

"Castel Sant' Angelo or Hadrian's Tomb," he said. "Act III."

All at once I understood. But my wife spoke first.

"I know!" she said with the delighted shock of recognition. "Tosca!"

"No," Nino said with a smile. "Rome!"

And I understood that, too. Nino knew, as soon as he saw our condition when we got off that bus from Assisi, that we didn't care whether we were in the Eternal City or in Newark. But he cared, and that's the point: In Rome somebody always cares.

Not necessarily about scrubbing away your filth, or easing your exhaustion, or diluting your irritation, or even apologizing for the bus service. What somebody always cares about in Rome is that the visitor should be aware that he is in a very special place. To provide that awareness somebody in Rome is always ready to build the city anew, for each visitor, fashioning the structure out of traditions and memories, sights and sounds, smells and emotions that go back to the beginnings of civilization.

As Nino had on this night built it for us.

—JEROME WEIDMAN.



## Paris:

I HAVE felt a warmth of heart in Paris and a welcome beyond anything I could have expected. And I have received honors there unknown in America, where a writer is considered to have succeeded beyond all expectation if he simply keeps out of trouble. Let jockeys and beer magnates assume their knighthoods. Let the Elsa Maxwells and moving-picture producers wear the rosette of the Legion of Honor. I have been given my choice of restaurants by a powerful group which prefers to remain anonymous. When I have chosen my spot I will have my own table in a conspicuous and well-lighted corner. Every day then I will be seen there writing away at the books which will startle the world, while ordinary people drink their aperitifs and stare at me with admiration and envy. In moments of high concentration the waiters will hiss the customers to silence.

People come for the sole purpose of observing the master. But the master cannot be there all of the time. He must have time for the privacies of love and cleanliness and sleep. Some have even been known to leave the country on literary missions. During these absences the corner table stands empty. It cannot be given to ordinary folks and so it becomes a liability to the restaurant. I will change this. To the restaurant of my choice I will present a life-size waxen image of myself, made by Tussaud and engined by Citroen. When I am not in attendance my proxy will sit at my table, its right hand busily writing, while at intervals the left hand will raise a *fin* to its waxen lips. Thus, the pilgrims who come to my shrine will never be disappointed.

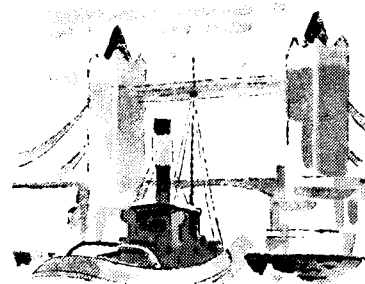
I have discovered, however, that it is no easy thing to choose one's literary seat. Should I take the gaiety and freedom of Montmartre, the intellectual grandeur of Montparnasse, the splendid isolation of the Champs Elysées, or should I simply go in for the tourist business at the George V?

I was tempted to give up my restaurant and to sit without eminence in any restaurant where I happened to be. And then a happy thought came to me. Didn't Napoleon say that an army marches on its stomach? And is it not also somewhat true that the mind, and even the soul, without the stomach would fall through to the ground? Such thinking made my choice for me. I have chosen my place. It is *Au Pied du Cochon* in Les Halles. There I will have my table. The wonderful butchers in their bloody aprons will be my intellectual companions. The gothic piles of carrots and artichokes will be my architecture, and the fresh sweet chlorophyllic odors of lettuce and parsley and cress my incense.

In the rumble of the morning, when the clearness of the coming day is only a suggestion on the roof tops, I shall sip my ambrosia a *l'oignon* and consult my Muse. Let others search in the cisterns of the mind. Here in the great cathedral of the stomach I will make my home. My music will be the creak of carts and the voices of buyers and sellers. Styles may change and the criticism of today reject yesterday's great thoughts, but the carrot, the onion, the melon, the peach, the half beef lying lovingly over a butcher's shoulder—these are immortal. And the poor who creep to the edges of the sacred plenty of Les Halles to fill their baskets with outer leaves and rejected roots, these keep the picture in true perspective.

Here I rest. *Au Pied du Cochon* does not know I have chosen it for my temple. I hope it won't be too horrified.

—JOHN STEINBECK.



## London:

CONTRARY to popular belief, English women do not wear tweed nightgowns.

Englishmen do not say in times of stress, "By Jove, it's too frightfully ghastly, what!" . . . except in American films.

The English summer is not just a twenty-four-hour break in an otherwise perpetual fog.

The visitor to London will find there are restaurants that serve food that can be termed more than "quite eatable," though I doubt that he will find a menu that will go as far as to boast broiled, sizzling, juicy lamb chops, served in a nest of creamy, fluffy Idaho gloved-handpicked potatoes, surrounded by a wreath of garden-sweet, luscious, sun-kissed peas.

London has not had much practice at being a tourist resort, but it is learning fast. And Mario, who runs the Caprice Restaurant (where you should go not only for the excellent food but because if your taste runs to celebrities you'll certainly see them all supping there) . . . Mario will never turn a hair if you order port as an aperitif or put ice in your Napoleon brandy, and will cheerfully serve tea or coffee with your food, an order which before the American invasion would cause the eyebrows of the headwaiter to rise at least 500 feet above sea-level.

The English now rejoice in something called socialized medicine. This has proved a great success and has brought illness within the reach of the very poorest man and woman in the United Kingdom. And if during your visit to London you feel at all uneasy about your appendix and think you should have it out, or want your teeth filled or feel inclined to have a baby, by all means do. It won't cost you a penny.

Never ask a porter at a railway station at what time a train leaves or from what platform. Go straight to the engine driver, he is the only person who knows. Do not sympathize with the British people because their rooms are kept at freezing point; they

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# You Don't HAVE to Be Sick Abroad

By HORACE SUTTON

OF ALL the evils that may beset the tourist abroad none is so common or discomforting as Traveler's Stomach, that temporary disability which affects half of all the tourists who visit Europe and nearly all visitors traveling south of the border.

So commonplace is this occupational hazard of the traveler that Americans have awarded it such affectionate nicknames as Delhi Belly, Gypsy Tummy, or the Spanish Quick Step. The veteran traveler and members of local American colonies abroad have developed pet and supposedly infallible cures, but the truth is that many of these remedies are dangerous. The *turistas* or the "G.I.s" (other parlor names for simple diarrhea) is probably caused by a bug. This bug is as yet unknown. Probably it is no more serious a germ than the equally unknown villain which causes the common cold. And, like the common cold, it might be avoided by following a few simple rules. You don't have to get sick abroad.

To help isolate the cause of stomach upsets in the traveler Drs. B. H. Kean and Wilson G. Smillie, professors at the Cornell University Medical College, organized a live experiment last summer on 400 students who went to Europe. A team of medical examiners was placed aboard two student ships operated by the Council on Student Travel. Examinations were conducted at sea on the way over and again on the way back. The results indicated that 5 per cent had amoebic dysentery before they went abroad, and 5 per cent had it when they returned. While abroad half of the entire group reported simple tourist diarrhea.

Since there was no increase in the percentage of students who had contracted amoebic dysentery amoebae were excluded as a cause of the *turistas*. (To comprehend the problem, an amoeba is a parasite that lives on bacteria or on intestinal contents or on the live tissue of the intestine itself. There are few species of amoebae, and only one that is a killer. When your doctor refers to amoebic dysentery he refers to one type: *Endamoeba histolytica*. Bacteria are what we commonly call germs. They exist by the millions, do not require living tissue, and many are harmless. But

bacteria also may secrete toxins or poisons.)

With amoebae discounted the obvious place to look for the troublemaker was among bacteria. Dr. Kean, a rangy, tweedy redhead who specializes in tropical medicine and parasitology, noted a great similarity in the way bacteria are produced in the laboratory and the way they flourish in spoiled food. Says he, "If we want to grow bacteria in a test-tube we pour in the cream and the custard and let them grow. We place bacteria on pastry and watch them bloom. It makes a pure culture. Pure cultures are grown by poor refrigeration." The odds are that tourist diarrhea is caused by poisons grown by bacteria in poorly refrigerated food.

The results of surveys indicate that European offenders in the order of the culpability are Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland and Germany, England and Scandinavia. The reason Americans don't generally suffer the same ills at home as they do abroad is that we can count on reasonably rapid consumption of spoilable foods, adequate refrigeration, and a climate favorable to pure food.

While water cannot be discounted as the carrier of tourist ills, Kean doesn't believe that chemical prop-

erties in water are a factor. "Go to Panama," he says. "You don't get it in the Canal Zone, but cross into the Republic and you will." The chemical properties are the same: you cannot change the chemical content of water by boiling it. Bacterial contamination of water spells the difference.

It has been proven that polio and yellow jaundice come from contaminated water. Why not, asks Kean, an unknown virus, Bug X, that causes diarrhea? Certainly Bug X is less likely to be found in bottled water than in tap water that has been run through contaminated plumbing.

IN ACCUSING Bug X, which may live in water or in spoiled food, Kean is inclined to absolve from blame such frequently accused foreign pleasures as olive oil and wine. Nobody ingests enough olive oil to cause a pure mechanical reaction, and in any case an oil reaction wouldn't be violent. Wine is unlikely as a general cause. Fried foods are hard to digest, but it is the gourmet dish draped in many concoctions in which bacteria will grow which is the danger-food. Salads and uncooked vegetables are a threat in countries where they may be sullied by contaminated soil. Kean feels the traveler is safe in Northern Europe, but no amount of washing in plain water will remove the amoeba and other organisms that lurk in lettuce in the Middle East.

Says Kean, an inveterate traveler who has developed a special interest in traveler's ills, "Tend to stay with foods and liquor you *know* will agree

**AQUA ABROAD:** The subject of a nation's drinking water is viewed by its citizens as no less sacrosanct a subject than its flag. Although all Europe is ready to unsheathe its sword at the mere suggestion that its water ain't fit to drink, we have at great risk managed to compile this intelligence for those prudent souls who still want to drink bottled water abroad.

IN	ASK FOR
Austria	Bad Gasteiner*, Preblauer†
Belgium	Spa Monopole
Denmark	Apollinaris*
Finland	Hardwall*, Elando*
France	Evian, Vichy*, Perrier†
Germany	Apollinaris*
Great Britain	Evian, Vichy*, Perrier†
Greece	Loutraki
Holland	Vichy*, Spuit
Norway	Farris, Selters*
Italy	Recoaro, Fiuggi*, San Pellegrino†
Portugal	Lufo, Vivago*, Pedraf Falgadaf*
Spain	Solaris, Insalus*
Sweden	Vichy*
Switzerland	Eptinger*, Henniez*, Passugewasser*
Turkey	Tasdelen, Karakulak, Kisarna*, Afyon, Karahisar*
Yugoslavia	Kisela Voda, Radenci*, Rogafka Flatina*, Bukovicka*, Arandjelovac

\* indicates slightly carbonated

† indicates very bubbly

—D. R.