





This little book is dedicated

To Walter

My partner for a lifetime
of work, play, and wonder

"One Among Thousands"

Dept: Bertine Vallone

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MY TEN WONDERS

of the WORLD

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I. Man-made

Pyramids
Great Wall
Angkor
Chartres
Lincoln

II. Natural

Mt. Fujiyama
Mt. Rainier
Redwoods
Victoria Falls
Grand Canyon

Dedication of
Chapter 1
My Ten Wonders

This chapter has special dedication to
Eleanor McHugh
who was first to say it should be
written and printed

MY TEN WONDERS

Having arrived at a sedate age, and privileged to have seen something of our wonderful world because of sharing life for nearly 60 years with a husband who loved to see, and to wonder, -- I am now urged to set down some memories. It will be hard to select just ten, if I include marvels of nature, and those of man's making.

The Pyramids of Egypt are on every such list. It was 1928 when we rode on camels around the Great Pyramid of Cheops. We were ejected from our beasts near the Sphinx, and I was surprised to find it smaller than the Pyramid. In old prints it always seemed higher. They were then excavating its temple, known to be a thousand years earlier than the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, despite mutilation during Napoleonic wars, is still the most impressive sculpture from its far away period. In 1950 we drove out on the desert to watch the afterglow on the Pyramids, and later moonrise. That magic made us almost forget how eloquent of slavery these great tombs are, when no sacrifice of human lives was too great to prove the importance of the Pharaoh.

In 1937 we saw an even greater wonder wrought by imperial slaves, the Chinese wall; built about 1200 B.C. it is over 2500 miles long to surround and protect the Chinese empire from the weapons of its day. Mile after endless mile it stretches over mountain and vale; wide enough for horsemen, high enough to repel invasion then, -- useless, yet magnificent today.

Again in 1937 we travelled well out of beaten way to see a wonder of long ago which was rediscovered in our own day, to Angkor, in Cambodia, the most wonderful "ruins" in the world. This was the capital of the Khmer nation, the largest city in Southeast Asia in its time (fifth and 6th century). It was deserted, and really lost to the jungle, from its conquest in 8th century to its discovery and clearing out by the French in late 19th century.

With seemingly tireless artistry, temple after temple stands today, mute evidence of the skill and inventive genius of a people who suddenly vanished. Angkor Vat is an immense temple over a quarter of a mile square, with central towers of great height, built without knowledge of the arch, just the lintel. Somewhat sheltered are the miles of sculptured panels of stories of the religion of the Khmers, a blend of Hindu and Buddhism. One panel seems the Judaic story of Jonah and the Whale, another suggests the Flood, -- we were moved to thought of possible common origins of religions, and certainty of borrowed stories. How? Through early trade routes ideas were exchanged, despite barriers of language and infrequency of journeys. The city gates, elephant high; the many heads of Vishnu; the sacred snake with its power struggle between almond-eyed giants one side, and round-eyed demons the other. These are a few memories of great Angkor.

More familiar to all is European architecture with so much great artistry of the Renaissance. For us the priceless gem is the cathedral at Chartres, with its rose window superb in design and color. Perhaps the temples at Angkor were done by all the people together, as we believe these early cathedrals were, -- by groups of craftsmen producing their best, expressing devotion to their religion.

Skipping over the centuries to the 20th, in our own capital stands a supremely beautiful memorial -- to Lincoln -- which we feel is the world's finest sculptured tribute to greatness of character. The simplicity of design, the directness of symbolism, the heroic realism, all make it unforgettable. How far from the tyranny of Pharaohs and pyramids, this tribute by a people to a leader who gave all for his people!

Now let us consider some wonders of nature. Perhaps because we were lowlands-born the mountains have had great fascination for us. None more than snow-capped peaks like the perfect cone of Fujiyama in Japan. This was hidden from view by fog when we came to Tokyo, and, because of "mountain madness" we insisted on going by ourselves to a resort on the other side, and we had a marvellous day with "Fuji", almost the only ones of our party so lucky. Mt. Osorno in Southern Chile is called South American Fujiyama. We came to it by way of the Argentine lakes region and found it beautiful indeed. Such peaks make more impressive scenes by contrast with surroundings, than from ranges studded with peaks nearly as high.

In our own Northwest a few giants, once volcanoes, lift themselves high away from supporting ranges. To us the most perfect mountain picture is Mt. Rainier, in Washington State. It rises to 14,500 feet and is the center of an immense glacial system, 26 glaciers sweeping down in all directions. When Mr. Little climbed it by night he saw by moonlight its three companion peaks, Mt. Adams, Mount St. Helens, even distant Mt. Hood. The climb was led by the famous Alpine guide Hans Fuhrer who served our National Parks system for a number of years. Starting at 10 P.M. they reached the summit crater at noon, and from Paradise Inn we watched by telescope, and could actually count the tiny flea-like specks, assuring us that all had made it. If one had given up, all would have had to, but happily all survived. One may ask, "Why take such chances?" "Why such mountain climbs?" "Because the mountain is there," says Hilary of Everest fame.

When we were in India we had a rather "spooky" drive starting at 3 A.M. from Darjeeling, hoping to reach the viewpoint for Everest before 7 A.M. when clouds might cover the giant of them all. We travelled by man-drawn cart, ours a double one, so that we helped keep each other warm in the intense cold of winter at those heights. Returning we did have a wonderful glimpse of Chin Chin junga, second highest of the Himalayas.

In 1910 on our first European trip, we saw the three centres of the Swiss Alps, Lucerne, Chamonix, Zermatt. As we travelled up the Rhine at Bonn we met an American college group raging with disappointment "2 solid weeks in Switzerland without seeing a mountain." Lucky we, to arrive at the unveiling! "That must be the summit; no, look, higher, that is it!" as the weather lifted, and the wonder unfolded, at Murren, for Mt. Blanc.

Twelve years later we drove up to Chamonix from South by "Route des Alpes." At Zermatt a group of Alpinists was meeting and from an exhibit of paintings by members we bought Albert Gos' "Alpen glow on Mt. Blanc" one of our favorites today.

Leaving the mountains, coming to trees, we are led at once to memories of our great redwoods. Sequoias, coastal, and the giants of the inland parks, and their cousins, the cryptomeria of Japan, -- these are remnants from a far off age when oceans were not such formidable barriers, or climates were more favorable. Redwoods, as you know, live thousands of years, seem insect-proof and fire resistant. You may have seen a section of some giant redwood with its growth rings labelled, showing B.C. dates, the beginning of A.D., here Rome fell, here Napoleon conquered, and so on. For these trees are our oldest living things. If they were not, they would be "wonders", still, for their stately beauty makes them worth going far to see. And pray let us preserve them from the greedy axe, as gifts from God, not to be wasted. So tall, solid groves of them admit only shafts of sunlight. Yet the cone of these giants is one of the smallest of the conifers.

Leaving trees for waterfalls I recall being taken as a child of 10 by fast train across New York state to see Niagara Falls. This still ranks high among world falls for its volume, and for its unity as a picture. Some greater falls are more scattered, or have no good viewpoint. Our "greatest" will always be Victoria falls in South Africa, where the great Zambezi River, one mile wide, falls into a narrow gorge 400 feet deep (really a continental split), and then boils madly toward narrowest of outlets. The resultant display of waterfalls and rainbows is unbelievable. One walks on the slightly lower opposite wall, through a rain forest, to view successive great plunges, and bathed in rainbow after rainbow. I believe there is nothing like it elsewhere. Some are so foolish as to fly over it, but only by walking that incredible mile and a half does one sense the majesty of the Falls which Livingstone (the white man discoverer) named for his Queen.

There are other chasms on smaller scale similar to our Grand Canyon of Colorado in Arizona, but none equal it for immense size, beauty of coloring, and the lesson it has for mankind. 200 miles long, and much of it 15 miles wide, and over a mile deep, all of it a spectacle. Product of erosion, plus the lifting up of the region to 7000 elevation while the river was digging down. There is perhaps no place in the world equal to it for study of strata, for here the geologic story is exposed from the oldest rocks known, up to but not including the emergence of man. The very first of our National Parks, this is one of the best administered, its Museum and its Rangers carefully chosen to help our people realize the Great Plan here disclosed.

Actually "wonders" are not always big things. Once we found a white cardinal flower (usually the brilliant red) and Gray's botany said "very rarely" white -- that was a "wonder." So are glacier lilies, by the square yard, blooming in the snow fields in our Glacier Park. So are snowflakes seen under microscope, marvels indeed, no two alike in trillions of trillions! After a long woodland trek in rain, the sight of home-camp with a double rainbow arched over the little lake, that was a marvel, altho' a transitory one. It is not strange that primitive folk see portent in nature and are moved to worship by moments of beauty. I recall from the train seeing a Navajo Indian, red band in hair, seated on an eminence gazing motionless at the setting sun, a picture himself in the afterglow.

For every thinking person the realization of beauty is a form of worship, and space age revelations of our universe tend to increase rather than diminish this sense of wonder.

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FIRST TRIP

WEST

1906

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Our first trip to the West Coast was in the summer of 1906, and was limited to four weeks. At the slower rate of travel then we had to make some choice. Three things had to be included; Mr. Little had to see the Great Lakes route by which much of his grain for the mill came; and we both had to see the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon, just recently become National Parks.

So we headed for Buffalo and the journey by fine big steamer over Lakes Erie, Michigan, Huron, and Superior to Duluth. Past bustling Gary, and Chicago beginning to tower into the skies, the Soo with its locks, Superior like the ocean itself, then past rich-colored copper country. At Duluth trolleys slid up steep hills as they still do in San Francisco. But not in 1906 as we shall note later.

A short but momentous overnight in an ill-cleaned sleeper to St. Paul. Every ancient vehicle was dragged out for the great G.A.R. convention in St. Paul that summer. Thence a fine train took us toward the coast. Tourist sleepers were then new, rather intimately enjoyable. We met families going West to live. Some who had been visiting "back East", by which they meant St. Paul, in contrast to our concept of "East." Oh, yes, did we know so-and-so "who lived in New York city, just over the fence from Boston?"

Thus we travelled through the then very real West, Iowa, Montana, Wyoming. At Livingstone came our break for the Yellowstone Park with its geysers and related phenomena matched nowhere else except by some of lesser size in New Zealand. Fifty years ago the trip through the park was made in horse-drawn vehicles, a dozen passengers to a wagon, and five days were given to really see what is now whizzed through in one or two.

We stayed at Mammoth Hot Springs, at Old Faithful Inn, at Colonial Inn on the Lake (now closed) and the Canyon Hotel near Yellowstone Falls. We had time to fish at the Lake, to feed pelicans, to walk down to the base of the Falls, to see birds and bears, to marvel at geysers, and colorful pools everywhere.

Exhilarated and refreshed we left Livingstone for Seattle. Smoke from Canadian forest fires kept us from seeing Mt. Rainier, which Mr. Little was to climb on our next visit west, thirteen years later. Returning southward we were ferried, train and all across the Columbia River to Portland, Oregon. This we thought looked a bit like its Maine namesake, then. Thence by the Shasta route into California. Mt. Shasta was our very first snow-capped mountain, and it kindly obliged by being happily visible.

We had a momentous two hour stay in San Francisco before boarding the Southern Pacific Railway for Los Angeles. This was July 1906. April had brought earthquake, fire, and complete destruction to San Francisco. Many of its people were still living in camps in former parks. But the city was beginning to rise again from the rubble and ashes, due to the indomitable spirit of some of its leading citizens. The St. Charles Hotel was intact but quite alone. Nearby a fountain statue of Hermes, poised on one foot, stood unharmed; but the trolley car tracks in street

pavements were twisted and writhed, church towers had all fallen, there was no vestige of once beautiful homes. It was a sad sight, such reminder of how we live amid powers of nature beyond our control. Heroic was the courage of the leaders of "the city that refused to die."

Los Angeles was then a pretty city, more like a group of small towns with abundant trees and parks. Fifty years later driving up from the south we saw only scores of miles of dreary motor-slums. In 1906 we went boating in a little section then called "Venice", before going on to San Diego.

Train travel then was a sooty affair of coal-burning engines, before invention of protecting shields between cars, and no clean diesels. So we were glad to leave at Williams, Arizona and take a branch rail-train to the Grand Canyon. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the awesome thrill of first seeing this matchless spectacle, as we crossed the head of Bright Angel Canyon on the South Rim. Then the descent at El Tovar Hotel, and we stood viewing the "greatest hole on earth."

Seeing from the rim was not enough. We blithely joined the party to ride down to the River, altho' I had never sat on a horse for more than five minutes in my life. And the ill luck befell that my mount was a tall horse; the rest all had mules. A stop for photography just below the rim, found me reduced to near-tears. I wished to get off and walk! The guide soon set me right. That western saddle has a high pommel for holding on. The horse had no suicidal intent, did not wish my guidance. Bright Angel trail in 1906 was far more perilous affair than now. But we made it, seven miles down, and worse seven up, and we saw everything. Back at El Tovar that evening stairs and chairs made us more aware of portions of our anatomy than ever in our lives earlier.

When in 1936 we took our beloved sister-in-law on a Western trip with the Canyon as climax, another route to the River had been built, the Kaibab trail, and its wonderful bridge to the North side opened. My husband, remembering the "near-tears" of thirty years earlier, nearly fainted when I said I would go with them down Kaibab. Its wider vistas make it far worse "to take" than the other, but I made it. The day at Phantom Ranch was wonderful. We rode some five miles north up Bright Angel, and I sketched a waterfall. Then back to the Ranch to sleep like logs a second night.

The four mile ride, after crossing the Bridge, along the South side of the wild River, was finest of all, amid the oldest rocks in the world. Then began the upward climb by the older trail, back to the South Rim at end of the third day. An unforgettable sojourn with the powerful River, whose erosion, plus uplifted strata have caused this greatest of earth spectacles.

Concluding our first trip West, we had a stop in Cripple Creek, Colorado, en route home, with a visit to the "Garden of the Gods", -- a very interesting rock formation between there and Denver. After which our time was up, business and school called us, and home was a blessed place, after seeing so much wonderful scenery in a short time. And we had really seen, from every sort of conveyance, train, wagon, horseback, and by walking and climbing too. None of this swift flying over, naming a hole in the clouds this or that. We saw, we felt, we really made the scenery part of ourselves, -- unforgettable -- even after nearly three score years, that first viewing of our own great country.

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EXCITING MOMENTS

IN TRAVEL

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Cologne Towers

Lost and Found

War-Time

Dockside

Storm and Rescue

Rare Ports

Runaway

EXCITING MOMENTS IN TRAVEL

This title would be "thrilling" moments were it not for the abuse of the word in modern advertising, which finds thrills in about everything from a sherry to a sheath. These moments I am remembering, from long ago vacations, were exciting in experience, also in recollection.

One happened on our first trip abroad. It was 1910 when ocean-liners sailed from Boston to Liverpool. We had only five weeks vacation so we tore thro' England stopping at Stratford-on-Avon, giving a glance at London, then to Holland to see Rembrandt's "Night Watch" if nothing else, thence by Belgium to go up the Rhine toward Switzerland. We paused long enough at Cologne to visit its cathedral and climb its great towers. While aloft a terrific thunderstorm broke, and gave us "innocents" some real excitement, some unforgettable pictures of the "wrath of Jove." It took some thinking to reflect that those towers had withstood the battery of nature safely for centuries. And at that date no one dreamed that man's learning to fly would one day make him more destructive, a thousand times, than natural forces.

Some exciting moments are of one's own making. A week or so later on this same trip we were about to leave Berne, Switzerland, and were seated in a railway car due to take us to Murren. Knowing there would be many pictures to take, and that our stock of film was running low, -- with ample time before our train was scheduled to leave -- my husband decided to go up the short flight of stairs to the street level, there to purchase film at a photographer's he had seen nearby. With the password "Murren" he departed blithely. Time went -- and went -- and no sign of him. Then it dawned on me that he had all tickets, and money, with him, -- and that I had all the luggage! At near departure moment I left our belongings and stepped to front of car. To my anguish I saw him in a train directly opposite, where none had been when we arrived, and he was frantically headed away from me. It took several really unladylike yells from my New England lungs to get his attention, and over he came. But -- "That was the train for Murren. How had I got off it -- Why had I moved?"

About that time our first section did move. But it was a long hour before he believed that I had not moved our small mountain of luggage -- that he had boarded a second section, nearer those stairs. But our lesson was learned, never again did either one of us carry all the tickets and all the cash. By the end of our first day in Murren, where the heavens opened to show us a wonderland of beauty, Mts. Blanc, Eiger and Monch, -- we had forgotten the flurry of getting the added film, in our rejoicing over using it. Always to share, no effort was ever too great for my life-companion to make, if he might share with others. Always we must get pictures to share with folks back home.

There was excitement aplenty 1914; hours and days of it instead of moments. After a delightful journey started in May, we went north thro Italy, over Stelvio Pass, through the Dolomites, on to Munich, then back to England, and there joined a short July cruise to Norway. At Balholm we saw German warships escorting the Kaiser, on his (supposed) vacation,

his alibi. From a shop window ashore, we saw him, strutting "incognito", wearing civilians and a straw hat with red ribbon. Next day all German ships were gone. Our captain told us, "wireless" reported, "Austria has declared war on Serbia." The complexion of things changed for us rapidly from then on. Back in England, with a month more vacation planned, the question became "To go, or not to go." We started "To go." But banks closed, and we met disinclination to honor travellers checks. Even a good letter of credit on Brown Bros., leading bankers of England, was of no avail, so we hurried back to London. There we met news that our ship for return trip had been commandeered to British war service. And we heard surging crowds at midnight roaring for war. The great debate climaxed for us in a shipping office when my husband fought his way to the booking desk, and asked me over the heads of the crowd "Will you go home steerage?" And I said, "I'll go on the anchor, if they will let me." And, at that, but for the kind loan of cash from a fellow American, until then unknown to us, we would have had to leave all our luggage to satisfy the hotel. War hysteria certainly dried the springs of human kindness with the British, who had seen it so much, even then; and both World Wars since. Our ship was the last to leave Southampton harbor after it had been mined. After a stormy passage we met special favor in New York as the first refugee ship, being allowed to dock after midnight, and to pass customs without inspection, and the crowd sang "America" as we landed! So we were lucky, in our "caught in war" experience.

Speaking of dockside, once we were lifted from boat level to dock (at Callao, Peru) in chair slings, as if we came out of the hold, were quite inanimate. A year earlier when we were returning from Peking, after seeing the Great Wall of China, our ship waited off Tient Tsin. There had been a great storm off coast, and a delay of many hours ensued. We were put up at the club house of a big mining company run by the English. It seemed that we might have to sit up all night, but in the wee small hours word came to go. Because of the still very rough seas, getting on board the liner from the small lighter, was a matter of leaping, almost unaided, at a precise second, -- then being drawn up by rope and pulley. No one could help at the crucial moment, and all knew it exceedingly dangerous. Needless to say, we slept late next morning on board.

Only once on an ocean trip did we meet a storm of unusual fury. It was September 1922, and even, the then-largest Cunarder, Aquitania, was in turmoil, and more than a little danger. No passengers were allowed on deck for two days, deck chairs were piled up and roped, yet broke away. Many were injured in staterooms by shifting luggage or furniture. The rail guarding the bridge, some 50 feet above water-level, was torn away, and a door of plate glass over one inch thick was broken, such was the power of wind and wave. Endurance of the massive kind was needed. Maybe it is not strange that a fragment of that broken plate glass reposes among our souvenirs.

Another experience (of which we were observers only) was a rescue at sea. It was on our return trip 1910, when wireless was still in its infancy. Coming out on deck after breakfast, following a rough night, we were surprised to find our ship slowing down, and then turning from course, proceeding slowly toward a tiny speck way off. It proved to be a small life boat full of men. The seas were still very rough, so oil was dumped overboard to ease the waves. At long last, there was contact, and weary bedraggled men began climbing the rope ladder to our deck. There were 15 of them, the last an officer, and he had a cat buttoned into his coat. They were half the crew of a freighter which

had burned. The two life boats had been together for 5 days and nights on the open sea, rowing toward the ship lanes. But storm separated them. Two of our rescued men were quite spent, but all recovered, and there was general rejoicing when we learned after another day (by wireless) that the second boat had been rescued by a steamer going east. Talking with some of them we found that in spite of this devastating experience, all planned to go to sea again.

Coming back to land, again, we have visited several unusual ports of call, in fact those who plan ocean cruises often include some odd, seldom visited places. Like St. Helena, Napoleon's isle; and the Seychelles Islands in Indian Ocean, where the rare double coconuts grow; and great Madagascar with its amazing port -- so empty.

In 1950 we saw Tristan da Cunha, by sailing south of the usual route, Rio to Capetown. It is a lonely isle, really one of earth's great volcanic peaks, rising from the ocean floor to over 10,000 feet above sea level. It was named for the Portuguese navigator who discovered it, and was kept in mind by mariners going "around the Horn" or "around the Cape" since it lies halfway between. Some sailors were induced in early 1800's to make a settlement on its only habitable or approachable point; there are no harbors; and in whaling days it became a "last chance" port for fresh food and water. It grew to about 250 population.

We were told there was but slim chance of seeing it, since it is often foggy, but we were lucky. Undismayed by decision we could not go ashore we had an exciting day watching the little houses, the villagers tending their potatoes. Many came out in their own boats bringing wares to sell. With them was a young Englishman who had been sent there on mission from the Church of England. He told us of the hopes and work then going forward to establish a rock-lobster canning industry there to help the islanders. The language was English, but peculiar.

Ten years later (1960) the volcano "blew its head off". Rescue ships converged on the island, and all its dwellers were taken to England to begin new life there. Recently some of them have expressed their wish to return to the lonely isle which to them is home, to a way of life which they think better than our modern ways.

In 1937 we were fortunate to visit Java and its lovely neighbor-isle, Bali. Everything about Bali was charming, the people so natural, unspoiled, and extraordinarily gifted in artistic ways. Men on the streets carving, dyeing batik, cutting the water buffalo hide to intricate patterns for dancers' headdress or fan. Now, March 1963 has come and news of destruction by volcanic eruption. The whole northeastern end of the island wrecked, and people lost, so that it looks like one of the great tragedies of its kind. To me it seems almost personal, so strong the impression of the people as rare and fine.

Coming to our own country again, in our little review, I will narrate an experience never to be forgotten. One which it would be pleasanter to forget, although it left no scars, and had no souvenir.

One day after a delightful spring visit to Yosemite National Park with my mother and sister-in-law (the only visit to the far west without my husband, who was having a golf-vacation in Florida) it fell to us to board a Park bus for the long ride to the railroad. It was not a closed bus, but a several seated open affair carrying about fifteen beside driver, and guide, both Park Rangers. The road climbed the ridge west of the Valley, thence by long descent to the Central Valley. Repairs were being made on the road in several places. No one gave much thought to that, until we began the descent, -- and, unaccountably began to speed. Alas more and more our speed increased -- until it was clear to all that the driver had no control. And the mountain-road's curves were all too frequent and terrifying. Some grew pale, some green, some screamed. The guide calmed the group much as he could. The driver, brakes entirely gone, somehow, after a seeming eternity, piloted us to a miraculous stop, to safety. But strong Ranger that he was he nearly fainted after the ordeal. The most quiet of the passengers was my 75 year old mother, and it was she who first said her thanks to the driver. We did not make our train. But another bus caught up with us. We must conclude that the good Lord was not ready for us at that time. Twenty years later, again travelling in Yosemite Park, we heard that wild ride spoken of as one of the nearest to tragedy in that part of the service. And the heroism of Ranger-driver Philleps had not been forgotten.

It was at somewhat earlier date, in 1919, on a National Parks Tour, that in one startling moment I ceased to be a "daredevil" mountain climber. I was walking down hill, too. It was at Crater Lake in Oregon, before it became a national park. A party of men had gone fishing in the Lake. So I went out walking by myself. About a mile from the hotel, and quite alone in the world I was walking swiftly down hill, with my eyes in air, when, of a sudden, I was standing where my next step would have been into a body sized hole, through which I saw the rich blue water of bottomless Crater Lake, a thousand feet below. There was nothing to clutch, I was poised but had not quite thrown my balance into that next step, which would have been eternity for me. But only by similar experience could you realize how frozen-long that instant was, when I stopped on the edge before I could draw away. That was when I ceased to court high places, with steep edges, alone, and became a careful climber, with company always.

So we close our little summary of exciting moments of many kinds, happened upon in travel and vacations.

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HIGH MOMENTS

IN TRAVEL

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1914 Stelvio Pass

Sarajevo

Norway

War-time

1938 Argentina

Titicaca

Macchu Picchu

HIGH MOMENTS

For a small-town New England couple who lived all their lives in the town where they were born, -- (a place about 18 miles from Pilgrim's landing -- at Plymouth), -- we have been privileged to see many of earth's most beautiful places and scenery. Inevitably there were many high moments. These we are urged to narrate.

Our second trip to Europe was planned to take over four months, but we missed the last month, for reasons all will guess when we say this was 1914. We left mid-May, and our steamer touched at Madiera, Algiers, en route to Naples, all then new to us. I recall bullock cart-rides on greased runners over the cobbled streets of Madiera. Also a wild "toboggan sled" plunge down the mountain side into the narrow ways of the town.

Algiers surprised us by its contrasts. The sophisticated French city with broad streets and fine parks, -- the narrow alleys of the native quarter, the Kasbah. Warned to do nothing to attract attention there, I recall wildly expecting an international incident, when I had the misfortune to step on the foot of a slumbering native. What did happen later in Algiers, was that a supper ashore had difficult consequences for me. Our first night in Naples, we were thankful to find one of our fellow-tourists, an American doctor, whose advice and medicine enabled us to proceed on our journey.

Beautiful Lake Como was our opening "high moment" after the lovely Italian cities. We crossed from Bellagio, then had two days travel to Tirano and Bormio, in the wine-growing country of Alpine foothills. After which we took the first carriage of the season over Stelvio Pass. There were two strong horses and we rode between snow, piled higher than our coach. This was late June, but the Stelvio is highest of Alpine routes. At times there were a dozen turns of road below us. At times we walked, picked flowers, and used the camera which a kindly old driver overlooked, or neglected to tell us, was "verboten." The pass culminates in junction of 3 countries. Each had a small "hostelry" nearby, Italy, Austria, Switzerland. And, of course, we found the spot to stand where one could boast of being in three countries at once.

As we descended, the Ortler mountain group was in full view. We saw hundreds of Austrian soldiers on ski manoeuvres. A short stay at Trafoi, a little Austrian resort, then through the Tyrolean Alps to Botzen. There we had pleasant walks and talks with an Austrian on vacation. Later as the year rolled on into the crisis, we wondered what may have happened to him. He left us when we went on to Upper Botzen. Perhaps what happened while we were there called him back to duty. For we found at our resort hotel great excitement. A big military banquet was held that very evening at this hotel where we stayed. Our waiter told us royalty was coming, no less than the Archduke Ferdinand himself. If we watched at that banquet, the waiter would stop a brief moment back of his seat, that we might know which one was the Duke, for all were in resplendent uniforms.

No one could have foretold that the Grand duke was then just a day away from his doom, in Sarajevo, Serbia; nor that soon thereafter the world would enter the flames of a general war. It was some days afterward that we noticed Austrian flags were at half-mast. Inquiring were told of the assassination (the day after we saw him) of the heir to the Austrian throne -- but this meant nothing to us, -- or so we believed then.

Our happy journey took us by "auto post" some 70 miles through the Dolomite Alps, most colorful of all, to Cortina, Italy, midst of beautiful Ampezzo valley where Titian was born, a region "created" to inspire the artist. Even our black and white photographs (all to be had in 1914) seem to glow with warm color -- or perhaps my eyes are so full of remembered beauty. Then the names: the "Rosengarten" Cinq Torri (5 towers) "Tofana" a cathedral like bulk of soft red. My diary raves of walks in afterglow and moonlight. Why not? We were fairly young, free, the world was so safe, we travelled everywhere then without any passports. It was July 1914.

Our tour led us back to Austria, past Innsbruck. We had decided against Oberammergau and the Passion play (held that year for the last time for many). On to Munich. I recall deadly miles of art museum corridors in Munich. Also the great beer palaces where if one left one's stein cover up, it meant "Bring me more," and some learned the hard way (if beer was not to their liking) to keep the covers firmly down. Then we went on rather quickly to Paris, and to England.

At Leith, Scotland we joined a pleasant cruise party for a fortnight in Norway. We visited all the principal fiords, had memorable drives to see glaciers, and waterfalls, the old capital Trondheim, busy and ancient Bergen. We enjoyed the 2-wheel carts, with driver seat up behind, and the sturdy Norway ponies. We lost our hearts to Norway -- (We had to go back in 1951, to pick up the pieces!)

In an earlier chapter of this narrative, called exciting moments, we told of seeing the German Kaiser himself strutting about in Balholm, Norway, establishing his alibi of vacationing. Also that next day he and his warships had disappeared, while wireless news to our ship told that Austria had declared war against Serbia. I recall how surprised we were, -- being innocents unaccustomed to thinking in terms of world politics, -- to hear the English tourists talk about the Germans. They were incensed over cries of "Der Tag" (The day has come) and "Deutschland uber alles". Some said "We should have put the Kaiser down long ago; it may be too late now." Our American sense of security held us aloof from conclusions. These were soon forced upon us when we returned to England and sought to continue our tour as planned (by Cook & Sons) to Scotland and Wales. When this became impossible we took steerage quarters on an overloaded, American liner, to return.

It was indeed a very high moment for us when we reached New York in mid-August, a month ahead of plans, the first refugee ship to arrive, before the submarine menace began with its dark uncertainties of crossing. Lucky also later to have refunded to us all our outlay for the unfulfilled tour, because we dealt with so honorable a travel concern. Assuredly all our later journeys were with them.

In 1938 we realized what had long been a dream of my husband's -- to see again the part of South America which he visited as sole passenger on a barkentine freighter in the winter 1891-2 when he was 18 years old. Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and the Parana River to Rosario would show tremendous changes we knew. His sailing vessel had anchored out 10 miles at Buenos Ayres, so filled with silt was its harbor then.

Dredging and improved facilities had transformed the place into one of the great harbors of the entire world. Today it handles more shipping, I believe, than any port in England. And the city has been built out fully two miles along the waterfront, and has a fine system of parks and boulevards.

It was a high moment for us to visit great apple orchards up the River, to see apples being harvested in March, instead of September being in Southern half of the world. Then we travelled further south from the capital until we came to a R.R. station called Patagones. Thence started our visit to the lake country on Argentine-Chilean border. This we esteem as lovely as any mountain lake region we ever saw. The names are fascinating: Nahuel Huapi, Fria's the icy, dos Todos Santos (All Saints) This last is the one Teddy Roosevelt declared " 'Beyond doubt' the most beautiful in the world." These lakes wind around an always snow-capped Mt. Tronador (over 11,000 ft. high). We were several days in the region, crossing the boundary Argentine-Chile more than once. The final lake is spelled Llanquihue pronounced "Yankee way." It did not say "Go way."

From Osorno we beheld the symmetrical cone ever snow capped, of its mountain, some call it the Fujiyama of South America. And from that pretty town a fine railroad took us 400 miles north to Santiago, the capital, a lovely old city with its own splendid backdrop of mountains. A short ride here gave us view of Mt. Aconcagua highest of the Andes, indeed of all America, 23080 ft.

From Valparaiso, which is nearby port for the capital, a Grace line steamer took us north. We passed the northern desert section of Chile, with its pink and purple coloring, where copper is found, and guano fertilizer. At port of Callao, Peru, we were landed like freight, but became more precious cargo as we climbed higher and higher by train. A stay of several days at Arequipa 7000 elevation was the plan, to prepare us for the over 12000 elevation of Bolivia and Lake Titicaca. Arequipa is a historic old Spanish city, guarded by snowy El Misti. We stayed at Quinta Bates, a storied hostelry which had entertained a generation of learned folk, explorers, engineers, -- and had a lovely garden.

It is a long journey by rail, Arequipa to railhead on Lake Titicaca, and then 150 miles by steamer across this highest of all navigable lakes to the port for LePaz. The steamer was one of two built in Scotland, brought here for reassembly; 225 ft. long; space for 40 passengers. It was our home for several days as we explored the lake, surrounded by snow-capped giants, and visited towns with special shrines, and hills terraced for growing crops, just as in Inca days. Then we had a few days in the capital of Bolivia, before retracing our way, and then going on north to Cuzco in Peru, the ancient capital of Inca empire. In Cuzco we had time to visit market places, the cathedral built on foundations of the Inca temples, to drive up to great Sacsaihuaman, the Inca fortress on a hill above the town, from which building stone has been stolen for half the present city. Yet what remains is a marvel of construction on

scale with the Pyramids of Egypt. How was the stone secured and placed where it is? Whose was the remarkable sculpture which fitted the rocks together to hold for centuries without cement? The same skill shows in their paved roads, which once went the length of the empire, and still are most intact here. The Incas must vie with Romans as builders.

But the supreme moment, the "highest high", was the visit to Macchu Picchu, famed as the "lost city" of the Incas. We travelled to this from Cuzco by train and autobus, then crossed on a foot bridge over a wild tributary of the Amazon, to find mules ready for the climb high into the rocky summit. There we found what remains of a small city with upper town, lower town, small palace, temple, and higher still a great rocky sundial lifting into the skies. The Incas were sun worshippers.

Here it is supposed some royalty and priesthood of the Incas who escaped from the cruel Spanish conquistadores lived out the rest of their days in the safety of obscurity and inaccessibility. Supported by loyal followers who tilled fields lower down. On the death of the last ones, still unfound by the Spaniards, the place was abandoned, for more than one century, and became concealed by forest growth. It was actually rediscovered in 1912 by an American expedition led by a Connecticut Bingham. It is now cleared and made historic shrine under government protection with no inhabitants to spoil its significance.

With this experience we bring to climax and close our brief recall of some high moments in travels.

* * * * *

"LEST WE FORGET"

Birds, Beasts, Gardens

* * * * *

Woodpecker White Throat

Loon Hermit Runner

Cardinal Ouzel Jay

Raccoon Porky Deer

Coney Marmot Lynx

Lilies Orchids Broom

Botanical Gardens

Elephant Water Buffalo

Antelope Lions

"LEST WE FORGET"

Notes of Birds Beasts Flowers Seen

I remember, on our very first camping trip to Maine woods (it was in fact our honeymoon) -- we had wandered one day from "home base," i.e. the tents, the camp fire, and the guide. A sudden loud noise, in the silent woods, rang out like our axe, and led us to enter an opening in the forest. A great bird came swiftly out, flying low, just over our heads. Much larger than a crow it wore a large cockade of vivid scarlet above its black and white. Thus we had our first sight of the great pileated woodpecker, whom the guides call "cock of the Northern woods."

Another bird heard, in the deep woods usually at dusk or during the night, is a startlingly deeptoned song, or statement. The guides say it asks "Who cooks for you-oo-" with a deep guttural drop at the end. This is the great barred owl, one of the largest. Like the pileated woodpecker it is becoming rare as the deep woods diminish.

There is a bird call often heard high up in our New England mountains, or in migrations, which is not a great song, but is so clear and sweet, so expressive of its surroundings, that one recalls the singer with great pleasure, -- the white throated sparrow, or "peabody bird" as some say. Just 6 notes, the last three lingered upon, each broken into 3 syllables, giving rise to the name "peabody."

Perhaps the most wierd and varied sounds, -- at times like maniac laughter, at times hauntingly sad, -- such are the cries of loons on these northern lakes, remote from travel ways. Truly calls of the wilderness.

Once, when Mr. Little's expected companion could not go, on a spring fishing trip, I persuaded my school boss that I needed to go, and accompanied my husband to Penobscot Lake in the Jackman country in early May. Under clearest blue skies, the red maples were showy indeed, around lakes of brightest blue, and were vividly accented by the long yellow tassels of the poplars. Here each day our ears were filled with extraordinary music; hermit thrushes in migration were in full song of arrival near their woodland homes. This thrush is our finest bird musician, Schuyler Matthews says. The mocking bird is our first of mimics, but the hermit thrush gives greater music; he calls it finer than the European nightingale. Our poets have not yet sung its praises enough, while the singer of the old world has been lauded often. Probably because our thrush is a real hermit it is less known and the nightingale is quite social in habit.

From singer to runner is quite a leap. It was in Arizona that we saw the Western Road-runner, a bird twenty-four inches long, its tail half its length, who stands high, can compete with a horse in running, and runs in preference to flying. It is fearless with snakes, too, a bird to remember with respect.

In our Arizona vacations the cardinal gave us much pleasure, as it is seldom seen East, and is a handsome fellow, friendly as our robins, with loud clear singing. Related to it, but quite rare is the pyrroloxia, which we saw in Tucson once. It is a lovely gray with some rose color, almost like a small parrot. We marvelled at the number and variety of humming birds in the West, since we have but one kind East. One could fill a book with joyous acquaintance among Western birds.

There is one in their mountain region which actually seems to "live and breathe" in water yet is not web-footed. We made special detour once to see this remarkable bird which has adapted himself to life in and about rushing waterfalls. He fearlessly dashes into the torrent for food, builds his nest in caves so near the water he must live in the spray. One hears his song clearly above the roar of falls. He is the dipper, or water ouzel.

The Maine woods have a common bird which the guides call "camp-robbler", the gray and black Canada jay. Quite fearless, they are born beggars, assuming a gift where often it is not even given, and thereby earn their common name. It is easy to feed them from one's hand or plate, and they give little notes of satisfaction; no song; just soft chatter.

The worst pests about Maine woods camps, the temporary vacation ones, or the genuine logging camps, are certain animals. Perhaps the porcupine leads in destructiveness, for he will ridge a table, or gnaw a fish rod with equal zest, for any trace of salty or greasy residue. And the head of a porcupine houses a gnawing machine second only to that of the beaver who fells trees and builds dams. A rather gay pest is the raccoon, persistent, seemingly often mischievous, always handsome. How he loves to rattle cook pans at night, to the wrath of guides, and of some of the guided!

Most animals of the wild have learned to fear man, to know his scent and keep away, but sometimes when wind favors and one is quiet, there are fairly close encounters. Once we went to a tiny lake over the border in Canada, from our camp in the Maine woods. The tent was set up, then the men found some driftwood and knocked together a rough raft on which they embarked to fish across the lake at the inlet as dusk approached. I was left at the tent to sketch. I suddenly felt that I had company, and "froze" to enjoy the sight of a doe and two fawns wandering placidly about feeding. Perhaps a half hour passed, until it was so near dark I was concerned about the fishermen and moved to the lake shore. They were just in sight a half mile out, returning when I shouted "I've had company"! This made them bury their catch in the raft's spaces, fearing my visitors were officers of the law, -- for they had no license to fish in Canada! Relief was evident, and most of the fish were rescued, a fine catch of speckled trout, -- when I said my visitors were merely four-footed folk.

By all odds, in our experience, the quickest moving, the hardest small animal to photograph, is that brisk little denizen of the rocks, the coney, which we watched at Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks. His moves are almost quicker than the eye, and would delight any magician. He is a busy creature, and every summer stores away in his tiny rock barns enough to feed him through the icy winters when his routes are all closed to traffic.

Here there is good fishing in a tiny lake called Consolation, about two miles from the camps at Moraine. We were told to fish from the shore since we were alone. But when we reached the lake the fisherman saw a decrepit little raft on which he ventured out from shore, and proceeded to catch a goodly string of rainbow trout. The risk was great, and I found it hard to sketch. We learned later about the water being so cold a swimmer, in case of accident, would have little chance. But our usual good fortune prevailed. The fisherman made friends in camp kitchen by cleaning his catch before presenting them, as many do not. And the fish were good eating.

Speaking of icy water recalls what we were told of Lake Titicaca when we crossed its 150 miles from the railhead from Peru to the railhead into Bolivia. The elevation, 12500 feet, and the surrounding icy mountains, make the water very cold. Again in case of accident, small chance for any swimmer to make shore. Only one kind of fish seems to live in the icy water, a very small variety. Yet native fishermen go bobbing about, all over, in balsa sail-boats, and they net many hundreds of pounds of the fish, a good part of the diet of the natives.

On one visit to Glacier Park we made a fine trek on horseback from St. Mary's Lake to Lake MacDonald, staying overnight at Sperry Glacier Chalet. Next morning instead of climbing the glacier, I chose to walk back a bit to sketch, beside a little tarn we had passed the day before. A splendid buck let me see him, almost touch him. After I had painted some time I was startled nearly out of my wits by a very loud call directly behind me. A whistling marmot took me for part of the landscape. As I quieted down, soon he whistled again. His affairs were more important than his fears. Whenever I look at the large painting I made from that sketch, I can still hear his loud clear whistle across the years, and hope that his descendants still enjoy the rocky trail to Sperry Glacier.

One animal cry that no one who has heard it can possibly forget, we experienced early in our Maine woods camping days. We had gone with about ten others away from the main camp for fishing at a remote spot on the river. The others prepared to stay overnight in an old lumber camp, but we made ourselves a bough bed in the open of a high meadow, perhaps a quarter mile from camp. Weary from tramp and fishing we slept soundly, until around midnight a distant sound awakened us, and we became aware of the approach of heavy footfalls, nearer, and nearer. Then suddenly close at hand the scream! It was so loud and fearsome, I have said it was like a hundred cats boiled into one, with something of a woman's scream added. We held breaths, and "froze", a tingle at our backs like hair rising. At long last, the heavy footfalls receded. A shorter scream farther away, then silence. We "unfroze" gradually, and remembered, animals of the wild do not often molest humans in summer when food is plenty. We actually went to sleep again, since we could not find way to the lumber camp until daylight! Next day from our description and from foot prints found, the guides said our visitor was that largest cat of the northern woods, the Canada lynx. Late that fall one was killed in that very region, one who had got hungry enough to trespass on man's domain. I can still close my eyes and feel a bit of back-tingle, as I recall that cat's meow. A superb animal, the lynx, but not for taming.

Now we should recall some experiences with plants, as well as animals, in our vacation wanderings. First comes to mind the glory and the surprise of glacier lilies as we saw them in Glacier Park. There are two varieties, white and yellow, and they grow happily in great patches directly out of snow banks as these recede in early summer. Another memory of these high Western slopes is the bear-grass, whose plumes are very decorative.

Most people from the East are amazed by the Western garden-hedges of blooming geraniums, lantana, heliotrope, fushia, and the like. Plants grown indoors here grow to such size as they live year after year without winter interruption. And travel helps one find the antecedents of some of our house plants. A wild flower in South Africa is the possible original of our "glads", so important in our gardens and to our florists. What is a common plant in one region may be adored rarity in another. Orchids are an example. Costa Ricans gather orchid plants in the forests, tie them on piazza or fence posts at their homes, and have ready made orchid shows. Just as casually as we put geraniums into window-boxes. In Hawaii one sees hedges of night-blooming cereus, and in Mexico the natives make holiday to visit its relative, blooming in the hills, and called by them "queen of the night."

In Chile we saw what we call "Scotch" broom, growing native, common as our goldenrod. In its southern mountains, and cultivated in some city parks, grows a rare pine, relic from ancient geologic times, and unique. It is called Auracanian, from the name of a small Indian tribe who live in the mountains, reportedly never really conquered, retaining their own ways more than any other natives of South America.

Our vacation journeys have given us sight of some of the great botanical gardens of the world. Wherever the English have colonized, their interest in gardens shows. The Castleton Gardens in Jamaica, for example, where one could see most of the flowering plants and trees of tropic and temperate zones. Flame trees, orchid trees, acacias, purple flowered jacaranda, to mention a few. My diary notes the emerald scissors tailed humming birds flitting about the orchid house. Again at Capetown South Africa, I note the multitude of little doves flying in its fine public garden.

The Dutch followed the English in Java. The famed Buitenzorg Gardens at Batavia are over a century old. I recall avenues of stately royal palms with trunks like marble pillars. Also that most other tree trunks were draped with bright green philadendron. I recall the enormous leaves of great Victoria Regina in its pools; and noted an orchid called "pigeon orchid", as native.

Calcutta's Botanical Garden has an immense banyan tree nearly 200 years old. When we saw it, there were over 600 aerial roots, and a 1000-foot circumference. At Seychelles Islands, halfway East Africa to India, we met the coca-da-mer or double-cocoanut tree which grows only there. Also (as this is another British colony) there is a very beautiful botanical garden, with giant begonias, exotic ferns, orchids, flowering shrubs, and unique evergreens. These islands are home of turtles big enough for children to ride. Tortoise shell and turtle meat are exports. We saw here an avenue of magnificent "dragon's blood" trees so called from a red sap. Their trunks flare down into many sharply ridged roots. We thought these Islands the loveliest seen up to then.

We began this chapter "Lest We Forget" with birds and animals remembered in Maine woods and our West. In Ceylon, a bit farther East than Seychelles, my husband and I, in 1937, were privileged to ride on temple elephants which were led into the river each day. It was bare-back, no seat on the big beast, only a neck-chain to hold on to. The keeper did the leading, but even a short ride was a widening experience. For my husband especially so, as his mount was led way across the river and back to hunt up a baby elephant which came splashing behind.

Throughout these Eastern countries the water buffalo is common work animal. His name derives from his need to stand in water some hours each day. So one sees them immersed, rather than roaming pastures. Ploughing rice-fields is a watery job quite to their liking.

But our more unusual experiences were in Africa for there we visited its great Kruger National Park twice, in 1937 and in 1950. We saw far more on the earlier trip. Perhaps this was partly because those in charge had decided to let the grass grow! Since the native grass is tall we could see less on second visit, but realized it made more food for grazing beasts, as well as more protection from lions. We saw zebra, wildebeest, and impala by the hundreds, the kudu, steenbok, many members of the antelope family, an occasional giraffe, etc., all so beautiful free in the wilds. One very hot day we visited a huge pool where 6 or 8 hippos were wallowing, just lazily lifting a great snout once in a while, so one envied them their cool wetness.

On both visits ours was a large party, travelling in many cars, as separately as possible not to disturb the wild creatures. We were all told under no circumstances to get out from our cars in the lion country. Strangely enough lions do not attack people in cars. In 1937 toward the end of our ride we came upon another car of our party, which was stranded. It became necessary to pack ten persons into one ordinary car to go on. This was done with only two hanging on outside, but no one underneath could see out much. Then we came upon our lion. We passed within ten feet of him as he lounged, gorged, over his kill. In spite of pleas from one little lady, much sat upon, to please stop and let her look, the driver had to go on fast -- for, as he said, "Madam, I've got live bait hanging on this car."

This seems a suitable closing tale, one no one could forget.

ON COLLECTING
PAINTINGS

COLLECTING PAINTINGS

(Hobby and "Credo")

In our first home (1902) sixty years ago, my husband and I (business-man and art teacher) hung on our walls sepia photographs of great art; "Famous Paintings" as then taught. To these we added enlargements of our own photographs taken as we journeyed to famous places, or found beautiful scenes. But part of most trips to Boston was the visit to an art gallery. In that way was nourished the equipment of the teacher hoping to "bend twigs" toward beauty. And there were fine artist groups then, like the Guild of Boston Artists and others, of high ideals.

A decade or so passed, and the day came when we both fell in love with an autumn scene called "Cloud Shadows" by Wm. Kaula, and gave it place of honor in our second home. Soon thereafter our Women's Club embarked on a series of Exhibits. We borrowed boldly from Boston galleries, transported, ourselves, and hung, some 20-30 paintings. The town fathers let us use a small hall in the Town House, for a full week, without charge, because we opened the shows free to school pupils of the town, arranging schedules for their visits with their teachers. They were encouraged to write about the paintings and there were essay contests. I recall the excitement of a fifth grade who heard there were Indians in a Painted Desert scene by Carl Borg. Every boy in the grade wrote about those Indians. We had bought the picture on a Western Trip 1919.

It was earlier (1916) that we bought, out of the first of that 5 year series of Shows, Rogers' "Dogs at Point". Maybe it was in remembrance of a certain dog, and a boy now businessman. The western trek brought us also a lovely "Foothills of California" by Maurice Braun.

In 1920 we "just had to have" a ship painting, Chas. Patterson's "Ship of the Nineties." Probably because of a voyage my husband made ("in the 90's") when he was an 18 year old, to Buenos Aires, on a barkentine freighter, as its sole passenger. He had unforgetten experiences of days on the equator caught in the doldrums, of catching strange fish off soundings, of rough usage of sailors, even of mutiny. And I had the painting of my sea-captain grandfather's ship in which he journeyed to ocean's far corners.

This same year saw us setting the pace in business calendars with Jessie Wilcox Smith's "Ready for a Walk", using the prints, and buying the original. By this time business had become good, the teacher had retired, there was more time for study with Mr. George Noyes, buying several of his paintings, and for "little journeys" in our world. In New York at the Academy of Design Show we were captivated by Chas. Curran's "Summer Afternoon." A lovely young woman stands poised over a view of sundrenched valley. We always called it "Our Girl." It would not have held us so in thrall all the years if we had not loved walking and climbing.

Another trip took us to Old Lyme, Connecticut where our business "boss", Mr. C. M. Cox, himself a painter, had acquaintance in the art colony. At Harry Hoffman's we found "Autumn Tapestry", a 30" x 40" canvas. Would it go over our living room fireplace? He said "Take it home, and try it." Well he knew we could never resist it, once in place. Where it stayed for over 40 years, and then just moved upstairs to a similar over-mantel space.

The next year from the Club Show we took a beautiful study called "An Old Maple". It was an upright (28" x 40"). The question: Where to hang it? The dining room over-mantel space received and cherished it. In fact it has seemed like an opened window to us ever since. Ten years later we came to know the painter, Dudley Murphy, and his wife, Nelly Littlehale Murphy, -- meeting them in Cuernavaca, Mexico. When we mentioned our painting by him, as having a bit of snow, he seemed puzzled but soon sketched for us two compositions, one like ours, an upright, -- saying these were the only ones he ever made with snow. It is a fact that they both disliked northern winter, and painted in Jamaica and Puerto Rico during our cold season, and flowers and gardens here in summer. Later we found one of hers of the Mexican patio where we met them. And also in 1936 we acquired his beautiful Peonies and Tapestry and that same winter loaned it back to him for chief place in his one-man show at the Guild of Boston Artists.

Returning to the 1920's, a trip to Europe in 1922 added the lovely Alpenglow at Mt. Blanc to our collection. At Zermatt a meeting of Alpine climbers from all over, took place while we were there, and they had an exhibition of paintings by members, artists of note. Among them tall Albert Gos, then one of only 4 Swiss painters represented in The Louvre gallery. Also in England we found "Above the Fog", our first picture of horses. Huge footed farm horses contentedly on way home with the farmer along a ridge of the red soil of southwestern England, the lights of home showing far below. This by Lucy Kemp-Welch. A water color of the walled and turreted city of Carcassone in Southern France is another treasure.

Later in 1922 we found "Berkshire Winter" by Gardner Symons and a small early one of Ogunquit Cliff and the ocean there by Stanley Woodward.

You may have noted how experiences, travel, and tastes have dictated our collecting pictures. But you may not have noted any method in our madness. It was simply to get variety of subject and season, -- so now we have autumn, winter, the sea, the ship, dogs, horses, mountains and a figure study. What next?

It was in the fifth year of that series of Women's Club Art Shows in our town -- in 1926, that Boston dealers gave commissions on sales if used for scholarships, and so, to help, we bought a large painting, of quite different subject, namely, "Colonial Doorway" by Abbott Graves, a New York and Kennebunkport artist, which was and is much admired. It was subject of winning essay in that year's contest. Many who saw it were sure they knew the doorway. "Isn't it so and so?", even, "Isn't it your own Doorway" (not a bit like)? So much of this, that I wrote

to the artist that we were happy with his painting and did not, ourselves, care whether it was a certain doorway or not, but life might be easier if I knew. He wrote most pleasantly. "It is not a certain doorway; --It is an ideal colonial doorway; I am not just a photographer" and the like. A letter which makes very clear the distinction between literal photography and creative art.

To further diversify our collection that same year (1926) we added the missing season Springtime. A large canvas by the elder John Enne King. He was one of earliest of the Boston artists to use much pigment yet his coloring is that of the impressionists, full of light. This was another yardstick in our collecting, to show variety of styles. Our prize possession at the start I have not yet mentioned, being a family matter. I refer to the handsome and very well painted portrait of a great uncle, by a great uncle, of mine. Edward Phillips, my grandmother Townsend's brother studied with a Frothingham in Boston to become a portrait painter. He did several besides this one of my grandmother's favorite brother, John, for whom she named her son, my father. Dated about 1830, we can realize that the advent then of daguerreotype photography was beginning of the end for the travelling portrait painter. But we love our one family portrait and are glad is a fine one.

The next decade (to 1936) we bought smaller paintings, mostly, having almost as many large ones as spaces available. Hibbard's "Creeping Shadows" is more colorful than some of his snow-scenes. A small canvas by Irving Couse (of the Taos New Mexico art group) called "Indian at Sacred Lake" has the startling Arizona moonlight coloring.

Another western trip brought us two of California by a young painter, Pohl, one of Rio Grande country by Kimminger, and a warm study of golden Cottonwoods by Parsons. But the "Santa Fe Trail" by Berninghaus gave us a bit of history. This artist did some large, fine murals for the Missouri State Capitol at Jefferson City. Another part of the country is represented by Bayou Land by Heldner. Its great live oaks, moss laden, shade tiny huts of the Louisiana bayou dwellers. But perhaps the one we prize most from this period is the one of the Grand Canyon, by a Swedish artist, Widforss. He was a protege of royalty, sent here to paint in our National Parks. This he did, for maybe a dozen years producing some of the best in color done in the Grand Canyon especially. Then he died here, too young. His water colors are as strong color as oils, yet more full of light. He could make a small portion of a great scene seem full of grandeur.

From a Mediterranean cruise we brought home several small oils of that lovely region, and a large one by Federico of Florence, the Mediterranean Moonlight. Also some excellent water colors of Algiers, Cairo, Istanbul, and one of the Pyramids from up the Nile a bit.

This brings our narrative up to the World Cruise we enjoyed in 1937, from which came several paintings by Japenese in Western style, and one by a Russian of the palace at Pekin. The next year (1938), in our gallery prowls, we met the first Western by Frank Tenney Johnson which was of house size. We had admired his swift riding cowboys, and his interpretation of the Western scene, so we acquired "The Scout". This

is most popular, especially with youngsters. There he sits on a white horse, and seems sternly watchful in the clear moonlight. A fine example, too, of the power of illusion. Start walking past him, keep looking at him, at the other side of the room you will swear that the horse turned his head to follow you as you moved.

Other western subjects have followed this in the twenty-odd years since. An historic name, D. L. Boone, really the artist's own, is signed to a beautiful painting of pink afterglow on that wierd mountain just east of Phoenix, called "Superstition." There are two smaller paintings, both by Carl Sammons, of quite different scenes, one the melting splendor of Death Valley, the other the crisp certainties of the High Sierras. Still another Western, in the large bold style acquired in his many murals, by Lon McGargee, is Camelback Mt. and Cactus, a very effective decoration.

Then we have two by John Ensor, acquired two decades apart, his little English Village, and his "October in Vt." with such bright blue water leading us into the hills. Our two pastels are Pansies by the delightful Boston flower-artist, Laura C. Hills; and a study of an Italian peasant-woman "Old Rosa" by Nancy Dyer. In Guatemala once during the late 40's we saw their then leading artist (Garavito) at work in Chichicastenango, and have his colorful canvas of the Indian market-plaza.

We must close our summary with mention of our purchases from the second five-year series of Art Shows sponsored by the Women's Club here. These Shows were held in the Academy Hall, were twice as large as those held in the 20's. Each year over \$10,000 of art "treasures" were on display for the week due to devoted teamwork of interested clubwomen. From 1955-60 from these Shows we acquired Marion Sloan's "October"; Marion Greene's "White Cockatoo"; Marguerite Pearsons' "White Daffodils"; Sweetser's "Cathedral in the Pines"; Stephenson's "Flying Cloud" (our second ship) and finally, Roger Curtis' "West Wind", a beautiful study of Rocks and Surf of the North Shore. This now dominates our living room.

We embarked on this summary of our collected paintings, partly to show how the hobby grew, partly to recommend it to others. Now that my life partner is gone, our tastes and our shared joys are expressed in these lovely and varied pictures, in all our rooms. They are like windows of memory; they lift the spirits; they are sources of gladness which we share with as many as possible.

The sepia photographs of "famous paintings" are replaced by the real thing; by good examples of 20th century painting, varied in subject and style. This is an art which demands training and skill, not slapstick, nor grotesque misuse of implement and material. The best art of our time has no hidden motives of frustration, defiance of tradition, savage humor, leading to the negation of abstractism, cubism, or a senseless desire for notoriety. True art may be realistic or imaginative, but it is always creative. It finds its springs in living light, and in the courage of the human spirit; it tries to add to, not lessen, the joys of our world, by expressing different types of beauty, in ways all may understand.

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CONTRASTS

IN ART

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CONTRASTS - IN ART

So the most famous smile in the world has visited America! At such cost, such careful preparations as were never before accorded an inanimate object. Indeed where is the living ruler or grandee, on visit to our country, who was ever put in a glass case for even temperature, pressure, and the like? Or so carefully screened from the "hoi poloi"?

One of the "musts" on our first visit to Paris was the Louvre Gallery with its thousands of works of art. Among them this Leonardo da Vinci portrait of a friend, famous as the Mona Lisa. A rather small canvas among many larger ones. On a later visit of ours it was missing! We never knew what reward or punishment the thieves received, but it was gone more than a year. When it was restored later, no one dreamed that it would one day cross the Atlantic in state to visit our country, and be called the "most famous smile in the world"!

It is ironic that on much the same date when it arrived, a big money prize in an Art Show here, was given to a large canvas, painted smooth black all over, nothing else, titled "Abstractism" or some such. Another to one consisting of a few rags and fragments of wood hitched to a canvas, was accorded a "significant" work of art! Shades of painters of the Renaissance!! With their "Agony and Ecstasy" of creative effort, their sober joy in being proficient in their craft, their skilled interpretations of beauty.

What an age was theirs! The world was younger then, in 1500's, when Leonardo paused in his scientific experiments to try to record in painting the mystery of a smile. There was a rebirth of knowledge, with mankind just beginning to catch up after the debacle of the Dark Ages. Reacquaintance with the art and thought of ancient Greece was the leaven. Then a whole "New World" opened toward freedoms to come. The titans of the age were held back by fetters of prejudice; Michael Angelo in his sculpture by lack of human corpses to carve; Leonardo in his experiments by rigid concepts; Galileo imprisoned for impiety in discovering one of the laws of the universe not mentioned in Scripture. It was the start of unrolling wonders, a process continuing through the centuries since.

Again, it is ironic, that in a world like ours of this 20th century, which has "gone crazy" (one might say) over science, and realism, -- when few, if any, veils are drawn over the facts of life, when romanticism is decried, -- there should be in the visual arts so much that is unreal, grotesque, fantastic, and ugly. Instead of truth (the proven facts of visual science) we see exaltation of the unreasonable in undecipherable scrawls, puerile misuse of implements and materials, glorification of disorder and lack of meaning.

Surely there is room in art for truth, for facts, not frustrations alone, and for skilled craftsmanship in painting and sculpture. It is undeniable that any "fool" can produce some crazy effect, something which looks like the garbage heap, or a mass of entrails, -- and have it deftly titled, -- and win an art "prize", today, if the jury is fixed right. But who will look with admiration at such products, after four or five centuries, as we now admire the Mona Lisa?

Who that has seen it has not thrilled to vision of the Venus de Milo in its superb serenity in the French Museum -- or to the great sweep of the Victory of Samothrace -- one armless, one headless; yet still among the greatest sculpture known, now more than a thousand years old. Who would ever thrill to the bundles of wire today offered as sculpture by some?

We are moved to a reverent silence by the sculptured Lincoln, seated in his Memorial, with some of his immortal words on the walls nearby. Would any "frustrated" piles of sticks so move us?

In the far north of Norway the little town of Molde holds a masterpiece painted by one of its sons. It is like an altar in the tiny church. "Easter Morn" is painted with such sincerity that an almost unearthly beauty is achieved. No abstraction could possibly "sing" like that -- whatever one's belief, one is moved by the rapture here expressed.

This brings us to thoughts of what is art and why; the content and purpose of the visual arts. All agree such art is made to be seen, and that eyes distinguish line, mass, and color. Whatever the message it must be stated in these terms. Variations in ways of using these elements make up the different styles of painting. The outline paintings on rocks by ancient peoples, and in caves before history, these are copied today by pseudo-primitives. They are natural first steps with children, line action drawings. With some present day teaching the pupils never get beyond this stage, are never led to see how things look in perspective and the like. A certain college "art education" course is derided as one where "teachers are taught to paint and draw like little children", a discerning criticism, an unfortunate situation.

The history of art of painting shows how slowly man came to learn how to truly picture volume, distance, light and texture. Slowly indeed from Giotto's day forward, painting became less flat, more true to what our eyes report to our brains. At first the handmaiden of the church, art was closely circumscribed as to what, how, and why. Subject, posture, color, decoration, all were tied to symbolism. As art became more freely employed, came greater variety, not only in subject, but in materials and tools. Backgrounds appear, action is studied, sunlight blooms.

As we trace forward through the Italian "great masters", the Flemish, Dutch, French, English, each contributes its phase of the development. Portraits became character studies. We find realism and idealism in expression of themes. We discover homeliness, and also stateliness, the grand interior, and the open air, pastoral life and city life, even landscape and marine, in short, the world beautiful becomes subject, every "trick of the trade", becomes method, or style. This wonderful history, with the marvellous results filling museums and palaces here and in Europe, -- all this makes the present day craze for wierd impromptu effects in painting and sculpture seem strange indeed. A recent term for it is "Pop-Art", which is derisively descriptive! "Pop-Art" it is indeed, and the sound of the word helps those who love great art to remember that.

Ours is by no means the first period when decadence in art has appeared dominant. Others have come and gone. Always with some effect, as taste is tested, and the pendulum swings to more normal tempo. Today's word is frustration, even violent dissidence, with extreme "avant garde." But the "great heart" of all art thinking is still the desire for beauty, to record it for inspiration, in a way all may understand.

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SOUVENIRS
OF TRAVEL

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Weaving Pottery
Silver Ceramics Ivory
 Wood

OF TRAVEL - SOUVENIRS

(Loot, or Junk, or Treasure)

What a lovely word, "Souvenirs", to remember, -- and what helps to travel recollection! Delightful aids, among the best, are the dolls and figurines, and the models of homes and activities of countries visited.

Anyone who has travelled in Central America has seen the importance of local costume. The Indians of Guatemala, as they gather in some big market-place like Chichicastenango, know where others come from by their dress. Whether voluntary or not, it seems accepted that each hamlet has its own style and color material handwoven.

On beautiful Lake Atitlan, with its surrounding volcanic peaks, there are many little towns. In San Diego d'Atitlan the girls wear bright red, in vivid contrast with the blue mountains, and blue lake. There they still use heavy wooden canoes, carved out of solid logs; and the girls go down to the lake to fill water-jugs, and carry them back on their heads, as in "Bible pictures." Throughout Guatemala, as in Mexico, indeed in much of South America also, especially where there is predominant Indian population, they have found that tourists like their dolls and figurines showing local costume and occupation.

Remarkable are the tiny molded figures, some only one inch base, showing burros, laden for market with pottery jugs, water-cans, even brooms for sale, the peasant owner walking alongside. These remind one of roads leading to the market places, with all sorts of folks and their wares jogging along en route. Market days are often Sundays so that one's temporal and spiritual affairs may be met at the same time.

Then there are the tiny figurines of wire and yarn. In Mexico we found a complete fiesta story, with marimba, dancers, observers, one man fallen asleep from potatoes, another climbing a ladder to touch off the inevitable fireworks -- all this on a 3" square! And little molded figures for an entire bullfight in a 2" box.

On our first visit to Mexico we found some wax figurines about 4" high, with costumes of cloth made as secure as sculpture by waxing. On a later visit we found this sculptor had acquired recognition, importance, and price. And his figurines illustrating regional costumes, and dances, are delightful, -- such as the high lace headdress of Yucatan, and the very Spanish flavor of the "hat dance" of the highlands.

Then there are always dolls. Again they remind of sections of countries visited. Even our own West, a little Navajo-dressed doll reminds us of the early Spanish conquest of our South-west, and of the Navajo love of turquoise and silver, and skill in jewelry. Whether dolls or figurines, a pair from Argentina give us the authentic gaucho or cowboy costume, and the girl has her container for the tea of the plains, as she sits, full-skirted, hair in black braids. Their models of Llamas seem

made with such loving care by the Indians of Peru, where the llama is beast of burden, source of food and of clothing, and friend of the family besides. Small models are clothed in the actual wool, heads and feet most exact. A small silver model is a paperweight, and llamas figure in jewelry, in bracelets, and pins.

We have the small ancient vases, conventionalized llama, used long ago by the Inca, in home sacrificial offerings. Then there is the silver vase, 6 inches high, done in the manner of old Inca memorial vases, with the frightfully tortured facial expression. A gold pin, replica of one from old temple in Oaxaca Mexico, has similar unhappy look, like many Aztec idols. We have large plates of beaten silver, an art in which Mexicans excel, which have the ancient Aztec calendar stone motif. It is a fact that Aztec culture had achieved a calendar far better than that of Europe at the time of the conquest. Yet the misguided zeal of the conquistadores led to their destruction of everything pertaining to Aztec history and culture, and they thought the calendar stone itself destroyed. An earthquake disruption of the Cathedral of Mexico City, built on site of the greatest Aztec temple, -- brought to light the actual eight-foot diameter calendar stone. It is now preserved with care - and proper respect for its place in mankind's history.

In Mexico today much use is made of tin, not direct from the mines, but from used tin containers for gas and oil. This tin plate is cut, twisted, hammered, and made into all sorts of articles. Candlesticks, picture frames, mirrors, chandeliers, and so on, a flourishing handicraft. We found more of this than of wood-carving. But in northern Mexico where cattle are grazed, a special craft using horn has arisen. We have curious birds, standing, or a-swing in circular supports, made of horn, cut, polished. A difficult material. Also boxes of skilful combinations, wood and bone-ivory; and boxes inlaid with woods of varied colors, portray huge wheeled carts, or peasant and burro; three tier boxes of clever design, for precious possessions; and exquisite things are made of horsehair; necklaces, tiny sombreros and the like require great skill and patience.

Throughout the Americas pottery as an art has flourished for centuries. Our own Santa Clara Indians make a special black pottery, and some workers sign their pieces as true artists do. Guadalajara, Mexico, is a centre of pottery making, beautiful vases, individual pieces, many with enamel decor. Artists from the United States help the workers to succeed in some places. We recall talking with one such helper in weaving in a Mexican town, who spoke of the difficulty she had to induce the native weavers to make the borders of a piece go the same way (as is better for a bedspread) instead of in opposite ways as they had always done for table covers. So strong is the power of habit.

Everywhere there are rugs, and rug weaving. A city in Guatemala "Memostenango", city of rugs, gives over many side streets to the drying rugs. They are of wool, washed for moth-proofing. A rug (or serape), is an extra coat, something to roll up in for siesta, with natives. In Peru we found rugs made of wool from llama, the big sheep alpaca, and the almost priceless vicuna. In the high Andes country many articles, like bags, scarfs, caps, are made of yarn from these animals. And women spin the yarn by hand as they watch the flocks on the mountainsides. Going by train from Lake Titicaca toward Cuzco, we saw such flocks, even some of the now rare vicuna.

But let us leave the New World. The many handicrafts of the Near and Far East have given travellers endless souvenir pleasure and set artistic standards also. The very name "China" recalls the sea-captains of old bringing home so much fine Chinaware that the name is applied to both the ware and the country. And proved stimulus to finer products in Europe and America. Satsuma ware of Japan ranks high today.

Ceramic figurines (tiny ones and larger) illustrate many street occupations in China, from Buddhist monk, professional letterwriter, to rascally beggar, and circusman.

Coming to carved ivory, there seems no end. We have an antique version of Kwannon, goddess of Mercy, and a modern one from Japan. Both have the carved, fitted, base of wood, which goes with all good ivory pieces. Impressive is a 6" dragon-boat with oar-blades almost transparent. A laughing, gay, Bodisvhatta almost dances off her carved stool.

Another art, originated in China, is cloisonné, the inlay of enamel, in metal ridged base. We have a handsome 16" plaque doubly royal with both dragon for emperor, and phoenix-bird for empress, against a beautiful blue.

The silver and jewelry of the Far East has long been famed. We have a 4" high silver jinricksha whose wheels actually turn, and a sedan chair with bearers and occupant. There is a lovely box of carved jade, also gold and jade jewelry aplenty. Such skill of hand in those shops on the "Street of Jade" in old Peking! Are there any now, or are all commandeered to "Red" activities? We hope some escaped.

Woodcarving rises to heights in some Asian islands. Everyone in Java, and in Bali, practises some craft to perfection. There are interesting forms which express their religion. In Ceylon everyone buys elephants of carved ebony and ivory. In Java everywhere is batik, and such interesting patterns. From India come many textured cottons and silks, usually brightened by silver and gold strands, in scarfs, veils, and saris.

The sea captains of the early 1800's brought home from India dress patterns of embroidered "mull", a lovely hand woven muslin; -- in skirt pieces 4-5 yards around for the great hoop skirts then worn, -- and a 3 yard long stole or "mantle" (leaving the fitted waist to be made at home). Embroidery on the mull was often very choice, and so fine one cannot tell under from upper side. No wonder so much blindness there, for this work was done in poorly lighted harems, with no thought for the slave-workers. Canton crepe shawls of this period are richly embroidered, heavily fringed. The "real" India shawls have an embroidered under finish, quite distinct from later "Paisley" loomed products.

In Egypt handwork is more crude. Embroidery is of modern type, and today often done on Singer sewing machines, in the little dark work dens they call "sarouks" or "bazaars." Machine made cloth products show much use of metal threads, sometimes mirror-pieces in handsome scarfs and table covers. Their specialty, however, is metal inlay, or enamel overlay, what is called The Damascene type of plaque, plate, or pin. We have similar

products from Tunis, Algiers, Turkey. All Arabic art is intricate, repetitive. Hand woven things large and small, all avoid perfection, "lest one offend Allah, the only Perfect"! No Oriental rug, hand woven, has perfect lines.

Some souvenirs have special power to evoke actual scenes from past. We have a box which makes me see the island of Mombasa off Africa's east coast, with its old Arab dowses, so like the spice-ships of old, lying at anchor. And also the modern railroad bridge going over to Kenya, and nearby the cages and corrals where wild animals (Africa's diminished treasure) are kept, en route to captivity in Zoos or to oblivion. The Mombasa box has silver, ivory, and fine colored wood, in minute pattern, inlaid with great skill. A small museum at Mombasa has many beautiful examples of this Arabian art.

Then we have a small piece of black marble with a mother-of-pearl inlay, showing outlines of the Taj Mahal. This brings to mind the hours spent gazing at it, bathed in moonlight. And the hours later seeing it in full daylight, even to the sunset warmth. The interior walls of this wonderful building, are inlaid all over with semi-precious stones, lapis, jade, carnelian, inserted on the white marble, in flower patterns. We have a small replica of a bit of this exquisite decoration, and it recalls our wonder and delight. Grant (as we must) that old Shah Jehan did bankrupt his country, trying to express his love for his lost wife, it is better for our world today to have a Taj Mahal, than to have had some other futile war in the history books. If we only knew who was architect of this superb building. Even if the legend is true that the Shah rewarded him with death, in order that he might never build anything to vie with the Taj Mahal, -- even so, the creator of such beauty had his own joy in it, and may have escaped some worse fate than a nameless fame.

So we bring to a close at the far side of the world our small series of souvenir remembrances.

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OF CITIES
GREAT AND SMALL

* * * * *

Rio de Janiero	Buenos Ayres
Hongkong	Naples
Taormina	Rome
Athens	London
Paris	Venice
Bangkok	Bergen
Zermatt	Tokyo
Granada	Agra

OF CITIES, GREAT AND SMALL

Some cities have names that draw one, for history envelops them, and a visitor finds them full of appeal to the mind, even if not lovely to the eye. Some are so new they seem to have just erupted. Others are so much the finished product of some well ordered period that it is hard to realize their tumultuous past. Some owe so much to the beauty of natural setting it seems that everything about them should be perfect.

We must have seen several hundred cities, all sizes and kinds in the 60 odd countries visited. It is hard to select a few for brief mention. Maybe we should begin with ports, for it happens we have seen several of those rated high among beautiful harbors. Rio de Janeiro, for example; Rio is one of the cities that will always be remembered first for its superb setting, the startling "Fingers of God" mountains as background, the superlative beaches, the spectacular harbor with mountains all around, besides the three or more peaks that guard the entrance and tower above and among the skyscrapers. Everything about Rio glitters in memory. The place where so many brilliant butterflies live, are even cultivated, and yield wings to make jewelry, cabinet decorations, trays, a painstaking craft. And fibres grow and are made into lace, and needlecrafts flourish. A city of fine parks the year around, of handsome streets and public buildings, a worldly city, of rather splendid gayeties.

Another famous harbor, not far from Rio, is the great Argentine port, one of the largest in the world, the city of "good airs" Buenos Aires. The modern city is so extensive nothing seems crowded. Various nations have furnished fine sculptures to its many parks. And its climate makes variety of trees and gardens possible. Everywhere the Spanish touch, in architecture, in decorative tile, iron grille work; it is a handsome mature city.

Very different is Hong Kong; deservedly rated as another beautiful harbor, it is a lovely mountain picture rising out of the South China Sea. Picturesque in the extreme with its thousands of fishing junks; and sampans, on which people live, and work, and die; many thousands know no other home. Across the water the rest of Kowlean province furnishes garden products to sustain the life of the colony, and on the "mount" itself are homes of the more well to do, and hotels, and at its base the teeming city with dashing rickshaws, pitiless overcrowding, endless patient suffering, in spite of the best colonialism known, trying to help refugees from Red China.

Another harbor mountain-dominated is that of Naples, but its peak, Vesuvius, is no kindly one to live on, as with Hong Kong. It smokes too much! In 1914 it was very quiet and had been for many decades. But it has since told the world more than once what it thinks of us, as it told the decadent sons of Rome long ago. We saw Naples again in Mussolini's day, with the newer museums at Pompeii. As long as sea and sky last as now, this city-harbor picture will be lovely to look at. The stone-pine

is picturesque along the coast, whether it be Riviera, Naples, or the heel itself. And no drive gives more of the picturesque to the square inch, than the one which winds over and around these Italian hills and harbor towns and has the musical name of one of them, Amalfi.

One other mountain-town-by-sea, though not a port is beautiful for setting and story, -- Taormina in Sicily. A pretty resort town, of pleasant winter climate, it has an ancient Roman theatre overlooking snow-touched Mt. Etna and the sea. A painting I made here was bought by a former pupil of mine, and his little daughter (now with daughters of her own) used to refer to it lovingly as "My garden picture" I was told.

Our own two great harbor-cities, New York in the East, San Francisco in the West, scarce need my mention, except for the immense changes wrought in my lifetime. It was fun to go to New York by Fall River boat, a pleasant overnight-trip, assuring early arrival, and the highest building was the "Singer" of the just turned century. I have written of San Francisco in ruins in 1906. Today with its Golden Gate Park and its two marvellous bridges it is indeed a "great and glad" sight. We often read what New York has meant to the "poor" the "suffering" of the Old World, as the Statue of Liberty expresses it; and we wish fervently that its promise could always be kept. Without doubt we have in our country an experiment in freedom on scale never-before tried. Truly, let us say, fervently let us mean, "Let freedom ring."

But let us consider some cities inland. Of historic cities, Rome comes to mind as one where the centuries meet, and even jostle each other a bit. The ancient Forum in its pathetic ruin today, speaks to us of the long past, of the greatness that was Rome; of the power of her empire which explored, lived, warred, conquered, most of Europe; and then was in turn snuffed out like a blown candle.

Today Rome glows with opulent artistry of the Renaissance masters, in the service of the Church-empire which grew in the Middle Ages. One can still see the underlying "Seven Hills", but they are richly decorated with architectural gems; lovely fountains, storied steps, palaces with keyhole views of the dome of St. Peters, colonnades, and the great assemblage of churches. And such treasure of true art in collections from the days when painting was a prayerful affair, with churchly reward possible, but one's conscience the judge! When I was growing up it was sacrilege to think of seeing Rome on a tour in less than a month!

The other great city from long ago which still carries some of its ancient quality, is Athens. There the very stones of the Parthenon and other temples, by form and color, speak to us of the love of beauty which was the heritage of the Greeks and is their gift to us through their art and culture. When we reflect that with all the wastage and wars of the centuries, the Parthenon itself was intact and practically unspoiled until early in 1800's when a Turkish warship senselessly bombarded it. So its present condition is a monument to the utter stupidity of warfare. So, alas, are many fine structures in many parts of the world right now. And not buildings, alone!

A third city, steeped in history, which we have seen many times, is also monument to war's senseless fury. As we saw it first 1910 it was a great spreading, pleasantly liveable town, with houses alike, same height, miles and miles and square miles of them. Many interesting historic buildings to visit; many besides the Tower and London Bridge (which was not "falling down") and famed Westminster. So much of interest to people who are blood descendants, and know a bit of where our freedoms come from, and how most of them are hard-earned, not too willingly given.

As we saw it in 1951 there were still many great holes from war's destruction. In one such the rubble showed some feeble grass growth, and to our astonishment there grew a flourishing growth of American fire weed. This tall plant with showy pink bloom is familiar to campers in our woods, who find it in open glades after forest cutting. Question: how did it get to London, following war's demolition? For it is not native there. But Americans had been there, American supplies aplenty. And there it grew, a symbol of the world grown smaller. London as a city is enormous, and ageless. But it must be said, it looks its age.

It seems, to the casual observer, different with Paris. Despite crises of history this city still has a smiling air. It was so well planned, and built, it still seems in order. It looks the centre of the art world. Today, with the arts' reach into all products, we still note where Paris nods! No other city that has seen such wild strife, shows it so little. Did they really erect the guillotine where they say, and then count the rolling heads? So peaceful the Place de la Concorde today, so lovely the gardens near the great Louvre Galleries! To be sure, the Tuileries are garden, not palace now; but at Versailles, as fountains play, one can reconstruct the pleasures and practices of the French monarchy at its height, even as it toppled for its fall.

We saw Paris first in 1910. The Eiffel Tower was still an intruder, a bit of a blot on the landscape. But oh, the miles of beautiful paintings to feast the eyes. Perhaps they were "stolen", some were Napoleon's loot. But they were here, beautifully housed and cared for. Even the marbles from Greece, were preserved, as they might not have been, damaged as they were, and so nearly lost to mankind. It was all glorious to the young teacher of art, this "trip abroad", one of the "dreams come true", one of the hopes realized by the young man of the house. Our study of master-works of art had been through photographs, chiefly. The actual color was so wonderful. And we found reproductions in color not obtainable here, done with dyes evolved by Europeans, dyes kept more or less secret until opened to the rest of the world by World War I.

Another dream realized was seeing Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, peer of all canal-built cities, once foremost in the shipping world. In 1910 we alighted from our train, walked down steps outside, into a waiting gondola, and so were taken directly into mediaeval history, as well as to a fine hotel on the Plaza of St. Mark's. In the Art Museums here we saw works of titans of the Venetian School, Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, etc. Palaces, cathedrals, were lavishly built in the great period of Venetian history. There are no streets, only canals, and bridges. In 1910 no power boats, only quiet gondolas. Today, the Grand Canal is noisy; motors are prohibited in side canals. We had one night trip (1914) in the canals by the light of the moon only, and history seemed to come to life, as our imaginations went to earlier days and ways.

On the other side of the world is another city of canals. We saw Bangkok in Siam after visiting Cambodia in 1937. Here no beautiful buildings line the canals, only camp-like homes, and jungle growth, and teeming human life. A motor boat trip occasioned some high water and near catastrophes, but showed us this way of life. On a main canal near our dining hotel we saw more of it, laundry, hair dressing, in the same water, fun for youngsters too. The Siamese, or Thailand folk, are clean intelligent folk, and I remembered two who were pupils of B.N.S. when I was growing up. Not many got here from S.E. Asia then. Their temples, called Wats, were guarded each by large figures representing some foreign culture, each having fierce expressions as guardian demons should. The Wats were fine examples of pagoda like architecture. The name Wat reminds me of an Australian lady of cockney lineage, in our party, who asked that morning before we left ship, "Now I ask you, W'at is a w(h)at?" I think she learned, that day.

In the north of Europe there is an old city, once as important in the shipping trade as Venice, but a rival, I believe, in Hanseatic days, Bergen in Norway. Its waterways are not canals, but fiords made useful, for this was long a leading Scandinavian port, and is still second in Norway. I recall a market place, where fish vied with gloxinias in 1951, and as backdrop were the very buildings which were warehouses centuries earlier. The very air bespoke Vikings.

Now, of cities away from the sea, some near an adored mountain, some with setting of many mountains, we have seen plenty, and will recall a few in bringing this chapter to a close.

We have a great many memories of Switzerland of cities on lovely lakes, of cities in mountain setting; of them all we give you this.

In the south of Switzerland high above the valley of the Rhone which gives railroad access to much Alpine scenery, reached by a spur or branch railway in the days of which I write, namely in 1910, in 1914, again in 1928, is a small town called Zermatt. This is the north approach to and guardian of the Matterhorn. Like most Swiss villages it is, or was, picturesque in extreme, and walks in every direction lead to beautiful view points. It is not a city, but it is a type, and it may serve as contrast to our next city near a mountain.

There is Tokyo, Japan, -- sprawling, immense, biggest in the world, not far from its worshipped Fujiyama. New Tokyo is well built, a lot of it. Did you know they have interurban elevated system like New York? The signs in Japanese lettering do not help Western visitors. But they may be "bilingual" now; we saw them 1937.

In Mexico over the ridge from Mexico City is Cuernavaca, beloved resort, with day and night view of two famous volcanoes, Popocatepetl (the smoker) and Ixtacihautl (the sleeping woman).

In South America Chile's Santiago and Peru's Lima are rivals in beauty of mountain setting scenery and both have fine old type Spanish buildings. Bolivia's La Paz, too, has its special guardian mountain, but seems closer to its primitive past. It is a moot question if Peru's Arequipa, a bit lower down, is not fully as interesting and memorable as the trio given. All great cities of Spanish flowering, enhanced by magnificent Andes Mts.

In Spain itself there is a city of the mountains, Granada, which is more memorable for a structure by man than for the setting of this architecture. For there we saw the Alhambra, a palace which expresses the flowering of Arabic art. It is far more extensive a building than the one which all the world adores in India, the Taj Mahal. But the style of building is the same. The use of decoration and material similar. The product is the result of the skill of nameless millions. Identity is lost in immensity.

Thus we may say: the far east loses identity of the individual by meditation, even unto Nirvana; the near east loses individualities in the mass, all working for the glory of Allah; the west urges the importance of the individual, who works for the good of all, even for the Spirit of Goodness. So, thinking about fair cities seen, leads to a near philosophic peroration!

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OF CLIMATES
AND PEOPLE

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Our Range

Tribal Dances Missions

Crossing Two Lines

The Rajah Misery

Turkey Andes

Costa Rica

Japan Israel

Tragedy at Sea

OF PEOPLE AND CLIMATES

The word "Memoirs" has an ominous sound. Maybe "Recollections" is better. Either way, in these early 1960's there are giants doing it, ex-presidents, Winston Churchill, and some of lesser stature. Many of the great do it to give more credit to those who helped them in their doings. In this I venture to follow their lead, by writing about things we shared, to give praise to the man who made our sixty year span of life together a sort of continuing adventure.

In our travels we have seen people of all colors, of high and low degree, of all grades of intelligence and health, all religions. A full summary would be boring, so we must select a few, using people and climates as our string to hang upon.

Our farthest North, was the North Cape, visited by cruise in 1951. The farthest South seen, was the Chilean Lake region, and Argentina, not the "Horn" itself, as did my sea captain grandfather Winsor, sailing in early 1840's. Our farthest East and West do not count, for we went "Around the World" in 1937. Our coldest experience was from Darjeeling India riding rickshaw to try to see sunrise on Mt. Everest. Our hottest day was at Victoria Falls, mid-Africa, as we walked the rain-forest bathed in rain-bows from the spray of the Falls. The temperature may have reached 130°, but our spirits went higher amid such beauty. We have moving pictures taken in '37, and some fine color slides taken in 1950, so have visible reminders of the wonderful Falls on Zambesi River in the heart of Africa.

Other trophies of ours are photographs of native African Tribal dances. These are maintained as regular part of life in Johannesburg, and other, mine-workers' compounds; management-fostered, as an aid to morale. We saw exhibition shows, to be sure, put on specially for visitors, but there were more natives than outsiders in the audience, and the selections were from regular Sunday programs. They were dances from many tribes, Zulu, Nyasa, Pondi and other, authentic as to music, characteristic steps, dress (or lack of it) and accessories. All intensely interesting, vigorous, significant.

Quite different was the singing we heard at a Christian mission near Durban S. Africa. Instead of the controlled wildness of the dance music, this was calm churchly singing but full, rich and resonant with fine quality of negro voices.

A pleasant feature of long cruises like ours of '37 and '50 is "Crossing the Line" pageantry. It is looked forward to by crew as well as passengers. In fact the crew puts on the show, aided by costumes and properties, all somewhat humorous. The central idea is that on crossing the Equator, King Neptune comes aboard with his followers, and may exact tribute from those for whom the crossing is first experience. Fitting tribute seems to be a "dunking", and other treatment amusing to behold, so a novice does well to be wary, and only the bold confess; but one or two are enough to make the show, and all enjoy the diversion in a long cruise.

Returning in 1937 across the wide, wide Pacific Ocean we had another line crossing experience. We met the international date line and had two days of exactly the same date, in order to come home correctly. You see we had "at long last" caught up with the sun. Using that phrase "at long last" reminds me that it first became commonly used on "our side of the Pond" the year of King Edward VIII's abdication, to marry the American divorcee, which act might have split the Kingdom! And during this Pacific crossing of ours we celebrated Coronation Day, and watched all the crew getting special drinks with toasts to the new majesty, King George V. Our own corner of the deck was spiced with tart comments by two loyal Scotch-women, subjects of the Crown, on the disappointing career of the abdicated one, who was so promising as Prince of Wales.

On a long cruise especially, one is watchful of speech with neighbors on deck, since amiable relations must be maintained so long and closely. Strong opinions are often soft-pedalled. Religious convictions are usually not mentioned. But once way back in 1914 on a short cruise, England to Norway, our deck chairs were next to a travelling Rajah of India, an educated gentleman who seemed to enjoy talking with "innocents" from U.S.A. And a Sunday brought out thoughts of religion, and how much the Hindu believer counts on meditation as an act of worship. Indeed he seemed to think it more important than doing for others; self-realization through meditation he regarded essential to final bliss; the true way of life, rather than forgetting oneself in service to others. It seemed to me what we call self-sacrifice had no value in his eyes, as a Hindu believer. I asked him if his neighbor were in deep trouble, like "house afire", would he not break off his own meditation to help? Emphatically "No", he said, it would be sacrilege. This has stayed with me, pointing up the difference between this far Eastern religion and ours, which is conscience-based, and holds the individual growth is by doing and giving out, rather than by absorbing.

Our trip through India showed us the difficulties of overpopulation, illiteracy, inheritance of religions and racial animosities. We recall hardly a smiling face anywhere, and many pitiable ones, especially among the wretchedly poor. Such great contrasts between lavish palaces and hotels, the exquisite products, fabrics, embroidery, jewelry, and the miserable hovels where people swarmed. The dark and filth of some of their temples, are as sinister as some of their beliefs. This observation was many years ago but we doubt if Ghandi and successors have changed things much.

We noted the variations in color of skin throughout India. Indeed this holds true of the Near East also. Another land where we saw not a smile was Turkey in 1928, and Egypt to a lesser degree. Constantinople had become Istanbul, and Turkey's capital had moved to Ankara. Poor old Santa Sophia with its great dome, built to the glory of a Christian God, now whitewashed mosaics and colored to suit the true faith, sprouting minarets all over to call the faithful. And they hear and heed the call, fishermen on sailboats, merchants in the markets, all put down their little prayer rugs and face the right way as they say devotions to the same God as we, but so different of name, and teaching. Of all mockery of erudition the "universities" in Cairo seem worst with their swaying students singing Koran out loud, no other, no study, no original thought. Small wonder little has come out of Islam, save war, conquest, and their exquisitely detailed art products. Not originality, but loving repetition of pattern.

Another land where misery is no stranger but a way of life, is the Andean region of So. America, in several countries, wherever the long oppressed and exploited descendants of Aztec, Inca, and other Indian "originals" live. We had been several days in ancient Cuzco, once capital of the great Inca empire. We were taken to visit Indian market at a town outside, called Pisac. There the Indians from many hamlets around gathered with their pitiful handfuls of things to sell, bits of pottery, weaving, vegetables. Leaders of groups, called alcades or mayors, were distinguished by a tall baton of office. It was a Sunday morning, there was service in the tiny mud and stone church, and at its conclusion a ceremony of alcades waiting upon and escorting the priest to his home very near. What these people wore was mostly their own hand weaving from yarn hand spun of wool of their own flocks, llama and alpaca. The elevation was over 10000 ft. so warm clothing was needed. In Bolivia the women wear skirt over skirts, sometimes to six or seven. In all the regions the "rug" is blanket, overcoat, whatever is needed.

Here at Pisac, we wandered about for some hours. Our dear doctor-companion told us later that he had never seen so many diseases walking around, that nearly all the troubles he knew were there, mostly unaided, apparently. This was one of many places where we realized what it meant to us that we lived in North, not South, America, and inherited traditions of freedom and fair play, rather than ruthless conquest and oppression. South American "democracy" waits for a levelling of classes. Contrasts are too great now.

Little Costa Rica seems one country south of us which does better. Did you know its standard of literacy is higher than ours? This land was settled by Spanish small farmers, and here they own farms, not great estates, and operate them without slave labor. The old world feudal system did not come here. Education was early and liberal. We saw some excellent parades of girls' as well as boys' high schools in San José. Playgrounds abound. They are proud of their educational standards.

In the far East, in Japan we were treading dangerous ground in 1937 and did not know it. It was springtime, cherry-blossom time there. We saw a school at recess play, about half the children in kimonos, the rest western, but the game American baseball! We saw groups of school children on walking excursions to honored shrines, or to see beautiful flowers. Already awake in this country was the dangerous doctrine of race superiority, taking shape in emperor-worship, plus belief in a destiny of victory. With Hitler coming to power in Europe, perhaps time was ripe for Japan's star in the East? Actually there was no slightest sign of hostility to us. But it was really only four years to Pearl Harbor.

My husband had letter of introduction to a business man in Tokyo, which we sent with regrets that our unexpected side trip to see Fujiyama from the other side, would prevent our seeing him. In spite of it he and his wife and little son came to see us off in Yokohama, bringing lovely gifts, a pot of cultivated lily of the valley (which they could not know was my husband's favorite flower). Also a glass enclosed figurine dressed in richest silks with sword and the like, standing about twelve inches high, -- symbolic of Courage, we suppose. The sort of thing they put out for the visit of a notable, or birthday of an admired relative. The gentleman giver of these gifts spoke English well, his wife and son not at all. We wonder how it is with them today, twenty-six years later, after so much tragedy and destruction.

A wonderful people, they are, so quick to adapt to new ways, yet devoted to beauty, to ceremony, and to tradition. Quick and inventive, yet painstaking. No people have done more with gardens, garden ornaments, the art of flower arrangement, the growing of dwarfed trees and shrubs, and topiary work. A curious interest of the leisure class, exhibited to us, was breeding of roosters with extremely long tail feathers. A group photo of our party shows one of the birds held by its owner, with the tail feathers stretched over at least twelve laps in the row as seated. Such freaks of taste may have disappeared in the new surge of Western ideas. Such as it was this hobby required more intelligence than riding to hounds after a hapless fox! More creative skill!

Speaking of intelligence, leads us to consider a new country whose progress is proof of the courage, devotion, and skill of great leaders. For Israel was born of the unspeakable outrages of Nazi-Germany and anti-Semitism elsewhere. People asked us if we had ever visited the "Holy Land"? To me no city known to have been fought over for centuries, and levelled many times, can seem "Holy." Tradition is worn too thin, the atmosphere too full of hate and jealousy of differing faiths, each the "only true."

We were scheduled to visit Jerusalem in 1928 but storm in the Mediterranean prevented landing at Haifa. A train journey from Cairo was offered, but we chose to see more of Egypt. In 1950 we did land, saw Nazareth, Sea of Galilee, socalled Mount of Beatitudes, Jordan river. We were greatly interested in Israeli as we saw its amazing progress, out of desert; from destruction and hate creating a state, standing as monument to courage and intelligence. This seems more truly a holy land, a righteous endeavor.

We listened recently (May 1963) to reading by the latest astronaut (Cooper) his very touching prayer, composed as he looked upon immensity of space as no human ever before. We find he voiced his thankfulness to and trust in the thousands whose computations and skills took him up and sustained him, his faith in them became his tribute to the Spirit of Goodness which man envisions as "indwelling" and calls God.

We are all moved by the unusual. Even the hardened men of the sea, we are told, -- like the "Albatross" legend, an accident, a rescue, or death on board. Our most unusual happening on a voyage was the suicide of a passenger by throwing herself overboard before daylight one morning into the Pacific Ocean. It was eerie the way the news spread, and the effects it had. No one actually saw her leap, but she vanished.

She had been a gay lively member of our party for the more than three months. She was in our car on the day we visited Bushman Caves in So. Africa. It was said she had not been well, had recently learned of having an incurable disease. She was widow of a wealthy man, his second wife, maybe going home to family complications. All sorts of rumors were afloat, but no one probed the case too far, before we landed in California, and as we came East across country, we never did hear, nor cared to. But the "side-effects," as doctors say now, these were interesting, and are my reason for mention of the sad event here.

An officer of the ship told us that missing things began at once to come to light as news spread through the ship. Things which had been stolen were secretly returned, even openly, with confession of guilt. He said, "It always happens like this. They try to get square before something happens to them." Was it superstition or scared consciences? Either way, it was the unusual that stirred us all in different ways, to a clearer realization of our relation to each other and to that abiding sense of goodness. The Indians call it the "Great Spirit," the Moslems "Allah," names are not essential; our universe is too big to think of mankind without some such shelter. However much he may dress it up with legends, heroes, gods and lesser gods, man seems to require to believe that his universe is essentially good and that he should live as befits one who is part of a just world, doing as he would be done by. Thro' languages and many faiths this rule has been golden.

So it is good to quote as we close both chapter and book.

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OF CAMPING
AND TRAILS

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OF CAMPING AND TRAILS

Ours was a honeymoon that nearly changed its form in the midst. By that I mean, instead of the expected camping trip around Moosehead Lake with guide, it almost became a trip to White Mt. hotels.

From an evening wedding followed by reception in our own newly furnished first home, we escaped the usual confetti and rice showers, with the aid of a few friends in the secret. One who later became our beloved sister-in-law, created a diversion at the front stairs, rushing out to a waiting conveyance. At the same time we were escaping by a window at the foot of the back stairs, then through rear garden yards (whose "watchers" had rushed out front) to a horse and carriage standing on a back street. This was driven by a loyal employee whose name is ever enshrined in our memory. He did not "give us away." Moreover not once on the 10 mile drive to Taunton, where we took the "midnight train" to Boston, not once, did he look back at us!

When we arrived at Moosehead Inn, we met news. The guide whom we had engaged would be unable to take us. He would send in his place an Indian guide from Kineo. This put another look upon our plans. And when he came, "Lo, the poor Indian" did not meet with our approval. So we did think seriously of changing to a hotel vacation. However, a Greenville guide, volunteered to go with us. So we had the camping trip, my very first.

The first of many, as the years went on. There was no vacation quite like it for Walter, who loved fishing, fresh air, and the great outdoors. It was so easy, especially after automobiles came. We drove the 300 or so miles to Northern Maine, many times before there were paved roads or numbered routes, or expressways. The hazards were many, but drivers were far more careful. As driving has become easier, autos faster, roads so well planned, drivers are more callous, and careless, it seems, and there is needless "slaughter."

Once in the early days we took three people along with us for the drive to Greenville, stopping two nights on the way. They would return by train, then an overnight, Greenville, to Boston. We arrived at Wells, Maine, nearing our proposed second night stop at Rangeley. We found a terrific cloudburst, with flood, had taken out every bridge in the town. As we followed one field-detour our car sank into the softened soil. It was necessary to hire some neighboring oxen to pull us out. The owner was just recovering from illness and unable to rig up or drive his oxen. He was very much surprised when Walter, the "city feller", was able to harness and drive the beasts, which pulled us out with ponderous ease, so that we went on our way rejoicing.

Some of our early camping was in Jackman region near Maine's western boundary. From the town it was an 18 mile hike to Penobscot Lake, actual source of the great river. In this still wild region, we had some most exciting fishing; speckled trout three at a cast, fishermen so excited their lines became entangled, fascinating hours sitting on makeshift rafts. No wonder we walked those miles several times. Once a friend went over them riding the rough trail in a buckboard wagon. We think from her reactions, that ride was more an endurance test than was our walk. Wood-

roads and trails up there were no polished affairs then. If a log fell, it stayed, you went over or around; if a rock erupted, no one blasted it away. Therefore few successive steps were at the same level; result, maximum exercise. One mile of trail equals several on a highway. We view today's commotion over 50 mile walks, on smooth blacktop, with amusement! We "qualified" long ago!

One year while we were at Penobscot Lake, the international boundary was being surveyed and cleared by teams of workers. At the end of vacation we decided to walk out over the "Line" to a point reachable by highway. No one knew the exact distance, but we took a chance. It proved to be a very difficult 20 miles. One woman of our party made the mistake of wearing new shoes! She reached the "point of no return" several times, but the actual final rescue, found her feet with no fewer than 11 blisters. She declared she would never set foot in woods again; but she did relent, later.

Deer were plenty in those days. Many a morning, canoeing around the lake soon after "sun up", we have counted as many as 30 deer, or more if the day promised to be warm. Many a night we heard them thudding about our tent, sometimes giving that explosive whistle of theirs.

Once, in the Penobscot-Jackman area, we were to make a longish trek, with portage, to camp on a distant pond. The weather was the "open and shut" variety. Twice we started, twice it rained, then stopped. Finally the guide urged us to do one thing or the other. So, we started out; when it poured, we kept on. At the portage, another guide, an old French Canadian, offered help. In the course of conversation about weather and our dilemma, he said, with a laugh, "Ah, but ya knows, dem sporta man, she goes, joost da same, rain or shine!"

The region we visited most on Maine vacations was the Mt. Katahdin country. This became more accessible after the Great Northern Paper Co. constructed Ripogenus Dam and built the road north of the Katahdin Range. Later Millinocket was connected to this, so that now one can drive to a camping site half up the mountain, almost, there to begin the climb if desired. Baxter State Park was new in our early days there. Its 10 mile square, includes the mountain itself, and lovely lakes north, east, and west of it, as well as sections of the West Branch and East Branch of the Penobscot River, a wonderland of beauty, haven of wild life.

Mt. Katahdin is, as you may know, some 5300 feet high, a very old mountain, geologically. It has a mesa like top some 2 miles from west to east, and there, below the summit, lies a huge glacial cirque, with tiny "Chimney Pond" at its heart. A real rock chimney rises from the pond to the summit to test rock climbers. Most visitors prefer the easier "Saddle". A negotiable road leads now from Chimney Pond down past Togue Pond south; and a paved road leads north to Katahdin Stream camp on the west side of the mountain, with the trail to the summit. For Katahdin is the northern end of the Appalachian Trail, which follows a long line of mountain ranges, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, even to the Southern Appalachians in the Carolinas. Our vacations hereabouts included the ascent of Katahdin by the Abol Slide trail from the West Branch, the oldest trail. Also several ascents by the Hunt trail (now the Appalachian route) as well as from Chimney Pond.

There are moose in this region. Once, camping at Turner Pond, northeast of the mountain, I was seated alone to sketch, while the men went fishing over the hill. They surprised me by tearing back in mid-morning. They had seen, as I had not, a big bull moose crossing the stream directly toward me. The men's shouts and sounds crashing up trail, made the moose pause, then stamp as in a huff, much as to say "These prying pygmies in my domain," before veering to another direction.

During a later visit we stayed at a well run camp on Sourdnahunk Lake, to the north of Katahdin. There we heard moose could be seen at a little pond about 4 miles away, in the Park domain. Several tried and did not see any, but the day we went we saw four! Our guide by skilful paddling got us within canoe length of a cow-moose and calf. We were part of the landscape to them, as we froze whenever they lifted heads from feeding. Delighted with the morning moving picture "shots," we were really joyful to get pictures of another mother and calf in the afternoon. Not the same pair, definitely. What a movie it made when the second mother struggled out of the water of the boggy little pond, shook herself thoroughly, then waited for the calf to do likewise!

It was in this region, but not in the State Park that we had amusing contact with a more familiar camp animal, none less than a porcupine. The guides all knew we wanted nothing of killing wildlife, save in self-defense. But this time the porcupine offended once too often. When the guide went out to start breakfast this morning he found the pestiferous animal at work ruining his pet fishing rod, so he disposed of Mr. Porky quickly yet thoroughly. When Walter appeared he evidently approved, for what did those two men do but drag poor Porky past my tent, singing a march tune that sounded familiar, and revealed itself to memory as "Here comes the bride," Mendelssohn-in-the woods!

We spent many days, through the years, on trails built and maintained by the Appalachian Mt. Club, which does so much for the enjoyment of New England mountain scenery. We were members for several years. On one of their fall tours to Crawford Notch, a group of us decided to use the perfect weather of the first day to climb to Lake of the Clouds Hut, then cross the Range to Madison Hut the second day. The larger group used the perfect day to climb Mt. Webster down the Notch. We had a happy climb over Crawford, Franklin and Monroe to the Hut. Next morning was clear for the climb to Washington's summit and then the trek down to Clay and Jefferson. But when we were among the Adams peaks (there are three, John, John Quincy, and Sam) a heavy snow storm began, and our last hour of Gullfside trail was exciting, as we felt our way from cairn to cairn, and on to the welcome Hut. The third day we woke to a foot of snow! As our way was downward to Randolph we continued, through a curious mixture of colored foliage and snow. At Randolph we dried out a bit, before being driven to rejoin the party at Crawford House. We found ourselves the only ones to make the Summit from that tour. One bit of wisdom was ours, "When the perfect day comes, use it for the mountain."

There is a lore of mountains which all who visit their trails should respect. When we read of how some persons get lost, or into trouble, on the mountains, we feel they are lacking in common sense. Starting at 3 P.M. for a day's climb, without food or extra clothing, without leaving word of their intended route, even going it alone. When such people get into trouble their plight calls for such strenuous efforts by others, often many have to help a careless few.

Really difficult mountains have an imposing technique, but our Eastern ranges Peattie calls the "friendly mountains." Yet even they ask for due respect. Natural hazards are many, change of weather, accidents from a misstep, a trail blinded by lumbering, -- such are frequent enough without adding carelessness or rashness.

There was a boy lost on Mt. Katahdin some years ago. He must be middle-aged now. When he started down from the summit ahead of the others of a large group of Boy Scouts, he forgot his training. He took the uncharted trail north at a turn in the way by which he came up. But he saved himself by remembering his Scout teaching. He followed brooks down, lived on wild berries, after 8 days he emerged on the East Branch. A book was made of his experience as told to a newsman. Meantime hundreds had interrupted business and pleasure to try to find him. If he has boys of his own now, I am sure he wants them to be good Scouts all the time.

I have said little of the delight of following the woodland trails, watching for the blazed trees, walking the narrow ways which keep the look of a path even when seldom used, the hush of the deep woods, the beauty of the undergrowth, it maybe a carpet of "bunchberries," or the softness of maiden hair fern. Seeing how soil is made, how the roots clutch rocks below soil. Man needs the wilderness for his own growth, his understanding, and serenity. By contact with wilderness he comes to know better his own place in the Great Plan.

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BIOGRAPHICAL

TRIBUTE

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BIOGRAPHICAL TRIBUTE

It is difficult to write of one so much part of one's life for so many years. Our friendship began in school days, and ripened into definite attachment in our early twenties, when both were busy growing up into work for which we had training, doing what we enjoyed, in business and in teaching.

We found time, as young adults will, to do things we enjoyed together. I am sure that made us acquainted in the finest way, for we learned each other's likes, dislikes, ideals, and habits. There was the love of outdoors, collecting flowers, canoeing, buggy-riding. There was the love of art, then devoted to beauty more than now. There was the enjoyment of books, theatre, opera.

We did not talk of being married, as so many do today from childhood. There was so much to enjoy. Both had cares, too, as we strove for achievement. But when his business seemed secure, he asked me to marry him, knowing I wanted to teach longer. So we were married Sept. 6, 1902, when he was nearing 30. The wedding reception was held in our recently bought house, which we had been furnishing that summer. After a year or so we burned the mortgage!! After seven years came the fun of drawing designs for a new home, and seeing it rise, where it is now. And so we lived "happily ever after."

Always he was my "better half." But it was no inane, too-placid existence! Given two people of varied interests and strong convictions, and you have the makings of lively doings, some differences of opinion, the need for continued adjustment. There was always the unpredictable; also plenty of friends and fun, and the growth of deep-dyed affection, underneath the gayety and romance. And I am convinced he was truly "One among Thousands." His chief characteristic, I feel, was integrity, by which I mean a wholesome "oneness." All of it good, no slightest strand in his makeup of wrong or evil. He was fortunate to inherit sturdy qualities, and to be brought up in standards of right and wrong, which were firm as well as fine.

Next, I think, his generosity. He had a great love of sharing with others, a constant wish to make others happy, to have pleasant relations with all, home folks, friends, church and business associates. When my father died (1917) there was no question as to what my mother should do: sell her home and live with us. She had a competence; what she had was hers, our home hers also; and so it was for eighteen years, as long as she lived.

Once he surprised our minister by putting painters at work on the church exterior before any vote had been taken on it, or any one had thought how it could be financed, although obviously needed. A beautiful 145 foot spire was then part of the job. Before his death, he had painted that church twice more, but after the 1954 hurricane, alas, it had no spire.

His kindness next. Never in his long life did he willfully or needlessly harm or hurt anything or anybody. He was fond of fishing? Yes, but no fish was ever kept in misery. Hunting he gave up early, when he once found himself hunted, aimed at directly by mistake, and spared only by miracle.

Then his sense of humor, the playing of harmless practical jokes, seeing an amusing side of a situation to relieve the serious aspects. He was an insatiable tease, but never was the fun barbed or unkind. He had the rare ability to put aside cares of the day and put himself into the life of the moment. This was good for him, because he was a hard worker in his prime. Those who knew him only in later life may not have realized that strenuous years went before, many of them.

He was clever and original with all tools and machines. Far from being merely a desk-executive, he knew every phase of running his plant. The machines were his friends. In over fifty years of driving an automobile he never had an accident.

He continued fond of outdoor life, fishing, tramping, climbing. At 45 he climbed Mt. Rainier with a party of Forestry folk, "to put an end to my wife's bragging about climbs in the White Mts."! He was interested in flowers, birds, a keen observer; he progressed from the little boy gathering bird's eggs, to understanding of the need for conservation of wild life, and of scenery.

His tastes were quiet. He read widely and much, in later years. Earlier, books of adventure, tall tales of shipping and lively romances, were favorites. But no unhappy or uncertain endings! He preferred quality and craftsmanship in the arts, to anything showy or bizarre. He abhorred, as almost dishonest, some of the tricky ultra-modern "art," seen in his later years. His taste for fine painting led to our making a collection. This was our hobby.

Travel was another. From the very start (at scratch) we must have our vacations, and they must have variety. As time went on, they were often shared. For instance, he surprised a teacher friend by sending her to Europe with another of our intimate group, who was going and needed company. Later, another friend (whose brother was a busy mining engineer in Peru) needed no urging to accept our invitation to join us in a trip "Around South America," which visited Peru.

My mother, with a father sea-captain, absent long months on voyages (in the 1840's) felt a distaste for sea travel so great that she said she "would not cross the Atlantic until a bridge was built over." But he persuaded her, when she was 75, to join us in visiting England and France, and again when she was 80, to go on a Mediterranean tour. Each time he provided passage for a friend to be her special companion. Again when his father wished to go around the world, years before we did, a companion was found so that the two might enjoy it all. Alas over-exertion, while in Egypt, brought the father's journeyings to a sad sudden end; but he passed in the fulfillment of his dearest wish.

I have always thought that first travel experience of Walter's, sailing as lone passenger on a barkentine freighter, Boston to Buenos Aires, in 1891 when he was only 18, made him deeply conscious of the wonders of earth and sea and sky. He was always sensitive to beautiful scenes; and his photography, from the early days of prints without color, to later slides, and movies, in full color, all helped him to share his travels with others.

Another outstanding quality was his judgement; of people, of situations, what to do, when to do it, how to invest, and where; this valuable quality started early, and developed with the years. His advice was valued by many in all walks of life.

His was not the effervescent, easy-to-know type; he was cautious in his friendships. He held fast to all whom he cared for, even when disappointed in them. In such case, however, he would be lenient just so long, then not, unless there was change. After all, there were two noted fighting men in his family tree-top, the sturdy Myles Standish, and Perry of Lake Erie fame. But he was able to help many, and gladly, especially those who worked for him.

When it came to his passing, his release from long invalidism, six of his "Boys", as he called his business associates, paid him tribute in a public Memorial Service, along with his ministers and his Masonic brethren. The tributes were the sober, measured, deeply felt words of men who meant them and wished to say them.

"Only the many who received his kindnesses knew of them;
Only he knew the extent of his benefactions."

"Few combined so many fine qualities, with as likeable a
personality."

"Every one who worked for him loved him."

"He was the Boss, but when they made him, they broke the
mold."

"He was 'Walter' to everyone."

"All that I am, I owe in large part to him." (This after
50 years of business association.)

There were these and many more. Let them be the conclusion of this
Biographical Chapter.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

Walter Sweet Little

Born - - - - March 4, 1873, Bridgewater, Mass.
Son of Henry Oscar and Elsie (Perry) Little
Middle name for Daniel Sweet, whose farm H. O. Little
managed

Education- - - Bridgewater
Comer's Commercial (Boston) graduated 1891

Business - - - Bookkeeper, Bridgewater Box Co., 1891-6
Founded Eastern Grain Co., 1897
Second Elevator built 1910, since enlarged
President of Eastern Grain to 1941

Married- - - - Flora Phillips Townsend, September 6, 1902

Civic- - - - - Bridgewater Savings Bank; Trustee, Investment
Bridgewater Trust Co. (now branch Home National of
Brockton); Trustee, Investments, and President
Town Meeting Moderator, 8 years

Church - - - - Unitarian

Died - - - - - May 27, 1962 - Memorial Service June 2, 1962

Flora Townsend Little

Born - - - - - October 13, 1875, Bridgewater, Mass.
Daughter of John Phillips and Olive (Winsor) Townsend

Education- - - Bridgewater, 1891
Normal School, 1891-5
Mass. Normal Art, 1897-9

Teaching - - - Pepperel and Dedham, 1895-7
Supervisor Abington, 1897-1902
Supervisor Bridgewater, 1902-1919
Normal School Art Asst., 1902-10

Married- - - - Walter S. Little, September 6, 1902

Civic- - - - - President Women's Club, 1903-6, 1913-14
Mass. Federation Women's Clubs; Director 1906-8,
Art 1916-19
General Federation Women's Clubs; Art 1920-4,
Art in Home 1924-8

Church - - - - Unitarian

SOME OF OUR JOURNEYS

1906	Far West
1910	Europe, general tour
1914	Mediterranean, Italy, Austria, Norway
1919	West, National Parks
1922	England, France, Cathedrals, Chateaux
1926	West, Canadian Rockies
1930	Glacier Park, Jasper Park
1937	World Cruise; Rio, St. Helena, South Africa, East Africa, India, Cambodia, Java, Bali, Phillipines, China, Korea, Japan, Hawaii
1938	Around South America
1939- 1949	Shorter Trips; Guatemala 2, Mexico 4, Costa Rica Arizona, California, Alaska
1950	Around Africa - Israeli, Italy, Spain
1951	North Cape Cruise - Iceland
1956	Utah Parks, North Rim