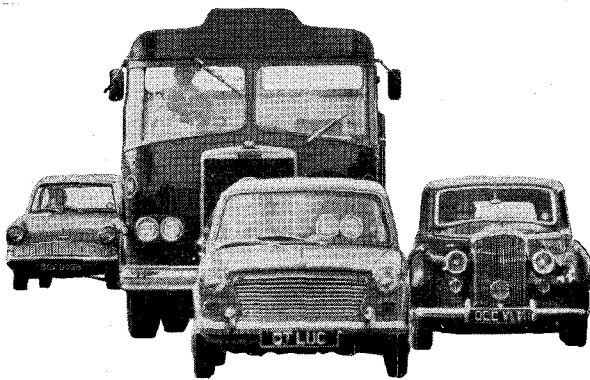




Two came to Britain ... how far did they get for \$30?

J.J. hired a car. Just for a couple of days. Cost \$8.40 down, plus 10 cents a mile.

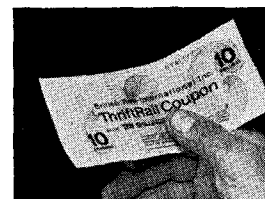


It was a very *small* car. Un-American. With strange shift gears and right-hand drive. And the English roads didn't help much, either! Narrow things, most of them ... all meandering and quaint. His progress was solemn.

Still, he eventually made it to Stratford-upon-Avon. And back. A modest 220 miles all told. And his \$30 was up!

T.T. spent his \$30 before he left home.

He spent them with his travel agent ... on ThriftRail Coupons. And when he got to Britain, he traded his ThriftRails for train tickets. That way, he saved a lot of money.



And *he* went to Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare) and to Oxford (dreaming spires). To the Lake District (Wordsworth land) and Perth (for the Scottish Highlands). Edinburgh (Scotland's capital) and York (cathedral country). And back to London again. All for \$30!



And *did* he travel in style! Sitting back in armchair comfort, in an airy compartment with plenty of room ... watching through picture windows as the green hills and hedgerows slipped by. He could even get all his meals en route — sound British fare at low charges. Like being in a traveling hotel!

So his travel was fast ... and relaxing. Left him with plenty of time and *energy* for sightseeing. He really got around in Britain. And all for \$30.

\$30 worth of ThriftRail Coupons will buy *you* up to 1,000 miles of rail travel in Britain ... a big saving on normal fares. (\$45 books available, too.) But remember, you can only buy ThriftRails *in the States*. So have a chat with your travel agent about it. *Be seeing you.*

British Rail - International Inc.

New York 20, N.Y.: 630 Fifth Avenue.
Los Angeles 14, Calif.: 510 West Sixth Street.



church, not to impose Fascism but to restore feudalism. However, to the trade unions, especially in Catalonia, this was a *revolucion* in the literal sense—not, as in Madrid, just a suppression of a military coup. In Barcelona land, churches, factories, and government were seized by the workers.

George Orwell, in his *Homage to Catalonia*, says, "The Revolution went further in Catalonia than elsewhere. The Anarcho-Syndicalists controlled Barcelona, its industries, and the state. It was the beginning of a true revolution—not a war of Christian patriots fighting bloody Bolsheviks, as often reported. . . ."

The Catalonia army fought bravely and well. It cleared Barcelona of Franco supporters in seventy-two hours and sent its army to help the Loyalist forces in Aragon and in the defense of Madrid.

Later, when the outcome was clear, it took Franco and his Moors, Italians and Germans (three to one stronger in manpower and fifty to one in planes and tanks), three months to take Catalonia. Certainly this doesn't sound like a Trotskyist plot or a Quisling giveaway, although the accusation has sometimes been made.

But what of today?

Franco, a true reactionary, a former tool of Hitler, a man whom the *New York Times* recently characterized as the acme of "immobility," knows where his enemies lurk. Some lurk in Catalonia. Hence they are forbidden to publish a newspaper in the Catalán tongue. Catalán cultural expressions are prohibited.

Franco has razed patriotic monuments and statues and obliterated names. He has moved industries, attempted to strangle others. Cataláns are today recalcitrant again in their own country, as they have been down the ages.

Probably nothing is to be done about it, but there are always doubts. Catalán nationalists meet in secret and talk, talk, talk in Catalán. They were meeting when I was there. They are young intellectuals, teachers, editors, students, a few of the nobility (who laugh at their hereditary titles); one is even a priest—a fiery priest who delivered his eulogy of President Kennedy from the pulpit in Catalán.

The Abbot of Montserrat, a Catalán patriot, is one of the leading worshippers at the altar of the Black Virgin of Montserrat, patron saint of Catalonia. He said Mass in Catalán even before Rome permitted a Mass in the native tongue.

A Catalán magazine is published, the only one. *Serra D'Or* is a monthly—rather longhair, very "educational." At the start, issue by issue, it became more and more irredentist. It was summarily slapped down by Madrid.

Does all of this sound like revolution? I don't think so. The reasons are many, and the most important is what was said by my friend in the restaurant my first night in Barcelona: money.

Catalonia is rich—comparatively—despite Franco's efforts. Catalonia is thriving. Her industries are going full blast. The majestic avenues of Barcelona are teeming with cars and well-dressed peo-

ple. The shops along the central fountain square show Dior and Balenciaga. Spanish suede coats from Barcelona are in the finest shops of the world. All this Franco needs; he won't push *too* hard.

The Catalonians look on Spain as a market to exploit. They haven't the problems of the rest of feudal Spain. Farms are adequate in size, not chopped up and parceled out, for the firstborn son inherits the whole farm or domain. Rainfall is adequate, vegetation lush—not like the fewer than ten inches a year of much of arid Spain. While taxes are heavy, it's better to prosper and pay them than to go into government in Madrid or join the army or enter the church.

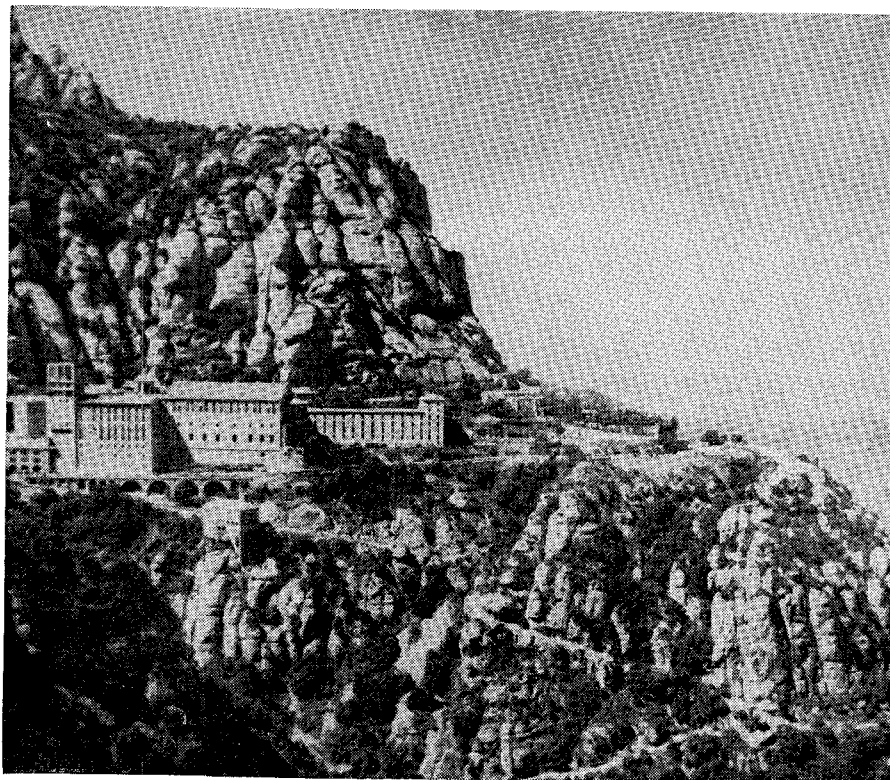
THE Catalán is canny. He is called the Scot of Iberia. He is not going to cut off an emotional nose to spite a well-fed face.

They tell the story of a group of Cataláns doing the *Sardana*, a popular folk dance. It is an intricate dance, rhythmic, with complex patterns for the feet—so complex that the participants in the circle count as they dance. A band of fleeing Polish Jews, who had escaped from Hitler's France over the Pyrénées, came upon the dancers. They watched a few moments and then said, "Better we move on. We'll never do business here—not with people who *count* even while they *dance*!"

There is little monarchist feeling. Certainly our friend of the Guria Restaurant is for it (a King Franco II!), but in general there is apathy. A succession to Don Carlos or Don Juan will cause no revolution. The Catalán has learned to live with Madrid, no matter who is in residence at the moment.

Even the workers are unlikely to revolt. While they're forbidden to strike, while the syndicalist, horizontal unions are giving way to vertical craft types, the workers are still so much better off than others that there's little likelihood of trouble. There is a saying in Barcelona that there are only two monarchists—the *Vanguardia* (a newspaper) and Baron di Vivre, Privy Councilor to Don Juan.

Outside the country, where there is no repression, as is often the case, the irredentist feeling is stronger. Some half-million fled from Franco after the fall. Many are in France, 80,000 are in the U.S., others are in South and Central America. Yet I notice that the name "Free Catalonia Committee" is gone from the New York telephone book, and no mass meetings (once common in New York) have been held in recent years. So long as Cataláns prosper and are inextricably woven into the fabric of the Spanish economy, there is little likelihood of thunder on, or from, the left. Just talk and an air of wistfulness.



—Spanish National Tourist Office.

Montserrat—"The Catalán . . . is not going to cut off an emotional nose to spite a well-fed face . . ."

How many European Airlines Jet non-stop to London, Lisbon, Milan, Rome?



one!

Alitalia's the one!

And, if you're considering a trip to Europe, or anywhere else in the world, for that matter—that's something!

Because, from those four glamorous "Gateway" cities, Alitalia jets on to serve the world.

London. For theatre, restaurants, nightlife (reasonably priced), you can't beat it. And, once your business or pleasure is done, you can make excellent connections to Venice, Milan, Genoa, Prague, Warsaw—North and Central Europe.

Or Lisbon. This city has a personality unique in all the world. Unique weather, too; thoroughly delightful, year

*Alitalia Super DC-8 Jet Service from New York

round. Lisbon is your gateway city to sunny, exciting Portugal and Spain.

Milan, capital of Italy's industrial North, is also a most convenient gateway if you're planning a trip through middle Europe.

Eternal Rome. A magnificent mixture of ancient and modern. Gay, colorful, dignified, exciting, historic Rome.

Rome, your gateway to the World.

To Athens, Tel Aviv, Hong Kong, Sydney, Tokyo, Vienna.

To Nairobi, Naples, Karachi, Johannesburg, Tunis, Beirut.

To 6 continents, 49 countries, 83 of the world's great cities.

But get to know the "atmosphere" on our Super DC-8 Jets for yourself.

Unique. Warmly Italian. More a part of traveling than merely transportation.

People seem to enjoy themselves more with us. They laugh more. They even eat more. (Our wine cellar has managed to get itself quite a little reputation, too.)

Oh yes, ask your Alitalia Travel Agent how many airlines can fly you throughout the World—the Roman Way.

He'll tell you.

One!

ALITALIA 
AIRLINES



P&O-Orient's giant Orsova sails from San Francisco June 24 on a 50-day voyage to Hawaii, the Orient, India and Europe.

Run away to sea with P&O-Orient – on “the biggest bloomin’ ships sailing the seven seas”



You are looking forward along the starboard side of P&O-Orient's 29,000-ton *Orsova*. She's two days out of Hawaii, bound for the Orient, the Mediterranean and Europe. Her speed: 22½ knots.

P&O-Orient's liners are the biggest and fastest sailing around the world. *Orsova's*

open decks stretch the length of *two* football fields. She has two swimming pools, two outdoor cafés, six deck-tennis courts.

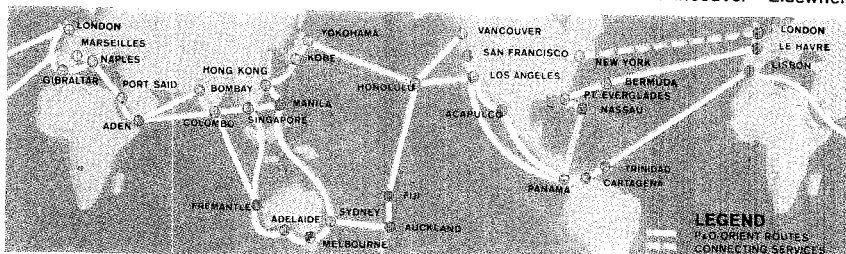
At night, this great liner glitters with activity. There are two ballrooms. Five lounges and four indoor pubs. You'll find fascinating shipmates in all of them.

Cost? A seven-week trip from the West

Coast to Europe through the Orient starts at \$1147 first class, \$778 tourist class. A three-month voyage around the whole bloomin' world starts at \$1678 first class, \$1158 tourist class. A 45-day South Pacific cruise starts at just \$948 first class.

Mail the coupon for details. Then see your travel agent. All fares in U.S. currency.

P&O-Orient Lines • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu • Vancouver • Elsewhere in U.S. and Canada: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



Plot your course to all six continents on P&O-Orient, world's largest passenger line.

**P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. M-1
155 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108**

Sirs: Please send me a complete set of your new Vacation Voyage brochures, illustrated in full color.

Name

Street

City State

My travel agent is

Tour Europe without feeling like a tourist.

Follow us. On an Air France Jet Away Holiday Tour.

Where?

Anywhere in Europe you'd like to go.

Tour prices start as low as \$699 (including round-trip air fare) for 21 glorious days and nights in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Switzerland.

Itineraries are completely flexible. In fact, we tailor them to your interests. Go with a group or on your own. Cruise on a

luxury liner, or take to the open road in a snug convertible. Stay in luxury hotels or quaint inns.

You tell us how you'd like to travel and what you'd like to see, and all the details will be handled beforehand—your reservations, rental of your car, mapping out your route, even hiring a guide. (All so you can spend more time having fun, less time trying to find things.)

You'll know where you're going and

you'll be treated warmly when you get there. And you'll have the travel information services of the world's largest airline at your disposal, whenever and wherever you need them.

Stop in at your local Air France office or the office of your travel agent, and browse through the colorful Air France Jet Away Holiday tour folders.

Make this the year you tour Europe without feeling like a tourist.

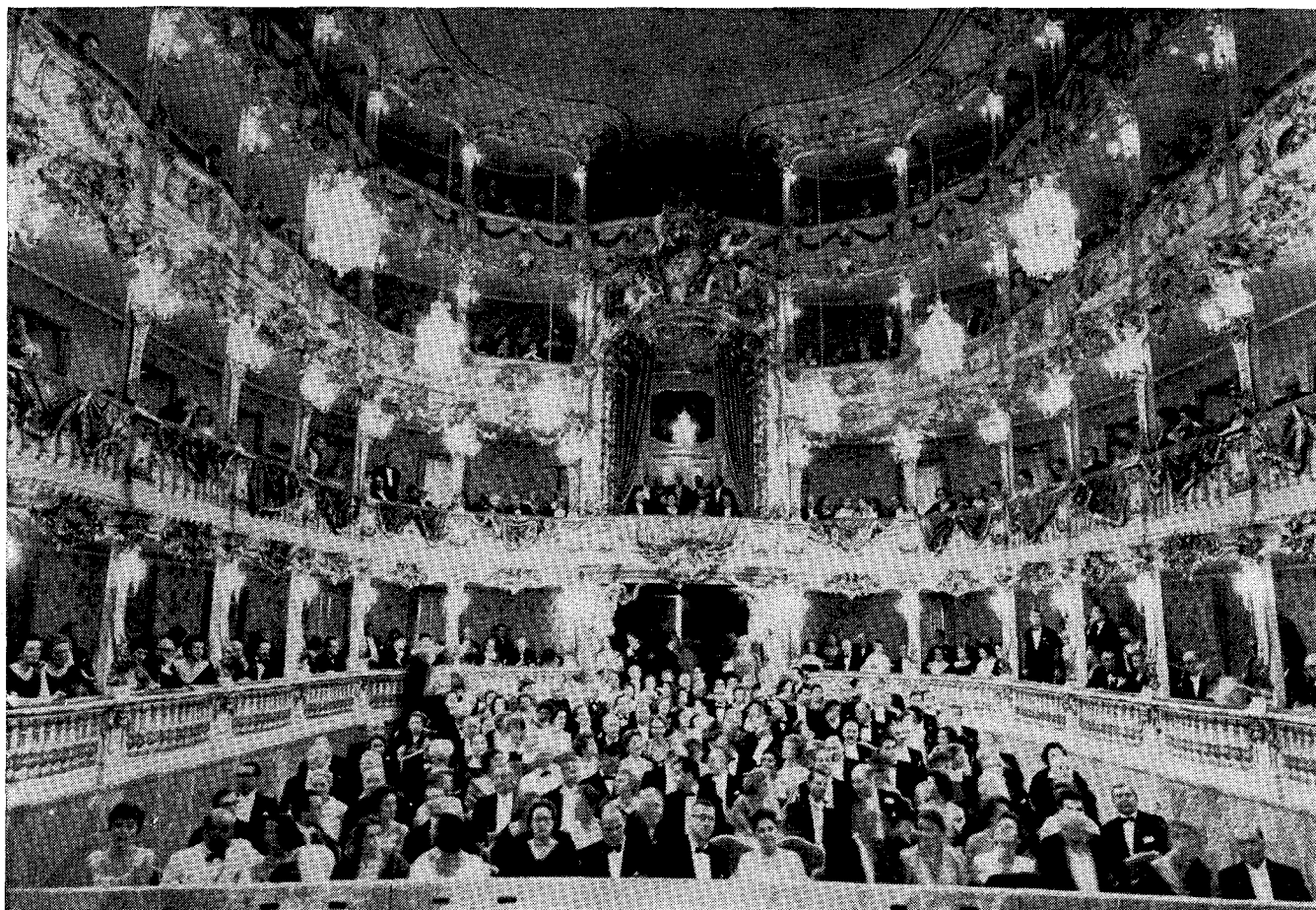


Maybe you'd find this majestic setting near Berchtesgaden on your own; maybe not. No maybes on an Air France Jet Away Holiday Tour.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

à Votre Service





—Deutschen Zentrale für Fremdenverkehr.

THE MAD METROPOLIS

Luncheon in München and Other Stories

By ARTURO and GLORIA GONZALEZ

TO THE uninitiated, the mention of Munich conjures up images of swastika-wearing Storm Troopers and Beer Hall Putsch, a furled umbrella and a piece of paper that said peace but spelled war.

However, this 800-year-old city has been badly maligned by history. It's the gayest metropolis in Europe and certainly the most rollicking in all the dour, businesslike Fatherland. After Munich, the rest of Germany is Prussia.

Geography book readers know Munich as the third largest city in Germany (after Berlin and Hamburg), a bustling community of 1,100,000 people camped on the banks of the Isar River just north of the Alps and south of the Danube, the capital of Bavaria and Germany's gateway to the south. Travelers insist that

Munich is a state of mind—or, more correctly, a state of madness.

Madmen were certainly required even to consider rebuilding this city after World War II when sixty-six Allied heavy bomber raids reduced the metropolis to 11,000,000 tons of junk. Munich was 70 per cent destroyed, more than half its inhabitants were homeless, and there was serious talk among the elders of deserting the rubble heap and moving the city completely downriver. But those who loved Munich refused to listen to facts and painstakingly began to rebuild. Today the Karlsplatz is said to be the most heavily traveled city square in all of Europe, and if you don't believe it just try crossing at the noon rush hour without being knocked over by a passing Volkswagen, or two or three of them.

Madmen have been an integral part of the history of Munich ever since the city was founded eight centuries ago as a village alongside a monastery on the Isar. King Ludwig I was a goutish and goatish eccentric who ruled the city in the early nineteenth century, taking as his mistress the equally bizarre Lola Montez, a Scottish dancer posing as a Spaniard. A subsequent revolt drove Ludwig from the throne and Montez out of town; she eventually reappeared in a New Orleans circus side show ("one silver dollar to kiss the lips that kissed a king"), ending her days in poverty in an East Side New York tenement.

Another Munich Ludwig—Mad King Ludwig II—ruled in the late nineteenth century, incurred gigantic debts, neglected the throne, and was finally