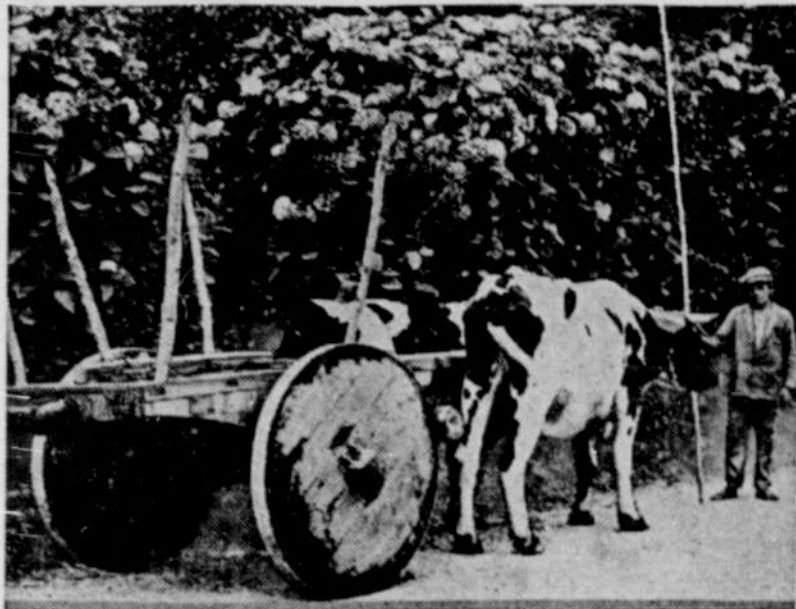


PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

THE AZORES



Modern Wheels Sing a Discordant Note in Rural Azores.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

LITTLE more than 1,000 statute miles from European mainland and about 1,300 miles from Newfoundland, in latitude a little north of Lisbon, a little south of New York, lies the most westerly of the nine Azorian islands.

Fast steamers from New York reach Ponta Delgada, metropolis of the Azores, in five and a half days. Seaplanes have flown across from Newfoundland between dawn and dusk. Three hospitable harbors in this friendly archipelago await the coming of commercial seaplanes, which will form another link between the New world and the Old.

Closely allied as they are with Portugal, of which they form an integral part politically, these fertile green islands, with their lush pastures and mist-wreathed mountains, long ago turned their faces toward the West, sending their frugal, industrial sons to the United States, where, before 1929, there was probably one Azorian to every two left at home. Most of them are found in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and California.

More than once on the streets of Azorian towns, a traveler is approached by a stranger who doffs his hat and politely inquires: "You are an American?"

When you assent, your new acquaintance informs you he voted in New England or California, but was born in the Azores; was "back home to see the old folks," or "here until times are better in the States."

From a rounded hilltop back of a rainbow-tinted town, one looks past oblong fields bordered by high stone walls of dark-gray lava to tiled-roofed, many-windowed buildings stretching between gardens and

IN PRACTICE



She—Aren't you afraid of sharks? He—No, indeed! I used to be in real estate myself.

parks along the curving coast. All about is the trilling, piping, and fluting of birds. In the fields bare-foot men sing as they toil.

Portugal's "Islands Adjacent."

In the Fifteenth century, the valiant ocean-mapping Portuguese colonized these islands and, save for 60 years of Spanish rule, have governed them ever since.

The islands, of volcanic origin, stretch for about 375 miles from northwest to southwest, in three severed groups with clear channels between. Corvo, smallest and by far the most primitive, lies farthest north; Flores, beautiful and well watered farthest west.

To the southeast, across a tempestuous stretch of sea, is the central group; Fayal, seat of the ocean conical mountain; Sao Jorge, with its rich pastures, exporting excellent cheese; Graciosa, with "more wine than water"; Terceira, most interesting historically, preserver of old customs.

Another wide channel and the traveler reaches Sao Miguel, which the British and Americans call St. Michael's, largest and most important of the group, with Ponta Delgada, chief city of the archipelago; and, again to the south, Santa Maria, first to be discovered and colonized.

"Islands adjacent" is Portugal's official designation of Madeira and the Azores, the last named, as one wit has remarked, being adjacent only to one another. In Portuguese the name is Acores, which signifies "hawks."

The wide expanse of ocean on every side and the force of the encompassing winds tend to give the newcomer a feeling of isolation. This lessens as the weeks pass, in spite of the provoking sight of many big ocean liners, which steam past the Azorian capital with only the blast of the siren as a nod of recognition.

Portuguese mail boats, leaving Lisbon twice each month, come by way of Funchal, Madeira, and reach Ponta Delgada in four days. One of these ships goes only as far north as Fayal; the other goes beyond Fayal to Flores, touching six times a year at lonely, storm-harassed little Corvo. The round trip from Ponta Delgada to the northern islands can be made in one week.

Motor boats and sailing vessels also ply, when weather permits, between insular ports.

Independent of the World.

There is a fruit and passenger line of small ships, with semi-monthly service between Ponta Delgada, London, and Hamburg. Italian, French, and Greek transatlantic liners stop at the Azorian capital. Ponta Delgada and Horta, with their adequate artificial breakwaters, are havens for ships in need of fuel, provisions, or repairs. Cruising ships crossing the North

Atlantic now and then include the Azores on their itinerary.

To the quarter of a million Azorians their temperate, agriculturally productive archipelago is a complete little world in itself. For their food supply these islanders are practically independent of lands beyond. They produce their own cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. They make sugar from the beet, spirits from the sweet potato, press their own grapes into wine, "roll their own" tobacco, "curl their own" tea. Their seas abound in fish.

Their buildings are constructed from the volcanic basalt of the islands. Furniture is made from native woods. They manufacture linen from home-grown flax and woolen garments from sheep's wool. Luxuries are imported, chiefly from the Portuguese mainland; but should every ship sailing these seas fall to call at the "Western Islands," the Azorians could survive.

Ponta Delgada's religious festival in honor of Santo Cristo dos Milagres (Our Lord of the Miracle), is one of the Azores' most striking feasts to tourists. The devout worship an image called locally "Sant' Crist'." This image, revered for nearly 400 years, is remarkable for the number of precious stones with which it is adorned. When a native of Sao Miguel prospers in the New world, a portion of his first savings is usually sent to his beloved Sant' Chris'.

The festival begins on a Thursday with the arrival in town of farmers bringing 50 head of cattle to be slaughtered as meat for the poor. Banners wave; rockets shoot skyward in broad daylight; a band plays.

Worship With Skyrockets.

On the following day the meat, with bread, is blessed and distributed. On Saturday the sacred image is conveyed with ceremony from its home in an old convent to the Church of Esperanca (hope), next door. That night thousands kneel before it. Not only from the rural district of Sao Miguel, but from the neighboring island of Santa Maria, worshippers flock to the capital.

The facade of the church glows with electric lights, adjacent buildings on the public square are illuminated, and a line of flaming arches stretches across the streets. There is a band concert, with fireworks and rockets, the latter being closely associated with religious ceremonies in all Portuguese lands.

On Sunday afternoon comes the procession, when the image, accompanied by the clergy and hundreds of laymen, is conveyed through the city and back to the convent. Men and women of distinction, of the middle class, of the peasantry, all participate. Embroidered hangings drape balconies. The streets are strewn with incense (Pittosporum) leaves, aromatic fennel, and fresh blossoms. All kneel as the image, under its canopy of native-made feather flowers, is borne past.

One is disappointed that so few old native costumes are to be seen on the streets during those festival days, but glad that one, at least, still survives. It is the capote e capello, distinctly Azorian, the woman's long, dark-blue cloth cape, circular in shape, with a large hood of the same material, resembling a coal scuttle. It is amusing to see two capotes stopping for a friendly gossip. The scuttlers meet and only gesticulating hands are visible.

The shrouding of the woman's head and shoulders is a relic of centuries of Moorish rule on the Iberian peninsula. This particular garment may be of Flemish origin, brought by early colonists from Flanders. Some Azorians believe it owes its being to the period when these islands were ruled by Spain.

The hood is not always the same, being larger on the islands of Santa Maria and Sao Jorge, more stiffening with buckram and whalebone in Fayal. The young moderns scorn

Bedtime Story by Thornton W. Burgess



LIGHTFOOT WATCHES AND WAITS

THERE had been a great change in Lightfoot the Deer. Peter Rabbit had noticed it. Sammy Jay had noticed it. So had Blacky the Crow. All three of them understood it. They understood it perfectly. They knew that Lightfoot was watching and waiting for the day which would bring into the Green Forest the hunters with terrible guns seeking to kill him.

As long as the leaves had remained green Lightfoot had wan-

other creature. He didn't seem at all the same animal. It was rarely that he moved about much until after the Black Shadows had crept out from the Purple Hills. It was then that he fed and visited his favorite drinking place at the Laughing Brook. But from the time the first Jolly Little Sunbeam came creeping through the Green Forest at the beginning of day until the Black Shadows chased them out at the beginning of night, Lightfoot remained hidden in thickets or behind tangles of fallen trees in the depths of the Green Forest.

Sometimes he would lie for hours in his hiding place. Sometimes he would stand motionless for the longest time, his big ears cocked forward to catch every little sound, his great, soft eyes watching for the least little movement among the trees, his delicate nose testing every Merry Little Breeze that came his way for the dreaded scent of man.

When he moved about he took the greatest care to move silently. Every few steps he stopped to look, listen and test the air. The snapping of a twig would set him to trembling with fear and suspicion.



Peter Rabbit Had Noticed It.

dered about where he pleased, careless of who saw him. He had even visited Farmer Brown's garden in broad daylight. He had joined Farmer Brown's cows in the Old Pasture and grazed with them contentedly. He had been free of fear. But now Lightfoot was like an-

it; but, conservative, convenient, protective, and long-lived, it is still worn by some of the older women, especially for early mass. If the wearer happens to see somebody on the street whom she wishes to avoid, presto! the hood is pulled farther forward and she is within her own fortress.

Lightfoot was watching and waiting for the coming of the most dreadful thing that can come into the lives of the people of the Green Forest, the coming of the hunters with terrible guns. Sometimes he wished they would come. It would be easier to know what to do. Nothing, you know, is harder than watching and waiting as Lightfoot was doing. He lost his appetite. He could no longer sleep peacefully, but continually awoke with fright. Each day he became more anxious. No sooner was one day ended than he would begin to dread the coming of another day. It was very beautiful in the Green Forest, but Lightfoot saw none of the beauty. Fear destroyed all beauty for Lightfoot.

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PUDDIN' an' PIE

by JIMMY GARTHWAITE

LUCKY DUCKS



I LOVE to see ducks
On a summery day
Go scuttering down to the pond.

They stretch out their necks
As they scutter away
To the water of which they're so fond.

They never wear stockings
And never wear shoes—
They have nothing whatever to do.

I think after all
That if I could choose
I'd as soon be a duck, wouldn't you?

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