



BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Seeing America Second

WE arrived home from our jet tour of the world late one Friday afternoon deeply filled with a sense of accomplishment and a will to sleep. Accomplishing nothing, we slept until the next afternoon, then cruised over to the office to see what manner of mail had piled up in six weeks. Among the missives was a clipping from Mark Twain's "Following the Equator," written at the conclusion of a world tour in 1897. He wrote:

Our trip around the earth ended at the Southampton pier, where we embarked thirteen months before. It seemed a fine and large thing to have accomplished—the circumnavigation of this great globe in that little time, and I was privately proud of it. For a moment. Then came one of those vanity-snubbing astronomical reports from the Observatory-people, whereby it appeared that another great body of light had flamed up in the remoteness of space which was traveling at a gait which would enable it to do all that I had done in *a minute and a half*. Human pride is not worth while; there is always something lying in wait to take the wind out of it.

Gathering bales of correspondence to read at home over the weekend, we returned to our car to find it tagged at 5:15 of a Saturday afternoon with a \$15 parking ticket. After having dealt, without incident, with the civil authorities of Paris, Moscow, Tashkent, Samarkand, and Alma Ata; as well as those of Delhi, Banaras, and Madras; the *flits* of Singapore, Bangkok, Djakarta, Hong Kong and Tokyo, even the American flatfoots of Honolulu, San Francisco, and Los Angeles without incident, it took a New York cop, shooting ducks in a pond late one Saturday afternoon, on our first day home, to take the wind out of our human pride.

We have spent the ensuing weeks exploring the USA. For instance, we made our first trip to Dallas, where the parking costs only sixty-five cents all day. It is \$2.50 a day where we live. The biggest thing for tourists in Dallas is the local handicraft store called Nieman-Marcus that sells such local produce as Texas Caviar, which is its name for pickled black-eyed peas. Nieman's also sells tours to Europe;

\$100 Stetson hats, Texas style; a working oil rig made of gold mounted on a music box that plays "The Yellow Rose of Texas;" a gold cut-out of Texas with a big diamond where Big D ought to be; a big gold D with the skyline of Big D in it all outlined in diamonds; a gold cowboy baying at a pearl moon; and gold Cadillac keys. They don't carry keys for other brands. Cadillac owners may also buy Cadillac cuff links with ruby tail lights. They're \$15 cheaper than cuff links that are working replicas of oil wells, \$100 the set.

At lunchtime one day, we sat in with hundreds of men at the dedication luncheon of the Southland Center and the Sheraton Dallas Hotel, two Texas-sized structures that have just opened in Big D. Mayor Thornton, whom we thought to be the folkier thing since taffy pulls and samplers, was introduced as "Mr. Big D himself." He greeted some visiting Hawaiians, who had come to town to help open the Sheraton, a corporation that now also has four hotels formerly owned by the Matson people in Wai-kiki. "We've been comin' to see you folks for a long time," Mr. Big D said, "and we're happy you folks have come to see us." He said Sheraton was fortunate in havin' the fahnest hotel

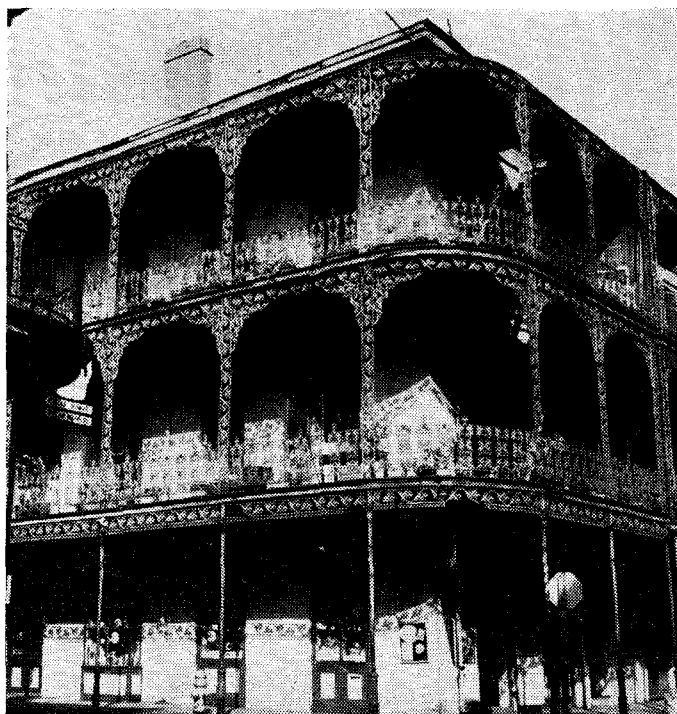
manager in the yewnahted states in the fahnest hotel in the yewnahted states, this was the largest lunch he had ever addressed and that it was a happy day in Dallas.

Governor Price Daniel, who had come from Austin for the occasion, asked that a real Texas welcome be extended to the Hawaiians. He said, "Even though we are not the largest state in the Union,

we are still the largest state in the Union without a glacier. Our state mot-toé is friendship," said Governor Daniel, "and our name comes from a tribe of friendly Indians."

There followed a presentation by Fred F. Florence of a gold plaque to John W. Carpenter, who is known as "Mr. Texas Industry." Mr. T. Industry, said Mr. F. Florence, had served his state in innumerable worthwhile and leading causes for the good of its people. "He was the first chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Southwestern Legal Foundation at Southern Methodist University that has brought so much glory to Dallas, to Texas and its citizenship. He was one of the founders of the Texas Research Foundation which is doing so much for the people of Texas . . . He is a Texan, true to its finest traditions." Once Mr. Carpenter operated one of the largest dairy farms in North Texas, and "planted more than two and a half-million pine seedlings as his personal contribution to the Texas Forestry Association." The plaque (the word "gold" was scratched out and "beautiful" penciled in on the draft of the speech) was presented to Mr. Carpenter "on behalf of many grateful Texans in appreciation of his superlative contributions to fellow citizens and the great state of Texas." Mr. Carpenter is also an American citizen.

What Mr. T. Industry had wrought was, in fact, a forty-two-story tower called Southland Center, and adjoining it, and linked like Siamese twins, a twenty-nine-story Sheraton hotel. On top of the tower is an eight-pew



—Ewing Galloway.

St. Peter's Street, New Orleans . . . ruffle-shirted fathers and sons.



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Chapel in the Sky open around the clock, and a tower, one story higher than the heliport from which one could almost see the unmentionable town of Fort Worth thirty miles away. It is also thirty minutes away by superhighway and presumably, Cadillac. One could also see the Cotton Bowl on the Fair Grounds, home of the Texas State Fair, and the penthouse apartment inhabited by Greer Garson and her husband, hometown boy Buddy Folgelson.

Crossing over to the hotel again we found its barber shop equipped with a wooden coat rack carved by a prisoner in the Tower of London in the seventeenth century. While having one's hair trimmed in a seventy-five-year old barber chair, one could have a manicure administered by a nail buffer ensconced on a chair that long ago served an ice cream parlor.

The theme in the Town Room is embodied in its mural of a cattle stampede. Relaxing under this bucolic scene one can order a Buffalo Bill, which is local talk for a top sirloin, or a Wyatt Earp, the code word for filet mignon. Also noted: Judge Roy Bean Chopped Sirloin Steak, Pecos Son of a Gun Stew, and Big Foot Wallace Cut Roast Prime Beef.

We had scarcely gotten a leg up on the lingo when we were obliged to buzz off to New Orleans in search of a Dinah Shore dinner. We found it at Arnaud's, a magnificent place to dine in our view, where the menu offered oysters: raw on the half-shell, scalloped, *Américaine*, *brochette*, *Mornay*, *meunière*, *poulette*, *marin-*

ière, Simpson, and Rockefeller. Shrimps are taken from the lake and done *à la Creole* with rice, small Buster crabs are served on top of a snapper, and the management lists eight ways of serving a pompano.

Later we browsed through some of the New Orleans patios, and our notes, written under the flickering candle-light, indicate that we were at 921 St. Louis, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ton, a bit of property part of which was once a French cottage with slave quarters and patio in the rear. Tenants have since replaced the slaves and they now pay \$85 a month for a three-room apartment from which they can inhale the magnolia, the crepe myrtle, and the mimosa while bidding good morrow to the passing cardinals and mockingbirds.

At other addresses we found fathers and sons dressed up in ruffled shirts and black suits, love birds twitting among the banana fronds, swimming pools growing under the sparse shade of papaya trees, incense smouldering, sweet olive growing, and lots of talk about foundations that were laid as far back as 1795. Sitting in a patio with a displaced Wall Streeter now removed to the Vieux Carré of New Orleans, and resplendent on this night, anyway, in a red and blue and brass-button uniform of somebody's husars, we were told about the Vieux Carré Property Owners and Associates, who will pry open their patios and show them to groups of a hundred or more any time of the year. In the spring, and once again in October, they were opened to any



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SLEUTHS ON THE SIDE

Several fictional detectives are such only by avocation. Elmer Gustafson of Tulsa, Oklahoma, offers a cluster of these (one of whom, by way of variety, is a real full-time Yarder) and asks you to assign them to their creators and to their basic callings or social statuses. Key Columns Two and Three on Column 1. Identifications made on page 38.

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|----------------------|----------------------|---|
| 1. John Dickson Carr | () Reginald Fortune | () Book and document expert |
| 2. Elizabeth Daly | () Reynold Frame | () Yankee aristocrat |
| 3. Anthony Gilbert | () Albert Campion | () Chief Detective-In-spector, Scotland Yard |
| 4. Margery Allingham | () Peter Duluth | () Lawyer |
| 5. Ngaio Marsh | () Henry Gamadge | () Well-to-do widower |
| 6. H. C. Bailey | () Philo Vance | () Theatrical producer |
| 7. S. S. Van Dine | () Dr. Gideon Fell | () Free-lance photographer |
| 8. Herbert Brean | () Evan Pinkerton | () Surgeon |
| 9. David Frome | () Roderick Alleyn | () Author, lecturer, savant |
| 10. Patrick Quentin | () Arthur Crook | () Scion of a noble family |