

PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

Beautiful Madeira



Radio Towers Crown Funchal's Ancient Fort.

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CHANGING seasons do not touch Madeira, the beautiful Portuguese island on the fringe of the eastern Atlantic. Its velvety green mountains cleft by deep ravines, its terraced hillsides, brilliant with flowers and flowering vines are the same, summer and winter.

In December the peaks of the towering mountains, which rise like an amphitheater back of Funchal, chief city of Madeira, are sometimes tipped with snow; but all else is vividly green, with a riot of multi-colored blossoms on every terrace of this quaint old town, which climbs the hills above a sapphire sea.

Gardens are the striking feature of the Madeiran capital. They hang one above the other like balconies, radiant with flowers of many climates.

Most effective in winter are the flowering creepers—the deep magenta and brick-red bougainvilleas and the blazing orange bignonia, which form solid masses of color on the high walls. Flaming poinsettias and red, pink and white camellias grow as tall as trees. Clinging to the sheer face of the cliffs which border many of the gardens is a variety of aloe which thrusts out startling scarlet flower spikes above the blue sea.

Madeira is an oceanic Amazon whose height from her crown, on the summit of Pico Ruivo, to her base in the briny deep south of Funchal is nearly 20,000 feet. Only about one-third of this mountain queen is visible above water, her head and shoulders draped in a vivid emerald scarf.

The islands forming this archipelago, Madeira, Porto Santo, and two uninhabited groups, are of volcanic origin. Considering the depth of the surrounding sea, and the abysmal chasms which everywhere cleave Madeira's mountainous surface, it is evident that a vast period of time must have elapsed since the beginning of the countless eruptions which went toward the making of this island. Today no live craters exist in this group, as on the Canary and Cape Verde islands.

Much traditional lore is associated with the discovery of Madeira. Romans, Arabs, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, and Irish have all been credited as the first to glimpse the island. The most romantic of the legends concerns two English lovers of the Fourteenth century, Robert Machin

miles northeast of Funchal. Because of its forests the new land was named "Madeira," the Portuguese word for wood.

Sugar cane, introduced from Sicily, was responsible for Madeira's prosperity during the early years of its colonization. Negro and Moorish slaves were imported from Africa to work on the sugar plantations and to build roads and aqueducts. The stone irrigating canals, or "levadas," extending for miles down the steep mountain sides still render efficient service. Without them the lower regions would be waterless a large part of the year.

Madeira is a small island, little more than 30 miles in length and less than half this in width; but it is so mountainous, and so gashed by deep gorges and guarded by gigantic headlands, that access is difficult to certain of its sun-kissed coastal villages, cool, mist-enveloped uplands, and deep, fern-hung canyons. Motor busses, which connect the villages on the paved highways, have made a marked change in the manner of life and outlook of the country people.

Looking eastward from Funchal the horizon is broken by three purple islands: the lonely, uninhabited Desertas. In the center is Deserta Grande, with Bugio and Chao on either side. On Deserta Grande there are wild goats, rabbits and cats descended from animals brought long ago from Madeira. Colonies of sea birds frequent these shores; and in coastal caves the monk, or Mediterranean seal is still to be found.

A second uninhabited group of islands in the archipelago, three in number, the Salvages, lie more than 180 miles from Madeira, nearer the Canaries. In summer men sail to them to slaughter the shearwater, a sea bird which nests in large numbers on these low-lying islets. The flesh, dried and salted, is eaten by the poorer classes in Madeira; the fat and down are also utilized.

and Anna d'Arfet, who eloped from Bristol in a small craft and were blown southward to Madeira's eastern shore.

With the coming of the Fifteenth century history is on firmer ground. It is known that the Portuguese mariner, Zarco, sent out by Henry the Navigator, reached Porto Santo in 1419, then sailed across to a larger island, 23 miles away, braving a dark cloud which hung over it, an evil omen to the superstitious sailors of that day. The forbidding cloud proved to be vapor hanging over the mountains of a beautiful, densely wooded land. Zarco and his followers landed on the shore of a sheltered bay about 12

True Ghost Stories

By Famous People

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By WINNIE LIGHTNER
Actress

"SUDDEN gusts of wind are dreadful to me," confessed Winnie Lightner. "They bring to me the ghost of a man who was always fleeing from the wind, a man who one night, in the middle of a vaudeville skit, confessed to me that he was a murderer."

"From the day this man, who was called 'Sloe,' joined our company, gusts of wind seemed to sweep across the theater whenever our company played."

"This man had a habit of entering doors suddenly, as though he had come on a run—propelled by a power greater than himself—and of slamming doors behind him so that windows rattled."

"We always knew when he arrived through the stage entrance because of the slamming of doors and a rush of air which seemed to sweep across the stage and to rush down the halls and through the dressing rooms."

"He never left a door open behind him. It seemed that, almost without his help, doors slammed behind him. People in the company who crossed his path declared that he seemed always to walk in a wind; and that when he would rush away from them, they all agreed that the wind would seem to die away as if it followed him, and that, moreover, the sweet odor which seemed to fill the wind which followed him would die out, too."

"Every one around him grew to dread and fear his presence."

"One night, when he was to give one of the poor little lines against which I was to crack my silly little jokes and smart comment, I was suddenly terrified at his intensity."

"He was to say, 'You wouldn't go back on a chap like me, would you?'"

"Instead, a sudden swish of air filled with a strange unpleasantly sweet odor blew across the stage, he shuddered and, brandishing his arms before me, cried in terror-stricken tones:

"'You wouldn't go back on a murderer like me, would you?'"

"Then he flew off the stage with a great slamming of doors and the rattling of stage fixtures."

"I don't know what comments I made on the stage. I was completely baffled until a few hours later, when the police telephoned me to say that a man who worked in my company had killed himself, and that I should come to identify the body."

"Sloe had made a full confession. It seems he had killed his young wife in a sudden burst of fury over some trifle and had buried her in the garden of their small home on the outskirts of an Illinois town. He then fled. No one had missed them, because they were a strange couple, who made no friends."

"After his confession they found her grave. Across their little garden, police reported, was a wide row where the trees and the lilac bushes and the grass were pressed flat toward the east, as though a great and continuous wind had been blowing across that place for many days and nights."

"The thing that impressed me about his confession was the final sentence. It read: 'The wind blew all night.'"

"That's why I don't like to hear the wind at night. Can you blame me?"

BEDTIME STORY
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

DANNY HAS THE SHAKES

Of all the chills of which you hear
There's no chill like the chill of fear.

DANNY MEADOW MOUSE sighed with thankfulness and relief as he reached the other side of the Laughing Brook by way of the old log which had fallen across it, thus making a bridge. To be sure he was a long, long way from his snug little home, where Nanny Meadow Mouse was anxiously waiting for him, but at least he was on the right side of the Smil-



Crept to the Entrance and Peeped Out.

ing Pool and the Laughing Brook. He no longer needed to think of the Big Pickerel or of Snapper the Turtle. He had left Billy Mink Reddy Fox way back by the Smiling Pool, so he felt quite safe from them.

Of course when he should reach the edge of the Green Meadows and start across to his snug little home he would have to watch for Reddy or old Granny Fox, but just now he felt safe and it was a very good feeling indeed.

Being at last on the right side of the Laughing Brook, Danny felt that he had earned a rest, but having the wisdom of long experience he first looked for a place where he could rest in safety. Just a few

feet from the end of the log on which he crossed the Laughing Brook was another old log. At once Danny scampered over to it, for he long ago learned that old logs are quite likely to be hollow, and when they are they make the very finest retreats in all the Great World for timid little people who wish to keep out of sight.

Just as he hoped, this old log was hollow and the only entrance was through an old knot hole barely big enough for Danny to squeeze through. Making sure that no one else was there, Danny squeezed in and promptly forgot all his recent troubles and was happy, which fortunately is the way of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. If it were not they would know very little happiness.

In two minutes Danny was fast asleep. How long he slept he didn't know, but suddenly he was wide awake. He heard nothing, but he had a feeling of uneasiness. He crept to the entrance and peeped out. The moonlight lay full on the old log across the Laughing Brook and even as he looked a slim dark form leaped up on the farther end and began to run swiftly across with nose close to the old log.

It was Billy Mink, and Danny knew Billy's wonderful nose had found his scent somewhere on the other bank, and that it would lead Billy straight to the hollow log. And so it happened. It was scarcely a minute before Billy's nose was poked in at the knot hole and Billy took one long sniff. "Ah, ha," said Billy. "So this is where you are. Come out like a gentleman and be eaten."

Danny said nothing, but he began to shake as with the cold. It was the chill of fear. He was trapped.

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Rumania's History
Rumania's history began as a Roman colony.



Y is Yolande, eating some bread;
With sweet golden butter and jelly it's spread.

Find two other diners. Right side down, along bottom of dress; top side down, along arm and hair.