

MARCHING TO A DIFFERENT TOURIST BEAT

AMERICAN students love London's night life, Paris's beauty and zest, and Vienna's charm. Yet more and more, they are extending their travels beyond the well known capitals and traditional resorts. They are going places where they won't run into as many of the older, camera-snapping, thick-wallet types, and where they won't spend half so much money.

DALMATIAN COAST: Dalmatia is rapidly becoming one of the most popular tourist resort areas in Europe, yet such exposure has not ruined the colorful and simple coastline. Ranging from quiet and secluded towns to magnificent modern resorts, Dalmatia attracts not only large numbers of students, but also international celebrities. The rocky coves and beaches stretch 400 miles along the Yugoslav coast, from Trieste south to Albania.

Opatija, near the Italian border, is a flourishing resort with lively, free, and student-dominated night life. Zadar, severely bombed during the war, still has interesting ninth-century churches and a Roman town recently excavated in the middle of the city. Zadar's best beach is Borik, two kilometers out of town by public bus.

Split attracts tourists with its natural sand beach as well as with its monuments. Much of the Roman palace of Diocletian still stands in the middle of the city. Just behind the old ruins is the Studentski Centar with beds for \$1 and dancing on the roof of a nearby cafeteria.

Sveti Stefan (St. Stephen), eight kilometers south of Bedva—a smart resort favored by the jet set—is similar to France's Mont St. Michel in that it is connected to the mainland by a causeway. The quiet, secluded beach is absolutely magnificent. The entire island is a hotel; the medieval, whitewashed houses are individual hotel suites. It is worth a look, but no more. Rates are high, full pension costing \$17.

TURKEY: Eclectic is the only word for Turkey. From one side of the Golden Horn in Istanbul, minarets and domed mosques stud the old city and clash with the boxlike silhouettes of the new city across the water. Both sides of the city

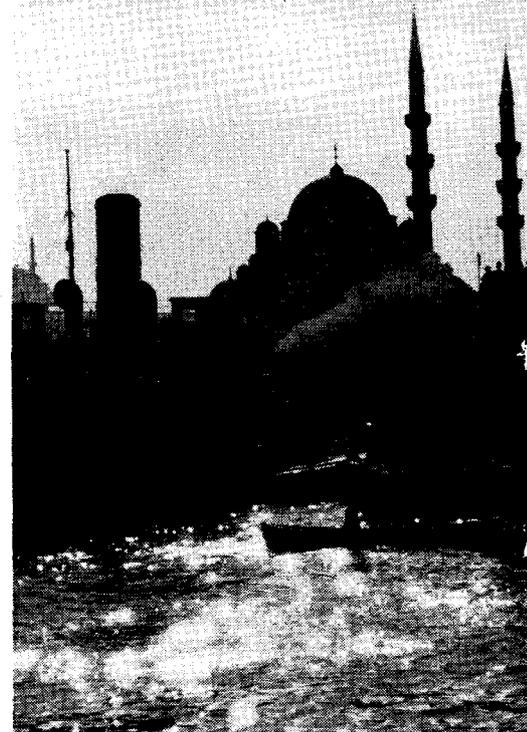
are vastly intriguing even though Istanbul has lost much of the glamour that once characterized the eastern capital of the Roman Empire. Turkey today aspires to be European; it's not overwhelmingly Asiatic. Culturally, economically, socially, and geographically it is a bridge between Europe and Asia. Yet, Turkey is even less expensive than neighboring Greece, if you can believe that.

Istanbul will both fascinate and repel you. The mystery, romance, and exoticism of this city can totally engross you—the bustling harbor, the packed bazaar, the persistent black market money-changers, Topkapi Museum, the mosques (especially at 4, when the Moslem muezzin climbs to the top of a minaret to call the faithful to prayer), and finally Istanbul at night. Other parts of the old city are very dirty, and sometimes it seems as if human population is outnumbered by cats and flies. But don't let the worry of dirt stop you from coming—Istanbul is too exciting and worthwhile to pass up. Ankara, the nation's capital, is spotless and modern. Broad avenues take the place of Istanbul's tiny alleys. Yet precisely because of its contemporary appearance, Ankara is not as interesting as Istanbul.

Visits to places off the main tourist beat (i.e., anywhere beyond Istanbul) can be as rewarding for sun-worshippers as for archaeological experts. Turkey is blessed with three lengthy coastlines, all potential resort areas. The Black Sea coast and the Aegean coast have historical importance as well. But if it's pure hedonism you want, try the Mediterranean side—the Turkish Riviera—stretching from Antalya to Antakya. Reputed to be one of the most beautiful coastlines in the world, the Riviera is also uncrowded and inexpensive (so far).

Little in Turkey can be readily identified as intrinsically Turkish—and yet the overall impression could belong to no other country in the world. The famous ruins in Asia Minor are predominantly Greek and Roman; the taxis in the cities are all old American Chevrolets and Fords; and the music sounds like that of any Middle Eastern country. It seems as if elements of every civilization have floated into Turkey, yet have not jelled.

The Turks are amazingly relaxed in their disjointed environment and will do



—Turkish Tourism and Information Office.

**Istanbul—“mystery,
romance, exoticism.”**

their best to make you feel at home here, too. Time is not a precious thing—it's squandered freely and happily, smoking water pipes or sipping tea in cafés. Even in the hectic environs of Istanbul's bazaar, the salesmen are sometimes casual, inviting you into their shops for tea, offering you cigarettes, and, when you are limp with good will, finally springing their “bargains” on you.

Turkish mannerisms may seem a bit strange to the visitor. Men kiss each other in greeting and farewell. And the Turks raise their eyebrows in what appears to be an affirmative gesture to say “no.” Female tourists will soon discover that Turkish men are undoubtedly the boldest in the world. Turkey is not the country for a single girl traveling alone.

Traveling through the Turkish countryside is a beautiful experience. Fields of sunflowers and patches of melons fill long, flat stretches of land, and the mountain ranges are expansive and fierce-looking. Camels stroll along the roadsides, and tobacco farmers live in clusters of huts and welcome visitors with great enthusiasm. The image of the Turks as an unfriendly and savage people is a well kept fiction. We found the people to be among the friendliest in Europe. If you travel to rural areas, your arrival may be the event of the day.

SWEDEN: Tourists do not come to Sweden primarily to visit museums, photograph landmarks, or learn Swedish—they come instead to satisfy their curiosity

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about the controversial way of life. Some find a twentieth-century utopia—a land of peaceful countryside, bustling cities, and attractive people. Sweden has virtually abolished poverty and has not gone to war in over a century. Others are rebuffed by the high taxes, inflation, the ubiquitous and motherly Administration. In any case, preconceptions are best forgotten upon arrival, unless of course one is prepared to defend them before a group of amused Swedes.

Meeting Swedes, incidentally, is not so difficult as is commonly supposed. The Swedish student is a bit formal by our standards, but not at all unfriendly. He (or she) speaks excellent English, probably French and German as well, as a matter of course, and has had considerable contact with the U.S. through books, movies, and the news media. As a result, he is interested in Americans but not awed by them. This can be very refreshing depending upon where one has traveled previously.

Stockholm, "The City on the Water," is representative of urban Sweden. Its parks, bridges, abundant waterways, and ultramodern architecture are similar to what one sees in Göteborg, Malmö, and Sundsvall. Stockholm by itself, though, does not adequately reflect the diversity of the various *landskap* (provinces). Northern Lapland is the home of reindeer and the midnight sun; the island of Gotland is renowned for its historical wealth and as a vacation spot;



—Swedish National Travel Office.

Göteborg—twentieth-century utopia?

southern and more continental Skåne has its peculiar and difficult dialect, roughly the Swedish equivalent of a Bronx accent.

The only drawback to spending a long time in Sweden is the high cost of room and board. You'll probably spend as much as you would in the U. S. However, a two- or three-day trip to Sweden should be included if you can fit it into your itinerary.

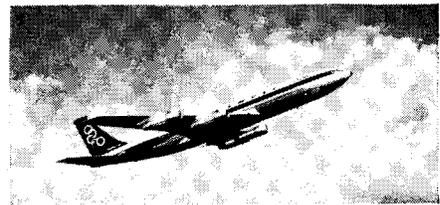
GREEK ISLANDS: An ideal stop for a student with a hedonistic desire for sun, sea, and sand, but without the large sums of money that usually accompany such hedonism. You can't lose at any island; each has its own distinctive character, but all offer excellent swimming and sunbathing. Rooms go for about \$1 a night; full meals cost about \$1 as well.

Hydra, about three and a half hours from Piraeus (Athens's port) by boat, seemingly a large hub, cradles one of the world's loveliest villages in a hidden harbor. There is an active art colony, but no beach—all swimming is off the rocks. Spetsai lies one hour farther out than Hydra and is less well known. The only ways to get around this island are by *caiques* (fishing boats) or by horse and buggy.

Mykonos has become a household word. Artists, students, and lovers come from all over the Western world to lie on its beaches, to see its windmills, its white houses and streets, and its pelican, Peter, now legendary for his walks along the waterfront and his offhand visits to restaurants and shops. Surprisingly enough, Mykonos is the cheapest island listed here. Nearby Delos is now deserted, but was once a sacred island where—as legend has it—Apollo and Artemis were born. The ruins and mosaics are worth a visit, despite the rough boat trip from Mykonos.

Crete is an overnight trip from Piraeus. The people here seem to exude more energy and vibrancy than other Greeks—no small feat. The three prime sites of archaeological significance are Cnossos, Matala, and Mallia, all of which show rich traces of the Minoan civilization.

If you've been dreaming about that beautiful Scandinavian blonde, your chances are probably better in Rhodes than in Sweden. The town's year-round population of 30,000 is swelled every summer by an influx of some 50,000 Scandinavians. Rhodes, close to the Turkish shore, is about twenty hours from Piraeus, but when one considers the fascinating architectural mélange—Frankish town walls, a Turkish Quarter, a Venetian palace, and administration buildings à la Mussolini, in addition to the other well built attractions—Rhodes may be well worth the trip and \$2 for a room besides.



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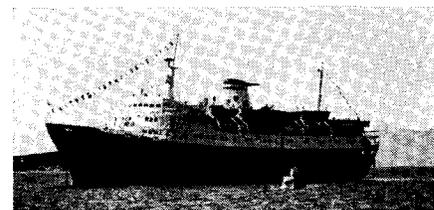
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U.S. ODYSSEY ON RAFT, BIKE, AND THUMB

WHETHER it is to seek a new identity or merely to kill some time, the American student is roaming across his country in ever increasing numbers. Significantly, he is interested not only in visiting the "big-action" cities but also in catching the feeling and flavor of whole regions of the United States. College students are going places that won't remind them of home and are eagerly seeking out new territory to discover and new people to meet. Increasingly travel has become a "total experience" for students, a romantic odyssey during which not all happenings are expected to be pleasant. The only villain is boredom. So it is that many students bypass the more mundane modes of travel, such as airplanes.

Rafting down the Mississippi River, for instance, was not an especially novel idea even when Jim and Huck Finn tried it. Yet, we know two fellows who started from Cincinnati with an inflatable raft and the slogan: "New Orleans or Bust." Outfitted with a small outboard motor, camping gear, and river charts, these adventurers splashed into the polluted Ohio River amid an intimidating assortment of towboats, barges, and even a paddle-wheel steamer.

Our raft-riders found that they rated front-page coverage in most river towns. The publicity served to introduce them everywhere to an exotic crew of river characters. They met, for instance, the river lockkeepers who obligingly operate their huge locks for even the smallest rafts. They are amiable to anybody who takes an interest in their maze of machinery; an education in river lore is the result.

These rafters found swimming in the Ohio's cesspool-like waters inadvisable. The Mississippi, which they joined at Cairo, was muddier but much healthier. A very tricky current with hidden logs and sand bars kept the crew alert at all times. So did storms that came quickly and fiercely, with flashes of lightning and black clouds piling up in front of 35 mph winds.

The Mississippi can be lonely in long 200-mile stretches between some towns. These river ports range from Columbus, Kentucky, with its beautiful vistas to Caruthersville, Missouri, a combination

timber mill and honky-tonk district. Besides St. Louis and Memphis there is Vicksburg, Mississippi, which features a large Civil War battlefield and a soap-opera theater aboard an old riverboat. In Vicksburg the crew had a local mortician sew a patch on their raft.

As these rivermen approached New Orleans they found themselves dodging huge freighters, tankers, and long strings of barges. Barge captains turned out to be a friendly group, offering meals, gas, and a tow. The only ominous event was the development of a serious air leak. Even this did not daunt the voyageurs. They continued downriver at a rate of 70 to 80 miles a day while the air slowly gurgled out. After six weeks on the river they made it to a New Orleans wharf with exactly four inches of freeboard.

In their search for the "total experience" of living and not just seeing new surroundings, many students combine work with their travels. Take the case of the boy who got hired as a custom-cutter in Colorado. Custom-cutting is the business of running huge combines that harvest the great wheat fields of the Mid-

west. The crews of these combines take their machines north from Texas to Saskatchewan as they follow the ripening wheat every year. There is something vital and elemental in this kind of work that no city boy can experience at home. The pay isn't too hot, about \$1.50 an hour, and the newly hired hand has to learn to drive big flat-bed trucks and combines—although this is said to be easier than it sounds. But there are fringe benefits. Summer evenings are exciting times for farm towns when the custom-cutters come through. There are lots of opportunities to meet the local people.

To the majority of Americans the bicycle is a toy, replaced by the automobile as a serious source of transportation. But for many students who want to travel on their own and at low cost, the bicycle is the best way to discover America. Our bicycle editor pedaled 2,500 miles in sixty-three days last summer, and spent \$250. He rode from Boston to Montreal, then took a train across Canada to Vancouver. He pumped from there down the Pacific Coast to San Francisco. Finally, after a flight to Portland, he took on desert and mountains to Wyoming.

Cycling teaches the lore of the road: what kind of roars a diesel truck emits and exactly how far a mile is. One learns the geography and topography of his route in astonishing detail. Of course there are inevitable flat tires and long mountain grades that one learns to climb with relatively little strain. But best of all the cyclist has complete independence from the trappings of civilization, and the pleasure of having covered the

distance under his own power. As long as his two wheels keep turning he has more freedom than the waiting hitchhiker.

Sweating cyclists awaken the interest and sympathy of local inhabitants. Often, directions, food, and even a bed are offered. Most cyclists camp out, either under the stars or with a lightweight tarpaulin. One doesn't have to be an olympic athlete to ride 50 miles a day—girls can handle this without strain. And once started, cyclists get stronger. No obstacles stop the experienced cyclist, not even a turnstile on the Golden Gate Bridge. Our editor, having only quarters for a dime slot, coolly lifted his bike over. It's a trait of the breed.

A phenomenon not easily explained is the urge of some student travelers to



Today's Huck Finn—"an education in river lore."