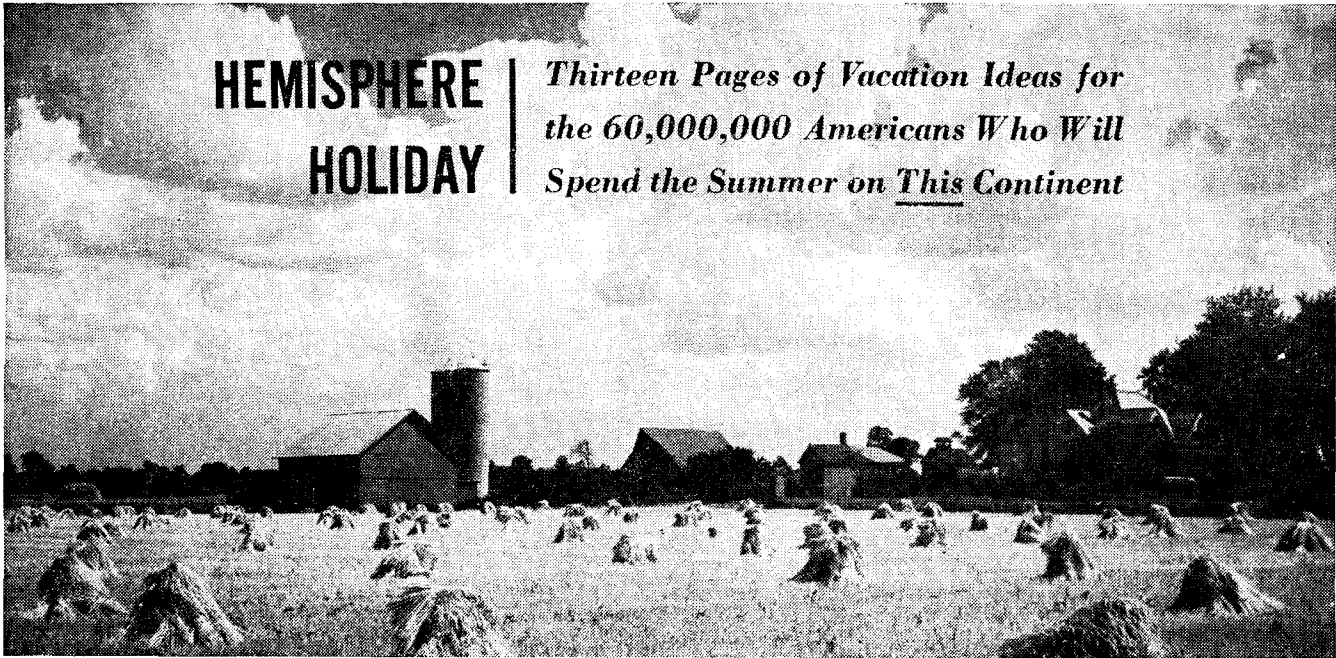


HEMISPHERE HOLIDAY

*Thirteen Pages of Vacation Ideas for
the 60,000,000 Americans Who Will
Spend the Summer on This Continent*



A Turk in the U. S. A.

*Anyone picking up a telephone in the new Istanbul-Hilton when it opens in June will stand an odds-on chance of speaking with **Semin Köni**. Daughter of a Government official, thirtyish, Miss Köni will be the Hilton's chief operator. She studied hotels and telephones for eight months in the U.S., followed it with a one-month bus trip on her own time and money to learn more about the land. This is her diary.*

By SEMIN KÖNI

AT LAST the day so long awaited for has come. Everything is ready for my tour to California and back. Traveling by bus, they tell me, is very tiring. But the dice are thrown.

Seven o'clock in the morning.

We are leaving New York. As they say in Turkish: "God be with us on our way." It is raining. My seat is at the front row, beside the window. The raindrops are splashing in large dots on the windshield. The seat beside mine is occupied by a woman. She is fat and keeps me warm. I don't mind it too much.

BALTIMORE: What a funny city, with the houses all alike. Three stories high of brown stones with a little flight of white stairs at the porch. It must be very quiet and old-fashioned in there.

WASHINGTON: So clean, so neat, like a toy city only much bigger. Everything here gives me an impression of "grandeur." The streets, the parks, the lovely houses and beautiful gardens, everything seems to have been drawn with an elegant pen. Washington, D. C., is one of the very few places in the two continents I've seen where the perspective has been used properly.

There is no stop in Washington. We are leaving the bus station. The road is beautiful and the sun is shining. All

along the road cabins and motels have their signs. Some of them are really pretty, and all of them look so fresh and clean. People who built them had variety in their ideas. One of them looks simply lovely with its small log cabins starting from the road and getting lost in the woods. Another one imitates Indian huts.

RICHMOND: Here we change bus. . . . All I need now is a coffee . . . The new bus is clean and shining like a new dime. My neighbor now is a chief officer of the Navy on his way to Pensacola. I feel more relaxed now that I am getting used to this way of traveling. There is also some change in the atmosphere in the bus. As we are going towards the South, and a milder climate, people too seem to be getting more friendly. Nobody will leave the bus until Atlanta, Georgia. There is a young lady with her small son nine months of age, another young girl future bride on her way to her fiancé's home in New Orleans, a WAC, and three men from the Navy, one ex-commander, one ex-flyer, one ex-Korean. All of them on their way home. The flyer had had an accident and got retired with a nice pension, and complains all the time about his not having any family and being too old to start anything new in life. The ex-commander tries to cheer him up. The Korean got wounded in Korea and was discharged. He brags about the big money

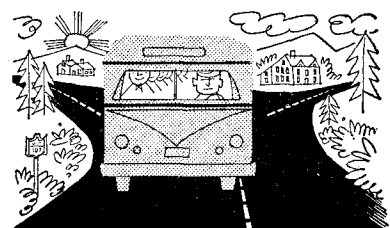
he carries in his pocket and invites everybody in the bus to a big party when we will reach Atlanta. The three of them talk very loud.

The Korean explains to the audience that he has a Japanese wife in Alabama whom he hadn't seen for four years. His dungarees have cost him ninety-eight cents and his checked shirt only ten cents, so that all his money is unspent and remains in his pocket, except of course for the liquor he bought in Richmond. He talks about his project now. He is going to buy himself the biggest rocking chair in the world and will give everyday one dime to his wife to rock him all day long. The flyer is the noisiest. He keeps calling the WAC: "My wacky-wacky." But the girl is sound asleep or maybe she is faking. She has buried her nose into her pillow and doesn't move.

The young mother is annoyed with all this talking because it keeps her son awake. I've never seen such a smiling baby. He is not disturb at all, and is friendly with everybody.

The scenery is changing. Flowers, strange trees with Spanish moss hanging from the branches are the first symptoms that we are getting close to the South. The roads are deserted. Even small towns that we are crossing on our way seem uninhabited. The houses are beautiful. No more tall buildings. Colonial-type houses are scattered along the road with beautiful lawns and trees surrounding them.

ATLANTA: Home of Scarlett O'Hara . . . The Civil War. All this is rushing back
(Continued on page 46)



CANADA

Riding the Rails from Quebec to Kamloops

By KEITH MUNRO

THE train stopped at Schreiber for the fresh Lake Superior trout. Doris and I got out and watched them load baskets of the great fish on board. Then we hurried back to the diner, as we'd been told to do, and ate trout until it was coming out of our ears. This rendezvous with fresh fish at various stops along the road is one of the great things about a trip across Canada by train.

I had forgotten that Lake Superior trout, fresh caught, is the finest eating in the world. The flesh is white, almost as firm as steak. The flavor cannot be compared to anything that comes to mind—unless you compare it with the last time you ate Lake Superior trout. That fish made us realize that we were rediscovering Canada after many years. We were rediscovering it in the best way I know—by train. No traffic to battle, no detours, no getting lost on strange roads, no worrying about the night's lodging. Nothing to do but relax and enjoy an everchanging pageant of lakes and forests, mountains and rivers. At the half-hour stops every couple of hundred miles in the different regions you get to meet farmers, lumberjacks, miners, cowboys, and Indians.

That train trip was a revelation. And we'd been loathe to go by train. I think that ten years of New York subways had soured us on "rattlers." But it seemed too far to drive (3,000 miles each way) and the airplanes

were crowded. So we went by rail. Thank God we did. For sheer relaxation and comfort I don't know anything to equal it. It was a rest cure such as we'd never experienced before. Yet the trip was full of excitement.

We left New York in a sticky ninety-degree heat wave. Montreal, where the trip really started, wasn't much better, so that air-conditioned bedroom we boarded at Windsor Station was, as the good book says: "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We knew we would be three days and four nights aboard and three days and four nights confined to a small bedroom sounded like concentrated boredom, so we went prepared. We took books to read; didn't read a word. I took my typewriter, hoping to get a lot of work done. Each morning I unlimbered that typewriter. Each night I put it back in its little case, untouched. There was too much to see, too much to enjoy.

Montreal was stifling as we left at 9:30 that Tuesday night. I stayed awake until we got to Ottawa, where I was born, thinking I'd take advantage of the half-hour stop there to look around. But the heat was still too great, so I went to bed. It was a different story at North Bay next morning. The breeze blowing off Lake Nipissing was so cool that cakes of ice on the platform weren't even wet. I really got off at North Bay hoping to see a familiar face. It had been my home for seven years when I was manager of the Dionne Quintuplets. But Marie wasn't there to see me,

nor was Yvonne or Cecile or anyone else I knew.

The train hugged the shore of the lake until we passed through Sturgeon Falls with its fishing boats. Much of the sturgeon and the caviar that New Yorkers eat comes from this little village. But the CPR ignored the sturgeon. It isn't considered good enough for its diners. From there to Sudbury it was lake and forest. As you approach that mining town the trees fall away. All vegetation has been killed by fumes from the great nickel smelters. About 85 per cent of the world's nickel comes out of that town, so smelters run day and night and the streets are never deserted, never still.

WE STOPPED at White River, a town with a reputation it doesn't deserve—it's supposed to be the coldest spot on the continent. But it isn't. It just happens to have a meteorological station and in winter the steady recording of temperatures of fifty and sixty below makes it sound the coldest.

You catch your first real glimpse of Lake Superior at Marathon, where a tremendous pulp mill sits there in the middle of nowhere. From there to Fort William—200 miles—you follow the north shore of one of the world's greatest lakes. That shore is noted for its rocky somber scenery. Its loneliness inspired a group of Canadian artists (the School of Seven) who spent years trying to capture its strange spirit on canvas. People who've never seen that shore never quite believe these paintings.

The sun was low when we got to Schreiber for our monumental fish-fry. But the moon was full and bright. The moon rode the waves, showed us huge freighters loaded with iron ore steaming down from the Mesabi range. It showed us fishing villages. It showed us the famous horseshoe turn at Jack Fish Bay when it looked as though our engineer might reach out across the narrow stretch of water and shake our hand. Then suddenly



"... no traffic to battle, no detours, no getting lost on strange roads . . ."

—Canadian Pacific.

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