

Sao Miguel



Wine Barrels Are Carried Under the Carts.

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

SAO MIGUEL of the Azores islands is turning from oranges to pineapples as its chief source of wealth. Excellent oranges are still grown, but since the island lost the British market a few years ago, pineapple culture has occupied agriculturists.

Native of Sao Miguel hope to develop their island into an "Isle of Pine" which will provide a good part of Europe with practically all its fresh supply of pineapples.

An Englishman, a skilled horticulturist, arrived at Sao Miguel more than eighty years ago to lay out the famous Jose do Canto gardens. It was he who brought the first pineapples to his employer's house. Twenty years later the fruit was shipped to England, each pine in its pot selling for two guineas. England and Germany are now the chief consumers of Azorian pine, France and continental Portugal following.

The plant, which is here of the smooth-leaved Cayenne variety, is grown under glass, special beds of fermenting heath or some other mountain shrub being provided. All the plants are brought to blossom at the same time by a process of smoking, the value of which was accidentally discovered many years ago when a carpenter, working in one of the pineapple houses, chanced to set fire to a pile of shavings. To the surprise of the grower, the plants, instead of being spoiled, burst into flower. By this method practically all the plants in a hot-house can be marketed at the same time, many months earlier than formerly.

Little glass houses shimmer on central slopes in various sections of Sao Miguel, the exclusive producer of pineapples in this archipelago. Wrapped in cellophane or packed in excelsior and crated, the fruit is shipped to the European market by a fleet of three vessels owned by the growers. In 1934 about 2,000,000 pines, worth half a million dollars, were exported.

Tea, Too, Is Grown There.

Another exotic industry on this island is the production of black and green tea, which here retains its original name, "cha." Ever since discovered the sea route to India and planted their settlements as far as Macao (Macau), on the coast of China, the Portuguese have been a tea-drinking nation.

There is an old belief that tea is better if it has not crossed the sea. Whether this is true or not, Azorian tea tastes to some much like the far eastern variety on its native soil. It is consumed locally and shipped to other parts of Portugal.

A number of Chinese were originally imported as instructors in the tea culture, but now only native labor, chiefly female, is employed. The plantations dot the hillsides on the southern side of the island, which has greater moisture than the south coast. The stiff little evergreen shrubs stand in precise rows, very foreign in appearance, contrasting strangely with the familiar European flora about them.

A motor road parallels the coast of Sao Miguel, with connecting cross-roads, enabling the traveler to see much of beauty and interest, even in

one day ashore, including trips to the two largest volcano craters.

On the country roads are slow-swaying bullock carts, with woven-willow bodies filled with heath for the pineapple houses. Some are of archaic pattern, with solid wheels of the Roman type, their approach heralded by a complaining, creaking "song."

Sao Miguel has a deliciously green and restful countryside. Checker-board fields, brown and green, alternate with woods filled with song-birds. These islands, like those of the Madeira and Canary groups, are the habitat of the wild canary of greenish-gray hue. Its glad note is one of the pleasantest features of the Azores, where it seems to be more generous and more vocal than on the islands farther south.

Near every stone cottage stands a corn rick where brownish maize in the husk is hung to dry. It forms the staple cereal crop of the islands. Fava beans (broad beans) and yams are grown and are leading articles of export.

In the Crater of a Volcano.

Skirting pine-clad cliffs, a road climbs to a misty, heather-clad tableland; then descends into Furnas valley, shut in by towering green walls. Were it not for the puffs of steam ascending from its many boiling sulphur springs, it would be difficult to believe that this peaceful vale is the crater of a mighty volcano which more than once poured out its molten lava and which still speaks through vents in the hot sulphur-stained crust around the springs.

It is a beautiful picture from the heights, this quiet, sheltered valley with its long, narrow village meandering like a stream through woods and meadows. The lake, on a raised platform of the crater, lies some distance from the settlement, which is a favorite summer resort.

Prescott, the famed historian, came to Furnas as a young man to visit at the summer home of his grandfather, first American consular officer in Sao Miguel, who was appointed in 1795 by President Washington.

Furnas has a thermal establishment, where sulphur and iron baths are available. Near-by fountains supply various kinds of mineral water, the place being noted for the diversity of its waters and the proximity of hot and cold springs.

One deep, cavellike caldron, belching forth boiling mud and steam, is called "The Mouth of Hell." Its evil appearance and the strong smell of sulphur give the impression that this is really an entrance to the abode of His Satanic Majesty.

Stately manorial houses, erected centuries ago, are to be seen throughout Sao Miguel, usually set on the heights. One such house, built in 1724, is a delightfully romantic old place. The big stone-paved kitchen has a chimney-place which is a room in itself. Standing in it, beside the huge brick hearth, one can look up the wide chimney, which towers above the house, to a patch of blue sky. Such chimneys are a distinctive feature of Azorian houses.

Life of the Inhabitants.

The upper class of Ponta Delgada leads a pleasant life, quiet as compared with the stress of American

cities. There is a social club where dancing is a favorite pastime; a coliseum seating 2,000; a sports field for football, tennis, croquet, and handball; a baseball park; and an open-air sea pool built in the rocks by the shore.

There are motion pictures twice a week, chiefly from Hollywood. American influence is apparent in the English spoken throughout the Azores. There seems to be a genuine liking for the United States. The Stars and Stripes are in evidence at every festival. During the World war, Ponta Delgada was an American naval base.

Economically self-contained, the Micaelenses are no less independent when it comes to their social pleasures. In their amateur shows the scenery is apt to be painted locally, the costumes made in the homes of the young men and women who participate. In their singing, dancing, and acting these young people exhibit amazing talent and poise.

The young folks mingle in crowds, but there is here no such free and easy companionship among them as exists in the United States. The chaperon is still in vogue and "balcony courtship" is carried on with its own prescribed etiquette, the girl leaning over the second-story balcony to talk with her admirer on the street below.

The finest sight on the island is the crater of Sete Cidades (Seven Cities). The view from the rim is magnificent. The cup-shaped crater is nearly ten miles in circumference and holds, besides a lake with a hamlet on its shore, pastures and cultivated fields and three volcanic cones due to subsequent eruptions.

Owing to varying depths and deposits, the lake, shaped like the figure 8, and sometimes spoken of as two lakes, is vividly green at one end, brilliantly blue at the other.

The Lindberghs, on their aerial odyssey from Greenland's icy mountains to the steaming jungles of the Amazon, swooped down over this secluded lake.

There are many among the poor of the Azores who have suffered since money orders have ceased to arrive from Manoel or Antonio, who formerly prospered in Providence or New Bedford. The Azorian assets are a stout heart, a willing hand, a productive soil, and a climate which, though damp and rainy six months of the year, is without extremes of temperature.

Wages are low, but food is cheap. The main diet of the peasant consists of soup of cabbages, beans and potatoes, white cornbread, and fish. Pork and beef are only for special occasions, such as religious holidays. In the Ponta Delgada market 60 small fish sell for two and a half cents; a pound of green peas for less than two cents. A fresh live lobster, which is only for the well-to-do, costs 25 cents.

My Neighbor

▼ ▼ Says: ▼ ▼

Place supports around peonies now and get stakes ready for perennials.

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Prune whip may be made by simply beating cooked and stoned prunes into whipped cream. First whip cream, then whip prunes into it.

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White felt hats may be easily cleaned with a paste made of arrow-root and magnesia. Allow it to stand until dry, then brush off.

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Once a week during the summer, garbage pails should be scalded with hot soda water and allowed to dry thoroughly in the sun.

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One teaspoon of onion juice or half a sliced raw onion added to mashed potatoes gives them a different flavor.

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To prevent clothes slipping off enameled hangers place a large rubber-tipped tack at each end of hanger.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

WHO WANTS TO BE A TOAD?

"D EAR Jean Newton: "I must talk to someone this moment or burst. So I am writing to you. That won't get me into trouble anyway.

"Can you enlighten me on just one of the inequalities of this world of which I happen to be a victim but which I believe is one of the great universal jokes? That is the unequal distribution of responsibility. Why are some of us selected to be packhorses—when others with just as broad shoulders (or more) get away with having a good time. Why are some of us always prevented from doing the things we want to do by a duty to someone else, why do we have to spend our lives trying to keep our heads above the water of work, worry and responsibility—for others? Is there any reason other than that we stand for it—that is we want more not to let others down than we want what we want for ourselves?"

"I think, dear reader, that you have struck your own answer. There are some of us who care less about the things we should like, than we do about keeping face with ourselves—and that means not letting

others down. But I think you're wrong about others going free who have just as "broad shoulders." I believe it is part of the balanced scheme of nature to give the loads to those who can bear them, and who in bearing become still stronger. You know a broad shoulder may conceal a weak spine. And that's what counts.

And, come to think of it, it's fun, isn't it? Though there may be times—such as you experienced when writing your letter—when it seems too much, when you are tempted to rebel, it really suits us of the broad shoulders and staunch spine to carry the loads. I am reminded of a little poem by Edgar Guest called "The Happy Toad." Here is a part of it:

I have no dreams I can't fulfill;
I owe no other toad a bill;
In slimy places I abide,
But with them I am satisfied.
I have no taxes, no beliefs,
No cares, ambitions, hopes or griefs;
No clothes to buy, no cash to lose,
No tools that I must learn to use.
I sing no dirges, tell no jokes.
I'm just a jumping toad who croaks.
Contented, placid, happy I
Shall be until the day I die.
"Yet (says Edgar Guest) as I trudged
along the road,
"I thought, 'Who wants to be a
toad?'"

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BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BILLY MINK FINDS A TRAP

FOR two days Billy Mink saw nothing more of the man who had made him suspicious. But this didn't make Billy feel any easier in his mind. He had a feeling that the man had visited the Laughing Brook for no good purpose. He had a feeling that that visit had something to do with himself. So Billy became more watchful than ever and traveled up and down the length of the Laughing Brook more often than ever, trying with his eyes and nose to find out just what that man had been about.

The third day after that first visit the man came again. Billy saw him almost as soon as he reached the Laughing Brook, but not quite. The man had come down the Laughing Brook a little way before Billy discovered him. Just as he had done the first time, Billy followed the man down the Laughing Brook. Just as before, the man seemed to be looking for something. Billy watched him until finally he tramped off through the Green Forest. Then Billy turned and hurried back to the place where he had first seen the man that morning.

"He didn't do anything while I watched him but poke about and seem to be looking for something," muttered Billy. "I wonder if he did anything else before I discovered him. I think I'll look to see that everything is all right up the Laughing Brook."

So Billy went up the Laughing Brook above the place where he had first seen the man that morning. He crossed back and forth from one bank to the other and he examined every stick and log and hole as he went along. Being suspicious, he took the greatest care not to step anywhere until he had first looked to make sure that he was safe.

His nose told him just where the man had been, but for some time he found nothing suspicious. Everything was just as it should be. Nevertheless, Billy was filled with uneasiness. He couldn't get rid of a feeling that something was wrong somewhere. Presently he came to

a hole in the bank, a little hole with which he was very familiar. From that hole came the most appetizing smell. Now Billy was hungry. He had spent so much time following that strange man that he had had no chance to eat for some time.

The smell from the hole was of fish. That fish was in the back of the hole. There was no doubt about



He Crossed Back and Forth From One Bank to Another.

that. All Billy had to do was to go in and get it, and that is what he was tempted to do. Then in a flash a thought came to him. There never had been a fish in there before, and why should there be now? With the greatest care Billy began to examine everything around that hole. In the water just at the entrance to that hole were some dead leaves held down by a little bit of mud. Billy didn't remember ever seeing those leaves before. Very cautiously he reached out and lifted them. Underneath was a trap.

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Canary Singing Tourist; Takes a 14,400 Mile Trip

Fremont, Neb.—Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Morehead had nothing but praise for their canary as a traveling companion after their return from a 14,400-mile motor tour. The bird, they reported, sang all the way and even entertained guests at restaurants where they stopped.