

THE LANDS OF THE BOOK



By

T H E L A N D S

O F

T H E B O O K

March 11th to April 13th 1953

- Edinburgh -

London - Dover - Calais - Paris - Dijon - Lausanne
Brig - Milan - Venice - Trieste - Ljubljana - Zagreb
Belgrade - Nische - Skopje - Thessalonika - Philippi
Alexandropolis - Istanbul - Izmir - Ephesus - Afyona
Iconium - Adana - Tarsus - Iskenderun - Antioch
Aleppo - Damascus - Amman - Jerusalem - Samaria
Petra - Bethlehem - Hebron - Galilee - Nazareth
Haifa - Tel-Aviv - Athens - Rome - Verona - Brenner
Innsbruck - Munich - Rhine Valley - Holland - London

- Edinburgh -

I.L.S.B.

T H E L A N D S

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" Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes.

.....

Agood wif was ther of biside Bathe,
And thries hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge strem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne. "

Chaucer - "The Canterbury Tales" - c1390.

I N T R O D U C T I O N

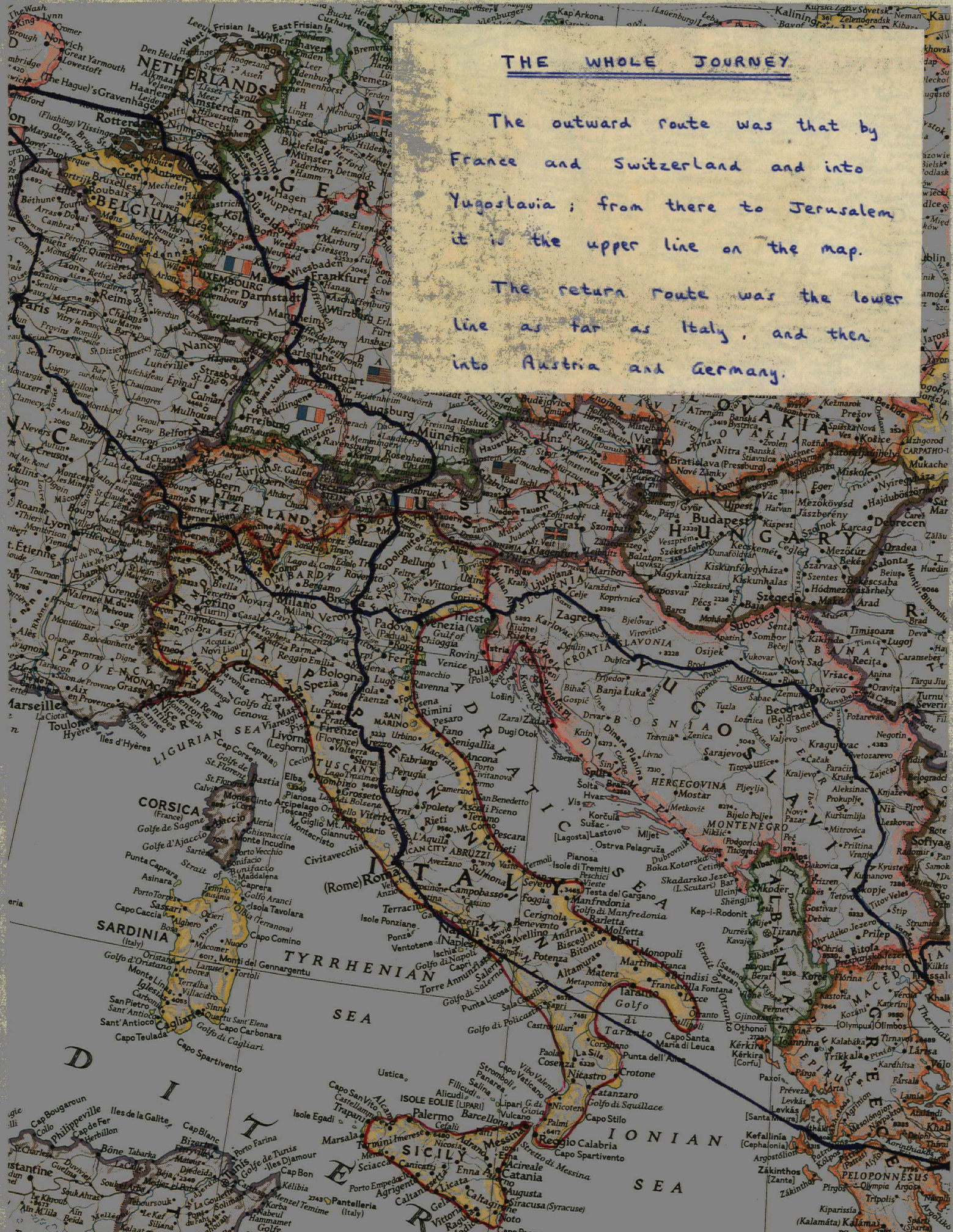
BRIEF BUT NECESSARY

This is a diary, and, like other diaries, was not written primarily for anyone but its writer. For other readers, therefore, it has at least three serious faults. Firstly, it contains only those things which interested me, and they are probably not the things which would have interested you; for example, there is a special emphasis on geography, and very little attention is paid to people. There are many details which are not important, and may appear tedious, but they are included because they help me to relive the scene. Although much of it is dull, I hope that you will be able to see the wood through the trees. Secondly, and perhaps more seriously, there is a complete absence of motive from the narrative; it is a recital of facts - that we went from here to there - but there is no explanation of why we chose that particular route. Behind every move there was a motive, and this is not usually to be found in the diary; that is a pity, because knowing why a thing was done is half the interest of it. Thirdly, even the photographs, which are far more attractive than the words, are deficient in two respects. Those which I took myself were taken without any thought of continuity or of subsequent public display - they are purely snapshots to record something which interested me at the time. On the other hand, those which are bought or cut out of papers are included not for their artistic or historical value, but because they remind me of what I saw. I could have picked many more beautiful scenes from magazines, but these are not here because they are not as I saw the places, and how I remember them. Conversely, others are included not for their pictorial value but because they bring back some memory to me. So even the photographs are not really meant for anyone but the author. With, then, the warning that you are going to read a diary and not a story-book, I commend to you my notes on the Lands of the Book.

THE WHOLE JOURNEY

The outward route was that by France and Switzerland and into Yugoslavia; from there to Jerusalem it is the upper line on the map.

The return route was the lower line as far as Italy, and then into Austria and Germany.





7 churches
Sakik
Sakik (Sakik river)
Bergama - Pergamon
Akhisar - Thyatira
Alphais - Philadelphia
Smyrna

Ramatallah

Israel comprises that part of Palestine which is tinted green on this map, according to the proposed partition adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in November, 1947. The remainder, tinted orange, is the proposed Arab state. The City of Jerusalem is administered by an International Trustee.



WEDNESDAY, 11th MARCH

10.40 p.m. Depart EDINBURGH (Waverley)
6.57 a.m. Arrive LONDON (King's Cross)

BRITISH RAILWAYS



THURSDAY, 12th MARCH, 1953.



The ticket-collector at Victoria Station glanced once at the little green booklet marked "London to Istanbul", and handed it back as casually as if it had been a day-return to Brighton. To him it was just another ticket, but for us it was the key to the door of a journey which every generation has made since

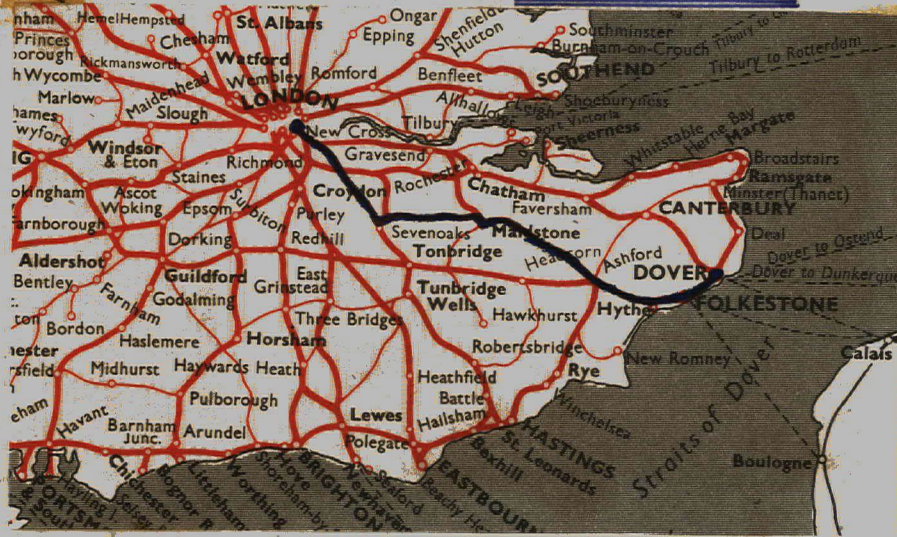
Alexander, the friend of Origen, set out in 212 A.D. "on a search after the footsteps of Jesus, the disciples, and the prophets". A casual observer, however, might excusably have thought that we were going no further than Brighton, for our total luggage consisted of a canvas hold-all each. Charles was dressed in a blue tweed suit, and was hiding a red cowboy shirt under his heavy overcoat; I had on a sports jacket and flannels and was, rather more optimistically, without a coat.

As we walked under the "Golden Arrow" arch, and up past the chocolate and yellow pullman coaches, we were nominally looking for our reserved seats but were really far more anxious to find a Mr. Long, the travel agent who had some vital innoculation certificates for us. Because of the rush occasioned by the theft of Charles' passport from the Jordan Embassy, MacKay Brothers' London correspondent had arranged to retain some of our papers and bring them to the train instead of posting them to Edinburgh. We found the seats first, however, and there encountered our first sample of language difficulty; two Spaniards were in our reserved window seats, firmly entrenched behind a mountain of cardboard boxes. There didn't seem to be any alternative places for us in the carriage, so the only thing to do was to compare the figure 'four' on our tickets with that on the seat and leave the rest to Spanish common sense. By the time the last of the boxes had gone it was three minutes to ten, and the porters were beginning to shut the doors when a dishevelled message boy arrived with the necessary certificate.



As the Golden Arrow began to pick up speed, the sun broke through the dark

clouds and lit up the southern suburbs of London; in the next few days we saw so many slums beside railways leading from the great stations of Europe that we began to take a morbid interest in comparing them, and now consider ourselves authorities on the suburban slums which line railway tracks. The run from London to Dover



was uneventful, through the hop fields of Kent, and the sky was blue by the time we reached Dover at half past eleven. We passed quickly through the Customs in about three minutes. I could have taken the Crown Jewels



with me for all the questions that were asked; he only enquired how much I had in British currency, and then put his chalk mark on my bag.

The methylated spirit which I had bought in London for the stove was beginning to make its presence known, but either he didn't smell it or else he didn't care. There must have been even less delay on the Aliens side, because Charles was waiting

at the meeting of the ways. If the Excise men deserve any credit at all, it is for recognising the dramatis personae from their passport photos.



We embarked on the "Maid of Orleans", and sailed at noon. The sea looked calm, but there was a strong and cold north-west wind which made hanging-around on deck unpleasant. We left our cases in the lounge, and went to find something to eat; the first-class dining room looked far too grand and expensive for the few pence we had with us, and we didn't want to waste our francs already, (not that we had any yet), so we bought glasses of milk at the 3rd. class bar. We had brought bread and cheese from London, but were not very sure if this was the place to eat it; when we saw several others doing likewise quite unashamedly, we produced ours and eat it rather surreptitiously in a corner of the lounge. The ship began to roll considerably, but we were not sure when we would see hot water again so we went below and managed quite a successful shave - between the rolls. Out of the porthole we could see the White Cliffs of Dover disappearing in the background



and before we were organised and back on deck the sandy dunes of Calais were at hand. I watched them approach from the glass cabin below the bridge, but so many people had felt the effects of the sea that it was pleasanter outside on the sheltered side. We seemed to run along the coast for quite a bit before we stopped and reversed

into Calais Harbour,



an operation made easy because it was low water and the currents were not very strong. As soon as we docked, the usual shower of 'porteurs' descended - twice as many as were necessary because the boat was not busy. The train was alongside the quay - the "Blue Train"; it must have changed its colour somewhere,

for it was a Golden Arrow which left London. We had luxuriously upholstered seats on the sea-ward side, and at 1415 (French time) we moved off. The dockyards were a hive of activity, with construction going on on all sides; at buildings, railway lines, roads - there seemed to be squads of men everywhere. We passed the engine sheds, full of powerful, ungainly express locomotives with their enormous tenders and all the gadgets on the outside, crawled through Calais-Ville Station, and out into the flat fertile

plain. A lot could be said about the familiar run to Paris, but it was not my purpose to research into the geography of this part of the world, so I will put down here only the thoughts which occurred to me at the time; here they are, unimproved on. "Most of the flat plain is arable, and the ploughs are busy where there are not already signs of green. Then we climbed up into the ridge which backs the plain, but still there is mile upon mile of ploughed land. Up until Caiffres-Guines, and there over the top. Here the slanting brown rock was being quarried, and more



gangs of men were at work. For the first time since England we saw horses up here, but still no sheep or cows; the engine is now getting into the stride for which it was designed, and there followed an exhilarating burst of speed down an almost perfect stretch of permanent way. During this we had the formality of the French passport and customs, and then we climbed again, through Marquise-Rinxret, into the rolling chalk downs with their English-style red brick houses. Here cattle grazing is more in evidence, but still men, women and children, all wearing berets, were ploughing and rolling the light brown earth.

At 1520 the sea re-appeared on the right, and we wove in and out of the sand dunes, and flashed through the sun-bathed sea-side-resorts, like a real Fleche d'Or. We darted into a tunnel, out and through Boulogne Station, and back into the tunnel again - smokey industrial Boulogne-sur-Mer, all piles of coal and prefabs. The two Frenchmen in the compartment seemed to find it interesting, but I couldn't follow what they were saying. The chalk cliffs on the left were whiter than those at Dover, while to the right a mile of sand dunes stretched to the sea; the thin gorse bushes couldn't stop the heat radiating from them through the carriage windows. There were miles of dunes, on both sides now, like Gullane, except harsh and uninviting. Chalk cliffs again and rows of red brick houses heralded Etaples, at the mouth of the River Canche; the hills to the left dropped away to allow the tidal estuary to meander over a plain - barren, uncultivated, where the sand predominates. The train raced on at a steady 55, and Charles dozed steadily on in the heat. Saint Jorse at 1540, flat, marshy, with a line of sand dunes at the coast - very like dear old Barry. The roads are dry and dusty, and sometimes there are a few ploughed acres, but they are heavily manured. It's 35 kilometers to Abbeville by road, and 208 to somewhere else - presumably Paris - by rail. The bridges over all these stagnant rivers are remarkably fine - they must have been rebuilt after the war; the country round about is as bad as Galway, except that there are trees instead of stones. Rue looks flourishing, except for the main street which is an awful mess - perhaps that's how it got its name. The astonishing signals beckon us on over mile after mile of dead and flat land; there are plenty of trees, but very few of them bear fruit, and in several places the gorse is being burned. At Noyelles, 1600, we seem to be leaving the sea, and there is arable land again to the left, which is hilly now.

After Porte-le-Grand, where the level-crossing gates moved sideways on rollers parallel to the track, we came to Abbeville at 1610. Here we must have crossed the River Somme, but I don't remember seeing it; the town stretches away to the north east of the sand dunes, and has great marshalling yards. They are building a factory beside the railway, and having completed the roof they are now starting on the sides - a novel idea which reminded me of that Building Society advertisement for having a roof over your head. It was still heathlands and bogs at Fontaine-sur-Somme, as we ran parallel to the left bank of the Somme, invisible over the sand dunes to the left. By Longpre at 1620 the sky had clouded over, and it would probably be cold if the carriage heating was not on; as it was, the compartment was like the Ritz hotel, as cozy as could be with fluorescent lighting, stainless steel luggage racks, clean linen covers and so on. The country was rather like Garve at Hangst at 1625, except that the chalk gives all the hills a soft, rounded appearance. Picquigny. The downs are closing in on either side as we pass a war memorial to the 35th division beside the road to the right. Ailly-sur-Somme - but still no sign of the Somme. The earth here is just brown sand, and so are the fields; at St. Roche there were a series of tunnels, and at Voie the serious passport and custom officials - the first one did seem a bit cursory. The houses of Longeau are set among swamps,

and the allotments were being farmed from gondolas; from a quarry in the chalk cliffs lorries were taking stone to fill up the marsh in order to extend the marshalling yards. The chalk here seems to make good arable ground, but alternates rapidly with sand; huge fields extend right over the uplands, but the tops of the hills are thickly wooded. Some of the houses could have come from Staffordshire, and there are many new ones built of brick, with sheds, but the older ones are very delapidated; poverty seems mixed with plenty. At 1645 the labourers were knocking off, and most of them seemed to be cycling home - usually with some impediment round their necks. We seemed to be on top of the chalk downs and yet still climbing slowly; little hollows fall away from the track, all diligently cultivated where possible - the chalk ones are terribly arid, and many are quarried in a small way.

We turn sharply and continue to climb - hard. The fireman must be feeling it, because the driver has been setting a pretty hot pace all the way; it's a long battle, but the speed has never yet dropped below 30 mph. Through a cutting and up and up to Breteuil; the land is like Dartmoor now, except the surface is ginger grey, and is all furrowed. The roads show like white ribbons through the green. The top is almost a plateau on the left, like a sea of ginger-snaps; there are also fruit trees, with all the pruned branches stacked neatly under each one. St. Just, and 80 kilometres to Paris; we are levelling out now and climbing fast - 27 seconds for the last km. Avrechy, and over the top; Clermont at 1720 and into the black belt of hills which have been facing us since Avrechy, much the same as the last, but much more heavily wooded. There is no sign of the river Oise either - it must have conspired with the Somme to keep out of sight. Still moderate speed through Creil, with huge locomotive yards and an enormous glass-sided roundhouse, double or treble the size of Inverness; it contains mainly express locomotives, but also some tanks standing facing a turntable rather pathetically, as if waiting for some one to build a little shed over them as well. After marshalling yards the size of Carlisle we crossed the Oise, with a string of barges - I beg its pardon; 1730, and 44 to Paris. The map shows the hills as just beginning now, and we climb hard after Chantilly, 1735, with its extremely large and ornamented houses, and square-cut ivy on the walls of the engine shed. For the first time the speed drops to about 20 as we climb through cuttings with high sides and wooded tops, over two hundred foot viaducts spanning rivers cutting and meandering through narrow plains, and onto flat, heavily wooded plateaus of sand, hard and baked. The roads appear to be no more than the conventional way of getting from one place to another. Away to the left is a sea of wood, with a chateau rearing its head on a crag; the end of the hill is in sight up the line, a mile away, for the track is here almost straight. Survilliers-Fosses at 1745 is well named; we by-pass the station. There must be iron in the soil here, and the cutting is glaringly rusty. Now we're away - it's four lines, and the trains battling up three across from us make real personifications of power against the green embankment. The sky ahead is orange - almost as bright as on the post-cards - and it might be reflecting the evening lights of Paris as we roll down the hill through the outskirts. There seem to be a tremendous number of controlled level crossings, and as we, in the third coach, reach the crossing, the lady is invariably pushing those crazy signals to whatever is their dander position - if a windmill can have such a thing. We pass St. Denis at 1800, with 4-6-4 tanks !! , 2-8-2- tanks !!! , and 0-10-0 tanks !!!! .

Arrive in Paris at 1808, and wait until the train has emptied. At half past six, after we had been watching the Parisians going home like sardines in their suburban trains, two or three coaches were detached

from the Blue Train for those who, like ourselves, wanted to cross from the Gare du Nord to the Gare du Lyons without getting involved in the centre of Paris. That little trip as the sun went down added considerably to our knowledge of suburban slums. The restaurant in the station looked too expensive, so we went out to find that contradiction of terms, a cheap cooked meal in Paris. We tried several places, but when we found one which was cheap enough it was not important enough to take either dollars or Swiss francs, and we had no French francs. One offered a good meal for 300 francs, but would not take our currency; another would, but wanted 45 Swiss francs. Most of the others in the neighbourhood looked prohibitive, but at last we came to a head waiter who would take a dollar each. It was a good dinner - soup, omlet, cheeze and biscuits, bread, and mineral water. On the way back to the station we stopped at a fruit stall, and bought some fruit with the change of five Swiss francs which another customer took, and ended up with 300 francs which we never subsequently used.

We reached the Oriental Express just on time - it leaves at 2020 - and although it was almost deserted we could not find our reserved seats. As a safety precaution against a last minute rush we left our cases on two corner seats and went for another look; eventually we discovered the system of numbering and traced our tickets back to - the seats on which we had left our bags ! No one else came into the compartment, so as soon as we were out of Paris we pulled down the blinds and, after reading the third of Acts, went to sleep with a side each. Our next, and my last, glimpse of France was the large station of Dijon at 2325.

FRIDAY, 13th MARCH.

This proverbially unlucky day started auspiciously for us; we slept very well and comfortably, despite the frequent visits of frontier officials. At Vallorbe, at 0220, there was a real swarm of them, customs men, passport inspectors, and ticket collectors. The next station I remember is Lausanne at 0322, which looked like any other continental station, and at which we shut the ventilators and switched on the heating because there was snow on the ground. By Brigue at 0512 the compartment, heated through the seats, was like an oven, and we slept excellently. When we entered the Simplon tunnel it was only slightly darker than the world outside, but by the time we came out again the dark blue mountains were standing out against a slightly lighter blue sky. The tunnel empties into a valley between jagged peaks, which stood like broken teeth above us. Time - 0600. I slept again until the customs post at Domodossola, by which time the scenery was transformed. The sun was over the eastern side of the valley and striking the west, which was ruddy brown vertical scharst with a snow cap on the last 400 feet. The sides are terraced, and the flood plain at the bottom cultivated with vines; the dry river beds and the tiny streams in the huge courses show what could happen if the snow melted suddenly. The little houses cling to the hillside amid the terraces, and the sky was 'Mediterranean' blue. The valley was about a mile across, a permanent monument to the glaciers, and we ran down the dark east side to the sunlit west; the sun grew stronger rapidly, and crept across the floor of the valley toward us as the sky grew bluer. We

stopped at several stations, such as Dom, but it is a tribute to the electric engines that we seemed to lose very little time at them. At one of these halts three Italian girls came into the compartment, so we had to shift all our junk onto the rack, and sit up in the west corner seats; they kept up a continual chatter in Italian, and pulled down the blinds to the east to keep out the sun. The scene to the west continued much the same; after 0730 we were into the foothills, away from the snows, and the hill stretched right from the track. Every square foot of it is terraced for vines, and already the sun was drenching them. Where there is a flat space between the railway and the hill, there are houses, or even a village.

Partly to see the scene to the east, which was now expansive, and partly to remove the night's grime from myself, I went along to wash. Lake Maggiore lay just to the east, but the rising sun was shining off it and it didn't look too great; it is always difficult to appreciate scenery which is up-sun, especially in the early morning. When I got back to the compartment there were three men who had come in at the last station; they had obviously meant to meet the girls, and were on the best of terms with them. With the six of them hard at it, the conversation became more voluble than ever. After a bit we began to talk to the fellow next to Charles, who spoke French about as badly as we did. A lively discussion followed, on Venice, Scotland, California, Stalin, and with the aid of an Italian-English dictionary and the phrase book we managed to have an animated conversation on a number of other subjects. The six of them worked in Milan, and travelled into town every day; it was the one in the middle who acted as interpreter, and, after expressing contempt at the conventional knot in my tie, he retied it with a 'scappino'. We ran out of the foothills into the North Italian Plain, and it was a little misty; the frost was still on the west of the embankments, and as far as we could see there was flat, dry plain stretching away into the haze. For about an hour we jogged along, through Baveno, Lego, Arona, Busto, and Rho, and then we came into the outskirts of Milan, very long and as usual very poor. Everywhere was indicative of great industry; there were rows of Fiats on flat-cars awaiting distribution, and huge flats with crains on top shut out the horizon on all sides. All the locomotives were electric, and the coaches long and heavy. We were half an hour late at Milan, so we didn't go off the platform, but went up to the Belgrade coach and discussed the merits of Venice and Belgrade with a German, who recommended Venice for our stopping place.



As it turned out, we could easily have gone out for breakfast because the train didn't leave until 1015. There was a strike of station staff over all the north of Italy, and only main line trains were being handled. But while we waited we had "breakfast" - the dates and bananas bought in Paris, washed down with tea brewed on the meth. stove on the compartment floor. Milan, with a population of over a million, is the most important of the cities of the Plain; there seems to be no particular reason why it should stand exactly where it does, but it is well situated with regard to trade routes. When we eventually re-started, it was in the opposite direction to the way by which we came in, and then we swung round Milan in a semi-circle so that we were heading east and our window seats were to the north. We had a steam engine this time, and could have walked as fast as it went until we got out of Milan; then we settled down to a steady jog in an absolutely straight line across the North Italian Plain.

The plain itself is 250 miles long from the foothills of Piedmont to the mouths of the Po, and from 50 miles wide in the west to 120 in the east. It is low-lying and is generally very flat; a rise of 300 feet in the level of the sea would restore almost the whole area to its former state as an extension of the Adriatic. The boundary between the arid and the irrigated areas corresponds roughly with a line of springs which occur where the water table cuts the north to south slope of the plain. In western Lombardia these springs, known as fontanili, occur in a band about six miles wide just north of Milan; they increase in importance from east to west, and play an important role in the irrigation of the plain, though the greater part of the water is derived from the rivers coming down from the Alps. The dry zone forms a narrow band all the way from Piemonte to Veneto, and is usually composed of permeable, rather infertile gravels; for the most part the area is cultivated, and mixed farming is the rule, with wheat, maize, rye as typical cereals, some meadowland, vinyards, and mulberry trees. The Plain presents the largest area under irrigation in Europe, but as in all irrigated areas the imposing network of canals which appears on the map resolves itself down on the spot to inconspicuous ditches bordering a field. In spite of extreme flatness, the plain does not present a monotonous aspect. Although there are usually no hedges, each field is bordered and traversed by lines of trees of various kinds, such as elms and mulberries, with an occasional Lombardy poplar, so that the cultivated foreground seems to dissolve into a pleasant woodland. The small fields are occupied by strips of crops of different colour and form, such as rice, maize, flax, clover, wheat, lucerne, with patches of bare brown soil. In the distance a village is usually to be seen, its harmonious grouping of buildings half hidden in its setting of trees.

It was into this that we jogged under a sky which was cloudy, like an average day in Scotland. The land couldn't have been flatter if it had been bulldozed and rolled, but it was parched and baked hard, except for some irrigated fields which were oases of green. It was divided into square fields of about half an acre by a ditch - presumably for water, although there wasn't any available - and a straight line of straggly trees. The village houses were tattered, and all needed a coat of paint. The rows of trees stretching away into the distance - the hills were lost in haze - presented a prickly appearance from eye level, like the poles set on the beaches to hinder invasion. The River Brembo was a vast course full of rocks with a tiny stream - like the Garry now. All that we saw as we meandered through Treviglio at 1050 was a cloud of dust; here too they are building the great blocks of modern flats. All the houses have great verandas, almost as if the back wall was missing; in them are kept hay, carts, grapes, washing, and anything else which needs storing. Now the foothills of the Alps become visible, looming up like storm clouds. There are innumerable level crossings, each with a little square yellow house

for the keeper, and a tattered number - about one a mile. The River Serio was nine-tenths pebbles and one-tenth water. The Alps are now imposing, rising straight out of the plain.

We saw oxen ploughing for the first time just outside Chiari at 1115, where we were still 75 minutes late. Rovato Junction nestled in the foothills at 1120, with a large building among the terracing on the prominent spur which forces the roads to the north downwards us. We drew nearer to the hills, until we touched them at Brescia, 1135, where the river Chiese was completely dry. Brescia too could do with a coat of paint, but probably most of them are too poor to afford it. It is a typical foothills town, starting on the plain and running up the hillside. We stopped here, and the vendors came along with lemonade, crisps and papers, but we didn't feel like trying either Swiss or American money on them - they looked the type who would allow themselves a very favourable rate of exchange. As we left we could see the whole town, built in a concave hollow just like a picture. It is an astonishing mixture of old and new - some collapsing tenements and then a garage of the most modern design, followed by an old chalet and a gleaming block of flats, as well as a football pitch and grandstand and a shrine on the top of the ridge. On the left the hills rise straight up, barren and rocky, with trees struggling for existence, and a great scar where they are quarrying; on the right flat fields with vines and what may be olives lose themselves over the horizon. It is cloudy and dull, and the grey hills are forboding.

At noon we stopped at Riazza for no apparent reason, unless it was something to do with the strike; no one got either off or on, and there was no town in sight, and it seemed a strange place to have built a long concrete platform. The stationmaster and the guard argued noisily in the middle of the opposite line until the driver settled it by blowing his whistle and starting the train; we switched to the left hand line and trundled on. By 1215, at Lonato, there were hills on both sides, and we passed through a tunnel into some extremely hilly and terraced country, like a Chinese garden, before coming to a magnificent view of Desenzano and Lago di Gardi. We passed over a viaduct, looking down from the heights on the town and the southern end of the lake - a typical holiday resort. The first class roads run through well cultivated hilly areas which stretch as far as you can see in all directions, and the apple blossom was out. As we left the lake the hills ended, and the plain returned, and we ran along an embankment with a bird's eye view of the vineyards. At Peschiera at 1235 we crossed the exit of Lago di Gardi by a first class concrete bridge, and stopped just beyond it at the usual type of station - drab yellow buildings and low concrete platforms. The river, which is artificially banked, has practically no current, and is deep, clear blue. A crane on a barge was at work completing the embankment. There were palm trees on the station platform, and the ground was, as usual, parched almost to dust. We went on through some cuttings, and then mile after mile of trees, which looked like olives, with a great artery system of irrigation, each channel feeding a smaller one - but all empty.

Verona at 1300 was a great spread of tenements, like New York on a small scale; there are large marshalling yards and a new station. But instead of two Gentlemen there was a mob - that is the only word - of policemen, and some soldiers with steel helmets. We had noticed the large number at other stations - the strike? - but there were sixteen policemen on the platform here, although these ones were not armed. They and the porters strolled from one platform to another, since the platforms and level crossings are all the same height. Verona seemed a fairly big,

clean, modern city, with wide streets, new bridges, and enormous construction schemes. Some parts of it are in ruins, with what look like Roman remains, but great cranes were clearing and building; the stations, centre buildings and new flats are magnificent, but a graveyard and shrines are prominent in the middle. On the outskirts are the usual poorer and older houses, mostly wanting paint, but overall it has a sleek and prosperous air. We circled right round it and got back to the foothills - what a lot was to happen before I saw this place again only a month later. Even on the main road, which was presumably the chief highway to the East, there were only a few lorries and fewer cars. St. Martino at 1320 looks like a suburb of Verona, but it is just the opposite, with rambling ramshackle houses but at least no ruins. We wound round the foothills, all heavily terraced and heavily populated too, with the unchanging plain on the right. Away up the Alpine valleys are large colonies of houses, with odd towers sticking up here and there. Toujours les vines. At Montebello and 1340 the scene was still much the same. Some of the castles and chateaux on the spurs of the foothills look very mellowed with age; they have a peculiar pink colour not wholly attributable to the colour of the brick.

Vicenza is the next big town on the route, and we reached it quarter of an hour after passing Montebello. It is another beautifully set out modern station of stone and concrete. There were only eight policemen in sight here - it must be a reasonably civilized place; one of them was refusing admission to the train to three labourers, and his colleagues quickly hastened to give him support. This seems to be the last resting-place of old locomotives, and some of the ones in the shed ought to have been buried years ago - 0-10-0 passengers with open cabs, and all with more pipes outside than in. The new flats are magnificent in white and green, with red-roofs; it is the usual mixture of ultra-modern and very battered. There were trolley-busses again, and a stadium probably for football, followed by oxen in the fields. There was more water in the rivers here, and even some pools in the fields; the rivers were very dark green in colour, like a regimental beret, and slid under the railway like fleeing ice. We turned to the south-east, and the great plain ran away to Trieste on our left; a small outcrop of high ground appeared on the right and blocked the view. It was strange to have the hills on that side, and it made me keep thinking that we were going the wrong way. The hills are very self-contained, like a line of the Pentlands dropped on a billiard table; but they are higher, and some are more jagged than the Pentlands. The fields were being worked here - ploughed, rolled and sown - which we had not seen elsewhere to-day, for it all seemed to have been done already.

Padua at 1425 had the same clean station as most of the others, and the usual mixture of buildings and ruins; the police - eleven of them on one platform - carried rifles here. The engine took water again, which seemed unreasonable considering all the work it had done since the last time, but perhaps there is not much fresh water at the coastal sheds. The residential part of the town seemed to lie to the north of the railway and the industrial to the south; the River Brenta was the same dark green. All the villages of the plain seem to have a building, presumably a Church of some kind, out of which rises a tall and narrow square tower of brick, as conspicuous as a minaret, and which can be seen for miles across the Plain; it was easy to locate dozens of otherwise hidden hamlets by these factory chimneys. Just before Misano at 1455 - a typical village, very poor looking - we passed the two hundred and fiftieth of these yellow level-crossing-cum-signal-boxes, which are all numbered and presumably count from Milan. Soon after we reached the cluster of buildings and railway works which surround the shore end of the bridge out to Venice.

Venice,



once the most brilliant commercial city in the world, is now a provincial capital and tourist centre living on a glorious past. Like most ports at the sea-ward end of a growing plain of deposition, Venice is handicapped by shallow water and silt, but a modern town and port has been started on the mainland. It lies two and a half miles from the mainland, and is built on piles driven into the mud flats in the lagoon. The main streets are therefore canals, of which there are over 150, crossed by 378 bridges linking the 117 islets.

The train suddenly left the land and ran out to sea on the Ponte Sulla Laguna, the bridge which can just be seen in the postcard. It carries the railway, roads, and footpaths on a wide and modern concrete ribbon, with pipes and telegraph poles on either side, and the station is the first thing you come to. We arrived at 1515 - only two hours late - which the porters assured us was quite normal; yet they call this the Simplon-Orient Express. As we left the platform a number of hotel porters offered accomodation, and one to whom we spoke seemed reasonable, and said he would take us to the Bel Sito which is near the Piazza San Marco, the centre of traffic. First of all he helped us to change some money at the Information Bureau, then we left the station to catch the bus - the water-bus, vaporetti comunali - which is the only transport in Venice. I had not realised that there are no roads at all except the narrow lanes between houses, and that the main traffic goes by the Canalazzo, or Canal Grande, which intersects the city from the station to the harbour in the form of an inverted "S". The voyage takes 25 minutes, and conveys a most striking impression of the magnificence of mediaeval Venice, for the canal is bordered with fine old guildhalls, sumptuous churches, and stately palaces of the 12th to 18th centuries. We went down to the floating landing stage and boarded the boat as casually as you normally board a tram. The open spaces other than the Piazza are called campi, and the narrow canals which lead off the main artery, and up which only the gondolas can go, are called rios.

We set off along the Canalazzo, seen here from the front of the



river-boat, and were soon passing under the Ponte di Rialto. We turned



to look back on this remarkable bridge as we passed the Riva del Vina, as it is the outstanding one of Venice. Here, on this marble arch with a span of $29\frac{1}{2}$ yards and a breadth of 74 feet flanked with shops, Shylock was many a time and oft spurned and called a cut-throat dog. It was built from 1588 to 1592. It lost none of its enchantment as it faded into the distance. Just where the Canal broadened into a wider channel the steamer stopped for the ninth time, and the guide told us to get off. We went through some lanes about six feet wide into the Campo San Maria del Giglio and checked in at the Hotel Bel Sito, Venezia. We got a nice, if plain, room on the top floor and, after ordering breakfast, went out for an evening meal. How the guide from the station got his commission we never discovered; we certainly didn't give him a living wage.



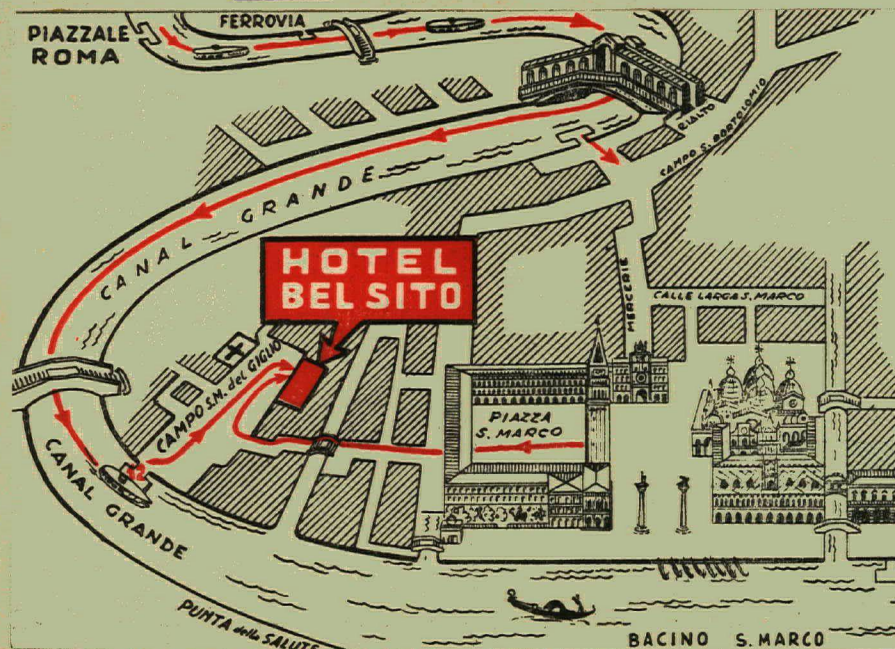
It was too early for the restaurants to be serving, so we spent the time looking for one we liked, and that meant a lot of sight-seeing at the same time. We passed round the back of the aged and pitted cathedral which faced the hotel, and before many yards had to cross the Rio del Barcaroli, typical of the narrow canals which divide the blocks of houses; lining it were the famous cabs of Venice, the gondolas. The rio is the one which in this map seems to run just at the back of the Hotel - the bridge is marked.



After some hesitation because of the price, we went to the Ristorante All' Angelo which had a menu in English, about 1800, and had a good meal of soup, beef, potatoes, bread and water - an expensive item - for 725 lira each, which included table and service charges.

By then it was dark, so we walked round the Piazza again - the pigeons were all gone now - and through the Piazzetta to the river; the public loudspeakers were playing "Old Macdonald has a farm" at a furious rate in Italian, but there was cold east wind and there were not many people sitting about. We wandered down the Quay of the Slavonians for a long way, beside the river and the boats, and stopped to watch some funfairs for a bit; the place was lined with shops whose only livelihood was the tourist trade, and if ever there was a place which exists only for pleasure it is modern Venice. We walked as far as the docks and then turned to come back the same way as we had come; we stayed for a moment or two watching the side-shows, but it was chilly and the season had not really begun.

At one of the shops we bought four eggs (at 29 lira apiece), and two pounds of cheese for the train to-morrow; we stopped at the desk on the way in to tell them that we would ring when we wanted breakfast, and saw our passports lying in a drawer in the reception compartment, but no looks were cast at our victuals. I boiled the eggs on the stove in our room and we turned in. While I was writing post-cards, Charles found out that the cord which hung above his bed was not for putting out the light; after he had given it several vigorous tugs - which had no effect on the illuminations - the maid appeared and asked "Sonato?" He looked rather blankly at me and I, who had not noticed him pulling the rope, mistranslated that as something to do with being knocked in the morning, and replied in the negative. The maid looked mystified and repeated "Sonato?" several times, but I insisted "No" (which happens to be Italian for "No"). With a strange look she went away, and as I was getting into bed Charles pulled the cord again - to put out the lights; then we realised why the poor servant girl had looked so bewildered - we had "Sonato'd", albeit unconsciously. Then, having found the right switch, we doused the lights at 2130.





Venice :- A Rio



When all the Gondolas come out together on Regatta Day,
parking becomes quite a problem.

SATURDAY, 14th MARCH

We were awakened by the sound of the bells of the Church just outside our window, but ignored them and went to sleep again until 0915. The sun was breaking intermittently through a heavy layer of cloud, but it was very dark to the east. A lot of boys were playing in the mellowing square below, and there was a steady rattle of rapid Italian talk. I went out into the hall and ordered breakfast over the house-phone - successfully, I thought, until she brought coffee instead of tea. "La prima colazione," I said, "te - zucchero - due," but there can't have been any tea in the house, because the word for tea doesn't sound anything like coffee. We took advantage of the hot water in the tap to have what we thought would be the last good wash for many a mile, and were glad of it because it was a chilly morning. The church bells all over the city rang furiously for the ten minutes 1000, with plenty of noise but not very much music.

The sun was out before we left at 1100, but the east wind was very cold; it seemed as if the Russians to the north-east had lifted the Iron Curtain a little and let the draught out. This panorama from the Salute Church of the Piazza di San Marco area contains nearly all that is really famous in Venice.

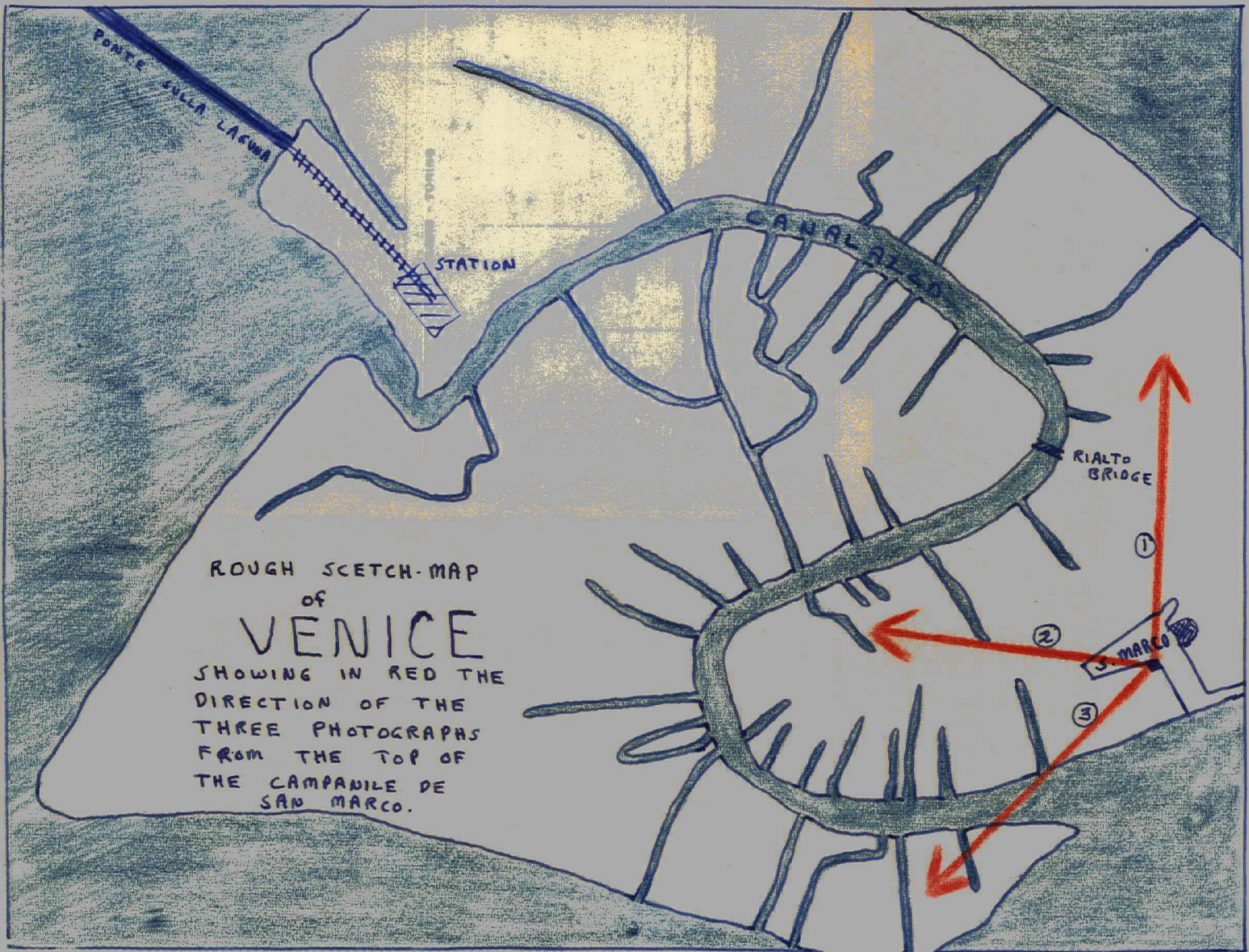
The water in the foreground is that where the Canal-issimo joins the Canale di San Marco, and that in the background is the expansive Laguna Veneta; at the extreme right are the docks, and in the middle fore-ground the bus-stop. Hidden in the left middle-distance is the Piazza di San Marco, the virtual centre of the city. On the north and south sides of the piazza rise the Procuratie, once the



the residences of the nine procurators or highest officials of the republic. The tower, the Campanile di San Marco, collapsed in 1902 and has been rebuilt. The Church of San Marco, hiding behind the tower, is said to contain the bones of St. Mark. Adjoining the Piazza is the Piazzetta, leading to the lagoon, and just showing to the right of the tower is the Doges' Palace, said to have been founded in 814. The brown promenade running away is the Riva degli Schiavoni, otherwise the Quay of the Slavonians, the sunniest promenade of the town. Almost the last thing that can be seen on it is the Monument to Victor Emmanuel II. The picture also gives an excellent idea of how the great houses drop straight into the water, and how the rios open off the main canals to bisect the blocks of houses; what it does not show is how badly the stonework on some of the houses is wearing. The river boats really dwarf the older gondolas far more than this would indicate.



We went first of all to the Piazza di San Marco, called after the Church of that name which is said to contain the bones of St. Mark. The Piazza is 182 yards long, 100 wide at the East end and 61 at the West. On the North and South sides rise the Procuratie.



These Procuratie were once the residences of the nine procurators or highest officials of the republic; the Vecchie, on the north side, were erected in 1480 to 1517, and the Nove, on the south, were begun in 1584. The groundfloors of these buildings, flanked with arcades, are now occupied by cafes and shops. They face each other across the paving of slabs of trachyte and marble, on which strut the world-famous pigeons. The sun had not yet come far enough around to illuminate the face of the Church, so we went inside before taking the photos. We were most disappointed with the interior, with the exception of the magnificent mosaics; the outside is more impressive, and the great golden mosaic over the entrance must be one of the finest in the world. The church was begun in 830, rebuilt after a fire in 976, and restored in the middle of the eleventh cent. We then wandered down the Piazzetta, which adjoins the Piazza on the side next the lagoon; it was warm and beautiful, and typical of the ancient glory of Venice. Then, for 80 lira, we climbed the Campanile di San Marco, and had good views from it of the Piazza, of the houses to the North,



and of the entrance to the Canalazzo, including San Maria della Salute. It was fairly clear, but a slight haze obscured the view of the mainland. There was a bitterly cold east wind up there, so that we were afraid the cameras would drop from our numbed fingers, and we were glad to walk down because we got warm again, and we did not envy those who at great expense were whisked down in the lift to thaw out at the bottom. The brick stair wound round and round the



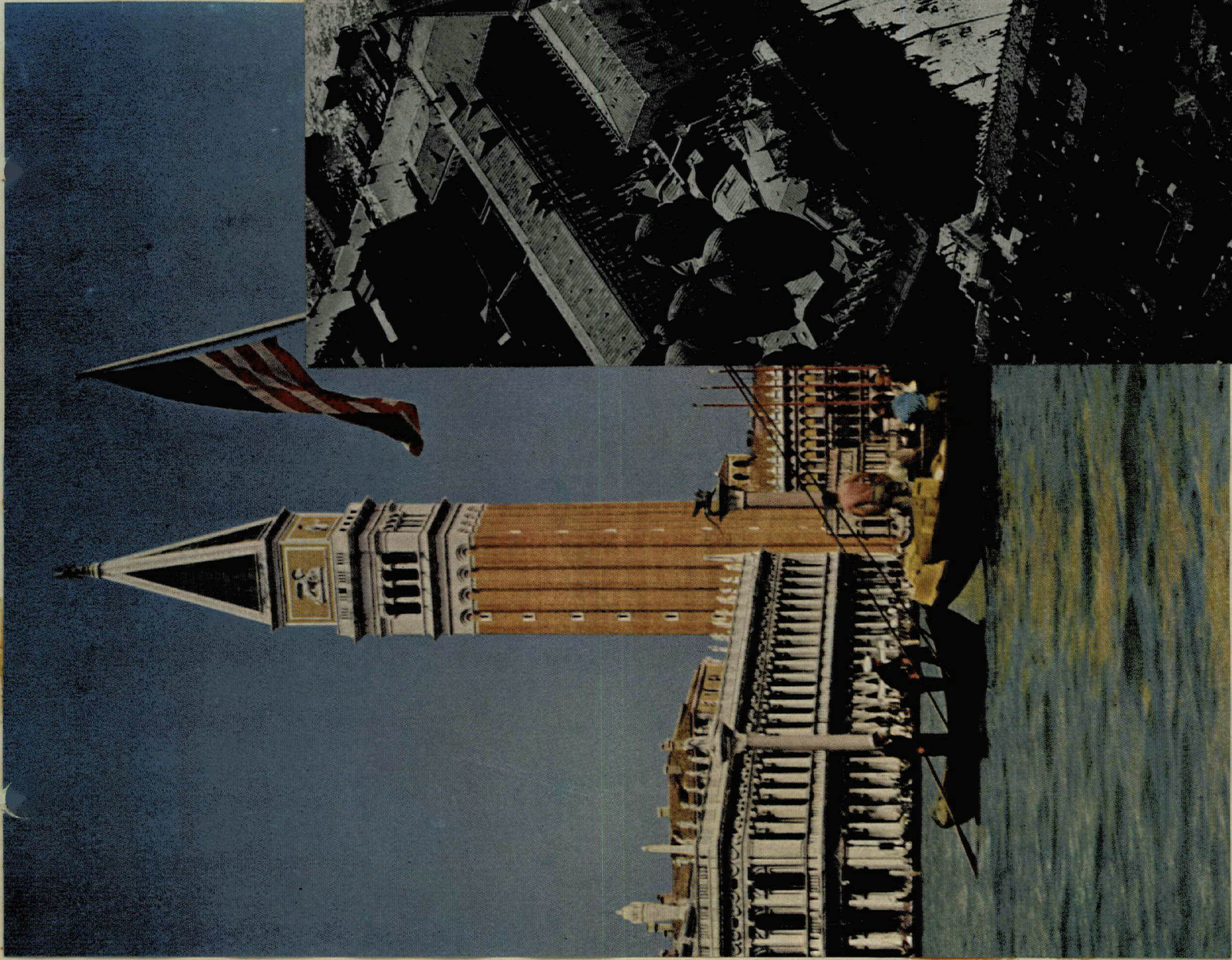
liftshaft like a light-house until we lost count of the corners. The Quay of the Slavonians to which we next repaired is admittedly the sunniest promenade in the town, but it is also very much exposed to the east wind, and we didn't stay for long. The pleasure steamers which had been so busy the night before were lying rather pathetically awaiting the darkness to come to life again. Just off the Piazza we found a Cook's Office which offered a reasonable rate of exchange for the Greek drachma, so we cashed some dollars in case we wanted to buy anything at a wayside station while passing through Greece. Then we returned to the Pensione - it being 1200 - and collected our cases; into them we managed to force the tin of orange juice, the dried apricots, and the six loaves of bread which we had bought for the train. Then we took the 1230 water-bus to the station, not wishing to risk the train leaving on time without us. The sail back along the Grand Canal was just as wonderful as the first, and this time the sun was out and we took several photos. One of the ever-new sights was the vista opened up every few hundred feet as we passed the narrow rios which lead off the Canalazzo. There were in all 39, and



although they were all the same each one was different. It was not difficult to imagine the fashionable gentlemen of medieval Venice assisting the equally fashionable ladies into the best gondola to pay a social visit, and the steps which lead down to the water seemed to have traces still of red carpet clinging to them. This city could never be other than one of luxury and ease, where merchants grew sleek in their prosperity; it is the same to-day - the ancient glory of Venice is still there in the buildings, and it could now have no industry but a tourist trade.

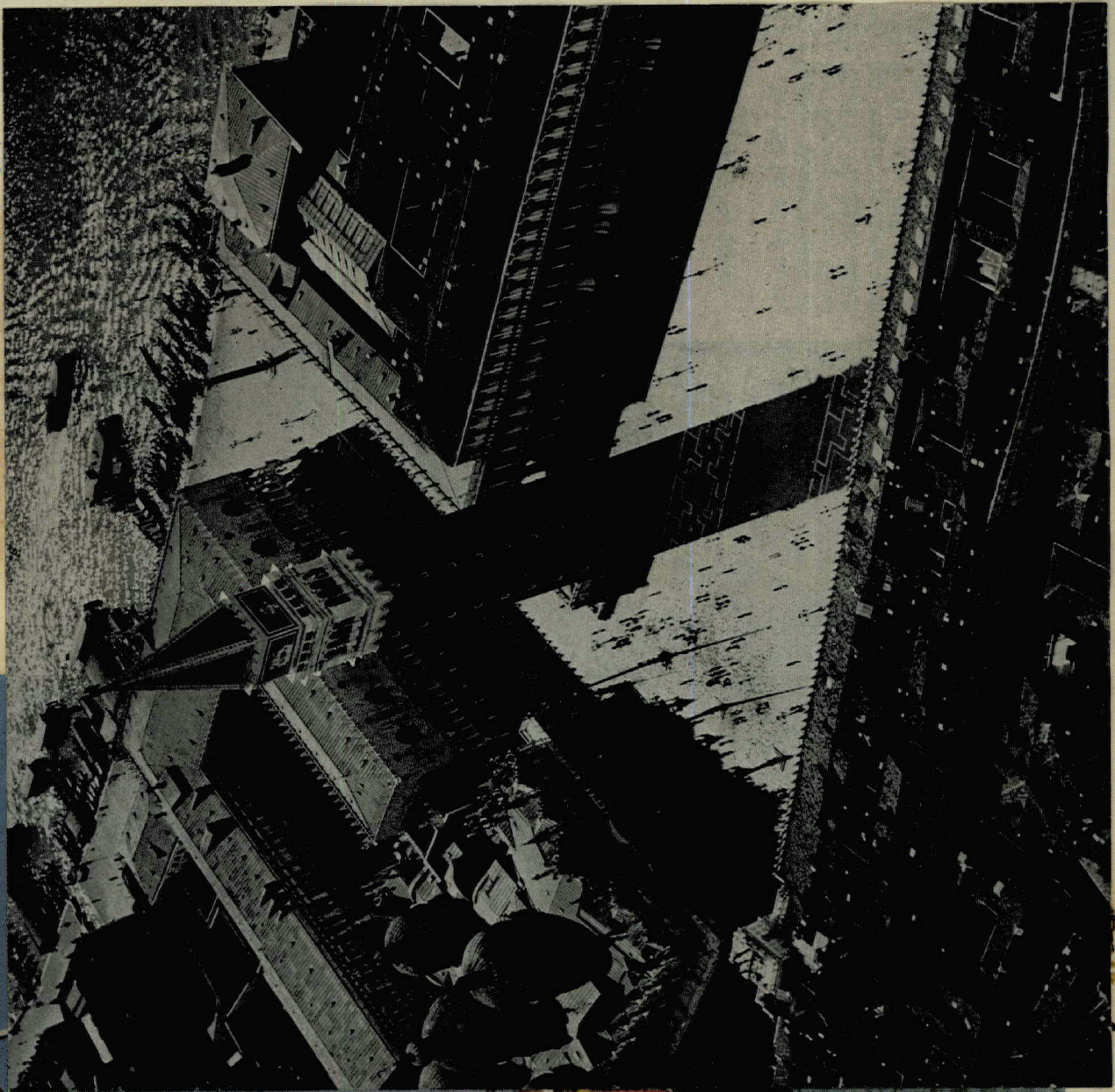
The train was only twenty-five minutes late, as it happened, so we just had nice time to spend the last of our lira on a carry-out lunch in the station restaurant. We wandered on to the platform at 1315 - when it was due - and made elaborate plans for securing seats in the Istanbul coach; but when it arrived at 1340 it was packed to the doors, with every prospect of getting fuller. We abandoned all idea of a seat, and after being jammed in several corridors in an attempt to improve our position were quite glad to remain on the train. The window of the door at the end of

the first class coach to Athens seemed quite as good as any other corridor, and so we settled down on our cases there. The second class was jammed tight, and the Belgrade and Trieste coaches were as bad; I tried to get sleepers, but the attendant regretfully said that there was "pas de place". The only coach which was added at Venice was full before it came onto the train, and everyone who was secure on the original train had sat tight. It was probably the aftermath of the strike yesterday - that was given as an excuse for the train being so late yesterday compared to to-day.



The Campanile, or bell tower, replaces the original, built in 1329, which collapsed in 1902, but the same gilded angel still stands on the top.

The Piazza di San Marco.





The front of St. Mark's.

As soon as we started, about 1400, we had our picnic lunches - veal sandwiches, cheeze, apple, and lemonade. I had a good view to the north through the window, and as there was a 'lavabo' just behind us someone had thoughtfully set it at engaged and we were not disturbed by people wanting past. The sun was fairly strong, and the sky was a warm blue, but there was a slight haze. We quickly crossed the bridge from Venice to the mainland, and the engine - still a steam one - promised to behave more like an express than its predecessor yesterday. We set off through the fields, still as flat as ever on both sides, and very soon the Venezian Alps were visable to the north, black and snow-covered. The fields were very dry, but an excellent irrigation system prevails over that; a network of canalettes lead off rivers which were blue and lazy, but which have such huge high-built earthern embankments that there must be a time when they are terrific in flood. The scenery in this extension of the Plain seemed identical with that of yesterday, with the red brick tower of the Church and its white belfry marking the towns long before we came to them.

We were half an hour late at the first stop, but only fifteen minutes at the second, which was San Giorgio di Nogaro. At it the Alps were still no nearer than the horizon to the left, where they lay snow-topped and umbrellaed with cloud. But by Cervignano, the third stop, they had sent foothills out toward us, and hillocks broke the landscape for the first time in many hours; the rivers now had some life, and danced their way through the canals under the railway. At Cervignano, at 1545, we changed engines and got an electric one. A goods train standing in the station facing westwards had a steam engine, and those facing east had electric. This meant quite a big engine shed, with all the usual shapes and sizes, including a 2-6-0 T and many grotesque tender locos, as well as three or four electrics and some rolling stock which, as with the Romans of Caesar's time, had been exposed to perish. There were workmen busy on the platform - no five day weeks here, appearantly.

There were now hillocks to east of us and hillocks to west of us, as well as some in front, barren and rolling, but still it was flat to the right. An official came round and collected our passports, and although one hates to part with that necessary evil we had to give them to him. We crossed the huge bed of the River Isonzo, a vast course with only pools and pebbles, before coming in to Monfalcone, the border town, at 1615. Here we got our passports back - very informally; a young man in tweeds came down the corridor with a pile of them, calling out names and dishing them out broadcast. I now had an exit stamp for Italy, but still nothing to say that I had come into the country. Here the scenery might have been in the Highlands; to the left there were humped grey mountains with outcrops of rock and a double line of pylons running along the ridge. But to the right was still plain, and we passed the 115th level-crossing since leaving Venice. Two billy-goats were looking for a living amid rocks which are worse than the West of Ireland - far worse; we passed through some cuttings into a neat, uncovered station set amid the most barren of hills - Monfalcone. Half an hour to Trieste. We moved to the right hand side of the train to get the view, and saw the town stretching away between the station and the deep blue Adriatic Sea, here more correctly the Gulf of Venice. Large yards bordered the sea, probably for shipbuilding; in front are the absolutely barren hills, for Monfalcone is the end of the plain. We curved through the rocky foothills along the coast, climbing fast through tunnels until we could look back to the town to our right and see the last of the flat ground. Odd scraps of grass were all that had managed to poke through the stones, as we looked down from a high ledge in the side of the hill on the little resorts along the water and, away to the left, beyond the steep yellow cliffs, Trieste lying flat below the wall

of the Julian Alps which shelters it. It was sunny and blue and all very pretty, and I was sorry that we cut a little inland to look at a peneplain of rocky shrub stretching to the cliff edge; there were but a few scattered houses among the patches of very brown earth which were the cultivated areas, but across the waters we could see the last of the coast of Italy. Up and up we climbed, until the whole of the top of the Gulf of Venice around Trieste lay spread before us, and then we came back to the edge of the cliff with the sea 600 feet below; gradually it became less abrupt, and there were trees, then terraces, and finally houses clinging to the side. The vines here must get the full force of the sun all day long. The road is like the railway, on a ledge cut out of the side of the cliff, but it is below us - about half way down. Then we began to drop, a twisty and steep fall past a headland with a gleaming ruin of a castle and a yacht at anchor. The people in the compartments, who had been so smug all afternoon, began to realise that they were missing a most beautiful sight, and tried to push the crowd in the corridor out of the way, but standing for a hot afternoon in a crowded train had not disposed those in the corridor to generosity, and they indicated that those with the seats could either keep them or give them up but they weren't going to have both. It was really a most delightful view; the golden evening sun was bathing the curve of the bay in a gentle warmth and lighting the sea like burnished gold, and the rugged cliffs of yellow and white seemed almost friendly. All the windows were now open, and I leaned out to take a picture looking south to Trieste, and a moment later from the outskirts back up the hill, northwards.



Trieste was quiet to-day, but there are anti-British riots due on the 20th, which appeared to be the day on which we should have been gone but had indicated our intention of not going. Most of its importance as a sea-port has been handicapped by the political situation, and the town which replaced Venice may now itself be replaced. A short run through a few yards brought us to the station, where there was a common desire to secure a seat while everything was in a state of flux. I got three together, and hung on hoping that Charles would come soon, but he came to say that he had two with the promise of two more in a few hours, so we moved in there. The two who were going to remove were an American couple from San Francisco, who were combining a geographical search on behalf of their University with their honeymoon, and who made a pleasant change of company from our taciturn Italian neighbours in the corridor. They were heading for the Port of Split, and so would change trains at Ljubljana.

The sun was just fading away as we were shunted around Trieste from 1700 to 1715, and we decided that now we had seats we would stick to them rather than go out and have a quick look at the town. The corridors were still full of natives, but there were two friendly Yugoslavians in the compartment who explained the tricks of travel in

their country. After a few minutes we started to climb back up the hill by which we had come in, and almost at once the Trieste officials took possession of our passports. We accelerated fast, and it was not until there was a slack for track repairs that it was comfortable to lean out and admire the wonderful view of Trieste nestling under the rocky hills, with the sun sinking into the mist and the long black coast running away like a lobster's claw encircling the bay. I could not help but compare it with the glory of a sunset over Galway bay, except that here there was only one side in sight.

The next twelve hours provided a real study in geology, for we were to pass from one kind of plain to another completely different. We had to cross the Dinaric mountain range, that system which extends from Ljubljana in the north to the southern tip of the Greek mainland. This high Karst desert of limestone and has always offered, a great barrier to communication between the excellent harbours of the Dalmatian coast and the fruitful lands on its east. It is a wall right down the east coast of the Adriatic; the limestone rises abruptly from the narrow coastlands in a belt of country about fifty miles wide and with a maximum height of over 8,000 feet, though it is not so much the height or the breadth which makes it such a barrier as its barren waterless character. Although a folded mountain system, yet the region was roughly peneplained and now presents three main plateau levels which are successively higher as one goes inland and from whose surfaces mountain chains rise up. The limestone of which the whole region is composed is singularly porous, so that there is a general absence of surface water. This is not owing to any lack of rainfall, for the area is one of the heaviest in Europe, reaching over 180 inches in places. This precipitation, however, disappears underground and forms a vast network of subterranean drainage which is useless to the inhabitants of the region, who are obliged to procure their supply by storing rainwater in reservoirs and cisterns. The population is exceedingly scanty, and is transhumant in the main.

It was into this that we swung at Opicina, the junction where we left the line by which we had come in. When we left the coast we were in rolling grassland, with many rock outcrops and a multitude of small trees, still with their dead leaves. The sun was now on the right of the track, and it gave the misty trees a soft glow; it reminded me of parts of Lake Clearwater in Canada, alone in the wilds. The tops of the hills especially seemed to attract the trees, and there was timber lying about most of the stations waiting to be loaded. The land looked bare and dry, but there were dark brown patches which seemed very fertile. We were told that Trieste was only a few kilometers away over the hill to the right, but we had taken a long time to circle round the barrier. We passed the frontier out of the Free Territory of Trieste at 1745; we got our passports back, stamped for both entry and exit on the back page - just to be different. We stopped at the station, and were prepared for a long delay, but were away again at 1805.

An official put his head in the door, took a quick look at us, and went away again. We passed the time at the station, which was in a most enlightening conversation with the Yugoslavs about what to buy and do, and where to go in Yugoslavia. Then we moved on to the other frontier post at Sezana, pronounced Sejana, which was five minutes run from the Trieste.

The country in between the posts was rough and wild, with boulders lying about openly; it didn't look like glacial country, but the granite boulders seemed to have been left after the limestone round them had been washed away. One of the results was bowls which were almost like an extension of the Dolomites. Sezana station was a lovely little one of granite blocks with a red tiled roof. Here the conversation disclosed that one of the Yugoslavians was from Belgrade, and the other, the one who spoke English, from Ljubljana. It was just as well that they were there, because the customs man spoke only Slav languages, and that very fast, so all his questions about currency, cameras,

baggage, destination, and so forth had to be translated. After him came another man who seemed most anxious that we should do business with him, but we should not have known him from Marshall Tito if the native of L. had not explained that he was the man from Putnik (the local Cook's) with currency changes; but as we were just passing through we decided that we could do without dinars. But the Americans found him useful as a timetable, and arranged some boat trips down the coast with him. It grew dark while we stood here - really dark - and so we drew the blinds and changed our focal of interest from outside the window to inside the compartment, which promised to be no less interesting. We left at 1920, only twenty minutes late, which wasn't bad considering we came in an hour behind time.

There was continual conversation between the six of us until the American couple got off at St. Peter na Krasu at 2130. Then the Yugo who could talk English departed - presumably to the restaurant car - and we reorganised ourselves at the two window seats on the left and had our bread and cheese. The other native, who spoke a little English, French, German, and Italian, but mostly Esperanto, was in the other corner on my side, and opposite him an Army captain. When the diner returned and sat next to me we put out the lights, drew the remainder of the blinds, and got some sleep. It was getting chilly, and every time I woke and looked through the bling - on the right - I dimly saw hills of six to eight hundred feet rising rising abruptly from the track, sometimes right from the line, although there was occasionally a level plain. The scattered house were lit by electricity, although the ground seemed mostly to be arable; there was snow in patches all the way. The train was behaving more like an express now, and rolling along, but we still had a large number of uniformed visitors, most of whom just poked their heads in, switched on the light, looked at either us or our baggage, and went away again, usually forgetting to turn out the light, and it was left to me, who most of all wanted it out again, to get up and reach for the switch at the top of the door. What caused some of them trouble was not our through ticket of which they had probably seen plenty, but the reserved seat counterfoil of the French train which Charles persisted in leaving pinned to the first page of his. At regular intervals we had a visitor, usually a woman, who swept the floor whether it was clean or not, and took away all such rubbish as orange skins in her dust bin - a very useful idea. At Ljubjana the English-speaking Slav left, but another man took his place next to me. When he heard Charles and I exchange some comment in English, he introduced himself in Excellent English as the "Professor" of French at L. "University". He holds classes there on two days a week, and spends the rest of his time teaching in the French Institute in Zagreb, travelling back and forward by train each time. He said that the train is only 70 minutes late, and as we were warned that no timetables were guaranteed east of Trieste we felt that we were doing all right. The Professor had been a rolling stone all round Europe, and with

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SEAT RESERVED.	
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their country. After a few minutes we started to climb back up the hill by which we had come in, and almost at once the Trieste officials took possession of our passports. We accelerated fast, and it was not until there was a slack for track repairs that it was comfortable to lean out and admire the wonderful view of Trieste nestling under the rocky hills, with the sun sinking into the mist and the long black coast running away like a lobster's claw encircling the bay. I could not help but compare it with the glory of a sunset over Galway bay, except that here there was only one side in sight.

The next twelve hours provided a real study in geology, for we were to pass from one kind of plain to another completely different. We had to cross the Dinaric mountain range, that system which extends from Ljubljana in the north to the southern tip of the Greek mainland. This high Karst desert offers and has always offered, a great barrier to communication between the excellent harbours of the Dalmatian coast and the fruitful lands on its east. It is a wall right down the east coast of the Adriatic; the limestone rises abruptly from the narrow coastlands in a belt of country about fifty miles wide and with a maximum height of over 8,000 feet, though it is not so much the height or the breadth which makes it such a barrier as its barren waterless character. Although a folded mountain system, yet the region was roughly peneplained and now presents three main plateau levels which are successively higher as one goes inland and from whose surfaces mountain chains rise up. The limestone of which the whole region is composed is singularly porous, so that there is a general absence of surface water. This is not owing to any lack of rainfall, for the area is one of the heaviest in Europe, reaching over 180 inches in places. This precipitation, however, disappears underground and forms a vast network of subterranean drainage which is useless to the inhabitants of the region, who are obliged to procure their supply by storing rainwater in reservoirs and cisterns. The population is exceedingly scanty, and is transhumant in the main.

It was into this that we swung at Opicina, the junction where we left the line by which we had come in. When we left the coast we were in rolling grassland, with many rock outcrops and a multitude of small trees, still with their dead leaves. The sun was now on the right of the track, and it gave the misty trees a soft glow; it reminded me of parts of Lake Clearwater in Canada, alone in the wilds. The tops of the hills especially seemed to attract the trees, and there was timber lying about most of the stations waiting to be loaded. The land looked bare and dry, but there were dark brown patches which seemed very fertile. We were told that Trieste was only a few kilometers away over the hill to the right, but we had taken a long time to circle round the barrier. We passed the frontier out of the Free Territory of Trieste at 1745; we got our passports back, stamped for both entry and exit on the back page - just to be different. We stopped at the station, and were prepared for a long delay, but were away again at 1805.

An official put his head in the door, took a quick look at us, and went away again. We passed the time at the station, which was in a most enlightening conversation with the Yugoslavs about what to buy and do, and where to go in Yugoslavia. Then we moved on to the other frontier post at Sezana, pronounced Sejana, which was five minutes run from the Trieste. The country in between the posts was rough and wild, with boulders lying about openly; it didn't look like glacial country, but the granite boulders seemed to have been left after the limestone round them had been washed away. One of the results was bowls which were almost like an extension of the Dolomites. Sezana station was a lovely little one of granite blocks with a red tiled roof. Here the conversation disclosed that one of the Yugoslavians was from Belgrade, and the other, the one who spoke English, from Ljubljana. It was just as well that they were there, because the customs man spoke only Slav languages, and that very fast, so all his questions about currency, cameras,

a little encouragement he talked freely on the problems of Jugoslavia. He did most of the talking, and told us of the effects of Communism on the people, their hard life, controlled wages - 15,000 dinars a month -, but set off by cheap meals and worsened by the housing situation. He also talked of Turkey, and I for one was much wiser by the time he got off at Zagreb at 0100. There now being two seats together beside me, and the whole of the opposite side vacant, we decided to go to bed more thoroughly.

I lay down as far as I could, and although there was a great deal of coming and going and jabbering in the corridor I thought that it was wiser to pretend that I was asleep in order to discourage anybody else from coming in. But soon after Zagreb all was quiet, and everyone seemed to have cleared out except one little fellow in the opposite corner on my side. We soon discovered the reason why - now that we had left the electric lines the heating in the electrically-heated French-built carriage was nil, and the others had moved to steam heated ones. The temperature dropped rapidly. Charles stretched out on his now vacant side of the compartment, and I lay down on the three-quarters of mine. I added two shirts and a pair of socks, and slept quite well, but Charles found that it was too cold for his American blood and couldn't. About two o'clock he said that he might as well sit up with the other fellow and let me lie down, so we changed and I went to sleep properly and well at 0230.

SUNDAY, 15th MARCH

I awoke once, to find that the draught from the window had just about frozen my feet, so I took off my shoes and used my towel as a foot-rug. But everything got steadily colder, and by the time first light had penetrated the blinds the temperature had just about hit zero. It was 0640, and the scenery promised to be interesting, so I returned the couch to Charles and went out into the corridor. The windows had wonderful pictures in ice on them, but through the gaps I could see that it was bright and sunny outside, with a slight ground haze. Flat, fertile brown fields swept away to either side, and in the distance to the west some hills rose up - it was almost like being back in the North Italian Plain. The rivers were frozen, and so was I; I found that I could not leave our mobile refrigerator, because we were locked in by sleeping cars at both ends. But the stove which heats these is outside the locked door, so I warmed myself by standing beside it for a while; but you can't have everything - in warming my hands I got them so sooty that I had to go and wash them in cold water, and thereby undid all the good work. From the Esperanto-speaking Belgradian I elicited, in German, that we were over an hour late, but he was too cold in the corridor to say any more.

Then we came to a station. It was the nearest to what I imagine Siberia to be like for my liking. On a nice day it could no doubt be pleasant, but when everything was bound in the iron of frost it looked positively grim. It was bare - just a low platform and a building, and they were all coated in white; no roads seemed to lead from it, but it was placed amid ploughed fields of brown earth frozen into immobility, and the houses in sight were as dead to the world as if they were deserted. A solitary newspaper vendor, muffled to the ears, was the only sign of life.

I dropped from the Athens refrigerator and walked along to find a heated coach. On the hoary platform my heavy shoes, over two pairs of socks, sounded like the beat of a military policeman. It was a fine spring morning, with a nip in the air, but the sort of day on which one doesn't mind scampering for the milk so long as you can go back to bed-for an hour afterwards. The next coach was labelled Belgrade, so I climbed aboard and found a compartment with only one man in it; I sat down feeling that I had come into a house after watching a rugby match on New Year's day, and thawed out in the opposite corner. My companion was reading a newspaper, and over the top of it he looked like a member of the Secret Police in disguise. I had left the map in the Athens car, which was a pity because we were running along the fringe of one of the areas of Europe which has always interested me in the text-books.

The Middle Danubian Basin, also called the Hungarian or Pannonian, is a large depression rising on all sides to mountainous country. The River Sava, whose valley we were following, forms the southern boundary of the Basin, where it rises to the Dinaric Mountains, although the Drava is perhaps more exact as there is a belt of hill country between it and the Sava which is known as the Croatian-Slavonian. It was really to the south of these which we were, but we bordered the Basin. Not only was the area subsiding in Tertiary times, but it continued to sink during the Quaternary period. Loess is found on much of the higher ground such as the old lake terraces and on the bordering hills, and also in the lowlands themselves but alluvium and blown sand have covered up the loess deposits in most of the lowlying parts. The region is not entirely flat, although there are large stretches of level ground. The Croatian-Slavonian hill country is one of these exceptions; it is a fertile and well-cultivated region broken by the hills which contain a core of ancient rock and which are believed by some geologists to be connected tectonically with the Rhodope and by others to be connected with the central crystalline Alps. Most of the basins retain a forest covering. The basins of Ljubljana and Zagreb belong tectonically to the Alps, and only politically to Yugoslavia. We jogged along happily beside the Sava, knowing that if we followed it we must come to the Danube; indeed, all rivers in this Basin must come to the Danube, because it alone breaks through the surrounding mountain ring, though there are a number of relatively easy exits for passengers in the form of passes.

We jogged through this country as the sun grew in strength and the sky became bluer; the Italian coach was beautifully warm. Altho' it was all pretty primitive looking, the houses in the towns were new and solid. Clumps of trees, up to a mile in length, hid the villages, which were compact and neat, very closely built, and not surrounded by any wall. Some are white, others are finished in yellow in the Italian style, and most are in good condition, all having tiled roofs. It was all so flat near us that it might have been Italy, except that the fields were not divided and as far as I can see they are ploughed, at right angles to the railway, right away into the distance, rich and heavy brown. To the left the low continuous hills which shut us off from the Danube Basin proper rose abruptly. There were no boundaries between the hills and us, the fields being continuous except for odd trees which stood out all on their own. There were a few fruit trees, their bark glistening in the frost. Roads do not exist - beaten earth is all that there is between the houses, and that continues over the fields. Wells were certainly easy to understand - a bucket balanced on a see-saw beside a hole in the ground.



Trieste - Skopje

Ostrva Palagruža [Pelagosa]
Yugoslavia

sta
sta del Gargano



BELGRADE, the main street. The broad Terazije, the capital's main shopping street, yet even here in the heart of the nation's largest city there is no traffic problem, for Yugoslavia's motor industry manufactures as yet only trucks. Pedestrians are therefore not traffic minded, and wander about the streets without a glance in either direction. In the background is the 13 story Albinija Building, the city's tallest. At the left crowds await an approaching bus. Stars of Communism top the light poles. Motorists approaching a traffic officer on duty signal their intentions by horn - one toot to continue straight, two for a right turn, three for a left; the policeman instantly points that way unless there is another car blocking the way.

After the station of Prym Dura the ploughed, dark fields were in some places planted with stalks which looked like potato shoots, round, but my elementary botany could not give them a name. The plain now began to roll, and we, on the top of the ridge, see it falling away very gently and smoothly, but very markedly. The fields show shoots of green, but on the hills there was still snow; somewhere away to the right the Sava was draining all the area, but I never managed to locate it.

For the first hour I saw neither beast nor pasture, but then I saw a horse and cart, and, later in Belgrade, a flock of sheep, but never a cow. Now the Danube was somewhere on the left, but it too remained out of sight. There were signal boxes out on their own here, which was a change from rural Italy where there were just a few levers in the station. The cleaner came round again, and although she could not speak a word of English she grinned, showing a mouthful of silver teeth. The mysterious gentleman opposite, who was probably quite harmless, left when we stopped at 0805 at Batajnica, and I went to tell Charles that the compartment was empty, this being the first stop since I had discovered it. But the doors of the sleeper had been opened and I managed to walk right through without leaving the train; when I tried to return, however, they had been re-locked, and I had to jump out at one of the suburbs of Belgrade and had a scramble to get round the sleeper and on again before the train started. We crossed the river Sava as we entered the city, and I took a photo of the town from the bridge but it doesn't seem to have come out.

Belgrade (Serbian - Beograd) means "White Castle", but my impression was that the city was dirty and smoky. There are beautiful modern flats going up all round - huge feats of construction - and the city has largely been rebuilt in western style. The heart of the town lies on a hill promontory overlooking the Sava, just to the west of its junction with the Danube, both of which have marshy banks here. Its position at the northern end of the corridor lands exposed it to frequent attacks in the past, but is excellent from a commercial point of view. Since the accession of Yugoslavia to the southern part of the Hungarian plain, Belgrade is no longer situated on the extreme edge of the country. We came through many yards to the station, arriving at 0835. The station was big and rambling, with no clear distinction between itself and the yards. I went for a walk and to fill the water bottle, and the station was as good as most of ours, but a bit bleak and friendless. I would have liked to stay long enough for a meal in the restaurant where I got the water - by sign language, putting the bottle to my lips and pointing to the tap - but we could never be sure when the train would depart. As it was, we were shunted about for a bit and some more coaches were added, with the result that there was nearly always an engine on the front of the train, so I stayed always within sprinting distance of the last truck - a pre-Bolshevik cattle truck which belched brown smoke and was for steam heating the carriages; it was symbolical of the sort of train one usually crosses Siberia and never comes back. When I returned to the carriage there was an interesting cosmopolitan collection there. One was a native of Istanbul who looked as if he hadn't shaved since he left it, and who was rather ill at ease because he had a third class ticket and should have been standing in the corridor; there was also a German who extolled the virtues of Italy, and advised us to take a sleeper. We had quite a profitable discussion about travel in Greece and Turkey, but it was tiring having to listen to the self-confident German because he had to concentrate on me even when he was talking to Charles.

At 0920 we moved off in the opposite direction, away from the Sava and past more excellent flats. Looking back we saw Belgrade lying over its various hills, and were glad that we spent the night in Venice and not there. The German and an Italian go for breakfast, and so having the compartment

to ourselves for a time we tried to make some noodle soup on the little stove on the floor; it burned beautifully, and the compartment got really warm, but the vibration of the train was too much for the water in the frying-pan - whose shape was not improved by being sat on from Venice to Trieste - so we gave up and let the meth. burn itself out and returned the precious water to its bottle only a little warmer than when it came out. Instead we had some of the Venetian boiled eggs and more bread.

The country through which we were passing was an example of the futility of class-room-taught geography. In the University course you have to draw maps of this pass through the hills between Belgrade and Salonika, and are given lectures and data on its history and commercial importance, as well as having to quote all the underlying rocks and Pelagonian masses; I do remember that I got 9 out of 10 for the map of it, but I hadn't the remotest idea of what it was really like until we came to pass through it. Then the book-work came in useful, and I did understand it all the better. Between Belgrade on the north and Saloniká in Greece on the south lies a stretch of rugged country, about 300 miles long from north to south and about 90 miles wide from east to west, which lies almost entirely on the crystalline rocks of the western Rhodope and of the northern Pelagonian masses, and which is threaded by a remarkable series of tectonic basins, mainly lying along the courses of the Morava, Ibar, Vardar, and Struma rivers. These basins are generally aligned with an axis from north-north-west to south-south-east, and so give the shortest possible route through the South-Eastern peninsula from Central Europe to the highway of the Mediterranean sea. Although this corridor area is often rugged, yet it is bounded on its middle and southern sections by land which is definitely higher, wilder, and more difficult to traverse, particularly in the high Rhodope on the east and the Dinaric ranges on the west. The "corridor" lands lie mainly in Yugoslavia, and now that the Iron Curtain has come down there is no slipping off up the Nisava valley to Sofia and Bulgaria. There is a double line of movement; the easterly route, which we followed, was formerly used by a Roman road following the River Morava and the lower Vardar, and the other, which also has a railway but of lesser importance, goes by the medieval Imperial Way, via the river Ibar and the Kosovo polje and joins the first route into the neighbourhood of Skoplje.

The basins were formed in mid-Tertiary times, when dislocations led to segments of the Rhodope-Pelagonian mass rising and sinking like the slabs of a badly laid pavement. The down-faulted areas became filled by branches of the fresh-water Aegean lake, which shrank intermittently so that all the basins have bordering terraces more or less dissected by sub-aerial erosion, while the middle portions tend to be flat; the gorges connecting the basins are usually cut in the sediments deposited in narrows or straits of the former branching lake system, though sometimes they reach to the solid rock. The gorges naturally offer difficulty to road and railway construction, and neither the Vardar-Morava nor the Vardar-Ibar routes can be said to be particularly easy, though there is no high water-shed to be crossed in either case. The basins offer opportunities for settlement and cultivation within a region of inhospitable mountains. The level floors tend to be marshy, but good grazing for cattle is provided where the marshes have been drained. Elsewhere the basins are under cultivation, maize and wheat being the typical cereals; irrigation has been practiced in the southern basins since the middle ages, there

being no lack of water from the surrounding high hills. On the old lake terraces the vine is cultivated in all the basins, and fruit trees such as apples, pears, and peaches are on the increase. Each basin of any size has its market town, some of which, for example Nis and Skoplje, are also important and as nodal points. The surrounding mountains were peneplained long before the basins were formed and mainly have rounded contours. They are well forested in the north, but those further south, where the dry summers give less favourable conditions, have been largely cleared for sheep pastures, though there are quite large patches of forest round the monasteries and on northward-facing slopes. The mountain-and-basin corridor lands are bounded eastwards by the Balkan mountains in the north and by the high Rhodope further south; the Balkan mountains in Yugoslavia are usually known under the title of the Mountains of North-East Serbia.

We had to climb hard out of Belgrade to meet the Morave River; the train was double-headed - two 4-6-2's - and roared up into the hills. We climbed between smooth, rolling, and yet steep hills, fairly high on both sides, and all covered with snow. Often we were in a flood plain, fertile and ploughed, but always around us were the mountains. The line twists furiously, and often both engines were visible from the compartment seats; we wound up, out of the valleys and into tunnels and cuttings; it was rather like the Perth to Inverness line at the Summit, except that the hills are smaller and nearer, and all the ground was now covered with snow. The country cottages looked neat and clean, with smooth concrete walls and red tile roofs; many were recently whitewashed. But the people were terribly ragged - worn old clothes, sabots or pointed leather soles with no tops, an old jacket and a ragged headsquare. Roads did not appear to exist; a main road crossed the railway in one of the towns not far south of Belgrade, and this photo flatters it. But here and there we caught glimpses of a concrete ribbon which appeared to be a through road. When we reached the top of the climb we dropped one of the locomotives and ran across a hilly peneplane with ploughed fields and prosperous looking land - but the roads and the peoples' clothes were appalling. Most of the roads were dry, by chance, but even now some of them were all mud. After Velika at 1120 we dropped into the Morava valley, and saw the river away to the left on the other side as we ran down the west side. Between us was good arable land, but there was little pasture. Soon there was some pasture, small fields with wicker-work fences and lambs being cared for by the little children. It was warm and drowsy, and the people appeared lazy. They were better dressed here, but some of the houses were worse. Beaten and caked earth was all there was for roads, yards, streets, and anything else for transport; on the hard earth the children play ball, and there was a football pitch - of hard baked earth.

The slow trains which stood at the local stations were not fit to carry cattle; they were of wood, with no padding or heating, and the people suited them very well in their rough peasant clothing. Some of the hardier even looked comfortable. Away across the valley the hills grew bigger, and had more snow on them, as we went south. To the right they seemed a little nearer, but not so high although they carried more snow. The young peoples chief occupation seems to be to keep an eye on the grazing sheep, but the



goats and pigs also had their guardians. Perhaps it was because it was Sunday that the people seemed to be lazing around so much, as the valley as a whole gives an impression of prosperity; right across it was ploughed, and the produce of the region must far exceed its consumption. All the village on this day at least seemed to stand at the station and watch the trains go by - they were the only moving things in sight. Some of the ox-carts might have been left behind by the Romans, judging by the look of them; every house has its little well and see-saw to raise the water.

A spur of the western hills forced us over to the east, and we ran alongside the slow, lazy, muddy Morava, meandering through its flood-plain which in places was low and marshy, with a generally waterlogged appearance such as Canada has at the time of the break-up. The eastern hills seemed far away, and we looked to them across sunny patches of earth and water. As we came towards the head of the valley and began to climb, the broad marshes gave way to higher ground; the farms became more prosperous as the farmland became drier and richer.

There was a German in the compartment who had been talking to us for some time, and at 1200 he invited us to accompany him to the dining car for lunch. With typical Teutonic efficiency he organised us into our seats, and although one of the last in we were served first because he organised the head waiter as well. It was a good meal of soup, spaghetti really hotted-up, lettuce, pork, cauliflower and peas, potatoes, cake and coffee. At the table across the corridor there was a man who could have been nothing but an Englishman from the City of London, and two girls who could have been nothing but typical American tourists; it would have been a strange train if there hadn't been some Americans in sight. We soon exhausted our water supply, and as they didn't seem to have touched theirs we asked for some. Charles and the two tourists seemed to have mutual national interests, but this put me in a most awkward position; as soon as friendly relations were established across the corridor, the German started trying to attract the girls' attention by offering them sweets and cigarettes, and then by talking to them. As he spoke no English, I had to interpret all he wanted to say, and then convey to him their discouragements. Being his guest, I didn't want to be rude to him, but they made it plain that they weren't interested, and when he got as far as asking them to get off at Nis and spend their holidays at his "palatial mansion", and their reply was an emphatic negative, - I don't think that they ever realised just what he was up to - I had to search my vocabulary for words to discourage him for carrying the conversation any further. He paid for our lunch, and tried to coax me into pressing his victims further, but by using the most ungrammatical and incomprehensible German I made conversation so difficult that he dropped it. We remained over our coffee until 1400, at which time the train was approaching Nische.

We arrived at 1425, and were not due to leave until 1443, so it looked as if we might even be on time. Crowds of people got off and on, but mostly on, and most of them soldiers. We moved on across the marshy basin, and at Brestovac at 1515 the plain was flat grassland, almost steppe, for several miles to the foothills on the left, and for about a mile on the right. It was very dry, almost parched, and the irrigation appeared insufficient. The railway runs on a raised embankment, with the water ditch beside it on the left. Out on the grass, the vast fields, the men were playing, in one place rounders with a football, in another dancing in straight lines to the music of a curved horn. The banks of the Morava are re-inforced, and the floodplain shows what the waters could do if let loose. Waterwheels turned slowly, a few being used to raise water for irrigation. Various attempts to anchor the soil by means of trees were

evident. Dotted all over the baked fields were little groups of sheep, each attended by one or two young people; they seemed to be mainly on the ploughed land, which was very adaptable. In the next big town, at 1535, an area of ploughed land enclosed by four brick walls had football posts at either end, and four fruit trees and a well spaced out between them. The town, Leskovac, had also what appeared to be a paper factory, and large military barracks; Yugoslavia has plenty of soldiers, and a good percentage of them seemed to be on this train, in one corner or another.

In the background the hills, behind their foothills, were well covered with snow. After Leskovac the foothills closed in on us, and the river, the railway, and the road (i.e. dirt-track) ran side by side up the valley. Two two-horse ox-carts (?) piled high with hay plodded along, the farmer walking and his family riding on top. We came through the gorge into a little circular plateau surrounded by hills on every side - a basin. There are houses round the eastern edge, and the flat middle was cultivated. The river wanders through, the road goes over to the houses, and the railway cuts across; in about a mile the three come together again and must converge to get out through the gorge at the other end. Deep wadis scar the hillside, but they are parched. In front, through the gorge, lies a great snow-capped mountain, perhaps the 6306 foot peak of Besna Cobila. The hollow basins seem to be at the junctions of rivers coming off the mountains at right angles to and joining the main transverse stream of the Morava. The hills are soft, as the piles of limestone boulders in the deltas testify. With the red stone, the dead brown leaves on the trees, the sandy rivers, and the muddy roads, the whole hillside glows a rusty brown - not unlike Canada in the Fall. We stopped at a wayside station up here; people got out on both sides, regardless of which the platform was on, and wandered over the rails to the station. There were crowds to meet the train - probably it was the event of the day. The sun was low already, at 1615, and so I leaned out as we left and took a photo of the scene; apparently it was a military zone or something, although no one had said so and I don't see the military value of a hillside, but two soldiers jumped on and came down the train asking who had taken a picture. When they got to our compartment and asked their question in Yugoslavian, we hadn't the remotest idea what they were talking about and shook our heads non-comprehendingly; when they had gone the German quietly translated it for me. It is a typical highland scene, with the isolated station and the barren hills behind. It is terribly sandy country, with boulders collecting in the rivers.



We were now nearing the top of the valley, and the narrow passes became precipitous, some obviously blasted out; road, rail, and river touch each other. When we are through and it begins to get wider, the amount of silt and sand and gravel deposited is astonishing. The hills lose their charm as the sun comes off them, and are just grey instead of firey ginger. 1700, and we are still climbing beside the same river as we were at breakfast time this morning; it is now about the size of the Spey at Newtownmore, with great banks of sand like the 1948 Border floods. Industry is more noticeable here, with mining and quarrying, drains and metal casings, narrow-gauge railways round the villages, and metal bailey-bridges across the rivers. We seem to have climbed right round the peak of Lisac. A lot of the construction looks like flood control, and it may be to stop silting. The flood-sand is at least a mile across here, the river about thirty yards. This present bowl should be a great collecting ground - encircled by snow-covered hills and scarred like an arena by little rivulets running down; it could pour an awful lot of water in if

there was a sudden thaw. The hills are not smooth, but every ridge is traceable to water digging in. At Ristovac, at 1800, there was as usual a great crowd of people, to see the train, but here it was not an instrumentalist who provided the music to greet us but a gramophone. The people just seemed content to stand and look at the train; this would be the last one for the day, for dusk was here and the lights came on. Charles went to shave in his friends' sleeper, and I was reading Morton on Philippi in preparation for the morrow. The three others who remained in the compartment were discussing newspapers and cigarettes in German, but I didn't quite follow the conversation. The hills all around form the rim of yet another saucer, about the last which feeds the Morava. Soon we shall be over the top and running down to the Skoplje basin, but we were not permitted to see any more that night. We had come a long way since darkness fell twenty-four hours before in Trieste.

At Skopje, at 2030, all three passengers cleared out, so Charles and I pulled down the blinds, put out the light, and lay down on the seats, thereby managing to get a side each for the night. When we were safely away, and things had quietened down, I went along to the Londoner's first-class sleeper to shave; he was a chemist, and was travelling to Greece to collect flowers. The water was no more than luke-warm, but the sleeper was a contrast to the ordinary compartment - quite a little bed-sittingroom, and just as good as ours in Britain, and it was his for four days, right from Paris to Athens without changing. To keep our compartment, the Americans went along in my absence, and they stayed while we had our bread and cheese supper. Then we went to sleep about 2215, very comfortably.

MONDAY, 16th MARCH.

AT 0030 the first of about six Yugoslavian officials came in and altogether they pestered us for about an hour with customs and passports, but we didn't take them very seriously, and neither did they. One of the things on the forbidden exports list was spirits, so I thought that I had better declare my methylated spirits in case they were discovered and caused trouble. Not knowing the Yugoslavian for methylated spirits, I took down my bag to show the man; as I began to open it, he assumed an expression of horror, and indicated that I should return it unopened to the rack as soon as possible. Then the train moved on, until about three o'clock the Greek invasion started, with forms and questions, and this lasted on and off all the way to Salonika, and it wasn't until we were entering it that we got our passports back. We were late at Salonika, 0600 instead of 0515. The station was fairly well awake for such an early hour, and we left the train, which was going to stand for a couple of hours. After changing a little money into several thousand drachma, and finding out about the times of the trains, we didn't have much time to explore Thessalonika. It was strange to find all the signs written in Greek capital letters, which meant nothing to me, and the timetables were equally incomprehensible. We wandered outside the modern concrete station into roads made of mud where there wasn't concrete, and there was an indefinable Grecian atmosphere about the place, and for once it was exactly as I had imagined it to be, and I welcomed it like an old friend. It seemed rather foolish just to stand in the middle of the main road of Salonika at six o'clock in the morning, but there was

no time to do very much more.

The Triumphal Roman Arch of Galerius

was probably standing in Paul's time, but there is no direct memory of him. The present main street covers a stretch of the Via Egnatia, and having walked to that we thought that we had got about as much out of Salonika in the way of Biblical interest as we ever would. The street leading up to the old town is called after St. Paul, and there is a legend that a small chapel behind



the municipal hospital commemorates the place where he spent the night when he was driven from the city, but when tradition adds that from the tears shed by Paul on that occasion sprang a stream of holy water, one is justified in being sceptical. Our first contact with the routes of Bible characters was one of the least profitable of the whole lot. The only other place of religious interest is the Church of the 12 Apostles, a Byzantine building with interesting mosaics.

THESSALONICA

was named after the sister of Alexander the Great, and the name has continued more or less the same ever since. Its history is equally continuous; it was the scene of Cicero's exile, and Antony was here with Octavian after the battle of Philippi. Strabo in the first century, Lucian in the second, and pagan and Christian writers through the middle ages speak of it as the metropolis of Macedonia and a city of great magnitude; its great day was in the third century when it was the bulwark of Constantinople against the shock of the barbarians. The reason for its continued pre-eminence is to be found in its geographical position; with a magnificent trading position on the sea-margin of a vast plain of low alluvial soil, watered by several rivers, it is also at the entrance of the pass which commands the approach to the other great Macedonian plain, and as such was destined for a mercantile emporium. Two arches span the long street - probably the old Roman road - which intersects the city from east to west, and the one pictured above, built at the west, near the entrance from Rome, commemorates Philippi. The inscriptions are in marble, which faces the brick, and it has consuls with togas on it; it was undoubtedly standing in Paul's time.



The town lies on the small flat plain between the hills and the head of the blue gulf, with mountains piled up behind it, and to the far south the snow-covered summit of Olympus rising from the sea. Modern Salonika is a rather shabby reflection of two worlds. There is the new town built to European standards on the low ground which was swept by the great fire of 1917, and there is the old Turkish town which escaped the fire and climbs the hill, lying in picturesque disarray behind the mighty Byzantine walls complete with square towers and gateways. The sun was just coming over the Macedonian mountains, and the whole place looked as if it was just turning over in bed before getting up - it had a sleepy, six-o'clock look about it. We bought some sandwiches and a couple of post-cards, had a quick look at the Via Egnatia, and went back through the sub-way to the platform. A most modern rail-car of Italian origin was waiting, throbbing like a dynamo. It had sleek green upholstery, spotlessly clean, but only 1st and 3rd. class, so we had to go to the latter, which was full of most typical Greek peasants; there were only two seats together, and facing them across the table were a most unpleasant old couple who kept shutting the window and pulling down the blinds to keep the sun out.

Philippi is about seventy miles from Salonika as the crow flies, but the train, winding as the map shows between the mountains west of Drama, covers coming up for a hundred and fifty. The track bends and twists in the valleys, making an immense detour to avoid the great mountain mass of Beshik Dagh, whose topmost summit wears snow until midsummer, and is known locally as Pilaf Pepe from its fancied resemblance to a plate of rice. The railcar started by revving up in first gear until the engine was nearly torn from its sockets, then slipping into neutral until the roar had almost died away, and repeating the process from second to third; this seemed to be the normal way of driving, and was repeated each time. We picked up speed quickly as we left Salonika with its ragged houses and beaten-mud streets; the sun was well up and came through the window in all its strength, lighting the bay blue and making the snow on the distant mountains sparkle. We swung away from the plain and up the valley of the Gallikos; it was very broad and fertile, with a small river in a large course, and very rich and fertile fields, some gleaming green in the hot sun. It looked very prosperous, but as we climbed the valley it became more hilly, and barren on the bumps. The mountains of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria ahead dwarfed all, rising to a jagged snow-covered ridge all in front of us. The friendly sergeant of police on the train told us that we could take photos until a certain point, but that was reached before the hills were properly within range. He brought us a glass of water - we were developing into real tourists, for a free glass accompanied a cup of coffee, but we took only what was free and didn't buy the coffee; then the peasant opposite borrowed it to stub out his villanous cigarette. When he got out at the second stop, the policeman, his work done, came beside us and told us about himself, his country, and his people. The valley here was dry, but looked capable of torrents; the upper reaches were sandy hills and barren. We were up high, crossing a rough, humpy, dry, sandy and stony neck of land, but suddenly in front there was another fertile circular valley, and at the foot of it the beautiful Lake Doiran, on the Yugoslav-Greecian border, with Bulgaria on the right. We dropped down to it from the hills which divide the two basins, past three walled war cemeteries on the last of the scarred hillside behind.

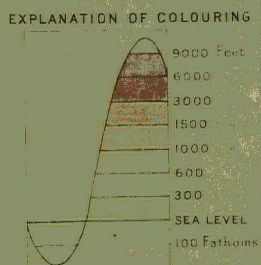




Skopje - Salonika - Istanbul.



Scale 1:5,000,000
 English Miles
 0 20 40 60 80 100
 Kilometres
 0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 160

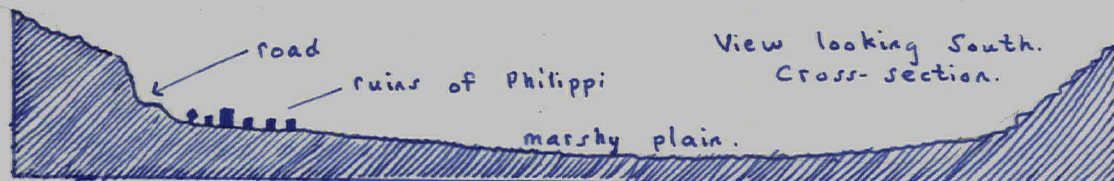


We ran along the Struma valley, the ditch between the coastal block and the Bulgarian mountains, with the little lake a wonderful deep blue in the sun and the white wall rising sheer behind it. We stopped for a moment at the lake, and the policeman got off; the land round about was good, if sandy, and the apple trees were in blossom. It was a perfect little holiday spot, but the uplands of Greece shut of the view to the south, and on the north was the scarred, jagged, wall of Bulgaria rising rampant and sheer; if ever there was a symbol of the Iron Curtain, it is the Rhodope block of mountains, and they seemed cast in steel. Behind them, I thought, is a completely different world, and they were a barrier between us; they seemed aggressive, and we rattled along at a steady 100 kms as if we were tiny insects caught in their magnetic gaze, and were anxious, almost terrified, to escape. Those rugged perpendicular walls seemed to personify the secret police, and we felt for those encircled by their grasp the horror of those knowing that humans were alone in a lion's den, and too insignificant to help. The water was like the ditch at the zoo which separates spectators and animals, and we as spectators would not have dared go beyond.

We raced for many miles along the ditch, and saw with delight to our right the little Greek towns nestling in the hillsides; the polis, if not what it was, lingers on in these foothills. At the mouth of the valley cut in the hillside by a river are the compact houses, and then the delta of fields ending fan-shaped at the opposite mountain range - a polis. We climbed with the trench over a neck of land; higher up there is more pasture, short grass with a lot of loose stone and scrub, odd trees, sometimes in clumps, and this supports black sheep and little donkeys which carry and are ridden. Oxen pull the carts, and chickens wander round the foundations of the old brick houses, square and tiled. At the infrequent stops peasants got in, all looking like the typical peasant of all time. We continued to keep up a very good average speed, much faster than the so-called express. The hills to the north then ceased abruptly momentarily to let out the river Strimon, and the lower hills to the south swept away to leave a vast expanse of plain, rather swampy at Manakapi, 1020. It stretched as far east as could be seen, green, with the water shimmering, and brown for about a mile on each side of the river, swamp and useless. Sometimes we were down in the plain, sometimes bumping through the hill country which was less fertile and often stony and barren. At 1115 the Pangaion range came between us and the sea, huge and snowcovered. Paul probably passed along this way, for the Via Egnatia through Amphipolis and Apollonia cut behind the mountain range much as the railway does now; it would take him three days to cover the seventy miles to Salonika. We saw a metalled road - the first I have seen in Greece; all the time it was in sight there was only one car on it.

The rail-car stopped at 1150 prompt at Drama, a typical wayside station with no platforms at all and a rather shabby building at one side of the track. We dashed outside the station and booked the only motor-cab in the place - there were plenty of horse ones. They stood in a line on the dusty square, as they do outside any highland station, and by a short head we beat to the taxi a lady who too seemed anxious to travel by internal-combustion engine. The driver hadn't the remotest what we wanted at first, and of course a crowd collected - natives of all ages and sizes, and that brought the local policeman to see what it was all about. By pointing to the map and saying "Philippi" we conveyed our destination, and that was one third of the battle - a long third. Then there was the time factor - we had to be back before the Express caught up, or else we would be here for one, if not two, days; here the Macedonian excelled himself, for after we had pointed to the station and

made motions which represented the next train to come from Salonika, he pointed on his watch to the time at which we would have to be back in order to catch it. Again we said 'Philippi', pointed down the road, to the map, to our watches, to ourselves, to him and his taxi, to the station, and to anything else which seemed relevant, and he nodded - two-thirds of the battle. All that remained was the price; he named, by outlining the figures on the palm of his hand with his finger, the sum of 100,000 drachmas, and as this seemed reasonable we accepted it. He motioned for us to jump in, and miraculously the ancient engine started at once; it was one of those old square-bodied cars of uncertain origin, large and roomy in the back. After a stop for petrol, we set off along a good metalled road to the south at a steady 60 kph. We ran along an excellent road which was just a little above the level of



the plain to the right, and so afforded an excellent view of it. It is as flat as an inland sea, green with crops and brown with marshland. It was a mean between two extremes; if we had come when the snows were white and chill on the Thracian Haemus, it would have been cold and dreary for the streams which water it would have been diffused into marshes, or if we had come when the roses were in bloom on the warmer slopes of the Pangaeian hills it would have been exuberantly green, for its fertility has always been famous, but as we saw it it was in the transition stage. At the far end the valley ends in the bleak range which bars this plain from the sea. The modern road follows the line of the Via Egnatia, which is ten to fifteen feet below ground now, made of enormous stones scarred by chariot wheels - what would the Romans have given for tarmac. To our right is the stage on which the real actors in one of the world's greatest dramas suffered and died, for these wide plains and treacherous marshes are the scene of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar", the place where the legions of Antony and young Octavius defeated the forces of Brutus and Cassius.

PHILIPPI was founded to celebrate that victory, right on the death-bed of the Roman Republic. It is a monumental record of two vast empires; it was once an obscure place, called Krenides from its streams and springs, but Philip, the father of Alexander, made it a frontier town to protect Macedonia from the Thracians and helped to establish his power by the extremely profitable working of its neighbouring gold mines. Then Augustus, proud of his victory won at the foot of the hill on which it stood, on the summit of which Cassius committed suicide, elevated it to the rank of a colony which made it, as Luke proudly says, "The first of the district". The old town of Philip's climbed the acropolis hill; its streets were steep, its houses were old and Greek-looking, and its temples, flashing in the sun, were a shining landmark for miles. The new colony was on the flat land at the foot of the hill, very Roman, very official, and full of old soldiers. The number of Jews in it was therefore small, because these military towns did not attract Jews until they assumed a commercial importance; that is why there was no synagogue - there were fewer Jews in Philippi than in any other town which Paul visited, except Lystra which was likewise a Roman colony.

After twenty minutes hard driving we looked to the right again

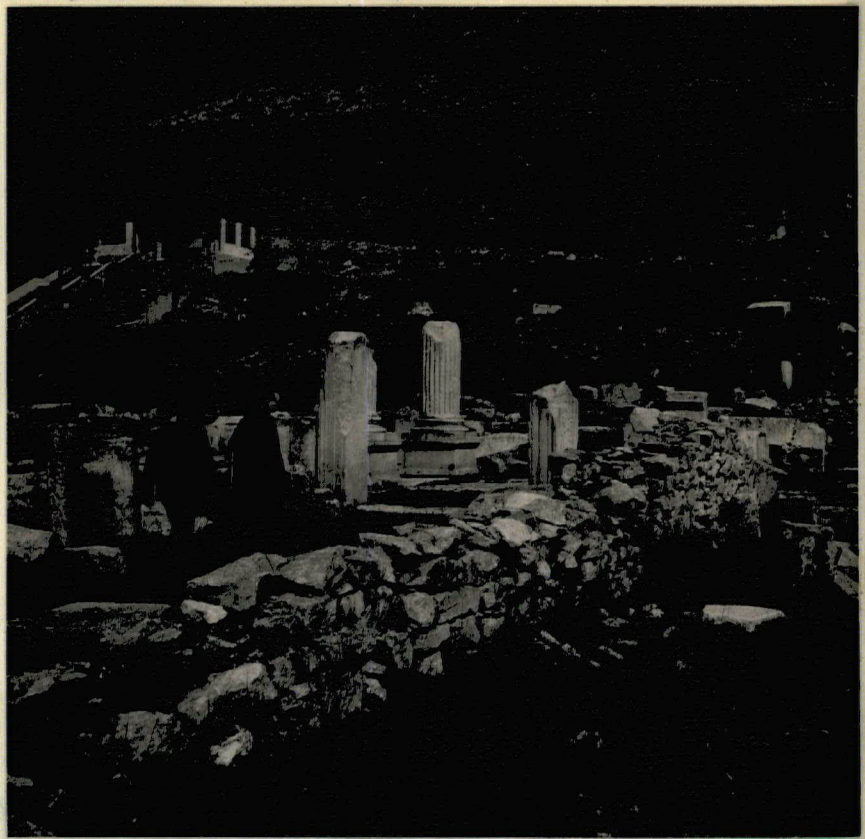
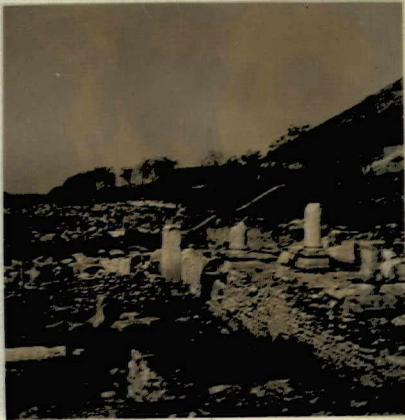
and all at once saw the white bones of Roman Philippi, shining wherever ten feet of soil have been re-moved.

The most spectacular are the piers & gateway of a Byzantine Church.

Before the French archaeologists began to dig, this basilica was the only ruin above

the ground, and was mistaken for a triumphal archway. All the ruins lie ten to twelve feet below the modern level of the desolate plain, and wild grass alternates with crops in the neighbouring fields. The land slopes to a marsh in the middle, and, supposing it to contain the "River", we went that way past the Byzantine basilica, a Greek cathedral.

The water proved to be a lake rather than a river, so we came back to the market place and the forum. Both have been excavated, and the ground plan is perfect. The stone



but only one of those buildings called 'Proseuchae', which were distinguished from the regular places of Jewish worship by being of a more slight and temporary structure, and frequently open to the sky. For the sake of greater quietness and freedom from interruption, this place of prayer was outside the gate, and, in consequence of the ablutions which were connected with the worship, it was by the river side. Here Lydia and here household were baptised in the little stream, which still runs through the desolate plain, and the first Christian church was formed in Europe.

We raced quickly back to the station, and were there in plenty of time for the Express which we had left at Salonika; there was every indication by the time its dust appeared at 1330 that we were going to have to be quick if we wanted a seat. After various juggling, we ended up in opposite corners of a Turkish-built coach. It was like the others, divided into big open compartments, but it had a star on each window, so we could never forget its nationality. We soon learned that if you wanted to keep your seat you stayed in it; if you moved out, somebody in the corridor came in, and you had to wait until there was a vacancy again. This worked internally, too; if the person at the window went out for a moment, the one in the middle moved to the window, and if the person who went out was lucky he might - might - find there was room in the middle when he came back. By playing them at their own game, we were fairly soon together at the window corners. People often seemed to go wandering for half an hour or so, and we had a rota of companions who fluctuated constantly. The steel coaches have many advantages, and so too, no doubt, have the Turkish lavabos, although I haven't realised any yet; the green upholstery was soft and at the same time very hard wearing.

As we passed into Thrace, the scenery was completely different. The hills were piled up one behind another like dragons'teeth, or like pyramids in assorted sizes. They are covered with wood, without much outcrop of rock, and only the small areas at the side of the narrow valleys can be cultivated. Through the hills we went, following a trickle of water amid a vast expanse of sand, in many cases reaching right to the sides of the valley. Only at tee-in deltas are there houses, and only where the valley rises is there cultivation. To the left, the sharp ridge of the end of the Rhodope cut the sky, and the rounded hills in the foreground were dominated by the snowey peaks behind. This was no longer the fertile valley, but waste land with odd spots reclaimed; villages hug the odd habitable corner or slope. Women and children were in the fields, and many of the men were ploughing with oxen or riding sad-looking donkeys; occasionally in the last few hours we had seen men on horseback, but there were no horses here. Neither were there any herds of any kind, but only an occasional animal. It must be a real struggle to exist here, and yet they looked more prosperous than many in Yugoslavia.

From 1530 we followed the twisting river Nestos through its gorge of wooded sides rising for a sheer thousand feet. There was just room for the river and, twenty feet above it, cut into the side of the mountain and often in tunnel, the railway. We twisted and turned through bare cliffs with trees clinging on - a first-class example of a river cutting through a mountain range of hard rock; it glistens in the baking sun, and is bright even through sun-glasses. The carriage became like an oven, and our thirst was not quenched any by our opening and dividing a large can of ham. At the bends in the river, where it had swept a broad course for itself, there were magnificent stretches of sand. To bore the tunnels through this vertical light grey rock is a great feat of engineering, and it looks quite redent. Is it guarded? There are little groups of soldiers every few miles in the mountain country, two or four outside a very



small hut, with rifles at the ready to watch the train pass. They must have been warned that two very important passengers were on the train, because as it drew level they automatically presented arms until the last coach was past. This was mountain at its wildest and roughest - poor soldiers. The River Nestos twists like a serpent to find a way through, often taking hair-pin bends to round the spurs. Then all of a sudden we were through, and looked back up the serpentine windings of the valley. The hills became hillocks, and the green water spread out to a leisurely meander; the land is again fertile and flat, and vegetables grow. Once out of the gorge, we left the river to wander across the plain and lose itself in the Aegean, while we turned to the east. The plain to the right is gently undulating and hillocky,

the hillocks being clayey and scrub-coloured, the flat being poor pasture-land with nothing being pastured on it, or worse arable. To the left were the eternal hills. From time to time we passed flocks of about thirty sheep grazing - on the arable land! The ominous mass on the left curved to its right, and we ran round the foot to follow the curve. The plain to the right became flatter, rich-brown and green, with numbers of sheep grazing in flocks under their shepherds - but on the short grass now. We left the gorge at 1600, and in the middle of the curve, at 1625, reached Xanthi.

At Xanthi a Turk got on the train, and what a difference for all three of us that he happened to find a place in our compartment. He gave us his bread, cheese, meat and oranges, and at the next stop got drinking water; a soldier beside us joined in now he had an interpreter, and gave us some of his heavy military bread and peanuts. We offered them both the remains of our Venetian cheese; the soldier meekly and obediently eat it, but the confident Turk said that it was no good and produced some of his own. We plodded on across the plain, sometimes with the mountains for a background, sometimes not; if it was slightly better organised - i.e. less rough patches - it might have been the North Italian, but the similarity was spoiled by the large lake Limni Vistonis - almost an extension of the Aegean Sea - coming almost up to the line at Porto Lago. Then it got better, mostly well-ploughed and fertile and much already growing. The barren areas of earlier are gone, and Thrace proper speaks well for itself. We ran on east with the setting sun behind us, and I kept on the sunglasses until 1730.

Suddenly at 1815 we hit another mountain range, and toiled up through more barren, rock-bound hills, which give a possible but thankless living by dint of much hard work in little patches; then it was too wild for anything but mountain shrubs. It was taking all that the engine - a 2-10-0 - could give it, but the hills were not impressive just round and

rough, hidden every now and again by tunnels. For reasons of (?) decay, the telegraph poles up here too are of wood bolted between a couple of old iron rails. There seemed to be some sign of fertile bowls, but by Kipkh it was becoming gradually dusk and the blinds came down for the third night running. The difference was that to-night it was warm, although the seats were most uncomfortable. We were soon over the top, and running down through much the same country. Our route was now to follow the lower river Maritsa up into the basin of Eastern Thrace, which extends south-westwards from the Istranja Mountains. It is filled with Tertiary sediments, which are covered in places with quaternary gravels and more recent alluvium. It is very level in the middle, but is dissected into undulating country round the border. It is mainly a region of steppe, caused by its basin configuration, permeable soil, late-summer drought, and cold winter winds. The lower portions of the basin provide only pasture, though the higher regions, which have a heavier rainfall, are cultivated; climatically it combines the bad points of both the Central-European and Mediterranean regimes.

The two people in the middle got out as darkness fell, and left us with two seats each, but that was too good to last for long in a crowded train. From 1930 to 2130 we slept, but then the conductor put in some local colour - two old peasant women with BOAC tickets to somewhere. At midnight two other men left, and from sleeping in a variety of peculiar positions we settled down to two seats each again. These Turkish carriages are very comfortable, and incorporate some good ideas - such as arm-rests which come out to make pillows - but the dynamics of sleeping in them is rather tricky. Nevertheless, with two seats to work with, I managed to get an excellent and refreshing sleep.

TUESDAY, 17th MARCH.

I woke as usual at first light, 0600. The scenery was the dullest imaginable - a great, gently-rolling pene-plain disappearing into the mist on both sides. Somewhere beyond it to the right were the line of bare hills which border the Sea of Marmara and form the boundary between the Thracian steppe and the narrow coastal fringe of Mediterranean climate. The plain around us, shrouded though it was, revealed itself as being covered with low trees, still bearing their brown leaves. The ground had a slight but continuous covering of snow, out of which bracked pushed, although none of the water was frozen, and this seemed a strange combination. The colour was that of Hillfield's ravine in autumn. Rivers of various sizes dissect the plain rather sharply with deep, steep, valleys of proportionate size, some little hollows, some great gulfs. We were climbing a far-flung tongue of the Balkan Mountains, and at 0620 were over the top and beginning to race down the other side. The sun was still reluctant to come through the heavy clouds, and it began to snow, lightly at first and then more determinedly; the snow on the ground had old footprints in it, and had obviously been there for some time. The plain was now very much cut up into rounded hills, barren and yet warmly brown. It ought to be cold, but it isn't; the compartment was very warm, even although we had left the window a fraction open all night. The crescent moons on a passing freight train

reminded me of the strange moon which had greeted us at the Turkish border last night - all dimly visible, but only the bottom edge lit up.

We picked up a river valley at 0645 and followed it down. Large areas of the sides were ploughed, but terribly heavy and wet; the valley is so hilly that it was difficult to see where the river was. Patches of snow lie all over. Then the sun began to dissipate the cloud, and blue sky appeared all round. It looks like the thaw season - everything in nature is wet and sticky. The soft nature of the hills was all the more emphasised by their continued rounded contours; I hadn't seen anything jagged since dawn. At Catalca at 0725 I fixed our position definitely for the first time this morning. We climbed and fell through broad sweeping hills and flat ploughed valleys to Boyalik at 0815, where it snowed and hailed hard. The streams are tiny compared with all the water that must fall; a lot of it lies on the surface, but where does the rest go? Can it all be absorbed by the permeable soil? Must be.

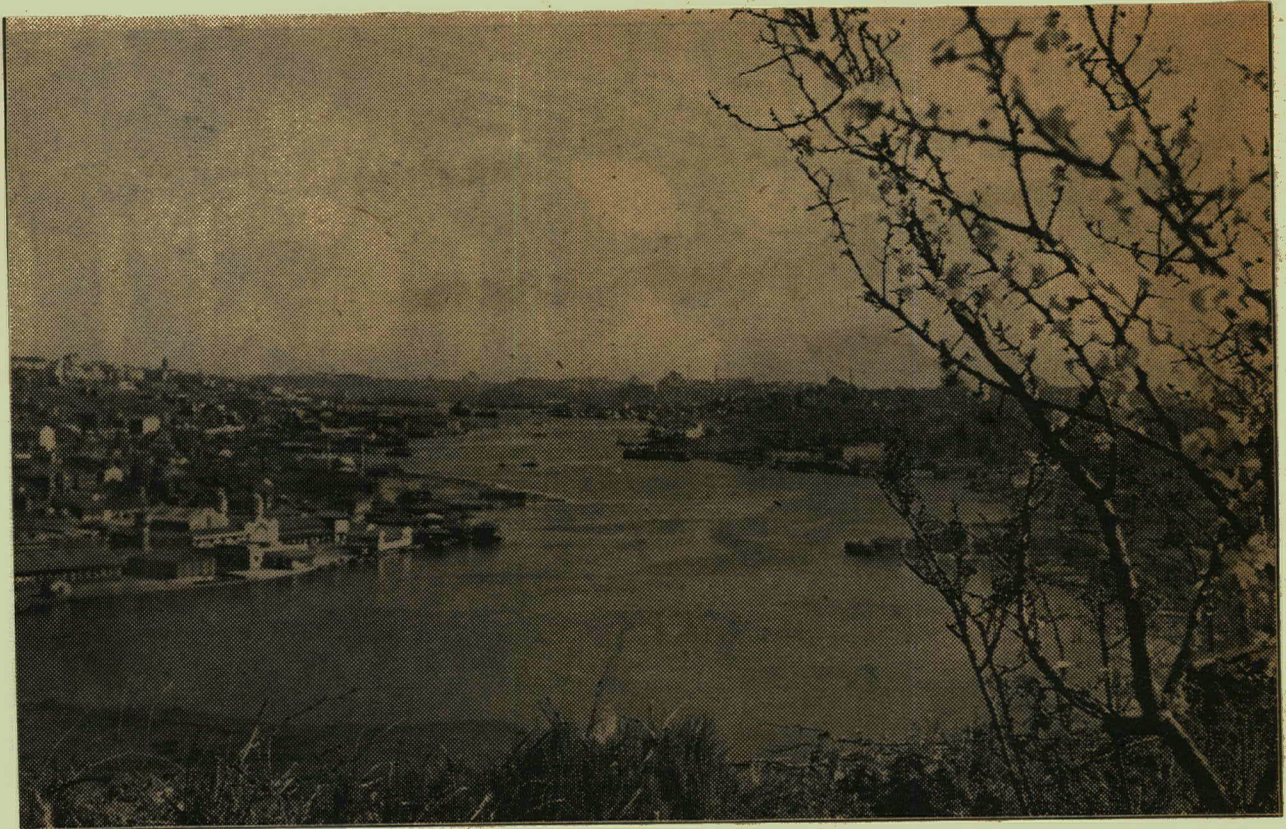
We arrived at Altin Sehir at 0840, and left at 0920; being all out of schedule, we had to wait for another train to come off the single line. Simplon-Orient Express! It was a most interesting place at which to be held up; there was an army camp on both sides of the line, and there was continual movement of men and lorries around us. There is something international about soldiers - this could have been any temporary camp of the Territorial Army of any nation. Some of them were practicing "Come to the cookhouse door" on a bugle - and how they needed the practice. The sun came out again and shone on the grey gulf of the Sea of Marmara, and as the clouds cleared from over it the water turned an emerald green. The soldiers in one camp kept sending a lorry down to the other, all for no apparent purpose. While we stood at the station, sheep and geese wandered unconcernedly round the wheels of the train hunting for scraps. It was all very informal and friendly. At 0945 we passed the airport at Yesilkoy, new and modern like most of the buildings round it.

We ran along the flat plain, with the Marmara on our right and some lazy foothills on the left. Quickly, almost too quickly, we were among some ramshackle pre-fab-like houses of various bright hues, and with the sea on one side and the slums on the other, we entered Istanbul.

CONSTANTINOPLE

A DIVIDING LINE OF HISTORY

A Moslem-cum-Christian, Asiatic-cum-European synthesis, a great commercial city, at the same time by nature a jewel and by history a museum. This view shows the Golden Horn, the branch of the Bosphorus which divides the city.



YENİŞEHİR PALAS OTELİ

The hotel at
which we stayed.

İstanbul, Sirkeci, Orhaniye Caddesi No. 10

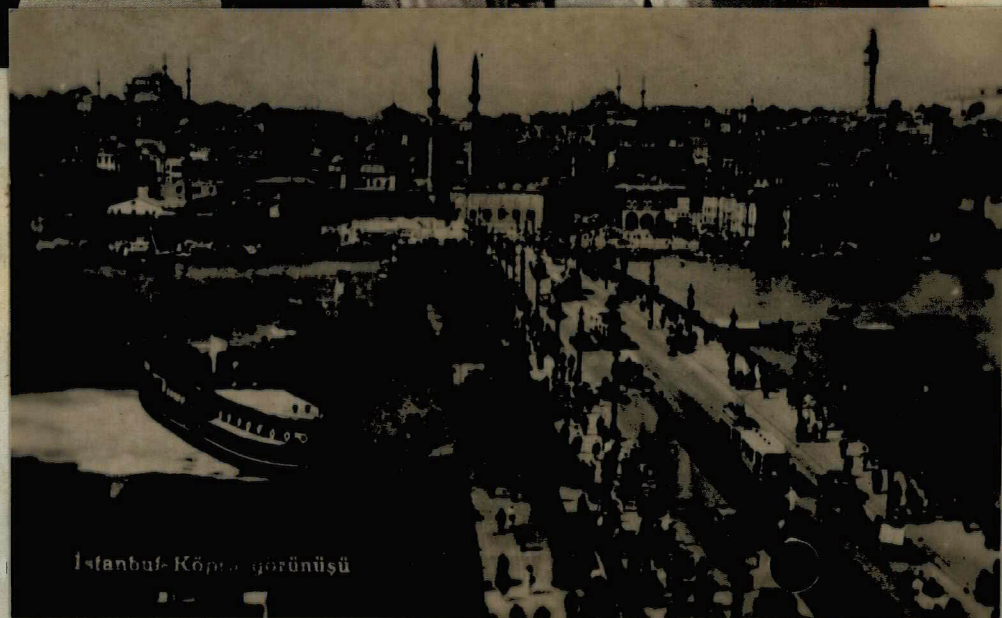
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Telgraf : Palas - İstanbul





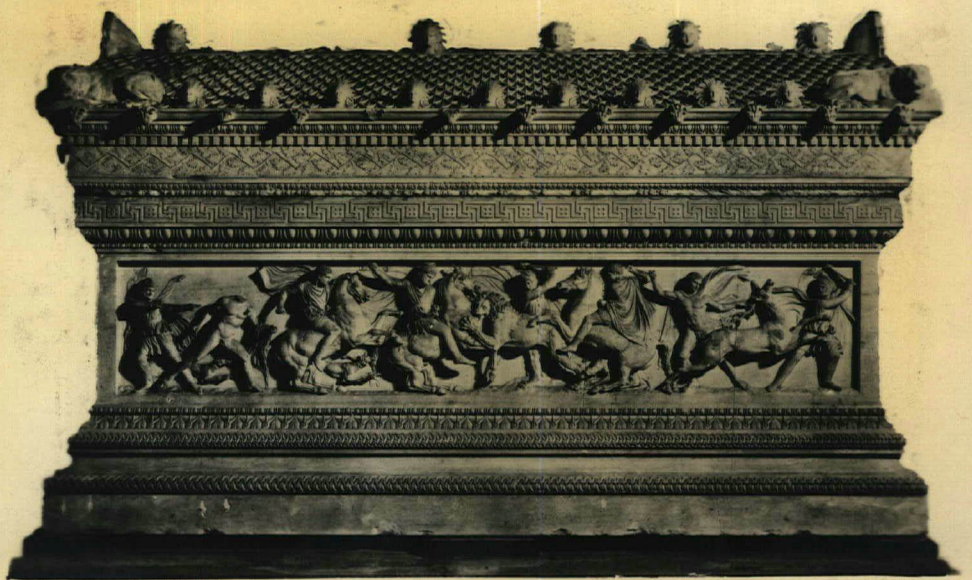
Sometimes the Golden Horn
looks like London in the rush hour





.... but at other
times it looks
very peaceful.

The sarcophagus
(coffin) in which
Alexander the
Great is said to
have been buried.



Istanbul Arkeoloji Müzesi - İskender Lahti - Sarcophage dit d'Alexandre IV: S. av. J. C.



SERİ
Serial

75

BİLET
Ticket

№

6230

F

Yolcunun adı ve soyadı : MUSTAFA
Name of passenger

Uçuş günü : 18.3.83
Day of flight

Uçuş saati : 9
Departure hour

Bu bilet 12.000.000 için
This ticket is valid for
muteberdir.

Verildiği yer : İSTANBUL
Place of issue

Verildiği tarih : 18.3.83
Date of issue

Alınan ücret 44 Lira 00 kuruş
Amount received

Bileti Verenin İmzası
Signature of ticket seller

BAGAJ
Baggage

Götirebileceği
Baggage allowed 10 kg.

Bagaj 2 kg.

Fazla sıklık : 12 kg.

Parça adedi : 1
Number of pieces

Alınan para : 88 krs.
Amount received

Bagajı Alanın İmzası
Signature of baggage handler

The banks of the Golden Horn are crowded with local lighters carrying freight, and the river itself has many "water taxis". The stately building in the background is the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent.

The air-line, misreading my name, issued the ticket for "Mr. Ian"; in order to save more language difficulty I said nothing.

The Blue Bosphorus, here near Istanbul, divides Europe (this side) from Asia.

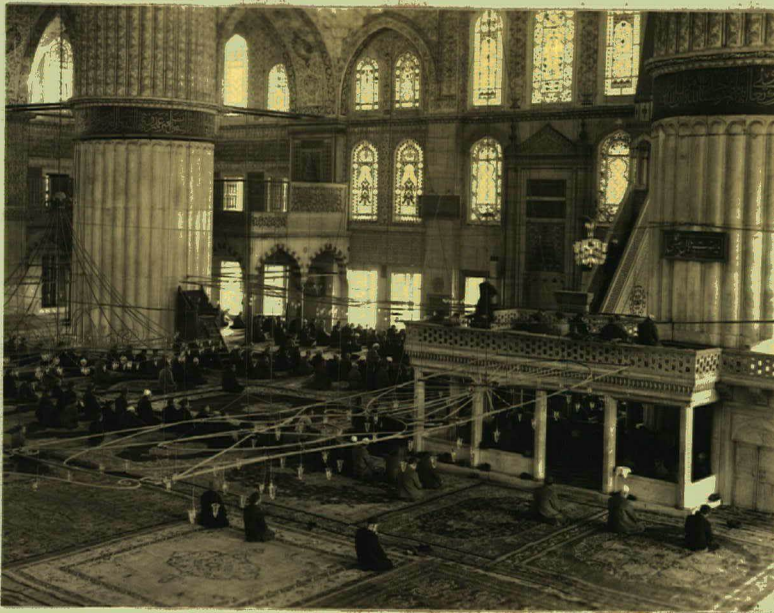




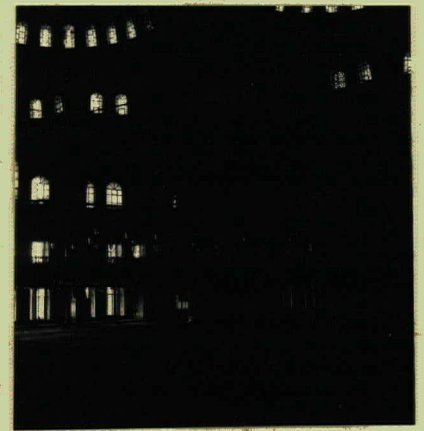
The Blue Mosque.



The Blue Mosque -
the Mosque of Sultan
Ahmet the First.
Its six minarets are
surpassed only by
the seven-spired
shrine at Mecca.



The beautiful blue of
the interior of the Mosque;
my own attempt was not so
successful as the post-card.



Cleopatra's Needle.

HASAN ŞEBBENDERÖĞLU

Official Guide No. 7

Permenantly at St. Sophia Muzeum

Home Adres
Fatih Kocadede Bilgiçler Sokak No. 10
İstanbul

Tel.: 22128
20700



Saint Sophia.



Saint Sophia



The enormous
domed interior,
built by the
Emperor Justinian



The underground
water storage tank.

Gönen zelzele

felâketinden resimler

TURKISH 'QUAKE DEATHS SAID TO BE OVER 1000

The latest death-roll in the Turkish earthquakes, according to unofficial reports reaching Ankara, is now 1068, with reports yet to come from 57 villages.

Reports indicate that hundreds of bodies are still lying under damaged buildings. Those injured in many cases are suffering from cold and exposure.

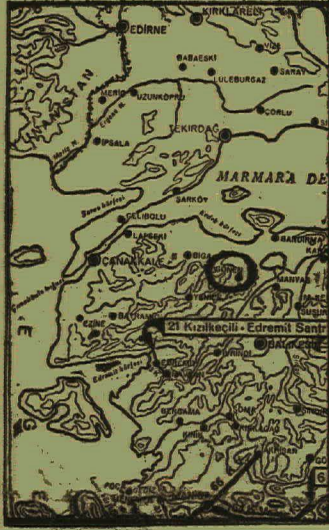
The bodies of those killed are piling up in the courtyards of damaged mosques, since there has been no time to bury them.

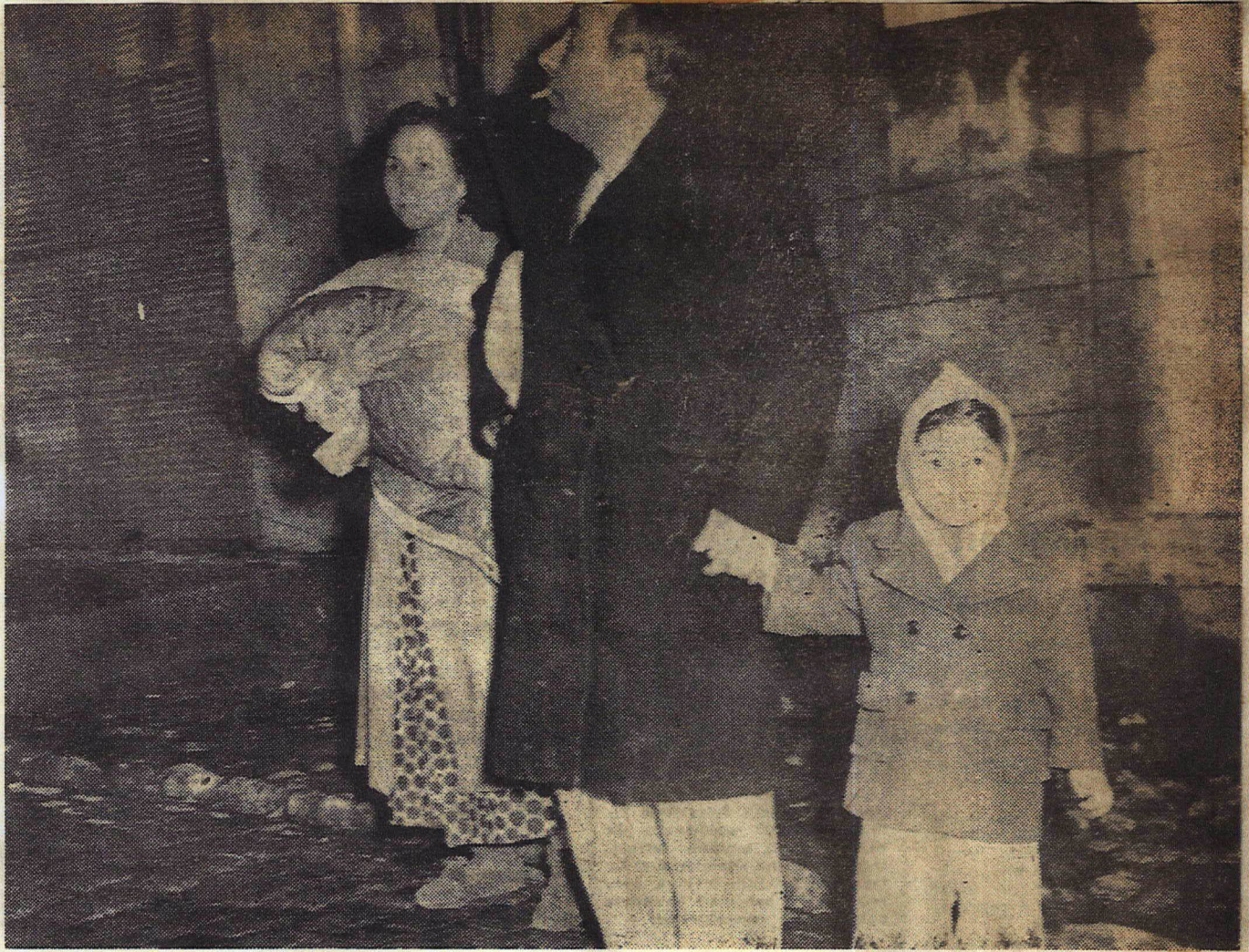
Red Cross lorries are carrying food and tents to stricken areas, but more relief is needed.

Throughout the whole country cinemas and theatres have been cancelled, and relief parties are being organised.

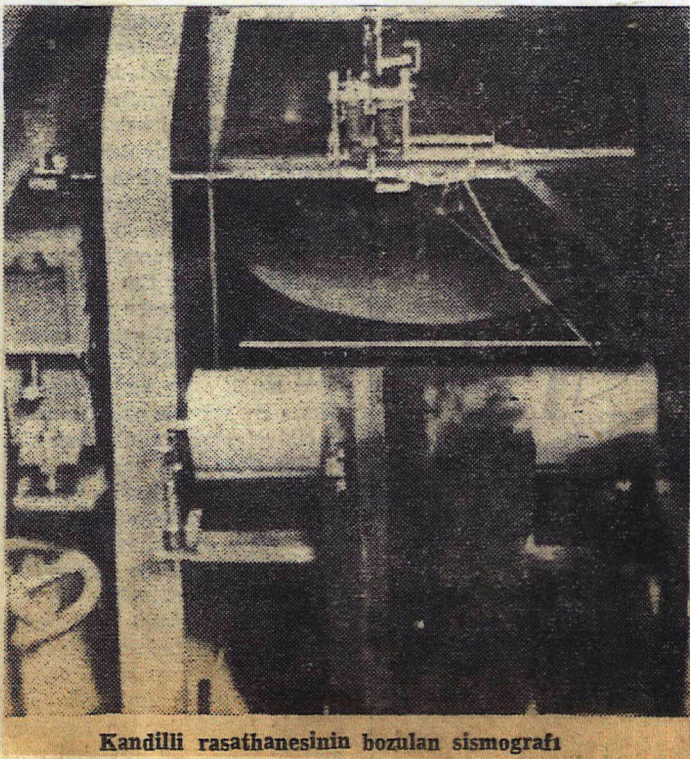
Worst hit is the town of Yenice, where unofficial reports now place the death-roll at 998, with thousands injured.

Upwards of 15,000 homes in the whole earthquake area are believed to have been destroyed or damaged





The first pictures which came out were of the bewildered people who ran into the streets of Istanbul at 9:30 p.m.



Kandilli rasathanesinin bozulan sismografi

The shattered seismograph.



Yıkılan Yenice'de



gelen ilk resimler



Yenice'nin harabe haline gelen sokaklarından birinin halli



Yenice'de bir ev yıkılmıştı. Evin kadını keçisiyle taş ve toprak yığınları üstünden dışarı çıkıyor.

Yenice camii minaresiyle birlikte yıkılmıştır. Ortada felâketzede bir aile



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Gönen'e giden yol depremde ikiye bölünmüştür.



Gönen'de yıkıntıya uğrayan evlerin feci hali



İçişleri, Bayındırlık ve İşletmeler vekilleri zelzle yerinde



Zelzeleden sonra büyük bir evin vaziyeti



Bir evin perişan hali



Enkazlarla tıkanan Günen sokaklarından biri





Zelzele felâketine uğrayan Ana - Oğul





Felâkete uğrayan alleler çadırlarda



Bir evin zelzeleyi müteakip girdiği şekil



Western Turkey - in - Asia, with our visits to
Smyrna - Ephesus - Sardis -

L.O.
ART No. 13
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Tabiatın cilvesi karşısında itidallerini kaybetmiyen Gönenlilerden bir grup

