



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Notes in a Passport

A CLERK in the hallowed halls of Claridge's in London picked up the phone and listened while a lady asked in what room of the hotel she might find a certain British comedian of the genre, say, of Red Buttons. The clerk, without bothering to consult his room roster, merely replied in precise syllables, "Madam, THIS is Claridge's!" . . . anyone who wants to go slumming can stay in the Savoy, which is Claridge's less expensive cousin. It is charging \$11.76 a day for a compact single room with a convertible day-bed to sleep on.

* * *

Sitting at Rosati's on the Via Veneto in Rome I heard from travelers about the Southern belle who had just completed the grand tour of Italy. "How did you like Florence?" the dazzled girl was asked. Her eyes popped open wide and she said, "Aw-wull those pain-tin's!" They asked her about Rome. Her eyes grew wide again, and she said, "Aw-wull those roo-ins!" Finally, she had been to Venice, and when asked about it she threw up her hands. "Aw-wull that whoa-ta!" she exclaimed in utter despair.

* * *

Friend of ours named Michael Mindlin has been whiling away the summer in Venice handling the press for Katharine Hepburn's new picture "Summertime" and also shepherding visiting American friends about town. When the invitations from the tourists get too heavy he begs off. "Can't make it," he explains, "Tonight I have to wash and mend my money." Tucking a roll of Scotch tape in his pocket he goes whistling down a canal and spends the evening putting his fragile Italian bank notes back in shape.

* * *

The validity of first- and second-class air travel became perfectly clear to me when I flew to Paris on Pan-American's red-carpet President flight and returned from Prestwick in their tourist-class DC-6. At the door of the President was a flying *maître d'hôtel* in a white dinner jacket. On the menu was a choice of filet mignon, half a lobster, and partridge of the snows of Tibet. In a private stateroom up front was a well-known American mer-

chant traveling with his private physician and nurse. The tourist flight was filled to the gunwhales; you paid for your drinks, and breakfast was French toast, apple ring, and coffee, no choice, no charge, and no snow from Tibet. The speed and strict attention to safety factors were the same. The difference was in comfort, trappings, and price (\$135).

* * *

Sixteen days abroad required five flights inside Europe, two of them aboard the new Vickers Viscount, a turbo-prop airplane shortly to be introduced over here first by Trans-Canada and then by Capital Airlines. Big oval windows extend from the passenger's head to the bottom of the seat, the noise factor has been markedly cut, and several seats face the rear, said to be a safety feature in case of a crash. Steep descents marked the flights, reminiscent of a Convair, and the only thing I can say for this procedure is that it reduces time spent descending through bumpy air.

* * *

I think that I shall never see a bathroom as lovely as the three I have just added to my collection of rare *lavabos*. 1. The expanse appended to my room in the *soigné* Hotel Bristol in Paris had a band of tan mosaic running around a white tiled wall, indirect lighting over a pair of matched washstands, indirect light inside the stall shower, a spotlight secreted inside an enlarging mirror, and dial thermometers on all water taps. 2. The one in the *Negresco* at Nice, a study in blue and white, with all plumbing stashed away in separate compartments and the whole expanse fully large enough to qualify as a three-room apartment in New York. 3. That delightful touch



in the Sirenuse at Positano, the only balcony bathroom I've ever seen, separated from the level of the room by a short circular stairway.

* * *

And remembering Positano, a German painter in that art-conscious place sat down with globe-circling Adlai Stevenson last year and had an hour and a half's knowledgeable chat on the subject of art and artists. Finally the pair got up and shook hands. The artist had missed the visitor's name, and out of curiosity asked, "By the way, are you a sculptor or a painter?"

* * *

We had the pleasure of having breakfast with Mr. Arthur Buchwald in Paris, and since the hotel operator was somewhat remiss in removing us from the sack at the specified time we were less than formal when the old French hand arrived. While we shaved we bid Mr. Buchwald, columnist for the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, to get on the pipe and order breakfast. We looked in once while scraping our beard and found the noted Parisian *vis-à-vis* a tailcoated, boiled-shirted waiter. Mr. B. was speaking and it went like this: "*Boor et pane et deux uff fried.*" That done, Arthur took a long drag on his cigar, spun around to us, and said, "What do you say we go to the Belgian Congo on October 16?"

* * *

New restaurants to add to the old list: Coco Beach at the edge of Nice, where all the cooking is over charcoal and the waiter wheels a cart right up to your table loaded with live lobsters. . . . *Chez Joseph* in Paris, with enough potted palms to have been decorated by Bemelmans. . . . Most fascinating toy store in Europe: *Au Nain Bleu*, on the Faubourg St. Honoré. . . . Most gracious place to eat in London: Simpson's in the Strand. And roast beef is back.

* * *

Final Note: Will the architect of the new Airlines Terminal building, built by the Port of New York Authority, kindly explain why passengers are deposited by airport limousines at a side entrance and then are required to march across the entire building, then down a flight of steps to reach the taxis? Porters must hand-carry baggage down the escalator two pieces at a time and then return for another load. It seems impossible that some vista-domed planner didn't foresee that one.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Choo-Choo to B'way

ONE late-winter's afternoon back in 1949 a New Haven Railroad train eased out of the Hartford, Connecticut depot, streaked for New Haven, then ran south along Long Island Sound stopping at commuter towns along the way. Aboard the train were 650 bound for Broadway.

In five years the New Haven has run over fifty show-trains bringing 650 suburban New Yorkers to the Broadway theatre an hour-and-a-half before curtain time and returning them to their communities the same night. Rail and theatre tickets are sold together and one cannot be purchased without the other. Transportation is about half the regular fare and the theatre tickets are pegged at box-office prices. Members of the cast go up to Hartford and ride back to Broadway.

This summer a theatrical promoter named Alexander H. Cohen reversed the procedure and sent buses filled with New Yorkers out into the hinterlands to see a pre-Broadway tryout. This switch was tried twice before by the New Haven R.R., which took New Yorkers to New Haven to see pre-Broadway trials of "Two on the Aisle" and "Love and Let Love." Cohen, however, is talking about organizing bus tours to bring New Yorkers to all tryout plays and even of operating a summer show-of-the-week.

Six hundred citizens of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, organized by the local Kiwanis Club hooked a string of cars on a Lehigh Valley train recently and came to New York to see "Tea House of the August Moon," an excursion preceded by displays in Bethlehem store-windows and civic blessing. Proof that show-trains, movie-trains (the New Haven once ran a TV train), and now even opera-trains are big new notions comes in the special SR reports that follow. —H. A. S.

COLUMBUS, OHIO: If all goes as planned 200 Central Ohians will arrive at New York's Grand Central Station Sunday morning, October 10, see four stage shows, "Cinerama Holiday," the stage-screen offering at Radio City Music Hall, a supper club, the United Nations, and sundry other attractions in the five days that follow.

And all should go as planned, because this will be the fifth such New York Theatre Party escorted by the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen, a newspaper that still is surprised at being in the theatre and travel business. The project grew out of the philosophy of sending Mohammed to the mountain. Columbus is a good theatre town, usually cordial in its reception to traveling plays (if they're good) that



EUROPE

is wonderful in Wintertime!

Make this your most wonderful winter ever... spend as much of it in Europe as you can. During its brilliant social season, Europe offers you an endless choice of daytime fun and sports, exciting night-time entertainment, marvelous foods and delectable wines. Traditional festivities at Christmas and New Year's are an unforgettable delight... everywhere colorful customs and old-world hospitality lend charm to everyday life. Yes, have a *glorious* winter vacation in Europe. "Thrift Season" rates let you see more and do more for less!

See your Travel Agent—now! For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 258, Dept. F, New York 17, N. Y.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA

