moon broke through the clouds and far out on the horizon mirrored its pale light on the sea in countless shimmering silvery waves. In the darkness we wandered back to the port where we had previously landed. The stillness of the dense pine forest was interrupted only by the gentle rustle of the tree tops swaying in the sea breeze. A fascinating environment; mysterious silence of a Northern pine forest on a world-forgotten island in the Adriatic Sea; the fragrance of the North combined with the warmth of the South.

After the excitement following the steamer's arrival, the little harbor of Lucino Picollo was again quiet. Fishing boats swayed gently at their anchors, the waves gurgled against the bow and stern and swished between the heavy stone blocks of the quay.

It is fascinating to wander at random, by night, through the narrow streets of a strange Southern town. What we cannot discern with ears and eyes our imagination is apt to devise, and all things appear under an aspect of peculiar enchantment. Lucino Picollo seemed to combine the charm of a picturesque Mediterranean island port with the ease of a yachtman's haven. Even before the war this little port had been a favorite retreat of Austro-Hungarian naval officers who used to spend their days yachting and fishing or chatting in the outdoor cafés and bars along the wharf. Lucino Picollo has brought forth families of sailors whose palatial liners now sail the Seven Seas.

Late in the evening the rain set in again, first dripping, then in a heavy downpour. Jumping from doorway to doorway we ran through the narrow streets and then through the dark, storm-beaten pine forests only to arrive at the hotel drenched to the skin. All night wind and rain rattled windows and balcony doors and our motor excursion to the interior of the island seemed utterly spoiled. But early next morning the sun suddenly broke through the heavy clouds and within an hour the sky turned dazzling blue.

When we set out in our car, the earth was still damp, covered with light mist, and from the green forest emanated a heavy, sweet fragrance. The sun shone in strong rays and soon dried out the roads sufficiently to make our trip most delightful. We were not bothered by dust which in the Summer usually makes motoring through the Dalmatian Islands rather unpleasant.

We again drove through the harbor of Lucino Picollo which now had awakened to life. Women came down to the fishing boats along the quay to buy from the latest catch. The road wound along the seashore and soon we were in open country. The landscape then revealed its true Dalmatian character: barren, sunparched; a few rugged pine trees and palmettos, finding scarce sustenance among the flat, white rocks. Once in a while we passed a lonely farm house surrounded by rectangular systems of crude and low stone walls. Erected from the stray stones on the fields they obviously served as scant protection against wind. The barrenness and loneliness of the countryside became overpowering.

On these plateaus the strong wind, the *Bora,* sweeping over the Dalmatian Islands, is man's and vegetation's greatest enemy. History reveals that the Romans and Venetians for centuries cut down the forests of these islands for ship building until the soft ground lost its hold and was swept away by rain floods. Such might be one cause of erosion; forest fires, the scourge of sun-dried Southern woods, very probably increased the damage. Now-a-days the Dalmatian Islands are almost devoid of vegetation which fact lends them a peculiar aspect.

Before the war when Dalmatia used to be the "sun-porch" of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and its only possession in a Southern climate likely to attract tourists, great efforts were made by the government to reforest the islands. The pine groves around Lucino Picollo are a fine example. Today under Italian rule, the government has more important and even more beautiful sections of Italy to develop, and Jugo-Slavia, to which a part of these islands came after 1918, is not yet financially strong enough to carry out an efficient reforestation program. And so the Dalmatian Islands remain poor as they have been during many centuries. Meager olive groves, occasional pyrethrum plantations, and fishery with a small and rather primitive sardine packing industry, are the only outward signs of the sparse population's occupation. Otherwise the young people of the islands have to seek a livelihood as sailors in the Italian Merchant Marine. Any produce the poor soil on the islands yields is welcomed by the natives as an additional source of income.

Fortunately, even on those slopes, barren as they are, the warm Southern climate brings forth a scant vegetation of low bushes the *Macchia* consisting of rosemary, sage, thyme, helichrysum and a few others. For this reason the former Austro-Hungarian government before the war had made great efforts to give Dalmatia an essential oil industry which in the beginning developed quite profitably. Botanical institutions studied and sponsored the growing of suitable plants; several experimental stations equipped with modern stills were set up on different islands. They taught the peasants efficient means of distillation; the farmers were united in cooperatives to regulate oil prices and find regular sales for their oil. Oil of rosemary was declared a legal denaturant for industrial and pharmaceutical alcohol and thereby this oil found wide application in the monarchy.

The war brought about a complete breakdown of this program. With the disintegration of the old Austrian Empire, a consuming territory of fifty million people was smashed up and in the year right after the war the successor states, such as Jugo-Slavia, were confronted with problems more pressing than the promotion of an essential oil industry in Dalmatia. During the war, when the islands were right in the fighting zone between Austria-Hungary and Italy, distillation of oil became impossible. Spain as a neutral country in which natural and labor conditions were just as suitable if not more so for the production of oil became Dalmatia's most powerful competitor with the result that almost all oil of rosemary now comes from Spain. Yet the Dalmatian producers do not seem to realize the fundamental change in conditions and still cling to the belief that they hold a monopoly on oil of rosemary which they think is an industrial necessity.

We pursued our way along the highways mounting barren hills in sweeping curves. The ground was covered with low, creeping *salvia,* silvery green in the dazzling sunlight. From afar, the Mediterranean glistened blue and merged with a cloudless sky. In this sky, above a light mist, hung the hazy, almost ethereal contours of