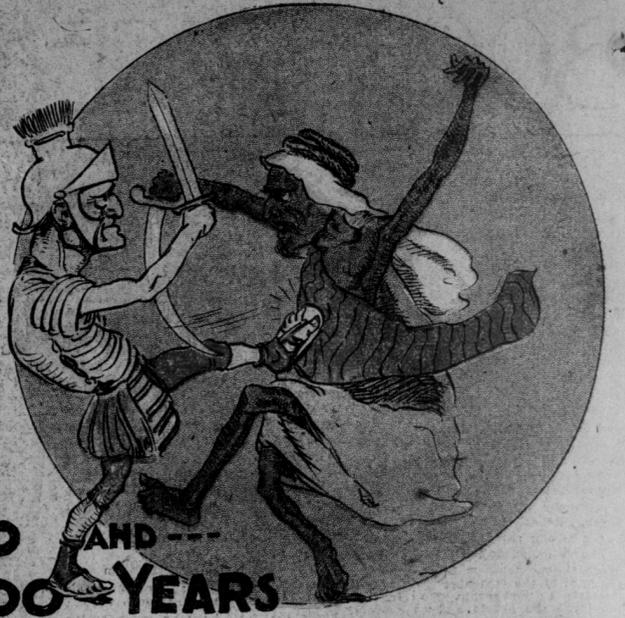


# ITALY AND TURKEY WAR BECAUSE OF AN ANCIENT LOVE AFFAIR

## AENEAS JILTED DIDO AND FOR 3000 YEARS THE MEDITERRANEAN NATIONS HAVE FOUGHT EACH OTHER ON TRIPOLI'S SANDS



Aeneas' love-making until Augustus rebuilt the city, no longer Carthage, then, but Junonia, a Roman city with scarcely a memory of the Phoenician occupation. But the animosity was not dead, nor was Dido's empire to digest its humiliation in peace. Genseric the Vandal established a barbarian empire there in 439 A. D. Hassan, the Saracen herald of the Moslems, wiped out the last traces of the city in 647. Before him, Belisarius, the general of the forces of Justinian, paid Carthage a visit in 533, remodeled it with the sword and torch and proudly named it Justiniana. Carthage was dead, but Southern Europe was not done with Northern Africa. Just as Hannibal has entered Spain when Rome was a military power and threatened to Africanize Europe, so the wild men of North Africa, fired with the zeal of Moslemism, Numidians, Lybians, Semites of many tribes, the people of Dido and Horbus, entered Spain again and were checked at Tours by Karl Martel in 732.

Karl Martel represented the pontifical power of Rome in his age, as opposed to the Moslem power of the dark men of northern Africa. The issues had changed a trifle. Dido and Aeneas were myths, the military power of Rome and the commercial prestige of Carthage were gone, but the ancient animosity had only taken on a new garment and the same races selected much the same soil to fight out their differences. Then the same Ferdinand with whom Columbus dealt, as King of Sicily and also of Aragon, took up the feud and not only drove the Moors past Gibraltar but followed in the time worn tracks of Hannibal along northern Africa, seizing Moslem strongholds and establishing the prestige of the Latin as far east as the present city of Tripoli. He occupied the city itself about 1510 A. D. Carthage was no longer worth taking, but Tripoli was simply a suburb of Carthage in her prosperous days, and Ferdinand was working in the old tramping ground of the Scipios, of Genseric, of Belisarius and all the others who came across the seas from the north like Aeneas.

Close upon his trail came the Knights of St. John, offspring of the crusaders, with the ecclesiastical power of Rome blazoned on their shields and banners. That was about 1530 A. D., and then came the interlopers, the Turks, who knew nothing of the old trouble at all, but just swept in from Tartary like so many wolves, ravenous and overwhelming.

Perhaps there were no further invasions or counter invasions worth recording up to the last century, when all Europe began pushing across the Mediterranean—Spain into Morocco, France into Algiers and Italy into Tripoli. But for a time immediately before that movement began north Africa had its fling again. Who has not heard of the Barbary pirates? Where the merchant ships of the old Carthage coasted and larded it over the sunny fleets of all other nations, dictating how often Rome should "wash her hands in the sea," the pirates of Tunis and Tripoli made life hideous for the seamen of the northern shores and exacted tribute from the merchants of all nations. Even the United States, in its infancy, had to struggle with the wayward sons of old Carthage, which only shows how modern and, at the same time, how rusty and moth eaten with age is the feud.

And now Italy hangs by a bare claw-hold upon the rim of Tripoli, an desert men are crowding in from the wastes of all north Africa, fanatical with the old hate, to push the Roman eagle into the sea again. The story of this war without end does not begin with the diplomatic phrases of the Russo-Turkish treaty, but is lost in the myths and legends which preceded history. It has been Rome against Tripoli, Ba-bary, Justiniana, Junonia, Carthage, Ka' Hadisha and Byrsa. Names change and rulers change. The fates have not favored Africa in the struggle, but she

on the seas and fattened on the wealth of Sicily where Carthage ruled and traded. But they drove him out and he returned to his native Epirus prophesying the splendid struggle between Rome and his seafaring enemies. Perhaps Pyrrhus was not fully avenged by the event which followed, but at any rate, if his shade still hovers in Epirus, he had the satisfaction of seeing an Italian war vessel send one of the Tripoli squadron to the bottom and drive two ashore on his own Epirus little more than a month ago. Not only do the events repeat themselves in this unending struggle, but the setting is the same.

The first great war began about 275 B. C. and lasted for twenty-three years. Carthage had wealth, but at the end Carthage paid in tribute most of what Rome left her and saw Sardinia and Corsica garrisoned with the legionaries. Then Hamilcar of Carthage, in 235 B. C., attacked Rome



By Rodney Y. Gilbert  
THERE is a virus in some love affairs, especially in a dismal love affair, which makes itself felt beyond the traditional third and fourth generations, infects nations and outlives them. Homer took quite a few thousand lines to relate how a little romance overturned a great nation and filled 10,000 homes with mourning, but that was neither the first nor the last case. Take this trouble in north Africa for instance, the war between the Turks in Tripoli and the scions of old Rome. Those who have no nose for romance and refuse to admit the overwhelming influence of the dead ages on present events will tell you that it is an old struggle—dates back to the settlement of the Russo-Turkish treaty in 1878, when Italy was told by the intervening powers that she could occupy Tripoli by pacific measures. An old struggle, indeed! Why, it began in an age when the Russians were gnawing bones on the frozen steppes and the Turks were mere yellow men on the outer fringe of China's budding civilization. And what is more, it began in a love affair.

Before Rome was founded, and while Aeneas was still scouring the seas, hunting a landing place after the Trojan war, he put into Carthage and saw Dido, founder and queen of the Phoenician settlement. Horbus, king of the Numidians, loved Dido, but Dido and Aeneas fell violently in love with each other. Zeus did not favor the match—so he sent Mercury down to deliver an ultimatum. Aeneas sailed away to found Rome, out of which grew whatever power is left to Italy, and Dido killed herself, thereby spitting Horbus

and filling Numidians and Carthaginians alike with the spirit of revenge and a cordial detestation for the peoples across the sea.  
This is an old time romance, dead about 2,800 years, the historians would tell you, but are not the children of Aeneas' men still warring with the children of the Numidians across the sea and with the tribesmen whose fathers were ruled by Carthage? A veritable chain of those trans-Mediterranean conflicts, beginning with Dido and trailing in blood through all the centuries, involving a score of peoples, stretches down to the present conflict when Admiral Aubrey of the Italian fleet hurled invective and steel at Hassan Pasha and the Lybian Arabs. The historian scorns Dido in fixing the cause for the war and talks much of diplomatic affairs between the ports and the powers and of the desirable commerce of north Africa which Italy would absorb, but then the historian has no appreciation of romance—he is a mere chronicler.  
Certainly he can not deny that Rome and Carthage fought long and bloody wars several centuries before the Christian era, or that Belisarius of a later Roman empire crossed the same waters to attack the same shores in the sixth century A. D., or that the knights of St. John, representing the clerical power of Rome in the days of the crusaders, made the same crossings and warred in the same fields. But, for the benefit of all modernists, it might be well to review the present trouble from the time of the treaty of 78 and then, as Balzac said, "Let us talk of real people"—back to Dido and the heartless Aeneas for the sake of old romance.  
Every one knows the story of the recent events. In the latter part of September Italy sent a fleet to Tripoli and gave Turkey notice that a similar movement on her part would be a declaration of war. Constanti-

nople buzzed like a hive with consternation and a few torpedo boats and transports were sent to Africa, only to go down under the guns of Admiral Aubrey—Scipio Africanus the second. It took the Romans 17 days to burn all of Carthage in 146 B. C., and in about the same time, according to recent reports, the sailors and soldiers of Italy took Tripoli and killed every native man and woman in the city of Tripoli. So the old feud is still on, the old fire which has burned on the north and south shores of the Mediterranean for nearly 3,000 years, has not burned out. If the shades keep up their interest in things terrestrial there are several million of them, veterans of this same time honored war, watching the present struggle from the pagan hades, the Christian heaven, the Mohammedan paradise with its seven stories, and from wherever the Phoenicians and Carthaginians went. Not a few Turks, Greeks, Saracens, Vandals of Genseric's following raised their weapons and went down in one conflict or another in the long war across seas. Italy now threatens to end the war by taking Turkey's island possessions, but while Turkey has nothing to do with old Carthage, that was just what Rome did about 241 B. C. to Carthage—she seized precious Sardinia and Corsica, and the war is still on.  
Now, to go back to Dido, this is the way it all started, or at least this is the way Rome and Carthage started, and they started the fighting in earnest: When the Numidians and the people of the Lybian deserts were dwelling in north Africa in cheerful barbarity and Latinius was reigning over the soil where Rome was later built, Aeneas, the homeless wanderer, and Dido, the vagrant princess, met on the shores of Africa near where Tunis now stands, and fell in love.  
Dido was the daughter of the King of the merchant city of Tyre, and had been married to her uncle Acerbas,

priest of Hercules. Acerbas had great wealth and when Dido's brother, Pygmalion, killed him, she seized upon the hoard and with a following of faithful Tyrians put out upon the Mediterranean and hunted new quarters. At Byrsa she met Horbus, king of the Numidians, and cheated him out of enough land to build a citadel. The Phoenicians were clever and poor Horbus was a mere barbarian. She bargained that she should pay a small amount for the land which an oxhide would cover. Horbus "bit" and the shrewd princess sliced a hide up into threadlike strips, tied them end to end, and circled off a plot of ground big enough for a settlement. Of course, he fell in love with her.  
Then came Aeneas, a travel weary and battle scarred, with a rare pedigree, for he was the son of a goddess and a prince of Troy, and determined to win the wise widow and end his seagaling. But the gods interfered, or at least that was the story he told her, and he sailed away like many another mariner who hungers for the sea, found the mouth of the Tiber, was welcomed by Latinius and married Lavinia. Lavinia evidently was able to keep him from wandering, so there he stayed and from the union grew Rome. Meanwhile poor Dido, de-testing the crude Numidian, mounted a funeral pyre and slew herself. Her town grew on, however, no longer Byrsa, but Kart Hadisha, or the "new city" in Phoenician—later abbreviated to Carthage. And the dynasty of Aeneas flourished and built a city, but the love of Dido and Aeneas was dead and the bitterness which follows an unhappy love affair grew with the prospering cities. The stronger they grew the more jealous they were and the more the merchants on the African shore, great sailors and traders, hated the soldiers of Italy, landsmen who despised the sea and sent the scum of the population out in boats.  
Carthage controlled the trade of the whole Mediterranean. No foreign power could enter the ports of her colonies, but had to trade with the mother city. Her population, when the great clash came, was close to a million and her traders, scouring the seas from India to

Britain and penetrating into the heart of the deserts of Africa and Arabia, with Hasdrubal, his son in law, and the famous Hannibal. Rome was panic stricken when Hannibal crossed the Alps, laid waste Northern Italy and threatened the capital itself. But he was held in check and when he returned to Africa Scipio met him on his own ground, and Carthage went into her vaults and treasure boxes again to buy the Romans off. The last of the Carthage which Dido founded fell before another Scipio—the name was continued—in 146 B. C. and nothing but charred ruins marked the site of Pyrrhus the pirate defied Carthage

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