

BOOKED for TRAVEL

DOUBLE ENTENDRE

WITH Noel, Noel ringing madly in our ears we've been trotting around town scaring up the French Commissioner for Tourism, and the chairman of the British Tourist and Holidays Board, both of whom were in New York before Christmas buying nylons. We cornered Henri Ingrand, the Frenchman, in an office in Rockefeller Center, where he told us he was here as president of the European Travel Commission, an organization seeking a unified means of implementing the Marshall Plan, a weighty task if ever we heard one. He's a small man who wears dark suits and dark ties, has gunmetal hair, severe eyebrows, and chain-smokes cigarettes which he sticks in the upper left-hand corner of his mouth and never removes until they are butts. It's an old French habit. To us he seems a man of suppressed power and energy, and we could easily fancy him spitting in the eye of a Gestapo interrogator, an act for which, literally or figuratively, he has been responsible. He organized the underground groups called "Combat" and "Ceux de la Résistance," was twice captured, twice escaped to form a guerrilla army of 15,000 men and women.

We reminded M. Ingrand that two years ago, when we first interviewed him in New York, he was looking for a suit and so were we. Well, time heals all shortages. He got his suit, we got ours, and as a matter of fact we're still wearing it. This year, he says with some partisan favor, he is looking for very little in New York because now you can find everything in France. Two years ago Mme. Ingrand asked him to bring home stock-

ings. Now you can get even stockings in Paris. He's bringing some home anyway, nylons, natch, and cigarettes.

Of all European industries, M. Ingrand told us, tourism got on its feet quicker than any other. The tourist industry will bring the quickest return to the Marshall Plan, he says, and economic cooperation leads to social understanding. In behalf of this belief M. Ingrand was in Norway in June, in Algeria and Tunisia in May, in Switzerland and Belgium during the summer. From New York he will proceed to Geneva, by which time, at year's end, in accumulated mileage he will have circumnavigated the world twice. Outside of Paris there is no place in the world he would rather live than New York, a statement which he insists he made to us without reference to his sense of chivalry. The nervous atmosphere of activity in New York suits his personality just fine. When he hasn't been here for a long time he develops a certain nostalgia for the city. "*J'ai toujours la nostalgie de New York quand il y a longtemps que je ne suis pas venu*," was the way he put it. He loves to walk the streets. He loves the ninety-three-foot Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center ("*Oh, il est mag-ni-fique!*"). He loves to let the atmosphere "just take me."

As a world traveler M. Ingrand says with some authority that New York is a city in which it is hardly possible to get lost. It is not, however, a city where one can necessarily stay out of trouble by the normally inactive process of minding one's own business. On his first visit to New York, when he stayed at the Waldorf, M. Ingrand, as is the European cus-

tom, put his dusty shoes outside his door. When Philippe de Croisset, his agent-general in the United States, called for him the next morning M. Ingrand was standing in the foyer of his suite in his stocking feet. The Waldorf traced the missing shoes to an utterly insular porter who was cleaning the halls the previous night, and threw them out. Fine thing for a man who likes to walk, says M. Ingrand, who since has put up at the Ritz.

WE CAME upon Sir Alexander Maxwell, M. Ingrand's opposite number in Great Britain, on the opposite side of a luncheon table at Danny's Hideaway, a newsmen's hangout on East 45th St. "Simply astounding, these American menus," was Sir Alexander's greeting to us. "I don't know where to begin." A gentleman of ample proportions who has no apparent difficulty with an English menu, Sir Alexander is silver gray and balding, given to dark suits and dark ties, starched collars, and a gold chronometer. He was staying at the New Weston, as is his custom, where he has never lost a pair of shoes in his life. The Atlantic crossing that brought him ultimately to Danny's Hideaway was his ninety-seventh, including a trip from Liverpool to Halifax in a wartime convoy which took eighteen days. He has traveled by sea and by air, gets seasick and airsick, and is considering walking over the next time. The only remedy that has ever helped him is Kwell's, a piece of intelligence we felt in the name of humanity we ought to pass along.

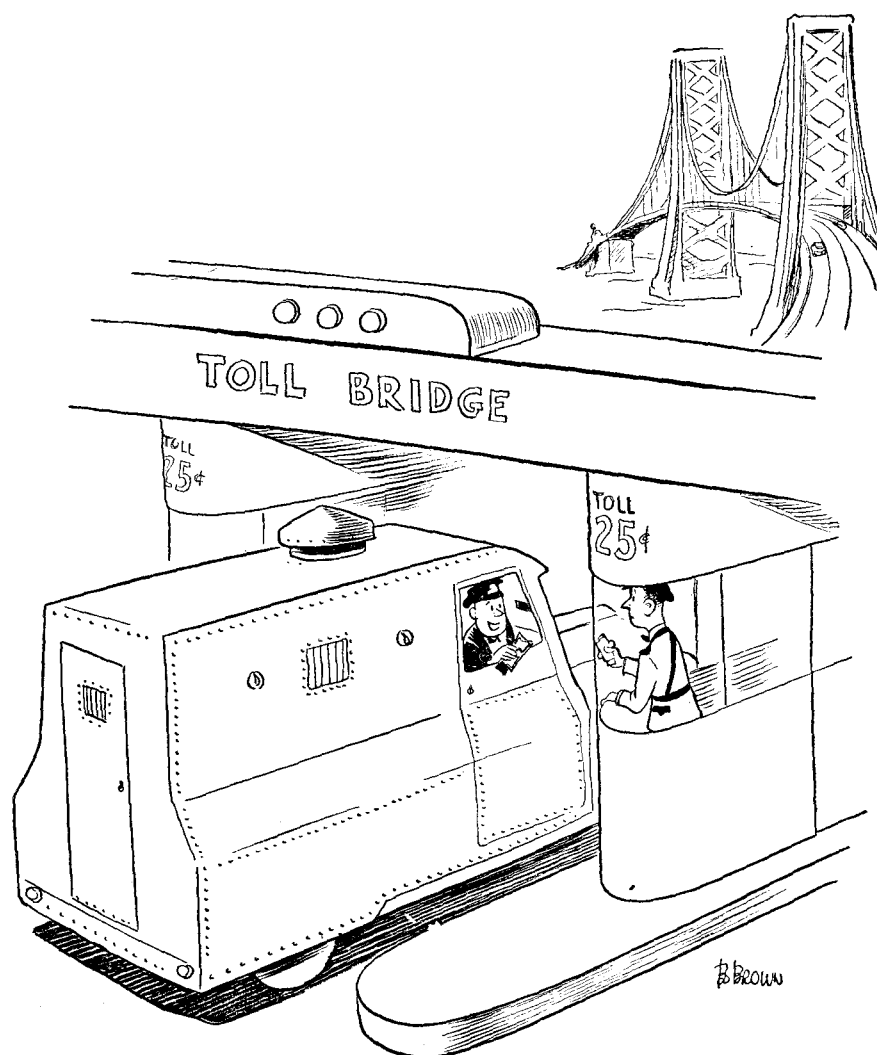
Sir Alexander will spend thirty-five days here, or about double the average stay of American travelers in England. He is looking forward to "a damn interesting time. I suspect I shall also learn something. I always learn something." The education of Sir Alexander Maxwell will take



Sir Alexander Maxwell—"... it's the starch ..."



Henry Ingrand—"... and 'la nostalgie ...'"



"The smallest we have is \$1,000."

place, for the most part, in Hollywood, where he is spending the holidays. He expects to see Alexis Smith, Dusty Anderson, Martha Raye, Chester Morris, and Danny Kaye, all of whom were recently in England.

Besides American stars, Sir Alexander is partial to American nylons, American baseball, and American dollars. Although he disclaims ever having bought a pair of stockings in England, he will take back a bundle of nylons for Britain when he returns. "There is no question what comes first with British women," he says.

He hasn't seen a cricket match in years, but he professes a passion for baseball. "Once traveling in Virginia I got straight off the train and went straightaway to a baseball game before I had even been to my hotel." As for American dollars, Sir Alexander hopes they will come over this summer in the pockets of traveling Americans. Over 100,000 Americans and Canadians visited Great Britain in 1948, an increase of forty per cent over 1947. To Britain it meant an income of \$160,000,000, her largest

export. For 1949, Sir Alexander says he can see 130,000 Americans visiting Britain, but he'll be disappointed if the figure doesn't go even higher.

Americans, Sir Alexander thinks, will be agreeably surprised with the service in English hotels. "It is far above American standards," he says. "In America, when you come back to your hotel room after an evening at the theatre, the empty glasses and cigarette ends are just where you left them. You'd never see that in a West End hotel. Your room is always cleared and your bed turned down."

While there is plenty of food in Britain, Sir Alexander says the country suffers from a lack of variation. "You get sick of the same thing—fish and chicken mostly, and I'm sorry to say I think the chicken is very often rabbit." His office, however, has received very few complaints from Americans about food in England. "And I am myself, of course, a very poor advertisement for Britain's austerity program," says Sir Alexander patting his proportions. "It's the starch, you know."

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

TIME WAS AWAY. By Alan Ross. Illustrated by John Minton. London: John Lehmann. 1948. 21s.

Two Englishmen, a writer and an artist, have turned out what is called a "notebook in Corsica." It is a closely integrated, intensely colorful series of sketches by both parties, of France's island 160 miles south of the Riviera. Mr. Ross strives for mood and achieves it often, but he never misses reporting social, political, and even tourist facts. Eight of Mr. Minton's sketches are reproduced in full color, and there are a number of poems in the back of the book. In spite of the novel format it is definitely recommended for anybody including the island (now forty-five air minutes from Nice) in his summer's itinerary.

YOSEMITE AND THE SIERRA NEVADA. Photographs by Ansel Adams. Text by John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1948. 132 pp. \$6.

By this time everyone knows Ansel Adams, a man who spends most of his time shooting pictures in Yosemite National Park. The book is a collection of sixty-four of his finest photographs embellished with a number of selections from the works of John Muir which have long since been read and reviewed. The photographs, all out-of-doors, unfettered shots, are reproduced on good coated stock. The back of the book contains a catalogue of conditions under which each of the pictures was taken. For the interest of amateurs and professionals this includes type of camera, lens, filter, type of film, and developer—everything, in fact but the disposition of the darkroom manager.

INTRODUCING WASHINGTON, D. C. By Clara Bishop MacIntyre. Washington: Anderson House. 1948. 72 pp. \$3.

For those going cherry-blossoming in April, or bustling down for the Inauguration, Mrs. MacIntyre has compiled a thin volume of information, much of it little known. Anybody can find the Washington Monument, but did you know a G-man finishes the tours of the FBI building by shooting a paper man full of holes? And the Lilliputian with the most winning smile can usually have the target. The list of restaurants and hotels, seems to me, would have been more useful if there were some indication of price. There's a map with location key in the back, and a number of pictures exceptionally well reproduced.