

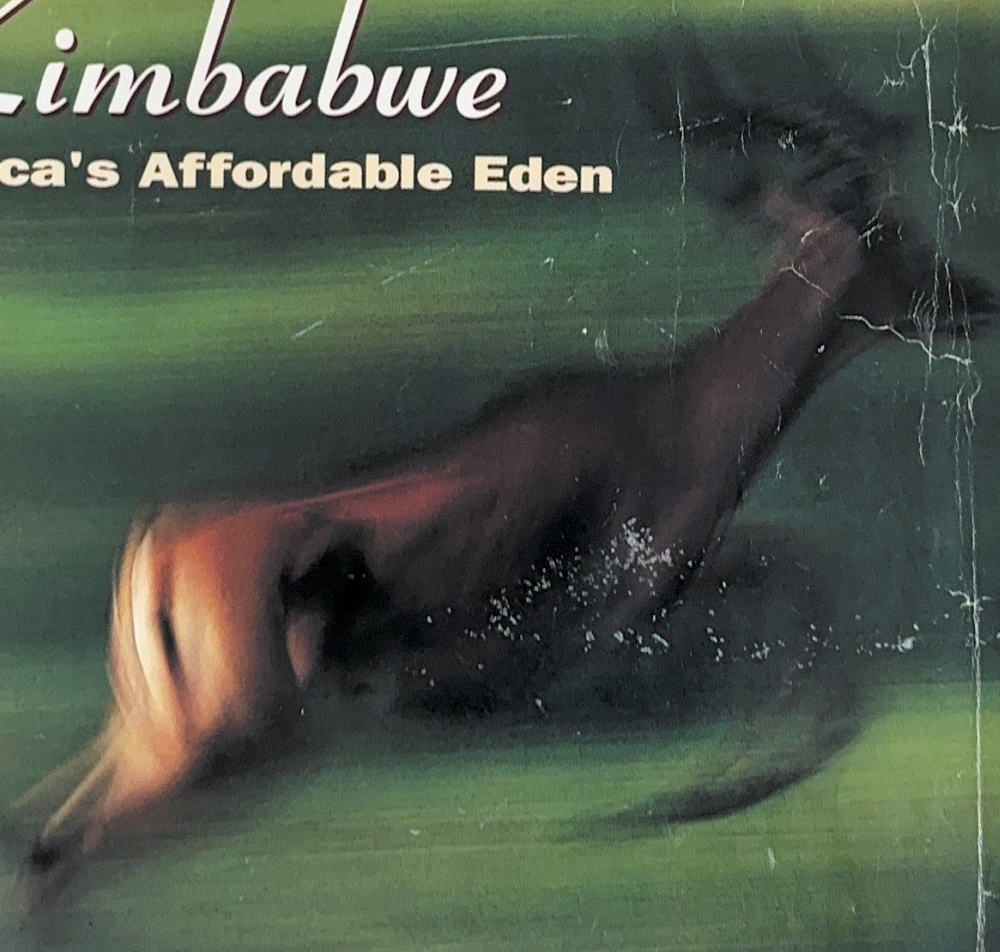
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An impala
in Swazini
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IT'S NOT ONLY LONDONERS WHO LOVE LONDON



The People's House

once knew a man who needed absolutely no encouragement to do his umpteenth imitation of Franklin Roosevelt's Pearl Harbor speech. He also never tired of asking, "Has the White House called yet?" He wasn't quite joking. Somewhere down deep, he still harbored that great American mother's dream: You too can be president. Had the White House actually called, of course, he would have fainted.

Saul Bellow, a contributing editor of this magazine, likes to tell a story about his fellow Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. When the Kennedys invited Faulkner to dine at the White House and join a galaxy of world-class glitterati, the unawed Mississippian begged off. Washington, he said, was too far to go to "eat with strangers."

Bellow himself has attended three such dinners, hosted by Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Ford. He says a call from the White House is "the world's best invitation." I agree. The White House is surely the preeminent symbol of American power; it attracts thousands of visitors from scores of countries, day after day, even if they can't stay for supper. And in this issue we salute their feelings by examining the White House as the travel destination of the year.

In "Welcome, Mr. President" (page 70), arriving in your mailbox on Election Eve 1992, coincident with the 200th anniversary of the president's house, Robert Shnayerson explores the meaning of this unique building in the eyes of not only its transient tenants but their ultimate landlords—we the people. If Shnayerson doesn't leave you a more informed voter, he will certainly entertain you with two centuries of "private and public drama" in the world's most famous political theater.

Happily, the White House isn't Saul Bellow's only connection with this issue. He also appears on page 48, with a beautifully written essay, "Winter in Tuscany," on the unexpected pleasures of cold-weather vacationing in northern Italy. Dennis Marsico's striking black-and-white photographs magically thaw Tuscany's off-season chill.

And don't think we've neglected *Travel Holiday's* key franchise—the search for good value at a time when your travel dollar may look anorexic. In "Africa's Eden" (page 60), Thurston Clarke reports that Zimbabwe's wonders include not only much of the continent's least-spoiled game areas but also low prices that Americans can easily handle. And speaking of prices, don't miss this issue's Europe File (page 34), a money-saving look at exorbitant London that should enable Americans to recall the good old days when pounds didn't feel like tons.

Maggie Simmons



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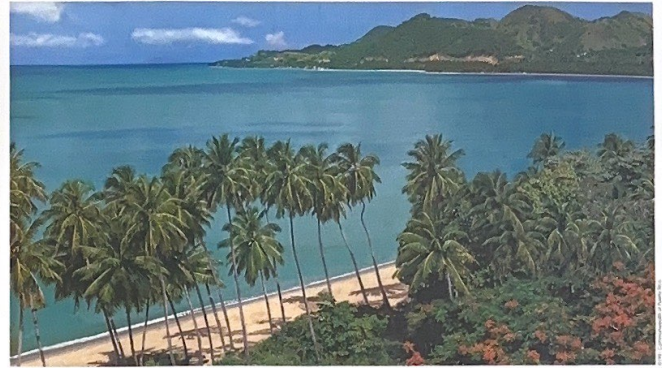
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YOUR TURN

LETTERS



THANK YOU, THURSTON

Thurston Clarke's "Epic Egypt" [September 1992] made me feel as if I had been there. He shared his vast knowledge regarding the use of guides, and I noted with interest the contrast of his trip to one I made with a package tour to Israel last May. We had a bored guide on the bus reciting a canned version of history. Mr. Clarke gave Egypt its deserved place by not only telling us of its real treasures but also, more important, how really to enjoy them.

Ava Norred
Houston, Texas

I was enthralled by Thurston Clarke's article on Egypt, a marvelous description of and primer on an ancient land that has always fascinated me. He further contributed to my enjoyment with his story on New England's Route 2, "282 Magic Miles." I am ready to pack and head north to Vermont for a drive over this nostalgic highway.

Pete Hatten
Schertz, Texas

MIXED DRINKS

I enjoyed reading "America's Best Beaches" [July/August 1992]. Your chart of the top 35 beaches in the United

States was thorough on every point except one. I have a house in Delray Beach, Florida, and I know for a fact that alcohol is not permitted on our lovely municipal sands.

Eileen Keane
Floral Park, New York

TRAIN LODGE

Among the travel complaints listed in On Your Mind [Mailbox, July/August 1992] was the lament that Amtrak is no longer a good deal. Au contraire! The reader must have been trying to buy a one-way ticket, which always costs as much as a round-trip. But Amtrak's All Aboard rate is unparalleled, averaging about \$285 round-trip and allowing three stopovers in a 45-day period with elaborate itineraries that end back home or anywhere nationwide. A journey covering more than 20,000 miles is possible on one ticket.

Marvin Doudna
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Editor's Note: For information on Amtrak's Air-Rail Travel Plans and Auto Train, see Frommer's World, Travel Adviser, September 1992, or call Amtrak at 800-872-7245.

DIFFERENT STROKES

One of our favorite things to collect while traveling abroad is signs in mangled English. A recent find in the China Art Gallery in Beijing, China: DON'T STROKE THE WORKS.

L. A. Hall
Rochester, New York

EUROPE IN AMERICA

This is an open letter to Nadia Comaneci, Andrei Codrescu, Bela Karolyi, Ilie Nastase, Ion Tiriac, and all other Romanian-born people like me who pulled their hair out after learning from Brian Hall "Where's Rome?" [September 1992] that in the United States there are 10 Moscovs, nine Warsaws, two Pragues, two Sofas, two Budapests,

but no Bucharest. Even Yugoslavia has five Belgrade clones. I have my eyes on Houston, the unofficial gymnastics capital of North America. Let's get together and rename it: Bucharest, Texas? Karolyi will make a great mayor.

Joseph J. Neuschatz
Port Jefferson, New York

"Where's Rome?" brought back memories of our oldest daughter's wedding. At the reception someone asked the newlyweds about their honeymoon plans. A gasp of pleasure arose from the crowd when our son-in-law said they were taking a trip around the world—Amsterdam, Potsdam, Hamburg, Geneva, Rome, Naples, Utica, Troy, Greece, Canton, and Mexico. The crowd was in awe and then broke

CORRECTIONS

In the September 1992 issue: The correct phone number for Fresh Air Communications ("Ah-Choo!") Readers' Tips, Your Turn) is 800-444-2524, travelers driving north from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara ("Santa Barbara, Dream Town," America File) should take California State Highway 1 and U.S. Route 101, not U.S. Route 1; the church shown on page 84 ("282 Magic Miles") is located in Norridgewock, Maine, not Phillips, Maine.

CREDITS

Thanks to Lidia Bastianich, owner of Felidia and Becco restaurants, in New York City, New York, for her help in preparing "Winter in Tuscany" and to the Jefferson Hotel, in Washington, D.C., for assisting in the production of "Welcome, Mr. President."

Please send your letters, travel tips, On Your Mind responses, and Bernie nominations to Your Turn, Travel Holiday, 28 W 23rd Street, New York, NY 10010. Include your name, address, and phone number. Letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

Illustrations by Seth Jelen

YOUR TURN

into laughter when the couple revealed that all of the stops above were in New York. Their world tour took only a week and was certainly the least expensive ever taken.

Mrs. Russell Parlato
Rochester, New York

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

I thank you and William Zinsser for the article on the Alamo ["Home of the Brave," July/August 1992]. I grew up in San Antonio and fell under the spell of the Alamo early on. Mr. Zinsser comments that the Alamo martyrs are "immune to the virus of revisionism that sooner or later disfigures even the noblest heroes and saints." I would refer both him and *Travel Holiday* readers to *Duel of Eagles, The Mexican and U.S. Fight for the Alamo*, by Jeff Long. The Texans and Alamo defenders are pictured by Mr. Long as murderers, alcoholics, opium addicts, slave traders, and

vicious racists. It's a book that examines the story from both sides of the Rio Grande, and I am almost certain that you will not find it on sale at the Alamo gift shop.

Michael Furi
Kankakee, Illinois

Editor's Note: Jeff Long's *Duel of Eagles* is published by Quill, an imprint of William Morrow & Co. (\$12, paperback; \$23, hardcover).

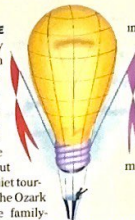
I enjoyed the feature on the Alamo. In the 1960s I wrote and coproduced, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, a slide-show dramatization of the story of the Alamo. The show ran in the Long Barrack for about 10 years before being replaced by a film. It was most interesting to see Mr. Zinsser approach the subject from a not-so-familiar viewpoint. In presenting the facts he (Continued on page 12)

READERS' TIPS

THE OTHER NASHVILLE

My wife and I recently visited the small town of Branson, "America's Music Show Capital," in southwest Missouri. Branson vies with Nashville as the country-music capital of the United States. Until about 10 years ago, it was a quiet tourist stop in the middle of the Ozark Mountains with some family-owned music halls. Then veteran music stars like Jim Stafford, Mel Tillis, and Andy Williams opened theaters. Even Wayne Newton will be joining the troupes next May.

Today there are 28 theaters and three outdoor amphitheaters with a total of 56,000 seats. That's 10,000 more seats than on Broadway. More than 4 million people came to Branson last year to hear music, see the sights, and enjoy the Ozark Mountains region. There are many



interesting gift shops and museums, and you are close to numerous state parks and caverns, Mansfield (the home of Laura Ingalls Wilder), Mark Twain National Forest, and some of Missouri's most beautiful lakes.

Frank Woodcock
Springfield, Illinois

Editor's Note: Branson is located 200 miles south of Kansas City, Missouri, and 35 miles from Springfield, Missouri. Plan to get there early for shows, as traffic to the small town can be maddening. For more information, contact the Branson Lakes Area Chamber of Commerce (Box 220, Hwy 248 at 65 N. Branson, MO 65616; tel. 417-334-4136) or the Missouri Division of Tourism (P.O. Box 1055, Jefferson City, MO 65102; tel. 800-877-1234 or 314-751-4133).

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YOUR TURN

captured the essence of the amazing sacrifices made by the men who died there and the spirit of reverence that pervades the small fort even now. Thank you for such fine reporting.
Maggie Morrison
 Silver Spring, Maryland

BERNIE

WE HAD TO GO TO MIAMI FOR OUR daughter's college orientation and encountered Andrew, the worst hurricane ever to hit the United States. At the Miami Dadeland Marriott, we lost power and water. The winds were frightening. The manager, Tim Weller, and his staff led us with flashlights to the ballroom. Windows blew out and walls shook, but Tim stayed in control. The staff made each of the 800 guests comfortable and safe. They were professionals and humanitarians.

Cookie Martin
 Port Washington, New York



The Bernie goes to Tim Weller and the staff at the Miami Dadeland Marriott, in Miami, Florida.

The Bernie Award is named for the St. Bernard dogs who brought aid to travelers trapped in Alpine snow. A Bernie certificate and a bottle of cognac go each month to an individual or organization that lent a helping hand. Send nominations to Travel Holiday (address on page 10). Your Turn continued on page 14.

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YOUR TURN

ON YOUR MIND

What is the best thing about taking a cruise? The worst thing? What is your favorite ship and destination?

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◆ ◆ ◆
Captain's log: You're all ship-hip cruisers. The destinations you picked most often were Alaska and the eastern Caribbean. Not a single cruise line displeased you, but you clearly disliked bad weather, boring tablemates, pesky photographers, procedures at disembarking, and single supplements. Nonetheless, you love cruising, again and again. Anchors aweigh!

I AM ABOUT TO EMBARK ON MY 34TH cruise on the Royal Viking Line. I have tried other cruise lines but always return to RVL. As a single lady traveler, I find that cruising is the best and least-expensive way to see the world and meet wonderful people. You unpack only once, and then all the ship's amenities are yours to enjoy for one price.
Esther McMillan
 Palmdale, California

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SITTING DOWN for a dinner of escargots, chateaubriand, and a napoleon, and then leaving the table without worrying about the check. The only down side is obnoxious tablemates. I wish the maître d' could seat people by interests. Our favorite ship is Norwegian Cruise Line's *Norway* and the destination tied between Saint John Island and Dominica.
Eleanor S. Trammell
 Sumter, South Carolina

I HAVE LONG LOVED THE CARIBBEAN, but my favorite destinations now are the great American rivers and waterways. The Delta Queen Steamboat Co. offers the best in entertainment and

fine dining. Relax while cruising the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers on the *Mississippi Queen* or the *Delta Queen*. Trade the exotic ports for charming U.S. cities.
Garnet Garoni
 Las Cruces, New Mexico

THE BEST PART IS THAT YOU'RE IN the same room every evening but a different port every day. The worst part is waiting to clear customs. Our favorite ship is Carnival Cruise Lines's *Jubilee*, and our favorite port is Dominica.
Jacklyn Spencer
 Chandler, Arizona



ON A CRUISE EVERYTHING IS CONVENIENT. I especially like presenting a credit card to the purser so that all shipboard purchases may be charged to one account. After 14 cruises, Princess Cruises's *Royal Princess* is my favorite.
Isabel B. Curtis
 Jackson, Michigan

PEOPLE ARE WHAT MAKE A CRUISE. The crew takes great care to ensure that every passenger is pampered. Your fellow passengers make you feel like part of a big family. The worst thing is the cruise's end. Second-to-last place goes to the pesky photographers.
Carol Leffler
 Glendale, Arizona

YOU LUG AND UNPACK ONLY ONCE on the trip./Yet visit the world both on and off ship./Leaving the table before that last bite./And keeping the clothing from being too tight./I hope to read soon the return in the news./Of that neat little line American Cruise./If it is small and well built and full of grace./I'll jump on a ship and go anyplace.
Jean Origies
 Linthicum, Maryland

CRUISING IS CALMING AND RELAXING except for clearing customs at the end, when you're made to feel like penned cattle. My favorite ships are Royal Vi-

king Line's. I have sailed 29 times with RVL and a few times with Princess Cruises and Holland America Line. The latter two are great, but RVL wins all.
Mrs. Oddy C. Hamilton
 Vancouver, B.C., Canada

THE NOT-SO-GOOD THINGS: EXPENSIVE side trips that try to cover too much in too little time, not enough time to relax shipboard, minuscule rooms, and shipmates who hog deck chairs.
Jane Reed
 Beverly, Massachusetts

THE SHIP IS YOUR HOTEL, RESTAURANT, and transportation. You explore a port and return to a lovely cabin and bath,

dinner is ready, and entertainment awaits. Dollar for dollar, cruising has to be the best buy. My favorites: Crystal Cruises's top-drawer *Crystal Harmony* and, for a more modest budget, Celebrity Cruises's *Horizon*.
Muriel Altschuler
 Northbrook, Illinois

THE BEST THING IS THE ILLUSION OF A CASHLESS SOCIETY. The worst is the tipping suggestions and being stuck with a table of bores for dinner every night. Favorites: the eastern Caribbean and Alaska, on Premier Cruise Lines's *Majestic* and Princess Cruises's *Fair Princess*.
Carol and Leopold Leblique
 Lake City, Florida

ON A CRUISE A "SHIP TILL YOU DROP" MENTALITY IS MANDATORY. There simply are not enough hours to enjoy all the delights on the ship. There's so much food, and when I get home I have no one to wait on me but myself. Regency Cruises is my favorite line, and Alaska is a gem of a destination—waterfalls and rivers of ice, soaring eagles, massive whales, totem poles reaching to the heavens, and warm baked salmon to dig into at the end of the day.
Joyce Lerew Williams
 Venice, Florida

THE BEST THING ON A CRUISE IS THAT THE BIGGEST DECISION you make is which dessert to have with lunch so that you can have another one with afternoon tea, dinner, or the midnight buffet. The worst thing is the growing similarity among the ports visited. Our favorite ship is Regency Cruises's *Regent Star*. Alaska and the Inside Passage were great, but the Panama Canal runs a close second.
Iris F. Kramer
 Monsey, New York

MY FAVORITE CRUISE WAS IN HAWAII ON AMERICAN HAWAII Cruises's *Independence*. The beauty and serenity of this paradise can't be improved upon. The land tours provided were the best because I learned so much about the islands, Hawaii's history, and her people.
Harnet Schmuft
 Baltimore, Maryland

GETTING ON AND OFF THE SHIP IS THE WORST. THE CHECK-IN procedure to receive your cabin assignment can be complicated. On disembarkation, the process for clearing customs and immigration is time-consuming bureaucratic poppycock that causes delays and missed plane connections. But the best things? Everything except the above.
G. M. Carlson
 Decatur, Illinois

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All the above comes with an unparalleled reputation for safety and maintenance.

And the chance to earn mileage credit with our U.S. or Canadian partners.

So should you ever get the chance to go our way, don't let that chance go.

We go further.



W E G O F U R T H E R

Call 1-800-227-4500

TRAVEL ADVISER

WITH ARTHUR FROMMER



Frommer's World

When Club Med resorts first appeared in North America, 25 years ago, they tended to be rather Spartan and camplike. Doors locked from the inside but not the outside; meals were served at long tables, family style; guests were almost all singles of the sort referred to as "swinging." This year, as the French-owned chain of 110 properties (and two cruise ships) celebrates its 25th anniversary, a whirlwind of decoration and construction has improved the 17 resorts in the Caribbean, the Bahamas, Florida, Mexico, Polynesia, and Colorado. Now the hotels have sit-down-and-be-served restaurants; doors can be

Club Med for skiing? Sure—at the Copper Mountain resort, near Vail, Colorado.

locked, and the rooms are state-of-the-art. Some Club Meds now even make a point of inviting families and maintain children's facilities—at St. Lucia (West Indies), Sandpiper (Florida), Eleuthera (Bahamas), and Punta Cana (Dominican Republic). Four others are geared primarily for adult couples of all ages: the new Columbus Isle (San Salvador, Bahamas, opens December 12), Huatulco (Mexico), Paradise Island (Bahamas), and Caravelle (Guadeloupe). Another, Copper Mountain resort, near Vail, Colorado, is designed to attract families, singles, and adult couples.

Despite the improvements, rates remain reasonable: a surprisingly low \$750 a week, plus airfare, for an all-inclusive one-week stay in high season (February through mid-April) in Huatulco. For the same thing at Paradise Island, the price is \$990; \$1,090, at the Caravelle; \$1,090 to \$1,290, at Copper Mountain (including ski lessons and lift tickets); and, finally, \$1,340, at the elegant Colum-

TRAVEL ADVISER



Tourists keeping fit on the Costa Blanca, Spain.

bus Isle. The best bargains are at the Mexican properties. Only \$650 a week in high season (airfare extra) will bring you lodging, meals, recreation, and entertainment at such delightful resorts as Playa Blanca, north of Ixtapa. Even when you add \$400 to \$500 for round-trip airfare, the total one-week holiday comes to \$1,140 at Playa Blanca and \$1,290 at the more elegant Huatulco, which caters specially to mature Americans. Contact Club Med (tel. 800-258-2633).

After years of fending off complaints about the shortness of the one-week, popularly priced cruises, three major lines—Carnival Cruise Lines, Regency Cruises, and Celebrity Cruises—have announced a series of 10- and 11-night sailings, on their low-cost *Tropicale*, *Regent Sun*, and *Merdian*. We applaud the move. Since a hefty airfare is included in most cruise prices, why not dilute the cost over a greater number of days? Regency's 10- and 11-day cruises on the *Regent Sun* will now cost as little as \$170 a night (a total of \$1,145), including round-trip airfare from almost any major city. Celebrity's 11-day cruises on the *Merdian* will come down to \$145 a night (a total of \$1,595), including airfare, on its sailings to Jamaica, Aruba, Martinique, and St. Thomas. That is what lengthening the duration of the cruise can do. Call any travel agent to book.



Rock islands, Palau, Micronesia.

Over the years, I've been critical of the prices charged mature travelers by the so-called specialists in senior-citizen vacations: AmEx's AARP Travel Experience, Saga Holidays, Grand Circle Travel, and others. In refreshing contrast is the program of a lesser-known firm, called **Golden Age Travellers Club**, now entering its 23rd year. Samples of its current offerings: from \$1,249 per person for a two-week stay in Cairns, Australia, including round-trip airfare from the West Coast; from \$1,129 for an all-inclusive (three meals daily) hotel sojourn in Benidorm, on Spain's Costa Blanca, including round-trip air from New York, from \$599 for a week in San José, Costa Rica, including round-trip air from Miami. Write or call for the free, 32-page catalog; these inexpensive tours for the over-50 set are just what some of us crave (Pier 27, the Embarcadero, San Francisco, CA 94111, tel. 800-258-8880 or 415-563-2361).

A hot new travel destination is attracting much favorable comment—the serene **Micronesian island republic of Palau** (an archipelago, actually), to the east of the Philippines, north of Papua New Guinea. A group of marine scientists and conservationists recently voted its coral reef one of the seven underwater wonders of the world. Palau is a former trust territory of the United States. Its language is English, its currency the U.S. dollar, its chief industries snorkeling, scuba, and boating, its prices moderate (save for airfare to get there). Its main airline is Continental (you fly seven hours from Honolulu to Guam, then continue on by small jet). Palau's 15 hotels range from modest to deluxe. For literature, contact the Palau Visitors Authority (P.O. Box 256, Koror, Republic of Palau 96940) or its chief U.S. tour operators, See & Sea (tel. 800-348-9778 or 415-434-3400), Trip-Tour Micronesia (tel. 800-348-0842 or, in California, 800-843-8956), and Sea Safaris (tel. 800-821-6670 or, in California, 800-262-6670).

Who's for Christmas in Europe? If you don't mind missing the season's rites at home you'll find that the Old World is a splendid value from mid-December to New Year's. Examples: For \$1,299 (from New York, Boston,

TRAVEL ADVISER

or Philadelphia, slightly more from other cities), British Airways (tel. 800-262-2422) will fly you to London (Dec. 22) for a six-night stay at the first-class Royal Westminster Hotel. Included are two meals a day, a gala Christmas Eve dinner, lunch on Christmas Day, a theater matinee on Boxing Day, and a tour to Leeds Castle the following day.

From London itself, Cosmos Tourama (tel. 800-221-0090 or 718-268-1700) offers 15-day (Europe's Top Cities, Dec. 18) and 17-day (Grand Tour of Italy, Dec. 16) motor-coach tours, ending in Rome, for a remarkable \$934 and \$999 a person (double occupancy, airfare not included). You'll hear midnight mass at St. Peter's Basilica and receive the pope's Christmas Day Blessing in St. Peter's Square, a Christmas lunch, breakfast daily, and some dinners. Expect to pay about \$450 for round-trip airfare to London from some U.S. cities.

Christmas in other European cities? Check out Inter-Continental hotels' Christmas Spectacular rates at 45 deluxe and first-class hotels in 32 major European cities (tel. 800-327-0200). From December 18 through January 3, Christmas guests pay

as little as \$135 a night for a double at the luxurious Ritz Inter-Continental Lisboa, in Lisbon, or the Schweizerhof Inter-Continental Berlin, only \$113 at the elegant Athenaeum Inter-Continental Athens; and \$76 at the handsome Victoria Inter-Continental Warsaw —*Arthur Frommer*

Hurricane Update

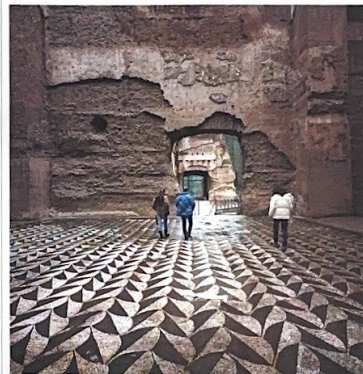
TOURIST OFFICIALS IN HURRICANE-RAVAGED Florida and Hawaii are eager to assure travelers that they are especially welcome this winter, that most facilities are functioning normally, and that a boost from a healthy tourist season would do wonders.

In Florida most of Hurricane Andrew's destruction occurred on a stretch of Dade County's farmland, 30 miles south of Miami. The major tourist centers of Miami Beach, Key Largo, and the middle and lower Keys escaped significant damage. Several southern Dade County botanical gardens and such attractions as Miami's MetroZoo and the renowned Fairchild Garden, however, suffered considerable damage. At Fairchild, botanists from around the world are trying to save the world's largest collection of palms and tropical shrubs. Everglades and Biscayne national parks may be closed for months.

In Hawaii, Hurricane Iniki devastated Kauai. Kauai's jungle-draped hillsides, once resplendent with wild orchids and bougainvillea, have been laid waste, such super-resorts as the Hyatt Regency, the Kauai Sheraton, and the Westin Kauai are inoperable. It could be many months before these facilities resume service and perhaps years before the island's vegetation recovers. The word is that the other islands are as beautiful and comfortable as ever.

The state of things changes daily. Travelers should contact the Greater Miami hurricane hot line (tel. 800-283-2707) or the Hawaii Visitors Bureau (tel. 808-923-1811), for current information on conditions and operations. While tourism has rebounded, residents are still trying to put their shattered lives together. Readers wishing to contribute can do so through the American Red Cross (Disaster Relief, P.O. Box 9140, Church St. Sta., New York, NY 10256) —*Terry George (Travel Adviser continued on page 22)*

Rome wasn't built in a day, or indeed in 20 centuries.



Domenico Mancuso

THE FERRARI CAME IN SECOND

Lincoln Town Car came in first. ■ It wasn't a contest of speed. Or of cornering. It was a contest of desirability.

In a USA TODAY Dream Car reader poll*, Americans named Lincoln Town Car the automobile they would most like to own, if money were no object. They recognized Town Car as nothing less than what it is:

an exceedingly spacious, uncompromisingly comfortable and extraordinarily smooth-riding automobile.

■ To achieve world-class desirability, Lincoln engineers combined

a smooth electronic transmission and powerful

overhead-cam V-8 engine

with a body/frame design




that isolates sound and

reduces vibration. The result: Town Car not only is a dream machine... it also drives like one. ■ To this,

Lincoln engineers added standard driver and right-front passenger air bags** standard four-wheel disc

anti-lock brakes and optional traction assist. ■ For more information, visit a Lincoln dealer or call

1 800 446-8888. Driving a Lincoln Town Car may seem like a dream. But owning one can be a reality.

*Based on a February 1991 USA TODAY reader poll. **Supplemental Restraints System. Always wear your safety belt.
LINCOLN/MERCUURY DIVISION  Buckle up—together we can save lives.

LINCOLN TOWN CAR
WHAT A LUXURY CAR SHOULD BE 

A Capital Experience

THERE MAY BE NO MORE ATTRACTIVE TIME TO visit Washington, D.C., than winter. The national capital is quiet, and it's all yours. Through January, Congress recesses, lobbyists hibernate, and business travelers stick close to home. In response, hotels of all kinds lower their rates and offer special deals. What's more, as December approaches, the city decks itself for the holidays and festivities are planned everywhere.

At the recently restored Union Station, 100 trains arrive daily from around the country. Check with Amtrak, for fares (tel. 800-872-7245), or Great American Vacations, for rail-and-hotel packages (tel. 800-321-8684). When you've gotten rid of your luggage, return to tour the grand white-marble train station, originally opened in 1908 and once again among the most civilized beaux-arts buildings in America. The depot offers seasonal entertainment, beginning the day after Thanksgiving—a 10-foot toy soldier, choirs, musical revues, and carolers (tel. 371-9441). At the shops, get a head start on the campaign of '96 at Political Americana, which sells amusing memorabilia from elections both past and possible (tel. 289-7090). Model-train buffs should check out the



Washington in winter is no better time.

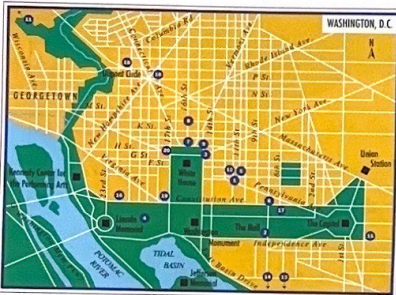
Great Train Store (tel. 371-2881). And at the food court more than 30 vendors serve up everything from apple pie to sushi.

One of the best things about Washington is that most attractions are free—museums, zoo, galleries, monuments—and there's never a shortage of things to do. But touring the city's famous "magnificent distances" can be exhausting. The underground metro is convenient, fast, and safe (see America File, October 1991), and inexpensive cabs are easy to find downtown.

For a break from the museum routine, putt-putt around the 18 holes at the miniature-golf course in the Old Post Office Pavilion. Some holes are miniscule replicas of monuments around town (1100 Penn. Ave. NW, tel. 898-7888). Check out the shops and the food stalls, live entertainment, and the view from the clock tower. Outdoors, ice skaters have beautiful surroundings to glide by, so bring your skates. If you're lucky, a fresh sprinkling of snow will turn the already beautiful city into a Greek Revival baked Alaska. Choice rinks are at the National Sculpture Garden, Pershing Park (15th St. and Penn. Ave. NW), and the Reflecting Pool.

Warm up at any of the coffee bars all over town. Barista (431 11th St. NW) and Roasters on the Hill (7th St. and Penn. Ave. SE) are close to the Mall. Or refresh yourself by taking tea at either of the town's most traditional hideaways—the grand Hay-Adams Hotel (800 16th St. NW, tel. 638-6600; \$12) or the intimate Jefferson Hotel (1200 16th St. NW, tel. 347-2200; \$12.50). Sipping alone? The U.S. Government Bookstore, a fount of useful information, is around the corner (1510 H St. NW, tel. 653-5075), sample lighter fare at Kramerbooks & Afterwards Café (1517 Conn. Ave. NW, tel. 387-1400), a bookstore that serves snacks among the stacks. For more-unusual theatres, reserve (well in advance) the Tuesday or Wednesday tour of the vast, 100-years-in-the-making Washington National Cathedral—tea is served in the observation gallery (Mass. and Wis. aves. NW, tel. 537-6207; \$15).

Theatergoers can buy discount day



Wheel Deals

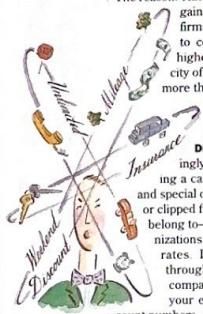
IF YOU'VE RENTED A CAR RECENTLY, YOU MAY have been startled by the cost. Car-rental rates have risen steadily in the past year, and industry executives predict they will continue to climb.

The reason? Automakers are driving harder bargains on new cars, and the rental firms claim they have no choice but to continue raising rates. Look for higher prices, older cars, and a scarcity of lower-priced subcompacts. Now more than ever it's especially important for you to make the best deal you can. A little advance research and planning will help.

Discounts. Get a grip on the seemingly infinite rate possibilities by keeping a car-rental file. In it, place coupons and special offers you've received in the mail or clipped from ads. Check with groups you belong to—auto and travel clubs and organizations like the AARP receive reduced rates. Discounts might also be had through your credit-card or insurance company, frequent-flyer clubs, and even your employer. Note and file any discount numbers. And apply for the car-rental companies' clubs and frequent-renter ID programs, such as Avis's "Wizard" and National's "Privilege Preferred." These are usually free and provide a steady stream of promotional offers.

Insurance. Find out whether your auto-insurance and credit-card companies insure you when you rent a car. This alone can save \$20 or more a day on additional insurance. Check the restrictions and whether additional drivers are covered. Some credit-card companies, for example, extend coverage only on rentals of three weeks or less and only for collision and/or theft, not liability (medical bills and lawsuits). If this is the case, you could decline the collision-damage and loss-damage waivers (CDW/LDW) but accept personal-liability insurance.

From whom and from where? The hard but thorough way to the lowest rate is to call each company. The best rates are usually had with at least one-week advance reservations, so don't wait



of-show and full-price advance tickets at Ticketplace (F St. Plaza between 12th and 13th sts. NW, tel. 842-5387). The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (N H. Ave. NW and Rock Creek Pkwy, tel. 467-4600) offers brunch or dinner packages for as little as \$30 (\$35, Fri. and Sat.). You get a ticket to the long-running comedy *Shear Madness* plus a meal at Clyde's of Georgetown or the Old Ebbitt Grill. While at the KenCen, don't miss the view from the outdoor roof terrace or, if you're around on December 23, the popular sing-along to Handel's *Messiah* Southeast, at Arena Stage (6th St. and Maine Ave. SW, tel. 488-3300), tickets usually go for half price 90 minutes before curtain, just enough time for a quick dinner of Chesapeake Bay crab cakes or spiced shrimp at the nearby Wharf Seafood Market (9th to 11th sts. SW and Maine Ave. NW).

Muscle lovers can find free concerts all over town. Check the *Washington Post*, or call for times and locations: the Library of Congress (tel. 707-5522), the National Academy of Sciences (tel. 334-2436), the National Gallery of Art (tel. 842-6941), the Phillips Collection (tel. 387-0961), and the Organization of American States (tel. 458-6194). U.S. military bands perform frequently throughout the capital (Air Force, tel. 767-5658; Army, tel. 475-0685; Marines, tel. 433-4011, and Navy, tel. 433-2394).

The president will probably be making a Christmas-wish list at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Before you go on one of the evening candlelight tours offered in late December (tel. 456-2200), brief yourself on the White House and its 200th anniversary (see "Welcome, Mr. President," page 70). For decorating your own house, try the nearby Decatur House Museum Shop (1600 H St. NW, tel. 842-1856), for handcrafted, made-in-the-U.S.A. holiday ornaments. The tiny store, run by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, is full of Christmas displays, books, and gifts. Just stay away at midday—you'll find that it's mobbed with locals on their lunch hour.—Katryna Gletter

The area code for D.C. is 202. For more information, contact the Washington, D.C. Convention and Visitors Association (1212 N.Y. Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20005, tel. 789-7000), and turn to the *Globetrotter's Indispensable Index*, page 32.

TRAVEL ADVISER

until the last minute. Ask whether there are any special promotions at your location, and mention the pertinent coupons or offers from your file.

According to a recent *Consumer Reports Travel Letter* survey, second-tier companies like Alamo and Thrifty, not the Big Four—Hertz, Avis, Budget, National—offered the lowest airport rates. Of the big four, Budget was usually the cheapest and Hertz the priciest. Keep in mind, though, that the second-tier companies' "airport" locations are usually a long haul from the terminal.

Your returning the car to a location other than the one you are renting from might result in a higher rate or an extra drop-off charge. And your driving into or through another state can nullify the "unlimited mileage" clause.

How long? Timing is crucial. If possible, take advantage of low weekend rates, which usually start at noon on Thursday and end on Monday. A rental of two days or more or one spanning a Saturday night can also lower the rate. Weekly rentals are cheaper still. But watch out if you keep the car a day less or a day more—you might convert to a daily rate, which can be exorbitant.

Additional charges. Spouses may usually drive rental cars at no additional charge, but you might pay extra for other drivers. Check on surcharges or taxes, too. These vary by location and company. For example, Minnesota adds a \$7.50 charge per rental, Alabama tacks 7 percent on to other sales taxes. In New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, Hertz has imposed a daily surcharge (as high as \$54) on renters with New York City zip codes on their driver's license. Other companies are screening driving records.

Grab that rate. Lock in your best price with a confirmation number. Rental rates, like airlines, can gyrate wildly—a \$35 daily rate on Monday evening, for example, can turn into a \$75 rate by breakfast time on Tuesday.

A more efficient way to rent is through your travel agent, whose computer system can generate more information about rates in 30 seconds than you can in three hours of calling. Agents are usually happy to work with special coupons and offers, and you'll get a written confirmation. The drawback to using an agency system is that a few of the lowest rental rates offered may not show up on the computer, because travel agents

TO GET THE MOST MILES FOR YOUR MONEY WHEN RENTING A CAR, YOU SHOULD BE AWARE OF THE MANY FACTORS THAT AFFECT CAR-RENTAL RATES. ADVANCE PLANNING, THOROUGH RESEARCH, AND SHOPPING AROUND IS THE BEST WAY TO THE LOWEST PRICE.

do not receive commissions for booking them.

On the road. Road-service policies differ among companies (see Q&A, *Travel Adviser*, July/August 1992). If you belong to a motor club, you are probably covered for road service—most memberships insure you, not the car you left at home. Ask at the counter what to do in case of an emergency. Many cars lack an operator's manual, so understand the controls before you drive away. Ask about local driving regulations, and get maps. Fill up the tank just before you return the car—rental companies charge about twice the going rate for gasoline. Get a receipt, as they may want more proof than the gauge.

While all this might seem like extra work, once it becomes routine you can savor the rewards as you count your cash remaining at the end of the trip.—James Morrison

Car-Rental Companies

Alamo	800.327.9633
Avis	800.331.1212
Budget	800.527.0700
Dollar	800.800.4000
Enterprise	800.325.8007
General	800.327.7607
Hertz	800.654.3131
National	800.227.7368
Payless	800.237.2804
Thrifty	800.367.2277



Illustration by Meredith Hamilton

The Nikon for people who care more about pictures than cameras.



The brand of camera carried by more journalists, scientists, artists, and astronauts is now available in a daring model.

One for people who wish to document the birthday rituals of small humans.

Or discover national monuments aboard a minivan.

Or embark on landmark visits to the barbershop.

It's called the Nikon N5005; and

right above you can see graphic evidence of the many miracles you can perform simply by setting everything on automatic and using the built-in flash. The 28-70mm autofocus zoom Nikkor lens was used for this shot. It's just one of

a wide variety of legendary Nikkor lenses that you can choose from.

You, of course, furnish the little boy.

You see, the N5005 allows you to look for pictures instead of looking for the instruction booklet.

It's for people who want to know the time but not how to build the watch.

It's the camera for all those people out there who always wanted to get a Nikon but thought they, well, might not be *into it* enough to use one.

Well, you should know, the same thing that matters to you matters to us.

The world's greatest pictures, of course.

We're here to help *all* kinds of people learn how to take them.

Is it your turn?



See the N5005 at authorized Nikon dealers. Ask for the N5005 and benefits of the exclusive Nikon MasterCard, call 1.800.NIKKON.35

Nikon
The world's greatest pictures.

**TRAVEL
ADVISER**

Reward Yourself Now

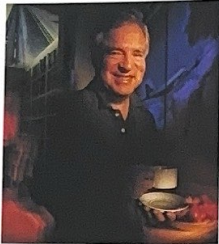
ONCE EVERY WINTER, ALL OF US SHOULD STAND waist deep in warm Caribbean waters gazing lazily at small tropical fish and undersea coral. We should meditate at the great Maya ruins on the Yucatán Peninsula near Cancun and cleanse our minds of life's petty cares. We should ponder the great nighttime bowl of the universe from a moonlit beach in Hawaii. We should sway to the merengue beat or the reggae rhythm from a loud-speaker in a Montego Bay record shop. In a perfect world every one of us would be thus rewarded at least once a winter.

This year, there's no excuse for not taking a short, sunny winter vacation. Rates and availability are expected to be the best since 1981. Twelve hundred dollars will buy an all-inclusive discounted cruise this winter on a number of ships, a stay, including airfare, at a number of resorts, or an independent trip—airfare, lodgings, and meals extra—to locations ranging from Central America to Hawaii to Rio de Janeiro. This is a prediction, but I'll bet on it.

As you read this November edition of Travel Adviser, the panicky ads for airfare discounts and cut-rate packages to the tropics may not have appeared yet. Winter vacations often remain at their original high prices until the leaves have fallen. Then, after Thanksgiving, airline executives and tour operators face those empty January booking sheets, and alarms go off.

Traditionally the first few weeks of January and even the first week of February are about the slowest travel times of the year. Smart tour operators with a sense of reality slash their package prices long in advance. Some others wait until immediately after Thanksgiving. If things run true to form, the December pre-Christmas newspapers will blossom with ads for airline sales starting Monday, January 4. Suddenly we will learn that we needn't pay \$400 for a round-trip ticket to San Juan; \$280 will do. The same with cruise prices. The same with resort-hotel rates.

Even in the latter part of February and in March, there are factors this year that mitigate the usual rise in prices. First, the winter air-charter industry has returned with a vengeance.



ARTHUR FROMMER POINTS OUT THAT, BECAUSE OF CHANGES IN THE TRAVEL INDUSTRY, THERE ARE EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS TO BE HAD IN WARM-WEATHER DESTINATIONS DURING THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE NEW YEAR.

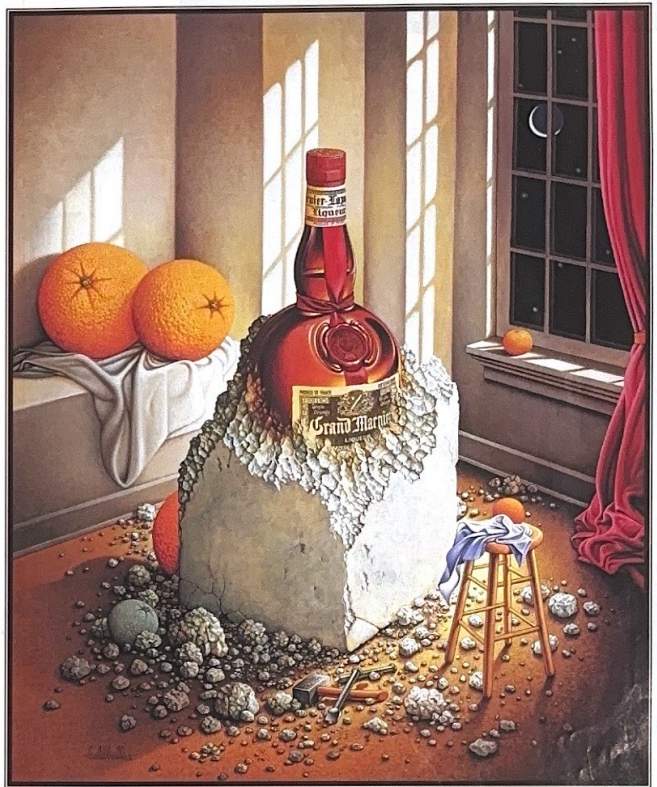
Thousands of cut-rate southbound seats will be offered to fill the gap left by the recent demise of Eastern and Pan Am. Led by three industry giants—Apple Vacations, MLT Vacations, and Funway Holidays—and aided by a glut of leasable planes, charter companies will operate many more low-cost winter charters to the Caribbean and Mexico from nearly every major U.S. city. (Charters are

special vacation flights booked by a tour operator for a certain date; seats are nonrefundable and usually priced at up to \$200 less than seats on regular flights.) Watch for the ads in the Sunday newspapers' travel sections, or check the travel-trade monthly *Jax Fax* magazine (tel. 203-655-8746; \$12/year), for information about charters, hotels, packages, and special offers.

Second, the Caribbean and Pacific cruise-ship industry has just experienced the largest 12-month rise ever in its inventory of berths and cabins. In 1992 to date, nine giant ships have joined the world's fleet. Cruise discounting is on the increase; at least some winter berths will be available even at the peak of the season for about \$1,200, including airfare. Seek out a travel agent who knows cruises or else a cruise broker advertising in the various media. Cruises of Distinction (tel. 800-634-3445) and World Wide Cruises (tel. 800-882-9000) are examples of the latter.

Third, and most important, the remarkable cruise values have lured a great many people from land-based vacations in the Caribbean, Mexico, and Hawaii. The resulting competition has led island after island and resort after resort to announce that their prices for this winter will be exactly the same—unchanged by a single penny from last winter's. And that's before the post-Thanksgiving sales are announced.

And there you have it. The entrance fee for a smart shopper is \$1,200, and the options are many.—Arthur Frommer



A GRAND INSPIRATION.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

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We make a difference
in 100 million lives worldwide.

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TRAVEL ADVISER

Q: Can you give me any information on courier service, particularly to eastern Europe?

—Heien A. Baine, Liverpool, New York
A: Contact New Voyager Freelance Couriers (74 Varick St., New York, NY 10013, tel: 212-431-1616). It offers touch-tone-operated phone messages with listings of current destinations. Also, the International Association of Air Travel Couriers (P.O. Box 1349, Lake Worth, FL 33466; tel: 407-582-8320) compiles and disseminates information on courier brokers worldwide. It publishes a bulletin of courier flights and a bimonthly newsletter for members (\$35 annually). In addition, pick up a copy of *The Insiders Guide to Air Courier Bargains*, by Kelly Monaghan. It lists dozens of courier-company brokers and even points out the various drawbacks to this type of travel (Inwood Training Publications, P.O. Box 438, New York, NY 10034; \$14.95).

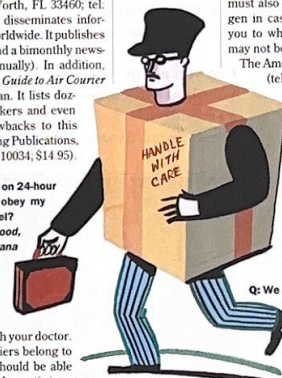
Q: My doctor recently put me on 24-hour oxygen therapy. How can I obey my doctor's orders and still travel?

—Sherman J. Bellwood, Rupert, Indiana

A: To travel with portable oxygen takes little more than advance planning. Elevation and climate changes can affect your prescription, so clear all arrangements with your doctor. Because most oxygen suppliers belong to nationwide networks, you should be able to arrange for tank refills on domestic journeys. Try to travel during business hours, in case you need to change your plans. Costs for refills vary, depending on location, but some health insurance and Medicare plans cover the expense.

Most major airlines and cruise lines can accommodate you. They need a copy of your prescription as well as advance notice (72 hours for flights, longer for cruises). You check your empty tanks into the plane's baggage compartment, and the airline supplies you with oxygen during the flight. Expect to pay \$40 to \$50 per leg of your journey. Because airlines provide oxygen only in the air, not in the terminal, and because most airports are not equipped for interim layovers, fly nonstop whenever possible. Cruise lines don't

Q&A



provide oxygen at sea, so you must arrange for delivery of full tanks to the ship.

The process on land is less complicated. Plan a route that avoids high altitudes and has stops where you can make refills. Amtrak (tel: 800-872-7245) and Greyhound (tel: 800-752-4841) let you bring full tanks on board at no extra charge. Amtrak allows electric-run concentrators, but you must also bring a 12-hour supply of tanked oxygen in case of power failure. Greyhound limits you to what you can carry to your seat—tanks may not be checked as baggage.

The American Association for Respiratory Care (tel: 214-243-2272) offers a brochure, "Requirements for Traveling with Oxygen." Ask your local Lung Association chapter for a copy of "Airline Travel with Oxygen," and check to see whether it organizes special trips. If not, encourage it to do so. Some tour companies cater to oxygen patients. For eight years Life Unlimited (tel: 305-441-6819) has put together cruises to the Caribbean and trips to Walt Disney World, Las Vegas, and the Grand Canyon.

Q: We would like to go to the Amish country in Ohio. Friends have told us that Holmes County is great. Where can we get information?

—Larry Spiegelhauer, Bartlett, Texas

A: Holmes County, in east-central Ohio, has more resident Amish than any other county in the United States—35,000 of the 120,000 American Amish. Restaurants in the area serve Amish country cooking at very reasonable prices: shops sell Amish goods, quilts, handwoven rugs, and woolen comforters. The cheese is shipped worldwide. A star attraction is Gloria and Eli Yoder's 116-acre working farm, which gives visitors a good look at the local lifestyle (Rte. 515 between Trail and Walnut creeks, tel: 216-893-2541). For information, contact the Mennonite Information Center (P.O. Box 324, Berlin, OH 44610, tel: 216-893-3192).

Send your questions to Q&A, Travel Holiday, 28 W. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010.

Illustration by Alison Seidler

NOVEMBER 1992 29

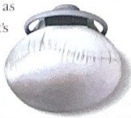
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Can you pump your brakes 15 times a second?

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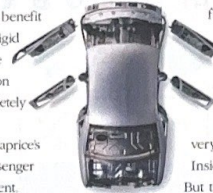
practically do the rest. By pumping themselves faster than humanly possible, your ABS helps to ensure a safe, controlled stop.

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The 1993 Caprice features state-of-the-art, front and rear "crush zones" that are specifically designed to "crumple" and help absorb the impact of a collision.



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full-perimeter steel frame or its driver's-side air bag, we think you'll agree that this car has been very well thought out. Inside and out.

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As you can see, our engineers have clearly designed the 1993 Caprice with your safety in mind. Whether it's Caprice's



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*Air bags are designed to help protect the driver in moderate to severe frontal collisions. Always wear safety belts. Even with air bags. Chevrolet, the Chevrolet Emblem and Caprice are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. © 1992 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America!

THE GLOBETROTTER'S



Activity	Location	Start	End	Duration	Cost	Notes
12-4871	Thames Valley University	12-15	12-15	1 day	£50	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4872	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4873	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4874	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4875	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4876	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4877	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4878	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4879	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4880	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4881	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4882	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4883	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4884	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4885	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4886	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4887	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4888	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4889	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4890	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen

INDISPENSABLE INDEX



Activity	Location	Start	End	Duration	Cost	Notes
12-4891	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£50	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4892	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4893	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4894	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4895	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4896	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4897	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4898	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4899	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4900	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4901	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4902	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4903	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4904	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4905	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4906	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4907	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4908	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4909	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen
12-4910	London	12-15	12-15	1 day	£25	Workshop on writing for the screen

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London for Less

How to stretch your dollar into a pound's worth of pleasure
by Sue Woodman

"WHEN A MAN IS TIRED OF LONDON," Dr. Johnson said, "he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." That seems as true today as in the 18th century, except that there are definitely things in London now that ordinary people cannot afford (no matter what happens to international currencies)—a Savile Row suit, for instance, or a room at Claridge's. Still, if you plan ahead, you need not give up the good doctor's favorite city.

STARTING OUT

For the best deals on where to stay, begin by asking your airline. Many offer unbeatable packages on hotel rooms as well as excursions, car rentals, and even theater and concert tickets.

British Airways has an arrangement with 60 hotels for rooms starting at around \$28 a person a night and also a six-night special for between \$237 and \$612 per person (tel. 800-247-9297). Its "Taste of London" tour offers two nights and three days for \$495 to \$560 a person, including hotel and airfare. Travel Bound's "Royal London" package offers round-trip airfare from six U.S. cities to London plus six nights at a central hotel for between \$499 and \$659, depending on departure point. The price includes continental breakfast and that great British repast afternoon tea, to be "taken" in Seefridges department store (tel. 800-456-8656 or 212-334-1350). American Airlines's "London A La Carte" includes six nights' accommodation, a theater ticket, a river cruise, and a three-day travel pass, all starting at \$284 per person (tel. 800-832-8383).



After a morning's haggling in Portobello Road, you've earned a pint of bitter in a cozy pub.



Those who like to make their own arrangements should know that central areas like Victoria, Paddington, Bayswater, Earl's Court, and Baker Street all have a range of small town-house hotels. These offer beds, private bath, and continental breakfast for between \$60 and \$140 a night. The British Tourist Authority puts out a helpful free booklet, "London Accommodations for Budget Travellers," which lists many of these properties along with information on booking (Suite 701, 551 Fifth

Ave., New York, NY 10176, tel. 212-986-2200).

Several bed-and-breakfast agencies rent private rooms in London homes, most within 20 minutes of Piccadilly Circus. Worldwide Bed and Breakfast (tel. 81-742-9123) offers rates between \$40 and \$80, with a two-night minimum. Uptown Reservations (tel. 71-351-3445) arranges short leases on flats and houses (prices start at \$125 a night for two, including breakfast). Or try London Home-stead Services (tel. 81-949-4455), which can put you up for a minimum of three nights, with breakfast, starting at around \$50 for two.

For a family or group, the most economical option is to rent an apartment. These are available all over

the city at rates as low as \$440 a week. The British Travel Authority lists many such properties—as well as the agencies that rent and book them—in another free booklet, "City Apartments." Or you can swap your home (see "Trading Places," March 1992), the Vacation Exchange Club will run your ad in its catalogs, which include some 10,000 listings, more than half of them in Europe (for information and application forms, write P.O. Box 650, Key West, FL 33041; tel. 800-638-3841). Finally, during university vacations you can rent rooms in college dorms. A night's stay in a London School of Economics residence hall (steps from the British Museum), for instance, costs

Sue Woodman is a writer who lives in New York City but was raised in London, where her mother is a tour guide.

around \$60 for two people and includes a kitchen and shared bathroom. You can find out more from BUAC (Box 871, University Park, Nottingham NG7 2RD; tel. 602-504571). Much of this information is available in BTA's booklet "Amazing Britain."

FAIR BILLS OF FARE

In the last 10 years the level of British cooking has risen to impressive heights of edibility, and many London restaurants have prices to match the achievement. So, visitors should do as Londoners do: go down to the pub. Along with that world-famous frothy, room-temperature beer on tap, many pubs serve such tasty British fare as shepherd's pie, Scotch eggs, ploughman's lunches (bread, cheese, and pickles), sausage rolls, soups, and salads. Some have pleasant little gardens or sidewalk tables to eat at (important if you're with children, who are sometimes not allowed inside). The licensing laws now permit pubs to stay open all day (closing time is around 11 PM); many do, though there's no guarantee they'll have food outside mealtimes. Lunch, with a drink, shouldn't cost more than \$10. Consult *The 1992 Good Pub Guide*, edited by Alisdair Aird (Ebury Press, distributed by Trafalgar Square, North Pomfret, VT 05053, \$22.95).

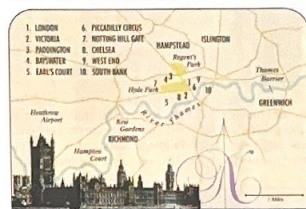
A good rule, wherever you are in the city, is to be adventurous and "go ethnic." The food cooked by the various immigrant communities offers the most interesting flavors for the best value; the small restaurants also provide a more casual, neighborhood atmosphere than overpriced wine bars or fast-food places. The latter, except for fish-and-chips joints—nothing beats a big bag of chips when you've got the munchies—are usually depressing imitations of McDonald's. For slightly fancier fish-and-chips, eaten sitting down, try Geales, near Notting Hill Gate (2 Farmer St., W8; Tues.-Sat., \$40).

Stay away from restaurants run by Japanese, Mexicans, and Thais, and stick to the small Italian, Chinese, and Greek spots. Try the Spanish tapas bars, too; a few of their appetizers make a

delicious substitute for a full meal. Rebato's has one of the best selections, as well as a \$28 fixed-price menu (169 S. Lambeth Rd., SW8; tel. 71-735-6388).

Of all the international cuisines, Indian is the real British favorite. Indian restaurants are dotted all over the city. Nearly all are excellent and reasonable. Khans, which seats almost 300 and charges about \$14 for dinner (13-15 Westbourne Grove, W2; tel. 71-727-5420), and Bhatti's, in Covent Garden (37 Great Queen St., WC2; tel. 71-831-0817), which serves an early pre-the-

ater dinner for only \$18, are two of the best known. Try the vegetarian Diwana Bhelpoori House (at 121 Drummond St., in Euston, and 50 Westbourne Grove, in Notting Hill Gate), for lighter, more fragrant, southern Indian menus (tel. 71-221-0721). The three-course dinner costs \$11.



which loops around all the major points of interest. These have guides or a taped commentary. The London Plus ticket (\$20 for two days) enables a passenger to leave the bus at any time and pick up another later on.

MOVING AROUND

The search for good, inexpensive food gives you reason enough to explore the city's diverse neighborhoods. Since many of London's charms are found a little way out of the center, you can feast your eyes as well as your stomach. Hampstead, a leafy north London neighborhood of fine Georgian houses and 800 acres of open heathland, has dozens of picturesque restaurants and pubs. So has Richmond, to the south, which boasts a vast royal park, free-roaming deer, and a famed view of south London and the Thames. Close by is Kew, one of the world's great botanic gardens and a delightful park to boot. Farther east, in Greenwich, also on the

for speedy travel to such parts, most residents favor the "tube." The London underground is highly efficient, reaching all corners of the sprawling city. But for sightseeing value take the bus—and try the top deck for the view. First-time visitors might consider a tour on the London Sightseeing Bus (\$16),

which loops around all the major points of interest. These have guides or a taped commentary. The London Plus ticket (\$20 for two days) enables a passenger to leave the bus at any time and pick up another later on.

To go beyond the city center, you can buy a one-day (\$5) or one-week (\$48) London Transport pass for unlimited bus and train travel within a certain area. For economy, however, your best bet is the London Visitor Travelcard, it can be purchased only before you leave home, through a travel agent or from BritRail Travel International, in New York (tel. 212-575-2667). At \$20 for three days, \$26 for four days, or \$45 for seven days, the Travelcard can be used for unlimited travel on buses and the tube as well as to and from Heathrow Airport and on the newly built Docklands Light Railway.

FREE AS THE AIR

Many of London's great attractions are free: strolling through the royal parks; examining antiques at the Portobello Road street market or junk at Petticoat Lane; visiting the permanent exhibitions of the major museums, including the National Gallery's much-touted new Sainsbury Wing. Here, touch-screen computers help visitors find their favorites among the world's biggest collection of Renaissance art outside Flo-

rence. If you love old automobiles (and drivers and passengers dressed to suit them), get to Hyde Park Corner early in the morning on November 1 to watch the start of the annual London-to-Brighton Veteran Car Run.

Among the smaller free museums are Sir John Soane's house, built by the famous architect, which is full of great paintings and curiosities (13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; tel: 71-405-2107), and the Geoffrey Museum (pronounced Jeffrey), a lovely row of Georgian almshouses and gardens, with marvelous period rooms representing domestic life between 1600 and 1950 (Kingsland Rd., E2; tel: 71-739-9833).

FOR A SMALL FEE

Some attractions you will have to pay for, but they're worth the \$10-or-under fee. Walking tours, which cost around \$7, are led by knowledgeable guides, a couple of the more entertaining ones are "Jack the Ripper Haunts," one of 42

London Walks (tel. 71-624-3978), and Historic Pub Walks, an educational way to sample brands of real ale (tel: 81-883-2656). Put yourself in Winston Churchill's shoes in the Cabinet War Rooms, the suite of 21 underground chambers used to direct the Allied armies between 1939 and 1945 (Clive Steps, King Charles St., SW1, S7).

The Thames can take you to other affordable London entertainments. The RiverBus Explorer is a sightseeing boat that stops at 10 piers between Chelsea, to the west, and Greenwich, to the east. With one \$12 ticket you can get on and off as often as you like between 9:30 A.M. and 8 P.M. on weekdays (tel: 71-512-0555). Take a trip downstream to see the enormous floodgates at the Thames Barrier (\$5). Or, for a real change of pace, take a narrow boat that puts putt leisurely along Regent's Canal from Little Venice (on Harrow Road, near Paddington Station) to Camden Lock. On weekends the lock is the

scene of a large, colorful outdoor market, selling everything from clothes and jewelry to furnishings and food.

PLAY TIME

The theater still plays a vibrant role in the city's life. Tickets, at between \$6 and \$60, are cheaper than in most major cities, especially New York. There are also the fringe theaters, a little way out of the center, like the King's Head, in Islington. Tickets are about half the price of those for seats in the West End, and these places feature new plays by younger writers. The BTA has a guide to 24 of them, called "Beyond the West End Theatre."

For those willing to take a chance on getting into the big show of their choice there is SWET, the cash-only, half-price booth in Leicester Square, which sells tickets on the day of performance. The National Theatre, with three stages on the South Bank, also sells reduced-price seats a few hours before shows start.

If you choose to visit the South Bank (which is also home to the Royal Festival Hall, the Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Hayward Gallery, and the National Film Theatre), approach it from Waterloo Bridge in the early evening. Once there, have a glass of wine on the terrace of the National Theatre's cafeteria. As the sky turns purple and gold over the Thames embankment and Big Ben chimes quietly in the distance, you'll know that the best things in London life are still free.

The country code for England is 44, the city codes for London are 71 and 81. Hotel prices are for two unless otherwise stated; restaurant prices do not include tax, tip, or drinks. Unless noted, major credit cards are accepted. For further information, contact the British Tourist Authority (Suite 0701, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176, tel. 212-986-2200). The BTA's "London Guide" is free on request. Also recommended is David Piper's The Companion Guide to London (HarperCollins, \$19). For more information about London, turn to The Globetrotter's Indispensable Index, page 32.

Don't fly 5,000 miles

China's Faustian Bargain

The hunger for profit outranks the horror of pollution
by Orville Schell

AFTER THE BEIJING massacre of 1989, no Western expert would have bet on the survival of China's octogenarian leader, Deng Xiaoping, much less on his ambition to turn a Communist boom. But three years later, that's the Deng story—a story of light and shadow, fulfillment and folly.

Whatever the party line says, Deng's China has swapped gods, trading Karl Marx for Adam Smith. Last January Deng made a pilgrimage to China's free-trade zones in Guangdong Province, just across the border from Hong Kong.

By lavishly praising joint ventures with foreigners and even capitalist-style stock markets, the aged pragmatist sent China's economy into overdrive. Despite the worldwide recession, China's industrial output jumped by 18 percent in the first six months of 1992, foreign trade soared by 20 percent.

With new stores and markets opening everywhere, China's big cities are now commercially on fire, overflowing with new consumer goods and foods. With more discretionary income than ever, ordinary people are buying everything from the latest fashions to VCRs and air conditioners.

Even China's tourist industry has revived from its near-collapse in 1989. Under the alchemic effect of Deng's new reformist line, the usually xenophobic *People's Daily* now points with pride at an upsurge in foreign visitors.



are more often gray, sunless, and depressing. Beijing is smothered in smog, the result of coal-burning factories and the rapidly growing number of vehicles that spew out diesel and leaded-gas exhaust without adequate emission controls.

Other cities are no less debased. On a recent trip, as lecturer with a group of French and American tourists I traveled from the south to the north through the seven cities of Shanghai, Wuxi, Nanjing, Xi'an, Qingdao, Dalian, and Tianjin. The speed of decline was astonishing. I had visited several of these cities only a few years earlier, and now I hardly recognized where I was.

During the first half of 1992, the paper recently claimed, more than 3 million tour-group members arrived in China, a 30 percent increase over the same period last year.

But all this progress also has a dark side. The first paradox of China's economic growth is that the country's government continues to be one of the most politically repressive on earth. The second paradox is that the boom is not only uplifting China's economy; it is also badly degrading the country's environment. Even if the political repression were to end tomorrow, China's environmental damage may be irreversible for generations.

Ten years ago Beijing was renowned for its azure blue skies, a perfect backdrop for the stately towers of the 15th-century Forbidden City, rising next to Tiananmen Square. Today, the skies

Not long ago the coastal port of Qingdao—the old German concession city in Shandong Province—had a seaside charm that captivated Chinese vacationers as well as foreign cruise passengers. Qingdao was then renowned for its beer, seafood, pleasant beaches, and old German architecture. Now it's a boom town full of high-rise commercial buildings, petrochemical industries, and pollution. The sky and sea have darkened, shorebirds are disappearing, and fish catches have declined to unprecedented lows.

As I walked through Qingdao's inner city, I saw the same old buildings, but they were now surrounded by a sea of concrete and steel. Orville Schell frequently visits China and has written several books about it. He currently lives in San Francisco.

Illustration by Robert Swabeck



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dustrial-dockyard area last spring, I passed smokestacks belching clouds so acrid that my eyes watered and my throat rasped. The rivers and storm drains running through the city reeked of solvents and were so thick with untreated petrochemical wastes that they oozed rather than flowed. Where they finally emptied into the sea, they spread plumes of toxic blackness into the green water like huge jets of squid ink.

Dalian, a port in southern Manchuria, was equally grim. From the past I recalled sunny street markets filled with every kind of seafood imaginable and the emerald green ocean from which this bounty came. This time I found Dalian lost in a chemical haze and the harbor dyed a bilious shade of black.

Dalian's new Technological Development Zone is the largest of its kind in China. Over the past eight years, it has absorbed some 320 new ventures, many of them petrochemical projects jointly owned with foreign investors. Accord-

ing to China's Ministry of Chemical Industry, foreign investment in China's chemical industries has increased nearly 90-fold over the past 10 years.

When I passed through Tianjin, a northern Chinese city inhabited by nearly 9 million people, scores of industrial smokestacks gushed black, red, and orange smoke into the sky. On this otherwise cloudless day, the sunlight had been reduced to an eerie fluorescent background glare.

In Xi'an, a popular tourist destination and home of Qin Shihuangdi's terracotta army, I found the air so polluted from coal-burning factories and power plants that for several days running the city remained shrouded in a heavy yellow fog. At night Xi'an's street lamps cast only small circumferences of light through this bituminous smog. Outlying towns in the area were hardly better off. The river running through nearby Tongchuan flowed white with gray ash from a local cement plant. In

such places, one soon becomes accustomed to an incessant sound—people hacking and coughing.

What makes China's rush to consumerism so perilous is that its managers appear deaf and blind to the consequences. At 88, Deng Xiaoping is under extreme pressure to push his economic reforms beyond the point of no return before he dies. Other Communist-party leaders apparently feel driven to incite an orgy of production and consumption, lest they be overthrown like their counterparts in eastern Europe.

Deng has sanctified capitalist techniques as socialism's salvation and enshrined profit if not plunder as a matter of political correctness. Hardly anything is considered sacred enough to stand in the way. Air, water, land, timber, and wildlife are being ravaged in the process. Moreover, great natural attractions may soon fall victim.

Consider the colossal hydroelectric dam that the government plans to stretch across the lower reaches of the mighty Yangtze River. While providing needed flood control and pollution-free hydroelectric power, the dam may also alter the Three Gorges, one of the world's most spectacular natural settings, and diminish a vital tourist attraction—a cruise up the Yangtze River.

Just as China acquires the airlines, ports, and hotels needed to accommodate more visitors, it is, ironically, destroying the natural scenery that draws travelers to China in the first place. Many local officials insist they can "create" new tourist sites. They point to theme parks like "Splendid China," in Shenzhen, just across the border from Hong Kong, which features miniaturized versions of the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, the Potala Palace, and the Mausoleum of Genghis Khan. Such tacky tourist traps cannot possibly replace the Three Gorges—sheer cliffs rising thousands of feet from the narrow river with a magnificence that takes your breath away.

Even now, China still offers some relatively pristine places to go, but they're remote and require an adventurous spirit. In Manchuria, enterpris-

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LAST 21 IS MILLION COMMISSION PROTECTION

ing Chinese tour operators have begun to open up vast tracts of forest filled with wildlife. Foreigners can trek in the Tibetan foothills in Sichuan and Qinghai provinces, climb in the Himalayas, visit tropical rain forests in southern Yunnan, and travel into western China's Muslim province of Xinjiang, which has recently been connected by a new railway to Kazakhstan, in the former USSR. Such out-of-the-way places provide alternatives to the fallen majesty of China's cities.

China's top officials like to sound concerned about environmental protection. They talk about controlling pollution and creating new green belts, soil-conservation zones, national parks, and nature preserves. But the reality is that local greed prevails. Avid for factories and the wealth they bring, local officials invariably find ways to bend rules for the sake of growth. Because Chinese cities often compete for foreign industries, their promoters have learned to cut corners and make concessions. Not insisting on costly pollu-

tion controls can be crucial in winning over foreign investors. And since the central government itself is now so wedded to accelerated development, Beijing officials are rarely inclined to put the country's environment ahead of its economy.

Given the inevitable effects of all this growth on human health, it is hard to imagine how urban China will escape epidemics of one sort or another. Studies from the country's most polluted areas—around Shenyang, in Manchuria, for example—already show alarming increases in children's respiratory ailments and various forms of cancer.

For at least two reasons, China is unlikely to halt its ecological follies any time soon. First, more and more Chinese are enjoying a rise in living standards, thanks to the development boom. Second, China's ruthless suppression of political dissent makes it extremely difficult for ordinary citizens to launch any kind of independent environmental movement.

Paradoxically, foreign visitors may

have some leverage. During the first half of this year, China's tourist industry earned \$1.7 billion, forcing officials to pay attention to visitors' complaints. Their message is clear: pollution is a huge turnoff. Eager to host the Olympic Games in 2000, for example, Beijing recently set about doing something about its appalling air quality. China's environmental officials announced sweeping plans to replace Beijing's coal-burning boilers and to move polluting industries out of town. It's now conceivable that Beijing could actually be cleaned up through the tonic effect of the Olympic Games. But the city is only a small part of China. If the capitalist revolution continues, the rest of China will hardly sacrifice its miraculous opportunity to escape Third World poverty. Much of China will go on fouling its own nest, causing many Western travelers to go elsewhere.

For more about Xi'an, China, turn to *The Globetrotter's Indispensable Index*, page 32.

Indian Pudding

The saga of an old-world sweet turned new-world treat
by Jeannette Ferrary

One night about a dozen years ago I prepared a New England boiled dinner for some friends whose Vermont upbringing had left them helplessly yearning for such Yankee fare. But the meal proper, however delicious, was not the point. Dessert was my special treat.

Although I had never heard of Indian pudding, my friends had. For them, the mere mention of it brought back memories of New England farm towns, barnyards, milking pails, and cold, snowy days. Fortunately for me, Indian pudding was available canned in the gourmet section of the local grocery store.

As I served the desserts—each with a dollop of ice cream, according to the specifications on the can—I prepared myself for the reminiscences that would inevitably follow. To my surprise, not one friend recognized his or her beloved dessert of yore. All I got was an appreciatively raised eyebrow and a grunted "Good ice cream."

Since that disappointing but instructive evening, I have learned something about Indian pudding. It was one of the earliest desserts consumed by the colonists, who also served it as a savory, with meat.

Although the English passion for sweets was already legendary, the scar-

city of wheat flour in New England prevented the settlers from making their traditional breads and pastries. They turned instead to cornmeal, an unfamiliar new-world grain that they called Indian meal. Mixed with milk and eggs, cornmeal became the basis for an American version of an old-world favorite, the quickly assembled hasty pudding. This tasty updated recipe was for Indian pudding.

Like corn itself, Indian pudding came to symbolize the spirit and hope of the new nation. In 1796 the poet and statesman Joel Barlow, one of the "Hartford wits," commemorated both in his mock epic "The Hasty-Pudding," which he dedicated to Martha Washington. (A few lines from that work read: "Delicious grain! whatever form it take./To roast or boil, to smother or to bake./In every dish 'tis welcome still to me./But most, my Hasty-Pudding, most in thee.") Soon afterward another First Lady, Abigail Adams, placed Indian pudding on the menu of the country's diplomatic dinners.

For those few who did not care for the dish, its patriotic associations didn't help. Of a Washington dinner in 1809, a prominent hostess reported, "(One of the guests,) to our great entertainment, had some difficulty in making way with his indian pudding and molasses, but when I assured him that the dish was immortalized by the greatest poet of our country [Joel Barlow] he made out to mortalize it."

Like Barlow's poem, the first recipe for the dish was published in 1796. The author, Amelia Simmons, called the dish "A Nice Indian Pudding." Since then there have been countless variations, some including cinnamon, gin-

Jeannette Ferrary is the coauthor of the recent *Sweet Onions & Sour Cherries: A Cookbook for Market Day*.



Photograph by Michael Mazzoni

ger, raisins, or cut-up apples and orange peel. Sweeteners may consist of light or dark molasses, sugar, or maple syrup; the finished product may be served warm or chilled, accompanied by hard sauce, whipped cream, or vanilla ice cream. Today this American dessert is served nationwide, in such places as Boston's Durgin Park restaurant, where it is cooked all day in the traditional manner.

Indian pudding in some form or other has popped up all over the land, but it still seems most at home in its birthplace, New England. As Jane and Michael Stern note in their fascinating book *Goodfood*, "If any one dish could be called New England soul food, it is this frumpy cereal."

INDIAN PUDDING

- 1/2 cup yellow cornmeal, preferably stone-ground
- 1/4 cup dark yellow unsulfured molasses
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 4 tablespoons margarine or butter, cut into four pieces
- Pinch of salt
- 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 egg and 1 egg white, beaten together
- 1/4 teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 3 cups milk

1. Mix together all ingredients except milk.
2. Scald 1 1/2 cups milk and stir into mixed batter ingredients until butter is melted.
3. Pour into greased, two-quart nonmetal baking dish. Place in preheated 450° oven for 20 minutes, or until the mixture begins to bubble.
4. Scald remaining milk and stir into baking dish, scraping down sides and smoothing mixture together.
5. Lower oven to 300° and continue cooking for three hours. Top will be crusty. Serve the pudding hot or cold, with hard sauce, whipped cream, or vanilla ice cream.

Serves six to eight.

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*Sugar Loaf, Green, Sandy:
the very names of the
islets off Bedford Point suggest
Grenada's spirit.*



Grenada Now

Peace reigns, beauty thrives—and even more so on nearby Carriacou, a tiny reef that adds spice to the Spice Island

My first acquaintance with Grenada's virtues came from the late, lively Italian writer Luigi Barzini, author of *The Italians*, and his elegant companion, Countess Vivi Crespi. They were older than I but friskier, and at first I resisted. Grenada sounded a bit wild for me. But how could the worldly Barzini be wrong about an island he visited annually? And so I vacationed there in 1984—and have never missed a winter since.

Barzini had put on more miles than Marco Polo. Grenada nevertheless remained a special place to him, with its powdery white beaches and its sapphire blue waters rippling languorously beneath an equatorial sun—a sun made rapturous by the ceaseless caress of the trade winds and the benign intervention of a flamboyant parade of cotton clouds scudding along the sky high above. The air is perfumed by flowers growing everywhere and by a riot of spices. Grenada is called the Spice Island: more spices grow in its volcanic soil than anywhere

else in the world. The pungent scent of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, and a third of the world's nutmeg laces the sea breeze. Grenada measures only 133 square miles, no bigger than a small midwestern county, but its history is old, intriguing, and romantic. Columbus stopped by in 1498. Pirates followed, starting a smuggling tradition that endures on smaller islands nearby. The French and British battled each other for decades from forts that still stand above the city of St. George's, overlooking perhaps the loveliest natural port in the Caribbean. Rising



by R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR. • photographed by SIGRID ESTRADA

from the harbor are narrow streets and joyously painted homes, some mere shanties, some more substantial. All conspire to create a panorama of colors suitable for the palette of a Miró.

Beyond St. George's, ancient roads nudge northward, up and around a network of verdant mountains that add to the island's charm. This is not flat Barbados. This is a tiny tropical Switzerland. When Fidel Castro's Cubans decided to build an airstrip suitable for landing trans-

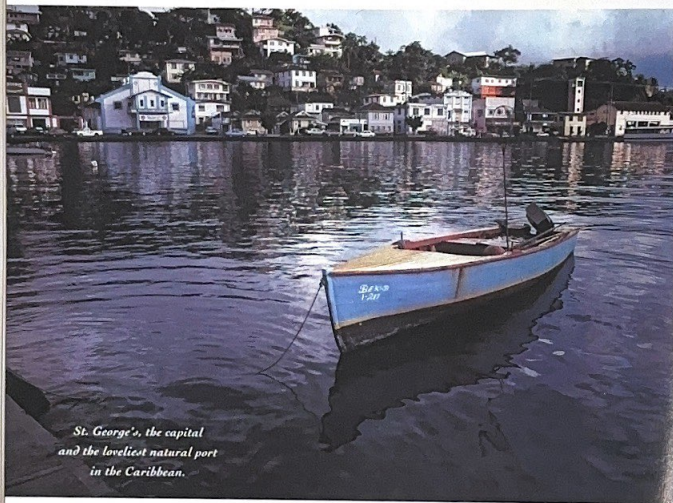
continental bombers, finding a spacious enough piece of flat land was difficult. It proved impossible, in fact, and the Cubans eventually had to hack away at a green hill overlooking the ocean. Huge jets can now land on one of the longest runways in the Caribbean.

Up in the mountains is a splendid rain forest abundant with wild orchids, heliconia, and hundreds of other exotic specimens of flora and fauna whose unpronounceable names I shall not drop but whose beauty will entrance you. Nearby is Grand Etang, once a volcano but now 36 acres of cobalt blue

water. This lovely area is accessible by taxi. Hiking paths cut through it, and there are plenty of spots where one can uncork a jug and lunch alfresco.

A drive through Grenada's mountains brings you to sleepy crossroads settlements that go back to the 18th century and a time when the British ran substantial plantations. A few old plantation houses remain, suspended in an earlier age, when piety and manners reigned over the land. The piety (Christian) and manners (British) still thrive, kept up by the sons and daughters of slaves, who gained final inde-

Rising from the harbor are narrow streets and joyously painted homes, all creating colors suitable for the palette of a Miró.



St. George's, the capital and the loveliest natural port in the Caribbean.

pendence from the British in 1974. The road to good government was rocky. Many Grenadians opposed self-rule, setting off squabbles that nearly ruined the tourist trade in the early 1970s. One still encounters Grenadians who consider independence a bane. British customs remain: cars drive on the left; students wear smart uniforms to school; streets roll up by 11 P.M.

Grenada is a quiet isle save for a throb of calypso that resounds through the early night. Tourists are fewer than on many other Caribbean islands; some Americans, perhaps, fear political turbulence, which has all but disappeared. Another problem is that, unless one flies direct from New York or Miami, travel to the island takes an entire day. A long voyage cuts into short American vacations severely. With more airlines planning direct service, Grenada's popularity will surely increase.

Those who go now will find decent hotels and adequate food—another of Grenada's enduring British traits. I have never believed that the improvement in London's restaurants over the past two decades was inspired by English palates. It was tourists who pushed those restaurants above life-threatening level, and it is tourists who are redeeming Grenadian hotel food. Grenadians themselves are tolerably good cooks, as you will discover when you visit such famed local eateries as Canboulay and Delicious Landing, at the entrance to St. George's harbor.

A couple of miles across the bay from St. George's is Grenada's greatest national resource, Grand Anse Beach, two miles of gorgeous white sand that the Prince of Wales (later the duke of Windsor) in the 1920s called one of the finest beaches in the world. Along

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., is editor in chief of the American Spectator, a syndicated columnist, and a keen fisherman.



it are strung some very good hotels. I stayed at the Ramada Renaissance and enjoyed myself thoroughly. (It was here that U.S. troops were stationed during the 1983 invasion.)

My friend Luigi Barzini loved Grenada's solitude, but he found yet more solitude by taking a 20-minute flight to neighboring Carriacou, an even smaller and less developed island than Grenada. He flew the 33 miles from St. George's to Carriacou on the morning crop duster. This little plane enables visitors to spend a day reconnoitering an almost untouched Caribbean is-

Collectors make sure to visit Canute Caliste (top, right, with wife and grandson), a painter and Carriacou legend. Caliste likes to show visitors around the tiny gallery himself. Below: On Westerball Point, at Grenada's southern end, beaches give way to jagged cliffs.





A flight to Carriacou enables visitors to reconnoiter an almost untouched Caribbean island—Grenada as it was 40 years ago.

land—Grenada as it was 40 years ago. The island lacks Grenada's rain forests and so is drier. It has but one town, Hillsborough, and an airstrip crossed by a country road. When a commuter plane is landing, a gate blocks the road. There is a good bit of smuggling done in these parts, and, not coincidentally, superb wine from nearby French islands can be had for a song.

I decided to visit Carriacou by boat. I consulted my Grenadian friend Denham Peters, a jovial boat maker and master of the local waters. In 1986, while snorkeling with Denham in the cove just beyond St. George's, I mentioned that in the course of my journalistic activities I had traveled across my country. Denham surprised me with his grasp of American geography, and I also became aware of another surprising aspect of his knowledge of the United States. He saw modern America

as a land with east and west coasts planted firmly in the 20th century; in between, he was sure, people rode on horseback and carried six-shooters.

Denham designs 25-foot boats of stout timbers, and every year they seem to have more-powerful engines. I proposed the voyage to Carriacou, which was fine with him, but he insisted that we leave by 8 A.M., before the seas got too high. I should have taken the hint. The passage is sometimes rough, and the day we did it the sea was exceptionally rough. Toward the end of the two-hour adventure the boat was shooting up four-foot swells and belly flopping into the trough below. All hands had to stand and brace themselves against the cabin lest irreparable damage be done to the lower spine or gluteus maximus.

At first all was well as we proceeded north along Grenada's west coast. The 17th-century villages of Gouyave and Victoria, reposing at the base of steep green hills, glided by. An occasional white-gabled plantation house could be seen high atop cliffs whose volcanic rock drops straight into the sea. Then came the weird precursor of trouble ahead: large flying fish, abruptly launching themselves from the increasingly turbid waves, clattering along their crests for 50 yards or so before disappearing. Now (Continued on page 84)

If Carriacou and its tropical country gardens (top, left) aren't isolated enough, take a brief boat ride to tiny Sandy Leland (right)—and find yourself in classic Robinson Crusoe land.



Solitude in the Sun

Flying High and Low
The high season in Grenada runs from mid-December to mid-April and coincides roughly with the dry season. Fortunately with the coast concave, the wet season isn't a monsoon and the island's average temperature of 80°F stays about the same. Skies clear, and the sun shines every day. Look for lower airfares and package deals, anywhere from 20 to 40 percent less than usual.

BWIA International will book your plane from a major city to connect with its daily flights out of either New York or Miami. Both make one stop, in Barbados (tel. 800-327-7401). American Airlines makes one trip a day to Grenada from San Juan, Puerto Rico. It will build you a connection from your home base, but this may involve your spending the night in Miami or San Juan (tel. 800-433-7300).

Settle the price of your taxi (\$10-\$12) from the airport to St. George's on Grand Anse before you get in—there are no meters. Cars here drive on the left. LIAT has four 20-minute flights a day between Grenada and Carriacou. A same day round-trip costs \$48 (tel. 440-2796).

Sleeping Quarters
Grenada has quite a range of reasonably priced hotels. The **Coyaba Beach Resort**, on Grand Anse Beach (P.O. Box 336, St. George's; tel. 444-4129), which has 40 modern rooms, air-conditioning, pool, and restaurant, costs \$110 to \$165 (\$75-\$95 in low season). A night at the **Horse Shoe Beach Hotel** (P.O. Box 174, St. George's; tel. 444-4410), whose attractive decor has a Spanish flavor, costs

\$110 to \$125 (\$85-\$95 in low season). The hotel has 18 rooms, a restaurant, a pool, and a private beach. At the quite luxurious 186-room **Ramada Renaissance** a double room costs \$156 to \$208 (\$100-\$125 in low season) (P.O. Box 441, St. George's; tel. 444-4371).

Grenada has numerous modestly priced apartment hotels; the suites at **Blue Horizons Cottage Hotel** have air-conditioning and kitchenettes (P.O. Box 41, St. George's; tel. 444-4592; high season, \$130-\$160, low season, \$90-\$105). *Hotel prices are for two people for one night. Major credit cards are accepted.*

Tropical Tastes

Grenada's local specialties are based on very fresh fish and seafood, especially crab, lobster, and conch, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables, including callaloo greens, pumpkin, and sourpuss. And don't forget to try the ubiquitous rum punch with fresh grated nutmeg. In St. George's, the Blue Horizons Cottage Hotel (see above) houses one of the island's more formal restaurants, **La Belle Creole**, in a beautiful roofed outdoor dining room. The excellent food combines French technique with local ingredients (Grand Anse Beach; tel. 444-4316, \$50, fixed price).

Canboulay Restaurant's imaginative Creole menu has *babouin* (spicy minced-beef pie and curry custard) and *parang pouter* (chicken breast stuffed with sweet potato). It's on a hill with a terrace overlooking the coast, so try to arrive before

dark to sip a local rum concoction and watch the sunset (Morne Rouge; tel. 444-4401, \$50).

At **Delicious Landing**, Terry Lambert, a colorful local figure, serves lobster, conch, and the like in relaxed surroundings with a harbor view; it's one of the few spots for a late-night drink (the Carénage, no phone, \$40).

On Carriacou, the **Cassada Bay Resort** serves good standards like steak and lobster (with fine, well-priced French wines) on a site with stunning views of the bay. If you stay at the hotel, drink in the views as you eat breakfast on the terrace. Then the hotel drops you on an uninhabited island for

the day (tel. 443-7494, \$55).

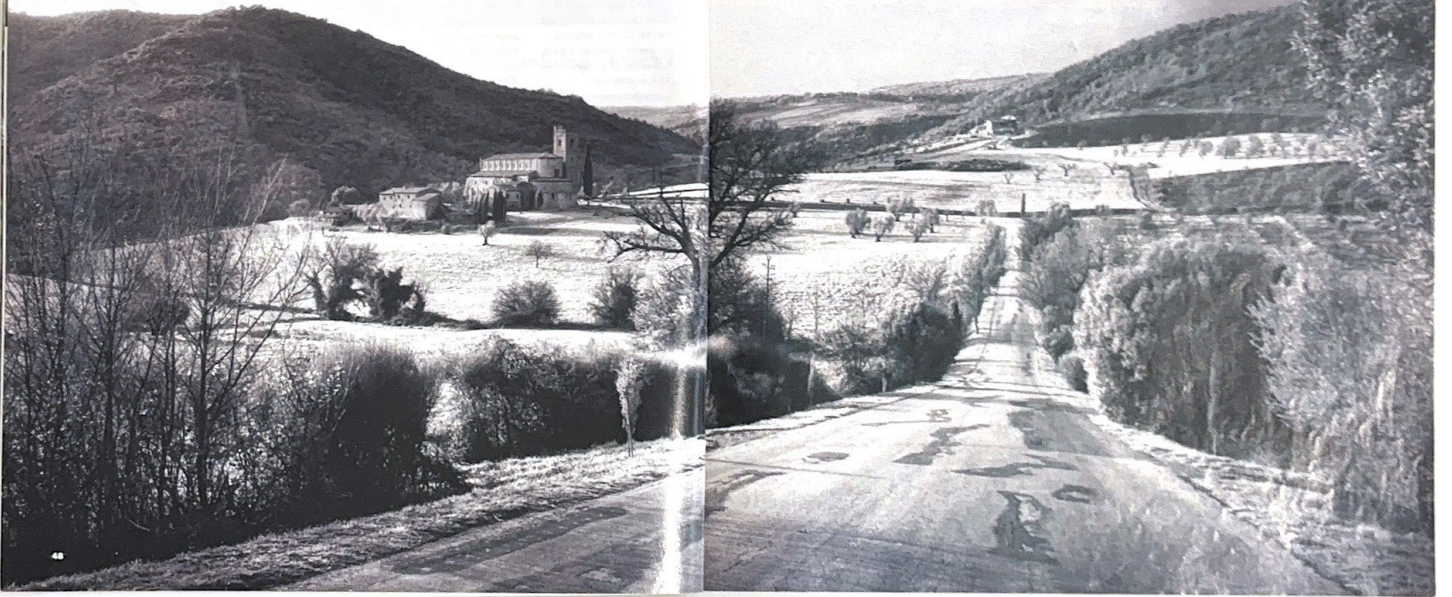
For a wonderful taste of island life, visit Mrs. Betty Mascoli. She serves a spicy lunch in her plantation home, but you must call in advance (St. Patrick's Parish; tel. 442-9330, \$30, no CC).—R.E.T.

Prices for meals are for two people, not including tax, tip, or drinks. Major credit cards are accepted unless otherwise noted. The area code for Grenada and Carriacou is 809. For more information, try the Grenada Board of Tourism (820 Second Ave., Suite 9000, New York, NY 10017; tel. 800-927-9554 or 212-687-9554). For more on St. George's, turn to *The Globe-trotter's Indispensable Index*, page 32.



WINTER in TUSCANY

by SAUL BELLOW ~ *photographed by* DENNIS MARSICO



WINTER IN TUSCANY? WELL, WHY NOT. Millions of Italians do it. The modern tourist takes his winter holidays either in the sun or on the ski slopes. But business brought me to Florence in December, and I had put it to my wife that, with two weeks free when business was done, the Siense countryside might be just the place to restore the frazzled minds of two urban Americans. The crowds of winter would be madding elsewhere—in the Caribbean or on Alpine slopes—and we should have the whole of this ancient region to ourselves, sharing the cold with the populace.

Anticipating severe weather, we had brought our winter-silks, goose-downs, rabbit linings, mufflers, and Reeboks. Montalcino was cold, all right, but the air was as clear as icicles. Autumn had just ended, the new wine was in the

barrels, the last of the olives in the presses, the sheep were grazing, the pigs fattening, and ancient churches and monasteries were adding yet another winter to their tally. From the heights near Montalcino we could see Siena. In 40 kilometers there was nothing to block the view—I have no special weakness for views. It was the beauty of the visibility as such, together with the absence of factories, refineries, and dumps, that penetrated the 20th-century landscape armor of my soul. To admire views, however, you need to stand still, and you had to endure the cold. The *tramontana* was battering the town when we arrived. It forced open windows in the night and scoured our faces by day.

Generations of Americans brought up with central heating can endure the cold on skis, in snowmobiles, on the ice, but they lack the European ability to go about their business in cold kitchens and icy parlors. Europeans take pride in



Francesca Colombini and her husband, Fausto Cioelli, own the Fattoria dei Barbi, ancient producer of Brunello di Montalcino, a heavenly red wine respected the world over.



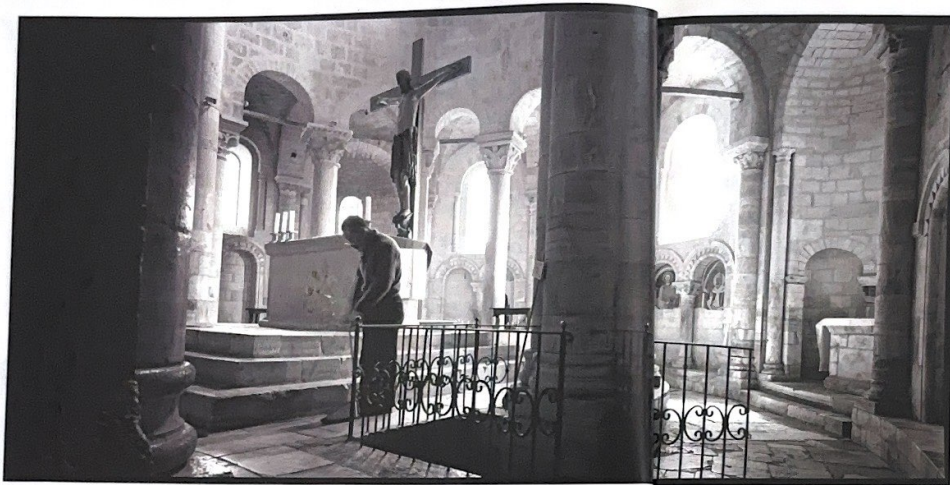
their endurance of winter hardships. It gives them a superiority which to us seems less Spartan than masochistic.

I can remember cursing the management in grim English hotel rooms while going through my pockets for a shilling to drop in the gas meter, and as a guest in a Cambridge college I was driven once to the porter's lodge to ask for a little warmth. The gentleman porter said, "If you will look under the bed, sir, you will discover a heating device."

Under the bedspring when I lifted the coverlet I found a wire fixture holding a naked 40-watt bulb. The heat this bulb threw was supposed to penetrate the mattress and restore you to life. This austerity went with the dusty ragged academic gowns of the dons, held together, literally, with Scotch tape and staples. It pleased these scholars to be dowdy, indifferent to blue fingers and red noses, and heedless of freezing toilet seats. For the mind was its own place and made a heaven of hell. The door to this mental heaven stood open, but I was freezing.

Saul Bellow visited Tuscany last winter after delivering a lecture in Florence commemorating Mozart's bicentenary.

The beauty of the visibility penetrated the 20th-century landscape armor of my soul.



there are thermometers and gauges. We are conducted here by Angela, a young woman whose pretty face rivals the wine display in interest. Clean quiet cellars, level after level—the only living creature we meet below is a cat who seems to know the tour by heart. During World War II false partitions were put up to hide old vintages from the Germans. The almost sacred bottles are dimly, somewhat reverentially lighted. You feel called upon to pay your respects to this rare Brunello di Montalcino. With a banner tail the cat is an auxiliary guide and leads the party up and down, in and out, from cellar to cellar. We take to this tomtom, who has all the charm of a veteran of the sex wars.

When we return to ground level the cat leaves the building between our legs. We enter next an enormous room where white pecorino cheeses, regularly spaced on racks, are biding their time. After the cheeses come the meat-curing rooms. In spiced air the hams hang like the boxing gloves of heavyweights. To see so much meat takes away the desire for food, so that when we go into the excellent Taverna dei Barbi I am more inclined to admire the pasta than to eat it. But you can never lose your desire for the

The exquisite Abbey of Sant' Antimo, originally built by ninth-century Benedictines, is famous for its interior light (above), derived from translucent alabaster columns.

Once freed from dependency on heating you don't mind the cold. The Tuscan winter didn't affect your appreciation of Tuscan cheeses, soups, and wines. On your hummocky mattress you slept well enough, and after breakfast you went to visit a Romanesque church, a papal summer residence; you walked in the fields. You can sit comfortably in sheltered sunny corners and watch the sheep grazing.

The people you meet are happy to have you here; they take your off-season visit as a mark of admiration for the long and splendid history of their duchy and like to reward you with bits of information. In passing, one tells you about the deforestation of hilltops during the Dark Ages; another mentions the ravages of malaria and the Black Death of 1348; a third fills you in about exports to

England from medieval Tuscany. The soils of all these fields seem to have passed through millions of human hands generation after generation. Our American surroundings will never be so fully humanized. But the landscape carries the centuries lightly, and ancient buildings and ruins do not produce gloomy feelings. Romanesque interiors in fact are a good cure for heaviness.

The region is as famous for its products—oil, wine, and cheeses—as for castles, fortresses, and churches. A disastrous freeze killed the olive groves some winters ago—the ancient trees now furnish farms with winter fuel. The new plantings do not as yet yield much oil, but the wine reserves are as full as ever.

In the Fattoria dei Barbi, belonging to the Colombini-Cinelli family, the vats, some of them made of Slovenian oak, resemble the engines of 747 jets in size. On walls and beams



The soils of all these fields seemed to have

passed through millions of human hands.

Brunello wine. Your susceptibility returns at the same rate as the glass fills. Once again it makes sense to be a multimillionaire. The Brunello fragrance is an immediate Q.E.D. of the advantages of the pursuit of riches. (I never joined up.)

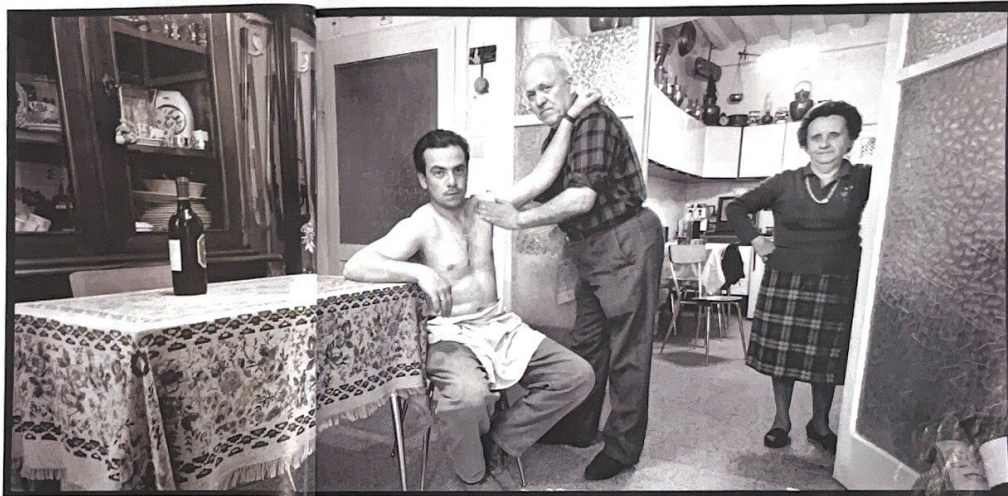
Don't miss Pienza," we were many times advised, so we recruit Angela to drive us there on a sunny but very sharp morning. Pienza was the birthplace, in 1405, of Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, later Pope Pius II. He was responsible for the handsome group of Renaissance buildings at the center of the town. It is the finest of these buildings, the Palazzo Piccolomini, that we have come to inspect.

From our parking place we ascend to the main street. The first impression is one of stony Renaissance elegance combined with the modern plate glass of shops. The temperature is a bar or two below freezing. A fine group of old gents standing outside the open door of a café acknowledge us with dignity as we move down the all-stone pavement to the palazzo. As cultural duty requires, we look into the church of Pope Pio, where we see long fissures running through the stone nave. (How to keep up with the maintenance of monuments!) Continuing to the palazzo we are overtaken in the courtyard by the custodian. He spots us from the *café en face*, his warm hideout. Thickly dressed in wool and leather he comes with his ring of silver-glinting keys to lead us up the stairs. We pass through the small living quarters used until not very recently by surviving members of the family. A Piccolomini Count Silvio lived in the three front rooms until 1960. We understand from our guide that a picture of an aviator atop the piano in the music room represented the last of his line. Perhaps he was Count Silvio's son and heir—exact information is hard to come by.

In the living quarters there is a framed genealogical tree weighed down by hundreds of names. We pass through the noble library and the armor room. We circle rugs so ancient, so thin, so pale that a step might shatter them. On bookshelves are huge leatherbound volumes of the classics. I note that 15th-century popes were reading Thucydides and even Aristophanes, and as we enter the papal bedroom I think how difficult it would have been to handle these folios in bed. In this freezing chamber the imposing bed is

grandly made and formally covered in dark green, a dire seaweed-colored fabric and sinking, sinking, sinking into decay. Perhaps it goes back to the last century. The mattress and bedding may be no more than 80 or 90 years old, but the thing carries a threat of eternity and you feel that if you were to lie down and put your head on this seaweed-colored bolster you would never rise again. There is a fireplace, or rather a Gothic cavity in the wall big enough to accommodate eight-foot logs, but you'd have to fire it up for a week to drive out such an accumulation of cold.

Montalcino's amenities include peaceful cafés, like *Fischetteria Italiana* (right), and an herbal healer named Bruno ("Il Barba") Parri, shown here examining a sprained shoulder.



Scanning the pope's huge leatherbound books,

I wonder how one could have read them in bed.

We are happy to escape again into the great windowed hall. The guide has gone out on a balcony to sun himself. Joining him, we return to Italy itself and latch on to the sun with gratitude.

We order cappuccino in an open-to-the-weather café. The great espresso machine sizzles and spits and the cups are served on the enormous polished bar. They lose heat so quickly that you'd better down them before ice forms.

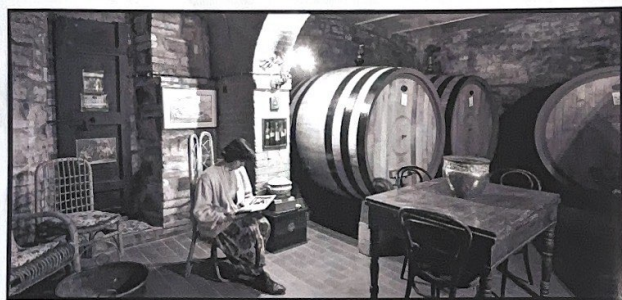
Catering to tourists, the boutiques are nicely heated. We go to a stationery shop and buy a mini-volume of Petrarch and other Florentine general-issue items—classy clutter for the apartments of the well traveled. The one prize is a Venetian glass pen from Murano, an iridescent spiral.

In Montalcino I am treated by a local herbal specialist for a sprained shoulder. His nickname is "Il Barba" and he is an old man of heroic stature, more stubbly than bearded. He became a local hero by playing the part of the brigand Bruscone (popularly known as "Il Barba") at a party celebrating the new Bruscone dei Barbi wine. Evidently he fell in love with his own

Rights: Ilio Raffaelli, self-taught scholar, turns an old charcoal burners' camp into an outdoor lecture hall. Below: Stored in vast oak barrels, Brunello wine bides its sacred time.



Questa fotografia dello statunitense Dennis Perisco, ha vinto il premio "Montalcino e la Val d'Orcia" retrocinquante della Camera di Commercio, Industria, Agricoltura, della Provincia di Siena. (Via Nezone, 5 ottobre 1994)



The Brunello fragrance is an almost instant

portrayal of the legendary bandit. Himself a man of action, he was a Resistance fighter, and the walls of the narrow front room of his apartment are hung with medals and certificates of valor. There is also a display of fine guns, for he is a hunter. This giant and his small wife conduct us to the long cupboardlike kitchen, where he seats me on a high stool and like any doctor asks me solicitously how I came by this sprain. I tell him I took a header over the handlebars of a bike last summer in Vermont. It doesn't make much sense to him that the likes of me should be an intrepid bike rider. He tells me to strip. I take off my shirt and he examines me. When we have between us located the painful places, he pours his mixture into a small saucepan and heats it on the stove. At all times the old wife is close behind him with her arms folded and held tightly to her body. While she gossips hoarsely with our Italian friends, he rubs my shoulder with

his herbal remedy dissolved in olive oil. He applies the hot mixture using his hand like a housepainter's brush. At a nod from her husband, the wife steps out to the porch to fetch a salve to follow the ointment. Enjoying the massage, I begin to feel that this Barba may cure me. I have a weakness anyway for secret herbal remedies, and the treatment in the kitchen has its occult side. (Special security measures are taken.) I pull on my shirt again, altogether pleased with the occasion. The exertion of getting into my pullover causes no pain, and I tell him he is a wonderful therapist. He bows as though he already knew this. In the parlor he reaches into a cupboard next to the guns and takes down a drawstring sack containing a large number of wild-boar tusks. I should never have guessed that they were so light. Some of these trophies have been tipped with silver, and I suppose necklaces or bracelets can be made of them. (Continued on page 113)

Q.E.D. of the advantages of being rich.



ARRIVING

Montalcino is about 25 miles south of Siena. The way to travel in Tuscany is in a car or a bus with clean windows. What you see is a work of art. God provided the rise and fall; man laid down the vines, arranged the olive groves, planted the stately pines, and raised the houses from the stones of the earth. God and man have rarely

worked better together. There are 10 bus trips a day from Siena. Car rentals can be arranged in the United States; the best prices are from such wholesale car operators as Auto Europe (tel. 800-223-5655) and Kemwel (tel. 800-678-0678).

TASTING AND TOURING

Many wine-loving pilgrims come to this hilly district to sample the

Brunello di Montalcino, considered by some the best Tuscan red. The wine's fame goes way back. The Medici picked it above all others to send to the pope; and a certain Marchese di Montic, during the siege of the town in 1553, is supposed to have rubbed it on his cheeks to give them color so that the people would not know how worried he was. Today's Brunello is aged for four years in oaken casks and continues to age nicely in the bottle thereafter; it needs to breathe for up to a day to bring out its full flavor.

Most wine cellars in the area are open year-round. Best to call ahead. *Il Greppo Biordi-Santi*, which began bottling Brunello in 1888, has a handsome 18th-century villa overlooking the Asso valley. For a tour and four tastings, the price is \$9 a person (tel. 289-229). *Poggio Antico* (tel. 848-044) has 500 acres given over to vines and fruit trees; visitors can purchase honey and olive oil as well as wine. Three tastings, \$10. *Cerbaiona di Diego Molinari*, a small vineyard, has a free tour but no tastings (tel. 848-660). *Azienda Agraria Valticava di Abbruzzese Vincenzo*, just outside of town, on a high plain, provides tours and tastings for a maximum of 20 people (tel. 848-261).

For further information about the cellars, call Consorzio di Vino Brunello di Montalcino (tel. 848-246) or Ufficio Turistico Comunale (tel. 849-321).

STAYING AND EATING

Il Giglio is a century-old stone inn, with a restaurant. Comfortable but not fancy, the 12 rooms have bath, TV, and telephone. The restaurant serves such local specialties as wild boar, lamb, and sautéed

mushrooms (tel. 848-167); rooms, \$80; dinner, \$56). *Il Brunello*, in the center of the city, has 18 rooms, with bath, TV, and telephone (tel. 849-304; \$94). *Hotel Palazzuolo*, about 10 miles outside of town, has 45 rooms, all with bath, TV, and telephone, and a swimming pool. Fishing, horseback riding, and tennis are nearby; rooms, \$47 to \$85, including continental breakfast. The restaurant, by the way, is proud of its baked guinea fowl, mushroom egg soup, and choice of local cheeses (San Quirico D'Orcia; tel. 897-080; \$47; closed in November).

At *Taverna dei Barbi*, if you can't make up your mind between the *zuppa di fagioli* and the *zuppa di funghi*, you'll be brought a bowl of each. Or try the *pappa maritata* (bread soup) and the mushroom risotto before launching into the main course. Throughout the meal you'll be dipping freshly baked bread into some of the best olive oil you'll ever have tasted. Just save room for desserts (tel. 848-277; \$60).

To sit quietly and read a newspaper or just contemplate your luck at being in Tuscany, go to *Caffè Fiaschetteria Italiana* and try the cream-filled pastries with espresso or sugarless tea.

Hotel rates are for a room for two. Unless noted, hotels are open year-round. Restaurant prices are for a four-course meal for two, without wine or tip.

The country code for Italy is 39; the code for Montalcino is 577. For further information, contact the Italian Government Travel Office (630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011; tel. 212-245-4822). For more on Florence, turn to *The GlobalTraveler's Indispensable Index*, page 113.

THE GRAPES OF MONTALCINO

Left: Café patrons meet in Montalcino's main square. Below: The truffle hunter Easo Diretti and his trained hound Lola can find their tasty prey even in frozen ground.



So *this* was how people once lived. It was a lesson worth a whole shelf of history books.

Africa's Eden

With astonishing animals and easy prices,
Zimbabwe makes safari dreams come true

*At sunset near Huange,
a lone acacia tree defines
Africa's infinite sky.*



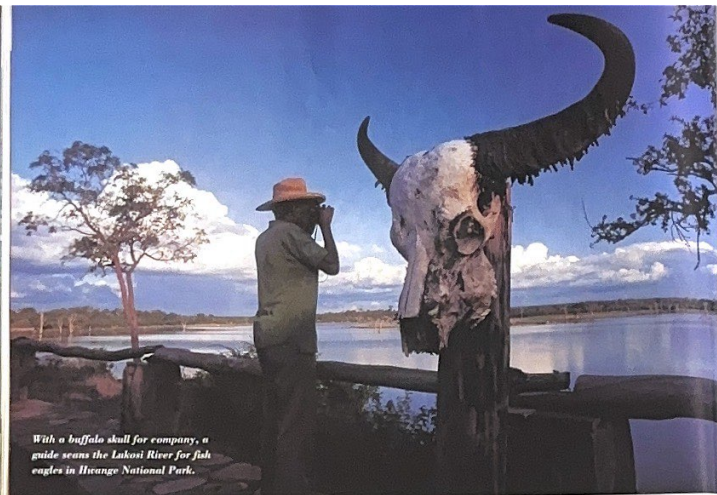
By Thurston Clarke

IN 1970 I VISITED AN AFRICAN game park so perfect and thrilling that for many years it spoiled me for all others. I had been traveling with a friend up the East African coast on a British India liner, which stopped at various ports to load and unload cargo. At Beira, in Portuguese East Africa (now Mozambique), the purser helped us organize a safari to nearby Gorongosa National Park. After renting a battered taxi, we drove 90 miles inland on paved roads.

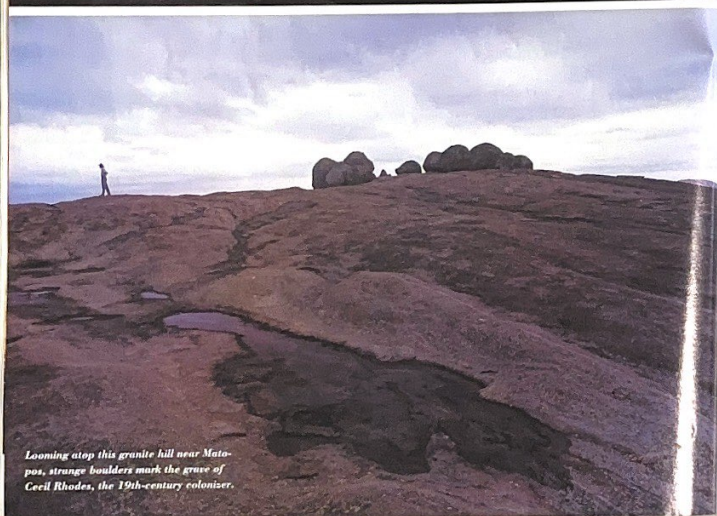
We crossed the Púngoè River on a one-car ferry, poled by villagers who chanted a song my companion still remembers. On the far bank we hired a guide armed with a World War I rifle and then followed a dirt track across a plain scattered with acacia trees and teeming with animals. We saw crocodiles sleeping along a river, giraffes nibbling thorn trees, and a small herd of elephants drinking and bathing. Baboons loped alongside the taxi, and warthogs darted into the underbrush. My binoculars caught buffalo, wildebeests, a lone rhinoceros. Twenty-five yards from the taxi, two female lions crouched under a tree, stalking a herd of impalas. The lions were healthier and sleeker than any in the most praiseworthy zoo. And all these creatures lived together in such variety and numbers that I was reminded of some primitive painting of the dawn of creation.



Photographed by Michael Melford



With a buffalo skull for company, a guide scans the Lakosi River for fish eagles in Hwange National Park.



Looming atop this granite hill near Matopos, strange boulders mark the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the 19th-century colonizer.

Gorongosa made me feel that Africa was virtually limitless. Almost everywhere—down that road, over that hillock, in that river—I could see, without special clothing or exotic equipment, magnificent animals on the spur of the moment.

It was not to be. Later I searched Kenya, Tanzania, and Rwanda in vain for a similar safari. Parks as accessible as Gorongosa were crowded, those off the beaten track required too much time and money. I did see lions again, but from one of eight Land Rovers encircling them like a wagon train. I saw a dozen elephants at Kenya's Aberdare National Park, but from a safari-lodge deck I shared with 60 visitors who arrived in packed schoolbuses. Herds of zebras always seemed to come with herds of zebra-striped minivans. The flocks of flamingos on Lake Nakuru were spectacular, but the overpopulated shantytowns of Nakuru town ran up against the park fence.

During the 1980s Mozambique's civil wars destroyed Gorongosa, and I despaired of ever equaling my experience. Then last year I went to Zimbabwe, where I rediscovered unspoiled parks as well as an emerging network of small bed-and-breakfast game lodges that incorporated Gorongosa's most appealing features.

Zimbabwe used to be Rhodesia, a Montana-size prize named for Cecil Rhodes, the English freebooter who stole it from its African inhabitants in the 1880s. Rhodesia became a British colony and then a white-ruled independent country fighting a brutal civil war against black guerrillas led by Robert Mugabe. The white government was voted out in 1980, but tribal warfare prevented peace until 1987.

Now that Zimbabwe is reasonably safe, it has become the pleasantest country in sub-Saharan Africa. I have visited or

lived in 20 sub-Saharan African nations, so this is not a casual statement. Zimbabwe has excellent highways and trains and the region's highest per capita income apart from South Africa. Game parks are well managed, and Zimbabweans of both races welcome foreign visitors. Still, this is Africa, not paradise. Although the rate of violent crime is low, poverty, worsened by drought, is nudging it upward.

Everything seems worn and patched albeit in good condition, like the possessions of a couple living on a small pension.

Zimbabwe's two principal cities, Bulawayo and Harare, remind me of small American or British towns of the 1950s. In Harare, the capital, taxi drivers were courteous and unaccustomed to tipping, multiracial crowds waited patiently in bus queues, and signs in hotel dining rooms demanded "smart casual attire" after 4 P.M.

I spent several days in Bulawayo, a city built from scratch at the end of the 19th century. It has a fascinating railway museum, cheerful colonial hotels, and public gardens superior to those of American cities five times its size, but its arrow-straight avenues are too wide and empty to support much life. I soon found myself itching to

drive out of town, past the office blocks and suburban bungalows, to where Europe stopped and Africa began.

When I expressed an interest in seeing animals without traveling hours through the bush, the Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce recommended Carol Davies, a young fourth-generation Rhodesian white settler who was building a private game park and safari lodge on her father's ranch in Matabeleland, 20 minutes outside the city. In recent months several farmers had built these African "country inns."

Thurston Clarke, a contributing editor of this magazine, has lived in Africa and traveled throughout the continent.



Ivory Lodge offers two-person quarters overlooking a water hole teeming with thirsty wildlife.

Dinner was magical. We ate at long communal tables illuminated by flickering kerosene lamps.

**I was finally
in a place where
animals might
appear close up,
without warning.**



Streaking everywhere, swift antelopes called impalas can soar 30 feet in one jump.

These are still vivid and impressive in their accuracy, with running giraffes so perfectly realized that some drawings could be photographs.

But I never saw another visitor in the Matopos caves. It was like that all day. We sat alone at a campsite facing a small reservoir, eating a lunch that reminded me of a family picnic in the 1950s, with real plates, a wooden trestle table, garden chairs, and glasses wrapped in newspaper. As I ate a deviled egg, a warthog darted from a nearby bush, and I felt the same sudden thrill I remembered from Gorongosa.

Davies collected me at my Bulawayo hotel in a Volkswagen van, explaining that, until her lodge was completed, guests would stay in one of the cottages on her father's farm. She had worked in London several years, long enough to discover she lacked the temperament for "sitting in an office the rest of [her] life." Back in Zimbabwe she fell into the safari business by arranging trips for friends. She now specialized in organizing safaris for small groups, providing the vehicle and often driving clients herself. After several days at her farm, guests usually continued on to safari camps and private lodges operated by her Zimbabwean friends. She had recently arranged a three-week safari for an English couple, at a total cost of \$100 a day per person.

The Davies ranch was 12 miles from Bulawayo; it felt like 1,500. During the past two years the family had fenced off 7,000 acres for wild animals. Impalas, warthogs, kudu, and reedbuck were indigenous. Two months earlier they had begun introducing zebras, eland, wildebeests, and giraffes. There would be no elephants, rhinoceroses, or buffalo. Davies wanted her guests to walk into the bush without an armed guide. Some animals were wary, still adjusting to the new environment, but within minutes I saw several zebras and a giraffe. If this game park becomes as successful as other private ones in Zimbabwe, it will be because the ratio of guests to game is kept low and unthreatening—a pleasure for both sides of the equation. Only 12 guests at a time will stay at the Davieses' N'tabazinduna Lodge, a thatched-roof lodge sitting on a long escarpment known as N'tabazinduna Hill. Site of a famous 19th-century battle between rival Ndebele factions,

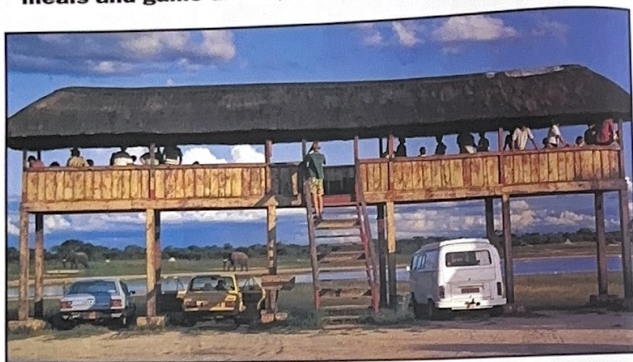
I have been lucky with African guides. Carol Davies was my first female guide and among the best. During a day trip to the nearby Matopos Hills I discovered there was not a tree, a bush, an animal, or a word in Matabeleland that she did not know. The Matopos (baldheaded ones) are harsh rocky summits that begin rising 30 minutes south of Bulawayo. Cecil Rhodes is buried there, on a peak with a 360-degree panorama known as View of the World. His grave is impressive, surrounded by a small Stonehenge of boulders, infested with rainbow-colored lizards that perform tricks to the whistled commands of an elderly park ranger.

The hills are honeycombed by caves, many as large as a church, with domed ceilings and floors thick with the ash of ancient fires. They carry the faint smell of wild animals and are decorated with drawings left by early Bushmen.

In Hwange Park a hungry cheetah (left) eyes the photographer, while a prudent mother elephant hustles her young out of harm's way.



Carol said she planned to charge about \$100 per day per meals and game drives," she hastened to add. "Do you



the hill is today revered by the Ndebele as a sacred place. The lodge offered sweeping views in every direction. Although it was several months from opening, I could see that it would be simple but comfortable and unmistakably African. It would provide a way of living in the bush without the expense of a tented expedition and of enjoying reasonable comfort without a stay in a luxury hotel. It had a lounge, a dining room, and two round cottages, on either side, each with a bedroom and private bath. The terrace

overlooked a natural water pan, which attracted animals at sunrise and sunset. Paths had been cut and underbrush burned so that guests could walk down for a closer view. As we left, Davies said she hoped to make her clients feel as if they were house guests rather than paying customers. I asked how much she was planning to charge. "A hundred dollars a day for two," she said. "But including meals, game drives, and sightseeing tours. Do you think it's too much?"



The next morning I traveled four hours north to another lodge, near Hwange, Zimbabwe's largest national park. Hwange is renowned for its elephant herds and for having perhaps the greatest variety and concentration of animals in Africa. For the first 150 miles the bush was flat and monotonous, alleviated only by mud and wattle villages, with men sitting in the narrow shade of acacia trees, waiting for buses. But 50 miles from the park, the road climbed into broken hills, the landscape turned pale green, and I passed a yellow "Caution" sign with the outline of an elephant.

Ivory Lodge was several miles down a pri-

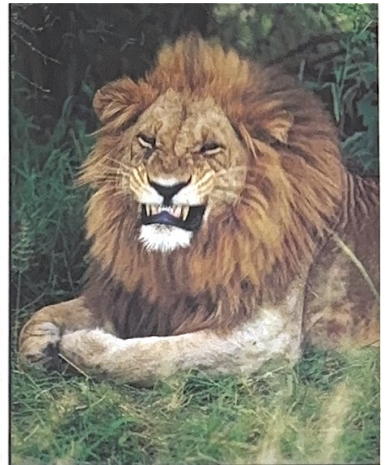
Top: Hwange Park's raised platforms allow safe game-watching. Left: N'ubusinduna Lodge offers sweeping views from a high platform.

couple. "But including think it's too much?"

vate dirt track, just outside the park boundary, built on land leased from the government forestry commission. The main building looked identical to Carol Davies's lodge and had a bar, lounge, and dining tables. Nearby was a small, tree-shaded swimming pool and a blind overlooking a private water hole, where I saw baboons, kudu, impalas, and zebras just minutes after arriving. The 10 wooden "tree houses" were raised cottages, one flight up from a ground-floor bathroom. Each was more comfortable than a tent yet closer to nature than a lodge would be. Former visitors had written in the guest register, "The most perfect blend of nature and civilization" and "Life in the bush with a great touch of class." A South African who had stayed three times since its opening, in 1989, told me it was "the best safari camp in southern Africa."

The atmosphere was magical. We ate at long communal tables—generous buffet lunches, seated dinners illuminated by flickering kerosene lamps. Ivory Lodge had a family atmosphere and attracted people who were generally good company. The guides were all enthusiastic young people, who sat scattered among the guests at meals. One of the lodge's three owners was also present for both meals and animal-watching. I could have been visiting a land-owning friend's private farm.

I liked the evenings best: liked the dome of bright stars undimmed by electric lights, the symphony of cicadas and frogs, the mosquito netting over my bed, and feeling safe

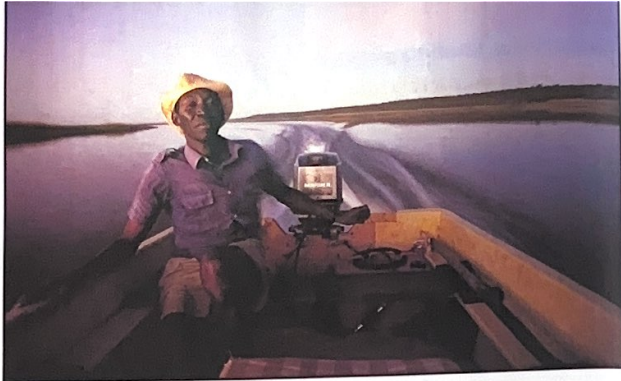


yet knowing that, just outside, leopards perched on tree limbs, waiting for prey. The bed was comfortable, but I did not sleep well. I was too excited and watchful. I was aware that elephant herds sometimes lumbered through the camp at night, waking guests who turned on lights to see them brush past their balconies. One morning I found a pile of fresh elephant spoor less than 50 yards from my tree house.

Every morning at 5:30 and every afternoon at 3:30, lodge guests climbed into Land Cruisers for four-hour game drives. We were seven to a vehicle, and each group went off on its own. As at other Zimbabwean parks, the number of visitors was limited. We shared the roads with guests from the Hwange Safari Lodge, a sprawling low-rise hotel with a swimming pool, overlooking a busy water hole. On four game drives into the park, I never saw more than three vehicles at one time, although I was told it could be more crowded on weekends and school holidays.

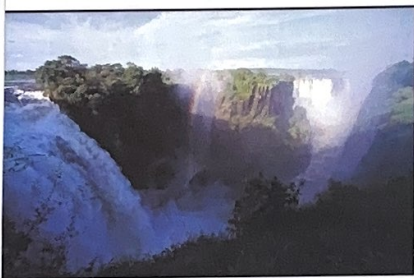


Top: Like all male lions, this youngster relies on females to hunt his meals. Left: Crowned cranes preen for the camera.



In most of Africa's elephant country, the numbers are plunging; not so at Hwange, where the herds are stabilized, thanks to Zimbabwe's game-control efforts. A recent census found 32,000 elephants in the country, and in Hwange you can see 300 at once. Elephants are my favorite animals, and the possibility of seeing hundreds seemed so miraculous that I felt cheated at seeing only 30 on my first game drive.

But there were compensations. Less than 20 minutes into the park, two lions hunted 50 yards off the track. They were superb specimens, great athletes. They stalked and crouched, inching forward into thick grass, watching as baboons, wildebeests, and impalas crossed a nearby field. In the distance, a zebra with a bad leg limped away. The



lions missed him, but our guide whispered that he would not survive the night. To witness a kill is rare, and none of our guides had seen one. When we left the park at sunset the lions were still crouched and waiting.

On the last day I finally saw my elephants, from a raised platform overlooking the Guvulala pan. When I arrived, 20 of them were drinking, washing, and trumpeting greetings. Within minutes, herds of 15, 20, and 30 more came charging and trotting out of the bush from every direction. They ranged from infants to old bulls. Some of them walked in lines like circus elephants. I stopped counting at 100. They were huge and confident, unlike the small, tame, and sometimes timid Asian circus elephants. They screamed, raised heads, entwined trunks, and clicked tusks in greeting. They rolled in the water, sloshing it on their children.

To be standing with only five other people, seeing elephants in such numbers, reminded me that in this corner of Africa man was still out numbered and outweighed. As at Gorongosa, I felt more like an intruder than like a day-tripper, more a lonely spectator than a tourist. Again I had a sense of stepping outside time to watch an unchanged drama of animals stalking, grazing, and interacting as they had for thousands of years. This, more than anything else, was what I remembered from that visit to Gorongosa, and now, at last, I had found it again.

Top: In nearby Botswana, hired boatmen find game for visitors on the Zambezi River. **Left:** The famed Victoria Falls plunge 251 feet into the Zambezi.

Zest of Zimbabwe

Reminders Bring warm clothing if you are visiting between April and August. Travelers to Zimbabwe should take mefloquine (Lariam) orally to prevent malaria. Consult your doctor for directions and dosage. For more information, call the malaria hot line, 404-332-4555. Pack extra film. Don't forget binoculars.

Seasonal Savvy The best game-viewing is between August and mid-November, when dry conditions keep grasses low, trees bare, and animals bunched at water holes. You will see fewer animals from November to March, but you always see some, and the wet season's green foliage makes a better background for photographs. Also, leopards and lions are on the move, looking for prey and easier to spot.

Getting There You can fly nonstop from London on Air Zimbabwe and British Air, or from Lisbon on Air Portugal. It's a 10-hour trip. To reduce jet lag, Air Portugal offers Zimbabwe-bound business-class passengers a fresh five-star-hotel room in Lisbon for one night.

Price Control Zimbabwe recently devalued the Zimbabwean dollar (Z\$—US\$1), making it one of the cheapest countries in the world for Americans. A double room at the best hotel in Bulawayo costs about \$130. I never spent more than \$10 for a meal in a good restaurant. Internal airfares are also a bargain. The flight from Victoria Falls to Harare, a distance of about 545 miles by road, costs \$70 one-way. In even the best hotels, I never found a beer that cost more than 70 cents.

Where to Go Victoria Falls, just two hours from Hwange, should be seen but is less spectacular from August to November, when water flow is low. In the north, Mana Pools National Park borders the Zambezi River and is even less crowded than Hwange. Across the border in Botswana, Chobe National Park offers a contrast to the more barren Hwange. Botswana's game is no less abundant than Zimbabwe's, but Botswana's stress on big ticket tourism makes it a far pricier place for Americans. A 10-day Zimbabwe itinerary might include three days in Hwange, two at Victoria Falls, three at Mana Pools, and two at a private game reserve in the Bulawayo area, such as the Davies ranch.

Good Bookings I recommend contacting a Zimbabwe tour operator, who will make reservations for any class of Zimbabwe accommodation. Reserve a room at Carol Davies's Ntabazinduna Lodge, and have her organize a safari (P.O. Box 7, Bulawayo; tel: 9-25110; six

rooms; \$200, no CC). Note that, if her lodge and vehicles are booked, Jabulani Safaris is a similar tour operator, with a private safari lodge about 80 minutes from Bulawayo (P.O. Box 30, Shangani).

Black Rhino Safaris offers trips to Hwange, Mana Pools, and Victoria Falls, with stays in tented camps or chalets, at an all-inclusive price of only \$80 to \$100 a person per day (P.O. Box FM 69, Farnon, Bulawayo; tel: 9-41962).

Valerie Bell, director of the Bulawayo Publicity Association, can suggest other private lodges and tour operators in the Bulawayo area (P.O. Box 861, Bulawayo; tel: 9-60867).

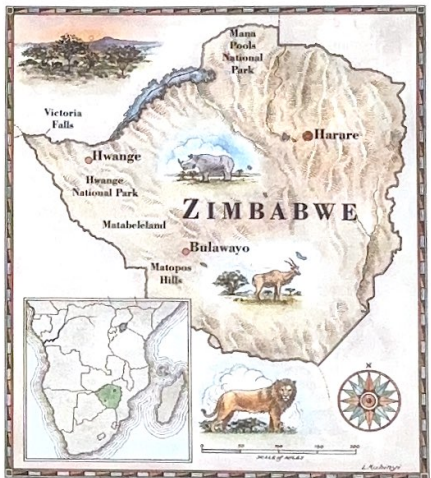
Choices Accommodations at Ivory Lodge cost \$200 per person per day, including all meals and two daily game drives (P.O. Box 9111, Hillside, Bulawayo; tel: 9-61709; 10 rooms; \$400 per couple). This is reasonable when you consider that Hwange Safari Lodge charges \$45 per person for a single game drive.

A night at Hwange Safari Lodge can offer a welcome change from more basic lodges. The food is excellent, the rooms are comfortable, and

you can look up from the swimming pool or your buffet lunch to see, less than 100 yards away, a herd of wildebeests (P.BAG DT 5782, Dete; tel: 18-331, 95 rooms; \$81-\$238). In the States, reserve through Utell International (tel: 800-48-8355).

Government safari camps, located inside the national parks, are simple but comfortable. Hwange has three. The most expensive one-bedroom accommodation costs \$4 a night; a lodge with two bedrooms is \$16. They are often booked up months in advance. Contact local tour operators like Carol Davies or the Department of National Parks in Harare (tel: 4-792782).—T.C.

Lodge rates are for a room for two. Except when noted, most major credit cards are accepted. The country code for Zimbabwe is 263. For more information, contact the Zimbabwe Tourist Office (1270 Ave. of the Americas, Suite 412, New York, NY 10020; tel: 212-332-1090). For more on Bulawayo, turn to *The Globetrotter's Indispensable Index*, page 32. The U.S. Department of State has issued an advisory on travel to Zimbabwe; for details, call 202-647-5225.



WELCOME, MR. PRESIDENT

The White House is yours—just don't forget who owns it

BY ROBERT SHNAYERSON

George Washington never slept here. He did choose the architect, though, an Irishman named James Hoban, who envisioned a "President's Palace," a handsome if unoriginal country house built around a big oval drawing room (today's Blue Room). And Washington presided over the cornerstone laying, on October 13, 1792, just 200 years ago. But he left office before he could move in. Construction was so slow that our second president, John Adams, lived (or camped) here during only the last four months of his term. He couldn't wait to leave. The Adamses had arrived in the raw month of November 1800. Abigail Adams found herself hanging the First Family's wash to dry in the huge,

empty, frigid East Room. To stay warm in "this great castle," she confided to her daughter, the couple had to keep 13 fireplaces going full blast. They ran out of firewood, had no help to find more, and lacked even a privy. "I know not what to do!" she said.

But mostly the circumspect Adamses shivered in silence, putting a positive spin on the young Republic's seeming white elephant. The place was "built for ages to come," Abigail declared. On his second night in residence, brooding alone before Abigail arrived, John Adams had said it all in a prophetic letter to her: "I pray Heaven to bestow the Best of Blessings on THIS HOUSE and All that shall hereafter Inhabit it. May none but Honest and Wise Men ever rule under this roof."

TWO CENTURIES LATER, ON THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 20, 1993, the quasi palace that Teddy Roosevelt officially named the White House will welcome America's chief executive—yet another man (for now), presumably honest and wise. If his name is George Bush, he will simply be coming home

from a giddy day of vindication and the oompah-pahs of his second inaugural parade. If he's Bill Clinton, he will be the 42nd president, arriving even giddier but not one minute before noon, the checkout time for departing presidents.

Imagine what a new president must feel. There he is, fresh from solemnly swearing to uphold the U.S. Constitution before a global CNN audience of millions, proud of his momentous inaugural speech, euphoric with all the applause and marching bands, his smile muscles aching.

There he is, leader of the free world, rolling up to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in a mile-long limo, along the driveway. And with casual waves to the cameras, he and his wife stroll through the four-columned North Portico into the Entrance Hall, with its vivid red carpet.

They glance left at the main staircase, lined with his predecessors' portraits. There they will soon make their entrances to grand events as the Marine Band plays "Hail to the Chief." Directly ahead of them, over the Blue Room door, is the blue President's Seal. The seal draws them forward. And waiting inside that elegant room, with its



The unofficial winner of the 1992 election may well be Harry S. Truman, the happy warrior who unexpectedly trounced Thomas E. Dewey in 1948. In that legendary campaign, Truman ended a door-the-spirit that this year's unmythical candidates kept trying to claim as their own, as if to the manna born.



Dolley Madison, shown at far left in an 1817 portrait by Bass Otis, was unmatched as a glamorous First Lady until Jacqueline Kennedy arrived. Left: Teddy Roosevelt's youngest son, Quentin, displays his jockeyship on the South Lawn in June 1902.



Left: Andrew Jackson's frontier admirers turned his 1829 inaugural into such a drunken brawl that Old Hickory had to flee out a back window. Right: Lincoln and his youngest son, Tad, a mischievous boy who romped around with his pet goat and once ate all the strawberries before a state dinner.



An American president is a national savior and a national

French Empire decor, they see a small, select party of their nearest and dearest relatives and donors.

Hugs, tears, cheers. Incredibly, it's all his—the world's biggest political prize. The universally recognized symbol of the last superpower on earth. A testament to all the booms, busts, elections, wars, victories, defeats, heroes, enduring principles, and national generosity that make America great.

Above all, it's a stage, a theater of private as well as public drama, a place haunted by the ordeals of Lin-

coln, Wilson, and both Johnsons, the misjudgments of Buchanan, Carter, and Nixon; the buoyancy of both Roosevelts, Truman, Kennedy, and Reagan.

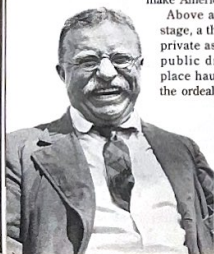
Thinking of all that, no matter how confident he is, a new president surely can't avoid a twinge of confusion, if not regret. How did I get here? What now? Even Franklin Roosevelt, the very image of jaunty assurance, had a flash of stage fright when he arrived in March 1933. Alone in the Oval Office for the first time, he later recalled, he sat behind Herbert Hoover's old desk and suddenly his mind went blank. The room was silent, he saw no buttons to push, the desk drawers were empty. And out there a paralyzed nation waited.

Long moments passed. Finally Roosevelt broke the spell—he shouted. And shouted. With delight or fear? No matter. People came running, the office filled, and the new president began snapping orders.

Franklin Roosevelt went on to make the White House so firmly his own that he might have been born there. He almost relished living in a fishbowl, the only head-of-state residence in the world that regularly admits the public. By now, that means 6,000 White House visitors a day, or 1,500,000 a year, plus the average year's 50,000 official guests at dinners and receptions.

FDR's ease is more the exception than the rule. The White House is not a home; it is an experience, perhaps too intense to sort out until it's over. The place is a palace wrapped in a paradox. On the one hand, presidents and their families are treated more royally than royals, their every whim served by hovering aides as if they were the sole guests in some incomparable hotel. On

Robert Shnayerson, staff senior advisor, wrote *The Illustrated History of the Supreme Court of the United States*.



Picture research by Chris...



William Howard Taft had no intention of going bankrupt because he weighed over 300 pounds and couldn't fit into White House tubs. So he ordered his own (below), which accommodated four plumbers. Left: In December 1929 a fire raged through the West Wing, another blow for Herbert Hoover, already reeling from the stock-market crash.



Edith Wilson (top left) and Eleanor Roosevelt (left) demonstrated the importance of First Ladies—Mrs. Wilson by secretly acting as de facto president after her husband's 1919 stroke and Mrs. Roosevelt by advancing good causes and moral concerns all over the world.



scapegoat. The voters expect much and forgive little.

the other hand, presidents live on borrowed time, ever mindful of reelection problems, missed opportunities, and their still-unknown place in history.

Winning the White House is no unmixed blessing. An American president is both a national savior and a national scapegoat. The voters expect much and forgive little. We want presidents to perform miracles, we limit their power to do so, and we scorn them into oblivion if they fail.

The Constitution writers had an easier job in mind. The president was mainly expected to carry out Congress's wishes and command the country's feeble army in the unlikely event of war. But presidents soon overshadowed Congress. Beginning with the Civil War, vast upheavals at home and abroad demanded profound responses. Presi-

dents necessarily became world leaders. Every strong incumbent was now a political polymath, a combined king, prime minister, party boss, pope, generalissimo, and organizer of grand alliances on a global scale. He not only won wars and cured recessions; he was also the spiritual leader who put the common man's feelings into soaring words and summoned our best instincts. The White House required a white knight able to surmount the vilest campaign slurs and articulate the noblest ideals while rescuing the Republic from Armageddon.

But nearly every new president soon learns that his actual power to solve major problems remains frustratingly limited. He cannot abolish drugs, remove Saddam Hussein, or decree prosperity. The two-party system, which the framers did not quite anticipate, often produces gridlock between Congress and the president. His suc-

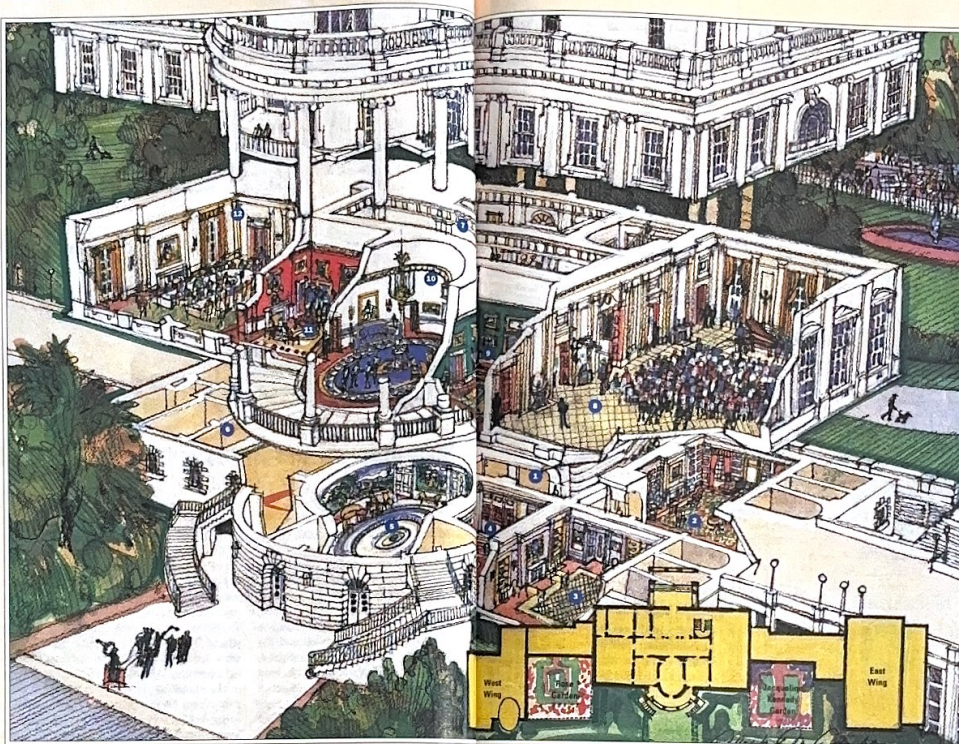
cess in fact requires powers of personality and persuasion beyond the reach of all but a few, highly gifted politicians. Meanwhile, the candidate's ceremonial duties multiply: voters expect incomparable rhetoric, heroic gestures, saintly morals, and tax cuts. The next election looms; the press awaits error and adores folly. Worse, the incumbent somehow never escapes courtiers spouting dubious advice, fawners feeding on White House perks, and the ubiquitous security forces that shield him not only from harm's way but also from his countrymen and their real-life worries. Can illusion and isolation be far behind? But what better way for a democracy to control its leaders?

THE WHITE HOUSE HAS STEADILY GROWN, right along with the president's ever expanding role. In some ways, it has become the president's country, a to-

WALKING THROUGH HISTORY

WE THE PEOPLE OWN EVERY INCH of the White House, but only our elected tenants ever see more than a fraction of its 132 rooms. Indeed, tourists are confined to five historic rooms on the first floor (see drawing). The farsighted write to their senators or representatives at least a month ahead, requesting tickets for the guided, 45-minute VIP tour. Others line up at the Ellipse ticket booth well before 8 A.M., happy to make do with the unguided, faster version. In either case, the public is admitted free every morning, Tuesday through Saturday. If the lines and pace make you feel all too herded, remember that in no other country in the world do the rulers permit the ruled to get even this close.

Tourists enter through the East Wing, walking along a windowed corridor overlooking the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden. They pass through the **Ground Floor Corridor** 1, lined with First Ladies' portraits, and then climb marble stairs to the first floor. They leave behind them five ground-floor rooms, all notable but closed to visitors. These include the **Library** 2, devoted to American authors, where Amy Carter liked to do her homework; the **Gold or Vermilion Room** 3, where Harry Truman played billiards; the **China Room** 4, a repository of past presidents' dinner services; the **Diplomatic Reception Room** 5, once the building's boiler room, where FDR broadcast his radio fireside chats, and the **Map Room** 6, where each day FDR followed the course of World War II, including



the position of the destroyer his son was serving on.

Reaching the first floor, tourists head east through the scarlet-carpeted **Cross Hall** 7, which

runs the length of the house, and then enter the spacious white-and-gold **East Room** 8, just as presidents do for big press conferences. This is basically an

empty ballroom except for a grand piano; note the ornate gilded-eagle legs. But here you see Stuart's famous Washington portrait; imagine Camelot's fabled parties

in the early 1960s, and ponder the eight presidents who have lain here in state.

Heading west again, you enter the **Green Room** 9, where

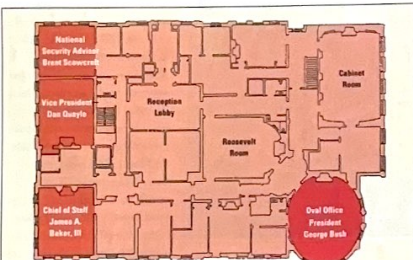
Jefferson gave his intimate dinner parties, and then the oval **Blue Room** 10, the most formal in the house. The Blue Room, looking out on the South Portico, is full of stylish French furniture ordered by James Monroe in 1817. Next is the **Red Room** 11, a smaller parlor, lined with red silk and furnished in the American Empire style of 1815–20. Dolley Madison picked the original shade of red; the latest version is "Nancy Reagan Red."

The tourist's last stop is the big **State Dining Room** 12, which can seat 130 guests at a massive table resplendent with Monroe's 13-and-a-half-foot bronze centerpiece. Teddy Roosevelt adorned the walls with game trophies and the mantelpiece with carved buffalo heads. Ellen Wilson hated the trophies and banished them to the Smithsonian. Harry Truman liked the mantelpiece so much that he decided to take it home with him to Missouri; the current one is a replica.

At this point, tourists leave the house by the North Portico—where new presidents enter. They never see the second floor, which is divided between the family quarters, on the west, and famous guest rooms, on the east, notably the **Lincoln Bedroom**, the former office where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation and the only room in the White House devoted to a single president. But even though the Lincoln Bedroom is closed to the public, it remains for every new incumbent a daily reminder of what a great president can be.—R.S.



Clockwise: The Cross Hall looking toward the East Room, site of everything from weddings to wrestling; the gutted White House during Truman's massive renovation; John John Kennedy lightening the burdens of state.



The Big O Ronald Reagan called it the "gilded cage," which seems apt from the biggest bird on the highest perch. Others regard the West Wing as a paradise of self-esteem, provided they sit ever closer to the Oval Office and avoid exile to the basement, to say nothing of the old Executive Office Building, that purgatory across the street.

tal environment he never really leaves. Even when he travels, a huge support force goes along with him, replicating that environment.

Under one roof, the White House serves every aspect of the incumbent's private and public life. Presidents don't commute. From bedroom to ballroom to bomb shelter, everything is steps away—cabinet meetings, formal dinners, family quarters, nursery, movie theater, swimming pool, bowling alley, tennis court, flower gardens, helicopter pad for quick getaways to Camp David (FDR's Shangri-La), 70 miles northwest in Maryland's Blue Ridge Mountains. The White House is the ultimate home office—the whole place is the boss's office. FDR was even quite fond of staying right in bed, a handy spot to meet those visitors he wanted to hide from the press.

Some people entering the North Portico for the first time (tourists enter elsewhere) find the White House considerably smaller than expected. TV makes it look huge. Those trench-coated nightly news people appear dwarfed by all that brilliantly lit whiteness looming behind them. Ronald Reagan seemed to stride half a mile (rather than 20 feet) down that royal red carpet into his crowded East Room press conferences. Off camera, the house has a cozier scale: it could easily fit into Buckingham Palace or the Kremlin, and Versailles makes it look like a cottage.

Not that there's less here than meets the eye. There's plenty: 18 acres of graceful lawns and gardens, 132 rooms, 412 doors (with brass knobs to polish), 32 bathrooms, 40 chandeliers, 78 sculptures, 492 paintings, 468 prints or drawings, and 2,684 fine glasses, not to mention 1,121 lighting fixtures, 3,303 pieces of furniture, and 13,092 knives, forks, and spoons.

The second-floor family quarters alone measure 3,000 square feet and include 18 bedrooms, 20 bathrooms, 29 fireplaces, and 147 windows to keep washed. To cover the building's outside walls with yet another coat of gleaming white—it's had more than 30 so far—requires 570 gallons of good



Above: JFK alone in the Oval Office during the Cuban missile crisis. Below: Amy Carter alone on her roller skates.



Grace Coolidge enlivened both White House social life and her husband's personality. She posed for Howard Chandler Christy's 1924 portrait (top) because her husband couldn't sit that day. In the painting, she might be related to Jacqueline Kennedy, whose portrait (above) by Aaron Siskler hangs in the Ground Floor Corridor.



Above: Richard Nixon leaving Washington in disgrace after his resignation, in 1974. Below: Public curiosity never ends.



In its flawed way, the house epitomizes continuity and stability.

paint (Duron Whisper White). To operate just the residence, not counting the West Wing, takes a yearly outlay of \$9,140,000, which pays for, among other things, 97 full-time employees, ranging from cooks and butlers to gardeners, plumbers, and telephone operators. Over in the bustling West Wing, the president's Oval Office is the heart of a governing hive that employs 414 full-timers—and borrows about 3,000 more from other agencies—at a budgeted cost of \$36,561,000 a year, including the president's relatively modest salary of \$200,000 a year.

BY AMERICAN STANDARDS, THE WHITE House was hardly small even in 1801, when Thomas Jefferson began his eight years there. It lacked its current porticoes, colonnades, and wings, but it was already the biggest house in America. Jefferson called it "big enough for two emperors, one pope, and the grand lama." Nothing daunted, he immediately set a tone of civilized tenacity that has perhaps not been equaled since. Master of a dozen arts, Jefferson filled the house with exhilarating dinner parties, exquisite French furniture, and ingenious dumbwaters of his own in-

vention. He began the constant repairs that have never ceased, the problem then being a leaky roof. He also heeded Washington's prediction that the White House would keep expanding.

Jefferson duly added terrace pavilions, in 1807—just in time for the social whirl launched by his successor's exuberant wife, Dolley Madison, perhaps the jolliest of all White House hostesses, a role she had already performed for the widowed Jefferson.

Dolley Madison was the first of at least a dozen First Ladies whose impact on the (Continued on page 100)

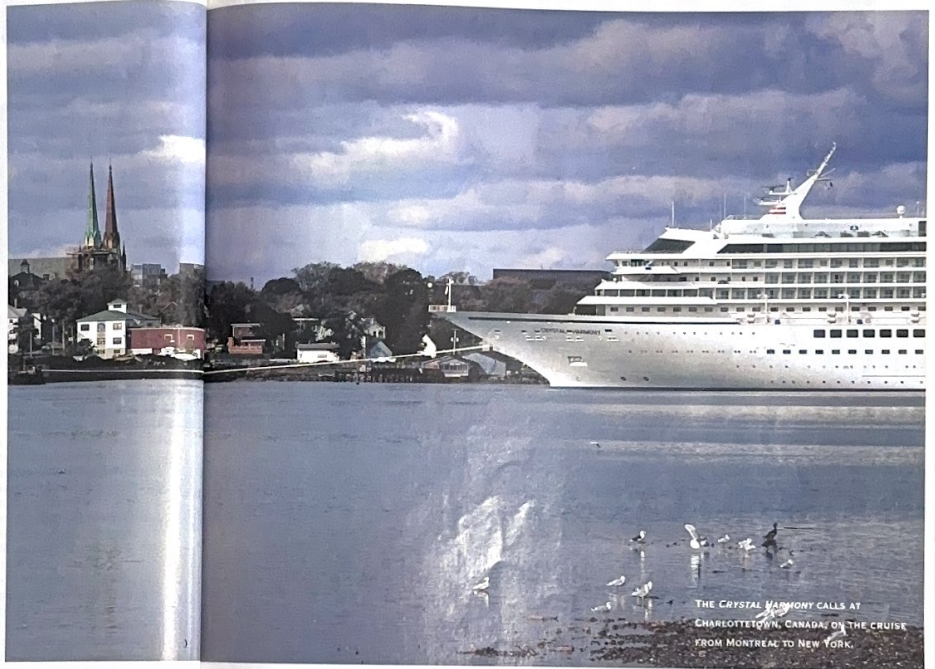


CRUISE AWAKENING

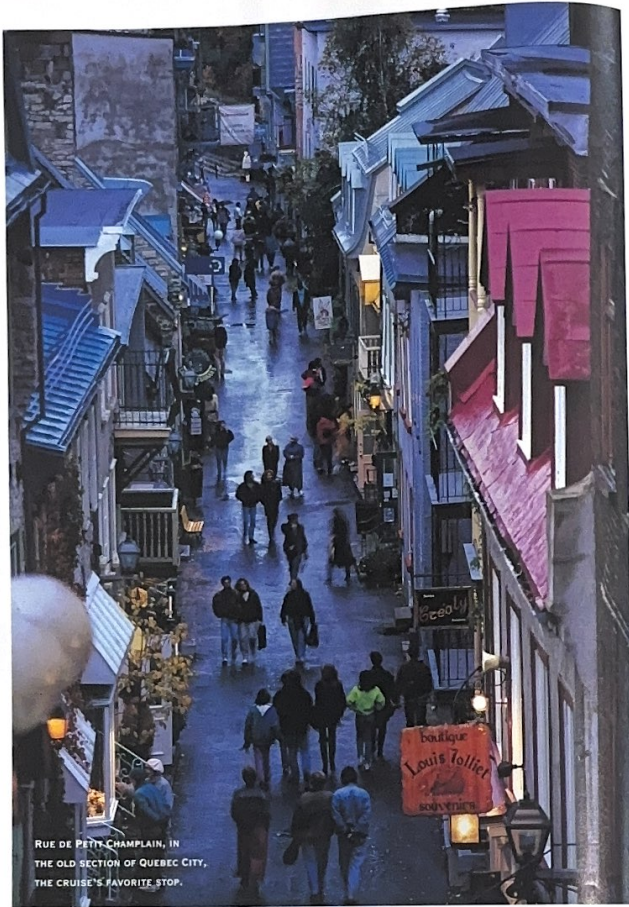
BY GORDON COTLER • I was leaning on the rail of my private veranda watching the white prow of the *Crystal Harmony* cleave the dark waters of the Saguenay River on the third day of an October cruise from Montreal to Canada's maritime provinces and then down the New England coast to New York City when I was forced to ask myself the big question.

The Saguenay tracks west from the Saint Lawrence River, our path northeast to the ocean, and the ship was on a side trip along it for no better reason than to take in the splendid scenery. Fjordlike cliffs slid by, topped by heavy vegetation brushed with autumn's colors. Man's hand had been nowhere in evidence for some time, and I felt a bond with the explorers, fur traders, and missionaries for whom this had been a major artery during Canada's early years—except that the pioneers voyaged in canoes and I was doing it in a world-class floating hotel with my own refrigerator, TV, VCR, and built-in hair dryer in a stateroom behind that sliding glass door. Today's freshly printed menus were sitting on my bar, with cover art by Andre Miripolsky and Michelle Manning, different every day. My bathtub didn't seem much smaller than a canoe. This was my first cruise, and the question I posed to myself was, Why had I resisted for all those years? • **PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIT KITTLE**

**HE STARTED FULL OF FEAR AND
CAME AWAY A CONVERT**



THE *CRYSTAL HARMONY* CALLS AT CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, ON THE CRUISE FROM MONTREAL TO NEW YORK.



RUE DE PETIT CHAMPLAIN, IN THE OLD SECTION OF QUEBEC CITY, THE CRUISE'S FAVORITE STOP.

The reason, I remembered later, was an irrational fear of being trapped at sea with dubious companions, rampant bad taste in the decor, indifferent food, and regimented gaiety. Four million people took cruises in 1991, and twice that number is projected for 2000. The cruise explosion can be traced originally to the ABC television series of the 1970s "The Love Boat," and so could my fear of cruising. I had taken this cruise, hopefully but fearfully, as an assignment from *Travel Holiday*. I came away from it with the proselytizing passion of the convert.

The key to my enthusiasm may be the word "premium." When I boarded the *Crystal Harmony* last October it was the newest item in what the industry calls the "premium end" of the cruise business. That translates into "You pay more and you get more." The *Crystal Harmony* is managed by an American company, Crystal Cruises, but it was designed by Italians, Scots, Danes, and Brits and built in Nagasaki for NYK, the world's largest shipping company. It represents the Japanese firm's reentry into this business after 30 years. And when the Japanese undertake something, we Americans have come to recognize, there are no half-way measures. The *Crystal Harmony* might as well be the firm's 20th new cruise ship as its first. It is impeccable in design and flawless in execution. Crystal Cruises believes it has pushed back the boundaries of "premium," and I am not one to dispute it.

Good taste abounds. A delicate balance has been struck in the public spaces between the Japanese pull toward understatement and the fact that a cruise ship calls for a festive feeling. There is a generous use of light-colored marble, of brass and chrome and bullnosed wood trim, of off-white fabric walls with accents of deep green suede, and of chic European furniture. There are cascades of crystal lighting fixtures and—the ship's single *outré* feature—a grand piano of transparent glass. More than half of the staterooms have private verandas.

Gordon Cotler, who wrote the cover story on Miami Beach for our October issue, was a frequent contributor to Holiday

The public rooms nicely reflect their purpose. The Palm Court, especially when it is set up for afternoon tea, with a harpist playing and the tables laid with crisp linens and gleaming silver, has a period dignity. The Galaxy Lounge, the site of the major live entertainment, is a toned-down version of one of the better Las Vegas showrooms, with more-comfortable seating. The Avenue Saloon, dark and woody and tailored, could be in a smart downtown hotel in a major city. The library has a hexago-

and moods—the touch dancers in the Club 2100, the movie- and lecturegoers in the Hollywood Theater, the snackers in the French Bistro, the gamblers in the Caesars Palace at Sea Casino, with toga-clad dealers, the jocks in the well-equipped Crystal Spa or braving October in the on-deck pool.

Only the ship's sleek black-and-neon disco, called Stars, remained virtually empty during the voyage. Prospective passengers young enough to disco are probably hard at work in mid-October earning enough to take this premium cruise on their next regular vacation or



I WAS CONSUMING NEARLY TWICE WHAT I DID AT HOME, YET IN 10 DAYS I GAINED JUST OVER A POUND.

nal table set invitingly under picture windows beside a wall of recent books. The Vista Lounge, a magnet for the gregarious, is reminiscent of the Italian Riviera and has a sweeping 180-degree view of the oncoming scenery. The serious bridge players function in a world of their own in the sober card room. Many rooms for many purposes

the one after that. With a fair sprinkling of exceptions, it was their parents—retired, semiretired, or self-employed—who were enjoying the sybaritic life aboard the *Crystal Harmony*, and enjoying it to the full. Night after night in the Club 2100, a merriment of widows kept the Ambassador Hosts on their feet dancing to the mellow tunes of the

forties and fifties. The Ambassador Hosts, four amiable older gentlemen, performed this service gallantly, in addition to mingling in the dining room and helping a bit on the shore excursions, all in exchange for free passage. One host, a retired schoolteacher, told me he had been enjoying the cruising life for quite some time but had decided to make this his last trip. "I'm going home to Ohio," he said, "and put my shoes in the closet. They won't stop dancing for three months."

My fear of shipboard regimentation evaporated quickly. The day's options were outlined in the ship's newspaper, delivered to staterooms each morning along with a fax digest of the *New York Times*. Whether you took the shore excursions or stayed aboard to soak in the hot tub, played afternoon

bingo or deck tennis, watched the impressive all-singing, all-dancing, ravishingly costumed multimedia Irving Berlin retrospective after dinner or any of the four other extravaganzas, or chose to shoot craps at Caesars or watch the devilishly clever puppeteer or listen to an all-Chopin concert, it was nobody's business but your own. Every day my wife and I took a few brisk turns around the promenade deck—four turns came to a mile-plus—for the sole purpose of reminding ourselves, in the salt air on the hardwood decks, that we were on a ship at sea.

The nearest *Crystal Harmony* came to regimentation was a note in the morning paper on the dress code for dinner. Three of the 10 evenings were designated formal (black tie suggested for gentlemen), and the rest were divided between informal (jacket and tie) and casual (anything goes). On formal nights a few people chose to dine in their staterooms—there is 24-hour room service—or in one of the two alternate dining rooms, the Prego, for Italian food, or the Kyoto, for Japanese. Excellent choices all, at no extra charge.

Of the shore excursions, usually half-day reminders of the real world, Quebec City won hands down for old-world urban charm and culinary sophistication; Acadia National Park, outside Bar Harbor, Maine, for a stunning mix of mountain, sea, rock, and vegetation unmatched on the eastern seaboard; and the "cottages" (read, mansions) in society's playground, Newport, Rhode Island, for architectural extravagance. The tour guides waiting for us beside their buses at each port were well cast for their areas. The Boston man who took us through the towns north of Boston harbor (one of several choices on that stop) wore a quiet tie and jacket and shunned hyperbole, even as we passed through Salem, where they were preparing to commemorate the tricentennial of the witch trials. The young woman guide in Quebec City, bubbling over with pride in her town and its heritage, burst into folk songs (in French, of course), accompanying herself on wooden spoons. "Do you



FRENCH RIVER, A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE NORTH COAST OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



TOP: THE LIDO CAFE SERVES BUFFET LUNCHEONS IN THE STERN OF THE *CRYSTAL HARMONY*. BELOW: THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC'S CITADEL; THE SHIP IS DOCKED IN THE SAINT LAWRENCE RIVER.

understand my Engleesh?" she asked frequently and, unsure of the response, "Are you awake?" Her enthusiasm was a match even for Montmorency Falls, a 251-foot-high torrent we passed practically at roadside on our way to the imposing Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré, where the abandoned crutches and prosthetic devices of the cured formed still more cascades.

On Nova Scotia, a sturdy, no-nonsense woman, mother of many, guided us around the wave-lashed rocky coast to a simple restaurant, where we had

an austere lunch consisting almost entirely of two perfect boiled lobsters per person. Having just watched a tiny lobster boat get tossed like an eggshell on the swells off the lighthouse at Peggy's Cove, I attacked the crustaceans with respect. (The respect was diminished a few days later by the Boston guide, who told us the colonials considered lobster trash food and fed it to their grumbling servants.) On gentle Prince Edward Island, the setting for the novel *Anne of Green Gables*, a young Scotsman boarded our bus at his burgeoning jam



THE SEA CHANGE ENCOURAGES RUMINATIVE SUMMINGS-UP AMONG THOSE RETIRED OR ABOUT TO BE.

factory and told us how he came to invent a preserve combining strawberries with Grand Marnier liqueur.

I fell into many pleasant conversations with fellow passengers. A cruise is no place to talk politics or religion, but the sea change seemed to encourage ruminative summings-up, particularly among those recently retired or

about to be. People looked back on their careers as engineers, teachers, doctors, whatever, usually with the satisfaction of a career well chosen and a life well spent but sometimes weighing the road not taken. Among confidences shared, my favorite was from a striking Mexican woman who shyly told my wife she was (Continued on page 84)

GRENADA

(Continued from page 46)

the sea grew choppy and the flying fish larger. But Denham steered around the rising bulges of water and picked out smooth avenues amid the waves as though he were at the wheel of a sports car racing along the twisting roadway of Le Mans.

The sea got rougher, unfortunately, and soon there was no roadway. Now it was like driving off cliffs, crashing onto the water below, and driving off another cliff. Finally the gods decided we had suffered enough. After we had passed a series of gigantic, shrubby rock outcroppings, the hills of Carriacou came in sight.

Wobbly, with salt water burning our eyes, we chugged into a placid cove surrounded by white beach and felicitously named Tyrrel Bay. A small grocery store, catering to the score or so sailboats at anchor nearby, bore undeniable evidence that smugglers were indeed in the area. Its shelves were filled with an astonishing selection of high-class French wines, all at reason-

able prices, for the thirsty yachtsmen.

But Carriacou had an even bigger surprise for me. Yes, there was the solitude of the Grenada of yesteryear. To be sure, there were beautiful flora and fauna. The people were friendly. But the most pleasant shock was lunch. Denham, his mate, and a beautiful blond mermaid, who had braved our passage to Carriacou, joined me in consuming the most elegant meal available in all the islands under Grenadian suzerainty. It was accompanied by a white Bordeaux whose delicacy could have made us imagine we were in the French countryside had the scenery not been so spectacularly Caribbean.

We were on a hillside, looking back onto the turbulent seaway we had just traversed. There were the tall, shrub-covered outcrops of rock, some 50 feet high, standing up like giant sentinels in the deep. We had innocently happened upon the Cassada Bay Resort. At the foot of the hill a boatman waits to take guests to the dozen or so minuscule islands that ring the bay. Each amounts to no more than a few acres of vegetation bordered by white sand aglow in the sun. We could see the shadowy outlines of many shallow reefs, all promising hours of easy snorkeling. The little circle of islands around the bay is no more than a mile across, but the opportunities for beachcombing and swimming appear stupendous, for here there are almost no tourists.

Perhaps the tourists who come to this part of the world avoid the Cassada Bay Resort because they cannot endure first-rate cuisine; our lunch of callaloo soup, local fish, and langouste salad was, quite simply, world-class. Denham accompanied it with a local Carib beer. The mermaid and I enjoyed the wine. We examined the cabins and grounds of this little bit of heaven. We considered our prospects. I asked Denham if we had time for a swim before returning to Grenada. My admiral assured me that the passage back was swift and smooth: "It's all downhill. It's all downhill." And so, another glass of wine; a swim off one of Cassada Bay's islands. I know where I shall go next year to escape and to improve relations between humans and mermaids.

CRYSTAL CRUISE

(Continued from page 83)

about to become a great-grandmother. She looked under 60 and probably was. Married at 17, she was a grandmother at 37. "And the best cook in Mexico," her husband said proudly, the love-light undimmed. "No, no, she is the best cook in the world."

She had a formidable competitor at kitchen skills in the 32-year-old Viennese executive chef of the *Crystal Harmony*. That food aboard ship would be plentiful and nonstop I expected, cruises are famous for that. But I was surprised at how very good it was, how inventive, how light. The fish was vibrantly fresh; the meat was of the highest quality. Continually tempted, I thought I consumed nearly twice what I do at home, yet in 10 days I gained just over a pound. The presentation too was excellent; the midnight buffets looked too pretty to attack, and even the hors d'oeuvres in the bars, different each evening, were exquisite—they might have been constructed with the help of a jeweler's loupe.

We were shamefully pampered. The crew—cheerful, young, international—numbered one member to every two passengers. They were cheerful in part because their quarters were pleasant, supplied with pool, television, and many other amenities, and because the ship flies its employees for two-month furloughs every four or six months. The employees, by the way, were cast to type. The officers are mostly Norwegian, the sailors Filipino, the waiters Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, the kitchen staff middle European, the room stewardesses Scandinavian, and the cruise and entertainment staff American. And yes, the laundry is staffed by Chinese. If you're going to work in a laundry, I can't imagine a better place to do it than on the *Crystal Harmony*.

For further information on *Crystal Cruises*, call 800-446-6645; for group rates and reservations, call 800-446-6620. For more about Quebec City, one of the stops on the Montreal-to-New York cruise, turn to *The Globetrotter's Indispensable Index*, page 32.

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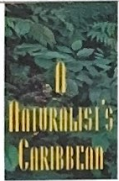
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A NATURALIST'S CARIBBEAN



SURROUNDED BY THE AZURE BLUE SEA, THE FOLLOWING SEVEN PAGES HIGHLIGHT THE WONDERS THAT LANDLOVING NATURALISTS CAN ENJOY IN THESE UNIQUE ISLAND ENVIRONMENT.



IN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS

BRAC PARROT RESERVE is a 100-acre sanctuary established in 1985 on Cayman Brac to

save this endangered parrot. According to Fred Burton, the Trust's director of science, the reserve is also home to a wide range of endangered plants and animals from snakes and lizards to a variety of birds unique to the Caymans, as well as the Caymans own ironwood tree and an array of orchids. An old, rough, walking path takes the hardest visitor on a route that connects the island's south and north coasts, giving them free access to enjoy the beauty of this plant and animal haven.

BLUE IGUANA CONSERVATION PROGRAM An unusual creature growing to about six feet in length and turning powder blue in the sunshine, the blue iguana almost became extinct until the Trust established this conservation program. These reptiles, which are endemic to Grand Cayman, are now bred in captivity so they can be studied in a natural habitat, but are eventually released into the wild. "You cannot conserve animals forever in cages, your ultimate goal is to return them to their habitats," says Burton. To date the conservation

special advertising section

program has successfully bred 18 iguanas. The Trust's captive breeding program is not open to the public in order to encourage the reptiles to retain some of their natural behavior. Examples of these magnificent creatures can be viewed at the Turtle Farm in West Bay and at the Pirate's Cave in Bodden Town.

NATIONAL TRUST BOTANIC PARK offers locals and visitors easily accessible walking paths to explore the park and learn about the low-elevation dry woodlands on the island. Future developments at the botanical park include releasing some of the Trust's captive iguanas in the park and building a small traditional settlement that will demonstrate how early inhabitants lived in the woodlands and how they used nature to survive. The Trust has developed a Rare Plant Rescue operation to salvage indigenous plants from extinction by keeping an eye on areas being developed and relocating endangered plants to the botanical garden. In addition to a variety of plant and

orchid species, the Trust's main salvage has been the indigenous giant bromeliad, a succulent plant which grows wild in one small patch of woods near George Town. These plants are preserved because they are part of the islands' natural heritage and contribute to its biodiversity.

As a leader in the Caribbean eco-preservation field, the Cayman Islands will host the Caribbean Conference on Eco-tourism in 1993. This conference will address vital topics such as preservation of the seas, coral reefs, mangroves and recreational diving and its effect on marine ecology.



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IN THE WEST INDIES

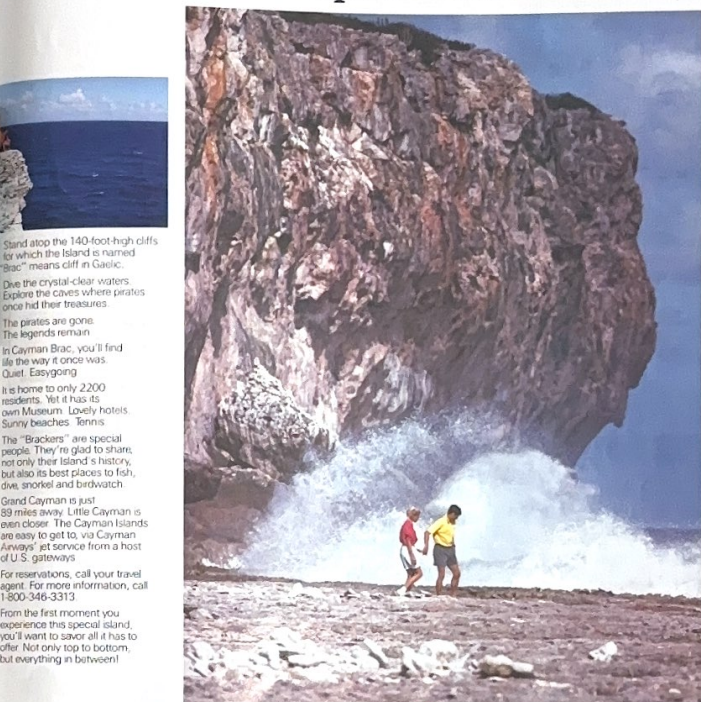
SAINTE MARTIN has beautiful beaches, as well as rural roads where hikers can explore the hilly wooded northern end of the island. Accommodations can be found at: Hotel Mont Vernon, Menden L'Habitation, Menden Le Domane, and Manne Hotel Simon Beach.

GUADELOUPE, an island that resembles the wings of a butterfly is actually two islands: Basse-Terre and Grande-Terre. The island offers outdoor enthusiasts nearly 200 miles of hiking trails in the Natural Park of Guadeloupe. Accommodations can be found at: Capella Beach Residence, Fleur D'Epée, Le Menden St. François, and La Cocoterie.

MARTINIQUE, composed mainly of volcanic rock, offers visitors three distinctive topographical features - jagged peaks, hills, and meadows. Travelers can hike the trails of the Regional Natural Park of Martinique or visit La Maison de la Forêt where trees, shrubs, and other plants are cultivated for educational and scientific purposes. Accommodations can be found at: Damant Manne Hotel, La Butelière Hotel, Bakoua Hotel, and Le Menden Trois-Ilets.

ST. LUCIA is home to the rare and endangered St. Lucia parrot, known locally as piquin. In 1979 the island adopted a conservation program to save this national bird from extinction. At Lucia,

From the first moment you set foot on Cayman Brac, you'll love it from top to bottom.



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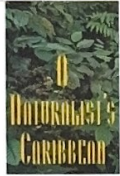
The "Brackers" are special people. They're glad to share not only their island's history, but also its best places to fish, dive, snorkel and birdwatch. Grand Cayman is just 89 miles away. Little Cayman is even closer. The Cayman Islands are easy to get to, via Cayman Airways' jet service from a host of U.S. gateways.

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CAYMAN ISLANDS

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which has many bird species, banned hunting and passed a wild-bird protection law to preserve over eighty species found in its forests. Accommodations can be found at: The St. Lucian and The Royal St. Lucian.

ST. BARTS is a small island with scenic beauty that ranges from steep green hills to valleys overlooking a rocky coastline. St. Barts offers many country roads and goat paths that are ideal for walking and hiking. Accommodations can be found at: Hotel Manapany Cottages, El Sereno Beach Hotel, and Isle De France.

NEVIS is a circular shaped island with a dormant volcano at its center. Here visitors will enjoy miles of golden sand beaches and the lush greenery of the mountains. Accommodations can be found at: The Four Seasons.

let Vacations offers travelers seven-night stays in deluxe accommodations on any of these islands at any of the above mentioned hotels.

IN BARBADOS

BARBADOS WILDLIFE RESERVE was established in the northern part of the island in 1985 on three acres of natural mahogany forest. Built primarily as a monkey sanctuary, the reserve allows visitors to view the elusive green monkey, a nat-



special advertising section

urally shy brownish gray primate with yellow and olive-green flecks that was introduced to the island in the 17th century. The reserve also has a walk-in aviary with a colorful collection of tropical birds, and a stream for crows, ducks, and swans. Well-defined walking paths invite visitors to see the animals in a natural setting. The reserve is easily accessible from most parts of the island and is open from 10 am to 5 pm. **SUNDAY HIKES**, conducted by the Barbados National Trust every Sunday at 6:00 A.M. and at 3:30 P.M. are composed of three hikes which attract an average of over 300 participants weekly. These free hikes range from a high intensity aerobic workout to leisure strolling. They allow locals and visitors alike the opportunity to learn about the geography, history, geology, and architecture of Barbados. **THE FLOWER FOREST** is a 50 acre park that houses a collection of tropical trees including breadfruit,



nutmeg and guava, as well as flowering shrubs and herbs. Situated on a former sugar estate, the park has many footpaths that follow the contour of the hillside and allow visitors to meander through the forest and enjoy the plant life. The forest also houses three varieties of hummingbirds - the purple-throated carib, the Caribbean crested, and the green-throated carib. **WILLOWMAN HALL GULLY**, a protected area developed by the Barbados National Trust, is ideal for visitors interested in tropical flora and bird watching - the reserve is a migration route stop-over for more than ten species of birds. One foot path leads visitors through the gully along limestone walls that are thick with vegetation while another path displays a variety of palm plants such as the stem stem mazaw palm which has sharp spines covering its stem. The gully is home to green monkeys and a variety of birds including the American redstart, baranaguit, and elenias. The reserve is accessible by public bus. **ANDROMEDA BOTANICAL GARDENS** offer nature enthusiasts a lush tropical setting where they can see an abundance of plant species such as the bouganvillea, hibiscus, heliconia, palm trees, plus a brilliant selection of orchids. The six-acre garden houses a variety of plants not indigenous to the Caribbean. The former owner gathered plant samples from different climates and planted them on the island to test their endurance in a tropical environment. Today the gardens are managed by the National Trust and are easily accessible to visitors by bus.

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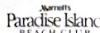
For more information on A Naturalist's Caribbean adventures, contact your travel agent or the Caribbean Tourism Organization (212-682-0435). Or call their toll-free numbers directly.

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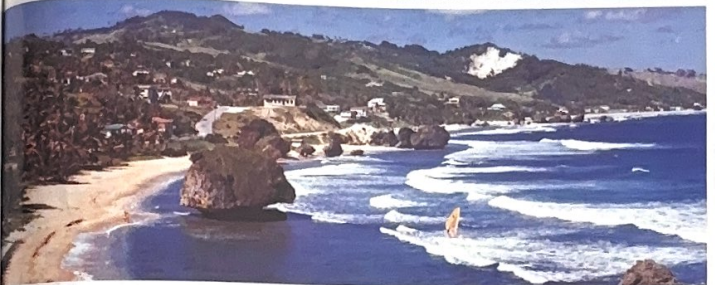


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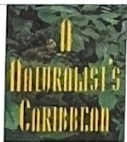


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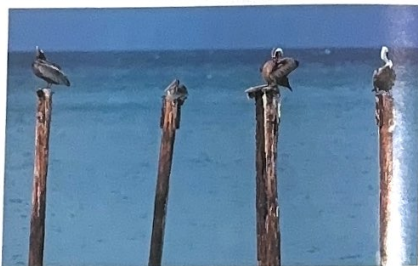
IN ST. CROIX

SANDY POINT NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE, comprised of West End Saltpond and

Sandy Point, is located along three miles of beautiful beach at the southwestern end of the island. At Sandy Point, leatherback turtles nest from March through June. Hawksbill and green turtles also frequent the area. Least terns, white-tailed tropicbirds, brown pelicans, American oystercatchers and Caribbean martins are often spotted along the shores. Saltponds attract shorebirds and waders to its protected wetlands along with several nesting species, including herons, blacknecked stilts, and white-crowned pigeons. **GREEN CAY WILDLIFE REFUGE**, an islet refuge less than a quarter mile off the northeast coast, provides sanctuary for pelicans, herons, least terns, and the native St. Croix ground lizard. **SALT RIVER BAY ESTUARY** has a 12-acre mangrove preserve owned by the Nature Conservancy. The entire area at the mouth of the Salt River is surrounded by wetlands and is home to numerous nesting bird species such as the green-backed heron, egret, American coot, Wilson's plover, and many more.

IN ANTIGUA

SKINNONI SALT POND Located north of the capital, St. John's, this beach area with its brackish ponds is ideal for bird watching. Over twenty species of waterbirds can be spotted here. **GREAT BIRD ISLAND** Daily excursions to this uninhabited islet offer visitors a glimpse of the magnificent red-billed tropicbird as it displays and nests along the seaward side of the island. Sooty terns and brown noddies also have nesting colonies here. Trips to the island often include a picnic and



snorkeling. **AYREB CREEK** This area features magnificent groves of Antigua white-wood and is also the only place in Antigua inhabited by Guianan **WALLING WOODLANDS**. Protected since 1912, this forest land is distinguished by over thirty species of trees and shrubs. Ten species of warblers can be seen and heard while hiking some of the short trails.

IN ARUBA

CALIFORNIA POINT The California Lighthouse, near a pelican feeding ground, marks the northern end of Aruba and to the northeast is California Point, a dramatic windswept landscape of ever-changing sand dunes. Along the main road in the area is a stretch of dry, desolate terrain with towering rock formations. Climb them for a splendid view of the area. Iguanas, as well as the scavenging foot-long coddoo lizards, can be spotted in the area. **HOBBAGO** Located almost at the very center of the island, this volcanic rock formation is covered with dry woodland growth. Numerous bird species such as the spectacular orange and black troupials, yellow orioles (look for their bottle-shaped nests hanging from the ends of branches), crested bobwhites and numerous doves make the hill a lively place to visit. **YAMANDITA** South of San Fuego is the home of the brown-throated parakeet, a brilliant green and yellow bird that is nearly as large as a parrot. The area also hosts goats, lizards, feral donkeys and Aruba's tropical rattlesnake.

IN CURAÇAO

CHRISTOFFEL PARK The park harbors more than 500 varieties of plants, 150 bird species, guanas, feral donkeys, and the Curaçao deer. Groves of gigantic cactus, mesquite, divi-divi, and orchids thrive here. Birds include the scaly naped pigeon, bare-eyed pigeon, hummingbirds, para-

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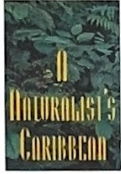


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IN THE BAHAMAS

THE BAHAMAS NATIONAL TRUST RANG NATURE CENTRE on Grand Bahama preserves and protects more than 400 varieties of subtropical plants, trees, flowers, and foliage indigenous to the Bahamas. Thousands of native and migratory birds also find sanctuary here including the tiny Bahama woodstar, a hummingbird no bigger than a flying insect yet brilliantly hued in reddish violet. The park also features a 30-foot waterfall which flows into a lagoon. Along its shores, visitors can see where the magnificent pink flamingo, the national bird of the Bahamas, lives and nests.

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IN JAMAICA

IRON GULLY is a three-mile stretch of land on the road to Kingston that is home to hundreds of fern species, a bamboo forest, as well as a collection of giant fern trees. **PROSPECT PLANTATION** A tour of this 1,100-acre area will educate visitors about the lush and exotic plant life on the island. Guided tours by jitney or on horseback pass through woodlands of breadfruit, Jamaican cedar, flamboyant, cassava, tamarind, cocoa and guava to name a few. **DUNE'S RIVER FALLS** Though often crowded, the falls are a wonderful sight with water cascading across a wide stepped series of rocks descending 600 feet. Sure-footed visitors can climb to the top like salmon swimming upstream or watch the spectacle from an observation deck. Guides are available. **ROCKLANDS BIRD SANCTUARY** at Anchovy, west of Montego Bay, is a reserve for several kinds of birds including the vervain hummingbird, the Jamaican mango, and the streamtail, the Jamaican national bird. This sanctuary schedules three-hour walking tours where as many as fifty

one species of birds can be spotted. **FALHOUTZ LAGOON AND MANGROVES** This phosphorescent lagoon and marsh abounds with bird life including herons, egrets, clapper rails and shorebirds. A small zoo houses crocodiles, snakes and other native animals. **COBONEY RESORT** at Ocho Rios has every active pursuit on land and in the sea from diving instructions to golf, windsurfing to tennis, kayaking to croquet. It is just as ideal for those who want to pamper themselves at the resort's state-of-the-art spa facilities or any of the numerous fine and fun dining facilities. Negril, the major resort area on the west coast, offers white sand beaches that overlook an aqua sea that is protected by extensive coral reefs. **SWEET AWAY** an all inclusive fitness resort, located on Long Bay, Negril, Jamaica, offers deluxe accommodations on its ten acre 134 room beach-front property, plus a ten-acre comprehensive sports facility. The resort has two dining options, an open-air beachside dining room and Feathers, an open-air restaurant at the sports complex both facilities serve international fare.



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HOTELS

A Room as a View



This Swiss hotel has eight rooms, with no two alike. Each was decorated by an artist according to whim.

Beyond that, the artists have a free hand, and they use it, with immensely diverse results. Among the original eight, first installed in April 1989, were one painted with witty references to Picasso and Magritte and another whose ceiling is covered with open books—a fabulous arrangement that's still intact. Now guests have others to choose from: one painted in arcs that when correctly viewed in a mirror coalesce into perfect circles; another with walls, ceilings, and even bed and bath linens patterned in blue and orange; the third with three video monitors, each connected to a camera trained on a mounted globe. The Teufelhof may be the only hotel in the world with a brochure showing a photograph of every room—and the only one that needs it.

From the street, Der Teufelhof Basel looks like a blocklike fortress of solidity, but what drives the operations behind that facade is astonishing creative enterprise. The owners have conceived an establishment that combines two cabaret-size theaters, a stellar restaurant, a café, a wine bar with a vast list of rare wines and spirits, and, in the cellar, an excavation of fortified 12th-century town walls. Upstairs are eight guest rooms, no two of which are alike.



Each is literally a work of art, executed on the spot by an established artist. The owners supply, as it were, the bare canvas: a white room with beds, neutral chairs and lamps, and bathroom fixtures. Each installation, meant to stay in place for two and a half years, must be completed within one month and may not interfere with the use of the space as a hotel room.

Der Teufelhof Basel (Leonhardsgraben 47, CH-4051 Basel, Switzerland; tel: 011-41-61-261-1010; \$137-\$206 per night, double occupancy, breakfast included)

— Matthew Gurewitsch

Photographs by Claude Giger

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have titles like "Medieval London" and "Parliamentary London" but actually describe areas rather than themes or periods. "Medieval London," for instance, takes you through the financial district (the real "City of London") to the Bank of England, the guildhalls, St. Paul's, and the Tower.

The tours begin with an introductory orientation, which you'd do best to listen to before you set out, and are enhanced with historical and topical anecdotes and period music. The directions, even down to where to cross the street (which can be a puzzle in central London), are thorough and accurate. And, though some of the walks cover a lot of ground, the beauty of a taped guide is that you can turn it off and go home when your feet have had enough.

Available from travel bookstores or from Penton Overseas, Inc. (2091 Las Palmas Dr., Carlsbad, CA 92009; tel: 800-748-5804). —*Tamara Glenn*

You're in London with a few days for sightseeing. You don't feel like walking behind a tour leader, but you want more than just guidebook directions. You want to know, say, how to get from Westminster Abbey to Whitehall and whether there's a nice pub on the way.

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Available at department, gift, and luggage stores for about \$25, or order from Zelco Industries (tel: 800-431-2486). —*Eleanor Ridge Evans*



Photo Illustration by Barbara McCracker for Women's World & Home

CALENDAR

THE PARIS AUTUMN FESTIVAL, now in its 20th year, presents notable world premieres in music, theater, dance, and cinema. Artists from Mozambique, Portugal, France, the United States, England, Quebec, and Spain offer several hundred performances in Paris theaters through December (tel: 011-331-42-96-12-27).

VIETNAM VETERANS will be remembered on the 10th anniversary of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Honor guards will stand watch as volunteers read the more than 58,000 names etched on the wall. Concerts, exhibitions, and films are scheduled throughout Washington, D.C. (Nov. 6-11; tel: 202-393-0090).

NATIVE AMERICANS will have a new home for their culture and history. The Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian will open in New York City's former U.S. Custom House in 1994. Meanwhile, a preview, in the form of an exhibition called "Pathways of Tradition: Indian Insights into Indian Worlds," will be shown there, featuring over 100 objects, including a Mohawk baby carrier, an Apache shield, and pre-Columbian figurines (Nov. 15-Jan. 24; tel: 212-283-2420).

CANADA'S 125th anniversary as a dominion is celebrated this year. Joining in is the famous railway known as the Canadian, which traverses the country from Toronto to Vancouver. The line, now completely refurbished, provides first-class dining service, comfortable sleeping quarters, and possibly the best scenery available to railroad buffs (tel: 416-366-8411).—*Kendra Meyers*

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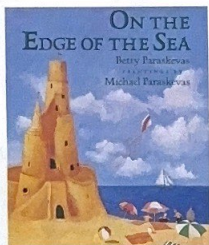
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Shadows of Africa (Abrams, \$34.95). An African bestiary; paintings and drawings by Mary Frank.

Susan McCartney *Travel Photography* (Allworth Press, \$22.95). How-to guide.

Harry Middleton *The Starlight Creek Angling Society* (Meadow Run Press, \$90). Fishing in the Ozarks.

Jessica Mitford *The American Way of Birth* (Dutton, \$23). The author of *The American Way of Death* takes a hard look at the medical aspects of birth.

Jan Morris *Sydney* (Random House, \$22.50). About the Australian city.

O Canada: Travels in an Unknown Country (HarperCollins, \$20).

Lance Morrow *Safari: Experiencing the Wild* (Reader's Digest, \$25). Africa's animals; photographs by Neil Leifer.

Jonathan Nicholas *On the Oregon Trail* (Graphic Arts Center, Portland, \$45). In time for the trail's 150th anniversary, next year.

Michael Paraskvas (illustrator) *On the Edge of the Sea* (Dial, \$14). Perfect days at the beach, for children.

Noel Perrin *Solo. Life with an Electric*

Tim Cahill *Road Fever: A High-Speed Travelogue* (Vintage, \$10). A 15,000-mile madcap drive through the Americas.

Gordon Cotler *Shooting Script* (Morrow, \$20). Suspense novel about a TV writer.

Jeannette Ferrary *Sweet Onions & Sour Cherries. A Cookbook for Market Day* (Simon & Schuster, \$25). Written with Louise Fiszler.

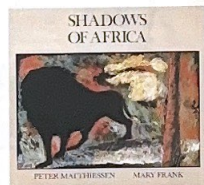
Jocelyn Fujii *Under the Hula Moon: Living in Hawaii's* (Crown, \$35). A celebration of Hawaii and its people.

Stephen Harrigan *Water and Light: A Diver's Journey to a Coral Reef* (Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95).

Brian Jackman *The Great Wood of Caledon* (Colin Baxter, distributed by Seven Hills, \$39.95). About the Scottish forest; written with Hugh Miles.

Thomas Keneally *The Place Where Souls Are Born: A Journey into the Southwest* (Simon & Schuster, \$21.50).

Now and in Time to Be: Ireland and the Irish (Norton, \$45).



Car (Norton, \$18.95). A drive cross-country in, yes, an electric car.

Jonathan Raban *The Oxford Book of the Sea* (Oxford, \$24.95). An anthology.

Jake Rajs *Delaware* (Jared, \$50). Photographs of our first state.

Dava Sobel *Is Anyone Out There? The Scientific Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence* (Delacorte, \$22). Written with Frank D. Drake.

The Incredible Planets: New Views of the Solar Family (Reader's Digest, \$30).

Sandra W. Soule *America's Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns: 1992* (St. Martin's Press, \$12.95-\$19.95). The 11th annual edition.

Anita Stewart *Canada's Great Country Inns: The Best in Food and Lodging* (Fodor's, \$13).

Paul Theroux *Nowhere Is a Place: Travels in Patagonia* (Sierra Club, \$25). The wild southern reaches of Argentina; written with Bruce Chatwin.

The Happy Isles of Oceania: Paddling the Pacific (Putnam, \$24.95). From island to island in a kayak.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. *The Conservative Crack-Up* (Simon & Schuster, \$21.50). A Republican's questioning view of his party.

Stefano Vitale (illustrator) *The Fools in the Valley: A Pennsylvania Dutch ABC* (HarperCollins, \$15). A rhyming alphabet book for children.

The World in 1492 (Henry Holt, \$19.95). For young adults.

Nicholas von Hoffman *Capitalist Fools* (Doubleday, \$22.50). How America invented modern business, and now has lost the touch.

Marina Warner *Indigo* (Simon & Schuster, \$20.50). A novel about a British family on a Caribbean island.

William Zinsser *American Place: A Writer's Pilgrimage to 15 of This Country's Most Visited and Cherished Sites* (HarperCollins, \$20).



FEASTS

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WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 77)

White House matched or exceeded that of their husbands. James Madison, elected in 1808, was both a giant among America's Constitution writers and the country's smallest president. The Madisons made an odd couple: he wizened, five feet six, and barely 100 pounds; she tall, flamboyant, kind-hearted, loquacious. Madison was re-elected in 1812 largely because he went along with the hawks in Congress who wanted to fight the British for bullying American merchant seamen. The resulting war was absurd. The Americans invaded Canada and burned the governor's house in York, now Toronto. In retaliation, superior British invaders rolled up from Chesapeake Bay and routed Washington's defenders. On August 24, 1814, President Madison was elsewhere, having left Dolley in the White House. As the enemy approached, legend has it, Dolley cut Gilbert Stuart's painting of Washington from its frame and abandoned the house to 150 British sailors, who then torched it. Up went the biggest house in America, only its outer shell saved by a downpour.

The second White House arose in a mere three years. It was a replica except for its best prefire object, Dolley's rescued painting, now an East Room fixture. James Monroe arrived in 1817 and filled the new house with expensive French furniture, still the core of its collection. Locals found the Monroes unbearably pompous. Mrs. Monroe was wont to receive visitors from a raised platform. Her daughter Eliza was such a snob that soon the Monroes had almost no visitors to receive.

By 1829 the White House had its present South Portico, which gave it a monarchical air that seemed alien to the incoming president, Andrew Jackson, the formidable Tennessee general who had unexpectedly decimated British regulars at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815.

When Old Hickory arrived, humbled by his backcountry army, he turned the White House into a

had to be rescued from being crushed to death. Yet Jackson, symbol of frontier democracy, promptly carried out Jefferson's plans to add the North Portico, embellished the house with the finest dinnerware, and launched eight years of white-gloved political entertaining. Like many presidents, Jackson foiled his detractors by acting the opposite of how they caricatured him.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN OVERCAME caricatures, many of them savagely, by being himself—the noble American presidents. Lincoln's White House was necessarily a mill of quarters, often within spyglass range of Confederate campfires. Unbivouacked in the East Room, Lincoln was a constant specter.

To Lincoln's Civil War added the burden of and the tragic death of Willie, a typhoid victim that loss, Mary Todd Lincoln's House. Unfortunately, the \$20,000 purpose. Lincoln could she survive the soldier's ter Willie's verged clothes-b 300 pair Lincol floor, tion 186 the Ma wh Ro in Fr de fu H

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(Continued from page 77)

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When Old Hickory arrived, hundreds of his backcountry admirers mobbed the White House, turning the palace into a roadhouse. Jackson's inaugural was so rowdy that the new president

had to be rescued from being crushed to death. Yet Jackson, symbol of frontier democracy, promptly carried out Jefferson's plans to add the North Portico, embellished the house with the finest dinnerware, and launched eight years of white-gloved political entertaining. Like many presidents, Jackson felled his detractors by acting the opposite of how they caricatured him.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN OVERCAME ALL CAPTURES, many of them savage, by simply being himself—the noblest of all American presidents. Lincoln's White House was necessarily a military headquarters, often within spyglass sight of Confederate campfires. Union troops bivouacked in the East Room. Assassination was a constant specter.

To Lincoln's Civil War ordeal was added the burden of an unstable wife and the tragic death of his playful son Willie, a typhoid victim at 11. Before that loss, Mary Lincoln had calmed her demons by redecorating the White House. Unfortunately, she far exceeded the \$20,000 Congress put up for that purpose. Lincoln was incensed. How could she squander tax money on "flab dubs for this damned old house, when the soldiers cannot have blankets?" After Willie's death, Mrs. Lincoln at times verged on insanity, mitigated by clothes-buying binges. She once bought 300 pairs of gloves in four months.

Lincoln was in his White House office, then a modest room on the second floor, when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation, on New Year's Day 1863. That historic action multiplied all the haters who wanted him dead. In March 1865 Lincoln had a dream in which he saw a catafalque in the East Room surrounded by troops and weeping mourners. A month later, on Good Friday 1865, the nightmare came true.

Lincoln was the third of eight presidents (William H. Harrison was the first) to lie in state in the East Room. His murder left the White House in such chaos that supervision virtually stopped. For five weeks Mary Lincoln lay grieving in her bed, while gawkers wandered about the house, filching whatever they pleased.

It took President Grant's wife, Julia, to rehabilitate the house and its social

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life during her husband's eight-year term (1869-77). The Grants' taste, alas, epitomized the Gilded Age and its penchant for "steamboat palace" decor. The East Room was given a special dose of ugliness for the lavish wedding of the Grants' daughter, Nellie, in 1874. And poor Grant, a brilliant general, proved to be a political dunce who trusted corrupt people and wound up tarred by ghastly financial scandals. Mrs. Grant described her White House life as "a bright and beautiful dream." Her husband said, "I never wanted to get out of a place as much as I did to get out of the Presidency."

Grant's Republican successor, Rutherford B. Hayes, won the 1876 election with 250,000 fewer popular votes than his Democratic opponent, Samuel J. Tilden, received. Hayes "won" because northern and southern politicians made a deal to install Hayes in exchange for his ending Reconstruction. The deal triggered talk of a coup. Grant was so concerned—and eager to leave—that he had Hayes secretly sworn in two days before his inauguration.



Lyndon Johnson was a tireless ear puller.

As it turned out, Hayes didn't like the job either, particularly after his puritan wife banned all wines and spirits from the White House and the press ridiculed her as "Lemonade Lucy." Mrs. Hayes never caught on that a certain steward then rescued her cold-sober dinner guests by spiking the punch. The Hayeses were simple, homey Ohioans who adored their five children, be-

gan the annual Easter-egg rolling on the South Lawn, and spent their 25th wedding anniversary being remarried in the White House. Hayes chose family values over political power: he absolutely refused to run for a second term.

VICE PRESIDENT TEDDY ROOSEVELT, who adored children and politics, was only 42 when he found himself thrust into the White House by the assassination of President William McKinley, in 1901. Roosevelt was the joyful, small-war hero of San Juan Hill and the youngest president ever. He was accompanied by six irrepressible children, ages three to 16, all of them delightful incorrigibles who turned the solemn White House into their own, round-the-clock playground. Between pillow fights with their father, they hid under his desk, scared visitors with a pet snake, galloped a pony on the lawn, and tore around the halls smiting dragons and sometimes grown-ups with wooden swords.

The White House was now 109 years old: (Continued on page 102)

WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 101)

Roosevelts were just the people to youthify it. The president himself was a famously boyish man who seemed to love everything—God, America, his inexplicably serene wife, Edith, plus big-game hunting, righteous wars, and impromptu football games; he also stage-managed Chinese wrestling in the East Room.

Given ever growing staffs, other presidents had long chafed at the mansion's shrinking space. Roosevelt, with his family of eight, had good reason to act. In 1902 he ordered a major White House expansion, pursuing it with the same zeal that impelled him to prosecute huge monopolies, create the Panama Canal, and send the U.S. Navy on a power trip around the world.

Down came a confusion of greenhouses on the west side of the house; up went the white-brick West Wing, containing the president's office, a cabinet room, a pressroom, and staff offices. Over in the mansion itself, the second floor became a family-only quarters; the whole house was rewired, weak floors shored up, the State Dining Room enlarged. Roosevelt also sought to preserve the original structure as "the property of the nation," and he constantly felt the presence of his predecessors, especially Lincoln, of whom he wrote, "...shambling, homely, with his strong, sad, deeply furrowed face. I see him in the halls and different rooms [all the time]."

It was Roosevelt's successor, the 300-pound William Howard Taft, who in 1909 made the West Wing a real workplace by creating the president's Oval Office. But Taft barely had time to use the office, much less the immense bathtub built specially for him in the mansion. Roosevelt had handpicked Taft as his Republican successor and then fallen out with him. When Taft sought a second term, in 1912, Roosevelt ran against him as the independent Bull Moose-party candidate, thus splitting the Republican vote and handing the election to the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson. When Wilson arrived at the White House on inauguration day, Taft was so wounded that he hung

around all afternoon, cadging snacks and getting in the way. The newcomers had practically to push him out the door.

Wilson was a high-minded Presbyterian who combined moral sensitivity with political skill, traits that elevated him from professor of political economy to president of Princeton, governor of New Jersey, and, early on, a highly successful president. He arrived full of idealism and affection for his unassuming wife Ellen, to whom he frequently wrote love letters ("...how shall I tell you what my heart is full of?"). But in August 1914, just as the Great War erupted in Europe, Mrs. Wilson died of Bright's disease, leaving the president inconsolable; he sat beside her body for several days, not allowing it to be placed in a coffin. Later he said that at least "she did not see the world crash into ruin."

Trying to recover, Wilson fell in love again. For seven months he pursued Edith Bolling Galt while also struggling to keep the United States out of the war. When Edith finally married him, Wilson resumed a life of private bliss and public stress. Americans yearned to fight the Germans. War fever eventually forced Wilson to put aside his pacifism and send nearly 5 million U.S. troops to Europe; in two years, 117,000 died. Meantime, heavy wartime security left the Wilsons unusually isolated from ordinary life, an experience that perhaps shaped their outlook in 1920, when, the war over, the Senate refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty or approve U.S. participation in the League of Nations.

Already a lame-duck president, Wilson tried to appeal directly to the public by whistle-stopping across the country. He suffered a paralyzing stroke that left his mind clear but his body so helpless that he in effect delegated his job to his wife. Throughout his final 17 months in the White House, Edith Wilson carried on secretly as the de facto president of the United States.

GIVEN THE MALE NOTION OF WOMEN'S work, "First Lady" traditionally means first lady of White House-keeping. Edith Wilson gave that stereotype new meaning. To protect a disabled presi-

dent from his enemies, a strong wife could apparently become his regent, a sort of backup vice president. Today this violates the 25th Amendment, which specifies a disabled president's successors, none of them his wife. But life often ignores theory. In fact, First Ladies can be far more influential than vice presidents. Many are untested national leaders, immune to impeachment, constrained only by public opinion and the president's wishes.

At the very least, First Ladies run the White House, a big job and a big power base. But more than a few presidents' wives have seemed stronger than their husbands. Consider Florence Harding, wife of Wilson's Republican successor, Warren G. Harding. He was a silver-haired charmer with Reagan's gift of gab and Grant's weakness for crooked friends. Mrs. Harding was apparently well aware of whatever abyss lay ahead of him. When President Harding died mysteriously, in a San Francisco hotel in 1923, Mrs. Harding forbade an autopsy and then spent five days behind locked doors in the Oval Office, burning her husband's papers in a fireplace. Major scandals soon disgraced Harding's administration. Nobody laid a finger on him.

Harding's successor was equally blessed with a caring wife. The laconic Calvin Coolidge, known as "Silent Cal," was the reclusive opposite of his charming, elegant wife, Grace. Howard Chandler Christy's portrait of Mrs. Coolidge, hanging in the China Room, shows a dark-eyed beauty in red who might well be a slightly older Jacqueline Kennedy. A splendid hostess, Grace Coolidge reinvigorated the capital's social life and began the first serious restoration of White House antiques. Without her, Silent Cal's presidency would have been as dormant as he seemed to be.

OF ALL PRESIDENTIAL TEAMS TO DATE, probably the most successful was Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, partly because they occupied the White House so vividly for so long—12 years, more than anybody. In a marital sense, there have been happier presidential couples but few better at making the White House a political powerhouse. Franklin (Continued on page 110)

WEEKEND GUIDE



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Indianapolis, Indiana

NDRA W. SOULE



Mickey Mouse Follies

Lake Buena Vista, Florida

Sometimes a family draws closer by going away together than by staying at home, where too many distractions send people in different directions. Last December our gang of six—my parents, my husband, our two children, and I—flew from Connecticut to Florida for a three-day weekend at PerriHouse, a family vacation spot literally at the back door of Walt Disney World. The timing was perfect: the usually jammed park has the smallest crowds of the year in the days after Thanksgiving weekend up to a week before Christmas.

The first things we saw in Lake Buena Vista were high-rise hotels and flashing billboards. But then the setting became rural, we passed orange groves and followed a side street to PerriHouse, a one-story brick building on 20 acres. The owners, Angi and Nick Perretti, left their previous careers (wardrobe design and restaurants) in order to create the ultimate family-friendly B&B. When we booked two of the inn's five rooms, Angi assured us, "Our home is completely childproof."

Florida may not evoke a northerner's Christmas spirit, but the Perrettis used all the right props—lighted candy canes, snowmen, a tree decorated with silk-and-leather birds. Our rooms had queen-size brass beds, good bedside lighting, and cheerful floral draperies. Ceiling fans stirred the air gently, and the rooms had a daybed for each child. Outside entrances allowed us to come and go without disturbing other guests or the Perretti family.

With the kids clamoring for Mickey Mouse, we followed Nick's directions to the Magic Kingdom—a 10-minute drive. We oohed and aahed over the 80-foot Christmas tree towering above the train station and wandered down Main Street, decorated to reflect Christmases past. Throughout the day there were special holiday shows and activities: the "Country Bear Christmas Special," in Frontierland; "Miss Minnie's Country Christmas," in Fantasyland; and nearly 200 performers singing and dancing in the "Sparkling Christmas Spectacular," complete with falling snow, at Cinderella's Castle (for a schedule of events, call 407-824-4321).

Up early Saturday, we tucked into a breakfast buffet of fruit salad, bagels, muffins, and orange juice. Then on to EPCOT, where we learned how Christmas is celebrated around the world and saw the lighting of the EPCOT Christmas tree. For a change of pace on Sunday, we slept late, swam in the PerriHouse pool, and then drove 15 miles to Orlando to visit Church Street Station, a shopping, dining, and entertainment complex created out of a cluster of pre-Disney-era buildings (129 W. Church St.; 407-422-2434). It had brilliant Christmas lights, horse-drawn carriages, jugglers, and other street entertainment. The kids soon discovered high-tech video games, while we explored dozens of shops. Later we feasted on ribs and chicken at the Cheyenne Barbeque Restaurant. Country music, Grand Ole Opry style, is the theme here, and the dance floor offered plenty of room for us to practice the two-step.

Before leaving, we called Nick and Angi and asked them to prepare their hot tub for us. It was a soothing temperature and sent us off into a blissful

sleep. We had to leave the next morning, but we all agreed we'd had a good time; the crowds and activities were well balanced by the peace, quiet, and comfort of PerriHouse. **PerriHouse, 10417 State Rd. 535, Lake Buena Vista, FL 32836, 800-780-4830 or 407-876-4830, \$75, including breakfast; \$5-\$10 per extra person in room.**



Tiny Tim's Town

Boston, Massachusetts

The gaslit cobblestoned streets and Colonial brick town houses of Beacon Hill, one of Boston's oldest neighborhoods, could well be part of a holiday setting described by Dickens. My husband and I arrived there amid snow flurries on a Friday and went straight to 106 Chestnut Street, a well-loved and well-preserved inn long owned by Mimi Houghton.

We climbed the granite steps to the door and were ushered into the living room, lavishly decorated with 18th-century European antiques, contemporary art, and a newly cut Christmas tree. No less distinctive was our third-floor bedroom, one of five in the inn, complete with French campaign-style beds draped with a leopard-pattern fabric.

Mimi's good advice led us, for dinner, to Another Season, a true neighborhood restaurant owned by Odette Bery, a native of England (121 Mt. Vernon St.; 617-367-0880, \$30). We had triple-mushroom bourbon soup and grilled oysters for our first course and

In the village of Old Salem, Moravian children and their parents still carry on their traditions according to the same lights their ancestors did over two centuries ago.

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Key to Symbols

- Afternoon tea/wine
- Private bath available
- Dinner served
- Scenic
- Handicapped accessible
- Shopping
- Historic location
- Walking trail

WEEKEND GUIDE

then breast of duck with pomegranate sauce (for me) and swordfish stuffed with fresh mozzarella, leeks, and basil (for my husband).

The next morning, sitting around the inn's 200-year-old dining table, we were served homemade granola and French toast with wild Maine blueberries. Well fortified by Mimi's strong coffee, we set out to explore the city. Walking through the Public Garden, a couple of blocks south of the inn, we passed Christmas-card scenes of ice skaters on the frozen pond gliding effortlessly to holiday music. We admired the gem-filled windows of Shreve, Crump & Low and then continued up Newbury Street, home to many art galleries and antiques stores. At Copley Square we descended underground to ride the MBTA subway, known as the T, to the State stop. We resurfaced near Quincy Market, the much admired restoration of the early-19th-century warehouses on Boston's waterfront. An afternoon was hardly enough time to explore the shops—all filled with potential gifts.

Later, for dinner, we had delicious

stuffed chicken and duck dishes at Rebecca's (21 Charles St.; 617-742-9747; \$100). Linger over dessert—white-chocolate mousse with hazelnuts—we wondered if we could move our delightfully satiated bodies the few blocks to Chestnut Street.

On Sunday morning we compared notes with other guests about Beacon Hill's holiday activities. We learned that historic Louisburg Square has carolers on Christmas Eve and that the wreaths throughout the hill are made by the Beacon Hill Garden Club. We finished our visit with a walk along Charles Street, admiring the laurel roping and wreaths on the gaslights. For a tasty reminder of our trip, we popped into Rebecca's Bakery—the owner is the same as the restaurant's—and bought a plum pudding for our holiday celebration at home (119 Mt. Vernon St.; 617-742-9542). 106 Chestnut Street, 106 Chestnut St., Boston, MA 02108; 617-227-7866; \$85-\$100, including breakfast, no CC.



Old English Revel

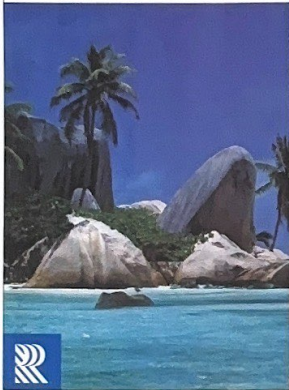
Salisbury, Connecticut

On a country road near Salisbury, in northwestern Connecticut, stands a small piece of 18th-century England. Proud of its holiday traditions—roast goose, sleigh rides, scones at afternoon tea—the 250-year-old Under Mountain Inn serves as a warm reminder of New England's British heritage. Four miles north of town, with a pond in front and hills in back, this sprawling white Colonial building with dark blue shutters typifies the charms of a country inn.

My husband and I had a long conversation with Under Mountain's proprietors, Marged Higginson and her husband, Peter, the inn's English-born chef. They sparked our imaginations with a description of their three-day Christmas package, including afternoon tea, a sleigh or carriage ride (depending on the weather), and a traditional English holiday dinner of roast goose and steamed plum pudding. Family commitments precluded a Christmas visit for us, but the area offers festivities nearly every weekend from Thanksgiving on. My husband and I booked the first weekend of December and arrived just before dinner on Friday.

Marged showed us to our room, the Buckingham Gate, one of the nicest of the inn's seven. Spacious, light, and quiet, this corner room has a king-size canopy bed and a lovely rose floral print on the linens and wallpaper. Every room has a private bath and a cozy comfortable feeling.

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South Seas Plantation
Captiva Island, Florida

We had dinner in the inn's wood-paneled pub. Under Mountain is full of English touches, from books to artwork to tea cozies, but the boards lining the pub's walls topped everything. British colonial law decreed that boards over a certain width were automatically the king's property. To foil that law, the original owners hid the wide boards between the ceiling and the attic floor, where they remained until 1970, when the inn was restored. We dined on shepherd's pie, Samuel Smith ale, bread-and-butter pudding, and English trifle. Then we adjourned to the living room and joined another couple at an English card game called Scrooge.

The next morning we were served a splendid English breakfast of basted eggs, bacon, sausages, sautéed mushrooms, and tomatoes. The air outside was crisp, and we decided that some exercise was in order. Marged pointed the way to the Undermountain Trail, where we took a two-and-a-half-hour hike to the top of Bear Mountain. Our virtue was rewarded by a view of three states—Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York.

For the afternoon, Marged equipped us with a back-roads map of Litchfield County, and we set out for Bethlehem—Connecticut, that is—where a huge crafts festival was taking place. It was a picturesque 45-minute drive to the south, past a covered bridge, frozen lakes, and fields. Had we planned ahead, we could have had our Christmas cards postmarked at the Bethlehem post office. Upon returning to the inn, we shared the adventures of the day with the other guests over steaming cups of tea and imported Scottish shortbread.

Sunday morning we woke to a wondrous surprise: an overnight storm had covered the countryside in snow. We immediately made reservations for a sleigh ride in Norfolk, a tiny town 20 miles east (203-542-6085; \$50). After breakfast we strolled through the charming town of Salisbury and headed east for the jingle of sleigh bells. *Under Mountain Inn, 482 Undermountain Rd. (Hwy. 41), Salisbury, CT 06068; 203-435-0242; \$150-\$170, including breakfast and dinner, no AE.*



Christmas Canalside

Roscoe Village, Ohio

hoping to sample an American frontier Christmas, my husband and I headed to the Roscoe Village Inn, in Roscoe Village, 80 miles south of Cleveland. The historic town grew up along the 300-mile Ohio and Erie Canal in the late 1840s.

The inn, built 10 years ago in the style of a 19th-century brick row house, has 51 guest rooms. The lobby featured a sparkling Christmas tree and handcrafted wrought-iron chandeliers. Our third-floor room was furnished simply with Shaker-style furniture made by Amish carpenters from nearby Holmes County. We stayed put at the inn's restaurant for a midwestern dinner: Lake Superior walleye fillet with tarragon butter and vanilla cheesecake with Michigan-dried-cherries sauce.

Next morning, after an equally satisfying breakfast of whole-wheat granola waffles, we toured the village on a horse-drawn trolley. An outstanding restoration effort in the last 23 years has turned the town into a living-history museum. The 28 structures along Whitewoman Street (so named by the Delaware Indians) were built by townspeople, newly rich in the booming canal trade, in an austere Greek Revival style—the height of fashion at the time. The buildings were decorated for the holidays with a single white candle in each window.

In the afternoon we visited Rastetter Woolen Mill (216-674-2103), 20 miles north on Route 39, the oldest mill in Ohio, to see woven rag rugs (one of

theirs is in the Smithsonian). We then took a drive through farm country.

We returned for the official start to the holiday season. At six o'clock, at the 35-foot Christmas tree in the center of town, we were each given a candle. A single flame was lit and the fire was spread from person to person until almost 8,000 candles flickered in the night. Carolers sang, hot cider and cookies were passed, and the community's Christmas spirit flowed around us. We then had dinner nearby at the Old Warehouse Restaurant, which serves hearty family favorites (400 N. Whitewoman St., 614-622-4001; \$15).

On Sunday we visited the Johnson-Humrickhouse Museum, next door to the inn (614-622-8710). We especially enjoyed its exhibit of Ohio decorative arts. *Roscoe Village Inn, 200 N. Whitewoman St., Roscoe Village, OH 43812; 800-237-7397 or 614-622-2222; \$82; breakfast, \$12; dinner, \$35.*



Plain Celebrations

Churchtown, Pennsylvania

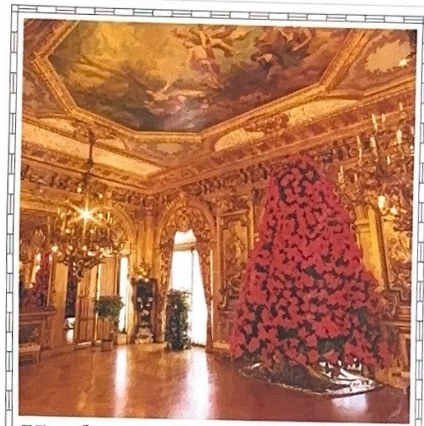
The Inn at Twin Linden, in Churchtown, deep in the rolling farmland of Pennsylvania Dutch country, takes its name from two linden trees planted as saplings when the inn was built, in 1850. Parts of this area seem to have remained in the 19th century. At Christmastime the simple lives of the Amish and Mennonites—descendants of 17th- and 18th-century

German settlers—are at their most distinct. Instead of attending to tinsel and Santa's elves, devout families exchange a few simple, homemade gifts, gather for a meal, and read about the Nativity in the Scriptures.

The Twin Linden's owner, Bob Leahy, a professor at Temple University, greeted my husband and me at the inn's door; his wife, Donna, a former video producer, soon emerged from the kitchen. We were entranced by Twin Linden's simple Christmas

decorations—the fragrant boxwood wreath on the front door; the little German leather tree; the big tree aglow with tiny white lights, dark green more ribbon, and hand-carved wooden doves.

We stayed in the Sarah Jenkins Room, one of the inn's seven, furnished with a handcrafted oak bed topped with a crocheted lace canopy and a crisp navy-and-white comforter. The bed had been delivered in a horse-drawn wagon by the Mennonite craftsman who made it. Although our room faced the road,



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Donna assured us that on a weekend all we were likely to hear was the passing of horse-drawn buggies.

Soon it was time for dinner in the inn's tiny Hunt Club restaurant. Our table looked out to the inn's gardens and the fields beyond. We had rack of lamb and apple-stuffed pheasant, and an order of chocolate layer cake sounded too good to pass up for dessert.

The next morning we bundled up for a prebreakfast walk. Following Bob's directions, we turned down the next block, onto Churchtown Road, and walked a mile or so past peaceful farms. By the time we returned, our appetites had revived, and we sat down to a homemade breakfast feast.

We decided to make Saturday our shopping day, since most stores are closed on Sundays. Our goal was Lancaster's Central Farmer's Market—one of the country's oldest enclosed produce markets—but we couldn't resist one stop along the 18-mile route. Heading west on Highway 23, just past New Holland we visited Witmer's quilt and coach shops; buggy wheels are repaired in the barn, and quilts and smaller items are sold next door (1070 W. Main St., 717-656-9526).

After the market visit we traveled east out of Lancaster on Highway 340 to the People's Place (717-768-7171), a crafts and cultural center in Intercourse. A slide show answered many of our questions about the Amish and Mennonites. Our time there made for an ideal introduction for dinner that evening. The Leahys had reserved places for us at the table of Jack and Dee Dee Meyer, in an Old Order River Brethren home in Manheim, a tiny village 25 miles west of Churchtown. We sat at a long table and enjoyed a family-style Pennsylvania Dutch meal, much like our Thanksgiving feast (arranged through Twin Linden, \$30).

Sunday we lingered over breakfast and had a peek inside the handsome stone Bangor Episcopal Church, founded in 1734, across the street from the inn. *The Inn at Twin Linden*, 2092 Main St. (Hwy. 23), Churchtown, PA 17555, 215-445-7619, \$75-\$100, including breakfast, dinner, \$60.



Designer Holiday Columbus, Indiana

Oh, if only you might not consider a holiday getaway to Columbus, Indiana, a town of 30,000 located 35 miles south of Indianapolis. But Columbus is, among other things, a stylish showplace of contemporary architecture. My husband and I spent a weekend at the red-brick Columbus Inn, an imposing Romanesque Revival edifice, built in 1895, which served as the city hall for nearly 90 years. The town's great benefactors are the Cummins Engine Company and its Cummins Foundation. Since the 1940s the foundation has hired world-class architects like Eiel and Eero Saarinen, I. M. Pei, and Cesar Pelli to design the town's public buildings.

We arrived on a Friday afternoon. The lobby was dominated by an 18-foot spruce, decorated with what seemed like five hundred silk poinsettias and a thousand tiny white lights. Scattered around the base was a collection of antique toys, ceramic dolls, trains, and old teddy bears. We stayed in room 101, originally the mayor's office. It was furnished with a solid-cherry sleigh bed, topped by a barley-colored woven coverlet, the TV was discreetly tucked away in an armoire. The inn has 34 rooms and baths, many with original pressed-tin ceilings.

Afternoon tea is served from 4 to 6 P.M. in a Victorian sitting room (formerly a farmers-market showroom). This multicourse extravaganza included strawberry muffins and scones

with jams, honey, and hot tea, followed by cucumber sandwiches on white bread, pâté on rye, and smoked salmon on whole wheat. Leave room for any of seven different desserts, from lemon icebox cake to homemade shortbread.

At dusk we walked a couple of blocks west to Mill Race Park, to see the Festival of Lights. More than two dozen freestanding light sculptures, ranging from 10 feet to 30 feet tall, had been designed and constructed by local high-school students. I liked the Christmas tree surrounded by carolers and the teddy bear driving a train.

We had a pleasant late dinner at the Left Bank (418 Fourth St., 812-379-2376, \$40), located a few doors away from the inn. After dinner we strolled again, this time to admire the downtown churches, all festively decorated, as well as the striking new city hall, designed by Edward Charles Bassett.

The next morning, after the inn's wonderful buffet breakfast, we went to the visitors' center to watch a 20-minute film about Columbus's architectural innovations and to buy a copy of the walking/driving tour map (506 Fifth St., 812-372-1954, map, \$1), and my husband reserved a seat for the two-hour bus tour. I took the car and my Christmas-shopping list, first to the downtown Commons Mall (Fourth and Washington sts., 812-372-4541), a striking glass-walled building with shops, restaurants, and movie theaters, and then to the Manufacturer's outlet mall, at I-65 and Highway 31—less attractive but more affordable (812-526-9764).

Sunday was our day for antiquing. Antiques malls line U.S. 31 from Indianapolis to Louisville, including three within 20 miles of Columbus. We could also have driven 40 miles southeast on Highway 7 to Madison, a charming 1820s village with six antique malls and numerous independent shops. *The Columbus Inn*, 445 Fifth St., Columbus, IN 47201, 812-378-4289, \$75-\$93, including breakfast.



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Decimber Holiday

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WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 102)

played squire to the hilt. With his intimate cocktail parties, fireside radio chats, and pioneering press conferences, he invoked the glory of the place that not only had been saved from collapse; it was brand-new.

The Trumans' only stylistic flaw was a preference for hotel-like furniture. Nine years later, during the brief, incandescent Kennedy era, Jacqueline Kennedy gussied things up by filling the White House with "historical" antiques, both American and European, aimed at evoking the nation's early years. In launching the most ambitious such program ever, Mrs. Kennedy conducted her famous TV tour of the White House, raised more than a hundred thousand private dollars to acquire significant pieces, and achieved an act of

façades. Indeed, the White House may have reached a kind of sanctity, a life and lore of its own that make the building and its old rules and customs more important than its transient tenants. The entire White House experience seems to foster insularity. There is the West Wing subculture of ambitious aides striving and conniving to sit nearest the Oval Office. There is the unappeasable paranoia of the Secret Service. In the old days, presidents could at least glimpse the real world. The Coolidges often strolled outside the White House, shopping and chatting with their neighbors. Harry Truman was a demon walker, a familiar sight on Constitution Avenue. Today's presidents can't escape their protectors.

George Bush loves travel. He's convinced that his frequent trips away from the White House (averaging 100 days a year) allow him to "continually rediscovers the miracle of America's abundance." But those trips require more than a few travel companions. The president can't leave town without being convoyed by as many as 150 aides and Secret Service agents, a fleet of jetliners, helicopters, armored limousines, chase cars, and so forth, at a cost that apparently exceeds the \$923,000 yearly

White House travel budget by many millions, much of it hidden in various military budgets. The irony of all this effort to safeguard "Timberwolf," as the military code-names him, is that he virtually takes the White House with him. And yet, regardless of its contradictions and tendency to isolate its tenants, the White House has in its flawed way become the quintessence of American continuity and stability. Presidents come, presidents go—often painfully, usually peacefully. The next president will arrive on the wings of a national election, not by force of arms. Blessed with the power of democratic legitimacy, he will occupy a hallowed place that other Americans have every right to consider the people's house far more than it is the president's. If we keep that perspective, the White House will remain in good hands.



Ronald Reagan displayed mock horror on February 6, 1985—his 74th birthday. He was the oldest president ever.

Truman fretted about things like the missing cornerstone; he sponsored a mine-detector search (the cornerstone is still missing). Most of all, he worried about the condition of the 150-year-old building, especially after FDK's hard wear. Truman felt the house vibrate; one night a leg of Margaret's grand piano broke through the ceiling of the room below. The president ordered a total inspection. As it turned out, past remodelings had been carried out so fast that beams were never properly replaced. The upper family floors were supported "purely by habit."

The Trumans moved out. They stayed out, living across the street in Blair House, for half of Truman's presidency. Meantime, a total renovation gutted the entire White House interior, leaving only the outside walls. Inside, a modern steel frame replaced rotten wood timbers; every room was first razed and then restored with all the original details. The job took four years

Congress making the White House a national museum containing "inalienable" objects—meaning that future presidents might not remove souvenirs, as many past presidents had done.

President and Mrs. Nixon amplified the Kennedy program by collecting even more antiques for the public rooms. But nowadays the White House has official curators, and presidential makeovers are generally confined to family quarters. Nancy Reagan raised a million dollars and hired California decorators to redo those areas to her taste. Barbara Bush hired New York decorators to redo the same areas to her taste. What next?

Given its new legal permanence, the White House itself is likely to be changed less and maintained better, as exemplified by the current major effort to restore its deteriorating sandstone

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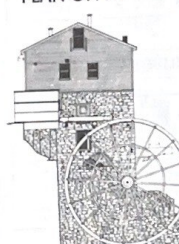


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TUSCANY

(Continued from page 57)

Thieves would rather have these than the guns, he says.

The great bandit Barba towers over us, smiling, and holds the door open, refusing payment and telling me to come back tomorrow for another treatment. He is so tall that we don't have to duck under his arm. We go down the stairs into the night very happy.

FURTHER OUTDOOR SIGHTSEEING: HABITUATED to the cold, we no longer shun it. We now prefer outdoor excursions to the inspection of church interiors. There is a charcoal burner's camp nearby, and an elderly gentleman, Ilo Raffaelli, who was himself until his 25th year a *carbonaro*, shows us how the workers lived and how the charcoal was made. The camp, which he has reconstructed himself, is extremely primitive. The little dwelling of the burners reminds me of an American sod hut, with soil and grass stuffed into a wooden framework. The place is windowless. The workmen and

their families slept on simple wooden frames, which occupied most of the space. One was for man and wife, the other for the children, as many as five or six. All worked in the woods, bringing up water from the spring or, in season, gathering berries and other edibles. There were no metal artifacts except axes and saws. The shovels were wooden, the rakes were skillfully whittled. The burners contracted with the landowners, and they camped for half a year or so till they had cut all the usable wood on the property. Then they moved to another estate, where they built a new sod house. The huts were warm enough at night, said our guide, heated by a small fire.

Raffaelli is a sturdy short man in a cap and an open jacket. (The afternoon was not particularly warm: our noses and eyes were running; his were dry. He was evidently indurated against natural hardships.) A black thread that had worked loose from the cap hung over his face unnoticed while he gave his explanatory lecture. (With his large objectives he didn't notice trifles.) In

his description of the charcoal-making process, he was exceptionally precise: the cutting of the wood into proper lengths, the stacking of it, the layers of leaves and soil piled on the mound, the space at the center for the fire, which had to be stoked day and night. There were wooden ladders leaning on the cone, and screens against the wind, which might drive the blaze too high, endangering the work of months.

So *this* was how people for many centuries lived upon the land, right on the packed earth, so to speak, so adept in the management of their pots, spoons, axes, and handmade rakes, so resourceful—to see this was a lesson worth a whole shelf of history books. I understood even better what life had been like when our guide said, "When one of our boys in the army sent a letter we gathered inside the hut and sat on the beds to listen to the reading." He laughed and added that they had all been sent to the priest to learn their letters.

His little Italian car was parked just at the edge of (Continued on page 114)

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TUSCANY

(Continued from page 113)

the woods, and he would get into it at dusk and drive to Montalcino, where he lived. You felt, however, that his real life was here, in this cold clearing. He seemed unwilling to part with the old life and was perhaps not a thorough townsman. A self-taught scholar, he had written a book about the plants and small fauna. Schoolchildren were brought to him for lessons about the woods. He taught them the names of the trees and sang them the charcoal burners' ballads and reminisced about this vanished trade. He was a modest person, without the legendary airs of Signor Barba the herbal doctor.

FINALLY WE GO INTO THE WOODS NEAR San Giovanni d'Asso with two truffle hunters, Ezio Dinetti and Fosco Lorenzetti, and their dogs, Lola, Fiamma, and Iori. On our arrival in San Giovanni we are received by the young dark haired mayor of the town, Roberto Cappelli, who makes us a little speech of welcome and presents us with a heavy bronze truffle medallion.

The season for truffles is almost over. It has been an unexceptional year—slim pickings. But the dogs are no less keen, rushing from the cars as soon as the doors are opened. There is no breed of truffle hounds, Lola, Fiamma, and Iori appear to be ordinary no-account mutts, but they are in fact highly trained specialists, officially listed, with their own photo-ID license cards and tattooed registration numbers. Turn them over and you can see the numerals under the pink skin. The novice Iori, a skinny dark brown adolescent, is hobbled with a length of chain to prevent his rushing off by himself in his enthusiasm. The added weight gives him a bowlegged gait. We set out after the dogs on a path through the poplars, tramping over dry leaves. Hurrying after them you find yourself breathing deeper, drawing in the pungent winter smells of vegetation and turned up soil. The experienced hunters work the dogs earnestly, with urgent exclamations and commands. *Lola, dai* (Go), *Qui* (Here), *Vieni qui* (Come here), *Giu* (Down), *Dove?* (Where?), *Pigiato* (Take it).

They cajole, huff, threaten, praise, caution, restrain, interrogate, and reward their dogs. The animals track a distant scent. Though the ground is frozen they will sniff out a truffle under a foot and a half of earth. Each man has an implement on a leather strap slung over the shoulder, a device about two feet in length with a sharp rectangular blade for digging and sampling the earth. With this *ranghetto* the hunters scoop up a clod of beige-brown mud and nose it with intensity. If the soil is saturated with the truffle odor they halloo the dogs to dig deeper.

Single file, we cross a thin bridge, a couple of logs strapped together over a gully. Lola, the gifted matriarch, has found something, and the dirt near the streambed sprays behind her. Ezio knows exactly where to intervene and, paying her off with a treat, himself unearths the smallest truffle, a mere nubbin, and slips it into his pocket.

The sun is going down, and we stop more often to chat under the chilly poplars. The afternoon has not been a grand success, for the dogs have turned up only three truffles. Ezio and Fosco insist on our taking them. As we head back through the woods we hear a dark story. Sporting honor among the hunters is not all that it used to be, they tell us. Jealous competitors have taken to poisoning the more talented dogs, tossing out bits of sausage containing strychnine when they leave the grounds. Ezio says with anger. A promising pup of his was among the six dogs lost to the poisoners last year. Months of training wasted. In the old days it took only a year to break in a dog. Now that there are more hunters and fewer truffles you need as many as three years of training, so that when a dog dies, the loss is considerable.

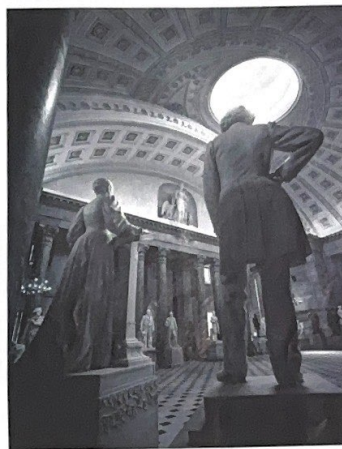
The ungloved hands of the hunters when we shake them at parting are warmer than ours, for all our leather and wool and Thinsulate. Driving back to Montalcino we consider the mystery of the truffle. Why is it so highly prized? We try to put a name to the musk that fills the car. It is digestive, it is sexual, it is a mortality odor. Having tasted it I am willing to leave it to the connoisseurs. I shall go on sprinkling grated cheese on my pasta.

HOLIDAY ARCHIVE

The Best of Our Past: Holiday, June 1959

A Pilgrimage to Washington

by Bruce Catton



Congress's Statuary Hall honors each state's favorite citizens.

Washington has been described as a thriving city whose principal import is the tourist. It is the chief export, considered in bulk, is waste paper. It has also been referred to as a cave of the winds, as the capital of the free world, and in wistful Oriental splendor, as Bagdad-on-the-Potomac. It is a beautiful city, ponderous and slightly indolent, and in an outsized way it resembles a college town overgrown beyond all reason. As a faithful mirror of what is going on in America it offers a picture which is always confusing, occasionally appalling, and—as the final, saving grace—now and then completely inspiring.

Washington is first and most obviously the seat of government. As far as the destiny of the American people can be said to be under conscious control, the control is exercised here, along with the immense housekeeping job connected with keeping the republic a going concern. If the people of the United States are to make war, tame a mountain river, increase the tax rate, tap a new source of energy, curb gangsterism, open a national park, overhaul their transportation system or introduce a new set of postage stamps, the decision is taken in Washington, after which, somebody in Washington will see to it that the job is carried out.

If, conversely, anyone in the country wants something from his Federal Government—and a great many people do want a great many things, in season and out—he comes to Washington to demand it. He comes, often enough, as an individual; he

of themselves, see how this compares with what they have been up to in the past. Here, as nowhere else in America, they meet their own history, and it has a curiously contemporary quality. History is real in Washington. Its overtones can be so pervasive that they subdue the present. Washington's magnificent distances have an extension in time as well as space. Here the weight of the past can be felt.

This city is one of the most completely reflective places in America. Perhaps we are looking for a clue to our own meaning, perhaps, taking the backward glance, we try to find a hint about the coloration of the day after tomorrow, or merely to get the feeling of bygone men and times which somehow look a little bigger and broader than those of today. Whatever we are looking for, we come to Washington in millions to stand in silence and try to find it.

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you give blood
you give
another
birthday,
another laugh,
another hug,
another
chance.



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Please give blood.



Raffaelli is a sturdy short man in a cap and an open jacket. (The afternoon was not particularly warm: our noses and eyes were running; his were dry. He was evidently indurated against natural hardships.) A black thread that had worked loose from the cap hung over his face unnoticed while he gave his explanatory lecture. (With his large objectives he didn't notice trifles.) In

his description of the charcoal-making process, he was exceptionally precise: the cutting of the wood into proper lengths, the stacking of it, the layers of leaves and soil piled on the mound, the space at the center for the fire, which had to be stoked day and night. There were wooden ladders leaning on the cone, and screens against the wind, which might drive the blaze too high, endangering the work of months.

So *this* was how people for many centuries lived upon the land, right *on* the packed earth, so to speak, so adept in the management of their pots, spoons, axes, and handmade rakes, so resourceful—to see this was a lesson worth a whole shelf of history books. I understood even better what life had been like when our guide said, “When one of our boys in the army sent a letter we gathered inside the hut and sat on the beds to listen to the reading.” He laughed and added that they had all been sent to the priest to learn their letters.

His little Italian car was parked just at the edge of

the woods, and he would get into it at dusk and drive to Montalcino, where he lived. You felt, however, that his real life was here, in this cold clearing. He seemed unwilling to part with the old life and was perhaps not a thorough townsman. A self-taught scholar, he had written a book about the plants and small fauna. Schoolchildren were brought to him for lessons about the woods. He taught them the names of the trees and sang them the charcoal burners' ballads and reminisced about this vanished trade. He was a modest person, without the legendary airs of Signor Barba the herbal doctor.