

"GIB" and MALTA



A Street in Valetta.

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GIBRALTAR, western gateway to the Mediterranean, and Malta, the mid-Mediterranean sentinel, both British-owned, have been brought into the news spotlight because of the Italo-Ethiopian political situation.

The fortified rock of Gibraltar, long the symbol of strength, rears its lofty summit above the north bank of the 14-mile-wide Strait of Gibraltar. It is known to every school child; yet there is, at its base, a city named for the rock, that is, perhaps, known to but few.

Gibraltar is a British city if the traveler confines his observations to British soldiers who are everywhere, British "Bobbies" who appear as if they had just emerged from a London police station, British flags that top the masts of municipal and government buildings, and British warships and commercial vessels that outnumber all others anchored in the harbor.

But a glance at the street crowds and the city's buildings reveals a strange mixture. Most Gibraltar buildings are Spanish in design. Its narrow streets are crowded with bustling throngs from many parts of the world. Scotchmen in kilts brush past turbaned Moors from the other side of the strait; Spaniards from Madrid, Malaga, and Cadix mingle with sturdy Greeks; ruddy-skinned Hindus and Egyptian-Jewish Levantine Jews in galaberdines; and dusky Senegalese negroes rub elbows with Chinese from Canton. And weaving in and out of the human mass are hundreds of foreign seamen from boats that come to Gibraltar for fuel, trade, and repairs. The mixture of races has become even more noticeable in recent years since Gibraltar has increased in popularity as a pleasure resort for European and American vacationists.

The shops also present an international aspect. On their shelves the traveler finds carved ivory ornaments from Ceylon and the African east coast, trinkets from the cramped factories that line the narrow streets of Fochow, China, objects of carved oak from Manchester and New York. Baghdad, Samarkand, Baltimore, and Timbuktu also are represented in the display of merchandise.

Town Climbs the Rock.
The town begins at the shore of the broad bay and rises 250 feet up the north side of the rock. Long flights of steps lead to the upper portion of the town, making wheeled traffic impossible on many streets. The Mediterranean, or south side of the rock, is almost a sheer cliff. Fishermen have built, however, small villages in the few recesses which are reached by narrow paths.

Between Spain and the British territory is a narrow strip of land called the neutral zone where travelers get the best land view of the rock. The giant mass of stone was one of the Pillars of Hercules of ancient times. The rock's highest point is more than twice the height of the Washington monument or about 100 feet higher than the Moors' tallest building. Since the Moors first occupied Gibraltar centuries ago, its face has frequently undergone "treatment." A fortified castle still stands in one of its recesses, sharply contrasting with the more modern British ramparts. Tunnels have been bored, paths dynamited and in places its rough "countenance" has been given an application of cement upon which rainwater is caught and drained into reservoirs of the town. In natural caves in the rock live the famous Gibraltar

monkeys, probably the only monkeys in Europe that were not brought there by men in modern times. The animals are protected by law and are fed by the British army.

The city took its name from the rock, which was called Mount Ahyia or Apes Hill in ancient times. It was once owned by the Phoenicians and fell, in turn, to the Carthaginians, Romans and Visigoths.

In the Eighth century the Moorish chief, Tarik-Ibn-Zeyad, landed on the rock and called it Gibr-Tarik or Mountain of Tarik, of which "Gibraltar" is a corruption.

The Moors had held Gibraltar for six centuries when in 1309 the Spaniards seized it, but 24 years later the Moslems regained possession. It became Spanish territory again in 1462. The British have held the rock since 1704 when they defeated a combined Spanish and French fleet. Since the British have had frequent wars over Gibraltar's possession. One Spanish siege lasted four years (1770-1783).

Malta a Strong Base.
For more than a century Malta has sheltered powerful British warships guarding sea lanes to Mediterranean ports, and, in more recent years, to India, Australia, and the Far East via the Suez canal. Now it is a strong aerial base as well.

Malta deserves attention, however, for other than military or strategic reasons. On the little island an ancient race still lives and speaks an otherwise extinct tongue. Recently Great Britain suspended Malta's constitution to combat a movement to turn Malta to the Italian language in preference to English or the islander's own unique speech.

Planted by fate at a strategic point on one of the world's great marine highways, this drab piece of land, less than a hundred square miles in area, has been called to fill an important role in the history of the world.

Malta and its satellite islands were once linked to Africa and Europe by a land bridge. With the sinking of this link, the islands were left standing like sentinels between the eastern and western basins of the Mediterranean, 53 miles from Sicily and 180 miles from Africa.

Maltese a Race Alone.
But though always under a foreign flag, the Maltese retained their racial identity. Handsome, good-humored, and sturdy, they are believed to be remnants of the great Mediterranean race which peopled the shores of this storied sea long before the rise of Greece and Rome.

Their present speech is derived from the language of the Phoenicians, whose ships more than 3,000 years ago floated in Malta's harbors as do the British men-of-war today. Among the upper classes and the younger generation it is being replaced by English and Italian.

Weaving a pattern of mystery over the island are deep parallel lines in the solid rock, believed to be the tracks of ancient cart wheels. Some plunge beneath an arm of the sea and reappear on the other side—testimony to the comings and goings of a people who dwelt here before the land assumed its present shape. Neolithic temples also have been found.

Porters Who Shoulder Burden of Half a Ton

To become a porter in the Central Markets of Paris one must pass drastic weight-carrying tests. One such is to walk the whole length of the market carrying at least 400 pounds on the back. Would-be porters must show also that they are capable of carrying, for a shorter distance, half an ox, weighing about 500 pounds. The knack of balancing various kinds of burdens has to be painstakingly acquired. Several of the star porters can carry 600 pounds—more than a quarter of a ton. Standing still, some of them can hold across their shoulders a burden of half a ton.—Pearson's Weekly.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SITS ON A TUFFET...
AND SAYS "I WANT NO WHEY!"
I'VE GOT MY TUMS
IF SOUR STOMACH COMES...
I'LL EAT MY FILL, TODAY!

"YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN" SO... CARRY... TUMS

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These mint flavored candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly in accordance with the directions on the bottle or tin, then swallowed, they correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source and at the same time enable quick, complete, pleasant elimination.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48 wafers, at 35¢ and 60¢ respectively, or in convenient tin containing 12 at 20¢. Each wafer is approximately an adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores carry them. Start using these delicious, effective wafers today.

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of the broiling. He handed one of them to Mr. Ramill.
The millionaire lifted his head, not to take a gingerly nibble at his hot meat. His heavy face brightened with a surprised smile. He smacked his lips and bit off a large mouthful. At the sound, his daughter jerked around. Garth was sitting into the other piece of liver.
The girl cried out her indignation: "You greedy pig! Where's my piece?"
Garth pointed to the moosehide. "Help yourself."
He met her furious look with cool indifference, and went on eating. Unable to blast him, she turned to her father.
"I'll take yours, Dad. You've had two bites. It will not take you long to cook another piece. Make it three."

At that, Garth swung around between father and daughter.
"Mr. Ramill, we'll settle this right now. You said you'd leave her to me. I cooked that meat for you. She will cook her own meat, or go without."
The older man sat for several moments considering the matter. He then raised his piece of meat and resumed his meal. Lillith Ramill stared at him, her eyes wide.
"My own father! But wait till Vivian comes back!"
He winced. Garth ignored her.
"Better lie down and rest, sir. You've done enough for a while. I'm going to get you into hard training as soon as possible. But we must not overdo it at the start. Might mean a breakdown."

"I am tired, boy—and hungry as a shark. Could eat all the rest of that liver."
"Not now. You'll rest, do some work, and then get another slice. Call this valley one of those physical culture sanitariums where the tired business man is worked and dieted back into fit condition."
"I have yet to agree to such training, Garth."

"Take your choice. If you refuse, I give you my word you'll never reach the Mackenzie. I might back-pack you in some places; you don't weigh much over two hundred. Happens, though, I'm not a donkey. You'll go on your own feet."
"Very well. Put me on them."
Obedient to directions, the big man stretched out flat upon the sun-warmed rock. Garth turned about to pull the moosehide and what was upon it into the shade of a birch.

Miss Ramill thrust in front of him and seized his knife. She slashed at the liver. The blade was razor-sharp. Her angry stroke not only cut through the liver, it slit the moosehide as well.
Garth said nothing. Enough for him that hunger had humbled the girl's pride. She had learned her first lesson. Long hours had passed since her flincky breakfasting on wine and delicatessen in the cabin of the monoplane, far over on the Mackenzie. She was fairly ravenous.

Her rouged lips twisted with anticipation as she held the split piece of liver close upon the coals of the low-burnt fire. Well satisfied, Garth flung the remaining liver, the tongue and muffs under the cache platform.
Miss Ramill's only thought had been for her food. She did not think to put fresh fuel on the cook-fire. When it died down to embers, she jerked the partly burnt, inwardly rare slice of liver from the charred willow spit. There was now no flincky fastidiousness about her eating. She thrust off her headnet and sank her teeth into the piece of liver with the gusto of a hungry boy. Bite followed bite in rapid succession.

CHAPTER IV
The Whip Hand.
THE girl licked her fingers and turned to stare covetously at the pieces of moose dangling in the smudge-fire smoke. She spoke to Garth almost civilly:
"I've no need to rest, like Dad. Do I have to wait for another piece?"
"Certainly not. But you've let the cook-fire go out! Keep this one going, and you can use it. Better cut another split. Mind the knife edge, if you don't want to lose a finger."

She showed she could be deft enough when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncut second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from the near edge of the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze.
Garth had at once begun to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat, when Huxby came striding between the spruces.

The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his mid-body down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog slime from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve.
Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite welts and the bleeding wounds of deer-fly stings. The skin had already begun to stiff and discolor.

At sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the

most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crased violence.
Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking, and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his daze. He sat erect to stare at Huxby.
"My G—d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home!"
"Those d—d pests," Huxby cursed. "Left my headnet. Hey, you airplane thief, fetch me a drink, jump lively!"
Garth lifted his rifle. "Put up your hands. No, don't reach for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them there while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of you threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew



Garth Lifted His Rifle. "Put Up Your Hands."

the automatic pistol from its high-slung sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth.
"Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly madness. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."
For the first time since Garth had met Lillith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiancé.

"It's good, Vivian. Try it. You must be famished."
Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind.
"Why, Lillith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious!" He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth."
"I'll soon cook more. There's plenty."

Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for us, sir. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."
He laid a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill.

Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad.

But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed.
"You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whisky, either."
Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket.
"All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."
Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskeg swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?"
Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outwit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?"
The ruddy face of the millionaire purpled. "What is the connection?"
"Nothing insidious," Garth assured him. "I had in mind only the fun of the game."

"So? Well, young man, it has already been admitted that you've so far taken all the tricks. I gave you credit for more sense, however, than you showed when you cast loose the plane. You had no need to walk up like a dupe and permit Vivian to get the drop on you. Easy enough for you to've come out of cover with your rifle up. Don't tell me you'd rather travel afoot to the Mackenzie than fly out in a plane."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS

Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airway emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith, and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly worthless. Lillith Ramill, product of the jazz age, disdainfully shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the plane's motor. Huxby and Lillith taunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone changes when they see to start the crippled plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Huxby manages to set the monoplane and the current carries it over the falls. He points out to the stranded trio that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Where the spring rill came burbling over ledges down to the rocky shore, he halted in a small clearing. Here had been his camp on his previous visit to the valley. Ten feet up the branch-trimmed trunk of a four closely grouped birch trees, a tattered moosehide hung over the top of a pole platform.

With the two skins and all the ashore, he took a dip in a pool and washed his back. As he sloshed out of the water in the wet garments, he saw Miss Ramill staring through the bushes at the eight big legs, and hooked them, on the stubs of her limbs. Her gaze looked from the other raw moose acts that were piled on one of the logs. She turned from them with a sickening mess!

"What a sickening mess! You started a packing plant?"
"Packing is just about to be repelled. "Are you too to carry this rolled skin?"
"Lighter one."
"Filly thing? You may be, I'm not so feeble-minded as such any of your butcher mess." "Very well. Only remember, it's your choice, sister."

She bagged the contents of the cache, slung it on his back, and up his rifle, and headed for the girl looked from him. "Folded moose cow hide, head-net, and angry, and followed, hand."

He still some distance from the falls, he whiffed a tang of wood. He quickened his step. It him a pleasant surprise. After the girl seemed to have given at least partly. He turned to with a friendly look. She met with a scornful smile.

They came to the opening where he trimmed a pair of green willow splits, opened the moosehide,

Splash That Followed Told Him a Moose Had Caught His Tent.

cut two slices of liver. He put a slice on each spit, and started to grill them over the coals. With look of disgust, Miss Ramill turned her back and sat down on the rill bank.
"Therefore long the broiling liver began to send out an appetizing odor. The girl's nose went up for an involuntary sniff. Garth met the look of her father, and allowed his left eyelid to flutter slightly. Another turn of the spit completed