THE FORD TIMES GUIDE TO

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TRAVEL IN USA

An Informal Tour
With America's Outstanding Writers and Artists

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

The Ford Times

GUIDE TO TRAVEL IN U.S.A.

Compiled from articles appearing in FORD TIMES
through courtesy of Ford Division and Ford dealers
throughout the United States

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C. H. Dykeman, Publications Manager

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Associate Editors

WILLIAM LAAS
JEROME PALMS
NANCY KENNEDY

Art Editors

JOHN WEIGEL
MAL YOUNG
CARLO DE LUCIA

Cover by James Lewicki

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Foreword

The publication of this book was the inevitable outgrowth of a unique periodical. It consists of outstanding articles from past issues of FORD TIMES, *a monthly magazine devoted to the needs of the car owner and his wanderlust. Over the years many readers have come to treasure each copy, filing them for future reference, or passing them along to family and friends. Hence this anthology of the best of* FORD TIMES, *a new kind of travel guide.*

For many years our editors have covered the country in search of scenes and events which best express the experience of travel in the United States. World-famous authors and artists have contributed their special points of view. Certainly all have felt a special reward in the opportunity in this magazine to present the beauty, vigor, and variety of our country.

Special thanks are due the Ford dealers of America who, with the Ford Division, have provided the means for publishing the fine talent which appears in FORD TIMES *each month. As a compilation of articles and illustrations appearing in recent years, this book reflects the interest which Ford dealers have in serving well the car owner and traveler.*

For visitors from abroad who are seeing America for the first time, this is not a guide-book in the usual sense. It is a literary adventure into deeper understanding of our country and the way Americans feel about it. To spend a quiet hour reading of pleasant places to see can be as relaxing for the traveler as for the family at home, dreaming of vacations to come. It is our hope that you will enjoy the adventure of TRAVEL IN USA. *If it will help you to see and appreciate the real America and its people we will have achieved the purpose of this volume.*

C. H. DYKEMAN

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Where to Find the U.S.A.

A shining moment may come back to haunt you with its special meaning, as it did with this traveling family

by Laurence Critchell

We found the United States of America by accident. I'm not sure there's any other way to find it.

We were motoring from New York to California. It was mostly a trip for the youngsters, so we took a route that led to the national parks and monuments and places they were likely to read about in school—like Hannibal, Missouri, and the Petrified Forest, and the Presidio of San Francisco, and Lee's beautiful, sun-haunted home above the Potomac.

But we didn't find the United States of America in any of those places. I'll tell you where we found it.

We were traveling west along U.S. 30, paralleling the Platte River between Omaha and Cheyenne. We'd stopped for the night at some little hotel in a small prairie town along the way. Very early the next morning we were up again and ready to go. In those drowsy hours before the sun had risen, the lobby of the hotel was dim and quiet.

"Heading west?" said the elderly man behind the desk.

"That's right," I said.

He winked at Peter, our oldest. "Reckon you folks'll need some breakfast."

To Peter, the word "reckon" was all he needed; he'd reached the West. He shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans. "Yep," he said laconically.

"Tell you what you do," said the man. "You go on down

Sunrise, and the rolling plains ahead. Painting by Rex Brandt

here to the next corner and turn left. The Star Cafe. Run by a fellow named Lon—Lon Chapman. Him and his wife. You tell 'em Pop Henderson sent you."

That wasn't the moment, but it was the preparation. I got the car, Mary and I waved, the youngsters shouted good-bye, and we drove on down to the Star Cafe.

Lon was a young, clean-shaven man with a pointed chin and a network of fine lines at the corners of his eyes. His wife was plump and neat, with an air of bustle.

"Hello, folks," she said, setting the celluloid menus in front of us. "You're up early."

"Headin' west," said Pete.

"Lots of folks like to get up early," she said with a smile. "It's the best time to travel. You got the sun behind you."

"Flapjacks," said Pete.

We ordered omelettes. While we were waiting, a couple of young men in lumberjack shirts came in and sat at the counter and talked to Lon about a jammed switch, and how a through freight had been held up for fifty minutes the day before. Lon's wife served the omelettes and the flapjacks.

"We've got a house in back," she said. "That's why we've been a little slow on the new place. Lon's got his eye on a location at the edge of town. We figure we can build a real

restaurant there. U.S. 30 gets a lot of traffic—folks going through to the West."

The food was hot and good. Our sleepiness was all gone. Outside, the street was turning from turquoise to gold, making the steamed window look opalescent. We paid the check and said good-bye.

"Heading for Cheyenne?" said Lon.

Pete hooked his thumbs in his belt. "Yep."

"Keep straight on out on 30," said the man, grinning.

His wife brought the Thermos. "There you are," she said, screwing the top tight. "Have a nice trip."

The air outside was sweet and cool. I settled down at the wheel of the car. The youngsters were all fixed up. We'd checked the map. With a wave at Lon and his wife we drove off down the bright morning streets to U.S. 30 and the rolling prairies and the infinite reaches of the sky . . .

We didn't realize it at the time. Not until long afterwards, when we'd been everywhere and seen everything, did that little shining moment return to haunt us. But it was more than just a moment; it was shot through with the whole meaning of America. For in the experience of waking early in that little town of the Great Plains, and listening to the easy, confident talk of the future, and then heading out across the open plains to the West, we had glimpsed the oldest and most stirring tradition we possess.

Time has changed its form, but the spirit is exactly the same. You've wakened early, in some small frontier town. You've talked with men who know the trail ahead. Now it's sun-up and you're moving out. Could be on foot, could be on horseback, could be in a Conestoga wagon . . . those things don't matter. But you're heading west.

And there it is, in that one timeless moment: sunrise—and everything settled—and everyone ready—and all the last "Good lucks"—and the clean rolling plains ahead—and somewhere out in the direction of that brightening blue sky, beyond all the limitations and the imperfections of the moment, the soaring, unreachable, eternal challenge of the American heart —the high white snows of the Rockies.

Photographing the Manhattan skyline. Paintings by Fred Zimmer

See Manhattan by Boat

A native New Yorker was surprised by this different and revealing look at his own home town

by Jerome Weidman

As we stood at the rail of the ship, there was the same sense of excitement—not unlike the tingling moment in a theater just before the curtain goes up—that I always feel when I watch the gap of water widen between myself and the shore.

There was the same special reaction that is inextricably intertwined with every journey on which I have embarked,

no matter how commonplace—the strange feeling that I am heading out into the unknown. And there was the same pleasurable sense of freedom from the cares of the landlubber's world that always overtakes the outward-bound traveler as the engines begin to turn over and the deck starts to throb underfoot. All of it was familiar, and yet there was a strangeness, too.

About me there were, I estimated, three or four hundred men and women and children who had embarked like ourselves for the three-hour journey around Manhattan—they were unlimbering cameras, taking light meter readings, or staring up at the incredible shaft of the Empire State Building, silvery in the bright noonday sun. I looked back toward Pier 83 at the foot of West 43rd Street, which was growing smaller as *Sightseer VII* backed out into the Hudson and began the long, graceful arc that would head her toward the Battery.

I still couldn't fathom the strangeness of the scene. After all, I had been born and raised on Manhattan Island, and I had in my time embarked on many journeys from its piers. Staring across the water at the massed bulk of concrete and steel on which I had spent the best years of my life, it was as though I had now been handed a familiar puzzle whose simple solution had escaped me.

Now Jeff and John were gazing open-mouthed at the different flags fluttering from the many ocean liners.

"We are passing under what was once the world's largest bridge," the voice from the loud-speaker was saying as we came around the Battery and headed up the East River. "The center span is 1,595 feet long and is constructed in two sections so the bridge can expand and contract with the rise and fall of the temperature. At ninety degrees Fahrenheit the center of the span is 135 feet above the water."

"One hundred and thirty-five feet?" I wondered, and recalled a day when I was fourteen. With the first girl I had ever taken out I had walked across this bridge on a crisp, clear, sunny afternoon in February, eating hot chestnuts out of a paper bag. Halfway across the bridge we had paused to drop the shells into the river, one by one. Leaning on the rail,

elbows touching, tongue-tied at fourteen by the stirrings of emotions that poets always have been so articulate about, the river had seemed much farther away.

"What are you staring at?" my wife asked.

"I was just trying to figure out what that building—"

"That low, squat, greenish building on your left," the loudspeaker overhead broke in, "is the world-famous Fulton Fish Market. It was established in 1821 and is the largest wholesale fish market on the Atlantic Coast."

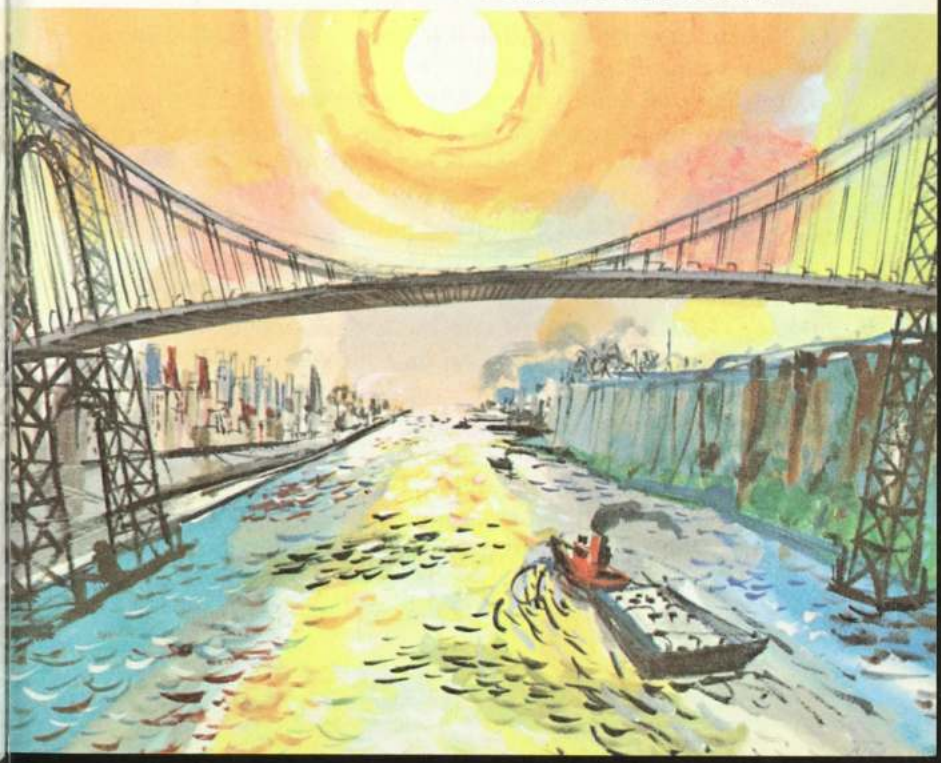
"That's funny, Pop," my son Jeff said around a mouthful of hot dog. "I thought you worked there when you were a kid?"

"That's right," I said. And it *was* funny.

"How about that one?" my son John said. "The big square sort of reddish building."

The upended ice cream sandwich of the United Nations Secretariat Building was gleaming in the sun, now far astern, and I had to blink several times before I could identify that

Down the Hudson beneath the George Washington Bridge



big square reddish building gliding past as Doctors' Hospital where Jeff and John were born. I was still blinking when we passed the Yankee Stadium, where I had seen Babe Ruth hit a home run when I was ten; slid through the Harlem River where my Uncle Dave the baker had taken me fishing when I was twelve; turned south again into the Hudson and moved under the George Washington Bridge, which was being built when, as a Boy Scout, I used to go on Sunday hikes to the Palisades; and passed the green-domed roofs of Columbia University, where I had gone to my first dance.

We were passing the Seventy-Ninth Street Yacht Basin where I used to go every August with friends from P.S. 188, and later DeWitt Clinton High School, to watch the finish of the Albany-to-New York outboard motorboat race, when my youngest son clutched my arm.

"Look!" he breathed, pointing downstream.

"That, ladies and gentlemen," said the voice from the loudspeaker, "is the *Ile de France* moving out to sea on her way to Cherbourg."

"Wow!" my son Jeff said in a whisper, and then, with seeming irrelevance, "What a city!"

The *Ile de France* was the first ship on which I had ever set out on a journey from New York. Every detail of her silhouette was engraved on my memory. Or so I had thought until now when I saw her from this new angle!

So it had been with all of the past three hours. They had carried me around the island of concrete and steel on which for better or worse I had been forged into the man I am today, giving me glimpses into the high moments of my life. For forty-odd years I had lived and worked on the streets of Manhattan, looking out at the world beyond the Hudson and the Narrows. Now for the first time I had looked in on those streets from the waters surrounding them. I had been looking in on my life, and it had been quite a sight.

"You said it," I said to Jeff finally, as *Sightseer VII* began to ease in toward Pier 83. "What a city!"

Down the Canyon on a Mule

For a real adventure try this overnight trip to Phantom Ranch in the depths of Grand Canyon

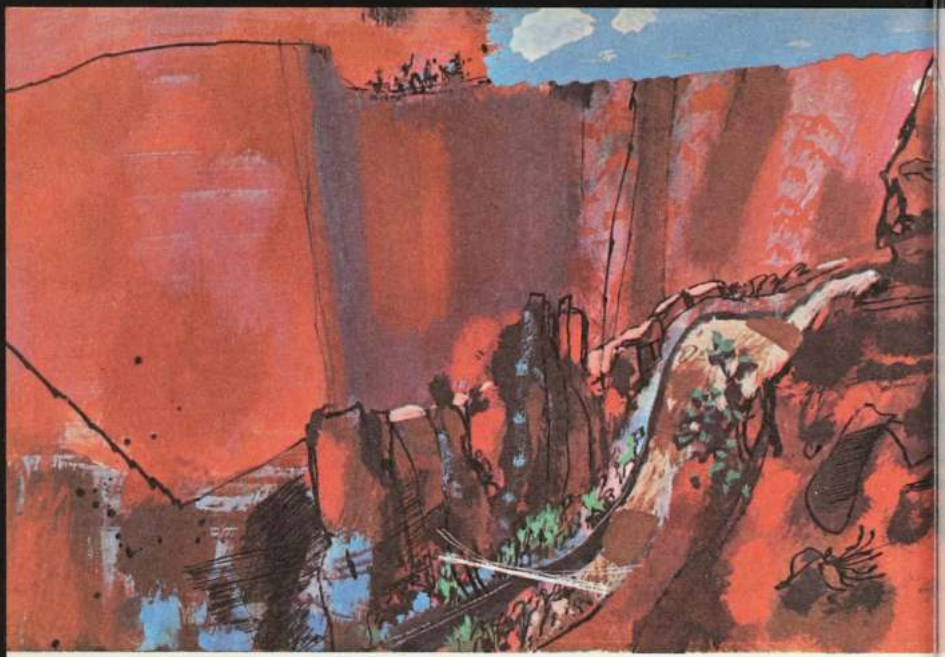
by Cristie Freed

If you are not bothered by acrophobia and can gaze straight down undisturbed fifteen hundred feet to the muddy Colorado River, from the swaying back of a mule as he ambles along a trail that averages about four feet wide, then I recommend that you brave all other minor inconveniences and take the mule trip to the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

The distance is approximately twelve trail miles—mostly down – from where you park your car to a remote little cluster of cabins called Phantom Ranch. In this quiet away-from-the-world spot you'll find only the essential accoutrements of civilization. Our cabin sported a single washstand in the way of plumbing, and we dashed across camp to the communal shower. But our bed linen was crisply clean, there was electricity, and when you've made it to the bottom of the Grand Canyon you really don't mind sharing your cabin with a harmless species of blue-bellied lizard.

We had traveled down from the canyon's south rim, from Bright Angel Lodge. The first glimpse of the canyon is awesome. Even the most articulate are silenced. As we looked to the bottom of that tremendous gorge from Yavapai Point, we were exhilarated by the realization that we would do what many white men, as far back as 1540 when the canyon was discovered by a Spanish explorer, had yearned to accomplish.

The trip fee of $35.00 includes the mule, lunch, a knapsack to store necessities, dinner at Phantom Ranch, shelter



Far below was the Colorado. Painting by V. Douglas Snow

and bed, breakfast the following morning, guide service back up to a designated point on the rim, and a second lunch.

Other information: "Anybody weighing 200 pounds or more must walk. No mule's gonna drag that load back up!" . . . "More'n a thousand folks a year take the trip. They don't fall off their mules, so you can stick on your'n."

At 9:30 a.m., you and the mules gather in a small corral. I was hardly in the saddle when Mamie (my animal) laid her ears flat, kicked up her feet, turned and bit my boot. This proved to be the key to our two-day relationship. Beginning with a series of switchbacks, the trail is easy at first. But the outside edge held a hypnotic fascination for Mamie so we always had our glorious second of hanging into space at each turn.

Abe, our guide, explained the only real danger is when a mule trots. Trotting was, of course, Mamie's favorite pastime. Fortunately the very act exhausted her and after twenty

feet she'd doze, barely lifting one heavy hoof before another. When Mamie trotted it affected the entire line. And when Mamie dozed, the whole crew followed her example with the guide bellowing, "Whup them mules 'fore they keel off the cliff."

Three hours from the rim is a lush little oasis with a spring and a pump house that's been named Indian Gardens. Twenty minutes farther on is a rock recess and extended ledge from where the country spreads wide below and the canyon rim looms far above. It was here we had lunch.

For the next two hours of descent, the trail is unbelievably spectacular and quite frightening, but anyone sound of heart and willing to put faith in his mule can make it.

It was interesting to note changes in both vegetation and temperature as we traveled down. Two miles of descent can raise the temperature twenty degrees. The barefaced rock layers are posted with signs at each gradation showing the geological period you're passing.

Where the trail approaches the river at the very bottom of the canyon, it has been blasted from sheer rock. As you look ahead for possibly two miles it looks as if a thin black ribbon were winding the red cliff. A suspension bridge crosses the murky Colorado.

Once we arrived at Phantom Ranch, night descended quickly and the bats were with us. The wonderfully tranquil peace of this place so far from the rest of the world was conducive to sleep, but at 6:00 a.m. the breakfast gong sounded and in one hour we were again on the trail.

The ride up to the rim follows the much less harrowing Kaibab Trail which rises steeply in a continuous thread of sharp switchbacks. In twenty minutes we were a mile above the river and in an hour our last glimpse of the Colorado showed a winding yellow line.

Shortly after noon we were over the rim, enjoying a sense of accomplishment. I noted particularly the sadness of farewell in the last bite Mamie took at my boot. And I was never so glad to see our waiting Ford. Looking out over the canyon we tried to pick out the way we had taken to the river, but in the vastness of that gorge our tiny tracks were lost.

Mr. Ford's Favorite Town

Dearborn, Michigan—the birthplace of Henry Ford and home of the industry he helped to found

by Bernard DeVoto

H. G. WELLS said that whereas in Europe the emphasis is on *being*, in America it is on *becoming*. For at least forty years the city of Dearborn has been illustrating what he meant.

First it was forest, the great hardwood forest of the Old Northwest. The westering pioneers cleared it to farmland, and it remained farmland for a long time. As late as 1900 fewer than nine hundred people lived in the area which the city now covers. Ten years later there were three times as many, but those who weren't farmers were part of the farm economy in the crossroads villages it had created.

One farmhouse stood at the intersection of Ford Road and Greenfield Road. Henry Ford was born there in 1863, a farm boy whose mechanical and industrial genius was to transform civilization. All his life he was to retain a reverence so profound that it must be called mysticism for the rural America in which he grew up. His genius and his mysticism explain Dearborn, now a city of 115,000 inhabitants.

The Ford Motor Company was first located at Highland Park, ten miles away. It may have been too far from home for Henry Ford. At any rate, about 1915 he began to buy the farms that surrounded the one he had been born on.

The Rouge River flows across this flat expanse to meet the Detroit River, and he widened and deepened it so that ore

Old Car Festival at Greenfield Village. Painting by Tom Schenk

boats could ascend as far as the purchased farms. Here he began to build "The Rouge Plant," the industrial center that created the modern Dearborn. It made Eagle boats during the first World War. Then it made tractors. By 1927, when it began to make the famous Model A, it had become essentially what it is now.

The Rouge Plant and Dearborn, industry and industrial city, are an organic whole. The eight tall stacks of the power plant of "the Rouge" you think of as being the heart of the gigantic operation whose sole purpose is the manufacture of automobiles. The processes on the way to that final act of creation are what have thrust up the overpowering architecture of industry. Outside the Rouge, the industrial empire has its headquarters, its office buildings, its center of design and engineering, its laboratories, its proving ground. More than 39,000 people work here for the empire, and most of them live

in Dearborn, the city that was cornfields some fifty years ago.

A constant stream of materials and products flows to Dearborn from all over the world. People who have business with the industrial empire come from all over the world, too. And Dearborn is a true melting pot. People coming from everywhere to work for the Ford Motor Company made it a meeting-place of nations. But the amalgamation has been rapid. There was a time when half of Dearborn's inhabitants were foreign born. The percentage had fallen to 22 by 1940 and must be much smaller now.

But names remain. In a single block those painted above a dozen shops in a row may represent a dozen nationalities, from the Canadian to the Polish, from the Swedish to the Macedonian, from the Italian to the Turkish. One sign says "Arabian Nights Hamburgers" and another one (next door to a public library) says "Islamic Sunday School." A basilica of the Roumanian Orthodox Church stands on one corner; a hundred yards away is a Roumanian Seventh Day Adventist Church. Such a symbol of the solvent at work could be seen only in America; probably it could be seen only in Dearborn.

Face west from the Rouge. If your line of sight was unobstructed, your eyes would catch a tower with a small cupola and a slender spire, curiously familiar. It looks like—could this be Independence Hall? It is, and Congress Hall and Philadelphia's City Hall as well, faithfully reproduced. And this, too, is typically Dearborn and typically Ford. The intense feeling Henry Ford had for the rural society of his boyhood extended to all of early America. These three beautiful facades are part of the huge structure—the single floor covers fourteen acres—of the Henry Ford Museum. One would need a month to study properly the collections it houses. The basic ones illustrate the history of agriculture, transportation, and communication with unequaled diversity and completeness. There are also magnificent collections of pottery, glass, furniture, textiles, musical instruments, and many related things. There is a whole street of village shops: the harness-maker's, the tailor's, the gunsmith's, the locksmith's, and other handicrafts. They are furnished with authentic detail that ranges from the drug-

gist's window-jars of colored water to violins by Stradivarius.

Beyond it is the even more striking outdoor museum, two hundred acres of it, called Greenfield Village. "Where American History Comes to Life," its motto says, and Henry Ford thought of it as living history. But even more centrally it expresses his reverence for the simplicities of the rural and village America he grew up in, its way and institutions, the integrity of its skills. He would preserve and memorialize some part of that untroubled time—which the industry whose spearhead he was had made obsolete. In all history only the Roman emperors were able to express their piety on such a scale.

There is a village common complete with town hall, meeting house, school, and tavern. There is a covered bridge, and a manufactured river for it to cross. There are country stores, a sawmill, a gristmill, a blacksmith shop, a tintype studio. There are buildings important in the lives of men Henry Ford revered: Noah Webster's home; the birthplaces of William H. McGuffey and Luther Burbank; the Wright home, where Orville was born and Wilbur died. There are scores of other

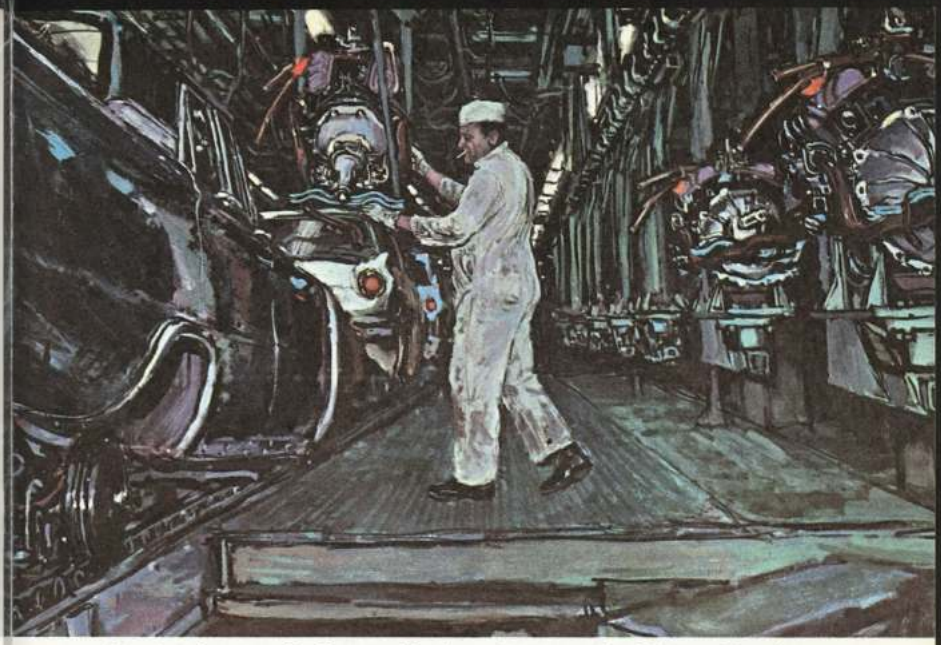
The Henry Ford Museum. Painting by Andrea Samagochian

village houses, shops, and mills. But it is at the heart of his paradox that there are also many memorials to the industry which destroyed his village world. Here, for instance, are many of the big steam power plants that fascinated him. Even more significantly here are Edison's first laboratory, brought from Menlo Park, the first electric power plant, the first house and the first street lighted by electricity. One recalls those eight stacks towering above the Rouge—then remembers the candle molds and whale-oil lamps in the Henry Ford Museum.

In H. G. Wells' words, since 1915 Dearborn has been *becoming* with headlong speed. Like all industrial cities, its shape and styles are haphazard. It is too new and wages have been too high for real slums to develop but it has some mean and shabby streets. In other sections all known styles are jumbled together. Westchester County, the country club idiom, false Norman and false Elizabethan, bungalow, ranch-house, the two-story "income." Like all rapidly growing cities it is often ugly: not much is where it ought to be, not much is as we think it ought to be. But it has something that no other American city, probably no city anywhere, has ever had, and this points straight to a new era. It is the next phase of becoming.

Cities grow outward from their centers. But as Dearborn, filling up, approached its center, it stopped short. That center is forty-six hundred acres of fields which Henry Ford had farmed and had encouraged the company's employees to farm. There it has been, unbuilt and open to the sky, while the original thousand inhabitants were becoming 115,000. Now it, too, is to begin the process of becoming.

Since this article was written for Ford Times, *Dearborn has witnessed many changes in its skyline. Rising from the once open fields referred to by the late Mr. DeVoto are the glass and steel headquarter buildings of the Ford Motor Company, while nearby is the new ten-million-dollar Dearborn Center, a unique extension campus of the University of Michigan—all signs of the "next stage of becoming" herein predicted.*



Engine drop on final assembly line. Paintings by Marvin Friedman

Crown Jewel of Modern Industry

Foreign visitors and natives alike flock to the "Rouge" to see American industrial might at first hand

by Robert Martin Hodesh

For most of its forty-five years, Ford Motor Company's giant manufacturing plant on the banks of the Rouge River in Dearborn, Michigan, has been the prime tourist attraction of all American industry. Known throughout the world as a symbol of our industrial might, it is the largest concentration of closely knit, integrated factories owned by a single company in this country.

The fact that the Rouge, as the plant is called, was the first and remains the only place on the continent where raw iron

ore is converted into an operating automobile, and that much of the process of turning metal into engines, frames, bodies, and parts is visible to tourists, helps account for its popularity.

But even if it—and its sister attraction, the Ford Rotunda—were not so great a place for spectators, it would still be regarded with awe, for this plant, more than any other, put America on wheels. If the whole world looks to us with admiration and envy of our technical prowess, this is where it all began. Our own Department of State in Washington, when mapping out U.S. sight-seeing tours for presidents of South American countries, ambassadors from the new African nations, important figures from the Soviet Union, and potentates from the Middle East, often includes the Rouge in the travel plans.

In area, the Rouge is one and a half miles long and more than a mile wide, and in this teeming, 1,200-acre strip of river bottomland is a miracle of manufacturing so vast and so complex that few of the 39,000 men and women working there every day have a full conception of its real magnitude.

The statistics of the Rouge testify to its uniqueness:

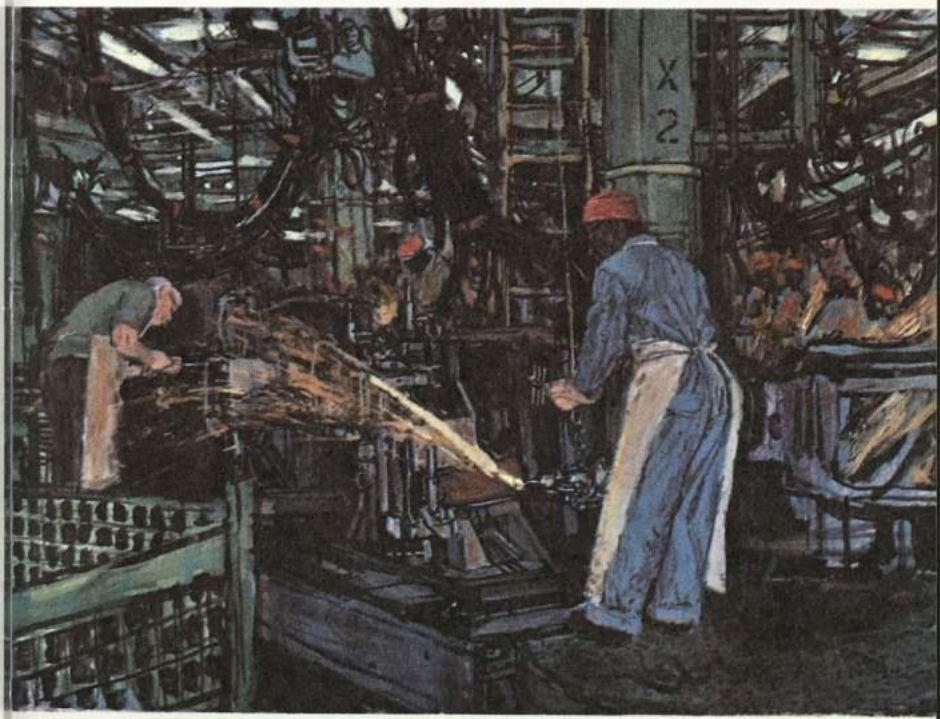
- Its fleet of ore boats brings in nearly 3,000,000 tons of iron ore, coal, and limestone every year.
- Three blast furnaces smelt 4,000 tons of iron daily; ten open-hearth furnaces and the mill have an ingot capacity of 3,000,000 tons a year.
- The Rouge generates its own electricity and consumes enough every day to light the homes in a city of a million people.
- Every twenty-four hours, the glass plant turns out a ribbon of plate glass 103½ inches wide and nearly four miles long.
- The 105 miles of standard-gauge track and sixteen diesel locomotives in the Rouge comprise the largest industrial railroad network in America.
- At shift changes, workers' cars pour into 135 acres of parking areas capable of holding 22,000 vehicles.

The final assembly line is the most famous single aspect of the Rouge. It is now 620 feet long, having been completely

revamped to handle the special techniques of unitized construction. The visitor first sees individual assembly operations, then follows each step along the final line until the car is driven away 49 minutes later, at the rate of one brand new automobile every 52 seconds.

The visitor at the assembly line is perhaps not so aware of certain other aspects of Ford automobile manufacture, such as the many ways of testing engines, and the critical inspection of all components and all assembly operations. But the constant quest for quality, not so easily visible in the drama of making a car, is a major preoccupation of the Rouge. The men who make the car are the most skillful and highly paid automotive workers in the world. The adherence to high standards, the very size of the Rouge, the smoothness with which this incredibly complex operation works—all these help to make up the reputation of the crown jewel of American industry.

Workers on sub-assembly operation called the "Merry-go-round"



Monhegan

Gem of the Ocean

Like the kind of men who found and still inhabit it, this island stands high and proud off Maine's coast

by Charles Rawlings

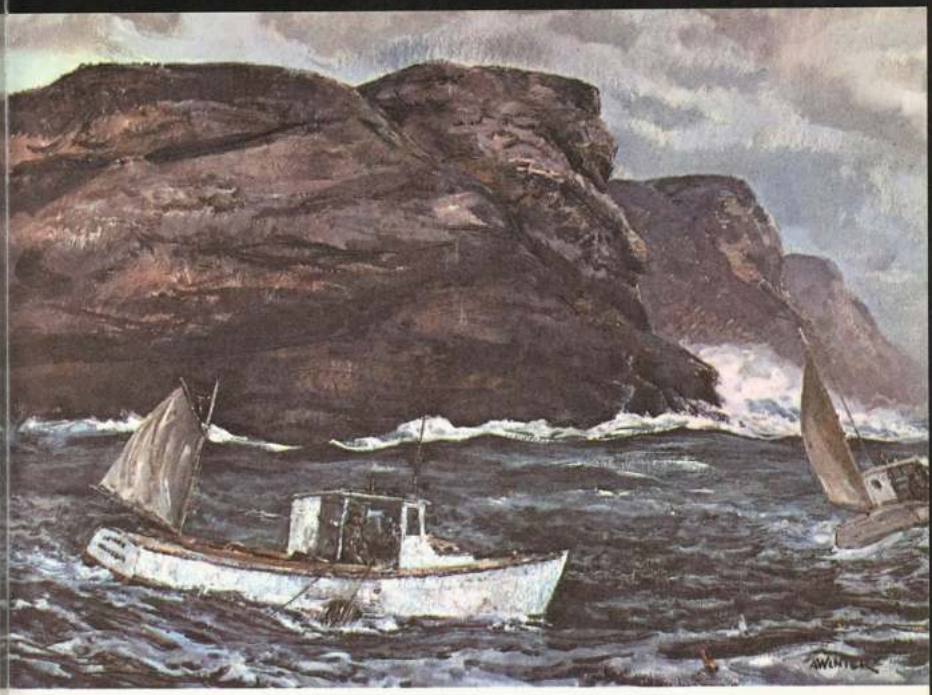
For three hundred and fifty years of written history, Maine's Monhegan Island has been a landfall and a haven for brave adventurers. The lonely little lump of lichen-encrusted, black and pink rock is one and five-eighths miles long and five-eighths of a mile wide. It braces its 160-foot sheer, seaward-facing headlands bold and staunch, and sasses the North Atlantic Ocean eleven surging, white-capped sea miles off the Maine coast. That's as the mail boat steers south-southwest out of Port Clyde. Port Clyde is at the southern extremity of Route 131, which leaves U.S. 1 just east of Thomaston, and points for the sea.

From the beginning, Monhegan has had a vivid and unforgettable personality. It gave a lift to the heart. The highest elevation on the whole coast, till you get to Cuba, alone in the sea, it was first landfall coming from the east, as all sail came in the early days.

James Rosier, an Elizabethan gentleman who was writing the log for Captain James Weymouth aboard the English *Archangel* in 1605, was first to write a cheer for Monhegan.

"It appeared a meane high land, as we found it," he wrote, "being but an Iland of some six miles in compass but, I hope, the most fortunate ever discovered."

In 1614 Champlain went cruising by, far out to sea, little realizing that right then Captain John Smith and company were on the island flaking out forty thousand cod for the London market. The island, said Champlain, looked like a



Lobstering on Monhegan waters. Paintings by Andrew Winter

ship, so he named it an affectionate and effeminate "La Nef" on his sketchy chart.

Today, with little islands no longer essential to navigation or as bases of settlement, or as haven against attacking French and Indians, Monhegan's significance has lessened. But its cockiness and vitality remain unimpaired, and nothing can ever dim its lovable personality.

In winter, Monhegan houses sixty inhabitants, most of them the families of its nineteen lobster fishermen. Under a plantation government, it has thirteen children in school, a forty-five-mill tax rate on $172,366 valuation, no indebtedness, not a single article in its annual meeting warrant about roads —and everything, including the Plantation Wharf, in good repair and Bristol fashion.

Monhegan's lobstermen own fourteen of the smartest and ablest lobster boats on the whole coast. They need them, for

they fish the cruel Maine winter sea when the lobster is prime and fat in his hard, green-and-maroon cold-water shell. In summer, when the lobster is shedding and growing and the females are spawning, Monhegan lobstermen pile their traps on shore and give their sea crop a rest. No other American lobstermen do this.

In summer, Monhegan opens up its many cottages, its rooming houses and hotels. From the mainland, everywhere, come the summer people. Monhegan's population of sixty increases to five hundred.

The tough little mail boat, with its master, Earl S. Fields, who is one of the last in the fine tradition of Penobscot Bay passenger boat skippers, runs every summer day from Port Clyde, and excursion boats run daily out of the blue waters of Boothbay Harbor.

The vacationers return year after year, and there is a fine gaiety in the air, and you sense a genuine love of the island for its beauty and isolation. A walk around the island on the trail that begins in the black spruce forest called Cathedral

Even the fish houses make a picturesque scene

Woods and then, of a sudden, opens out on the sea and the great heads, and clambers over their tortured, naked granite, following the whole seaside with its meadows and cliffs, surely must be as beautiful and stirring a four miles as any to be enjoyed in the East.

The island cooks and their cooking are famous. There is a Monhegan Lobster Stew made by a lady named Marion Cundy, who also runs the only winter-time boarding house. It is a stew that has made men weep with gluttonous joy. We know, for it was last January, when we went out to the island for "Trap Day," that we savored the heavenly steam of this stew, and were handed a ladle to dip into and explore its creamy depths.

"Trap Day" is the tense, dramatic opening of Monhegan's lobster season. The day I was there, a southwester brought a downpour of icy rain. Dark gray clouds sagged down to join the leaden sea, where the little white boats, loaded with their lobster traps, came dipping and rolling out of the harbor. In each boat, two yellow-clad figures toiled amidships. There was a cast of a yellow arm and a quick, small splash as the painted buoy dropped far off the rail, a second splash as the coiled warp was tossed out, and then the baited and ballasted trap eased its slats down into the gray water.

Fifty traps to a load, four loads for each boat, fourteen boats. Twenty-eight hundred traps was Monhegan's fishery this season. Every one of those traps would have to be hauled at least every other day all during the bitter winter. It hits you hard when you think of the thousands of fathoms of wet warp to haul, the slush underfoot in the cockpits, the winter gales that are yet to blow.

Now, in the sad cold rain, it was all beginning for another season. I turned back to Marion Cundy's boarding house, and told her what I had seen, and where I had stood to see it. She said she had stood on that very spot three years before and watched her only son start out with his own boat and gear for his first time. And she told me that she had wept unashamed.

"Why?" I said. "Was it from pity—or from fear?"

"No! No!" she said. "From pride!"

Chinatown, My Chinatown

Among the delights of San Francisco is the sampling of Chinese culture, charm, and gourmet delicacies

by Charles L. Leong

In Chinatown, we take great pride in our history which goes back 4600 years, forty-six documented centuries. It hasn't all been in America, of course. We've been here hardly more than a hundred years, but the mere crossing of an ocean and starting life in California was by no means a new book in our history. With us Chinese, tradition is too powerful a thing to be interrupted by a 7000-mile voyage from the home country.

To be sure, Chinese families are leaving Chinatown now for modern housing in other parts of San Francisco, and the kids sometimes play at being cowboys and Indians in the alleys off Grant Avenue. But these are only superficial things. The pride of being Chinese goes on.

I confess there was a time when I didn't feel this pride. It was mainly during my college days, a period in which I was hypnotized by some highbrow ideas. Whenever I used to hear the brassy strains of "Chinatown, My Chinatown" in a night-club or theatre, I squirmed inside with uneasy feelings.

Those days have passed. I love Chinatown. I live in it and find it fascinating. Someday when my two sons are old enough I am going to take them on the kind of tour that tourists never see, the places where old men count on the abacus, where the language is Cantonese, where the food has the spices and herbs that Chinese cooks use for palates like their own, where people still make offerings to the gods.

Though I was born in Chinatown, I didn't grow up there. I grew up in the country a hundred miles away, where I had apple trees to climb, a general store to buy "likwish" in, and squirrels to chase. When I was five, my mother brought me to

Chinatown for the first time in my memory. She had come to see an herbalist about an ache or pain, the herb shop called Oy Wo Tong, the House of Harmony and Peace. Shops like it are still there, and so are the herbalists, ready to intrigue today's tourist just as I was intrigued.

That was when I saw the Chinese New Year for the first time. I was watching everything from a balcony with Cousin Ming and his sister, Precious Pearl. The roar of tens of thousands of firecrackers frightened me, and with my hands over my ears I turned to find Precious Pearl looking at me with a smile of amusement.

That wasn't the last fright of the day. There was the big dragon. Down the narrow street it came, bobbing and weaving, accompanied by the strange sound of cymbals and drums. Its head was the size of a kitchen table and it had a hundred feet. Its eyes rolled, it lunged toward me, and for one instant of horror I thought I would be swallowed. Then it moved aside, and Cousin Ming gave me a candy to stop my crying.

Chinese New Year—dragon swallows the sun. Paintings by Jake Lee

Scene from traditional performance of a classical Chinese opera

No one is frightened in Chinatown today. Some may go there to see if any Fu Manchu atmosphere remains—and it does, if you are willing to wander down the narrow little lanes that seem to be dead ends. But mainly, people go for pleasure, and one of the principal pleasures is eating. If my Chinatown is known for anything besides size, it's the wonderful food.

During my boyhood visits there I was always impressed by the tray-bearer padding up and down the steep hills with a full course dinner on his head. Each one looked like a philosopher who carried the proof of his belief on the tray. They were on the move twenty-four hours a day, for Chinatown was always a hungry place. The bearers knew every nook and cranny of our complicated community. They were as dependable as the mail. I'm sorry they're gone. The chow mein truck may be more efficient but it will never have the character of the tray bearers.

A few other things are gone, too, I'm afraid. We no longer

have the tribe of geomancers, diviners, and expounders of the mystic eight tri-grams who used to have stalls along the side streets. We didn't really believe their fortune-telling, but oh, how they could lie a little joy and luck into a drab life!

If some things have gone, the food hasn't, and that's always pleasant to come back to on a visit home.

The cooks of Chinatown were called on years ago to satisfy the tastes of San Francisco's new millionaires, the nabobs of silver and railroads, and the results created a terrific standard and an undying reputation. Chinese banquets had thirty-two courses—ducks from China's region of the Three Rivers, chestnuts from the City of Cassia Forest, hams from the City of Golden Splendor.

The imports have shrunk, of course, but even now the shark fins, the terrapin, the almond cakes, the delicious Bay shrimp shelled in the sun by the women—all these go into the kitchen to make the food Chinatown is famous for. Only try, if you can, not to follow the tourists into the restaurants that lure with blinking neon signs and little else. Eat where the Chinese eat and you'll have something to talk about.

I want to take the two boys on a tour some day soon. I want them to see the Chinese opera before it's too late. If they don't quite understand the classical themes, the gorgeous costumes, and the symbolism, I'm pretty sure they won't have any trouble with the roasted chestnuts and the dried beef that are eaten from the first act right through the long evening.

And I have a feeling that when they hear "Chinatown, My Chinatown" later in life, they'll like the song as much as I do now, and love the place as much as I do.

In the Colorado Rockies–

TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

On the nation's highest road, among its rugged peaks, you enjoy breathtaking scenery and superb adventure

by Alicita and Warren Hamilton

THE BITING WIND whipped small flurries of August snow around us as we stood on Mount Evans and gazed out at the surrounding great mountains looming like giant whitecaps on a wind-tossed sea. Stretching into the distance was a superb alpine panorama. We were 14,260 feet above sea level—yet little more than an hour from the midsummer heat of the Great Plains. We had just *driven* to the top of Mount Evans on the highest automobile road in the country, and had come to the top of one of Colorado's loftiest peaks.

The Continental Divide follows a rugged backbone of mountain ranges that, roughly speaking, bisect the state. You cannot cross Colorado in an east-west direction without climbing the Divide, and many of the roads crossing it bring the wild beauty of the high country uniquely close to a steering wheel. They climb densely forested slopes to wizened trees at timberline and on to alpine tundra meadows above, past barren peaks and through airy passes. Most of these roads are easily driven—by all except the ultra-timid, perhaps—offering no greater hazard than an occasional stop to let the motor cool and to add more water, and that only if you have an older model car not adjusted for higher altitudes.

The road to the summit of Mount Evans is the highest of these high roads. To reach it, take State 103 south from Idaho Springs. The route is surprisingly little known. Beautiful Echo Lake, far below the peak, is an ideal picnic spot which you

Misty view from the Trail Ridge Road. Painting by Vance Kirkland

will pass along the drive, but the real attraction is the view from the summit. Mount Evans has a dominant position among the peaks of the central Front Range so that, though surrounded by granite titans, it affords a magnificent view of vast distances.

We turned our car next toward the Trail Ridge Road (U.S. 34) across the Continental Divide in Rocky Mountain National Park. Unlike most mountain roads, which follow valleys, Trail Ridge loops along a rolling crest for much of its length. For fifteen miles it is above timberline and near an altitude of 12,000 feet, curving along a tundra carpet with a continuous and changing vista of mountain heights.

Below and to the south is glacier-scoured Forest Canyon with flanking peaks rising a mile above it. Longs Peak, monarch of the park, is beyond. Streams tumble from emerald lakes below the lofty desolation of the Never Summer Range. Even in summer the air is clear and crisp on Trail Ridge; storms, though frequent, are brief. Remember to bring warm

clothing for the trip. The Trail Ridge Road is closed in winter.

Highest automobile pass in the state is Independence, on State Highway 82 near Aspen, in the Sawatch Mountains. It is also one of the least-traveled, for it is graveled, not paved, and is off the beaten transcontinental paths. It is an arctic meadowland rising into peaks which include Mount Elbert, 14,431 feet, highest in the state. Nearby is 14,418-foot Mount Massive, a runner-up. Long after you leave the pass you will hear the ring in your ears of wind from the solitude of mountain heights.

These three roads—Mount Evans, Trail Ridge, and Independence Pass—give a superb sampling of the scenic variety of the top of the continent, but each of the other high roads has much to make its traverse exciting and satisfying. From Monarch Pass on U.S. 50, in the Sawatch Mountains, a dozen of Colorado's 14,000-footers can be seen. Loveland Pass (U.S. 6) is perhaps the most scenic on the transcontinental highways. The climax of crossing Berthoud Pass on U.S. 40 is the view of Middle Park and the west wall of the northern Front Range.

The high road most used by sightseers is that from Colorado Springs to the summit of Pikes Peak. This, Colorado's most famous mountain, is actually only the twenty-eighth highest in the state (14,110 feet). It stands massive and isolated, far above a gently rolling upland; the view is of long distances but not of great mountains. Lt. Zebulon M. Pike, who first described it and for whom it is named, estimated its height as 18,000 feet and predicted it would never be scaled. That was in 1806. Today, in midsummer, thousands of tourists a day climb Pikes Peak by auto and cable car.

The Pikes Peak area is one to especially please the gregarious tourist. By contrast, the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado are a haven for the traveler who loves vast silences with his mountain vistas. This region contains some of the most beautiful high hinterland in the state, and is tops for hunting, fishing, and camping.

If you long for a superb adventure into wilderness, and you have a yen for beauty, take the high road—the Colorado road.

From Sea to Shining Sea

How a youth discovered America in a Model T

by E. B. White

I LOCATED America some forty years ago in a Model T Ford and planted my flag. I've tried a couple of times since to find it again, riding in faster cars and on better roads, but America is the sort of place that is discovered only once by any one man.

When I set out with another fellow in 1922, it was spring, and I was young, and my little black roadster was young and new and blithe and gay. Everything lay ahead, and we had plenty of time of day: the land stretched interminably into the west and into the imaginations of young men. Our car seemed full of a deep inner excitement, just as we did ourselves. The highway was a blazed trail of paint-rings on telegraph poles, a westering trace marked by arrows whittled out of shingles and tacked negligently to the handiest tree. In many places the highway seemed nonexistent—just a couple of ruts in the plain—but the Model T was not a fussy car. It sprang cheerfully toward any stretch of wasteland whether there was a noticeable road under foot or not. It had clearance, it had guts, and it enjoyed wonderful health.

My friend and I left New York on a raw March day and brought Poughkeepsie abeam by nightfall. Six months later we pulled into Seattle, leaving a track across the United States as erratic as a mouse's track in snow. The T is still to me a symbol of delicious delay. Structurally it was carefree, for it didn't give a hoot whether it was in high, low, neutral, reverse, or any combination of the four, and would leap joyously from one to another with unbelievable abandon and success.

In two respects it was an exceptionally safe car: first, it

didn't go very fast; second, it had three foot pedals, and no matter which one of the three you pushed, your speed would be reduced. The really skillful driver, wishing to reduce speed, would apply first the brake, then a dab of low, then slide out of low into neutral (which meant letting the left-hand pedal relax into that twilight zone between high and low, a position so vague, so intermediate, that it was like a position on a violin string between two notes), then another dab of the brake, or, if he felt whimsical, a dash of reverse—unorthodox, perhaps, but perfectly acceptable to the wild planetary bands below the floorboards. Like a horse answering the reins, the T would answer its bands, responding brilliantly to the driver's excesses and uttering good-natured groans of mechanical compliance.

As a gesture of contempt—or perhaps as an earnest of high resolve—my companion and I left our Automobile Blue Book behind when we started west in 1922. We took along instead a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, to serve as a constant reminder that our true destination was the world of letters.

I suppose modern youngsters have never laid eyes on a Blue Book, that bible of touring in the early years of the century. The passenger on the seat with the driver held the Book open in his lap; he kept an eye on the mileage indicator on the dash, he kept an eye on landmarks, and he checked both with the printed story as it unfolded. Every tenth mile had to be corroborated by the surroundings. At 11.8 there must be a saloon on the left; "turn left, picking up trolley." (One was forever picking up trolleys in those days, and some of them were heavy indeed.) "11.9 Turn right with trolley on Burley Ave. Cross R.R. 12.3, jogging left and right . . ." The information was passed along to the driver, who, eyes front, jogged left and right, full of accomplishment, happy as a grig. Here were directions infinitely painstaking and exact. Forty times a day they saved you from some gaudy fate. The Blue Book not only described and unfolded the road, but the very process of comparison—the printed page with the visible landscape—was an absorbing adventure in itself and had the same hypnotic effect as working out a double crostic. A watering trough,

looming at the predicted moment, was as welcome a sight to the motorist as is a spar buoy to a mariner picking his way in the fog.

The Blue Book was a mine of curious and critical information. It pulled no punches. A road was "vile." A house (where you must turn sharp right) was "unpainted." A right-hand fork (not recommended) was "a by-road into swamp." The Philadelphia-Pittsburgh turnpike was "a reproach to the State of Pennsylvania." An important product of Elgin, Illinois, was "coffin trimmings." Twenty-five miles an hour was "presumptive evidence of carelessness"—and one's mind went back to those trimmings.

A characteristic entry in the Blue Book went something like this: "38.8 Cross iron bridge, and at forks beyond, bear right, coming into Main Street." The words are beautiful in my heart. How many times have I crossed that bridge, borne right at the fork, and come into Main Street! I can shut my eyes

My left leg draped over the side. Illustration by Garth Williams

now and come into Main Street at the wheel of Model T, can experience again the sense of errantry, the sense of discovery, the excitement of arrival in a strange town. My left leg is languidly draped over the side, to indicate an easy familiarity with my mount. The hand throttle is at second notch, easing her along at a trickle. A whisper of dust curls in the wake. There are no cars ahead, no cars behind; we are the new arrivals—we have the stage to ourselves. Bystanders give us the eye. Main Street sprawls contented in the sun, and every third vehicle drowsing at the curb is a blood relation of the T.

To an American, the physical fact of the complete America is, at best, a dream, a belief, a memory, and the sound of names. My own vision of the land—my own discovery of its size and meaning—was shaped, more than by any other instrument, by a Model T Ford. The vision endures; the small black roadster is always there, alive and kicking, a bedroll wedged against its spare, a dictionary sprawling on its floor, an Army trunk bracketed to its left running board. The course of my life was changed by it, and it is in a class by itself. It was cheap enough so I could afford to buy one; it was capable enough so it gave men courage to start.

Youth, I have no doubt, will always recognize its own frontier and push beyond it by whatever means are at hand. As for me, I've always been glad that mine was a two-track road running across the prairie into the sinking sun, and underneath me a slow-motion roadster of miraculous design—strong, tremulous, and tireless, from sea to shining sea.

Disneyland's varied appeal, a composite view by Ralph Hulett

DISNEYLAND

A Child's Garden of Fantasy

A popular television emcee escorts his children through a fabulous playground

by Art Linkletter

IN THE several years since Disneyland threw open its doors, many millions of people have walked up its Main Street, U.S.A. Although adults outnumber children four to one, Disneyland is truly a child's garden of fantasy. And adults, as often as not, turn into children for a few enchanted hours as they view the dreams and legends of childhood, much of it in five-eighth scale.

Sleeping Beauty's Castle, the paddlewheel steamboat, *Mark Twain*, and cars of the Santa Fe & Disneyland Railroad are a few of the attractions built to exact scale. The reduced size is for the benefit of smaller children who find it easy to lose

themselves in the illusion that they are grown-up people in a real world because of the exactness of detail which the Disney craftsmen and researchers have put into their creation.

Take Walt's Main Street, period 1890. Its researchers looked through thousands of early American out-of-print texts. As a result, you can immerse yourself and your children in a half-century of American history during the two-hundred-yard walk from the railroad station to the town square.

One time I saw a youngster standing by one of Main Street's hitching posts, and overheard him say: "Mommy, aren't those funny-looking parking meters?"

Sometimes it is hard to tell the kids from their parents, because the older folks get as starry-eyed as their young while traveling through Nature's Wonderland aboard a mine train or pack mule, or, with an Indian guide, paddling in the thirty-five-foot war canoe to the Indian Village, a feature of the Rivers of America. Guests ride horse-drawn surreys, turn the old hand-crank movies, and whoop off down Main Street, having "answered the alarm" in a 1900-model fire wagon.

Everyone, no matter what age, is caught up in the three-dimensional world of wonder. It is easy to remember how your scalp prickled with fright when the genius of Mark Twain trapped you vicariously in Injun Joe's Cave. When you cross from Disneyland's mainland to "Tom Sawyer's Island" on the rafts; when you explore Teetering Rock and view the Bottomless Pit in Injun Joe's Cave, you quake with the same dread—but it is fear without danger.

Moods change like quicksilver in Disneyland. It is only a bounce and sway across the suspension bridge (rod and reel supplied if you want to fish for real fish) to fabulous Fantasyland. Here are the "scary" rides, the children's favorites—on Peter Pan's flight you are off in a pirate galleon over moonlit London town above the chiming of Big Ben and past Captain Hook's Hideaway. Alice in Wonderland comes alive when you —and your children—visit Upside Down Room, Tulgey Wood, and the Mad Tea Party hosted by the Mad Hatter himself.

Outside Fantasyland your kids will patiently wait while you buy them one of Walt's decorative hats. What they want more

than anything, though, is another ride with the wild Mr. Toad of "Wind in the Willows" fame.

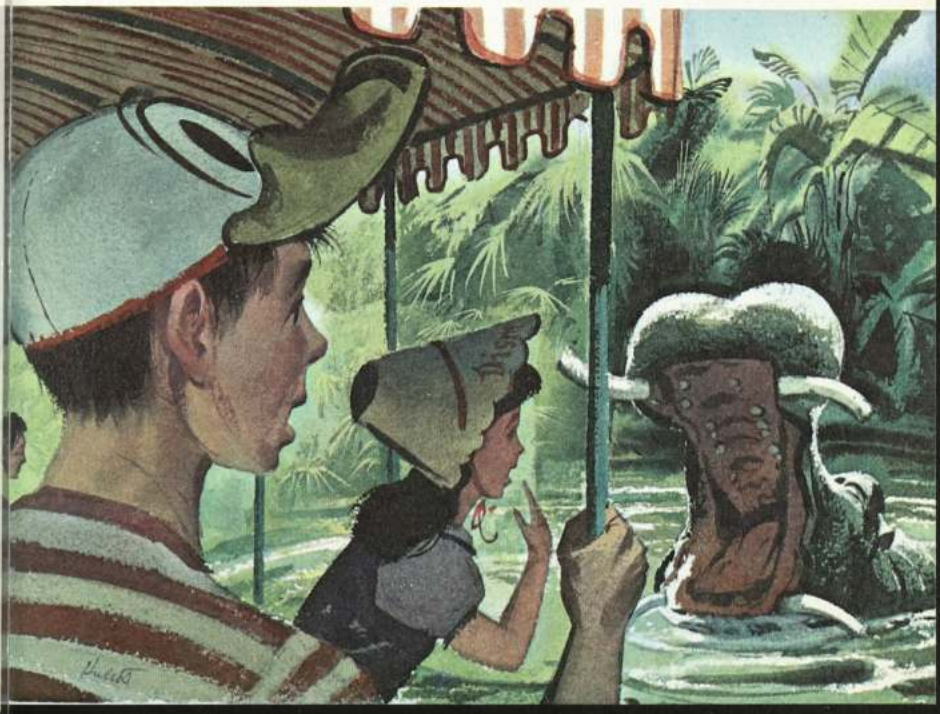
Each youngster likes a different ride or a different attraction, and each for a different reason. On my "House Party" show, I frequently ask the kids if they've been to Disneyland, and if so, what they like best. One youngster said recently:

"I like the scary rides, like the Matterhorn Bobsled Run; but daddy always takes me on the submarine—he likes the mermaids."

When my own youngest, Dianne, visited Disneyland at the age of thirteen, she liked the adventure and action rides. She could spend a week in the speed boat on the whitewater rapids, or on the jungle cruise through alligator-infested waters where elephants and cannibals threaten each new boatload of brave explorers.

Robert, who is three years older, loves anything with wheels. I had a hard time getting him off Tomorrowland's Super Autopia where Walt has 150 one-cylinder, air-cooled, gasoline-powered midgets. There's also the full-size monorail system

Adventureland Riverboat Ride, one of the children's favorites



racing along Disneyland's concrete highway in the sky, carrying passengers to and from the Disneyland Hotel.

Sharon, between Robert and Dianne in age, has a teenager's curiosity about everything. She likes the Submarine Voyage, which visits the "world's longest (and saddest) sea serpent," the Graveyard of Sunken Ships, and the Lost Continent of Atlantis with its fiery volcano in action. Topside, Sharon is crazy about the animals. There are 195 horses and mules. And Nature's Wonderland has a cast of 200 animals and birds.

My own favorite ride happens to be the Jungle River Cruise. When the guide pulls his pistol to fire at an approaching hippo, you jump back for fear of losing a leg. And since I took the ride, Walt has added an authentic African Veldt and a "bathing pool" for Indian elephants—with lots of surprises.

All sorts of famous people, celebrities from far and near, have explored Disneyland, but of course, it's the kids who come up with the funny comments.

For example, in Tomorrowland, there's the "Man from Mars." The park employee inhabiting the Martian costume was a baseball fan. He had installed his tiny transistor radio in his helmet. The noises emanating from the communications headpiece as he listened to the game sounded a little as if Venus were calling the Earth. But one kid recognized the sounds and said excitedly to his father:

"Gee, Dad, the Martians like the Dodgers, too!"

While on the Santa Fe & Disneyland Railroad, which covers 160 acres of the park, one youngster said to his mother:

"Mom, is brother Charlie going with us on the Matterhorn Ride?"

"Yes," she answered. "Why?"

"Well—he got off at the last station."

And there's one I especially like. It took place on the Submarine Ride, as the captain chanted to his crew: "Polar Cap ahead—take her down deep . . . ladies and gentlemen, we are now under the North Pole." A five-year-old piped up with:

"Daddy, can we get out and visit Santa Claus?"

How real, how wonderful, how enchanting is this child's garden of fantasy!

Terraces and lakes at Middleton. Painting by William Halsey

The Famous Gardens of Charleston

Around this city of quiet Southern charm are three of the most beautiful gardens in the world

by William Halsey and Corrie McCallum

To NATIVES of Charleston, South Carolina, spring brings tourists, and with them a frequent question: "If we have time to go to only one garden, which should it be?"

Wise Charlestonians always ignore this concern with time as alien to the locale, and reply with feeling, "You can't go to just one. You must see all three." For each of Charleston's triumvirate of gardens—Middleton, Magnolia, and Cypress—is so individual that omitting any one would be unthinkable.

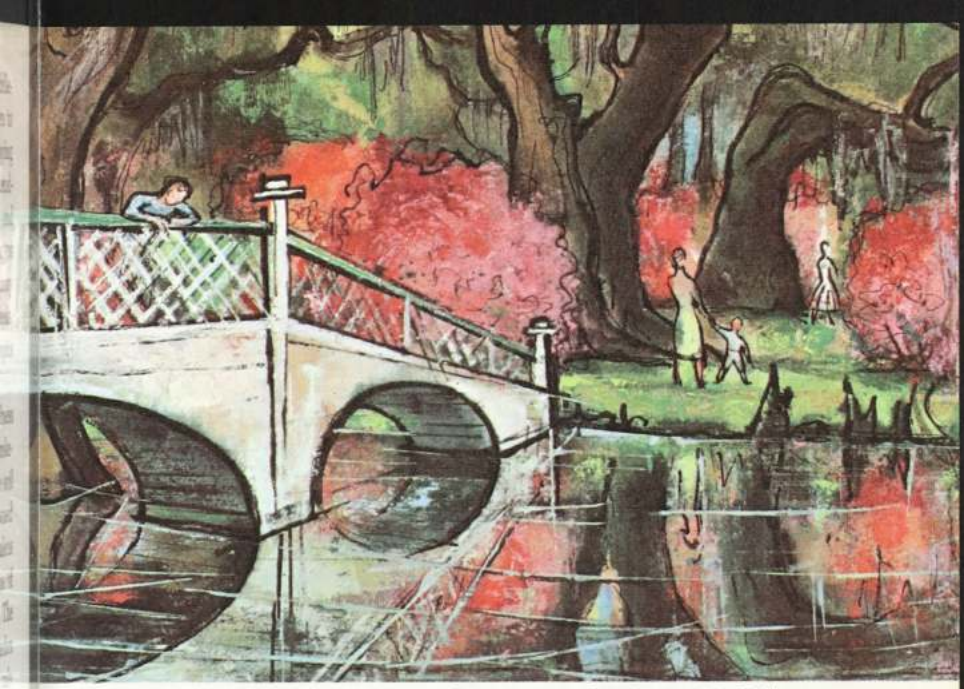
Middleton Gardens, or "Middleton Place," is the oldest of the three and the most formal. This lovely spot was one of the

great estates of the early South. Back in 1741, Henry Middleton, one of the province's richest men, put a hundred men to work molding terraces, shaping the Butterfly Lakes and laying out floral paths. Down through the generations, his descendants continued the project, adding thousands of azaleas and the first camellias ever planted in the New World. When you go to Middleton Gardens today you will see a place of beauty and peace where exotic flowers and salt marshes, creeks, egrets, and Spanish moss add more than a touch of the tropics to English formality.

Magnolia-on-the-Ashley might not exist except for illness and a doctor's prescription. When the Reverend John Grimke-Drayton developed tuberculosis in 1851, he turned to the soil as an aid to recovery and created Magnolia on property owned by his family since 1671. He obtained some of the first azaleas introduced to this country, and before his death he had one of the most notable collections of these flowers in the world. The famous *Baedeker Guide* once listed the twenty-five-acre garden along with Niagara Falls and Grand Canyon as its only double-starred attractions. Magnolia, like Middleton, is still owned by direct descendants of its creator.

By comparison to the others in age, Cypress is a mere infant. Located on 250 acres of Dean Hall Plantation on the Cooper River, the garden was conceived in 1927, but the setting in which it is placed has both history and mystery. Prior to the Civil War, it was one of the noted rice plantations of the Carolina Low Country, but with the collapse of the plantation system it became again a wild water forest. Benjamin R. Kittredge purchased the property and in the late twenties began to develop the present garden. Now the lagoons of black water reflect not only cypress trees centuries old, but banks and islands of azaleas, camellias, and daffodils as well. Wandering paths are connected by rose-festooned bridges, but Cypress is best seen from one of the tour boats that are available to the public.

Cypress and Magnolia are open January to May; Middleton is open the year around. Wear walking shoes and allow plenty of time to enjoy Charleston's paradise-in-three-parts.



Ornamental bridge at Magnolia. Painting by Corrie McCallum

The lagoons of Cypress Gardens. Painting by William Halsey

I Call on Atlantic City

A noted magazine editor dubiously tried a midwinter visit to the renowned New Jersey resort—and loved it

by Pete Martin

THE GRANDDADDY of all the boardwalks stands girt to the east by a broad white beach, its westward edge fringed by hotels thrusting their stately pleasure domes into the skies like settings left over from the Doug Fairbanks silent film, "The Thief of Bagdad."

If money is no object and you feel like splurging with the girl you met ten years ago and are still married to, you can loll in the glass-encased sunshine of a deluxe penthouse high above the sixty-foot wide, herring-bone pattern of its wooden promenade for seventy dollars a day. Or you can spend a long four-day weekend vacation in the resort for fifty dollars and be comfortable doing it. While lolling you can look forward to working your way through one of those endless and unbelievable menus that have made the American plan hotel famous all over the world.

The sunshine of the seashore differs from that found in your own back yard. The air at the seashore is cleaner; it allows more of the sun's rays to strike through. In addition, there is an added volume of sun rays reflected from the water and sand. Even on a partly cloudy day the radiation from the water and sand compensates for the lack of direct sunshine.

What's more, you can have your fifty-dollar, four-day weekend without scrimping and scrounging—if you're willing. You can enjoy a sailboat cruise (if you have that kind of stomach); you can take in the Miss America pageant or the performance of the Ice Capades if you are there at that time of year. You can lose two dollars a race for eight races at a nearby race track (I mention that sum because it's par for me), or you can

The famous Boardwalk in winter. Paintings by Marvin Friedman

stock up with beer and sandwiches and join a party for a deep-sea fishing trip and before nightfall you will probably be asking the others on board to stop by to see you if they ever come your way. Or you might catch a top nightclub show, or shove your legs under the snowy napery of a table, tie a giant napkin around your neck and attack ocean-fresh white lobster meat encased in a scarlet shell, dunking each bite into melted butter.

Atlantic City is not only possessed of long and wide vistas, its statistics are high, wide and free-wheeling, too. Patterns of resort facilities set in Atlantic City, the entertainment and the way of life established there, have been followed by other resorts throughout the nation. An estimated 16,000,000 visitors come here annually to sample Atlantic City's wonders. It has the tallest building constructed on sand (The Claridge Hotel) and the world's largest resort hotel (The Chalfonte-Haddon) with 1,000 rooms and baths.

On the Atlantic City Boardwalk, as on other beaches and

promenades around the world, the hour between dinner and nightfall is a time for a slow treading of the boards underfoot, a calm puffing of a cigar or pipe while contemplating others out for their evening constitutional. But there are visitors to Atlantic City who prefer to loll in a rolling chair, the same being a portable gondola of wicker mounted on three wheels and either pushed by an attendant or motor-driven by him.

The early years of the rolling chair were stormy ones—perhaps for the same reason that in Victorian times no "nice" girl would allow herself to be seen in a hansom cab with a gentleman. However, in recent years things have been rather quiet chairwise and they have rolled smoothly along *against* the flow of the pedestrians, a traffic regulation adopted to minimize the possibility of accidents.

The picture of Atlantic City I have conjured up thus far consists of laminated memories, piled recollection upon recollection, of balmy sea breezes wafting, sunny days with the sun sparkling like crushed diamonds on wave caps, and a suitcase of feather-weight summer sports apparel unpacked and stowed away in a hotel closet. But last January, at an editor's suggestion, I made the run to Atlantic City from Philadelphia. The temperature on a big electric sign in Philadelphia read 16 above zero, warnings of snow flurries had been broadcast, and in the back of my mind was the wild thought, *anybody who goes to Atlantic City in mid-January must have lost his marbles.*

But to my utter amazement, the editorial mind that dispatched me on my unlikely journey must have been touched with inspiration because while Atlantic City in mid-January is not the Atlantic City the majority of its millions of visitors know, it is decidedly a place worth cultivating. For the record it is a very pleasant place to be weatherwise even when the snow plows are snorting on the city streets inland.

I discovered that there are people who prefer Atlantic City in winter to any other time of the year. Calmly and seriously my wife told me, "That's how I feel about it." Now that I have been there I am a convert to off-season Atlantic City myself.

The lifeguards are gone, but the bird watchers are there jotting down names and identifying markings after peering

A brisk dip in the Atlantic surf is possible even in winter

through binoculars. Then there are eccentrics who go there because they want to be alone—if *that's* an eccentricity, which I very much doubt because "getting away from it all" is becoming a more difficult goal as each year passes and a more precious one to achieve. There are the off-season honeymooners who are for the moment so deeply in love with each other (instead of mankind in general) that they couldn't care less whether the Boardwalk is crowded or denuded of other strollers. The Polar Bear swimming clubs (they really *are* eccentrics) are dunking bravely in the surf and trying to pretend they love every minute of it. And the off-season hotel rates (the on-season officially begins Easter Sunday) are alluring.

Even when the surf is too cool for bathing, visitors to Atlantic City can still find plenty of places to swim. Twenty-one hotels and motels have indoor pools. There are also outdoor pools covered with a huge plastic bubble which permits their use during the winter months. Nine of the hotels and motels have

ice rinks adjoining their pools which make for an interesting combination of attractions.

In mid-winter big party boats operate from Captain Starn's Inlet Pier only on Saturday and Sunday; however, smaller craft for parties of six may be chartered there at any time. Consequently an ardent fisherman doesn't have to go off into the woods and chop a hole in the ice on a mountain lake to enjoy his favorite sport. A fisherman doesn't even have to bring his own equipment. He may obtain it in Atlantic City. He'd better dress warmly, however, as it can be marrow-chilling on the ocean during the winter months.

Atlantic City is also one of the country's foremost golf resorts. Golf came early to this resort community. The Atlantic City Country Club opened its "links" in 1897 to become one of the nation's first clubs. Because this area is practically free of snow, golfers can enjoy their favorite sport throughout the year. All the courses are within easy driving distance of Atlantic City; in fact, they are within easy driving distance of both Philadelphia and New York. It was at the Atlantic City Country Club where the terms "birdie" and "mulligan," familiar to golfers throughout the world, were born.

Equestrians find the beach an ideal bridle path. Mounts may be obtained at numerous rental stands, while cyclists may glide on the Boardwalk prior to 10 a.m.

Whether you visit in summer or winter, the best things you'll encounter at Atlantic City in the state of New Jersey will be free—the clean scent of salt air, the surf creaming and curling on the gently sloping beach.

Enjoying the people is free, too.

If you happen to be gregarious and interested in people (after all, *some* are—Perry Como once confessed to me that he is a "people lover"), all sorts, shapes, sizes, and types stroll the Boardwalk. Some of them are clothed by Balenciaga or fill a pair of stretch-Capris. Some are in slacks from Brooks Brothers and a blazer from Chipp. Some are young marrieds who do their shopping from a Sears Roebuck catalog. It's all the same. You'll look at the other people and they'll look at you and what you see will be both different and interesting.

If Tom Had Known Biloxi

A southern editor is convinced the Gulf Coast country would have charmed Tom Sawyer, too

by Hodding Carter

HAVING GROWN up on and near Huck Finn's Mississippi, I may sound like a traitor when I say that for a small boy the river country could not match the delights of the Gulf Coast forty-odd years ago—or now. If I could take Huck and Tom with me to Biloxi, less than a three-hour drive from the interior Louisiana of my boyhood, I believe I could win them over to that lush, tropic wonderland.

But since we can't journey together, I must return alone. It wasn't hard to do, a summer ago, when I stole five weeks on the Coast. The first night I heard an old friend brag that the Coast was bigger and better than it had ever been.

"I know it's bigger," I said. "But bigger doesn't necessarily mean better. I want to see whether it smells and looks and tastes and sounds and feels as it used to."

I found out that it did. Despite the Coast's growth and innovations, the old assault upon each of the senses is as overpowering as it ever was. That assault, a happy one, began the moment we descended from the automobile in those gravel road and shell road days.

Our eyes were dazzled by the lush growth of low-swept water oaks hung with moss, by tall palms and pines and a motley of bright flowers and shrubs that ran down to the sea. And the Gulf itself! The coast dweller cannot understand the impact of limitless water upon the inlander, that first sight each year of the placid, gray-blue Gulf of Mexico.

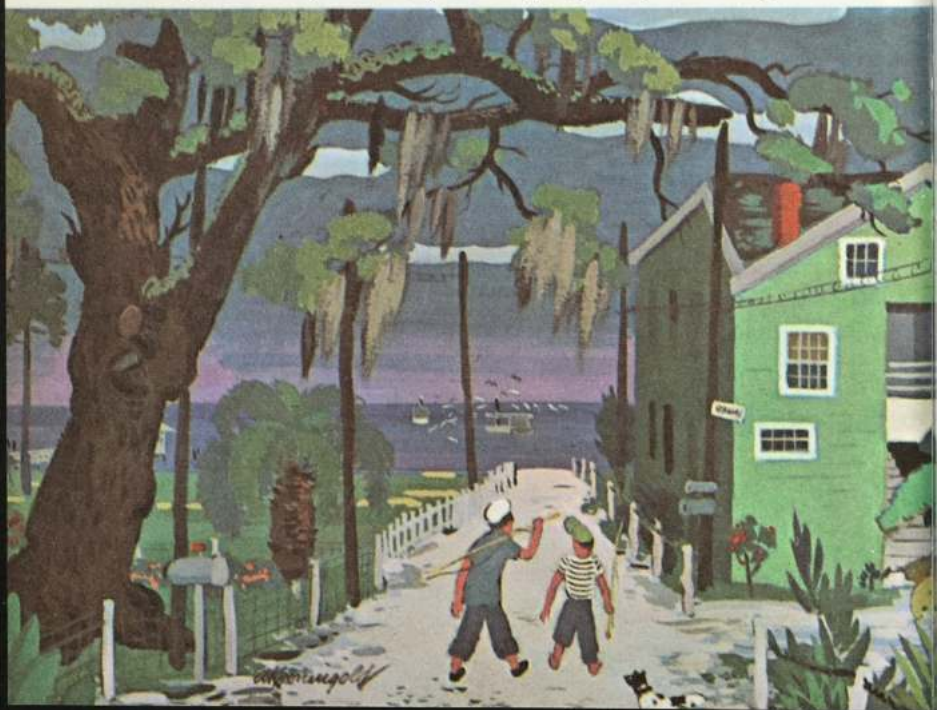
Our noses quivered at the smells, each so distinct yet blended together into one odor that was Biloxi. There were the sharp smell of salt water and the pungent smell of the flats at low tide, the smell of fish and shrimp and crabs, the smell of

magnolia and pine, the tantalizing smell of gumbos and bisques a-cooking.

Our ears sought to interpret a myriad of provocative sounds: the somnolent compound of wave and wind; the splashing of water against the rickety piers; the gay, loud voices that were more French than English, chattering in a patois enriched by the newcoming Italian and Dalmatian and Greek fisherfolk. Exploringly our hands felt the crusted conch shells and the cool, moist walls of our sand castles. Our reckless arms and shoulders dared the hot touch of the sun and the tingle of the sea's salt, and the flesh was soothed by the soft breezes that blew up from the south.

And to the landsman's palate the Coast brought an epicurean holiday for whose observance all manner of creatures of the sea were sacrificed. We ate peppery, herb-flavored gumbos and and court bouillon and crisp-fried soft-shell crabs, flounder and shrimp and oysters in many guises. In the back yards and the woods were fruits to be picked, and along that boardwalk

Youngsters head for the Gulf. Paintings by Adolph Kronengold



were the hot dogs and multi-colored pops and gooey sweets that Aunt Polly would have frowned upon no more forbiddingly than did our parents.

But most of all to a boy who lived so much in the world of books, the Coast was the past come to life. In this Gulf of Mexico, Jean Lafitte, the pirate, had run down his victims, and certainly he was as dangerous as Injun Joe. It was an easy matter to become, in knee-deep water, his spiritual heir with the aid of a skiff and a sail. In the woods that fringed the shore the warring Europeans and the more peaceable Indians had lurked two centuries past.

On Ship Island, a few miles out to sea, one of my Confederate grandfathers had been held prisoner by the Yankees, and my grandmother never tired of recounting the indignities, grown in the telling, which the late hero of heroes had suffered. We erected shore batteries against new bluecoat invasions from the sea and plotted our own escapes from Union captivity. Not far from our cottage stood Beauvoir, the last residence of the Confederacy's Jefferson Davis, and home for Confederate veterans. Perhaps American history is more meaningful elsewhere, but it could not come more vividly to life than on this coast where six flags had waved.

The coast summers were a heady mixture of other allures. At night we speared the flounder by torchlight. By day, the stupid, succulent crab was always ready to grip a morsel of fat meat dangling from a piece of grocer's string, and even the sparsest bait would attract gullible fish at the end of the piers. We swarmed around the shrimp packing plant, not envying the exploited children inside, no bigger than ourselves, who picked handfuls of the little gray shrimp for a few nickels a day. We could always get a few tasty handfuls of our own to boil in an empty coffee can, seasoned with the salt water alone, beneath a pier.

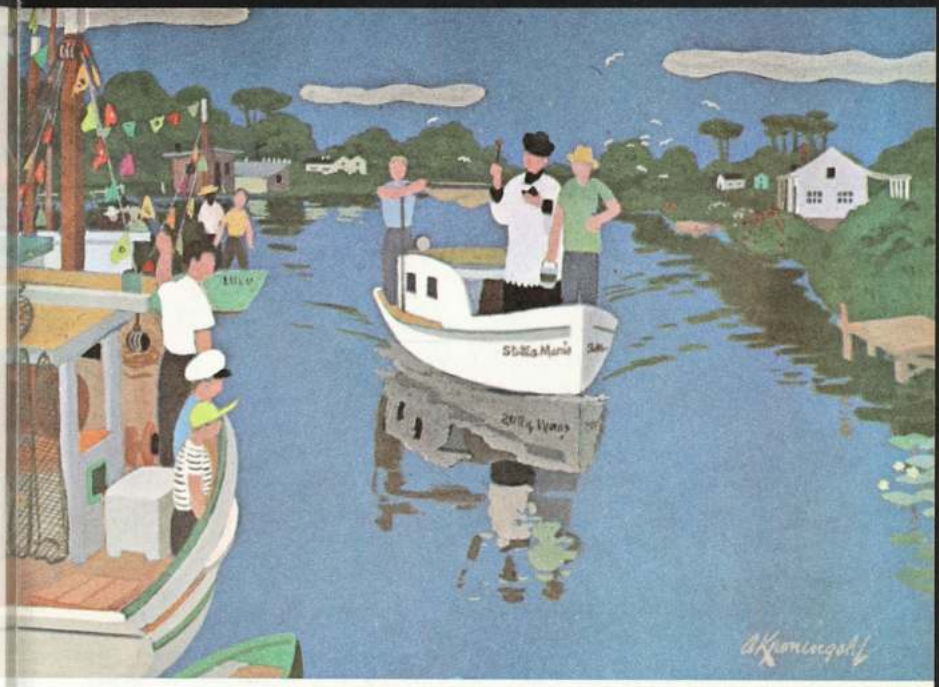
Surfeited with paddling or fishing or swimming we could explore our sector of the long beach road, meandering from one to another of the great beach homes and playing in the shrub- and flower-filled yards with newfound friends. Those lovely houses meant the enchantment of riches and ease, and we liked to guess about the wealth of the remote older people

who lived behind the green-shuttered windows. We would ride all morning for a nickel on the street-car that connected the little coastal towns and try to pick from the architectural melange the house that we would want when we grew up.

But fishing boats were more desirable than even the stateliest house on the beach. Today the graceful fishing schooners are gone, victims of the power-driven luggers of the machine age, but thirty years ago and even more recently, the Gulf winds sang through the rigging of the schooners, and along the wharves we could smell not only the odorous catch but also—if our imagination did not fail us—the scent of magical islands beyond our seeing. Enviable was the keeper of the beautiful Biloxi lighthouse, in whose trust were the fishing craft. I remember his lonely majesty, and the serenity of the steady, yellow light in the dark night before bedtime.

All this was a long time ago, and it is regrettably true that a loved scene revisited usually proves disappointing. But for me the Coast is still the wonderland of my childhood, though the automobile has displaced the trolley and the carriage, and the neon signs now blaze brightly near the Biloxi lighthouse. The coast is louder and more crowded now, and this I selfishly dislike. Yet there is far more good than bad in the change. Today the network of state and national highways has made the Coast a playground for the many instead of the relatively few. Priests still bless the fleet at the opening of the shrimp season, and white sails have not vanished from the blue sea, for almost the year around the bronzed young sailors from the Coast's score of yacht clubs race or cruise in the Gulf. Pleasure fishing has become a business, with dozens of fishing captains promising good luck to amateur deep-sea anglers who seek the king mackerel and the lemonfish.

All this transformation is subordinate to two profound changes. Industry has come to the Coast, revolutionizing the work habits and the living standards of thousands of these sun-blessed folk. And even more than the impact of industrial balance, the Coast feels the effects of its role in the nation's defense. The beaches and the hotels, the movies and nightclubs and excursion craft, are jammed by the young airmen



Priests still bless the shrimp fleet, a famous annual event

from Keesler Field. Biloxi is more preparedness-conscious than any other city in the South, and the children of the Coast, who in my boyhood would run in fright from the strange automobile, scarcely look up at the aircraft or at the uniformed men who are trained here in aviation electronics.

I remind myself that this recent growth means only that there are more to enjoy what I have loved so long. For the air and the food and the color and the smells and the old true sounds of the Gulf Coast are still the same, and that is what really matters. The sails of the racing yachts are just as white and as gently curved against the breeze as ever were the mainsails of the vanished fishing schooners, and along the unchanging sands a new generation of little inlanders plans piratical forays.

All that has really changed is myself, and even so I am not at all sure when I go back to the Coast that I am not the pirate in the little skiff beyond the seawall.

Small mill beside beautiful Eel Lake. Painting by Robert Banister

Coastal Lakes in the Oregon Dunes

The fresh-water lakes dotting the lower Oregon coast are little known recreational marvels

by Stewart H. Holbrook

FROM FLORENCE south to Coos Bay, along and near U. S. 101, often called the Oregon Coast Highway, is a handsome chain of fresh-water lakes and ponds. This is the Dunes Country, unique in the state where, far back in geological time, rivers flowing down the Coast Range slopes cut ravines through the foothill terrace. Then, as the terrace subsided, sands came drifting inland to dam the sluggish streams and form peat bogs and lakes. A few more eons of time and wind, and the shifting sands pushed some of these lakes farther and farther from the sea.

Today Oregon's land of dunes comprises a forested area, two to five miles from the ocean, where the larger lakes lie,

and the mountainous dunes themselves which often hide the ponds until one is almost upon them.

Siltcoos Lake, five miles inland, is no mere pond. Its irregular shoreline, with its many arms, measures 110 miles overall, and the surrounding terrain is so rugged as to call for two post offices—at Siltcoos and Westlake, almost opposite each other on the east and west sides of the main body of water.

Like the other coastal lakes, Siltcoos offers an amazing variety of fish. One day last summer, a party of three came in with five bluegills, one large-mouth bass, an even dozen yellow perch, and several catfish. On the same day, a party of four brought in a fair steelhead, a perch or two, one rainbow trout, a flounder—and a sturgeon that measured fifty-four inches. The sturgeon was taken on a ten-pound-test line which is no rigging for going after a big fish.

One angler, who returns again and again to neighboring Lake Tahkenitch, which has 120 miles of shoreline and is longer but not so wide as Siltcoos, finds all of the coastal lakes stimulating. This is because "you will find fish where they have no business to be, and catch the wrong fish where the right ones ought to be." Still another dunes fan has said that no one can ever completely exploit these lakes and ponds and streams. They are never the same twice running.

South of the Umpqua River, a major stream that enters the sea at Gardiner, the chain of coastal lakes continues with Clear Lake, now a city reservoir for Reedsport, high-fenced against trespass. Just south of the reservoir is Eel Lake, in a picture-window setting of bays, low hills, and a background of the Coast Range. Logging around the lake is being done for a small sawmill on the west shore. Despite the mistaken belief of casual visitors that this is not a separate body of water, but a part of North Tenmile Lake, Eel Lake is actually an entity by itself, with an outlet that flows into Tenmile Creek which, in turn, is the outlet for both North Tenmile and South Tenmile lakes. The village of Lakeside, with post office and stores and restaurants, has adequate accommodations to care for fishermen and other visitors to all three lakes, which offer the same surprising varieties of fish.

THE VIRGINIA PENINSULA—
CRADLE OF AMERICA

Within the Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown triangle you relive the days of colonial America

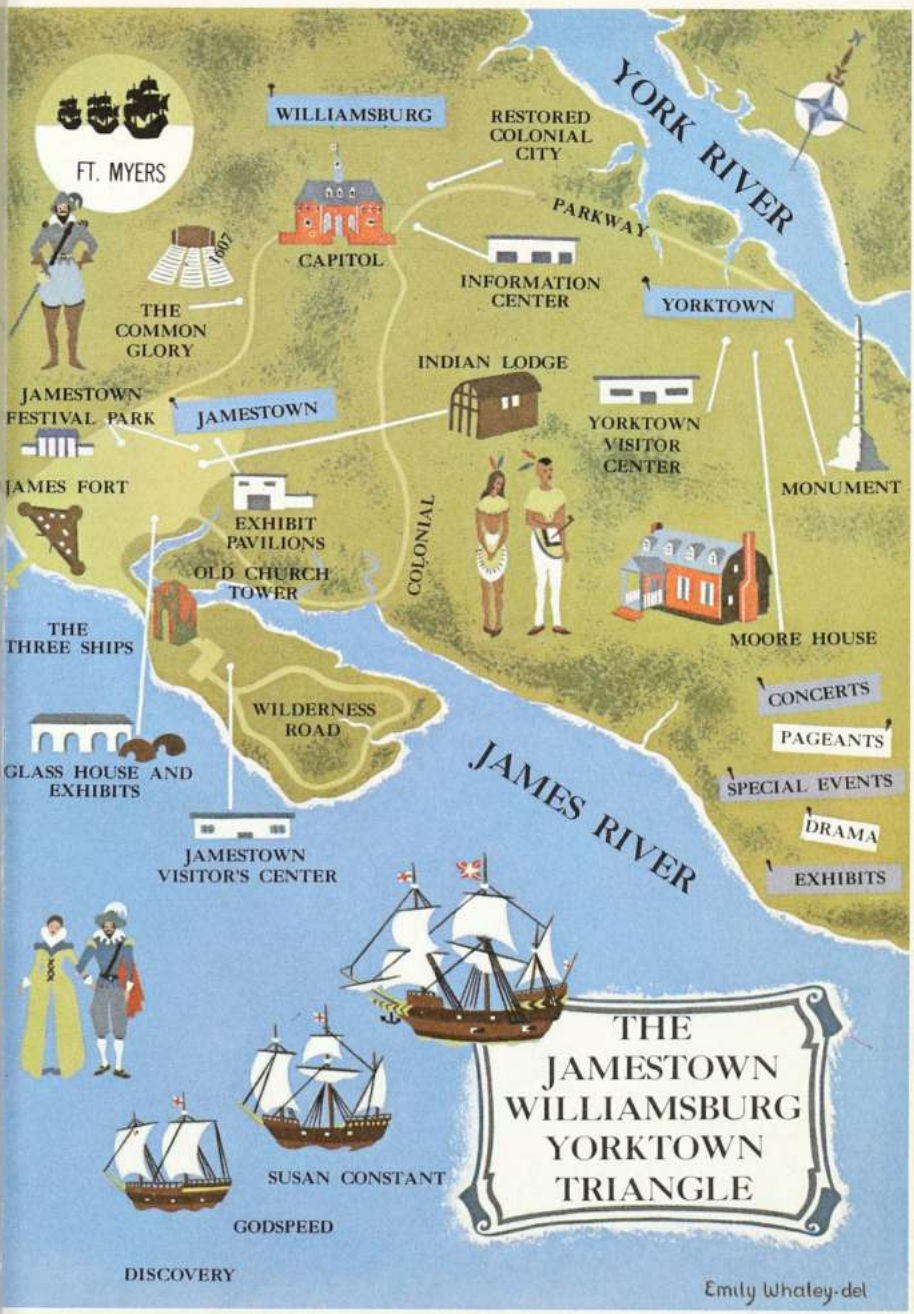
by John Patterson

THE WORDS "Virginia Peninsula" have in themselves no particularly romantic sound. But within this area lie Jamestown, site of the first permanent English settlement in the United States; Williamsburg, where Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and their great associates set forth the ideas on which the Republic is founded; and Yorktown, where final independence from England was achieved on the field of battle.

The deceptively mild landscape of the Peninsula has seen Indian massacres, famines, rebellions, and wars. The first English home in America was built on its fields as was the forge that forecast our industries. The Peninsula *is* the "cradle of America." It was on a bright spring day in 1607 that the weary men who manned the three little ships, the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*, anchored at Jamestown and shortly thereafter thankfully celebrated the first divine service on Virginia soil.

In 1957, the 350th anniversary of "America's Birthday" was commemorated with a year-long celebration. The three little ships were reconstructed and placed on permanent exhibition. These and other displays remain today as added attractions for the procession of visitors annually drawn to the historic Jamestown-Williamsburg-Yorktown triangle.

Scenically, possibly the best approach to the Peninsula is State Route 5 eastward from Richmond. It follows approximately the "Old Indian Trail," one of the earliest of travelways in the United States. Leading off it, mainly on the James River side, are numerous entrance roads to the plantations


FT. MYERS
WILLIAMSBURG
RESTORED COLONIAL CITY
YORK RIVER
PARKWAY
CAPITOL
INFORMATION CENTER
YORKTOWN
1607
THE COMMON GLORY
INDIAN LODGE
JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL PARK
JAMESTOWN
YORKTOWN VISITOR CENTER
MONUMENT
JAMES FORT
EXHIBIT PAVILIONS
COLONIAL
OLD CHURCH TOWER
MOORE HOUSE
THE THREE SHIPS
CONCERTS
PAGEANTS
WILDERNESS ROAD
SPECIAL EVENTS
GLASS HOUSE AND EXHIBITS
DRAMA
JAMES RIVER
JAMESTOWN VISITOR'S CENTER
EXHIBITS
THE JAMESTOWN WILLIAMSBURG YORKTOWN TRIANGLE
SUSAN CONSTANT
GODSPEED
DISCOVERY
Emily Whaley-del

where the eighteenth-century landowners of Virginia's "Golden Age" lived in conditions varying to genuine splendor.

There is Berkeley, birthplace of President William Henry Harrison. During the Revolutionary War Benedict Arnold and his English troops camped here. Nearly a century later General McClellan's Army of the Potomac established its camp here after the battle of Malvern Hill. Not far from Berkeley lies Westover, often called "the most perfect Georgian house in America." Other houses, which can be glimpsed from the road, include Greenway, birthplace of President John Tyler, and Sherwood Forest, President Tyler's later home, still inhabited by his descendants. While the latter homes are private, several of the mansions, notably the house and grounds at Berkeley, may be visited for a small admission fee.

The Old Indian Trail runs into the Colonial Parkway, where a right turn leads to Jamestown, quiet on its river bank. The ruins of the first brick church, the old churchyard, the foundations of two state houses and of old dwellings—these are all the physical evidences that remain of the first settlement. The very tranquility of the scene evokes an almost overpowering sense of the past.

The Grand French Battery at Yorktown. Painting by Horace Day

Seven miles from Jamestown, on the Colonial Parkway which follows the winding James River, is Williamsburg, restored to its original beauty by the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "that the future may learn from the past." Colonial Williamsburg, in the years since Mr. Rockefeller first began his loving work of restoration, has become so much a part of the American heritage that no detailed description is necessary.

"The miracle of Williamsburg," a twentieth-century historian said, "is that a few brave and inspired men here helped to conceive a philosophy of freedom, to the fulfillment of which they were willing to give their lives. What they thought, wrote, said, and did changed the face of the world." Among these men were Patrick Henry, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson.

During the eighty-one years (1699-1780) when Williamsburg was the capital of the immense Virginia Colony, the arts flourished here. To the College of William and Mary came three future presidents—Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler—the great Chief Justice John Marshall, and the finest young minds of the time. George Washington also served the college as chancellor from 1788 to 1799.

From Williamsburg, it is twelve miles to Yorktown, still on the beautiful Colonial Parkway, but this time with views of the wide York River. In 1781, Lord Cornwallis arrived here to establish contact with the British fleet. Here, in the delightful old Moore House, on October 19, 1781, the officers representing Washington and Cornwallis met and drew up the "Articles of Capitulation" which assured America her independence.

Most of the historic sites and buildings in Yorktown are administered by the National Park Service which has restored a large part of the batteries, redoubts and trenches of the French and American armies.

South of Yorktown the Peninsula ends with Hampton Roads, where in 1862 the historic battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* changed the nature of naval warfare.

The motto on the coat of arms of Captain John Smith is *Vincere est vivere*—to overcome is to live. It could well have served as the motto for the many great men of the Peninsula who came after him.

Family Fun at Las Vegas

Where else can visitors find mountains, desert, and water together with the best of big-city fun?

by Liz McClain

PEOPLE have been coming back from Las Vegas of late with reports that the number one pleasure dome of the Nevada desert is turning into a family place. They aren't exactly claiming that the sounds of children at play are drowning out the clink of slot machines, but it does appear that mothers and fathers and their young are finding that the Las Vegas area offers a great deal in traditional kinds of recreation.

The principal lure is the entertainment, arising from the fact that Broadway and Hollywood meet there at the edge of the Mojave, and that as a result you can show the children Red Skelton, Danny Kaye, Marlene Dietrich, and their equals in person for a good deal less than it would cost to see them at either of the entertainment capitals from which they come.

Equally important is the fact that the roads round about "Vegas" lead to lakes, mountains, and some of the West's most intriguing historical sites. When you add them to the most highly sophisticated show business talent of mid-twentieth century, and the luxurious motels and restaurants that sprout from it, you have a vacation trip that combines city fun and country fun into a single package for all the family.

Twenty-five miles from Las Vegas, Mt. Charleston rises snow-crested from the warm desert to a height of 11,910 feet. Contrasting with the summer heat of the city, it is briskly cool. Tame deer slip in and out of the picnic grounds, squirrels scamper through the massive pines, and there are hiking trails and bridle paths. Who could guess that it is hardly more than half an hour back to Frank Sinatra and the world of show biz?

Rivaling Las Vegas itself as a national tourist attraction and only thirty miles southeast of it is Hoover Dam, lying athwart

the Colorado River and impounding ocean-like Lake Mead behind it. And this, the largest artificial lake in the world, does what a lake is supposed to do: it provides beaches, canyon coves, boat docks, and marinas for a host of year-round fishermen, boaters, sailors, and water skiers. More than 550 miles of shoreline encompass the lovely blue waters.

Below Hoover Dam, near the southern tip of Nevada, is a newer dam—Davis—again trapping the Colorado in a lake as long and narrow as a snake and now filled with trout and bass. From here you can take off into the desert to show the kids wonderful old mining settlements like Nelson and Searchlight. The latter will bring the young in view of old mines and legendary old prospectors who still refuse to give up the hunt for pay dirt. Nelson, site of a steamboat landing in an era when all supplies were brought in by ships on the Colorado River, is now a quarry for souvenir hunters seeking relics of those bygone days of cowboy and Indian gunplay.

The Las Vegas Strip fascinates sightseers. Paintings by Merle Shore

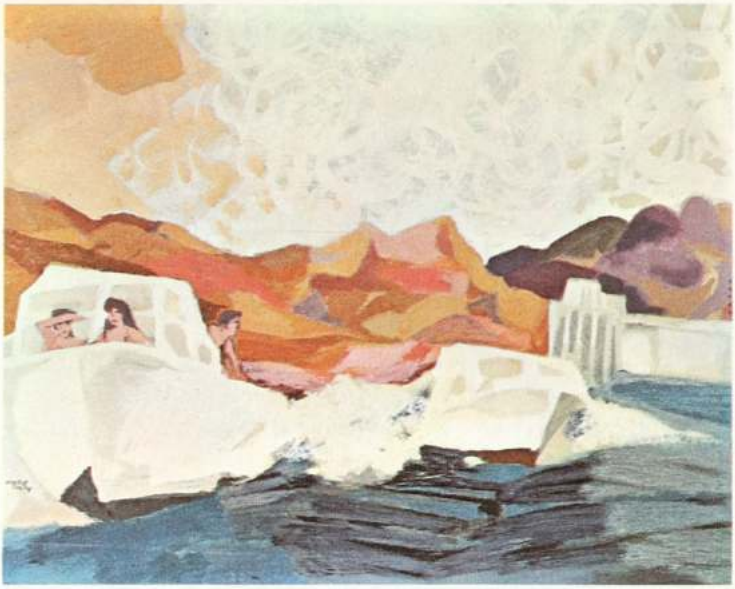
About seventy miles northeast of Las Vegas is Valley of Fire State Park, where visitors can explore geological formations they may have seen in many a TV western. In a way, the wild natural colors of this place rival those of the city in its neon glory, but whereas the latter spells a life of ease, the former attests to the hard life that primitive Indians once endured there. There are petrogylphs on sheer cliff faces for the inquisitive to ponder.

Beyond the Valley of Fire, along the northern reaches of Lake Mead, is the farming town of Overton where the Lost City Museum has been developed atop a sandy mesa. Here have been unearthed the remnants of two apparently separate eras of semicivilized culture that began before Christ. The museum, demonstrating early man's effort to conquer the heartless void of desert and mountains, seems to prove that people in this part of the country have spent a lot of time trying to beat the odds.

To the tourist with time enough, there are other historic sights at slightly greater distances from Las Vegas—Lehman Caves, Scotty's Castle in Death Valley, and dozens of early mining communities famous because they failed to survive the violence of their brief boom.

Within Las Vegas itself, and very much in contrast to the tempo of life, there is a museum of relatively modern life. Called the Old Fort, it was established as a fort in 1855 by Mormons trying to protect themselves against nature and Indians. It stands on the site of the first ranch in Las Vegas and once guarded the "Old Spanish Trail" which, according to authorities, was the route now followed by U. S. Highway 91.

Luxury spells the theme of guest accommodations in Las Vegas. Hotels and motels welcome the touring family with swimming pools—bountiful oases after the desert drive—as well as television, babysitting, and reservation services, all at rates on a par with less extravagant accommodations in other areas. The gambling action which has made Las Vegas famous as the Monte Carlo of America is housed in the world's most elaborate casinos, of vintage motifs ranging from Barbary Coast to modern European and Manhattan Tower. Here the low-



Not far from Vegas are the pleasures of beautiful Lake Mead

budget bettor chances his small change as he mingles in the same plushly carpeted gaming castles with serious high-stake players from all over the world, ironically financing the grand show for the lesser spenders.

Hollywood and Broadway reign at the dinner show entertainment on the Strip. Open to youngsters in most cases as well as adults up to grandparent age, the hotels' dining theaters offer pocket editions of New York productions, special extravaganzas designed for Las Vegas audiences, and nightclub acts by top billboard attractions.

So you are brought back to Las Vegas, back to Paul Anka, the Mills Brothers, and Pearl Bailey and the other great names of modern entertainment. It rounds out a tour that is rarely matched anywhere in the country. You have been amidst some of the grander sights of nature, tasted the traditional joys of open country, the desert, and lakes, and now you sample the attractions of this desert city whose single purpose is fun.

A Guest's Impression of New England

A distinguished Mississippian, winner of the Nobel Prize, takes a keen look at some northern neighbors

by William Faulkner

It is not the country which impressed this one. It is the people—the men and women themselves so individual, who hold privacy as dear as they do liberty and freedom, holding these so high that they take it for granted that all other men and women are individuals, too, and treat them as such.

Like this: one afternoon (it was October) Malcolm Cowley and I were driving through back roads in western Connecticut and Massachusetts. We got lost. We were in what a Mississippian would call mountains but which New Englanders call hills; the road was not getting worse yet: just hillier and lonelier and apparently going nowhere save upward, toward a range of hills. At last, just as we were about to turn back, we found a house, a mailbox, and two men standing beside the mailbox, watching us quietly as we drove up and stopped.

"Good afternoon," Cowley said.

"Good afternoon," one of the men said.

"Does this road cross the mountain?" Cowley said.

"Yes," the man said, still with that perfect courtesy.

"Thank you," Cowley said and drove on, the two men still watching us quietly—for perhaps fifty yards, when Cowley braked suddenly and said, "Wait," and backed the car down to the mailbox again where the two men still watched us. "Can I get over it in this car?" Cowley said.

"No," the same man said. "I don't think you can." So we turned around and went back the way we came.

That's what I mean. In the West, the Californian would have been a farmer only by hobby, his true dedication and

calling being that of a car trader, who would assure us that our car could not possibly make the crossing but that he had not only a car that could make it, but the only car west of the Rocky Mountains that could. In the Central States we would have been given directions to circumvent the mountain, based on obscure third-count road forks and distant houses with lightning rods on the northeast chimney. In my own South the two Mississippians would have adopted us before Cowley could have closed his mouth and put the car in motion again, saying (one of them, the other would already be getting into the car): "Why sure, it won't be no trouble at all; Jim here will go with you and I'll telephone across the mountain for my nephew to meet you with his truck where you are stuck; it'll pull you right on through and he'll even have a mechanic waiting with a new crankcase."

But not the New Englander, who respects your right to privacy and free will by giving you only and exactly what you asked for, and no more. He is a free man, not made so by the stern and rockbound land on which his lot was cast, but on the contrary, having elected deliberately of his own volition that stern land and weather because he knew he was tough enough to cope with them. Long tradition has taught him to believe that there is no valid reason why life should be soft and docile and amenable, that to be individual and private is the thing and that the man who cannot cope with any environment anywhere had better not clutter the earth to begin with.

He quits the environment occasionally, of course, but he takes it with him, too. You will find him in Burbank and Santa Monica in sunglasses and straw sandals and his shirt-tail outside his pants. But open the aloha bed-jacket and scratch him a little and you will find the thin soil and the rocks and the long snow and the man who had not at all been driven from his birthplace because it had beaten him at last, but who had left it because he himself was the victor, and now he is simply using that never-never land of mystics and astrologers and fire-worshippers and raw-carrot fiends as a hobby for his declining years.

Spring bloom decks the Parkway. Painting by Corydon Bell

The Flowering Blue Ridge

A wonderful way to welcome spring is to drive the full course of this magnificent mountain parkway

by Thelma H. Bell

To TRAVEL the Blue Ridge Parkway in May is to experience winter, spring, and summer in one fell swoop. It's all a matter of elevation. For in its 469-mile course, the Parkway follows the backbone of the Southern Appalachians, attaining altitudes up to 6000 feet, and averaging 3000 to 4000. This variation has

the pleasant effect of telescoping seasons: in mid-May, the leaves are out below 2000 feet, just unfolding at 3000, and still in the bud at 4000.

Picture this contrast: at high elevations, rhythmic gray trunks and skeleton branches stand stark against masses of evergreens on tumbled mountains. Lower down, the slopes are alive with the quicksilver pastels of opening buds and unfolding leaves—those fragile colors that make spring a subtle reflection of fall—and the shrubs are in radiant bloom. Still lower, in the valleys and deep coves, there is the green canopy of fully expanded leaves. For a final dash, if the night has been cold, raise your eyes to the peaks where there may be a brief, white icing of rime, sparkling and frozen.

The Blue Ridge in spring is a natural garden, and it has been enhanced by concentrations of flowering trees and shrubs set against white pines, hemlocks, oaks, hickories, and maples.

Early in May, the feathery white shadblow blooms, followed by wild pink crabapple, snowy-layered dogwood, pink azaleas, and the lavender-pink locust. About mid-May, the forests burn with flame azaleas, then blooms mountain laurel, and purple rhododendron reaches its peak the third week in June. At mile-high Craggy Gardens, one of the Parkway's ten recreation areas, six hundred acres of purple rhododendron spread out in a magnificent mantle.

The Parkway has been engineered with plenty of see-offs, overlooks, and trails for short walks or long hikes. There are side roads that lead to picnic areas, extensive campgrounds, waterfalls, trout streams, and fabulous views. Even the man at the wheel can enjoy the view. There are no commercial vehicles. There is no obligation to hurry. When you see an intriguing splash of color, you simply pull off at the next turnout and explore.

The Blue Ridge Parkway, intended for the tourist, connects Shenandoah National Park, in northern Virginia, with Great Smoky Mountains National Park, on the North Carolina-Tennessee border, in one continuous ribbon of fascinating roadway 469 miles long. This is the first parkway of its kind to be developed by the nation, and it's a magnificent one.

In Philadelphia:

Seek Out the Little Streets

Hidden from all but the inquisitive visitor, they demonstrate an old Quaker law known as the "survival of the quietest"

by Nathaniel Burt

SOME CITIES proclaim their beauties, their charms, their atmosphere almost immediately. The public heart of Boston, for example, is its Common, flanked on the up side by the purple-paned mansions of Beacon Hill. And any cable car in San Francisco will take you up a slope of yellow buildings where you can glimpse the Mediterranean blue of the bay. Not so Philadelphia. To find its charm one has to poke around. Back of what seems like a wilderness of shops and rooming houses, one comes upon the Little Streets. It is here that Philadelphia's charm is concentrated.

The Little Streets slip from one river to the other across the waist of the city. From the Delaware on the east to the Schuylkill west for twenty-five blocks (in Philadelphia they're called "squares") one can thread a maze, a Chinese puzzle of these backwaters, only occasionally emerging into the main stream of the modern city.

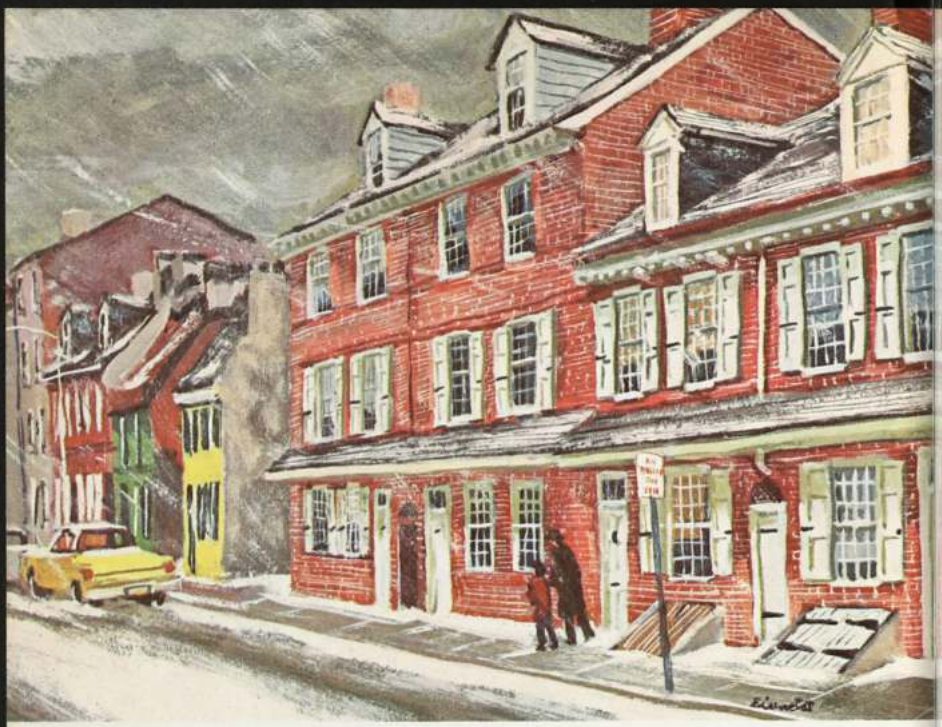
These back streets are the perfect demonstration of a Quaker law known as the "survival of the quietest." Tall trees attract lightning. The proud, the worldly, the high and mighty have their comeuppance. It is the sober, the modest, the unostentatious who persist and endure. So it is only in the Little Streets, unplanned by Penn, overlooked in the destructive march of the centuries, that Philadelphia's past can be seen preserved like a fly in amber.

To begin at the beginning of Philadelphia history one must begin with Elfreth's Alley, down near the Delaware. This is the daddy of them all, a cobbled lane with crazy-quilt side-

walks, the low brick houses squeezed in irregularly, with overhanging eaves and modest doorways. It belongs to the period of earliest settlement. The oldest house on it dates from the 1690s. The rest are earliest eighteenth century. No need to ask if Washington slept here. Washington probably never set foot in such a humble place. But Philip Syng, one of America's great silversmiths, lived here; Betsy Ross went here to school.

Elfreth's Alley is isolated north of Market Street and Independence Hall in a jungle of warehouses. Its only picturesque near neighbor, besides famous old Christ Church, is an antique but grim courtyard called Loxley Place. To follow the Little Streets, one must pass by Independence Hall and its parks, and go south of Market to Society Hill. As the name might seem to indicate, Society Hill was the fashionable neighborhood during the Revolution and after. It ceased to be even before the Civil War, but hundreds of houses built by "high society" remain. It is probably the largest concentration of eighteenth-century buildings still left in America,

Elfreth's Alley dates from 1700. Paintings by Ben Eisenstat



Delancey Street's early houses, in foreground, have been restored

and the whole section is undergoing a frenzy of remodeling.

One can travel west across the city almost continuously, if crookedly, in the shelter of other Little Streets. Occasionally one must dip out into Spruce, still lined with a few rows of marble porticoes, or into Pine, given to endless curiosity shops that sell everything from the mangiest of junk to the most priceless of antiques. The Little Streets connect the two, or branch off north or south, or even go parallel, like Clinton Street. Running up two squares from the Pennsylvania Hospital, itself a historic landmark, Clinton still retains a modest elegance, and a few of what Philadelphians used to call "nice old-fashioned people" live there as they always have.

The most thoroughly picturesque of all the Little Streets lie in a complex farther up towards Broad Street. Camac is the most notable, but a warren of alleys—Iseminger, Panama,

Jessup, Irving, Warnock, Quince, Fawn—lead you around corners, up dead ends, and always into unexpected nooks of charm. As early as 1900 artists began to redeem these streets, and the area has the feeling of a secluded Greenwich Village.

Around Broad Street itself commerce pretty well takes over, but on the other side, westward, the Little Streets start up again: Smedley, Carlisle, and a host of others. Most of these were built for workingmen, became slums, and have been restored and remodeled; but as one approaches once-sacred Rittenhouse Square, signs of more modern prosperity appear.

This was the center of the city's high life after the Civil War, as Society Hill was before it, and though society has deserted this part of town, too, there's more residue of fashion around the square than anywhere else in Philadelphia. Even the main streets are liable to show fine old houses and even finer newer ones.

But only a few streets, and these again little ones, are actually lived in to any extent by the old families. Most famous of these is Delancey, which first pops up away down in Society Hill. It disappears, then pops up again irregularly to culminate in the blocks between 18th and 21st. These are the "show pieces" of Old Philadelphianism, comparable to Boston's Beacon Hill or New York's Washington Square, the last stand of older gentility.

Among the most famous and characteristic of all the streets in this area is Panama, another alley that appears and disappears cross town. Just wide enough for one car to creep through, it is not, like Delancey, an older fashionable street. It was remodeled in the twenties, each house in a different style; yet it looks and feels now as old as Elfreth's Alley itself.

Not much traffic moves through these Little Streets. Occasionally a rickety old wagon, driven by a rickety old man and drawn by a rickety old horse, clops along on some mysterious old-fashioned errand. There's a drawl in the air. Old times here are not forgotten, and in these backwaters the flowers of charm and nostalgia grow, protected from the muddy rush of modernity. There the Quietest survives still, in true Quaker modesty.

My Favorite Town—

Fresno, California

The author of The Human Comedy *recalls the people who helped him to discover the human race*

by William Saroyan

WELL, I was born there, if that helps, for birth is into the world, into the unresolved and unresolvable universe, into the entire dynamic mystery of living matter, and not into a town. Still, one soon hears about the specific place of beginning, even if one is no longer there or the place has changed, and so it must mean something to know where one was born.

The street was H, the year 1908, the month August, the day the thirty-first. I haunted the street, on purpose and by accident, for years, but I never saw the house. It was gone by the time I was looking in earnest; in its place was a warehouse, then a garage, then a hotel, and finally a parking lot.

But neither street nor house made the town my favorite, nor the fact that I began in the town; it was something else.

What was it?

I discovered the human race there. I discovered art there. And wherever you discover helpless man and his high hope, that is your place, favorite or not. What is his hope? His hope is for meaning, for meaning is everything; anything; and he achieves meaning, inventing it or discovering it, through art.

Who was the human race I discovered in Fresno? It was my family, my neighbors, my friends, the teachers at school, the classmates, the strangers in the streets, and myself.

My mother's cousin, Hovagim Saroyan, was the human race. Hovagim was a man who seemed to have been made of bone and stone, and yet no one laughed with so much joy and compassion; softly sometimes, almost silently, other times loudly

and with all of his body, so that he fell or flung himself to the ground, rolled over, leaped up, and nearly died. Perhaps it was laughter that killed him at thirty-seven. I don't know.

He lived alone on his thirty-acre vineyard in a kind of shack-house in which among other things was a phonograph and a dozen records of songs of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Turkey. He had a cow. He had a revolver and a shotgun. He had a horse and a buggy.

Two or three times he brought the horse and the buggy to the little house on San Benito Avenue, picked up my brother Henry and myself, and took us to the vineyard. At sundown he got out his shotgun and we went along with him to the muscat vines to see what we could see. We saw jackrabbits, which were pests, which ate the young shoots of new vines. Hovagim shot them and they leaped and died. We saw quail, doves, and kildees, but better than seeing kildees we heard them as they plunged straight away, wailing clean and clear at the enormity

The weather there was heavenly. Paintings by Rollin Pickford, Jr.

of being part of life, a cry both joyous and despairing, which I shall never forget.

After dark we walked back to the house and there he cooked supper and we sat down in the light of a kerosene lamp and ate and talked—in a mixture of bad Armenian and bad English. After supper he put a record on the phonograph and we listened to the old music. He put his water-pipe in order, sat on the floor, smoked, and listened to the music.

It was said of him that he had a wife in Bitlis, and two sons; but the wife had died, and the sons had gone along to her father's house. Now Hovagim was alone in California. No one was so fiercely devoted to kindness and to truth as this man.

Suddenly I was at his funeral and that was the end of Hovagim, except that here I am, thirty-five years later, writing about him.

Hovagim was the human race: sorrowful, lonely, laughing.

There were others, many others: relatives, friends, strangers.

Huff sold popcorn from a wagon on The Republican Corner when I sold papers there every night after school. He was a skinny old man with a large patch of black cloth over his left eye and cheek. At first glance people were frightened by his appearance; perhaps at second, too. I do not remember anybody ever stopping to chat with him. He seemed grim, if not sinister.

Actually he was a lonely old man who lived in a furnished room, whose only possession in the world appeared to be his popcorn wagon, and whose only place in the world was The Republican Corner. I had been selling papers on that corner for about a month before we began to speak to one another.

One rainy night he called me over to the wagon and handed me a bag of popcorn. I thanked him and ate the popcorn. It was very good. After that, we began to be pals. Every night when things were quiet, almost nobody in the streets, we stood and talked.

I remember that when he remarked that the human race was vicious I did not feel that he was speaking with hatred; I felt rather that he spoke with regret, compassion, and perhaps even love. He told me about writers whose books he had read:

In winter a boy my age came barefooted to school

Ingersoll, Paine, Emerson. I got the books from the Public Library and read them swiftly and carelessly but I think I got what was important for me to get: that the human race is anything any of us wishes to notice and believe it is, and that it can be anything we hope.

Huff and I talked about these things. Since it is true, I must remark that now and then I found myself suddenly disliking him very much—his terrible deterioration, his bad luck, his misery and loneliness, his insistence on staying alive at his corner of the world, his very appearance—but soon enough this dislike would pass and I would know that whoever he was, whoever he had been, he was a good man, a helpless one, an earnest one, my neighbor, my friend, my contemporary.

Huff was the human race, too.

One day his landlady told me he had died during the night, and so I never saw him again. I didn't go to his funeral. I don't know if he had one. I never saw the wagon again, either.

A boy my age who came to Emerson School barefooted in the winter was another. His family had come to town in a wagon that they parked alongside the Santa Fe Railroad

tracks near Foley's Packinghouse. There were several children, the father and mother. They lived in and around the wagon.

The boy came to school about two weeks, and then the family picked up and went somewhere else. He was a patient fellow who probably suffered more than anybody ever guessed, especially when so many of the other boys looked at him as if he were a freak simply because he had no shoes.

I thought a great deal about trying to become this boy's friend but it was not to be. He wanted no friend and it was understandable that he didn't. I wanted to tell him that he could sell papers and make money—help his family and himself—but it is sometimes the very deepest kind of rudeness to try to be of help to some people.

There were others, too, many others.

But there were places, too, and one place that meant much to me I have already mentioned: the Public Library. Another was the Fairgrounds. I needed both. I needed to read, and I needed to see the spectacle of man in action, showing himself off, his livestock, his produce, his machinery, his art even: the wretched paintings and sculptures his confusion and boredom had driven him to making.

Two other places were very important to me in Fresno: the theatre and the church. At the theatres I saw the human race in moving pictures, on the stage, and in vaudeville. He was forever in search of something: escape from boredom and failure, passage to grace and meaning. Only at church did he seem to come near grace and meaning, especially when he opened the hymn book and his mouth in earnest song. I sang, too. I still do. The Protestant songs are thus forever a part of my own search for meaning.

There is no end to a town, any town, if it's where you were born in the first place and where you were born again, as it is written all men must be. But oh! the weather there, the heavenly weather there in the spring, the summer, the autumn, and even the winter—the hot sun and the heavy rain, the new green of spring and the fire-golden of fall: the farmer's weather of Fresno, in which I lived and became a part of the human race. The last thing I shall forget is the weather there.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE USA

Prepared by the Editors of FORD TIMES, The Car Owner's Magazine

why so many Americans **TRAVEL BY CAR**

by C. H. Dykeman

A mobile people (91.7% of U.S. vacation travel was by car in 1961), Americans like to be free to make individual sight-seeing schedules and to wander off main highways to explore fascinating places not on the regular tourist routes. As a result American hotels, motor inns and resorts are geared to serve the guest arriving by automobile.

Continental United States, with a total area of 3,026,789 square miles, is criss-crossed with excellent highways. A transcontinental trip will reveal an almost bewildering variety of natural beauties and man-made wonders—teeming industrial cities, vast plains and mighty mountain peaks, huge dams and busy mines, great lakes and forests, fertile fields and orchards.

Throughout the land, state and national governments have established parks and reservations to preserve wilderness areas or scenic splendors, and to provide low-cost recreational facilities. Service stations for automobiles dot every traveled roadside, providing free maps, drinking water, rest rooms, air for tires and water for radiators.

Travel costs in the U.S.A. should be gauged by the distance covered; New York to San Francisco is much farther than from London to Istanbul. Actually, air fares are lower than in Europe, rail or bus fares lower still, and the price of gasoline most reasonable. Also, the visitor seeking to conserve his cash can safely patronize inexpensive restaurants or lunch counters, knowing they will be sanitary and the food of good quality. Modestly priced overnight stopping places are available almost everywhere, providing clean and comfortable bed and bath. Luxury accommodations, of course, cost more.

In most towns where motorists stop there is a blue oval sign with the name "Ford" over a car service entrance. The 7000 Ford dealers have excellent mechanics and they service all makes of cars.

UNITED STATES TRAVEL SERVICE

Published in cooperation with the Visit the USA program

HOW TO GET A CAR
for your American trip

(why not try car rental?)

Most visitors to the United States have a limited time for their sightseeing so that they find a combination of flying and driving is perfect for seeing widely separated parts of this vast country.

If you are planning car rental in the U.S., first check with your local travel agent or car rental agency. Experts advise making advance arrangements for U.S. car rental to save time and money.

In general rental rates are comparable to overseas rental rates. However, American rates include fuel, oil and any other out-of-pocket operating expense. Rental agencies also provide, free of charge, detailed road maps and literature that describes interesting sights in detail. Hotel and motor hotel reservations may be made, if desired, through your auto rental agency.

One-Way Rentals—"Rent-it-here, Leave-it-there" service originated in the U.S. This means that a car rented, say, in New York City, may be dropped off at a car rental agency in any other major city in the United States. In some areas there is a $15 charge for this service, in others it is free. This policy applies to one-way rentals in the United States only.

International Rentals — One-way rentals across the international border of the U.S., Canada or Mexico, are subject to the Federal regulations of each country concerned. The return charge, where one-way rentals are permitted across borders, is based on the cost of returning the car to the owner station.

Availability of Rental Cars—Rental cars are available at most airports, piers and railroad stations. In some cases where the steamship dock or airport is some distance from a car rental agency, a modest delivery charge is made. Most hotels and large motor hotels are serviced by car rental organizations and cars are often delivered at no charge.

Other Rental Possibilities—Recreation—In Southern California, one rental organization offers a new idea in outdoor living. Vacationers who enjoy camping out and wish to "stay wherever they want" and "stop whenever they desire" may now rent a DeLuxe Ford Pickup truck with Camper.

Campers are equipped to accommodate four adults with facilities for both eating and sleeping. The units are complete with butane gas stove, sink, two double beds, refrigerator and even air conditioning on special request. Also available are compact kits including cooking utensils, table ware, towels, bedding and an outdoor barbeque, complete with charcoal.

The special weekend rate for a typical unit from Friday afternoon to Monday morning is $37.50, plus ten cents a mile. The weekly rate is only $65 plus ten cents a mile. These rates include gasoline, oil, butane gas and proper insurance. Campers are now available at San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Riverside, Pomona and Santa Ana, Calif.

Example of One Tour Idea with Rental Car—If you were going to Miami, Florida, for a short visit you might want to plan a trip to the southern-

most city in the United States, Key West. A thriving tropical city of 55,000 that fills an island three and a half miles long and a mile wide, Key West is 375 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt. It is surrounded by some of the world's finest fishing waters.

There are over 1,000 motel rooms and apartments for the visitor to choose from. Write to the Chamber of Commerce for information or check with your local travel agent.

Key West for today's foreign visitor is as convenient as it is appealing. The Overseas Highway – U.S. 1–from Miami to Key West is just a three-and-a-half-hour drive from Miami. No one should miss it.

Average weekly winter car rental rates in Florida, effective from mid-December through April 30, range from the smallest compact car at $34.95 plus eight cents a mile to $49.45 for Fords and other standard models, including gas, oil, maps and proper insurance.

Summer rates are as low as $5.00 a day ($25.00 a week) plus eight cents a mile for a Falcon or any other compact car.

Car Purchase – If a visitor from abroad wishes to do extensive touring in the U.S. and does not bring his own car, it is suggested by the American Automobile Association that he purchase either a new or second hand car which can be sold when he is ready to return home.

The AAA International Office also reports that many of the inquiries received from abroad concern the purchase of second hand cars. Very good American automobiles can be purchased from reliable dealers. Ordinarily a good serviceable auto about four years old will cost no more than 50 per cent of the original price of a new car.

The average cost of gasoline varies from about 32 cents to 40 cents a gallon depending on the locality and the amount of the state gasoline tax. Gasoline is sold by the American gallon of four quarts which is one-fifth smaller than the British Imperial gallon.

Good motor oils can be purchased

Comparison of Cost and Time of Trips by Car and Fly-Drive (two persons)

NEW YORK—CALIFORNIA		
New York—Las Vegas—Los Angeles—San Francisco and return—all by air	9 days	$710.28
Same as above by rental car	25 days minimum driving time	$940.00
New York-Las Vegas by Air—rental car to Grand Canyon, Southern California, Yosemite Park and San Francisco Bay Area—Return to New York by air . . .	9 days	$808.36
NEW YORK—FLORIDA		
New York—Miami, Florida, round trip by air		$320.34
New York—Miami by rental car	14 days	$500.00
New York—Jacksonville, Florida, by round trip air with 7 days rental car in Florida	8 days	$381.66

at any service station in the country for 45 cents to 65 cents a quart.

Average Costs for Travel by Car—Based on 300 miles of highway travel a day, it would be well to estimate as total expenses for an average family of four people from $45 to $60 a day. This would include gasoline and oil, meals, lodging and miscellaneous expenses (AAA figures).

Sources of Free Information and Service for Car Owners Most American service stations, in addition to selling gas and oil, offer such free aids as maps, clean rest rooms, drinking water and a routine check of tires, and oil and water levels. State Police also will assist any motorist who raises his car hood or places a white cloth on his door handle or radio antenna.

Libraries also offer free information about historic or industrial areas of interest to the tourist. In most major resorts and big cities, there are tourist information centers or Chambers of Commerce which will assist the tourist in planning his trip as well as in getting reservations, if necessary.

Driver's License Provisions in the U.S.—Visitors to the United States may rent a car subject to the following driver's license provisions:

Any foreign driver's license should be submitted to the American Automobile Association, American Legal Association, or affiliated automobile clubs, such as the American Automobile Touring Alliance, for clarification of the validity of the driver's license. A certificate will then be issued, which in combination with the foreign national license, will permit the visitor to drive a car in the United States.

The above applies to all countries which ratified the 1949 Road Traffic Convention agreement and those which ratified the 1943 Convention on Inter-American Traffic.

International driver's licenses as defined by law are valid in the U.S. See your travel agency, auto rental agency or club for details.

Land Area Comparison—Europe and the United States

what a visitor from abroad should know about

HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS

by Jack Bannick

The motor hotel is a new development in American travel, just as it is in most other parts of the world. Those who travel by car find it a great convenience to be able to drive up and park within a short distance of their accommodations with no additional charge for parking. There are many fine, beautifully furnished and well-equipped motor hotels along most main highways in the United States today . . . an increasing number of them offer all of the luxuries of large resort hotels such as swimming pools, restaurants, night clubs and bars where liquor may be purchased (depending on the laws of the state). Some of these new resort motor inns have a full schedule of planned activities for children and teen-agers, as well as a bonded baby sitting service.

Most travelers find the American hotel efficiently operated, sanitary and generally modern. Some visitors from abroad prefer a hotel because it is usually located in the center of the town, has the advantage of being within walking distance of shops, restaurants and theaters.

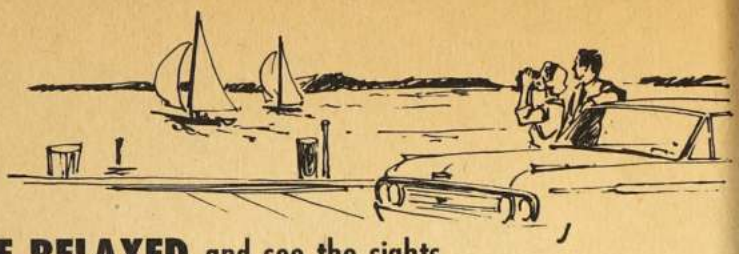
In the United States you will find hotel service good, but perhaps less personal than abroad. It is not customary for the manager or assistant manager to welcome you personally to your room. You are expected to unpack your own luggage. And to secure the usual services you simply use the telephone—many hotels include a list of numbers to dial with the telephone stand. If you need assistance, you simply dial the hotel operator. In cooperation with the Visit USA program some American hotels have employes who speak four or five languages and who will be able to interpret for the visitor who doesn't speak English.

Customs differ, too, in several ways. In America you must go to the shoe shine stand or call the valet shop to have shoes shined, rather than leave them in the hall. **Meal Times**—Breakfast is served early, usually from 7:00 to 10:00 a.m. Lunch in America is from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and dinner is from 6 to 8:30 p.m. Because of this, if you are traveling by car, remember that there are few restaurants open much beyond this hour except in big cities or large hotels.

Room service is usually available for breakfast in your room, and many motor inns serve free coffee, rolls, and orange juice for early risers.

Reserve your accommodations for a specific period, and let the hotel know as soon as possible if you decide to stay longer.

When traveling by car on many major highways it is wise to try to secure accommodations before four p.m. or at least to telephone in advance for reservations.



DRIVE RELAXED and see the sights

by Burgess H. Scott

A relaxed automobile trip is the most enjoyable trip, and the best way to accomplish this is to realize from the outset that the drive to and from your destination can be as much a part of your vacation as the time spent there. The country you pass through often offers sights as interesting as you'll find in the specific area you're traveling to see.

"Shun Piking"—Using a state's secondary road system is a new and popular way of motoring, and it doesn't add as much travel time as you might think. In planning your vacation, get maps of the states concerned in your route and study them for natural or historical sites along the way, even though visiting them may take you somewhat off the larger and more direct routes.

Then make a travel plan indicating the points at which you leave the principal route to travel the back country over the secondary roads. Nowadays these roads are practically all black topped and permit good progress. Some states publish special secondary road motor tour maps with lesser known but rewarding attractions located.

The hobby of secondary road travel becomes more efficient if the front seat passenger assumes the role of "navigator," informing the driver well in advance of turns, upcoming villages where antiques or handicraft items may be discovered, and when to expect the scenic attractions.

Planning Adds Time—This may sound like a suggestion that will cause you to use up most of your vacation time in getting there, but this is not the case at all. Secondary road exploring can be done by adding little more than half a day's driving time if a travel plan is carefully thought out. Long, but not especially interesting, distances can be covered by getting the family into the car and on the big highway by five or six in the morning when, for three or four hours, you have almost a private road. Then, along about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, when the main highway begins to get crowded, you will have reached another secondary turn-off point.

We have done this on many occasions and still talk about the red fox that crossed ahead of us and then followed us behind the fence row; the old-fashioned thresher that had been fired up by a steam power hobbyist along the roadside; a ditch-full bonanza of cattails.

And we remember the little gravel road in Arkansas that led us to Hog Scald Hollow, a wide place in a little Ozark mountain stream where potholes in the solid rock bed were used in 1862 by both Federal and Confederate cooks to dress hogs to feed the troops engaged in the Battle of Pea Ridge, not far away.

TAKE TIME TO SHOP for regional crafts and foods

by Nancy Kennedy

America is so vast that many interesting local products do not find their way into big city department stores or restaurants. Yet shopping for regional crafts and sampling local fruits, fish, or special dishes can be one of the chief attractions of vacationing by car.

An example of true value in the Southwest is the Navajo rug of classic design. A short trip to the Navaho reservation will enable you to buy beautiful hand-woven rugs of genuine rarity and heirloom worth. In the Pacific Northwest or Alaska it can be Eskimo soapstone sculpture. In California there are superb local wines, apples, artichokes, melons and exotic fruits. In Old Town Square in Albuquerque, New Mexico, you can buy desert perfume made from desert flower petals picked by Indians.

There are many distinctive local cuisines in the United States such as the Pennsylvania Dutch, Creole cookery in Louisiana, and the delightful New England traditionals, such as Boston baked beans and

Indian pudding which originated with the Colonists.

There are great rewards in store for those imaginative travelers willing to take time to seek out the genuine regional crafts and foods of America.

Keep These Items Handy in Your Car Travels

The following list of items for your car's trunk or glove compartment is a composite of suggestions from touring and safety counselors (including the American Automobile Association and the National Safety Council). They are all mighty handy to have along:

- Plug-in emergency light
- Spare fuses
- Window scraper (for winter)
- Clean cloth (for windshield)
- Work gloves
- Small first-aid kit
- Car owner's manual and service policy
- Insurance and road service forms
- Notebook and pencil or pen
- A litter bag

PUSH-BUTTON MOTORING

by Trevor L. Christie

When you respond to the lure of the American superhighway you are going to discover that, like much of the U.S. economy, the travel industry is rushing towards automation with all of the speed of the computer and the coming trend is to drop a coin in a slot and push a button for many of your needs and pleasures.

To give you an idea of how strongly automation has taken over you may now obtain driving directions, pick up the ingredients for a roadside picnic, eat at a cafeteria or restaurant, have your clothes dry cleaned along the way, place a bet on a horse, shop for razor blades, tooth paste or fish bait, park your car in a city lot and stay the night at a plush hotel or motel—all without direct or visible help from a human being.

If you are motoring in the East, you might stop at a Cities Service station on the New Jersey Turnpike near Woodbridge and get your highway directions all written out for you. Here is installed a Directomat or robot "Road Guide" which dispenses information at the push of a button while you wait. If you wish to drive through New York City, for example, you poke selector button No. 18. The machine's gears go into action and out pops a typewritten slip of instructions you can carry away with you. Incidentally, this is a free service.

If you happen to be driving through Pennsylvania and find that most service stations have closed for the night you might relieve your worries by stopping at Sutcliffe Oil Company locations just north of Scranton and "fill-it-up-yourself." You throw a lever on the gas vendor attached to the pumps to indicate whether you wish premium or regular fuel, deposit coins up to $2.65, insert the nozzle into your tank and listen to the gasoline gurgle.

AUTOMATED DINING

For the finest in push-button roadside dining there is nothing in the country to touch the automated restaurants recently set up by Standard Oil Company of Ohio and the Stouffer Corporation of Cleveland at locations on Interstate Route 90 near Ashtabula and on Interstate Route 71 near Medina, Ohio. In both of these handsome installations you can get a complete hot meal without the direct help of human hands but with pretty hostesses about to see that all goes well.

How It Works: First you change your paper money at an automatic "bill changer" and receive coins in return. Then you select a dish from a bank of open-faced chromium-plated machines and deposit four quarters in the slot for a frozen beef patty, for example. Next you walk a few feet to an infra-red oven and place the meat in it to cook. In 90 seconds you have a hot meal.

You will have to do your motoring in Hawaii for this one, but if you do one auto rental agency can make it worth your while with a smart little marvel called the "Rent-A-Guide." This compact device, weighing less than four pounds and about the size of a woman's small travel case, delivers a recorded sight-seeing spiel describing tourist attractions as you drive about on a marked route. You push a button to start or stop it at a given point and it will provide up to three hours' tour information.

DRIVING LIKE AN EXPERT

by William Laas

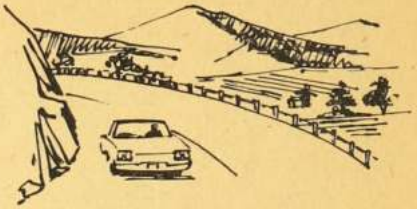
The gauges on your car are not mere ornamentation—a good driver keeps an eye on them.

If the needle on the temperature gauge rises suddenly or comes close to the boiling point, stop and check the water and fan belt. In winter do the same if the heater ceases to heat. If the ammeter registers discharge or the red generator warning light flashes on, inspect the fan belt—it may have become loose. If the oil pressure drops to zero or the red warning light comes on, stop at once. Do not drive at all without oil pressure. Call your nearest Ford dealer. If your car has to be pushed or towed, be sure to observe the instructions in the owner's manual.

Heavy Traffic Tip—In heavy traffic, if you use second or high gear as much as possible you'll reduce overheating. Don't shut off the engine in traffic tieups. Keep it turning over in neutral, and speed it up for a few seconds every couple of minutes to make the fan run faster. If your car has automatic transmission, shift into neutral during long idling periods.

Boiling Over—Should the radiator boil over, pull off the road. Wait until the temperature gauge drops below 190 degrees. Protect your hand with a heavy rag while removing the hot radiator cap. Before you put any water in the radiator, let the engine cool for about 20 minutes. Then start it up. While it idles, pour water into the radiator, a little at a time. Watch the temperature gauge carefully. If it shows too rapid cooling, stop pouring.

If the water has almost completely boiled away, you must wait until the engine is entirely cool. Cold water can crack a hot engine block—and that would mean a new engine and a ruined vacation.



ABOUT MOUNTAIN DRIVING

Experienced drivers who live in mountainous areas offer these basic suggestions to make your trip more pleasant by sparing your car.

Always keep well to the right half of the roadway, especially on curves. Don't ride your brakes on long or steep downgrades. Use the compression of your motor—either second or low gear going down a hill will prevent excess speed.

Keep your radiator filled with water. Water boils at a much lower temperature in higher altitudes.

Engine Heating—If your engine heats up and stops although you have a full tank of gas, you may have vapor lock. Place a damp cloth over the fuel pump for a few minutes. Carburetors adjusted for western mountain driving in some cases may have to be adjusted for western desert driving.

Don't go into the mountains or desert without a full tank of gas—stations may be few and far between. And don't leave the main roads without a shovel, chains, a bucket of sand, a tow rope, and wooden blocks.

Block Your Wheels—When parking on a mountain grade, always block a wheel with a rock or wooden block, set the emergency brake

and put the car in gear. If headed down hill, also turn the front wheels to direct the car into the side of the road away from traffic.

If you're parking to change a tire, block the wheel at the opposite side of the car from the one you're going to jack up. Be sure the force exerted by the car's weight goes straight down through the jack. Otherwise the car may slip sideways, forward, or back, and fall off the jack.

Don't flip cigarette ashes or butts out your car window. They're often sucked in an open rear window, or worse, they may cause a forest fire. Some states have severe penalties for doing it. Use your ashtray.

ABOUT DESERT DRIVING

Here's a collection of tips from men who drive the hot deserts of the American Southwest year after year and know the conditions.

If you meet soft sand, don't spin your wheels. Let out some air for better traction. Floor mats or brush may be put under the wheels. Then drive slowly until you can re-inflate the tires.

Check your tires each morning, when they're cool, for normal driving pressures, or even add 2 to 4 pounds. During the day pressures will build up in them from heat, but it's safer to retain the air (soft tires get even hotter). If you think the tires are riding too hard, stop for a few minutes until they cool off.

Carry Water Along—Some motorists carry extra water in water bags. Most important, drive at reasonable speeds on those hot roads. Watch the temperature gauge, especially on long upgrades.

Watch out for drainage dips in the road. In some areas they are located at frequent intervals for handling the torrents of water produced by rare cloudbursts that occur in the desert. Never park in one of them. Driving at high speed

Just What Does Your Car Need For a Trip?

They're building Ford cars to take care of themselves these days, but as the months go by it's a good bet to keep a few simple things in mind when planning to take an extended trip away from home base.

While you're reading in bed tonight, run down this list and see whether you have been neglecting your car:

1. You may need to check your antifreeze if you drive to high altitudes—mountain temperatures often skid to below freezing in late spring and early fall.
2. Check your battery water level, especially in summer.
3. Have your tires rotated if they show undue wear and keep them evenly inflated both winter and summer.
4. Have your carburetor setting checked if you're traveling the mountains—surprising how few folks remember that the air gets thinner for the car's breathing mechanism too! It's easily adjusted.

through a dip can give you a bad shaking up; it may even break a spring or cause you to lose control of your car.

ABOUT DRIVING FREEWAYS AND TOLL ROADS

Of all causes for arrest on the New York Thruway, speeding accounted for the highest number, 22,638 in one year. Causes of trouble requiring road service: out of gasoline, 16,168; flat tire or blowout, 14,905.

Keep within the speed limit. Many states and localities are severe with speeders. Stay in your lane. Always signal turns or changes of lane. Get well off the highway before stopping. Never drive when you're sleepy or have been drinking.

In case of accident, stop, give all aid possible. Do not attempt to move an unconscious person. Call the police at once. They'll bring an ambulance if needed.

Get the names, addresses, and license numbers of all possible witnesses. Write down a description of the surroundings. Step off the distances between cars. Do not discuss the accident or admit liability. Report immediately to your insurance company every accident in which your car is involved, even though the accident might seem trivial.

ABOUT CITY DRIVING

A city's disciplined traffic spells security. Once attuned to the special conditions, no driver need fear to travel in a modern city.

As you enter the city, familiarize yourself with its characteristic markings. Are street names on buildings or lamp posts? Also check the roadmap to see whether through routes change their numbers or by pass the city center.

Rule No. 1 in street traffic is to hold your lane. Sudden, whimsical changes of direction or speed, except in emergencies, are absolutely taboo. You may shift lanes as necessary, but only as traffic permits and you give plenty of warning. If you must shift lanes or stop unexpectedly, put out your hand. Don't depend on mechanical signals at close quarters.

Learn the habit of blinking your stoplights by pumping your brake pedal. The average fellow will give you a break if he understands your intention. If balked by the traffic stream from getting into position to turn, simply continue to the next corner and go around the block. One thing cities have plenty of is streets. You won't get lost.

Read the "No Parking" signs carefully. They may be in your favor at the particular time of day.

In the city or on the highway, never pick up a hitchhiker . . . nobody, no time, nowhere!

INDUSTRY TOURS are a special kind of fun

by John Darwin Davis

Thousands of American companies hold open house for visitors. They offer everything from a simple tour through a small factory to those which include special craft centers, museums or restaurants where their food products may be sampled at the end of tour.

Your local travel agent, hotel information desk, State Development Commissions or local chambers of commerce can give you information on the locations and hours of these tours. Some concerns will give extensive tours to individuals or groups interested in a special phase of their operation but arrangements must be made ahead of time for custom tours.

A walk through one of the cereal factories in Battle Creek, Michigan, or Niagara Falls, New York, is an experience the whole family will enjoy. The Corning Glass factory in Corning, New York, offers a view of fine craftsmen at work as well as a tour through the glass museum. A tour of one of the cigarette factories in the South is unusual and fragrant. It gives a glimpse of one use of an important agricultural product of the area as well.

Ford Tours in Detroit—Visitors to Detroit, Michigan, are sure to enjoy a tour of the Ford Rotunda exhibition center before starting off by bus for the nearby Ford Rouge Plant, largest single industrial unit in the world. It is a mecca for visitors from abroad and equally high on the must-see list for royalty. Not far away are two other world-famous tourist sights instituted by the late Henry Ford—Greenfield Village and the Henry Ford Museum which delineate life before the automobile changed the face of America. These last two are not operated by the Ford Motor Company and there is an admission charge.

A farm organization in Iowa has developed a guided tour of a working farm typical of the region . . . In fact just name an industry or occupation of particular interest to you or your group and you'll find that somewhere a tour is operating which will increase your knowledge of U.S. industry, and be fun as well.

sources of **INFORMATION FOR VISITORS** to the U.S.

TRAVEL

American Express Guide Cruises and Tours. A complete cruise listing for the 1962-63 season giving information on dates, itineraries, rates and ships for popular voyages. Suggestions on ship travel will help you prepare for the trip. Write: American Express, 65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. or American Express branch offices. Free.

American Ski Directory by William Paine, Permabooks, 75¢. 1 W. 39th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

A complete guide to skiing in North and South America that includes just about all the information a skier needs on equipment, clubs, ski resorts and snow areas.

Hotel Red Book published by American Hotel Association, 221 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. $6.00.

A directory of the member hotels and motor hotels in the U.S., Canada and West Indies with information about facilities, rates, nearby transportation facilities. Can be consulted at travel agents' offices or libraries if you are not interested in buying.

Motoring in the United States, published by American Automobile Association, International Travel Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Free.

An excellent booklet which covers most of the questions asked by motorists from abroad coming to the United States. Further, the AAA office listed above is always glad to help foreign motorists with their specific problems. If you are a member of an affiliated auto club all 750 branch clubs across the United States will be glad to supply maps, trip routings and guide books for specific trips as well as make reservations, advise of approved car rental companies and other matters concerned with renting or purchasing a car, and suggest places to visit.

A Guide for Guests from Abroad in American Hotels – Printed in eight languages. Available free from American Hotel Association, 221 W. 57th, New York, N. Y.

Mobil Travel Guides (Northeastern States; South Central; Southwestern States; Great Lakes Area; California and Nevada), published by Simon and Schuster, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Each guide $1.00.

A guide to good food, lodging and sight-seeing in the major cities and tourist areas in the regions covered.

Better Vacations for Your Money (How to Get the Most Fun Out of Your Vacation Dollar) by Michael Frome, published by Doubleday and Co. $1.95.

A travel expert suggests ways of stretching vacation dollars spent for accommodations, souvenirs and sight-seeing. Also includes maps and suggestions for 15 tours in all parts of the United States with pertinent information on historic spots, recreation areas and seasonal events such as fairs and music festivals.

Rand McNally Vacation Guide to United States, Canada, Mexico. **$1.95.**

This vacation guide was designed for two purposes: first, to help plan your vacation, and second, to make your vacation more enjoyable when you take it by giving accurate and interesting facts about points of interest and information about accommodations near these spots; by providing information and maps on

major vacation areas, routes to them, mileages, driving times, etc.

Duncan Hines Adventures in Good Eating, Lodging for a Night, and Vacation Guide—three separate books. Available for $1.50 each from Duncan Hines Inst., 408 E. State St., Ithaca, N. Y.

The New Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes compiled by Nancy Kennedy, published by Golden Press, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y., price $1.95. To be published in October, 1962.

A perennial favorite of millions of travelers who read the car owner's magazine, FORD TIMES, is the section devoted each month to "Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns." Illustrated by original paintings and containing pertinent information about each restaurant's location and serving hours as well as a recipe, this feature serves as a motorist's guide to outstanding regional food in the United States. This volume is a collection of 225 restaurants fully presented in four color art plus a handy traveler's guide to 600 restaurants included in three earlier volumes.

National Parks—Historic Sites—Government Recreation and Conservation Areas—The U.S. Government Printing Office offers several different paperback publications on American national parks and reserves, as well as on historical shrines and tourist areas. Complete tourist information is included in each of the booklets, which range in price from 10 to 35 cents. For complete information write to U.S. Government Printing Office, Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington 25, D.C.

New Horizons U.S.A. prepared by the staff of Pan American Airways; write Pan American Airways, Box 1111, New York 17, N. Y. $2.00.

A compact 540-page book which is packed with useful travel information, maps and pictures of America. There is also a special chapter for visitors from overseas.

Guidebook U.S.A. may be ordered for $1.50 (plus 25 cents for shipping) from 9363 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A pocket-size "working manual" for visitors from abroad. Many major U.S. cities and resort areas are featured. Information about what to wear, low-cost holidays, plant tours, hotels and restaurants, shops and stores is also included.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL INFORMATION

Encyclopedia of American Associations by Gale Research Company, Book Tower, Detroit 26, Michigan. $20.00.

A guide to national organizations of the U.S.: agricultural, avocational, business, cultural, educational, fraternal, governmental, Greek letter, labor, medical, nationality and ethnic, professional, public affairs, religious, scientific, social, welfare, technical and veterans.

Foreign Trade Clubs in the U.S. published by Chamber of Commerce of the United States, 1516 H Street, N. W., Washington 6, D.C. Free.

Lists foreign trade clubs in the U.S. with information about each. Clubs are particularly interested in importing, exporting, foreign trade in general.

Foreign Trade Departments and/or Bureaus in Chambers of Commerce published by Chamber of Commerce of the United States, 1615 H Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Free.

A complete listing of Chambers of Commerce and of Foreign Trade Departments or Bureaus in Chambers of Commerce located throughout the United States.

Directory of Conventions, published by Sales Meeting Magazine, 1210 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa. $12 a year.

A quarterly which lists over 18,000 events annually; includes dates of events, locations, executives, show managers, types of groups expected, estimated attendance, contact for show information and complete cross index by business and industry.

Directory of National Associations of Businessmen in the United States, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce, may be ordered from U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C for 50 cents.

SHOPPING

American Household Appliance Guide for Guests from Abroad published by Arista Trading Company, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. Free postpaid to any foreign country. An approved guide to how to buy U.S. electrical appliances and household goods. Arista will provide information about all foreign currents available and will handle packing, shipping and electrical conversions needed. State and federal excise taxes are eliminated by purchase through this organization.

Who Speaks Your Language in America?

The American Council for Nationalities Service, 20 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., maintains complete records of all nationality groups, religious and secular, within the United States. It also maintains member agencies known as International Institutes, which serve as centers of service and fellowship for all nationalities. Staff members at these Institutes speak a variety of languages, have expert knowledge of immigration, naturalization and social welfare problems, and put foreign visitors in touch with the resources of the community. Write to the Council for full list of these agencies.

Another source of information are the foreign embassies or legations in the United States at Washington, D.C. Consulates and information offices are located in many major cities. A list of these can be obtained from your foreign ministry before departing for the United States, or from your embassy in Washington. The yellow pages of the telephone directory list these by the country's name and/or under "Embassies and Legations" or "Consulates."

In New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and some other large cities there are a number of foreign government tourist offices set up for giving travel, business, and cultural information. These are listed in telephone books by country.

What's the Average Temperature where you're going?

CITY	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.
Atlanta, Ga.	45	47	53	62	70	77	79	78	74	64	52	45
Atlantic City, N. J.	36	35	42	49	59	69	74	73	68	58	48	38
Boston, Mass.	29	29	38	47	58	67	72	72	64	55	44	33
Chicago, Ill.	25	27	37	48	59	69	75	73	66	54	40	28
Dallas, Tex.	46	50	57	66	74	82	86	86	79	69	56	48
Denver, Colo.	31	35	39	49	57	67	74	72	64	53	41	34
Detroit, Mich.	26	27	35	46	58	68	73	71	64	53	40	30
Los Angeles, Cal.	55	56	59	62	65	68	73	73	71	67	62	57
Miami, Fla.	69	69	71	74	77	80	82	82	81	78	72	70
New Orleans, La.	56	59	63	70	76	82	83	83	80	73	63	57
New York City	33	33	41	50	61	70	75	73	67	57	46	36
Phoenix, Ariz.	51	56	61	68	77	85	91	89	84	72	60	53
San Francisco, Cal.	50	53	55	56	57	59	59	59	62	61	57	52
Seattle, Wash.	41	44	47	52	57	62	66	65	61	54	47	43
Washington, D. C.	37	38	46	55	65	74	78	76	70	58	48	38

Fahrenheit to Centigrade—All temperatures on the above chart are Fahrenheit. The Fahrenheit degree is ⅝ as large as the Centigrade degree, and to convert temperature from Fahrenheit to Centigrade one should first subtract 32 from the figure and then multiply by ⅝.

The climate in American cities is roughly comparable to that which is found in other parts of the world. At right are a few twin locations which are similar in this respect:

U.S. City	Foreign Location with Similar Climate
Boston	Copenhagen
Chicago	Moscow
Dallas	Athens
Denver	Garmisch
Los Angeles	Sicily
Miami	Morocco
Phoenix	Cairo
Seattle	London
San Francisco	Bordeaux
Yellowstone Park	Switzerland

Out of Time into Space

The English novelist who adopted this land as his own finds reassurance in the great open spaces of America

by Aldous Huxley

In Europe one travels for the most part in the fourth dimension—the dimension of time. Length, breadth, and (except in the Alps and the Pyrenees) height are exhibited on a very modest scale. Time, on the contrary, is enormous. A few short miles separate Durham Cathedral from the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen—a few short miles, but eight long centuries. Between the paleolithic cave-paintings of Lascaux and the mass production of automobiles lie more than fifteen thousand years and less than three hundred and fifty kilometers.

In America, above all in the West, travel is mainly through space. Between the Rockies and the Pacific, mileages are reckoned in the thousands, acreages in the hundreds of millions; but the time span, so far as our kind of history is concerned, is hardly more than a century. From Los Alamos to San Francisco is as far as from Paris to Constantinople. From the Atomic Bomb to the Gold Rush is just three generations. Time is present, of course, even in the wilderness. But it is present, predominantly, in the future tense—as the coming history of that highly industrialized and densely populated Empire of the West, which our dams, power stations, and research projects are now calling into existence.

But, grandiose as they are in themselves, these monuments of future history fade into insignificance among the vast expanses of western space. Boulder Dam is more impressive than the Great Pyramid, and there are many other smaller, but still prodigious structures, standing solitary at the mouth of lonely canyons, with artificial fjords winding back, incongruously, from their spillways into the desert. But all around them, silently commenting upon our human pretensions, stretches

The desert, nature in its purest form. Painting by Leese Mather

the vast, unexploited, unexploitable emptiness. Across this emptiness man has laid roads, strung high-tension wires, dug canals and aqueducts. But to right and left of these tenuous threads of civilization lie all the tens of thousands of square miles, where *Homo sapiens* is not even a rumor, much less an actuality.

One of the main transcontinental highways, connecting Southern California with the rest of the country, runs from Los Angeles to Indio, and from Indio to Blythe on the Colorado River. Travelers on this highway will notice, some thirty miles eastward of Indio, a group of buildings at the foot of the barren hills a little to the north of the road. From the midst of them a huge white pipe runs straight up the side of the hill and disappears into the ground. This tiny encampment in the desert is the last of the four pumping stations which lift a quarter of the Colorado River twelve hundred feet and send it flowing to Los Angeles. Two immense electric pumps, each of more than twelve thousand horsepower, produce a faint hum-

ming, as of beehives on a summer's day. As a result of this almost noiseless activity, enough water to meet the needs of two million people rushes continuously up the side of the mountain. A couple of engineers preside over the proceedings and keep the twin dieties housed within the quiet, church-like structure supplied with what they crave most—a little lubricant and all the kilowatts they can swallow.

At the other end of the great aqueduct the inhabitants of history's largest oasis sprinkle their lawns and splash in their swimming pools, without giving a thought to the astounding achievements which make it possible for them to be there at all. They are achievements which, even as recently as forty years ago, would have been out of the question. The existence of Southern California, as we now know it, is contingent upon the technological advances which were made during the second quarter of the twentieth century. The technological advances of the future will either permit a vastly greater development of this once arid region—or else expunge it altogether from the map.

Meanwhile the tourist can make the best of both worlds—the world of historical time, here reduced to the proportions of six houses, two pumps, and an aqueduct, and the world of space represented by the interminable desert which surrounds them. Leaving the pumping station, we climb the hill and find ourselves, within a matter of minutes, in another universe, where man and his history have no place. The silence is solid, like an immense transparency of crystal. In the bushes, invisible birds soliloquize; sometimes a plane roars briefly overhead. But nothing can break this silence of the desert. Sounds merely crawl over its surface, leaving the glassy substance absolutely unflawed.

And all around is the strange vegetation of the desert—the smoke trees, the grey-leaved sages and wormwoods, the cholla and barrel cactuses, the ocotillos. And then the desert flowers which one must see in order to believe! A single acre of desert will often yield a harvest of twenty or thirty flowering species. In the damp luxuriance of the woods and fields of more temperate climates one tends to take wild flowers for granted.

English primroses and bluebells, the dogwoods and azaleas of the hardwood forests of America—these are all miracles of beauty; but they are the sort of miracles you would expect. Whereas the flowers of the desert are intrinsically improbable and unbelievable. This sort of thing is out of the question. And yet it happens. Thousands of millions of seeds and bulbs that have lain dormant during the years of drought explode into blossom.

Confronted by life's unimaginable profusion, its patience, its ingenuity, its indomitable will to persist, the human spectator, however deeply discouraged by the antics of his own species, takes new heart. We have created the world of historical time, that bewildering conglomerate of slums and cathedrals, of reason and madness, of selfless love and organized brutality. But in spite of all our special achievements, all our peculiar delinquencies, we still belong, with an essential part of our being, to that unhistorical world of nature, represented in its purest form by the desert.

"Consider the lilies of the field . . ." They, certainly, are marvelous enough. But even more wonderful are the lilies of the desert. These grow in the nakedest, the most utterly barren regions of the Borrego and Colorado deserts. Buried two feet underground, their bulbs can live through the most ferocious summers, can weather the longest droughts. Then, at last, comes the rain. And suddenly the sands are islanded with straggling tufts of grey-green leaves, and from the center of each tuft rises a tall stem surmounted by a pyramid of blossoms, white like the flowers of the Madonna lily, but with a blue vein at the back of each curving petal. They stand there in the desolation, and the poet would say, no doubt, that they were wasting their sweetness on the desert air. But the poet would be wrong. The sweetness is not wasted, even for us. For as long as the desert lilies continue to make their appearance, as long as these denizens of the world of space remain capable of repeating their miracle, all is not lost even in our dismal universe of history.

In the teeth of our most determined efforts at self-destruction, life may be trusted to save us from ourselves.

Mecca of the Midwest

*"Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues in Chicago, Chicago . . ."**

by C. J. Shields

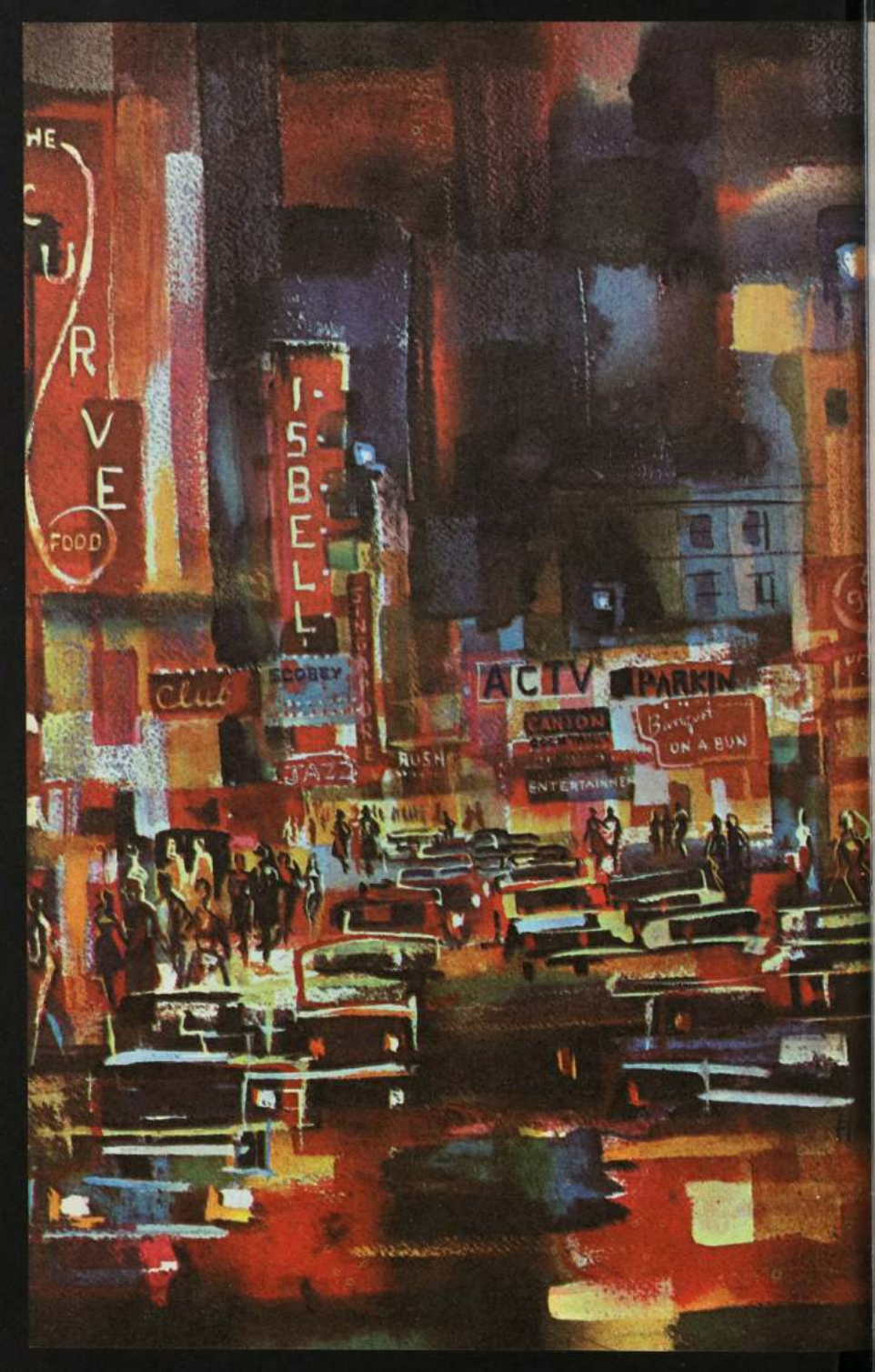
To CHICAGOANS, the offer made in the lyric quoted above is what is known as a safe bet. The nation's number one convention city, Chicago has been perfecting the art of entertaining guests for more than a century.

Chicago tacked up the convention bunting for the first time in 1860, when the newly organized Republican party selected the then-untested city as the site for its national convention. From that historic affair, held in a huge, temporary wooden building nicknamed the "Wigwam," emerged the candidate Lincoln. Since historians mark 1860 as the beginning of the modern era of national political conventions, Chicago is the hands-down winner of the "modern" political convention derby. Compared to Chicago's twenty-five such conventions, second-place Philadelphia has hosted only seven.

In addition to playing host to the periodic assemblies of others, Chicago has put on a couple of bell-ringers of its own. In 1893, it marked the 400th anniversary of the founding of the New World by staging the World's Columbian Exposition. Then in 1933-34 came the other Chicago spectacular—the Century of Progress Exposition.

Despite their inauspicious timing in the midst of severe economic depressions, both of these expositions were tremendously successful. Now, regularly every year, with the confidence born of experience, Chicago rolls out the red carpet for the eighteen-million-plus horde that converges on it by land, lake, and air.

*"Chicago," words and music by Fred Fisher, Fred Fisher Music Co., Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York 19, New York.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JAZZ
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ACTV
PARKIN
CANION
Burger
ON A BUN
ENTERTAINNE

How does it happen that such a sizable segment of the peripatetic public annually flocks to this flatland metropolis?

Well, in a nutshell, Chicago is closer to the four corners of the country than any other major city. Also, as the hub of the rail and air transcontinental transportation systems, it's a snap to get to. Finally, and probably most important, it has something for everyone, including "The Lake"—as Chicagoans refer to Lake Michigan. For good measure, it adds to these plus factors a few techniques used by every good host.

First, it takes special pains to house its guests comfortably. Currently, the city has about 145,000 hotel and motel rooms capable of accommodating a quarter of a million persons at a time. Second, it feeds its guests well. Chicago restaurants run the gamut from tea rooms to smart supper clubs serving everything from snacks to the justly famous midwestern steaks. As for the lake, it's been 289 years since Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet took the first recorded canoe trip on its waters, but new ways to exploit its pleasures and utilities are being discovered every year.

Geographically, the city is divided by the North and South branches of the Chicago River into three main sections: South Side, West Side, and North Side. A fourth main section, artificially formed at the apex of the other three, is the Loop, a crowded rectangle in the downtown business section framed by converging loops in the elevated tracks. Before beginning a sightseeing tour, you'd do well to get a few relative bearings by visiting the observatory atop the Prudential Building, the city's second highest structure. Besides affording an unrivaled panorama of the city, the observatory provides a breathtaking view (on a clear day) of the Indiana and Michigan shorelines.

If you haven't much time to spend, the Loop is your best bet for a quick tour of the Windy City. Within an area six blocks square are thirty-eight historical sites, all marked by bronze plaques. And within or near the rectangle are the theater district, the heart of the business and financial district, and most of the city's best-known buildings, big hotels, smart

Nightlife on Rush Street. Paintings by Gerald Hardy

Chicago's modern, new exhibition facility, McCormick Place

shops, department stores, and other principal places of interest.

Some of the interesting places in or near the Loop that can be squeezed into a one-day stopover are the Auditorium, in its day "the most famous building on the American continent," the masterpiece of Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright's teacher, and now the home of Roosevelt University; Board of Trade Building, the world's oldest (1848) grain exchange; the Midwest Stock Exchange; and Jane Addams' Hull House. Grant Park, known as the Front Yard of Chicago, is the central link in the city's magnificent chain of lake-front parks. Within its 303 acres are many of the city's finest museums and monuments. Some of the park buildings well worthwhile visiting are the Art Institute, Shedd Aquarium, Natural History Museum, and Adler Planetarium.

Also in the Loop, perched on high ground overlooking the lake, is McCormick Place, Chicago's newest attraction. Although only ten stories high, the huge horizontal structure has a volume nearly equal to that of the Empire State Build-

ing. Built at a cost of $35 million, it is one of the country's most modern mass exhibition facilities, featuring an unbroken display area equal in size to six football fields.

The South Side, which stretches to 138th Street, is a varied and complex city in itself. If the Loop is Chicago's nerve center, the South Side is its muscle.

On the South Side are located the industries and businesses that helped build Chicago – the stockyards and slaughterhouses, the steel plants, the grain elevators. Here, too, are its centers of higher learning, the settlements of many foreign-language groups, historic sites, and public and commercial buildings that have added to the city's fame.

Some of the South Side points of interest that rate special attention are Chinatown, Union Stockyards, Museum of Science and Industry, University of Chicago, and Pullman "city"–the remains of a grandiose experiment in town planning located twelve miles south of downtown Chicago.

The Near North Side, birthplace of the city, encompasses a colorful and picturesque melange of the old and the new, as well as other diverse elements of Chicago life. This is where Chicago does its after-dark playing and entertaining. Here, jammed together in uneasy intimacy along and near Rush Street, are the jazz and calypso cafes, cabaret-theaters, coffee houses, and night clubs. Here, too, are the huge centralized markets, "Newspaper Row," the former mansions of the wealthy and present "Gold Coast," and the elegant hotels with their posh "rooms."

Among the must-see places on the Near North Side are the Merchandise Mart, the old Water Tower, "Bughouse" Square, Chicago Historical Society, and Old Town–the Greenwich Village of the Midwest.

Thus, a glimpse of Chicago, the city nearest to everywhere, easiest to reach, and the city with something for everyone. So put it on your list of cities to visit. As the song says:

"You'll have the time, the time of your life,
Bring all your kids, your friends and your wife,
To Chicago, Chicago . . ."

You'll be glad you did.

Uncle Sam's Parks and Forests

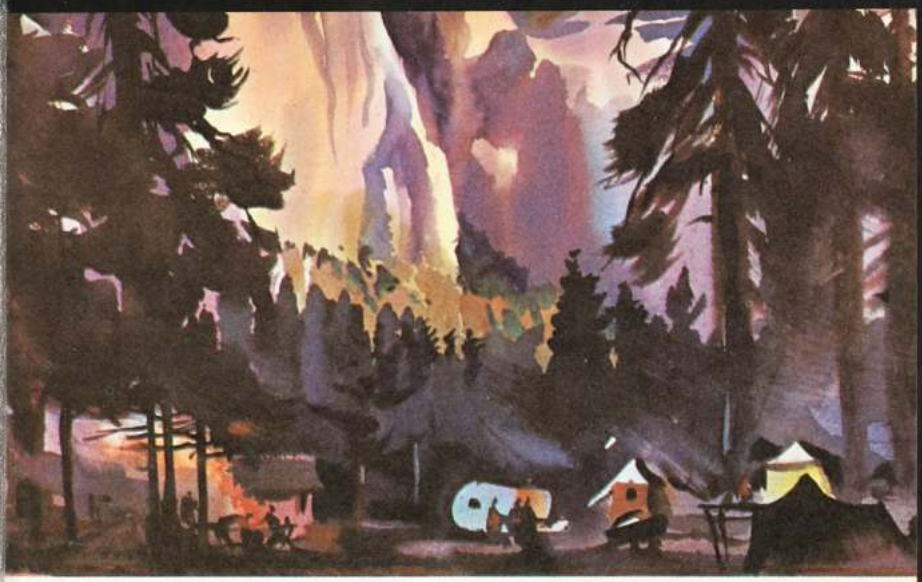
No tourist can afford to miss enjoying the parklands and wilderness areas that belong to all the people

by Bernard DeVoto

It is a curious fact that many enthusiastic outdoorsmen do not clearly understand the differences between the national parks and the national forests. Both are included among the permanent reservations called the public lands, owned by the people of the United States and managed by the Federal government.

Among the 192 areas managed by the National Park Service, there are now thirty national parks, eighty-three national monuments, and a variety of other classifications such as the military parks and the newer national seashore parks. These national preserves encompass a vast 22.4 million acres. While each of these groups has a slightly different legal status, they are all areas set aside in order to preserve intact scenery acknowledged to be the most beautiful, most majestic, or most interesting in the country, or are places that have a special historic or scientific importance. A visitor goes to them primarily to enjoy the scenery, relive an event in history, or see unusual fauna and flora. No commercial use of the natural resources is permitted. Flowers may not be picked and only qualified scientists working under permit may make collections.

Fishing is permitted, without a license in a few parks, but a limit is set to the catch. There is no hunting; all firearms must be sealed by a ranger at the entrance stations. Except by special permit, readily obtainable, campers are restricted to regularly maintained and supervised campgrounds in which there are about 20,000 developed family camp and picnic sites. The remote mountain and plateau country of the big parks is open to pack trips.



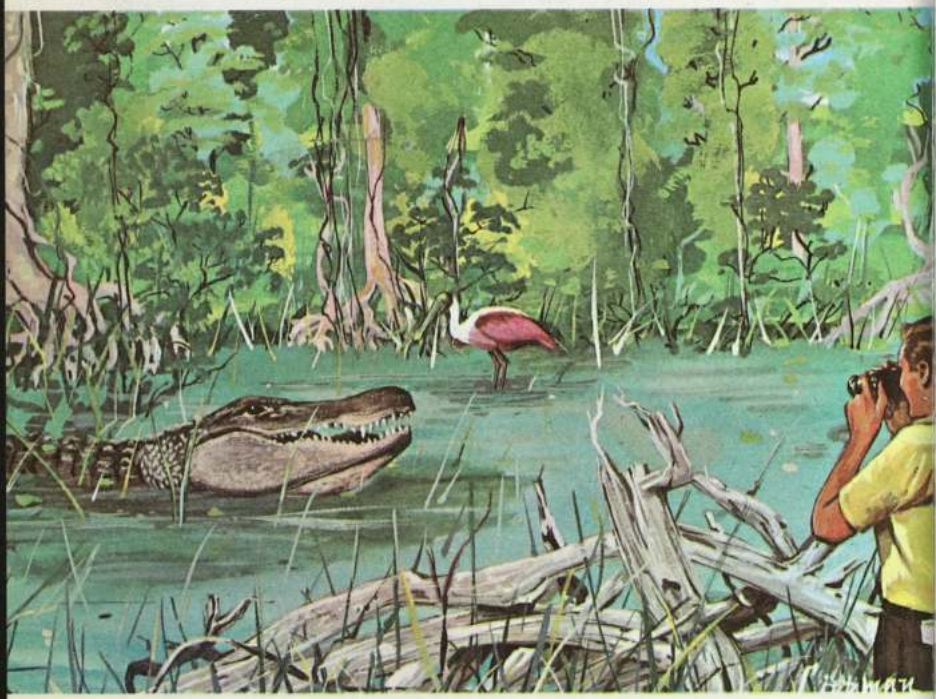
Campers in California's famous Yosemite. Painting by Rex Brandt

An American who does not know his national parks has missed a priceless part of his heritage. The National Park Service or any of its regional offices will gladly furnish maps showing all National Park System areas, with brief descriptions of them, lists of facilities, including campgrounds, names and addresses of concessionaires who provide overnight accommodations, and the addresses of the superintendents.

While the National Park Service is a bureau of the Department of the Interior, the U.S. Forest Service is a part of the Department of Agriculture. There are 154 national forests, covering 181 million acres and located in all but nine states. A few are comparatively small but many in the West cover from one to three million acres. All are open to camping, at any time and mostly without restriction. Hunting and fishing are permitted in all of them, under the laws of the states in which they are situated. (Out-of-state visitors are charged higher fees than residents for hunting and fishing licenses.) Portions of some forests have been set aside as game refuges; in others, some streams and small tracts are reserved for wildlife research and experiment. These, of course, are posted.

The national forests provide by far the best opportunities in the United States for the person who is interested primarily in camping, rather than in being surrounded by world-famous scenery. But it must be said at once that many areas in many forests are spectacularly beautiful, especially in the North Country and the southern, western and southwestern mountains. Many people prefer the Uncompahgre, San Juan, or Sangre de Cristo mountains, which are not included in national parks, to the Colorado ranges that are. If Wyoming's Wind River Mountains lack the drama of the nearby Grand Teton National Park, they are in some ways more beautiful. Many of the loveliest parts of the Sierra and the Cascades are in national forests.

There are 53,000 developed family camp and picnic sites in



Wildlife in Everglades National Park. Painting by Bernard Lippman

the national forests. In practically all of the undeveloped portions of the forests a camper may pitch his tent amost anywhere he cares to. You may have to get a campfire permit; ask the local forest ranger. He can tell you the best fishing places, the best lures, where and when you are likely to find game, the areas of special photographic or scientific or historical interest. He is also the man you make for in emergencies.

In periods of prolonged dry weather, forests may be temporarily closed to the public. At all times it is a matter of conscience to observe to the full the precautions which every outdoorsman knows by heart. The main roads in a national forest are good and the fire and access roads that lead off them wholly adequate, but many areas can be reached only by trail, afoot or on horseback.

In addition, there are eighty-three reservations all told which are called Wilderness Areas or Wild Areas (not counting similar reserved tracts in eastern forests too small to be called wilderness). Practically all of them are remote and difficult; in mountain country most of them are near timberline and above it. The Boundary Waters Canoe Area in Minnesota includes what many sportsmen consider to be the finest canoe country we have. The camper's outfit must be taken into such an area by pack train or, if practicable, by canoe.

Apart from the back country of the national parks and some deserts, these areas are the last remaining primitive wilderness in the United States. Dude ranches in or near the forests provide outfits and guide service and some Wilderness Areas should not be attempted without such professional help. Most of them, however, are accessible to anyone who has a suitable outfit and is sufficiently skilled at outdoor crafts. Woods lore is a prerequisite, for the wilderness is as much of a challenge today as it ever was, despite airplanes and radio.

Somewhere in this great national heritage, owned by and preserved for all of us, you are certain to find precisely the kind of country you want to vacation in—though it is likely to be much finer than you thought it would be. And it may be surprisingly near your own home.

The foreign visitor wants to see the New York skyline

A European Tourist Looks Us Over

Here an astute Briton dissects the American scene for foreign visitors—and helps us to see ourselves

by D. W. Brogan

DURING the century before World War I, between thirty and forty million persons entered the United States from Europe. It was the greatest folk movement of which we have record. Millions of immigrants came to better themselves, or to escape from economic, religious, or political hardships at home.

Unnoticed among their millions were thousands who could be called "tourists," people who didn't want to settle in the United States, who came out of curiosity, to visit friends, to find and marry an heiress, to get the materials for a book. They might want to see Niagara Falls or the Rockies, to shoot buffalo, to inspect the Wild West, to stave off tuberculosis in Cali-

fornia or Arizona, to sample the luxury of what was already the modern Babylon, New York, or to see what was, for long, the showpiece of American industry, the Chicago stockyards.

But few came in the true tourist spirit which was already sending tens of thousands of Americans to Europe to have fun and to improve themselves, culturally speaking.

It was only after World War I that the European tourist became a visible, if not conspicuous, feature of the American scene. What he looked for was the America of the movies and, to a less extent, of the American novel and magazine. For a generation now, the United States has been the most visible country in history. All over the world, its regions have been made familiar by the movies, the comics, and more recently by TV. One of the European's motives in coming is to discover: "Is it *really* like that?"

Despite increasing sophistication, a lot of European tourists still visit the U.S.A. to see the country of Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley. To this extent the tourist who is coming to the United States today is like the tourist who came in increasing numbers between the wars. He wants to see the West, the New York skyline, and American industry—now usually Detroit.

The European will be surprised not so much by the numbers of cars as by the roads, parking lots, garages. My wife, coming with me to the U.S.A., which she hadn't visited since the war, was struck more by the size of the Pentagon car park than by the Pentagon itself, which after all is not much bigger than Versailles. The magnificence of American turnpikes will astonish even Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, who have some good motor roads, and will flabbergast the British who have next to none. What may surprise them even more is the admirable skill and self-discipline of American drivers.

And it is not only car manners. It is manners. There is an old European tradition that American manners are bad, a view dating from a time when Europe was still feudal in its social structure, and the democracy of American manners struck visitors as impertinent. Today, the boot is on the other foot. The visitor is received with friendliness and courtesy.

The foreign visitor will find it helpful to be able to eat at

any hour of the day and night. He may not eat as a gourmet would like but he *can* always eat—which is more than can be said of the tourist in England. He will, of course, find first class restaurants in all big cities, and everywhere he will find plenty of good plain cooking.

And he will find enough hotels, ranging from pretty fair to excellent. The hauteur of the English hotel staff is nonexistent in America (even in New York). The friendliness and efficiency may be depersonalized but it is real.

Few Europeans will be able to afford bringing their cars and not enough seem to know how easy it is to hire one. It is my guess that more Americans enjoy driving as a relaxation than most Europeans do. But if the tourist doesn't want to drive, he will settle down quickly to long-distance bus services, which are familiar to him in Europe. He will be amazed by the unparalleled variety of air services. People shuttle to and fro on planes in a way still unkown in Europe.

But what will the tourist want to see? He will not be interested in the same "sights" as the American. It is a pity, but it is a fact, that most Europeans know little and care little about American history. About the only American national heroes of the past they have heard of are George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The only national monument they know is the White House. A Frenchman or a German won't want to see things merely because they are old. They won't be old by *his* standards.

There are a few American historical places that will appeal to the average European tourist: lovely New England villages like Litchfield, Connecticut; Charleston; Monticello and the University of Virginia; and possibly Santa Fe. If he wants to visit the literary shrines of New England, it is more likely because of *Little Women* than because of Thoreau and Emerson. He may be touched if he comes through Hannibal, Missouri, by memories of Huck Finn but he won't go there especially.

What he wants to see are the great novel unparalleled works of men's hands in America: the New York and Chicago skylines, San Francisco from Sausalito, the tremendous factories of Detroit, even the strange skyscraper cities rising irrelevantly

out of the Texas prairie. He will want to see (though he may not like) the prodigious urban encampment of Los Angeles. The bridges in the New York area may possibly dazzle him more than the skyscrapers, but he will be bored by imitation Gothic cathedrals. It is the inexhaustible energy of the country that will fascinate him, the endless procession of cars, trucks, and buses seen from the highways or, even more impressive, from the air at night.

And then he will want to see "America the Beautiful," especially those parts of it that have no true European parallel: Niagara (but even more the Grand Canyon), the Arizona desert, the mere expanse of the Midwest. He will want to fly or drive over the Sierra and drop from the Nevada desert into golden California. He will gaze with awe at the Mississippi and with more than awe at the vastly superior, if shorter, Columbia. He will gasp, also, at such combinations of the work of man and nature as Grand Coulee or the Hoover Dam. He will find in the states of Oregon and Washington the most magnificently varied scenery. And he will come back home exhilarated by the people, by the prodigious model that all the world wants to copy, by the feel of "a people of plenty," by the glories of American seafood and, possibly, fried chicken.

He will have only one serious disappointment: few Indians and far too few cowboys.

The way we shuttle to and fro on planes . . .

Niagara Revisited

The artist as a boy had known the tourists well. He returned to find them as little changed as the Falls

by Hugh Laidman

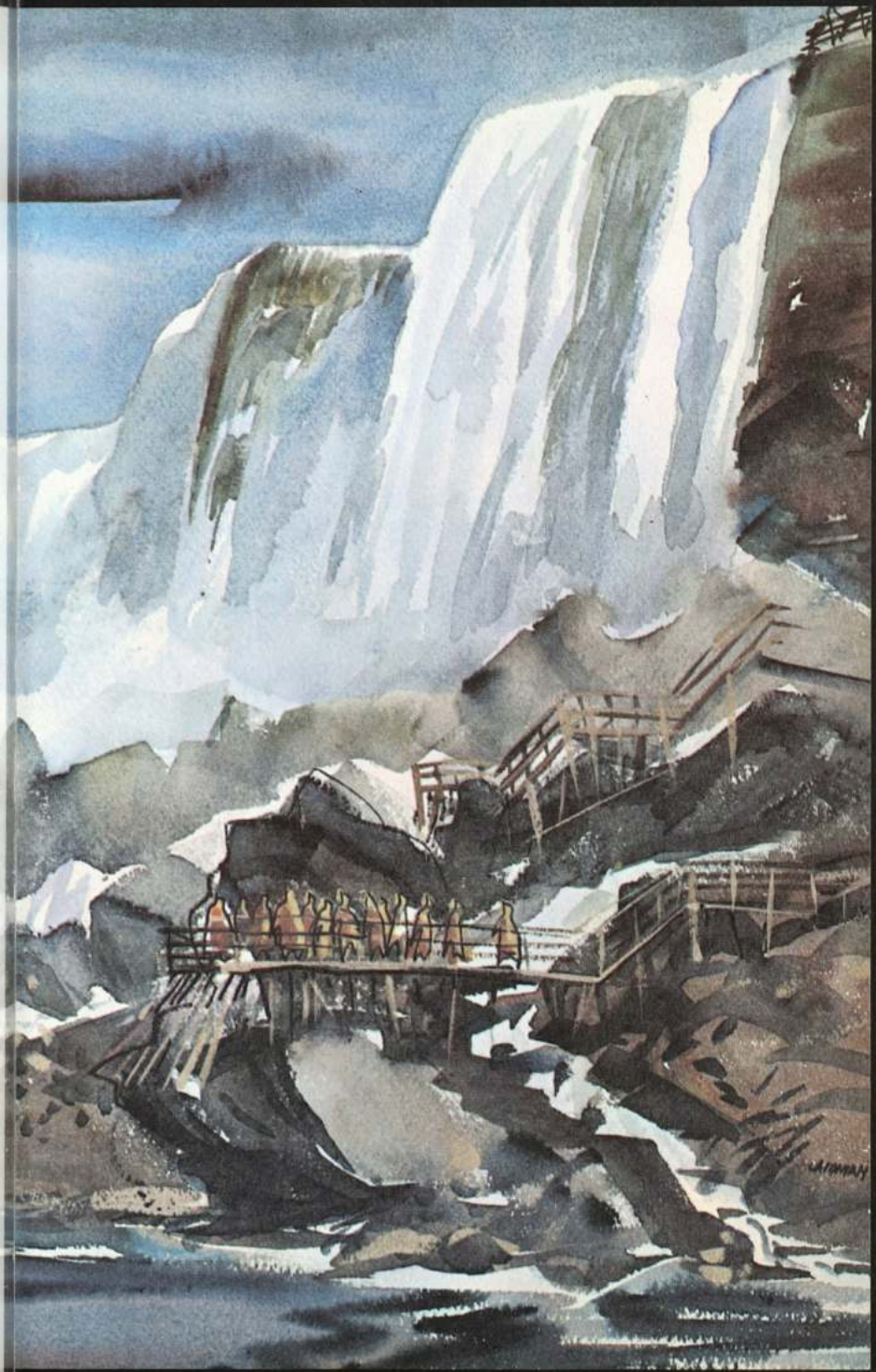
THE OTHER day I went back home for a look at Niagara Falls. As a teen-ager, I had worked in one or another of the array of souvenir stores that lined lower Falls Street and Riverway. I had been the photographer who snapped pictures of tourists posed under klieg lights before a background that was meant to be Niagara Falls. I'd even painted unforgettable masterpieces of the Falls in oils. These paintings, ranging in price from ninety-eight cents, framed, up to $4.98, sold like hotcakes to culture-hungry sightseers.

I had burned pictures and names and even heartfelt messages on leather goods. I had kidded with Gene Lusier, the fellow who had bounced over the Falls in a rubber ball and lived to hang around the museum and brag about it for an occasional two bits. I had stood at Prospect Point morning after morning, marveling at the immensity of it all.

It was a honky-tonk world, but the sightseers were happy. Many visitors came to see the Falls and spent day after day buying souvenirs, the trip to the cataract being incidental to the sending of picture postcards. Men and women who arrived on motorcycles would buy satin pillow cases beautifully lithographed with "Mother," or "To My Sweetheart."

I returned to Niagara on a clear day, expecting the people to have changed. They hadn't. The newlyweds seemed younger. The cameras the tourists carried were smaller and newer, but the poses they snapped were the same. It was only the cataract itself that had changed. True, the old bridge had toppled a long winter ago, but the new one, though superior

The American Falls. Painting by Hugh Laidman



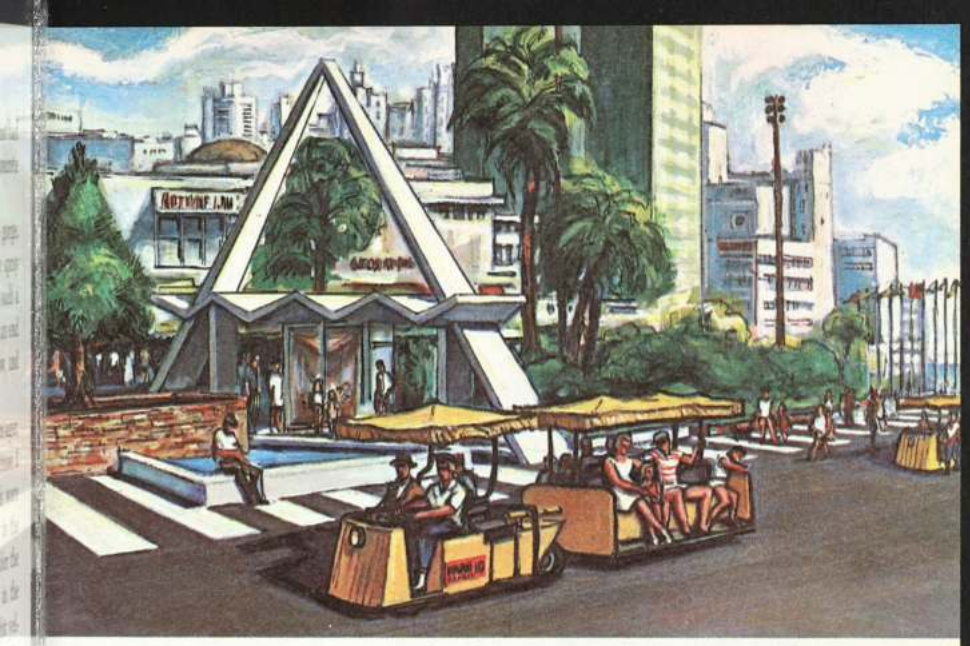
in engineering, was merely a replacement. Prospect Point had been blunted by a slide and now had a huge patch of concrete bandaging its wounds.

For a dime I rode the elevator to the bottom of the gorge. There were a few more rocks, but the same spray—the spray that in wintertime rounded the rocks and made them such a dandy place for sliding, until a few old spoilsports put an end to it. I had always loved the American Falls from below, and so I painted them.

I kept thinking about the *Maid of the Mist*. As a teen-ager, I'd never had the fare and the inclination at the same time. I decided on a ride. A flotilla of small, nonchalant gulls were bobbing around as the captain maneuvered his craft in the deep pool within a few feet of the rocks piled high under the Falls. You couldn't get much wetter without getting in the water. Through the spray, we could see people in bright yellow raincoats making the trip via wooden walks through the Cave of the Winds under the Bridal Veil Falls. From my guiding experiences, I remembered that Henry Hill White and George Sims entered the cave in the early 1800s, but I'm sure I don't know how or why.

I returned, disembarked, left my raincoat with an attendant, looked at my sopping trouser bottoms and went for a climb over the rocks near the *Maid of the Mist* landing. Hidden from the landing, I watched as two little boys climbed toward a rusty cable stretched from one rock to another a few feet from the water's edge. The boys stepped upon it and with more or less success, balanced their way across the wire stretched at the dizzying height of three feet above the rocks below. It seems I could remember a couple of kids about their age getting much farther across just such a cable.

I thought of the incomprehensible quantities of water that cascade over that brink at every instant in an unceasing, inexhaustible torrent, yet the Falls themselves are timeless, unchanging. So, too, the tourists, the newlyweds, the souvenir hunters, the camera bugs, the kids on the cable—they had come and gone by the thousands, yet here they were still, unchanged; in fact, hauntingly familiar.



Miami, a gigantic megalopolis. Paintings by Louis Freund

America's Land of Oz

When you travel to Miami, be prepared for all the magic you've heard about—and then some

by Philip Wylie

EVERY PERSON, nowadays, who visits Miami for the first time will learn two things. All he has heard and read and seen on TV about Miami—however bizarre or beautiful, fabulous or batty—is true. But the second lesson will seem more amazing: he will find he hasn't heard *half* the truth.

One probable impression that will dissolve in the mind of the new arrival: the concept that Miami is mainly a row of hotels, every multistoried jewelbox structure set along a Gulf

Stream beach with every room renting for ninety dollars a day; every female occupant, moreover, dressed in blond mink or sable to cover a bikini. On some days, some ladies, in Miami *Beach* have been known to wear mink of any shade you can name, over bathing suits, even when shopping on the traffic-less wonderland known as Lincoln Road Mall. That fact the newcomer can verify on cool days in winter.

But such data hardly fits with less-known facts. For half the year, you can stay six nights and seven days in a Miami Beach hotel for as little (if you'll share a room with another) as $19.50 for your week's lodging—and as little as three dollars more, a day, for meals. People do it in droves but, definitely, people without blond mink coats!

That notion will begin to occur to a night-flying newcomer when he sees the luminous glow of the Miami Area fill the horizon ahead, and gradually grow into a light-spangled immensity that extends from Fort Lauderdale through Miami Beach and Miami—a gigantic megalopolis painted in colored light and connected by towns on the diamond-chain of the Dixie Highway with Homestead—a total reach of radiance more than fifty miles long that, in many places, is fifteen miles wide, and is inhabited by more than a million people.

Only the first-time arrival who approaches by sea will encounter, first, the near-unbelievable rampart of luxury hotels, mostly of postwar construction and, in all, an eight-mile sea-facing palisade of gaudiness in glass and concrete. Once in Miami's harbor, however, the indigo Gulf Stream swapped for the green waters of Biscayne Bay, the ship-arrival will begin to be aware of the good old big-city U.S.A. – with, merely, a smogless and somewhat torrid-zone look.

For this area, which calls itself, rightly, "America's Playground," is the first wholly modernized and mechanized "temperate zone city," created in *any region on earth* where the annual sunshine and rainfall, the plants and wild fauna, the sea temperature are characteristic of the tropics—though actually the geographic tropics begin between Key West and Cuba, a little way south.

To give this big-city complex the identical services and

Deep-sea fishermen charter their boats at Pier 5

facilities of other equally-large cities of the U.S.A., almost everything in Miami had to be built differently. Hurricanes, the tropic climate, termites were among the complications overcome. Indeed, engineers from numerous tropical cities have long studied the Miamis and taken back to their countries the know-how that has enabled them to bring modern American urban life-ways to Calcutta, say, or Hong Kong.

Those of us who lived in the area before the Second World War used to wonder why, come April, the hotel guests departed and the "winter home" owners boarded up and beat it. From mid-May till mid-December, there was nobody here but us. And in all those months, you could count on magnificent weather for Florida's numberless outdoor sports, *every day,* barring an occasional hurricane—which would be more exciting than hazardous. Why, we wondered, didn't people who spent their vacations in less dependable climates come down where *we* lived?

We don't wonder, now. Four million people visit the Miami area every year—half, between mid-December and mid-May, but, the *other half,* in the period that used to be void of visitors: late spring, summer, and fall. Why? Because that is bargain time! It is also the prettiest time, when all the

flowers, not merely *some,* are in bloom. But this should make clear what the Miami legend does not: that in South Florida lies a great, modern city full of ordinary people—which may be visited and fully enjoyed *less expensively* than any other, inevitably less-celestial, vacationland, anywhere. Miami is even easier on wallets than its sister city of Miami Beach.

In South Florida, vast mobs of tourists are attracted by fishing—in the Gulf Stream, for monsters—or in the Keys and the Ten Thousand Islands for small fry of fifty pounds. A person can have as much fun here, in waders, with a fly-rod, as he can in salmon waters. More, I say, for there are six hundred species of fish in these seas! Everybody swims and every other person under thirty seems to skindive in the local waters. And boating is the daily fanatic activity of myriads.

There is, in case the reader is beguiled by intellectual pastimes or artistic pleasures, a vast university in the area—the University of Miami. Known also by the soubriquet, "Suntan U," it offers all that other major universities do—and many things, like Tropical Agriculture, that no others can. The irrelevant fact that all students—winter, spring, summer, or fall—are sun-tanned, has nothing whatever to do with their scholastic ability and merely emphasizes a detail of their environment: it's almost eternally warm and sunny. Besides its conventional program, the University has a world-famed art gallery and an incomparable symphony orchestra—both open, so to speak, to the public. Its football games on hot autumn Friday nights draw forty or fifty thousand ecstatic watchers to what, on New Year's Day, is known as the Orange Bowl.

Eating ought to be listed as a main pleasure of Floridians, resident or tourist. Nowhere is sea food more varied or superb; and here, it is not imported but simply *beached,* year-round. Fruits of all tropic and subtropic sorts thrive in the area. Thus, my own back yard supplies bananas, pineapples, mangoes, limes, sapodillos, grapefruit, carambolas, and maybe thirty more delicious fruits you never heard of. The winter vegetables of all U.S.A. arrive fresh at Miami tables; they grow only miles away. Our strawberry season begins before Christmas—and corn-on-the-cob appears about then. Real cowboys

herd vast numbers of prime beef cattle in central Florida.

And there are plenty of eating places—a different one for every day of the year in Miami Beach alone.

West of Miami lies Everglades National Park—one of the most extraordinary of those parks, where may be seen, in tens of thousands, the flocks of wading birds – egrets and the like—and where otters, black bears, foxes, and panthers live cheek-by-jowl with, not just alligators, but crocodiles.

This, then, is the land of the diamond-bracelet-bearing ladies shopping for more jewels in bikinis and sables. But it is also a land where millions, annually, come to play, outdoors and in, at rates astonishingly low. It is a big city set beside a great swamp and the largest mangrove jungle on earth.

Miami . . . it is a haunting kind of name. And the whole place is haunted, too—by men and women who came down for a week or a weekend—and came back—or, often, never left.

Everyone swims—or soaks up the sun beside pools or surf

The Brush Country of Texas

The fascination of a land of great ranches and great contrasts as told by its own "prose laureate"

by J. Frank Dobie

I WAS BORN and reared on a ranch in the Brush Country of southern Texas. It has thorned me, parched me, repelled me, and after long years of absence it still holds me; my roots go into it deeper than ever mesquite sent its roots for moisture. I am half brother to the old Mexican vaquero who said, "*El monte* (the brush) is my mother, it is my school and my college." Like the mountains, the *monte* casts a spell not of charm but of power.

Some Aprils the Brush Country looks as lush as the Everglades of Florida, some Augusts as harsh as the desolation of Death Valley. Only deserts can be at once so beautiful and so forbidding. Indeed, were it not for drouths, it would be shady forest instead of a jungle in which the leaves are as narrow as thorns and no defending thorn ever shrivels.

U.S. 90, from San Antonio 150 miles west to the Rio Grande around Del Rio, roughly marks the northern edge of this Brush Country; the San Antonio River, twisting southeast from the Alamo City to the Gulf of Mexico, more or less defines the northeastern fringes. All of Texas south of these lines—the Rio Grande limiting it on one side, the Gulf Coast on the other—is brush excepting where man has cleared it or where the growth has not yet usurped dots of the original prairie. The brushiest brush is between the Nueces and the Rio Grande.

A hundred years ago, millions of acres now in brush were "bald open." Many old-timers think that the brush used to be kept from spreading by grass fires set by lightning and Indians. It was in fact kept from spreading by the pristine turf. Overgrazing that followed the development of ranching, about the time of the Civil War and afterwards, destroyed the grass and laid the ground naked to the ever-aggressive brush.

Herding operation with Texas brush cattle. Painting by H. O. Kelly

The high price of grass has caused many ranchers to bulldoze the brush off the range, a very expensive process. Within a few years brush sprouts reappear. The farmlands down the Rio Grande Valley—the "Magic Valley"—have been reclaimed from thorny thickets so solid that, according to an old story, a cowboy who was crawling through one of them one time met a rattlesnake and, since there was not enough room for either of them to turn around or go around the other, he backed out the way he had come.

The largest ranch in Texas, the King Ranch, is in the Brush Country, and there are numerous other large ranches as well as thousands of small ranches in this area. The men who work cattle here, a majority of them being Mexican vaqueros (cowboys), have techniques distinct from those of the prairie riders. Anyone able to keep his seat on a horse can "chouse cattle" on the prairies, but running through the prickly pear and thorned brush requires training and practice in both man and mount. It is partly for style that the plainsman wears leggins, as chaps are called in the Brush Country; the brushpopper has to wear them in order to keep flesh on his bones as well as hide on his flesh. Many cattle of gentle blood become spooky after they have lived awhile in big brush pastures. This is especially true of the Brahman and part-Brahman cattle that now range over most of the Brush Country. In some

brushy pastures today there are a few cattle as wild as ever the famous longhorns were.

People riding up and down the highways will not see the wild ones, nor will they see the brush hand in action. The seas of brush hide both vaqueros and cattle; they hide the very ranch houses. A stranger would never guess what the brush hides, and therein lies one source of the country's fascination. The most coyotes left in America are in the Brush Country, where no sheep men persecute the little wolves.

In the brush the white-tailed (Virginia) deer grow larger and have larger antlers than the same species in the Hill Country and to the east—and they are harder to see. A way of hunting the bucks that is peculiar to the Brush Country is to call them up by rattling horns. Here also the javelinas, or collared peccaries, called also musk hogs, abound. Nearly as many panthers hide here as in the Rocky Mountains.

The most characteristic plant life of the brush is the mesquite. High up on the plains, it is but a bush so strong-rooted that there people "dig for wood." In the lower part of the Brush Country, with good soil and sufficient water, it grows into graceful trees. One of the loveliest sights on earth is a great expanse of mesquite leafing out in spring. The leaves are so tender and fresh that they seem to evaporate their yellow-tinged greenness into the very sky. Mesquite beans make good feed for stock. Some Indians ground them for bread.

Weeks before they leaf, the black brush, better known on the border as black chaparral, the fern-leafed *juajilla,* the catclaw, the *palo verde,* and the *huisache* have bloomed, hiding all suggestion of thorn under fragrance and petal. When the comely *huisaches* are absolutely covered with golden flowers, exceedingly fragrant, they are as strikingly beautiful as the dogwood trails of eastern Texas and Louisiana.

The *honco,* or all-thorn, has no leaves—only thorns. Every grass-eating animal wants to eat the great cluster of flowers put up on a stalk by the Spanish dagger, a species of several characteristic yuccas, but daggers protect it. One jab of a dagger will turn a person faint with its poison; prickings with it are an oldtime antidote for rattlesnake bites—and the brush

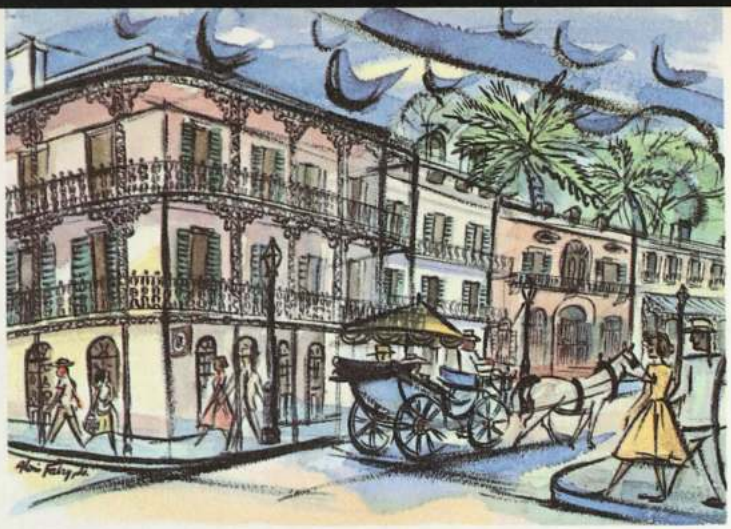
is paradise for rattlesnakes. It is paradise also for the road-runner or chaparral cock, which eats snakes and lizards.

The brush has uses almost as secret as what it hides. Few people living in it know that the white-winged doves, which range up the Rio Grande from its mouth as far as Devil's River, get as fat as breast-bursting plover on the hard, single-podded red seeds borne by blood-of-the-dragon, as Mexicans call the asparagus-looking leather weed. A very low spineless bush, minute leaves coming out directly from branches, called ironwood because the wood is as heavy as mahogany, bears a pulpy red fruit, with a very hard seed, that the blue quail fatten on. In one day's time I have estimated a thousand scaled (blue) quail in the Brush Country. They do not have to drink water regularly. It is a sight to see them on top of prickly pear, pecking into the purple-red fruit, their beaks and heads stained to flaming vividness.

Some of the few bushes not defended by thorns defend themselves with bitterness and even poison. There is the ashen-colored *armagoso,* which name means bitter. Another bush of the same hue called *ceniza* (ashes) blooms after every summer and fall rain and then one may see a hillside of solid pink. There is the beautiful evergreen called *coyotillo* which bears berries almost the year round, blue when ripe. Goats introduced from afar are likely to eat these berries, also leaves; if they do, they take the limberleg and die; but the coons and ringtailed cats thrive on the berries as well as on the almost pulpless wild persimmon (*chapote*) fruit.

Brush steers can fatten on the seeds of black brush, next to mesquite the commonest brush of the land. It is thorned, but tough-mouthed cattle browse on it as comfortably as the deer. The best brush for cattle is the *huajilla,* which keeps its fern-like leaves through all but the coldest winters; its spring blooms afford bees a honey that rivals the best from clover.

There are many places where drivers can look out on seemingly boundless seas of solid brush, but the highway from San Antonio to Laredo and then from Laredo or any other point on this highway eastward affords extraordinary views at any time of the year.



Royal Street, in the Vieux Carré. Painting by Alois Fabry, Jr.

Take Me Back to the French Quarter

The gay and gustatory Vieux Carré of New Orleans takes hold in a subtle way and never lets you go

by Elwood Kirby

THE FRENCH QUARTER of New Orleans impresses itself on visitors in a subtle and unexpected sort of way.

You start out in the morning to walk its narrow streets, to look at the lacy iron balconies and the old houses, and browse through the curio shops of Royal Street. You have lunch at Arnaud's Restaurant. You spend the afternoon wandering some more, and then, with a true tourist's respect for tradition, you have dinner at Antoine's. Finally you while away some lively hours in the entertainment places along Bourbon Street.

You are pleased by it all, but then a week or a month may

pass before you realize suddenly that your visit to the French Quarter was an adventure and that you are in love with it. That's why the Quarter, or Vieux Carré, as it is sometimes called, is so celebrated throughout the country; it lays everlasting hold of you.

You begin to remember the reasons why. The lunch at Arnaud's, for instance—the onion soup, the shrimp remoulade accompanied by hot, crusty French bread and followed by a melty custard and a cup of that delicious southern coffee.

Or you might remember the visit to Pirate's Alley, when it struck you that New Orleanians have taken Jean Lafitte, the notorious felon of the Spanish Main, and made a folk hero of him. When the chips were down, he spurned British gold and helped Jackson win the battle of New Orleans.

Then, almost accidentally, you come on the serene little courts behind the houses. These courts are virtually tropical gardens, drowning in the smells of jasmine and mimosa.

Walking along Bourbon Street you found out that there really was a streetcar named Desire, only now it's a bus.

Although devoted to pleasure, New Orleans is a very pious city. It has a great number of churches, and one of them, St. Louis Cathedral, is a popular tourist objective in the Quarter.

Toward dark you begin to sense a new excitement. Outside the restaurants the waiters are gathered in groups before going to work—like symphony players in the alley at intermission. Then the people begin to arrive at Galatoire's, Arnaud's, Antoine's, and the other renowned restaurants, not just to eat, but to dine.

Finally, there is the music. Streets in the Quarter have given their names to some of the great American jazz tunes—the Royal Garden Blues, the South Rampart Street Parade, the St. Louis Blues. Now you hear the music itself. Maybe it isn't as pure as in the days when Louis Armstrong was a boy there, but many of the places still jump in the old style.

All of these things are part of the pattern of the Vieux Carré—the Old Square. Remembering them, as you always will, you help keep alive the legend of New Orleans, a city that, by reputation, promises pleasure and always fulfills its promise.

Be the Guest of the Navajos

Self-reliant desert dwellers now invite visitors to their hogans and their heritage in America's first tribal park

by T. T. Flynn

A SIGNIFICANT milestone in the chaotic history of the Navajo Indians was passed when Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park, on the Arizona-Utah border, was dedicated in 1960 with ceremony and visiting dignitaries.

The idea of the tribal park began, strangely enough, with a dynamite blast. Someone—nobody knows who it was—entered the Navajo Reservation with a package of explosive and set it off. The resulting blast erased one of the more beautiful prehistoric ruins on Hoskinini Mesa.

The Indians, saddened by the wreckage, decided that if their heritage was to be preserved, they would have to do something. The result of their action is the tribal park, the first of eight to be established eventually.

Four miles of access road and a handsome administration building of native rock have been constructed by the Navajos. Fourteen miles of park road now invite tourists to drive into the still-wild, scenic heart of fabulous Monument Valley, where red buttes, towering rock pinnacles, and massive cliffs lie in isolated grandeur under turquoise skies.

Monument Valley Park offers a new, different opportunity for tourists to leave the well-traveled highways and mingle with an ancient, little-known people whose outward seriousness at times masks dancing humor and alertness. Campers may now hear the morning sounds of the sheep bells and "sunrise songs" of the Navajo sheepherders, and in the hogans hear the details of the Navajo way of life.

The Navajos are now our largest tribe of Indians. Three hundred years ago, when the first Spanish settlers arrived, they were a proud, fierce tribe, lords of the vast, arid, often cruelly

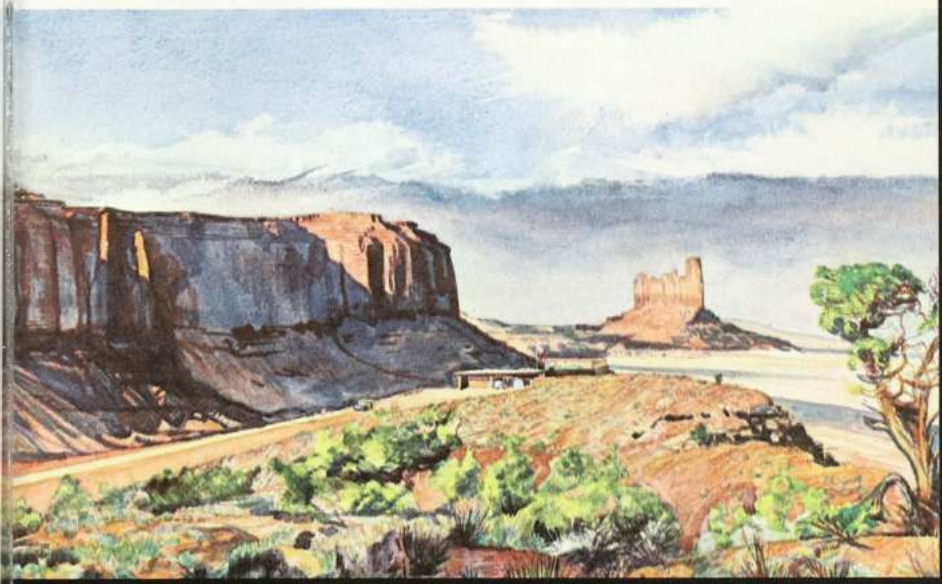
beautiful high country between the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the Valley of the Rio Grande in present-day New Mexico. Then, in 1864, disaster struck. Kit Carson, the renowned frontiersman, was given troops and ordered to exile the Navajos to the Bosque Redondo, far to the east.

After four grinding years of suffering, betrayal, and broken promises, the remnants of a crushed tribe were allowed to return to a limited reservation on land so poor no one else could possibly covet it. Their sheep helped. The women dyed and spun the wool and wove their heavy, gorgeous Navajo rugs on crude outdoor looms. The Navajo men became skilled workers in silver and turquoise.

Recently—like sun striking through storm clouds—natural gas, oil, and uranium were found on the reservation. The proceeds are administered by the Tribal Council in such a way as to benefit all members of the tribe.

The ninety-six thousand fenced acres in Monument Valley Tribal Park include the best of the area's stupendous rock formations and scenery. Campers are welcome, but water should be brought if possible, and all fuel. And all automobiles should stay strictly on the park road, which is patrolled. Hogans should never be entered without a guide-interpreter, for obvious reasons. In the same spirit, Navajos should not

Panorama around tribal park headquarters. Painting by Leese Mather



be photographed without permission and a modest payment.

The panoramas of the Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park are a fitting frame for the brightening success story of the Navajo themselves, who were not crushed by defeat and adversity, who are once again shaping their own heritage.

Where Are the Indians?

THE FIRST question usually asked by visitors to the Southwest is, "Where are the Indians?" One answer is given in the article above, but surprising to most people is the fact that one-third of the nation's Indians reside in Oklahoma. They number over 120,000 and represent sixty-five tribes.

Oklahoma, in fact, is a Choctaw Indian word meaning Red People, and the red people will be seen everywhere, for the days of the reservation are gone in that state. The first service station attendant you talk to may well be an Indian, and he may even own the station. But he has not lost his identity in his social assimilation, and there are times each year when he "goes back to the blanket." These are powwow times.

Powwow fever grips the land from mid-June to early September, with the calendar most crowded in July. Today these colorful events are like huge family outings or picnics. Ferris wheels and midway concessions may be as much in evidence as traditional festivities. But the ceremonial dances and fancy war dresses remain as highlights for the visitor. Listings of various powwows may be obtained from the Oklahoma Tourist Bureau, Oklahoma Planning and Resources Board, State Capitol, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. If you are interested in Indian ways and traditions, plan a stop, too, at Anadarko, scene of the annual American Indian Exposition and setting of an exciting outdoor museum. — CHARLES BANKS WILSON

Indian child in war bonnet

TRAVELING THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Great rivers, mountains, prairies... you find everything in this vast region of contrasts

by Bernard DeVoto

A SMALL Illinois stream called Wood River flows into the Mississippi almost opposite the mouth of the Missouri. On the afternoon of May 14, 1804, a keelboat and two smaller boats entered the Mississippi from Wood River, crossed, and made their way four miles up the Missouri before halting for the night. They carried the exploring expedition led by Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark of the United States Army.

One year and three months later, on August 12, 1805, Lewis with three of his men was some miles in advance of the rest of the party, in the Bitterroot Mountains of Montana, west of Dillon. That afternoon they drank from an eastward-flowing rivulet high on a mountainside, climbed to the ridge above it, and went down the far side to drink from a small stream that flowed west—toward the Pacific. They had crossed the Continental Divide by way of Lemhi Pass. It took them out of the area they had entered from Wood River fifteen months before, the newly-acquired lands of the Louisiana Purchase.

The United States bought that vast expanse from France in 1803, an event at least as important as any other in our history. For a little over twenty-three million dollars we acquired more than nine hundred thousand square miles, an area somewhat larger than the United States as it then was. The price made this the biggest real estate transaction in history—the biggest bargain as well. It works out to less than four cents an acre.

Six whole states have been carved from the area: Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and North Dakota.

The greater part of seven others was included in it: Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Minnesota, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana.

The area covered by the purchase extends from the Canadian border on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south and, with certain exceptions, from the Mississippi on the east to the Continental Divide on the west. Its greatest width, at Minneapolis, is fourteen hundred miles. Its greatest north-south extent is also about fourteen hundred.

Not quite every variety of geography or climate that the United States includes can be found here, but a motorist making a summer tour across it travels through constant, sometimes dramatic change. Say that he drives from St. Louis to Butte; that is approximately the way Lewis and Clark crossed it, following the Missouri River.

Across the Missouri the road leads through a country of lush farms and rolling hills, amply timbered. At Kansas City the Missouri turns north; driving along its banks, the motorist soon enters a prairie country. Bold bluffs line the river but beyond them stretches an open, almost untimbered expanse whose slope is so imperceptible that it seems flat. He is crossing one of the richest agricultural areas in the world, with Iowa on his right and Nebraska on his left.

The river trends northwestward and then north again, through a different landscape. The tourist has entered the semiarid Dakotas and now sees no trees at all except in the river bottoms and the dwarf black cedars on the bluffs. As the river heads west into Montana he enters a genuinely arid country and one that is on such an immense scale that it seems the biggest in the world. He has reached the high plains and they are like the sea—only the crests of their gigantic swells are many miles farther apart than the swells of mid-ocean.

It is a cattle country; then as the river leads toward Great Falls it becomes a wheat country. And now mountains are never far away. New Orleans is a few feet above sea level and St. Louis about six hundred. At Butte the tourist has reached an altitude of 5,700 feet and is just outside the Louisiana Purchase, for the Continental Divide is three miles to the east.

He has by no means exhausted the variety of the area, how-

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

ever. Suppose that, having reached the Continental Divide, he takes a fancy to travel along it, staying as close to it as he conveniently can. He will see a rich diversity of mountain ranges, and mountains always provide abundant contrast. The Divide comes down from Canada some distance inside Glacier National Park. Here the mountain peaks, called the Lewis Range, seem to have been splintered and twisted. Some are grotesquely bent back upon themselves. Below the park the Divide trends southeastward along the crest of other, less spectacular but friendlier ranges. It passes just west of Helena and just east of Butte, turns west and then south along the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains, which are massive and regular, with smooth planes. It turns east again and crosses Yellowstone National Park.

The Divide has entered Wyoming now. It passes well to the east of the Teton Mountains, surely the most dramatic of our ranges and by many considered the most beautiful, but

any road the tourist takes will have them in sight. Farther along there are less impressive mountains for a space and then comes the majestic Wind River Range. One route across it (impassable by automobile) is called Two Ocean Pass; when spring widens a small lake in it, sometimes the waters flow in both directions, to the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Wind River Range stops abruptly; at its southern end is a wide plain, South Pass, the famous corridor through which the emigrant wagons, the pony express, and the stage coaches entered the Far West.

The Divide leaves Wyoming by another range, the Sierra Madre, and in Colorado quarters eastward along the spectacular Park Range and Rabbit Ears and then southward along the still more spectacular Front Range, the longest and most massive one that our tourist will see. Colorado is the most rugged of all the states; its western half is all mountains; it contains thirty-one summits higher than Pikes Peak and fifty-two that rise above 12,000 feet.

One of the most famous of the Colorado mining towns is

Scene at a Kansas siding. Painting by Edwin Fulwider

Leadville. To get to it the tourist will cross a high, wide basin called South Park, the Bayou Salado of fur-trade days, once a paradise for buffalo hunters. A little beyond it, at the head of a deep, strange valley he reaches Leadville, and a small stream, and above them the highest of the Colorado ranges, the Sawatch. It rises to the pinnacle of Mount Elbert, the highest reach of the Divide. If he were to climb it, the tourist would complete the ascent of Louisiana, from salt water at the mouth of the Mississippi to 14,431 feet.

Turning his back on the Divide, the tourist follows the little stream eastward. It is the Arkansas River, leading on to the Royal Gorge; a railroad runs down that narrow canyon but the tourist crosses it by a suspension bridge that is the highest in the world. The eastward journey leads straight across the zones he traveled slantwise from St. Louis to Butte. The short grass plains yield to endless stretches of Kansas wheat and corn, then mountains again, the gentle Ozarks.

Yet the Purchase offers a still different order of variety and contrast. This sequence is one of changing vegetation and climate rather than of land forms. Plans have been drawn for a parkway down the entire length of the Mississippi, but as things stand now one must frequently drive at some distance from the river, though it is not often out of sight.

This journey begins in the pine forests and innumerable lakes of Minnesota, a cool vacation land in summer, a very cold one in winter. It moves toward live oaks and Spanish moss, and toward a winter that is only a transition from early fall to late spring. It travels from muskellunge to alligators, from flour mills to ocean wharves, from wild rice to sugar cane, from the Chippewas to the Cajuns. Always the river grows wider—and more silted—till at last it runs in a labyrinth of swamps and bayous. The tourist had better end his journey at New Orleans, though Louisiana stretches on to the river's mouth. Beyond the city is a watery world.

The Louisiana Purchase was a big, an illimitable land to Lewis and Clark, who crossed it in fifteen months. It seems still bigger to one who can behold so much contrast in a single week. It was, one thinks, well worth four cents per acre.

A Finger Lakes Boyhood

There was no greater adventure for a boy than to skipper a boat on the waters of his vacation home

by Samuel Hopkins Adams

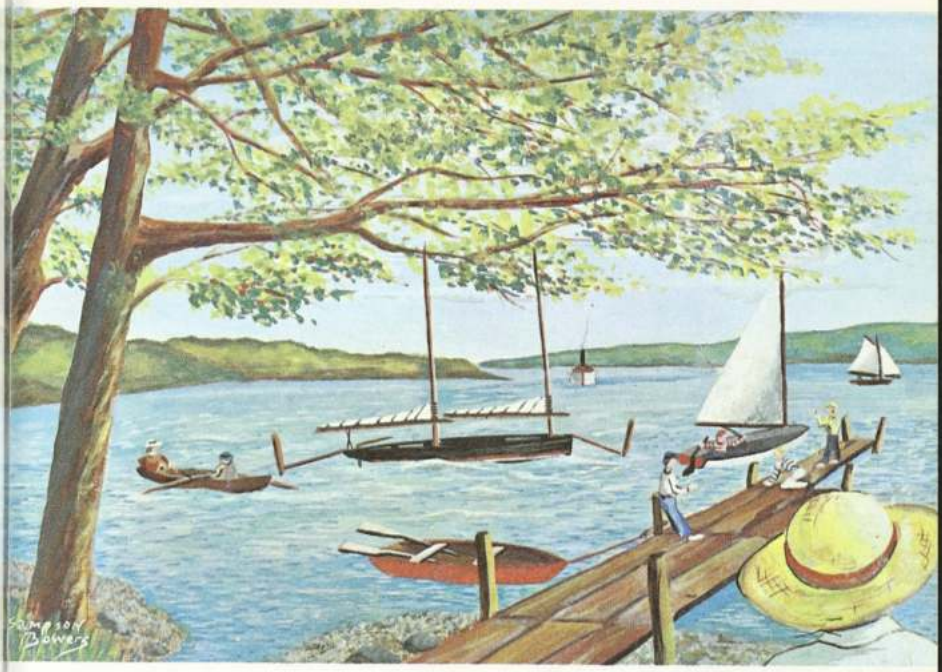
WITH THE coming of summer to the Finger Lakes district, the youth of that region underwent a radical change of nature. We, who had been land animals, became not only lacustrine but amphibian. The fortunate ones, released from school, left city, town, and farm and took up a new and fuller life beside one or another of the five beautiful lakes which form a chain through the heart of central New York.

The youngster who could not handle himself as well on or in the water as on land was out of luck. For, in our region in the 1880s, aquatics were less a sport than a necessity. Oar and sail were the standard motive power. No road led to my Grandfather Hopkins' place on the east side of Owasco, smallest of the chain. The lake was our sole highway.

The pride of the Hopkins family was an eighteen-foot Sandusky sharpie. She was a lovely, lively little craft, two-masted, high-prowed, drawing less than a foot of water amidships, and stabilized by a deep centerboard. In the hands of experience, this is a safe type for the treacherous Finger Lakes weather, where vicious little gusts come sweeping down from the steephilled banks to undo any but the most vigilant expert. Our *Undine* was fast, too, and could show her wake to any competitor in the weekly races.

The sharpie was not for us Hopkins grandchildren. Our personal navigation was limited to the rowboats and the *Tub*. This latter was a lumbering, snubnosed, flat-bottomed scow with a leg-of-mutton sail shaped out of one of Grandmother's discarded counterpanes, homemade leeboards, and a sawed-off oar for tiller. We learned about sailing from her.

As the senior of the male grandchildren, I was captain. By



The lake was our highway. Paintings by Sampson Bowers

the time I was twelve and had handled the *Tub* for two seasons, I deemed myself capable of circumnavigating the globe. My confidence was not shared by my elders, and my control of the *Undine* was limited to a brief handling of the tiller while whatever senior in charge was lighting his pipe. But the *Tub* had taught me much, and I picked up the rest by attentive observation, which proved to be fortunate. The great July gale of 1883 gave me my opportunity.

This July storm was one of the worst three-day blows I have ever known. Our camp larder had run low. Our natural emergency food supply was cut off: no fish would bite in that turmoil. We children brought in some mushrooms from the woods, and Grandfather shot a woodchuck, the fresh meat of which is preferable to starvation, but not greatly.

On the fourth morning the wind dropped, the sun came out, the gale was spent. That's what we thought who should have known better the vagaries of Finger Lakes weather. Grandfather and Uncle Jack decided to take the morning train for Auburn, so Uncle Woolsey and I sailed them across before as sweet a breeze as a sailor's heart could wish. Having discharged our passengers and taken on cargo, we set out on the return trip. A cloud-bank formed with formidable swiftness in the north. The breeze whipped around and became a gale. Halfway home my uncle handed me the tiller.

"I don't feel well," he said.

I have always thought that it was the aftermath of the woodchuck, though it may have been an overaged mushroom. In either case, my companion was reduced to total helplessness. The boat was mine to command, with two sails and a rudder to handle in the face of gusts which were rising to fifty-mile-an-hour velocity. In a long lifetime, I doubt that I have ever felt an equally exhilarating sense of responsibility. For a long half hour I juggled the *Undine* up to windward. I coaxed her, I babied her, I eased her, and between squalls I drove her into the leaping assault of the head-waves.

Open navigation, I decided, was simple, but it could not be kept up indefinitely. My business was to bring my command into port. Looking up to estimate my distance, I beheld with dismay my grandmother advancing to the narrow and fragile planking which formed the outer span of the dock, followed by a bevy of female grandchildren. Now, if I misreckoned and bumped the dock too hard, the whole lot would be in the lake and I in disgrace forever. At that desperate moment a cross-gust caught the sharpie and she made for the dock, head on, like a runaway freight car. I gave one last despairing yelp, one last despairing shove to my tiller, and the prow swerved, missing the woodwork by no more than a mouse's whisker.

As I came about, the dock was empty. The family had seen all they needed of my seamanship. Relieved of the anxiety of a wholesale immersion, I made a respectable landing at my second effort. The female contingent were too busy reviving

my uncle to offer any comment at the time. The report must have been favorable, however, for a few days later, my grandfather said quite casually:

"Samuel, suppose you and Winthrop (my younger cousin) take the sharpie over for the mail."

I can still see the astonished and envious faces of my contemporaries, gathered at Ensenore pier for the afternoon ceremony of meeting the 5:02, as I nonchalantly threaded the shipping (all manned by adults) and ordered my crew to "make her fast."

Nowadays a score of cars come daily to the place that was my grandfather's and is now mine, bringing all the appurtenances of modern existence. Motor boats whizz past my dock. An occasional amphibian plane churns to a stop off my point. It is all very convenient. Life is far easier than in the old days. But it isn't half as much fun.

Battling the elements during the great July gale of 1883

Stargazing in Hollywood

An insider's guide to spotting the famous faces of filmland in their own off-camera haunts

by Robert Dundee

LIVE IN Southern California any length of time and you may develop an uncanny, intuitive sensitivity to motion picture and television stars, the way a native of Kenya can track a lion.

I was driving a couple of friends along Wilshire Boulevard one day, a married couple from New York, very sophisticated. The husband was railing against tourists who go stargazing; the wife was more candid about her addiction. She wanted to see stars.

Let's face it. Everybody wants to see stars. It's the same thing that brings the British out into the fog to stare at the royal family. Call it glamor; call it symbol. Even case-hardened Southern Californians—as well as the visitors from Iowa and Vermont—are waiting and watching for the personalities of the wide screen and the picture tube.

Stargazing today involves two important facts. First, glamor personalities live in Southern California and work here and take their recreation here. Second, stars do not often look like stars at first glimpse. The initial impression of a star in mufti is familiarity. You figure you've seen this person before. Then the second reaction takes place; it turns out to be Fred Astaire or Dean Martin or Burt Lancaster.

I'm not knocking the traditional methods; lining up at premieres, for example, or taking the guided tour to the homes of the stars. If you like landscaping and architecture, then this is the trip for you. It is unlikely that you will see Elizabeth Taylor or Judy Garland, but you will certainly see where Shirley Temple used to live as a child.

Such a veteran and unashamedly enthusiastic stargazer as science fiction writer Ray Bradbury recommends the bookstore

as the best observation ground. If you're walking down Hollywood Boulevard, try the Pickwick Bookshop. On a good day's browsing you'll find anyone from Francis X. Bushman to Tuesday Weld. In Beverly Hills, it's Martindale's or Marian Hunter's bookstore. In Westwood, try Campbell's.

Next, there are the drugstores. The famous Schwab's at the corner of Sunset and Laurel Canyon is great for starlets and character actors (and characters, too) during the day. At night try the posh Milton F. Kreis Pharmacy in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel; it remains open day and night and serves everything from bagels, lox, and cream cheese to a wild chow mein.

Right across the street is Frascati's, where you will likely see some of the Hollywood younger set. And the elder statesmen still go to the Brown Derby or Armstrong-Schroeder down the street. But the greatest concentration of show folk is to be found along that neon-lit dream world called the Sunset Strip after dark. The semi-beats hang out in a somber and mysterious place called the Unicorn or they flow to Chez Paulette at the other end of the Strip. New York actors, in Hollywood under protest, favor the nostalgic scents of corned beef and pastrami at the Gaiety Delicatessen. A great vantage point is a sidewalk table at Via Veneto or Cyrano's across the street. Here you'll find the hopefuls and the starlets. P.J.'s in West Hollywood is a current inplace. Barney's Beanery still attracts its share of stars.

One of the best observation points is Holiday House, a restaurant in an imposing Hitchcock film setting on the cliffs above Malibu. During the daytime, arrange to swim in the surf across from the Sheriff's Substation at Malibu and you might see President Kennedy's brother-in-law, Peter Lawford.

The baseball season is an excellent time to go stargazing; a lot of show folk are fanatic Dodger partisans. Cultural activities bring out a good representation of stars: a concert at Hollywood Bowl or almost any night at the Player's Ring Theater; an opening at one of the art galleries on La Cienega; or a new production at UCLA's Royce Hall.

The great advantage of this form of stargazing is that even if you don't find many stars, you'll have a wonderful time.

The Water Is Always Bluer

Promise of better angling somewhere else lured him around the world, and back to his own fishing hole

by Robert G. Deindorfer

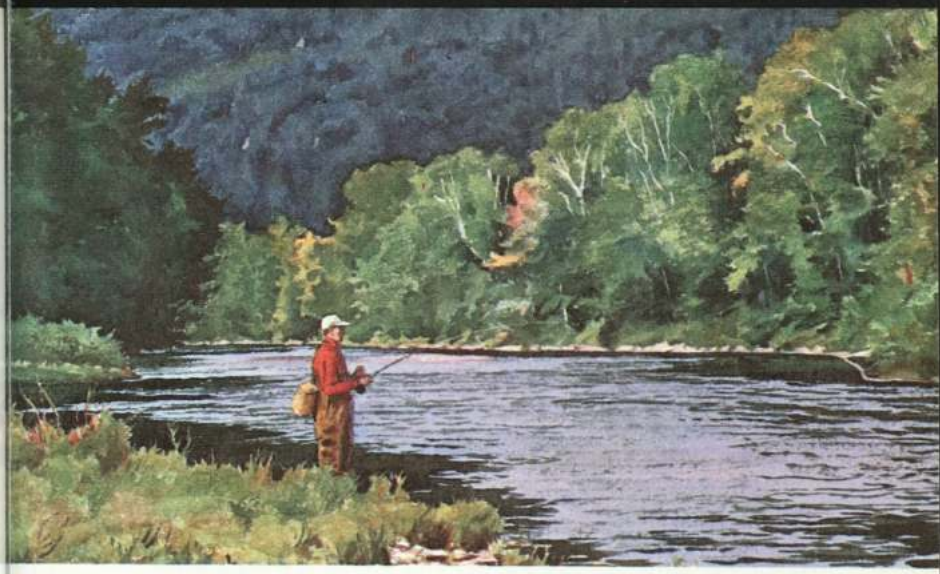
As a youngster not much bigger than the bait, I set out on my first fishing trip many springtimes ago. Without my quite realizing it, the innocent contentment of my youth was soon to slip away.

That first morning I fished the slow, thick Fox River which came washing through my home town of Aurora, Illinois. To the best of my recollection, I hooked a total of seven bluegills—and promptly found myself hooked forever. I've been fishing one place or another ever since.

Yet for a while I wet my line only in the Fox River and Blackberry Creek, a feeder stream rolling across meadowland to the west of town. Out of those friendly waters I pulled bluegill, crappie, and bullheads beyond any count, along with some bass, carp, catfish and, once, even a wonderful walleyed pike.

For a while it didn't seem as if my adventures could possibly be improved upon. By my own standards I was a contented angler fishing a good river with enough success to fill the frying pan my mother warmed over the stove. In those happy days I was still too young or too new to the sport, or both, to hear the tinkling sirensong of other, far-off waters.

But that came soon enough, when I was eleven or twelve—tantalizing whispers of lunker fish, and lots of them, in Lake Geneva, just over the state line in Wisconsin. After a certain amount of persuasion, my father agreed that we'd go try for ourselves. Up we went, riding our old Reo Flying Cloud, a big picnic basket and long cane poles lashed to one running board of the family car.



Fishing the Connecticut River. Painting by Henry McDaniel

There were fish in Lake Geneva, no doubt about it, bluegill and perch and bass, among them an incredible two-pounder the memory of which lingers still, but mostly they seemed much the same as the fish back home. On the basis of the widespread stories, I expected something more.

Late in the afternoon a lazy talk with a shopkeeper who lived there in town shook my faith completely. He told me fishing wasn't very good in Lake Geneva. To hear him tell it, which he did at some length, the residents frankly looked on their well-known summer resort as a nice convenient swimming hole—nothing more.

"If it's real fishing you're after, you better try the Eagle River country, same as we do," he suggested. "Why, up there the fish grow so big you have to beat them to death with an oar."

Maybe so. Only by the time we visited Eagle River the next summer those great fish had slimmed down considerably. It wasn't long before an old-timer at Eagle River started raving about the best place he ever fished, where grown men actually got arm-sore just lifting whoppers out of the water, on up at Lake of the Woods in Minnesota.

Such was my introduction to the deadly virus of unbeatable fishing some distance away from wherever I happened to be. Like anyone else anxious to land fish large enough to lie about, I reacted in a perfectly normal way. For years I beat my way across America in constant search of those bluer waters.

Each time I finally found the place other visitors had talked about, natives right there on the scene—and thus presumably in touch with any seafood in the neighborhood—held their hands wide apart to describe the fishing in some *other* waterway.

On Vermont's lovely Battenkill River, for example, I hadn't jointed my flyrod before a resident busybody got to bragging about a brute of a trout he'd taken in Canada the week before. On famous Center Hill Reservoir in Tennessee's tumbling hill country, a local postman happily told me about the gamey abundance at Dale Hollow along the Kentucky line. On one of Canada's most popular fishing grounds, my guide confessed his favorite spot lay a hundred miles to the east.

Probably the most disturbing such incident for me occurred at Loch Leven in Scotland, the ultimate goal for any true trout fisherman. In the cheery glow of finally fulfilling a chronic dream, I sat visiting with a friendly old settler the first night I arrived.

With a mild apology for appearing boastful he pulled a wrinkled photograph from his jacket pocket. The photo showed the old boy holding a dead trout of astonishing length and breadth. Under the circumstances, I thought it might be tactically helpful to learn which of the publicized drifts on Loch Leven had produced a fish of those staggering dimensions.

"He isn't from Loch Leven," he said, an edge of irritation in his Scots burr. "I killed this one up in Iceland."

After that last awakening I knew beyond any doubt that a man's favorite fishing hole is an oddly relative thing. At least mine is. I found it by traveling one thousand familiar miles back to the Fox River in Aurora, Illinois, where I lost my innocence so long ago.

A Rendezvous with the Desert

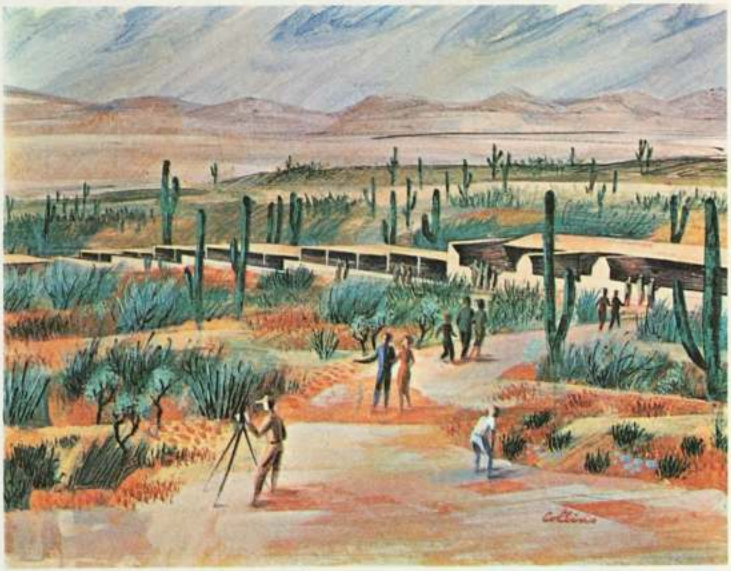
Seen through the eyes of a noted observer, the Arizona desert teems with life and lore

by Joseph Wood Krutch

TRAVEL in Arizona is dangerous—but not for the reason you may think. The wild Indians were tamed years ago, and the gunmen are now found only on TV. But the charm remains; that is where the danger lies. You can come to Arizona easily enough. But can you get away again?

After several exposures I found that I couldn't, and what happened to me has happened to others. They've come just to see what it is like, and what it is like draws them back.

It's true that not everybody reacts with love at first sight. But there are certain charms upon which everybody who likes the Southwest will agree: brilliant, dependable sunshine; sparkling blue skies; fresh, clean air; elbow room. Here are thousands of miles of good roads leading to innumerable points of interest—historic spots, reservations where Indians are still leading their own lives only slightly modified by the white man's civilization. Just the going unrolls a constant panorama of beautiful desert and mountain scenery, and you can be as adventurous or as conventional as you like. Stick to the main roads and you are never far from conveniences. But after a



Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Paintings by Robert Collins

while, you will find yourself wandering from the beaten track and you may easily become a bit of an explorer.

The last is what happened to me. Mountains and deserts become much more interesting when you know what is going on there, when you are learning some of the "whats" and the "whys" of a new and striking land. A good way to start is to visit the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, about fifteen miles from Tucson. More than anything else of its kind, this marvelous place will give you a background that will enable you to understand and appreciate the desert as you explore its wonders.

Half an hour from Tucson will take you into spectacular Sabino Canyon—a favorite picnicking place—with a paved road which leads you between rock walls to the towering cliff which closes it. An hour is enough to reach nearly to the top of the 9,000-foot Catalina Mountains, and on the way you can observe a phenomenon especially striking in the Southwest: the rapid passage from zone to zone of vegetation and wild

life. You pass in hardly more than half an hour from the lower Sonoran Desert to a region called Canadian because you must go that far north to find similar trees, birds, and animals.

The desert is green, not brown, because it is clothed with an abundant vegetation composed of shrubs and trees, mostly of kinds not found in any other region. It is not flat or monotonous, because so many high, rugged mountains rise about it that one is never out of sight of them. And in certain seasons it is covered with a profusion of brightly colored wild flowers.

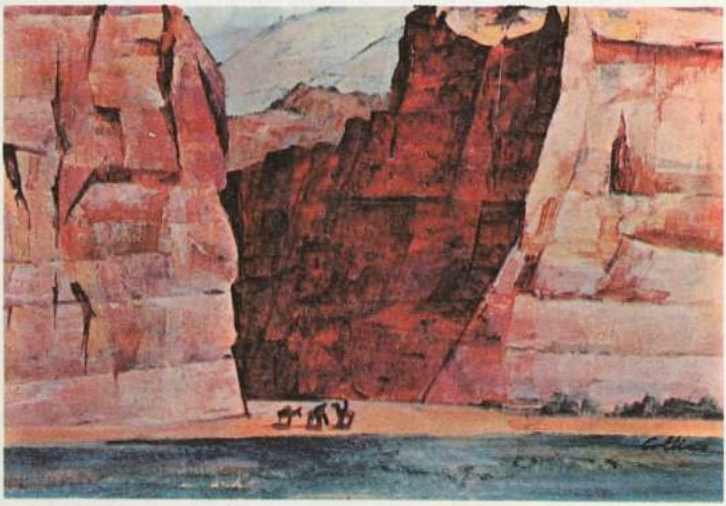
Jack rabbits, with their absurd mule-like ears, lope away into the distance. Little ground squirrels scurry across the road. Perhaps a coyote takes to his heels. And almost invariably a road runner will race you for a short distance by the side of the highway. This bold, rangy, chicken-sized fowl with his long, mobile tail and long, fast legs is the real cock-of-the-walk in desert country. He can't quite keep up with a car, but he used to outrun the cowboys on their horses and you may often see him with a lizard or even a snake dangling from his bill. No bird is funnier looking; none seems more gay and friendly.

Newcomers accustomed to lusher regions sometimes think that both the plants and the animals must "have a hard time in the desert." But their sympathy is wasted. These desert dwellers are all perfectly adapted to the life as they find it here. The plants have learned to flourish on a minimum of water. So, too, the animals, equally ingenious, find here – and here only – exactly what they need in the way of food and shelter. The so-called desert is a happy, not a stricken, place.

In the desert the visitor will find healthy recreation and the enjoyment of a unique kind of beauty. But I am tempted to add that greater than these is the opportunity for

contemplation. Because deserts are vast and quiet they have inspired in the human race thoughts of a special kind. If it is good to make occasionally what the religious call "a retreat," there is no better place for it than the desert. Somehow it makes us turn inward upon ourselves and to think of enduring things perhaps never contemplated before.

A world traveler once said that every man owed it to himself to see the tropics at least once. Only there could he realize how completely Nature can fulfill certain potentialities and achieve a mood which temperate regions can only suggest. I have no doubt that he was right. But I am sure that the tropics are no more necessary than the desert to an adequate imaginative grasp of the world we live in. Those who have never known it have missed something which is unique. To have experienced the desert is to be prepared to see other landscapes with new eyes and to participate with fresh understanding in the life of other natural communities. A man does not really know America until he knows the great stretches of the Southwest.



One of Arizona's unforgettable sights: Canyon de Chelly

TIMES SQUARE:

Greatest Free Show on Earth

There's no resisting the lure of the entertainment crossroads where people bring their dreams

by Robert Martin Hodesh

IT HAS BEEN called the greatest midway on earth, the greatest free show in the greatest city, the greatest fantasy of blaring colors and streaming multitudes and allures both crass and noble the world has ever known. Times Square is all these, and the miracle is that it has played this tempestuous role by day and night for weeks and months that have stretched to more than half a century.

No point on our globe could be better known. To the countless New Yorkers who jam the square on New Year's Eve, and to the millions watching on TV, the descent of a lighted ball on the old Times Tower somehow makes the magic midnight official.

Times Square is known in every small town in America where a young person has a song, a dance, a joke, or a play to give the world. It is Tin Pan Alley (for the music it has spawned), Broadway (for the New York theater), the Gay White Way (for its mad flood of lights and its unabashed pursuit of fun). It is known to those who want to get away from it all and to those who must play on center stage. It is known to housewives tired of dishes, to businessmen tired of profit and loss, to sailors and soldiers, to secretaries and students, to all who are not content with tending to their knitting.

In the papers not long ago was a story of the first American plane to land on a strip in remotest Afghanistan. No sooner had its door opened than the first passenger was greeted by a smiling and eager Afghan in a tattered tarboosh holding in his

hand a newspaper picture of Times Square at New Year's. To him, this was New York, America, the center of civilization, the light of his life, the focus of his hopes.

Perhaps he'll get there. Some of his countrymen have already made it. So have the citizens of every country on earth, the residents of every big and little town in America, and the eight million people of every borough and street in New York. They come to be amused, to seek obscurity, to discover cures for loneliness, to find themselves, to lose themselves, to mend broken hearts, to seek fame, to gawk, to buy.

This great concentration of life and fun and quests is found in the X formed by the intersection of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. By extension it includes the sidestreets from 42nd to 53rd (though some say it is bounded on the south by the Metropolitan Opera and on the north by Carnegie Hall) and the avenues west to Eighth and east to Sixth.

To this tight rectangle have come uncountable young people burning to turn their hopes and ambitions into gold, numberless wanderers (Times Square is forever filled with people walking, walking), and the biggest group by far, the uncountable plain people from everywhere out to have a good time. Their only ticket of admission is their feet and their eyes. With these they can lay claim to the greatest free show on earth.

Perhaps the best time to come to the hundred-ring circus is at night, either from one of the canyon sidestreets or up the subway stairs. Then the emerald brilliance of the place smites you squarely. All around are the marching, dancing, shimmering lights. Everywhere are the ads dancing with mischief. Times Square is insane with light bulbs.

But the midway keeps no particular hours. Early in the day in cheap restaurants you can note unemployed actors and actresses in dark glasses devouring black coffee and show business news in *Variety*. At any hour you can explore the possibilities of salvation via the melancholy free lance evangelists who exhort the funbent throngs.

In late afternoon you may pause at a shooting gallery to assess the marksmanship. You may stop in front of a window and watch a chef juggle flapjacks, or drop into a record shop

Times Square, entertainment crossroads. Painting by Marvin Friedman

and hear Beethoven or songs your mother never taught you.

In the early evening, if you are at the right place at the right time, you might see the wonderful Julie Harris arrive at her theater. And at two in the morning you might just be outside the Stage Delicatessen when Phil Silvers arrives to hold court.

Times Square is filled with people dying to become an audience. In front of a window a crowd has assembled to stare into an Argentinian restaurant where an immense pyramid of ribs is being roasted. Elsewhere, a group has gathered around a man innocently washing windows with a squeegee on a ten-foot pole. One day, in a light drizzle, everyone turned to stare at a tall, bearded Brahmin wearing a gorgeous turban protected from the rain by a transparent cover. There is no truth to the statement that the yokel is a thing of the past. He may no longer exist in the country, but he is on Times Square in abundance.

The Times Square area is bewildering and hilarious in the variety of its shops and services. It has a shoe store that specializes in women's sizes from 1 to 3½. It has a shop where

you can get a dagger repaired. Up a flight of stairs on 42nd Street you can play chess or checkers in a club that is not exclusive. You can tour the pressrooms of *The New York Times*, see a flea circus, take cha-cha lessons, learn to swim, or buy fishing tackle and live bait! It has a beauty shop that stays open twenty-four hours a day. It has a hardware store called Tools Paradise. And in that little corner of the X called Duffy Square, there is a grove of six plane trees bravely attracting birds.

It is a marvelously diverse place for the hungry. You can munch on hot chestnuts roasted for you on the corner. You can eat (standing up) at Nedick's for half a dollar or (sitting) in Dinty Moore's for ten. You can enjoy the spare simplicities of nature food in a vegetarian restaurant or the grandeur of Dover sole in Sardi's. You can dine in a Korean restaurant that serves *tubu tchigae* and *sinsol-lo*. You can have chili in a Latin joint not nine feet wide that grows a dozen kinds of cactus in the window, or get a glass of orange juice squeezed before your eyes in a place that has no doors.

You could make a case for Times Square as a center of education: learn to be a bartender, learn East Indian jiujitsu, learn to dance, learn to be a playwright, learn to play an E-flat alto sax, learn to fence, learn French, learn to make women beautiful, learn (as you walk the streets) the endless variety and wonder of the human race.

Times Square has been living its commotion and exerting its magic since the turn of the century, when *The New York Times* moved into the wedge-shaped building at the south end and had the name changed from the original Longacre Square. Soon the theatrical world came along—and the party was on. Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields, George M. Cohan (the list is long) gave the region its glory. With the growth of the musical comedy the composers came, too. Jerome Kern, Gershwin, Romberg, and whoever composed "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries." In studios and in little warrens all through the Times Square area, they turned out melodies the whole world knows.

Above and beyond the circus and the melee, it is in the theater that Times Square makes its point. Broadway has at-

tracted the gifted ones from everywhere who, with a word, a gesture, a song, a dance send a message to an audience of which the whole world is a part.

They have come to Times Square because ambition has smitten them beyond redemption. They want their names in lights, their songs on the lips of millions, their fame blazoned throughout the land. They have intimations of immortality, and some will achieve it, for immortality is a gift Times Square uniquely bestows on those whom it favors.

But most of the people who form the endless pedestrian stream along the sidewalks have simpler missions. You meet them at the low structure just in front of the old Times Building where the City of New York maintains its Information Center and hands out literature on New York in all the basic languages of the Western World. To this building come thousands every day to ask questions.

Where can I find briar to make a pipe? Where can I find a fortune teller? Is it permissible to wear Bermuda shorts in New York? Can you give me the address of a lonely hearts club? Where can I buy a feather? Can you recommend a songwriting school? What are the fishing conditions in Sheepshead Bay? Where can I buy a rhinoceros tusk, crude oil, Swedish dancing slippers, sugar cane, Latvian jewelry, a lacrosse stick?

One day an anxious young man came and said, "Can you help me find Clara Gilmore? She's beautiful and twenty-two and I've lost her."

Another day a quiet couple came and said, "Can you recommend a lake with a cabin and a view of the setting sun?"

Maybe these questions underlie the true goal of those who come to Times Square. Yes, they want the lights and the songs. Yes, they want to set the world on fire. Yes, they shout with joy in the penny arcades. Yes, they are moved to smiles and tears in the theater. Yes, they want privacy, and yes, they want its opposite.

But perhaps what they really want, what they have wanted for all the decades that Times Square has beckoned them, is to find Clara Gilmore and a view of the setting sun.

Seen afar is Vermont's Pico Peak. Painting by Dwight Shepler

Up-Skis on New England Slopes

Modern lifts have transformed the mountains to make skiing more fun—for all but the rugged few

by Dwight Shepler

THE SKIN of a seal can have many uses to the Eskimo, but to the pioneering New England skier of the early 1930s it had one purpose. Strips of that one-way hairy hide strapped to skies meant traction for ascent to the opening Seven Turns of the Nose Dive at Stowe, Vermont, to the top of the Taft Trail at Cannon Mountain, or to the steep plunge down Wildcat at Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire.

Wildcat Mountain, flanking on the east the last real New England stronghold of the sealskin, has yielded its seclusion

now to the efforts of a former small boy whom we saw in those days playing on the lower trails. Brooks Dodge of Pinkham Notch began there to learn the techniques that were to make him America's leading alpine skier. In the late 1950s, with three of his peers in skiing and engineering, he engaged in the development of Wildcat into a major national ski area, an aerial gondola lift scaling the heights he once climbed.

Thus the "up-skis" (lift) on Wildcat are symbolic of a tremendous evolution during twenty-five years of northeastern skiing. It would be regrettable, though, if the sealskin were to become obsolete. Many teenagers I know have found that skins lead to untracked powder, and a repossession of nature.

When sealskinners of the early 1930s were exploring new runs, there were harbingers of the present profusion of lifts. At Woodstock, Vermont, "Bunny" Bertram built a rope tow, then a bigger one on Hill Six. That rope is now a smooth Poma lift. Other tows became supplanted by J-bars and T-bars, as at Bromley Mountain, Vermont. Snow Valley, Hogback, Okemo, Dutch Hill, and Snow Mountain followed in lower Vermont, and others in the Berkshires. Meanwhile, Pico Peak raised Olympic champion Andrea Meade.

Just below the Nose of Mount Mansfield in northern Vermont there is a stone hut where we used to brew tea after climbing the new Nose Dive Trail. Then the towers of a great chair lift stepped their way up to that point, starting the growth of Stowe into an international ski center, and that of Mad River, twenty miles south. New Hampshire's Cannon Mountain is now a labyrinth of skiing where once ran the lone Taft racing trail. North Conway, New Hampshire, built its "skimobile" on Cranmore Mountain. Other Eastern Slope areas followed with lifts in Jackson, Intervale, Mt. Whittier, Bridgeton and Laconia.

No one article can schuss every slope, but three of the newest developments are at Burke Mountain, Lyndonville, Vermont; Sugarloaf, near Kingfield, Maine; and Sugar Bush Valley, Vermont, with its long gondola. Possibilities for the tread of the sealskin have not vanished, but the skier seeking solitude finds them narrowing fast.

Golf Capital of America

At Pinehurst, North Carolina, the wealthy value golf, bridge, and peace above money

by John P. Marquand

IN PINEHURST, North Carolina, there is a story about an inexperienced caddy on the links of what is now customarily called the golf capital of America. His client, a guest from one of the hotels, uncertain as to what club he should use to get to the green, asked his caddy's advice.

"What do I need to get home with?" he asked.

"I don't know where your home is," the caddy said.

The answer points to a salient characteristic of Pinehurst. It would be a stupendous task to trace the origins of its transients, and its more permanent winter residents, too, come from nearly every section of the country. Pinehurst is, in spite of its distinctive local color, a highly cosmopolitan community. Some visitors are against it. They say that it lacks intellectual stimulation and that its landscape of sand and long-leafed pines is dull. They also say that its climate is not warm enough.

I personally am not impressed by these criticisms. Although I can think of many ways in which the place might be improved (in fact, everyone in Pinehurst has ideas on this subject) I believe it is one of the most comfortable and charming winter resorts in the world, superior to Palm Beach, to Hobe Sound, or even to Antibes—but why go on? Such invidious comparisons can only hurt the feelings of individuals not lucky enough to understand Pinehurst. At least it has one thing that other winter resorts lack—a consistent and carefully maintained tradition.

Pinehurst was the concept of Mr. James Walker Tufts of Boston, who in 1895 bought some thousands of acres of cut-over pine woods in what must have then been in the middle

The Village of Pinehurst. Paintings by Peter Rex Denby

of nowhere. It was the climate that primarily impressed him. The sandy soil, a sea bottom some millions of years ago, absorbs moisture from the air, giving a low humidity. The pines on a sunny winter day give an unforgettable scent. The air, usually mild all through the winter, has the bracing quality of a benign New England autumn.

It was Mr. Tufts' idea to build a community for rest and relaxation that would appeal to people of moderate circumstances. From the beginning the Tufts idea has been admirably successful. There are now quite a number of Pinehurst residents blessed with considerable wealth, but I know of no other winter resort where money in itself counts for so little.

Most of the houses in Pinehurst, including those inhabited by retired tycoons, are what Mr. Tufts intended them to be—cottages on modest plots of ground. There are no nightclubs, if we except dancing and bingo at the Hotel Carolina. If one craves that sort of thing, it is necessary to go some miles up the road toward Southern Pines to the Dune Club. There are

no movies. If these are desired, you must journey again to the town of Southern Pines.

To design the ground plan of his resort, Mr. Tufts availed himself in 1895 of the gifts of the great landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead. The result, at least in my experience, is unique—a complex of intricately winding roads designed to create the small-town atmosphere of a boyhood dream, roads that enclose a shopping center, a park, and a village chapel that combines beauty with austerity.

Today after six decades, the Olmstead layout is assuming a patina that approaches the venerable. The pines of Pinehurst have grown for a half a century until their tall, straight trunks now dominate the landscape. The glossy-leafed magnolias that shade so many of the village walks have grown also, and so have the holly trees, many of which appear enormous to northern eyes. The two hundred thousand trees and shrubs called for by the Olmstead plan surround the green lawns on which the village cottages stand.

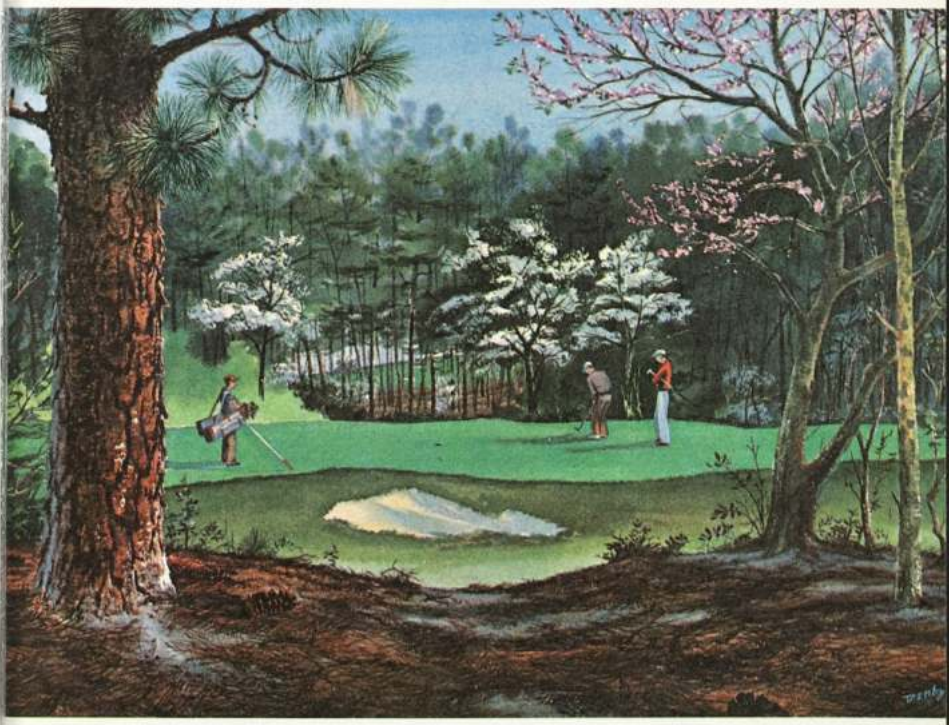
The best time to see Pinehurst is in the spring when the dogwoods and the jasmin and the cherokee roses are in bloom, but it is delightfully green even in midwinter, so green that red holly berries make a dramatic contrast until robins eat them on their way north.

The Pinehurst plan, with its variegated planting and with the aging but well-kept cottages, gives a comforting illusion of the horse-and-buggy era, as indeed it should, since the winding village ways were never designed for motor vehicles. It also has a maze-like quality, and even experienced inhabitants can get lost in it. However, strangers can readily orient themselves by the village chapel and the Holly Inn, Pinehurst's first hotel, and by the romantically turn-of-the-century yellow wooden mass of the Hotel Carolina, with its gardens of azaleas. If you miss these landmarks, you cannot help ending up at the Country Club, with its four eighteen-hole golf courses, meeting place of cottagers and hotel guests.

You will doubtless hear someone say that there is nothing to do in Pinehurst except play golf and bridge. Admittedly golf and bridge are played, but still this is not all. There are

more than a hundred miles of riding and driving trails through the pine woods, and the needle-covered sandy paths afford horses excellent footing. There are also field trials for bird dogs and trap shooting once a week. For a naturalist the bird life, with its migrant population, is endlessly fascinating.

This program of diversions has little to do with Pinehurst's greatest attribute, which is its friendliness and calm. Even on the most crowded days of the spring season, when individuals are struggling feverishly for starting time on the golf courses and when the hotels have run out of reservations, peace never wholly leaves Pinehurst. It never loses the spiritual lack of haste or the impression of leisure and repose and hospitality that its founder designed for it.



Amid flowering spring bloom, golfers putt at Pinehurst

Something New in
OLD SAN FRANCISCO

Reborn out of Gold Rush days, Jackson Square now offers a special treat to strollers and window shoppers

by Grace Macouillard

IN THE PAST ten years a new attraction has been added to the itinerary for San Francisco sight-seers as Jackson Square takes its place with Fisherman's Wharf, Coit Tower, the Cliff House, and the cable cars. Here, on quiet tree-lined streets are masterfully restored old buildings of great elegance, most of them hundred-year-old veterans of the days of the Gold Rush.

History abounds in this romantic area. Timbers of abandoned ships left to rot during the Gold Rush exodus and granite blocks and bricks brought around the Horn as ballast for clipper ships were utilized in the construction of many of the buildings. The oldest of them, located at 472 Jackson Street and built 112 years ago, was originally the Sherman Bank, founded by General William Tecumseh Sherman. Its interior pillars, made from the masts of clipper ships, still remain.

Because of their excellent construction the buildings in this section stood unscathed through the earthquake of 1864, and suffered only minor damage during the disastrous earthquake and fire of 1906. However, following these catastrophic events a new San Francisco was born, and this once bustling center of commerce and pleasure was relegated to the past. It settled into a blighted area of warehouses, and the eventual demolition of these hardy survivors seemed inevitable.

Then, following World War II, the search for a centrally located area for decorator showrooms sparked the renaissance that was to develop into Jackson Square. Now, slightly more

than ten years later, it is a splendid example of private urban redevelopment. The lime-encrusted bricks of the old buildings, have been scraped to a rosy pink or painted in decorators' colors. Neglected architectural details and fine doorways are highlighted with gold or polished brass and striped black-and-white awnings hang in front of pristine Federal-styled buildings. As a dividend to strolling window shoppers, wonderfully diverse merchandise can be seen that ranges from modern Scandinavian furniture to fine European antiques, from the sophisticated Oriental silks to bold Mexican folkcraft.

Fanning out from Jackson Square are some of the most interesting streets and areas in the city. Both Montgomery, San Francisco's financial hub, and Broadway with its restaurants, jazz spots and night clubs are only a stone's throw away. North Beach, the red-wine-and-spaghetti Italian section that was the former haunt of beatniks, and Telegraph Hill with its breathtaking vistas are within easy walking distance. Many bookstores, art galleries, antique and craft shops are scattered throughout this section and invite an afternoon's browsing.

Each year more visitors find their way to Jackson Square and are here intrigued by its aura of another time, its quiet, and its color—an old-new aspect of the city of contradictions that is San Francisco.

The World's Longest Midway

From the Florida line to the Keys, roadside signs tell you of the grand galaxy of attractions ahead

by Steve Trumbull

You cross the Georgia line driving south, and your tires tap the expansion joints in the cement highway, and the roadside signs begin to talk—in black, white, orange, red, blue, green. They catch the eye and beckon, lure, inform. They ballyhoo with the spirit of bright exaggeration and carnival. Laughter, gala day, weird and wonderful sights. Beauty and the wild beasts. Elixir springs, eternal youth, ancient objects, biggest, rare, exclusive.

The signs are the kaleidoscopes, the talking eyes of Florida's tourist attractions. Taken together, from the Georgia line to Key West, these enticements—catering to every conceivable taste—make Florida the longest midway in the world. Judged by its shows, Florida is a perpetual World's Fair.

At Silver Springs, near Ocala, an entire town with stores, restaurants, gift shops, miles of motor courts, and a motorama has been built up. The immense, fish-filled springs bubble without toil or trouble, as nature made them. Wakulla Springs, south of Tallahassee, and Rainbow Springs on U.S. 41 near Dunnellon, have kept their rustic settings fairly intact.

But Weekiwachee Springs, on U.S. 19 west of Brooksville, offers a Billy Rose twist. Here you view the fish through the plate glass windows of an underwater theatre. Cavorting with the mullet, bream, and bass is a galaxy of shapely maidens ballyhooed as "the world's only underwater ballet."

On U.S. 17 near DeLand is Ponce de León Springs. To add

Map by Charles Harper


stephen foster
memorial
buccaneer trail
TALLAHASSEE
JACKSONVILLE
wakulla springs
st. augustine alligator farm
fountain of youth
casper's gator jungle and ostrich farm
ST. AUGUSTINE
lightner museum of hobbies
oldest house
potter's wax museum
castillo de san marcos
suwannee river jungle drive
palatka ravine gardens
marine studios
rainbow springs
OCALA
DAYTONA BEACH
ross allen reptile institute
ponce de leon springs
silver springs
nature's giant fish bowl
Gardens
sanlando springs tropical park
mead botanical gardens
weekiwachee springs
Springs
Cape Canaveral
gasparilla pirate festival
baseball
spring training
TAMPA
WINTER HAVEN
cypress gardens
singing tower
ST. PETERSBURG
sunken gardens
LAKE WALES
passion play
VERO BEACH
SEBRING
mckee jungle gardens
sarasota
jungle gardens
SARASOTA
ringling museum
cypress knee museum
PALM BEACH
FT. MYERS
Jungles
Sanibel Island
jungle cruises
everglades wonder gardens
seaquarium
musa isle indian village
parrot jungle
sightseeing boats
MIAMI
Everglades National Park
monkey jungle
orchid jungle
theater of the sea
southernmost house
KEY WEST

to nature's show, history is recalled by the Old Sugar Mill, Hangman's Oak, and the Indian Burial Ground. On a prominently located pedestal stands a statue of old Ponce himself—his armor-clad arm linked fondly to a modern bathing beauty!

Marineland, south of St. Augustine on State A1A, is a top attraction featuring anything that lives under water and wears fins or a shell, even including a pilot whale. With its acres of tanks and pools, it's a two-hour show. And you have to see the porpoise eat his lunch.

Other marine and fish shows are spotted along the east side of the great midway clear down to the Theatre of the Sea in the Florida Keys. The Miami Seaquarium has become a big attraction. If you like to view your fish in natural surroundings instead of tanks, there's Nature's Fish Bowl near the west coast just off U.S. 19 at Homosassa Springs. Here a freshwater spring is under constant invasion by huge schools of saltwater varieties swimming in from the Gulf of Mexico.

The longest midway has topflight attractions in animals the year 'round. Bears, pumas, crocodiles, turtles, snakes that

Girls and cameras at Cypress Gardens. Painting by Charles Harper

rattle, and snakes that hiss. The St. Augustine Alligator Farm on State A1A near the city, and Casper's 'Gator Jungle and Ostrich Farm on U.S. 1 within the city limits, are prime examples of this kind of exhibit.

Ross Allen's Reptile Institute at Silver Springs and Bill Piper's Everglades Wonder Gardens on U.S. 41 near Bonita Springs offer superb, complete wild life shows.

Along the midway the gardens are numerous—some of them pretty close to "marvelous." Among the more than twenty major garden attractions, Cypress Gardens, outside Winter Haven, is a standout. Here pretty maidens in sun tans and Old South crinoline appear among the rustic arbors. Four times a day Cypress Gardens stages a water skiing show. At McKee's Vero Beach Gardens you're nudging the tropics. Southernmost of the floral shows is Orchid Jungle, off U.S. 1 west of the town of Princeton.

Miami and Miami Beach, the twin rings of the "main top" toward which the tributary midways lead, have midways all their own—by land and by sea. The carnival touch is complete with "barkers" calling come-ons for boatrides on Miami's Bayfront Park Yacht Basin. The boatrides in and around the "main top" are among the state's best shows.

In the Miami area, distinguished visitor Winston Churchill chose the Parrot Jungle as his favorite twice-a-week stop. South and west of the town of Goulds there's the merry Monkey Jungle, where the catch line is: "You are caged and the monkeys run free." Local farm folks are in a perpetual debate as to who sees the best show, the people or the monkeys.

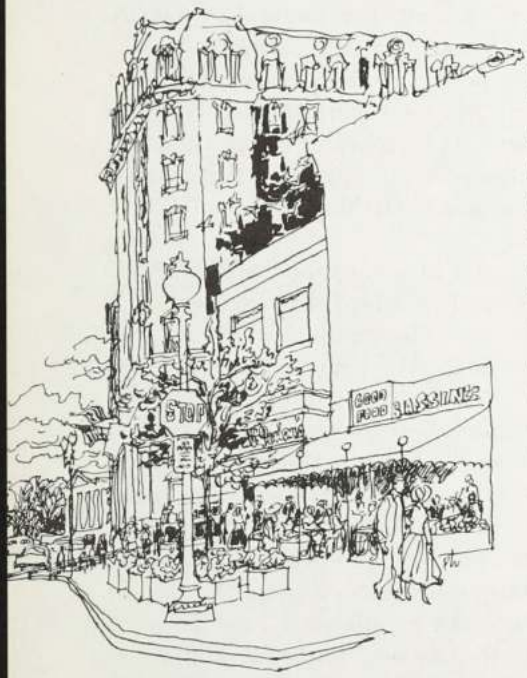
And the show goes on: the solemn, historical landmarks dating back to the Spaniards from Fernandina down through St. Augustine along the strip of A1A known as the Buccaneer Trail; the art-in-nature display at the Cypress Knee Museum on U.S. 27 north of Moore Haven; the winter production of the Passion Play within sight of the Singing Tower at Lake Wales.

It's the World's Longest Midway, folks! Come and see it! It's a Fair . . . it's fun . . . it's frolic . . . it's weird, wild, and wonderful! Sensational! Educational! Vacational!

A *Parisien* in Washington

To a perceptive traveler from abroad, our capital reveals its majesty as first city of the free world

by Louis Déroche



FOR THE TRAVELER newly arrived from the Old World, Washington presents more surprise and contrast than any other city in America. I include New York; its skyscrapers are expected. Not even the gigantic young towns that rise from coast to coast will impress the European visitor as deeply and durably as the nation's capital. Not even San Francisco, despite its happy climate and Herculean bay. None of these is endowed, in my mind, with the lofty majesty that Washington achieves because of the seal of history that marks it everywhere.

Whether you ride through the bustling downtown section, with the soaring needle of the Washington Monument nearly always present, or look toward the towering white dome of the Capitol to which wide, tree-lined avenues lead, the past is ever near and great landmarks rise in all directions.

A white city under the glaring sun for almost six months of the year, Washington is warmer than Rome or Lisbon. Then,

for many months, it may be white under a covering of snow—and even Oslo could not be colder. And yet, Washington displays more azaleas and camellias during a short spring, more flaming gold during a short fall, than one could behold in fifty years across the Atlantic.

In Washington, glove-shaped Rock Creek Park is both the Bois de Fontainebleau with its mossy boulders and gnarled old trees and Hyde Park with the orderly crowds minding the daffodils. It has impassable walls of trees and vines and thorny, bush-like jungles that would be undreamed of in Europe.

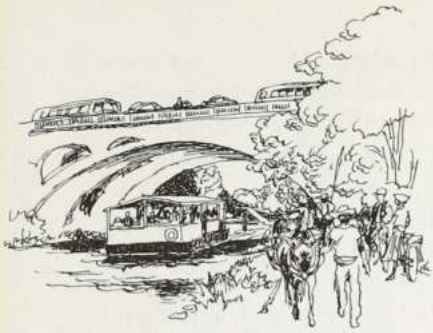
So unused was my family to laws and flora in the District of Columbia that my wife spent her first three weeks here paying parking fines, and the children went through theirs nursing poison ivy rash. Personally, it has taken me longer than that to solve the mysteries and intricacies of streets named according to what should be the simplest system in the world, since it is alphabetical and numerical. But in Washington streets suddenly change names or numbers, though their direction may be straight as an arrow. With surprising docility they reappear blocks or miles away. Dead ends are mere optical illusions; the street will always show up again where you expect it least.

Vast similarities exist, though, between Washington and the cities and capitals of Europe. Many of them are crossed by great, wide, turgid rivers; the Potomac is one. Less imposing, but endowed with all the calm and quaintness of its European counterparts, is the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

Old Georgetown, where Washington's sophisticated, the successful in politics or arts, and chic society either love to live or feel they ought to, is the Parisian *Rive Gauche*, London's Chelsea, or any Italian town of little narrow homes.

But how different from them and from larger cities beyond the gray Atlantic can Washington be!

America's first city will shock some European visitors and delight others because it has no tall buildings. The rule set by the Founding Fathers that no edifice should be higher than the White House has been little amended since. It permits only a few large office or apartment buildings, but none above



Tourist boat on C. & O. Canal

twelve or thirteen floors. European architects have set their sights higher for some time now with various shades of success.

At any rate, if Washington does not have the world's tallest buildings it does have the largest. The Pentagon is one of the most impressive structures on earth. It is a source of amazement to the many that I have led across its gigantic concourse or through its corridors without end. Ten thousand automobiles parked between the river and Virginia's rolling hills are more than the car population of many a fair-sized European town.

The capital's pure, classic skyline is nowhere broken by factories or by smoking chimneys, as are entire sections of Europe's large cities. It has little industry worth mention, but its output of circulars and memos would, in little time, pile higher than the Nelson Column or the Eiffel Tower.

To a European's amazement, Washington has no opera house, and restaurants close in this city with sober punctuality soon after midnight, the very time when those of Europe enjoy their busiest, gayest hour.

Washington is a quiet, monument-studded city of magnificent distances and noble proportions, ambitiously designed by Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant in 1792. Great care and love of the past have been exercised ever since to retain the spacious, stately atmosphere which its French architect sought to create. Yet, to European eyes Washington may look like a beautiful, patrician but provincial town, peopled by the fine flower of U.S. officialdom, with an interesting, often exotic, sprinkling of diplomats enhancing the dignified climate. Its most revered remnants of an illustrious past cannot and will not attempt to rival the cathedrals of Europe nor even New Orleans.

But the respectful, predominantly American throngs of visitors to Washington include a tremendous number of youngsters brought to the national shrine to admire the enduring

glory of their country. No need is there for dazzling theaters and gay night life. More imposing to them is the sight of the white portico of the Executive Mansion, seat of the greatest power on earth, of the great dome of the Capitol whose upper house, the U.S. Senate, is the mightiest legislative body in modern history, or of the Lincoln Memorial, white and pure, of Athenian stature and solemn majesty.

An old friend, Ernie Deane of Arkansas, who was General George S. Patton's press chief in our grand Third Army days, told me, one evening at the foot of the warmly lighted statue under the deepening sky, "I always tip my hat to Mr. Lincoln." I look in vain for such stirring echoes in my European past.

Washington is indeed far more than a first-sight impression would lead one to believe. Faithful image of a nation of states whose capitals are not Los Angeles, Miami, or New York, but Sacramento, Tallahassee, and Albany, Washington is not nor will it ever be the nation's largest metropolis. It thus wholly differs from London, Paris, Rome, or Athens. It rightfully owns, however, and deserves, the more meaningful title of Capital of the Free World.

Tourists debark on Pennsylvania Avenue for White House tour

Hannibal–
Mark Twain's Town

In this fabled port on the Mississippi, life remains much as it used to be—in the ways that really count

by Henry LaCossitt

ACTUALLY, there's only one Tom Sawyer town—Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain grew up. It happens to be my town, too, and wherever I go in this world, because Mark Twain's book has been translated into more than seventy languages, people say, "Yes! Tom Sawyer and the cave and the Mississippi. It must have been fun to grow up in Hannibal."

It was. It still is. In winter we skated on the great river, which sometimes froze from shore to shore so thick that wagon teams could cross the ice to market. Or we soared down the hills on heavy oak sleds built by carpenters.

When I think of spring now I remember the long afternoons on the steep slopes of Cardiff Hill, which was really called Holiday's Hill or Main Street Heights. We would sit there with the forsythia blooming around us and look down on the river surging in the exuberance of April floods.

By summer the river had calmed down and it was the season of steamboat excursions. No matter whose excursion it was—Sunday school, Knights Templar, Odd Fellows, or a labor union—we went if we could. On a daytime trip we would take our lunches and the boat might go all the way to Keokuk. In the evening the great calliope of the boat would fill the soft dusk of the whole Mississippi valley, and we would dance or sit one out to watch the moon on the river.

Those summers were hot, and we would smell the muck of the drying river bottoms, and if we canoed around Jackson or

You can still journey on a sternwheeler. Painting by James Green

Sni islands we would hear the big turtles splashing into the water. Sometimes we fished for catfish with our hands or we jugged for them as we floated along in a skiff or a canoe. And then there would be catfish suppers.

With the coming of fall the spiders spun lace over all the goldenrod, the days shortened, the street fair came, and we played sandlot football. Or we would go into the Missouri hills for black walnuts. Perhaps we wouldn't get home from walnutting until late of a frosty October evening, and then, lugging the gunny sack through the curling leaf smoke, we might think of Injun Joe.

And so at last in this story I come to Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and to the questions that are asked so often: Did you play Tom Sawyer? Was he part of your life?

Well, we were Tom Sawyers—aren't all boys?—but we didn't play at being Tom. We played Robert E. Lee or George Washington or Buffalo Bill, but we Hannibal kids had the feeling that we'd grown up with Mark Twain, that he was a

sort of second cousin and no more glamorous than one. So we didn't play his stories, but we lived them.

One Sunday afternoon, just before Dr. Riley, the town's dentist, came along in his buggy, we put a dress-up dummy in the street. The near-sighted doctor thought it was a drunk and horsewhipped it angrily, and that's when people would call us Tom Sawyers.

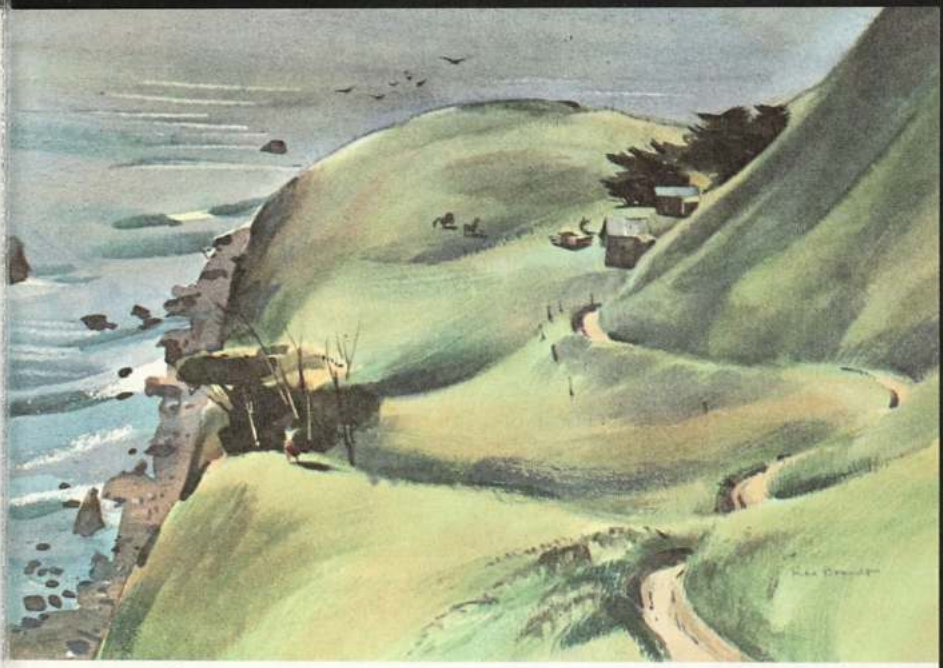
Just the same, we were all proud of Mark Twain, and Hannibal still is. There is a Mark Twain Avenue, a Mark Twain Bridge, a Mark Twain School, and numerous businesses are named after him. The late George A. Mahan erected markers around town, including those in front of the Clemens and Hawkins homes—Tom's and Becky's, that is—and commissioned the bronze sculpture of Tom and Huck for the foot of Cardiff Hill.

I, myself, remember Laura Hawkins Frazer very well. She had been Sam's childhood sweetheart, the Becky Thatcher of the books, and she and my grandmother used to visit back and forth. She was a sweet little lady who always said that the fuss was nonsense, but all the same she was proud of her immortal place in American life.

My Grandfather LaCossitt edited and published the *Hannibal Gazette* back in 1846, and he knew Sam and all the Clemenses very well. When Grandfather moved to Bloomington, Iowa, Mrs. Clemens came for a visit. Sam was then on the river as an apprentice and she said it was a wicked life for a lad.

Hannibal, like the world, has changed, but the Tom Sawyer essentials remain. There are still the hills and the old houses and the sloughs and the islands and the long, long sweep of view over Illinois and the river from Cardiff Hill. And there are boys to paddle canoes around Jackson Island.

The spring where Tom and Becky quenched their thirst is there and so is the cave in which they were lost. One thing saddens me, though. Most of the cave is electrically lighted now. In my day we used candles and the shadows flickered on the walls and ceiling as the darkness closed in ominously behind us.



California's dramatic Big Sur coast. Paintings by Rex Brandt

BIG SUR— Highway in the Sky

Remote and rugged scenery, public playgrounds, a showplace of luxury—all on this coastal drive

by George Sidney Bush

THERE IS a highway in the sky. It starts just south of Carmel, California, from which it wiggles snake-like southward, suspended between heaven and the churning sea, ninety-two miles to San Simeon. Bridging deep chasms, hairpinning through narrow coastal canyons, it is carved into the steep seaward slope of the Santa Lucia Range in one of the great feats of modern road engineering. Hundreds of feet below, slapping surf chews at the continent.

On this road lies the country of the Big Sur, a lonely region of less than five hundred people, where precipitous mountains wed the sea, and where man, if he is to survive, must learn to live with both of them. Whipped by salty winds, teased by cool tongues of fog, hearing the cat cries of cougar in the night, man stands alone here in immensity.

Touring motorists, wisely choosing the coast route (State Highway 1) between San Francisco and Los Angeles for vistas they will never forget, need not worry about the peculiar psychological effect this land has on most people. But even they will come away knowing somehow more about themselves than when they first passed the ominous sign: "Road Dangerous Next 67 Miles During Storms."

This sign, however, need not discourage anyone from visiting one of America's unique primitive regions. Ordinarily, starting south from Carmel, the sparsely-traveled road will take you without risk through a desolation of creased pasture hills that lead gently at first to the water's edge. Then the road rises. It twists along steep rock slopes; takes you past Palo Colorado, a narrow gorge of lush redwood jungle and big ferns. A couple of high bridges and countless breath-taking views later, the road swings in a gentle curve through the mouth of the valley of the Little Sur River. All the while, as you drive south, the six-thousand-foot peaks of the Santa Lucia Mountains rise on your left. And on your right, far below the highway's puny balustrade, ocean breakers thunder.

In spring and fall you may spot the spouts of whales as they commute up and down the coast in their semiannual migrations. You may also, if you're very lucky, see an elusive sea otter in the quiet pools between the cliffs.

Some twenty miles south of Carmel, the Big Sur River runs into the ocean. Here, at the Big Sur, the highway meanders inland briefly. There's a drastic change in scenery. As the road follows the river, it leaves the barren coastlands to pass through thick, green forests of redwood and oak that crowd the narrow valley. Lodges and motels are plentiful here.

In this valley, and climbing up its brush and grass slopes on either side, is 680-acre Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park, which has

logged over 400,000 visitors, many of them campers, in a single year. Camping costs one dollar a night per vehicle, but it's so popular that during July and August only campers showing up before seven a.m. can count on a vacancy.

One center of social life here is a super-sophisticated restaurant, Nepenthe, an architectural extravagance perched seven hundred feet above the surf. Nepenthe is one of the culinary show-places of the West Coast.

Ed Culver is probably the most important man in the Big Sur community. He has been mailman on this star route for nearly thirty years. Ed, also a grocery clerk, delivers vittles along with the post, and frequently carries local artists as well. As another extra service, he often delivers verbal messages—such as dinner invitations—along the telephoneless coast. He used to load the kindergarten kids on his truck for delivery to their private class on Partington Ridge, and then he would take them home again on his trip back in the late afternoon. Now they have regular arrangements for the kids, though Ed still helps out when he's needed.

Swimmers at the very popular Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park

Below Nepenthe, the road reaches its most rugged stretch. The mountains here are rocky and terribly abrupt. Cars cling like toys to the sides of the giants. Settlements, such as they are, are few and far between. After Partington Ridge, which is off the road, there is only Slade's Hot Springs before the town of Lucia is reached.

Slade's Hot Springs is a resort fed by steaming sulphur springs. Visitors can sit in open-air bathtubs letting their skin get puckered for hours, while they look out on the Pacific. There are kelp beds right below the baths. Sea otters show up in them relatively often.

If anything, the rugged coast grows yet more rugged and desolate south of Lucia. There are no more settlements along the highway until San Simeon, forty miles down the line.

The only human habitation here lies inland, on trails leading off a narrow mountain road, known as the Jolon Road, that connects the coast route south of Lucia with speedy U. S. 101 in the interior. This road, sixty miles south of Carmel, humps over the Los Burros Mountains in Los Padres National Forest. It's in these mountains that adventurous men and women still seek gold, staking out their claims on public lands. Some of them make a bare living. A few have struck it rich—as a couple of schoolteachers did recently—in magnesium and other minerals rather than gold.

At San Simeon, there's a last thrill: the highway traveler can spot the multimillion-dollar Hearst castle on a hilltop to the east, an imported medieval castle on cow pasture slopes. The castle is now a State Historical Monument, and guided tours of the lavish interior and grounds are offered daily throughout the year. The fee (best to reserve ahead) includes both tour and bus trip from the parking area and return.

From San Simeon it's another forty-three miles to San Luis Obispo where State Highway 1 rejoins U. S. 101, but the true excitement of the coast route is over shortly before San Simeon. The mountains flatten, slowly retreat from the shore. The coastal plain widens. The conflict between rock and wave is over. The highway in the sky sinks back to earth. A dream is done.

TRAVEL IN USA is a collection of some of the finest articles and art published in **FORD TIMES**, the car owner's magazine, during the past fifteen years. It presents a picture of the United States through the eyes of those who know it best—American writers and artists who love its beautiful and often wildly rugged country, its open spaces, its cities, and its friendly people...contributors such as J. Frank Dobie—Stewart Holbrook—John P. Marquand—William Faulkner—Bernard DeVoto —Jerome Weidman—Samuel Hopkins Adams— E. B. White—Philip Wylie.

Included is a 16-page section especially written for the automobile traveler in USA. Hints on where to stay, the latest in motor hotel conveniences and new services to motorists, plus suggestions on car care, tips on driving under special conditions, on packing, food, roadside shopping...information and news that make motoring more fun.

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