



Don't Shoot 'Til You See The Mascara of Their Eyes

WELL, sir, all we can say about the new year is that ladies are getting farther away from the kitchen every day. Fourteen of the delicate things have just departed on an all-girl safari to Africa, where they expect to bag lions, wrestle rhinos, and stalk wildebeestes on the veldt.

"When we want to skin-swim we will skin-swim," says Miss Beverly Putnam, who organized this excursion down to carefree Kenya. The only two-footed male around, not counting the apes, will be Mr. Bunny Allen, one of the leading white hunters of East Africa, who will lead the party. Miss Putnam believes that Mr. Allen will be much too occupied with the details of the hunt to come snooping around the girl's woodland swimming pool.

This will be the first trip to Africa for Miss Putnam, a thirty-one-year-old package of vivacity who used to do the hula in the Hawaiian Room of New York's Hotel Lexington. However, seven years ago she decided to go to work fully clothed and signed on as a public-relations executive of Scandinavian Airlines, which is flying the party to Africa. Don't ask us what Scandinavian Airlines is doing in Africa, but it's a cinch they are not off-course, for they have a route which goes by way of Hamburg, Zurich, Rome, Athens, Khartoum, and Nairobi.

"We want to live in the wide open spaces," Miss Putnam confided to us on the eve of her departure. "It's a new twist from visiting museums." She rubbed her shoulder thoughtfully. It was black and blue, she said, from

last week's rifle practice. "We decided to limit this trip to women because we didn't want to find ourselves in the middle of Africa with six professional hunters who have been shooting all their lives and here we are with our little guns."

Miss Putnam's party will not rule out any contact with men, but she made it clear that they would take second preference over beasts.

"When we are in Zanzibar or Mom-basa or Antebbe, after the safari is over, and if there are some men around, I'm sure we'll all be in the mood for drinks and dancing," was the way she explained it.

Answering a questionnaire sent out in advance of the trip, a sixty-year-old registrant wrote that what she wanted most to hunt while on safari was Mau Maus. A Long Island socialite said she wants to bring home a baby cheetah. In deference to Miss Putnam's Hawaii background—she went to the islands to learn the hula for her job as a New York hula dancer—six of the hunting ladies are from Honolulu and thereabouts. Take "Peaches" Guerrero, for example. She raises dogs and orchids and "would love to bring home a zebra skin." There is Clare Burnett, "whose husband is Hormel Ham in the islands," according to Miss Putnam. But mostly we would like to meet Helen Halliwell from New York, who is a breeder of Hackney ponies, Sicilian donkeys, and Great Danes and who wiles away her spare hours raising ornamental pheasants. Second choice for us is Mrs. Mary Whalen, who has lived in Philadelphia all her life and made her

first trip to New York in order to leave her deposit for the safari. Mary gives her age as twenty-seven and has two children, aged twelve and eleven. She says the most exciting experience of her life heretofore was the time "when my South American margay escaped from its cage in an airplane while in flight." A margay is a small wild cat.

Used to be that mom's place was in the kitchen, but it is getting so that if you leave a lady alongside the range too long she begins to ferment. A professional cateress who has been doing nothing more exhilarating than putting frosting on cakes in Hawthorne, N.J., states that she has joined the safari so she can "hunt leopards."

The prospect of so many damsels trekking through the African bush has touched the heart of many a male, and Miss Putnam has had any number of requests from men to join the party. A forty-year-old bachelor from Brooklyn, more persistent than most, has offered to stow away, pay a supplementary fee, or function as a native bearer if Miss Putnam would allow him to sign on.

IN THE interests of propriety and the man's own safety Miss Putnam remained adamant to the end. The only man in tow will be this Mr. Bunny Allen, a hunter of some twenty-one years' experience in the jungle. Whereas Mr. Allen has faced tigers and lions, raging elephants, waterbucks and wild wart hogs, it's a cinch he has never before gone camping in the jungle with fourteen American women. He did indeed do some prepping for this experience recently when he led the expedition that went to East Africa to make the film "Mogambo." A girl by the name of Ava Gardner, who was on that trip, has sent a note to the all-girl safari which describes Mr. Allen as "the kind of a man most any girl would trust to lead her into the jungle."

For the privilege of being led into the jungle each girl will pay \$2,500 for the one-month trip, a price which includes everything but rifles, ammunition, and packing and shipping trophies. Field taxidermy, in case any of the ladies should drop a hippopotamus or two, will be done free of charge.

While the all-girl tour is penetrating wildest Africa an all-male bachelor's tour, not to be outdone, will be outbound too. The gents are not going shooting. As a matter of fact, they're not even going bowling. They're heading for Vienna's carnival to go dancing, yet. The fee is \$795 including the cost of renting a tailcoat.

—HORACE SUTTON.



On the Good Ship *Mal de Baghdad*

—S. S. KHEDIVE ISMAIL.

"ASSALAM ALAIKOUM" from the Mediterranean, as we aboard the S.S. *Khedive Ismail* say in Arabic. We also say it, spelled somewhat differently, in the tongue of another old desert tribe with whom Islam is currently at odds. But here on the S.S. *Khedive Ismail*, where thirteen nations and all major religions are represented among the thirty-two passengers, we get along nicely with each other. Although we are predominantly Lebanese or Syrians heading for Beirut and Egyptians disembarking at Alexandria, there is an old French medievalist voyaging from Brooklyn to Marseilles, a seventy-eight-year-old escapee from Russian Berlin off to "Alex" to visit her children, a Greek lady born in Istanbul who is bound for the same port, and a broad-faced Swedish farmer, naturalized in Michigan, who wants to inspect a couple of orphanages he founded in Lebanon. Our West Indies gentleman says he does a pretty fair rumba, and a boy from Baghdad races around the deck in a University of Illinois sweater shouting, "Hi!" His father has prospered peddling dates in Iraq, and the youth himself gives every indication of a quickening talent for trade.

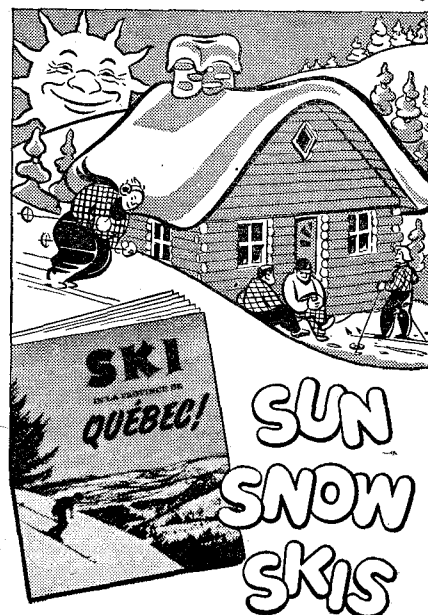
Our ears tingle with quarter-note strains of Arabic wails and at least our different recorded versions of "Hey, Joe!" An intellectual young man whistles a Coptic liturgical chant, and yesterday we picked up a broadcast from Algiers during which a selection of popular native refrains was dedicated to six of the gang, namely Mohammed Sherif, Mohammed Kamal, Mohammed Kaddah, Mohammed Sami, Mohammed Alexan,

and Mohammed Ali. In the summertime the guests dance on the deck, but this is the economical off-season and—as the British captain of this Khedivial Mail liner says—"The sea is a bit boisterous, you know," so we rock on our haunches and exchange intelligence about our various countries.

It's a good ship for sharpening up your French, Italian, and Arabic, should you be taking the fifty-one-day, \$580-minimum, round-trip to Egypt, with port calls at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Piraeus, and Alex. And even if you are as limited in linguistics as the average American, asking how to say "please," "how much?" and "too much" in exotic climes is a winsome way to make friends. The Egyptian students, who have been getting their Ph.D.'s in architecture, civil aeronautics, and sundry ologies (principally at Midwestern schools in the States), laugh gaily at your pronunciation and invite you to visit their homes in Cairo, Luxor, and Memphis. Nevertheless, their spelling of the Arabic terms in the following leaves us uneasy.

Only three of us aboard are Americans. All female, one is prone of prolonged *mal de mer*, the other two of the bonniest appetite. The only meal we missed was yesterday's breakfast, having overslept after a particularly "boisterous" night during which, due to what is described as "a lively gale," there were loud crashes in the bowels of this vessel, a deck hand broke his arm, and furniture sailed wildly across our cabin.

Colored Egyptian stewards garbed in "bedlehs"—balloon-trousered suits with cummerbunds and scroll-embroidered boleros—bang "seneas," which are large brass trays, to call us



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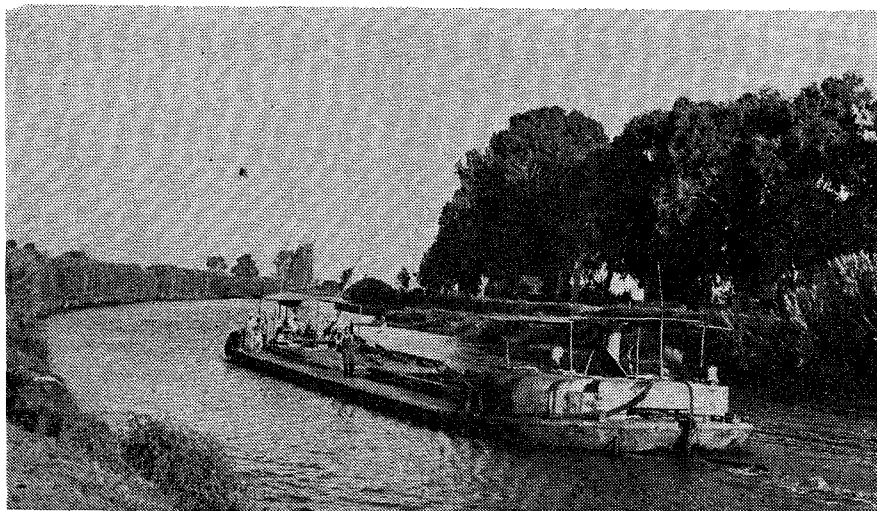
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