ghost of a city — from which a viaduct of steps zigzagged down a precipitous ravine to the tiniest of *marinas*. Here was a complete city in the sky, yet it seemed a city of the dead, for not a living thing was visible. It was uncanny, for out of the white houses the windows looked hollow, like the empty eye sockets in a skull. Farther along the ridge, a thousand feet high, directly above us — it made us dizzy to look up at it — another snow-city was etched against the blue. Silver-gray gypsum dust was sliding down the hillsides in places (a gypsum that is exported for cement) while elsewhere the brown volcanic rocks jutted out into the air, making strange sculptures. Dead ahead of the yacht, in the center of the vast circle of the harbor, its cinder mass streaked with ocher and lemon-yellow, lay a tiny island, slightly smoking, while a

smell of sulphur which came to us in the air was rather terrifying. We were floating literally in the crater of a volcano, in water too deep to afford anchorage to ships, though small boats can tie up to buoys which are in turn attached to the wall of the crater.

I believe that in all our travels we have never visited a place so mysterious and extraordinary as this lone island rising out of the sea. St. Helena has a romantic and unique character; Martinique, loveliness and charm; many other isles in many other seas have their distinction and delight, but Santorin is the strangest of all—beautiful, but unreal.

In the course of ages eruptions have many times buried the island slopes in cinders and lava. Only three years before our visit Captain Trayler had been in here when bolts of flame were hurled hundreds of feet into the sky, and the waters in the crater boiled. A year later, when Spyro had last been here, the place was still steaming and smoking.

The waters inside the harbor crater were whipped into whitecaps, but we were able to get into the dinghy on the lee side of the ship, as the launch would have proved awkward, and to row into the tiny *marina* where it was more or less quiet. We were luckier than most yachting parties in being able to go ashore at all, for many visitors are unable even to attempt a landing. Later we heard of friends off *Iolande* and off *Nourmahal*, who had

been here during the season, so that the American flag had been seen in this strange out-of-the-way place more often than it is, alas, in more important ports of the world.

All about us, as we landed, were little arcaded warehouses, and caves made into dwellings, some with porticoes cut out of the rock. Asses and small boys and a mixture of picturesque people crowded the narrow quay.

We mounted some donkeys with wooden pack-saddles, and amid great shouting of encouragement by the drivers, "climbed the steep ascent to heaven," — or so it seemed — up the well-devised parapeted zigzag roadway, paved with lava cobblestones, with low-stepped intervals, a thousand feet of perpendicular ascent.

At the top we came into the pearl city, perched on the spine of the crater zone, with its narrow main street with irregular ways off to each side. Up and down steps, around corners, under arcaded houses, by open terraces, we looked off to splendid views and on to immaculate roofs, which are designed to catch the rains. There is no water on the island, yet it exports wine. Churches and houses with balustraded courtyards, with bright flowers and fragrant oleander were all enchanting, fitting as they did into the rugged spaces of the hilltop. We were taken into the house of the Greek bishop and from the terrace enjoyed the glorious panorama across the green, vine-clad slopes where could be seen the re-

mains of a Roman city with *agora* and theatre, and Mount St. Elias. Almost every island in these seas has its Mount St. Elias, each with a claim that it is the very spot from which Elias mounted to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Leaning over the walls we gazed down at the abyss below us, where the yacht looked like a toy ship in the waters of the vast gulf.

As usual, we sought the local museum, where we saw Roman fragments and also great jars of a pre-Minoan age that were discovered after an earthquake had disclosed towns buried by a previous eruption ages before. In the patterns on some fragments appeared, as clearly as on the pottery of our Pueblo and other Western Indians, the sign of the swastika, the double cross that is seen also in Cretan designs of that prehistoric period. We wondered what might be the connection—if any—between these widely separated peoples. The Germans are responsible for the excavations on Santorin.

While rambling about, an old Greek lady spoke to us in French; told us her husband had been consul of England on the island, and invited us into her home, the inhabitants of all the islands being proverbially hospitable to strangers. Her house was one of the handsomest in the town, large and bare, with prints of King Edward and Queen Alexandra on the wall, and from the roof terrace we had a glorious view. After this we were taken on to the Roman

Catholic convent near by, where Carmelite sisters in huge white headdresses and full-skirted blue cotton dresses teach the peasants to embroider and make lace. Through the pretty church grille we saw more sisters praying and could hear them singing.

In an upper room of the hotel — so dirty I was glad I did not have to stay at it — we drank a glass of the famous “holy” wine of the island, called “Vino Santo,” and found it very good and sweet. Then down the viaduct way we clumped on donkey-back from this sky city to the bustling little *marina* below, and in spite of the wind that was blowing a gale, succeeded in reaching the yacht in safety.

George Horton, who has lived in Greece many years, gives a fascinating account of the way old superstitions and beliefs have survived in out-of-the-way parts of the country, especially among the islands. Santorin, for instance, is proverbially the home of vampires. It is as superfluous to “send a vampire to Santorin” as to “carry coals to Newcastle” or “owls to Athens.” I have always been hazy as to the exact nature and appearance of the vampire. It may have been Kipling who gave me the notion that the creature was a horrible but beautiful ghost woman, who sucked the blood of her victims by biting them in the throat. I had a vague idea that the only way to dispose of such a monster was to drive a stake through its heart. But it seems

that there are many kinds of vampires in many countries, the Slavic variety, for example, being more malignant than the Greek.

In speaking of the Greek vampire, Mr. Horton says: "The *vrykolakas* of today in Greece is a corpse from which the spirit has not fled; a wretched being that is neither dead nor alive; that has the power to rise and circulate among the living, but that must return to the grave to sleep. It is the duty of all good Christians to see to it that a spirit so imprisoned is set free, either by prayers, or by the actual destruction of the body."

Peasants told Mr. Horton tales of vampires with the power of flying through the air and carrying others with them, of their great feats of strength, and crimes of violence — tales told as "gospel truth" and not as legend, in most cases, so that he feels sure that the superstition is still alive in Santorin.

Belief in Nereids is also common in Greece. These nymphs trace back to the fifty golden-haired daughters of Nereus, the Old Man of the Sea. The race has now spread over the land, as well, and includes river and wood nymphs. Nereids are fascinating creatures, but heartless. They love music and dancing, but object to being spied upon. If their gayeties are disturbed, they may hypnotize the onlooker till he loses his strength. The best defence against a Nereid is to whisper softly, "Milk and honey on your wings." If caught, they attempt to elude their captor

by turning into an animal. But if the captor holds them long enough, they eventually have to return to their own shapes, when they must surrender. They are so beautiful men fall madly in love with them and sometimes succeed in marrying them. One group, however, is black and ugly and wears great wings, and takes delight in rousing whirlwinds. These seem more like the descendants of the Harpies.

Dracos — creatures of supernatural strength, though not always of unusual size — appear often in Greek fairy-tales, and seem to have ogre-like propensities for dining off small boys and girls.

That night after we left Santorin we made port in the narrow harbor of Nios, or Ios, and rested there over a day because the sea was so rough outside. The island contains little of interest beyond the great number of churches, each family having one of its own, for it is the delight of returned wealthy Greeks to build little churches in conspicuous places on their native hills in token of their spiritual gratitude for material benefits received by them. But, alas, on the other hand, many of the old family churches are in ruins because of the decay of the family fortunes.

Nios, which was famous in its time for its great groves of oak trees, provides an answer to the question so often asked, whether these bare Greek islands were ever forested. The barren condition of the island today is blamed upon the destructive Turks

who, wherever they have conquered, have always destroyed and ravaged without repair. Unlike other Greek harbors we had entered, this little curving bay was almost all sand beach. In 1771 a Dutch nobleman, Count van Krienen, claimed that he had found here the grave of Homer, containing the skeleton, which disintegrated immediately into dust, but few took his claim seriously.

Meantime we had celebrated our wedding anniversary on the yacht with a gay dinner, a ring in the cake, and verses and speeches. The Stones presented us a golden cup with the following lines from Pope's translation of the Iliad:

*“ Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares: . . .
' Take thou this token of a grateful heart:
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field:
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thine own.' ”*

Sayonara came out of Nios at daylight of a mid-June morning, sailing off again over well-behaved seas. She passed between Paros and Naxos, both gently sloping islands from the channel side, and neither with especial interest today. The seams of the famous Parian marble, no longer used, are hidden away in ravines of the west coast, and as they

were "quarried by candlelight" of old they probably were underground mines and so never were seen from the sea. On the other hand, Ariadne no longer was weeping on the beach of Naxos for faithless Theseus, and the huge half-made statue of Apollo in its quarry, which was to be a mate to that other enormous statue of Apollo, presented by the Naxians to a temple at Delos, was scarcely worth stopping over to see. The association of Dionysus with Naxos must mean that it was a great wine-making island in ancient times, as even today it is an island of fertile vineyards back of the bare coast mountains.

The yacht gradually approached Delos where it lies low against the misty background of Tinos with its ranges rising high in the skies. Delos was, at first, disappointing: it seemed a jumble of rocks without beauty of contour or color. Near by is a larger mass of scrambled boulders — Rheneia — with only reflected fame as the place to which people about to die, and women about to become mothers, were taken from sacred Delos, so holy a spot that birth and death were forbidden there. We anchored in a little roadstead, fortunately in fine weather, for often it is impossible to land here. Since there is no mole or pier of any kind, we took the dinghy in tow of the launch in order that we might run up on the stony beach. This island was once the religious and commercial center of the Ionian world — so many centuries ago that its real

history was over before the Christian era began. The importance of this narrow stretch of land sprang from the tradition that it was the birthplace of Apollo. When Earth would grant Leto, the god's guilty mother-to-be, no place to lay her head, Zeus anchored this then floating island to the ocean floor with chains, and here she bore not only Apollo but his twin sister Artemis.

Although traces have been found of a cult still earlier than that of Apollo, the great days of Delos were those when embassies came from all over the Greek world to worship in his temple. Along with religion came trade: Delos was both the sanctuary and the market place. It became so important that it was selected as the headquarters and the treasury of the Delian League, the confederacy of Greek states formed after the defeat of the Persians. With the increasing authority of Athens the treasury was transferred to that city in 454 B.C., but Delos had several other periods of commercial supremacy, especially during the Macedonian and Roman régimes.

This island must have been a beautiful sight in the days of its glory, the plain stretching back from the shore covered with temples and statues, porticoes and treasuries, shops and shrines. The streets then were probably crowded with mariners stopping to make their vows before risking the Aegean gales, and merchants with rich wares from many ports, also slaves for sale — ten thousand might change

owners in a single day — and gorgeous embassies. Then there were visitors, as well, to participate in the festival games, held once a year at first, and later once in each Olympiad — a festival so sacred that at Athens, for instance, no executions might take place during its progress, and the hemlock cup was withheld from the condemned Socrates for thirty days on account of it. Some pilgrims probably came to consult the oracle, for Delos, like Delphi, had one. Aeneas asked its advice on where to establish his home after the destruction of Troy. "Seek thy ancient mother," he was told with the usual oracular ambiguity. After one guess — Crete — he was set right by a dream on his long trail to Italy.

Both trade and temples have ages since vanished from Delos. Nowadays the center of Greek worship is Tinos, where thousands of pilgrims at the time of the Feast of the Annunciation seek the wonder-working icon. The commercial center has moved westward a few miles to Syra.

"O Delos, who that has sailed across the Aegean has ever passed you by, without staying his swift ship in homage?" So wrote Callimachus, the Greek poet, of the great days of Delos. Even as one of those ships of old, *Sayonara* dropped anchor in the harbor.

But I must admit that it is difficult, even with the widest stretch of the imagination and the best of ground-plans, to make much of the ruins. The museum, however, proved very interesting. The

French excavators have done their best to make order out of chaos of fragments, but Delos served as a quarry for builders elsewhere so many centuries that for the most part only the bare foundations remain. Nevertheless, we traced our way through the ruins of the portico built by Philip of Macedon, and other temples, until we came to the propylaea within the sacred precinct. Here we saw the broken torso of the colossal statue of Apollo and here were revealed the bases of temples on temples, and the foundations of the long, narrow Hall of the Bulls, named for the unusual capitals of the pilasters, representing recumbent bulls. In it stood the Altar of Horns, so called from the rams' heads which adorned it, ornamented with horns of the sacrifices, and considered in its time one of the seven wonders of the world. We learned that the superstition of a horn being used as a protection against the evil eye came down from the ancient Greeks, to whom the horns in this temple had just such a saving grace. On the way leading to the Sacred Lake a row of carved lions sat open-mouthed upon their pedestals. The lake itself, where once swans dipped and swam, is now drained dry, because it served as a breeding-place for malarial mosquitoes. Near by we saw the recently unearthed marble of a beautiful headless woman.

On the side of Mount Cynthus — the only hill on the island — the ruins of a Graeco-Roman city have been excavated, with very interesting remains of a

theatre, and many houses with courts and colonnades and mosaic floors, and cisterns, built in the Pompeian style. Beyond these ruins stood the Temple of the Foreign Gods — Egyptian deities whose worship was introduced into Greece in the second century before Christ. But one of the most interesting spots was a little farther up, — the Grotto of Apollo, called the original sanctuary of the god, and perhaps the abode of the oracle which Aeneas consulted. Great granite blocks have been so tilted as to form a peaked roof over the niche which may have contained a tripod and possibly a statue of the god.

From the hillside we had a fine view of the islands and of the waters below us where *Sayonara* lay waiting, reminding us that we must be on our way to Syra, where the Captain wanted to put in for fresh water and vegetables before proceeding further. Luckily for us, the sea was smooth, with none of the sudden white squalls that often trouble the Aegean.

Syra, the Greek home of *loucoumi* — “Turkish delight” — has a good harbor and a pretty city in two parts climbing two spurs of the hills. Off to one side on the water front stood some large, American-looking buildings which proved to be orphanages built by the Near East Relief for the use of the Armenian refugee children. They are now empty.

When we went ashore in the late afternoon we found a very clean city — white, with touches of

blue. The upper part, evidently the banking, business, and better residential section, contained handsome houses, well-paved streets, and plazas full of flowers, with terraced gardens overhanging the sea, while down below were narrow streets, markets shaded by awnings carried over from house to house, and a water front crowded with people sitting at little tin-topped tables, many of them sipping Turkish coffee. Of course we stopped at the famous shop where *loucoumi* is sold — that sweetmeat made of gum arabic and flavored with pistache, vanilla, almond, rose petals, lemon blossoms, mandarin, banana, and other delectable things.

Steaming north next morning, I had time to sort over my memories of the recent hectic days. I felt as confused as if I had been going to school again and had suddenly been obliged to learn three months' lessons in a week. Had Greeks fought only with Persians and Romans and Turks, my memory could have borne the strain, but — the Greeks fought among themselves even more often, with the allies of one war becoming the foes in the next in the most upsetting fashion. Gods and goddesses had not only Greek, but Roman names, and most intricate family relationships. As for spelling, I gave that up in despair. How could I select between the ancient and the modern Greek names for islands and towns, with the English or French versions frequently still different? I wouldn't even try, I swore, but would wait until I reached home, pick out an

authority, and cast all responsibility on his shoulders. Fortunately, for me, the National Geographic Society published its map of Europe after my return, just in time to become such an authority. To that society I respectfully refer anyone who quarrels with my spelling.

Besides, I thought, looking back over the receding Cyclades that summer morning, what do dates and spellings matter, anyway, in comparison with the *feeling* of great history — of great leaders, thinkers, artists, builders — which so permeates Greece? It is that which lasts, along with the memory of beauty, when details have been forgotten.

“Yes?” interrupted my incorrigible Mrs. M’Connachie. “But unfortunately dates and details can be reduced much more readily to print.”

CHAPTER XI

THE HANGING MONASTERIES OF METEORA

IN planning our itinerary L. had not thought it possible for the yacht to pass up through the inland sea of Greece, inside Euboea, for he knew the navigation of these waters was difficult for any but small craft. However, Captain Trayler made his contribution to the delights of the trip by suggesting that we might do so. He had taken a smaller yacht there a few years before and thought that *Sayonara* could squeeze through. So at daylight of a perfect summer morning she came out of Syra and passed around the little island of Gyáros, while across the sparkling ocean the misty shapes of Tinos and Andros could be seen in the morning light. Off to port the lovely colors of Keos, too, were coming into relief against the rising sun as we purled along the very waters over which the Greek fleet set out on its adventures for Troy some three thousand years ago.

As we cruised on through the Bay of Petali there developed a most beautiful panorama — hills resolving into changing views, changing in color and contour, rising out of the deep blue. On one side the mountains of Euboea looked rather bare, with the

snow-streaked peak of the Euboean Olympus standing high in the air, while in the valleys we could see, through our glasses, groves of olive trees. On the other side lay Attica, where Pentelicus rose into the sky, and Hymettus and Parnes were massed behind. Then finally we saw the plain of Marathon and the beach on which the Persians drew up their ships; also the valley beyond, where the Greeks had gathered their small force and swooped down on the marveling Persians. We could see the marsh, too, and the mound in which the ever-famous 192 dead had been buried. Then followed a coast land, often wild, often wooded, and rolling cultivated country, yellow and green, patched with grain and orchards.

We passed the ruins of Eretria, where once the American School had excavated, and Attica gave way to Boeotia as the seas narrowed up into the Bay of Euripos. *Sayonara* appeared to be landlocked, but we then saw around a point in a narrow channel the little curving Bay of Aulis below its hills, where Agamemnon had gathered his armada for the rescue of Helen of Troy. The bay looked rather small to have harbored the more than a thousand ships that made up the expedition. Here, too, the leader had sacrificed his own daughter Iphigenia in order to appease Artemis, who had sent unfavorable winds that delayed the fleet. The legend tells us that at the last moment Artemis had substituted a hind for the condemned Iphigenia, but our Spyro insisted that it was a "goat," which

is much more in accordance with the American idea of a vicarious sacrifice. Alas, today only launches can be seen towing small rowboats about, with huge lights set up in the stern to attract the fish at night.

On through another channel, around the base of a mountain, we steamed till, with a final turn, *Sayonara* came in sight of the drawbridge at Chalkis, which joins the mainland to Euboea. As early as 411 B.C. there was a bridge across to Chalkis, the capital and most important town on the island. An ancient Venetian castle, at one time occupied by the Turks, stretches out into the sea, and now, in striking contrast between old and new, we saw refugee villages that had sprung up, like mushrooms, overnight, on the fertile plain below the cliffs. The yacht was not kept waiting long and went through with little room to spare, accompanied by some small vessels that had been delayed for the draw to open. Although there are no tides, this strait of Euripos is famed for its strange currents, which have been irregular and puzzling through the ages. But now they are understood to depend on certain stages of the moon, and Captain Trayler had calculated our passage to the hour.

Beyond the narrows and bridge at Chalkis *Sayonara* steamed into the Atalanta channel where the waters widened out again. The mountains here on the Euboean side rise directly out of the sea, and soon we spied a monastery perched in a seemingly inaccessible place under the cliff, called (so Spyro

told us) Galataki. Behind these palisades, before the war, English and French had owned estates — olive oil plantations — which, however, have since been lost to their foreign owners in the political shuffle.

In the late afternoon the yacht turned into Atalanta Bay and anchored behind Atalanta island, with Atalanta town on the slopes of the mountain. And here, with this glorious classic view about us, we took plunges in the tank, nor could there be a more splendid setting for a bath.

No traveler can really know Greece till he has seen these coasts of Attica, of Boeotia, of Locris. The better-known panoramas on the side of the Gulf of Corinth, of the Peloponnesus, of the Cyclades, are impressive in their severity and most striking in their colors and lights and shadows, but on this side it is a revelation to see the well-forested mountains, the rich alluvial coastal plains, and to realize that there is a fertile agricultural Greece.

In the early morning *Sayonara* was off again and soon passed near the Euboean shore — Aedipos Bay, now called Lipsos — where nestle the baths of healing springs that were a “cure” in ancient Greece, in Roman times, and are still today a favorite watering place for the Greeks. A little way beyond, the yacht turned off into the Bay of Lamia, for we wanted so much to see Thermopylae. The Pass is at the foot of the steep palisade of Kallidromos, that rampart of great mountains that for years

cut Greece off from the world, and saved her from the invasions of so many enemies. In these mountains the Greeks defended their country not only against Xerxes and his Persians but against the Gauls as well, and here the Romans held the Pass against the Syrians, and the Turks engaged in many campaigns in their times.

We could see the ranges extending into the sky to the east and west and could imagine barbarian hosts stopped by this barrier. The Pass was never "a defile through the mountains" but was a narrow ledge between the steep palisade and the sea, and here it was that Leonidas made his glorious stand with his three hundred Spartans against a Mede and Persian host, and here they all died but one. What happened to that one who survived and ran away? When he returned to Sparta he was walled in to die of starvation, and it was his own mother who set the first stone of his tomb.

Owing to the deposit from the stream near by, the ledge is not narrow today, as it was in the time of the great battle, but has spread out into an alluvial plain down to the Maliac Gulf. Some houses and hotels were to be seen, about sulphur springs, sacred to Herakles, that gave Thermopylae its name and are still bubbling — the water even bluer than the sea. In the Pass stands a mound with a lion monument in memory of Leonidas and his little band of heroes. As the yacht steamed away we got a last view of the ghost-like, snow-capped Parnassus.

We made a wide turn, took a look at Lamia across the bay, and cruised back into the Oreos channel, with fine scenery all about us and Artemisium off to one side, where a great naval battle was fought in 480 B.C. between the Greeks under Themistocles and the invading Medes and Persians. Here lately was found a bronze statue of Poseidon, under the waters in a sunken ship, which I had seen being restored in the work shop of the museum at Athens. This is so fine a work that it has been attributed to Phidias himself.

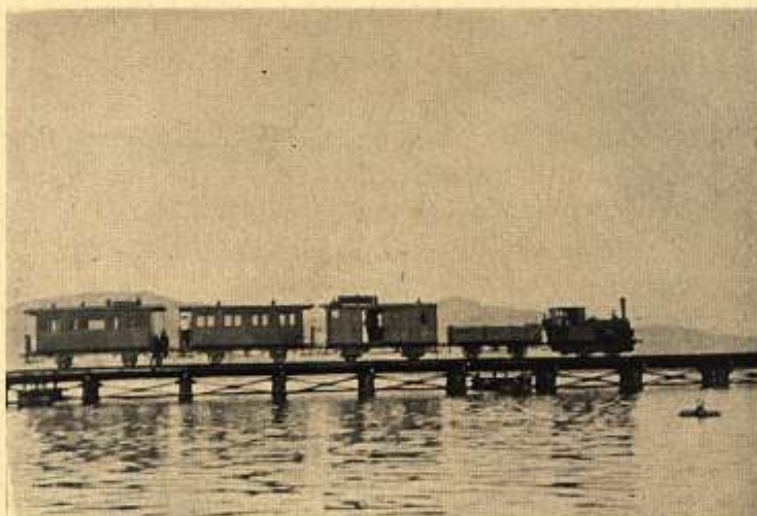
Sayonara rounded Cape Stavro, ancient Poseidon, and passed up the handsome Bay of Volos till she came to anchor off the city. Here again was a harbor to which we brought the yacht where the Captain, in all his years and experience in the Near East, had never been before. And yet Volos is one of the important seaports of Greece, the most important of rich Thessaly, and is today a bright and busy town with gay-colored houses along its *marina*.

On landing I found the city more up-to-date than I had expected. It was Sunday and bicycle races were going on, a game of soccer, and a movie show. Many people were sitting at garden restaurants playing backgammon, while cooks roasted bits of mutton on spits in the open — the principal and favorite dish of the people. Behind the city rose Mount Pelion, which young giants of old had piled on Mount Ossa near by in order to overtop "huge, high Olympus," in their war against the home of the

ancient gods. Mythology does not relate who set it back again when the giants were hurled to Hades by the thunderbolts of Zeus. From Pelion, too, had been brought down the wood with which was built the ship of the Argonauts for their quest of the Golden Fleece, and from here, under the direction of Athena, Jason had sailed with other renowned heroes of the age, Herakles and Theseus, on his "great adventure." On Pelion was the cave where lived the most famous of the fabled centaurs, — Chiron — who trained Achilles in the ways of knighthood. Today along its flanks we could see climbing the suburbs of Volos, the modern towns that represent the "twenty-four villages" which were known for their wealth in the Middle Ages.

To visit the "hanging monasteries" of Meteora had been one of the objectives of our trip, but it had been difficult to arrange, even the Greek Legation at Washington being unable to give us help, although most kind in its efforts.

There are mountain monasteries in many retreats about Greece, and hermit caves and isolated anchorites. As we cruised we had seen them in unexpected places along the coasts. Megaspelion is an important monastic group in the Gulf of Corinth, reached with comparative ease from Patras, but the hanging monasteries of Meteora, "mid-air" nests of monkish people between earth and sky in the interior of Thessaly, are far and away the strangest, — little known and seldom visited. Other yachting parties



OUR TRAIN FROM VOLOS TO KALABAKA



START FROM KALABAKA FOR METEORA (IN THE BACKGROUND)



MONASTERY OF THE HOLY TRINITY, METEORA

had seemed unable to find a way to reach them, but Captain Stewart and the agency Ghiolman had finally planned for us what proved to be a perfect experience.

So, in the very early morning, when all the mountains about were pinkish in the glow before sunrise we boarded a little special train on the narrow-gauge *Chemin de Fer de Thessalie*, which had been sent down to meet us at the quay. It was a tiny train, but so complete in every detail that there were red plush seats and cushions, and a bottle of cologne on the toilet table. The railway line wound around the broken coast hills till it passed on to the undulating wide plain, with its rock formations and lakes here and there, and a vast spread of wheat fields, patched in brown, yellow, and green; a land so fair it is no wonder that it has been fought over and fought for since the beginning.

For five hours we traveled some eighty miles so slowly that we could study the country. Alas, we didn't see Mount Olympus this day, as we had hoped, because of the haze, but the cone of Pindus rose mysteriously out of the clouds before us. Water buffalo were being used in the fields and bare-footed women were at work, wearing white handkerchiefs over their heads and white dresses trimmed with gay embroidery. The shepherds wore turned-up shoes with pompons on the toes, white leggings, heavy white wool cape-coats and round black caps,

and carried long crooks to catch frolicking lambkins by the hind legs. Some, at the noon hour, were resting under shelters with their flocks of goats and sheep about them. The shepherd's bed is a bundle of straw on a platform raised on stilts — no doubt because of frequent storms that drench the earth. His lunch is cheese and a round flat loaf of bread. These people belong to wandering tribes of Wallachs who live in hay-mound houses and are supposed to have come south from Rumania. The village houses, however, are generally of plaster, two stories high, pink, white, or blue; the animals being stabled below, while the family pass by an outer stairway to the upper floor.

To one side we saw a strange formation of palisades that looked like a dog's head and gave the name of *Cynocephalae* to this region where, in 179 B.C., an unexpected charge of Roman elephants had broken and defeated the serried phalanx of Philip of Macedon. Later we passed over the plain between the acropolis and river at Pharsalus, where Caesar in 48 B.C. had defeated Pompey, who fled down through the Vale of Tempe to join a ship for his escape to Egypt. To come here Caesar had marched his legions over that straight Egnatian Way, on which the road-stones marked the stadia from Rome, direct from Dyrrachium, the Durazzo which we had visited in Albania.

Thessaly has ever been famous for its horses, and the people are marvelous riders; for this reason it

has been called the "Home of the Centaurs," those mythical creatures, half man, half horse. We know what the type must have been from the ancient sculptures, such as those prancing cobs on the frieze of the Parthenon. Caroline Ticknor tells in her "Book of Famous Horses" that Bucephalus came from the plains of Thessaly. He was one of the "ox-headed horses, so-called because of their large heads and wide brows." He was black with a white star on his forehead and his eyes differed in color, one gray, the other brown. This horse was sold for a large price to Philip of Macedonia, but had so much spirit that none could ride him till Philip's son, Alexander, — then only a boy — tamed him. Later, as Alexander the Great, he rode Bucephalus in his many battles in Greece, in Persia, in Asia Minor, Egypt, and India.

As the train traveled along we passed many small abandoned sentry houses by the railway side, probably used in the fighting with the Turks. This wild country abounded with game, but to shoot over the monks' territory requires payment for the privilege. At one station a native came forward who spoke English. He had worked in Chicago but had come home here to live. "Now I have wife and two kids," he remarked, "very poor but must stay." Later we came across another man who had been in Massachusetts. He said he heard that we had President Coolidge with us and so had come to the station to see him again. Our friends, the John Coolidges, be-

ing with us no doubt accounted for his mistake — also, perhaps, for the red plush and cologne!

All this country was infested with bandits; in fact, soon after our visit the following article appeared in the newspapers, which interested us because we had passed through Trikkala on our way.

“From Athens, Greece: Nearly 100 persons, captured in bandit ambush yesterday in a narrow valley near Petrouli, 10 miles from Trikkala, were liberated by the highwaymen today. Senator Ajdjigakis and four others were still held captive, and a ransom of \$52,000 was demanded as the price of their freedom.

“The Council of Ministers today ordered that serious measures be taken against the bandits: but execution of the orders was held up for fear that the bandits might murder their captives.”

On the way from Trikkala — ancient Triikka, which is the important town of this vicinity, old enough to have been mentioned by Homer, where was situated one of the first temples of Aesculapius — there began to loom up out of the Thessalian landscape dark and enormous masses — the peaks and rocks of Meteora — vast projections of mountains divided by chasms. As the train ran up the valley of the Peneus, with the Pindus range rising on the opposite side, the massives of Meteora became clearer — strange, weird boulders and pinnacles, called “mighty outcasts in the scheme of creation.” They have been compared to “black ice-

bergs" and to "huge organ pipes in a cathedral," but to me they seemed like brown giant fists with fingers pointing to heaven. At the tiptop of these heights we could see the congeries of some of the hanging monasteries, while we knew that others stood on palisades, hidden behind the curtain of rocks in the foreground.

Originally there were twenty-four monasteries, but only four are occupied today. Instead of hundreds of hermits and anchorites, of Igumenoï abbots and caloyer monks, there is today only a mere handful of holy men — about fifteen altogether. It seems only a question of time before the "hanging monasteries" will cease to exist, at least as the abode of religious orders. The monasteries resemble bird cages as one looks up at them, because they have holes for windows and brown wooden balconies attached to the rocks. At first glance it would seem as if the monks had tried to get as close as possible to Heaven, but it is more probable that in the turbulent fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when these monasteries were built, the monkish inhabitants really were trying to put themselves and their sacred properties out of reach of marauders.

All through the palisade are little grottoes, and niches, half natural, partly cut out by man, with remains of balustrades and ladders which permitted them to be reached by the anchorites who were the first to establish themselves in this region, "when flocks of hermits," in the days of monastic fanati-

cism, "roosted in these pigeon holes." The monasteries now occupied are Meteora, the largest; Hagios Barlaam or St. Barlaam; Hagios Stephanos or St. Stephen, and Hagia Trias or Holy Trinity.

Only St. Stephen and the Holy Trinity may be visited by women. With the greatest eagerness, then, for our trip to these two, we got out of our little train at the station of Kalabaka. Whether a rumor had also reached this town that President Coolidge was on the train, or whether villagers in Greece, like those of New England, congregate at the station whenever a train arrives, I cannot tell, but certainly a large part of the male population seemed to be on hand to look at the travelers — shepherds, monks, and men in Turkish costume of fez and full trousers. Ponies were waiting for us, equipped with saddles and short stirrups and gay blankets — much like those used by the Cossacks on the steppes of Russia.

We rode through the muddy lanes of the village, past a few shops, a church, some squalid-looking houses, then up the mountainside, zigzagging this way and that, while our ponies were being constantly poked or pulled by natives. So wild was the country that it looked quite capable of living up to its reputation for banditry, and we were glad we had taken care not to offer any temptation by wearing jewelry or carrying much money.

At last we reached the romantic edge of the mountain top opposite the monastery of St. Stephen, hanging over the sheer cliff, where we could look



MONASTERY OF ST. STEPHEN, METEORA



INTERIOR OF MONASTERY OF ST. STEPHEN



MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM, METEORA

down a thousand feet — to the town below, and out over the wide plain. I felt as though I were floating up among the very clouds of heaven. There before me were the buildings of Hagios Stephanos, founded in his time by the eastern Emperor John Cantacuzene, isolated on the pinnacle of a vast rock that had broken off from the end of the projecting massive. Across the chasm was a rather ramshackle wooden drawbridge, the only means of approach.

We dismounted and rang a bell, which a slovenly servant answered. Crossing the drawbridge, we walked through a huge door into a rock tunnel and emerged into a small, dirty courtyard containing a cistern for water. The court was surrounded by low wood and plaster buildings with porches, like all Greek monasteries, but here, because of the limited space, the churches, the kitchens, the refectory, the rows of cells, the guest rooms, with tottering balconies connecting the different wings, were all huddled irregularly together. Outside there was no parapet wall — no need of a wall, for the cliffs fell away in protection — but we saw small rocky promontories with bits of garden and seats for contemplation.

First we were conducted to the chapel, which was frescoed and crowded with candlesticks and screens and icons and carved wooden panels inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Then we climbed up the steep stone steps of a small tower to a dusty room where relics were kept in glass cases, including a specially treas-

ured skull of St. Stephen set in silver. In another tiny chapel could be seen some very old primitives. The guest rooms were white-walled and bare except for two beds and a fireplace, and really very clean and neat. On the walls of the reception room hung pictures of monks and — to our surprise — one of Pasteur, while on a table lay the cards of various visitors through many years. St. Stephen's is the best monastery at which to pass a night, if such an unfortunate situation should develop.

Meanwhile, having seen no monks at all, I asked the servant through our interpreter, a Turk, where they might be. He answered that only five now lived here, and that of these, all but one, who was ill in bed, were either away in the village or working in the fields. Suddenly he showed us, in rather a malicious manner, into the room of the monk — a fat, dirty, disheveled old man with a long, unkempt beard, lying on his bed half dressed. I asked if there was anything we could do for him. "No," he replied, "I am not ill; I am just taking a noonday nap." He looked rather intoxicated, I thought. We heard that one of the monks here had worked in the cotton mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, while another had been a dish-washer in New York City, and that in the last few years two monks had committed suicide from madness and drink.

Leaving St. Stephen's we mounted our ponies again and climbed over another very rough, steep trail, until we saw the monastery of the Holy Trinity

rising far above us, perched in the sky at the tip of a giant's great finger of rock. There was a door by a cleft in the bottom of the cliff, with a wire which we pulled, whereupon a bell tinkled faintly, far up in the monastery. A head appeared at a hole in the bird cage hundreds of feet above us, to which our guide explained that he had the necessary permit.

At this point my Mrs. M'Connachie suffered a severe disappointment. From time immemorial the proper way to reach this monastery had been by hoist in a net — a hair-raising trip, to be sure, but one she did not want to miss. But the head above reported that he was quite alone and that one monk could not possibly work the windlass to draw up the net. We could, however, come up if we were willing to walk! So with this prosaic means of approach we had to be content.

By some arrangement from the top, the door flew open and we faced some stone steps. It seems that as recently as 1925 a wealthy, devout Greek gave a large sum for stairs to be cut in the rock wall to take the place of the net and pulley system of the centuries. As it proved, the climb was hair-raising enough to make up for any disappointment about the hoist, for the steps hugged the side of the precipice so closely and overhung the dizzy depths below so steeply that we had to cling to the rock like lichen and shut our eyes to the possibilities of a slip; no Alpine climber ever made his way more carefully. In fact, some of the party decided not to attempt

the ascent. We marveled, as we went up, at the skill and labor which must have been involved originally in building these monasteries so far above any source of supplies.

A fine-looking young monk in black robes and high black hat, with clean and well-combed hair and beard — an educated man — met us at the top. He took us first into a jewel of a chapel, mellow and rich with Byzantine paintings, and later into another tiny domed one where the sacred relics were kept — both chapels completely covered with dim, dull frescoes. In the reception room we were served with refreshments — “ouzo” and “Turkish delight.” The former, a sort of Russian “kümmel,” was offered in small glasses, with a large glass of water into which one was supposed to pour the “ouzo,” making a kind of milky beverage. L. left a little good-bye present with the charming monk, as is the custom, and we carefully climbed back down the long flight of steps.

We could see some of the other clustered hives on their distant pinnacles, but had not time to visit more. I should have liked to see the principal establishment, the Grand Meteora, which is built on the peak where one of the first of the hermits, St. Athanasius, the Meteorite, had his high retreat. It contains chapels, a refectory, an enormous kitchen, and cells and other rooms grouped round a central court in which a cypress tree is growing. A stairway has been cut in the face of the rock up to

this monastery also. St. Barlaam, which is reached by a drawbridge, contains some remarkable paintings of the legend of St. Ephraim.

It is a strange life the monks of Meteora lead; almost like that on another planet. As far as I could make out, they do little but pray, run their simple affairs, and entertain the occasional visitor. They have lay brothers to cook their scanty meals; they make wine, and for the most part, till the fields. High up in the sky in their hanging homes they live where eagles soar. The sun blazes down upon them in summer and the winds howl through their canyons in winter.

Nor are they without their storms in summer, as we soon discovered. Black clouds had been gathering as we descended the perilous steps and made our way through a wild, deep gorge back toward the village of Kalabaka. The scene seemed like the valley of death or hell itself when the storm broke, for lightning played about us and thunder roared and reverberated among the great cliffs; and then the rain poured down, wetting us to the skin.

We did not linger in Kalabaka, even to see the church, one of the oldest in Greece, but hurried to our little red plush car and started off, tired and wet, across the muddy plain to Volos. As we rode, the talk returned again and again to the unique experiences of the day. The trip had been, we all agreed, one of the strangest excursions any of us had ever made, one of the strangest that can be made today,

both as regards the setting and the life of those curious, isolated, dying communities.

"Where are we now?" someone asked idly, after we had been traveling some hours.

"I don't know where the train may be," I answered, "but I'm still on my way back from the Middle Ages."

CHAPTER XII

THE VALE OF TEMPE AND SALONIKA

ANOTHER extraordinary experience followed our visit to the hanging monasteries of Meteora: it was a trip to the Vale of Tempe, one of the most beautiful spots of classic Greece, to which embassies came from Delphi to gather laurel to crown the victors in the Pythian games; a sacred place at the very foot of Mount Olympus.

The Vale of Tempe, celebrated in song and myth and history since the dawn of time, is a romantic and lovely gorge that breaks through the barrier of mountains between Macedonia and Thessaly. In legend it is supposed to have been breached by Poseidon in a fit of anger, although actually an earthquake seems more probably to have been the cause. At that time the waters of the lake that covered the plain of Thessaly flowed up to the very foot of the massives of Meteora and escaped to the sea, but today the Peneus River, which irrigates and drains the fertile fields of Thessaly, rushes through into the Gulf of Salonika. The Vale is associated with Phoebus Apollo because near by he expiated in acts of servitude the crime he had committed, when only five days old, of killing the serpent-dragon Pytho,

which feat, however, was subsequently celebrated by the establishment of the Pythian festival and games at Delphi. This may have been the reason that the laurel from Tempe was sacred to Apollo and was especially sought for chaplets to wreath the victors at the games in his honor. In history it has been the pass by which invading hordes of barbarians found an entrance into rich Thessaly on their way toward Greece. Here, indeed, the Greeks first thought to stem the tide of Xerxes and his hosts, but later, for tactical reasons, retired to the more easily defended Pass of Thermopylae. There are still remains of defensive walls and citadels to be seen on the steep palisades.

Today the Orient express to Athens runs along this narrow gorge at the very foot of Mount Olympus, and yet few travelers by these trains realize the classic character of the places through which they are rushing.

The noble mountain is broken by ravines and has richly forested slopes; it lifts its saddle-peaked summits in grandeur and majesty to a height of ten thousand feet out of the Bay of Salonika. There are many mounts called Olympus in Asia Minor and the Greek islands, but this one on the borders of Macedonia has been recognized as the splendid abode of the gods of mythology, although Homer's verse, as Palmer translates it into prose, may not exactly fit the picture of today:

“Saying this, clear-eyed Athene passed away, off

to Olympus, where they say the dwelling of the gods stands fast forever. Never with winds is it disturbed, nor by the rain made wet, nor does the snow come near; but everywhere the upper air spreads cloudless, and a bright radiance plays over all; there the blest gods are happy all their days."

There is an exposed roadstead called Tsagesi near where the Vale opens on to the Gulf of Salonika. Here it is sometimes feasible to land in small beach boats and a yacht can occasionally take a chance of good weather. However, in our planning we took as few risks as possible and so decided to visit Tempe from the safe harbor of Volos, arranging for the same miniature special train which we had previously chartered, to take us comfortably part way by rail. Accordingly, we climbed aboard early one morning and crossed the range of coast hills down into the rolling plain of yellow grain, past grazing horses and refugee villages, with Mount Ossa developing before us, and "many ridged" Olympus rising into the skies.

After two hours' traveling we arrived at Larissa. Here motors were waiting for us and, to my amazement, a non-commissioned officer and two gendarmes in full panoply, with arms and ammunition, to escort us. It seemed that they had been sent because the authorities considered it dangerous for us to travel into a bandit-infested region without such protection. These soldiers were good-looking boys in smart gray-green uniforms but, of course,

couldn't speak a word of anything but Greek. A motor was provided for them and they led the way over a dusty and bumpy road across the plain, dotted with feeding sheep, till finally we left even the trace of a road and went simply careering across country, passing small villages till, after a long hour's struggle, we approached the famous canyon. Burlap was then tied by the chauffeurs over the sides of the motors to protect them from the thickets through which we had to force our way. We bumped so uncomfortably over the remains of the ancient Roman road by which Pompey fled, that we finally deserted the automobiles and walked on; but our military guard kept us always in sight.

At last we came into a fine gorge of noble trees along the river bank—great groves of gigantic plane trees and oaks and willows—with a thick growth of ivy and wild grape, and the famous laurel. This was the Vale of Tempe. At every turn we looked for brigands; then suddenly we saw them—or thought so—standing by the river. They had guns slung over their shoulders and were dressed in great wool capes and wore slippers turned up at the toes with pompons—stunning creatures! We had discussed what we should do if we met any of these desperadoes. Would it be better to hand them what money and jewels we had? We argued that if they got nothing from us we might be held by them for ransom, but if they obtained something of value we might be let off. If they shot at us from



MONASTERY OF METEORA



A PATROL OF GENDARMES IN VALE OF TEMPE



OUR ESCORT AND MOTORS ON WAY INTO VALE OF TEMPE



ROAD OVER WHICH POMPEY FLED, VALE OF TEMPE

a distance had we better fall down or run? Or if, at first, they pretended to be peaceful shepherds, was it better to offer them cigarettes and smile sweetly? We decided to beware of even the most innocent-looking shepherds lest they prove to be wolves under their capes of sheepskin. L. had from the first insisted that husbands and wives should keep together and travel in the same motor, however unusual this plan might be, so as to make the social situation simpler in case of capture.

But, alas, our brigands, who really gave us quite a start, proved to be a patrol of gendarmes who were out in pursuit of bandits. There were guards prowling all about this region, for many desperadoes had recently come into this wild country around Olympus, having been driven out of Albania where they had proved to be a menace to the inhabitants.

We invited the patrol to join our guard for tiffin, and stopped at a charming spot under giant plane trees by the river, sitting under a shelter of laurel, where we divided our picnic luncheon with them and felt well protected. They told us, through the interpreter, of the bandits, how they would raid a village and terrorize it so that the peasants, fearing for their lives, would not report them. They would also raid caravans and hold people for ransom. Lately twenty-five — four groups with their leaders — had been caught, trying to escape back into Albania. These had been taken for trial to Corfu, where they were sentenced to sixty years' imprisonment. In spite

of this wholesale round-up, however, a number of them were still at large. One had lately fled through this very valley and disappeared; two others had been caught, but while being taken to Larissa they both escaped from the train. Later one of these was found and shot; the other made his way to a village in the hills where at midnight he woke up the blacksmith and forced him to file off the handcuffs; then killed him and escaped.

We also learned that the Greek government plans to make a national park of Mount Olympus and the region about it, including the Vale of Tempe and the Byzantine fortress of Platamona, the beach as far as the ladder of Saint Theodore, and the great forest slopes with their crags draped with vegetation, cascades, grottoes, and venerable trees. Since the idea of setting apart sections of natural beauty and historic importance as national reservations is said to have originated with our United States Park Service, it is an interesting coincidence that Mount Olympus in our own State of Washington is also in a national park. There is game about the Vale of Tempe in this wild country — deer, chamois, wild cats, but no longer any bears, for the gentle St. Dionysius changed the bears into horses in the long ago — horses which, no doubt, were the founders of the famous Thessalian breed.

While we were having our lunch some shepherds near by were roasting a lamb on a spit over a wood fire. They politely offered some to us, which I

found good although I thought it might have been cooked a trifle longer. I returned the compliment with some cold chicken which we had brought with us, so it was altogether a very happy picnic. We gathered some laurel and then traveled devious and rough roads back to Larissa, losing our escort on the way — or they may have lost us on purpose.

Our little train was ready at the station and at once whizzed back to Volos where we got aboard beloved *Sayonara* in time to sail that afternoon for Salonika. I was eager to see this city and to know more about conditions during the Great War, because while working in the Red Cross in France I had been asked to join a group of nurses who were to go there.

For the greater part of the war this city was the center for Allied operations in the Near East and for more than half a million troops. There was also a large Allied fleet in the harbor, and air raids were frequent. All the Allies maintained hospitals here, of which one of the best was run by two American women — Dr. Flood and Dr. Keyes.

In order to understand the importance of Salonika in the World War it is necessary to go back a bit to the Balkan Wars, which were an underlying cause of that great disaster. In the first Balkan War of 1912 Greece was allied with Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro against Turkey, the group emerging from the struggle with most of Turkey in Europe as their prize. But quarrels over

the division of the spoils led immediately to another war, in which two of the former allies, Greece and Serbia, united against a third, Bulgaria, which was subdued after a brief but bitter struggle. By the peace treaties Greece received the island of Crete and a large part of Macedonia, including the very important port and gateway to the Balkans — Salonika — which had been, previous to 1912, under Turkish rule for nearly five hundred years.

Soon the World War followed. King George I of Greece, who might have entered the war on the side of the Allies, had been assassinated in 1913 while visiting Salonika. His successor, King Constantine, favored neutrality. Theoretically Greece should have gone at once to the aid of her former ally, Serbia. But perhaps Constantine thought that Greece had already had her share of warfare in the previous two years. If she joined the Germans she was likely to have her ports blockaded by the Allies and to starve for lack of food. On the other hand, if she joined the Allies, she was open to attack from Bulgaria to the north and from Turkey just across the Aegean. Venizelos did not agree with Constantine in regard to Greek policy in this crisis. He, it will be remembered, was responsible for setting up the provisional government at Salonika which the Allies recognized, and which declared war on Bulgaria and Germany late in 1916.

Meanwhile, in October, 1915, the Allies, under pressure of necessity, had landed troops at Salonika

to aid Serbia and to check the advance of the Central Powers through the Balkans. A line of communication was established across the Balkan states to the Italians at Valona on the Adriatic. This fact reminded me that the roads we traveled in Albania were supposed to have been much improved in certain places by the Italians in order to facilitate communication with the Eastern Front. And at Itea on the Gulf of Corinth, we had been told of the war activities of the French there, and how they had landed troops and supplies at that point for transfer overland and part way by water to Salonika.

The chief command on this front was assigned to three French generals in succession — Sarrail, Guillaumat, and d'Esperey. Much of the fighting occurred about sixty miles out of Salonika to the northwest, against Bulgarian troops commanded by German officers. The outrages upon Greeks, as well as Serbians, were unbelievable. Thousands of Serbian prisoners, interned in camps in Bulgaria, got such bad treatment and so little food that they died. We saw the masts of a transport that went ashore at this time still sticking up out of the water.

The final Allied efforts in this region, with their results, are well summed up in the following paragraph:

“Some sort of poetic justice decreed that the Army of Salonika, which had fretted for action since 1915, should be the first to reach a culminating triumph. After a short but brilliant offensive, lasting

fifteen days, the men of Salonika received the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria. Serbia's King regained his old capital on November 1st. The case of Austria was now hopeless. French horsemen swept up the Danube; the Italians pressed not only from their home front but from Albania as well. On November 3rd, what was left of an Austro-Hungarian government capitulated, and the death-knell of the old Holy Roman Empire was sounded."

The great fire of 1917 destroyed much of the old city about the church of St. Sophia, although the church itself was "miraculously" saved. Much of the burned area along the water front has been rebuilt in rather ambitious fashion, screening the miserable shacks of the fire sufferers and refugees behind.

We found Salonika not only largely new but chiefly Greek, owing to the exchange of Turkish for Greek nationals after the conflict with Mustapha Kemal. It should be the most important outlet and port of the Balkans; the plan to make it a "free port" as far as all those nations are concerned, and the grant by treaty of a "free zone" for use by Yugoslavia, with specially reserved harbor and docks and through railway connections, may develop the commerce of the hinterland of Serbia and its sister states. Our Captain, who had not been in this port since the Great War, told us, however, that the harbor is not very satisfactory, for it is shallow



ANCIENT BASTION WALL AT SALONIKA



MODERN REFUGEE HOUSES AT SALONIKA



Y. M. C. A. AT SALONIKA



ST. SOPHIA AT SALONIKA

except for the winding channel. No other yacht, we heard, had been here for four years.

As we drove about in the heat and dust — most appalling dust because of the lack of water — we found the new section by the gulf, with its up-to-date shops, a great contrast to the old Genoa tower and the ancient Jewish quarter running up the hill to the turreted wall and Venetian fort, now used as a prison, which is said to be the finest medieval fortification remaining next to Rhodes. Here the “Red Jews,” as they are called from the color of their hair, have had their homes since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, when they were banished from Spain along with other “infidels.” Some of the women had braids down their backs and long veils, and in spite of the heat, a costume which included a fur-trimmed jacket and long skirt. Before the exchange of nationals, about half of Salonika was Jewish, but now only about fifteen per cent are of that nationality. The difference is due to the influx of Greeks, rather than to the decrease of the others.

There must have been Jews here long before the Spanish exiles arrived, because it was members of this race who made trouble for Paul when he received the call in a vision to “come over into Macedonia and help us.” He preached with great success in Thessalonika, as it was then known, among the devout Greeks and the chief women, “but the Jews, which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and

gathered a company, and set all the city on an uproar." And when Paul and Silas were sent away quietly by night to Berea, and started to preach there, didn't the Jews of Thessalonika come trailing after them and make trouble! It is one of the little ironies of history that when the Christians of Spain turned out the Jews, the latter should have settled in the very spot where Jews drove out the early Christians.

Some of the narrow streets that Paul knew have lasted to the present time. A highway of Roman construction still crosses the city from east to west and is spanned by an arch of the time of Galerius. This our Greek guide told us, was the *Via Egnatia*, our old friend, the Roman road over which we had first motored on our way from Durazzo to Tirana. But our delightful Greek guide was not always, alas, accurate, being so polite that he was ready to agree with everything one said. He preferred also to give the facts himself, but it was difficult at times to understand his English, which was often quaintly amusing. He would describe a castle as being "born" on such and such a date. In one instance he told of a relative — a widow with six children, who had married a widower with five — "and they made more children, and then they came with them all and made me a visit in Athens."

In the course of our drive, we looked into St. Sophia, which was built as a Christian church, but which with the Turkish conquest was turned into

a mosque and given a minaret that was destroyed after the Great War. When the Moslems were in possession, they covered up, as usual, all representations of human figures, but some of these are once more revealed. The decorations are very beautiful, the two domes, as well as the side chapels, being enriched with superb mosaics. Over the entrance are dates in black and gold, the black for the time when the Turks first took Salonika, and the gold for the year when the city was restored to the Greeks. We were told that on Easter night, the Metropolitan, the head of the Greek Church in Salonika, stands in the square in front of St. Sophia's with a lighted candle. Everyone in the great crowd assembled holds a candle. Those nearest the Metropolitan light their candles from his, passing on the flame to those next, until the whole place, including the houses, is illuminated. The scene must be very impressive.

The Y. M. C. A. building here is the best in the Near East. The enormous structure is still unfinished. It contains schoolrooms, a lecture hall, swimming pool, and connected with it is a sports field with seats for spectators. The land was a gift, and the building will cost about two hundred thousand dollars. Refugees are doing the work, the men being paid about seventy-five cents a day. Both the Metropolitan and the city officials are very much interested in the Y. M. C. A., because the city lacks schools. Many of the people of Salonika have

become members of the organization, and as the work progresses, it is hoped that it will become self-supporting. A charming Mr. Lansdale, who was in charge at the time of our visit, was of great help to us during our stay and gave us much information.

Not far outside the city is the American Agricultural College, which has a fine model dairy and which sells bottled milk — the only bottled milk in Greece. Here boys are taught farming, market gardening, sheep raising, and the care of fruit trees.

A refugee village stands on the outskirts of Salonika, made up of little plaster bungalows of two rooms with red-tiled roofs, which the refugees are paying for on the instalment plan. Over six hundred thousand of these people have been "established" in the Macedonian section. At first they lived in tents, barracks, or shelters which could be provided at short notice, but gradually the little houses were built which have become such a familiar sight in Greece. Each family was said to have been "established" when it had received one of the two-room houses of mud-brick or masonry, with a store house and stable under one roof, together with the amount of land necessary to support the family, a work animal, tools, seed, and enough to live on until the first crops could be raised and sold. Of course not all the refugees are farmers; some work at building, as in the case of the Y. M. C. A.; some in rug factories, and others in the silk or tobacco industry.

Although Salonika is in many ways a busy and growing city, malaria is a great scourge, affecting whole villages in the vicinity, and making the people spiritless. A vigorous campaign against this disease, like that conducted by the Rockefeller Institute in Albania and elsewhere, is needed here.

We saw a good many motors, although the roads are bad. The price of oil is kept down by the Standard Oil and the Shell Companies, both of which have branches in the city. Another big American enterprise is the draining of the Vardar marshes beyond Salonika, a project that will bring a vast area under cultivation and provide homes for twenty-five thousand families of refugees from Anatolia.

About forty Americans live in the city — teachers in the various schools and employees in the tobacco and oil companies. Our countrymen seem to be popular, perhaps because there are so few. An American lady told us that until we came, she had seen no Americans, other than those who lived there, in her seven years of residence.

It was especially fortunate that we had come to Salonika at just this time, for here we learned of a new regulation that had gone into effect since we had left Athens, requiring a special passport visa and permits for travelers intending to visit the promontory and monastic republic on Holy Mount Athos, which is itself an independent state but under the sovereignty of Greece. Heretofore it had been necessary to obtain letters from the Patriarch in

Constantinople, or from other high ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Orthodox Church in order to land and visit the monasteries, but now the Greek police permission is more important than the ecclesiastical. L., however, in order to be on the safe side, and after much red tape, obtained both letters from the Metropolitan at Salonika and permits from the Greek authorities. Since women are forbidden to land on the Holy Peninsula, my husband has kindly written the next chapters, describing the experiences of the men of our party in these remarkable and little-known communities.

CHAPTER XIII

ATHOS

ATHOS is not only a splendid promontory of land and seascape that points its finger out into the Aegean Sea, but it is also the strangest projection of medieval times into our century; it is an amazing remainder of the social and spiritual Middle Ages that is still a force in thought and life and which has lasted till today. For since the beginning of our Christian era it has been a refuge sought by hermits, a retreat for anchorites in its caves and hidden places; and for more than a thousand years it has been a holy land set apart for the foundation of monastic establishments, for monasteries which have grown into groups of buildings that are almost cities in themselves. Many of these communities are walled in and enormous, with gorgeous churches and huge dormitories of cells, with refectories, towers, spires, cupolas, rich in design and color, with courtyards and balconies, and avenues of trees and banks of flowers; they are most astonishing congregations of precious manuscripts, jeweled treasures, rich icon pictures, and most sacred relics. Much remains of this wealth in the treasuries of the scattered convents and yet

much must have been lost in conflagrations and earthquakes, by sale and pillage; but certainly nowhere else in the world today can Byzantine frescoes and paintings be studied to better advantage.

These monastic groups, which are of different periods, all separate yet similar, representing different nationalities of the one Orthodox Church, go back in their traditions to the earliest centuries of the Christian era and were developed by the rich munificence of emperors of Byzantium and Trebizonde and the generous gifts of devout princes; they were even protected in their time and enriched by Ottoman sultans, although of a different faith, and are set about the peninsula in romantic and dramatic situations, down by the seashore or perched high on difficult palisades of this grand and fascinating coast line. They are like dream cities of the imagination as they are seen in their succession and setting along the panorama of the promontory, nor does one wake from the dream on visiting them. For the lives and thoughts of the monkish inhabitants are dreamlike; they are men actually apart in manners as in time. So on visiting Athos it is only fair to try to realize that it is a place apart: it should not be judged by any yardstick standards of today. A visit to Athos is a visit into the Past. So Athos should be approached with sympathy and belief and not with criticism and incredulity, for these monkish communities are almost impossible of appreciation by visitors from our modern world; their zeal

and philosophy and faith are as incredible to us of today as we are indeed incredible to them. We must take them and value them as we find and value other fragments of the Middle Ages, of Byzantine times, that have come down to us; and we should accept their sacrifices and visions as we accept the mosaics and paintings and manuscripts that have survived and which we cannot duplicate today, for they live in the Spirit that our material age cannot understand. Yet in such realization an astonishing fact is outstanding, that so great a part of these enormous community buildings have been actually built up within the past century, within our times; destroyed by fire and earthquakes and looted by pirates and marauders, they have been rebuilt and embellished even in these later days. It is astonishing to realize that somewhere there burns so hotly the flame of religious spirit in this age of wide unbelief. But, above all, to us the most striking feature of life on the Holy Mountain is one which is really only incidental to the renunciation of life by hermits: the law that not a woman, not a female creature (indeed the Golden Bull of the Emperor Constantine Monomachus in 1046 also forbade any child or any eunuch) shall set foot on the Holy Promontory; and so for almost a thousand years this prohibition has been enforced as far as is humanly possible. To be sure we saw some hens on landing at Daphni and it is admitted that female insects are buzzing about, but while these may sug-

gest exceptions in the animal world yet as far as womankind is concerned the rule has been absolute.

Athos is one of three strange and striking peninsulas, long and narrow, that stick out like the prongs of a fork into the Aegean Sea out of the coastline of Chalcidice in Macedonia, on one side of that Gulf of Salonika where Salonika is set in opposite Thessaly and Greece. Athos is the northernmost of these, and ribbon-like it is some forty miles long and some four miles wide, and at its land end the isthmus is very narrow. It was across this narrow neck of land that Xerxes once on a time dug a canal so that his invading hosts of Persians, men and ships, might escape the dangers of outside passages over open seas. From this low end the promontory rises into a magnificent ridge, at the extreme tip of which masses mighty Mount Athos, which has been in all ages a beacon, spiritual as well as actual, to mankind. Indeed from its top a beacon fire is said to have signaled to Clytemnestra, Queen of Mycenae, announcing the fall of Troy. Homer sings of Athos in his Iliad and tells how Juno

*“ Then taking wing from Athos’ lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o’er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death’s half brother, Sleep.”*

Even its shadow is so respected that an island off the coast of Euboea is called Sciathos, the “Shadow of Athos,” and a proverb of Sophocles runs:

“Athos casts its shadow across the back of the Lemnian cow.”

For off over the wide waters the evening shade of the great mountain lengthens till it falls on Lemnos, some forty of our modern miles away, where in days of old the bronze statue of a cow graced the *agora*, the market place of Myrina, the chief Lemnian city.

Mount Athos was to the ancients the highest point of earth, and the wide-flung panorama that could be viewed from its summit seemed to them to include the wealth of the nations of their times. Actually the view from its top extends from Olympus to the Hellespont, while the tradition of old was that even the cupolas of far-off Constantinople could be seen. But to us its most precious tradition should be that it is the “exceeding high” place to which the devil took Jesus and tempted Him. According to Saint Matthew:

“Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

“Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”

Although so central in geographical location in the ancient world, yet Athos was remote because of its peculiar situation to one side, out of the path

of invading hordes and migrations; just as today it remains remote, almost inaccessible, although so near the scene of many fateful wars and struggling civilizations; so remote indeed that it has remained unchanged through the centuries while all about it the world has changed. Salonika, near by, was the Thessalonika where Saint Paul gathered about himself a group into one of the first Christian churches from which he wrote his apostolic greetings to sister congregations in the earliest times of our era. And although there is no actual record of the beginnings of monasticism on Mount Athos yet it must have been devotees from this group who first sought the seclusion of the mountain to escape from persecutions, for legends tell of small settlements of anchorites on the promontory as early as the time of Constantine in the third century. There is a tradition that the Virgin Mary was wrecked on these shores, near the site of Iviron of the present day, and that pagan statues that stood in a temple near by had cried out on seeing her, "Behold, the Mother of God! Fall down and worship her!" and in bowing down before her they had fallen off their pedestals and broken into bits; and the original pagan inhabitants had soon been converted to Christianity by the good Saint Clement. At any rate, from the beginning, Mount Athos and its peninsula acquired sanctity and became known as the Holy Mountain, "Aghion Oros"; and as time passed it became the retreat of many most devout and famous holy men.



ENTRANCE COURT TO MONASTERY OF XEROPOTAMOS, MT. ATHOS



INTERIOR OF COURT AT MONASTERY OF XEROPOTAMOS, MT. ATHOS



MONASTERY OF ST. PANTALEIMON OR RUSSIKON, MT. ATHOS



MONASTERY OF ST. GREGORIUS, MT. ATHOS

Among these perhaps the first was Saint Peter, called the Athonite, who for fifty years was a recluse in a cave on the mountain, where he fought with wild beasts and struggled with demons, saw visions and gained miraculous powers. He came to the place when his ship had stopped off the coast and refused to proceed although wind and water were favorable. Peter had realized that this must be a divine sign and looked up and recognized the mountain as one which had been indicated to him in a dream; so he landed and sought refuge in its fastnesses. Strangely enough, after his death, another ship, on which his remains were being carried away, behaved in similar manner so that his body was again landed and kept on the peninsula till stolen by two monks. For the dead bodies of ascetic sainted men in those days were more precious than their bodies while living (just as we believe a dead Indian better than a live Indian although for different reasons) and were often stolen and sold as precious relics. In cruising down the Dalmatian coast we had heard the stories of similar barter of bodies, of arms and hands or legs and feet of saints, of holy men, that had been bought by cities which had no native holy men of their own, in order that they might possess interceding saints in times of need through whom to seek divine aid. And it is with this time of Peter's retirement on the mountain that the hermits and anchorites are associated; when monasticism meant individual retreat, self-discipline and self-mortification

as the spirit moved, lives spent apart in solitude and in extremities of asceticism.

But after a long time, in the eighth or ninth century, these solitary ascetics felt the need of some sort of association, for they found that in some ways their rights and solitude were being infringed upon, and so from their scattered cells they began to meet together from time to time in the cell of some eminent ascetic, forming free associations that were called *lavras*, which chose representatives, to protect them and their rights, who met at the town of Karyaes, which has ever since continued to be the capital of the developing monastic republic.

With this period the name and life of Saint Euthymius is especially associated. For this devoted personage, at the early age of eighteen, left his wife and his child and deserted to the Holy Mountain, where he practiced the greatest austerities and mortified his flesh by walking on all fours and eating grass, only leaving the precincts of the promontory to sit on top of a column in penance and to be out of reach of his enthusiastic followers, who ever sought to embrace him and so perhaps acquire some miraculous benefit. One of these followers was a certain John Colobos who proceeded to found a convent just across the isthmus on the mainland and who had gained such a reputation for piety that Emperor Basil the Macedonian gave him a chryso-bull of appointment as protector of the neighboring promontory and its hermit inhabitants. This was,

apparently, the first official recognition of title by the hermits to this tongue of land, but it also, perhaps, was one of the reasons for the anchorites associating themselves in *lavras* to protect themselves in turn against this outside protector. So in the ninth century there had developed a certain legal proprietary and central authority among the holy men of the peninsula of Athos.

In the fourth century Saint Basil had established in the East religious orders with a common rule of life, but these precepts had rather fallen into disuse when toward the end of the ninth century they were restored and reestablished by the influence of one Theodore of Studium. When Nicephoras Phocas was made emperor (a devout man who had thought of becoming a monk before he became emperor) he persuaded a beloved boyhood friend Athanasius to found a monastic community on Mount Athos, which should consist of a number of monks gathered together permanently in a group of buildings, under severest discipline and the authority of an Igoumenos abbot; and this establishment the emperor generously endowed and declared free of all but imperial control. This foundation of Athanasius increased in power and wealth, and through his example and influence other monasteries soon were established about the Holy Mountain, which gradually gained control over the outlying settlements and scattered hermits and anchorites on the sacred peninsula. In this way and at this time the Abbot

Athanasius brought a definite authority to the monasteries and secured ecclesiastical freedom and extra-territoriality by imperial concessions. With the centuries other great convents (for convent is a word as properly used for associations of men as of women) were founded on Athos promontory, as many as eight during the eleventh century, till a final one was established in the sixteenth, to make up the twenty that remain today as the Ruling Monasteries.

In 1060 the Emperor Alexis Comnenus issued his Golden Bull that made Athos a definitely independent State, subject only to supreme imperial authority, and he decreed that Athos should be free, its monks free, "till the end of the world." Such was the beginning of this independent Athonite State, which has lasted longer than any other authority throughout the ages of history, even longer than that Mother of Parliaments in Iceland, and which was recognized internationally in 1878 by the Treaty of Berlin (chiefly owing to the jealousy and suspicions of one another among the Great Powers, who were all seeking to increase their influence in the Balkans, and especially of Russia, which was ever too evidently seeking to find some outlet into the Aegean Sea) and again in 1923 when the treaty ratified at Lausanne guaranteed autonomy under Greek sovereignty. For after the Balkan War, when King Constantine occupied Salonika and Macedonia, the Greek fleet under

Kondouriotis visited Athos and took over the supreme control of the peninsula, a control which was finally defined in 1927 when the Greek government acknowledged the autonomy of the monastic republic, its lands to be inalienable and property free from taxation, subject only to the sovereignty of the Greek administration.

Through the centuries there have been times of prosperity for the monasteries, when estates in foreign lands, properties in Thrace, Thessaly, Anatolia, Rome, in the Caucasus, in Russia, when gifts of gold, of jewels, of objects of art, of precious relics, have flowed in; and there have been times when this very wealth was a source of disaster, confiscated in turn by foreign powers, looted by all kinds of marauders from within and without. In the fifteenth century the Mountain had reached its apogee of prosperity. There have been changes too as time passed in the precepts which guided the communities; there have been disputations and quarrels. There arose a desperate controversy over two creeds of living, between the cenobitic and idiorrhythmic ways of living in the monasteries, between those who sought to live an absolutely communal life with even their frugal meals in common, and others who, though living in one great community house, had come to prefer to retain certain private property rights and to have their meals apart. This disputation lasted for many years and has resulted today in the acceptance of both rules.

At times the monks have shown wisdom and statesmanship and at other times have suffered for their errors of judgment. When the Turks captured Salonika near by in 1430, even before the capture of Constantinople, the monks hastened to submit to Murad, the Ottoman conqueror, and so gained his good will and advantageous terms: autonomy and independence under Moslem suzerainty on payment of a nominal tribute. And during the centuries of this Moslem rule the Turk was amazingly considerate and tolerant and even helpful to this Christian State, so that there developed the strange paradox that this last hold of Byzantine monasticism survived through the years as guardian of the orthodox faith, preserving Hellenic culture and language and traditions, under the fostering protection of sultans of so opposite a faith. This comparative peace lasted till the monks themselves made the mistake of joining with those on the mainland in a revolution early in the nineteenth century against the Turkish yoke, and were defeated and made in turn to suffer crushing indemnities and heavy forfeits while a Turkish garrison was settled on the peninsula. This was a period when the existence of the republic was at its lowest ebb. Also the dispute about the Hesychasts almost disrupted the little state. These were a sect of ascetics that were especially associated with the Mountain who were of contemplative and quiet character but who went so far as to claim that by sitting collapsed against the

wall of their cells and for days and days looking down toward the ground, searching for the place of the heart, the seat of the soul, they finally found themselves bathed in a great light of ineffable joy, divine, eternal, which they believed to be that same light which had been manifest to the disciples on Mount Tabor at the moment of the Transfiguration. Others claimed this was blasphemy, and quarrels arose so violent that they became political as well as ecclesiastical. Then too, owing to differences in nationality, there were frequent disputes and intrigues, the Greeks being at times outnumbered by the Russians, Bulgarians, and Serbs. Today the relation has been stabilized by the recognition of seventeen of the twenty ruling monasteries as Greek, one as Russian, one as Bulgarian, one as Serbian, while the Greek administration keeps an eye on these foreign elements because of possible political propaganda under religious guise.

So it has been that for centuries, safe in this corner of the world apart, the monks have lived out their strange lives, with fasts and prayers all night long in ancient churches and inaccessible hermitages, where they constantly think on God and seek to find eternal happiness by following in Christ's footsteps. These monks include those who are called "caloyers" or Good Old Men, and lay brothers called "kosmokoi," besides the solitary hermits. There are neat, clean, well-gowned, cultivated monks, and there are ragged, tattered, fanatic anchorites; there

are monks of all conditions between these extremes. The number of monks and hermits and holy men in the land of Athos has varied just as its prosperity has varied, and generally according to its prosperity. In the middle of the fifteenth century there were more than two thousand in the monasteries alone, not counting the hermits and solitary inmates of outlying groups and cells; in the seventeenth century there were four thousand. From seven thousand before the collapse of the revolution against the Turks the numbers fell to only a thousand afterwards, but by 1849 the whole monastic population of the promontory had increased again to seven thousand. In 1913, just before the Great War, the number was six thousand, but today there are only some five thousand, a falling off which is explained by the cessation of recruits from Russia. Yet it is most remarkable that there should be at all such a vigorous survival of monasticism in this unsympathetic age. These monks are all of the Orthodox Church, and of the Order of Saint Basil, bearded and with long uncut hair, wearing black gowns and the rimless cylindrical hat that is the most characteristic feature of their dress; some are emaciated, with wonderful, ascetic faces, some rubicund and smiling; there are all sorts and conditions of monks, but all have a detached look and manner, as if they were living in another, a more spiritual world, apart.

And so today the Holy Mountain is the retreat

of different phases of eastern monastic life. There are still the hermits, anchorites who dwell in solitude and contemplation in scattered, lonely isolation, practicing stern asceticism. Then there are retreats of small associations of holy men; and when one of these is assembled around a central church it becomes a *skite*, a community that does not possess an independent constitution but is under the authority of a Ruling Monastery. Some monks prefer the life in a *skite* because they are freer from rules and can practice greater individual sacrifices. Then there are the twenty great Ruling Monasteries, which enjoy a separate corporate existence, possess properties — lands on the mountain itself and estates in foreign countries — and which are empowered to send representatives to the Holy Synod, the Parliament of the Athonite Republic, at the capital, Karyaes. This Holy Synod is the legislature, while four of its members are chosen to be the Holy Epistasia or executive committee of the government; and each of these four has possession of a quarter part of the Seal of State so that no document is complete without the unanimous acknowledgement of all four members. This committee maintains order, passes on the elections of abbots, and may expel undesirables, and there is a Synod Guard of skirted soldiery to add dignity to their proceedings. Each monastery has its house, its *konakia*, at Karyaes, in which the representative lives during his year of appointment; and there

is a central church, the Protaton. The town is lively with narrow commercial streets of lay shops selling fruits and vegetables and gay saddle cloths, and shops of black-gowned monks selling mementos, and many cafés and small restaurants, twisting vine-hung passageways with broad-eaved, gayly colored houses, much movement and primitive display; but there is no child, no woman, no wheeled vehicle, only trailing black-hooded monkish figures. A strange place indeed! Karyaes is inland, set among orchards and olive groves, in a beautiful situation, with a view of the sea; and here the resident Greek governor lives, but he has few duties, few rights to interfere; no criminal cases may be pursued by the civil authority without permission of the Synod, but the governor can control the entry of visitors to the peninsula and provides a certain protection through his gendarmes on guard at the ports and places of entry.

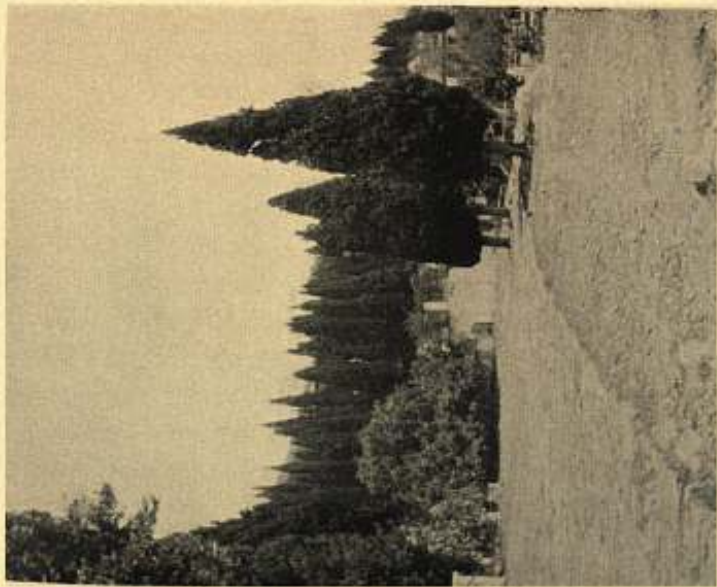
CHAPTER XIV

ΑΤΗΟΣ (continued)

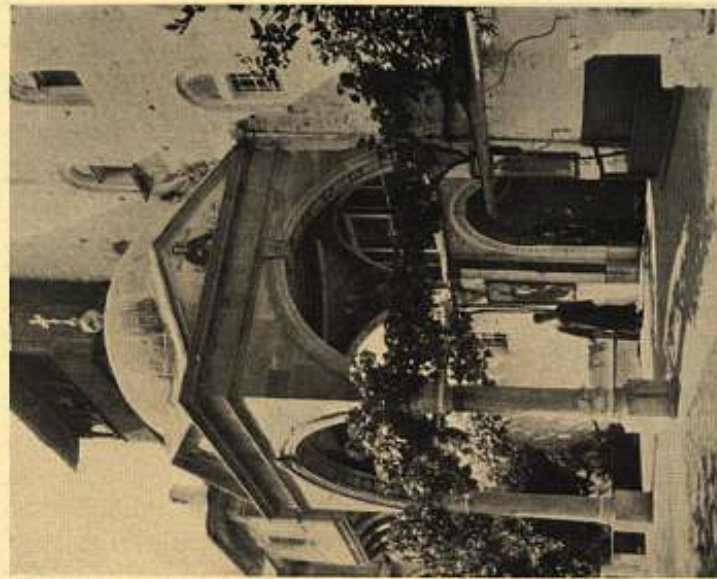
ATHOS is still so remote today that it is a difficult matter to approach it; even after one lands, travel about the mountain is difficult, for there is no wheeled vehicle and it is necessary to walk or follow the Biblical injunction to ride on an ass or the foal of an ass; and there are not many of these beasties available for such transportation. To go by land from Salonika is practically impossible and the age-old way by sea is still the best way. But the coasting vessels that touch at Athos are even fewer and farther between than those that visit the Greek islands, and there are conditions attached to any landing. A permit from the Greek police authorities is, we found, absolutely essential, and letters from the Patriarch or a Metropolitan may be of great help in visiting the monasteries. Besides, the first landing must be made at a certain designated port, the tiny port of Daphni, in order that the passports and papers may be visaed and pratique obtained for the ship. Those who are to remain on the promontory must then cross directly inland to Karyaes where further

formalities are due. Even with all the preparations completed it may be impossible to land at Daphni because of bad weather and so a visit may be postponed by delay on delay. But with a yacht and by choosing the proper season a wonderful experience, one of the most wonderful experiences in the world, may be enjoyed. It is possible to live with every comfort on board ship and visit the monasteries from the sea, for almost all the great establishments have small artificial harbors, tiny jetties, and moles, where only little sail and row boats and fishing boats may shelter but into which small yacht launches may find a way. These tiny ports have been called "arsenals" since the times when they acted as a protection against marauders, and many of them still show the plaything towers and battlements of their fighting days.

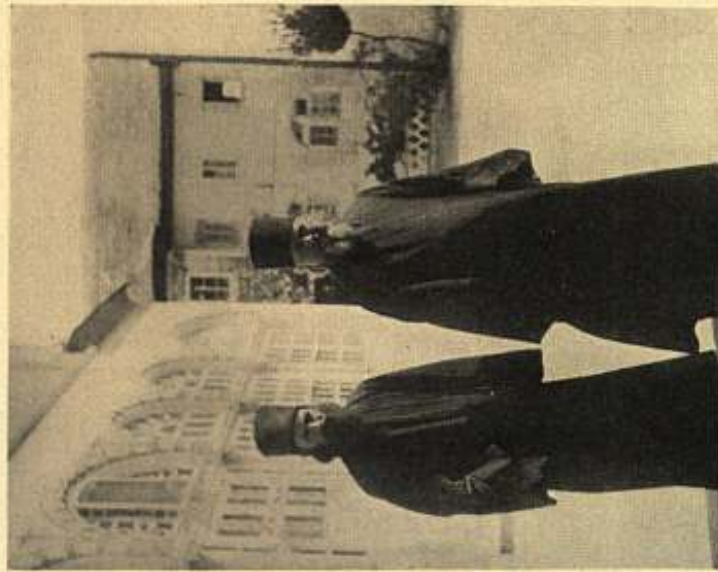
We arrived off the Athos peninsula in the early morning of a perfect day in June and when I came on deck we were approaching the noble panorama of the Holy Mountain just where the tiny white port of Daphni is set in its little bay below a splendid amphitheatre of the promontory. The yacht slowly cruised about while the First Officer and courier went ashore to obtain pratique and the review of our passports and permits to land by the gendarmes of the guard, and soon the men of the party were allowed to go ashore while the women must, alas, stay on board and view the scene from the ship's deck. So the men came to the miniature stone mole



GARDEN WALK, MONASTERY OF ST. PANTALEIMON,
MT. ATHOS



ENTRANCE PORCH TO INNER COURTS OF
ST. PANTALEIMON, MT. ATHOS



THE IGOUMENOS AND GUEST-MASTER MONK AT
ST. PANTALEIMON, MT. ATHOS



THE PRIORS, THEOPHILOS AND EUDOKIMOS, AT
XEROPOTAMOS, MT. ATHOS

of a picturesque *marina*, by which some fisher boats were lying and where, in a grove of trees and oleanders, were some warehouses, the simple bureau of the police, a little store with a few post cards, and a rustic inn with tables set out in the shade, while a few men — fishermen and officials and monks — stood about. We asked for mules but it was some time before one was brought round; and although we were a party of five men our united efforts finally scared up only two, with high-framed saddles that were suited far better for freight than for live passengers.

So we started off, some riding on mule-back, some walking, taking turns, along the coast of the beautiful mountain. The mule paths climbed up and down over cobbled viaducts and cobbled ways — indeed all the trails over the mountain are cobblestoned — passing along above the clearest of blue waters that I have ever seen, which were breaking gently on jutting rock and shingled beaches. Fine vegetation of shrub and sweet-smelling woods, Spanish chestnuts, maples, poplars, were all about us, while huge peaks rose through pine and fir into splendid and distinguished outline. I have ever noticed that hermits and mosaic communities choose the most beautiful situations for their retreats or foundations so that, no doubt, their contemplations may unconsciously benefit by the serenity of the scene and find inspiration in the realization of divine bounty in the glory of the beauty about them.

We followed steep but charming ways up the coasts and gorges of the precipitous mountains, to make our first visit to the Monastery of Xeropotamos — of the "Dry Torrent" — which we had seen hanging on a promontory halfway up the flank of the richly wooded slope. The view had broadened, and we could see the yacht far down below us, small in the distance and white and still, while the scenery about us increased in charm, till we suddenly came up under a mossy stone parapet and passed around on to a shelving forecourt of grass-grown flagstones with the mass of the monastery rising out of it, as if out of the mountainside. There was a rough stone-faced and arched way that seemed to lead into a sort of caravanserai, while beyond rose the main front of the convent with an arched door in the high white wall which was topped by overhanging balconies of wood that are a characteristic part of the architecture of the Holy Mountain. Above the roof-line of these outbuildings we could see the overhanging eaves and cupolas and higher stories of the enclosed buildings, as we waited for some guardian to open to our ring.

Soon the door, which was high and thick and sheathed and nail-studded, was opened and the guest-master monk came out to greet us, speaking through our Greek interpreter, till later we found some of the monks in higher authority who could speak a little English. He welcomed us with a salute of the hand, a salutation that may have come down

from earliest times just as the Fascist salute is revived from Roman days (our Indian signal with uplifted arm is more a warning than a welcome). He took us through the deep tunnel entrance-way into the colonnade of a vast court surrounded on all sides by a mass of buildings, many stories high, medieval tenements, with recessed balconies and a clock tower. The variations in the façades were, no doubt, due to the different periods of their erection but they were all toned down and restful in faded colors with which the years had painted them, neglected-looking but mellow and softened in tone by the very neglect.

The court itself was stone-paved and grass-grown, but clean, and we could see the odd figures of the black-robed, bewhiskered monks tending to flowers on their balconies and working about at simple household duties; for everything was neat, even if allowed to show that precious tinged quality that age alone can give. We, at home, in the newness and push of our lives fail to realize the charm that years alone can give in fading colors, in rounding sharp edges, in softening the outline of great buildings in patina. The lay monks paid absolutely no attention to us, although visitors can only be few in these retreats, but they seemed far away, serene, and apart in their thoughts and duties. In this court was the rather squat but impressive mass of the main church, the "Katholikon," with its Byzantine arches and cupolas, rather gay in striped

stone design ; and to one side was a stone columned kiosk, a "phiale" which in primitive times was used as a place for ablution and is now used in certain ceremonials only. The church is one of the largest inside a monastery and is said to have been founded by a Saint Xenophon, and repaired in 1545.

Here we were met by the good Priors Theophilos and Eudokimos, as we learned their names to be, both in girded black robes, one with flowing white beard and the other with a beard black as night, with their long hair tied up in pugs behind under their high rimless hats, who greeted us with smiling faces and looked clean and pleasant and simple.

They led us up the stairways of the hanging storied balconies and through bare corridors till we came to the guest part of the convent, which was here, as in the other monasteries, placed high in the buildings with fine views from its windows and porches ; for the first thought on a reception by the monks is the offer of hospitality. No matter how short the time of a visit or how eager the guest may be to see the place itself and its treasures, this act of hospitality must first be observed, with formalities which are much the same in all the convents. So here, in a large room that was bare except for the rather unexpected collection of cheap pictures that were hung about — of Biblical scenes, of abbots and saints, of czars and kings, Russian, English, Balkan princes, of political personages — we were placed according to a sort of precedence on divans set

around the walls and conversed while servant monks brought in the formal provision on trays. They passed around in order, for each person in turn, a spoon and preserves, and a glass of water in which to dip the spoon after using it for a taste of the preserves, and a glass of liqueur. The kind of preserves, of grapes or cherries or oranges, and the kind of liqueur or wine served to guests may be different in the different monasteries, but all these refreshments are homemade. Each establishment is especially proud of its own concoction — and some of the concoctions are good to the palate and even potent. The Order of Saint Basil permits the use of wine, and the properties of the communities are made up to a great extent of vineyards, but the wine is used by the monks chiefly as a food to help out their meager frugal fare, and only on rare occasions of the celebration of especial feast days may there be any excess in the use of wine.

This Monastery of Xeropotamos is comparatively small but it is the oldest of the surviving foundations on Athos. It is said to have been founded by the Empress Pulcheria in the fifth century, but there are legends of an even earlier establishment at the "Dry Torrent." It was destroyed by pirates but rebuilt by the Emperor Romanus in 920; an act of the Emperor Constantine IX Monomachus is extant that was signed by an Igoumenos of Xeropotamos, a monk Paul, son of the Emperor Michael Rhangabe, in 1046. Again the monastery

was destroyed, this time by fire, but there is a plaque at the entrance porch that tells of its reconstruction by the Emperor Andronicus Paleologus about 1300. Again in ruins by an earthquake it was visited by the Ottoman Sultan Selim the First who gave money to rebuild it in 1515, so that this Orthodox retreat was saved by the piety of a Turk. Fallen into disrepair during the revolution it was again restored by the generosity of "a Waywode of Wallachia and pious Princes of Danubian States," till today, having survived such varied tribulations and been saved by such varied benefactions, it stands very much alive with its group of monks and lay brothers, many of whom at the time of our visit were absent at work on the outlying properties of the institution.

After we had been refreshed by the hospitality provided us we were taken through bare corridors, down and up flights of steps of the extensive buildings to see some of the cells and the common rooms, and down at last to visit the main church, the Katholikon, in the center of the great courtyard. This proved an impressive experience, for the interior was almost oppressive with its wealth of frescoed paintings, every inch of wall space and columns covered in faded colors and gold with strange figures of long-bearded and gaunt saints; the place was rich with the best of Byzantine art; full of religious fervor and feeling, even if primitive and fantastic to our eyes; impressive in the naïve



DOMES OF MONASTERY OF ST. PANTALEIMON (RUSSIKON),
MT. ATHOS



GONG AND FOUNTAIN IN ONE OF COURTS OF MONASTERY OF
ST. PANTALEIMON, MT. ATHOS



MONASTERY OF SIMOPETRA ON THE COAST OF THE HOLY MOUNT
ATHOS, ARSENAL LANDING PLACE BY WATER'S EDGE

conceptions. There were many carved wooden stalls, with high arm rests, instead of seats, for the congregations to support themselves by during the long services. There were innumerable gold and gilt candelabra and gilt and gold candlesticks, candle crosses, innumerable icons, religious pictures covered and cased in silver gilt, with many jewels, with studded gold relief, but most splendid of all was the golden rood screen, the *iconostas*, the reredos of the High Altar which rises between the columns to divide the church from its sanctuary of precious relics. And all this was seen in a dim religious light, for the windows are few and high, but during services the myriads of soft candle flames must add beautiful mystery. Then the incense rises in fragrant clouds and the gorgeously vested priests in copes of red and green and gold pass in procession between the candelabra and in and out through the doors in the screen of the High Altar, pacing slowly, with rhythmic chants that inspire the crowded congregations in ceremonials that last the whole night long. Into the dimness of this church we were taken by the friendly priors and one of them disappeared behind the *iconostas* to reappear after a while in his vestments, worn in honor of the exposition of the sacred relics, and bearing in for us to see some of the great treasures of Xeropotamos. Of these the most interesting is a small paten, plate, scarcely six inches across, of ophite stone, which was a gift of the Empress Pulcheria and is con-

sidered the finest bit of Byzantine stone relief in the world; indeed nowhere else is there a specimen of such age and workmanship, for in the shallow bowl is the most exquisite carving of the Virgin and Child surrounded by clouds of angels and apostles.

Then with all reverence was shown a piece of the True Cross, a sliver some thirteen inches long, enclosed in an ornate and comparatively modern casket of precious metals set with jewels. There was a splendid reliquary of pearls and fine emeralds, and other rich work of goldsmith's art. To see these hallowed treasures in the dimness of the church, surrounded by the crowded wealth of faded gold and color was an experience that made us silent and thoughtful. For these precious possessions are very real, as real historically as any relics of today can be. They have been treasured continuously through the ages with loving care and carefully recorded, hidden away in times of trouble, and are as authentic as any fragments of the past that have come down to us through the ages. The piece of Cross at Xeropotamos is the largest in existence and on Athos is a larger collection of these precious fragments than anywhere else on earth. Sceptics may question the truth of such relics but the infinite pains taken by ecclesiastical authority to trace and preserve the history of such pious mementos down through the centuries are an assurance of their verity and of their direct descent from

that Cross which was found under divine direction by Saint Helena in the beginning. All the pieces together of the True Cross that are claimed as authentic today would make up a small box only, and not be sufficient to build a house as scoffers claim. At any rate there would seem to be as many reasons to believe as to doubt in such a case, and there is much satisfaction in believing when the relics are seen under such conditions.

Afterwards we were taken up a narrow winding stairway in a corner of the edifice to a musty little loftlike room which was the library of the monastery, where we saw manuscripts and books of inestimable value, wonderful parchments with writing in purple ink, powdered with gold, with the signatures and seals of emperors, golden bulls, and exquisite illuminations, but all stored and exhibited so simply that one scarcely realized their great worth.

And here at Xeropotamos are the only sculptures in stone of the human form, the only graven images, on the Holy Mountain: a small statue of Saint Demetrius and two bustos carved into stone medallions that are set into the clock tower.

It had taken all morning to make this pilgrimage but, after we had left an offering for the benefit of the church, it took us less than an hour to come stumbling down the slippery cobblestones back to Daphni and its little port and jetty where the launch was ashore to meet us, for our party had been seen

from the yacht as we were on our way down the mountain side.

While we were at tiffin the yacht cruised up the beautifully varied coastline till we came off the great mass of enormous buildings that constitute the Monastery of Saint Pantaleimon, sometimes called Russikon; it is the Russian establishment on the Holy Mountain, containing only Russian monks except for a few Greeks whom the Greek administration has introduced to keep tabs on the activities of the place, for at times it has been suspected of political propaganda. This monastery is built down to the very seashore of a beachy bay with the ranges of the mountains as a deep background. Its many-storied buildings rising straight up from the sea wall, with the mass of varied façades which are broken by balconies and tier on tier of windowed fronts, one above the other up the mountain side, topped by innumerable green cupolas and domes with golden globes and crosses rising higher, were a splendid vision as we came into the miniature harbor behind the tiny mole where some fishermen were gathered.

Almost immediately a young monk, the guest master, came to greet us down from beneath the heavy arched way under one of the many-storied, barrack-like buildings that bulked above us. He proved a delightful and interesting personality, with a beautiful ascetic face and quiet dignity, speaking English perfectly, although he had never

been to England but had been brought up as a child in old Russia, and was undoubtedly highbred, for although he talked of politics with a knowledge that must have come from experience he told us nothing about himself.

He welcomed us with uplifted hand and then took us up under the arcades by a ramping roadway between warehouses and offices, rather gaunt and empty looking, into the center of the congregation of dwellings and churches of the vast establishment. And here were irregular terraces and grass-grown paved ways, gardens, and masses of vivid blooming oleander and wisteria vines, screens of tall, dark green cypress, buildings all about of varied architecture, of many colors. By these we passed till we came to a columned porch on a paved court under the main front of the central group of great houses where we were met by the Igoumenos, the abbot, and some other monks, all men of smiling countenance and simple dignity of deportment. They conducted us across another large inner court which was in turn surrounded by high façades with outside stairways and passages and hanging porches, the traditional Athonite type of balcony. In this court were domed churches and fountains and the refectory, and here we saw the plank-like beams that still are beaten by wooden mallets and used for summons to prayers and offices; and there was a high tower with a chime of huge bells that clanged discordantly as the hours went by. We

were taken up and up, climbing by stair and ramp and through corridors, till we reached the reception rooms in the guest part of the convent, with a glorious view from its windows.

Here again we were placed about on divans around the wide airy room while the offerings of hospitality were brought us, the preserves and spoons, the glass of water, and the glass of liqueur. Here, too, all about the walls were hung an extraordinary collection of portraits and photographs and cheap colored engravings of dead abbots and sovereigns, especially of the Russian imperial family in this most Russian of monasteries, as well as oleographs of religious scenes and incidents. The monks were neat and clean and courteous, with an old-fashioned courtesy that is not of our day, and we were able to converse pleasantly through the young guest monk and our interpreter.

Saint Pantaleimon is comparatively as new in its foundation as Xeropotamos is old, and its history is fuller of intrigue in its religious development than that of all the other convents put together. For in the days of the czars when Russia had been seeking to find an outlet on to the Mediterranean and was claiming, as the greatest nation of the Orthodox Church, special privileges on this Holy Promontory into the Aegean Sea, it was suspected of being a center of political propaganda. The huge caravan-serai buildings that had been erected about the cluster of the original convent to which hundreds

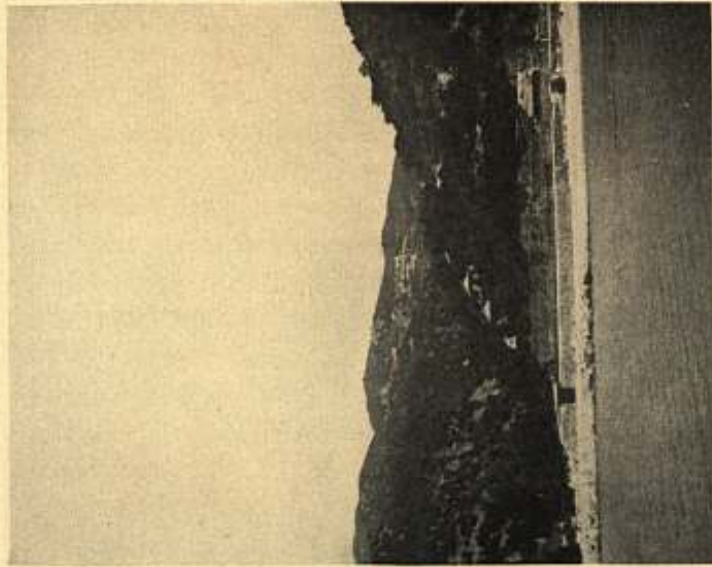
of Russian pilgrims came annually, presumably on religious missions to this spot that was the most sacred next to Jerusalem, were recognized as possible huge barracks for thousands of potential soldiers which these same pilgrims might at any moment prove to be. There was a sudden increase in wealth and size, with contributions that poured in from pious Russians, and properties and outlying *skiti* were bought which seemed to be in strangely strategic positions.

As early as 1169 the Russians had been accorded at Salonika a convent called Saint Pantaleimon and at an early period there had been established, back on a ridge in the interior of the peninsula itself, a community called Russikon, which was occupied by Serbs. These two had been abandoned and in 1765 a new community established itself down by the seashore which carried on the names and traditions of these two monkish congregations. By 1714 the present great conglomeration of buildings had developed with a rapidly increasing number of Russian monks so that by the middle of the nineteenth century it was recognized as entirely Russian with a Russian abbot. There are said to have been two thousand monks at one time, with buildings enough to barrack four thousand.

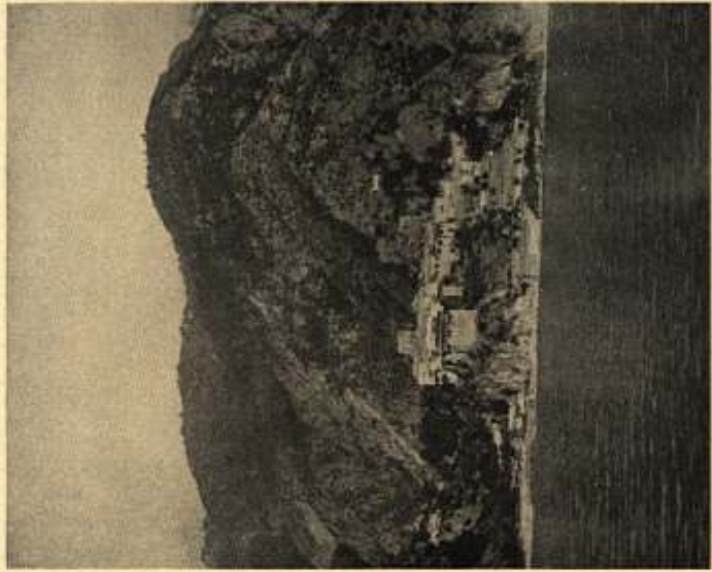
It was certainly a Russian center, an outpost of Russia into the Aegean. Russian troops were even landed here by permission of the Patriarch in Constantinople on the excuse of troubles in the con-

vent itself. George Curzon suspected it of intrigue when he came a-visiting Athos in 1891; and many years later, when English Foreign Secretary, he was, strangely enough, called on by this very same Slav group to protect them against Greek suspicion. Rasputin stayed here in 1913. And after the Balkan War, when the Greek fleet under Kondouriotis came sailing up to Athos, the Turkish officials sought refuge at Russikon but were surrendered by the authorities of the monastery. So even today, although the Russian debacle has cut off sources of income and recruits yet Greece watches carefully the situation, for there are still some four hundred Russian cenobites in this group.

After we had been properly entertained we were taken to see the various chapels and churches that are scattered throughout the vast edifices, dedicated to different saints, where on different days different offices are observed; some are small but complete with the paraphernalia of Orthodox ceremonial, varying in richness; and some are huge halls with a wealth of garish icons, covered with gold and precious stones, with high-backed stalls with arm supports for the long vigils, and walls covered with frescoes. There is one church especially, high up in the main building among the cells, which is an enormous room, divided by pillars, ablaze with gilt and candelabra, a "jungle of golden ornament." There are so many chapels and so many offices that it seems as if there were a continuous service, which



SKITI (OUTLYING COMMUNITY) OF MONASTERY
OF ST. PANTALEIMON, MT. ATHOS



MONASTERY OF ST. DIONYSIUS, MT. ATHOS



CONVENT OF VATOPEDI, MT. ATHOS



A SKITI ON MT. ATHOS

is sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Russian, with singing that is especially fine owing to the splendid voices that are so characteristic of Russian Orthodox choirs.

We visited the library, a large, long room with modern bookcases and a few treasures of manuscript of interest; but most impressive was the refectory which stands by itself facing the great inner court. This is an immense columned church-like hall, in which every inch of wall and column space is covered with rich frescoes of amazing character, strange but touching depictions that convey unconsciously the deep religious spirit in which they were painted. Here was the dais for the reader and tables with raised rims, with long benches beside them, on which were laid out the simple bowls for the meager fare of which the monks partake, most of the time only once a day and often once in many days. This convent is vegetarian, with its huge medieval kitchens near by, and at best the diet is watery barley and cabbage soups, with hunks of bread and potatoes and apples.

It was an absorbing visit till we came away, stopping in at a sort of store in a great bare room where poor icons and strings of beads and carved wooden spoons, mementos, were for sale, chiefly interesting because the monks seemed to set no value on them, naïvely appearing not to care or know what was paid for them, a penny or a pound. Then we went on down through gardens of flowers

and under the deep archways to the little mole again where we bade good-bye to the puzzling, gentle young monk who had been our cicerone, and who lifted his hand in farewell as he had in welcome.

From the deck of the yacht, with all its modern equipment, we looked back on that conglomeration of buildings, all so still and quiet, seemingly deserted, but in which we knew that there was a constant life of unceasing devotion and prayer, so absorbed in itself that it had no interest in anything outside, not for a moment noticing such a mundane apparition as a yacht.

During the afternoon the women of the party had been unable to resist going overboard into the crystal clear waters, notwithstanding the warning that there were "big fish" about, an impression no doubt founded on the legend that once on a time a monk fell overboard and was found later on, whole and well preserved, in the stomach of a large fish that was caught on a line. It might have been a disturbing sight for the monks if they had been gazing seaward to behold such mermaids at play, but here, as at Xeropotamos, the monks and lay brothers went about their earthly works as if they were in a spiritual world apart, taking no notice of us as we passed them, not even a glance, but bowing and seeking to kiss the hand or hem of the garment of the abbot, for the rule of the order is discipline, obedience, authority, and the applicants for admission are thoroughly tried out, their character of body and

belief tested, before they are admitted into the brotherhood.

We looked back in good-bye at the great mass of Russikon against the noble background of the Mountain, as we cruised once more past Daphni and around the base of the colossus of Mount Athos, which rose out of its richly forested slopes into a rugged and sublime peak, its sides broken by capes and cliffs where the rocky foreshore was divided by bays and beaches. And on the towering heights above and down by the sea were perched and grouped other monastic establishments, Simopetra, Gregorius, Dionysius, Saint Paul; and the houses of small communities of monks, of *skiti*, speckling the valley and slopes above, where behind jutting rocks, almost inaccessible, were hidden the caves and retreats of the fanatic anchorites. For the two monasteries which we had visited were but a small part of the tremendous interest of the peninsula: there are many convents all over the promontory. We had had time to visit only these two which, however, in their way, had been as worth while as any other two might have been.

In making up the itinerary of the cruise we had not realized the wonderful possibilities of this visit to the Holy Mountain, and the fact that the women of the party could not join in the experience had from the first halved the pleasure of the prospect. Many days might be passed in visiting the monasteries, for although all are alike yet all are different

as the two we had visited were different although similar to all the others. So as we cruised along we looked up at Simopetra, the Rock of Simon indeed, founded by Simon the Anchorite with the financial help of a despot of Serbia whose daughter the saint had miraculously cured. It is a huge edifice that looks small in the perspective of distance, high up on the perpendicular spur of the mountain side, with towering bastions that seem to rise out of the living rock, some eighteen hundred feet above sea level, where blank walls support tiers of balconies, six, seven stories high of hanging wooden porches, of galleries projecting over the steep, where the cells of the monks are hanging above the abyss. It is situated in so inaccessible a place that for years it could be reached only by nets and pulleys, connected with the mountain side by an aqueduct with lofty arches over a chasm, and set so over a void that, when once on a time there was a conflagration, many monks fell over and were crushed below. Its great square towers and amazing situation give it a grand effect so high above the sea; while down by the shore stands the small tower of its arsenal over a miniature harbor.

The Convent of Saint Gregory, one of the smaller communities, appeared on a palisade of cliffs near the sea, and stood out an irregular group of buildings, of which some parts were carried up above bastion-supporting walls and some were carried down with Athonite wooden balconies,

while the mass of the mountain was an overwhelming background. It was founded in the fourteenth century by Saint Gregory and has survived many disasters, so that today it is the retreat of Greeks chiefly from the Peloponnesus. Also not far away, down by the shore, stood out the mass of the Convent of Saint Dionysius, of Saint Denis, with a honeycomb of overhanging balconies, enclosed and open porches, high on rampart foundations. Above, on the mountain side, is the grotto from which the saint saw a strange flame burn on this site where he founded the convent in 1385 with the financial help of the Emperor Alexis of Trebizonde, for whom every day, three times a day, prayers are said in remembrance.

The Katholikon is of a vivid vermilion color outside and is rich in frescoes inside, especially in the refectory. There are fine and precious manuscripts in the library and in its treasury the monastery possesses a piece of the True Cross and superb relics of precious materials, especially a patera of ground turquoise, carved in relief with minute figures, set in pure gold. There is also a silver-gilt shrine, of exquisite workmanship, one of the most curious on the Holy Mountain, which was the gift of Neogulus who was a Hospodar as well as a Waywode of Wallachia, and which contains the head of John the Baptist; another head is among the relics in the Cathedral at Genoa!

At Aghios Pavlos, the convent of Saint Paul,

which stands back in a gloomy and wild-looking valley of rocks up the flank of Mount Athos, are some of the oldest frescoes on the promontory, which date from 1423, and some curious and rich reliquaries, one of which contains grains of the incense brought by the Magi; while the piece of the Cross which is preserved here shows the mark of a nail.

We passed around the end of the peninsula, close under the overwhelming mass of the Holy Mountain, till we skirted the north coast where the Monastery of the Grand Lavra stands on a slope high above the water, behind its great medieval ramparts and crenelated walls, while below we could see the picturesque houses of its little arsenal port and jetty, behind a screen of rock on top of which are the remains of a tower, the most ancient on Athos. And this Grand Lavra is perhaps the most famous monastery of the Athonite Republic, since its foundation by Athanasius of Trebizonde under the patronage of the Emperor Nicephoras Phocas, down through the ages, retaining unchanged the primitive life and spiritual detachment through its thousand years of existence. Inside its battlement of walls are silent courts surrounded by a congeries of buildings of vivid colors, covered outside with a web of hanging wooden stairways and passages and balconies; and in the main court is a remarkable phiale, or kiosk, with sculptured marble balustrades. The Katholikon Church, which stands between two great cypress trees that are as old as

the foundation itself, dates from 1004 and is enriched by splendid tiles, mosaic floors, and fine frescoes. The refectory is the largest and most beautiful of Athos; the tables and seats here are of marble and masonry and the whole wall space is over-painted. Here too are some especially precious relics and treasures of great value: one a reliquary containing the head of Saint Basil, presented by the Emperor Nicephoras Phocas, another a mosaic of Saint John the Evangelist which was a gift of a certain Zemises in 970 and so one of the oldest known. The library is very rich in manuscripts, many on parchment, of which perhaps the most precious are some leaves on which are illuminated parts of the epistles of Saint Paul that date from the fourth century.

Besides the Lavra, and beyond it throughout the promontory, are many other great congregations of monastic buildings that are of endless interest in themselves and possess, besides, treasures of Byzantine art. Vatopedi is, in its way, the most important on the north coast line, for it is sometimes an official port of landing. Then there are also on this coast Philoteos and Iviron, Stavronikita and Pantokrator and Esphigmenos, while Caracalos and Couloumoussi and Chilandari stand high inland. On the south coast, on part of the shore which we had not visited, are the monasteries of Xenophon and Dichiarion and Castamonti and Zographo. These are the Ruling Monasteries, besides which, and

about which, are the clusters and communities of the *skiti* and smaller communities.

So much we were not able to visit, yet all would have been worth while if we had had more time. But we were growing short of coal and we still had a long run to Constantinople, which was our next coaling station; so we turned away, looking back with wonder on that strange place of another age that still remains today. And as we cruised in the late afternoon across the bluest of seas the Holy Mountain faded back into the past though its shadow followed us, stretching across the wide waters as far as Lemnos on our way.

We had been for some time on the lookout for white *Iolande*, New York Yacht Club, which we had heard was in these waters, under charter to a college and club-mate, and so it was dramatic, as we rounded the noble point of Mount Athos, suddenly to find *Iolande* at anchor off the Monastery of the Grand Lavra. *Sayonara* circled about her, our wireless sputtered greetings, and we waved to our friends on board, but we were not able to stop and exchange visits, for our short coal supply compelled us to hurry on.

CHAPTER XV

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES

DURING the night we crossed the Thracian Sea from Athos to the Dardanelles, skirting the island of Skyros, where Rupert Brooke is buried, the young English poet who died early in the Great War on his way to the Gallipoli campaign. Here he lies in that

*“corner of a foreign field
That is forever England,”*

as he himself wrote prophetically not long before his death. A young Apollo in beauty and lyrical gifts, he stirred more hearts to pity by his early passing, and to patriotism by a little collection of war sonnets, than any other of the young artists of whom the war took toll.

That night we cruised by other islands — Lemnos and Imbros — while off to the north lay Samothrace, where the most familiar of the Nikes — the “Winged Victory” now in the Louvre — was found. The name of Lemnos turns up now and again in ancient myth. It was sacred to Hephaestus, who landed here after falling all day long when he was hurled out of Olympus by his angry parent,

Zeus. According to another legend, the wives on this island were at one time deserted by their husbands. In retaliation they killed all the other men, so that the Argonauts, when they called here in the course of their quest for the Golden Fleece, found only women. In recent history Lemnos is best known because its harbor of Mudros was used as a naval base by the Allies in their campaign against the Turks at Gallipoli.

At four o'clock in the morning, as the sun rose out of a glassy sea, *Sayonara* rounded Cape Helles and entered the Dardanelles, that narrow strait only thirty-seven miles in length, connecting the Aegean with the Sea of Marmora. It is the entrance by water to Constantinople — to which we were now bound.

Control of the Dardanelles seemed so essential to the Allied chiefs in the World War that they sacrificed a quarter of a million men before they gave up the attempt. John Masefield, who has written one of the most heart-rending of contemporary war records, gives the reasons for the Gallipoli campaign as follows:

“While the war was still young it became necessary to attempt this passage for five reasons: 1. To break the link by which Turkey keeps her hold as a European power. 2. To divert a large part of the Turkish army from operations against our Russian Allies in the Caucasus and elsewhere. 3. To pass into Russia, at a time when her northern ports

were closed by ice, the rifles and munitions of war of which her armies were in need. 4. To bring out of Southern Russia the great stores of wheat lying there waiting shipment. 5. If possible, to prevent, by a successful deed of arms in the Near East, any new alliance against us among the Balkan peoples."

It was expected that the Russians would play a large part in diverting Turkish attention and troops to the Black Sea, but, as we know, that hope died very soon. The Allies wanted, also, to be able to cut the Belgrade-Constantinople railway and thus shut off Turkey from her German allies. Some critics have thought it poor judgment that troops were not sent to the Danube rather than to Gallipoli.

The Gallipoli effort has been called an heroic failure. Probably only those who actually took part will ever realize the full measure of the difficulties and the heroism. Trained troops from France and Senegal, and from England and India, fought alongside the gallant Anzacs, those wild, brave fellows from Australia and New Zealand, most of whom had had no more than six months' active training. I had seen some of the Anzacs in France and heard how fiery they were and how difficult to manage. But what intrepid fighters they proved to be! Now their bones lie under the little white crosses on the sun-burned hillside, half a world away from home. Theirs was the spirit of the old ballad heroes:

*“‘Fight on, my men,’ says Sir Andrew Barton,
‘I am hurt, but am not slain.
I’ll lie me down and bleed awhile,
And then I’ll rise and fight again.’”*

In fairness it must be admitted that the fighting was brilliant on both sides, for the men of the Crescent were fine soldiers too. When told to hold the sun-baked trenches on the ridges, they stood up under the combined French and British attack and the bombardment from the war vessels as well.

Because there was a lapse of two months between the first naval attack by the British in February, 1915, and the gathering of troops for their land campaign, the Turks had plenty of time to “dig themselves in” under the direction of German officers and to organize their defense of the peninsula with great professional skill. They placed machine guns on the high ground commanding the possible landing places and concealed their artillery so successfully in the undergrowth that even aeroplanes were unable to locate the positions. In addition, they had time to wire and mine the beaches and bays, making them veritable “death traps.” When the British, under Sir Ian Hamilton, chief-in-command of all the troops, debarked at the five beaches near Sedd-el-Bahr on Cape Helles in April, “the Turks shot them down from under cover like driven game.” John Still wrote: “Leadership on the beaches led straight to death. Leadership in Lon-

don led straight to a brick wall. But leadership in the hills behind the beaches led Mustapha Kemal to be uncrowned King of Turkey."

To aid in the landing at Sedd-el-Bahr, the collier *River Clyde* was beached and played a part which gave her the nickname of the "Wooden Horse," in remembrance of that first of the name which was a decisive factor in the siege of Troy, the ruins of which city lay only a few miles away on the Asia Minor side of the straits. The *River Clyde* was to conceal a large body of men, who were to rush from her, after she was beached, over a kind of bridge of boats to the shore. The plan was carried out, but the watchful Turks opened a rain of fire at once on the men, sending not less than ten thousand shots a minute for the first few minutes of the attack. The slaughter was pitiful and enormous. It was easy for us to picture the scene, as *Sayonara* came upon what still remains of the wreck of the collier. Other vessels, including the *Majestic* and the *Goliath*, which were destroyed near by, have disappeared, although our Captain said that only a few years ago many such wrecks were still visible along this coast.

From April 25 to August 10, 1915, the struggle continued, with constant gains and losses of very small portions of ground, culminating in a five days' battle near Suvla Bay. The fight at Sari Bair, which cost nearly a quarter of the army and most of the available ammunition, was the beginning of

the end. Nothing further could be done until more men and shells arrived. It was then decided by the powers not to send either men or shells again to this front. Most of the fighting thereafter, in this region, was in the form of trench warfare.

In November occurred a terrible rain storm which flooded the trenches. This was followed by sleet and snow, causing the most appalling suffering and great loss of men. Most of the British fell ill with pneumonia. Obviously, the only course was to evacuate the peninsula, which was accomplished during the nights and, strangely, without opposition by the Turks. By January the last troops had sailed away and "the Gallipoli campaign was over."

As if to bring the struggle still closer home to us than did the desolate, sun-baked, gullied, unattractive shore by which we were passing, we found we had on board *Sayonara* a sailor who had been stationed on a British man-of-war which took part in the fighting, and a steward who had been on one of the hospital ships. On one trip when this ship was carrying seven hundred wounded and twenty nurses to Malta, it was torpedoed. Somehow or other the wounded were transferred to small boats and landed, while the steward, with fourteen others, stuck to the sinking ship. Eventually they all reached Malta in safety.

Another thrilling story is one told of Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook, who was the first to take a

submarine through the narrows, diving under rows of mines and sinking a Turkish man-of-war which thought itself at anchor in safe waters. Commander Holbrook received the V. C. and every man of his crew was decorated. And yet later on, Commander Nasmith took the famous E-11 for a nerve-racking cruise through the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora, even to Constantinople, sinking supply and troop ships and gunboats and warships, and even shelling land troops by the way.

When such daring feats were performed, and when soldiers and sailors showed almost super-human courage and endurance, many have found it difficult to account for the failure of the Gallipoli campaign, but the odds were heaped against the Allies. The Turks held the peninsula; in other words, they held the low hills and the forts and were close to supplies, especially water, and to reinforcements. The Allied troops and their supplies and all reserves had to be transported many miles to the scene of action. The Turks were, moreover, used to the climate, whereas to their opponents the burning sun of the summer was torture and brought with it flies, dysentery, malaria, and the torments of thirst which there was often no water available to satisfy. But the greatest of hardships was the lack of reserves. The story is heart-breaking.

While the yacht rounded Cape Helles and steamed along, we could pick out the small coves and beaches where the landings had been made

which cost so many lives, also Turkish forts on the low, arid hills, and old castles, war memorials, and cemeteries, as well as the town of Gallipoli itself. There is little enough about it now to deserve the name of "Beautiful Town," which the original Greek word implies.

Time and again, as we moved along the calm water, someone would point out a storied spot on the Asia Minor side of that strait which, when it was known as the Hellespont, saw the making of much history, but always our eyes and minds returned swiftly to the opposite side and the more recent events, still so fresh in our memories. In the end, my Mrs. M'Connachie self made me go back and pick up the threads of the Hellespont story. Here occurred many dramatic migrations of great armies from one continent to the other. Darius, when he made his Scythian expedition, crossed on a bridge of boats farther on, at the Bosphorus, but Xerxes, his son, built a bridge over the Dardanelles at Abydos, to transport an immense army which he confidently expected to conquer Greece. Herodotus pictures the scene:

"And seeing all the Hellespont covered over with ships and all the shores and plains of Abydos full of men, then Xerxes pronounced himself a happy man, and after that he fell to weeping." . . . When asked why he wept, he replied, "It came into my mind to feel pity at the thought how brief was the whole life of man, seeing that of these multitudes

not one will be alive when a hundred years have gone by.' ”

He could not look forward, as we could look back, to the battlefields at Thermopylae and Salamis, where many of these men would lose their lives when only a very few years had gone by.

From the opposite direction — from the European side of the Hellespont — the hosts of Alexander had swept across the strait to mighty conquests, only to lose Alexander himself at Babylon. Many another army went over, one way or the other — Barbarians, Crusaders, Turks and Saracens, Venetians, Genoese — in that continuous ebb and flow, flow and ebb, which is history.

But there were other kinds of adventurers to recall. Abydos was the home of Leander, that ardent lover who nightly swam the swift current of the Hellespont to reach Hero across the stream at Sestos. Leander tried to cross one too stormy night and was drowned, whereupon Hero cast herself into the sea and perished also.

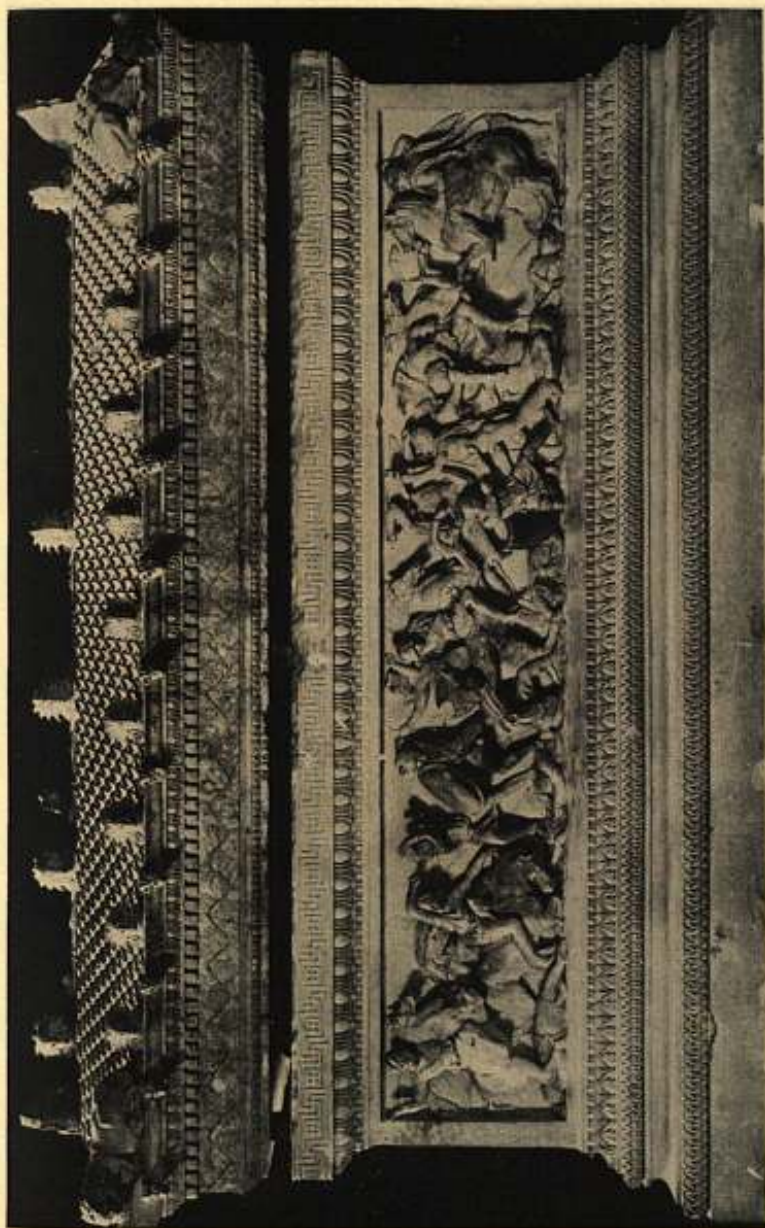
There is no telling how many lovers in this region have had their mettle tested by being asked to duplicate Leander's feat. We know that Byron did it in 1810, and not long ago one Halliburton wrote the story of his successful swim across these waters. But the thrill of Halliburton's adventure is somewhat dimmed when one realizes that swimming across the Hellespont is nowadays a common occurrence. A year ago seventeen American boys off a college

cruise-ship performed the stunt, and later three American girls. These latter heroines received much publicity. One report gave a dramatic description of their feat:

“ Battling a north wind and swift currents three American girls splashed out from the foot of Sestos cliffs on the European shore this morning and defied the Hellespont’s famous cross-tides. They did not cease their steady overhand crawls except for brief transitions to sidestrokes until, one after the other, all three had clambered up on the sandy beach below the barren throne of the Asiatic side. Smith College and Vassar had entries in this first women’s Hellespont swim and Smith came out a winner, a Smith girl touching the Asiatic shore first. Her time was exactly eighty minutes for a distance, counting the slight downward drive of the current, of approximately a mile and a half.”

From Gallipoli on, the Dardanelles widen out into the Sea of Marmora. Over this we sailed all day on our way to the city of sultans and caliphs of old—Constantinople, or Istanbul, as we should now write its name. L. was particularly interested in making this port, which he had visited forty years before. Now it is not even the Turkish capital, that having been officially located at Angora, in Anatolia, ever since the Turkish republic was declared in 1923.

Angora, which, alas, we were not to see, was founded by Phrygians in the seventh century. It is



SO-CALLED TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN MUSEUM
AT CONSTANTINOPLE

located on hills above malarial plains, and is still rather primitive although it is being rapidly built up. Mustapha Kemal, president of the Turkish republic — called the “Mussolini of the East” — lives at Angora, although he was born in Salonika, where his father was a minor Turkish official. His divorced wife, Latifeh Hanum — a very attractive young woman, but probably too radical for one who is, after all, a Turk — seems to have “dropped out of the picture.” Some say she is in Europe, while others declare she is living on the shores of the Bosphorus. Poverty has obliged the Turks for years to be contented with one wife, but Mustapha Kemal now has none at all, although it is rumored that he has his eye upon a lady of high degree, for whom he is making ready a palace on the Asia Minor side of the Straits. It is said that he drinks wine although Moslems are not supposed to do so. Like his fellow-dictator in modern European history, he has a powerful and interesting personality. An incident which followed on the heels of a report that his health had become impaired furnishes a little side light upon his character.

“Buyukdere, Turkey, Sept. 30 (AP) — Keeping up his reputation for sudden midnight speeches, Ghazi Mustapha Kemal has again taken Turkey by the ears with an address to a crowd which waited until the small hours to see him emerge from a party in this upper Bosphorus suburb of Constantinople.

“The speech, made from a balcony of the villa where he was entertained, was a command for the world at large to stop whispering that he was in bad health.

“‘You can see for yourselves that I am strong and well,’ he said. ‘Go and tell the nation that the man who has consecrated his life to its welfare, is husky.

“‘My strength is in my affection for you and your affection for me. This nation shall yet be the most honored on earth and until I behold that consummation with my own eyes, I shall not die.’”

The Turkish president has imposed many reforms upon his people, but it should be remembered that some of the changes mean really the return to old customs rather than the adoption of new western ways. It is not generally realized that many things which we especially associate with the Turks, such as the harem, the veil, and the fez, were not at all Turkish in origin, but forced upon the Turks by conquerors. “Istanbul,” for example, is not a new name but a revival of an old one. Even the crescent in the flag is the symbol of a victory, not by the Turks, but over them. For when Byzantium was besieged by Philip of Macedon, a surprise party was betrayed by the barking of a dog and the light of a falling meteor in the northern sky. So a statue was raised in honor of Hecate, the Torchbearer, with her emblem, a crescent moon. This emblem

Byzantium "bequeathed to Constantinople, and Islam borrowed all over the world."

Crossing the Sea of Marmora that day I tried to separate some of the threads in the tangled history of the city we were approaching, in order that I might better understand the pattern of old and new when we actually reached it. I found that in 330 A.D. the Roman Emperor Constantine moved his capital to the shores of the Bosphorus in order to be more centrally located and the better to meet the pressure of barbarians from the north and of Persians from Asia. The old town of Byzantium he expanded and beautified into a metropolis which was to be one of those four chief cities of history — Constantinople, Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. Through various vicissitudes and almost continual fighting, it remained the capital of the eastern Roman Empire until 1453, when it became the capital of the Ottoman Empire which followed.

Religious differences within shook it to its foundation and resulted in the division between the Roman "Catholic" and the Greek "Orthodox" Church which still exists. I ran across a statement that Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, preached that "Jesus was only a man become God and consequently he refused to the Virgin the appellation of Mother of God," and I was struck with the similarity of this doctrine to Unitarianism.

The Eastern Empire reached the pinnacle of its glory in the days of Justinian, the Byzantine "Ba-

sileus" or emperor — the peasant from Macedonia who ruled with the great Theodora, ex-Hippodrome performer, as empress. So widespread was the realm that the Mediterranean was then called the "Roman lake." Empress Zoe, too, was known for her intrigues and love affairs and her quarrels. Life was lively and biographies absorbing in those old days. It was not an infrequent custom for a husband to offer his wife to the emperor for political motives.

With the seventh century came the beginning of the rise of Islam and the growth of that Saracenic empire which was to be an increasing menace to Constantinople. Closer and closer, as time went on, drew the Saracens, until at last they laid siege to the city itself in 717-718, and were defeated once and for all by Emperor Leo the Isaurian. Had Constantinople fallen then, Europe would almost certainly have become a part of the Moslem world. Leo's victories on sea were in some measure due to the use of "Greek fire," a strange compound which was not an explosive, but which could be shot upon ships, to burn almost inextinguishably, with devastating effect. The secret of its manufacture has long since been lost.

During this period the empire was becoming less Roman than Greek or Byzantine in nature, and the Greek language took the place of Latin.

Empress Irene, who was the first woman to govern in her own name, ruled in the eighth century. She had the reputation of being a "pious woman,"

but that hardly accords with the method by which she secured the throne, for she deposed her own son, had his eyes put out, and reigned in his stead.

Under Basil the First and his successors in the ninth and tenth centuries, Constantinople again had a period of glory. Basil's son, Leo, married four times. "For the first time came into being for the benefit of the reigning family the idea of legitimation . . . to ensure the line continuing."

The city of the tenth century has been called the "Paris of the Middle Ages," where writers and sculptors flourished. Marbles and bronzes, brought in from their original resting-places all over the empire, made the better parts of the city a delight to the eye. Beautiful churches held even more beautiful mosaics. The bazaars teemed with luxurious stuffs, and the Golden Horn with trading vessels. The imperial court was conducted with great ceremony and splendor, particularly impressive to envoys from the more distant and more barbarous races, such as the Russian and the Frank.

"By the throne of the Emperor crouched two artificial lions which by mechanism could suddenly arise and roar; there stood likewise an artificial tree whereon were set equally unreal birds that could be made to sing. While the bewildered envoys gazed from their knees upon the Emperor, lo! even upon his throne by some mechanism his costume was changed; he appeared to them in garments and

diadem even more brilliant and imposing than before."

The power and magnificence of Constantinople declined from the tenth century on, but they were still something to conjure with and a lure to adventurers by land and sea from far-off places until the catastrophe of 1204 when the members of the Fourth Crusade captured and pillaged the city. The loss to art alone at that time was incalculable. Precious Greek sculptures were shattered as the work of "pagans" and as "idols." Bronzes were melted down, tombs were rifled, and whole libraries were wantonly burned.

"Christian Constantinople" never really recovered from this blow. For a short time there was a feeble Latin Empire as a result of the victory and then the Greek element was in control again, to last until the Turkish conquest of 1453 and the establishment of the Ottoman Empire. For over a thousand years Byzantium had endured.

I need not here go into the story of the spread of Turkish power over eastern Europe. In the course of this trip we had already picked up the threads of that story many times on the shores of the Adriatic, where the little mountain stronghold of Montenegro and a few coastal cities, like Ragusa, had alone been able to hold out against the Turkish domination. But gradually the conquerors had been pushed back — out of the Balkans, out of Greece, out of Macedonia, and most of Thrace — until so

little is left of the old Turkey in Europe that it is no wonder Mustapha Kemal has moved his capital over into Asia Minor, where the greater part of his realm is now located.

Sailing over the Sea of Marmora in the late afternoon was like gliding over a large looking-glass. The sun was setting as *Sayonara* entered the Golden Horn, which some say resembles a sea-horse even more than a horn. The adjective half of the name was applied because of the many rich merchant ships which used to anchor for trade in this bay. We passed several small islands, to one of which, "barren Oxio, the dog-eat-dog island," the mongrel dogs of Constantinople were removed about eighteen years ago, when they became so numerous as to be a pest. Because by the laws of the Koran they could not be killed, these poor animals were left to devour one another or to die of thirst and hunger. The Coolidges, who were here at that time, saw the desperate creatures in their agonies swimming about in the water. Our Turkish guide later relieved our feelings by telling us that they were fed, after all, and finally were bought by someone whose religion permitted him to kill them. These beasts had acted as scavengers and street cleaners, and were so established in their ways that packs had, by some method of their own, apportioned the city into districts, so that those from one district did not dare to enter another for fear of being set upon and killed. When L. first visited Constantinople

these dogs had been among the most interesting sights of that colorful city. On another island called "Prinkipo," Trotsky is living in exile from Russia, for these islands have through the ages been places for exile of unwanted persons and — dogs.

Our yacht dropped anchor off the glistening white Dolmabahché Palace and immediately we were made to realize that we were now subject to the technicalities of the dictator-republic, for a policeman was placed on board to remain during our stay, and we were notified to fly the Turkish flag at the fore as a sign of respect and promise of good behavior.

For some time I had been prodding myself mentally, "Here at last is the famous Golden Horn. This is that very remarkable view of Constantinople of which I have heard and read so much. Why am I not more excited?" Suddenly I realized why the view was not more thrilling: it was because we had been, of late, into so many harbors with a marvelous natural background of hills or volcanic cliffs or mountains that it was disappointing to find Constantinople comparatively so flat. But there was no lack of excitement in me when the time came to land in the great, mysterious city. Just as L. was eager to see what was left of the old Constantinople he had known, so was I equally eager to see what the new Turkey was like.



GATE TO DOLMABAGCHÉ PALACE



DOLMABAGCHÉ PALACE OFF WHICH "SAYONARA"
ANCHORED



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE



ROUMELI-HISSAR, CASTLE ON THE BOSPORUS

CHAPTER XVI

CONSTANTINOPLE

ALL, thin minarets, standing up around the domes of the mosques like stylographic pens or slim pencils set on end, are a conspicuous feature of the Constantinople landscape. The mosques themselves seem like exhibition buildings, decorated with flagstaffs, or perhaps most like a child's birthday cake, heavily frosted and adorned with candles.

Constantinople is divided into three main sections — Pera, the foreign quarter which stands high above Galata where we landed; Stamboul, the native city, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn; and Scutari, which is across the Bosphorus on the Asiatic shore, and which has gained of late years in importance as it is the starting-point of the railway to the new capital of Angora. The famous Galata Bridge, which is always thronged with people of many races, crosses the reach of the Golden Horn from Galata to Stamboul. It used to be said that some person of every nationality passed over this bridge in the course of each hour. But now that the Turkish man has laid aside his fez and the Turkish woman her veil, and since many of the

costumes of the Near East, with their picturesque and individual features, have given place to ordinary European clothes, the Galata Bridge is far less colorful than of old, and it is not so easy to distinguish one race from another.

Our way through Stamboul lay by the "Sublime Porte," the ancient state building and home of government offices, and past some handsome fountains of marble and tiles where water-carriers stood washing the dust off their feet and filling their containers, which were not, alas, antique pottery or copper vessels but the ever-present tin oil-cans. We saw the public letter writers, too, squatting in the street at their tasks. Some day they will lose their jobs when everyone in Turkey under forty-two has obeyed Mustapha Kemal's decree and learned to read and write. Perhaps some day, too, — but I doubt it — automobiles will take the place of the human trucks — the *hamals*, or porters, who carry incredible burdens upon their backs.

The working men, we were told, belong to different guilds, according to their nationality or the district from which they come. The porters are Kurds or Turks from Asia Minor, according to the kind of loads they carry. The ice-cream vendors are from the region of Uskob. The people in the bathing establishments are Turks from Sivas.

Only two women did I see who had their faces covered — "Probably," remarked L., "because they are old or ugly." A number, however, had tied

black veils about their heads in the shape of turbans, and many still wore the full garment with the hood. I looked for Turks leading lambs as pets, such as I had heard were a common sight a few years ago, but I saw only one.

The people lived in crowded districts traversed by crooked, dirty alleys, in houses with overhanging second-stories, built in olden times for the harems. Although the buildings were originally painted white, most of them had become gray and weather-stained. The general appearance of neglect was due in some cases to the fact that the people have been impoverished by years of fighting, and in others to a desire to avoid taxes for improvements to property. In the past most of the houses in Constantinople were built of wood, because, after a severe earthquake, some sultan had decreed that henceforth all buildings should be constructed of wood to enable them to withstand shocks. Although few earthquakes have occurred since that time, fires have been frequent and in turn have destroyed whole districts. In the twelve years previous to 1922, one-fourth of Stamboul was burned. So there is now a law that no new wooden houses shall be erected on the site of burned ones, and many of the devastated sections have never been rebuilt.

As George Young explains the famous bazaars of old Stamboul, they are, queerly enough, not a Turkish but a Byzantine institution and belong to

a time when Greek customs prevailed over Turkish in local commercial life. The Grand Bazaar is a vast warren of tunnel streets that form a maze of passageways covered with stone vaulting. There are said to be some five miles of such arcades, surrounded by a wall and entered through gates. They contain literally many thousand little shops. A dim light filters through the dark booths, which lends enchantment to the various wares of ancient arms and jewels and Oriental silks and carpets that are often disappointing when brought out to the "cold eye of day." Although this strange market has lost much of its wonder of late, yet it is a fascinating place. It does not, however, compare with the *souks* of Tunis and Fez.

We visited several of the mosques in which Constantinople abounds, putting on the usual leather slippers over our shoes in order to be permitted to walk over the many handsome prayer rugs, the gifts of believers. Under the great high domes and elaborate chandeliers we strolled and gazed up at the walls heavily decorated with lettering. Some of these mosques were built for Christian churches by the Byzantines, but after the Turkish conquest of 1453 they were converted into Moslem shrines. Although the figures and purely Christian symbols were covered over, yet often the superb mosaics in the entrance halls were left. I found these decorations, however, in both the Mosque of Mosaics and even St. Sophia disappointing. In fact, I thought

those in St. Sophia at Salonika finer than any which I saw in Constantinople.

The men in turbans whom we came upon were the so-called priests, the only ones allowed to wear this kind of headgear in Constantinople today. On Friday — their day of worship — they preach to their congregations, reading from the Koran and also telling the people of the happenings during the week.

In the neighborhood of St. Sophia and the Hippodrome is the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, one of the largest in the city. The tiles with which it is decorated, and which give it the name of the "blue mosque," are very beautiful. From high overhead, the murmur of doves, circling about the dome, echoed mysteriously, as if the houris in heaven were whispering together. Not far away we found the old church of St. Irene, now an Armory.

St. Sophia is the most familiar and the finest of all the Moslem edifices. Everyone remembers how it was a Christian church for a thousand years and was turned into a mosque in 1453. Built originally by Constantine the Great, it was destroyed by fire three times in the first two centuries of its existence. Then the Emperor Justinian determined to build the most magnificent church the world had ever seen and asked his provinces to contribute their choicest treasures. In the incredibly short space of six years the work was completed, and Justinian was so overwhelmed at the beauty of his own crea-

tion that he exclaimed, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" The actual architects and builders of the dome of the church — which really was an architectural triumph for that early period in that it was combined with a cruciform ground plan — did not take quite so much credit to themselves, for they inscribed upon their work these words: "God built it. God will uphold it."

Suleiman the Magnificent, the greatest of the Ottoman rulers, who lived in the sixteenth century, built several fine mosques, of which the one bearing his name is particularly lovely. In the burial ground behind this building is the *turbeh*, or tomb, of Suleiman himself together with that of his favorite wife, Roxalana. He was a great general and an excellent administrator, but when he became bewitched by a Russian slave, daughter of a priest, nothing would satisfy him — or her — but that he should make her empress, the only Ottoman one. She is generally credited with being a clever and beautiful, but unscrupulous wretch, who prevailed upon Suleiman to disinherit a fine son by a former wife and then had the boy strangled. But there are a few writers who refuse to lay the blame for the murder on her shoulders, since most Ottoman rulers seem to have looked with a suspicious eye upon their heirs-apparent and to have been only too ready to see them put out of the way. Roxalana's own sons were weaklings: one being mentally deficient and another a hunchback, while the character of

the third, who became sultan, is shown by his nickname of "Selim the Sot."

Not far from the "Sweet Waters of Europe," where two streams fall into the Golden Horn, is the suburb of Eyoub, on which we looked down from the top of the city walls. Here, on a small hill, is the Mosque of Eyoub, celebrated as the most sacred in Turkey. In the past no Christians were allowed to enter, and even today strangers are not welcome. As late as 1911 Baedeker advised unbelievers to be "careful not to remain standing between the railings in the center of the court and the gilded windows on the wall-side." Beyond the building stretched a cypress grove. Where cypresses are planted in Turkey one generally finds a neglected cemetery with stone slabs toppling at all angles. We looked down on just such a burial place outside the city gates. Here the country people had gathered to bring in their produce in carts hauled by water buffalo and oxen. From the walls we also had an excellent panoramic view of Stamboul.

Before returning to Pera we drove through the Greek and Jewish quarters and by some interesting old Byzantine houses — one handsome building, used in olden times by a governor of sorts, still stands by the water front of the Golden Horn. The Jews have spread all over Constantinople and now really own the city. The Turks, it should be remembered, are better fighters than money makers: Armenians, Greeks, and Jews can always get most

of their money away from them. Like the Jews of Salonika, those here are nearly all descendants of the fugitives of their race from Spain in the days of the religious persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabella. The members of this generation have less pronounced features than their ancestors and have become much like the Turks in their mode of living. Not all are wealthy, of course. Many are poor, but there are a large number of influential Jews in Constantinople. Kemal Pasha himself, it is said, has his share of this blood.

In Pera we found some tempting antique shops near our hotel — the Pera Palace Hotel, where the food was excellent and the wines expensive as, indeed, are all luxuries in Constantinople today. We bought some exquisite Turkish ladies' costumes of brocade in rich colors — deep purples, bright greens, and gold and silver. The silks may have come from Brusa, over in Asia Minor, where beautiful goods are made. I could not resist some of the clinking Turkish silver belts, and gazed with delight on the superb emeralds for sale. Some of the jewels exhibited were originally the property of Russian refugees.

Near the hotel, also, where we stopped overnight while the yacht was being coaled — it may be added that the coal obtainable at Constantinople was very poor — stood the American Embassy, which was one of the first Government-owned buildings in our service. Crowded in on a noisy street, it was the best

that it was possible to persuade our Congress to acquire at the time, but, as in most cases where we have bought our buildings, it seems second-rate, compared with the houses of the representatives of other great nations. This difference is especially noticeable in Constantinople, where the embassies of England, France, Germany, and other Powers are veritably imperial in magnificence.

We lunched at the British Embassy, where the Ambassador, Sir George Clerk, was an old friend, and found it a superb palace with great garden and graveled approach, spacious courts with wide stairways leading up to balconied landings, and endless suites of high vaulted rooms. It should be realized that such stately establishments impress the Oriental mind and people, who measure power by the show of it and have little respect for democratic simplicity.

The French Embassy is a very distinguished structure in a setting of shaded park with terraces overlooking the Bosphorus. The Ambassador, who was a cousin of L.'s *à la mode de Bretagne* was, unfortunately, absent at Angora, where the new dictator-republic compels the attendance of all diplomats for actual transaction of business. It is going to be a difficult thing to compel the representatives of the Great Powers to transfer their permanent residences to Angora—to leave their splendid abodes by the Bosphorus for the inland plateau of Anatolia. Most of the Ambassadors, accordingly,

remain in residence in Constantinople and go only when necessary to the capital, where they maintain apartments and offices for direct communication with the Turkish government. The Germans, however, have made a great gesture of good will toward Turkey by planning to move and to give up their palace in Constantinople, which, at best, was rather ugly in its architecture. It may be added that many of the Great Powers had summer embassies as well, in superb locations up the reaches of the Bosphorus, although our Ambassador had always been compelled to hire his own summer house if he desired to leave the city.

Turkey, like Greece, has had a huge refugee problem. In the exchange of nationals between the two countries (an exchange first suggested by Dr. Nansen, the explorer, high commissioner for refugees to the League of Nations) something like three hundred thousand Turks were returned to their native land; but Turkey did not receive any help from outside, as did Greece, and it is said that thirty per cent of the refugees died in want. After the Bolshevik uprising in Russia, White Russians fled into Turkey, one hundred thousand strong. Upon the victory of the Kemalists, many of the Russians were removed, with the aid of the Allies, to other countries, but there are still a large number left, most of whom have no money.

Two American women — Miss Anna Mitchell of

New York and Miss Alma Ruggles of Washington — assisted in evacuating over fifty thousand of the White Russians from Constantinople — one of the most remarkable pieces of post-war relief work on record. Many of the refugees were sent to Brazil, where they found work and achieved independence much sooner than was possible in war-exhausted Europe. Miss Mitchell and Miss Ruggles had many tragic tales to tell. One story in particular sticks in my mind. A Russian general, no longer young, who was stranded in Constantinople with his wife and two children, could find no work except breaking stone for a new road. He soon grew too weak for this work through under-feeding, since the usual day-laborer's pay is small in this part of the world and hardly sufficed for the four of them. In desperation these American women procured him a boot-blackening outfit, with which the former general was able to earn fifteen dollars a month, out of which he had to pay a tax of seven.

On one of our evenings in Constantinople we dined at a Russian restaurant, conducted by some of the expatriates, where we listened to Russian music and ate Russian dishes served by titled waitresses. At another time we dined at Maxim's and were entertained by American negro singers and a dancer dressed all in flowers.

When our Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Grew, kindly invited us to his summer residence on the Bosphorus, we came in conflict with one of the hampering Turk-

ish regulations in regard to yachts. He was obliged to send his launch for us, since the Turks do not allow visiting yachts to use their own launches except in going ashore to the city. The embassies are no longer permitted to maintain yachts, either, although they have been allowed to keep their launches. Immediately on arrival, the owner of a yacht must present a list of provisions aboard, for the reason, apparently, that the Turks want to make foreigners, as far as possible, buy their provisions ashore. Officials may seal up all the edibles on a boat, if they feel so inclined, but if decently treated, they seem to be very fair. A cigarette or cigar and a glass of lemonade and a few pleasant words will make everything go smoothly. We had no trouble at all, but we heard of other yachts not so fortunate.

In the Ambassador's launch we sped along the water front by large wooden private houses, now gray-brown from the effects of wind and rain; past the fire-gutted marble shell of the one-time handsome palace that was the first Parliament House; and at the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, under the thick turreted walls and three enormous round towers of Roumeli Hissar, the "Castle of Europe," built by Sultan Mohammed II in 1452, the year before he captured Constantinople. He had obtained permission from the Greek emperor to build a "hunting-lodge," but it served for far less pleasant purposes if one is to believe the gruesome tales that

are told of imprisonments within the fortress-like towers.

On the terrace above the south tower on a beautiful, commanding site, stands Robert College, founded in 1863 by an American banker of that name. This is the first and perhaps the best of the six American colleges in the Near East, for which a joint endowment fund of fifteen millions was recently completed. Constantinople Women's College, another American institution, established about forty years ago, is the only school where the women of Turkey can obtain a university education. In Bulgaria, near Sofia, is still another of our schools. Because of much intellectual rebirth through American efforts, Bulgaria is sometimes called the "child of America."

For some unaccountable reason, so I heard, Americans seem more ready to contribute money for Moslem students than to help Christian refugees. Considering that Bulgaria and Turkey were among the most troublesome countries to the Allies during the World War, I could not help wondering if it would not be more reasonable to do what we could for those who had proved to be our friends rather than do so much for those who turned out to be our enemies. When I mentioned this point to an American who knows this part of the world, he replied that he thought it was well to keep in friendly relations with these countries and that the schools were one way of doing so. In justice I must say that

as a whole, the foreigners whom I found living among the Turks, liked them.

After this digression, let us return to the Bosphorus, where we were joined by Ambassador and Mrs. Grew, who came in another launch to meet us. In a pretty cove we all went swimming off the boats and had a delightful bath. Later we continued on as far as the entrance to the Black Sea, which L. decided was so named because of the black, rocky coast.

Returning to the Embassy for tea, we found the French, German, and English Secretaries gathered there. The big house was of wood, painted white, with a lovely garden running up the hill at the back, from which we had a splendid view. Later we lunched here with the Dutch Minister and others.

Montenegrians seem to be the most popular servants at the embassies. Very picturesque they appeared, standing at the doors in their native costumes of red jackets, round black and red caps, bright sashes, baggy trousers, and high boots. They might have been descendants of those Albanian followers of Scanderbeg who settled in this region.

Of the many places we visited during our days in Constantinople, the one that interested me most was the Seraglio on the point where the Sea of Marmora narrows into the Bosphorus. If only radio were able to pick up the voices of long ago, what tales we might hear from within those walls! Mohammed II, the Moslem conqueror of the city, built this

palace in 1468. Here lived a succession of sultans — some twenty-five of them — until Abdul Mejid, in the middle of the last century, built the Dolmabaghé Palace on the water front. In the Seraglio were hatched the plots and counterplots which influenced European history for several hundred years. Now republican Turkey, no doubt with an eye upon the tourist pocketbook, has turned the place into a museum and thrown it open to the public. Doors have been unlocked which once it would have meant death to pass — a fact which adds greatly to the charm of the place.

One enters through huge gates in the three walls which almost surround the enclosure, gates guarded once upon a time by black soldiers from Africa, as was the harem within by eunuchs. Some of the eunuchs are still left as caretakers. We talked with one who was very fat and flabby, with a high voice and hairless face. This vicious custom — one of the most cruel in history — was first repudiated by the Jews. While the practice usually retards development, yet there have been some very able and clever eunuchs, both in China and Turkey. In a great establishment like that of a sultan, the chief eunuch was a person of great importance. Bashit, a black Abyssinian, bought for thirty piastres, became chief of his kind under Ahmed. He practically ruled for thirty years, for Ahmed had thrown so many of his own family and friends into prison that finally he himself was interned there for the rest of

his life. Another eunuch, under Osman II, the Hunchback, also ruled Turkey for a while.

In the arrangement of its many gates and walls and courts and low pavilions, the Seraglio reminded me somewhat of the palaces in Peking. From a large inner courtyard containing trees, we entered the building which had once held the baths, but which is now arranged as a museum. Here we saw a gorgeous captured Persian throne, the large gold seat of which was incrustated with every sort of jewel; likewise the throne used by the Turkish sultans; and also their magnificent robes and turbans fastened with superb gems, including some of the largest emeralds in the world. There were presents from various royal personages, such as a dressing table all of jewels, the gift of Catherine the Great of Russia. The collection of Chinese porcelains — blue and white, gem-set — is one of the finest anywhere. At Moscow, before the war, I had seen another such assembling of treasures, but those have since been scattered by the Bolsheviks, so I understand.

One pavilion where sultans held their private audiences was built mostly of glass, in order that they might be sure no one was listening or spying upon them. During part of the Ottoman régime, the brothers of the ruling sultans were obliged to live in the building called the *Kafess* or "Cage," really a luxurious prison, where they were not allowed to see anyone except eunuchs and the women of the

harem, lest they plot to secure the throne for themselves. Solyman II spent forty-six years here before he became Sultan. He is hardly to be blamed for the fact that he did not make a very successful ruler.

The Bagdad Kiosk, a pleasure house overhanging the water, was built by Sultan Murad IV in commemoration of his conquest of that city. Here he received the ladies of his harem. The walls are lined with blue majolica tiles and are divided into four bays or niches edged with divans. There are no windows, the only light coming from the dome above. Murad IV was an undisciplined youth who became drunk with the absolute power put into his hands. For example, he delighted in shooting with bow and arrows at any boatman who came too near the royal palace.

Although the harem, in another building, is not open to the public, we peeked into the windows with all the more curiosity for that reason and saw beautiful rugs and foreign furniture and walls hung with silk and satin. The children's rooms we were allowed to visit, small quarters upstairs where the boys and girls of the harem lived and received their schooling. The eunuchs were lodged in a large chamber off a small court in which they all slept huddled together on the floor. In the Medicine Tower the royal doctors had their work room, where they, no doubt, were hard put to it to concoct the required love potions or poison cups, and dwelt in imminent dan-

ger of their lives if their drugs did not immediately relieve a royal pain.

As we passed through the gates in the great walls into the park I felt as if I were stepping out of a strange, magnificent, and yet dreadful and turbulent world, a world that seemed centuries apart from the present, but that was, I reminded myself, in full swing about fifty years ago.

In the park of the Seraglio is a large museum which holds some remarkable treasures from Greece and Sidon — Greek statues finer than anything we saw in Athens and the so-called sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, probably the most important piece in the collection. It seems that in 1887 a Syrian, in need of building stone, set his men to digging near Sidon and came upon a group of twenty-six coffins, Egyptian in appearance, except for the one attributed to Alexander, which appeared to be more Grecian in design.

The small white Chinili Kiosk, opposite the museum, decorated within in blue tiles, contained an interesting collection of Turkish and Oriental objects, mostly tiles and pottery.

I must not forget to mention a little jewel of a building, near the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, which was filled with books — Arab, Persian, and Turkish — marvelously illuminated and exquisitely bound. The rugs matched the books in age and loveliness, while a small court with trees and fountains made a perfect central picture. The

trees of Constantinople, by the way, are mostly plane trees, cedar, and oak.

One day, of course, we visited the famous Hippodrome, or what is left of it, in the shadow of St. Sophia. Begun in 203 A.D. by the Emperor Septimius Severus, before there was any city of Constantinople but only the town of Byzantium, the Hippodrome was enlarged as time went on until it covered twelve acres. It was the center of public life and activity, as was the Acropolis at Athens or the Forum at Rome. Here took place hotly contested chariot races between the Greens and the Blues, imperial triumphs, gladiatorial combats, and executions. Victorious emperors and generals despoiled conquered cities of their finest works of art and brought them home to adorn the Hippodrome—statues without number in marble and bronze, including the bronze horses at St. Mark's in Venice. Now the only monuments that are left are an ancient Egyptian obelisk, a column made of three entwined serpents, which was originally intended as a thank offering to Apollo by the Greeks after their victory at Plataea, and a fountain which the ex-Kaiser presented to the ex-Sultan some years ago on the occasion of a visit.

Beyond Pera, on the hillside overlooking the Bosphorus, is the Yildiz Kiosk, which was notoriously associated with the life of the infamous Abdul Hamid, last of the Sultans. Here he lived in fear and intrigue during many years of a reign that

lasted from 1876 till his deposition in 1909. Here with his harem, behind a screen of walls and guard-houses in a vast park of scattered barracks and kiosks and villas, set about among shrubbery and artificial waters, he passed his days and nights in torture from dread of assassination, never sleeping in the same room two nights in succession; trying out all his meals on the cooks and officials about him before he dared to eat of them; with rooms so mirrored that he could see those who approached him, and all the time planning massacres and mischief. Here, protected by his pet troops and his eunuchs, he compelled his vizier and his court to live, and in turn suffer fear of torture. He was nicknamed "Abdul the Damned" and denounced by Gladstone as the "Great Assassin."

His empire was ruled by espionage and secret plotting. George Young tells of some dreadful incidents in the Sultan's life, how one day, as he walked furtively about the park, a gardener rose to salaam to him and the Sultan, in sudden terror, shot him dead. At another time as he was dozing in the garden his favorite daughter awakened him and he killed her also. It was the duty of a high official to see that certain persons disappeared—their bodies were generally found in the Bosphorus.

The only time that Abdul ever appeared in public was at the ceremony of "Selamlik," when he went on Friday to worship at the mosque which stood opposite the entrance gate of Yildiz. On these

occasions troops lined the small square and all sorts of officials and eunuchs crowded around him as he rode in a carriage over the few hundred yards that were kept open between the great gate and the mosque steps. Only by special permission could this function be witnessed. As L. had seen it many years before, he was anxious to see the changes which time had made in the setting of this ceremony, but we found the little square outside the gate by the Hamidieh Mosque had little of interest left today. However, the great park of the Yildiz is now "public," under certain conditions, and so, accompanied by the Embassy "Kavass," we were admitted and drove all about, visiting the various villas where Abdul Hamid had lurked. Many outside windows were set out of line with the rooms within to hinder observation, and all the rooms were peculiarly arranged so as to prevent sudden approaches. The passages were so narrow that only one person could pass at a time. The new government had planned to develop the Yildiz Kiosk and its grounds into a great gambling establishment, but, alas, it was soon found that the members of the new government, the heirs of the new freedom, gambled so frantically that the venture had to be given up to save the State.

It was the Sultan Abdul Hamid who kept things from changing during his long reign. He would not permit electric lights, telephones, tram cars, or other modern improvements to be introduced into

the city. Nowadays there are many motor cars in Constantinople, far too many for the narrow streets and for the unbelievable swiftness with which they are driven. Motor boats, too, rush up and down the Bosphorus almost as swiftly as the flocks of sea birds which are always seen here and are supposed never to alight. Some of the superstitious think that they are the restless souls of sailors who have been drowned at sea.

Having stared at the outside of the Dolmabahçé Palace from *Sayonara*, we were eager to see the inside of the abode of most of the sultans after the Seraglio was no longer in use. The name means "filled-in garden," which we thought not pretty until we remembered that we ourselves lived in the "filled-in" Back Bay section of Boston. The palace, which was designed by an Armenian, consists of four large separate buildings: one for audiences, one for the sultan to live in, one for the harem, and one for the servants. Of the two buildings we were allowed to enter, each was built on the plan of a huge central hall with four smaller rooms at the corners, and various suites and passages about. The central hall in the second building was the throne room — domed and as large as a mosque — rising two stories in height. In this building, too, was the royal bathroom, finished in alabaster — a magnificent affair! The architect was told to make the palace more beautiful than any other imperial residence in the world. It was indeed amazing, astound-

ing — a glitter of mirrors and gilt. There was a large stairway with glass banisters, while all the fireplaces were of different colored glass. Everywhere we turned we found crystal chandeliers and splendid Oriental rugs and Chinese porcelains, and the most gorgeous gifts from foreign potentates. Yet any of the rulers who dwelt in the midst of this magnificence might, and in one case did, have a washerwoman for a mother.

When the time came for us to sail away, Dolmabagché loomed up like a white ghost in the midst of the twinkling electric lights of modern Constantinople — the perfect symbol of a vanished era.

CHAPTER XVII

IN ASIA MINOR

SAYONARA made the return voyage through the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles by night, so that the next morning when we looked off to port we saw mountain ranges in the distance and nearer to us, the plains of Troy, to which we had paid little attention on our way in, because we had been so absorbed in viewing the more recent battlefields on the Gallipoli side. We had planned to stop off at Chanak and visit the ruins of Troy, but L. realized, in reading up the subject, that they would seem rather more puzzling than dramatic after the interesting ruins we had already viewed in Greece. Yet we were sorry that we could not visit the scene of Dr. Schliemann's most important and romantic archaeological discoveries, especially as we had seen his other fields of investigation — Mycenae and Tiryns. But as *Sayonara* cruised along we had a good view across the plains, and with the aid of a little imagination could picture vividly the place where Troy had stood.

“Did you know,” asked L., “that an American owns a house and lovely garden near Homer's Troy?”

"Why no!" I replied, puzzled. "Dr. Schliemann, I remember, acquired American citizenship in the course of his travels, but he died a number of years ago."

"I mean Mr. Francis Bacon," said L., "but I don't suppose he would be there now in summer."

It seems that two Americans, Henry and Francis Bacon, who were brothers, married two English ladies whose father, Mr. Calvert, had been for many years English Consul in this region, and acquired much land, including the Hill of Hissarlik. One of the family, Mr. Francis Calvert, who was particularly enthusiastic about archaeology, had made enough investigations at Hissarlik to feel sure that here was the site of Homeric Troy, and he continued his researches until his funds gave out. The British Museum was then offered the opportunity of going on with the work but declined as they had no funds available.

In the meantime Dr. Schliemann had been studying Bunarbashi, the traditional site, without any satisfactory results, and in despair of ever finding any proof that an actual Troy had existed he was about to go home when Mr. Calvert met him and asked him to come and have a look at Hissarlik. The rest of the story is familiar—how Dr. Schliemann uncovered nine Troys, layer by layer, and was certain that the second city, counting from the bottom, was the Homeric Ilium, because of the traces

of fire. Later and wider excavations by Dr. Dörpfeld proved that the civilization uncovered in the sixth city corresponded more closely with the descriptions in the Iliad. While the landscape does not agree in every detail with Homer's, most scholars, making allowances for the poet's imaginative handling of familiar material and for changes in topography through the centuries, accept this sixth city as the actual Troy.

Alas! too late we learned that Mr. Francis Bacon and his wife were at Chanak at this time, after all, and so we might have stopped and sought their hospitality, as we had many friends in common and it would have been a delightful experience to visit Troy under their guidance.

We all fell silent as we sailed along, each of us no doubt, peopling the scene with our favorite Homeric heroes. Womanlike, I wondered how often Helen had looked across these same plains and seas, longing for Greece and home. Then someone quoted softly the translation from the ancient Greek of Alpheus of Mytilene:

*"Still sad Andromache's low wail we hear;
Still see all Troy from her foundations fall;
The might of Ajax, lifeless Hector bound
And ruthless dragged beneath the city's wall—
This, through the muse of Homer, bard renowned,
Whose fame not one alone, but many shores
revere."*

About five miles off the coast we saw the island of Tenedos, behind which the wily Greeks withdrew their ships in order to make the naïve Trojans believe that they had given up the long struggle and returned home. Meanwhile, they left behind the Wooden Horse full of armed men, by whom the downfall of Troy was finally accomplished.

Farther on we passed the island of Lesbos, a name revered by classical scholars as the home of a school of philosophers and of lyric poets, among whom misunderstood Sappho and Alcaeus were the greatest. Mytilene is the largest and most important city on the island, which is now called by the name of the city.

Lesbos was settled by Aeolian Greeks about ten centuries before Christ and has remained always predominantly Greek even though it lies so near the Turkish mainland of Asia Minor. In 429 B.C. the inhabitants tried to shake off the yoke of Athens and achieve the independence which they thought they merited, but after a long siege the Athenians won out and decreed as a punishment that the entire male population of the island should be put to death. Fortunately the Athenian Assembly had a change of heart just in the nick of time to despatch a vessel to prevent the massacre. In 1462 Lesbos came under the control of the Ottoman Empire, where it remained, chafing and unhappy, until its restoration to Greece in 1912.

It is a lovely spot, with hills beautiful in outline,

and rather greener than most of the Greek slopes. An old Genoese castle stands out against the sky above a rocky promontory, while white towns nestle along the shore. The sail boats, the pride of their owners, handed down from father to son, carry canvas of the brightest colors, orange and green and scarlet, and look like darting butterflies.

Like all the islands in the vicinity, Mytilene has suffered from many earthquakes. Archaeologists, especially men and women from the British School at Athens, have worked among the ruins caused by such shocks and have partly uncovered four cities, the two lowest strata being of the same period as the first city of Troy. They have made many interesting finds, especially of objects illustrating the daily life of the people of that almost prehistoric era — ovens and fireplaces, hand-made pottery and tools of bone and stone, and figures of men and women in the costume of that ancient day. Although excavation in this section has been temporarily suspended, it is expected that operations will be resumed before long.

On the second morning out from Constantinople we steamed up through the Gulf of Smyrna to the city of that name — a magnificent approach to a noble harbor. On either side of us were high mountains, while behind the town rose Mount Pagus, castle-crowned. L., who had been in here many years before, found the city greatly changed, partly as the result of the disastrous fire of 1922.

We anchored among a few tramp steamers — Turkish and English vessels, and one flying the Russian Bolshevik red flag, laden with grain from some Black Sea port. On the bridge the captain, cook, and several seamen were deciding what was to be done next, in true Bolshevik fashion, by a lengthy and “free-for-all” debate. Our Captain shook his head in deep disgust at this method and said that for a ship it never would work — a ship must have but one master.

There was a long delay before we were allowed to go ashore, while the Captain signed innumerable — and unnecessary, so he thought — ship’s papers for the Turkish authorities. Then, when we had landed and shown our passports, and it was discovered that we planned to stop at Patmos and Rhodes and later, Crete, we were obliged to send the passports to the Italian and Greek consulates as well as to the American. And we were making a stop of less than a day! I asked the young Turkish student from the International College, who was assigned to us as guide because he had learned to speak English, why there need be so much red tape.

“Because,” he replied, “we had so many unpleasant experiences during the World War through being taken unawares by foreigners that now we are very careful.”

I learned that the Turks are very wary of other nations. They feel that their German allies in the late war brought disaster on them, and they fear

their former enemies, the British and French. British ships maintained a blockade here during the war for about three years. Lieutenant Buddecke, the famous German ace, was sent with an up-to-date plane to attack the British old-fashioned machines and succeeded in killing several of the British flyers and doing a great deal of damage. We saw the graves of these poor fellows. Later Buddecke himself was killed.

Before America entered the war, while the U.S.S. *Tennessee* lay off the coast, her captain, going ashore in his launch to Vurla, was fired upon from the shore. This attack proved to be of Austrian origin. The general in command of Turkish troops at Smyrna was the German, Liman von Sanders, who conducted the Dardanelles campaign so successfully for the Turkish side. Rahmi Bey, the clever war governor-general, was despot over Asia Minor. To add to the uncertainties of those times, cholera and spotted fever broke out in the city.

What a game of wits the diplomats played at the Peace Conference over the Turkish question! Since the sultan of Turkey was also the caliph, the supreme head of the Moslem faith, the British hesitated to turn the Turks out of Europe, lest they offend their Mahometan subjects in other parts of the world. France was equally hesitant for a similar reason. On the other hand, as Christian nations, they could not overlook the atrocities practiced by the Turks upon Christian subjects — Armenian



LOWER TOWN PORT, PATMOS



WELLS ON TERRACE, PATMOS



MONASTERY OVER CAVE OF REVELATION, PATMOS



INTERIOR OF CHURCH IN CAVE OF REVELATION, PATMOS

and Greek. These atrocities culminated in 1915 in the massacre and deportation of Armenians from their homes, with the resulting death of at least eight hundred thousand. It seems quite clear now that the Turkish government was bent on a policy of extermination of the race on the principle that "If there are no more Armenians left, there can be no Armenian question." To the undeniable facts the Turks retaliated at the Peace Conference with tales of Greek atrocities perpetrated upon the Moslems in Albania and Smyrna.

In the series of treaty settlements with Turkey, the world probably best remembers those concerning Smyrna, because of the disasters which followed in 1922. Premier Venizelos made so strong a plea that Smyrna and the hinterland be assigned to Greece — at least for a trial period, on the ground of the predominance there of Greek tradition and trade and a practical equality of population between Greeks and Turks — that his request was granted. Accordingly, a Greek army, commanded by Prince Andrew, landed in Asia Minor in 1919.

But a new government was rising in Turkey, which refused to recognize former treaties. Mustapha Kemal and these forces won control, deposing the inadequate sultan. All over Asia Minor they began driving back Greek soldiers and Christian refugees, who fled to Smyrna to embark overseas for Greece or the Aegean islands.

September 9, 1922, Kemal's troops entered

Smyrna and four days later set fire to the city. This incendiarism has often been denied, but both that and the accompanying massacres seem indisputable. Nevertheless, by the Treaty of Lausanne, Smyrna and the surrounding territory were restored to Turkish sovereignty.

We talked to several foreigners who had been in the city at the time of the disaster — one man who was in the tobacco business, others in the carpet industry, and dealers in figs and grapes. They all agreed that the Turks set the fire in order to drive out the Armenians who would not otherwise leave. It was in the Armenian quarter that the conflagration started, but the wind soon spread the flames so that more damage was done than was originally intended. More than three-fifths of the city was destroyed, including the banks, business houses, and the consulates. The Turkish section, however, on the slopes of Mount Pagus, was untouched. Only a few of the houses on the water front have been rebuilt.

As a result of the fire, or of the exchange of nationals between Greece and Turkey, the Greek population of Smyrna has been reduced from 225,000 to 98,000 and the city is now almost entirely Turkish, whereas it used to be about an even mixture of Greeks and Turks, with a scattering of Italians, French, Germans, and English, mingled with Jews and Armenians and other Eastern races. Trade is more or less at a standstill because some of the more

important industries, such as carpet-making, were carried on largely by the Greeks who have taken their business with them across the Aegean. The recent American duty on dried figs has caused a decided reduction in that export. The former Armenian inhabitants were industrious and intelligent, but not fighters.

We learned that most of the clothes sent from America to the Armenians through the Near East Relief never reached them. An American, I am ashamed to say, sold them for his own profit. Eventually he was arrested and sentenced to five years in prison.

As we landed at the quay it was only too easy to picture the frightful scenes that took place along the water front at the time of the great fire, when the Greek and Armenian inhabitants fled to the shore before the advancing flames and soldiers. Vast numbers were burned to death, or plunged into the sea and were drowned. A United States destroyer, through the efforts of the American Consul, Mr. George Horton, carried over to Athens many naturalized and other citizens entitled to American protection.

On our arrival we motored first up the steep hillside of Mount Pagus for a wide view of the town and harbor below. In a little village on the way we bought some of the most delicious fresh figs I have ever eaten. Before we reached the top we were stopped by a Turkish guard at a watch tower, be-

cause farther on was an occupied Turkish fort, part of which dates from the time of Alexander the Great. There were Greek and Roman walls also. Near by we saw the grave of Polycarp, the martyred Greek bishop who was burned alive by the Jews in the second century. And here we were reminded that Smyrna was the seat of one of the seven early churches in Asia Minor to which St. John the Divine addressed the Revelation. The other six were at Ephesus, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. Of the seven cities, only Smyrna is still in existence.

Ephesus, about fifty miles south of Smyrna, was a great city in the time of St. Paul, although it was long since ruined and buried. Here occurred one of the first labor disputes on record, when the silver-smiths, led by Demetrius, protested that Paul was ruining their business in silver shrines for Diana, by preaching against gods made with hands. For two hours they made a great uproar in the local theatre, shouting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Paul's disciples would not allow him to go near the assembly, which did not calm down until the town clerk had lectured the crowd severely for not carrying their case to the law courts instead of taking matters into their own hands. As I reread this story in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, it seemed as modern as something I might have found in yesterday's newspapers. To read this section of the New Testament, in the

neighborhood of Asia Minor, was to feel a surprising sense of nearness to the times and events described, as places we had visited or passed appeared again and again in the text — among them Troas, Mytilene, Chios, and Samos.

Smyrna claims to be the birthplace of Homer. In "Paradise" Valley, a fine gorge with river above the city, across which stride the great arches of the Roman aqueducts, we were shown the cave where it is said the poet was born, and a stone among the thorn bushes outside, where he is supposed to have sat and composed his verses.

Near by is the International College, an American institution for the higher education of boys, accommodating about three hundred students, and chartered under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, as our young Turkish student guide told us when he found we came from that state. Although many Greeks and Armenians attended the school in former days, today, with the change in the population, ninety-five per cent of the students are Turks. The president and founder, the Reverend Alexander MacLachlan, was severely beaten and injured by Turkish soldiers at the time of the burning and looting of Smyrna and just escaped being shot to death. Nevertheless, the school has gone on with its work and has lately added an agricultural department which seems very popular. It includes a well-equipped dairy and cows imported from Holland.

The librarian, who gave us many interesting details in regard to the school, told us that both he and Dr. Cass Reed, the dean now in charge, who married Dr. MacLachlan's daughter, had been connected with the college for thirty-two years. On the staff are a doctor and a nurse, and the campus contains an excellent gymnasium and baths, but at first the students were equally shy of approaching either the hospital or the baths. The Christian chapel, the symbol of the religion behind the gift and the work of this institution, has been ordered closed by the new Turkish government; it is now used for the performance of plays by the students and lectures by the teachers.

From "Paradise" we motored through a small town in which there were a number of fine houses in the midst of large gardens. One especially charming villa in some pine woods belonged to an American engaged in the licorice business. I was told that licorice is used with tobacco in the manufacture of cigarettes, and that Virginia tobacco trims better when mixed with that from Greece. The Greek tobacco is considered the best.

On our return to the city we called at the American Consulate, where the Consul, a delightful young man, with offices on the ground floor and living quarters above, offered us refreshments that were very welcome because of the heat. Later he, with several of his friends, returned our call on board *Sayonara*. They told us that of the ruins of archaeo-

logical interest within range of Smyrna, the series of walls at Pergamos was the most important. Excavations there were carried on by Germans, but Americans have also been digging in this section. Our callers for some reason had never heard of Homer's cave, but they capped our story by telling us something I had not known before — that Byron visited Smyrna in the course of the tour that inspired "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and finished the second canto there. Coming down to the Smyrna of the present, they spoke with pride of the good aeroplane service between their city and Constantinople and of the two railway lines run by the English and the French. The Swedes, too, they said, are now taking an interest in railways in Asia Minor. When we questioned them in regard to Kemal Pasha, they gave us an account of his visit three years before. An elaborate plot to kill him at that time was discovered, the plan being to throw a bomb as he passed a certain point in the street. The thirteen men involved in the scheme were all caught and executed in the public square a few days later.

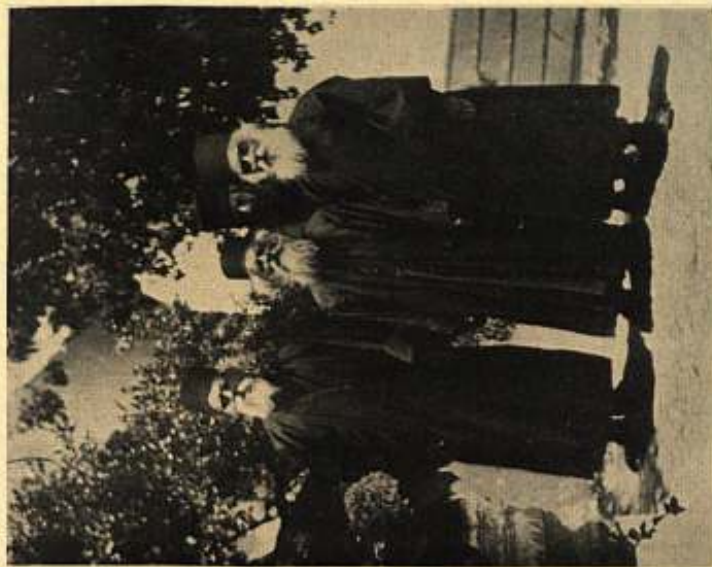
Sometime during the conversation a name was mentioned which reminded me that there was some connection between Boston and Smyrna which I had forgotten. Upon inquiry I found that certain names familiar and beloved at home were well known here. There are two small towns within half an hour of the port which were settled a century or

more ago by British, French, or Dutch merchants. Many of them became very wealthy and built beautiful residences, but some — or their descendants — evidently migrated to America.

While we were to see Turks again when we reached Rhodes, we really were leaving Turkish territory now, because Rhodes would be under Italian control. As we steamed out of the beautiful Gulf of Smyrna, racing a Dutch steamer into the black night, I found myself thinking of the changes that have come to the Turkish nation in the past few years. Except for a little corner near Constantinople, they have been driven out of Europe; the sultanate has been abolished; the caliphate, still older, has ended; a dictator-president is in power, who is just about as absolute a ruler as a sultan although more intelligent than most of the sultans; Church and State have been separated; the orders of whirling and howling dervishes have been disbanded; the Moslem *hodja* or priest must now be a university graduate; women have been emancipated to an amazing degree, even to the extent of practicing medicine; marriage has become a civil contract and divorce is less easily obtainable than of old — I might have added indefinitely to this list had not someone reminded me that tomorrow was near and I had better turn in.



ABBOT AND PRIESTS OF MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN



THE MONKS AT THE MONASTERY OF THE CAVE
OF THE REVELATION



ENTRANCE TO HARBOR AT RHODES WHERE COLOSSUS STOOD

CHAPTER XVIII

AMONG THE DODECANESE

WE were now cruising down the coast of Asia Minor, so full of historical and poetical associations and sacred memories, across the Icarian Sea into which fell the myth-man Icarus, first of the aviators. *Sayonara* was passing along the Dodecanese, that group of the southern Sporades which should, from its name, take in a dozen islands, but in which thirteen are usually included. Of these, Rhodes is the largest; among the others are Kos and Leros and Karpathos and Patmos. We were to stop only at Patmos and Rhodes. This region has been called the heart of the Greek archipelago, famed for its beauty since Homeric days, and it is indeed very splendid with its long background of mountain coast and its projecting promontories and receding bays, all so storied since the beginning of time.

Like the Cyclades, the Dodecanese have been primarily Greek in affiliations, interests, and population, although they have known other masters. In the sixteenth century Suleiman the Magnificent conquered them for his Ottoman Empire and ever since they have remained under Turkish control

until the Italians lately came on the scene. When Greece proper won her independence from Turkey in the eighteen-twenties, Rhodes also won hers, but was traded back to the latter country for the island of Euboea, a more integral part of Greece.

Since 1912 the entire group of the Dodecanese has been under Italian jurisdiction. The process by which the islands were acquired resembles very closely the peddler's way of getting into a house by first wedging one toe in the door. It happened in this wise. In 1911-12 Italy and Turkey were at war over the alleged Turkish ill-treatment of Italians in Tripoli. Italians attacked Rhodes, a Turkish possession, and occupied it with the aid of the inhabitants, who received definite promises of autonomy in return for their help. The Balkan wars and then the World War, with Italy and Turkey (in the latter case) on opposite sides of the fence and Greece wobbling on the top rail for a long time, brought such disturbed conditions that nobody paid very much attention to these islands. As various treaties were made after the World War, Italy pleaded "change of circumstances" and by the second Treaty of Lausanne received full power over the Dodecanese. In 1925 all of the inhabitants were obliged to accept Italian nationality. The recent fortifications on the islands of Leros, and the construction of government buildings at Rhodes are signs of the times, not hard to read. Someone has said that Italy will give up Rhodes to Greece when England surrenders

Cyprus, another way of saying "To have is to hold."

So, to Patmos in the early morning of a late June day, we came over glassy seas that reflected shadowy islands in a soft haze. The approach to the remarkable little port was impressive. Although "Patmosa" means "isle of palms," there are none of these trees on the island today and but little vegetation to feed the few sheep and goats and donkeys which we saw grazing. Perched on top of a bare yellow hill, the highest point of land, stands the Monastery of St. John, crowning a small white village. It rears itself like a snow castle in the heavens, and half way down the slope stands out in relief the smaller white monastery, which is built over that cave in which St. John the Divine heard the word of God.

Patmos, although a comparatively small island, has a mighty tradition, and is famous as the place in which St. John wrote his Revelation. "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

In 95 A.D., during the reign of Domitian, John, the only one still alive of the twelve disciples who had shared with Christ the Last Supper, was banished to this spot. According to tradition he had miraculously survived burning in oil. He remained here living in a grotto, until his release a year and a half

later. In the imagery of the Apocalypse are reflected the sea and landscape upon which he looked out during this period of lonely exile; in this solitude and in this scene about him he found inspiration. When the waters were still and mirrored the blue skies, he saw "the sea of glass like unto crystal which was before the throne," and when the angry waves broke loudly on the cliffs he heard One "whose voice was as the sound of many waters."

In 1088 the Emperor Alexis Comnenus gave the island to St. Christodulus in order that he might found a monastery, which was built on the site of an ancient Temple of Artemis on its high place. In spite of strong walls to guard the holy treasures from the marauding pirates who infested these waters, the monastery was attacked and plundered and the monks had to flee for their lives. Later they returned with the body of their founder, who had died in the meantime. For years St. John's was a theological school which contributed high dignitaries to many churches in the East.

A polite Italian officer greeted us at the picturesque *marina* of the little fishing town on the shore and another handsome uniformed official accompanied us on our climb, partly on donkey back and partly on foot, up the hillside over a cobblestone road built a thousand years ago. At the top we dismounted in the snow-white sky village and entered the Monastery of St. John. Here we were welcomed by members in black robes and high, black, rimless,

stove-pipe hats. They had the long beards common to all Greek monks, and long hair fastened up behind like a woman's. They looked like patriarchs, but most of them could not even write their own names, the officer informed us, while only one was well educated; this man, who spoke French, told us that he had worked in Port Said for fourteen years before returning to the island where he was born, to enter the monastery. All the monks, of various ages, were natives of Patmos. One, who could speak a little English, repeated the familiar tale of having lived for several years in the States — in this case in Mississippi.

The chapel was very beautiful. With great reverence the monks showed us the silver coffin of the founder in a side chapel and allowed us to look through the grating at his skull. In the collection of treasures of amazing richness and beauty were jeweled crowns, jewel-encrusted gold and silver plate, and embroidered vestments fashioned centuries ago, but with their golden threads still fresh and bright.

The part of the monastery of greatest interest to the outside world is the library, containing a remarkable group of manuscripts, many of which date from the fourth and fifth centuries. It is one of the odd turns of fortune that they should be in the hands of men unable to make use of them. Scholars, however, come from long distances to study these works: a professor from Michigan, we were told, brought his wife and boy and spent months here. George

Horton is authority for the statement that the Reverend Demetrius Callimachus, editor of the Greek National Herald, of New York, catalogued the ancient manuscripts in 1911 and found 735 codices, of which 158 were previously unknown. The choicest item, in the eyes of Biblical students, is the Porphyrius Codex, containing the greater part of the Gospel according to St. Mark. Thirty-three leaves are still in the monastery library, while six are in the Vatican, six in the British Museum, and two in Vienna. The manuscript is inscribed on thin purple vellum, in silver letters with gold headlines, and gold letters for all references to the Trinity. Other treasures include part of a copy of the Book of Job on vellum variously dated from the seventh to the ninth century and many manuscripts marvelously illuminated in the painstaking, time-taking way in which the ancient monks delighted. It is a wonder that anything is left in the library at all, because for centuries the parchments lay unprotected and suffered irremediable damage from dampness and neglect. In many cases beginnings and endings were thus lost, as well as the names of the authors. One authority says that the library now contains less than half the manuscripts it once held.

As we climbed about the snow-white steps and terraces and saw the high fortified walls, we realized that this monastery was also a fortress, as it had need to be during the Middle Ages. The monks showed us with pride how far their property ex-

tended — over nearly half of Patmos and to farms on Samos and other neighboring islands.

Before we left, they offered us refreshments — delicious jam and small glasses of cognac and water. Then we scrambled down the hillside to the white monastery of the Apocalypse over the cave of St. John, the scene of his heavenly vision. Here we found several monks who did not look either so clean or so intelligent as the others, but they made up for any such lack by their warm welcome. Monks as well as villagers on Patmos seemed glad to see strangers, for very few come to this island.

To reach the cave we descended some steep, uneven steps into a pretty rock chapel containing lighted candles and a glistening silver hanging lamp. In the rock itself two holes had been set about with silver, one spot being the place where St. John had rested his head and the other his hand, and in the vault of the rock roof was a cleft out of which had issued the “great voice”:

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet.

“Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia.”

The noonday heat was so intense and the glare of the white houses so trying that we begged for a swim off *Sayonara* before she weighed anchor. Then the yacht headed for Rhodes, passing the island of Leros, but at a distance, for we were not allowed to ap-

proach near the port, where a great naval base is established — a sort of Near East Gibraltar — and where through glasses, we could see some gray warships half hidden in the bay, symbol of Italy's watchfulness over the Dodecanese.

A night's run brought us to Rhodes, called the "Sun-god's Island" because of the myth that Apollo fell in love with Rhodes and brought her here from the depths of the sea to be his bride. Pan, too, loved to wander over this island, so the poets say. It is an ideal spot for both men and gods, for the climate is one of the finest in the Mediterranean, and the sun shines every day in the year, although winds can blow sometimes, as we were to learn. During the autumn months the weather is perfect, but it is rather warm in summer and in winter it often rains. Cypress, pines, and flowers of all sorts grow luxuriantly. In the valleys are groves of oranges and lemons and apricots and figs, while olives are abundant.

There are many small villages scattered over the island, the inhabitants being mostly Greeks, but there are some large Turkish land-owners. The only large town is Rhodes, where Turks and Jews and Italians live.

Wealthy Egyptians find in Rhodes a summer paradise, as do the rich Turks who have built villas here or who stay at the up-to-date hotel. Tourist ships put in now and then, and an excellent steamer makes the trip from Brindisi in three days. Italians,

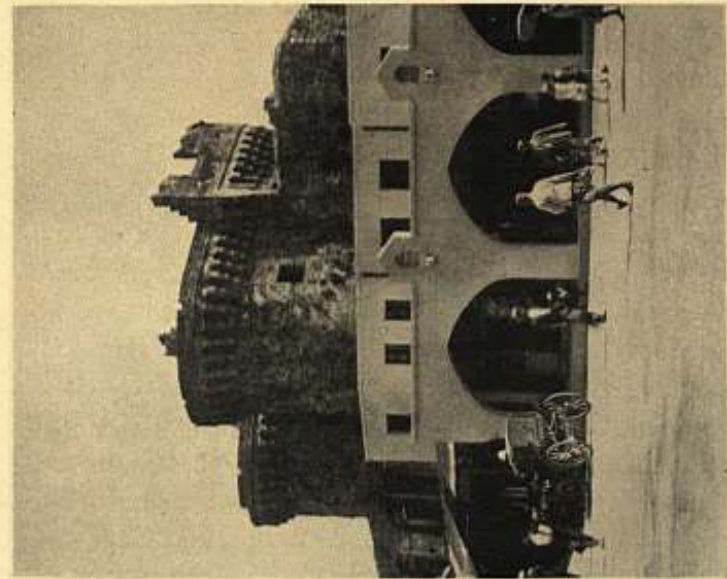
with an eye to the future, are doing their best to develop a second fashionable Riviera resort in Rhodes. Fortunately, they are doing it artistically, and in the new section, which includes Government House and the administration buildings, as well as charming villas with gardens, they are building in a Venetian style of architecture, of a period that harmonizes with the ancient fortifications and ramparts of the old city, reared by the Knights of St. John in the days of the Crusaders.

These Knights, in creating their picturesque medieval city, largely obliterated the traces of the earlier town. In antiquity, however, Rhodes had a civilization and importance rivaling that of Cyprus, due to its dominating position at the junction of the Aegean with the Mediterranean and because of its nearness to both Asia Minor and Africa. During the third and fourth centuries before Christ it was an independent Greek city and commercially successful. Its fleets then dominated the sea as later did those of Venice and Genoa. Its sailors were daring and experienced. It established maritime laws that are even today known as the Rhodian Code. Its athletes were famous; one writer tells of three Rhodian brothers who won Olympic victories on the same day. Their father, upon hearing the news, died of joy; his story inspired an ode by Pindar. The sculptors of Rhodes, almost as famous as those of Athens, adorned the island with some three thousand statues, which must have been a great temptation

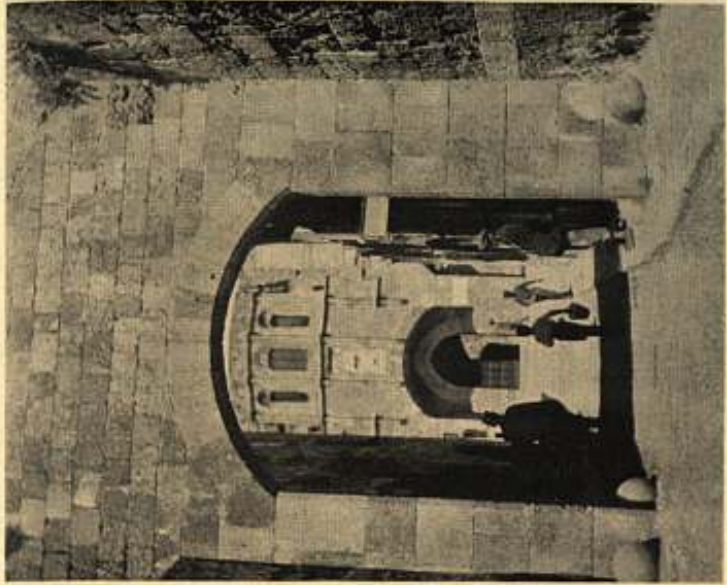
to looting conquerors. Two Rhodians carved the group of the Farnese Bull, the largest piece of antique sculpture in existence. Once displayed in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, it is now to be found in the Museum at Naples. At Rhodes first stood those four bronze horses that today guard St. Mark's in Venice, and the Laocoön that is in perpetual struggle in the Vatican.

Rhodes rose again in importance in the first and second centuries — this time as part of the Roman Empire — when it became once more a commercial and cultural center. Cicero practiced here and Tiberius chose it as a place of exile. Here Julius Caesar came to study philosophy and rhetoric. Italy today exalts this period in the history of the island, as offering, perhaps, historical precedent for a second Italian occupation. The ensuing period of Byzantine domination was one of decadence, lasting eight centuries.

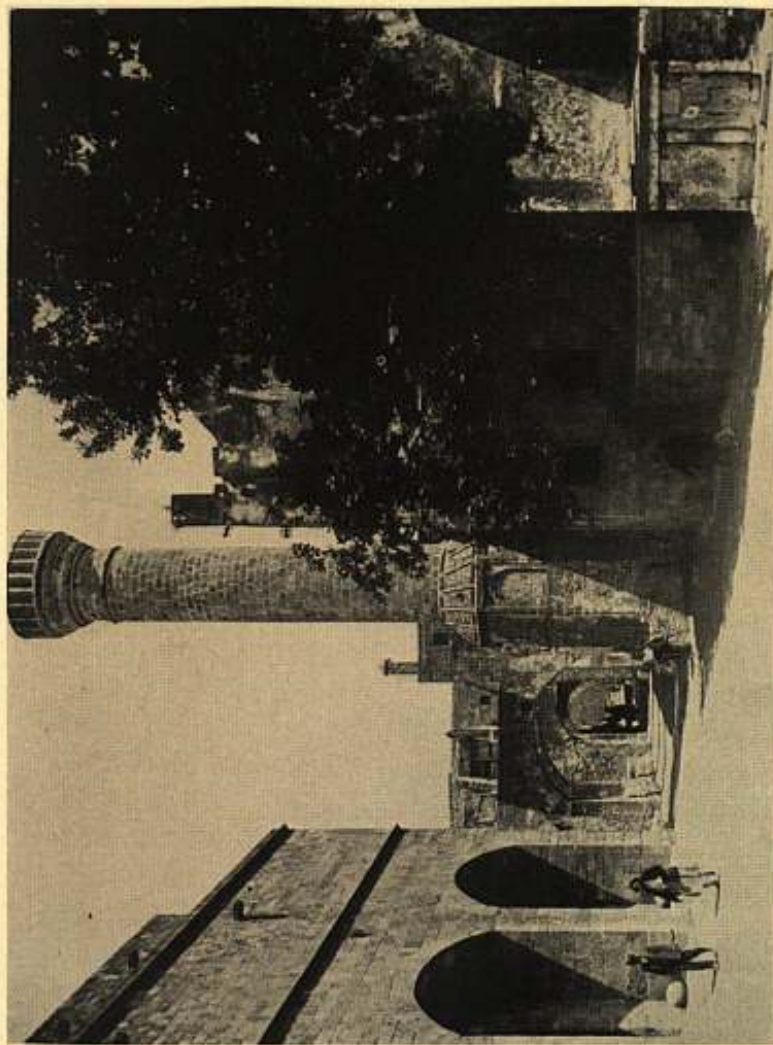
A most romantic era came in the Middle Ages, when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem conquered the island and held it for more than two centuries (1308–1522). They were a Crusading order which grew out of the establishment of a hospital in Jerusalem for the use of “poor and sick Latin pilgrims.” When Saladin routed them from Syria, they tried Cyprus, did not like it, and so went to Rhodes. Here they entrenched themselves in the fortifications which are the chief source of interest to the tourist today, and which make this place the



STREET SCENE IN RHODES



APPROACH TO MUSEUM, ANCIENT HOSPITAL OF
THE KNIGHTS, AT RHODES



IN ANCIENT RHODES

best preserved and most fascinating of medieval cities.

Suleiman the Magnificent, with his lust for conquest, could not leave so flourishing a community alone. In 1522, with an army of one hundred thousand men and a great fleet, he besieged the Knights, who commanded a defensive force of only a few hundred of themselves and a few thousand citizens. It took Suleiman five months to accomplish his purpose, and the defenders had so "taken courage from despair" and performed such prodigies of valor that the conqueror allowed them to depart with all the honors of war. When Suleiman at last entered the chief gate of the city he ordered it walled up behind him and a legend placed upon it predicting that Islam would lose Rhodes whenever the gate was reopened. Some see a fulfillment of the prophecy in the re-opening of the gate by the Italian governor's orders in 1922.

When the yacht came to anchor in the open roadstead off the small enclosed harbors, we looked with eager interest across the flashing waters at the great bastions and moats that encircle the medieval city, rising abruptly from the sea against a background of hills. Just before us stood turreted walls and two huge towers or forts, on one mole the Fort of St. Nicholas, somewhat marred by a modern lighthouse that has been built inside its keep, and on the other the Tower of Naillac. A row of long-fingered windmills looked old enough to have come out of a fairy

tale. The tiny enclosed harbor was filled with *caiques* which carry on trade with the mainland of Asia Minor, not so very far distant over on the horizon.

Where the Tower of St. Nicholas is now, stood probably the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The great statue, over one hundred feet high, was raised in honor of Helios, the sun god, by the grateful people of the town because they had been able to resist the long siege conducted by Demetrius of Asia Minor. Wrought in bronze, it stood a majestic figure that faced the first rays of the rising sun, and served as a landmark and lighthouse to seafarers for fifty-six years, until, in 224 B.C. it was hurled headlong into the sea by an earthquake. There it lay for seven hundred years, more or less, while superstitious legends about the danger of touching it increased. Eventually Saracen corsairs, being reckless souls anyway, risked the curse, carried off the pieces to Asia Minor, and sold the metal to merchants who carted off nine hundred camel loads of the bronze fragments.

My Mrs. M'Connachie insists that I tell the truth about the Colossus even though everyone who reads it is sure to forget it promptly and remember only the fanciful pictures in the old school books of the statue astride the entrance to the harbor with ships sailing between its mighty legs. It is thought now that the Colossus never stood in that familiar position at all but to one side, and that the figure of the

god did not straddle but appeared in a long cloak, with a torch held high in his right hand, an early ancestor of our Goddess of Liberty.

Not all the water front of Rhodes is ancient setting: off to one side is the new town with its huge and excellent hotel "of the Roses," modern in every detail, on a beach splendid for bathing and gay with brightly painted bath houses and tents. Beyond are the pretty official buildings and clubs and villas in fair gardens, behind which rise hills and flat-topped buttes.

Soon after we had anchored, the captain of the port, Colonel Cavaliere Montagnaro, accompanied by the Engineer Benetti, came on board to welcome us on behalf of the Governor, who was so courteous as to ask Signor Benetti to take care of us during our stay and at the same time placed one of his motors at our disposal.

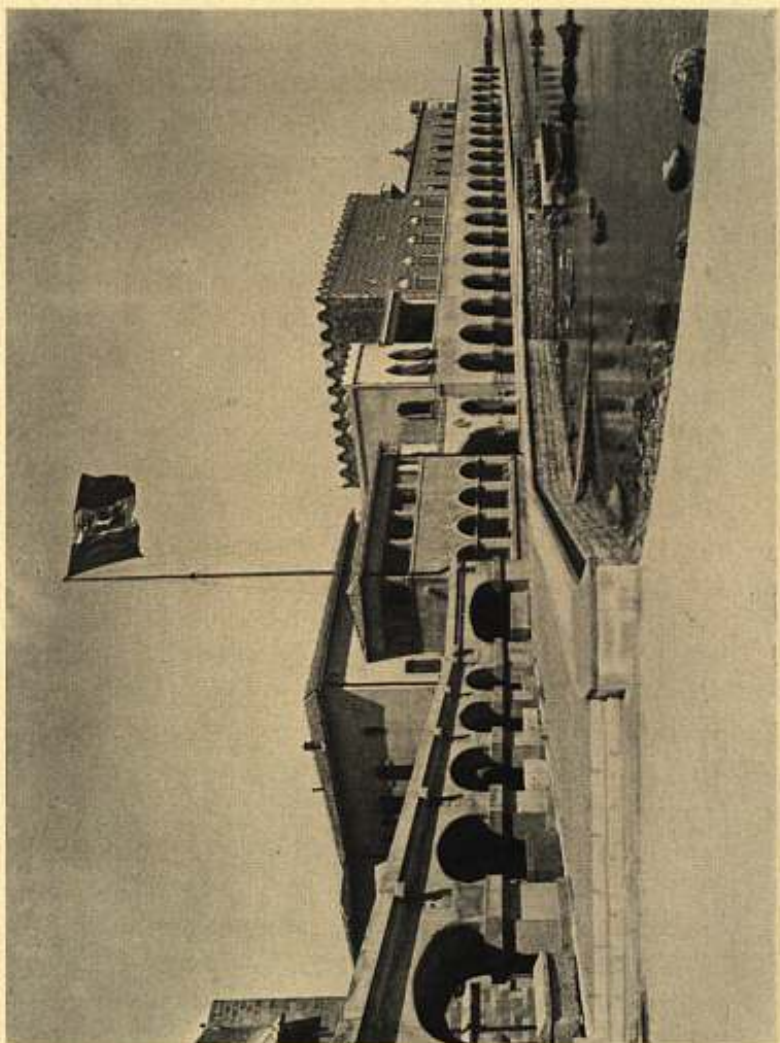
So during the morning we went ashore in the launch to visit one of the most romantic places in the world, past the massive tower of the Knights' castle into the diminutive Port of the Galleys through a narrow entrance between two upstanding columns, on one of which was set the figure of a stag, emblem of Rhodes, and on the other the suckling she-wolf of sovereign Rome.

We landed at the little mole by the embankment piazza, prettily landscaped with trees and bright-colored flowers and fountains, in time to see the church parade of the garrison on its way to service

in the cathedral in honor of the fête day of St. Peter and St. Paul. The troops — soldiers, sailors, and even *carabinieri* — came marching down from the direction of the walled city, most of them very young recruits who looked amusingly conscious of their white gloves, worn in honor of the special mass. Everything about them was spick and span, as an aftermath of the first official visit of the Italian King and Queen to the Dodecanese only a few weeks before.

We followed on after the soldiers and attended the service in the simple but handsome new cathedral, with campanile and portico to break the severity of its outline, a reconstruction of an old church that belonged to a convent of the Knights. The troops stood during the mass, which was conducted by an eloquent priest. At the end they all raised their hands in the Fascist salute and in unison called out, "Long live the King!" The Italian Governor, Signor Lago and his wife, sturdy types of modern Italian officialdom, then marched out, followed by the soldiers.

Because of the Governor's kindness in providing us with an escort, L. asked for an opportunity to call upon His Excellency to thank him. So during the morning Signor Benetti took L. to the Governor's Palace, a beautiful reproduction of a Venetian original, standing at the edge of the sea wall. It had arcades and balconies and columned windows, and a guard was stationed at the foot of the outside ram-



IN MODERN RHODES



SUPPOSED THEATRE WHERE ARIADNE FIRST SAW THESUS WRESTLING AND FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM. KNOSSOS, CRETE



MINOAN JARS AND CISTERNS, KNOSSOS, CRETE

part stairway. The state apartments above contained a suite of large, airy rooms overlooking the ocean. On the walls, in simple but dignified settings, hung great portraits of the King, distinguished-looking in his robes and regalia as a Knight of St. John, and of the Queen and Prince Royal.

From the large throne L. entered a smaller, but lofty chamber where the Governor joined him. He was a most agreeable man with a vigorous and active personality of the type of his chieftain, Mussolini. His career has been coincident with the new order in Italy, for he had represented the Fascist administration on many important occasions — at conferences and in the diplomatic service — before his appointment to this important post in the development of Italian influence in the eastern Mediterranean. He and L. talked of the island and its history and of the Italian plans to develop its opportunities. The Governor repeated his earlier assurances of welcome and desire to do all he could to make our stay agreeable.

Later in the day we were taken to see the bazaars, by far the most colorful we had found in the Near East. The Turkish men still wear their baggy trousers and fezzes and the women veils. The Greeks, too, still appear in costume — the men in garb very like the Turkish and their women in high white leather boots and embroidered white garments.

There were narrow streets with fascinating stalls and shops and restaurants and cafés, Jewish and

Greek and Turkish quarters, full of color and movement and infinitely strange.

Signor Benetti, who had lived in Rhodes for five years, took us to see his house, in which Knights of St. John had once on a time lived. A very picturesque and charming place it was. After passing through the entrance and mounting a long flight of stone stairs, lined with pots of blooming flowers, we came out into a delightful garden made among the ruins and planted with bougainvillea, roses, and shady trees — a spot for a poet to cherish.

The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem — or of Rhodes, to give the later name — were of three kinds: the fighting Knights, the friars who tended the sick, and the chaplains. During their occupation of the island for two centuries, they cared for pilgrims on their way to and from the Holy Land, controlled the eastern seas for the benefit of Christianity, and took every opportunity of fighting the Turks.

Among the monuments remaining from their time is the Hospital now used as a museum. This massive structure, of a uniform Gothic style, was destroyed by an earthquake, but rebuilt by the Grand Master D'Aubusson at a period of the city's great power and splendor. In the immense infirmary feudal lords with famous names humbled themselves by serving with their own hands food to the poor on gold and silver dishes. Of late years this Hospital was used as a barracks for soldiers and the

interior whitewashed, but, thanks to the Italians, it has been restored to its original condition with its ramps and great vaulted rooms. The infirmary, the cloisters, and the pretty garden filled with flowers are the most striking features, aside from the archaeological and artistic treasures, which are well arranged and of much interest. The Rhodian Venus, a small marble statue of a kneeling girl, is the "jewel" of the collection. I was also interested in the famous Rhodian clay amphorae in which wine and oil were shipped, and in the assortment of Lindos plates. It seems that for ages it has been the custom in the little town of Lindos on the island, to add a plate to the family store upon the birth of each child, and if possible, to avoid duplicates. Many of the older plates were of the precious Rhodian ware, now of great value and very rare. These bore a distinguishing rose pattern in the center, the flower for which the island was named.

The Knights of Rhodes were not solely an Italian order, although merchants of Amalfi were responsible for the establishment of the original hospital in Jerusalem and Italian was the official language. All the Christian nations of Europe contributed money and the bravest and finest among the sons of their feudal nobility. Each country had its own establishment in the Streets of the Knights, the houses being known quaintly as the "Hostel of the Tongue" (or language) of this or that country. The stone buildings, all Gothic in style, are embellished with tablets

and coats of arms and shields, the device of the country, and the Cross of the Order. So well preserved are the "hostels" and "auberges" of the different "Tongues" of France and Italy and England and Germany, of Provence and Auvergne and Aragon and Castile — suggesting a deafening babel of languages indeed — that it is not difficult to re-people the Streets of the Knights with passing warrior monks. These men, who so fantastically combined the profession of Religion with the profession of Arms, were the flower of the age of chivalry, but they were fanatic in their faith, as are zealots even today.

Impressive and romantic the old fortifications now seem, but they were indeed built with grim purpose, as the old cannon balls — the largest I ever saw — testify. We found them serving as ornaments in the gardens and squares and about the gates of the town. Of the several gates in the fortifications, those of Amboise, Coschino, St. Catherine, and St. Athanasius were particularly handsome and interesting architecturally. The last is the gate which Suleiman ordered walled up after he finally won entrance.

Through the courtesy of the Governor we took two long motor drives : the first along the water front and on up into the hills above the town, where we had superb views of the island and the sea, and saw the supposed Tomb of the Ptolemies, a mausoleum the size of a temple carved out of the living rock ;

the second drive took us to Lindos, past Greek villages so white we wondered that human eyes could stand the strain of the glare in the sunlight. The fine road wound among the hills with changing vistas of buttes and bays at every turn.

Whenever we stopped, villagers would gather about us, often to tell us that they had been to our country. One man said he had come all the way from Chicago to claim a bride and would be returning in a few days. Some complained that they had lost their citizenship and so could not get back to America. We gathered from our talks that the Greek islanders were never taxed under the Turkish administration and that they resent the taxes imposed by the Italians even though the money is being used largely for their benefit on roads, building, and excavations.

At the village of Lindos we had some delicious Turkish coffee outside a small restaurant and then prowled around, peeping out of the corners of our eyes into the courtyards of the little houses, paved in mosaic pebbles of black and white, unusual and characteristic of the place. The old houses seemed to contain only one large room with a platform at one side raised a few feet from the floor which apparently served as sleeping quarters for the entire family. We should have liked to see some of the Lindos plates in their native setting, but we could not manage to do so without seeming too inquisitive. Many of the plates, I understand, are already

in the hands of collectors, and the pottery, for which Lindos was once famous, is no longer made.

Up we climbed on foot to the acropolis of Lindos, where, on a high promontory overhanging the sea, the Knights of St. John built one of their most remarkable fortified castles. The Danes, in excavating here, found much earlier foundations, and discovered walls from Byzantine times and the ruins of a Greek temple to Athena, celebrated throughout the Mediterranean in its own day. In the harbor of Lindos, upon which we looked down, St. Paul landed when on his way to Rome.

While we were exploring the fortress, a young brown owl, awakened from his nap, fluttered across my path. If owls are as unlucky as some people believe, this was a very ill-omened bird, for the motor broke down as we were returning to Rhodes, and after leaving the island, we encountered frightfully rough seas on the way to Crete.

CHAPTER XIX

CRETE AND MALTA

CYPRUS we had originally thought of including in our cruise, but as L. worked out the plans it did not seem to be worth the time required. For Cyprus, notwithstanding its important history, has little to show today and the trip would have meant four or five extra days' cruising at sea. But I did have a hankering to see where Othello killed his Desdemona all because of a strawberry-embroidered handkerchief.

Crete, on the other hand, promised richer opportunities, and although it is so near the lane of ships passing through the Mediterranean it is seldom visited. A few yachts stop over and some coasting vessels call there, but no "cruise" ships seem to have realized its interest for the tourist. It is the largest of the Greek islands and contains vestiges of a civilization of six thousand years ago, which is, someone pointed out, as much older than the civilization of Greece of the time of Pericles as the civilization of the time of Pericles is older than our own.

It came on to blow great guns as *Sayonara* lay in the open roadstead outside the little ports of

Rhodes, so that we determined to take the longer course to Crete by the south, the leeward side, of the island, rather than to chance the rough seas of the shorter run by the north side. So we had a comfortable time as the yacht ran along the handsome coast line till late in the afternoon she rode out into the open channel of the Carpathian Sea. Here she met the gale head on, a characteristic Mediterranean blow, and dipped and danced and plunged buoyantly, like a duck, for she proved a splendid sea boat, rising first into the heavens and then sinking so deeply that it seemed as if she would hit the bottom of the ocean. But I was safely tucked in the half-open shelter seat aft, with chairs and tables tied up as a rampart about me, and there I passed the night while the yacht took the waves in her stride, the waters swirling over her poop as we went down and pouring off as we came up again. There was a certain excitement and exhilaration in the plunging motion, and fortunately no one was really ill. Mr. Coolidge and L. dined in state, a full-course dinner which they claimed to have enjoyed immensely as they talked of another meal which they had shared many years before in the stuffy cabin of a small coasting steamer during a typhoon in the Japan Sea.

By morning the wind had died down and we were coasting along high Crete with its outline of fine mountains, seen through a blue haze, out of which rose snow-streaked Mount Ida, eight thousand feet

high. Its peaks reminded me of Olympus. That had been the home of Zeus, whereas a cave on this very Ida is one of the many places in which the King of the Gods is reputed to have been born. In a cave on another Cretan mountain slope he is said to have been buried. Finally *Sayonara* passed inside the long new breakwater at Candia in fairly fit condition and tied up, stern to, outside the narrow water gate of the small ancient port.

A number of cave huts and a new refugee settlement — housing Greeks from Asia Minor — were baking in the sunshine on the water front above a beach while one tall modern building, probably built by some native who had made his money in America, loomed up directly before us over the low gray houses of the old town. The place we found dusty and unattractive, with nothing to recommend it except the marvelous collection in the museum, and an old Greek church. The full baggy trousers worn by most of the Greeks gave them a Turkish air, although the Turks, who held the island for a long time, have now nearly all been exchanged for Greek nationals.

During the last century the Cretans made many attempts to secure their freedom from Turkey, succeeding finally, in 1899, through the help of Greece and the intervention of the Great Powers, in winning practical autonomy, although with the sultan retaining suzerainty, and Prince George of Greece acting as high commissioner for the European Pow-

ers. In 1912, as a result of the Balkan conflict, the island was definitely ceded to Greece.

We had chosen to land at Candia, even though Suda Bay is the best harbor on the island, in order to reach more easily the somewhat restored ruins at Knossos which we had come especially to see. They lie only a few miles outside the town, a short trip by motors, which were at the landing steps near the Custom House to meet us. It was very hot, and so we did not stop at Sir Arthur Evans' house on the way, for we feared that he would have so much of interest to show and tell us that we might melt away on his hands. We therefore went on at once to our sight-seeing.

Schliemann had visited Crete as early as 1886, aware that there was important work to be done, but unable to come to terms with the authorities. From 1884, Professor Halbherr, first with an Italian mission and later under American auspices, made special researches at Phaestos and Aghia Triada, which were of great value. Sir Arthur Evans, however, was the first archaeologist to excavate with the definite purpose of establishing the position of Crete in Aegean history, and it was his discoveries at Knossos, from 1900 on, that proved this island to be the birthplace of a culture which spread from here over Greece and thence over Europe, and is, therefore, perhaps the oldest European civilization. Like Schliemann in the case of Troy, Evans gained his notion of where to look for Knossos from Homer,



RUINS OF MINOAN PALACE, KNOSSOS, CRETE



RUINS OF KNOSSOS, PARTLY RESTORED, CRETE



FRESCO OF MINOAN PERIOD, KNOSSOS

who mentions both that settlement and Phaestos. They are built much alike, except that Phaestos is planned on a smaller scale and so far has yielded few art treasures. The royal villa at Aghia Triada is, we were told, worth seeing, as well as the excavations of the city of Gournia, made by an American woman, Mrs. Hawes. I can imagine a professional archaeologist spending many happy months visiting one field after another, but we were not archaeologists — and it was very, very warm — and so we decided to see only the most notable site, Knossos, the home of King Minos and of the Minotaur.

It was because of the half-mythical kings of Crete named Minos that Sir Arthur Evans gave the name Minoan to the ancient Aegean civilization which he uncovered. The first of the line, according to mythology, was the son of Zeus and the maiden Europa, whom the god, disguised as a bull, carried off upon his back through the sea to Crete. The second Minos was grandson of the first. It was his wife, Pasiphaë, who bore the Minotaur, the monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man. This creature lived in a labyrinth designed by Daedalus, and was nourished on human blood. When, in the Panathenaic games, a son of King Minos was killed, that king sent an expedition against Athens, conquered the city, and levied a repeated tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, to be sacrificed to the Minotaur. Finally Theseus offered himself as one of the victims in the hope that he might kill the

man-bull and free Athens from this tyranny of Minos.

Some authorities have declared that Minos is not the name of a person but is a title like that of Pharaoh. Herodotus, however, speaks of King Minos as an individual and tells us that he was the first ruler to establish a navy. "Polykrates," writes the historian, "is the first of the Grecians of whom we know who formed a design to make himself master of the sea except Minos." Other authorities doubt the actual existence of a Minotaur. But even if king and monster never existed, the ruins of their palace are real, and I, for one, rather hoped to get lost in the labyrinth.

Knossos, we found, is situated on the side of a hill overlooking a deep valley which is some distance from the sea, but into which, once on a time, the ocean may have extended. The palace was built of gypsum blocks, a few of which are engraved in hieroglyphics that no one has yet been able to decipher because they are unlike any other ancient characters. Many of the beams and columns, originally of wood and colored, have been restored and painted in black, yellow, and red. Entrances and porticoes are supported by pillars of unusual peg-top shape, which are larger at the top than at the bottom, the reverse of the usual order. This top-heavy proportion has been explained as, perhaps, derived from the earliest form of home building when pegs were used to hold down tents. Over the

gate rise bull's horns of stone, while large double-axes are carved on the stones here and there. These may be a symbol of Zeus, or may be explained in a dozen other ways according to the authority who is writing about them.

The palace was terraced, was small in scale but compact and crowded, and contained a large number of rooms with an uncovered court in the center. The uses of some of the apartments the excavators could only guess at, but in others the purpose was clear. Sometimes a fresco might tell the story, or the sign of a distaff on the walls would show them they had come to the women's quarters. In one room was found a simple, carved stone chair, evidently the royal seat — perhaps the oldest throne in Europe.

Through the winding passageways from terrace to terrace we wandered until we found ourselves in a bathroom which contained water-pipes of pottery and a tub. In a chamber which Sir Arthur Evans calls the schoolroom, were stone benches and bowls hollowed out of pillars, one at the right height for a schoolmaster and a lower one for children, which he thinks held the moist clay for making the tablets on which they learned to write the linear script no scholar can now decipher. We visited the treasure vault, the central court, the great stairway, the Hall of the Double-Axes, and the so-called "theatre" with two tiers of steps making a right angle, on which spectators apparently stood to

watch the performers in a paved space below. Here, it is said, did Ariadne first see and fall in love with Theseus as he competed in a wrestling match. The storerooms were especially interesting with their underground magazines and huge jars, or *pythoi*, for storing the vast supplies of olive oil, wine, corn, honey, and other things which must have been required for the large population of the palace. Some of these receptacles were over seven feet high, decorated in graceful rope patterns.

Mycenae and many similar sites have never been restored, but Knossos is almost unique in this respect. Certain restorations were necessary for the preservation of the ruins, especially in the case of the wall paintings. In many instances frescoes were copied and the originals removed to a place of safety in the museum in Candia. The skill of those artists of thousands of years ago is amazing. In the throne room were river scenes, representing reeds and grasses and a moving stream. In the armory great shields were painted on the walls, while the bathroom was decorated with pictures of many different fishes. In a hallway was a splendid portrait, probably of a prince. Wherever men and women were drawn, they were shown side view, in profile, as in Egyptian art, and all with very small waists. We were to see many more examples in the museum later.

A well-executed life-size figure of a bull reminded me that we had not as yet seen the home of the Minotaur.

"We must see the labyrinth before we leave," I insisted.

"I should call the palace itself a labyrinth," said L. "I should need a dozen spools of thread to find my way out of this maze of rooms if I got separated from the rest of you."

Many archaeologists now believe that the maze through which the dreadful man-beast roamed was not a separate structure but was made up of the many-roomed cellars of the city; others that he was kept in a pit which we saw, or in a cave which has been discovered in the country not far away, so secret and irregular that political refugees even of late years have hidden in it and found their way about by threads. Mrs. Hawes has still another theory — she says that "labyrinth" comes from two pre-Hellenic words meaning "place of the double-axe." Since the mark of the double-axe appears again and again at Knossos, that palace, she feels sure, must be the labyrinth of the Minotaur legend. Some think, however, the symbol was that of some society.

And there are even fact-loving, myth-destroying people who do not believe there ever was a Minotaur! Representations of bulls are so common in the frescoes, pottery, and seals discovered here that it seems very probable that bull fights or some kind of contest between bulls and men were customary and might easily have given rise to the myth of the sacrifice of the Athenian youths and maidens.

Excavations which have been made at Phaestos, on the other side of the island, have confirmed many of the finds at Knossos.

As we drove away we realized that Knossos had none of the strongly fortified walls we had seen at Mycenae and elsewhere.

“Why not?” someone asked. The explanation of the lack of fortifications is simple: the Sea-Kings of Crete depended for protection on their navy — and won security that way for ages — although finally the palace was captured and burned in one swift turn of fortune and was never again rebuilt, at least not to any extent. The workmen, they say, had to drop their tools and run. The fire, however, did one good thing — it baked the clay tablets with their records and writing that might otherwise have been lost to us. Somebody, no doubt, will find out how to read them some day.

Indeed the navy was not the only means of defense for Crete, for in the time of Jason the Cretans possessed a mechanical man made of bronze — an ancestor, perhaps, of the Robots of the present day — who used to run around the island, embracing and killing intruders. This Talus would jump into a fire with his victim clasped to his bronze breast and stay until the unfortunate person was thoroughly cooked. But like Achilles, he possessed one vulnerable point, “the vein supplying his life material” — no doubt the spring of the mechanism. When Jason landed on the island, one of the Ar-

gonauts, who knew of this vein, pierced it with an arrow, and Talus dropped down dead.

The Cretans must have been a highly mechanical, inventive race, for they are also credited with the first airplane. Daedalus, who was the architect of the labyrinth, fell into disfavor with King Minos and was imprisoned. In order to escape he fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, attached them with wax, and flew away. It was this Icarus who, in spite of warnings, flew so high that the sun melted the wax, and the wings dropping off, he fell into the sea.

In the museum at Candia we found many things to increase our admiration for the artists of prehistoric Knossos and other settlements on the island: delicately engraved seals; decorated vases; jewelry of pure gold; blue and green porcelains; various pieces of lapis lazuli, crystal, and agate; a magnifying glass; a wonderful royal gaming-board inlaid with gold, silver, ivory, rock crystal, and blue paste, in a pattern very like that of a parchesi board; and, of course, the best of the frescoes. In some cases the eyes were of rock crystal or shell. Here were paintings of bulls' heads, of spirited contests between men and bulls, and of the Minotaur; likewise a lion with the head of a bird, monkeys, and black African slaves. The best known of the pictures is without doubt the one called the "Cupbearer of Knossos." Among the designs was one of women dancing something very like a dance

popular among the island peasants today. Their dresses — not robes, such as were fashionable in classic Greece, but dresses — amusingly forecast the style of our own eighteen-nineties, or whenever it was that our skirts were long, flared, flounced, and banded, our waists pulled in to a perilous minimum, and evening bodices excessively low. On some of the engraved seals I thought I saw an appropriate pompadour, but in most cases the hair was elaborately curled.

It was hard to tear ourselves away from such a fascinating place, but we had a long voyage ahead. It was two days steaming from Crete to Malta, the longest leg of our cruise, with our Constantinople coal proving poor stuff. But the weather was ideal for yachting, the seas were smooth and sparkling, and the air delicious, in spite of the fact that the Candian Sea is famous for bad behavior. The Captain had never before made this crossing in anything but a gale and rough seas. We met few ships, although the Mediterranean is a crowded ocean. Yet we were not lonely, for we had our wireless in case we wanted to get in touch with the outside world. We made little use of it for messages or for listening to foreign broadcasts, but regularly three times a day our operator got in touch with the nearest land station in order that our movements might be known and we might be reached at any time.

As *Sayonara* sailed in through the entrance to the harbor of Malta at sunrise on the Fourth of July



DOUBLE AXES, MINOAN SYMBOLS, KNOSSOS



ENTRANCE TO GRAND HARBOR FROM VALETTA

the island looked like one great fortress standing on a high flat rock, all gray and barren, with no greenery to be seen anywhere. The approach is one of the most striking in the world — a narrow passage between picturesque fortifications into a port that is surrounded by battlements and castles, the terraces and bastions of the city rising on all sides. Four forts stand in commanding positions, St. Elmo and Ricasoli guarding the entrance pass, Tigne and Manoel near by. But most striking of all is the fortress with its rampart and parapets that dominates the inside harbor. Once on a time, it was called St. Angelo after the round tower on the Tiber in Rome, but now is known as "His Majesty's Ship Egmont." This castle is commissioned as a battleship with the rating and crew and routine of a ship of war. Here the admiral in command of the station issues orders and here is given the time for "colors" with a gun. It is a strange English conceit to honor and perpetuate the name of a famous battleship in such a manner.

Our yacht dropped an anchor and tied up, Mediterranean fashion, with its stern overhanging the *marina*, under the steep terraced houses and churches of Valetta, crowned by the high "Baracca" arcade, which is a favorite promenade and outlook of the Maltese.

Malta is the Mediterranean base for the British fleet, but at first the harbor does not seem large enough for hosts of great battleships. There are,

however, inlets, long fingers of water between small peninsulas, where many ships may be hidden away. We passed in and out of these fascinating places as we skipped about in the launch to get a nearer look at things, past the large handsome English-looking hospital, standing imposingly on a rock by itself. In the World War this was the hospital center to which wounded were transferred from Gallipoli, Salonika, and Alexandria.

On we went by Admiralty House with its colonnade, and the Navy Quarters ornamented with an old ship's figurehead, past the great dry dock brought from Hamburg as a war prize. At one moment the water front was lined with stone storehouses, with ancient coats-of-arms crumbling on their façades, and magazines cut out of the rockside, at others the gray old houses with overhanging balconies looked Oriental, but as they climbed the cliffs with their bits of color — green shutters and bright flowering plants — they gradually took on an Italian air. All about were stone quays, and here and there were landings and steps cut out of the soft yellow sandstone, and rampart ways to forts above. Floating on the water were many little boats like gondolas, with turned-up noses and gay awnings, harbor "taxi" being sculled about, while fishing boats were going out to sea. At night, with all the twinkling lights and lapping waters, it was a scene like Venice.

All day long "bum boats" hung about *Sayonara*,

trying to sell the crew every sort of thing from shirts and shoe strings to lace and canaries. And thereby hangs a story! One of our sailors, who bought several of the birds, later went ashore, and selling his canaries for drink, was lost in one of the sailors' haunts that, under all sorts of amusing signs, line the water front. To us it was a touching example of the fraternity of a happy English ship to see the sailors leaning over the rail watching eagerly for this man's return. When he was finally brought on board there was as much rejoicing among the crew as there is said to be among angels in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. This was the only breach of discipline that had disturbed the perfect routine of the yacht, and all the crew from the Captain down took it so to heart that they were actually dejected by the behavior of a shipmate whom they knew so well and who had a family at home for whose sakes they were distressed. L. said the incident had almost spoiled the day for him as he too had joined in their anxiety.

Maltese cats, by the way, were not among the live things offered for sale. Where they come from I do not know, but not from Malta, any more than canaries are natives of the Canary Islands. On the Dalmatian coast we had looked for "Dalmatian" dogs, but had seen none. As a matter of fact, these black-and-white spotted, short-haired dogs, sometimes called "coach" or "plum pudding" dogs, are a mixture probably of some original Dalmatian hound and English pointer.

Malta is supposed to be the island called Ogygia by Homer, where the nymph Calypso caused Ulysses to delay his homeward journey for seven years.

*“Unbless'd he sighs, detained by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.”*

You may take your choice of a cave on Malta and one on the neighboring island of Gozo as his home in the interim. Not until Jupiter sent word by Hermes that Ulysses should be set free was he able to continue his wanderings.

Since Phoenicians from Sidon, about 1450 B.C., established a colony on the island, it has changed hands many times. The Greeks followed the Phoenicians and were succeeded by the Carthaginians, who named it Melita, a title kept by the Romans when they took possession. It was still so called when St. Paul was wrecked here on his way to Rome and was courteously received by Publius, the governor, whose father he healed. It was here, too, that a viper fastened on St. Paul's hand, as he was building a fire, but without harming him, to the great awe of the onlookers. In later times Vandals, Byzantines, Moors, Normans, Spanish, French, and English have all held the island.

The most picturesque period was that of the Knights of Malta, whom we had met earlier as Knights of Rhodes. When driven out of their former stronghold by the Turks, they wandered homeless for a time. In 1530 Charles V of Spain, at the in-

stigation of the Pope, offered them Malta. For two centuries and a half they strengthened and beautified the island, but with the decreasing need for their services as warriors, they grew soft and fell an easy prey to Napoleon when he decided, in 1798, that he must have Malta as a Mediterranean base. Again the Knights of St. John were homeless — Russia refused to have them — but finally they found a refuge in Rome, where they have a handsome palace and still maintain hospitals and ambulance service. They have a branch in the United States.

The Maltese themselves were not eager to have the Knights return, because they disapproved of an order which no longer lived strictly according to its vows. The islanders asked and received aid from England, by which they were eventually able to overthrow the French garrison. The Treaty of Vienna of 1815 gave Malta officially to Great Britain, which had, in the meantime, been governing it as a colony. Since the World War the people have been granted self-government over all local affairs.

We were really lucky in the time of our visit, for the whole fleet was away, absent on manoeuvres in the Adriatic, so that we saw Malta and not the fleet! When the fleet is in, the crowded ships, with all their modern ugliness, obscure the picturesque port, and the town is seething with British officers and men, twenty thousand of them let loose in a comparatively small space, filling it so as to overrun and spoil the real charm and character of the place,

which in itself is one of the most colorful islands in the world. In dress and manners and setting it is unique, and we were able to enjoy it to the full without the distraction which would have met us on every side if the fleet had been in port.

Maltese natives are a small, dark people, whose language is allied to the Arabic. There is a large Italian colony; some of the streets bear Italian names, and Italian is the language of the educated classes and of the courts. The language of business is English. Since the British took over the island, intermarriage between Maltese and English has been common. The people are devout Catholics and maintain even more than the usual number of churches on a Mediterranean island. It is said that about a third of Malta belongs to the clergy.

Native women still wear a loose, voluminous outer garment called *faldetta*, that is something like the costume of the Turkish women, but with a hood into the edge of which is inserted a whalebone or stiffening that makes it flare out over the head, giving the effect of a black halo. While rather cumbersome in appearance it can be held and moved about so as to protect the wearer against the sun or wind, and a baby in arms can be sheltered under it. It is a dress found only in Malta, and unhappily its use is dying out.

Valetta, the capital, where we landed, stands high above the harbor, a fine city, indeed a city of palaces. Its narrow bustling streets at first prevent an

appreciation of the splendid architecture that encloses them.

On the main street stands the splendid porticoed Opera House, in which, according to fact or fiction, Patti made her *début* for the sum of five pounds. Just outside the handsome fortifications that surround the city on the land side as well as toward the sea, is a wide plaza with strange stone copings that enclose huge underground magazines in which are stored grain and food stuffs against time of need.

Unlike the quaint and fascinating but small medieval houses of the Knights in Rhodes, the "Auberges" of the different "Tongues" here are noble palaces of sixteenth and seventeenth century design with distinguished and stately façades and vast and sumptuous interior courts and rooms. Every Grand Master took pride in his turn in adding to the beauty and glory of the city. Today these *palazzi* have been turned to modern uses. The Auberge d'Auvergne now contains the Courts of Justice. The Auberge d'Italie is the Museum. The Auberge de Castile is a government office. The Auberge de Provence is the Union Club, into which L. was introduced and which he said was one of the most splendid clubs that he had ever visited, for the English had made homelike its great stairway approaches and its vast, gorgeously frescoed halls. He was taken into the Club by the American Consul. And it is interesting to add that on this Fourth of July that gentleman had been unable to under-

take any celebration whatever, for there were no other Americans living in Malta to join him. So we had a dinner, with our Consul as guest of honor, on the yacht.

The Cathedral of St. John in Valetta is the most magnificent memorial of the Knights in Malta, and one of the most gorgeously enriched churches in the world. It is so elaborately decorated and frescoed that the first sight of the interior almost takes one's breath away. The vast barrel roof and walls are covered with huge paintings, while the pilasters are inlaid and carved. Under the marble pavement are buried four hundred knights, their graves marked off like prayer carpets in a Turkish mosque, and set with beautiful colored marbles in mosaic designs. Splendid chapels adorn both sides of the nave, dedicated to the nine nations belonging to the order. They contain ornate tombs of the Grand Masters and old paintings. In the sacristy is a charming head of the Madonna with a halo of rose-colored embroidery, which the Knights must have prized greatly, since they carried it with them from Rhodes. The silver railing in front of the altar in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament was saved to the Cathedral by a nimble-witted priest at the time Napoleon, by taking whatever suited his fancy, was breaking his promise that all personal and property rights would be respected if Malta yielded to him. By means of a hasty coating with black paint, the railing escaped notice — or didn't, according to another version of

the story, but had to be redeemed at a great price. The Grand Masters delighted in adorning this church with treasures. Some presented tapestries; others paintings; others gave vestments, handsomely embroidered. The result is a remarkable collection of churchly treasures.

Near the Cathedral of St. John stands the former Palace of the Grand Masters, now the town residence of the British Governor. The Governor himself was absent in England, but his military aide met us and showed us about. Mounting a broad stairway, we came to the gallery which led to the Armory filled with old guns of all sorts. Figures lined the walls, wearing suits of armor, some inlaid with gold, while weapons were arranged above. I could not help thinking irreverently what a clatter the Knights must have made when a lot of them gathered together in full panoply. There were many paintings in the palace of the fine old fellows in the Habit of the Hospitallers — a black mantle with an eight-pointed white Maltese cross.

We were also taken through a vast number of cool spacious rooms, including the throne room and even the Governor's private office and bedroom. The old Council Chamber, now the Parliament Hall, contained some superb Gobelin tapestries in a most excellent state of preservation. In the unusual design we could trace elephants and llamas and black slaves.

The charming aide, who was a member of a dis-

tinguished Maltese family as well as an English officer, took us to visit the country residence of the Governor, which is some distance out of town. This splendid villa of St. Antonio is the most magnificent of the many on the island that are hidden away behind their drab high walls. It was built by a pleasure- and luxury-loving Grand Master, whose establishment was so extensive that, as Miss Schermerhorn relates, there was a special "man who baked the black bread for the hunting dogs." It makes today a dignified if not entirely comfortable house for the English Governor, for its reception rooms are in the "grand manner," lofty and vast, and there are stately halls, surrounded by deep loggias that overlook the gardens. We sat for a time in the private gardens, in the shade of pine and cedar and pepper trees, with parterres of flowers about us and dividing walls smothered by vines and blossoms, secluded and quiet in their beauty. Then we passed through to the park, now open to the public. There are long shaded *allées* that meet at plashing fountains, and terraced ways, and thickets and vistas, and a famous grove of orange trees which bears the finest crop in the world — so it is claimed, just as it is said that the roses of Malta are among the best anywhere — and the air was scented with perfume of the fruit and flower.

We lunched with Sir Thomas Best, the Lieutenant-Governor who was acting Governor at the time, at the chateau of Verdala, another Government



ONCE THE AUBERGE DE CASTILE, NOW A GOVERNMENT BUREAU



THE ARMORY IN THE PALACE OF VALETTA

country house, which is farther away from Valetta than St. Antonio. It is poised on the highest point of the island, with widespread views in all directions, and its great mass of stone, like some Scottish castle, stands out against the skyline as one approaches it across the rocky and treeless brown landscape. It was built by another Grand Master who was also a Cardinal Prince and rather sumptuous in his tastes, and is foursquare with towers at the corners, a moat and gardens now terraced down into a wild growth of flowering shrubs and cacti.

Sir Thomas received us in the huge central hall decorated with frescoes, dating, most of them, from the time of the Knights. Here we had luncheon. The ice cream which was served was a special treat because we had had none on the trip thus far, as neither ice nor cream can often be obtained in this part of the world.

As we were taken over the house I noticed many things of interest — the winding marble stairway — the dungeons where prisoners were chained to the walls — and incidentally the cages of netting over the beds to keep out the sand flies!

That afternoon we took tea with Lady Strickland, the wife of Lord Strickland, a Maltese-born English peer who was at the time Premier of the island. Their house is set in large grounds behind high walls which screen it from the dusty roads and country about it. The enclosed gardens are both old and new, with specimen trees and flowers

and cacti of every kind, parterres and paths, and even a "zoo."

Returning to Valetta, we visited the library, which contains many old volumes with magnificent bindings and illuminated pages, dating from about 1400 — a notable collection. The British found these, as well as armor and other things, in heaps of rubbish after the French had left.

On another day we took a motor trip across the island. Oh, how hot and dusty it was! In winter the interior is said to be green and blossoming, but in July only the private, hidden, carefully tended gardens are in bloom. Even a glimpse of these through a gateway, however, was refreshing. In the small town of Notabile, or Citta Vecchia, the old capital of the island, we found the Church of St. Paul guarded by cannon decorated with the Maltese cross. After St. Paul was shipwrecked on Malta, he remained for a time to convert the people to Christianity and became the patron saint. The church is very old and handsome. Its bishops were buried beneath the floor in much the same manner as the Knights in the Cathedral of St. John in Valetta. On the drive back we looked into a great church called Musta, built by the Maltese, which is noted for the size of its dome, the third largest in the world.

Another day we went to see the catacombs, and the excavations of the neolithic monuments which are near the village of Tarxien. The three Tarxien

temples, discovered in 1914, are of the Stone Age, even older than the Minoan civilization of Crete, dating back more than three thousand years before the Christian era. The first intimation of the find was the turning up of some huge blocks of stone when a ploughman went deeper than usual. As excavations were made, the workers came first to a cemetery of the Bronze Age containing a layer of funeral urns. Below were found the relics and temples of the Stone Age. The temples, of three slightly different periods, are close together, oval in shape, and built of monumental slabs of stone. The smallest of the three, which is also the earliest, is without decoration. They were left just as they were unearthed, without any attempt at restoration, while urns, pottery, and small articles were taken to the museum.

The gateways, in each case made of three huge blocks of stone about sixteen feet long and four feet thick, looked like those I had seen in the old Peruvian ruins near Lake Titicaca, except that they were smaller. Large round stone balls, such as are found underneath, seem to have been employed as rollers on which to move the great slabs. The paved central court of the largest and latest temple was provided with seats and resembled somewhat the *agora* or market place at Mycenae. A burned place in the floor suggests that here the sacrificial animals were roasted — rams, goats, and pigs predominating to judge by the bones stowed away in a niche.

The rams' horns show that the species of that day was larger than the variety now common on the island. Stone vessels rather like plates or platters which have been found suggest that probably the spectators partook of the offerings.

There were stone carvings in low relief of the animals mentioned and simple borders carved in a spiral design. All this work was surprisingly well done for anything so ancient, although I recalled carvings by cave men in South Africa that seemed to me equally good.

In the earliest of the three temples is a chamber with a hole in the wall through which a priest may have uttered oracles, although there is no such chamber in the other two buildings. Whether, as time elapsed, people lost faith in oracles and there was no need to provide for a mouthpiece in the later buildings we shall never know.

The most curious sight of all, to us, was the fragment of a huge broken idol lying on the ground. Only the extremely fat legs are left, covered by full pleated trousers or skirt of Turkish style, or perhaps more like the Buddhas of the Far East. Other similar but smaller statues have been placed in the museum.

These megalithic remains were all the more fascinating to us because we had never heard of them till we arrived in Malta, and they came as a delightful surprise on top of the equally absorbing but very different, Minoan discoveries at Knossos.



FALDETTA HOOD, UNIQUE DRESS OF MALTESE WOMEN



"HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP, EGMONT," MALTA HARBOR



VIEW FROM YACHT STERN, TIED TO MARINA OF LANDING STEPS
AT VALETTA

Once more it was necessary for us to sail away from an island long before our curiosity was satisfied. Malta glowed in the setting sun like a golden city as we passed out of the wonderful port of a late afternoon; then gradually dimmed and vanished as we crossed toward Sicily.

CHAPTER XX

SICILY AND SARDINIA

SYRACUSE — queen of Greek cities in the days of Dionysius — proved to be a city of oleanders, their blossoms shading from deep rose to pure white. They lined the streets, made gay all the squares and private gardens, and set the town ablaze with color.

After *Sayonara* had anchored in the wide bay, guarded by a small fort at the entrance, we landed at a pretty square near the pool and grotto of Arethusa, in which stiff papyrus grew and ducks paddled about — very refreshing it looked in the shade of large stately trees. In its carefully groomed state it hardly suggested the story of its origin — of the panting nymph pursued by the river god Alpheus so ardently that, even after she had been turned into a fountain by protecting Artemis, he followed under the sea from Olympia to Elis, to mingle his waters with hers on the island of Ortygia. The Delphic oracle instructed Archias, the Corinthian, to cross the sea and come to this very place to found a colony in 734 before our era.

In the square not far away stood a statue of Archimedes, one of the many great men of this Syra-

cuse, a remarkable mathematician and inventor, who lived in the third century before Christ. Engines of war which he devised for the tyrant Hieron are supposed to have delayed the Roman conquest of Syracuse for nearly three years. No one knows just what they were, but tradition has it that he employed some sort of burning glass, utilizing the sun's rays to set on fire the Roman ships in the harbor. It is said that he met his death at the hands of a soldier because he was too deeply absorbed in a geometrical figure he had drawn on the sand to take time to defend himself.

It was not the "season" in Sicily; it was not the time for tourists, but it was the time when the Sicilians themselves are at their best, or at their worst, and in order to get as much as possible out of our opportunity we had arranged to have motor cars meet us at Syracuse that would take us through Catania to Taormina and on to Messina. However, we were able to see many of the famous "sights" of Syracuse, including some of the quarries, or Latomie, from which the rock was hewn to build much of the one-time great city.

The Latomia dei Cappucini is so-called because the convent of the Capuchins is near by, whose monks were the first to make gardens out of the quarries by planting them with trees and flowers and shrubs. But where now the birds are singing and the bees buzzing among the bougainvillea and under the avenues of cypress and in the cactus and olive

trees, there was, many centuries ago, only the hot sun beating down on the bare stone and upon the bodies of some seven thousand Athenian captives imprisoned here. For eight months these ill-fated survivors of the Athenian Expedition against Syracuse, of 415 B.C., suffered from hunger, thirst, exposure, and disease, until they were at last released into slavery — those, that is, who were still alive. A few were spared because they recited Greek poetry, especially that of Euripides, and in other ways were able to entertain their masters. I could not help wondering what modern poetry could be recited to such good purpose

In another quarry, so lovely with tropical plants that it is called the "Latomia del Paradiso," is the famous "Ear of Dionysius," an artificial cavern cut out of the soft sandstone. The tyrant Dionysius, under whose rule Syracuse became the most important city of Magna Graecia, had the cave cut in such a way that even a whisper from below would re-echo through a small opening above ground, so that he could overhear what the political and war prisoners were talking about. We found the echoes had a way of multiplying strangely, and a single bugle, it is said, sounds like an entire military band.

Not far away were the ruins of the old Greek theatre, one of the largest of the kind, where probably Plato and Pindar once sat, and where Aeschylus certainly saw performances of his own plays. And if the stone seats ever grew hard or the wind

carried away the voices of the chorus in the wrong direction, there was always a view out over the town, the harbor, and the sea, to provide delight.

After our brief glimpse of Syracuse we drove on to Catania, bumping along in a whirl of dust over a flat country by the water. Our wild man of a chauffeur, even though we met no other motors, constantly tooted his shrill horn until I almost lost my mind. Catania is one of the largest and richest towns of Sicily, in spite of the fact that it lies, if not actually on top of a volcano, at least in constant danger from one. Again and again the city has suffered from eruptions of Mt. Etna, as well as from devastating earthquakes. As a result, most of the architecture is comparatively new, although there is a Roman bath under a Carmelite church, besides a few other remains. One well-known monument in the principal square is an elephant carved from lava, surmounted by an Egyptian obelisk.

The road on toward Taormina continued rough. We motored through wretched villages of low two-room houses without windows and no light except from a door in front and another at the rear. Glancing into the rooms I could see that they had stone floors and contained beds as their chief or only article of furniture. Chickens and even donkeys wandered about freely inside. At one point we saw, standing out of the sea, the picturesque Rocks of the Cyclops, which the blinded Polyphemus had

hurled at Ulysses while the latter fled in his ships, taunting the raging giant.

*" These words the Cyclops' burning rage provoke;
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood."*

As the motors approached Taormina, one of the beauty spots of the world, we were compelled to detour around a stream of black lava that blocked the main road. Only a few months before it had flowed down from Mt. Etna, destroying a village and a bridge. We whirled by vineyards and olive and lemon groves, with frequent glimpses of the sapphire sea. As the country grew more hilly, mysterious Etna emerged out of the gray mist.

At last up hairpin turns the motors climbed, by pretty red-roofed villas, with hanging balconies, in steeply terraced gardens overlooking the sea, made gay now with the purple bougainvillea and other bright-colored flowers. We stopped half-way up the heights at the only hotel open at this season of the year, superbly located for the view, and very clean and comfortable, but built among Saracen graves cut in the rock. Saracenic ghosts apparently have no objection to strangers in their midst, nor even any curiosity about them; at any rate, none appeared that night.

Next morning we walked still higher up to the

picturesque village of Taormina with its narrow streets, buying lace, visiting the Convent of San Domenico — now a fine hotel with quaint courts and a tower and an attractive garden — and of course the famous Graeco-Roman theatre on its pinnacle place, in a glorious situation, where every arch frames an unforgettable picture of mountain above and sea below, and where plays are given even today. The caretaker — a cracked individual but an excellent actor — declaimed and gesticulated dramatically in a mixture of French, Italian, and English, much to our amusement and delight. Afterward we wandered happily about the public gardens, once a great estate, given to the town by an Englishwoman, and as we leaned over the parapet, saw far below us *Sayonara*, looking so white and stylish, on her way to Messina. Motoring down to the shore for a closer view of the two lovely bays divided by the island of Isola Bella, we recalled Hichens' novel, "The Call of the Blood." On the beach stood a simple trellised restaurant and some bath houses run by a German, which gave us an opportunity for a swim in the crystal water near the blue grotto.

This beauty spot I hated to leave, but soon we took to the road again, bumping along as before, bound for Messina. As we approached the city, along the water front were signs of the incredibly disastrous earthquake in 1908, which in less than a minute destroyed the city and over eighty thousand

inhabitants. Our United States helped generously in the relief work after the tragedy. Many wooden barracks built by the Americans, hastily put up at the time, are still occupied today. The people living there looked very poor and dirty as, in fact, did most of those we had seen in the villages.

A tour of the streets of Messina left a sad and unpleasant impression, because of the ruins wherever one looked. There was little of historical or architectural interest and so we took the main thoroughfare, lined with shops and new houses, down to the dock, where the launch was waiting. We went aboard the yacht exhausted.

Our next port of call was Palermo, to reach which *Sayonara* steamed through the Straits of Messina and by the whirlpool of Garofalo, the Charybdis of the Odyssey, whose whirling currents and eddies caused by the tides nearly engulfed Ulysses.

*"Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tides."*

While Ulysses and his sailors were trying desperately to save their vessel from Charybdis, they forgot about Scylla on the other side — in reality a dangerous rock, but in Homer a sea monster with six heads, each of which reached out and seized one of Ulysses' men.

*"Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest, abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour."*

As the yacht sailed along we looked down into the swirling waters and up at the towering mountains on either side and thought of the courage of Odysseus and many other sailors who had braved these cruel seas in tiny ships.

After a rough night the enormous yellow promontory of Monte Pellegrino loomed up in the morning light, guarding the entrance to Palermo, the "city of palms." Inside the breakwater and mole *Sayonara* tied up sociably among the fishing boats.

The view of Palermo from the water is very fine and often compared to Naples. The city is built on the plain called Conca d'Oro, which glows a golden shell in the sunshine as do the encircling mountains of Pellegrino and Catalfano which make a splendid amphitheatre. In the center of the thronged city itself is the Quattro Canti, a small piazza ornamented along its façades with figures of the four seasons and Spanish kings and the holy virgins of Palermo. The architecture, as is natural in a town captured and recaptured many times, is of various kinds and periods, but the Saracen, the Oriental influence, has dominated and overlaid all the rest.

Yet the period of Saracen overlordship lasted no

longer than some of the others. Palermo was probably a Phoenician colony to begin with, and successively Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, and Byzantine before it was conquered by the Mohammedans in 830 A.D. But the Christians of western Europe were unwilling to leave Saracens in possession of the island. In 1071 Roger the Norman captured Palermo and won back Sicily for Christendom. Roger's second son of the same name became the first King of the Two Sicilies — that is, of the island and about a third of Italy. His daughter Constance married Henry VI of Germany, who was in time crowned king. Like the Norman, the Germanic line passed out of existence with the execution of Conradin in 1268 by Charles of Anjou, who received his title to the island from the Papacy. This French rule was so oppressive that the people rose one Easter Tuesday and massacred thousands of French men, women, and children. The slaughter has since been known as the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers from the hour at which it began. It gave Peter of Aragon the chance to step in and gain control. There is no need to go into the confused and troubled history of the next few centuries. The Spanish Bourbons, among the later rulers, were finally overthrown by Garibaldi in 1860 and Sicily then united with the new kingdom of Italy, of which it is now a part.

Our sight-seeing began with the old palace of the Norman kings, the Palazzo Reale, now not occupied.

We ascended a wide staircase into large bare rooms of no special interest except for the bedroom of the original Roger. Here were white marble walls inlaid with jewels in designs of peacocks and swans. The Palatine chapel was a gem — considered one of the most beautiful in the world — of glowing, glittering colors, with pictures in Byzantine glass mosaic covering most of the walls. A superb marble candelabra is lighted only once a year — at Christmas time. The twelfth-century atmosphere of this chapel was somewhat marred by the modern portrait of the present King of Italy, which had been placed in a position of honor upon a raised platform on the occasion of his recent visit to Palermo.

Another church rich in mosaics but with many restorations is that of Santa Maria dell' Ammiraglio, built by a grand-admiral of King Roger. One of the pictures represents the crowning of this ruler by Christ — a king by divine right indeed.

The cathedral — a huge yellow structure, Saracen in essence in spite of restorations — was begun in 1169 by Archbishop "Walter of the Mill," an Englishman who came to Sicily in the first place as tutor for William the Good. The outside was more impressive than the inside except for a large altar of lapis lazuli, finely carved marble fonts, some superb jewels and vestments, and the royal tombs. These last were large sarcophagi of porphyry with inlaid marble columns and canopies belonging to

King Roger, his daughter Constance, her husband Henry VI, and their son Frederick II.

San Giovanni was originally a mosque and still gives the effect of one with its five rose-colored domes and minaret, even though it has been a Christian church ever since it was turned to that use by a Norman king. Both the building and the small cloistered garden I found charming. It was here that the bell was rung that started the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers.

A short motor drive of about half an hour took us to Monreale with its imposing cathedral, which is the climax of mosaic splendor. Because William the Good had a dream in which he built the most superb church in the world, he proceeded to try to make his dream come true. It is amazing! Although the exterior is somewhat Norman, the interior is dazzling. There are scenes from the Old Testament — the creation of Eve from Adam's rib, Adam and Eve in the Garden, Noah and the Ark — and pictures from the life of Christ and some of the saints. The head of Christ in the dome is ten feet in length from forehead to chin. I felt bewildered at the beauty of Saracenic arches, Moorish roof, Arab inscriptions, marble floors inlaid in designs like Oriental carpets, and bronze and carved wooden doors. Perhaps because of this splendor, the adjacent famous cloisters of the Benedictine monastery, also founded by William the Good, were somewhat disappointing, although very large and adorned with innumerable



GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE



ROCKS OF THE CYCLOPS HURLED BY BLINDED POLYPHEMUS AT
ULYSSES. ON THE WAY TO TAORMINA



RECENT FLOW OF LAVA ACROSS THE ROAD TO TAORMINA

inlaid jeweled columns. But the view from the terraced gardens over the Conca d'Oro, Palermo, and the sea was lovely indeed.

Of pretty gardens in Palermo there are many, but we had only time to wander in the shady paths and pools of one belonging to an English lady and another to an Italian count, and in the Villa Giulia, the public garden laid out in the eighteenth century and named for the wife of the viceroy of that era. We drove out to the race course and by that time we were worn out by the great heat.

Alas, we were unable to do more sight-seeing and so missed the famous temples of Girgenti. It would have taken the greater part of a day to visit them, and frankly, we had seen so many beautiful temples that we were satiated for the time being. Our stay in Sicily — marvelous as the island is — was intentionally brief, because we were eager to go on to other scenes less well known.

At Palermo our guests left us to go direct to Paris. As they sailed away on an Italian mail steamer, *Sayonara* followed out of the harbor and dipped her flag, while we waved good-bye, feeling we should sadly miss the good friends who had contributed much to the enjoyment of our cruise. Then we ourselves steamed off into the night, headed for Sardinia.

The night was so fine and the salt air so deliciously fresh and cool that we decided to sleep on deck in the open shelter, and after a beautiful dawn

we had a dip in the tank before breakfast. In the afternoon we began to follow the outlines of the eastern coast of Sardinia. Proverbially these waters are rough, but fortunately for us the weather was fair and the sea smooth.

We could see high mountains, but few trees and little cultivated ground; nor did there seem to be any villages, although we made out an occasional building, a signal station, and a lighthouse. Sardinia is said to "turn her back on Italy," the country to which she belongs, because a mountain chain runs along the flanks of the eastern coast and there are few good harbors.

Although the second largest island in the Mediterranean, and one with a long history, Sardinia has little of interest for travelers. The only characteristic and peculiar features are the *nuraghi*. Even our friend, Paul Wilstach, who had visited the island from end to end, was unable to find much of importance to write about in his book "Islands of the Mediterranean." Sardinia was once, however, a great granary of the Romans, and the land, he said, is again being cultivated. The Italians, too, are making many improvements and building railways.

As Cagliari, the capital, lay out of our course on the south coast, we did not see this old Pisan town of houses high on the hillside, with its elephant towers and salt pools and broken arches of a Roman theatre and the mariners' shrine of Our Lady of Fair Winds.

While we cruised along we were delighted to be able to make out through our glasses several of the *nuraghi*. These are prehistoric towers, in shape like truncated cones, about which there has been much speculation as to their age, purpose, and builders. Some three thousand are still standing, and traces of about eight thousand have been discovered at various places on the island. Most of the towers are some thirty-five feet in diameter and forty feet in height; a few, however, are larger. They are built of huge stones laid together without mortar, and have a single entrance on the ground floor. Usually they contain an upper and a lower chamber connected by a spiral staircase. Sometimes there is an outer wall and in a few instances a connection between two towers. Since the *nuraghi* differ slightly in plan, it is thought that they were built at different periods and by different tribes. Authorities are now fairly well agreed that they served as fortresses, watch-towers, and, because of a hole at the top for smoke, sometimes as dwellings.

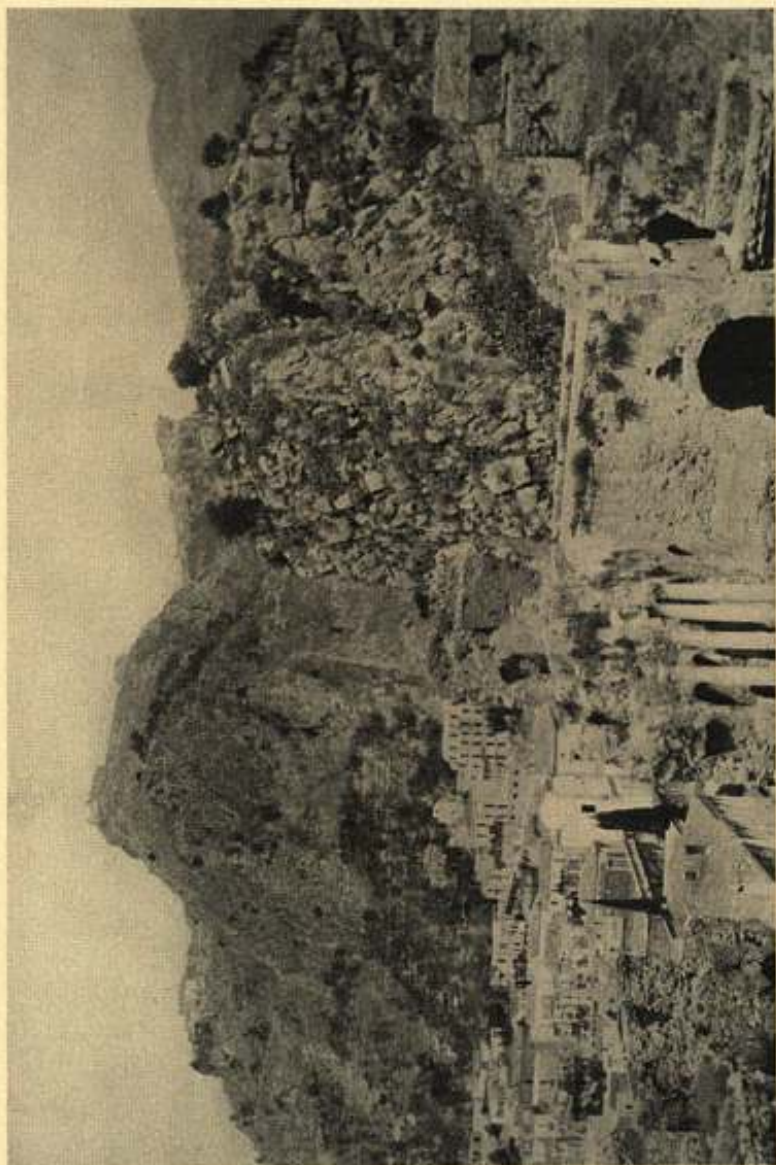
Sayonara finally approached the Gulf of Teranova in the late afternoon and turned into the Bay of Aranci for the night, a memorable experience, for she headed directly into the setting sun with all its glories reflected in the mirror sea. The scene was so lovely that I could think only of a golden lake in Heaven, while the black rocks seemed like earthly sins left behind. Gradually this most exquisite of sunsets faded into a perfect night with a

silver crescent moon hanging in the sky. The radio took on some Italian station with song and music that sounded sweetly as little fisher boats lay about us on the still waters.

L. decided that Terranova was not worth all the port formalities necessary for a stop-over, especially as Corsica, just across the Strait of Bonifacio, held a much stronger appeal; accordingly, the next morning the yacht cruised up among the jagged, rocky islands at the northern end of Sardinia, some of which looked like animals. I could see distinctly a swimming camel as well as other fantastic shapes. Because there is a great Italian naval station hidden in among them, ships must keep well outside the forbidden military zone.

One of these islands is Caprera, where Garibaldi — to me one of the most daring and appealing characters in history — lived, and from which he escaped to lead his "red shirts" to victory. In his old age he returned to this island home and planted the corn from the bag of grain that was all he asked of a country which was slow to realize the value of his loyalty and service. He died at seventy-five and was buried on Caprera.

Now we entered the wild Strait of Bonifacio, where the currents are swift and storms sweep down between the islands. With a last look at Sardinia we turned our eyes across toward Corsica.



VIEW FROM GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

CHAPTER XXI

CORSICA

L IGHTHOUSES and blue grottoes line the gray-white cliffs on the Corsican side of the Strait of Bonifacio. In these dreaded waters many marine disasters have occurred. It was while passing through here many years ago, during a storm, that Cardinal Newman wrote "The Pillar of the Cloud," better known by its first line, "Lead, kindly Light." He was, no doubt, looking out with faith and hope to one of those very lighthouses which we saw standing so peacefully on the glorious morning of our passage.

Soon the yacht turned in under that strange city of Bonifacio, where the yellow-white cliff loomed high with a mass of tall narrow houses, gray with rose-colored roofs, clinging in toppling, uneven lines to the summit of the rocky height. The scene was so strange and unnatural that I felt as if I were looking at an *art nouveau* landscape. The cliff, actually hanging over the ocean, has been undermined by the erosion of the waves, so that the town sits on the flat, projecting rock as if perched on the top of a mushroom. While not so extraordinary or beautiful as the pearl cities of Santorin, Bonifacio reminded

us of that island, for it also has hundreds of steps climbing the face of the palisade.

Here the Captain gave us another unexpected treat, for he took *Sayonara* suddenly around precipitous promontories into a deep narrow gorge, a tiny hidden harbor between high jutting cliffs with an entrance only wide enough for us to squeeze through, and we saw the town again from the inland side perched against the skyline, with its many caves and little *marina* below and, high above, the fort and guns. Then the Captain proceeded to turn the yacht in a channel only three hundred feet wide — a boat over two hundred feet long — an amazing piece of seamanship. Before we knew it we were out again and it seemed as if we had dreamed of that strange city toppling over into the sea.

Up the west coast of Corsica to Ajaccio we steamed. From the water the island seemed much like Sardinia in appearance but more striking, for although it is only one half the size, its mountains rise twice as high — nine thousand feet above the sea. This part is treeless, with an occasional old Genoese watch-tower topping some hill, but with no villages or signs of cultivation in sight, only the stretches of *maquis*, widespread undergrowths of aromatic plants and shrubs that give color and perfume to the landscape, and the name of "Scented Isle" to Corsica. The fragrance is so individual that Napoleon could recall it in exile on St. Helena. In-

deed on Corsica is said to grow every flower and plant of the Mediterranean Basin.

Like most of the islands in its neighborhood, this one has had a variety of rulers, from the days of the first known settlers, the Phocaeans from Ionia, who founded a colony in 556 B.C. During the Middle Ages Pisa and Genoa were the contenders for supremacy, the latter gaining control about the middle of the fourteenth century and maintaining it for almost four hundred years in spite of outbreaks and insurrections among the inhabitants, who bitterly rebelled against their domineering overlords. Finally Genoa called in the French to help, while the islanders dickered with the British, the result being that after many wars and revolutions and internal dissensions France obtained Corsica in 1815 and still owns it. Today the townspeople usually speak French, but the country folk talk a sort of Italian *patois*.

We landed at Ajaccio in a fine harbor surrounded by magnificent mountains. The town — which Napoleon, at the request of his mother, Letitia Bonaparte, made the capital — was not so large as I had expected, but there were old narrow streets with spacious houses several stories high, and squares with statues and palm trees, and a few hotels. The open-air market was in full swing, with vegetables and meat, lace and knickknacks for sale. Most of the women were dressed in black and had black handkerchiefs tied over their heads. They even car-

ried off their purchases in black bags. Can this somber fashion be a relic of the days when vendettas were at their height and Corsican families must have worn mourning most of the time? The women wore shoes but no stockings. For men, velveteen corduroy suits seemed to be the rule; some few had red sashes and blue *pantalons*. The one typically Corsican element in the costumes we saw was the flat straw pancake-shaped hat worn by some of the country people, so large it must come in handy, at times, as parasol or umbrella.

The town was *en fête* and the streets and open places were animated and gay, for it was the eve of Bastille Day, the national French holiday.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Ajaccio and his spirit everywhere pervades the place. A statue of him as First Consul stands in the square near the landing. On the wide terraced promenade of the upper town, overlooking the blue bay below and the high mountains above, is the remarkable monument to an emperor and four kings — Napoleon the Emperor and those four brothers whom he made kings. Unhappily this group is sometimes irreverently nicknamed "The Inkstand."

The Hotel de Ville contains records of the family, for here Napoleon Bonaparte's father, who was a lawyer, married at the age of eighteen, the beauty of Ajaccio, Letitia Ramolino, who was only fourteen.

To us the most interesting spot was the house

where Napoleon was born. It was a tall, plain-faced house of the better class of its period, up a narrow street, but now that the houses opposite have been razed and a little garden planted there, the façade can easily be seen. At present the building is a museum. We walked up the plain stairway and through the simple rooms, quite large and airy and handsome for their time. The house contained a collection of the original Bonaparte furniture — the sofa on which Napoleon was prematurely born and the sedan chair in which his mother, “Madame Mère,” was brought home hurriedly from the church where she had been worshiping, just before he came into the world on August 15, 1769. I could imagine him as a boy in this old house playing with a toy sword and beating a drum. He was a small and sickly-looking child, but perfectly fearless even then. In the floor of his bedroom we saw a trap door through which he made his escape in 1793 when he opposed the patriotic party of Paoli, who wished to keep Corsica for the Corsicans, whereas Napoleon felt it needed the support which France could give. At the time soldiers were searching for the young officer, he took refuge in the neighborhood in the house of a respectable maiden lady, a friend of the family, and hid under her bed while she was in it. Although the soldiers looked into this room, they left without finding him. He then made his way to his grandmother’s house at Calvi, where he remained until he sailed for Marseilles. He did not often afterward

revisit Corsica: the last time was on his return from his Egyptian campaign in 1799.

It was rounding out a wonderful experience for us to see the room and house where Napoleon had been born and spent his boyhood, for on the island of St. Helena, a few years before, we had seen the room and house where he had lived during his last exile and had died. It was like reading history backwards. And we were bound for Elba where he had chafed during another exile.

Corsica, although a part of France, and lying within sight of the French Riviera, which is one of the most sophisticated coasts in the world, is too often regarded as one of the wildest and most lawless islands in the Mediterranean. Yet I must admit that my heart beat a bit faster than usual at the thought of driving for two days across country, over wild passes, down deep gorges, through wastes of *maquis* and miles of dense forest, and spending the night at an inn somewhere up in the clouds in the heart of the mountains. But the trip, after all, proved a series of surprises and delights: our motor was one of the best we had ever hired; the chauffeur was courteous and intelligent, and we were accompanied by a charming young French professor from the college at Ajaccio, who was married to a Corsican lady and who acted as our guide. We traveled over wonderful roads all the way, with some of the most splendid, and certainly most varied scenery I have ever enjoyed.

At first, on leaving the city, we skirted hills from which we could look down on emerald bays with beaches white as milk. We motored through several small gray villages and by some handsome marble vaults or family tombs, not set in cemeteries, but standing in fields by themselves, with cypresses planted about them. Old watch-towers served as reminders of the Genoese domination of the island. We drove through pine forests and most superb groves of chestnut trees. The people mix chestnuts with milk, making a kind of porridge, and also export a good many. Oil, wine, and cheese likewise form a part of the trade of the islanders. The cheese goes to France, from which it is in turn exported as "Roquefort."

At last we stopped for luncheon at the new Hôtel des Roches Rouges, perched on the coast high above a large bay, the Gulf of Porto, near the village of Piana, surrounded by the red porphyry peaks of Les Calanches. Here we had a luncheon of delicious lobsters, which are plentiful in Corsica. Fresh cheese — *broccia* — made of the cream from goats' milk and eaten with sugar, is also a specialty, but alas, we could not sample it because all the sheep and goats at this summer season were grazing in the mountains. Nor could we try blackbirds, another Corsican delicacy, because they are shot only in the autumn.

After luncheon we continued on our way through the "Calanches" — amazing, colorful red rock

formations — past great jagged pinnacles above the sea, washed, worn, and eaten into fantastic shapes — a veritable Garden of the Gods — in which we descried the forms of a bear, a dog, a bishop, and a nun. The two last were eloping, so the story goes, when Nemesis overtook them and they were turned to stone.

The rich and fertile low-lying plains that in many places run down by the sea, and some of the valleys, are so unwholesome, that the picturesque villages are huddled high up the sides of the mountains. The peasants go down and work in the fields by day and return to their mountain homes at night. And yet there are ruins of Greek and Roman colonization which show that the low coastlands were habitable at one time, a fact which has made me wonder if the malarial mosquito existed in those ancient days. The hill towns through which we went are medieval in appearance, and appear rather grim and forbidding for lack of gardens and flowers. The streets are narrow, and the local sanitary inspectors and street-cleaning officials seemed to me decidedly lax. The people looked well-dressed, but the men, I heard, are such a lazy lot that Italians come over from the mainland to work at different seasons of the year, but then return home.

On our way to Corte, in the interior of this fascinating island, we climbed up through olive groves and pine and some of the finest chestnut forests in

the world; we motored over bare ridges and down again through long deep gorges, where the parapeted road hung over a rushing river for miles, and sheer rock walls rose hundreds of feet on either side. The stone had been so eaten away by the water in the course of ages that it looked leprous and as full of holes as a Swiss cheese. Finally we came coursing on to the interior plateau and to Corte, the heart of Corsica.

The Professor-guide told us a great many things about the places we were seeing and the people, even though he was only a "Corsican by marriage." During our drive through the mountains my Mrs. M'Connachie, still eager to learn about new places, had time to ask questions to her heart's content, and she wanted to hear especially about the famous Corsican vendettas and to know whether they were still going on.

The Professor admitted that fights and feuds of family and political origin occur often in the villages and that frequently people are shot. Such a state of affairs is to be expected among a people as fiery as the Corsicans, trained to war by centuries of bloodshed. The vendetta — the taking of personal vengeance — does still exist to some extent although France has made heroic efforts to wipe out both feuds and banditry. Only in 1926, however, was the noted bandit Romanetti finally killed. Corsica is not only troubled by killers of her own, but murderers from the Continent sometimes take ref-

uge in these hills, which are full of hiding-places and offer the utmost in security.

But conditions in Corsica today are ideal in comparison with those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, during which, it is estimated, three quarters of a million Corsicans were either killed or wounded as a result of vendettas. These feuds were of two kinds. In the one case a man might kill another for some grudge and then "take to the *maquis*" to avoid the vengeance of the law or of the man's friends and relatives. The *vendetta transversale* was much wider in scope: in this instance not only the families on both sides were involved, but the families of whoever did business with them. For example, a doctor who attended one of the wounded would automatically be drawn into the feud along with his family. Eventually an entire community would be involved in warfare which might last for two years or more or until exhaustion at length forced a truce. Mérimée's "Colomba" illustrates conditions when intelligence and education were beginning to operate against the vendetta system. By the opening of the twentieth century it had very largely, but not entirely, disappeared. The Professor advised us to reread both "Colomba" and Dumas' "Corsican Brothers" for a picture of Corsica in the days of the feuds.

The case of Romanetti is one of the most noted instances of the combination of the vendetta and banditry in recent years. Romanetti became a ban-



BONIFACIO OVERHANGING THE SEA, CORSICA



APPROACH TO AJACCIO, CORSICA



IMPERIAL NAPOLEON AND HIS FOUR ROYAL BROTHERS, AJACCIO



A CORSICAN CEMETERY

dit in 1905, after he had escaped from the prison to which he had been sentenced for life, having killed a mountaineer and kidnaped the daughter with whom he had fallen in love although he himself was married. Mancini, another bandit, refused to go into partnership with Romanetti, whereupon the latter started a bloody feud which ended with the capture and death by torture of Mancini. Meanwhile the band of robbers of which Romanetti was leader was terrorizing and robbing villages and requiring tribute in quite the fashion of the Chicago gangsters. France again and again sent soldiers into Corsica to get Romanetti alive or dead, only to have them return without the bandit and with perhaps half of their own number. At last the famous robber was slain and for two years there was an agreed truce between the families of Romanetti and Mancini. Then warfare broke out again, and France picked out one hundred of her most expert shots and sent them into Corsica with, apparently, the desired result of peace.

The origin of the vendetta in Corsica may be traced to the sixteenth century, to Sampiero Corso, who was also one of the island's greatest patriots. After a good deal of experience in warfare elsewhere, he returned to his native land to help free his people from their hated Genoese overlords. He was promptly imprisoned by the Genoese governor and as promptly released when the French ambassador at Genoa declared he was a French subject.

For six years he fought, until the island had achieved independence except for a nominal French sovereignty. And then France, making peace with Spain, yielded Corsica back to Genoa, the ally of Spain. Sampiero had to flee for his life, pursued by Genoese spies, who did their best to make way with him. Spies also were at work upon his wife, a lovely Corsican living in Marseilles. They tried to entice her to Genoa, in order to catch him. Thereupon Sampiero committed two crimes which mar his otherwise noble record: he killed his wife and a friend with her, thinking they had betrayed him to the Genoese. He went back to Corsica and with a small force was winning remarkable victories when he was shot down in 1567. The record of personal vengeance — of the vendetta — in Corsica, begins, they say, with Sampiero's own two crimes and their aftermath.

Surely we may not criticise this spirit of vendetta, for in our own West Virginia and Tennessee and Kentucky mountains there have been feuds that have been as cruel and vindictive and that have resulted in the extermination of whole families. The spirit of vendetta had in it indeed something noble and fine for it was founded on a tradition of loyalty to family and country, while, alas, our gunmen kill only for excitement and money and so have commercialized murder.

The Professor had more tales to tell on that ride to Corte of other picturesque characters from Corsi-

can history — among them, that Gilbert-and-Sullivan figure, Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, swindler and adventurer, who somehow made himself king of Corsica for a brief period during the eighteenth-thirties. He died in poverty in London, but a memorial tablet in St. Anne's in Soho and the inscription for his tombstone written by Walpole keep his memory greener than that of many another worthier monarch. The last two lines of the famous epitaph run as follows:

*“ Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a Kingdom and denied him bread.”*

Another romantic tale was of a Corsican Empress of Morocco, Davia Franceschini by name, who was captured as a child from a ship by corsairs and sold to the Sultan Mulai-Soliman, who was so delighted with her wit and beauty that he later married her.

At Corte we stopped for the night at a delightful hotel, an old chateau with a formal garden with parterres of flowers. The proprietor was a Corsican who had married an Englishwoman. The rooms were clean and the food excellent.

Corte had a garrison of “Alpini” who looked very trim in their dark blue *bérets* and light blue French uniforms, marching with their alpenstocks on their backs. As it was the eve of the fourteenth of July, the troops in celebration were parading with torch-lights and bands through the streets. The next

morning they were reviewed and several among them were given decorations by the Commandant in front of a grandstand filled with officers and their ladies.

Of Corte it is said, "Its history has been war." Among those who made the wars, the chief hero and greatest patriot was Pasquale Paoli, who was born in 1725. His father led the Corsican rebels against the Genoese and the son followed in his footsteps. Under Paoli's generalship most of the Genoese were at last driven from Corsica; then he had the French to reckon with, who were in the end too much for him, in spite of help from the British. He was twice exiled, once spending twenty years in England, and it was in London that he died. He was held in such esteem in the country of his exile that a memorial tablet to him was placed in Westminster Abbey.

From Corte we motored on through valleys and over massives to Calvi on the seacoast, passing more gray mountain-top villages, and hillsides covered with cork and olive trees. Calvi is a small, very old fortified town, with walls and castle on a huge rock jutting out into the water at the end of a crescent-shaped bay. Sampiero, with the help of the Turks, was able to drive out the French and Genoese from all the other Corsican strongholds but this; which, for its loyalty, had inscribed upon its gateway: "*Civitas Calvi semper fidelis*," — the faithful town.

Calvi — along with several other places — claims

to be the birthplace of Columbus. We prowled around the citadel through dirty alleys where women and squealing children clustered in the doorways, until we came to the remains of the walls of a house bearing this inscription in French:

“Here was born in 1441 Christopher Columbus, immortalized by his discovery of the New World at the time when Calvi was under Genoese domination. Died at Valladolid, May 20, 1500.”

A document recently discovered in the Vatican seems to disprove this claim and to show that Columbus was born in Cogoletto near Genoa. But several of the sailors with him are known to have come from Calvi and the town will probably always cling to the tradition that this street was called Rue Colombo for the family of the discoverer until Genoa jealously changed the name and removed the registers containing the records of the birth and baptism of young Christopher.

The church contains some relics, the principal one being the “Christ noir des Miracles,” a statue which was exposed on the ramparts of the town when the Turks and Sampiero besieged it in 1553 and which, it was felt, saved Calvi from invasion.

After looking about the citadel we made our way to the level strip along the fine sandy beach below,

where a new quarter was being built up with a few houses and hotels standing near a grove of pines and some bathing houses. Sometimes the French coast, which is only six hours distant by steamer, can be seen.

From Calvi we motored on to Bastia, driving by the granite quarries from which came the base for the column in the Place Vendome and also the base for Napoleon's tomb in Paris. It was a hazy day and sea and sky merged into each other, while some small white clouds floated on the horizon like snow islands, but the scenery was not so wild nor so romantic as that we had already seen. First we skirted the water by swamps, villages, and vineyards; then swung round the mountain buttresses, hanging on by one wheel. The mountain roads, by the way, are dangerous for motors because they have no guard walls or rails on the outside of sharp or sudden turns to prevent cars from going over. This is because such protections might interfere with the sweep of the long timber masts that are brought down with care and difficulty from the forests above. We met a number of motors and motor busses — France seems to be developing this kind of traffic on the island. Probably many people were taking advantage of the holiday to make excursions and visit friends. In villages we saw men and a few women sitting at tables in the open doorways of the wine shops drinking yellow wine, sweet syrups, and a green beverage, a sort of absinth made

on the island. In the distance the long high peninsula of Cap Corse loomed up, famous for its race of sailors.

Just as we were about to descend into Bastia from what seemed like the top of the world, the car developed a flat tire which gave us an opportunity to get out and walk about and to look down on the commercial town by the water with villas of the well-to-do ranging up the hillside among the terraced groves of orange and lemon trees. We came upon barracks occupied by black Colonial troops in brown and yellow uniforms and red fezzes, and on a hilltop near by saw the Torre de Seneca, an ancient stone tower traditionally occupied by Seneca during the seven years of his banishment from Rome during the reign of Claudius. The tower was undoubtedly built many centuries after his death, but what chance has fact against tradition?

While we waited for the motor, the Professor recited, or rather chanted for us, some of the unique dirges which are the principal form of poetic expression among the Corsicans, who have known so much bloodshed and grief. The *vocera* or song of lamentation at a funeral is sometimes improvised entire and sometimes performed by a leader and a responding chorus. Often young women compose and chant the words. Here are two examples the Professor gave us, the first a husband's lament at his wife's funeral:

“You were my golden box of good tobacco; my garments of fine linen embroidered with gold. You were my fortune; the one who slept at my side.”

The second was a dirge sung by a relative:

“Oh, tell me the closet where I can find the linen — the house seems denuded of everything. Oh, where are thy bonnets and hats — those that did honor to the family?”

Down we drove into the town, where the main street was lined with gay shops and hundreds of people seemed to be spending their holiday sitting at tables in front of the restaurants in the broad open square and promenade by the sea wall and quays.

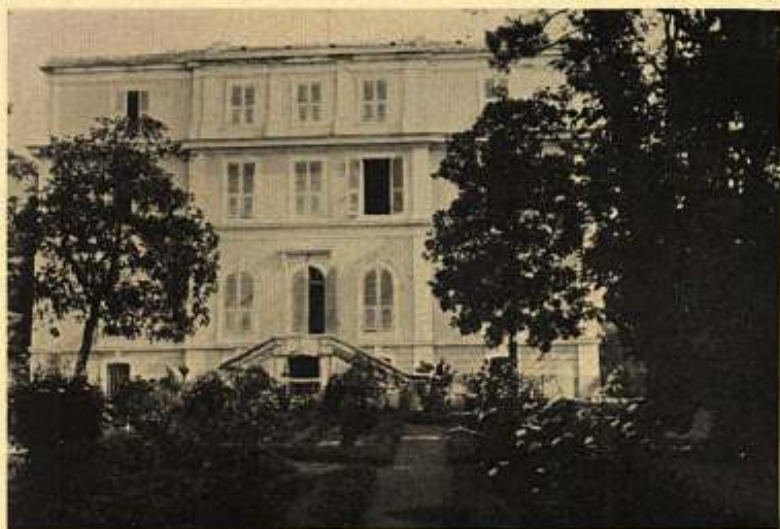
The harbor where *Sayonara* was tied up to the mole waiting for us was filled with small steamers and sailing ships ready for cargo. We were sorry to say good-bye to the nice chauffeur and the kind Professor. Only when we had settled down once more on the yacht did we begin to think of our next ports. Yes, there they lay — the last of our Mediterranean islands — Monte Cristo and Elba, just faintly to be seen on the far horizon in the clear evening light.



CORTE, IN THE HEART OF CORSICA



PARADE OF ALPINI GARRISON ON BASTILLE DAY AT CORTE



HOTEL CHÂTEAU AT CORTE



HILL TOWN OF BELGODERE ON ROAD TO CALVI, CORSICA

CHAPTER XXII

MONTE CRISTO AND ELBA

LITERATURE, poetry, and romance have added incalculably to the delights of travel. How much more wonderful our cruise had been because we had so often met and crossed the Odyssey of Ulysses! Once on a time, when at Rabat in Morocco, we had picked up the trail of Robinson Crusoe, and later had looked for Defoe's desert island in the West Indies and off the coast of Chile. At Ajaccio Dumas had written the tale of "The Corsican Brothers," and our next adventure, as we passed through the Tuscan archipelago on the way to Elba, was to see the barren rock — the island of Monte Cristo — that has been made famous by the imagination of that same man.

Our cruise of over two months was almost at an end, when early in the morning of July 15 *Sayonara* let go from the quay below the high breakwater to which we had been stern-tied; up came the anchors and we were off again, moving quietly out of the harbor of Bastia with its sea walls and miniature lighthouses at the entrance of the ancient port. As we slipped over the smoothest of blue seas we looked back at the town and fading mountains of

Corsica which had proved a very real delight. Off to port we could see the loom of Elba in the soft haze, but we were going a bit out of our way to have a look at Monte Cristo, an islet without history, but one of the most fascinating because of the romance of "The Count of Monte Cristo."

It seems that in 1842 Dumas was invited by Jerome Bonaparte to take the Prince Imperial "Plon-Plon" on a cruise to "teach him France." The young nephew of the great Napoleon was naturally eager to see both Corsica and Elba because of their associations with his uncle. In visiting the latter place, the voyagers sailed near the islet of Monte Cristo, and although they did not land, because the sailors warned them of the danger of malaria and said there was nothing to see but wild goats, nevertheless the place somehow appealed so much to the romantic imagination of the author that he not only used it in his next novel, but also gave the name to a castle he built in later years and to a weekly newspaper he founded.

The life of Alexandre Dumas, the elder, was almost as full of incident and excitement as one of his own books. He was born in France in 1802, the son of a general and the grandson of a marquis and a *femme de couleur* of San Domingo. When quite young Alexandre went to Paris to seek his fortune. He had innumerable love affairs. Some other pursuits besides writing were duels, law cases, dabbling in politics, and traveling in far-away coun-

tries. In 1860 he espoused the cause of Garibaldi and the "red shirts." His first great literary success was the play "Henry III," produced by the Comédie Française. Over sixty other plays followed. He also wrote short stories, memoirs, and books of travel, but his novels — especially the historical ones — were his most successful works. These include such familiar names as "The Three Musketeers," and its sequels, and "The Count of Monte Cristo." As he approached middle age he built a huge theatre in which to produce his plays, and a castle at St. Germain. But in the last years of his life one financial reverse followed another until, at the time of his death in 1870, he was as poor as when he began his brilliant career.

The small island of Monte Cristo, while we were approaching it, looked to me like a wallowing rhino with a thick crinkled hide. As we drew nearer it proved a great gray peak of rock that mounts to a height of two thousand feet although the whole island is only six miles in circumference. Its massive of granite rises steeply on all sides out of the ocean, serried and streaked in its lonely grandeur, dramatic in its setting, with a few deep ravines that break down to the water's edge, with trees and green vegetation. In one of these we saw a little landing-place at the sea front, with a road running to some houses partly hidden in the verdure of the narrow valley, where pink and red oleander were gleaming through. These were the lodges of the

game-keepers, for the whole island is a royal Italian hunting preserve, and landing on it is generally forbidden. We looked carefully through our glasses for sign of goat or *moufflon*, for here and on Sardinia and Corsica are said to be the only *moufflon* left in Europe. High up on the rock we thought we could spy the ruins of a monastery which was destroyed by pirates as far back as the thirteenth century. But the barren island looked like "poor pickings," even for goats, and I fear the royal supper is not sumptuous if it depends entirely on the game shot there.

The day was heavenly and the sea like glass as we circled the shores, peering into pirate caves some with swirling water. One of these caverns the Queen has made into a studio where she sketches — very well, so I have heard. Often the King and Queen, together with the young princesses Marie and Giovanna, come to Monte Cristo for a rest. They would rarely be disturbed, I imagine.

On leaving Monte Cristo we straightened out for Elba. Coming upon the island from the south I was reminded at first of St. Helena because of the rolling, wind-swept plateau at that end. Fairly large, well cultivated, and near the mainland, it is quite unlike Monte Cristo. The mountain sides as we sailed on I noticed were scarred where the rich mines of iron are worked; it was the first ugly landscape which we had seen for a long time, where natural beauty was being sacrificed to man's supposed needs. We could easily see the coast of Italy,

of Piombino, across a narrow stretch of water. *Sayonara* steamed by Porto Longone, an old Spanish fort, on the way to Portoferraio, where we were to land.

Napoleon arrived at this town on the English ship *Undaunted* on May 5, 1814 — a prisoner in exile who was to be king of this little colony. Though the inhabitants had not been notified that he was to reign over them, they gave him a rousing welcome when they discovered he had arrived. Under his government the island prospered for a time, but he remained only eleven months. He told the people that his queen and son would come to him, but Austria never allowed them to do so — nor, most people believe, did Marie Louise make any serious attempt to join him. His mother, the indomitable Letitia, came, however, and his sister Pauline, as well as one of his lady-loves for a visit.

Napoleon was very restless during the period of his confinement on this island and moved from one house to another. Many worries, many plans, occupied his mind. The Bourbons had promised him a handsome income, which was never paid. Marie Louise did send him some money, however, but it was quickly spent. Finally, on February 26, 1815, he was able to accomplish his purpose to slip away from Elba. No one knew just where he was going, but taking his mother aside, he pointed to the north. It was to Paris, as we know, that he went. Then followed the whirlwind "Hundred Days," the de-

feat at Waterloo, and finally exile and death on St. Helena.

As we entered Portoferraio between the forts of Stella and Falcone, we noticed, high up on a promontory, in a pretty garden overlooking the water, the "palace" which Napoleon had occupied for a time. The house, not large, was yellow, with green blinds and red-tiled roof. The harbor where *Sayonara* anchored was surrounded by an amphitheatre of green hills. Off to starboard was the quaint tiny port with ocher-colored walls and pale pink octagonal tower at the entrance, its stone sentry-box overhanging at the corner of the bastion. The tall houses of the ancient town were a mass of faded, mellow colors, rose and yellow, with balconies and green shutters and gay awnings — like Venetian palaces — making a fascinating picture of an old city by the water. And just as near, off to port, rose tall chimneys, begrimed, pouring out nasty-smelling smoke, and derricks and cranes and factories and railways of a great modern foundry plant, noisy with the roar of furnaces and the whistling of engines. Yet, with the rosy glow of sunset behind them, even the smoke and factories took on a certain uncanny beauty.

The next morning we went ashore and hired for our sight-seeing a brand new motor, which was operated by a young Italian with a shock of coarse black hair. He seemed as new to driving as the car to being driven, but we managed to run through the town

without mishap and stopped in the main square to look at the inscriptions on the Hotel de Ville, near the postoffice, which told us of the famous occupants of the house — Napoleon, Victor Hugo, and the present King of Italy. A rather poor statue to some Fascisti stood in the center of the park. Climbing the hill through a tunnel, we met on the way a stoutish officer riding on a high horse, who was, so our chauffeur informed us, the Italian colonel in command of Elba. As he was living in Napoleon's palace on the promontory looking out over the water, we could not see the inside, but we prowled around the house and Fort Stella, with its ramps and ramparts, which we had seen from *Sayonara* coming in, and had a fine view of the town, the island, and the surrounding seas. Then down we went again into the town, which we found rather dirty, but picturesque, with washing hanging from every house. Past the great foundries we drove and out into the country for a few miles till we came to Napoleon's house of San Martino.

At the gate stood an ugly modern villa — a fantastic place which had been built by a Russian, Prince Demidoff, who had married a Bonaparte. Taking the advice of a woman hanging out of a window that we look for the gardener, we went up the long, flower-bordered walk to an iron grille and a gate which was gilded with the eagles and "N" of Napoleon. Inside was a drive and fine shrubbery and masses of flowers in front of a classic,

colonnaded building which was the museum that Demidoff had also built and in which, in his time, he had loyally collected Napoleonic relics. Its roof forms part of the terrace for the Villino of San Martino which stands above and was Napoleon's residence. Still higher, through the trees, can be seen the white front of the house of the Italian gentleman who now owns the property.

The Villino of San Martino is itself quite embowered in gardens and shady trees; it is small and simple, now more or less empty and going to pieces. We were taken into the Emperor's bedroom and dining-room and the apartments reserved for his suite. The most interesting room was the Egyptian Hall in the center of the house with a fountain and old wall paper in curious Oriental designs.

The façade of the museum was architecturally quite lovely with its Napoleonic bees and "N's" everywhere, kept up with some degree of respect, but the building inside was in a sad state of decay. Most of the contents of Napoleonic interest had been sold, except a series of old engravings of scenes from the Emperor's life and battles. These included his Egyptian campaign; his daring march across the Alps, and his victory over the Austrians on the Plains of Marengo; the crowning of the First Consul as Emperor of the French; his battles against the English, Russian, Austrian, and Swedish armies; his famous battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805; also the battle of Jena, when he rode his white Arabian

steed Marengo; his entry into Berlin surrounded by the "Old Guard"; his Spanish campaign; his great victory at Wagram against the Austrians; the splendid review in Paris in 1810; and his tragic retreat from Moscow in 1812.

The museum also contained a collection of the fish and birds found among the islands in the vicinity. A huge shark among them made me think we were lucky not to have encountered his relatives while swimming off the yacht in these waters.

In the course of our sight-seeing we were somewhat mystified by a handsome blond young man who joined us without invitation and asked a great many questions, pretending he spoke only German, although later the chauffeur told us he spoke a number of languages and was on the staff of the Foundry Company. We wondered why he joined us in the first place and why he pretended to know only one tongue. We suspected him of being a spy of sorts who wanted to find out why we were so diligent in visiting the island, for few yachts come into Portoferraio, and its great iron foundries are not generally known — perhaps they have some process or character they wish to keep secret. Had I been a Dumas I should have needed nothing more for the starting-point of an exciting novel. As it was, I felt that the little bit of mystery gave the island just the proper Napoleonic atmosphere, for the Emperor's stay here of less than a year was filled with plots and schemes to regain his throne.

In spite of the shark of local origin which we had seen at the museum, we took one last swim in the harbor before sailing across the Ligurian Sea for Leghorn, where we were to leave our good yacht *Sayonara*, for we had determined that a rest at the famous springs of Montecatini, which are in their beautiful Tuscan hills a few miles inland from Leghorn, might be of benefit after our strenuous weeks of travel. But as we were very sad at the prospect of leaving the yacht and its crew and disliked saying formal good-byes, we planned to pretend that we were going ashore for the night with only a few bags, so as to take a look at Montecatini and then perhaps rejoin the ship and go on to Genoa where we had originally intended to surrender her charter. But the Captain suspected our purpose and behold! just as I thought we were getting away quietly, he asked us to come out on the promenade deck and there — he had the whole crew lined up in their best bib and tucker, officers and quartermasters and stewards, down through the engine-room staff and crew, even to the little old forecandle cook with the gold-hooped earrings, whom I had never seen before — all thirty-four of them. And they gave us a cheer! L. spoke a few words to them, sincere and from the heart, for they had been a fine lot of men under a fine Captain. We shook hands with them all, and as we went away in the launch, they gave us more cheers in farewell.

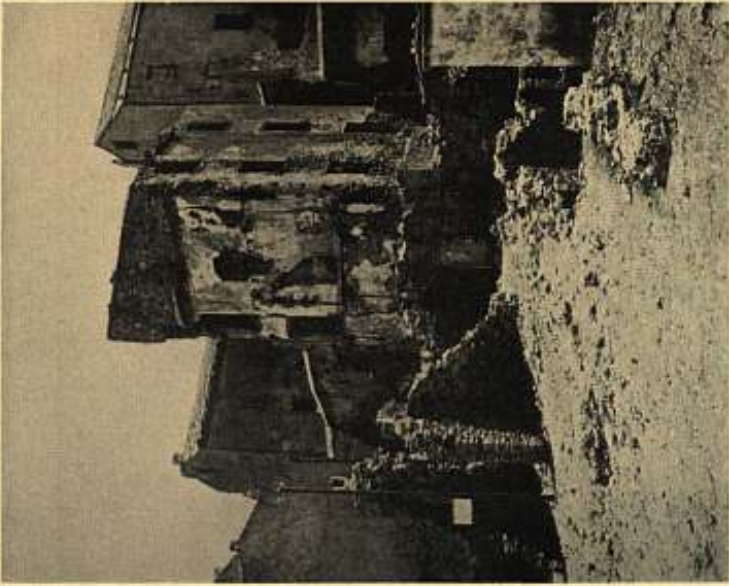
Good-bye *Sayonara*, good-bye indeed, for Sayo-



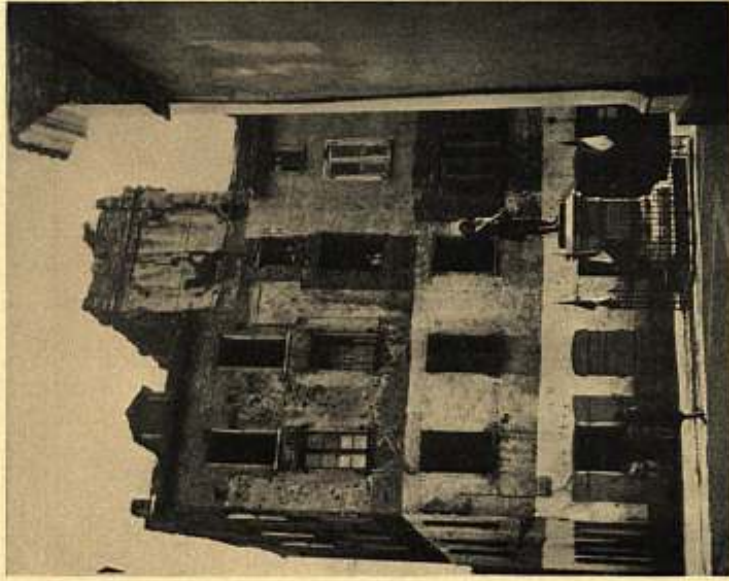
CITADEL OF UPPER TOWN OF CALVI, CORSICA



A COAST OF MONTE CRISTO



RUINS OF HOUSE IN WHICH CALVI, CORSICA,
CLAIMS COLUMBUS WAS BORN



STATUE AND HOUSE OF GOFFORI, CORTE

nara, a Japanese word used in farewell, means good-bye, come again, if it must be so, so be it. *Sayonara*, good-bye!

It was hard to realize that our marvelous cruise was over. We had had two months of swift adventuring over four thousand miles and more of Mediterranean seas besides the many trips ashore. We had traveled in lands which were old when history began recording their story and in Near Eastern countries where a new history is just now in the making. *Sayonara* had poked her nose into some ports where foreign ships had rarely penetrated. We had enjoyed every moment, but we were quite willing now to take a rest. Even my Mrs. M'Connachie, who is ever luring me on to new adventures, seemed satisfied for the time being, as I discovered to my astonishment when she overheard someone in Montecatini that evening expatiating on the charms of Iceland — a place we had never visited. Did she turn by so much as the flicker of an eyelash in the direction of the speaker? No! But I fear she may prick up her ears again some day at the mention of the wilds of North Canada, or perhaps French Indo-China, or even of Tibet, and off we may start once more, who knows?

Epi-Log

Mediterranean Cruise "Sayonara" May-June-July, 1929

May 19	VENICE	join A.M. leave 5:15 P.M. 144 miles, 15 hours
May 20	ZARA	arrive 8:15 A.M. leave 11:45 A.M. 41 miles, 4 hours
May 21	SEBENICO	arrive 4 P.M. leave 9:40 A.M. 40 miles, 4 hours
May 22	SPALATO	arrive 2 P.M. leave 5:50 A.M. 115 miles, 11 hours
May 23	GRAVOSA (RAGUSA)	arrive 4:30 P.M.
May 24		
May 25		leave 1:50 P.M. 50 miles, 5 hours
May 26	CATTARO	arrive 6:45 P.M. leave 5:40 P.M. 102 miles, 12 hours
May 27	DURAZZO	arrive 6:15 A.M. leave 6 P.M. 117 miles, 13 hours
May 28	CORFU	arrive 7 A.M. leave 3:50 A.M. 150 miles, 15 hours
May 29		
May 30	KATAKOLO	arrive 6:40 P.M.
May 31		leave 5 A.M. 107 miles, 11 hours

426 A YACHT IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS

	ITEA	arrive 3:40 P.M.
June 1		
June 2		leave 4:50 A.M.
	CORINTH	40 miles, 4 hours arrive 8:50 A.M.
		leave 11:50 A.M.
		34 miles, 6 hours (canal)
	ATHENS (PHALERON BAY)	arrive 5:15 P.M.
June 3		
June 4		
June 5		
June 6		
June 7		
June 8		leave 6:50 A.M.
	AEGINA	14 miles, 2 hours arrive 8:30 A.M.
		leave 11:10 A.M.
	NAUPLIA	68 miles, 6.30 hours arrive 5:30 P.M.
June 9		
June 10		leave 6:50 A.M.
	GEITHION	112 miles, 10.40 hours arrive 5:30 P.M.
June 11		leave 5:30 A.M.
	MELOS	105 miles, 11 hours arrive 4:40 P.M.
June 12		leave 4:55 A.M.
	SANTORIN	67 miles, 6.40 hours arrive 11:30 A.M.
		leave 4:50 P.M.
	NIOS	21 miles, 2 hours arrive 7 P.M.
June 13		
June 14		leave 4:55 A.M.
	DELOS	41 miles, 4.30 hours arrive 8:35 A.M.
June 14		leave 11:20 A.M.
	SYRA	18 miles, 2 hours arrive 1:18 P.M.
June 15		leave 5:50 A.M.
	ATALANTA BAY (EURIPOS)	126 miles, 13 hours arrive 7 P.M.



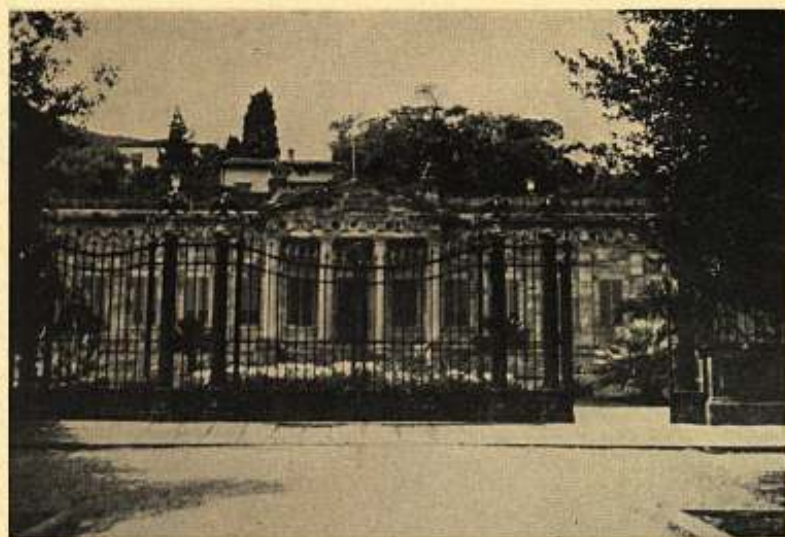
NAPOLEON'S PALACE FROM FORT STELLA, PORTOFERRAIO, ELBA



NAPOLEON'S VILLA, WITH TREES ON TERRACE PLANTED BY
NAPOLEON, SAN MARTINO, ELBA



OLD CITADEL AND TOWN, PORTOFERRAIO, ELBA

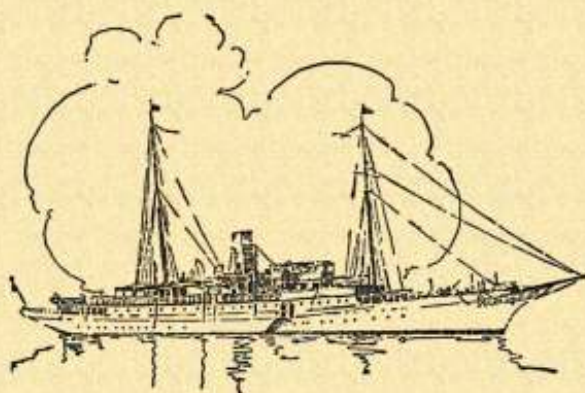


DEMIDOFF MUSEUM AT SAN MARTINO, ELBA

June 16		leave 4:50 A.M. 78 miles, 7.40 hours arrive 12:30 P.M.
June 17	VOLOS	
June 18		leave 4:55 P.M. 130 miles, 14.30 hours arrive 7:30 A.M.
June 19	SALONIKA	leave 5:44 P.M. 113 miles, 13.40 hours arrive 7:30 A.M.
June 20	MT. ATHOS	leave 3:30 P.M. 253 miles, 1 day, 4.30 hours arrive 8 P.M.
June 21	CONSTANTINOPLE	
June 22		
June 23		
June 24		
June 25		leave 10 P.M. 289 miles, 1 day, 10 hours arrive 8:18 A.M.
June 26	SMYRNA	leave 5:18 P.M. 139 miles, 15.40 hours arrive 9 A.M.
June 27		leave 3 P.M. 127 miles, 16 hours arrive 6:50 A.M.
June 28	PATMOS	leave 11:50 A.M. 185 miles, 23 hours arrive 10:30 A.M.
June 29	RHODES	leave 7:20 P.M.
June 30		At sea
July 1	CRETE (CANDIA)	At sea 534 miles, 2 days, 10 hours arrive 5:50 A.M.
July 2		
July 3		
July 4	MALTA	leave 8:30 P.M. 85 miles, 10 hours arrive 6:25 A.M.
July 5		leave 5 A.M. 76 miles, 9 hours arrive 2 P.M.
July 6		leave 6:50 P.M. 122 miles, 13.30 hours arrive 8:20 A.M.
July 7	SYRACUSE	
July 8	MESSINA	
July 9	PALERMO	

428 A YACHT IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS

<i>July 10</i>		leave 6:20 P.M. 255 miles, 1 night, 1 day, 27 hours
<i>July 11</i>	TERRANOVA (ARANCI BAY)	arrive 8:40 P.M.
<i>July 12</i>		leave 6 A.M. 87 miles, 9.40 hours
<i>July 13</i>	AJACCIO	arrive 3:30 P.M. leave 4:50 P.M.
<i>July 14</i>		125 miles, 14.45 hours
<i>July 15</i>	BASTIA	arrive 7:30 A.M. leave 7 A.M. 95 miles, 9.30 hours
<i>July 16</i>	PORTOFERRAIO	arrive 4:30 P.M. leave 12:30 P.M.
	LEGHORN	arrive 5:15 P.M.



S. Y. "SAYONARA," N. Y. Y. C.

Tied, Mediterranean fashion, stern to the outer breakwater of the port of Leghorn, where we left her and the flags were lowered and the cruise was over, and we bade her good bye.

Good bye, "Sayonara," good bye indeed, for sayonara is the Japanese word for good bye till we meet again, so it was in truth, Sayonara,

Good bye!

CRUISE
OF STEAM-YACHT
"SAYONRA"
MEDITERRANEAN SEAS
1929



MEDITERRANEAN SEA

