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WALL PAPER
See **VIERS** About it.
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SCENES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE
G. A. WILLIAMSON WRITES OF LIFE AND CONDITIONS IN NATIONS NOW ENGAGED IN BITTER WARFARE—WAS FOR A TIME A WIRELESS OPERATOR ON A VESSEL VISITING THE COUNTRIES, HE DESCRIBES.

The conflict which is now in progress between the great powers of the European nations reminds me of some of my observations during my travels in that part of the world, mainly along the coast of the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas, which might be the scene of one of the greatest battles of the present conflict.

It was in 1911, when I was sailing on the Austrian steamer Martha Washington, between New York and ports in those parts, that I had the opportunity of visiting many places of interest, belonging to the great powers who are now struggling for supremacy on the Continent.

As many travellers will know, there is very little of interest on the way across the Atlantic until nearing the Continent. Although I remember of an incident which occurred on one particular voyage which would be worth while mentioning.

It was at the time when Turkey and Italy were at war. Amongst our passengers we had five hundred Italian patriots homeward bound to aid their country in her conflict with Turkey. It was on account of them that we had some excitement later on during that trip.

Serving the ship as wireless operator, I had the opportunity of picking up the news regarding the progress of the war, picking up messages from as far as Glenties, Ireland. My readers can imagine that those most concerned about the news were the Italians, and I had my hands full trying to satisfy their craving for news of the war.

Whenever the reports were favorable, they would prompt celebrations and dances which would eclipse our own Fourth of July.

Trans-Atlantic vessels bound for the Mediterranean make the Islands of Azores a port of call. These islands are owned by Portugal and are a distance of about one thousand miles from the Portuguese coast.

As the word Azores—meaning blue—indicates, the place has been properly named, for nowhere have I seen a more beautiful sky for background to the towering cliffs and rocks forming the islands.

There are no docks for a ship to land, and we had to anchor among the reefs. The few passengers that disembarked for that port were taken off in lighters handled by native Portuguese. As the vessel had no cargo to discharge we were soon on our way towards the mainland, bound for Gibraltar.

Approaching the port of Gibraltar we observe the beautifully rounded bay, with the city of Gibraltar, and a gradually sloping hill terminating in a huge rock—the rock of Gibraltar—as background.

The bay itself, with its breakwaters and moles, presents a lively picture. Here we see vessels of every description and nationality. The majestic and towering battle-ships of Great Britain lined up to the south remind us of the great power of that nation on the seas.

Then there are big ocean-going liners of many nationalities, some taking, some discharging, cargoes for or from different parts of the world. But every one of them we see surrounded by smaller crafts, handled by natives in picturesque costumes, who offer their wares, such as tropical fruits and souvenirs, to the passengers, accompanied by the ceaseless gibbering of which the Latin races are so well known.

Back of the bay is the city of Gibraltar, a mingle of the old Spanish and modern, up-to-date structures, adorned with vines and shady trees. It is a picture that lives long in one's memory.

Is there anyone who has not heard of the rock of Gibraltar? It is a magnificent sight. It is hard to describe. That side of the hill facing the city, and to the southwest, is formed of high terraces, rich in vegetation and picturesque to the onlooker.

But behind those terraces are built the forts of Gibraltar, with their long-range disappearing guns, commanding the sea for many miles, and even the coast of Morocco in North-west Africa, and it would be impossible for the navy of any nation not only to wage a successful battle but even to approach the stronghold of Gibraltar. And from the Mediterranean side? Well, from the peak of the rock there is a perpendicular drop of several hundred feet into the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea—one solid rock, on which there would be little use of wasting projectiles.

Well knew Great Britain what power the possession of that big rock would give her. She could without a doubt seal up the passage from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea so no vessel could enter or leave through that gate without England's permission, and it may play a very important part in the present war.

While our memories are still lingering with the beautiful sceneries presented by Gibraltar, our vessel is heading toward a new and not distant but equally interesting country, and that is Algiers, in North-west Africa.

Algiers is a French possession, a very nice and odd-appearing city situated on high hills and bluffs, with buildings of white rock and concrete visible for many miles at sea.

We were at Algiers for a day and a half, and I had the opportunity to observe its population, which is composed mostly of Arabian Turks. There are French and English colonies, which are separately located on the higher hills of the city overlooking the bay.

The natives make a very striking appearance, as their costume consist of dress resembling bloomers, which is, with the exception of the women, all that some of them wear.

The women, before marriage, are compelled to wear veils covering their faces, with the exception of the eyes. Therefore, the young men are not permitted to see the features of their future wives, and if she does not suit him he is then permitted to choose another.

Our vessel was coaling in this port, which for the lack of machinery was being done by native labor. The coal had to be carried in baskets which the natives carried on their heads. While working they would keep up a continuous yelling. They were treated very cruelly by their masters, fed only twice a day, their food consisting of bread in very small loaves and a bunch of grapes, which were thrown down to them into the coal barges, where they had to grapple catch-as-catch-can fashion, each for his own portion.

In the early morning of the second day a small Turkish man-o-war made her appearance in the harbor, seeking refuge from pursuing Italian battleships. The Arabian-Turkish inhabitants of Algiers, seeing their fighting craft damaged and in distress, expressed their grief by gathering along the waterfront and howling to the ground and giving vent to their feelings in mournful cries.

Seeing this, our aforementioned Italian passengers let their enthusiasm run to such a high degree that our commander thought safer to weigh anchor and proceed to our next port of call, which was Palermo, Italy.

Leaving Algiers, we soon entered the war zone and our officers were compelled to navigate cautiously in order to avoid encountering any Turkish war vessels. As wireless man, I received strict orders to record all stray signals and present them to the bridge immediately.

I had many exciting hours, receiving messages being transmitted in different languages, such as English, French, Italian, Turkish, German and Greek. Some of them I understood, but most of them I did not.

A great many of them were pertaining to the movements of the navies and armies of the hostile nations. Fortunately our passage to Palermo ended without a mishap.

Palermo, as the aforesaid visited ports, can be observed from a long distance at sea, being situated on high hills which are barren of vegetation, prominently showing some of the buildings, which look to be carved out of the rocks on the side of the hills.

It was in the afternoon that we steamed into port, just in time to see two large Italian transports laden with troops leaving for Tripoli. The entire city appeared to be in a state of excitement. The departure of the transports, as well as the arrival of our vessel bringing the Italians home to join their countrymen, in which they were not very long delayed, were being cheered and their national anthem was being sung.

Owing to the prevailing conditions which affected the harbor facilities, it was necessary to leave port as soon as possible. After touching at the ports of Naples and Messina for short periods of time, we proceeded for Patras, a prominent Greek port, where there are still visible traces of the civilization of the ancient Greeks. There were ruins of what were at one time magnificent palaces with high arches and colonades. Our place of landing was what is called the "Baptism of the Waters."

On leaving Patras, our course was now directed towards our final destination, which was Trieste, Austria. From now on we were actually in the territory of the warring nations. The country along the coast of which we were sailing is a very mountainous and barren looking country, with a reddish-tinged soil and rocks which had probably been thrown from some volcanic eruption in years gone by.

This country along the east side of the Adriatic Sea has a very interesting history, including many bloody battles fought between the Balkan States for the past century, and which is in the immediate vicinity where Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and Countess Chotek, his morganatic wife, were assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia, June 28, which incident is said to be the starting point of the great war that is now in progress between the great powers of Europe.

It was also in this territory and in the waters of Adriatic Sea where we met with a very exciting incident but which did not prove to be a fatal one. While on watch and keeping a close lookout for all messages of every nature being through the air, it was about 11 o'clock one night when I heard a very sharp-tuned wireless station calling "C. Q." which is wireless is a general call for any station. Upon hearing this call we are supposed to answer. The call letters with which he signed I

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(Continued on Page Four.)