

# Cameroun



A Musician of the Cameroun.

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

**I**N THE WHO'S WHO of former German colonies in Africa, now mandated under the control of the various European nations, Cameroun stands out as one of the most interesting. Wedged in between French and British territory at the inner corner of the Gulf of Guinea on the western coast, it was "Kamerun" to the Germans. Now it has become a French mandate and is governed along with French Equatorial Africa, a sizable empire under the tricolor.

Cameroun is a vast territory itself. It touches the sea for a distance of about 125 miles, and then fans out to reach the Sahara to the north, the Oubangui river to the east, and the Gabon colony at its lower boundary.

The steamer which carries the traveler to this out-of-the-way objective passes through a 19-mile channel between the huge guardian masses of the island of Fernando Po on one side and Mount Cameroun on the other, and turns eastward into the mouth of a broad estuary. To the south stretches an endless vista of low mangrove swamp. On the left, 60 miles away, is the mountain, its peak rarely visible in so humid a climate.

In midstream, to the annoyance of the captain, is the wreckage of two German ships deliberately sunk at the beginning of the World war to obstruct the passage.

After several slow miles upstream Douala, the "big-town," becomes visible. It lies on a flat-topped, not very lofty, promontory and continues behind the promontory along a glaring beach and hilly ridge. The effect, especially after a month of sea, is charming.

**Douala is Attractive.**  
The big house of the chief of the local administrative division of the mandate appears white, elegant, and richly shaded in the foreground.

Behind the mansion, up and down the hill, are other sturdy, pretty stucco residences, mango, palm, and breadfruit trees overhanging them; and, of course, along the water front are the inevitable and inevitably ugly trading "factories," their galvanized iron roofs shimmering in the violence of the sun.

On closer examination Douala proves at once the prettiest and the plainest of West African cities. It is a question of neighborhood. On the palm of the flat Douala promontory the Germans established an exclusive white residential quarter, complete with parks, bandstand, and double or quadruple lines of trees on every street. Along the wrist and forearm, to continue the metaphor, they planned a native and trading section which could continue inland upriver as far as it liked, incorporating as it grew the existing villages of Akwa, Deldo, New Bell, New Akwa, and New Deldo. "In times these town names threaten to become repetitious."

This arrangement, substantially, has kept up, though the French government has made no effort to enforce it. The section immediately around the park, enlivened by the presence of several cafes, is the best shaded, most serenely quiet and lovely bit of town on the coast.

For the rest—for the miles of deep, hot sand along the river's edge, the innumerable hideous stores and warehouses, the noisy recklessness of dilapidated auto trucks and even more dilapidated native laborers—one can say little that is kind. It is commercially flourishing and trade is growing, at least. It is the one logical outlet for the produce of the entire interior, and the harbor is excellent. In thirty years the population has grown from negligibility to over 25,000, more than 1,000 of whom are Europeans.

Douala will never be proud of its climate. In the dry season it is hot, breathless beyond belief. A temperature of 99 degrees is absolutely chilly. And in the rainy season one sloshes about in high boots and a raincoat through an almost continual downpour, which, mysteriously, does little to modify the temperature. The average annual rainfall here is more than 13 feet, and at one place on the seacoast the precipitation reaches the phenomenal figure of 36 feet.

**To the Interior by Rail.**  
The two Cameroun railways center at Douala. One runs due north for 100 miles to the terminal town of Nkongssamba. The other, which has no connection with the first, goes east-

ward for 190 miles, to the new administrative capital, Yaounde.

To reach the terminus of the first—the Chemin de Fer du Nord—one crosses the Douala river to the village of Bonaberi.

The daily train, following the ignoble custom of civilization, leaves at a fiendishly early hour, an hour when the fleecy dawn mists lie on the river, permeate one's clothes, and unglue the labels from the baggage. Passengers of both colors intensely dislike each other, as is natural before breakfast, and embarkation is accompanied by profanity in something over thirty languages.

The engine burns wood, frequently such trifles as ebony and mahogany, and the rain of blazing sparks makes it incumbent upon the passengers to remain close within the carriages.

Almost at once, however, the multiplicity and grandeur of Cameroun become manifest, and one can no longer be dull.

All the way to Nkongssamba the line climbs upward, slowly for three-quarters of the distance, then sheerly. For the first six hours the route lies through the region of the great equatorial forest.

At either side of the narrow cut rear up the mighty, regimented trees. The tops, flaring flat and wide to take the sun, are often 200 feet above the ground. Some of the trunks are four feet through and all are wrapped and tangled in vines that make a continuous, eternal pattern. Bushes, weeds, ferns the size of apple trees, choke the ground. Everything is green superbly living in immortal summer.

**Plantations and Uplands.**  
Occasionally the forest breaks and the train passes plantations of tobacco (certain grades of Cameroun wrapper sell for \$2.50 a pound wholesale), banana, palm oil, and cacao. Less frequently, there are native villages of half a dozen ramshackle "long houses" of the Bantu type, and now and then larger towns with the ubiquitous corrugated iron "factory" in evidence.

Then, on higher ground, the train begins to go through open clearings, stretches of lush, rolling meadowland of a sort unimaginable in ordinary tropical "bush." The trees begin to dwindle, the vegetation thins down and becomes more orderly. At a few miles from Nkongssamba there is no more jungle, only what a northerner would accurately call "woods." The equatorial forest, in less than 100 miles and, more importantly, with 3,000 feet of altitude, has been forced out.

From Nkongssamba an auto goes 137 miles north and a little east to the native city of Fouban. It is a lovely road, speaking strictly from the standpoint of scenery, not roadbed.

**Fouban is Surprising.**  
After a tiring day's drive in a bumpy truck, Fouban is astonishing, so complete is its contrast with what has gone before. The city stands upon a hill and is surrounded by an elaborate system of ancient trench fortifications dating from the years of the Fulah raiders. The trees, which have been planted along every street, give it a wooded effect wholly absent among the neighboring grass meadows. One has an immediate impression of order, prosperity, civilization.

Many of the houses of Fouban are of sun-dried brick and are roofed with native tiles or grass thatch. The compound fences are neatly constructed. The market, made of brick and tile, is modern in type and perfectly clean. At the center of the town is an imposing three-story structure set in the midst of elaborate gardens.

It is the palace of Njoya, sultan of the Bamoum and overlord of Fouban. Everything—order, bricks, and garden—is indigenous. Fouban existed when the white man was no more than a myth. Even now outside influences have touched it only slightly.

The sultan and the majority of his people are Mohammedans. In accordance with the curious rule that people of the African deserts and prairies readily adopted Mohammedanism, and that the people of the African forests almost invariably did not, the Bamoum scarcely recall a time when their life was not strongly influenced by the Arabic belief.

In the center of the town, facing the sultan's palace, is the mosque, a frame building of strongly Moorish type, even to the vertical stripes of red and white paint. Here, every Friday, the elite of the Bamoum gather.

## Horn and Trumpet Long Used to Direct Armies

According to the best authorities, it appears that the forerunners of the modern trumpet and bugle were first used for military purposes by the armies of Gideon and Saul of Biblical fame. The Romans appear in the scene next, since prior to the fall of the Roman empire, about 493 A. D. the musical instruments used in the Roman army were the bugle (buccina), the trumpet (tuba), the cavalry trumpet (lituus) and the horn (cornu). The latter was made of the horn of the buffalo, and provided with a silver mouthpiece. The others were probably of brass.

The Romans knew very well a fact familiar to modern tactics, that to carry a command amid the tumult of battle or down a long line of march, the penetrating tones of a brazen horn are much more effective than the sound of the human voice. Accordingly the signals for the various evolutions of march and battle were given by horn and trumpet; first by the horn, at the command of the general, then taken up by the trumpets. The bugle was used to sound the divisions of the day, that is to say reveille, noon and nightfall.—United States Recruiting News.

## Only Three Essentials in Food for Steinmetz

Steinmetz' attitude toward food was an example of his simplifying human problems as if they were the private wants of electrical apparatus, wrote Jonathan Norton Leonard in "Loki, the Life of Steinmetz." An induction motor seemed to him much superior to the human body, so much stronger and so much more useful. Its requirements in the way of current, lubrication and cooling could be accurately calculated. Why not the same with the needs of the human body?

"So," he would say, unwrapping a brown-paper package, "to sustain life the human body requires only three raw materials. Potatoes provide the carbohydrates. Steaks provide the protein. And the fat comes from the butter the steak is fried in. What more can be done? It is complete."

He never tired of this standardization and never could understand why others did.

## Indian Weapon of War

The tomahawk is an ancient weapon universally used by Indians in war before they were taught the use of iron and steel, since which hatchets have been substituted for them. This instrument still retains its use and importance in public transactions and, like the pipe, is often very significant. This weapon is formed much like a hatchet, having a long stem or handle; the head is a round ball or knob of solid wood, well enough calculated to knock one's brains out. On the other side of the stem the head terminates in a point where the edge would be, which point is set a little hooking or coming toward the stem, and near the center, where the stem or handle pierces the head, another point projects forward of a considerable length, which serves for thrusting as with a spear or pike pole.

## Peculiar "Art Period"

Biedermeier was a fictitious character invented for the pages of *Flegende Blätter*, a good-natured bourgeois with no esthetic perception. Germany, after the Napoleonic wars, was either too poor or too prejudiced to follow the prevailing fashions in French furniture; hence the Biedermeier style, which eliminated the ornate mounts and expensive carvings naturally symbolic of empire decoration, and substituted merely pretty forms, pretty details, unmeaning and weak. The Biedermeier period began with 1800 and ended about 1830.

## Ocean Weather Reports

The idea of receiving weather reports from vessels at sea was inaugurated in 1906, when the captains of 50 vessels flying the Pacific with the necessary radio equipment agreed to make the observations and endeavor to transmit their reports to Washington each day. This is now done by 250 sea captains, and about 50 messages are received every day. These observations have proven very valuable, and a small fee is paid for each observation made and successfully transmitted to Washington.

## Scared Them to Death

Some of our local sportsmen may have had a similar experience with the high cost of duck shooting as a Winnipeg man's report of one day on the marshes. This nimrod fired seventy-five shells, costing \$3.75. His gasoline for the trip cost \$2.25 and his hunter's license \$2. His bag was three ducks, or \$2.60 per duck. As there was no evidence of pellets in the birds, it is believed they died of heart failure caused by the barrage.—Vancouver Province.

## War on Weeds

Weeds are the railwayman's enemy as well as the gardener's. If left alone they would choke the permanent way as effectively as in like circumstances, they would do our flower beds and gravel paths. The British Southern railway made an effective weed-killing train by coupling two old tenders together and fitting them with spray pipes and tanks. A special form of liquid weed-killer is used, and the spray pipes have an effective range of about ten feet.

## HOW

### METHOD OF MAKING WIRE HAS GONE ON STEADILY.

The earliest known mention of "wire drawers" and "wire millers" as those who produced wire by drawing were called, occurs in 1337 and 1360, in the histories of Augsburg and Nuremberg, the previous accounts being only of "wire smiths," those who brought metals into filamentous form by means of beating them with a hammer into thin plates, then dividing these by cutting into narrow strips and rounding finally with hammer and file. The change from the old to the new method was soon followed by the introduction of a machine by which wire was successfully produced without direct aid of the hand; this machine, probably the invention of Ludolt, of Nuremberg, was operated by water power. The precious metals appear to have been the first subjected to this process—brass and iron not being used until some time later. White wire, or blanch wire, is mentioned in England in 1463; and both iron and fine brass wire in 1484. Up to 1565 English iron wire was drawn by hand only, and was of so poor a quality that most of that used in the country was imported. In that year patents were granted to manufacture wire in England.

## How Sport Has Shelved "Tomboy" of Yesterday

### "Tomboy" of Yesterday

Where is the tomboy of yesterday? The word is heard no more nowadays, and perhaps has fallen out of American speech. In the old days any girl who took part in sports would have been deprecatingly dubbed "tomboy," and distinct sniffs would have been heard from her more decorous sisters who were always "little ladies."

At certain seasons of the year when golf and tennis tournaments bring out the girl competitors, those who would have been called "tomboys" in the days of their sheltered grandmothers. Today, the representative of the fair sex, in natty sports attire, smashes them across the net or steps up to the tee, takes a swing, man-fashion, and sends 200-yard drives down the fairway. And there are sun-burned youths and successful business men in every gallery who would give the shirts off their backs if they could do likewise.

What has become of the tomboy of yesterday? The answer is, they are all tomboys. The day seems to have gone forever when it was unladylike for women to be competent in a sport.—St. Paul Dispatch.

## How Police Radio Works

Police departments have for some time had a system of radio transmittal of police orders which is very similar to any radio broadcasting system. There is also a system used by police and by other interests, called teletype, which consists of an automatic wireless connection between a typewriting machine at the place of sending and another at the place of receiving. By this system the impulses on the keys of the sending machine automatically react on the machines at the receiving station so that a complete letter is written simultaneously in both places. The receiving operator may then reply in the same manner while the connection is still maintained, thereby assuring a complete copy in both places of both letter and answer.

## How to Determine Vermin

It is quite easy to determine the type of vermin that kills game. A fox, in devouring its kill, invariably clips the wing feathers off sharply at a certain point, whereas a winged killer usually leaves talon marks which an expert can decipher. The nature of the marks and the distance between them distinguish the handiwork of a great horned owl from that of a hawk, and may even label the species of hawk. There is no way, however, to distinguish the attack of a mink or raccoon from that of a stray house cat.

## How Turtle Lures Fish

The alligator snapping turtle has a novel way of getting its living. In the bottom of its mouth there lies a light-colored strip of flesh about an inch and a half long that resembles nothing so much as a healthy fish worm. If the turtle lies in shallow water with its mouth open a minnow is quite likely to swim into the aperture to get the worm. Immediately the jaws of the turtle snap shut and the fish is fast in a trap from which there is no escape.

## How Shakespeare Got Plot

"Hamlet" is based on a crude story told by the Thirteenth century Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler, in his "Historia Danica," first printed in 1514, which found a place in Pierre de Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques" (1570), a French miscellany of translated legend and romance.

## How Charcoal is Made

Charcoal is made by subjecting wood to a process of smothered combustion. The wood is partially burned or heated so that the tarry and volatile matter is removed.

## How We Get "Brown Study"

The phrase "brown study" was suggested by the use of "brown" in the sense of serious or gloomy. A brown study is a state of reverie or idle and purposeless musing.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Annie Stine, et bar, to Clara T. Bateson, tract in State College; \$3.

Clara T. Bateson to Anna M. Stine, et bar, tract in State College; \$1.

Mary E. Hendricks, et bar, to Lloyd J. Weaver, et ux, tract in Curtin Twp.; \$550.

Theodore Davis Boal, et ux, to

Jeanne Boal, tract in Harris Twp.; \$1.

James D. Searson, et ux, to Harry R. White, et al, tract in Centre Hall; \$1.

Ezriel Horwitz, to Josephine Dur-

oss, tract in Rush and Curtin Twps; \$10.

John M. Hartswick, et al, to Ernest Axman, et ux, tract in State College; \$1.

## The Farmer on Farm Relief.

A Farmer told us, recently, that he had sold 40 bushels of corn on the ear for \$8.00.

Yet last year, in 1931, the Federal Department of Agriculture spent \$296,865,944.00

To Help the Farmer!

We wonder how Farmers have been helped by these huge expenditures; or whether they have not been taxed, indirectly, to help pay the bills.

We wonder whether certain western Senators have not been the only beneficiaries of futile political schemes for farm relief.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BELLEFONTE, PA.

WE FIT THE FEET COMFORT GUARANTEED.

## Baney's Shoe Store

WILBUR H. BANEY, Proprietor  
30 years in the Business

BUSH ARCADE BLOCK  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

SERVICE OUR SPECIALTY SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED

## OUTSTANDING ....Bargains.... FOR ALL TIME

Boys' Overalls	50 Cents
Boys' Sweaters	50 Cents
Men's Work Shirts	50 Cents
Kaynee Wash Suits	\$1.00
Stetson Hats	5.00
Mallory Hats	3.75

## AT FAUBLE'S

Never in the Store's History Have  
Prices Been So Low—Buy Now

## FAUBLE'S