



THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



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BY SAIL ACROSS EUROPE

BY MERLIN MINSHALL

MORE than eleven hundred years ago, in the reign of the Emperor Charlemagne, the plan was first evolved of making a canal that would link the two great rivers of Europe, the Rhine and the Danube. Technical troubles were encountered, and it was almost the middle of the nineteenth century before the canal was finished. That was in the reign of Ludwig I, King of Bavaria, so in honor of him it was called the Ludwigs Canal.

However, the canal never became the economic and strategic factor that was intended. It was far too shallow; the locks were too small. Its eastern and western outlets were not easily navigable at any season. And it came into being at the wrong time—a time when the railways had just about monopolized all the profitable trade (page 550).

What might have become a key waterway of Europe almost immediately fell into disuse. Thus a canal that makes possible a fresh-water journey across the Continent, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, today is almost unknown (map, pages 536-7).

A HONEYMOON BY SAIL

In January, 1932, I was planning a sailing honeymoon. I already had the boat, a 10-ton Dutch cutter called *Hawke*, famous many years before as the fastest *boeier* (pleasure boat) of its class in Holland. For inland sailing it would have been almost impossible to find a more suitable craft. A Dutch *boeier* is in many ways remarkable. It sails extremely fast, in spite of its bluff bows and broad beam, and as close to the wind as anything else of its size. Its draft

is around three feet, its accommodation is enormous (page 534).

Hawke was only 27 feet on the water line, yet four could sleep aboard comfortably, and when we finally set off we carried a full-size bath, a cooking range, fireplaces, refrigerator, storage for about a month's supplies, clothes for a year, an extensive library, and a large white bull terrier. And we weren't crowded!

As auxiliary to her thousand square feet of sail she had a small motor that gave us about three and a half knots in still water.

At first "Crew" and I were not quite decided where to go. Through the Netherlands and up to Copenhagen, or down through France to the Riviera? Then, one day Crew came across a queer little book published in 1853, full of early Victorian engravings, describing a voyage from the Rhine to the Danube "by way of the Ludwigs Canal."

OFF FOR THE "LOST WATERWAY"

We both became very excited about this, and decided to make the "Lost Waterway of Europe" our first objective. In August, intending to reach the Rhine by way of France, we set sail from Southampton for Le Havre.

The history of this port, second largest in France, goes back to the sixteenth century, when King Francis I, of France, chose Le Havre as the port of Paris. Within a few years, however, it became English, when the Huguenots delivered it over to Queen Elizabeth. But it was shortly recaptured by Charles IX and his mother, Catherine de Medici.



© Merlin Minshall

OUTWARD BOUND ON A HONEYMOON CRUISE ACROSS EUROPE

Astern is England, whence the author and his bride sailed on their transcontinental voyage. *Hawke*, their 10-ton Dutch cutter, was a fast sailer despite the bluff bows and broad beam that made her comfortable and roomy. On canals, where sails were useless, an auxiliary motor gave her a speed of three and a half knots. The boat's shallow draft made navigation of the canals comparatively easy. When sailing to windward in deep water, her big wooden "fins" or leeboards, one on each side, could be lowered to keep her from "sliding off" sideways.

A hundred years later the great military engineer Vauban finally fortified it so that subsequent English bombardments were of little avail, and Le Havre grew rapidly into its present importance. Economically it is the front door to Paris. Because it is virtually on the open sea, Le Havre, unlike Liverpool up the Mersey, or Philadelphia up the Delaware, has not had a constant battle to fight as the draft of steam-

ships increased.

Into this mighty port *Hawke* sailed after a crossing of 18 hours. Having furled sail and scrubbed down in the outer harbor, cautiously we nosed our way under power into the inner port.

It did not take long to discover that our best friends were going to be our nearest neighbors—the bargemen, who right from the start treated us as one of themselves, and who, by their readily offered help, were to save us from many an awkward fix.

Soon we began picking up their argot, and by the time we had reached Paris we could differentiate exactly between "ber-richon" and "margota" and knew what was a "peniche" and what was a "chaland"—all of which, to the uninitiated, are just barges. But we found that our lack of

nautical jargon made no difference in our relations with these cheery water folk.

ROUEN, OFFICIALLY, ON THE SEA

As the sea goes officially right up to Rouen, we had no formalities in Le Havre. So when we had explored the amazing labyrinth of quays, visited everything from transatlantic liners to fishing smacks, and seen the unforgettable view from Cap



Photograph by Burton Holmes from Galloway

FLAGS DRESS THE HUGE "NORMANDIE" AT HER NEW DOCK IN LE HAVRE

This is the 83,422-ton transatlantic liner's home port. It took the author 18 hours to sail *Hawke* across the English Channel from Southampton to Le Havre, where he tied up among friendly bargemen in the bustling inner harbor. Entering the Seine here, the little ship was not to see open water again until she reached the Black Sea, on the other side of Europe.



Drawn by Newman Bumstead

THROUGH EIGHT COUNTRIES WINDS "HAWKE'S" ADVENTUROUS COURSE

Few yachtsmen have ever navigated the whole of this chain of waterways, stretching approximately as far as from New York to Salt Lake City. Starting at Southampton, *Hawke* sailed across the English Channel and up the Seine to Paris. The Marne-Rhine Canal took her over the Vosges Mountains to the Rhine. Following the Main River and old Ludwigs Canal, she reached the Danube at Kelheim, then cruised with the historic stream southeastward to Sulina on the Black Sea.

de la Hève, where stands the most powerful lighthouse on the coasts of France, we left our mooring in the Bassin de la Barre and picked our way through a seething crowd of shipping. There were Swedish timber boats, American oil tankers, freight ships of every flag, all jostled together and all very busy loading or unloading.

Soon we left behind the noise and bustle of Le Havre. Harfleur, that "miniature Rotterdam, miniature Venice" glided past, while high above us stood the tower of St. Martin's, built by the English King Henry V when Harfleur was the chief port of Normandy and England ruled half of France. Then we sailed out into open fields, and by way of the Tancarville Canal reached the Seine just below Quillebeuf.

Once out on the Seine there was no stopping, as we were caught on a strong flood tide. That evening we succeeded in anchoring beside the lights of a small village and the next morning we woke up in Caudebec-en-Caux. It was three days before Crew and I could tear ourselves from the little half-timbered streets. Then, on the fourth day, we felt we must visit the near-by ruins of the Abbey of Jumièges, that unique seventh-century gem founded by Saint Philibert.

Upon returning, we found *Hawke* right out in midstream. In our absence the "mascaret," dread tidal wave of the Seine, had come, and our three-inch hawsers had snapped like cobwebs. A kedge anchor thrown overboard quite by chance had prevented a disaster.

THE CITY OF LA SALLE AND JOAN OF ARC

Next day we arrived in Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy. But the harbor, one of the busiest in France, turned out to be no place for a small boat (page 539). For two days we were almost continuously on the move, being bumped and pushed by pleasure boats and barges, and so had little time to enjoy the sights of a town so prolific in antiquities that it has been described as the "Ville Musée."

Not a corner in this "Museum City" but breathes some piece of history. Here is the birthplace of Corneille; of La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi; of Flaubert; and here, perhaps most celebrated of all, took place the glorious tragedy that ended the exploits of Saint Joan of Arc.*

* See "Normandy, Choice of the Vikings," by Helen Churchill Candee, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, May, 1936.

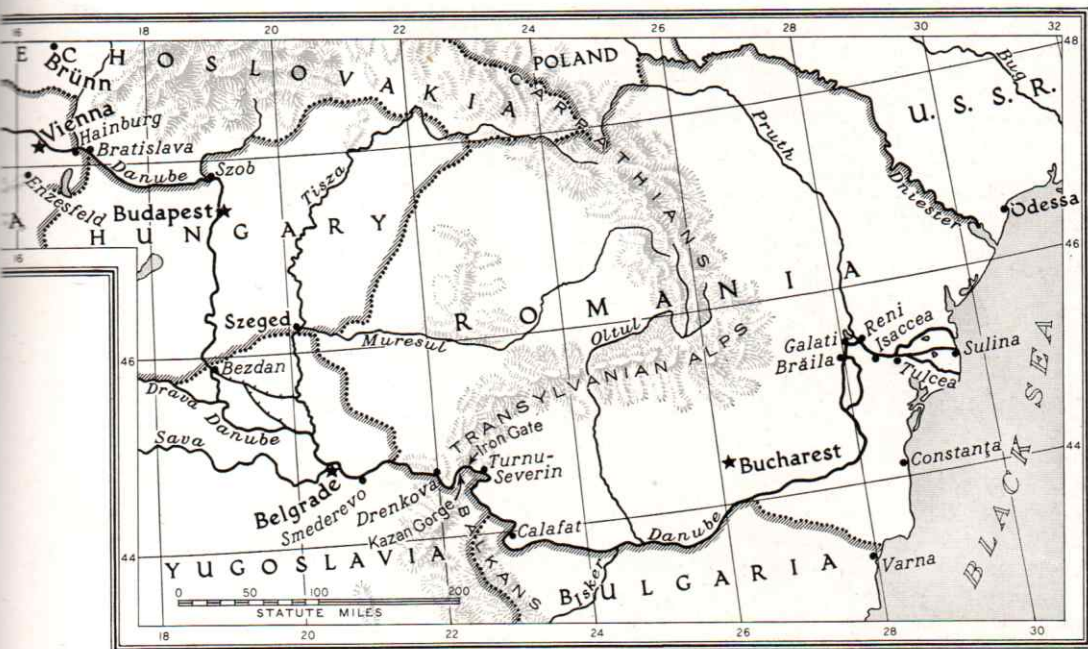
All this had to be for us little more than a background to customs formalities, and we were hardly sorry to escape into the country and begin our journey toward Paris.

The Seine with its ceaseless traffic might well be called the main artery of Normandy, now that its navigation has been simplified by enormous locks.

Often, however, we left the main stream and wandered up little side channels, past large country mansions, past Elbeuf, past

was the way to see Europe. But then, when we were ready to go on, floods came, and it was another week before we could even hope to make headway against that tearing current.

At last we set off, but it was only to get stuck in the difficult Branche de la Monnaie where the river, between high banks, streams right under the gargoyles of Notre Dame. We had to be rescued by a rather indignant police boat.



Les Andelys, where, towering above the winding river, stands the imposing mass of Château Gaillard, built in the twelfth century by the English King Richard the Lion Heart (page 538).

Soon after passing Vernon, chosen by Anatole France as the typical "Little Town of France," we came to St. Germain and explored that exquisite relic of Napoleon, the palace of Malmaison. Although the Eiffel Tower was already in plain view we had still a long way to Paris.

ANCHORED OFF THE LOUVRE

Mill followed mile of dreary tenements and factories. Then came a lovely contrast when we passed by the Bois de Boulogne, and then all at once we were in the heart of Paris itself.

Under the very shadow of the Louvre we anchored and spent a happy three weeks with no touch of hotel life. This, we said,

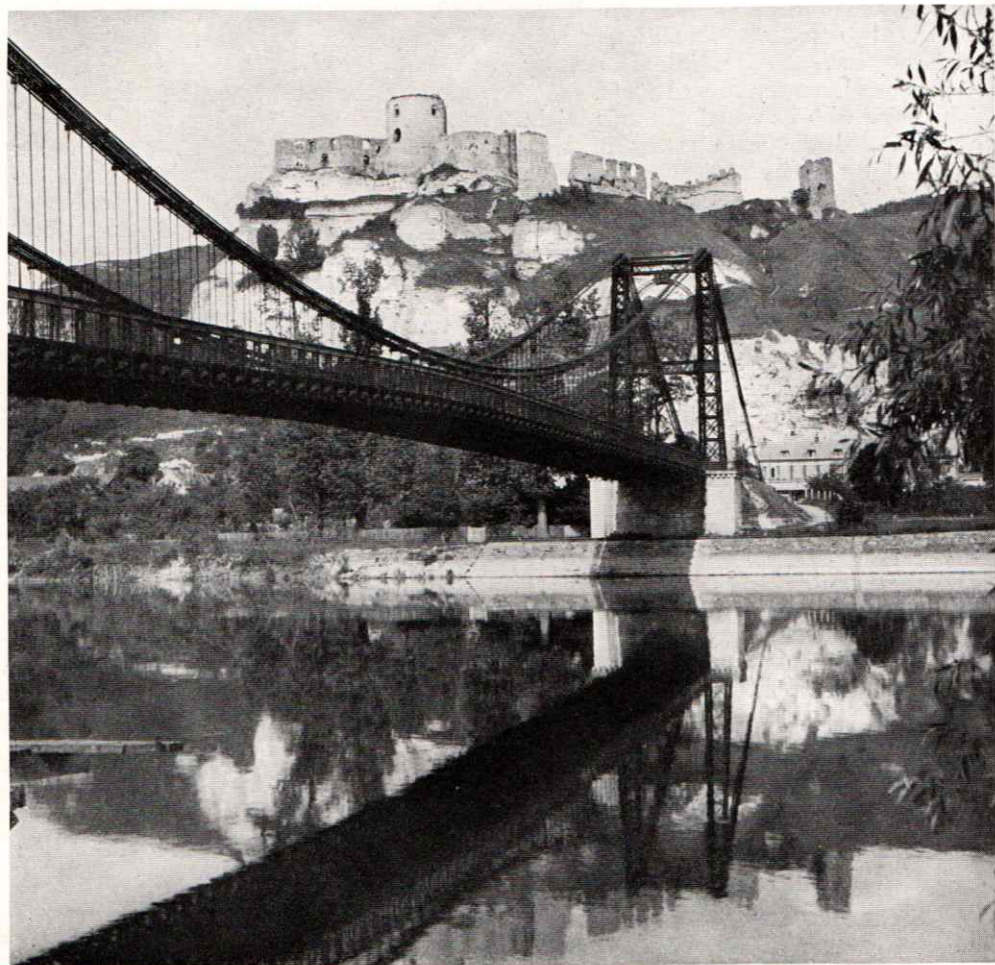
A few miles above Paris we left the Seine and turned aside up the Marne River, where our struggles continued all the way to the bishopric of Meaux and on to Château-Thierry, where the splendid American War Memorial dominates the landscape (page 543).*

As soon as the river reached the champagne country we entered the Marne-Rhine Canal, which was to take us 240 miles across France, over the Vosges Mountains, and down to the Rhine.

We spent a day in Épernay exploring the champagne factory with its labyrinth of cellars and underground galleries.

At Châlons we found the canal in the throes of a traffic jam, as this is the big junction for all the traffic going north to Belgium and the Netherlands.

* See "Our National War Memorials in Europe," by General John J. Pershing, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1934.



Photograph by Burton Holmes from Galloway

RICHARD COEUR DE LION'S "SAUCY CASTLE" FROWNS ON A MODERN SEINE BRIDGE

England's crusader king built the rock-based fortress at Les Andelys in 1196, to defend his Norman possessions against Philip Augustus of France. Walls of the keep are 12 feet thick. "As strong as Château Gaillard" became a popular byword, but after Richard's death his enemy captured the castle by starving out the garrison in a six-month siege. Beneath this bridge a constant stream of boat traffic passes up and down the Seine.

The countryside now became more interesting, and we sailed peacefully on past Bar-le-Duc and into the Joan of Arc country, for the canal here passes close beside Vaucouleurs and Domremy, where the house of the Maid of Orleans has become an important shrine of pilgrimage.

BARGE MET HEAD-ON IN A TUNNEL

On Christmas Day we arrived in Toul, one of three famous bishoprics that once held the key to northeastern France.

Then we came to Liverdun. Here the canal passes right under the town. Having been assured that all was in order, into

the tunnel's mouth we plunged. In inky blackness we were groping our way, when suddenly out of the gloom appeared a rapidly moving motor barge. Now it is one thing to argue with a French barge in broad daylight; it is quite otherwise in a pitch-black tunnel where the smaller boat is very much at a disadvantage.

Our only hope lay in getting *Hawke* backwards out of the tunnel in split seconds. Her 40-foot mast, strapped down horizontally, caught in the roof; the engine began spluttering; the reverse gear jammed, and the tiller got completely tied up with the dinghy.



© R. Raffius

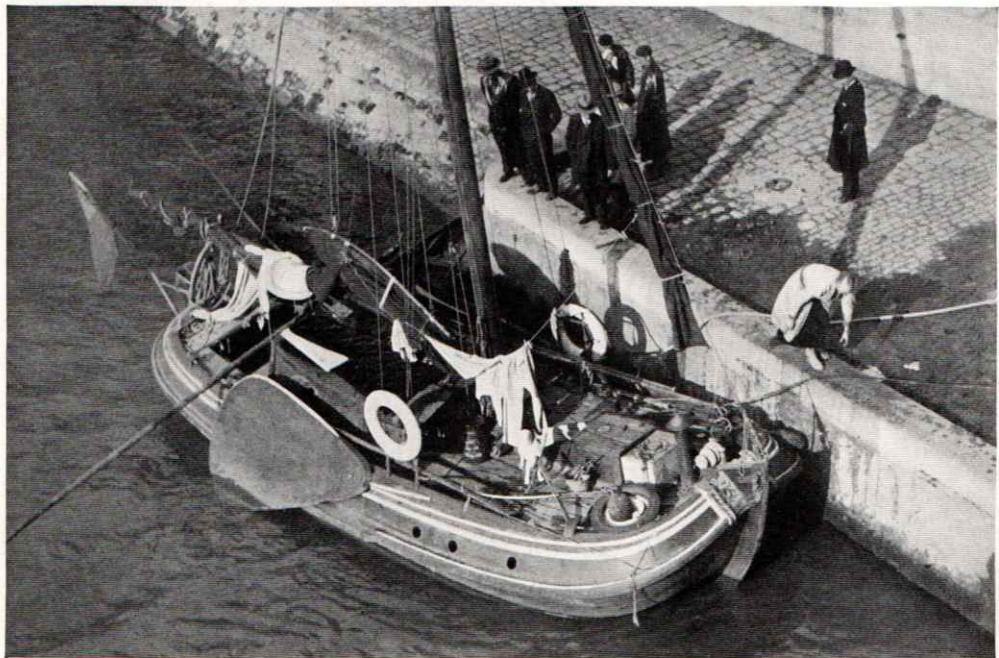
ROUEN, WHERE JOAN OF ARC DIED, IS ONE OF FRANCE'S BUSIEST PORTS, THOUGH 80 MILES BY RIVER FROM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

Casks of imported oil form an irregular pattern on the wide quay along the Seine, where a trim freighter from Stockholm loads cotton textiles and other products of Normandy's ancient capital. During the World War, British troops and goods for the front were transhipped here in such numbers that docks were congested for miles on both shores. "No place for a small boat" is Rouen's crowded harbor, writes the author.



"HAWKE" DIPS HER 40-FOOT MAST TO PASS BENEATH A BRIDGE

Near Vernon, on the Seine, the author's bride—the "Crew" of the vessel—shows how the mast is lashed down, its top projecting far beyond the stern. Later, on the Danube, the spar struck and pulled down telegraph wires which Dr. Minshall failed to see in time (page 561).



Photographs © Merlin Minshall

FLYING THE BRITISH ENSIGN, "HAWKE" WAS THE AUTHOR'S SEINE-SIDE HOTEL

Strollers along the embankments in Paris often see yachts from England and other countries moored to the quays. *Hawke* lay nearly a month in the shadow of the Louvre. Probably few Parisians had ever seen a Dutch *boeier* before. Thousands of barges and small steamers ply to and from the capital, which handles more tons of cargo than any other French port.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

NOTRE DAME, ON ÎLE DE LA CITÉ, WATCHES OVER THE OLDEST SECTION OF PARIS

The French capital began life as a port and its grand boulevard then was the Seine. When the Romans conquered the city, a settlement of the Gallic tribe of the Parisii dwelt on the island which divides the river. Then it became a strategic crossroads of Roman trade routes.

Somehow we arrived at the far end of the tunnel with a whole ship, but with wholly shattered nerves.

By the time we reached Nancy, ice already was forming on the canal, and it was a race to get over the summit of the pass before the water froze solid. So we didn't dare to dawdle more than one day to revel in the varied splendors of that delightful town, with its wealth of lovely ironwork, its ducal residences, its 15th-century church. But we did take note, and also a good supply of the chief specialty, the celebrated macaroons.

Each day now the cold grew worse, and we had to break the ice to get a passage. Then one night came a drop in temperature,

and we were stuck completely. It was thoroughly bad management, to get caught in such a desolate spot, but there was one consolation—we did get six weeks of excellent skating.

Our biggest problem was food, as the nearest town was more than twelve miles away, and we were soon reduced to baking our own bread and haggling with a farmer for such odd scraps of produce as he could spare.

ICE-BREAKER RELEASES MAROONED COUPLE

But one day the ice-breaker appeared, crashing its way with the help of eight horses, and soon we had left behind this desolate region and reached the summit.



© Merlin Minshall

“HAWKE” WAITS HER TURN IN ONE-WAY TRAFFIC

A broad-beamed barge emerges from the tunnel, where the Marne-Rhine Canal flows beside the railroad. Locks carry the waterway over the Vosges Mountains here and drop it down to the Rhine. In one of the dark tunnels, *Hawke* met a barge coming head-on and had to retreat astern. While the ship was frozen in for six weeks on this canal, Skipper and Crew enjoyed excellent skating (page 541).

The eastern face of the Vosges is almost sheer, and the canal here has to perform queer maneuvers to get down to the level of the Rhine.

In places there was only room for two barges abreast between the locks, and delays were frequent. At last we came down into the foothills, and, passing through the old fortress town of Saverne, reached Strasbourg.

Here Crew and I decided very definitely to make up for the rigors of the last two months. So in Strasbourg we stayed three

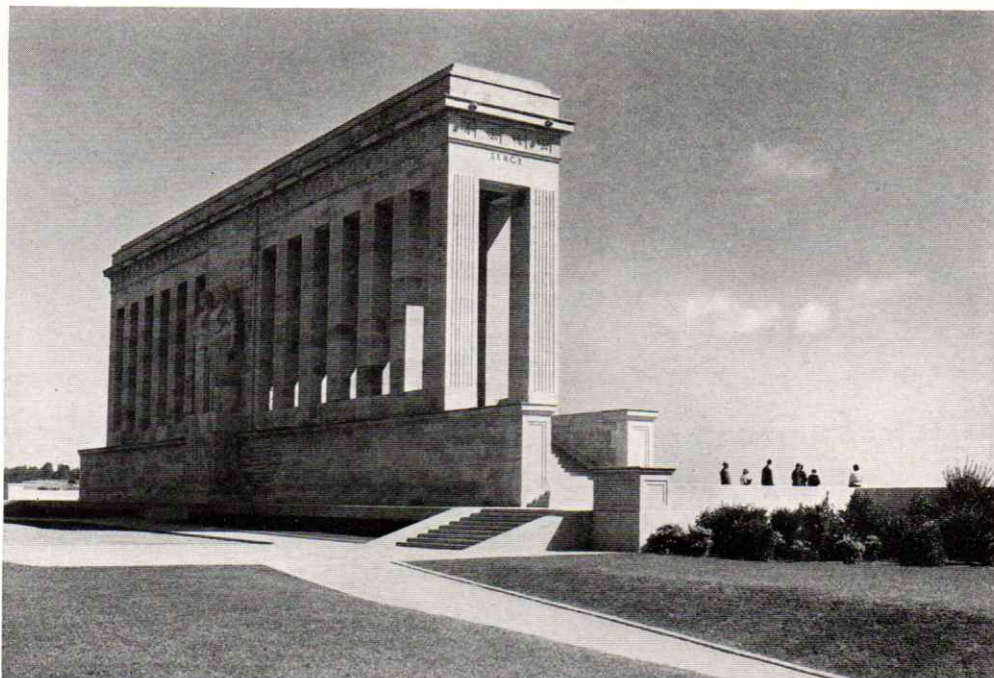
weeks, reveling in the Gothic splendors of one of the finest cathedrals in Europe and visiting a dozen little medieval houses, now turned into museums of Alsatian art. Here we vied with each other in ferreting out new restaurants, of which Strasbourg has so many.

Before setting out on the Rhine, we received grave warnings of the dangers of sandbanks and pontoon bridges, and the advice of more than one aged skipper was that we take a pilot. We decided against this, however, and discovered almost at once that the greatest danger to us was the traffic. The farther north we went the thicker it became. French, German, Belgian, Dutch, and Swiss tugs, huge, unwieldy-looking paddle-wheel affairs, with a string of

barges in tow up to half a mile long, often gave us anxious moments, when, under full sail, we encountered them in a narrow part of the river.

PASSING UNDER WATCHFUL FORTS

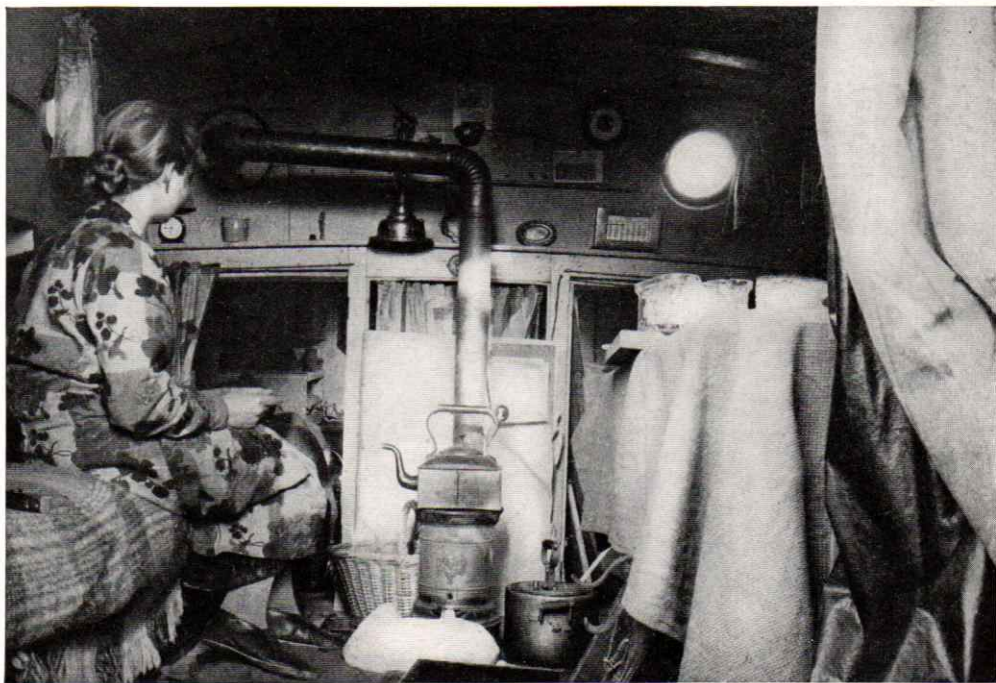
The first stretch of river after Strasbourg perhaps is the most jealously guarded piece of water in Europe. Our every movement was carefully watched from the little forts that line either side of the way, but we arrived uneventfully at Maxau, across the German frontier, where trouble was saved



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

CHÂTEAU-THIERRY'S STATELY MEMORIAL HONORS AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT HERE

Two heroic figures, symbolizing France and the United States, stand shoulder to shoulder on the front of the impressive monument erected by the United States Government in 1930. Above them are inscribed the names of battles that raged in this vicinity in 1918 (page 537).



© Merlin Minshall

"CREW" SURVEYS THE BRIDAL SUITE

The cozy cabin had several bunks, cupboards for books, clothes, and supplies, and a stove with a square teakettle. Also carried aboard the little craft were a full-size bath, cooking range, refrigerator, and a bull terrier!



Photograph by Donald McLeish

HOME OF THE "HOT DOG" IS SAUSAGE-LOVING FRANKFURT

The city's famed namesakes—linked frankfurters of beef and pork, highly seasoned and well smoked—are sold at this shop in the Old Market, along with other sausages of varied sizes, shapes, and colors. American-style hot dogs, in rolls, are liked in Germany. Wienerwurst, named for Wien (Vienna), has shorter and more slender links than frankfurters.

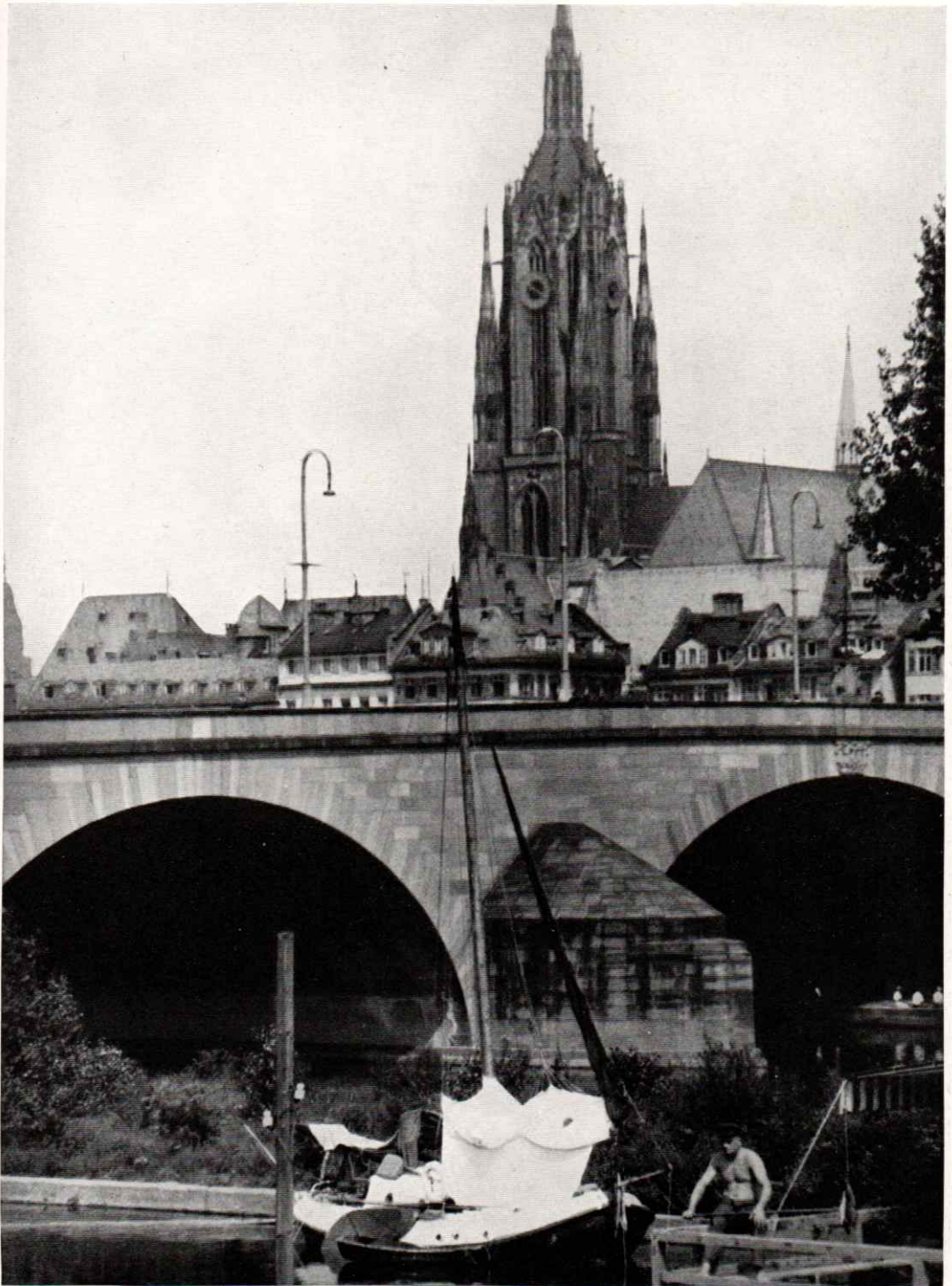
by a smart customs boat, flying an enormous swastika, which came alongside while we were still under way. All the formalities were gone through without our even having to slow down.

And so we came to Speyer, where, in 1529, the name of "Protestant" originated, and where a fine Romanesque cathedral so towers above its surroundings that mere man seems dwarfed by comparison. The town gave us the feeling of a lost and lovely oasis of repose.

Here we made a slight side tack, by leaving the Rhine and its traffic and sailing up the Neckar to Heidelberg. We came away with mixed impressions of castles, duels, rain, and Grecian nectar which we drank while *Hawke* became the honored guest of the rowing and sailing clubs.

WORMS, AND A WINE

Once more hurrying down the Rhine, we made our first stop at Worms, where some 400 years ago Martin Luther dramatically



© Merlin Minshall

TO KEEP COOL IN OLD FRANKFURT, THE AUTHOR RIGGED A TENT ON "HAWKE'S" DECK

"Ford of the Franks" (Franconofurd) was the city's original name. Here Charlemagne and his soldiers crossed the Main River, where nowadays citizens of the busy metropolis swim and sun themselves on bathing pavilions. Across the stream towers the red sandstone Cathedral, begun in 1235 and not completed until 1881.



Photograph by Paul Wolff

TUGS AND BARGES MADE SAILING TRICKY WHERE "HAWKE" TURNED UP THE MAIN

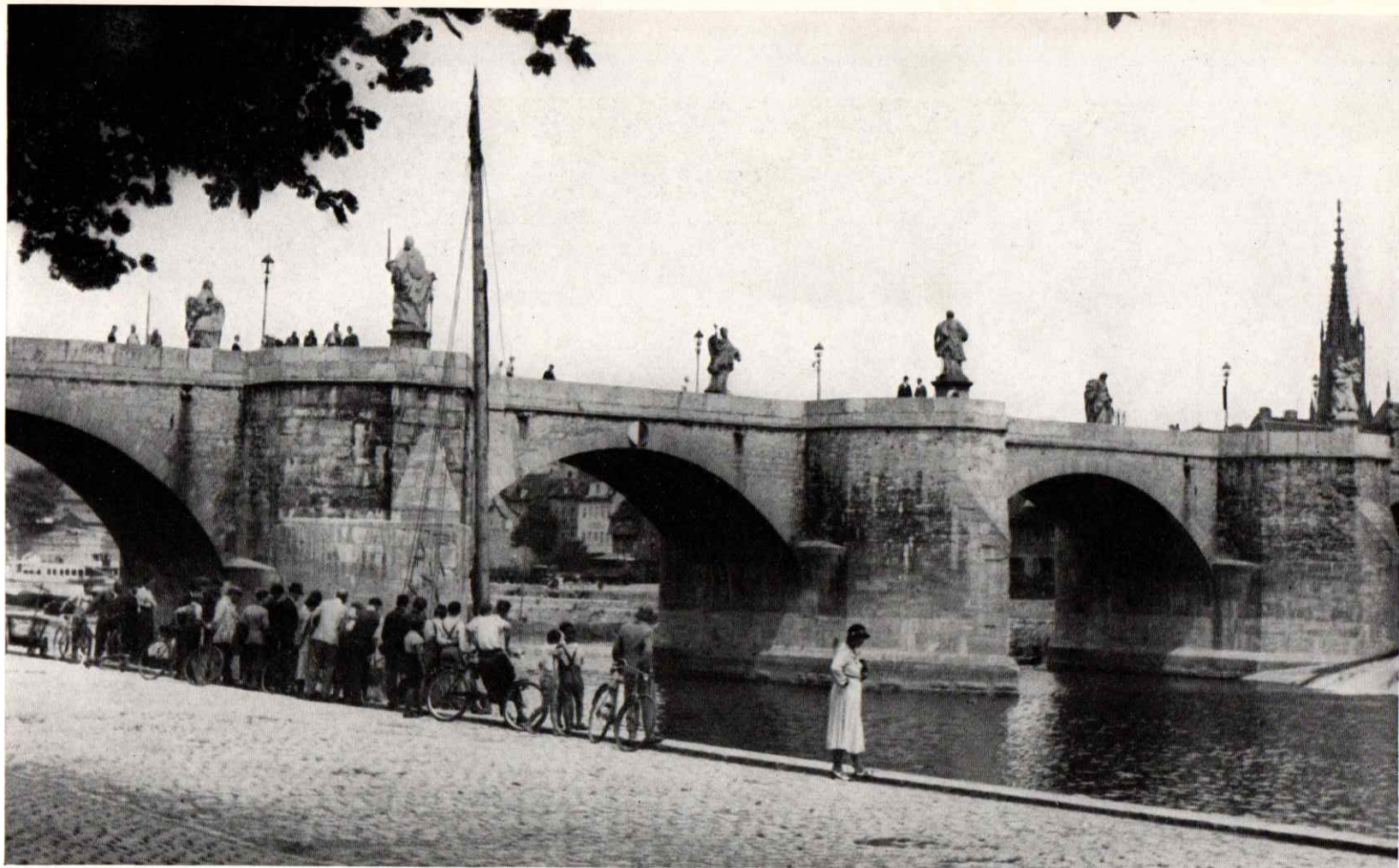
Steeple and domes piercing the sky mark Mainz, once called the "Golden City" because of the wealth it accumulated in the Middle Ages. Roman Emperor Domitian spanned the Rhine with a bridge just above its confluence here with the Main. Today Mainz is the headquarters of the Rhenish wine trade.



© Merlin Minshall

LIKE A FAIRY PRINCE'S CASTLE IS SCHLOSS PRUNN, WITH LUDWIGS CANAL AS THE MOAT

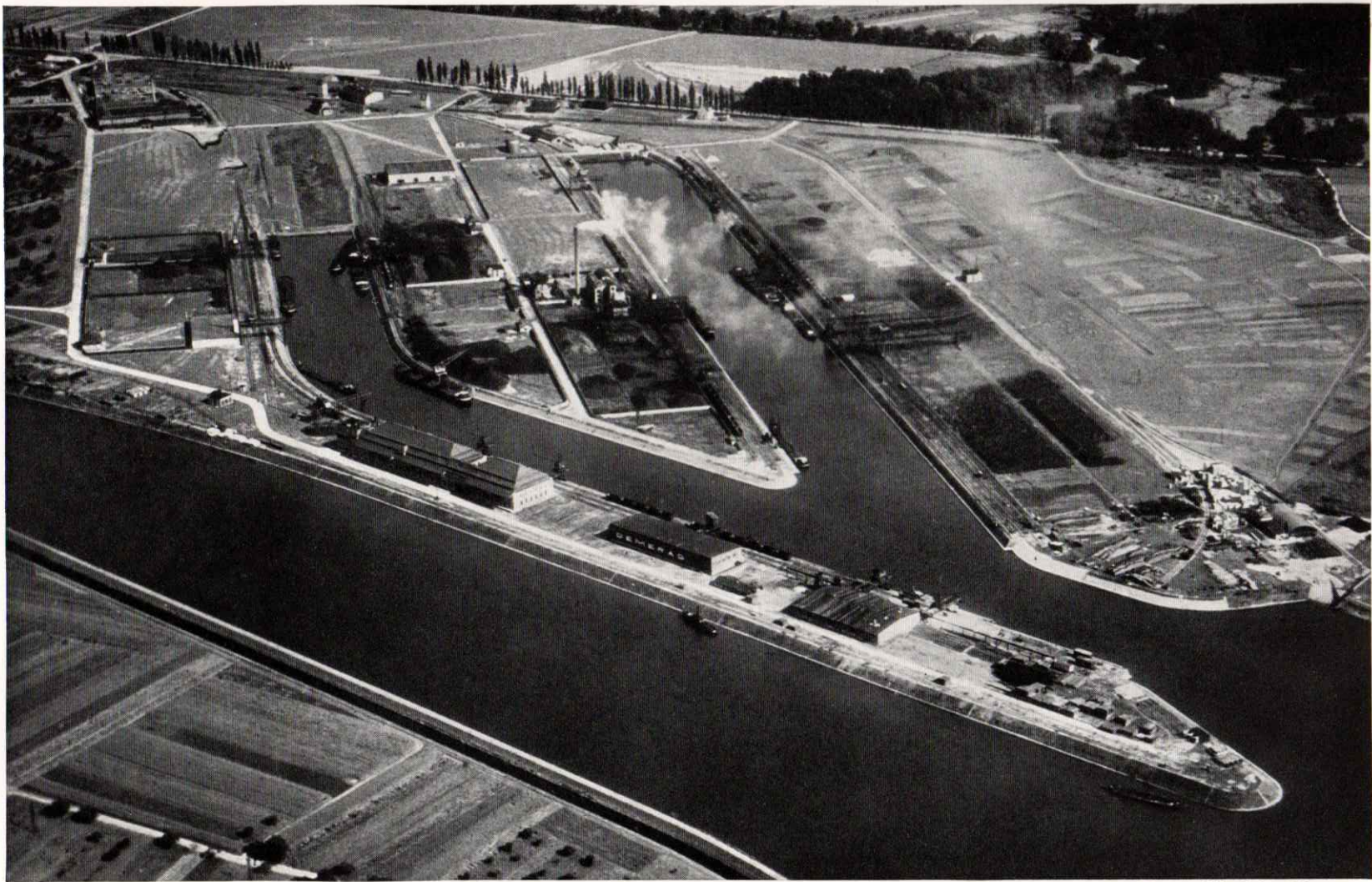
High above *Hawke*, its sheer walls seem a continuation of the sharp promontory (page 553). For small, rocky building sites such as this, medieval architects developed a many-storied fortress-home with a restricted inner courtyard. Bavaria's green hills bristle with scores of romantic castles.



© Merlin Minshall

CURIOUS WÜRZBURGERS GATHER BESIDE THE MAIN TO LOOK AT THE LITTLE SHIP FROM FAR-OFF ENGLAND

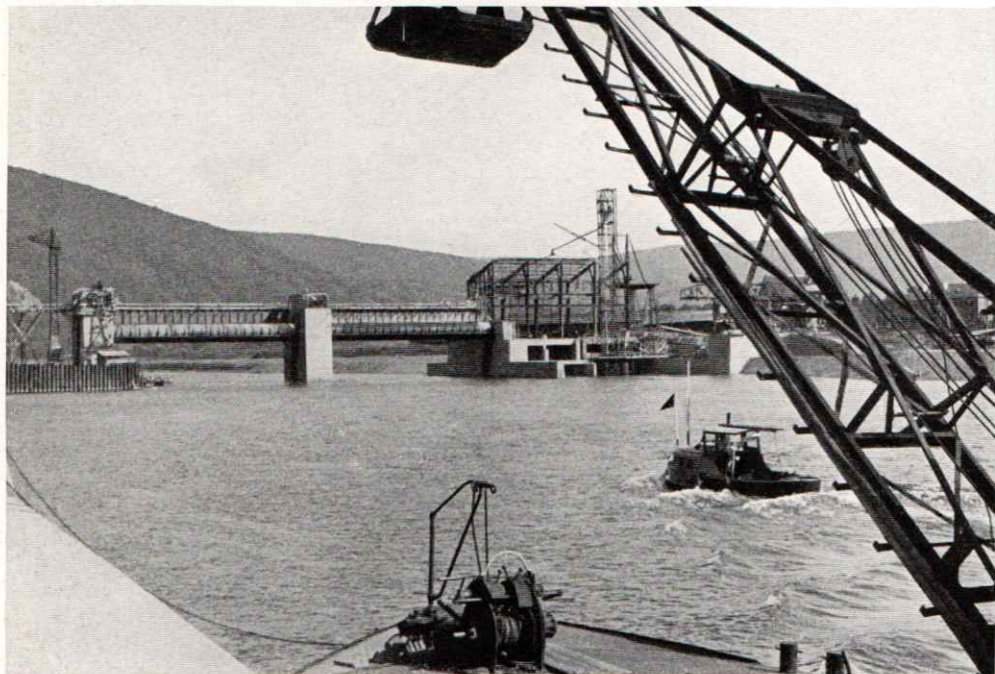
A concrete sluice under the bridge forces most of the river into a swift stream. After work, daring youths plunge into this current, shoot under the structure, and drift into the slower water below. Twelve huge statues of saints line the bridge, which was under construction when Columbus discovered America. The author arrived here in time for the festival in honor of St. Kilian, an Irish missionary who was martyred at Würzburg in 689 (page 553).



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

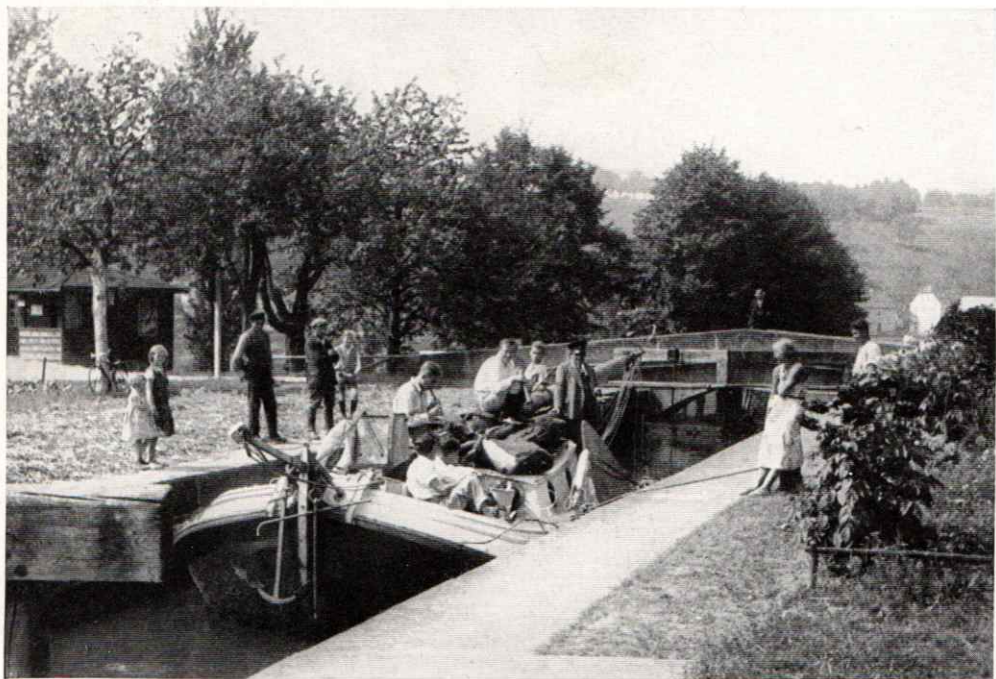
ABOVE ASCHAFFENBURG'S MODERN HARBOR THE MAIN BECOMES SWIFT AND NAVIGATION DIFFICULT

In part of the river a heavy chain is laid on the bottom for the *Kettenschiff*. This strange tug has a mechanical "chain gang" which grasps the links and hauls the boat up against the strong current. *Hawke* was given a tow by the craft (page 552).



MODERN ENGINEERS DIG THE CANAL THAT CHARLEMAGNE DREAMED OF

Construction of a Rhine-Danube waterway proved too big a job for the Emperor of the West, who died in 814. Traces of the work he attempted may still be seen. King Ludwig I of Bavaria joined the two rivers in 1846, but his canal was too small to compete with the growing railroad.



Photographs © Merlin Minshall

MUSICIANS BOARD "HAWKE" AS SHE ENTERS THE FIRST LOCK IN LUDWIGS CANAL

The "hitchhikers" serenade Skipper and Crew to pay for a ride as deck passengers. Little used today and weed-grown in places, the old canal carries vessels over the Bavarian mountains, reaching at its highest point more than 1,300 feet above the sea. On the "sail among the clouds," the author and his wife, standing on deck, looked down on villages far below and fairy castles on distant crags.

defied the Emperor Charles V. Today there stands a striking memorial to the reformer. Not far away is the Liebfrauen-Kirche, which has given the name of "Liebfraumilch" to the famous wine, of which a tenth part is grown in the small vineyard that lies around the church.

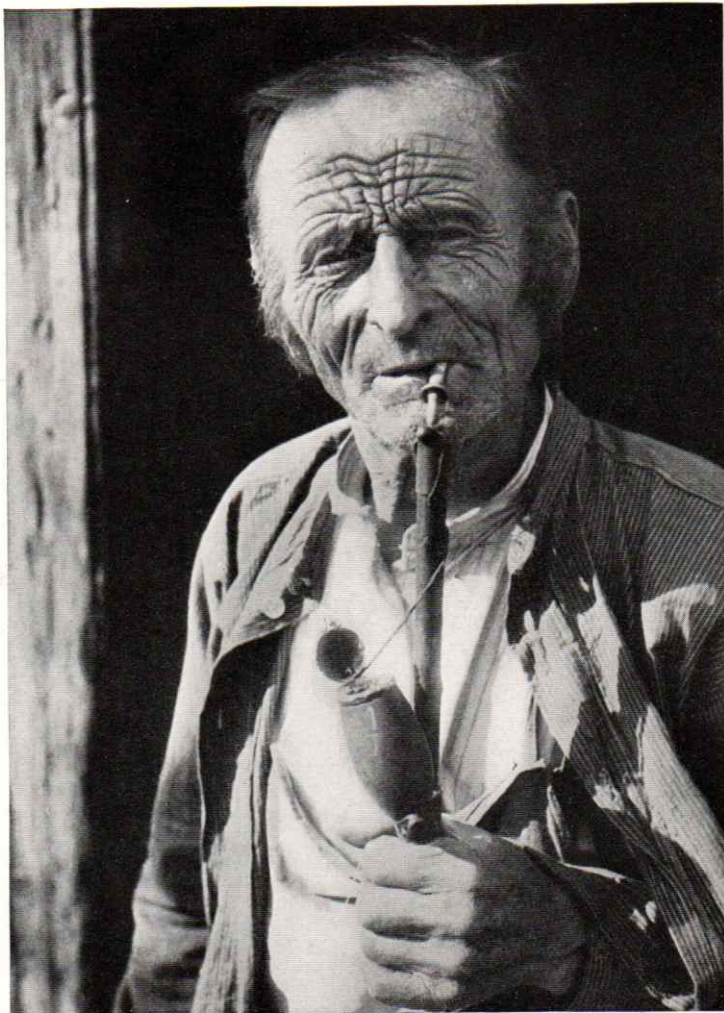
After Worms begins the vineyard district of the Rhine.

The hills on either side become precipitous with steep-stepped little terraces where every inch is scrupulously cultivated, while here and there castles appear. Our last night on the Rhine was spent at the foot of the castle of Oppenheim, which gives its name to another brand of hock.

On the whole, however, we found the Rhine altogether too congested for pleasant sailing. As soon as Mainz showed up on our port bow we put the helm over, and, setting an easterly course up the Main River, began the long climb up to the Ludwigs Canal.

With little difficulty we reached Frankfurt, where we received a rousing welcome. Here we were entertained royally, and *Hawke* once again aroused interest. We found the town a place of striking contrasts. On the one hand is the most daring modern architecture, and then, almost across the way, is seen the little Alt Stadt (Old Town) that has remained almost unchanged for 400 years (pages 544 and 545).

Every midday saw us wandering through the narrow, crooked streets and taking our lunch in the open market place, which claims to be the original home of the "hot



© Merlin Minshall

NEVER A SAILING SHIP HAD HE SEEN BEFORE "HAWKE" CAME

Most of this wrinkled Bavarian's life has been spent in the quiet mountains near Ludwigs Canal, where he tills a small farm and contentedly smokes his enormous pipe.

dog." At night we used to roam along the same dimly lit alleyways—Rapunzel Gasse, and the Römerberg, where, around every corner, we expected to see lurking the shadowy figures of goblins and witches, emperors and men-at-arms.

"HAWKE" STRANDED IN A CORNFIELD

But we had a long and arduous climb before us, as we discovered soon after leaving Frankfurt. Slowly we struggled past Offenbach, where Goethe visited Lili, and on toward the field of Dettingen, the last place where an English monarch, George II, led his troops on the battlefield.



© Merlin Minshall

“GRAF ZEPPELIN” SOARS OVER NÜRNBERG AS NAZIS SALUTE REICHSFÜHRER HITLER

Down a steep, narrow street, past sedate gabled houses bedecked with red swastika banners, citizens hurry to watch legions of brown shirts from all over Germany parade before the Realm-leader. Once an important distributing point on the medieval trade route between Germany and the East, Nürnberg owes her modern prosperity to manufactures, including toys and lead pencils.

Just before Aschaffenburg we anchored one night, and woke up with the dismal sight of *Hawke* standing high and dry in a cornfield. Such was the caprice of the river floods. It took two tugs and many marks to drag us back into the narrow channel, but that night we anchored in deep water under the frowning castle of art-loving Ludwig I of Bavaria.

From the lofty windows of the royal bedroom is visible the Pompeianum, built by Ludwig, a reproduction of the house of Castor and Pollux at Pompeii.

At Aschaffenburg begins a great project for making a new fresh-water link through to the Danube, an undertaking which has

already cost the Government many millions of marks.

After a few days we set off again, but what appeared to be a gentle stream was in reality a millrace.

TOWED BY A “CHAIN BOAT”

After no more than ten miles we had to drop anchor and await the passing of the *Kettenschiff* (chain boat), an antique tug that worked itself up on a continuous chain all the way from Aschaffenburg to Bamberg.

This strange-looking craft progressed in cable-car fashion, clanking and grumbling as it swallowed and disgorged the rusty

links of a chain nearly two hundred miles long. Barges and other boats hitchhiked behind.

So began for us a pleasantly lazy period in tow, when all day long Crew lay back basking in the sun, watching the beauties of the landscape unroll their changing colors.

At times the river wound through deep wooded gorges; at others through a rolling farmland in which little fruit trees stood among the variegated plots of rye, barley, and tobacco. We passed medieval villages, and little walled towns that look today much as they must have appeared to Albrecht Dürer when the artist made his famous journey by boat down to the Netherlands, more than 400 years ago.

PEASANTS AND FLOODLIGHTS

At Würzburg we left our tug and paused once more to explore. This little baroque town offers more to the traveler than most places of its size. There was the Residenz, with its famous cellars, the towering castle above the town, and Veitshochheim, that unique residence of the gayest of the old prince-bishops of Europe.

Our arrival coincided with the annual fair, the feast of St. Kilian, Würzburg's patron saint. So we had the good fortune to see the whole town specially floodlighted, the bridges festooned with colored lights, and everywhere the neighboring peasants clad in their native costumes (page 548).

But once again when we were ready to leave, the river rose perversely in flood, and the Kettenschiff service had to be suspended. Fortunately for us, when we were just despairing of ever reaching Bamberg, a large Diesel tug appeared, and behind its convoy of barges we hooked on. Customs of the Middle Ages still prevail among these river folk, and after the second day it no longer surprised us to hear curfew rung, nor to be awakened by the ship's bell ringing matins.

Here the river went through an arid stretch of steeply stepped vineyards. We passed many more villages with blue and gold Madonnas gazing placidly from under baroque canopies across the rushing stream. One evening the four towers of Bamberg's mighty cathedral loomed ahead, and by sunset Crew and I knew for certain that the "Lost Waterway of Europe" really did exist.

We found, too, that it actually was pos-

sible to go through, so now, having reached the canal, we were determined to reach the Danube as well.

A week was spent in formalities, and during this time we had leisure to explore what must surely be the sleepest town in western Europe. Just because it happens not to be on a main route, Bamberg has never been spoiled, and yet it can truly boast some of the finest medieval sculptures in all Germany. For sheer loveliness the old Episcopal Residence, the Alte Hofhaltung, has few rivals.

In Bamberg it would have been easy to while away pleasant months, but we still had a long way to climb to the summit of the Bavarian highlands. So one day there was a great stir in the quiet old city, for the unusual was happening—a ship was passing into the Ludwigs Canal! (P. 550.)

Then unexpectedly, along the deserted banks, we suddenly found ourselves in the heart of Nürnberg, where the "Reichsparteitag," the foremost Nazi festival, was in full swing (opposite page).

It was unforgettable, seeing this venerable town transformed by flags, banners, and myriad brown shirts into a gigantic military parade, noting the wild enthusiasm as each day Herr Hitler drove through the streets in state to address some mass meeting. Every night the entire town was illuminated by fireworks displays and torchlight marches, while ceaselessly, day and night, droned overhead the might of Germany's air squadrons.

It was almost impossible to visit the many antiquities, and so we went on our way, having but improperly observed one of the most interesting towns in central Europe, with its Meistersingers, its castle, and the all-pervading spirit of the immortal Dürer.

"EUROPE LAY AT OUR FEET"

After Nürnberg the canal begins climbing steeply through thickly wooded hills, and as we rose higher there came the strange sensation of looking down from *Hawke's* decks upon the roofs of little villages far below us, with fairy-tale castles away on the distant hills, until one day we had reached the summit and found ourselves under full sail right among the clouds. Europe lay at our feet.

Soon we were descending rapidly through a pleasant countryside, and came unexpectedly upon the gigantic fortress of Prunn, celebrated as a resting place of the



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HIGH OVER THE DANUBE, LUDWIG I BUILT VALHALLA FOR GERMAN HEROES

Seen over *Hawke's* rudderstock, the Bavarian monarch's marble Hall of Fame resembles the Parthenon at Athens. Ludwig, who had a passion for erecting monumental buildings as well as the canal, dedicated this columned temple near Regensburg in 1842. A terraced flight of steps leads up to it from the river.

Nibelungen (page 547). Then we reached Kelheim, where the Danube comes out from its narrow gorge, showing us a river that might be beautiful, but certainly was not blue.

AFLOAT, WITH THE HELP OF FARMERS

Once again we had the usual controversy with the river authorities about taking a pilot, but, obstinate as ever, we set off alone, and within two miles had run hard aground in midstream. We were saved the ignominy of returning for help by the kindness of twelve young Bavarian farmers, who swam out to our rescue. In half an hour we were afloat and rushing toward the first real danger spot, the famous bridge of Ratisbon (Regensburg).

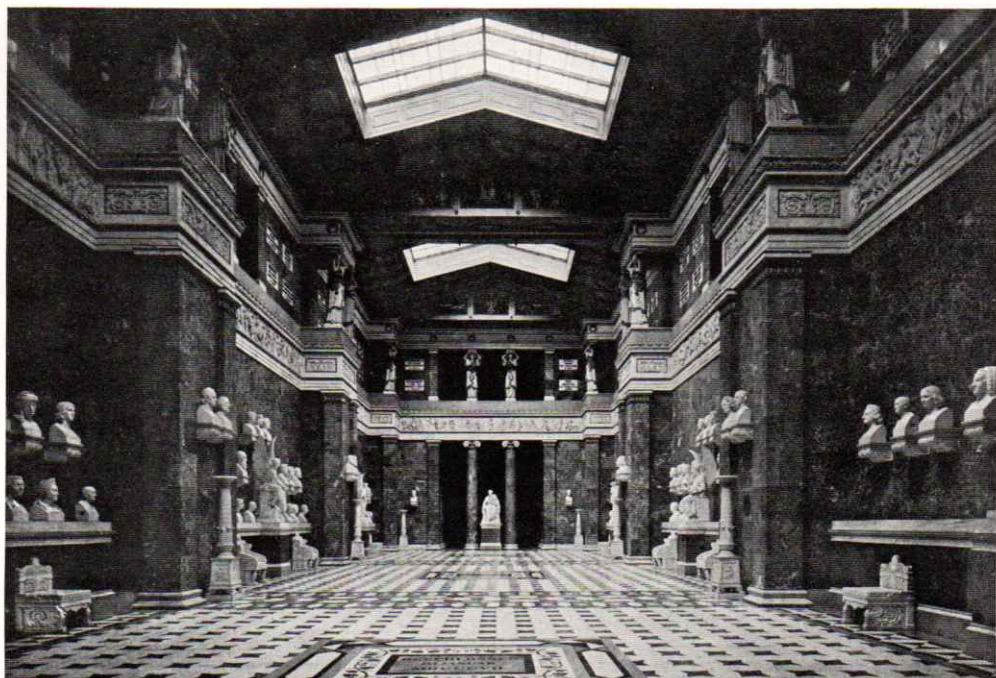
The impassability of this bridge dates

back to the time when medieval Venice was at the height of her prosperity. To prevent a Rhine-Danube waterway from being constructed, that city's agents saw to it that the bridge obstructed navigation. Venice could not afford to lose her monopoly of the overland caravan routes!

As skipper I took the precaution of making a trial trip in a small skiff, but this did not allay our anxiety. However, there was nothing for it but to hope for the best and, with hardly an inch to spare, *Hawke* squeezed through at an estimated 12 knots, to the wonder and amazement of the inhabitants of Regensburg.

VALHALLA FOR GERMANY'S GREAT

Next, as we went flashing through the pine forests, was Valhalla, another creation



Photograph by R. Zacharias

ENGLAND'S KING ALFRED IS HONORED AMONG FAMED TEUTONS IN VALHALLA

Ludwig himself chose the celebrities who were to be enshrined under the gilded ceiling. Among the 108 marble busts are those of the philosopher Kant and Emperor William I. Bismarck and Von Moltke were added later, as was the seated statue of Ludwig at the end of the mosaic floor.



© Merlin Minshall

SKIPPER AND CREW TAKE LIFE EASY WHILE BEING TOWED UP THE MAIN

Browned by many weeks "before the mast," they lounge on deck and watch medieval villages, wooded gorges, tiny farms, and terraced vineyards roll by along the river.



"GOOD-BYE, AND THANK YOU FOR THE SHOW!"

At the end of the performances each child in turn says good-bye to the puppet clown. In Austria and Germany the Punch character of the familiar Punch and Judy plays is known as "Kasper."



Photographs by Kurt and Margot Lubinski

ENGLISH LESSONS SEEM EASIER IF TAKEN WITH ROLLS AND COFFEE

Instead of receiving pupils at home, this private teacher invites them to a cafe to practice pronunciation. Vienna's taste for coffee dates back 254 years when the Turks, driven from the city after the famous siege of 1683, left behind a supply of the beans.



IN SMART SAILOR UNIFORMS, VIENNA'S BOY CHOIR TOURED THE UNITED STATES
 In 1935 and 1936, 21 members of the *Sängerknaben* (singing boys) sang in New York, Washington, and other American cities. Here they give an open-air choral in their native land.



Photographs by Kurt and Margot Lubinski

VIENNA POLICE SWING ONTO THEIR "WHEELS" WITH MILITARY PRECISION

Trained like soldiers, they know how to use rifles, tear gas, and even machine guns in emergencies. Horses, motorcycles, and armored cars are also their "mounts." Recently the force, numbering about 10,000 men, was equipped with steel helmets.



Photograph by Heinrich Schumann

A RICH ROBBER BARON, "FEAR OF THE FOREST," ONCE COMMANDED AGGSTEIN CASTLE

Into his "rose garden," a deep slit in the mountainside, this legendary figure hurled his victims. A young prisoner finally escaped, returned with his men and captured the castle. The Baron was "hung to a beam in the hall where he had been feasting, and the rose garden was planted" with the robber's chief lieutenant. Only a skeleton of the castle remains today, perched 1,066 feet above the Danube flowing through the Wachau Gorge.



Photograph by Edgar S. Aldrich

IN DAZZLING APRONS, SERBIAN FARM GIRLS GO TO TOWN

Costumes of country folk color the streets of Belgrade, Yugoslavia's capital, on market day. Skipper and Crew were guests of one of the Russian exiles who settled here after the overthrow of the Tsar.



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"WANT YOUR FORTUNE TOLD?"

Perched on her painted cart, this young girl is one of the thousands of gypsies that roam the Balkans. A ruler of Romania, in 1478, granted her ancestors "freedom of air and soil to wander about and free fire and iron for their smithy."



© Merlin Minshall

BUDAPEST YACHTSMEN GATHER FOR A REGATTA, BUT "HAWKE" DOES NOT RACE!

The little vessel from the other side of Europe received a warm welcome when she nosed into the twin city's lively river traffic, with its scurrying ferries and barges, whose curved prows suggest ancient galleys. Seldom blue, despite Strauss's waltz, the Danube is more apt to be gray, green, or yellow.



Photograph by Erno Vadas

SHADOWY ARCHES FORM A TRIPLE PICTURE OF BUDAPEST'S WATERFRONT

The Danube divides this beautiful capital of Hungary into two parts, Buda and Pest. On the Pest side rises the immense Parliament House, whose long portico becomes a gay outdoor cafe at night.

of the same King Ludwig of Bavaria. Not content with his Pompeianum (page 552), he went even further afield, erected a full scale reproduction of the Parthenon, and filled it with effigies of Germany's great men (pages 554 and 555).

On we sped past Straubing, and drew near to the cataract of Vilshofen. But where we expected to find rapids, we came upon a broad expanse of water, the result of the new hydro-electric station of Kachlet, which before long will be transmitting power over a wide area. Into a vast lock *Hawke* crept, feeling very much dwarfed, and a full 40 feet she sank, as the top of her mast came just level with the parapet.

The next minute we were swirling round a rocky promontory, and found ourselves in Passau.

Where the Inn rushes down to meet the Danube, there stands a vast rock which makes a strategic site for a town, and here has grown up Passau, with its little arched streets and copper-domed, half-Gothic cathedral, so ornate and colorful that it appears somehow as if it had been permanently dipped in Mediterranean sunshine.

We cleared customs and, with an escort of soldiers trying to keep up with us along the bank, sailed away into Austria.

The Austrian frontier at Engelhartzell is situated just where the river seems to put on speed, and it was all we could do to stop, even with an indignant customs boat straining to hold us against the current. We underwent a prolonged search, not, as might be supposed, for opium or whisky, but for Nazi newspapers, of which we unwittingly had a score. Having surrendered these, we were allowed to proceed, and came down through the steeply wooded hills of the Wachau, with its majestic castles and fabled whirlpool.

All this stretch of the Danube is tricky; once we nearly came to grief on the rocky promontory of Dürnstein, where Blondel is said to have discovered his beloved master, Richard the Lion Heart, imprisoned there on his way back from the Crusades.

A BERTH UNDER A BRIDGE

It was a surprise to find that Vienna lay not on the Danube, but had to be approached by a narrow and carefully guarded canal. After the usual tedious formalities we entered this canal and found a berth under the Marien Bridge. Here we stayed for many weeks; it was long since *Hawke*

had been in such pleasant surroundings.

From our deck we could see away up the Rotentum Strasse to St. Stephen's Cathedral, while the Ring itself lay just beside us.

It was quite evident now that *Hawke* could not go on this winter—nor, for that matter, could she go back. The pack ice on the Danube was something that even *Hawke's* two-inch oak timbers had to respect.

So with no very definite plan for the future I returned to England, leaving Crew in Vienna for winter sports and *Hawke* for a winter overhaul.

What happened to me during the next eighteen months is no part of this story, but I did not return to *Hawke* until the spring of 1935, having in the interval driven cars in international road races, designed a hotel, seen a little of life and most of Europe. Crew meanwhile had settled down permanently in England.

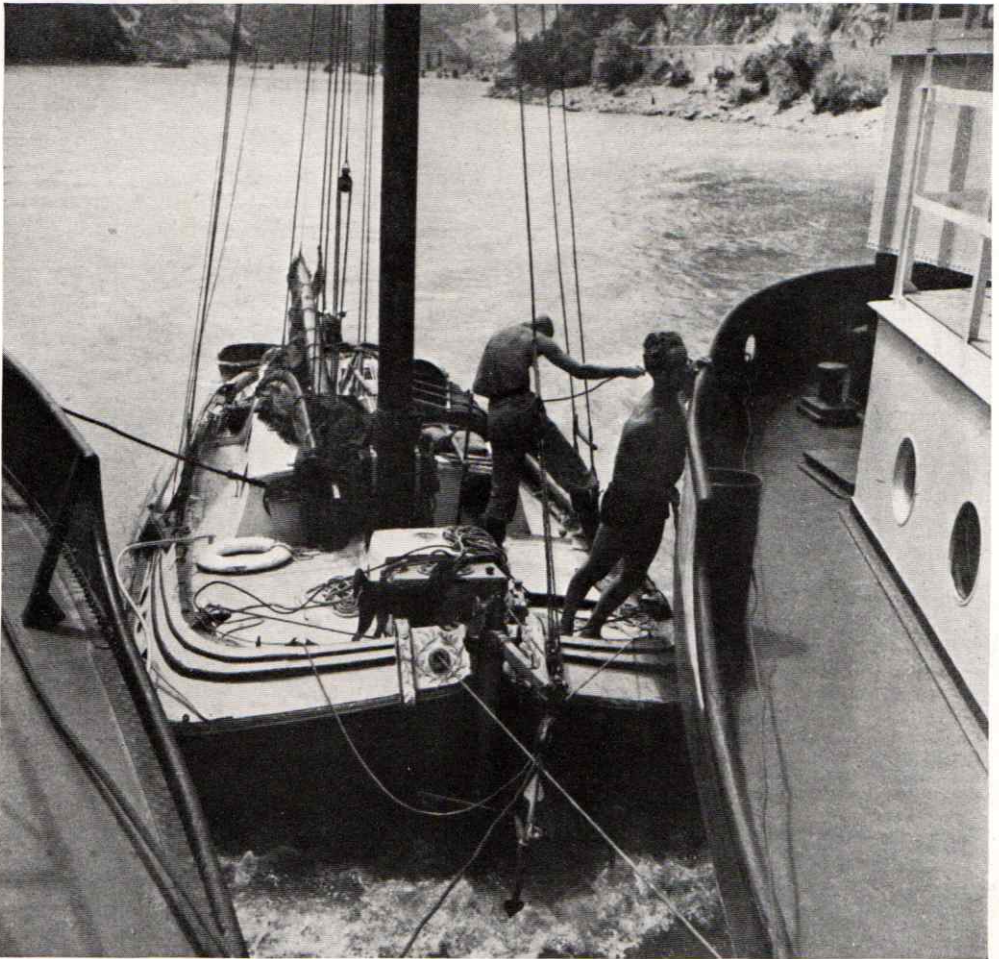
"HAWKE" RESUMES HER JOURNEY

My return to Vienna was precipitated by a firm intimation from the Austrian Customs that, as *Hawke* had stayed more than a year in Austrian territory, she was now liable to a duty of 21,390 Austrian shillings—and in 1935 an Austrian shilling was worth nearly 25 cents!

So I had *Hawke* refloated in split seconds (that means about ten days in Austria) and with a scratch crew sailed away from Vienna, cleared the customs at Hainburg, and set off through the interminable willow swamps for Budapest.

All went well for a few miles, and then in the middle of the Czech town of Bratislava, under the shadow of the ruined castle of the Empress Maria Theresa, we failed to notice some telegraph wires, which *Hawke's* 40-foot mast brought down *en bloc*. As *Hawke* had no permit to stop in Czechoslovakia—it was assumed that she would go directly through into Hungary—we hurried on. But fate decreed that we were not to escape that easily, for a hidden sand-bank caught us, and this time even the wind, which was blowing half a gale, failed to move us.

So the skipper had to return on foot to the scene of our misdeeds to try to get help. But help was not forthcoming, and with the water falling hourly, things began to look rather black. Finally the skipper marched more boldly than he felt into the local barracks and put his case before the



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SHOOTING THE DANUBE'S IRON GATE IN ROMANIA, "HAWKE" IS ALMOST CRUSHED BETWEEN TWO BARGES

Made fast to the vessels, the author's craft was towed through the dreaded seven-knot current, where sharp rocks are hidden just below the surface. Soon after the picture was taken, the towropes snapped and *Hawke* was left helplessly spinning in the raging stream. Luckily, the yacht's small motor started immediately and took her clear of the rocks after a half-hour struggle (page 564).

commandant. Luckily this Czech soldier proved to be a sportsman, and volunteered to put at *Hawke's* disposal the entire visible Czech Navy—which comprised some 30-foot motor gunboats.

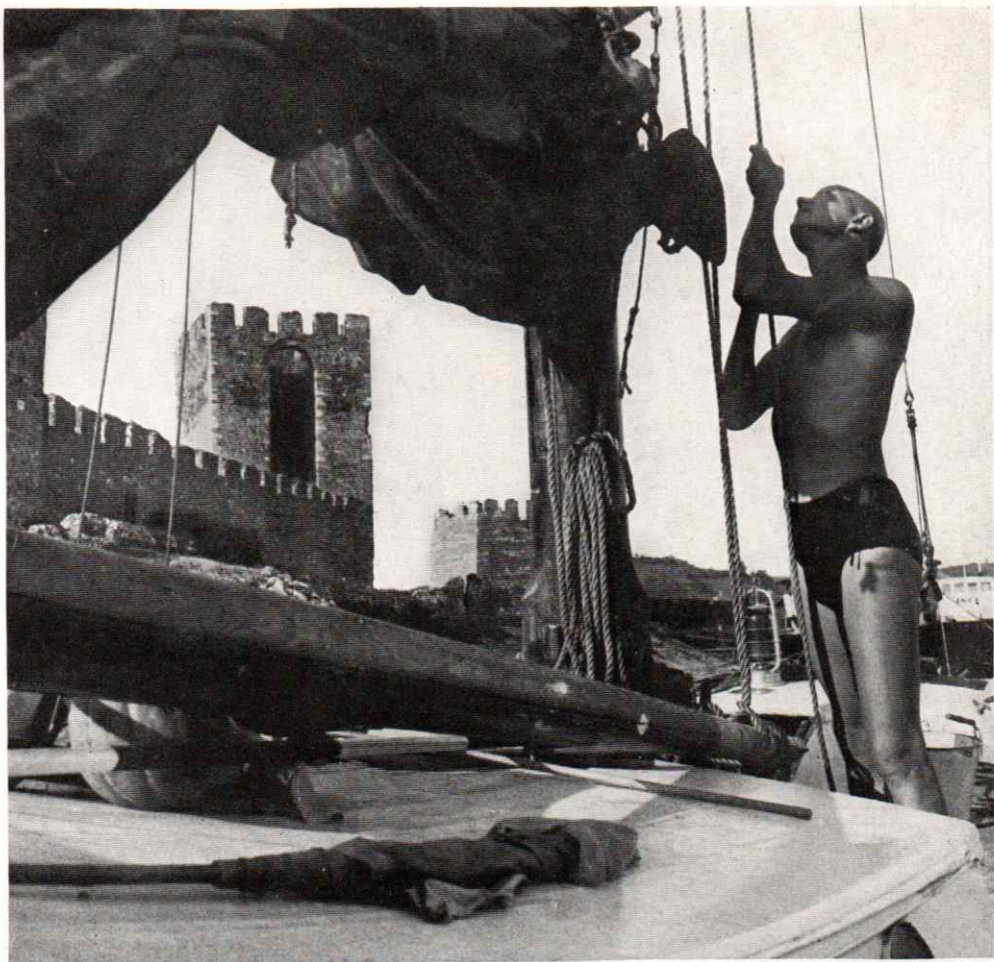
Thus, what had appeared a disaster, ended happily, for the Czech Navy had *Hawke* floating in less than an hour; no questions were asked about her missing papers, and without further trouble we came to the Hungarian frontier at Szob. From there, with no more arduous formalities than the affixing of an enormous lead seal, *Hawke* arrived in Budapest.

Immediately we became the center of in-

terest, and everything was done to make our stay agreeable, even to providing a police landing stage and placing two policemen at our disposal. Everybody was more than kind, and many weeks were spent in an enjoyable round of dinners, visits to country estates, and regattas.

A background for all these pleasant diversions was the city itself, offering an enormously rich variety of interest.* There were new foods, new wines, new costumes, and even new dances to study—that is, if

* See "Budapest, Twin City of the Danube," by J. R. Hildebrand, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, June, 1932.



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“HAWKE’S” MAINSAIL IS FURLED AS SHE HALTS AT A RUINED FORTRESS WHERE
SLAV FOUGHT TURK

George Brankovich, a Serbian prince, built these battlemented walls and square towers more than 500 years ago, but they were not strong enough to repel Turkish invaders. From vineyards here at Smederevo, on the Danube below the Yugoslav capital, Brankovich transplanted vines to his estate of Tokaj in Hungary, and from the grapes comes today’s celebrated white wine.

one were bold enough to attempt Hungary’s wild traditional *csárdás*—while always, like a golden thread running through a rich tapestry, was the haunting melody of gypsy music.

Before leaving for the descent into the real wilds of the Balkans, we picked up two Netherlands journalists, the Viennese crew having had to return home. Then we set off toward Yugoslavia.

No sooner had we crossed the border than we noticed an extraordinary change. People and officials alike seemed suspicious of *Hawke*. At Bezdan the harbor master refused us permission to pass, and we had

no option but to escape at night and hurry on to Belgrade to get the necessary permits through the British Legation.

Belgrade had some of the aspects of an overgrown village. A number of ships were tied up at the port, and we were on the point of leaving for lack of room when the commodore of the Russian Yacht Club came to our rescue and made us his guests.

NEARING THE DREAD IRON GATE

All the way down from Budapest the river had offered little of interest, beyond a wide expanse of willow swamps with very occasionally a small village, but soon after



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PLENTY OF WATER IN THE DANUBE, BUT BULGARIANS PREFER IT COOL AND PURE

A long sweep, pivoted on the post to the right, raises the bucket from the smaller well in the background. The woman with a yoke has just obtained her household water supply. Flowing slowly, sometimes half a mile wide, the river separates Bulgaria from Romania on the opposite shore.

Belgrade we entered Romania and approached the dread Iron Gate. Already the water was so low that it had become dangerous for the regular passenger service, and for *Hawke* to keep steerage way in a seven-knot current seemed taking rather a big chance.

Engaging a pilot, with the inevitable confusion of languages, was likely to make matters worse, so at Drenkova we waited for one of the big motor tankers that ply between the Romanian oil fields and Vienna. Behind this we tied on, and came at breakneck speed into the Kazan Gorge.

Here the Danube, swift and treacherous, cuts its way between the Balkan Mountains and the Transylvanian Alps, and here, some

2,000 years ago, passed the Emperor Trajan, victorious from his Dacian campaign. Just where the river narrows down, and where the remains of Trajan's bridge still stand, we came near losing *Hawke* altogether (page 562).

TENSE MOMENTS

The strain was too much, for suddenly, with the report of a gunshot, one of *Hawke's* oak bollards came in half. Immediately the second towrope snapped, and we were left helplessly spinning in the most dangerous spot on the Danube.

Sails couldn't help us; it was a windless day. Everything depended on the motor. It started at the first swing, but not until



© Merlin Minshall

“HAWKE” ANCHORS IN ROMANIA, BESIDE AN OLD WATER WHEEL

After the spring floods, farmers hurriedly plant corn or wheat in the rich alluvial soil, hoping to harvest their crops before the next inundation. About four out of five of King Carol's subjects live by agriculture or stock-raising.

Hawke had been swept broadside on against the rocky shore. There followed an agonizing half hour fighting to keep clear of the rocks.

But at last we arrived in the still water beside Turnu-Severin and proceeded to anchor for the night.

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT

Just as dusk fell, and we were beginning to think our troubles for that day were over, two shadowy figures appeared on the shore and demanded that we land immediately. Before the skipper could explain that we were an English boat bearing an international permit for this part of the river, there came the rattle of a magazine,

and the next moment a bullet buried itself in one of *Hawke's* massive oak leeboards.

Immediately we put out our anchor light, and placed a temporary barricade in the cabin. It was clearly no use trying to argue with people whose rifles went off so easily, and so the night was spent wondering when the next shot would hit us.

Next morning while it was still dark the anchor was raised silently, and *Hawke* drifted away downstream, to the extreme annoyance of the soldiery, who only discovered our escape when we were already a speck in the distance.

The same afternoon we arrived at Calafat and reported the events of the previous night to the harbor master. That official



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SHAGGY AS A BEAR, A BULGARIAN VISITOR BOARDS "HAWKE"

His heavy sheepskin cloak contrasts with the brief trunks worn by the bronzed journalist, one of the Netherlanders whom the author took aboard at Budapest. The bull terrier is now a seasoned yachtsman, having cruised all the way from England.

apologized sincerely for the misdeeds of his countrymen, and advised us strongly to remain always in midstream to avoid further misunderstanding.

We again set off, and as the heat grew worse the current went slower, while all day long there was not so much as a bucketful of wind and we had to chug along on the motor.

These lower reaches of the Danube we found monotonous because the river merely wound through barren swamps. Everything seemed lifeless; even the water fowl, herons and sad-faced pelicans, gazed at us immobile as we slid past. The farther east we went the more unusual became the

costumes among the peasants who flocked down to watch us go by. Long baggy trousers, yashmaks (veils), and turbans were daily sights, and now and then would appear needlelike minarets, tokens of a not-long-distant Turkish rule.

BARTERING CIGARETTES FOR FOOD

Ever since Budapest, food had been a problem. After the first few attempts, we had given up the idea of eating meat, and milk and butter were unobtainable, so we became dependent upon such fruit and vegetables as we could barter for a few cigarettes. Even the finest watermelons and grapes begin to pall in time, so that

often, for days at a stretch, we ate little.

Then one day around a corner showed up, quite out of place in this desolate region, the once-important grain town of Brăila, where we paused to rest and lay in provisions for the last lap.

Now all difficulties of navigation were past, as the Danube Commission still keeps a 20-foot-deep dredged channel for grain ships between Brăila and the Black Sea.

From Brăila we sailed down to Galati, where we visited part of the Romanian Navy lying at anchor. Then once again we were out in a flat, desolate countryside. Passing Reni and Isaccea we came to Tulcea which, with its arcaded bazaars, swarthy turbaned peasants, and minarets, seemed like a picture right out of the "Arabian Nights."

Here we left the Danube proper and entered the canal that cuts through the reed-strewn lagoons that border the seashore. Then ahead appeared the three red domes of the Russian church of Sulina, a tall white lighthouse, and a limitless expanse of blue waves.*

Hawke had sailed across Europe!

At our first sight of the Black Sea we were all so jubilant that we talked of going

* See "The Spell of Romania," by Henrietta Allen Holmes, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, April, 1934.



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SULINA, BLACK SEA PORT, IS JOURNEY'S END!

Marking the "finish line" is the curious Russian church with its three bright-red towers crowned by golden crosses. Here Dr. Minshall loaded the *Hawke* aboard a cargo steamer and shipped her home to England.

on to Istanbul and even to the Mediterranean. But too little food and too many mosquitoes had given us all a good case of malaria, so such ideas had to be abandoned. I found an English wheat ship loading up and for a few pounds the captain undertook to ship *Hawke* home.

The little craft had done remarkably well. Few boats would have stood up under the brutal treatment she had received during those three years of intermittent voyaging. She had withstood ice and sub-tropical sunshine, unkind rocks and unfriendly sandbanks. Built away back in 1876, she was now in her sixtieth year and well deserved an honorable retirement.