

Ontario's first visitor!

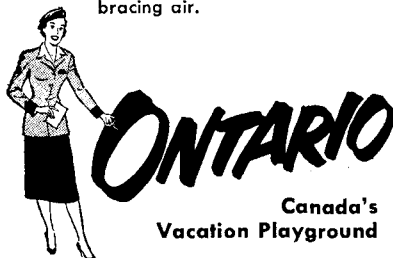
One of the first white men to explore the territory that is now Ontario, Samuel de Champlain arrived in 1615 and led the Huron Indians in a bloody war with the Iroquois. This magnificent bronze statue at Orillia is one of many historic reminders you'll discover as you explore Ontario and relive its exciting past.

EVERYONE FINDS FUN IN ONTARIO

Sightseeing is only one of Ontario's attractions. There's vacation fun for all the family. Fishing, swimming, boating, golf, shopping. Plan your vacation to Ontario now. Easy to reach—just across the Great Lakes! Mail this coupon—today.

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- Liberal Customs exemptions.
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Denise McDonald, Ontario Travel Hostess,
Room 258, Parliament Bldgs., Toronto 2, Ont.

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Lives and Times

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entation of the mass of material—widely scattered in private and public archives of both hemispheres—is concerned, Terra has met the challenge in exemplary fashion.

Yet the book has a serious fault. I have never before read a biography which reveals so little of the author's feeling about his hero. A reader, it seems to me, ought to be able to see that the author has struggled with his subject as Jacob wrestled with the angel.

This biography is smooth, too smooth, overdressed, excessively polished—so highly polished that one fears to touch it. Perhaps an editorial pencil has contributed too much perfection, eliminating all that is human, all the emotional moments between author and subject, the heights and the depths, the convulsions and the struggles. The reader encounters no obstacles—he can skate through the book as over smooth ice. But can the life of an Alexander von Humboldt be portrayed as a straight line or a mathematically exact curve? The life of so astounding a man as Humboldt must be felt emerging from his biography, otherwise the biography is not a life but merely a case history. I wish I could have read the manuscript of this book just as the author wrote it after years of agonized struggle with the individuality and the intellectual adventures of his subject.

Despite this reservation Helmut de Terra's book must be welcomed as a highly informative and creative work.

Notes

WINSTON'S SHADOW: Back in 1921 Inspector Walter Henry Thompson of Scotland Yard was assigned to protect Winston Churchill, then England's forty-six-year-old First Lord of the Admiralty. Intermittently through the years, and during World War II when Churchill was in charge of a nation, Inspector Thompson was in charge of *him*. He tells of this exacting job in "Assignment: Churchill" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75). Several times the Scotland Yard man had to shout at the Prime Minister, on whom the nearness of danger acted like benzedrine. But in Thompson's mind at such moments (and presumably in Churchill's) was the knowledge that the only time he let his charge override his judgment the charge was hit by a taxi—in New York, in 1931. For the rest Churchill was "casually tyrannical, impatient

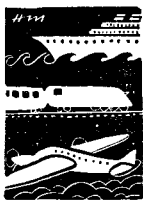
but never impolite." Collectors of Churchilliana will find much more here: that painting with Winston is "a disease, not a hobby" and that while painting he hums; that he loves ornate dressing gowns and during the war always wore one when he let off steam by marching around the main hall of Chequers barking military orders while martial music blared from the radio; and that "everyone shouts things at Winston Churchill. Bus drivers stop, lean from cars, and give him advice. Children pluck at his sleeve." Inspector Thompson stayed with Churchill until what is perhaps the latter's finest hour: when after addressing Parliament at war's end he refused to get in a closed car and first tried walking between two slowly moving cars as protection from the wildly enthusiastic crowds; finding this impossible, he clambered atop one car, to sit with legs dangling, a smiling, cigar-smoking cherub. At that point Inspector Thompson decided he'd had it all, and put in his papers. He writes in observant, matter-of-fact, police-officer fashion.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

G. WASHINGTON'S PORTRAITIST: The face of George Washington known best to most of the world is one of three executed by the leading portraitist of his day. The life of "Gilbert Stuart" is told by James Thomas Flexner in a new addition to Alfred A. Knopf's Great Lives in Brief Series (\$2.50). How well the Athenaeum portrait (the one on the postage stamp showing the left side of the face) resembled the President is a question, but it was immensely popular in its day. Stuart kept the canvas all his life and sold more than seventy copies of it (he could make a copy in two hours) to stave off his creditors. Stuart was a truly prodigious man: He lived extravagantly, drank inordinately, quarreled excessively, conversed outrageously (in puns when he could), and painted masterfully and prodigally.

His portraits—and he produced more than one thousand of them—are significant because they broke away from the tradition of gentility and idealization; Stuart, who suffered almost no one gladly, painted people as he saw them, warts and all, with skilled penetration to their inner characters. To compress so complex a person as Stuart into a short biography is no easy task, yet Mr. Flexner has done a good job. He captures the essence of the man, warts and all; indeed, the balance in this book is, if anything, a little too much on the side of the warts. But withal an excellent introduction to a justly celebrated American.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

I REMEMBER MARMARA

Take me back to Constantinople!
No! You can't go back to Constantinople!
Now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople!
Why did Constantinople get the works?
That's nobody's business but the Turks!*

—POPULAR SONG.

ISTANBUL.

ANYBODY having trouble talking turkey here in Turkey will get immense help from a screwdriver. A screwdriver, hereabouts, is a mixture of vodka and orange juice which everyone drinks because a *viski soda* costs \$2.86. To say it the local way you call for a *skrudrayr*, which is more or less how you pronounce it after you've had one. Those who are allergic to orange juice especially when mixed with buzz-bomb fluid can try a *votka fiz*, an *aleksandra*, or a *şeri kobler*. The "s" has a worm growing underneath which indicates it should be pronounced "sh" as in *sofôr*, a man who drives an *otomobil*.

Near teetotalers could get away with a *vermut soda*, and total teetotalers may order a plain *limonata* or even a cup of Turkish coffee. The coffee is served in a thimble-sized cup half filled with coffee and half with grounds, and tastes like boiled

topsoil. It is customary to serve it with a glass of water to wash down the sludge. In its heyday the Ottoman Empire spread Turkish influence in all directions, and it is now possible to get boiled topsoil from the Barbary Coast to the borders of the Sudan.

To get from one place to another one calls a *taksi*. It should be borne in mind that *taksi* drivers are not merely *soförs*, but also bankers. They will exchange Turkish liras at five to one when the banks allow no more than the official rate, \$2.80 to one. This makes the cabbies infinitely more popular than the banks, and since there seems to be a bank every other yard I would only presume that these emporia deal mainly in domestic accounts of *liras* and *kurus*, pronounced *kurush*.

Every once in a while you do see a familiar sign hanging on commercial premises which are not banks. For example, there are the gas stations known as *Sokoni-Vakum* and the travel agency known as *Vagonli Kook* which you might recognize as *Wagon-Lits Cook*. In deciphering this means of phonetic spelling—which was instituted by Ataturk in his Westernization program of the Twenties—it is important not to become overconfident. I came to discover that *Turizm Danisma* does not mean Danish Tourist Office, but tourist information.

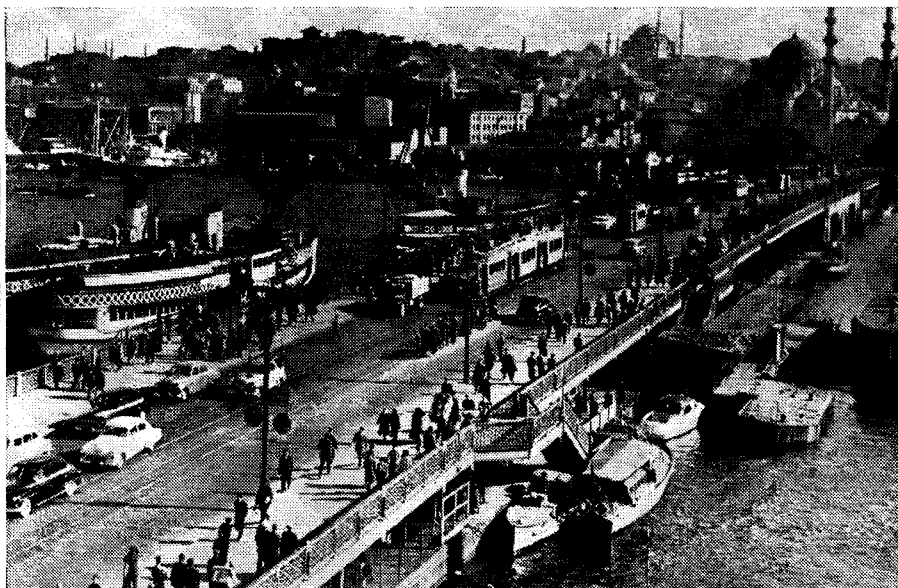
There is little doubt that the opening in June of the Istanbul Hilton on a site overlooking the Bosphorus and

the Sea of Marmara will make an immense change in the tourist life of a city which has hitherto existed on the Park Hotel, a creaky, dismal, circus-tent of spies, monocled eyes, *femmes fatales*, and the odor of *Melechrinos*. While the new American addition's rectangular, balconied exterior resembles the *Caribé* in San Juan, the Istanbul hotel is by far the most imaginative, most exciting of Hilton's international efforts to date. Flowerbeds and reflection pools, fanciful murals and colorful décor incorporate the local mosque-and-sultan atmosphere with modern necessities. Glass screens will protect the outdoor terraces from winds off the straits, and the inhabitants of the Black Sea and Marmara Suites will have a bedroom view of *Uskudar*, a town in Asia across the way.

THERE are few waterfronts more exciting than Istanbul's, with the route leading in from the Sea of Marmara, past the neck of water known as the Golden Horn spanned by bridges, the bridges teeming with dark-eyed, dark-mustached Turks in their oversized caps. Ferries hoot on their way across to Asia, liners slip gently along the mosque-and-minaret bordered Bosphorus that leads in a few minutes' sail to the submarine nets that close off the Black Sea, gateway to Odessa. And through the teeming waters come the gigs of the American battlewagons, steered by sailors in life jackets, clang-clanging their way past the fishermen and the freighters.

Most tourists visit the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, built during high-water mark of the Ottoman Empire in the sixteenth century. Outside it the pious sit on small stone

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—Turkish Information Office.

"There are few waterfronts more exciting than Istanbul's . . . the bridges teeming with dark-eyed, dark-mustached Turks . . ."