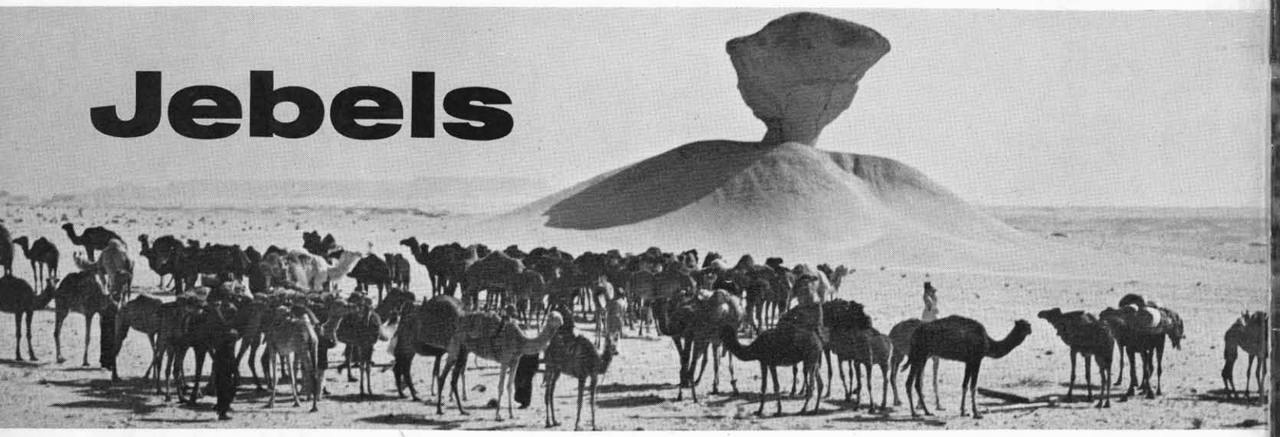
Aramco World

505 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Jebels



AMONG the first things that evoke eye-popping by the new visitor to Saudi Arabia's Eastern Province are the jebels.

A jebel (also called *jabal*) is a fairly flexible word that can mean either *hill* or *mountain*. The plural, actually, is *jibal,* but they're *jebels* to most Americans.

In the area of Aramco's oil operations, they are sometimes seen in solitude, standing in the desert like lost shepherds. Sometimes they're in pairs or in clusters.

They may be just dreary mounds of rock and gravel; but the many forms they take are weird, or grotesque, or stately, or like something sketched by an artist with a penchant for the abstract.

Naturally, one of the first questions that comes to mind is: what caused these strange formations, these bodies of rock poking up like haystacks from the surrounding plain or desert?

The answer is simple: water erosion with some recent modifications by the wind. The jebels, like a great numbers of other erosional features we see on the earth today, were fashioned by the action of water relentlessly wearing away the rock. In this arid area, the transformation took place when water was abundant, long before recorded history.

Over millions and millions of years the earth's surface has changed again and again as the result of heat, pressure, and mountain-making activities within. As a matter of fact, earthquakes and volcanic action are indications that the earth's surface is *still* changing.

Powerful subterranean pressures folded the rock layers in many places, pushing up highlands as though a giant fist were shoving up high spots under a blanket. As a result of this activity, the rock has faulted — zones of cracks and fractures — along where it had been forced up. And on these areas, rain and snow water, falling and flowing in the new highlands, chewed away voraciously at the faulted areas, leaving only the more resistant rock masses as surface remnants.

Some jebels close to the Persian Gulf are relatively "young" — that is to say, only a few thousand years old and show less signs of wind erosion than the older jebels, because wind and sand can't wear away a rock surface as fast as water.

How do geologists determine the age of a jebel?

The best way to estimate the age of rock is by determining the fossil content of the various layers. These tell-tale marine animal and vegetable remains left in the rock accurately date the age in which the sediments were laid down in ancient seas. But what if there are no fossil clues?

Then the age of a jebel can also be estimated by matching the layers of rock in the jebel and under it with the same type of layers in nearby hills and escarpments. Undercut to its present outline by erosion, the jebel was very probably part of some nearby structure long ago.

Jebels hold an enduring place in Aramco's history. It could almost be said that they were the reason for the birth of the oil industry in Saudi Arabia. Geologists on Bahrain Island off the mainland of Arabia, where oil had already been discovered, could see the silhouettes of jebels on clear days, and they looked very much like the same sort of structures that meant oil across the Gulf of Bahrain.

That's why it happened that more than 27 years ago, in 1933, the first two American geologists, bearded and wearing the familiar Arab dress, waded ashore at a little coastal fishing village named Jubail. And *jubail* is the diminutive of jebel — *a little hill.* ■

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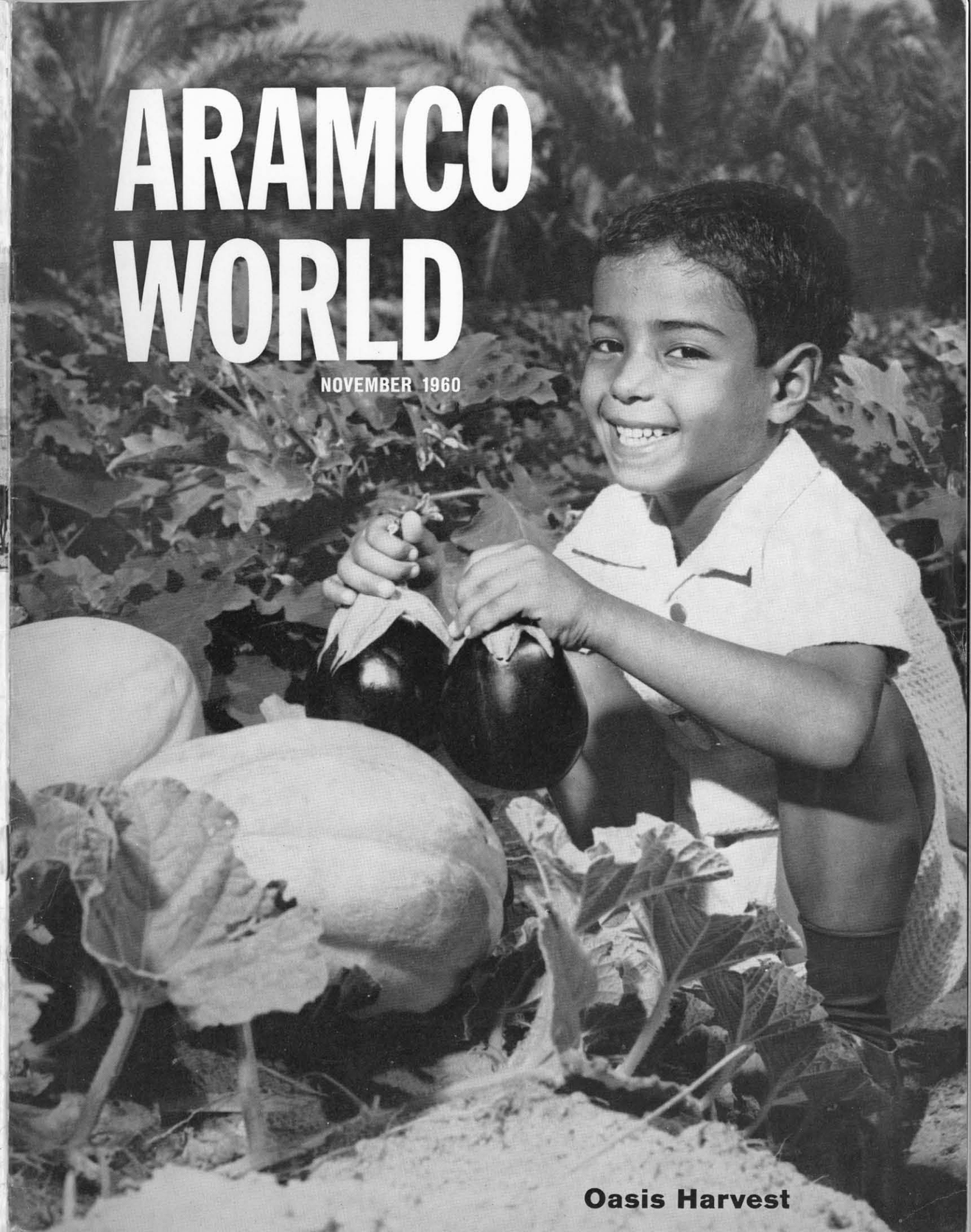
NOVEMBER 1960



Oasis Harvest

Aramco World

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FRONT COVER: The young man on the cover, 'Abd Allah Marshid al-Dossary, gave his smiling approval to eggplants and muskmelons he inspected during a visit to a Qatif oasis farm.

PICTURE CREDITS: Front cover—Aramco photo by B. H. Moody. Page 3—Aramco photo. Page 4 (top)—Aramco photo by E. E. Seal. Page 4 (bottom)—Aramco photo by V. K. Antony. Pages 6, 7—original woodcut by Walter Ferro. Page 8—Pix, Inc. Page 9—Walter Ferro. Page 10 (top left)—Scandinavian Airlines System. Pages 10 (center), 12—The Port Authority of New York. Pages 10 (center right), 11 (left and center)—A. Devaney, Inc. Page 11 (right)—Pan American World Airways. Pages 13 (top), 15 (top right)—United Press International. Pages 13 (bottom), 15 (bottom)—Wide World. Pages 14, 15 (top left and top center)—Culver Pictures, Inc. Page 16—American Gas Association. Page 17—Monkmeyer Press Photo Service. Page 18 (top)—Trans World Airlines, Inc. Page 18 (bottom)—Virginia Chamber of Commerce. Page 19—Gorton's of Gloucester, Inc. Page 20—Aramco photo by T. F. Walters.

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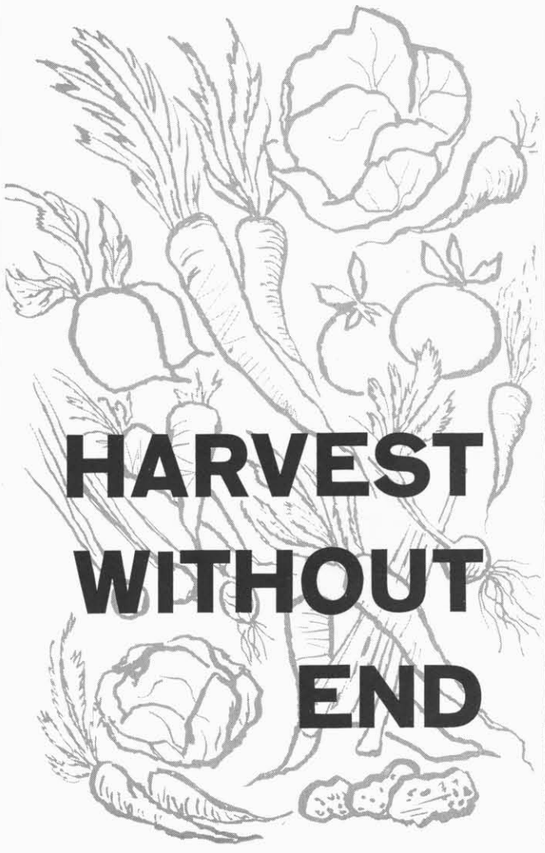
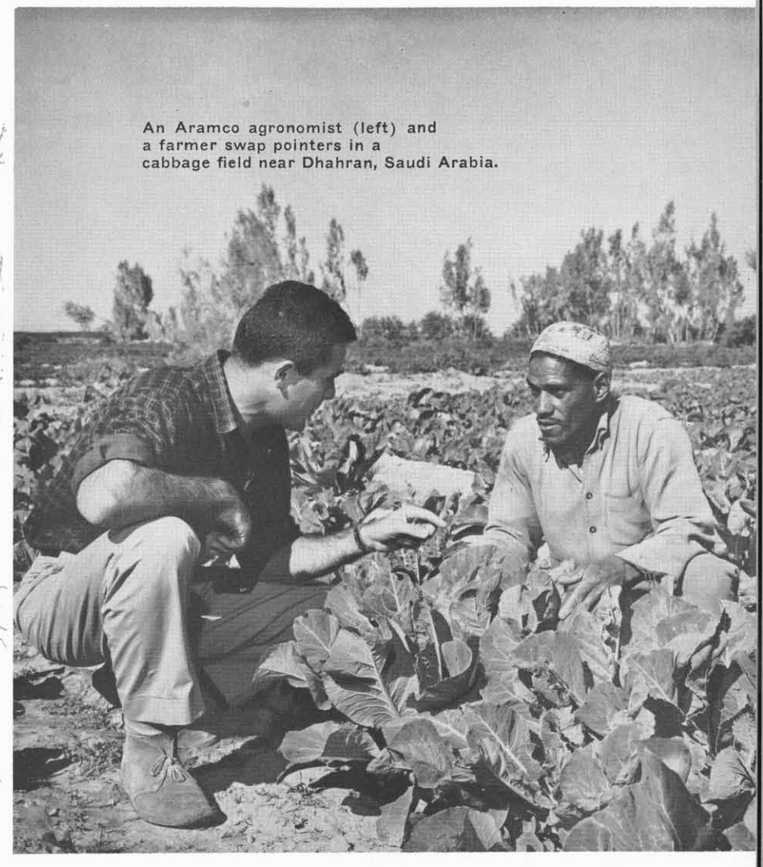


HARVEST WITHOUT END

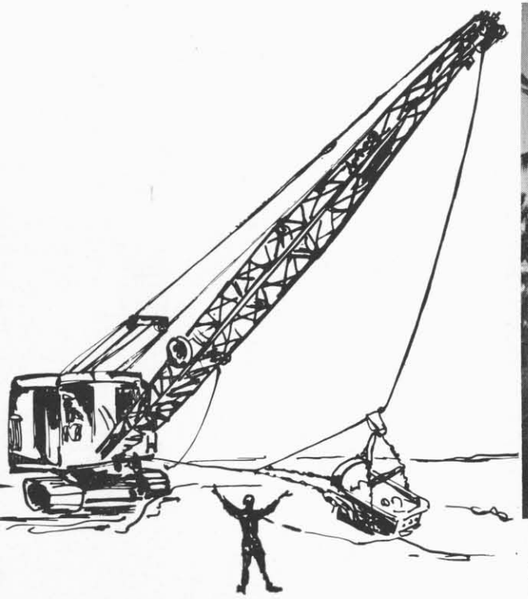


An Aramco agronomist (left) and a farmer swap pointers in a cabbage field near Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.

Modern methods and hard work have Hofuf and Qatif farmlands blooming again

AT the Family Issue Store at Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia, an American woman, wife of an Aramco employee, pushes her cart into the vegetable section. Before her, on clean, refrigerated display counters, are many of the vegetables she might shop for in a supermarket back in the United States — tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, turnips, pumpkins, to name only a few. But what catches the housewife's eye is the sparkling moisture of freshness that characterizes the produce. And sparkle it should, for in many cases, picking, cleaning, packaging, and delivery to the store are completed in *one* day. In short, produce that was growing in the fields in the A.M. appears on the family table in the P.M.

Secret of all this variety and speed is not in the use of jet-propelled cargo planes from distant points but in the ever-growing productivity of the local farms. During 1959, farmers of the Qatif and Hofuf oases, nearby the oil operations area along the Persian Gulf, sold 380,000 pounds of fresh vegetables to Aramco for its retail outlets and dining halls. Aramco people were not alone in benefiting. Another 270,000 pounds went on sale in public markets in towns and villages. And in 1960 prospects for both farmers and consumers were even brighter; Aramco contracted to buy 580,000 pounds of produce, while local markets are buying in much greater volume than last year to meet



Dr. Grover Brown inspects a date grove that became unproductive when salt choked the soil. A land reclamation program, by Aramco and the Saudi Arab Government, is putting this grove and others back to work.

HARVEST WITHOUT END

public demands. As a matter of fact, where last year Aramco bought 60 per cent of the local produce and the neighborhood vendors, 40 per cent, this year, with the public appetite thoroughly whetted for fresh vegetables, the ratio is exactly reversed.

Oddly enough, the Eastern Province's new horn-of-plenty is a second-coming. Years ago farmers drew bountiful harvests of produce and dates from the soil; then, when soil conditions changed, the land lay fallow and harvests became sporadic and small. Thus it is with a quiet sense of thanksgiving that Saudi Arab citizens and Aramco personnel watch the land's potential once again being realized. Dr. Grover Brown, head of the agricultural division of the Aramco Arab Development Department, sums up that potential when he says, "*Something* can be planted and *something* harvested every month of the year." Hofuf and Qatif farmers are doing just that.

From a packing shed where they are carefully washed and graded, vegetables go to Aramco stores and village markets.

And all this from an area that once was confined mostly to tomatoes, onions, eggplant, okra, melons and squash. Now there are vegetables in the local suqs, in constant demand, that up to a short time ago no one had ever seen before.

Getting the land started back to its old productivity didn't happen by chance. It took some doing by Saudi Arab farmers, the Saudi Arab Government and Aramco, but the results have justified the efforts.

A ride out into the 10,000-acre Qatif oasis tells the whole story of the land's regeneration. At first glance, visitors are struck by what seems to be an abundance of water for a supposedly arid land. Acre upon acre of swampland. But nothing grows except marshgrass and weeds. Spotted here and there are the withered palms of a stricken date grove. This, where farmlands once flourished.

Grover Brown puts his finger on the crux of the problem when he points to the white splotches and streaks on the levees of what once were irrigation ditches.

"*That,*" he explained, "is salt. It's what caused all this. You can irrigate with salty water, but you *must* have drainage. These people didn't. The land is waterlogged — *salt*-waterlogged."

Once, water was scarce. Farmers had to dig each well — or *'ain* — by hand. Then, also by hand, they dug surface channels and tunnels to guide the irrigation water to date gardens and crop fields. When water was *that* hard to get, the farmers cherished it. No one wasted water.

But a little over two decades ago, men came into the Eastern Province with drilling rigs. They drilled for water, as well as oil. The oasis farmers saw and were delighted. The old struggle for irrigation water was over. However, what at first seemed a blessing soon revealed its disadvantages.

With water so easy to get, farmers asked themselves several natural questions: Why worry about water and guard its use? Why use valves to control the wells? Why bother if the irrigation ditch levees break? Why not let the water flow prodigally over the land? Flow it did — and with the water, its salt.

If the oases dwellers didn't worry, their Government did, and it hammered on the theme of conservation. But unfortunately, the water was over the dam, or rather, over the oases. The soil rebelled and crops suffered.

Back in the summer of 1955, Aramco tackled the salty-soil problem as part of an agriculture program under its Arab Development Department. After engineers reported that drainage was practicable, Brown prepared a report for the Saudi Arab Government. The report proposed the reclamation of 9,000 acres at a cost of several million *riyals* (one riyal is about 22 cents). But the bright side of the coin was that the boost in farm production, over 20 years, would be 70 times the cost of the project. The Saudi Arab Ministry of Agriculture agreed with the report, and, in due course, funds were authorized. The first of four sections of the reclamation area is scheduled for completion this fall, and within six years the entire job should be finished. Then the swamp areas that visitors see today will be growing more than marshgrass and weeds.

Reclamation of land was just one part of what could be done to boost food production. The other part was trying, right then, to coax more produce — and more varieties of it — from land that was still fertile. Brown took on this chore with the assistance of Sami Labban, fresh out of the American University of Beirut. A year later, Brown enlisted another AUB graduate, Raja Jeha. (Now five young Saudi Arabs are members of Brown's staff.)

With seeds provided by Aramco, Brown and company went out into the Qatif oasis and "borrowed" a little piece of land here, another little piece there. Only experimentation would provide the answers they sought. What will grow in salty soil under a hot sun? What about insects and plant diseases? Will the farmers grow crops they've never seen — cabbage, cauliflower, head lettuce? Can their produce meet market standards? Matter of fact, will there *be* a market?

From trial and error and trial again, the answers came in. Some crops grew; others failed. Almost every insect and plant malady imaginable had to be dealt with. And the farmers, yes, they were willing to grow those strange, new vegetables — or willing to try, at least — if someone would buy them. Best of all, Brown's team found crops that could be planted — and thus harvested — all year around. The team went out to the farmers and showed them, by actual demonstration, what could be accomplished. Seed, fertilizer, two small tractors, a few push cultivators and hand tools were made available. Since then, crop production has steadily increased.

An important factor in the increase is the parallel demonstration work in irrigation and drainage done by the Saudi Arab Ministry of Agriculture, as well as their regional offices where farmers can seek advice. Brown's division works constantly with the Ministry on new measures for agricultural progress, recent examples being studies and publications on insect and disease control and improved methods for growing and marketing dates.

All of these efforts lay behind the resurgence of crops in the Eastern Province. Everyone benefits—the American housewife who can choose among some twenty fresh vegetables at an Aramco store and the Saudi Arab housewife who finds the same selection at her favorite market; farmers, of course are enthusiastic about the upward swing in agricultural income. And with the new diversification of crops, everyone enjoys a more varied diet.

Grover Brown is among the most enthusiastic and proud of what has been accomplished. But he is adamant on one very important point.

"The credit belongs to the farmers, themselves," he says. "We started with a handful of them — the ones we believed would do the best job, planting the new crops and using modern methods. Our hope was that others would take notice and follow suit. That's just what happened." ■

FLORENCE: OLD CITY WITH YOUNG IDEAS

ON the banks of the Arno River in Italy sits a city that remembers and reveres its past even as it keeps pace with twentieth-century progress. Florence, birthplace of the Renaissance, has as many palaces and legends as it has laundromats and movie theaters.

One of the legends says that, in the old days, a certain man was given to musing on the banks of the Arno. Maybe he mused because one gold coin was his entire fortune. One day, a small, feminine hand arose from the water, its palm extended, as if asking alms. Without hesitating, the man threw his last coin to the hand.

Days later, the hand again appeared from the river and beckoned the man to follow. It led to the square of Via dei Neri, where stands San Remigio, and there drew a radiant line some two fathoms above the man's head. Immediately understanding that the Arno would flood to that height, the man warned all of Florence. The flood, when it came, was the greatest Florence had known, but the families who had believed the man were safe in the hills above the city. To commemorate the miracle, a hand was hewn in stone near the place where the line was drawn. An inscription states that on December 4, 1433, the Arno rose to that height.

The legend reminds us that Florence — the Athens of Italy, as she proudly calls herself — has another history besides that officially recorded in books. In the unrecorded account, living in the memory of her citizens, the persons are not the famous or high-born of the world; and in that history fairies, witches, and sorcerers — both benevolent and malign — have played their part. Her history, both recorded and unrecorded is a pageantry of paradox.

That Florence has always been a city of paradoxes — of the old and new, of rich and poor, of artist and warrior — is a matter perhaps rooted in her very origins. The city is said to have been populated first by the Romans under Julius Caesar and by the Etruscans, whose hill-top stronghold, Fiesole, was razed by the Romans. "It is not surprising," notes an old chronicler, "that the Florentines are always at war and in dissensions among themselves, being drawn and originating from two peoples so contrary."

In the heyday of the early and middle Renaissance, nothing is more strikingly paradoxical than the tranquility which Florentines found for themselves in the very midst of bitter turmoil. As another historian observed, a revolution occurred every other year. But in the midst of those bloody discords the great Florentine artists were busy painting their quiet sublimities on wall, wood, and canvas.

There is paradox even in the appearance of the city. The magnificent houses and palaces that give a masculine grandeur to old Florence are stern, almost forbidding. But the interiors! Nothing was spared to make the rooms run over with richness, opulence, luxury. The contrast in Florence between that outer austerity and the inner softness and delicacy is one of the many dramatic facets of living in the city on the Arno.

Florence is both tiny and vast. Any sightseer easily can walk from one end of the old town to the other. But within the city's circumference there can be found a truly unique concentration of artistic glories; one could spend many days without possibly exhausting the riches held within any five given streets — though one could bypass them in a two minutes' walk.

Florence bustles with modern industry, yet leisurely devotes herself to beauty and tradition. During the day the shops are never empty. There is everything to buy, and everybody is buying. In no other place in the world do a city's people take so much pleasure in shopping and spending money.

There are, of course, so many wonderful things to purchase: elegant clothes, fine silks, luxuriant brocades, some of the world's most beautiful jewelry (especially gold jewelry), handsome leather goods of every description, fine reproductions of masterpieces on a grand or a miniature scale, all kinds of fascinating boxes, exquisite furniture, books for the learned and the layman, finds for the antiquarian-collector.

But the pleasure of shopping goes beyond this. The selling of these goods itself has been raised to a fine art. You will never do all your shopping at one jeweler's or one leather goods shop. Each shop has something to be found nowhere else — not even in Florence. And the prices vary considerably from store to store. In a given shop a particular article will cost twice as much as the same article in the shop you have just left, but another article will cost

Each year Florence relives the past in the colorful staging of the Giuoco del Calcio, a Renaissance pageant that proudly recalls the old city's contempt for an early enemy.

only half as much. It becomes, therefore, a duty and a delight to visit many shops.

With all this traffic in lire, Florence still has plenty of time for tradition and beauty. The New Market (built in 1551) is crowded with things to buy. Just outside its arches stands the bronze bore whose snout has been worn to the color of gold by the millions of luck-seeking hands that have caressed it — a ritual that is part of daily life. And Florence boasts playhouses, a fine opera company, and one of the best ballet troupes in the world. Summer nights provide an enchanting background of shrubbery and trees for opera and dance performances in the Boboli Gardens, where once the Dukes of Florence walked at leisure.

Florence is at one and the same time very old and very new. The faces you see in the streets and the shops are the same aristocratic faces that people the paintings of the Florentine masters of the High Renaissance. It requires little imagination to reclothe your barber, grocer, flower-vendor, bookseller, or waiter as a breathing Botticelli, del Sarto, Lippi, or Fra Bartolommeo.

Somehow or other the city manages to be completely a part of the twentieth century without surrendering anything of its brilliant past. Outsiders seem vexed at this. It is, perhaps, hard for other Italian towns to forgive Florence for being the birthplace of the Renaissance, of the Italian language itself, and even for serving as the first Italian capital when the country was at last united. "Why don't they take down their old palaces with their cold marble floors," citizens of other thriving towns will ask angrily, when you praise Florence to them, "and widen their narrow streets to make room for modern traffic?"

It is true: the old city is architecturally the same as it has been for centuries — and citizens demand that it remain so. When, for example, the Santa Trinita, called the most beautiful bridge in Europe, was demolished by the Nazis, the Florentines refused to allow anything but an exact copy of the original in its place. In the old town the streets are indeed narrow, many only two paces in width. Traffic should move cautiously through the narrow ways where there is barely space for one car — but it does not, of course, since Florentines, like most moderns, prefer speed. But that is the way Florence likes it — to be not a minute behind the times and still to keep the past intact.

For that quality, Florentines are willing to pay the price. The streets cannot be widened because the old palaces and houses must remain. Consequently, almost everyone dwelling within the limits of the old town lives in a palace. People with modest incomes have flats that were, centuries ago, but one story of a building with ducal grandeur, the rooms still of majestic height and proportions, often graced with elegant columns and lovely marble fireplaces, the flooring of beautiful marble, black-and-white or veined. Who would have the heart to raze such magnificence? Certainly not the Florentines.

But these old buildings pose heating problems in a city whose climate is similar to New York's. Such Renaissance splendor resists the installation of central heating systems. When you visit Florentine friends in mid-winter, they will courteously have ready for you one of the family's *scaldini*, a small, round, earthenware pot in which charcoal is smoldering; you clasp it in both hands to shake the chill off your body. Older people, during the cold season, carry these little pots with them in the streets. Each household bed is equipped with a *scaldaletto*, an enormous wooden, cradle-like structure from whose central beam hangs a little clay pot of smoldering charcoal; over the *scaldaletto* are slung the blankets, comforter, and coverlet. When the equipment is removed before you get into bed, the sheets have a rosy warmth that, in the cold room, induces drowsiness. The labors necessary to provide comfort for the body are thought in Florence to be well worth the privilege of living in such grandeur.

Perhaps nothing more completely expresses the paradoxical fusion of old and new than the *Giuoco del Calcio*, the football game, played in the Piazza della Signoria. That great square is the site of so much that is unforgettable in Florence's history. The square is flanked on one side by the austere Palazzo Vecchio and, at right angles to that, the Loggia dei Lanci crowded with lavish statuary. Here the past and the present unite vividly every year during the last week in June.

Early in the sixteenth century an enemy surrounded the city and attempted to starve it into submission. To show their contempt, the famished Florentines held a soccer match in the piazza. Every year that historic day is commemorated by the *Giuoco del Calcio* in Piazza della Signoria. The same four parishes are each represented by a team; the participants wear the same garb that their ancestors wore on the heroic occasion. There are other historic "revivals" elsewhere in Italy, but what distinguishes these Florentine ceremonies is that the men do not at all look "dressed up" for the event or sheepish in their splendid clothes. The players and the "representatives" of the Signory and old leading families parade about the arena and, before and after the game, bow with grace to the vast audience. They exhibit the easy pride and self-possession of their sixteenth-century forebears. Butcher and baker walk in their colorful raiment as though they were accustomed to wear it every day in the week. Meanwhile, in the stands, vendors are selling Coca-Colas and chewing gum.

And then the game begins, a game of such ferocity that it makes American football look like a game of tag. Every few minutes blocking tactics evolve into an exchange of fists, which, once the referee has made his decision, gives way to affectionate embraces between opponents who may have just given each other a black eye. Players are so skilled at blocking the ball at the goal line that rarely is even one point scored before the game is over. The contest lasts an hour and is terminated by the thunder of an ancient cannon.

A few days later, before the grandstands are dismantled, another tradition is given a completely modern turn. In the past, musicians held a contest for the best musical composition, playing lutes and other Renaissance instruments, but now a contest is held for the best popular song, accompanied by a small jazz band. Last year the winner was "Florentine Calypso." Could anything seem more paradoxical than its title? But it is, as Florentines know, another typical fusion of the old and new in Florence. ■

Cradle of the Renaissance... While most of Europe slept in medieval torpor, man's mind was being reawakened on the banks of the Arno. Long before Italy was united, before most of Europe's boundaries were set, before America was discovered, Florence had cast off the mental chains of the Dark Ages. It was here, more than anywhere else during the Renaissance, that startling achievements in art and science marked man's deliverance from a thousand years of darkness.

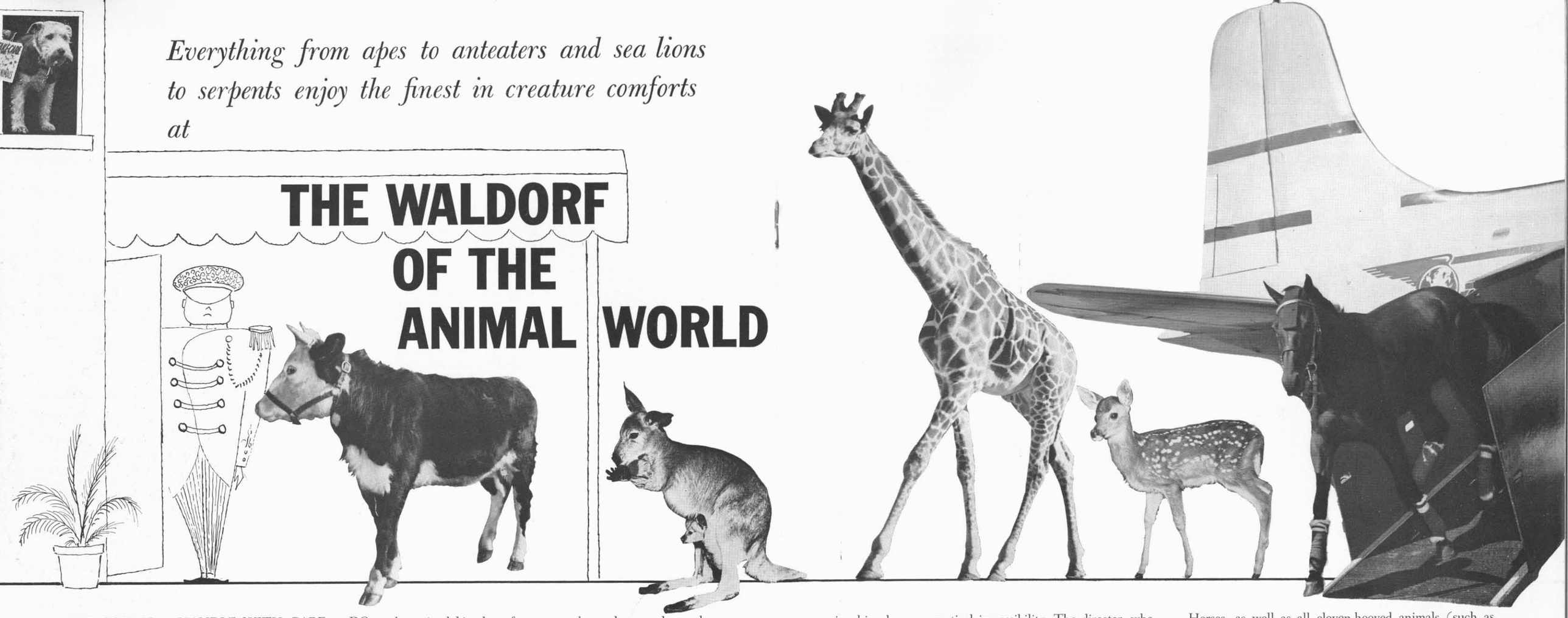
And yet The Renaissance (sometimes dated 1400 to 1600) was not so much a definite span of years as an exciting state of mind. "Discovery" was the keyword, and men were literally discovering the world they lived in, suddenly seeing with fresh eyes the beauty and joy of living this life to the full. With the liberation of the individual and his vastly enlarged horizons came a burst of creative expression that beneficently illuminated every aspect of life.

And Florence, above all, was bathed in brilliance. This one city produced imaginative men who march as giants in history's hall . . . LEONARDO DA VINCI, brightest star in the Renaissance firmament, painter, scientist, engineer, sculptor, mystic . . . the DE MEDICIS, Cosimo and Lorenzo, magnificent princes of commerce, rulers of Florence and patrons of the arts who recognized that through art and science man could measure his accomplishments on earth . . . DANTE ALIGHIERI, sublime poet of the "Divine Comedy," where all medieval learning seems to meet . . . BOTTICELLI, DEL SARTO and FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, whose plaster and canvas masterpieces reconciled opposing aspects of previous European sculpting and painting into a unified expression of beauty . . . writer GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, who chronicled the age for all time in his "Decameron," the world's first realistic novel . . . poet FRANCESCO PETRARCH, who believed in knowledge for the sake of understanding man . . . MICHELANGELO, whose every stroke of chisel or brush was dedicated to synthesizing ideas of love and beauty . . . BENVENUTO CELLINI, goldsmith and author . . . GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, reformer and religious leader who struggled against evil and tyrannous men. In Florence's history, great names are endless.

Florentines enjoy all the advantages of modern life that is superimposed on backdrop of Renaissance splendor.

Everything from apes to anteaters and sea lions to serpents enjoy the finest in creature comforts at

THE WALDORF OF THE ANIMAL WORLD



KING COBRAS – HANDLE WITH CARE – DO NOT OPEN – These words stamped on the side of a crate might cause consternation almost anywhere, especially if the consignee were tardy in picking up his lethally-loaded container.

But there was no sweat at New York International Airport, where, for $2 per day, the terminal's unique Animalport gave the snakes loving care. They'll do the same for mice at 50 cents per box or elephants at $7 each.

Between those extremes, the Animalport has a going rate of $5 per day for lions, tigers, and other large cats. Smaller felines, such as pumas and cougars, are billed at $4. A house cat costs only $1. Room and board for horses and bulls is $7 per day, while cows are rated at $5, calves at $3.50, and seals and sea lions at $2.50. Dogs and birds, common Animalport guests, are billed according to size: from $2 for a cocker spaniel to $3.50 for a great Dane; from 50 cents per box of canaries to $1 each for cranes and ostriches. There is, in short, no animal, reptile, or bird that Idlewild's talented hotelkeepers cannot handle.

Founded in January 1958 by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Animalport, since then, has performed vital, humane services for legions of the animal kingdom, from research monkeys to thoroughbred race horses. Housed in an attractive, yellow brick building in the midst of the vast airfield complex, this haven for animals is modern in every respect throughout its 5,000 square feet of floor space and outdoor exercise grounds. Each room of the building has individual temperature and humidity controls to insure the proper atmosphere for the more delicate fauna. Veterinarians are available 24 hours a day on an "as required" basis to handle emergencies; a spotless surgery is at their disposal.

Dogs, naturally enough, outnumber all other non-research animals who find temporary homes at Idlewild. The shelter receives an average of about 75 a week. More than 90 per cent of these are owned by American servicemen being shipped to or from overseas duty.

It was one of these pups that became the personal pet of the shelter's director. A German shepherd – now known as "Mickey" – was sent from a soldier in Tripoli to his sister in New York. She, however, would have nothing to do with Mickey–or any other dog–and refused to take delivery. As a matter of fact, she moved without leaving a forwarding address. Meanwhile, numerous transfers of the soldier from one army station to another, made tracking him down a practical impossibility. The director, who had been seeing to Mickey's care and whose long association with animals (he was a mounted cop until 1956 and an A.S.P.C.A. special agent) made him a soft mark for the pup's fetching ways, became so attached to the dog that soon he was going through the paperwork required for personal "adoption."

Strangely enough, snakes passing through the Animalport probably are the easiest transients to handle. Whether or not poisonous, they must be packed in sawdust, inside burlap bags securely enclosed in crates. And before shipment, they are gorged with all they can eat so that they travel virtually in a state of hibernation.

Most of the horses that pass through the shelter are thoroughbred racers, such as Kentucky Derby winner, Iron Liege, for example, on his way to race in England, and six European trotting champions insured for $2,000,000. Some privately owned saddle horses find temporary homes amid the shriek of jet take-offs. Arthur Godfrey's famous palomino, Goldie, spent the night; so did a couple of Tennessee Walking horses sent by Victor Borge to Copenhagen friends, and steeds from the stable of the late Ali Khan passed through.

Horses, as well as all cloven-hooved animals (such as sheep, oxen, and reindeer), arriving in this country from certain areas of Europe, continue on to Clifton, New Jersey, where they must pass through a 30-day quarantine at the U.S. Department of Agriculture inspection station. Since some of the animals are valued at close to a half million dollars, their owners cheerfully pay for specially expedited handling that interrupts training as little as possible.

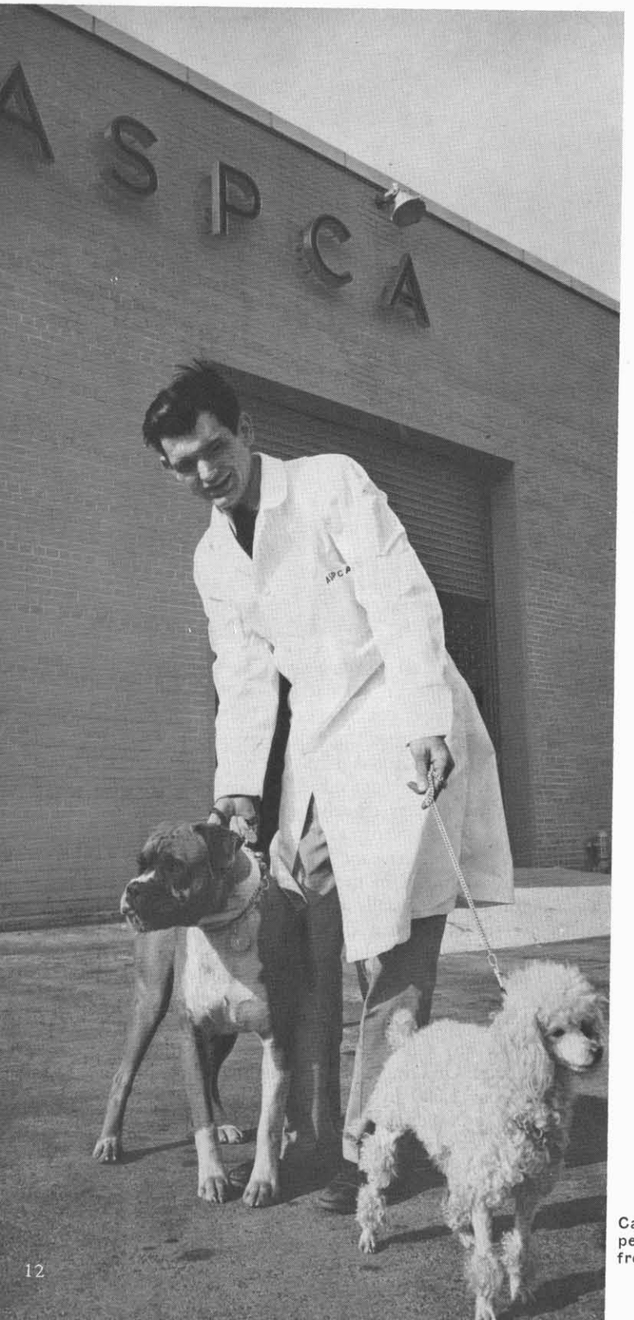
Housecleaning and sanitary care at Animalport would meet with the approval of the fussiest, most health-conscious housewife. Large stalls and the tiled, smaller-animal kennels are subjected to a daily dousing during which they are disinfected and hosed down with live steam under 90 pounds of pressure until everything is clean and sweet – even the pig quarters.

Monkeys, destined for many kinds of medical research, far outnumber any other species temporarily harbored at the animal hotel. One single plane brought a whole junglefull of simians: 1,600 in 144 crates, all awaiting transshipment to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for polio research.

Monkeys, it might be added, have confounded the statistical-minded, in or out of government, who try to keep

THE WALDORF OF THE ANIMAL WORLD

an exact count on monkey population. Complete accuracy is impossible even with the relatively small crates – about 6 x 1½ x 1 foot–in which monkeys are usually shipped. The occupants will stand or crouch, staring fixedly at a person attempting an exact count until he has reached eight or nine, then scurry madly about the crate before the count can be completed. Now, after more than two years of experience proving the futility of trying to be exact, the people at the Animalport make an educated guess and let it go at that.



Handling wildlife from all over the world raises special diet considerations. Keepers can't go to a corner grocery store for the items some of their menagerie may demand. Often, a shipper accompanies his animal with special feeding instructions and foods. A shipment of fennec foxes from North Africa, for example, required meal worms and raisins. The raisins were available, and fortunately the meal worms (rare in this country) accompanied the foxes. Sometimes, however, the staff have to consult their own reference books and charts or put in a call to the Bronx or Staten Island Zoos. Then it may be a question of scouting all over New York to find the food. Hours were spent searching for the proper bamboo shoots for two pandas.

Most of the Animalport's guests don't have fussy appetites, but a few must be pampered. Newly-arrived elephants stubbornly refuse to eat anything until coaxed with green alfalfa hay; young gorillas like to be pacified with a heaping platter of ice cream. It took a bunch of ripe bananas to lure a chimpanzee back into the cage from which he'd escaped by picking the lock. And the first lion ever to sign in on Animalport's registry, Charlie II, a 347-pound G.I. regimental pet, overgrown for mascot duties, was pampered with several pounds of hand-fed raw beef, while waiting for transportation to the Cincinnati Zoo.

There are three other pampered animals, wandering pretty much at will around the Animalport – three non-paying quadrupeds who have "earned" their keep just by being characters in their own right. One is Twinkles, a small, black French poodle who feels compelled to reinforce the sound of the doorbell with his own shrill bark. He was the gift of an A.S.P.C.A. official.

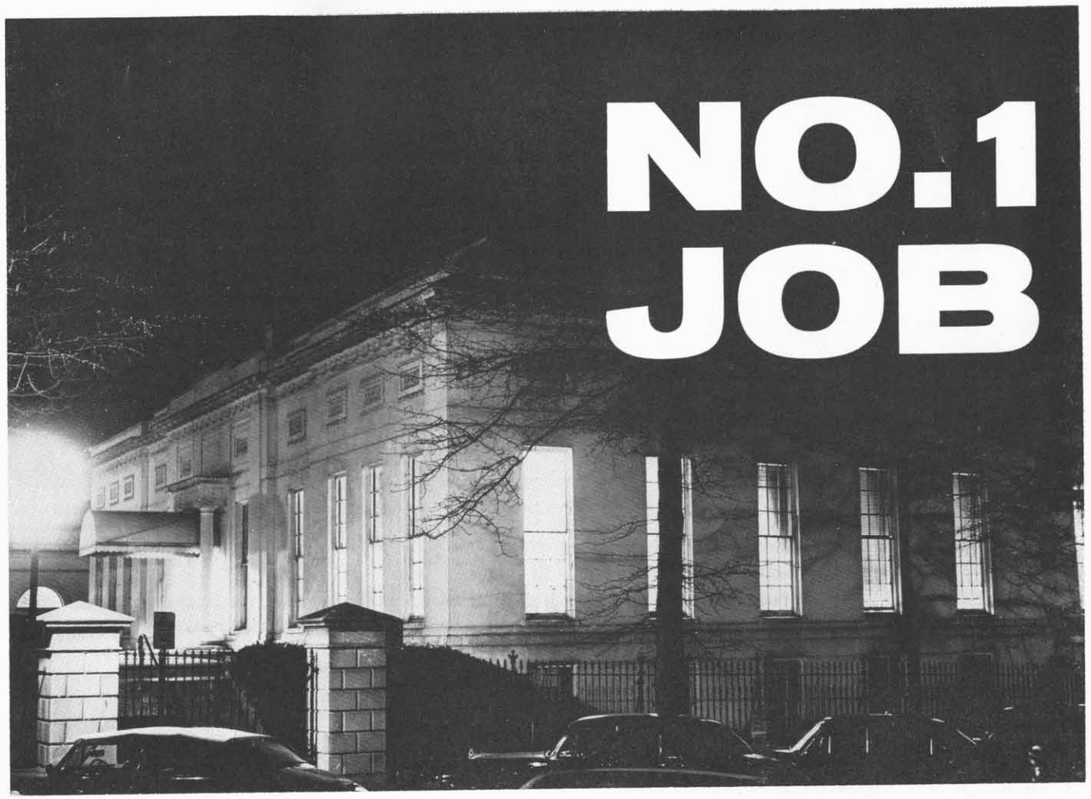
Then there is freeloader Tim – a black and white cat of uncertain ancestry who, it must be admitted, has rid the stables and fodder bins of mice. He was brought to the shelter by mechanics at a nearby hangar who feared he would be injured by a moving plane. It took the grease-covered kitten a matter of hours to get himself so spic and span that no one had the heart to send him on his way to the Queens A.S.P.C.A. shelter.

The third "privileged character" whose only virtue is playfulness, is a goat named, of course, Billy. Billy is confined to the stable and paddock, for now, at full growth, his playfulness can become painful. Oddly enough Billy's early life had an urban twist. It began in a Manhattan apartment as the pet of a bachelor girl.

Some 100,000 animals pass through New York International Airport in a year. Before Animalport, they had to be housed in cargo buildings while awaiting flights, since a legal view termed them "cargo." Cargo handlers did their best to tend and feed these travelers, but they weren't trained for the job. Nor were cargo buildings built to provide the best in care.

Now anxious animal owners can breathe a sigh of relief and rest content, for, after all, their coveted wards have an "airtel" stopover where the motto confidently reads: "No animal too big or too small . . . No diet too intricate or exotic . . . No stay too long or too short." ■

Canine pets of American military personnel overseas are among most frequent of the Animalport's guests.



NO.1 JOB

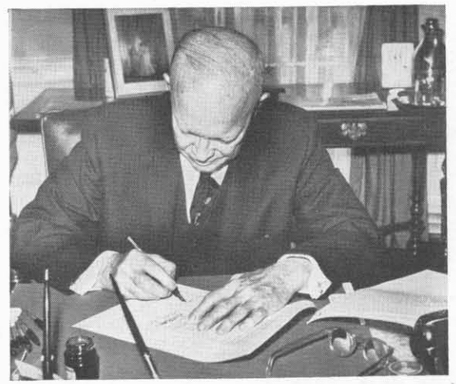
It hasn't always been a sun-up to sun-down task, but through the years White House lights have been going on earlier and staying on later

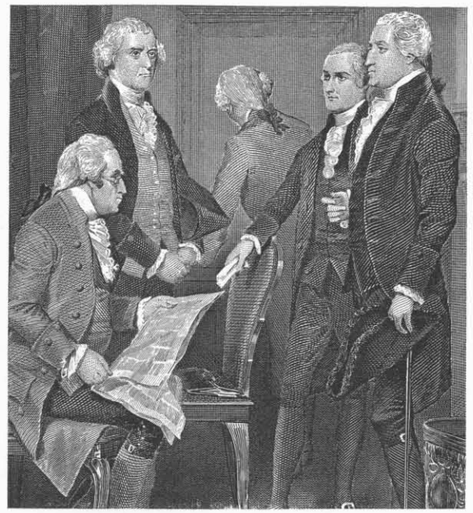
ONE day in 1866, a woman went to the White House to see President Andrew Johnson. She had no appointment, but she had no difficulty getting into the White House. Nor did anyone prevent her from going up to the second floor. Her visit might have gone entirely unnoticed if she had not attracted attention to herself by waving a pistol and screaming that she was an instrument of Providence, sent on a mission to shoot President Johnson. Her gun, fortunately, was unloaded. White House attendants took it from her, then made the demented woman leave the premises. And that was all there was to it. No one gave any further thought to the incident.

To us the event seems incredible. Today a person who merely sends a threatening letter to the President of the United States receives quick attention from the Secret Service and has a good chance of being arrested. But a century ago, when the Presidency of the United States was not yet thought of as a really big job, there was no Secret Service, no corps of White House police. In many respects it was easier to see the President than it was to see any number of prominent businessmen. Even if you didn't go calling at the White House, you were still likely to see him as he walked or drove his carriage, without a guard, along the streets of Washington.

But that was long ago, in the days before the President became virtually the prisoner of his job, the captive of the White House, who today cannot even take a walk alone over the White House grounds.

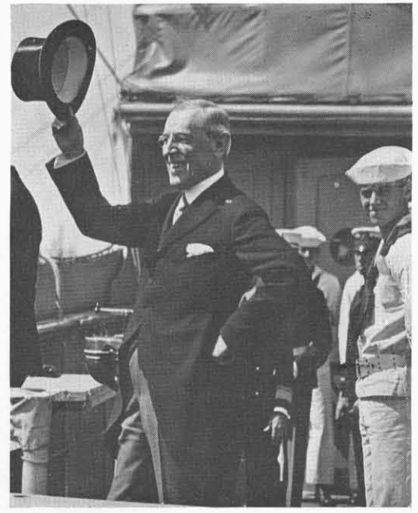
The office of President of the United States has grown with the country, but few realize how great the change has been since those miniature days when George Washington





Sharing the workload with President Washington were (left to right) Secretary of War Knox, Secretary of State Jefferson, Attorney General Randolph, and Secretary of the Treasury Hamilton.

William Taft, Chief Executive, 1909-1913, performs a task of all Presidents — name-signing.



Woodrow Wilson, here aboard the "George Washington" in 1918, set a pattern for future Presidents by his foreign travel.

Franklin D. Roosevelt holds a roadside news conference at Warm Springs, Ga., 1937. Press sessions are now a fixture of the Presidency.

NO. 1 JOB

borrowed $250 to travel from Mount Vernon to New York for his own inauguration, or when a few decades later William Henry Harrison would go out with his market basket early in the morning to buy groceries for his White House dinner table.

Any number of minor government officials today probably put in a harder day's work than John Quincy Adams, our sixth President, was accustomed to. In his diary he tells how he would take a four-mile walk between five and six in the morning, then light his fire and read his Bible and the papers till nine, when he had breakfast. From nine to five he received visitors. Dinner lasted until six-thirty. The next four hours President Adams spent alone in his room, making entries in his diary or reading official papers — "excepting when occasionally I am interrupted by a visitor." It almost sounds like the typical, leisurely day of any retired businessman.

Contrast that with the average day of the President in our time. He may rise about seven, and one of his first visitors will probably be his personal physician, who will give him a quick check-up. The working day starts at the breakfast table, where the President will perhaps be joined by several party leaders. After breakfast the President will go to his office for meetings with his confidential secretary and his administrative assistants. They will brief him on his appointments for the day and bring him up to date on any important developments that have taken place in the world during the preceding twelve hours.

By now it is perhaps ten o'clock in the President's day, and the next order of business will be to see as many visitors as possible during the next two and a half hours. Then to lunch, probably with members of his cabinet.

The President's afternoon may start with a press conference, jammed with a hundred or more representatives and columnists. Meanwhile there are delegations of all kinds waiting for him. One good day's serving may include representatives of a youth group, a veterans' organization, a labor union, an educational or religious group, an organization opening a campaign for mental health, an organization of service clubs — each to receive a few words of commendation as flash bulbs pop and the newsreel cameras grind.

By this time the President has seen in just one day more visitors than John Quincy Adams could have seen in two months. It's taken a lot of energy, but there's still more work to be done. The President may have a radio or TV address scheduled for that evening, and this is likely to mean some preparation with his personal radio-TV coach.

Finally it is dinner time, and at last the President has a chance to see his family — for the first time that day.

This is how the President may spend his average working day at the White House — provided he's at the White House to begin with. In these times he may be anywhere in the world, a possibility simply not envisioned in the early days of the Presidency. Up until Woodrow Wilson's trip to the Peace Conference after World War I, Presidents did not travel outside the United States while in office, although there was no definite rule against it. Teddy Roosevelt made a slight dent in this tradition by going to Panama, and this led to considerable tongue-wagging throughout the country. Our thirty-fifth President may fly to countries that did not even exist in T.R.'s day.

Most of the Presidents made some innovation that changed the shape and pace of the Chief Executive's working day. Cleveland began the tradition of the daily press conference. It was also under his administration that the first typewriter appeared in the White House. Andrew Jackson had brought in piped water, and President James K. Polk had made the old mansion a blaze of glory with gas lights.

The years after Lincoln brought further novelties designed to increase White House efficiency. President Rutherford B. Hayes saw the first White House telephones installed in 1878. Some time later, the President's telephone was placed in a booth near — but not inside — his office. For more than 50 years the Chief Executive went to the booth to answer his phone, until, in 1929, President Hoover had the phone moved to his desk. The switchboard operators were men until 1933. The first female employee to enter the White House came in during Benjamin Harrison's administration. Taft was the first U. S. President to use automobiles, Coolidge was the first to deliver an address before a newsreel camera that also recorded his voice, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first to travel by air.

Now that the Presidency has become the largest, most complex and most thoroughly organized job in the world, it has lost forever the charming casualness it used to have. No visitor to the White House will see a United States President carefully burning copies of confidential papers beside his desk, as Wilson used to do during war days. And the last time that a President watched a war from his own office window was when Lincoln used a telescope to observe Confederate forts across the Potomac.

Those were the leisurely days of the Presidency. By now the office "has become a man-killer." Just one part of it — the presidential name-signing — would be too much for many people. President Truman estimated that he signed his name about 600 times a day.

In 1948 the Bureau of the Budget made a study of President Truman's official activities for the first three months of the year. During this period the President: . . . received 321 distinguished visitors . . . made 71 appointments to governmental posts . . . approved 193 bills and executive orders . . . held ten Cabinet meetings . . . gave out 52 press statements . . . held nine press-radio conferences . . . made 12 public addresses . . . attended 31 various public gatherings.

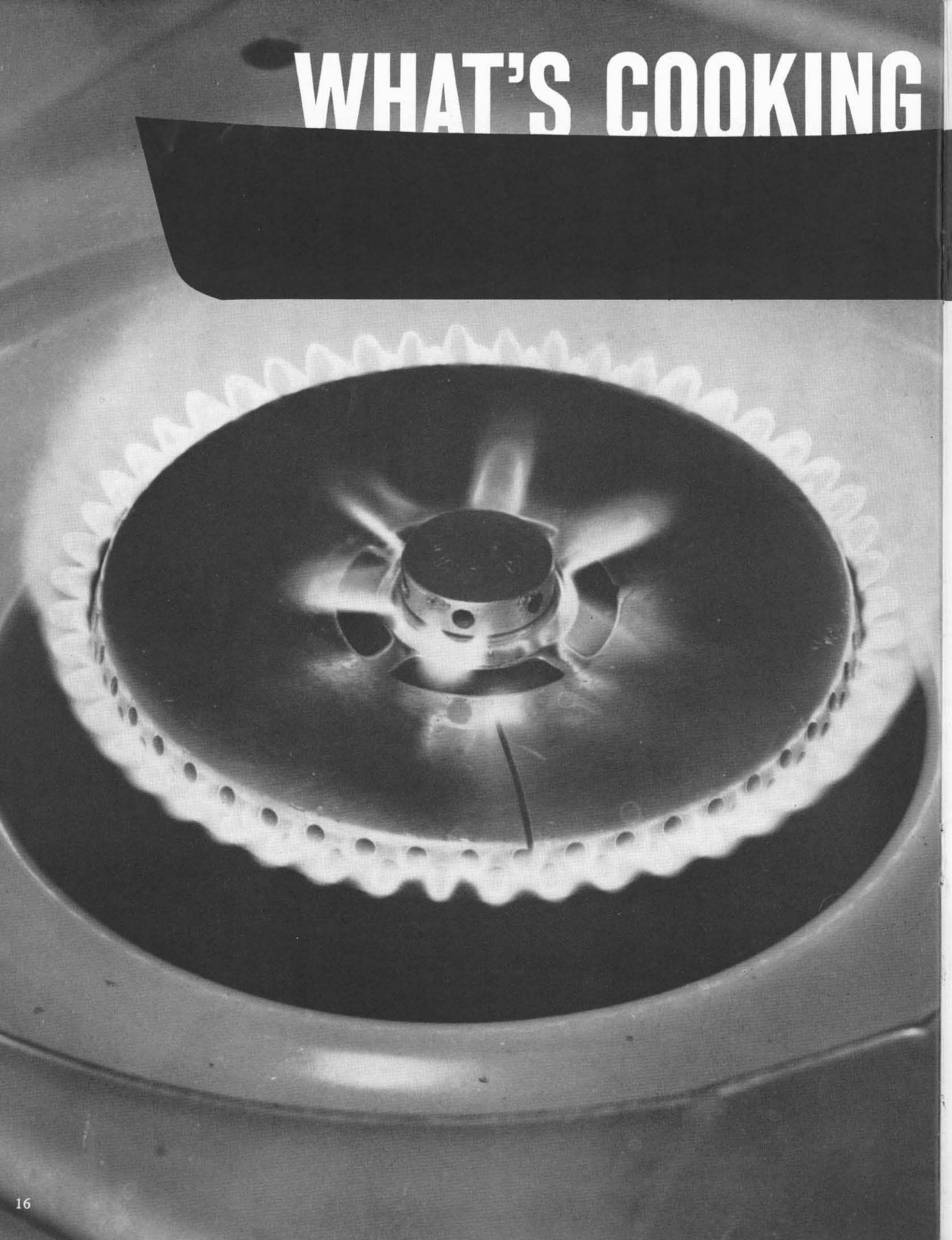
In 1790, when Washington was President, the Chief Executive supervised only nine agencies; Truman, in 1948, found himself with 69. And the second "Hoover Report" noted that the federal government, all told, in 1954 "embraced 2,133 different functioning agencies, bureaus, departments, and divisions." In theory a great many of these report to the President. But if he actually attempted to keep in direct contact with them, he would have no time for anything else.

As Chief Executive of the Executive Branch, today's President is "boss" of some 2,300,000 federal employees. The staff of his immediate assistants — those who make up what is legally termed the Executive Office — numbers more than 1,000. By the end of Truman's Presidency it took 20 clerks just to handle the White House mail — a job that from McKinley to Hoover had needed only one man. But McKinley used to get only about 100 letters a day. During Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration, incoming loads of White House mail sometimes hit peaks of 150,000 pieces.

It would be interesting to see the reactions of America's first Presidents if they could return to witness the inauguration of our thirty-fifth Chief Executive. Washington would be astonished at the crowd of distinguished foreign representatives present. No important emissary of a foreign country came to his inauguration. And Jefferson would perhaps be pleased to see that arrangements for housing newly-inaugurated Presidents had been considerably improved since his time. When Jefferson took office, the President's House (later called the White House) was not yet finished. Jefferson had to spend his first two weeks as President of the United States living in a Washington boardinghouse.

As the President's job has grown, so has the distinction between his personal life and his official life disappeared. The early Presidents could go about Washington without exciting any great commotion, much as the mayor of a small town walks among his neighbors today. This relaxed atmosphere quickly disappeared, and later Presidents found what it was like to live and work in what amounted to a White House made of glass. Long before radio and television had come to the White House, Theodore Roosevelt, one of the few Presidents to admit enjoying the office, remarked, "In the White House you do not live — you are just Exhibit A." ■

WHAT'S COOKING in America?



Here is a savory serving of regional recipes, designed to convince skeptics that local cookery is one of the "live" arts

"JUST give me a hamburger and coffee," said a weary salesman passing through New Orleans. Then his face brightened as his eyes fell on one of the diner's signs: "Shrimp Gumbo and Po' Boy Sandwiches." He, like many others, was sure that food was the same anywhere and that regional cookery in the United States was as dead as the horse and buggy and high button shoes – a lament in some ways justified. Refrigerated boxcars and trucks, frozen foods, airfreight, and huge national food corporations have made our meals alike all across the country, according to those who make the lament.

True, chili con carne is on sale in Boston, and New England clam chowder is on sale in Arizona. True also is the end of the isolation that caused different parts of the country to develop individual ways of cooking. But it is not quite accurate to claim that regional cookery went out when airplanes and supermarkets came in.

Happily, two forces have conspired to save regional cooking, in spite of the inroads of progress. The first is the superiority of foods near at hand – the freshness and savor of foods plucked from a garden, taken from a nearby lake, stream, or ocean. The second, even greater force, is that people prefer the foods they were brought up on and stubbornly refuse to switch to new ones. It takes more than widespread distribution to change a person's idea of what tastes best. And what tastes best are the dishes that belong to home. Any traveler who made a food tour of this land still would find people eating in many different traditions.

Good New England food is like a good Yankee: honest, dependable, holding to established ways. Many of New England's best dishes have been relished for more than 300 years, including succulent boiled or broiled lobster; creamy fish or clam chowder, savory with onions; baked beans, rich with salt pork and molasses; golden roast turkey, flanked by tart cranberry sauce.

These and others go back, not just to the fireplace cookery of Pilgrims and Boston Puritans, but to the Indians who met them and taught them how to cook native produce and sea food. Any New Englander rash enough to say "Give it back to the Indians" would be giving back some of his favorite dishes.

A 2,490-mile coastline has made seafood the great New England specialty, with lobsters first choice. The preferred cooking method is the simplest: boiled live in sea water, then served hot with melted butter, with a nutcracker and pick to crack the red shell and dig out the meat. Lobster also goes into newburghs, stew, and baked stuffed, in which the lobster meat is taken out, mixed with seasoned, buttered crumbs, and replaced in the shell.

For everyday lunches or suppers, a chowder suits any New Englander. It should be made with rich milk, or milk and cream, onions, salt pork, and seasonings (never with tomatoes). The main ingredient may be fish, clams, or quahogs (hard-shelled, strongly-flavored clams). The crisp, brown fried-out bits of salt pork serve as a garnish.

Other fish favorites are oysters on the half-shell, or made into stew; scallops, a delicious shellfish from bay or ocean, broiled, or fried in deep fat, emerging as crisp brown mouthfuls; broiled scrod, a young codfish, with lemon butter; broiled halibut, and boiled fresh Maine salmon.

Early New Englanders needed food that stuck to their ribs to survive those arctic winters. Their descendants still

The Pennsylvania Dutch apply a vigorous paddle and a hot fire to a pot of apples, and, under the eye of appreciative onlookers, turn the fruit into golden apple butter.

A Western cook uses a wide open range and king-sized frying pans instead of a kitchen range to hustle up steaks and the trimmings.

WHAT'S COOKING IN AMERICA?

enjoy that solid farm fare: "boiled dinners" of corned beef, cabbage, onions, turnips and potatoes; "red flannel" hash, made of boiled dinner leftovers, chopped with beets; baked beans, served with steamed brown bread and codfish balls. Beans have been a Saturday night tradition since Puritan days, when beans were baked on Saturday so that they could be served cold on the Sabbath, when all work was forbidden.

On the sweet side, an old and still-cherished dessert is Indian pudding, made of corn meal, milk, molasses and spices, baked slowly for several hours and served with plain cream or ice cream. New England has always been the pie belt, and it is no joke that pie was once a part of hearty breakfasts. Apple pie is the year-round leader, with blueberry unrivaled during the summer season.

New England cooks triumphed over long winters, rocky soil, and Puritan influence, but there is no doubt that as one moves southward, traditional food becomes richer and more varied.

In Pennsylvania, the early German and Swiss immigrants, who were called "Pennsylvania Dutch," made a little island of regional cooking all by themselves. A "Dutch" table starts with the famous "seven sweets and seven sours" – jams, preserves, pickles and relishes. Main dishes come from the rich farmland – such as the favorite dish of ham cooked slowly with dried apples and brown sugar, with dumplings added. German families who moved west took with them a taste for sauerkraut, red cabbage, spicy sausages, fried potatoes (thinly sliced raw potatoes, fried slowly until crisp and brown); but only in Pennsylvania will you find such a lavish variety of sweet breads, coffee cakes, and pies.

Pennsylvania Dutch women introduced the round pie pan, it is said (early pies were oblong in shape), and their pie crusts are latticed or decorated with fancy knife-cut patterns. Among their noted pies are fruit-custards, raisin flavored with lemon, crumb, and "shoofly," made with a molasses filling between layers of crumbs, in a pastry shell.

Southern cuisine was molded by the profusion of fruits, vegetables, game and fish which the first settlers found along the Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and Carolina coasts. The fine gentlemen and ladies who became plantation owners set a standard for cookery, too, which was made possible by the great supply of kitchen artisans who spent hours in preparing meals.

Beaten biscuits, for instance, are not so common any more, though they are still served cold with thin slices of ham at parties; but they flourished in the days when cooks had time to beat the stiff dough with rolling pins – 100 or more strokes for family eating, 200 to 500 strokes for company biscuits.

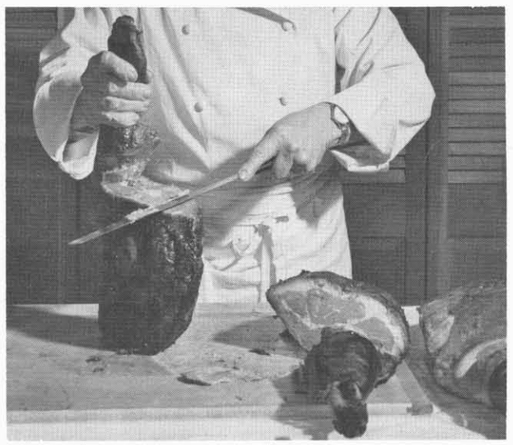
There are so many good things to eat in the South that it is hard to choose specialties, but certainly a list should include fried chicken, with a delicious crunchy crust covering the moist meat and served with milk gravy made in the chicken frying pan, so that it is flecked with brown chicken crumbs. Of course, tiny, hot, flaky biscuits go with it, as they do with so many dishes. Red country ham – sugar-cured, hickory-smoked, aged more than a year – is Southern food, too – preferably pan-fried, so there will be "red-eye" gravy.

In the South, "potatoes" means sweet potatoes, which may be cooked in a dozen ways, including candied and mashed with butter and seasonings. Rice is an everyday food, in soups and stews, by itself, or in that popular combination called "Hopping John" – rice and field peas cooked with bacon and onions. Another everyday dish liked by rich and poor is greens cooked with pork (the juice is referred to as "pot-likker").

Hot breads always have been a Southern tradition–to serve a guest cold bread was a dreadful snub. All varieties still flourish, served piping hot with melting butter: biscuits, yeast rolls, corn bread, spoon bread, batter bread.

Southern cooks still bake rich and delicate layer cakes, often four layers high, put together with luscious frostings and fillings. Lady Baltimore cake is an example: white layers with boiled frosting and a filling of chopped raisins, nuts and figs. General Robert E. Lee is said to have been partial to the kind of four-layer cake named for him: light sponge cake with lemon filling and orange-lemon frosting.

Along the Atlantic coast, Southern specialties are based on the fruits of sea and tidewaters. The Chesapeake Bay area is famous for soft-shell crabs and crab-cakes; its terrapin turtles are now rare and expensive. Charleston, South Carolina, is renowned for its shrimp recipes, including shrimp butter, a spread made of chopped shrimps, seasonings and butter. Shrimp is cooked in numerous ways all along the Gulf of Mexico, where shrimp boats ply. Florida, with its endless variety of fish and shellfish and its wealth of citrus and tropical fruits, is in a cooking class by itself.



Peanut-fattened hogs give Smithfield ham its distinctive flavor, and sliced thin, the ham is a favorite on any Southern table.

The New Orleans area has its own branch of cookery: Creole dishes of Spanish-French heritage. French cuisine, varied with Spanish seasonings and adapted to New World products, has been the standard. New Orleanians still treasure one recipe, however, that first settlers were taught by Indians: the filé, or powdered sassafras leaves that are an indispensable seasoning for gumbos, soups, and stews. Okra, that sticky, green-podded vegetable common in the South, is also a part of many gumbos. Rice goes with almost every meal in this rice country.

New Orleans coffee is French in flavor, with a high percentage of chicory. Bread is French, too – long loaves, crisp outside, light and airy inside. One of these loaves, top crust removed, crumbs hollowed out, and filled with deep-fat-fried oysters, makes the oyster loaf once known as "the peacemaker," because late-returning husbands would pick up a loaf in the market and bring it to waiting wives as a peace offering. If the wives were true New Orleanians, undoubtedly they were appeased.

The Southwest states – Texas, New Mexico and Arizona – are worth a food stop for anyone who likes beef – roast or steaks – or the unique, tongue-warming treat that is chili. Hot red or green chili peppers season many dishes, from pinto beans to macaroni and cheese – even breakfast eggs may receive a dash of chili powder or hot sauce. Across the border is Mexico, and its most popular dishes have crossed the line, among them chili con carne, tamales, enchiladas and tortillas. Southwesterners balance hot dishes with their own salads and citrus fruits – and serve many meals in cool patios or at outdoor barbecues.

California cooking goes back to the days when mission priests brought with them not only religion, but olive, almond and fruit trees. The Spanish rancheros who followed, ruling thousand-acre estates, set a style of lavish meals and barbecues. The Chinese, who began to arrive about 1848, made some impression on cookery, too. Among other items, Californians adopted their soy sauce, bean sprouts, and sweet-sour spareribs.

A year-round mild climate and an unending supply of fresh fruits and vegetables influence California meals. Salads play an important part; a small salad is often the first course, and a large one may be the main dish of a meal. Californians fill their huge salad bowls with a selection of greens, fruits, nuts and vegetables. "Crab Louis" and "Shrimp Louis" are made with the tiny, strong-flavored shrimp or West Coast crab combined with a thick, spicy, Russian-type dressing.

The International Society of Epicures, meeting in Paris not long back, declared that the greatest original dish to come out of the United States in the past 50 years is Caesar salad, first popularized in California. (Caesar salad blends into appetizing unity the unlikely ingredients of romaine, wine vinegar dressing, anchovies, garlic croutons, raw or coddled egg, and grated Parmesan cheese.)

Hot garlic bread, made of the French sour-dough bread, might be called the native bread of California. Tamale pie is another California invention, made in several versions, all of which include tamales, corn kernels and sliced ripe olives.

Wherever the ocean calls at the front doors of restaurants, as in New England, seafood fanciers are treated to planked fish fillets, fresh as the salt sea air.

To the north, the states of Oregon and Washington base their favorite dishes on the outside products of their orchards, berry patches, and coastline – and, of course, the salmon of the Columbia River and Puget Sound. Apples, peaches and pears brought by early settlers now grow to impressive size. There are 14 kinds of native berries – most of them go into deep pies, especially huckleberries. From the ocean come huge, sweet-flavored Dungeness crabs, Olympia oysters, 100 to a pint; Pacific oysters, too large to swallow whole; and geoduck clams, which weigh as much as six pounds each.

It was the Indians who taught the first settlers how to plank fat salmon and cook it over a fire. The Indian guides are gone, but barbecued salmon is still a popular dish (often served with potatoes, steamed in their jackets, and butter).

The inland states – plains, Great Lakes, and mountain – bewilder a food scout with their riches and complexity. Wonderful culinary traditions are to be found in every state. These states were the goals of wagons moving westward, wagons carrying representatives of almost every Eastern and Southern state and European country, all drawn by the rich prairies and homestead land. So you may eat real New England cooking in Ohio, Southern cooking in Missouri, Dutch delicacies in Michigan, Swiss and German dishes in Wisconsin, Basque food in Wyoming – and so on, indefinitely!

And, it is not just one set of cooking traditions to a state; it is many traditions. When St. Paul, Minnesota, for example, puts on a Festival of Nations, 30 nationalities from that state alone come to cook and serve their native dishes.

A food tour should end with a meal, however. Let this one be a Midwest supper. The main dish is pan-broiled pork chops, with milk gravy made in the pan, to pour over mashed potatoes beaten to feathery whiteness with cream and butter. For vegetables, vine-ripened, sliced tomatoes, garden lettuce wilted with a hot dressing of cider vinegar and bacon fat, "roasting ears" just picked from the corn field. Add home-baked bread and blackberry cobbler for dessert.

Who says regional cooking is dead? ■