


## 'KNOWING HOW'

 The accumulation of 91 years of experience in steamship management . . . probably as much as anything else, is responsible for the consistent preference shown by transatlantic passengers for Cunard . . . a preference that has been decidedly and definitely demonstrated for the last eight years, when Cunard ships year after year have carried a larger number of people than any other line or group of lines.

It is this "knowing how", which you sense in countless "different" ways . . . in the comfort, the atmosphere, that pervade a Cunarder . . . in the unlimited à la carte menu, without extra charge . . . in the deft competence of stewards long trained in Cunard traditions . . . in that restful, ease-ensuring feeling, that you can speak English . . . and be understood.

A Cunard crossing saves you not hours merely . . . but days . . . owing to an almost daily service . . . 123 sailings to Europe between April 1st and August 16th . . . with every type of accommodations available, from the ultra-luxurious to the modest.

And, not least of all, there is the importance of value for your money . . . the utmost possible, always, via Cunard.

Not content with past glories and achievements . . . Cunard announces the building of the new Super-Cunarder that will write a fresh chapter in the history of transatlantic travel.

Carry your funds in Cunard Travellers' Cheques

Your Local Agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd.,  
25 Broadway, New York

# CUNARD



## TRAVEL



### Rhine Legends

by R. DE VAU

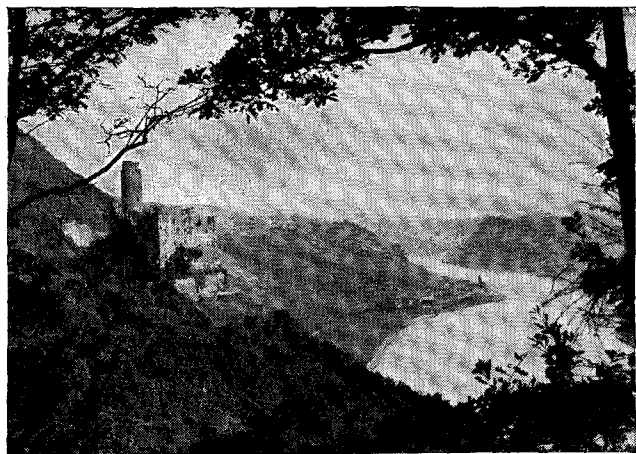
**I**N THE SHADOW of Lohengrin's castle, the Schwanenburg in Cleve, I saw the Rhine for the first time. I was almost two months old, and the memories of my first impressions are therefore rather hazy. But I must have liked it even then, because the chroniclers of my early history say that I raised a terrific rumpus when I was taken home again after that initial excursion into medieval romance.

My second experience was in those years when we are still able to hear the ghosts groan through shaky ruins and the clang of knightly armor dashing over the draw-bridge on white chargers. Of what I knew in those college days of the history of the Rhineland, much had gone the way of so many other things of schooltime knowledge. But when I saw them again last year, saw the picture towns in which every corner is a painter's delight, it all

own standards of civilization. Since the Neanderthal man, many prehistoric ages have left their relics here; and, coming down to written records, the history of this river is crowded with events even stranger than the numberless myths and sagas that cling to every castle, every town, and every chapel on the hillside.

The Lorelei lore, the Siegfried and Nibelungen saga, or the legend of Roland, Charles the Great's heroic paladin—they are common knowledge. But in the lesser known tales, also, there is so much fascination that even a random selection will bring much that is new and nothing that is without strong interest to those who may sooner or later enjoy the German "River of Fate."

Coming from the Black Forest and south Germany, I made Mainz the beginning of my Rhine voyage, as most



German Tourist Bureau

#### Mause Castle on the Rhine

came back as if by magic. It needs no great imagination to be fired by the beauty of this picturesque land. Its fables and folklore have enriched not only Goethe, Wagner, Beethoven, and Heine, but have stimulated Victor Hugo and de Musset, Byron and Thackeray, and have been brought to our shores in the pages of Longfellow, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain.

Here every point exudes history. Long before Homer this region was inhabited by intelligent races, primitive perhaps if superficially measured by our

travelers do. From there on downstream there is a stretch of low, fertile country, lovely in its way and full of historical interest, for through the centuries the rich land has often been a lure to princes and emperors, bishops and burghers. After Eltville, Erbach, and a number of other wine towns the trim little steamer passes Geisenheim.

And then—Ruedesheim! It is small wonder that in this, Germany's most famous wine district, legends should have been spun around the "golden drink of the gods." Every spring, when the vines



## Travel

are blossoming and their fragrance scents the air, the vintager with whom lady luck is friendly may see the tall figure of Charlemagne in the midnight sky and, wandering on in his flowing purple mantle, stretch wide his hands over the vineyards, blessing them.

The Romans brought the wine from Italy to the Rhine. But legend will not have it that foreigners were the benefactors, and so calls upon the ghost of the first great emperor of medieval Germany. Once, it says, Charlemagne saw from the balcony of his castle at Ingelheim that the snow melted much faster on one side of the Ruedesheim hills than on the other. Deep thinker that he was, he reflected that where the sun shone so genially something better must grow than grass. So he sent for vines to Italy, had them planted and tenderly cared for. And every year he comes from his tomb in Aachen to bless them. At the first crow of the cock, he returns to his grave and sleeps on — until the next spring.

Ruedesheim is as famous for the exceptionally large number of castles and castle ruins in the city and its vicinity as for its wine. In the city stands the Niederburg, also called Broemserburg, and near-by a chapel bearing the unusual name *Not Gottes*, meaning "Suffering of God." During the crusades, the noble knight Hans von Broemserburg took the cross to join the fight against the infidels in the Holy Land. When he was captured by the enemy, he vowed that he would dedicate his daughter Mechthild to the service of the Lord, if he were freed. He came home safe, but found his daughter betrothed to the young lord of Falkenstein. He insisted on fulfilling his vow, and Mechthild threw herself into the Rhine.

Broken-hearted, the father made another vow, to build a chapel on the hillside — and forgot. At plowing time a servant brought him a likeness of the Mother of God that the horn of an ox had dug from the ground on the spot where the chapel was to have been built. Tremblingly the man told what he had heard: a wailing voice, thrice crying from the ground — "*Not Gottes!*" Then the chapel was built and received the name by which it is still called to-day. The Niederburg is one of the oldest castles in Germany. Its impressive walls, the labyrinth of passageways and arches, its narrow stairs and courts make a gruesome picture. The once mighty watchtower is only partially left, and huge gaps open in the outer walls.

Rhenish legends are by no means all sentimental, ghostly, or serene. Many show the splendid sense of humor that is one of the most amiable characteristics of the Rhinelander. The monks of Johannisberg — what friend of golden wine would not know the name! — were once

# Meet These Real Pioneers On This Last Frontier



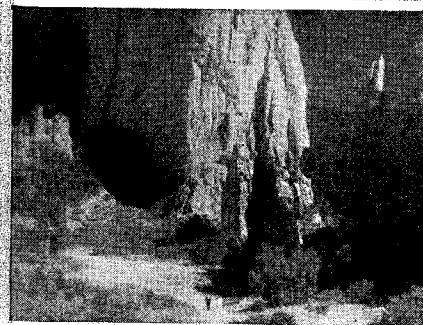
**T**HEY'RE often quite young, and town cars and radios and airplanes, but they are pioneers just the same, for Colorado is the last American frontier. Genuine pioneers! — winning fortunes from mountain and plain with the same courage and energy that imbued their forefathers back in the days when this highly comfortable frontier was also a wilderness.

And how well they live, in this most truly temperate climate of all the temperate zone! It's finer, cleaner, happier living in Colorado, in this mountain vacationland teeming with natural wealth — or this mountain treasureland teeming with vacation pleasures — "opportunity's playground" in either case.

C  
O  
L  
O  
R  
A  
D  
O



C  
O  
L  
O  
R  
A  
D  
O



F  
U  
L

**T**RY a Colorado outing this summer! The cost will be minimum, the pleasures maximum. All the greatest delights of the Rockies — fishing, sports, trips, camps, resorts, cool weather, scenery — are calling you. Have your best, and yet your most economical, vacation. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is near enough for even a short allowance of time.

And while you are here, look at Colorado's happy young "pioneers." Note how well, how joyously, they live. Consider that their opportunities may be yours, too. You may or may not want to join them, but you will have had an unforgettable vacation. As a first step, send the coupon today!

Enjoy a richer flavor, and get more vitamins, by ordering Colorado fruits and vegetables

Top photographs: A Camping Party in the San Juan Mountains, and a Nature Study Class in Rocky Mountain National Park. Lower photographs: Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs (note figures in foreground) and Harvesting "Sunshine and Vitamins" Cabbage.

THE  
KEY  
STATE  
OF THE  
NEW  
WEST



THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 571 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Send me the FREE book, "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground," illustrated with natural-color photographs.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_