

ON FRENCH LEAVE WITH DE GAULLE

By JOSEPH BARRY

CHARLES DE GAULLE'S presence at Colombey - les - Deux - Eglises (Colombey of the Two Churches) for weekends, holidays, and summers has not brought boundless joy or prosperity. It is still an astonishingly sad little village of about 365 inhabitants, most of whom subsist on farming and a very few on the sale of postcards, Lorraine crosses, de Gaulle key rings, miniatures, and such. Tourists look vainly for the second church. Colombey once had two, but the second is now a common lodging. There is, however, a third, it is said, that is neither Catholic, nor Protestant, but rather Gaullist.

Colombey huddles in the non-bubbling part of Champagne, 130 miles east of Paris. It is ignored by the *Guide Michelin* (there are two café-restaurants, neither of which rates a single fork). It is mentioned *en passant* in the *Guide Bleu*: "Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises: private residence of General de Gaulle, President of the Republic (one does not visit it)."

Statistically there are about 40,000 villages like Colombey in France, many of them melancholy lots of half-buried lives. It is one reason de Gaulle likes it. He passed his own exile years here from 1946, when he resigned as President, until 1958, when he returned. There is a satirical *Guide de Colombey* (1965), not on sale at Colombey or easily bought in Paris, which refers to it as a "poor little village with practically no horizons, scraping the earth, surrounded by mournful woods, a ghost town in its lifetime. . . . Here was the Isle of Elba. Here, some day, might be Saint Helena."

Anti-Gaullist? Undoubtedly. But there is also this description of Colombey and its setting: "wide, mournful horizons; melancholy woods and meadows; the frieze of resigned old mountains . . . the houses of the village are decrepit. . . ." They are phrases from the last pages of

Joseph Barry, a free-lance writer who lives in Paris, is author of *The People of Paris*.

de Gaulle's memoirs; he wrote them as he looked out of his study in the hexagonal tower of La Boisserie, his manor house at Colombey. On the edge of the village, it has the best, if not the only, view of the only horizon.

Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle, seventy-eight, detests even the word "vacation," and when he goes to La Boisserie he uses the military expression *en permission*—on leave. His ministers, too, when they vacation are *en permission*. "And in August," says one, "the General always sees to it that there is a cabinet meeting bringing us back to Paris." This summer, the permissiveness is even more restricted: Like all Frenchmen, they are "advised" to see France first to save the franc—and are limited to the same \$200 travel allowance should they, as is wholly unlikely, venture privately abroad.

General de Gaulle's favorite exercise, of course, is the exercise of power; another is walking. He is a man, one might safely say, who enjoys being President. But not like other presidents. It may partly explain his dislike for Rambouillet, which is only 28 miles from Paris. Since 1897 the royal château has been the summer residence of French presidents. De Gaulle has used it for diplomatic weekends and organized shoots in its magnificent park. A typical day's slaughter for eleven visiting guns, for instance, was recorded as 353 pheasants, twenty-nine hares, one rabbit, and six miscellaneous. De Gaulle himself never shoots and sometimes doesn't even stay around to watch. (Louis XVI originally bought Rambouillet, but Marie Antoinette was bored with it, calling it *La Crapaudière* or Toad Hole.)

Last year, when de Gaulle coughed several times during a press conference, discreetly slipped a pill into his mouth, and sipped some water, Cultural Minister André Malraux—who alone dares such things—advised the General to go south to the Mediterranean for the summer (he used to spend a week there in the 1950s). He did not, although Brégançon, an island fortress on the Côte



—French Embassy Press & Info. Div.

De Gaulle at La Boisserie (1958)—
"Lights are out by midnight."

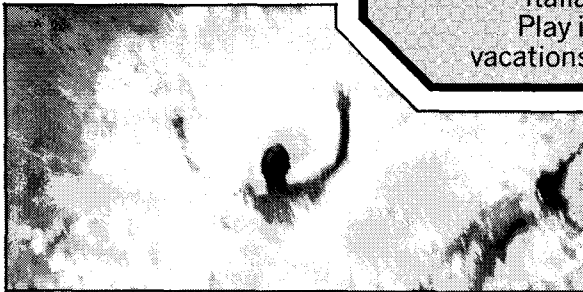
d'Azur, was expensively prepared for him. He went, as usual, to Colombey, "But it is so humid there," I remarked to an aide at the Elysée Palace, the President's residence in Paris. The aide reflected, "*Humide?* No. *Sinistre*, yes." But it is indeed *humide* as well. Central heating was installed only four or five years ago at La Boisserie, where fireplaces remain lighted from October to June and are often relighted on August evenings.

Sinistre is not quite as sinister as its sounds; its meaning of *dreary* will do. The General, in any event, would not have Colombey change. He thinks of it as one of those "tranquil, unpretentious villages where nothing has altered its spirit or its place for thousands of years." The passage follows "the frieze of resigned old mountains" and is all very fine if you are not a young villager.

NOT long ago an enterprising Parisian looked into the building of a hotel at Colombey. He was discouraged by de Gaulle's security forces (almost one to every inhabitant when de Gaulle is in residence). The owner of the Café de Commerce, also known as Chez Janine, is quite pleased telling about it. The *patronne* of the café-restaurant Le Relais Routier tried to open a little jazz-rock dance hall for local youth. Her café lies athwart Route Nationale 19, which skirts Colombey and daily in the summer brings some 500 cars of tourists detouring a few kilometers to pass the Gener-

THE ESCAPE GAME

as played only on
Italian Line.
Play it on our
vacations to Europe.



Whoopee! Enjoy yourself and the sun, salt air, sky. You're traveling to Europe without a care in the world.



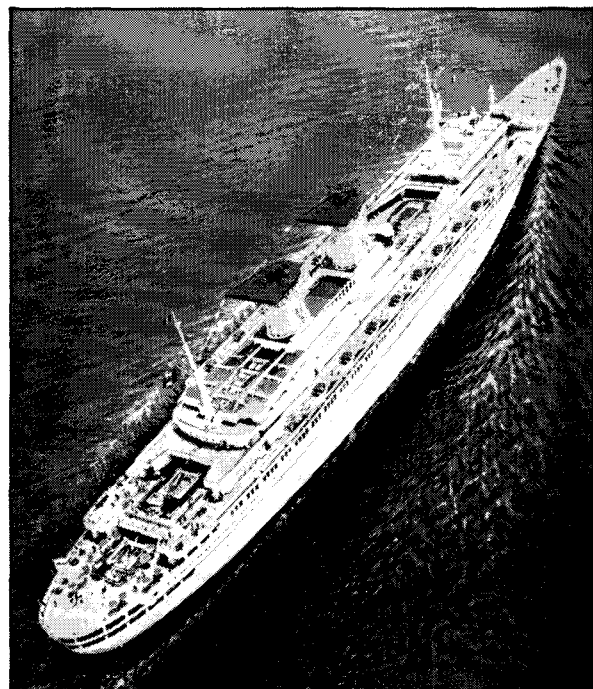
Ahhh! Take the plunge and find life is worth living. You owe it to yourself to enjoy a change of pace, a change of scene.



Play! Night and day the fun goes on. It's a pleasure to run away to sea on the Gala Resort Fleet. The world and its worries are far, far away.



Glow! There are faster ways to travel but no better way to live. Relax and unwind. Enjoy the dawn of a new day after you've danced the night away.



Escape! Tell your travel agent to plan your getaway on the newest fleet in the world. Italian Line, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004.

Italian Line
more fun per ton than any other line

SAFETY INFORMATION. The ss MICHELANGELO*, ss RAFFAELLO*, ss LEONARDO DA VINCI** and ss CRISTOFORO COLOMBO**, ships of Italian registry, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948** and 1960* and meet 1966 Fire Safety Requirements.

al's walled-off property. She was closed down for three months and her café is still off limits for de Gaulle's gendarmes. She is quite bitter about it.

Mrs. Maria Jolas recalls that forty years ago the only meeting place for the boys and girls of Colombey was the outdoors. Now there is a *salle de fête* with a little library. She also remembers babies tied to beds when their mothers went to the fields. Friends often wondered why she and her husband, Eugene Jolas, both Americans, had picked so *austère*, if not *sauvage*, a place to edit the most sophisticated expatriate magazine of the Twenties, *Transition*. "Wonderful place to work," she told them, "you are left so alone."

The Jolases had rented La Boisserie for 4,000 francs a year and lived in the eight-room, bathless and towerless house from the spring of 1927 to the fall of 1929, or five years before a Lieut. Col. Charles de Gaulle, stationed in Metz, bought it through an ad in *Echo de Paris*. The purchase price was 28,000 francs down and 2,000 francs a year for the rest of the life of its widowed owner (she died two years later). "Where else would a career officer want his house," de Gaulle is quoted as saying, "except midway between the Rhine and Paris? Besides, I did not have very much money."

TODAY, La Boisserie has thirteen or fourteen rooms, four or five baths, and the three-story hexagonal tower—added after the war—which gives the white limestone house its slightly absurd, small-château look. Once called La Brasserie, it was used for the making of malt for beer. It sits in a rather formal garden of some eight and a half acres, shielded



—Wide World.

At Colombey: Swelling the home town vote.

from the village by a wall and clumps of elm and pine, and opening on the west across neighboring farms toward a "wide, mournful horizon." De Gaulle vaunts the view from his ground-floor study in the tower: "180 degrees without the sight of a single inhabitant!" A hedge neatly hides a row of sentry boxes on this side of the grounds and one is waved away even when the General is not in residence. When he is there and when he walks several times a week in the adjacent forests—driven there in a black Citroën—the woods become alive with guards who have melted into the trees. Their orders are "not to be seen, but to see everything." De Gaulle is brought to Colombey by helicopter, weather permitting. His *Alouette* used to land on the grounds, but now lands nearby. Too many flower beds were blown apart—

possibly including the 30-foot Lorraine cross of red salvia.

During holidays, the family—son, daughter, in-laws, and five grandchildren—come together at La Boisserie and for them there are a half-sunken plastic, inflatable pool (all de Gaulle felt he could afford), a very miniature golf course, a swing, and a tennis court (possibly on the site of Jolas's old cement one). The General no longer swings a racket, but he likes to referee. Once, when the century was young, he played soccer, the national sport. He has not been seen in a bathing suit, nor in vacation clothes. His last time on the beach may have been in Algeria in the summer of 1943, when Macmillan persuaded him to go along for a swim. That is, Macmillan swam—nude in the sea—while de Gaulle sat on a rock—in uniform, kepi, and Sam Browne belt—and watched. (On the other hand, he does *not* starch his pajamas, as was said of Macmillan—by a Laborite.)

THE grandchildren on occasion have been allowed to invite friends with the understanding they are to ask the General no questions and speak only when spoken to; in the meantime the study in the tower has been soundproofed. Most of the family fun at Colombey is had by other families—father, mother, grandma, and kids—who come regularly from miles around to Colombey's little church and await de Gaulle's arrival for the 11:30 Sunday mass. It has become part of their Sunday excursion; the Café de Commerce prepares for 180 lunchers. Arriving punctually a few minutes before, the General hurries past to sit with his family on a bench reserved for them, at the far end of which—as if joining them—is a statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

At La Boisserie one looks at television or plays dominoes—knowing the General hates to lose. "In his courting days at Calais," says Pierre Galante, who has done the latest "intimate" study, titled *The General!*, "his reputation of being an irascible player was such that he could no longer find anyone to play bridge with him." He now plays solitaire.

De Gaulle is France's No. 1 TV-viewer and his opinion stands as the No. 1 TV-rating. He frequently refers to the government network as "our television," except when there is a program he dislikes, in which case, at the next cabinet meeting, he speaks icily of it to the offending Minister of Information as "your television." A special relay was set up for Colombey eight years ago. Until then de Gaulle could only tune in on *Télé-Luxembourg*, which rather spoiled one of his few vacation pleasures. He is an amateur of TV sports and makes loud critical comments during an international match, especially if the French team

(Continued on page 100)



Chateau and countryside—"When he walks, the woods become alive with guards."

The two-nation vacation bonanza



—yours to enjoy in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia

by H. P. Koenig

H. P. Koenig is a Manhattan-based travel writer whose work appears regularly in major newspapers in the U.S. and Canada. He contributes to a number of magazines, and has covered eastern resort regions for a guidebook to the U.S.A. In the past year he and his photographer-wife have traveled more than 50,000 miles "in the line of duty" in the U.S., Canada, Europe, North Africa, the Caribbean, New Zealand, Australia and the islands of the South Pacific.

Travelers in search of the unusual, the unforgettable, along with the unhurried, uncrowded—and *unspoiled*—would do well to follow Horace Greeley's advice of more than a century ago.

In 1968, to "Go West" means to go where the *extras* are. Here one can get away from it all without going half-way around the world in order to do so. Expect the unexpected when you come this way. Exciting worlds are to be discovered in the big country beyond the Rockies. And nowhere West will the traveler find such a series of surprises as in that very special world of the Pacific Northwest.

The *Two-Nation Vacation* bonanza, wrapping the combined charms of Oregon, Washington State and Canada's province of British Columbia into one enticing holiday package, can make for the biggest and best western deal of all.

That the Pacific Northwest offers the ideal setting for an unforgettable vacation no one can deny. No matter what your definition of a vacation may be—whether it's an action-packed holiday you're after, an idyll by the sea, the beautiful sea, relaxation in the midst of some of the most magnificent scenery to be encountered in the whole wide world, or simply to thrill to spectacular sights on a wholesale basis—the bountiful Pacific Northwest will fill the bill. Most adequately.

Within the area bounded on the south by the Oregon-California border and

stretching into the far north reaches of British Columbia, beginning at the calm blue Pacific on the sunset side and spreading east across several mountain ranges to within sight of the Rockies, it is possible to put together virtually any kind of vacation one could hope for.

Contrast is a keynote of this fascinating region. Consider variety its hallmark.

This is the big, expansive, non-presurized part of America. Time is not in



A sample of British Columbia's mountain scenery, along the Trans-Canada Highway.

short supply. The Pacific Northwest is easy to reach, easier to get around in.

Take your own kind of holiday here. At ease. Put together aspects of the area on a do-it-yourself basis. You'll get more than you ever bargained for in the past, more than you dreamed of finding so close to home. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Choice becomes perhaps the biggest difficulty of all.

The Two-Nation Vacation makes for a fairly large order, no matter how you plan it. The first-time visitor soon realizes he is not going to see it all—or do everything—the first time around. Which is all right, too; once he comes here chances are he will want to come back again—and again.

Even after several weeks of intensive explorations there will still be enough left over to make for an entirely different vacation on a future visit.

And don't think the Pacific Northwest is limited to only those aspects featured in the promotional material and full-color ads.

There is more to the region than Oregon's lovely coast, Washington's snow-capped mountains and the water wonderland separating Vancouver Island from the British Columbia mainland. Far more.

No matter what you may have heard or read, much of the Pacific Northwest still comes as a surprise—which is in itself a refreshing discovery in an age when over-exposure (and the over-sell) seems to be the order of the day.

Here one can pan for real gold, fish for king-size salmon and rainbow trout, ski in mid-summer, ride the range where the deer and the antelope play and skies are not cloudy for months on end.

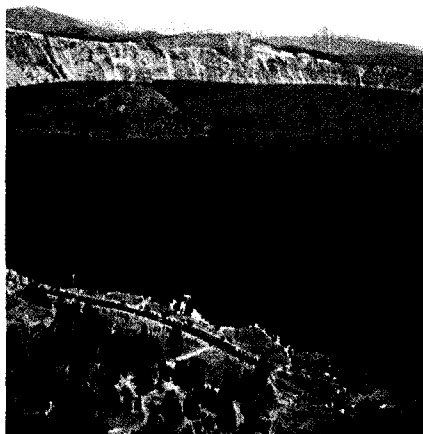
Or ride ferries from one enchanted island to another—and cross from one country to another in the process by way of diversion and bonus.

Choose the Wild West of cowboys and Indians or the lavender and old lace



mood of Victoria, British Columbia, known to be more British than Britain herself.

If it's rodeos you're after, then the Pendleton Round-Up and Williams Lake Stampede rate as two of the most exciting spectacles in the whole West. And there are countless lesser-known rodeos, big and small, but just as thrilling in their own way. Oregon alone has two dozen on its schedule.



Don't miss Oregon's beautiful Crater Lake, atop a once-active volcano.

Camping anyone? Oregon has more than 11,000 public campsites—and this is only *part* of Oregon's story, where 96,000 square miles of cool, green vacationland await the visitor.

Fly in, rent a car and trailer. In this country one can get into the middle of nowhere in less than an hour from just about anywhere. More lakes, mountains, rivers and streams than most of us ever dreamed existed, greater expanses of forest than an Easterner could imagine.

All this, plus 400 miles of virtually uninterrupted beach, not so much as a roller coaster or amusement pier to mar the beauty. This is not to imply the coast is lacking in man-made facilities. By no means. Nature comes first; comfort and convenience are thought of too.

Washington comes up with its own set of impressive statistics. Like the world's longest continuous stretch of sand beach—measuring 28 miles from stern to stern—appropriately called Long Beach.

Or cross over to the Olympic Peninsula where the 50 mile strip of Pacific coastline remains almost as wild and primitive as in the days when the Spanish explorer Juan Perez passed this way close to 200 years ago.

To the north, British Columbia's fiord-indented coast beckons, even further removed from the commonplace. And that's only the beginning.

Diversity is the name of the game this far west.

Where else could you find so much? History buffs can follow the old Oregon Trail, walk in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark. Dam watchers will get a billion dollar preview of four spectacular hydro-electric projects under construction. Rockhounds can take off after gems, fossils, thunderegs, Indian arrowheads, discover jade by the ton . . . Strike it rich. For real.

Sportsmen will find the finest moose hunting in the world. Tap the riches of the sea for delectable Dungeness crabs. Pick oysters by the bushel. Gun for clams. (A "gun" in Pacific Northwest seaside parlance is a shovel.) Ride white-water rivers by way of small boat. Thrills are assured; but guides make this adventure so safe even the timid can participate.

Search for a ghost town named Ruby. Find Dolly Varden on the end of your line. Wander lava fields where astronauts train for a moon landing. Discover a last refuge for covered bridges. Comb beaches for glass floats drifted in from Japanese fishing fleets.

Those less actively inclined can watch birds, roam through the damp green of a rain forest, stare at trees old as time itself.

Then comes pleasure boating, skin-diving, golf as a matter of course—or do absolutely nothing in an incomparable setting of your own choice.

Within the boundaries of this vacationland calm fiords will remind the world traveler of Scandinavia.

Mountain scenery is second only to the Alps.

The lake country of British Columbia appears every bit as romantic as the Swiss-Italian lakes region centred around Lake Como.

Plains, prairies, wheat fields, cattle country, vast valleys given over to fruit growing—these one could find only in North America.

Names alone would be enough to entice the imaginative: Pistol River, Sisters, Deception Pass, White Salmon, Gold Bar, Friday Harbor, Vesuvius, Horsefly, along with Rhododendron, Zig Zag, Sublimity and Sweet Home.

Rent a luxury apartment smack on the beach by the day or week. Put up at a dude ranch affording all the comforts of home and then some. Or stay in deluxe accommodations on an Indian reservation yet.

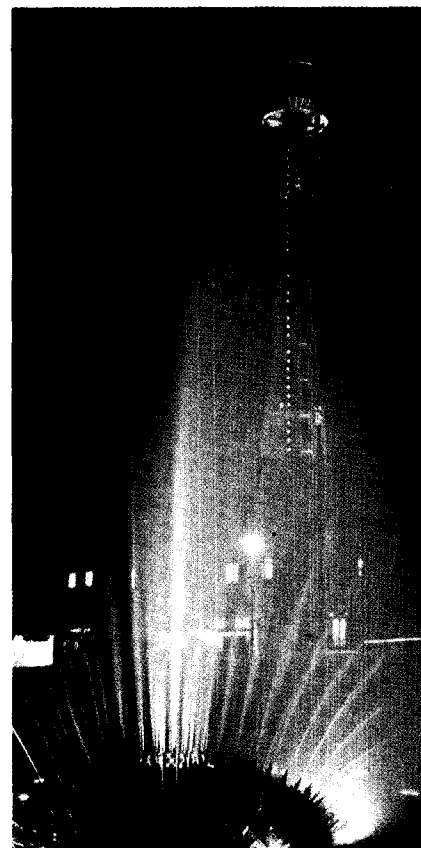
On the one hand, the Pacific Northwest is the Great Outdoors—America's last territorial frontier, a century or less removed from the days of the pioneers, rough, rugged, Americana-to-the-bone; but, with the inclusion of British Columbia, it also becomes delightfully foreign.

These may be the wide open spaces; but here also are ultra-modern and ultra-sophisticated cities. The traveler will be put up in style at sensible rates. (And

one can dine as well as just about anywhere in America—again without mortgaging the family jewels in order to do so.) It is fitting perhaps that the jets of tomorrow become a reality along the Pacific shore.

More than anything this is a land of contrasts, a country of sudden and swift transitions. One soon runs out of superlatives.

And there is a sense of service such as one is not likely to encounter in more high-pressure areas.



The Space Needle and International Fountain lend night-time glitter to Seattle.

Extra personal touches make the visitor's world a brighter one, whether it's during an oil change at an Oregon service station, getting directions from the man on the street in Vancouver, or over a breakfast cup of coffee at a Washington hotel counter. (Your cup will be automatically refilled. At no extra charge. As many times as you wish. In the West things are still done a little differently than anywhere else the traveler is likely to find himself.)

But it is almost as though there were aspects of the area residents would as soon keep under their hats. Like Vancouver, for instance. It is, in this writer's opinion, simply the most beautifully situated city on the entire North American continent. Barring none.

Compared to San Francisco? you may ask.

Yes, compared to San Francisco—and with Hong Kong and Rio de Janeiro thrown in for good measure.

Most travelers are prepared for Oregon's "City of Roses," the fair of waterfront Seattle, even that lovely bit of Merry Olde England known as Victoria; but how much have you heard about the city of Vancouver? Which is in character.

The first thing one notices about the people of the Pacific Northwest is a delicate balance between pride and modesty.

Those who live here are extremely proud of their special part of the world; at the same time they are reluctant to over-sell it. They would rather the visitor find out for himself what makes the region different from all others.



Gearhart is a pleasant place to pause along the spectacular Oregon Coast.

"Here is the best of all places to live," could serve as the area theme.

As one resident of half-a-dozen years put it: "All of us are here because we want to be. We like it here. And we want those who visit us to like it too."

Come by plane, train, private car. It makes no difference. But once here heed the call of the open road. By auto is the best way to get around. You will find an excellent network of highways both large and small. Fast. Smooth. Uncrowded. And free. Of course. There are no toll roads once the West begins.

Perhaps you will want to start in southern Oregon and make the big swing north, through Washington, later crossing British Columbia, to leave by way of the Rockies—and discover as much of a Grand Tour in its own way as Europe ever had to offer.



Water sports and rich mountain scenery draw visitors to Oregon's Wallowa Lake.



Vancouver's mountain-and-seashore setting is unsurpassed in all the world.

Oregon's coast has been called America's most magnificent shoreline. For close to 400 miles it remains in the public domain. "More beach than people." Even in mid-summer.

Stop at Gold Beach. Make a side trip by mail boat up the churning, cascading Rogue River. Near Florence, take an elevator down to sea lion caves. Newport, in the resort trade for over a century, is rated as the Dungeness crab capital and rates at least a pause to sample these tasty crustaceans.

Salishan Lodge is the pride and joy of the coast, although north of dramatic Cannon Beach, at Gearhart, luxury condominium apartments are available; and the visitor will find comfortable, lavishly appointed accommodations at the various resorts strategically set at convenient intervals along the length of shoreline.

Astoria, overlooking the Columbia River, is the oldest city in the West. Lewis and Clark made their winter headquarters here in 1805. John Jacob Astor set up a fur-trading post in 1811. Historic relics remain. Reconstructed Fort Clatsop. Astoria Column. Several museums.

Portland serves as the ideal base of operations from which to explore the Columbia River Gorge, visit Bonneville Dam, where the fish are jumping—namely salmon climbing ladders. Continue on through the apple orchard country of Hood River Valley, by way of the Mt. Hood Loop reach Timberline Lodge (elevation 6,000 ft.) for unsurpassed views across the snow-capped Cascades.

South, on the desert oasis of an Indian reservation, the Warm Springs tribes operate unique Kah-Nee-Ta. Accommodations run from authentic teepees to deluxe housekeeping cottages.

From Bend, the scenic "Cascades Lakes Drive" runs into the high, wide and handsome Deschutes National Forest Area. Central Oregon's Cascades feature cool green forests, blue, blue lakes, snowcapped mountains and more peace than anyone has a right to expect.

But the real wilderness begins in the northeastern corner of the state. Fly in to the lofty Wallowa Mountains—"The Switzerland of America"—hunt, fish, take it easy beside glacier-fed alpine lakes, get back to nature like nowhere else.

Another Oregon "must see": Crater Lake. Six miles of brilliant blue lake situated in the crater of a former volcano—one of the wonders of the world. All this, along with caves down in the redwood country, summer Shakespeare festival, music, museums, historic Jacksonville where gold rush days are recreated in romantic setting of the Old West... And this is only the beginning.

In Washington everything starts in



By night or day, Mount Rainier is Washington's crowning scenic jewel.

Seattle. Like Rome, Seattle is situated on seven hills. A stately city, a scenic city, it offers more than the ordinary share of contrasts, even by Pacific Northwest standards.

The Space Needle—that 600 ft. spire known as the "Eiffel Tower of Puget Sound"—serves as introduction to city and surroundings. Elevated dining in revolving restaurant. Look out over timber, snow-capped mountains, water wonderland studded with emerald islands.

Discover Seattle by way of four clearly marked scenic drives; take in parks, gardens, waterfront, Chinatown, Boeing Field, locks, floating bridges and Seattle Center, site of 1962 World's Fair.

After that there is no choice but to reach Mt. Rainier, America's most beautiful mountain peak. Stop off at aptly-named Paradise Valley or take



Chinook Pass. Either way one is in for breathtaking views of glaciers.

Continue into the year-round sunshine of Yakima Valley, the fruit bowl of the nation. To the east begin vast wheatlands. North is cattle country. Beyond that comes Grand Coulee Dam, the "Big Bend" country of Columbia Plateau.

On the Pacific side, along with beaches, timberland, unexcelled opportunities for salmon and steelhead fishing, the Olympic Peninsula makes for an obligatory destination.

This wilderness runs the gamut from rugged mountain peaks to moss-carpeted rain forest.

Glaciers by the dozen overlook trees reaching a height of 250 ft.

Elk, deer, black bears make their home here. Seals sun themselves along the rugged shore. Towering over everything is Mt. Olympus.

From Port Angeles take the new Heart O' the Hills highway to Hurricane



North Head Lighthouse and Long Beach enrich Washington's unspoiled coast.

Ridge. Superb views into Olympics, out to sea and across to Canada.

At Dungeness, cracked crab and garlic bread is the big specialty. Delicious! Port Townsend emerges as surprisingly Old World and serves as jumping-off place to the other world of the islands.

Start with Whidbey Island where Coupeville, with its false-fronted stores and Indian block house, drowns in the sun.

The jewel-like San Juan Islands are invariably referred to as "enchanted"; the inter-island ferry ride is described as America's most beautiful water trip. And once one gets this far there is nothing to do but continue on to the truly foreign setting of Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

Victoria belongs to the turn of the century. The mood is *Empire*, a corner of Olde England preserved in as gentle a climate as one could hope to find.

"Quaint" is the obvious word for Victoria, where one can tour by way of Tally-ho or doubledecker bus, wander down Chaucer Lane and Antique Row,



Wooded islands drift by as you cruise the scenic waterways of British Columbia.

sip tea at five o'clock, shop for British woollens, china. A garden spot if ever there was one.

From there, take the Island Highway north alongside Georgia Strait, cross over to the mainland and approach Vancouver by way of the lovely Sunshine Coast, including two cruises by British Columbia Ferries.

Either way, the "Rio of the North" is likely to come as the biggest surprise of all. More than anything, Vancouver is *photogenic*, a delight to the eye, with its soaring skyline, miles of green parks, mountain-rimmed harbor. Take the Grouse Mountain Sky Ride late of an afternoon, stay through the magic time of dusk as a million lights come on. Infinite glamour!

Vancouver is stylish, cosmopolitan, a city of museums, fine restaurants, first class accommodations. You will find yourself sorry to leave. But leave one must. There is still much to see and do in British Columbia.

Start with the gentle Fraser Valley. Stop at historic Fort Langley, which was built in 1858. Continue on to the Okanagan, B.C.'s own "Land O' Lakes." Or follow the route of the old wagon trails up into the real West of the Cariboo, truly the *big country* that was also gold rush country.

A century ago Barkerville stood as the largest settlement west of Chicago, north of San Francisco; today its restoration is becoming one of the prime visitor attractions in North America.

Much further north, the rugged Peace River Country qualifies as the great outdoors in every sense of the word. Vast timberlands. Big game. The massive Portage Mountain Dam project (officially named the W. A. C. Bennett Dam) stretches for more than a mile across the Peace River Gorge.

This project will house the world's largest underground power plant, and the dam's reservoir will become a 225 mile long lake, with 1,000 miles of shoreline. A visit to the dam makes for one more unique extra of a Two-Nation Vacation.

For the motorist heading back east by way of the Trans-Canada Highway, the most impressive stretch of mountain scenery of all has been saved for last. The 92 miles of the Rogers Pass route from Revelstoke to Golden is considered Canada's most spectacular scenic drive. This masterpiece of highway engineering takes the traveler through rugged terrain where until a few years ago only the Canadian Pacific Railroad dared go.

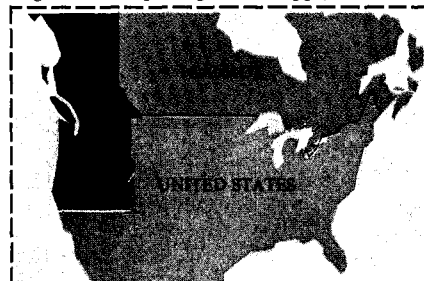
Now a smooth year-round highway crosses the Selkirk Mountains, goes through Glacier National Park, wends its way along swift-flowing rivers, passes peaceful alpine lakes . . . Snow-capped peaks stand all around. Views are into pristine valleys, across to glaciers, snowfields and thundering waterfalls.

At times clouds drift in at hub-cap level. And always, beyond, the towering grandeur of the Great Divide of the Rockies defines the limits of the region.

Again, as in the case of Oregon and Washington State, consider these aspects of British Columbia no more than a preview of more good things to come, a sampler of all the Province has to offer.

No matter how you plan your Two-Nation Vacation—no matter how much you manage to see or do—you will know there is still enough left over to make for an entirely different kind of holiday on a second or third visit, and that should serve as a comforting thought to ease the strain of parting.

Send coupon for free literature.
Regular U.S. postage rates apply.



TWO-NATION VACATION LAND

SR69

Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, British Columbia,
Canada

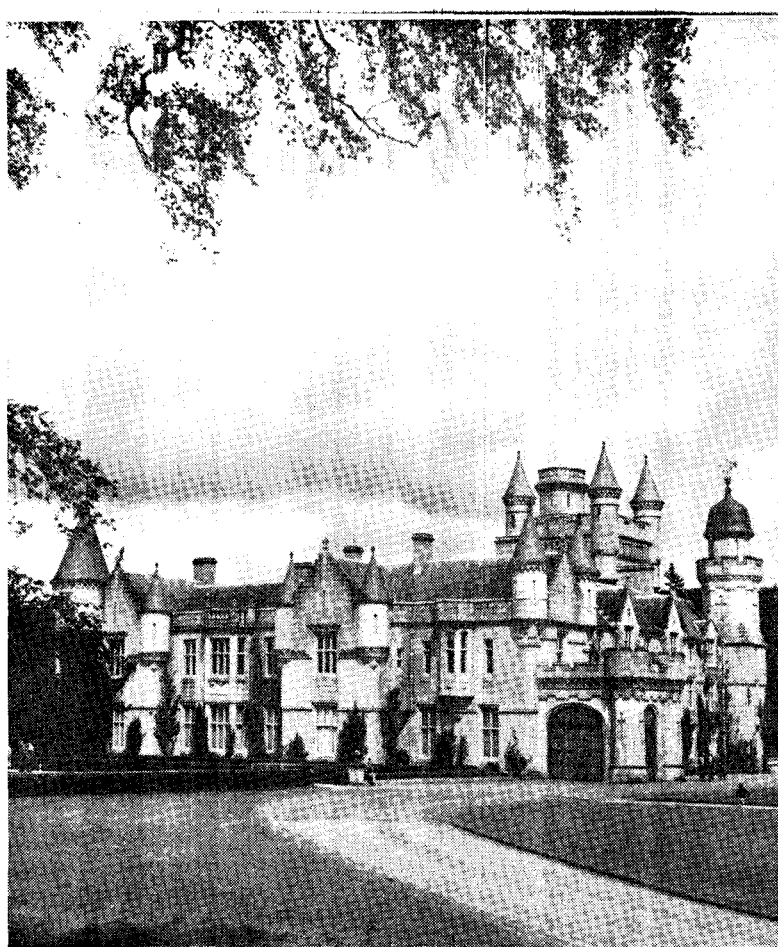
Please supply more information on
Oregon, Washington and
British Columbia.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State or Prov..... Zip.....



Balmoral Castle—all shutters, locked doors, and a dignified "Please Keep Out."

—B.T.A.

THE QUEEN'S SCOTTISH SUMMER

By BEATA BISHOP

FOR the British Royal family, a long holiday at Balmoral is an annual fixture which only a major emergency could dislocate. The timing rarely changes. In the first week of August the Duke of Edinburgh attends Cowes Regatta on the Isle of Wight; afterward the entire family moves to Scotland, possibly sailing up in the Royal yacht *Britannia* and paying visits en route. Alternately, the Queen and the younger Royal children may travel by rail or air to Aberdeen and cover the remaining 50-odd miles by car. The recent streamlining of the British railway system, which closed down uneconomic services, did not spare the branch line which linked Aberdeen with Ballater, a mere eight miles from Balmoral (jealous of privacy, Queen Victoria herself caused the line to end there), so the former, almost door-to-door, overnight rail journey is no longer practicable.

Beata Bishop, a free-lance writer who lives in London, is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

The Royal holiday normally lasts from mid-August until the second week in October and is kept strictly private. Balmoral is an ideal hide-out even today when organized tourism and mass mobility make most places uncomfortably accessible. Balmoral Estate covers 24,000 acres of rugged, beautiful Highland territory, including several villages and minor castles; another chunk of land is held on lease. The vast Castle itself lies in a sheltered hollow on the south bank of the River Dee, screened by tall trees. It was even better screened until January 1953, when a terrible hurricane hit Scotland, destroying millions of trees in two hours and depleting Balmoral's natural defenses. To make up for the loss, tall timber screens were erected along those stretches of the north Deeside road which might otherwise give too free a view of the Castle and its 10-acre grounds.

The precaution is justified. The enchanting Dee Valley, known as Royal Deeside, is visited by growing numbers every summer, especially from July until late September. It's a lovely, sparsely populated region, unspoiled by indus-

try; even farming and cattle breeding are limited to the fertile riverside strip. Overhead and as far as the eye can see, hills and mountains form a rolling pattern of forest, moors, and wild rock. In itself, Deeside is a natural tourist attraction, and of course the presence of the Royal family acts as an additional magnet. Their attendance at nearby Crathie Kirk, for instance, is witnessed by thousands of sightseers every Sunday. Ten years ago the crowds grew so huge that for a while private services had to be held in the Castle. Under the circumstances strict measures are needed if the Queen is to enjoy any peace and quiet.

Privacy has always been Balmoral's greatest charm. Unlike Windsor Castle and Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh, Balmoral is neither Crown Property nor State Residence but the Monarch's personal property and private home. That's why the public may visit the gardens in May, June, and July if no Royal person is in residence, but never the Castle. Journalists aren't admitted either, and no photographs of the interior are released. An excellent official guidebook