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hot. J. Becker, Breme

Richard Krebs:

## THE <br> GATEWAY

1HE old Hanseatic City of Bremen may well be termed the Gateway to Romance, the portal to the most romantic country of the North, Germany, a scenic land rich with a glamorous, adventurous past, and a boiling, yet charming presence. The stream of travel into this stronghold of untold fascination and vivid interest flows unceasingly through the Port of Bremen from all the seven seas. This town, 1200 years ago a quaint fishermen's abode on the Weser dunes, has pushed to the fore in a relentless cycle of enterprise until today it has become the first passenger
center and the second commercial metropolis of Germany.

Once, long, long ago a group of inland fugitives fled down the Weser river. One evening, as the sun raked the earth with crimson javelins, they landed at the dune which now bears the Cathedral, and built a fire in the face of the biting North wind. While searching for firewood, one of their men beheld a moor-hen as she protected her brood with sheltering wings from a circling vulture far overhead. He told his comrades of what he had seen.

Fate had offered them a symbol of safety. The fugitives took it as a good omen and decided to settle down, as it were, seventy miles from the North Sea shore So they founded Bremen.
$Y_{\text {ears passed. Decades skimmed to }}$ oblivion. Winter storms ravaged the land and fled before the advancing sun that heralds the coming of spring. The village waxed larger. The nearby sea instilled hardness and fearlessness into the hearts of the people. They became fishermen, sailors, traders, merchants Then the dominant Catholic Church

